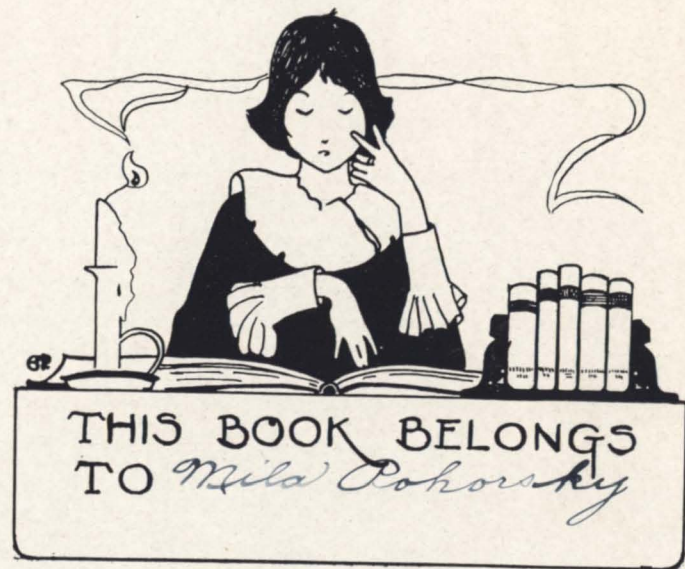


KIPIKAWI



1920



THIS BOOK BELONGS
TO *Milda Pokorsky*

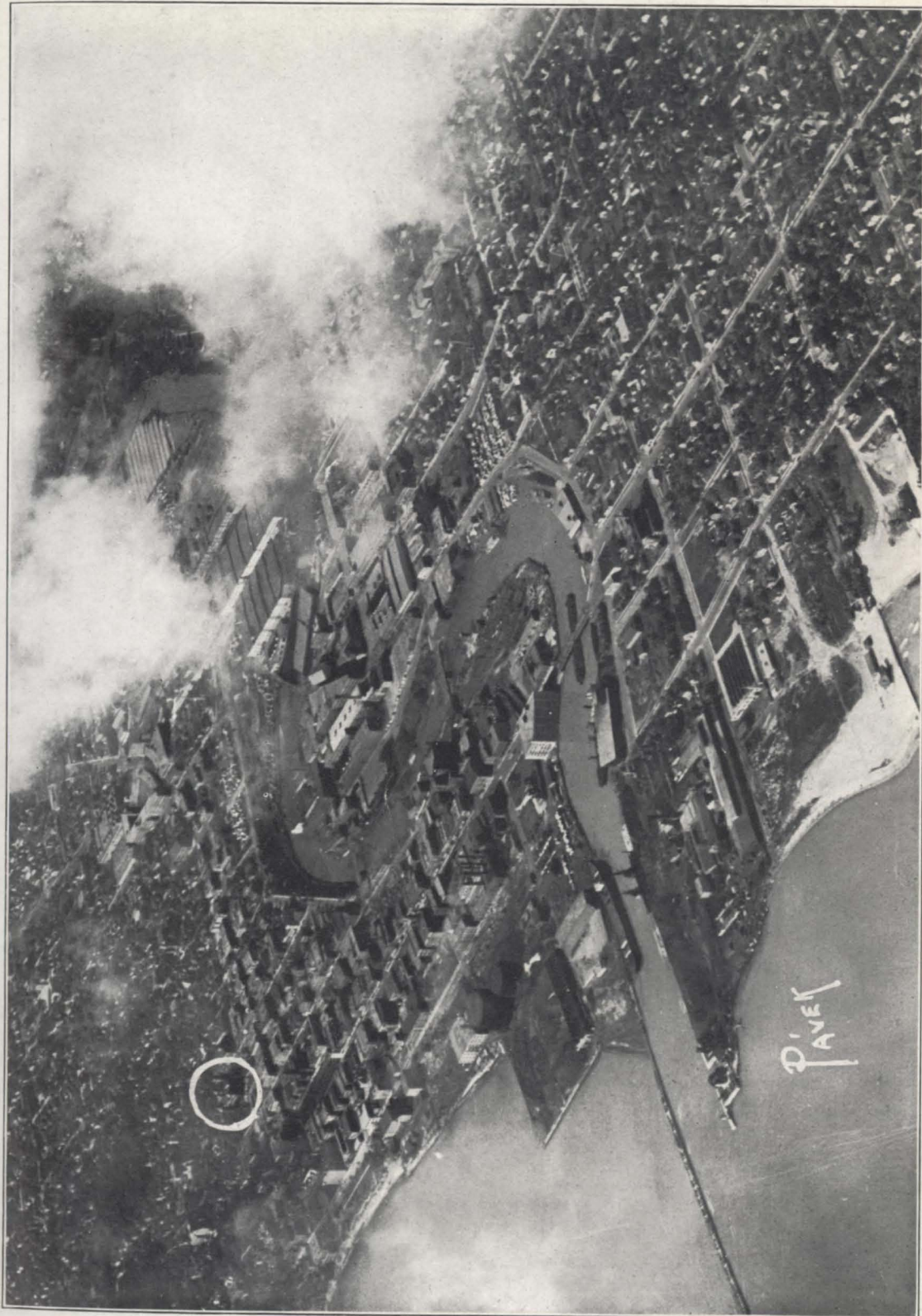
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KIPLOKAW



Volume XII
of
R. H. S. Annual

Published by
the
Class of 1920
Racine High School



Dedication

To Mr. William C. Giese, who, throughout this, our last year at high school, has been our true friend, our gentle guide, our kind adviser, we, the members of the Class of nineteen hundred and twenty, affectionately dedicate our Kipikawi



Sincerely yours
W. C. Giese

City Superintendent of Schools
Mr. F. M. Longanecker

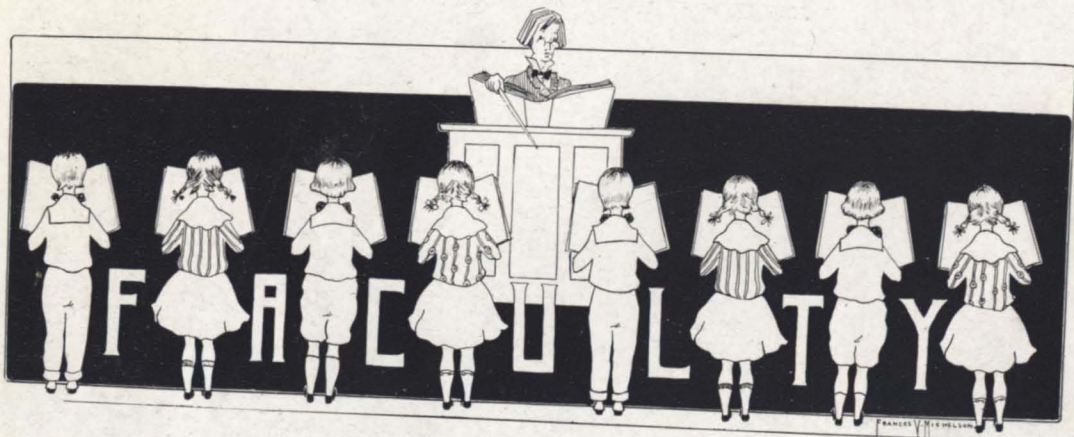
Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it!

—Carlyle.



Yours very sincerely
F. M. Longanecker

KIPLOKAW



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KIPLOKAW

Autographs

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Margaret Mark '21

Gabriel Jacobs "Gato" '21

Harriet Anderson "Speed" '21

Frieda Bitner (Freedom) '20

Carolyn E. Blackburn

Emma Kaefer '21

Flora Mänland '21

Ida Gray '21

Hathryn Pirge '21 "Katy"

Maryone Trumbull '21 "Mary"

J. Mantell "Judy"

Magda Christensen '21

Helph W. Strand

Herbert Hitchcock '20

Geck Herzog '21

Gertrude Kemmer '21 Gertrude

Ruth Truckel '21

Loa Mae Mutchie '21 "Pelle"

Helen Korvach '21

Ward Nelson '21

Ethel Roshar '21

Luella Scherbel '22

Molly Kliepera Pulp '22



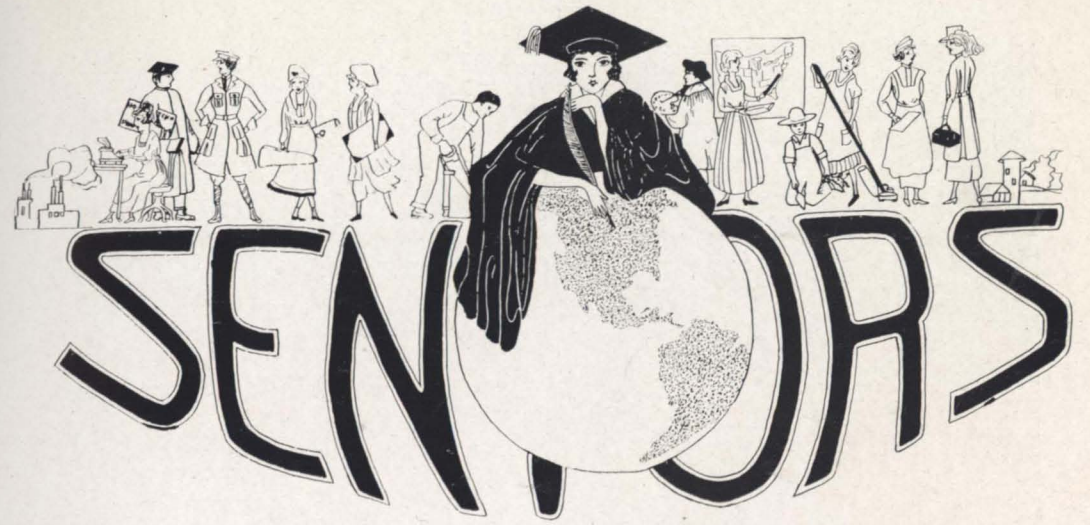
KIPLOKAW



Paste Your Commencement Program Here



CLASSES



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PRESIDENT DONALD McELROY
VICE-PRESIDENT NORMAN CHRISTENSEN
TREASURER GERALDINE BLISS
SECRETARY ALBERT HIGGINS

CLASS MOTTO:—*“They can because they think they can”*

CLASS FLOWER:—*Daisy*

CLASS COLOR:—*Black and gold*





JEANETTE JOHNSON

Although red hair she does possess,
 She very seldom waits
 For her quick temper to protest,
 But laughs away her fate.

FLORENCE KNUDSON

"She is cheerful. Yes, if you con-
 sider giggles cheerfulness."

CHARLES CHRISTIANSON—"Chuck"

"As an actor confessed without
 rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very
 first line;
 On the stage he was natural, sim-
 ple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off
 he was acting."

DONALD McELROY—"Don"

Our High School is a stage,
 And Don is our leading man.

ESTHER MUNRO

We think she could be naughty,
 if the powers-that-be would per-
 mit.

GRACE HOGAN

"To be merry best becomes you,
 for out of the question you were
 born in a merry hour."

ELOISE PIERCE

"We are beginning shewdly to
 suspect the young lady of a terri-
 ble talent—poetry!"

MILDRED LEWIS—"Mowie"

"Here's to the girl with a heart
 and a smile,
 That makes this bubble of life
 worth while."

FREDERICK WATERHOUSE—"Red"

"Red in hair and opinions."

DANIEL DOMSKY

"It is a wrong theory of life that
 seeks to find all enjoyment out-
 side of one's occupation."

HAZEL MILLER

"Life is not so short
 That there is not always time for
 humor."

FAITH TRUMBULL

"Bright as the sun her eyes the
 gazers strike,
 But like the sun—they shine on
 all alike."





ELEANOR BAGGOTT—"Baggott"

She flies hither and thither
And much does she say,
But we all enjoy that,
'Cause she's peppy and gay.

VICTORIA MARCUSSEN—"Vicky"

Vicky, Vicky, Vicky Van,
We would like your thoughts to
scan,
Though you seem a bit sedate,
You're all there at any rate.

HERBERT VOSS—"Herbie"

"No where so bisy a man as he
there was,
And yet, he seemed bisier than he
was."

VICTOR LARSEN—"Vonk"

"Look beneath his blushes for his
virtues."

JEANETTE FAGAN—"Jen"

"If it weren't for the optimist, the
pessimist would never know how
happy he wasn't."

DAGNE SORENSON

"She that was ever fair, and never
proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was
never loud."



ESTHER PETERSON

"I came—I lingered—I went."

MARGARET JENSEN—"Peggy"

"Hurry, hurry, hurry," she says,
And that we do in vain,
For then we have to wait awhile,
'Til she is ready again.

OTTO OTTESON

He's such a shy retiring lad,
We all have found this so,
The only thing he seems to say
To all, is, "I don't know."

NORMAN CHRISTENSEN—"Norm"

He's famous for his speedy talk,
And for his blushes, too,
And for that happy cheerful grin
He has for me and you.

FRIEDA BITNER

"Nothing great was ever achieved
without enthusiasm."

MARGARET NELSON

Margaret is our French shark
As we can plainly see,
And when she coos and oo-la-la's,
We all reply, "Oui, oui."



LAURA KLAPPROTH
 "A creature fond and changing,
 Fair and vain."

CHARLOTTE DAVIS—"Charlie"
 This lassie is one of the best on
 this earth,
 She mixes wisdom with pleasure
 and mirth,
 She smiles all the day and blushes,
 too;
 Without her, what'd the *Kipi* do?

LOUIS MOHR—"Louie"
 Louis has a little suit,
 The stripes go up and down,
 We hope the time will never
 come—
 When the stripes go 'round!

BURTON WALKER
 From the country he came to the
 city school,
 Followed its courses, rule by rule;
 His diploma in hand, we wonder
 if he,
 A gentleman farmer now will be.

CHARLOTTE WIDMER
 Charlotte's locker's in the cellar,
 And she's glad 'cause there's a
 feller
 Who goes down there every day,
 Just to hear what she might say.

ELMYRA KONNAK
 She looks quite safe and sane—so
 does gunpowder!

CHARLOTTE EBERHARDT
 "Prosperity comes to the man
 who ventures most to please her."

HARRIET STANKE—"Babe"
 "She's witty to talk with,
 Pleasant to walk with—
 Disturbing to think on!"

HERBERT VAUGHN—"Tubby"
 That vacant stare,
 Now here, now there,
 His mind's gone off—
 No one knows where!

LEROY SOMMERS—"Roy"
 "A man severe he was,
 And stern to view."

GEORGIA IRISH
 She seems to be reserved,
 This lass so slim and tall,
 But there is really lots of fun
 Within her, after all.

LOUISE HAHN—"Louie"
 Her hobby is her teachers dear,
 Great love for each *professes*;
 But in the class-room every day,
 To mischief she confesses.





LUELLA KOENIG—"Kooey"
 Kooey is an all 'round girl,
 She dances, plays and sings.
 Her interest lies in light Ford cars
 And other suspicious things.

VERNA NELSON—"Fritz"
 Cases may come and cases may go,
 Our Verna's ne'er without them,
 But they stay so short a while,
 It's really hard to count them.

HENRY HAUMERSON—"Haume"
 "There is no art to find
 The mind's construction in the
 face,"
 You'd really think him bashful—
 But fussing takes first place.

EUGENE VON GERMETEN—
 "Jimmie"
 The good die young—Jimmie
 never felt better in his life!

LEONE MYERS—"Bobs"
 Pensive and cheerful, happy and
 mad,
 First one to follow any new fad,
 She makes an impression where-
 ever she goes,
 Personified pep from her head to
 her toes.

GLADYS FAZEN—"Happy"
 "If she will, she will—you may
 depend on it;
 If she won't, she won't—there's
 an end on it."

ESTHER BURDICK
 She's timid and bashful, and quiet
 and shy,
 But one often wonders when she
 passes by,
 If lurking beneath her calm man-
 ner and looks,
 Lie hidden some facts not all
 learned from books.

ANNA BECK
 Oh Anne, you are so quiet,
 Your voice's so very low,
 We hardly ever hear you,
 As you come and go.

LEROY ALCORN—"Stiff"
 "There's allays two opinions;
 there's the 'pinion a man has of
 himsel' and there's the 'pinion
 other folks have on him."

LESTER ANDERSON—"Les"
 "My tongue within my lips I
 reign
 For who talks much, must talk in
 vain.

HELEN WOHLRAB—"Wooly"
 "Over rough and smooth she trips
 along,
 And never looks behind,
 She sings a happy, merry song,
 That whistles in the wind."

RUTH M. JENSEN
 "Nor quiet nor loud, nor short nor
 tall,
 But a pleasant mingling of them
 all."





FLORENCE NORGAARD—“*Flops*”
 Though Florence is a quiet girl,
 She makes a dandy pal.
 We all enjoy her company,
 And surely so does “Al”.

LYDIA MAKOVSKY—“*Lyd*”
 “Don’t worry about the future,
 The present is all thou hast;
 The future will soon be present,
 And the present will soon be
 past.”

EVERETT WILLIAMS—“*Willie*”
 He surely is a puzzling boy,
 He never seems o’erstocked with
 joy,
 But methinks it’s all a mask,
 He’s different if you care to ask.

ADELLON HOGAN—“*Del*”
 “Words of learned length and
 thund’ring sound,
 Amaze the gazing Freshies ranged
 around;
 Still they gaze, and still their
 wonder grows,
 That one small head can carry all
 he knows.”

ALICE WILLIAMS—“*Bill*”
 “I had rather be wiser than I
 look, than look wiser than I am.”

KATHRYN WILLIAMS—“*Kaddy*”
 “A ready tongue and a ready wit,
 Maketh a good companion.”

GLADYS SCHILLING
 “Something sterling that will
 stay,
 When gold and silver fly away.”

BERNARDINE HARRINGTON
 “Her heart and hand are both
 open and both free.”

CHARLES DALTON—“*Chuck*”
 “I had rather have him to make
 me merry
 Than experience to make me sad.”

ANGUS HARNEY—“*Agnes*”
 He’s short—
 “There’s a reason.”

ELEANOR BRANDT
 “Oh, what may a maid within her
 hide
 Though angel on the outer side.”

SUSAN McCULLOUGH—“*Susie*”
 They say looks are deceiving,
 And this is true we fear,
 For Susan, we’re believing,
 Is not as she doth appear.





EMILY JEPEWAY—"Jap"
 "If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn."

MABEL HERMES
 Smile, smile, a little while,
 We'd love to see you do it—
 You seem so quiet and so shy—
 We're sure you would not rue it.

OSCAR ELKIN
 He can't be naughty—and he doesn't want to be.

MILTON NELSON—"Mix"
 If a lady's man is not a ladies' man,
 Then tell us What is Mix?
 It really seems that he is both—
 If not, please tell us which!

ROSE MITLER
 Language most shows a woman.
 Speak, that we may see thee.

ELSIE GEBHARD
 "She's here.
 I heard her giggle."

LILLIAN SCHWARTZ
 "Laughter is a most healthful recreation. Look at me!"

ESTHER LARSEN
 There's a bit of bad in every good girl,
 So there must be some in you,
 Although we haven't found it yet,
 We still believe it's true.

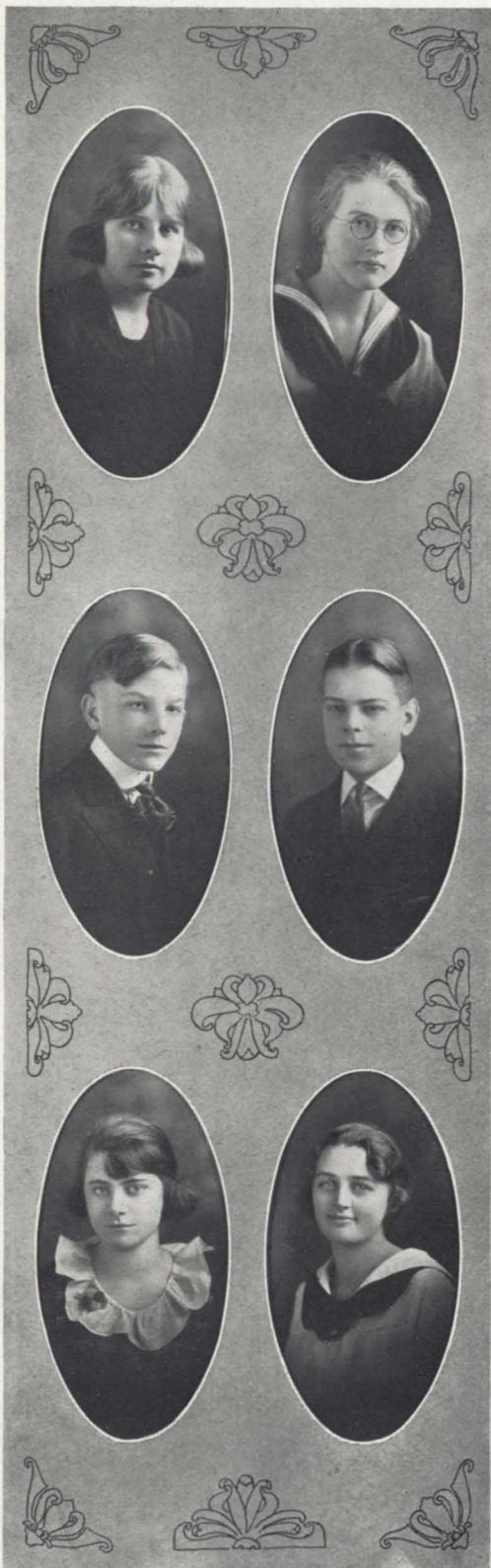
DWIGHT HUNTING
 "I witch sweet ladies with my words and looks."

BENNIE PIEDISCALZO
 "All passes. Art alone
 Enduring, stays with us."

LIBBIE ROBOTKA
 "She may do something sensational—yet!"

ALICE PICHA—"Picha"
 Alice is one of our right jolly girls,
 She never bothers about any curls;
 About the boys she cares not a wink—
 At least that is what most of us think.





HAZEL NIESEN

"Modesty is candle to merit"
Is a saying wise and true,
I'm sure that we can truly say,
That this applies to you.

LILLIAN JORGENSEN—"Lil"

"A merry girl, within the limits of
becoming mirth."

AUGUST KROPOLOSKI

"To him the lights of eve and
morn
Speak no vain things of love or
scorn."

VICTOR WOOD—"Vic"

"And e'en though vanquished, he
could argue still."

JULIE WHITE

Surprising things come in small
packages.

ELIZABETH POTTINGER—"Lizzie"

"My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my verses mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing a post grad's
praise,
I fix my heart on a Senior's eyes."

MARGARET LORENSEN—"Megs"

"I am I, as you can see,
If I tried, who else could I be?"

ANGELINE ROLLINS

She's short—yes, very, very short,
Has many freckles, too,
But on her picture they don't
show—
She's happy, I'll tell you!

ROBERT CUSHMAN—"Bob"

Now here is one of our football
kings,
His honors well become him;
But when it comes to girls and
things,
Bob's blushes quite o'ercome him!

DONALD GEBHARDT—"Don"

"He bears his blushing honors
thick upon him."

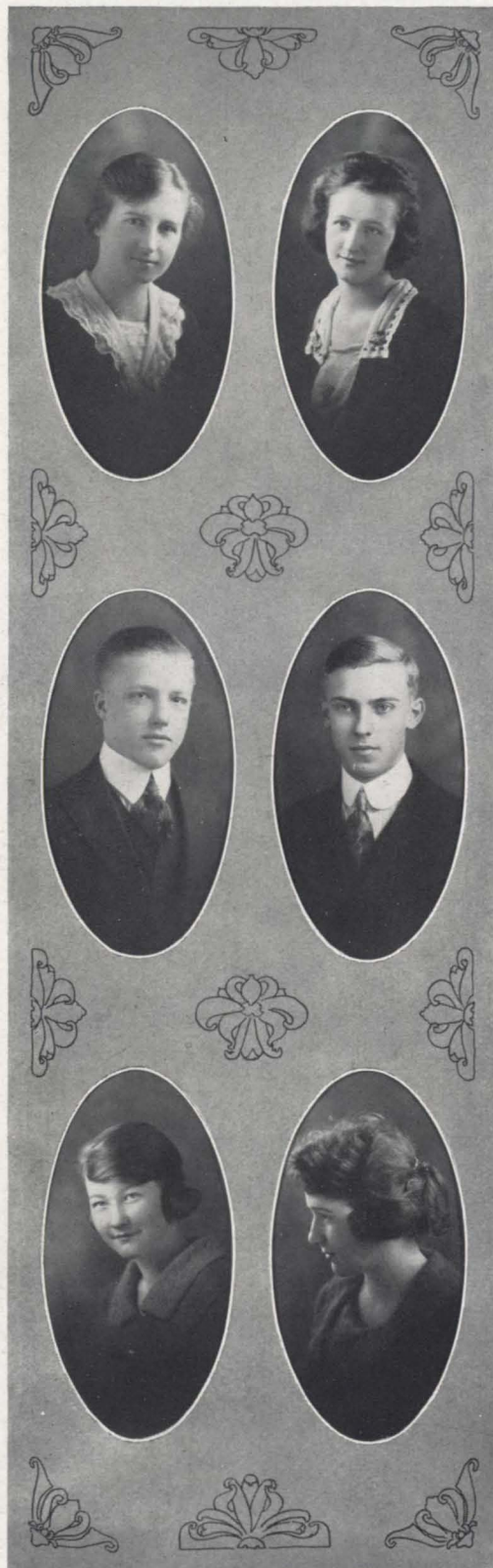
EDNA TICKNOR—"Ticky"

"Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

HILDA EILER—"Jinks"

"Made up of wisdom and fun,
Medley of all that's dark and clear
Of all that's foolish, all that's dear."





GRACE BENSON

A timid little mouse is she,
With glowing rosy cheeks,
We hardly even know she's here,
She is so mild and meek.

MARJORIE PIERCE—"Marj"

A happy social butterfly,
Her lessons bring no fears.
She manages to reach the mark,
And has no cause for tears.

LOUIS LICHTENHELD

"Something between a hindrance
and a help."

HARRY SCHENKENBURG

"There ain't no use in all this strife,
In hurrying pell-mell right
through life."

MINA IRISH

"A rosebud full of little thorns."

MARIE SHANNON—"Irish"

She's our jolly Irish colleen,
With curly hair of brown,
With ruffles on her temper
That quickly bring a frown.

MARION STEELE

"Humming and laughing, happy
and gay,
She whiles the long, long hours
away;
Lessons don't worry, teachers don't
faze,
She only chooses the bright happy
ways."

OLGA PRITCHARD

When a child, she fell out of the
window—and came down plump.

PAUL COLLINS

He's a type all by himself.

ROBERT BUFFHAM—"Bob"

Robert *was* a quiet lad,
In days of long ago;
He now has partly passed that
stage,
And isn't quite so slow.

FLUVIA NIXON—"Flu"

With her roguish eyes and teasing
smile—who could refuse her any-
thing?

GERALDINE BLISS—"Gerry"

Of lessons, lads, athletics, too,
Our Gerry knows a lot;
There never is a game that's
played,
But Gerry's on the spot.





ELSIE WUERZBERGER
 Here's to the girl of the silvery
 tongue,
 Who always has something to say;
 The girl who is thoughtful—and
 serious, too—
 Not only just merry and gay.

ALICE MEHDER—"Judie"
 You're graceful, neat, and pretty,
 too,
 You do things as you're told to do,
 But really Alice, we wish you'd be,
 Toward us—more sociably!

IVAN WALLACE—"I"
 "He will never know his second
 childhood,
 Because he can't lose his first."

ALBERT HIGGINS—"Al"
 "To get thine ends, lay bashful-
 ness aside;
 Who fears to ask, doth teach to be
 denied."

MILDRED SLEZAK—"Milly"
 "If she has any faults, she has
 left us in doubt,
 At least in four years, we could
 not find them out.
 Yet some have declared, and it
 can't be denied them,
 That sly-boots was cursedly cun-
 ning to hide them."

HILJA NORMAN—"Fido"
 "A grateful mixture—
 Formed of tart and sweet."



CATHERINE ROONEY
 "Come, pensive nun, devout and
 pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure."

HELEN MCCARTHY
 Quick to anger and to wrath,
 Then back to smiles again,
 This peppy Irish maid of ours,
 Who has no use for men??"

CLARENCE HOLM—"Chuck"
 "He stoops to nothing save the
 door."

EDWARD OTT
 "Words are like leaves, and where
 they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is
 rarely found."

BOWMAN BREED—"Bow"
 Dear Bowman is a busy lad,
 Time for Dramatics he never had,
 Poor Glee Club went the self same
 way—
 But by Her he'd always stay.

THE SCHOOL SEAL



Summer School and February Graduates

MARGERY WORTHINGTON—"Mars"
She's plump and jolly, laughing
and gay,
She says funny things in a very
funny way,
She looks quite angelic, but isn't
at all,
We surely like her—one and all.

RUTH SAGE—"Sage"
"It talked—Ye Gods—how it
talked!"

RUTH FERGUSEN—"Fergie"
"All is not gold that glitters."

ESTELLA AHRENS
"A simple maid—devoid of art."

BESSIE HARCUS
This lassie's always full of fun,
From morn 'til night she works
her tongue.

GLADYS GRIBBOHM
She always seems so puzzled—
Worried too, as well,
But if she truly feels that way,
We really cannot tell.

GLADYS JOHNSON—"Curls"
Many's the time we've seen this girl
Riding in a four-wheel truck;
We wonder if it's just the ride,
Or the young man by her side.

RUTH JOHNSON
Our mystery girl—we don't know
much about her.

JOSEPH WAISMAN—"Jo"
"Girls? They never worry me."

RONALD LARSEN—"Crock"
"Though still I seem,
Yet I have something in me dan-
gerous."

MADELINE HAND
She's got a good line, but no
melody.

KATHERINE DIETRICH—"Kay Dee"
There are enough serious things
in life without considering your-
self one of them.







Class Officers

- PRESIDENT OLIVE HONE
 VICE-PRESIDENT ELMER BECK
 SECRETARY HERMAN LYNCH
 TREASURER EDNA SCHILLING

CLASS MOTTO:—"Climb tho the rocks be rugged"

CLASS FLOWER:—*Sweet Pea*

CLASS COLOR:—*Purple and gold*



KIPLOKAW

Junior Slams

- ADAMSKI, GENEVIEVE
 "I don't know."
- ALBINO, MARGERET
 I would I were as smart as she.
- ANDERSON, HARRIET
 Will she ever stop studying?
- ANDERSON, HOWARD
 "Tho one hath a tongue, it doth not
 prove him a man."
- ANDERSON, MERLE
 "May I please borrow some paper?"
- ARONIN, RUTH
 Who would ever guess she is Abe's
 sister?
- ASDAHL, MARJORIE
 "Oh, my hair!"
- AUGUSTINE, LILLIAN
 "Somehow I can't make my eyes be-
 have."
- BAGGOTT, PHILIP
 He's an angel in disguise. Can't you
 tell it by his eyes?
- BARTA, ELEANOR
 Dimples! oh my! and an artist's eye;
 and the will to try.
- BECK, ANDREW
 Sleep nights.
- BECK, ELMER
 "True love must single-hearted be."
- BEHRENS, HERMAN
 "Have you any chickens on your
 farm?"
- BELCHER, GODDARD
 The lad with the face so fair, and the
 beautiful wavy hair.
- BERTHELSON, ARTHUR
 We wonder why girls bore Arthur so.
- BISHOP, GORDON
 "Graduation, and then the laundry for
 me."
- BREHM, DOROTHY
 Beam on, sweet maid, and let who will be
 clever.
- BREHM, EDMUND
 "Are you a Junior or a Senior?"
- BREHM, HERBERT
 "The fine young man danced like a
 gentleman."
- BREYLINGER, FRED
 "E'en though vanquished, he could
 argue still."
- BURNS, DONALD
 "Oh, those Kenosha girls!"
- CAHOON, LOUISE
 "Why the rush, Dewey?"
- CAMPBELL, DOROTHY
 She's very angelic.
- CATTERAL, MARION
 "Slam me hard. I like it."
- CHRISTIANSON, MAGDA
 Our little vamp?
- CLANCY, EMILY
 "To get thine ends, lay bashfulness
 aside."
- CLAUSEN, BESSIE
 Where did she find her wiles?
- COSTELLO, MARY
 She is an Irish Mavourneen, a staunch
 supporter of old Erin's green.
- CREWE, ELIZABETH
 Rattle on, fair one, rattle on.
- CUMMING, ELIZABETH
 Watch the quirk of her cunning smile.
- DE CHANT, LEE
 If ignorance were bliss, he'd be happy.
- DE SMIDT, LEON
 He'd grin at his own funeral.
- ETTINGER, CLINTON
 "Who is that girl?"
- EVANS, ALBERT
 "When I am grown to man's estate, I
 shall be very wise and great!"
- EVANS, HAROLD
 "It pays to advertise".
- FAGAN, ELEANOR
 "I'm from Wind Point; 'nuf said."

KIPPOKAW



FIELD, GEORGE
Who's beat Field?
FIELD, MARY
"Mary minds her business."
FILER, ANNABELLE
Oh, she's the sweetest thing!
FIRKS, ADELINE
"Adeline, sweet Adeline."
GEBHARDT, GEORGE
"The girls bother me, but I don't seem
to bother them."
GENSZLER, GARRET
Why not reduce a little?
GLUCK, ETTA
She's cuter this year than last year.
GREY, IDA
"I know what I mean, but I can't
express it."
GRIEST, MARTHA
Mme. Bernhardt the second.
GROVER, ELMER
"Knowin' all 'bout girls is just 'bout as
profitable as bein' a good whittler."
HALL, JOHN
Hall, small, in stature only.
HAAS, ROY
This boy likes his arithmetic.
HANSEN, ARTHUR
"Oh, what wouldn't we do, my dear
Mr. Red,
If we were as brilliant as the top of
your head?"
HANSEN, MILDRED
Little girl with the strawberry com-
plexion.
HANSEN, MILTON
He's unknown!!
HARGETT, MASON
His flashing dark eye and eloquent
tongue—
They hold us spell-bound, every one.
HARRIS, WELTON
He looks very husky, as if well fed.
HAUB, HAZEL
"My sister's in the navy."

HAY, THOMAS
A dashing cavalier is he.
HAYEK, ELSIE
She shuns society, even to the extent
of cutting classes.
HAYMEN, JEANETTE
She slammed herself,—“I'm too good
to be slammed!”
HECK, FRANK
“Judge thou me by what I am.”
HERMAN, HARRY
An enthusiastic chemist he;
He delights to play with T. N. T.
HERMES, CORA
She doesn't think it taking advantage
of her teacher to come to class with her
lessons prepared. (?)
HARRINGTON, VOLONDA
“Que beso sus labios?”
HERZOG, RUTH
Only *Woolley* can please her fine ear,
While *Emercon's Essays* she likes to
hear.
HEUER, HILMER
He should have been a woman; he al-
ways tries to get the last word.
HONE, OLIVE
“I just adore boys!!”
HORVATH, HELEN
She is so thrifty!
HUNTING, RUSSELL
Our pool shark.
JACOBS, GATHEL
“She's too quiet to suit me.”
JANSA, VLASTA
“Cute?”
JEDJKA, LLOYD
“I was raised on Horlick's.”
JENSEN, HOMER
We wish he'd shock us.
JENSEN, MARGARET
Why the modesty?
JOHNSON, CHARLES
“Turn off the heat and turn on the fans,
he's going to talk!”

KIPPOKAW



JOHNSON, LAVERNE
“Be careful with those eyes!”
JOHNSON, WILLARD
The girls think Bill's all right. Espe-
cially one does.
JOSLYN, DOROTHY
We envy her in chemistry,
For we all, too, would science sharks be.
KARLITZSKY, ISADORE
Here's to the boy who has Lincoln beat.
He talks with his hands, his tongue, and
feet.
KASPAR, EMMA
“Quiet Emma.”
KENNEDY, MARION
“Have we a fairy in our midst?”
KLEIN, GERTRUDE
“—and 'tis those who talk the most
who say the least!”
KLEMA, THERESA
Our “E” student.
KLICPERA, MAE
Everyone knows how she loves gym.
KOEHLER, WARREN
He'll be a man some day. He can wear
his father's shoes now.
KAUPIE, JOSEPH
Gee, what if he worked for a whole day!
KREUL, EUGENE
A precocious young gentleman.
KRISTOPEIT, MARTHA
Her eyes are dark, her smile well known,
But best of all, her complexion's her
own.
LAHR, MARGARET
Shakespeare said, “When a woman
thinks, she must talk”. Do you ever
think, Maggie?
LARSON, RONALD
Gee, doesn't he love M. & M.?
LARSON, THEODORE
“He has a smile that can't be beat.”
LAWRENCE, HELEN
“I'm not very tall; in fact, I am short;
But everyone knows that I'm a good
sport.”
LEARY, HENRY
His name applies to his attitude toward
girls.
LEVIN, FANNIE
Her tongue, it wags from morn 'til
night,
But still we think her heart's all right.
LOCHOWITZ, FELIX
“All women are vamps!”
LYNCH, HERMAN
“Close it. We'd like to see your fea-
tures.”
MAINLAND, FLORENCE
This young lady is hard to slam,
So I'll have to leave it to another.
MANTELL, JACOB
“'Tis with our judgments as our
watches, none go just alike, yet each
believes his own.”
MARK, MARGARET
Among its marks, this class has at least
one good one.
MARR, HELEN
How she hates herself!
MANCHESTER, LOIS
Her hair is tinged a fiery red.
If freckles were ginger snaps, we'd all
be fed.
MAXWELL, RUSSELL
“Where's your backbone?”
MCCAUGHEY, GLENN
“Stay still, my palpitating heart, I
think I have this plant classified!”
MCELROY, BENJAMIN
He likes to dance, but he'd rather fuss.
MERRIMAN, EDWIN
“The king roared with mirth.”
MEYERS, EVANGELINE
“Who's your sailor?”
MILLER, BEULAH
She's a meek little thing.

KIPIOKAW



MORSE, GWENDOLEN
 "For the love of the Board of Health!"

MRKVICKA, LEWIS
 The boy poet.

MURPHY, CLAIRE
 She's Irish.

MURPHY, LUCILLE
 "I'm little, but I'm cute."

MUTCHIE, IDA MAY
 Get your chin up higher.

MYERS, GEORGE
 "Heads or tails?"

MYERS, SAM
 Let your brother do his own geometry.

NIESEN, RUTH
 "Shy as a squirrel that leaps among
 the pine tops."

NELSON, PEARL
 "Oh, if you do!"

NELSON, WARD
 He seems quiet—but you'd be sur-
 prised.

NIKL, BESSIE
 A demure little maid whose name is
 Nikl
 Raves all day long about boys who are
 fickle.

OLSON, HELGA
 She's a regular dare ——!

OLSEN, HERBERT
 Herbert Olsen's on our team,
 As a *forward* he's a pippin,
 But he's not forward other wise,
 Gee, girls, ain't he rippin'!

PATON, LYDIA
 Lydia looks very demure. We wonder
 if she is.

PLATZ, EDWARD
 "Work, work, work, my labor never
 fags!"

PETERSON, ALBERT
 His ancestral blood works conversely
 in this young gentleman.

PETERSON, ADOLPH
 "The boy wonder."

PETERSON, HELEN
 "I should worry."

PIERCE, EARLE
 Whose heart has he pierced?

PIERCE, KATHRYN
 "Where do you buy your complexion?"

POHORSKY, MILA
 "Why memorize everything?"

POPELKA, MARIE
 "A model young lady."

RAMSEY, KATHERINE
 Too bad every year isn't leap year.

RAPP, HELEN
 Who can slam or "Rapp" a girl as
 small as she?

RASMUSSEN, MABEL
 "She looks tame, but looks deceive."

REID, DORTHEA
 "I got paid to-day. I got fired."

REID, MILDRED
 "Her modesty's a candle to her merit."

RENO, HENRY
 "Old Solitude."

RITTMAN, MILO
 His life is made up of a series of *put-
 put-puts*.

ROBERTS, GERTRUDE
 A sweet and gentle murmur, faintly
 heard and far away.

ROBINSON, EVA
 "Oh, what a terrible time we had."

ROSHAR, ETHEL
 "He never calls on me when I have my
 lessons."

SCHACHT, JULIETTE
 If we slammed her she'd be schacht.
 (shocked).

SCHEUPPLER, ALICE
 "To make her hair wave,
 This girl doth slave."

SCHILLING, EDNA
 A shilling—up to par.

SCHULTZ, MARGARET
 Why the sudden studiousness?

SCHORN, LUELLE
 "I refuse."

KIPIOKAW



SMITH, WILLIAM
 "Why the blushes?"

SOGARD, RALPH
 Our class optimist.

SONNENTOG, OLIVE
 "If powder were sand, she'd put the
 Sahara out of business."

SORENSEN, SVEND
 If he could wiggle his ears like his
 Adam's apple, he would be able to fly.

STOFFEL, CECILE
 "What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?"

STRAND, RALPH
 "I love the lassies, but who loves me?"

TEUBNER, ELMER
 "I love not study less, but ease the
 more."

THIESEN, AILEEN
 "Come down to earth."

THORSON, RUTH
 What knoweth she? Much, but little
 does she say of it.

THIRIG, HOWARD
 He's always saying witty things?

TREICHEL, RUTH
 "I am I."

TRUMBULL, MARJORIE
 "Don't bother me. I'm busy?"

TUFNELL, DELWIN
 "Is my hair all right?"

UNAVITCH, JOHN
 He could be marked "E" in basket
 throwing.

VICTOR, ETHEL
 Now, Ethel, don't blush.

VORPAHL, FRANK
 "My sister's a graduate."

WAGONER, JOSEPHINE
 Drop your voice, it won't break.

WEBER, GERALDINE
 Mildred Reid's better half.

WEBER, IRENE
 What would you do without your
 Jackies?

WELSH, STEPHEN
 "There are only two Irishmen; Mc-
 Cormack and myself."

WHITAKER, CATHERINE
 "We wonder if she has ever been
 caught for skipping?"

WILD, EDWARD
 "Does anyone want to match pennies?"

WILLIAMS, ELLEN
 She's sweet, but her pockets are
 sweeter.

WILLIAMSON, ELLEN
 Oh, here is fair Ellen. Where's young
 Lochinvar?

WILSON, MARJORIE
 A prim little maid with a quite demure
 air,
 She wears modest colors except in her
 hair.

WISHAU, EDGAR
 "My views on any subject—ready to
 use. Try them."





SOPHOMORE

Class Officers

- PRESIDENT VERNA SOMMERS
 VICE-PRESIDENT ROSE MANTELL
 SECRETARY WILMER DAVIS
 TREASURER JAMES ANDERSON

CLASS MOTTO:—*First master self*

CLASS FLOWER:—*Daisy*

CLASS COLOR:—*Blue and gold*



Sophomore Register

Albright, Karl	Foster, Winfield	Lange, Carl	Roshar, Ellen
Anderson, Axel	Gaiser, Florence	La Pour, Milton	Ruetz, Paul
Andersen, Roy J.	Gilday, Edmund	Lassen, Floyd	Sackrider, Eleanor
Archer, Carrie	Goedeke, Helen	Lawrence, Mildred	Schacht, Laura
Baltes, Ruth	Goley, Norah	Leaf, Forrest	Scherbel, Luella
Banc, Robert	Gottlieb, Eva	Leigler, Earl	Schueppler, Edna
Barta, Helen	Green, Helen	Lichtenheld, Myrtle C.	Schulte, Lucille
Bastien, Elizabeth	Griffith, Mary Margaret	Lindh, Walter	Schulz, Bernard
Baumann, Ursula	Gunther, Edna	Lindhardt, John	Shanyfelt, Chancy
Beal, Clarence	Gutzke, Esther	Lonchowski, Leopold	Showers, Marvin
Bengston, Joseph	Halamka, Mary	Loomis, Orvin	Sideman, Nathan
Benson, George	Hand, Osborne	Loth, Edna	Smerchek, Miles
Bergstedt, Mable	Hansen, Carrie	Lund, Richard	Smith, Richard
Biehn, Roy	Hansen, Catherine	Madsen, Helen	Smith, Ruth
Bing, Agnes	Hansen, Dorothy Pauline	Mandernack, Edward	Smith, Victor
Blackburn, James	Hansen, Edith	Mantell, Rose	Snoke, Harlan
Blackwood, Agnes	Hanson, Hansina	Maresh, Violet	Sommers, Verna
Bloom, Beth	Harrington, Esther	Mauel, Emil	Sorenson, Delta
Boesel, Pearl	Harrington, Grace	McElroy, Benjamin	Sorenson, Myrtle
Born, Arthur	Harvey, Jean	McGraw, Edward	Soukup, Rose
Braatz, Myron	Hau, Esther	Mertins, Otto	Soule, Mae
Brach, Lorena	Haumersen, Willis	Mickelson, Jerome	Steele, Donald
Breckenfeld, Wallace	Hildebrand, Douglas	Miller, Ben	Stein, Marguerite
Bredahl, Rose	Hindley, Eleanor	Mills, Clinton	Steil, Leona
Browne, Margaret	Hintz, Marvin	Mooradian, Earl	Stewart, Theodore
Buchta, David	Hood, Martha	Moore, Alice	Strand, Bernhard
Buell, Beatrice	Hood, Sherman	Mortenson, Lillian	Straube, Louis
Buerk, Florence	Howard, Leroy	Muehr, Edgar	Strouse, Robert
Buffham, Francis	Hughes, Emory	Neidle, Lydia	Stupeckv, Mildred
Burkert, Carl	Immel, Milton	Nelson, Ruth	Sutherland, Frank
Burroughs, Doris	Iverson, Russell	Newstrom, Edna	Svoboda, Marjarie
Cahoon, Grace	Jacobson, Harry	Niesen, Ruth	Sweete, Elijah
Carncross, Lucile	Jadrny, Anna	Oellerich, Stephen	Thompson, Kenneth
Carroll, Harvard	Jensen, Alice	Olle, Lorraine	Tidyman, Ruth
Chadwick, William	Jensen, Harold	Olle, John Vincent	Tiplady, James
Christensen, Gladys	Johanning, Wallace	Olson, F. Arthur	Tooman, Jeanette
Christensen, Mable	Johnson, Helen	Organ, Eleanor	Treichel, William
Corbett, Frances	Johnson, Ione	Osborne, Audrine	Tufnell, Delwin
Dale, Helen	Johnson, Ninamae	Ott, Bertha	Valley, Charles
Davies, Ellen	Johnson, Parker	Owen, Colville	Valley, Herbert
Davies, Vivian	Johnston, William	Payne, Lewis	Vance, Catherine
Davis, Wilmer	Jones, Katherine	Pearson, Alice	Van Den Berg, Fae
Dawson, Harriet	Jorgenson, Muriel	Peerenboom, Constance	Van Doozer, Beatrice
DeRye, Marie	Jorgenson, Ruby	Peters, Dolores	Van Ornum, Charles
Dietrich, George	Kark, Henry	Peterson, Dagmar	Verby, Ray
Dixon, Russell	Kasper, Hazel	Peterson, Gordon	Wadewitz, Donald
Donner, Elizabeth	Kehl, Kenneth C.	Peterson, James	Wagner, Esther
Donner, Joseph	Kennedy, Alma	Peterson, Mae Louise	Waisman, Florence
Draves, Leo	Kesser, Charles	Peterson, Marlo	Walker, Elizabeth
Driver, Anona	King, Rufus	Peterson, Ruth	Weisenfelt, Harold
Duffy, Mary	Klema, Orvin	Peterson, Victor	Welsh, Stephen
Eichelberg, Frank	Konz, Gildard	Phippen, Virginia	Wheeler, Dudley
Elkin, Eugene	Kortum, Randall	Pooch, Louise	White, Alfred
Engels, Alice	Korzilius, Eugene	Pottinger, Margaret	Whitley, Roy
Evans, Ruth	Kovar, Edith	Pritchard, Margaret	Webbert, Gerda
Everson, Susie	Kral, George	Raftenberg, Solomon	Widmer, Theodore
Falkenrath, Herbert	Kraus, Laura	Rasmussen, Clarence	Williams, Gertrude
Feiges, Lawrence	Kreul, Randolph	Reichert, Carla	Wilson, Victoria
Feiker, Katharine	Kristerius, Ruth J.	Richter, William	Wohlrab, Ethel
Fisher, Stanley	Kvapil, Ruby	Robbins, Earle	Woodry, Olive
Foster, Robbins	La Londe, Dorothy	Robotka, Joseph	Zimmerman, Lillian



Class Officers

PRESIDENT	HENRY VANCE
TREASURER	JANE COLLIER
VICE-PRESIDENT	ALICE MOORE
SECRETARY	LEON SHUTTER
CLASS MOTTO:— <i>Not how much, but how well</i>	
CLASS FLOWER:— <i>Lily of the valley</i>	
CLASS COLOR:— <i>Blue and silver</i>	



Freshman Register

Adams, Carolyn
 Adamski, Clara
 Adamson, Fred
 Adomatis, Alex
 Ahlgrimm, Raleigh
 Akerlund, Harold
 Anderson, Dorothy J.
 Anderson, Dorothy I.
 Arndt, Edith
 Asdahl, Richard
 Bacon, Elizabeth
 Baggott, James
 Barrett, Rell
 Bartel, Walter
 Baumann, George
 Beck, Lawrence
 Beetcher, Edmund
 Benson, Albert
 Bergeson, Borghild
 Bertleson, Ruth
 Berthelsen, Holger
 Bevry, Dorothy
 Bidwell, Clive
 Birchell, Gladys
 Bliss, Robert
 Botsford, Josiah
 Bovee, Hope
 Bower, Walter
 Boyak, Anger
 Brose, Jack
 Brown, Kenneth
 Bruce, Florence
 Bullamore, Marjorie
 Bullis, William Elmer
 Burckhardt, Ralph
 Bush, Irene
 Campbell, Ferle
 Cape, Benjamin
 Capelle, Lorena
 Capelle, Luetta
 Carll, Ethel
 Carlson, Walter
 Chernohorsky, Alice
 Christensen, Clarence
 Christensen, Dagmar
 Christensen, Einer
 Christensen, Margrete
 Collier, Jane
 Cooke, Laura
 Corbett, George
 Cornack, George
 Crawford, Frances
 Crilley, Ada
 Crockett, Ellen
 Cushman, Stephen
 Davies, Janet
 Davis, Cecelia
 Davis, Dorothy
 Deane, Mable
 DeSmidt, Ruth
 Dickey, Edwin
 Dieter, Frank
 Dietrich, Josephine
 Dixon, Doris
 Dun, Edna
 Dunse, Walter
 Duschak, Martha
 Ellis, Rebecca
 Erdmann, Lydia
 Erhardt, Leona
 Evans, Freda
 Faulkner, Adam
 Fechner, Mabel
 Feddersen, Bernhardt
 Felbob, Ruth
 Ferguson, Jean
 Field, Carolyn
 Fischer, Edmund
 Foster, Frederick
 Francis, Evelyn
 Frank, Ralph
 Frankel, Pauline
 Frechette, Bernadette
 Gensler, Marjorie
 Gere, Milton
 Gertenbach, Doris
 Geyer, Emil
 Gold, William
 Goodnetter, Bernadette
 Govin, Gordon
 Griesmer, Arnold
 Gruhn, Melvin
 Guy, Margaret
 Haas, Eleanore
 Hall, Marion
 Halverson, Wallace
 Hamilton, Isabella
 Hand, Travers
 Hansen, Anna
 Hansen, Charles
 Hanson, Edna
 Hanson, Evelyn
 Hanson, Francis
 Hansen, Glen
 Hanson, John
 Hansen, Nanna
 Hanson, Raymond
 Hansen, Robert Jr.
 Harbridge, Fred
 Hardy, Gerald
 Hargett, Mary
 Harrington, Charles
 Harvey, Thomas
 Hassel, Myrtle
 Haumersen, Milton
 Hay, Norman
 Hayek, John
 Hein, Anna
 Helland, Ingeborg
 Hermansen, Eva
 Hermes, Edward
 Herzog, Norma
 Hess, LeRoy
 Higgins, John
 Hilker, Carleton
 Hilker, James
 Hoernel, Bernard
 Holz, Wilfred
 Huber, Esther
 Hulett, Nodeane
 Humble, Sydney
 Humphreys, Margaret
 Hunn, William
 Iusi, Frank
 Iverson, Gordon
 James, Estella
 Jarvela, Edward
 Jensen, Aja
 Jensen, Alma
 Jensen, Arnold
 Jensen, Edna
 Jensen, Harold

Jensen, Lucile
 Jensen, Reuben
 Jensen, Ruth Ione
 Jensen, Ruth Mildred
 Jensen, Victor
 Johannes, Harold
 Johanson, Henry
 Johnson, Albert
 Johnson, Clarence
 Johnson, Esther M.
 Johnson, Leslie
 Johnson, Verna M.
 Jones, Margaret
 Jorgenson, Arnold
 Jorgenson, Melvin
 Juhre, Gladys
 Kappel, Alice
 Karas, Max
 Kaufman, Victor
 Keliske, Joe
 Keller, Myrtle
 Kennedy, Byrde M.
 Kettleon, Donald
 Kidd, Alan
 Klema, Frank
 Klepel, Russell
 Klopfer, Anna
 Knudsen, Viola
 Koenig, Ervin
 Kofinski, William
 Kolthoff, Amma
 Konnak, Harold
 Konsinowski, Valentine
 Korbel, Sylvia
 Kornack, Luella
 Kousek, Leslie
 Kovar, Myrtle
 Kowalsky, Frederick
 Kratochvil, Ernest
 Krivsky, Rose
 Kruck, Russell
 Kupper, Martha
 Kviatkofsky, Robert
 Lange, Edel
 Laper, Leroy
 Large, Edith
 Larson, Olive
 Larson, Ruby
 Lassen, Norman
 Lau, Frances
 Lee, Gladys
 Lesniewski, Rose
 Lettsome, Melva
 Loeper, Ruth
 Longo, LeRoy
 Loughead, Gray
 Loomis, Wallace
 Lubovitski, David
 Lucht, Harold
 Luhn, Florence
 Lund, Eleanore
 Lutz, George
 Lynes, George
 MacArthur, Jessie
 MacGregor, Jean
 Madsen, Alma
 Manger, Arnold
 Manspeaker, Margaret
 Mantell, Ruth
 Marr, Katherine
 Martin, Marie

Freshman Register

Martins, Catherine
 Mathis, Kenneth
 Mauer, Louise Adena
 McCormick, Lyle
 McDowell, Helen
 McElroy, Jessie
 Melberg, Clara
 Michna, Earl
 Michna, Erwin
 Mickelson, Frances
 Mikulecky, Carol
 Mikulecky, Graeme
 Miller, Adeline
 Miller, Gale
 Millstead, Marion
 Mitchell, Harry
 Moers, Alice
 Mogensen, Estelle
 Mogensen, Viggo
 Moore, Helen
 Morawetz, Raymond
 Morgan, Gladys
 Murphy, George
 Murphy, Jean
 Muller, Louis
 Myers, Charles
 Nalied, Lester
 Nalied, Marjorie
 Nelson, Fern
 Nelson, Geraldine
 Nelson, Laura
 Nelson, Lillian
 Nelson, Mamie
 Nelson, Marion
 Nelson, Russell
 Nelson, Valdemar
 Newstrom, Louise
 Nichols, George
 Nielsen, Margaret
 Niesen, Dorothy
 Olson, Francis
 Olson, Leroy
 Olsen, Mable
 Otto, George
 Overdier, Edgar
 Pansch, Ruth
 Parker, Alice
 Parsells, Gladys
 Paul, Ruth
 Paulsen, Hjordis
 Paur, Elsa
 Pederson, Helen
 Perkins, Harvey
 Peterson, Frances
 Peterson, Norman
 Peterson, Roy
 Petura, Adeline
 Pezanoski, Mechalus
 Pflieger, Walter
 Picard, Byron
 Picha, Bessie
 Pie, Emma
 Plant, Ethel
 Pohorsky, Laddie
 Porter, Helen
 Pottinger, Ruth
 Pokorny, Earl
 Poulson, Esther
 Poulson, Viola
 Preston, Margaret
 Preston, Rebecca
 Protextor, Earl
 Puerner, Marguerite
 Qualheim, Robert
 Quinn, George
 Rabe, LeRoy
 Rediske, Gladys
 Reed, Anthony
 Rice, Harold R.
 Richter, Joe
 Ringuette, Victoria
 Rocque, Celineze
 Rogers, Rexford
 Rogers, Samuel
 Rolfson, Ruth
 Rossmiller, Bessie H.
 Rothenmaier, Glenway
 Roth, Randall
 Russell, Betty
 Ryder, William
 Sabo, Michael
 Sanville, Everett
 Schaffer, Russell
 Scheible, Carl
 Scheller, Florence
 Scherbel, Harris
 Schlevensky, Lee
 Schulte, Loretta
 Schultz, Leona
 Schwielitz, William
 Seater, Gordon
 Seitz, Stephen
 Sewell, Lorayne
 Seymour, Earl W.
 Shutter, Leon
 Sigler, LeRoy
 Skow, Agnes
 Skow, Margaret
 Smale, Richard
 Smercheck, Blanche
 Smercheck, Elsie
 Smeiding, Henry
 Smeiding, Virginia
 Smiley, Rolland
 Smith, Colleen
 Smith, Grace
 Soens, Gertrude
 Sorensen, Erna
 Sorensen, Esther
 Sorensen, Lillian
 Stalker, Wallace
 Steffensen, Harold
 Stelberg, Carl
 Stofen, Henry
 Stolarski, Anna
 Stormer, Edward
 Strohm, Helen
 Strouf, Marion
 Stuebe, Edwin
 Surendonk, Marhta
 Svec, Rose
 Teal, Beauford
 Tepley, Mary
 Tharinger, Margaret
 Thomas, Dorothea
 Thompson, Leone K.
 Thompson, Harold
 Thorson, Earl E.
 Tidyman, Melvin
 Tigges, Ingeborg
 Tiplady, Violet
 Tobias, Louis
 Tostevin, Gaynor
 Trautman, Herbert
 Trevalio, Herman
 Tritton, Charles
 Truelsch, Carolyn
 Trumbull, John
 Turner, Harry
 Ultsch, Clara
 Vance, Henry
 Van Derwarm, Robert
 Verhegge, Frank
 Verheyen, Milton
 Viau, Eleanora
 Volkert, Mona
 Voss, Pearl
 Walata, Sophie
 Walker, Robert
 Wallace, Spencer
 Walter, Enda E.
 Wojtasiewicz, John
 Webster, Rhoda
 Weisman, Joseph
 Weiss, Mabel
 Wenzell, William
 Wheeler, Virgil
 Wherrey, Margaret
 Wichern, Pearl
 Wiegand, Sophie
 Wilkinson, Albert
 Williams, Juelma
 Williams, Lily
 Williams, Millard
 Williamson, George
 Wilson, Helene
 Wistert, Stella
 Woelfel, Minnie
 Wood, Chester
 Worthington, Frank
 Wratten, Wendell
 Wuerzberger, Luella
 Wuerzberger, Ruth
 Yopp, Gretchen
 York, Viola
 Zalewski, Frank
 Zellman, Robert
 Zimmerman, Catherine



Lest We Forget



KIPIOKAW

The Phantom's Revenge

Far to the north in the Klondike region rises a sombre range of mountains covered with everlasting snow. Over the whole sky hangs a gray shroud of murky clouds entirely shutting out the cheerful rays of the sun. Between two frowning peaks lies a deep valley, dark with dusky shadows. In its center, imprisoned by ice of a leaden hue, flows a small stream. The only sound to break the melancholy silence is the dismal howl of a wolf. Hovering about the lowering crags are a few birds of prey, who sometimes, swooping into the valley below, search for the carcass of some unfortunate beast.

In the distance a black speck appears coming toward the mountains. As the object approaches, it proves to be a man driving a sled pulled by three gaunt Eskimo dogs. Entering the valley, the man advances along the stream. A closer view of him shows that he has a large nose, a small mouth, and almost no chin at all. From under a thick black eyebrow stares one eye. The other is missing. From the empty socket, like blood trickling from a fresh wound, a long red scar runs over his cheek. In his one eye is the guilty look of a murderer.

The man straightens a small pack slung over his shoulder. In so doing, his hand touches a stiff brown spot on his coat. A shudder shakes his whole body. It is the blood of his friend, whom he killed six days before in a quarrel over some gold dust. He sees again the reproachful look in his friend's eyes just before the glassy stare of death came into them. He feels again the teeth of his friend's dog gripping his arm; and also hears his dying moans after he has been shot.

On the man's sled are piled mining tools, a rifle, a sleeping bag, and food. The light gradually begins to fade, and insufferable and oppressive gloom fills the air. The miner prepares to pass the night. After building a fire and eating his supper, he crawls into his sleeping bag. An un-

canny feeling that he is being watched comes over him. He feels despondent and depressed, but finally forces himself to put the melancholy thoughts out of his mind and to go to sleep.

In the morning the miner rises early and begins to dig for gold near the brook. He has the same eery impression that troubled him the night before. The only reward for his strenuous day's work is a few small nuggets. The miner prepares to return to camp. Suddenly the abject feeling greatly increases. It is almost the hour at which a week ago he killed his friend. Looking up, he sees, standing a short distance off, a large dog. The beast is of enormous size, and has a massive jaw with shining teeth. His almost human eyes have a revengeful look in them. With horrified amazement, the miner recognizes it to be the dog of his murdered comrade. He grasps his gun which lies near, and taking careful aim, fires. He immediately runs to escape the abhorrent unseen phantom. The ebon darkness thickens. He has the sensation that a sailor must have had when the Symplegian rocks were closing their clashing jaws upon his unfortunate vessel and grinding it to bits. His hair stiffens. Beads of perspiration drop from his forehead. He turns and walks backward. The snow seems of its own accord to form the tracks of a dog. When the miner halts, the impressions in the snow stop also. The frightened man is unable to control himself. His single eye protrudes from its socket. He flees at full speed from the awful remorseless specter. The unlucky man stumbles and falls. Sharp teeth sink themselves relentlessly into his throat. They grip him as Cerberus grips some wretched soul trying to escape from Hades. His hands grasp empty air. His head is almost severed from his body. Warm red blood gushes from his neck in great streams. Soundless snow begins to fall gently, and soon obliterates the frightful scene.

ROBERT CUSHMAN, '20.

KIPLOKAW



Every Graduate

A Drama in Three Episodes.
Time: Commencement Day.

Characters:

Every Graduate	Scholarship
Commencement	Diligence
Principal	School Chums
Diploma	School Spirit
Teachers	Neglectfulness

Episode I.

Scene: An office furnished in the usual manner.

(Principal sits at desk.)

Principal:

The Hour draws near, the fated Hour
When Every Graduate in Life,
Unsheltered by the shielding power,
Shall stand his test amid the strife,—
To win or lose, as case may be,
To yield or conquer Destiny.
So gird him with an armor fair
Let him for his own fate prepare.

(Enter Commencement.)

Hence, fair Commencement, merit's
guard,

Bestow thee now the earned reward.

Commencement:

I come thy bidding to fulfill,
Thy mandate thus to carry out,
To distribute by thy just will
The well-earned wage which none may
flout.

Upon my tour I take with me
That sheepskin, symbol of the end,
That sign of faith and fealty,
The good Diploma, Life's true friend.

Principal:

'Tis spoken well, my servant true;
Now, hie thee to thy given task.
Perform it well, as oft ye do;
Return, and in my pleasure bask.

(Exit Commencement. Principal sits at desk, nodding head and thinking.)

EPISODE II.

Scene: On the Road of Learning.

(Commencement enters, leading Diploma.

Every Graduate enters from opposite direction.)

Every Graduate:

Ah! Welcome stranger! Whither bound?
Who may ye be? And what thy quest?
And thy companion? Have ye found
Thy wearied souls in need of rest?

Commencement:

To all thy queries, Graduate,
An answer have I on my tongue.
And best thy curious brain to sate,
I'll give them separate, one by one.
First, "Whither bound?" I'll tell thee
straight.

My mission draws me near to thee.

Next, "What my quest?" Thine own
self's fate.

"Who may we be?" Thou soon shalt
see.

Thou my companion knowest well;
Right long he's held thee by his will,
The hope of honors to compel.

His name, Diploma, faithful still.
And I myself, new friend shall be.

To Every Graduate I say,
"Prepare thee for thy journey soon,
And on our road we'll haste our way."

Every Graduate:

Ah! friend Commencement, stay thy
fate,

I may a fairer reckoning win.

Commencement:

Nay, not a moment will I wait.
Life's rocky road thou shalt begin.
(Enter Teachers, walking hurriedly.)

Every Graduate:

Someone draws near, a trusted friend.
Hail! Teacher, thy approach well-timed.
No more pursue th' inevitable trend
Alone. For Teachers e'er 've been kind.

Teachers:

Nay, Graduate, thy speech conserve;
Beyond this road I may not stray.
My time for others I reserve,

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To help them fare their stony way.
Thy pleading cries avail thee naught,
For I my destiny have planned.
My own life's path with trouble's
fraught:

The Flame of Knowledge must be
fanned.

Every Graduate:

Abandoned in my hour of need,
Deserted when I wished thee most,
(Exeunt Teachers, still walking hurriedly
and nervously.)

Yet in thy conduct I may read
Invaluable aid I now have lost.
But see! Who is it now comes here,
With lagging gait and downcast head?

(Enter Neglectfulness, walking in slow-
ly manner and dragging feet.)

'Tis he who always doth profess
Undying faith, doth love avow;
My friend, thy name—Neglectfulness,
Thou'll not desert me, wilt thou, now?

Neglectfulness:

Full many a time with my dark night
Thy duty's path have I obscured.
Thou conquered—conquering in the
fight,

At my temptations e'er demurred:
Full many a time thou'st denied my
due,

And many a time refused me pay.
I'll be not of the faithful few
Who in thy travels guide thy way.

Every Graduate:

What! E'en thou, traitor, thus deny
The claim of comrade for thy aid?
Hence, from my gaze in haste thee hie,
That I may not too much upbraid.

Commencement:

Thou see'st now the ways of Man;
Each Mortal for himself dost strive.
Topmost in breast of each the plan:
Self-gain, care not whom else deprive.

(Enter at left—Scholarship, Diligence,
and School Spirit. Scholarship and Diligence
greet Commencement and Diploma.
Every Graduate addresses newcomers.)

Every Graduate:

Wilt thou, too, scorn me, honored
three?

Wilt thou, too, send me off—alone?
Have not I ever courted thee,
And placed thee separate on a throne?

Scholarship:

E'en so, save once or twice thou erred,
And from the narrow road thou slipped.
But silence, that my words be heard,
And keen edge from thy sorrow nipped.
Though now upon thy slated path,
I may not aid thy struggling hours,
Diploma's a hard-earned aftermath,
In him I rest my wide-spread powers.
For e'er Diploma's been thy goal,
Thy lode-star in the tortuous toil,
The highest motive of thy soul,
Thy saving grace in great turmoil.

Every Graduate:

Great thanks to thee, kind friend, and
true,
From deep despair thou'st raised me
high.

(Turns and speaks to Diligence)

And how with Diligence, think you?
Am I to ever hold thee nigh?

Diligence:

Yea, I by Graduate must abide,
And ever at his call remain;
Nay ne'er be severed from his side,
As each one's service is in vain.

(Diligence crosses to Every Graduate and
stands near him.)

Every Graduate:

Much brighter still my world has grown,
The faithful are flocking to my side.

(Sounds of gay, carefree laughter from off
stage.)

Still more approaching, by me known.
I'll ask them that they may decide.

(Enter a group of merry boys and girls,
laughing and chattering. They stop as they
see Every Graduate. One of them advances.)

Every Graduate:

Come just in season, merry crowd,
Thy chatter blithesome, laughter gay,

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Please, be it e'er so loud,
And cheers me as I wend my way.
Pray tell, dear School Chums, play-
mates old,
Wilt thou thy school-days' friend
neglect?
I thee would in my arms enfold,
And on my childhood times reflect.

School Chum:

Sweet Graduate, thy mind at peace;
For though it seems we treat thee ill,
Our thoughts of thee will never cease,
Though far away, we'll love thee still.
But each his own life's path must tread,
Most oft these paths lead far apart.
Though memory grows dim and dead,
We'll ever hold thee in our hearts.

Every Graduate:

My fond farewell; I'll feel thy loss,
Thy mettle tried, I've found pure gold;
Go thou *thy* way, I take my cross
And shoulder it, though all turn cold.
What sayest thou, School Spirit gay?
Dost thou elect to lend thy powers?
Thy smiling countenance's cheering
way,

To help me in my lonely hours?

School Spirit:

Dear Graduate, I'll go with thee,
For thou hast ever caught my charm.
My hope from now with thee to be,
To guard from many a threatened
harm.

But one thing more, and ne'er we'll
fail:

My name I'll change before we start.
Henceforth, Good Fellowship I'm
hailed.

Now, let naught draw us far apart.

Every Graduate:

One more to banish loneliness
And desolation from my train.
Last, let Diploma me address.

Wilt plod with me the narrow lane?

Diploma: (*Stepping to the side of Every
Graduate*)

Have I not always had my place,
And in endeavor been thy guide?

By earnest trial thou'st gained my
grace.

I'll at thy beckoning truly bide.

Commencement: (*Steps forward*)

Farewell, my friend, now must I go,
My other duties to fulfill;

Too long I've lingered, as I know;

Thy journey's started up Life's Hill.

I'll leave thee now, for time is pressing;

Now let thy fears the world dispel;

While on life's pathway, earn my
blessing.

Farewell, my loved one dear, farewell.

(*Exit Commencement walking slowly and
pensively*).

Every Graduate:

Farewell, my comrade, tried and true.

Thy worthy name, I'll hold it high;

With all that's in me will I do

The things a good life doth imply.

The time has come, companions all,

When metal's tried for truest steel.

So gather round me at my call

And take our way, our Triumph seal.

(*Companions of Every Graduate form a
procession back of him, Diploma and Diligence
walking by his side. Slowly the procession
moves forward, all with serious, up-
turned faces*).

Curtain.

EPISODE III.

Scene: Same as in Episode I.

(*Enter Commencement, looking tired and
worn*).

Principal:

Returned right soon. Thy task com-
plete?

Thou hast well earned thy wanted
meed.

But thou art tired, thy eyes entreat

Repose. Yet thy report I plead.

Commencement:

Soon thou shalt have it, Master dear,

The self-same tale told once again.

There's naught that's new to us who're
here

But just the oft-told, trite refrain.

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Principal:

Need'st not repeat. Just would I know

That thou thy mission hast ordained.

Now to thy rest thou straight must go

'Til all thy normal strength's regained.

Commencement:

Great thanks, kind master, for that act

Of kindness in my weary hour.

Adieu. Upon thy work reflect,

Whilst I regain my wonted power,

(*Exit Commencement, wearily*).

Principal: (*Sighing*)

Once more upon the rock-strewn road

A host of Graduates I've sent;

I've burdened them with tortuous load,

With cares and trials their young back
bent.

But e'er the way of earth it's been.

They can not guarded be from sin,

They must life's grind, forsooth begin.

(*Sighs deeply—shakes head reflectively*).

Curtain.

ELOISE PIERCE, '20.

The Ambulance Company in Active Service

In accordance with modern army reg-
ulations, the duties which a motor Am-
bulance Company in active service is
called upon to perform are three fold.
The company's chief object is not only to
transport the wounded carefully and
rapidly, but also to look to the patient's
condition and comfort as he starts the
first lap of his long journey to the rear.

The transportation section of the com-
pany is composed of two complete sets
of drivers and orderlies whose chief duty
is to keep their respective ambulances in
good running order day and night. The
driver's task at the front is anything but
an easy one, as he must drive his car at
night without a single light and over
roads that have been torn by shells, parts
being under the enemy's fire continually.
He is many times called upon to stay at
the wheel twenty-four to forty-eight

hours at a time, taking only a few minutes
wherever he may find it for a bite to eat.
The wounded who need immediate atten-
tion are carried in these ambulances to
their own Company's dressing station to
have wounds dressed before they make
the longer trip to the Field Hospital.
Here the most seriously wounded are
operated upon if necessary, and the others
are given a short rest before starting their
journey back still farther to the Evacua-
tion and Base Hospitals.

The litter bearer's section of an Ambu-
lance outfit is composed usually of the
largest men. There are twenty to thirty
in every company and they are called
upon to go out to the battle field, admin-
ister first aid, and carry the wounded,
first to the Battalion Aid Station to have
their wounds more properly dressed, then
to the Regimental Aid where they may be
picked up by the Company's cars. These
litter bearers sometimes carry patients
several miles and their work is recognized
by all of the other branches of service as
the hardest kind of duty. Because they
do not act for the destruction of the enemy,
the litter bearers do not get their just
credit in the eyes of those who are but
watchers—but ask the man who comes
into contact with them if he appreciates
what the litter bearers have done for him.

The dressing station section, as its
name implies, looks to the dressing of the
wounds of the patients as they are
brought in. From fifteen to twenty men
handle the operating of the station. The
wounded are taken from the ambulance
into the station, where with the assistance
of several non-commissioned officers, the
lieutenant in charge dresses the wounds.
The patient is then taken to an adjoining
room where he is given a warm drink and
kept covered warmly while resting.
Everything that is possible is done for
the comfort of the wounded soldier.

A site for a dressing station must be
chosen with some ingenuity. It must be



in the safest locality possible, usually near a road. Caves and dugouts make the best dressing stations but these cannot always be had and they have to be set up in one of the shell torn houses which are always in evidence. The station must be so arranged that it can be closed at night so that no light escapes and so that it is absolutely gas-proof. One room is the dressing station proper, another the kitchen, and another a rest-room where the patients are placed awaiting transportation. The entrance is made gas-proof by hanging two blankets ten or fifteen feet apart in the entrance hallway. The patient is carried in just past the first blanket and set down, the blanket is then pulled over the door, the second blanket is pulled back, and the litter carried in without letting any gas into the station. In front of the station, constant watch is kept by a gas-guard who, at any sign of gas, gives the alarm, usually by striking an empty shell with a piece of metal. An auto klaxon is sometimes used if it can be obtained. The guard's duty is also to relay all alarms he hears from the direction of the front. Not too much emphasis can be laid upon the importance of the protection against the horrible effects of gas.

Considering its numerous duties, the Ambulance Company, although but a cog in the great military machine, is of the most vital importance. The great task of keeping the army up to its original strength by the care and restoration of the wounded is entirely dependent upon the promptness and efficiency of the work of the medical corp, of which the Motor Ambulance Company is a unit.

DONALD McELROY, '20.

An Air Raid on London

While I was stationed in England I had the opportunity of witnessing one of the last air raids on London by the Ger-

man air force. The airdrome in which I received my training was located just on the outskirts of the town of Rinslip, twelve miles from London.

The evening upon which this air raid took place was a beautiful one in August, 1918. It was about 9:30 when I happened to look out of the hangar. I saw red rockets being shot into the air. I knew at once the "Jerrys" were coming over the English channel and were planning another raid on London. These rockets were to warn the people of the raid in order that they might seek some shelter, such as the subways of London.

In a short time the search lights were turned on, searching the sky for anything that might look like an aeroplane. To watch the beams of light from the searchlights is a wonderful experience. The operators of the lights had a method by which they could cover the whole sky and not miss a place. While I was watching the lights I heard a faint rumble. It was the anti-aircraft guns in action; one of the searchlight crew had spotted a plane. The light was centered on the plane and the poor "Jerry" had no chance at all. It is almost impossible to get out of the light if one is ever caught in it. The shells were bursting around the plane but didn't seem to have any effect. I could see what seemed to be a tiny speck of silver in the sky. Sure enough, it was one of the German Gothas.

The guns ceased firing, and all of a sudden another silver speck appeared in the light. It was a plane sent up by the "London Defense." This second plane was a single-seater pursuing-plane and was having a battle with the Gotha. While the air craft were battling with each other, they came closer and closer to the ground, and a spectator could almost see the outline of the machines. The Gotha was a big bombing machine and the pursuit plane was a small light one, called a Camel. The Camel could



easily out-manuever the Gotha on account of its speed and lightness.

In the midst of the battle I saw a bright red flame shooting from a machine which soon came spinning towards the ground.

This was one of the German planes out of the way, but where were the rest? They must have started back again, for in a short interval the firing ceased and rockets were shot up again giving signals for "all clear."

The next morning I learned that the plane that had been brought down was in a heap at Ealing Common, a suburb of London. Six Germans had lost their lives and the machine was nothing but a smoldering heap of junk.

One of our motorcycle dispatch riders had been in the raid and he came back and told us that "Jerry" had done very little damage to London. A few buildings had been hit by the bombs and a few civilians had been killed, but this was nothing compared to the first raid on London. This dispatcher showed us a piece of shrapnel that he had picked up during the raid.

The raids on London were not successful towards the last because London was well protected by anti-aircraft guns and by the force of planes that helped defend the city.

CLARENCE HOLM, '20.

(The two preceding articles were written by two members of our class who are ex-service men. Donald McElroy was with Ambulance Company 127 and Clarence Holm was a member of the Aviation division of the A. E. F.—Editors.)

Junior

William Henry Simpkins was mad! Not merely out of sorts, but really mad. This was a rare thing for a person with such a calm disposition, for him who had

risen to the lofty position of *Junior* in Melville High School, where one was supposed to have got beyond the stage of such tantrums as now possessed William Henry. However, all persons have their reverses, and when a Simpkins backslides, he always slides hard.

William Henry walked along Main Street on his way home from school. He was muttering to himself, and his thoughts were, evidently, not very pleasant. Why should they be, since if the truth were told, William Henry had been *insulted!* Worse, the insulting party had been a *Freshman!* Think of it! William Henry could not!

It was preposterous anyhow. The idea of Freshmen, mere Freshmen, wishing to attend a Junior Prom. Still more preposterous was the idea of Ringler, a Junior, bringing it before the class. Think of it! A Junior asking his class to accept Freshmen in their social functions. William Henry had put his foot down on it, however, and through his influence the idea had been abandoned. He had shown Ringler a thing or two!

A smile crossed his face as he thought of his success in upholding the dignity of his class. Then the smile disappeared once more as he pulled a piece of paper from his pocket. It was a note which he had found pinned to his locker at the close of the afternoon session. He read,

"Junior, Junior! Think you're smart! Thou grewest from a Freshman to what thou art!"

With a curse on all living Freshmen, William Henry threw the note into the street. These Freshmen were only kids, anyway. He'd — William Henry gave a gasp. Across the street, just a block ahead of him, he spied *Her*; *Her* whom he had worshipped from afar for many months and who only lately had condescended to smile at him and speak to him as they passed in the hall. William Henry had, as yet, no partner for the Prom and he faintly hoped that She

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might consent to bring true the dreams which he had cherished for months. He could not bring himself to the point of asking her, however, and so he feared he would be forced to do it by writing.

The next day William made the leap. In the assembly during the third period, when the teacher in charge was not looking, a note propelled by William Henry's strong right arm flew through the air and landed on Her desk. She opened it and read, "Are you going to the Prom?" A moment later a note flew back along the self-same path. In feverish haste, William Henry recovered it from where it lay on the floor six feet away, and opened it. He read, turned pale, and read again, "I can't. I'm a *Freshman*."

In that moment William Henry's world went black. His ideals were shattered, his ambition gone, and all desire to live was suddenly snatched away. To think that he, a *Junior*, had been worshipping a mere *Freshman*! William Henry felt dazed. He remained slouched in his seat, deep in thought, until a look of determination suddenly appeared on his face. Evidently his mind was completely made up. He turned in his seat and smiled at Her. She smiled back, and with that smile there came to William Henry the thought that, after all, this old world was not so bad as it might be.

At the Junior class meeting which was held on the next day, the class was astonished to behold William Henry rise and tear down all the barriers he had so vigorously erected before.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, "after giving serious thought to the matter, I have—er—decided that I was mistaken in the views which I held last Tuesday, and I have—er—decided to withdraw them completely. I believe that the Freshmen are—er—as good as we are, and I hereby make the motion that they be allowed to attend the Junior Prom to be held on next Monday night."

The room was so still that one might have heard a pin drop. The class was astounded. Never before had so great a "Freshie Hater" as William Henry Simpkins made such a speech in the annals of Melville High. The depth of their amazement may be better understood when it is realized that before the class woke up and became their natural selves once more, William Henry's motion had been voted upon and passed.

William Henry went home that night in a mood such as he had not been in for weeks. At last he could ask Her for that cherished privilege which would make all his dreams come true. He retired that evening still thinking about it, and when he arose in the morning the thought was still uppermost in his mind.

When he arrived at school and walked through the halls, he found that the news of the Junior meeting had spread all through the student body. Wherever William Henry walked, he was followed by the admiring gaze of several dozen Freshmen who had found a new idol to worship. That celebrity paid no heed, however, for his thoughts were centered solely upon Her.

If the teacher in charge of the assembly during the third period that morning had not been so busy preparing questions for a test, she might have seen a small wad of paper, sent from seat 870, fly swiftly through the air for several feet and alight silently on the desk of seat 928, wherein sat She. She took the paper, opened it and read, "Are you going to the Prom?" She frowned, turned the paper over and wrote something on the back of it. Then She sent it back.

William Henry took the note, opened it hastily and read the message which shattered forever all his faith in the fair sex. Staring at him from the crumpled sheet of paper were these words, "Yes, with Jimmie Bartlett."

A longing for revenge filled William

Henry's heart. Immediately he sent a message over to Seat 928 bearing this legend, "Who is he, anyhow?" At least he had a right to know who his rival was. When the reply came back, he read it hastily, gasped, and then read again, "Jimmie Bartlett is president of the Freshman class."

At that moment William Henry lost all desire for revenge. He wished only to die, to leave behind this cruel world with all its troubles, caused, for the most part, by women, with their wiles and cunning ways of trapping men into their snares. Never again would he fall in love.

That very evening William Henry could eat no supper, refused to talk, and for once in his life neglected to tease his younger sister. At last Mrs. Simpkins became so worried that she gave him a dose of castor oil and made him go to bed two hours earlier than usual.

As William Henry lay in the dark with three extra covers on him to keep him from getting cold, and an ice pack on his head and neck to keep away the fever, he thought as he had never thought before. Finally, however, he found partial comfort, at least, in the fact that all really great men meet with misfortunes at one time or another in their lives. From that time on, he vowed, he would weigh his actions carefully. He would never again fall in love, he would never again do anything for the Freshies, and, furthermore, he would never, never associate with a Freshman, or even condescend to speak to one. He would always remember his position, his dignity, and his importance to the world as a Junior.

LEWIS MRKVICKA, '21.

Prospects

I dearly love a smallish man,
He's jolly and he's fat;
He's full as broad as he is tall,—
Oh yes, he's all of that.

He says that he will marry me,
And take me off to dwell
In fairy land, far, far away,
And we'll stay there a spell.

But if we ever tire of that,
Why then we'll move away;
We won't say where we're going to,
Or where we'll maybe stay.

We'll live on honey bees have brought,
And drink the sparkling dew,
Or maybe just because we like,
We'll live on love for two.

Believe or not this wondrous tale,
The proof is plain to me,
The man who promised all these things,
I'd guess is not yet three.
JOSEPHINE WAGONER, '21.

The Odyssey of a Senior

Speak to me, Muse, of the delinquent senior who received only pink cards after weary years of bluff. Many hard knocks he took and many a pang he bore, while struggling through a sea of *Virgil*, which threatened to engulf him. Yet even so, by his zeal he did not gain a credit, for through a miscalculation he flunked; fool, who would rather dance than cram. Of this, O master of these halls of learning, beginning where thou wilt, speak to me.

As soon as the rosy-fingered dawn of childhood had disappeared, he assembled as a freshman with the untried of R. H. S. Straightway the long-faced teachers bade him study and into his gentle nature was born a deep distrust which grew and was strengthened as time went on.

Through four years he wandered as one in a trance, sometimes with renewed hope at some strange freak of fortune, but always with a disastrous end. Through four long years of torture was our Senior buffeted; for, by the hand of Fate, while suffering between "P" and "F" (like unto

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Scylla and Charybdis), he was pronounced incorrigible. From then on, his suffering was intense. Several times he visited the land of the dead and had deep discussions with its king, but always he was recalled by changes in teachers and circumstances. Thrice, while in the storm of many lessons, he nearly expired and always perspired, but fortune was not good to him, and he lived on. Then a great plague swept the region and our senior was sore stricken. To the gods this disease was known as spring fever; to the people, as the hookworm. The dread disease passed but recuperation was slow. Finally, with a groan he realized that the time had come to return to his native elements. So his sad countenance was seen once more at the Hades of R. H. S. As he, wailing, besought an excuse, he was recognized by certain well-known looks upon his face. Receiving the "temporary," he withdrew from this room of shadows; but, upon her who had given the excuse so grudgingly, fell the gloom of darksome death when she beheld this senior twenty days absent.

Then came the trial, the trial of brains and genius at the semester's end. Five days of tortuous tests! O ye gods! The bitterness of it! Immediately he prayed to every god of the council of Olympus and to many others for assistance. His need of help was great; therefore many gods were appealed to. One would not do. The tests passed, but with what dire results! Be it known that this roving senior had wasted away, at this crisis, almost beyond recognition. Fearing and still praying he received his cards. Slowly he looked at them one after another. Slowly he absorbed their contents. Then his mighty spirit broke and he wept in agony. His splendid effort had been wasted. The gods held council and it was forced into his lifeless cranium that he was a failure. The decision was that he spend one more year at R. H. S. Sadly

he began the period of rest and peace which would last but ten short weeks, with only the loyalty of the junior class to spur him on. Even as Penelope had waited for the long-wandering Odysseus, this class had waited with fond expectancy to call this wondering senior its own, looking forward to days and nights of frolicking with this fun-loving, seldom-worried, delinquent senior.

WILMER DAVIS, '22.

Just a Miniature

Betty turned abruptly from the low kitchen window, upsetting a crock of milk in her excitement.

"Oh! he is coming; I see a great big cloud of dust with a little yellow speck in the middle down by the clump of poplars."

"Well, now don't be upsettin' everything in my kitchen. It's about time he was comin' anyhow!" exclaimed Aunt Sadie in her sour fashion as she turned from the old black cook stove.

Betty Dugan had lived with her ill-tempered Aunt Sadie and indulgent Uncle Jim ever since her parents were killed when she was but five years old.

As Uncle Jim trudged into the kitchen Aunt Sadie greeted him, "Did you get that bread and flour?"

"Yes, I got it," answered Uncle Jim, and as his glance fell upon Betty his face lighted up and he added, "and something for my pet too."

As he stood fumbling in his pocket Aunt Sadie handed a mop to Betty and began, "Betty, clean up that mess, and Jim, don't stand there with the door open all day! You do more chasin' around in that good fer nothin' flivver than anything else, and I never could see why you had it painted that yaller color, and besides I can't see what you two want with those fool pitchers anyhow!"

"Well as long as Betty and I likes 'em

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and they don't cost much, what's the difference?" put in Uncle Jim good naturedly.

Uncle Jim had long ago shown Betty some miniatures that had come down to him, and she had been so delighted with the quaint costumes and lovely faces that now it was Uncle Jim's keenest pleasure to visit a pawn shop to look for a picture.

Uncle Jim shut the door, and by the time Betty had finished mopping up the floor he handed her the miniature.

"Oh! isn't it a perfect beauty! I was showing the girls up at High, the other day, when we were discussing our graduation dresses, one of my pictures and they will be so anxious to see this one."

One day an unconscious Uncle Jim with a badly injured and crushed leg was brought home, and the next day a poor smashed yellow flivver came to the farm. A heavy truck had been the cause of all this misfortune. As Uncle Jim was sitting in his bed propped up with pillows, a few days later, he turned to Betty who was standing at his side and said, "Poor Betty, this spoils your plans for college and you will have to be content with having a home with us."

"Oh! Uncle Jim. I—"

"I allus was opposed to this eddication business anyhow and now Betty you'd better go. You're makin' him all grumpy," interrupted Aunt Sadie who was seated in a low rocker, mending.

"Well, I just wanted to say that—Oh, some one is at the door!" Betty interrupted herself to admit the visitor.

It proved to be a stranger, a distinguished-looking man. He inquired for a meal, explaining that his car had been stalled and could not be repaired until a mechanic could be sent from the town.

Aunt Sadie, coming to the doorway, looked him up and down, straightened her apron a little and replied, "Well I'm not used ter servin' out meals ter anyone, but I guess you can come in here."

The stranger stayed for the evening meal and afterwards, as he was conversing with Betty and her uncle, Betty in a sudden impulse showed him her cherished miniatures. He looked at them at first with a nonchalant expression, not making any comments. Suddenly, when he looked at one of them, he started. "The cripple Howard's lost master-piece!"

And so it happened that the foolish whim of Betty and Uncle Jim gave them a fortune, for the miniature was indeed the lost masterpiece, and thru its huge proceeds a costly but successful operation was performed on Uncle Jim's leg, and Betty was able to get her much desired education.

RUBY JORGENSEN, '22.

The Woods

The woods over yonder is one of the most picturesque places that you would ever care to see. Indeed, you might travel miles before you came to one as beautiful. It seems as if some fairy or immortal spirit dwells there and lives on the beauty of it.

In spring the trees, so bare all winter, take on new beauty, and the tiny buds clustered here and there on the long slim branches look like some delicate embroidery. Many of the tiny shrubs are rich in that green which nature alone has the power of giving to the things she paints. The tiny flowers of April and May display their daintiest apparel; the violets don their dresses of purple and yellow; the tiny hepaticas put on their dresses of pink, white, and pale blue as though they were going to be the rainbow bridesmaids for some fairy wedding.

What is sweeter than the gurgling of the little brook that winds its way thru the center of the woods? Unless, indeed, it be the songs of the first returning birds. The thornapples in blossom fill the air with fragrance which the clear gentle breeze wafts to you.

KIPIOKAWI



An old forlorn cottage nestled among the trees is completely covered with ivy vines, creeping in and out the latticed windows and across the old door. The whole place looks like a bower made for the gods, and one would commit a sacrilege if he tore the vines rudely away from their places so that he could enter.

At sunset there is a hush as twilight comes on. The robin and thrush sing to their mates on the nests. The trees are silhouetted against the pale sky. Soon everything is left in darkness and sinks to sleep.

JOE RICHTER, '23.

The White Sphinx

Alan Hempstead leaned back in his chair, propped his feet up on the desk, and lit a fresh cigar. "Jove, I'm glad that's over!" he said. Just then, the butler brought in a card which read, "James P. Stewart." Alan sprang to his feet and cried, "Show him in; he's just in time." In a few minutes, James P. Stewart, private lawyer of the Hempstead family, came in. Alan slapped him briskly on the shoulder, saying, "Hello, old man! I've written all these letters explaining my absence, and I leave tomorrow. Just think, leave tomorrow to go deep into the great Arabian desert." James Stewart's face grew grave as he replied, "Alan, I've tried to make you give up this unthinkable thing. Can't you see you're just throwing your life away? Your father did, and what did he gain? Nothing! Oh, can't you see the folly of it all?"

It was quite a surprise to Alan to see the usually calm Mr. Stewart give way to emotion of this kind.

"Jamie, I want to do it! Something tells me that I shall succeed!" he answered passionately. Then he added in a calmer tone, "I sail tomorrow. I've made all the necessary preparations. You need not worry."

There was nothing for Mr. Stewart to do; therefore, asking Alan to dine with him at the Royal Hotel that evening, he took his leave.

Alan Hempstead was the son of the distinguished Alan Hempstead, Sr. All the world knew that Alan, Sr. had taken a trip five years before, and had never come back. Only the secret service and the king knew that he had gone far into the Arabian desert to find an important document which had been stolen. Only the king and the secret service knew that the dead body of Alan Hempstead had been found on the steps of the English consulate in Arabia. The loss of the document had been successfully kept a secret until now, but the time was coming when that loss would become public. Alan, as the son of Hempstead, had been told the story. He made up his mind that he would finish his father's work.

That night, Alan met Mr. Stewart at the Royal and dined with him. Both tried to appear cheerful but Mr. Stewart made a miserable failure of it.

* * * * *

The hot, merciless sun shone down upon a little party of men, struggling along in the sand. One, apparently a white man from his accent, but so browned by the sun that his color could not be proved, said, "If we can only reach it before nightfall!"

Another replied in the language of the Arabs, "Yes, master, but it's far off, and the sun is hot."

The white man, not to be daunted, kept on. It is strange how the magic silence of the desert affects men. The man who strode along in the broiling hot sun could not be Alan, carefree Alan Hempstead! For eight long months, he had kept up his diligent search for the lost document, and thus had earned the name "the Fearless." So it was he who wished to reach the village before nightfall, in order to learn from a wandering Arab, who had

KIPIOKAWI



been with his father, the route that had been taken five years before.

But night came on and he and his party were still in the desert. Alan was for keeping on, but the guide told him that the Arab would have gone long before. Therefore, he was finally content to spend a night of rest, for he really was tired. He did not realize how tired until he spread his coat on the hot sand and lay down. Myriads of stars twinkled in the sky, and a low wind moaned. He could hear the heavy breathing of his tired companions. Eventually he slept, not the sleep of youth, but that of exhaustion.

When at last he awoke, he felt dizzy and weak. A musty smell seemed to choke him. He found that he was in a small tent, lying on a silken rug. The flap was raised and a tall Arab who Alan could tell was one of the wandering tribe came in. He looked at Alan and, finding him awake, grunted. Then he went out. Alan could hear voices outside but he was too weak to care. In a few moments, another Arab came in with a tray. He gave Alan a little water and a very small amount of food. Alan did not realize that he had been put to sleep with what the natives call the "sleeping magic," that he had been kidnapped from the camp in the desert, and that he was weak because he had not tasted food for almost three days. Now he murmured to himself, "Pretty stingy with their grub!"

After he had eaten, he felt stronger. He arose from his couch and said to the Arab, "Where am I, anyway?"

The Arab muttered something about a "White Sphinx" from which answer Alan could make nothing. He raised the flap and looked out. The Arab looked at him for a minute but did not speak again. Alan went out.

The place seemed to Alan to be a fruitful oasis. Palms, fig trees, date palms, and other tropical trees were abundant.

Many small, goat-hair huts were scattered about. To one side was a large well at which two natives were drawing water. In the center stood a great white tent, on the flap of which were many curious figures embroidered in gold. "Perhaps the chief of the tribe lives there," Alan said to himself. Then having satisfied his curiosity he turned and sauntered back toward his own quarters. As he walked, the natives pointed to him and muttered something about the "great white visitor." He had but reached his tent, when the man who had brought him food came running up to him. Bowing low the Arab murmured, "Oh, master, the high priestess sends for you." Alan had no idea where to go but the Arab led the way to the white tent, then bowed to the ground and hurried off. Alan raised the flap and walked in.

In the center of the large pavilion stood a pure white figure of solid ivory. Two large sapphires formed its glittering eyes. Its claws were of shining gold. It was the Great White Sphinx!

Alan was struck dumb by the beauty and grandeur of it. He did not notice a white-robed figure stretched on a couch. But now, the figure, rising, greeted him, "Oh, son of the Great White Visitor, welcome. Sit."

Alan started. Did she mean that his father had once visited this place? He sat down upon the richly decorated couch to which she pointed. Her veil was now thrown back, and never in his life had Alan seen a face so beautiful. She, too, wore ornaments such as only the Orient can furnish. Again she addressed him, "Oh, white man, the Fearless, I heard of your glory, and I knew you were the son of the Great White Visitor. Many suns ago he came to me, and fell at the entrance of this tent. I cared for him with my own hands, because I loved him. But he would not stay. He must hasten back to some great king and give him a scrap

KIPLOKAW



of paper. Again and again I besought him to remain. I used all my charms. But, no. Therefore I killed him and sent him by my assistants to a far city. But I kept the paper. So—" She went to the Sphinx and spoke. "Oh, mighty one, shall I give to the man whose father I loved, the paper he left here?" For a moment, the air was charged; then the eye of the Sphinx dropped out! The priestess put her hand into a hole which seemed to go far back into the head of the Sphinx, and drew out a paper. Replacing the eye, she turned to him with, "To you, son of the Great White Visitor, I give this paper for which your father gave his life. Take it, and go!"

Alan, overcome by his emotions, could not speak for a moment. Then he replied, "Priestess, thank you. I can say no more." He grasped her hand a moment and went out into the night, wondering. She had murdered the one. What had led her to be kind to him?

* * * * *

The great court of the king was brilliantly lighted. On each side of the throne stood throngs of curious courtiers. Conversation was going on in low undertones: "When will he come?" "How does he look?" Suddenly, down the court, came Alan Hempstead, hero of the Arabian mission. Tall, handsome Alan; yes, the same Alan who had slept under a canopy of blue sky in the Arabian desert.

He stopped and knelt before the throne. The king arose.

"Alan Hempstead, I wish to knight you for attempting and succeeding in a great mission which meant so much to your king and country. Rise, Sir Alan, and receive the thanks of your king and country!"

RUTH MANTELL, '23.

Autumn

Spring goes blithely past us;
Summer's voice is gay;
Autumn touches all our hearts
To gladness on its way.

Whenever Autumn burns the world
To red and golden brown
There is a little ghost comes
In a quiet gown.

And says, "Do you remember?"
And, "Can you quite forget
When it is November
And the sun is set?"

ELSIE HAYEK, '21.

The Coming of Spring

THE COMING OF SPRING
Spring has come with all its glory,
And I love to tell the story
Of the spring.

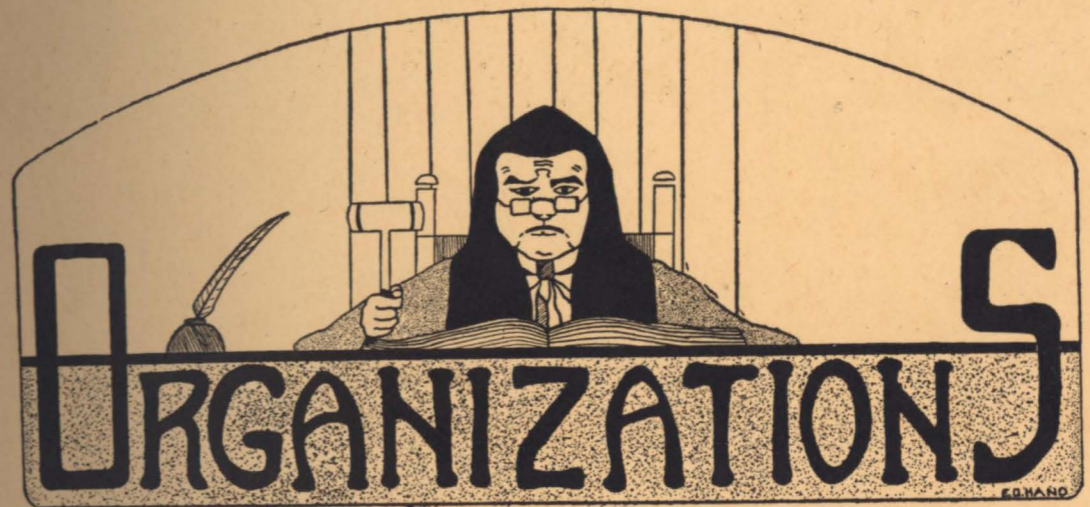
When the snow has gone away,
And it rains most every day,
Then it's spring.

When the trees begin to bud,
And we slip-slop in the mud,
Then it's spring.
Then the robin's song we hear;
'Tis the best time of the year,
In the spring.

Then the Easter hat we greet
On the maiden shy and sweet,
In the spring.
And the silken hose's displayed,
Other seasons we'd not trade
For the spring.

Then the May flowers and the grass,
And the violets as we pass
In the spring,
All do whisper, "God is love,
Earth and sea and sky above,"
In the spring.

DORIS DIXON, '23.





The Enicar

The *Enicar* is an important promotor of school spirit. Racine High School is favored with an unusually good paper due to the untiring efforts of Miss Walker and the staff. The paper is full of news and matters of interest to the student body, and not even the magazines on the assembly desks are so widely read as is the *Enicar*.

Regular staff meetings are held every Wednesday, and plans for the paper are discussed. Friday the staff holds its second weekly meeting and the material for the next week's number is assembled.

Racine High is proud of its paper, and doubly proud of the students who work unceasingly for its success.

THE ENICAR STAFF

Editor.....	FRANK H. HECK.....	'21
Associate Editor.....	KATHRYN WILLIAMS.....	'20
Assistant Editors.....	EDNA SCHILLING.....	'21
	MILDRED SLEZAK.....	'20
	WILMER DAVIS.....	'22
Literary Editor.....	MARGARET LORENSON.....	'20
Literary Assistant.....	ROSE MANTELL.....	'22
Art Editor.....	BENNIE PIEDESCALZO.....	'20
The Stroller.....	KATHERINE JONES.....	'22
Exchange Editor.....	MARGARET ALBINO.....	'21
News Editor.....	JACOB MANTELL.....	'21
	REPORTERS	
At Large.....	KENNETH KEHL.....	'22
	EDNA GUNTHER.....	'22
	ELIZABETH POTTINGER.....	'20
	JEAN MCGREGOR.....	'23
Boys' Athletics.....	GEORGE GEBHARDT.....	'21
Alumni.....	BESSIE CLAUSEN.....	'21
	BUSINESS STAFF	
Business Manager.....	DOROTHY CAMPBELL.....	'21
Assistant.....	GEORGE MYERS.....	'21
Advertising Manager.....	HERMAN LYNCH.....	'21
Mailing Manager.....	HAROLD KONNAK.....	'23
Typist.....	MARTHA GRIEST.....	'21
Faculty Adviser.....	MISS WALKER.....	



Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club consists of an unusually large group of talented warblers. The club has accomplished a great deal of work this year, covering all classes of songs, from the ballad to the opera. Among the special features are the weekly Friday programs which are both entertaining and instructive, consisting of solos, duets, and choruses, or selections on the Victrola. Beside doing chorus work the club has introduced this year a great deal of work, the purpose of which has been to bring about a greater appreciation of the finer types of music. Both Miss Watts and the girls are well satisfied with the success of the club.

OFFICERS

President..... ELIZABETH POTTINGER
 Vice President..... CHARLOTTE EBERHARDT
 Secty. and Treas..... BESSIE R. HARCUS
 Librarian..... ELEANOR BRANDT
 Advertising Manager..... LUELLE KOENIG
 Director..... MISS WATTS

Boys' Glee Club

The boys have been unusually faithful in their Glee Club work this year. The greater part of the work consisted of the study of harmony. One period a day is devoted to the Glee Club and one credit a year is given to the members. The Boys' Glee has developed into the very ablest club in school history. The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs will unite in the presentation of an opera, the first one to be given in two years. The opera selected for this year is Captain Crossbones. Miss Watts is the beloved instructor and director.

OFFICERS

President..... CHARLES CHRISTIANSON
 Vice President..... EUGENE VON GERMETEN
 Secty. and Treas..... HAROLD EVANS
 Librarian..... BURTON WALKER
 Director..... MISS WATTS



G. P. C.

Although not much is heard about the G. P. C.'s, the girls are a peppy crowd. This group of girls was an Economics class the first semester and their aim was to build up school spirit. At the end of the semester the girls felt as if the work should be continued; therefore, a meeting was held and a club organized. During the year the girls purchased gold and black paper chrysanthemums and felt arm bands. These emblems of school spirit the girls sold to the students, who wore them at football and basket ball games.

The large megaphone used by the cheer leader was purchased with the profits from these sales. The clean appearance of the victory banner which hangs in the lower hall, is another result of this club.

The girls surely roused the slumbering school spirit; and along with their adviser, they should be given the thanks of the entire school.

G. P. C. OFFICERS

Faculty Adviser..... MISS HARVEY
 President..... ELIZABETH POTTINGER
 Secty. and Treas..... GRACE HOGAN



Spanish Club

During the first semester, membership in the Spanish Club was open to students who received an "E" in their Spanish work. Only a few meetings were held during that semester, but at the beginning of the second term, the club decided on an active program. All Spanish students were made eligible and the club grew in size. Meetings were held on alternate Tuesday evenings at the homes of the various members. The members paid dues, and in this way covered the expenses of the refreshments at the meetings.

The programs consisted of the study of Spanish literature and the singing of Spanish songs. Everyone was expected to speak only Spanish during the meeting.

As a whole, the year has been a very successful one.

OFFICERS

President..... NORMAN CHRISTENSEN
 Vice President..... GLADYS SCHILLING
 Secretary..... HERBERT VOSS
 Treasurer..... LOUIS MOHR
 Faculty Adviser..... MISS SHEAKLEY



G. G. L. CLUB

The G. G. L. Club

On January 23 about thirty-five of the liveliest and peppiest girls of R. H. S. organized the G. G. L. Club. Within a month the membership had increased to 85, although it is exclusively a Junior and Senior Girls' Club.

Regular meetings are held at the Y. W. C. A. after school on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, and in the evening on the second and fourth Wednesdays. The purpose of the club is to unite all members in a spirit of friendliness and service, to win other girls to its membership, and to stand for the best things at home, in school, at work, in church and community.

The girls gave a Valentine Party for the

Hi-Y Boys, and everyone, especially the boys, had a grand time. The club has had some very fine lectures on birds, nursing, and on many other interesting subjects.

The G. G. L.'s are a lively group, and all strive to live up to high ideals. A G. G. L. girl is always easily distinguished from others by her friendly attitude toward everyone, and by her enthusiastic spirit in school.

OFFICERS

President.....	SUSAN McCULLOUGH
Vice President.....	MARION STEELE
Secretary.....	MARION CATTERALL
Treasurer.....	ELEANOR BAGGOTT
Adviser.....	MISS VIOLET JOHNSON, Y. W. C. A. Secty.



Hi Y CLUB

ATHLETICS



R. H. S.
SECTIONAL BASKET BALL CHAMPIONS
19 20

KIPLOKAW



MR. W. A. COX, ATHLETIC COACH

Football 1919

The Racine High-School Football Team started the season with only a few men who had played on the team before. However, we won four out of seven games, and were never badly beaten. The line played a hard steady game and was responsible for most of the gains that the backfield made. A splendid school spirit was shown by the large crowds of students who attended the games. Led by our renowned cheerleader, Jimmy Von Germeten, they did much to encourage the team to fight its hardest. Our teamwork was due to the coaching of Mr. Cox.

BURLINGTON

As our first game was cancelled, we played Burlington High School. This team was so much lighter than ours that

the game was uninteresting. The score was 51—0 in our favor.

NORTH DIVISION

The next game was with North Division High School of Milwaukee. Lunde made the first touchdown. When North Division kicked off, Grover received the ball and with admirable interference made a sensational run to the goal line. In the second half, our opponents scored two touchdowns. During the last few minutes Racine carried the ball to within a few yards of the goal, but Lunde was unable to score. The game was lost 12—13 because of our failure to kick either goal.

BURLINGTON

Another game was played with Burlington, this time on their own field. We won 38—0.



KIPLOKAW

BAY VIEW

Racine defeated Bay View High School in an interesting game. Neither team scored in the first half, although Racine had the ball on Bay View's one-yard line when the whistle blew. In the second half Racine made two touchdowns and kicked one goal.

KENOSHA

Kenosha received. In the first play Johnson's nose was badly hurt, but he pluckily stayed in the game. Kenosha was forced to kick. We were so far in our own territory that Grover punted. The ball went almost straight into the air. Kenosha's full-back scored. Our opponents' other points were made when their right end intercepted a forward and carried the ball over the goal line, and, when their quarter-back broke through the right side of our line near tackle and ran twenty yards for a touchdown.

In the second half, we held and were going down the field when the final whistle blew. Dick Lund and Harry Herman did well on the line, while Harris and Grover in the back field made large gains. Jack Harris was acting captain.

WASHINGTON

One of the best games of the season was played with Washington High School of Milwaukee. Even though the field was muddy, Grover made some long runs around end. Harris hurt his leg but kept playing. Neither team was able to score until the last few minutes of the final quarter, when Washington's full-back kicked a field goal. With about a minute to play our opponents made a touchdown through our left tackle. The game ended with a score of 9-0.

BELOIT

The Beloit eleven had been picked for the state championship by newspaper men and interscholastic gridiron critics, before they came to Racine. Our fellows were determined to win their last game.

Beloit kicked off. Grover started the contest with a long run. Although two of our players were injured early in the game, Lunde breaking his collar bone, and Grover spraining his ankle, both refused to be taken out. Beloit scored first by a drop kick. Cushman fumbled in the center of the field and Lunde, picking up the ball, scored a touchdown. Boyak kicked the goal. In the fourth quarter Grover recovered Beloit's ball on the thirty-yard line. Harris hit the line for fifteen yards. After another gain had been made, he went through for a few more yards. When Racine had failed to score in three downs, Lunde threw a forward over the goal line to Johnny Unavitch. Boyak missed the kick by a narrow margin. In the last few minutes, Harris intercepted a forward pass and carried the ball to the ten yard line, from which it was advanced half the remaining distance by line plunges. Then Grover went over on a fake play. Our ends, Boyak and Siewart, played a fine game.

SCHEDULE 1919

		Place	Played
Racine	51	Burlington	0
Racine	12	N. Division	13
Racine	38	Burlington	0
Racine	13	Bay View	0
Racine	0	Kenosha	18
Racine	0	Washington	9
Racine	19	Beloit	9

The Second Team

Enough credit can not be given to the second team for the way in which it gave the first squad practice. It is hard coming out every night to get knocked about by heavier and more experienced players; and then not even play many games. A number of this year's second team will no doubt be on the first team next year.

Our second eleven played Kenosha's second squad and beat them 6-0. The quarters had to be shortened to six min-

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utes in order that the first team game could begin on time. When the whistle blew at the end of the first half, Racine had carried the ball to Kenosha's five yard line. In the third quarter, Lunde went through the line for a touchdown. The ball was kicked out, but as the man who caught it took too many steps, Racine forfeited the right to kick a goal. The ball was on Kenosha's one-yard line when the game ended.

Football Banquet

The Football Banquet was attended by a large crowd of enthusiastic students and teachers. Adellon Hogan spent weeks in advance poring over old joke books in preparation for his duty as toastmaster. Miss Watts led the singing. The speakers were Miss Rodigan, Harriet Stanke, Mr. Morey, Mr. Reid, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Cox who gave a brief history of football. Mr. Giese, after a short talk, presented the sweaters, which were gold with black R's. This is the first time the school has ever presented the team with sweaters. When our heroes appeared the next day wearing the hard-won emblems each found himself the center of an admiring group of students.

Football Team 1919

Lunde. Our famous captain carried the team through a successful season, and by his skillful direction of the plays contributed largely to our victories.

Harris. Jack, the handsome halfback, plunged through the line for large gains. Often he was badly hurt but always stayed in the game. Next year Jack will be the main support of the back field.

Unavitch. Johnny at end was a fearless tackler and was always ready to fight to the finish. He will return next year to strengthen the team.

Grover. Our unique half-back caused many a lovely maid to hold her breath, and many a charming damsel's heart to

flutter as he sped down the field on his long end runs. It will be difficult to get a man capable of filling his place on the team next year.

Breckenfeld. "Breck" was out part of the season because of a bad ankle. However, he more than made up for his absence on his return. In the last few games he played center.

Boyak. Our little end played a great game, spoiling many of our opponents' plays and often getting the man with the ball. It is hoped that the team of 1920 will have this valuable player.

Siewert. Siewert was a deadly tackler and nearly always got his man. He played part of the season at end and finished up at left guard. Next season he will win glory for Racine.

Johnson. The passing of our plucky center was always to be depended on. While on the defensive he broke up many of our opponents' plays. Johnson returns next year.

Breed. "Bow," our red-headed tackle, played like a fiend and held like a stone wall. He was a hard worker and helped to uphold the reputation of the team. It is to be regretted that we lose him because of graduation.

Lund. Our sterling little guard played a steady game of good football, always fighting to the last whistle, and playing every minute of the game. "Dutch" was elected captain for next year.

Herman. Harry was always ready to stop a play coming through his side of the line. Many of our gains were made off his tackle. Next year he will be one of the mainstays of the line.

Larson. "Teddy", subbing at end, showed his ability more than once. Next year he will be a regular.

Buffham. If Buffham had not broken a rib early in the season, he probably would have made the team. He will be lost by graduation.

Cushman. Everyone remembers Bob's

KIPICAW



clenched teeth and his line plunges. Somehow he managed to get away with playing fullback. Graduation claims him, also.

Christianson. "Chuck," sub end, proved his metal when given a chance. He is also of the class of 1920.

Basket Ball 1919-1920

Racine High School Basket Ball Team won the sectional tournament at Milwaukee, and, if our best players had not been injured in the first game of the state tournament, we might have captured the Championship. Every man on the team fought hard in every minute of every game. The most admirable thing about our team was the remarkable way in which the boys played together. The fellows greatly appreciated the support and encouragement that they received from the splendid crowds of rooters. Not one player fell below in any of his subjects during the whole season.

BURLINGTON

On January 8th the Racine High School Basket Ball Team won its first victory from the Burlington five with a score of 45-15. Racine outplayed its opponents by using the pivot and short snappy passes. Unavitch, having a keen eye for the basket, made twenty-two points of the total score.

SOUTH MILWAUKEE

The next game, at South Milwaukee, was again an overwhelming victory for our men. They were accompanied by about a hundred rooters. Our players were altogether too fast for their opponents. Grover and Olson were the basket-makers for Racine, while the others kept our opponent's score down. The final reckoning was 61-11.

The second squad also had an easy time winning with a score of 31-5.

KENOSHA

Racine High School played Kenosha, its time-honored rival, at the "Y" gym. As Grover outjumped his man, and as our fellows completely confused their adversaries with that renowned pivot, which was a unique characteristic of our team, the game was ours from the very start. Kenosha was unable to force its way through the strong defense of Racine. The final score was 25-12 in our favor.

The second team won its game with a score of 19-10. Hilker helped the Kenosha team to feel their inferiority.

LANE TECH

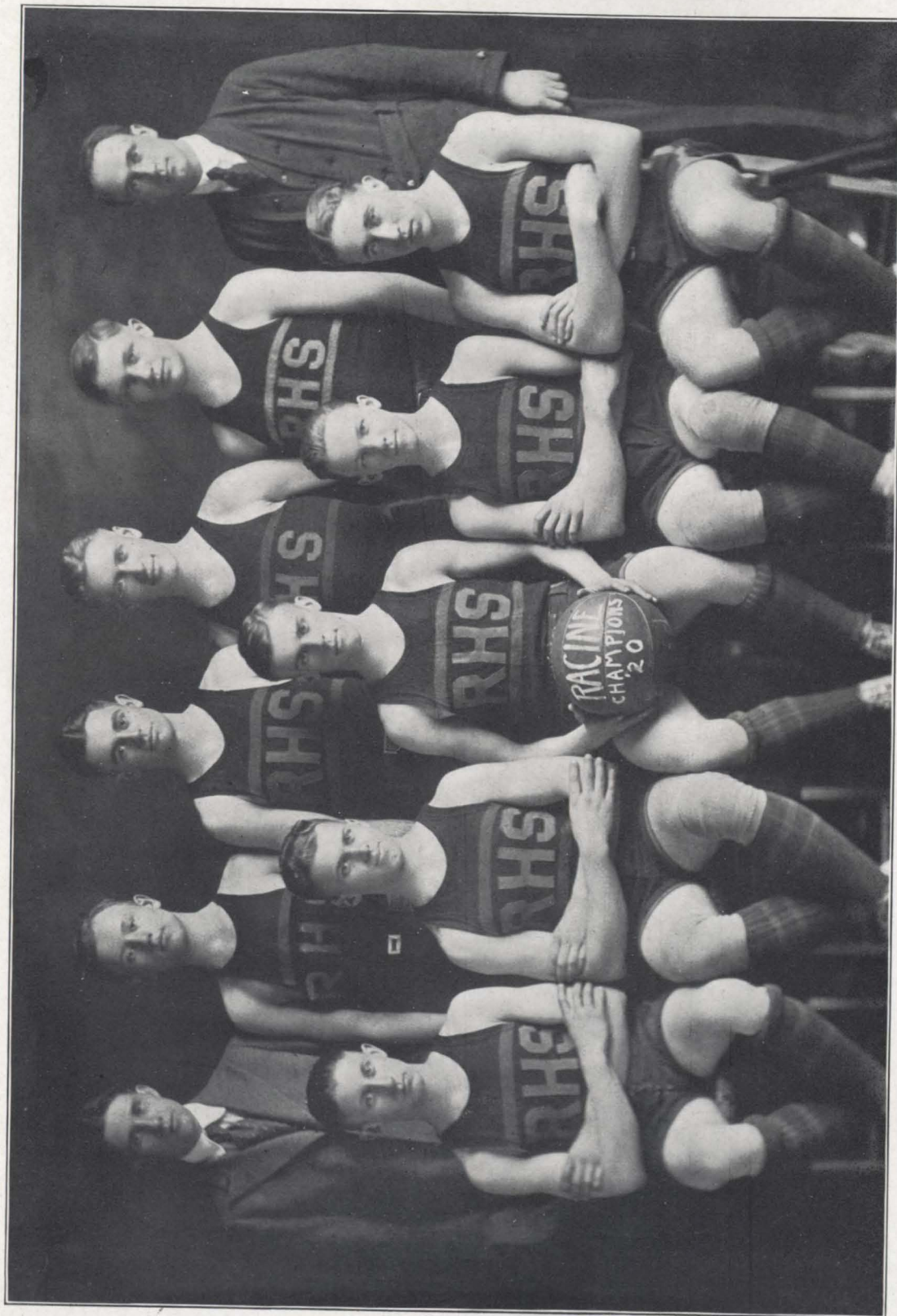
Our fourth victory was won from Lane Technical High School, which is said to have one of the best teams in the Middle West; however, our fellows were a bit too fast for them. They had tied with Hyde Park High School for the first place in Chicago. Lane's defense was unable to stop the short, snappy passwork of Racine. Their individual playing contrasted sharply with our teamwork. Unavitch, Olson, and Grover were the basket-makers for Racine, while Harris and Gebhardt guarded our territory with admirable skill. The five-man defense of Racine made our competitors take many long shots. The score was 29-18.

WAUWAUTOSA

Both the first and second teams of Wauwautosa were annihilated by our men, the first with a score of 74-9, the second 52-13. All the men on both teams were used by Mr. Cox, our coach. A huge crowd of zealous rooters led by our eminent cheerleader, Jimmy Von Germeten, made the Stephen Bull School tremble on its foundations.

WATERTOWN

Friday, February the thirteenth, was a lucky day for the Racine High School players as they revenged themselves for their defeat by Watertown in the tournament of last year. Both teams used the



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five-man defense; but Racine with its passes broke down the foe's guard. We led at the end of the first half 12-0. The final score was 40-12.

WHITEWATER

The following day our fellows played Whitewater in the latter's gym, and won by the close score of 23-21. The team made a wild attempt to get some sleep in Milwaukee the previous night and rode several hours on Saturday in order to reach Whitewater in time for the game. These things of course tired the fellows out, and they couldn't display their best ability. As our forwards were carefully guarded during the entire game, Grover was necessarily the point getter. The score at the end of the first half was 11-9 with Racine on the short end. When the second half started, the fellows showed that they had made up their minds between halves as to just what was going to happen. Davies took Harris's place in the second half and quite unconsciously dropped two neat baskets from the middle of the floor. The final play left the score in our favor.

KENOSHA

The next game was played in Kenosha. For a while it looked as if Kenosha had done considerable practicing since its defeat by Racine some weeks previous. Racine, however, used all it had for a few minutes just to make things lively. They rolled up a nice-sized score, thereby winning the game. Something should be said of the crowd that turned out for the Kenosha game. It certainly was a whopper and part of it tried to suffocate on the special cars.

EAST CHICAGO

The following day Racine played East Chicago at Racine. This was touted to be one of the best of the season since the out-of-town fellows had a reputation down in Indiana. The fellows had saved their pep for this game instead of using it all

at Kenosha and the score certainly showed it. The final score was 37-9 with R. H. S. in the lead.

WATERTOWN

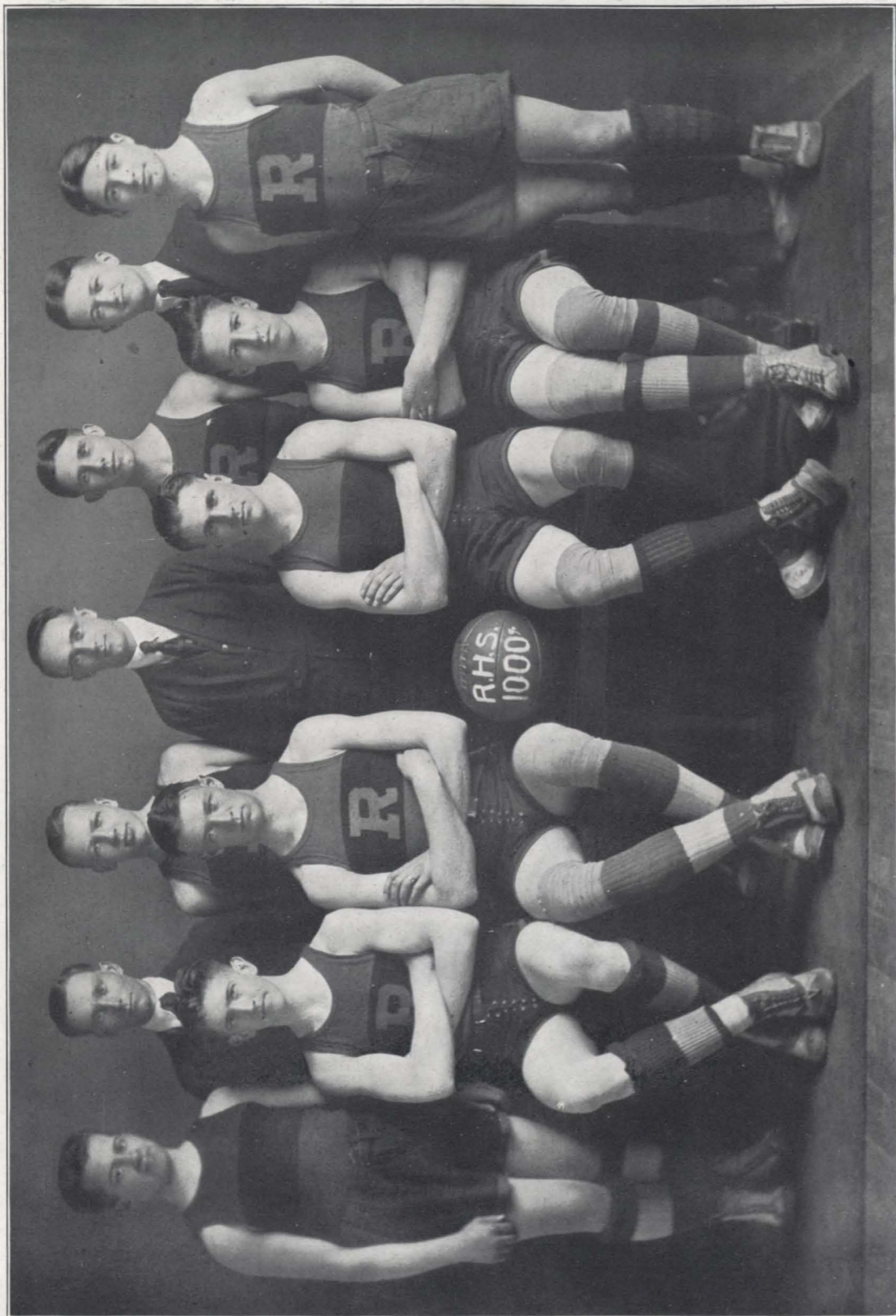
The next week Watertown came to Racine with the general idea of giving us a drubbing. They were forced to think again. The game looked good for the first few minutes but the Racine quintet started things humming. Harris's eye was in working order and he dropped 14 points for Racine. Watertown took home the small end of a 40-12 score, while Racine had a good count with which to end the season.

Racine Wins First Place in Sectional Tournament

Our fellows went to the tournament with a great deal of confidence and backing. However, the first game we played was booked with Sheboygan who also had a clean slate. Sheboygan started things by dropping the first basket. The first quarter ended 4-2 and it looked like a hard game. The team got to going after this and rolled up a score of 26 against Sheboygan's 5. This was the highest score of the first round of games played at the tournament.

In the second game of the tournament in which Racine participated, Whitewater was the opposing team. Since we had beaten them by only two points in the previous game at Whitewater everyone looked forward to a hard fought game. This time, however, the teams were playing on a neutral floor and, 'tho the game was not a walk-away, the quintet from R. H. S. made Whitewater feel rather foolish when the final score showed 28-8 in favor of our fellows. By winning the first two games Racine earned the opportunity to play in the finals. This meant that we couldn't get anything lower than second place.

It was on a Saturday night that about



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four hundred Racine rooters were at Milwaukee to see Racine put on the map. Altho there had been unusually large crowds at the games Thursday and Friday nights to cheer the fellows on to victory, the Saturday night attendance from old R. H. S. surely broke the record. They were not only there but they yelled. As had been anticipated the strong Columbus five was the opponent. Columbus was the first to score. They had made three points before Racine started. As in the previous games our five-man defense broke up everything that came down the floor. The fellows certainly were playing basket ball. It was a good game and Columbus fought every minute. However, our fighting spirit was up and the machine of Racine High came off with the honors. The final score was 30-11 and Racine played hard for every point.

After the game the silver loving cup was presented to the team by Mr. Downet. Unavitch received it amid the cheers and yells of the Racine rooters. The individual players were given splendid gold watch fobs in token of the good work that they had done. There was considerable noise in that little old gym, since it was the second time that Racine had ever won the sectional basket-ball tournament.

CARL SCHURZ HIGH OF CHICAGO

On Friday night March 12th the team played Carl Schurz High of Chicago at the Y. M. C. A. C. S. H. was supposed to have an exceptionally good team since it had won Cook County and City of Chicago championship last year. It was claimed that the school had the same team this year and everyone looked forward to a tight game. The team was either out of luck or "somebody lied" because it had no effect on our quintet. The final score was 45-18—and had Racine boys done their "durndest" it would probably have been 100-18. This

game was played as a means of raising Racine High's quoto for The Armenian Relief Fund. The desired result was certainly attained. Over \$400 was raised by this means. The game also served as a practice to keep the fellows in trim for the state tournament which came off the following week.

Racine Takes Fourth Place in State Tournament

The State Tournament games were played at Madison on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of March. Racine played its first game on Friday night. Its opponent in this game was the Eau Claire five. Although the Eau Claire quintet was reputed to have an exceptional amount of ability, the score at the end of the first half was 8-1 in our favor. The fellows certainly had hard luck, in that two of them were seriously injured. Unavitch, having wrenched his knee, was carried off the floor in the third quarter. Harris sprained his wrist but played the entire game. The peculiar thing about the game was that two of our men were injured, while in all the former games of the season no such thing had occurred.

The team entered the second game greatly handicapped. Johnny and Harris were unable to play. We were pitted against the strong Neenah team and were defeated for the first time, having won fifteen straight victories. Since two of our regular men were out we were forced to try for long baskets. One could easily see that the short, swift passes that were characteristic in former games, were missing. The fellows naturally could not make enough long shots to win the game. The final score was 20-8 in favor of Neenah. There isn't any doubt in the minds of the R. H. S. fans that with the regular five playing we could have beaten Neenah as well as our opponents in the following games.

The last game of the State Tournament,

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as well as of the season was played Saturday evening. Madison University High furnished the opposing team. Our men played hard, and, considering the fact that Unavitch and Harris were out, it was the best game of the season. The score at the end of the first half was 9-3, with Madison in the lead. In the second half the Racine fellows fought as they never had before, but could not overcome the 6 point lead of the Madison five. Racine netted nine points to Madison's five during the second half, making the final score 16-12, in favor of our adversaries. The results of the tournament were as follows: Superior 1st, Neenah 2nd, Madison 3rd, and Racine 4th.

A great deal of credit for the success of the first team was due to the strong lineup of the second team, and to the excellent coaching of Mr. Cox.

The Basket Ball Team 1919-1920

Unavitch. Johnny utterly bewildered his opponents with his famous pivot. Part of our success was due to his leadership, and the fellows elected him captain for next year.

Grover. Our notorious "fusser," encouraged greatly by applause from the gallery, played a hard game at center.

Olson. "Herb" by his fast passing and accurate basket shooting did much to win our games. He will be a very valuable man on next year's team.

Harris. "Jack," the formidable guard, defended our basket with splendid tenacity, and when in possession of the ball always advanced it. He impressed more than one fair damsel with his marvelous playing both at Racine and in Milwaukee.

Gebhardt. "Don" played a good steady game at guard. Our opponents found that it was almost impossible to keep the ball in Don's territory. It is to

be regretted that we lose him because of graduation.

Hunting. Hunting played an unusually consistent game at guard. He was a regular in the last part of the season. He will not be in our happy midst in 1920-21.

Davies. "Our scrappy little dark-haired Californian" showed ability to be wondered at in almost any position on the team. When he appeared on the floor, many flattering comments about him were made by all.

Siewert, our sub-guard, played a good game whenever given a chance. He will no doubt be a regular next year.

Boyak. When put in, Boyak managed to shoot a few baskets. It is hoped that he will uphold the reputation of Racine High next season.



Girls' Athletics



PLAY HOUR

Field Day

After an interval of several years, the girls of Racine High School resumed their athletic activities last spring at the High School Field Day. Compared to the number of girls in school, only a small proportion came out. However, those who came were enthusiastic and made the day a success.

The event of the day was a baseball game between the Indigo and Cardinal teams. The excitement ran so high that the umpire's life had to be guarded. The Indigoes succeeded in winning by a small margin. Other events were tennis singles and doubles, a baseball far-throw, potato race, fifty-yard dash, half-mile relay race, croquet game, and a golf two-some and foursome. For each event the winning side was given a certain number of points. The Indigoes totaled the larger number for all events.

The girls are looking forward to the Field Day this year with much more enthusiasm than last. A larger number has come out for practice and many more have expressed interest. The events will be similar to those last year.

Play Hour

An innovation was made at R. H. S. this year. At the Stephen Bull gymnasium on

Friday, March 26, a Play Hour was held, open to all high school girls and faculty women. The grand march began at 7:30, after which such games as Dodge Ball, Black and White, and Basket Ball relay were played. The evening proved to be so successful that several similar events have taken place.

Basket Ball

This year the girls of Racine High School found much pleasure in playing basket ball. Each class had a team, and after several months of practice a class tournament was held to decide the class championship. The Sophomores outplayed the Freshmen, and the Juniors won from the Seniors in the preliminaries. The two winning teams met for the finals before an enthusiastic and interested audience. The game was close from beginning to end, but the Juniors came out victorious and were awarded the class championship. All girls who had played during the year gave a spread in honor of the Juniors, Friday, April 24. There were games, laughter, and best of all—good eats. All the girls felt that the basket ball season had been a great success and all of them hope that it will be possible to make the game a permanent one at R. H. S.



CATTERALL

JANSA

NELSON

MARR, CAPT.

STOFFEL

ALHINO

CLANCY



JOHNSON SORENSEN KRISTERIUS TOOMAN HOOD WALKER CAHOON OLLE
BLOOM, CAPT.



DAVIS LARSON ELLIS MARR
DIETRICH MOERS PORTER, CAPT. WIECHERN BACON

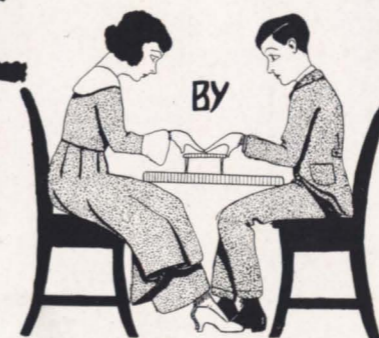


KIPIOKAW



WECEE

R. OUIJA



HOWARD ANDERSON

WIGLES

BOARD

The solemnity was awful! Marion giggled. Trembling, Luella advanced, and seated herself in front of Madame Komar Ayahamme. Madame lifted her jeweled hands and placed them lightly on the planchette—indicating to Luella to do likewise. Eleanor nervously fumbled with her notebook, dropped it, and hastily groped over the dark floor for it. Would the board reveal to us the future of our classmates? We waited in suspense! Suddenly Madame stiffened. "A trance," came a sepulchral whisper from the back of the group.

Then the Ouija wiggled!

Slowly, at first it moved. Eleanor gripped her pencil, and started to take down the message from the other world. "G-l-a-d-y-s---" the pointer spelled—and then, as though possessed, it began to move, faster and faster. With bated breaths we watched it. Oneafter another—it revealed the futures of our class-mates.

Suddenly the Ouija stopped its mad race, and Madame Ayahamme relaxed! The interview was over! We all sighed with relief and left the weird place with our futures safely tucked away in Eleanor's notebook!



PROPHECY

Gladys Fazen and Ruth Ferguson will be conducting a tea room after being disappointed in love.



Hilda Eiler and Estelle Ahrens will be at Lawrence working for the B. A. degree.



To our astonishment we shall find Donald Gebhardt judge of our Municipal Court.

Elsie Gebhard will be probation officer in a new probation home with Gladys Gribbohm as her able assistant.



Stephen Hansen will be met proudly prancing down Main Street in a blue uniform with brass buttons—our new policeman.



We find that Margaret Lorensen and Alice Mehder will be the dignified matrons of an orphan asylum of which Edward Ott will be the stern Supervisor.

Louise Hahn will be superintending a "Uneda Lunch" wagon downtown, with Madeline Hand as her frisky pan-cake flapper.

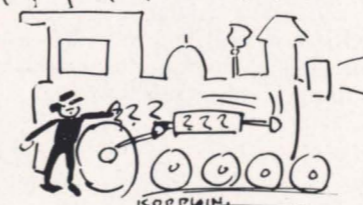


Ivan Wallace will be the manager of the greatest cattle ranch in the world and his efficient services will be recognized by the owner, Burton Walker, Esq.



Ruth M. Jensen will be forging checks of prodigious amounts for her living, between dodges of Gladys Johnson, the world's greatest detectives.

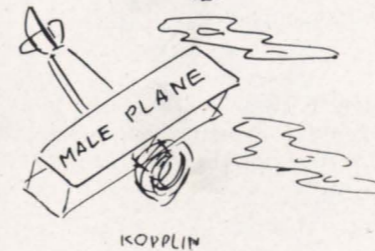
Hazel Miller, Florence Norgaard, and Susan McCullough will be dainty chorus girls, starring in the "Follies of 1930."



The non-stop trains between New York and San Francisco will be operated by women, the engineer's place being filled by Edna Ticknor; the fireman's, by Hilja Norman; the conductor's, by Marjorie Worthington; and the brakemen's, by Marjorie Pierce.



Luella Koenig, Elmyra Konnak, and Ruth Johnson will be running for the candidacy of Senators. All will be powerful speakers.



Grace Bensen and Esther Burdick, known as the "lively girls" will be the new women tennis champions and will defeat the invincible English tennis star.

Harriet Stanke and Faith Trumbull will be operating the only two mail-planes between Washington, D. C., and Nome City, Alaska.



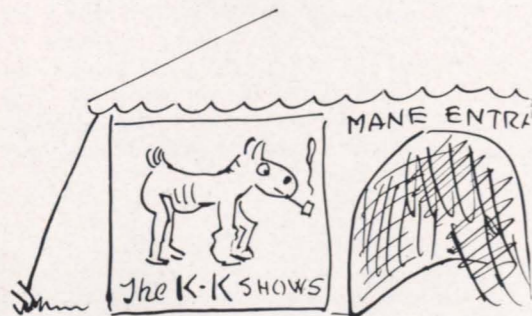
Within ten years Milton Nelson's crimps will be turned to silver gray, because of the shameless extravagances of his wife, Marion.



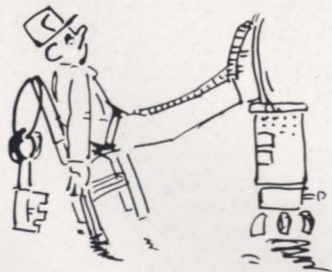
Who, upon looking into the professional world would have thought that Angeline Rollins and Catherine Rooney would be successful doctors, but Ouija says they will.

Our studious friend, Lillian Jorgenson, will have written a biography on the brilliant career of Elsie Wuerzberger as a sugar pill doctor.

Laura Klapproth and August Kropiloski will be the proud possessors of a dog and pony show at the Zoo just north of the city. Emily Jepeway will assist in feeding the animals six times a day and in bathing them regularly.



Marion Steele, Charlotte Widmer, and Alice Williams will be ready for a speedy dash to the North Pole in search of a half mythical mineral said to have the property of restoring youth and beauty.



Victor Larson will be the turnkey in the city jail and Mildred Lewis will be "speed cop". Between the two they will be kept busy keeping the Reds in their cells.

Eleanor Baggott and Jeanette Johnson will have entered the political ring as candidates for circuit judge.

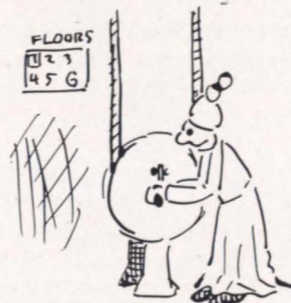


Hazel Niesen and Victoria Marcussen will run for the Presidential election of 1930. We hope they'll both win.



We shall find that Eleanor Brandt will be attending the Paris School of Arts under the tutorship of Daniel Domsky, the great American artist.

In the new High School Anna Beck will be teacher of English, and Charles Dalton will succeed Mr. Wilbor as instructor of Physics.



Frieda Bitner, our history shark, will help Miss Porter in the new High School. Florence Knudson will operate the elevator in the new building.

We shall see the wonderful American trio—Katherine Dietrich, Esther Larson, and Rose Mitler in their world-renowned art entitled "Aesthetic Dancing."



Lester Anderson and Roy Sommers will form a corporation for the purpose of establishing a hot-dog exchange at Island Park. Their business will be based on the theory that a well-balanced ration is better in the long run.



Julie White and Helen Wohlrab will become very prominent scientists and will show the world that the ancient alchemists were right in their belief that gold could be made from the baser metals.



Mina Irish and Margaret Jensen will be Racine's new milk maids. They will be seen at 4 o'clock in the morning driving the wagon of the Hermes' Skim Milk Co.



Esther Monroe, the best known judge in the U. S., will sentence Leone Myers to the electric chair and Eloise Pierce to a twenty-year term in Waupun for murdering the King's English.



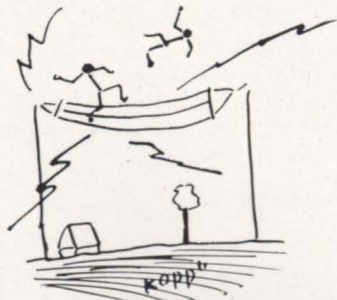
Joe Waisman, the well-known man of the air, will be conducting a garage somewhere near the stars for disabled airplanes.

Everett Williams and Jimmy Von Germeten, prominent scientists, will leave this planet and go up to shake hands with Mars.



Herbert Vaughn and Herbert Voss, two able astronomers, will be constantly peering into their great lens to watch the movements of Jimmy and Everett.

Georgia Irish will be governess for Lydia Makovsky's unruly little youngsters.



On *this* planet Fred Waterhouse will be eagerly searching for Victor Wood, the elusive mechanical genius, who specializes in safe and vault locks.

Otto Otteson will be experimenting in electricity, seeking a solution to the problem of transporting persons to Mars by wireless. His assistant, Harry Schenkenberg, will keep him in "charge."

Olga Pritchard and Alice Picha will conduct a very exclusive dancing school.



To our surprise Angus Harney will be settled down to a bachelor's life after the many flirtations of his youth.



We shall find that Clarence Holm has accepted the position as mascot for the ever-losing football team.

Bernardine Harrington and Henry Haumerson will occupy a stand in a circus. They will sell Kewpie dolls.

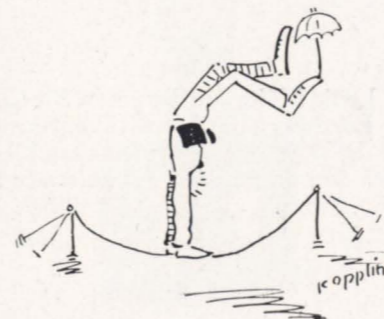


Albert Higgins will be the prominent One-Man in our immense One-Man Cars.

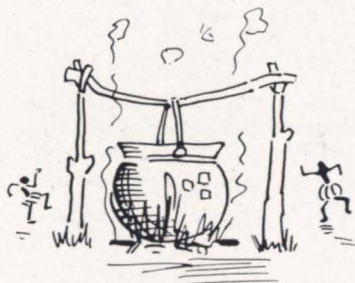


Adellon Hogan will be traveling across country giving world-renowned speeches, with Grace Hogan contributing her heart-rending solos.

The Ouija surely is realizing the dreams of our business-like McElroy and Lichtenheld, who will go into partnership and erect a peanut and pop-corn wagon.



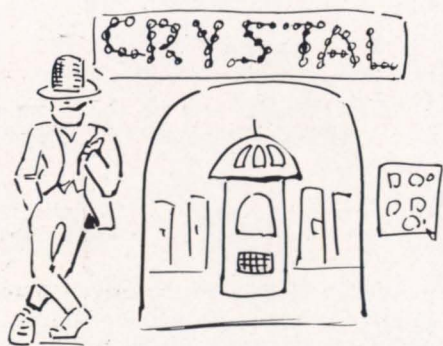
Dwight Hunting will be found in the circus, because of his wonderful ability to walk across the room on his hands.



Libbie Robotka and Jeanette Fagan will be social workers in a large city in Africa. They will become great favorites of the natives.



Christensen, Davis, and Co. have the jazziest dance orchestra this side of Chicago. Norman will be the pianist, Charlotte, the drummer; and Geraldine Bliss will play the "Saxy."



Robert Buffham will be engaged in Missionary work in China. He will adopt the costuming of the natives.

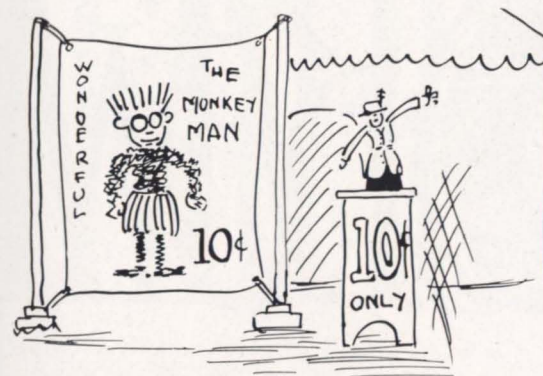
Paul Collins will be the manager of a new vaudeville theatre in this city. It will be called "The Crystal." Robert Cushman will be the leader of the orchestra.



The Ouija says one of the country's best known mathematicians, Oscar Elkin, will be a teacher of advanced geometry and algebra at Harvard University.



Louis Mohr and Bowman Breed will be in London conferring with representatives of the World Powers for the establishment of a new and far more democratic League of Nations.



In one of the many side shows of Buffalo Bill's Circus we shall see Charles Christianson, the human monkey, by paying ten cents to his exhibitor and life partner, Verna Nelson.



Lillian Schwartz will be the proud principal of the Corliss High School, while Mildred Slezak will be the head of the Domestic Science Department in that same school.

Bennie Piediscalzo will be adorning the pages of the Racine *Sunday News* Comic Section with the comic capers of Bessie Marcus.



Katherine Williams will be the capable inventress of the device which keeps Joe and his garage suspended in the air.

Marie Shannon will be the first president of the New Irish Republic with Elizabeth Pottinger as her able assistant.



Gladys Schilling and Dagne Sorenson will be organizing a Suffrage Association among the native women of Persia.

At the Grand Opera we shall hear Ruth Sage and Charlotte Eberhardt give a number of heart-breaking selections. Charlotte will sing alto; and Ruth, dramatic soprano.



Fluvia Nixon and Helen McCarthy will be devoutly following the rules of Spiritualism laid down by Lodge, the well-known spiritualist.

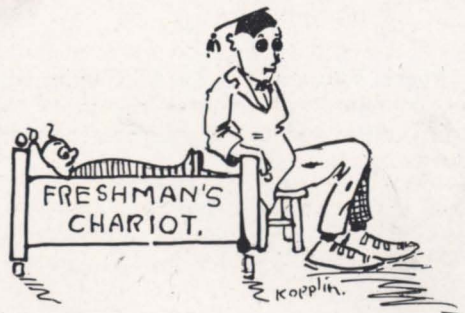
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The Giese Stock Company

After disturbing all the people around us by our quietness, we settled back in our seats to watch with drooping spirits the daily performance of the "Giese Stock Company". We had taken peanuts, popcorn, candy, and gum with us, so if the show proved dull, we could amuse ourselves.

Miss Harvey led the orchestra composed of Mr. Leicht playing a mouth organ, Miss Perham shaking a tambourine, and Mrs. Bruins manipulating a tin horn. The enetric operations upon the flute which made the Marcel wave in our hair stand straight, were caused by Miss Howe. Miss Enright played the tom tom while Miss Hood strummed on her ukelele and Miss Slack and Miss Becker played upon the famous Woolworth violins. The strains from Miss Walker's harp made tiny white wings flutter above the orchestra, while Miss DuFour and Mrs. Sogard, standing face to face, rubbed sand paper together. Mr. Pritchard played the piano from bookkeeping lessons. Promptly at 7:65 the dreamy, melodious strains of the lullaby, "Where do we go from here, boys?" aroused the reverence of all present.

With the combined efforts of Mr. Neiman, Mr. Dow, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Nelson, the heavy crepe de chine curtain slowly ascended. The scene which we beheld tickled our appreciative sense of the beautiful, for we saw, sitting before a



glowing hearth, Mr. Giese gently swaying a green cradle occupied by a wailing Freshman to whom he hummed softly, "Take me to the Land of Jazz". A knocking was heard, and in answer to the gentle command of Mr. Giese, the door opened and Miss Porter, leading the four popular waifs, *Muzzy, Sidelights, Hart's, and Elson*, entered. The wailing Freshman, after one glance at Miss Porter and the four waifs, turned around in his cradle and slept profoundly. While Miss Porter was assuring Mr. Giese that the Freshman would soon be old enough to play with her orphans, the attention of the audience was concentrated by a loud series of "I set, I eated, they setted, he eated, I sung it, you singed it," and so on; and we beheld a procession, led by Miss Collier, composed of the Misses Rigg, R. Fox, Irvine, Pope, and lastly Miss Simmons, who walked silently, without saying a word. At their babbling entrance, the bewildered Freshman awoke, murmuring, "I slepted and I done awoke".

Just outside the window, the song of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" sung softly in Spanish by Miss Sheakley and accompanied by Mr. Gill playing an accordian, was heard. Immediately from the depths of nowhere, lured by this peppy tune, Miss Driscoll came in dancing an Egyptian Fox Trot. As Miss Driscoll modestly retired, the audience heard the choppy refrain of "Still an Old Sweetheart of Mine" played by the Misses Blackburn, Ramage, and Pennfeather, upon miniature Underwoods which hung from chords about their necks. Miss B. M. Pugh led the way, blithely singing to the chorus of the above mentioned song, "Dear Sir: Your letter has not been received by me to day; although this is leap year, you have not answered, yours truly".

These ever hopeful musicians had scarcely finished their song when Miss Potter, Miss Racine, and Miss Neitzel entered the scene in a heated discussion.

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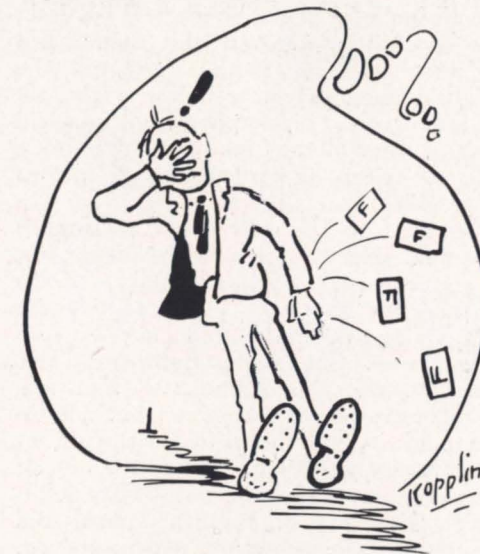
Miss Potter claimed that a polygon could fly around a circle thirteen times without getting dizzy, while Miss Racine said the polygon would have to fly two feet above the ground not to get dizzy. Miss Neitzel, however, insisted that the polygon would have to crawl and not fly, in order not to be dizzy.

Just as they were about to resort to more strenuous arguments, Mr. Wilbor came upon the scene, and, sagely applying his rules for revolving objects, settled the discussion by saying that a chicken could fly around the circle if it had wings. An interesting experiment by the plump Mr. Sanders, assisted by Miss E. Fox, was made upon Miss V. Rodigan, demonstrating how various colors of emotion could be reflected upon the face.

Miss M. Pugh and Miss G. Rodigan ran frantically across the stage pursued by Mrs. Whitaker who mercilessly tormented them for a *permanent excuse*. All the excitement came to an abrupt end when one of the stock company mentioned cats. Messrs. Carpenter, Hotchkiss, and Personette immediately appeared with the new collapsible tables and chairs, and after all had been seated, Miss Gilday and Miss Jones hastily spread the newly finished table cloths. Refreshments were then served by the Misses Hood and Norton. The savory dishes consisted of delinquent pop-overs, failure pancakes, and bluff champagne. The prohibition champagne acted very rapidly and soon the heads of the Faculty swayed in motion with Miss Watt's muscular movements, as the happy stock company sang,—

"Many Seniors do we free
After four years tyranny,
We have caused their sighs and tears,
But us they'll thank in later years.
And now, dear Seniors, we will say,
Remember this immortal play."

LILLIAN SCHWARTZ, '20.
ELMYRA KONNAK, '20.



Estudent

Estudent plodded wearily up the north stairs. There were tears in his eyes and his head ached fearfully as he thought of the time when he should have to graduate, should have to leave school. Estudent did not want to leave the dear old high school. He wanted to stay on and on, perhaps forever, but the Wicked Faculty had summoned him and said with diabolical grins, "Ah, Estudent, you have indeed done well during the four years you have been with us. Now, to reward you, we will give you your freedom next June." So now poor Estudent wept and groaned, but could think of no way to outwit the Ruling Powers.

As the sorrowful plodder neared the top of the stairs, his eye was caught by a queer blue card. He picked up the card and read that it was a notice of delinquency.

Estudent felt a great weight slip from his heart. Here, at last, was a chance of rescuing himself from the cruel, heartless world that awaited him in June.

Straightway, Estudent went to his

KIPIKAW

English class. When he reached his desk, he carefully destroyed the theme and Woolley outline he had prepared the night before. He tore a few pages, six or seven, out of his notebook and splashed two or three blots of ink on the remaining pages. Then he girded himself for his first ordeal.

The Most High Priestess of English entered. Her visage was very solemn, but a sixteenth part of a smile puckered the corners of her eyes. Very sedately did she walk around the room checking off the themes. She came to Estudent. "No need to ask you, Estudent," she said. "You have your theme, of course." Estudent felt a queer lump in his throat but he bravely answered, "I haven't any of the assignment this morning." The Most High Priestess of English merely did things with her eyebrows and passed on.

Poor Estudent wriggled about in his seat and felt quite miserable. He hadn't even been reprimanded. His plan was a failure, he was very sure, for he hadn't seen the eyebrow maneuvers.

From English class Estudent went to geometry recitation. The Ruling Goddess of the 16th room called on him to give the 72nd theorem of the book of Lenex. The determined Estudent rose and said, "Oh, Ruling Goddess, I know not the 72nd theorem of the book of Lenex." The goddess fixed Estudent with a steady look, made a queer dot in her classbook, but said nothing.

Estudent felt happier. At least the goddess had disapproved, which was more than the High Priestess had done.

Estudent acted like a very imp o' the deil during assembly periods. The third period, the dignified monarch of the lower regions reprimanded him many times to no avail. Estudent was determined to bring down upon his head the wrath of the deities.

During American history class the

sinner gazed at the pictures on the wall and furtively peeped into his book when the Empress of Room 4 was looking at him. He refused to give any topics and after borrowing some gum from the infant Ivan, distracted the attention of the entire class with his grimaces and contortions. The Empress was mightily offended and rebuked the wretch, but he appeared to receive the reprimand with ill grace.

Estudent, in typewriting class, spilled his letters from the file, rang the bell on his typewriter annoyingly, constructed quaint caps, sailboats, and gliders from enormous quantities of paper, but did no work.

Estudent followed this wicked program every day for five weeks. Then he was rewarded with four delinquent cards. He was so happy when he saw the precious blue cards that he relaxed for a whole week and buried himself in reviews and advance work. He had never been so contented as he was with the cards in his pocket and his nose in a text book.

Now, Estudent was convinced he should be flunked; so he didn't try to fail any longer.

After writing the semester tests—having tried his best to write his worst—Estudent called for his grades at the office. With light step and jubilant heart, he entered the sanctum.

He carried the cards, which he was sure were all marked "P" outside the room. Then he looked at them. English "F", Geometry "F", History "F", Shorthand "F", Typewriting "F".

Estudent plodded wearily down the south stairs. There were tears in his eyes and his head ached fearfully when he thought of his fate, inevitable as it seemed. He gulped down a sob as big as could be, turned up his collar, and entered the cruel, heartless world.

EMIL PERRICK, 19—?

KIPIKAW

Asimbo's Revenge

In his hut in a village in the depths of Africa, Asimbo, a giant savage, looked over his array of maces and knives seeking one that would suit his purpose. After feeling the edge of each, he took a huge creese and slipped it through his loin cloth. Although Asimbo did not know the old creed, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth", he felt the equivalent of it, and with revenge uppermost in his mind, he set out into the jungle in spite of the threatening sky.

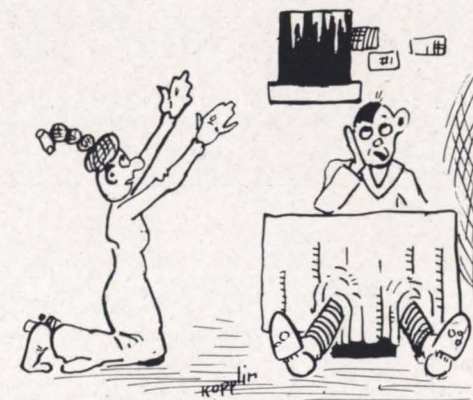
He took the path that led to the Kaffi village of Kawikiifi. The charged still air of the jungle in the lull before the storm was broken only by the occasional roaring of a lion or the chattering of the monkeys. At length, with a crash and a roar, the storm broke and the rain came down in torrents. But neither the rain, the thunder, the lightning, nor the swaying of the jungle caused Asimbo, who strode on as a man with a purpose, to pause for a second.

After three hours of travelling in one of the worst storms the jungle had ever known, Asimbo made out the outline of the village of Kawikiifi. By the occasional flashes of lightning Asimbo found the hut of Ugundi, the man who had caused the wrath in Asimbo's heart. After peering around for some time in the darkness of the hut, Asimbo saw the object of his trip lying on the floor, and with a mighty downward stroke of his creese, Asimbo ended the life of Ugundi's white monkey in order that he might revenge himself for the murder of his pet rat.

SAM MYERS, '21.

'Twas Ever Thus

The wind howled and whistled mournfully as it blew the black clouds across a blacker expanse of sky. The hail, as it hissed across the prairie, stung the face



of the lone traveler, making the pain almost unbearable.

Slowly, and with a moan at each step, the wanderer staggered on, seemingly guided by some mysterious force which compelled him and drove him forward.

The wind screamed and tore fiercely at the coat of the stranger. The sleet covered the ground, making a smooth carpet of glass. With a cry unlike that of a human being, the traveler lurched forward and fell shivering and moaning with the cold and pain.

To the northwest, and seemingly miles away, a light gleamed and flickered through the icy atmosphere. Toward this point the stranger turned his bloodshot eyes. It was like a ray of heavenly light to him, and, summoning all his remaining strength, he rose, weak and trembling, only to be struck by the ice-laden blast.

In a small log cabin in the midst of the raging storm a man and a woman sat gazing earnestly at the roaring fire on the hearth. Every few moments the woman rose, walked to the window, and peered anxiously out into the disturbed night, only to shake her head sadly and once more resume her place by the fire.

Her trips grew more frequent. She would sit up as though listening and then,

KIPPOKAW



disappointed, would bury her head in her hands and her shoulders would shake with her sobs.

At last a noise at the door caused her to spring to her feet. With a glad cry she threw open the door and with a gasp of joy she gathered the wanderer into her arms and drew him inside.

"Oh Jack! Oh Jack! I knew you'd come home," she sighed happily, as she patted the wet body of a small, shivering, shaggy collie.

SUSAN McCULLOUGH, '20.



"ORIGIN OF THE LATEST FAD" ARTICLS UNBUCKEED

The Origin of the Latest Fad

Over in Europe, so far away,
It started near Paris, so they say,
This style of open goloshes.
A very rich woman of French descent
Lived in a castle which always lent
An air of grandeur to the lands,
As on the great, high hill it stands.
She set the style for the people there,—
Her clothes, her autos, the style of her
hair;
Everything she did, they saw
And copied, with worshipping, ceaseless
awe.
But one thing unenvied did she possess,

And that was her endless carelessness.
She lacked that power, and mind energy,
To concentrate on a thing, you see.
She often forgot this thing and that,
Sometimes her gloves—again her hat.
Fluttering here and fluttering there,
Forgetting even to comb her hair.
One day she thought she'd take a stroll,
In the outskirts of Paris, called
Verijboul.

She went unattended by maid or man,
An uncommon thing around that land.
She buttoned her coat around her tight,
And put on a hat of enormous height.
She put on her overshoes, big and black,
Took out her gloves, then put them back.
Thinking of some removed thing,
She let her fleeting thoughts take wing.
And she thoughtlessly left her goloshes
unclasped.

The people stood on the corners and
gaped.
This stylish woman, who set the pace,
Was leading the women a merry chase.
But it was seen, as plain as plain,
She meant to set the style again.
So the women all appeared next day,
Dressed in this idiotic way.
Alas, that our country should see the day
When it follows a careless woman's say.

HELEN MOORE, '23.

Racine Suffragettes of 1934

Scenery: Backyards of residences.
Conversation is carried on over back
fence.

Characters: Graduates of Class of
1920.

- Mayor.....Leone Myers
- Candidate for mayor.....Eleanor Baggott
- City Clerk.....Marjorie Worthington
- Superintendent of Schools.....
.....Harriet Stanke
- President of Council.....Emily Jepeway
- Neighbors.....
.....Ruth Sage and Geraldine Bliss

KIPPOKAW



ACT I.

Ruth Sage: Any news about the elec-
tion?

Geraldine Bliss: Haven't heard, but
think Miss Baggott will be our next
mayor. (*Miss Baggott enters sobbing*).
But look, here she comes now, and sob-
bing at that. Any news about the elec-
tion?



Eleanor Baggott: Oh, Gee, here I have
worked my old head off, trying to get
votes for my election and what do I get
out of it—

Ruth Sage: You don't mean to say
Leone Myers is mayor!

Eleanor Baggott: Yes, and I'm as good
as she is, any day. (*Crying patiently*).
And to think that Harriet Stanke was
made Superintendent of Schools; Emily
Jepeway, President of the Council; and
in fact every office is held by a woman,
excepting the office of the Chief of Police
which is still held by Angus Harney; and
myself not holding an office almost makes
me sick.

Ruth Sage: Great! Peachy!

Eleanor Baggott: Do you mean you're
glad I was defeated?

Ruth Sage: O no, but to think the
women, at last, hold all offices, makes me
feel happy. Finally we have a chance to
run this city.

Eleanor Baggott: I'd just as soon the
men were in office.

(*Mail carrier comes around side of house
and hands each a circular*).

Ruth Sage: Listen to this. Our
new mayor is showing her authority
already. (*Reads*). "The Mayor of
Racine requests that you be present at a
meeting to be held July 2, 1934, at 8:00
o'clock P. M. *No Excuses Accepted*."

Geraldine Bliss: I wonder what the
meeting's for.

Eleanor Baggott: I'm not going to that
old meeting.

Ruth Sage and Geraldine Bliss: Oh!
please, do come, Miss Baggott.

Eleanor Baggott: No, I won't! (*Leaves
stage*).



KIPIOKAW

ACT II.

Scenery: City Hall. City officials dressed in a mannish way seated on the platform.

Miss Grace Benson enters wearing a picture hat.

A buzzing like that of bees is heard throughout the room.

Ruth Sage: Where d'ja get the hat?

Mayor: Attention, please! (*Pounding on desk*). Miss Benson, won't you please inform the ladies where you got that beautiful hat, seeing that they are so inquisitive. (*Silence for a minute. Then, more buzzing*).

Hilja Norman: And did you hear that awful scandal about—(*great buzz of voices*).

Alice Picha: Oh, my dears, isn't that dreadful? If that were I—

Mayor: (*Pounds on desk*): Meeting please come to order! We are here tonight to discuss the long cherished problem of a new high school. Seeing that the men have made no headway, it is up to us, you and me, to see this thing through. What have you to say about it?

Ruth Sage: Madam Chairman, I move that we let the question drop. When we went to school, a new building was just as necessary as it is now, and *we* didn't get one.

Eleanor Baggott: (*Who has just entered while the discussion is being carried on*). I second the motion.

Miss Benson: Ladies! Ladies, you are entirely wrong on this question. Now I believe, although we were not so fortunate, we should not be selfish, but try to promote this movement. I, therefore, move that we adopt this plan.

Eleanor Baggott: I second the motion.

Marjorie Worthington: Before we settle this question, let us consult Ouija. (*Elmyra Konnak and Georgia Irish work Ouija*).

Georgia Irish: Great! Ouija is with us. We are going to have a new school

Mayor: Now the question is settled, but where shall we get the funds? (*General buzz*). Seeing we cannot agree on the subject, we will again consult Ouija. (*Ouija is worked*).

At last we have the matter settled. We will raise the taxes, issue bonds, and sell hot-dogs, just as Ouija tells us to do, and add the proceeds to our fund. Now, I—

Faith Trumbull: Who's going to sell the hot-dogs? I'm not.

Mayor: I was just coming to that, and seeing that you suggested it, supposing you, Miss Trumbull, take care of the job.

Faith Trumbull: I can't do it alone.

Mayor: Miss Eberhardt will assist you then. All in favor of this movement signify by saying "Aye". (*Conversations are carried on and no one hears the Mayor's question. She pounds on desk.*) All in favor—

All: Aye. Aye.

Mayor: The funds must be taken up in two months. Now everything is settled, so let's give a yell for the women.

All: Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! (*All greatly excited. The usual buzzing is heard as the curtain falls.*)

LAURA KLAPPROTH, '20.

Miss Foxwell

Miss Foxwell is a teacher.

Of martial spirit she.

No matter how contented,

She never lets things be.

She rails at all the Freshmen

Down in the 'sembly hall

And pesters all the Seniors,

They dare not talk at all!

She scampers up the stairways

And through the corridors,

I guess that she's not human,

For she's seen on all the floors.

She's here and there and all about

And *never* seems to rest.

So we give her to the Juniors,

May they cherish this bequest.

KIPIOKAW

Temporarily Set Aside

The students of Towner High School were bewildered, especially the boys. Jim Otell was not only bewildered, but very much grieved and hurt. In vain he investigated and unmercifully criticized himself, yet he could not find a thing the matter with himself that had not been the matter a day or so before. Then why had Stella Barnes suddenly turned up her nose and refused to speak to him? Not only to him, but the haughty maid had not spoken to any of the fellows in school *for days*. To be sure the sun had multiplied the freckles on his face a hundred times, but Stella hadn't paid any attention to those beauty spots last year. Again and again, Jim tried to find out in what way he had offended her, but it was useless, she would turn away without saying a word. The other fellows were rather uncomfortable, too, for to be on the 'outs' with Stella meant to be excluded from most parties and hikes.

Then Jimmy had a bright idea; he would give a tennis party. Stella was very fond of tennis; surely she would speak to him then. But the party passed without Stella. She had immediately sent her regrets through another girl friend. Jimmy was desperate. The future stretched out before him in a black dreary mist, the summer would have to be spent without any exciting tennis games; and he undoubtedly would have to play golf with Hulda, a neighbor girl, if he wanted to play at all. One whole miserable week went by, and each day Stella avoided him and never spoke a word. What could be the matter?

Then one day, as Jim was pondering over his Latin, (Latin seemed twice as hard when Stella would not help him in the translations) he was aware of a very queer inward feeling that told him something was happening. He looked up and stared; he blinked and stared again; and

then he pinched himself to see if he were dreaming. No, he was wide awake and there was Stella Barnes coming down the aisle toward him with a smile on her face. Jim's world brightened quickly when she actually spoke to him.

"Oh, Jim, I'm so glad this week is over. It's been the hardest thing not to speak to a single boy all week, but you see I'm a full-fledged member of the Girls' Club now. That was an awful thing to make me do for initiation, don't you think? Oh, I have so much to tell you—and Jim, I should love to play a game of tennis tonight."

HILDA EILER, '20.

The Powers That Be

Place: Mount Olympus.

Time: Between 1490 and 1950.

Characters in council: Milton, Chaucer, Columbus, Mary Pickford and Cortez.

Mary (*as chairman*): Well, people, we have assembled in the name of humanity to see what the prospects are for the establishment of a fruit stand in Westminster Abbey. I am right?

Milton: Yes, yes, go on.

Chaucer: Aye, madame, proceed.

Mary: As has been noticed, the absence of color in the abbey is appalling, and in the interest of society we have taken the burden upon our shoulders to do something drastic. Therefore, let us get to business immediately.

(*Door opens noisily. Enter Macbeth, Beowulf, and Queen Victoria*).

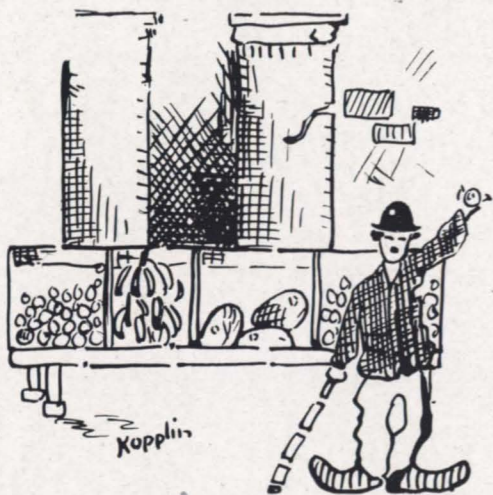
Victoria (*angrily*): What's the meaning of this gathering? Is it Bolshevnik or I. W. W.?

Columbus (*bowing low*): Be calm, fair lady, we are only meditating on the need of architectural changes for beauty.

Victoria: Proceed, my time is limited.

Milton: As it would seem, by the darkness of Westminster, we need color,

KIPPIKAW



Madame, brilliant color. Man longs for brilliancy, and we have decided to erect a fruit stand in the Poets' Corner to improve the color scheme.

Victoria: Well said, John; but did you consult Parliament?

Macbeth: Ah, Madame, that is not necessary. Herbert Hoover approves and Beowulf has put the Kaiser out of commission; so why worry about Parliament?

Victoria: True, true, thane. By the way, how is your wife's health?

Macbeth: Ah, Madame, she is enjoying the worst of health, but is very cheerful. What she needs is excitement, so every morning *Webster* and *Woolley*, the Court jesters, amuse her with their foolishness.

Victoria: I shall see that she gets some of my choicest grape juice at once.

Macbeth (*aside*): Gee, I hope the old dame sends some with a kick in it!

(*Enter Julius Caesar*).

Julius: Aha, I'm here at last. My wife is out riding in her Flivver with Bill Hart; so I came over, although she forbade me to leave the house.

Beowulf: Noble Caesar, thou hast the stuff of heroes in thee.

Chaucer: Thete, haste thou.

Mary: Why concern ourselves with Lady Macbeth's health any longer. She'll die soon anyway. Let us take up the vital subject now in hand. Speak, Cortez, and give us your opinions.

Cortez: I won't promote the thing. I won't give a cent toward the fool scheme.

Chaucer: Consider, my dere frende, you with all your mazuma.

Cortez: Not a cent! That's final.

Mary: Beowulf, what do you say?

Beowulf: Crazy, bughouse, beany idea!

Columbus: Ah, but think of the beauty of it.

Beowulf: Fudge, I say, all humbug.

Mary: Victoria, what do you want done?

Victoria: Oh boy! I think it would be great!

Beowulf: Piffle!

Mary: I know! If we can't settle it, let's call in Judge Robinson Crusoe.

Chorus: Yes, yes, let's.

(*Exit Macbeth. Enter Macbeth with Crusoe.*)

Mary: Say, Crusoe, we are of a divided opinion. Part of us want a fruit stand in the Abbey to brighten up the old shack, and part of us don't. What shall we do?

Crusoe: By all means, have one. What would my desert island have been without Nature's vivid colors. Yes, establish one quick.

Mary: Shall we abide by the decision of this fellow?

All: Sure, sure, appoint an official storekeeper.

Crusoe: On a moment's thought, I believe I have the very man. I appoint Charles Chaplin as official storekeeper and—and William Shakespere as assistant.

Mary: All in favor answer in the usual manner.

Chorus: Aye. Aye. Aye.

Mary: If there is no further business, let us consider the meeting adjourned.

Curtain.

SUSAN McCULLOUGH, '20.

KIPPIKAW

Identification Notice

Hear Ye!

Hear Ye!

Five Thousand Dollars is offered for the capture, dead or alive, of four of the most notorious criminals outside prison walls.

Following are the names:

Yura Freshman.

Ima Sophomore.

Weera Junior.

Rev. Ernest Senior.

The first is identified by the extremely vacant, lost look which is always on his face. He may possibly be captured going up or down the wrong stairway or forgetting to register. He is also known by a peculiar red card which he has carried about since the first of the year. If he is captured, one of the heaviest crosses which the Faculty has to bear will be removed.

The second, Ima Sophomore, may be detected carrying an abundance of blue cards about every five weeks. He may also be found in Mr. Giese's office. If he is captured, a serious scholastic detriment will be destroyed.

The third is exceedingly hard to find. The only clue to his capture is that he usually wears a large gold ring which has the mysterious letters "R. H. S." engraved upon it. He is the least likely to be caught as he is often in his den studying for the coming year of crime.

The fourth and last, the Reverend Ernest Senior, although professing to be wise, will, in one more year, find his brains sadly lacking. He may be found slamming certain green doors or having a conference with the Faculty. He will soon be gone; so there is no need of sleuthing him.

OSBORNE HAND, '22.

The Stairs

The stairs are worn in Racine High,
They're worn from many feet;

From great thick shoes, from Oxfords,
And girls' pumps, trim and neat.

They've stood the strain right bravely
Half a century, less or more.
To count the feet that trod them,
Would be an awful bore.

Sometimes, when tasks are well in hand,
The students go up lightly,
They skip along from step to step
In manner bold and sprightly.

But when examinations come,
And teachers are severe,
They go up very slowly
In sorrow, dread, and fear.

The stories that those stairs could tell
Would fill a mighty book;
And if 'twere only published
How we'd all enjoy a look.

But now they've grown so worn and old
From tread of many feet,
That a scheme was made to keep them
up,
Lest their downfall be complete.

So when the students go upstairs,
They use the left-hand flight;
And when they're coming down again,
They descend on the right.

And when the Freshies come next year,
The poor old stairs will sigh,
And wish their life were over
In good old Racine High.

But when our new High School is built
From plans that are the best,
These poor, old, faithful stairs of ours
Will gently go to rest.

And as they rest they'll often think
Of the good work they have done,
And maybe miss the girls and boys
With all the mirth and fun.

JEAN MACGREGOR, '23.

KIPIKAW



A Petition

Our Teachers, whose names we speak not, we adore thee and burn incense before thee, that thou mayest listen to us. We are unhappy, O pedagogues. The grades which thou givest us are not satisfying. Our tasks are burdensome and we bow beneath them. Our tongues have cloven to the roofs of our mouths from disuse. Their hinges are rusty and we have not the oil of chatter wherewith to smooth them. Our food sustains us not. The gum which we love is gone forever. Thy wisdom fills us full, but with the fullness of hot air. Our feet are weary and they love not the ruts in the stairs. Our shoulders sag and our arms hang listlessly from carrying multitudinous books. Our ears have shrunk from thy hot, searing words. Our hearts are filled with the lead of despair. O Mighty Educators, grant us relief. Give to us all that we ask. Provide for us gum, elevators, excellent marks, much chatter, irresponsibility, thy silence and approbation, a new high school. Then, O Deities, shall we love and cherish thee. If thou dost not do these things, our lives will be forever saddened.

Ain't it a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?

(With Apologies to Briggs)

Say, fellers, when your teacher is gazing over the class for some unfortunate sinner to call on, an' her gaze rests on you, don't you have a queer sinkin' feelin' in your stommick when you think that you haven't done your lessons 'cause last night you just *had* to go out and play ball with the fellers? Aw, gee, how can they expect a feller to stay in an' study dry ole lessons when it don't get dark till most time to go to bed? When you think of your lessons all undone, you mentally add another nice little zero to your already

growin' stock, an' you know this zero will be the last and then—flunked! You can just see the fire in your dad's eye when *he* sees it, an' all your plans go up in smoke; no campin' this summer, (an' you think of all the fine swimmin' you'll miss) no more baseball games in the vacant lot. Just lessons, lessons, lessons! You solemnly vow that you'll *never, never* let those pesky lessons go again, if you're let down easy this time—aw, but what's the use of vowin' when she's got her eagle eye on you? An' as your dreary prospect rises before you, full of lessons—gloomy lessons—lo and behold! her gaze shifts to the next unfortunate feller behind you, an' you take a free breath again. You didn't flunk—yet. The sun shines again! Whew! Oh boy! ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'?

MARION KENNEDY, '21.

Faculty Notes

(Information from Ouija)

Mr. Giese, our principal, has enrolled for a course in aesthetic dancing at the Denishawn school in Chicago.

Miss Potter has been absent for the past week. While constructing circles, she became infected with geometrical chalkitis. The infection centered on her tongue; consequently, she has been totally disabled.

It is rumored that Prof. A. J. Wilbor, eminent physicist, holds daily communication with departed spirits. We wonder what kind of spirits they are.

Miss Kidder of the Commercial High School has completed arrangements for her hunting trip in South Africa.

While glancing over a magazine the other day, we noticed that Miss Fox, our chemistry teacher, was mentioned as an accomplished descriptive writer. After much persuasion, Miss Fox wrote the following sketch, "*Percy's Dream Girl*," for the *Kipi*:

KIPIKAW



PERCY'S DREAM GIRL

"I love that girl!" These were the astounding words of Percy Pickemup, a Senior at R. H. S.

"I love that girl," Percy repeated. "Her eyes are blue as vitriol, her brows as black as charcoal; her lashes are as drooping as Charles', the expounder of the gas law; her nose is as dramatic and morbid as sulphur dioxide; her lips are as inviting and elusive as the fourth dimension; her chin is as rounded as a stirring rod; her throat is of the whiteness of before-the-war sugar; her voice is as gurgling and musical as soda pop. At times her wit is biting as sulphuric acid and her tongue as unstable as phosphorus; but again, her very presence is as refreshing as spirits of ammonia. I love that girl! Ah, she is perfection personified; she is my ideal, my dream girl; I love that girl."

Absently, Percy ignited a tank of hydrogen and air. Still absently, he was blown into space.

It has been reported that Miss Collier is writing a novel entitled "The Mystery Woman of Room Nine." If she expresses herself on paper as voluminously as she does in her classes, the novel will be a five volume creation.

Miss Sheakley has accepted a position as chaufferine with one of the air transport lines. She says that the clouds are her natural element.

Miss Porter expressed an opinion on the presidential election. She thinks that one of the twenty possible candidates may be elected.

Miss Pennfeather has asserted that she has received shorthand notes from Mars. Mr. Sanders has, after ten months' study, discovered the geological reason why the Lower Assembly clock stopped last winter.

Miss Hood had a severe headache yesterday. She accidentally ate a piece of her own pie.

Mr. Leicht will open a gymnasium next October. Courses in modern jazz piano playing will be offered with a less strenuous side issue of wrestling.

Miss Pope and Miss Neitzel are the proud and happy owners of a Ouija board. They hold a seance every day in Room 10 at 4:00 o'clock.

While ascending the north stairs last Thursday, Miss Skewes slipped through a crack in the flooring and fell to the ground.

We have discovered by recent experiments that certain teachers have a peculiar aversion to dolls and huge handkerchiefs. During the tests, the patients registered such a high degree of disapproval, that all girls in the vicinity seemed in danger.

Mrs. Whitaker has had a victrola installed in the office which she plays whenever a tardy pupil enters. The victrola asks in a mournful tone, "Are you *sure* you didn't oversleep?"

We have positive information to the effect that Miss Irvine is writing a book, "Ouija Messages from My Great Grand-aunt."

From past experiences we know that Miss Slack's idea of a fine time is to be alone with a good listener.

Ouija has told us Miss DuFour's political beliefs, but we're not telling.

Chuck

There is a boy in our school
Who is so wondrous wise,
That purple is the color
He chooses for his ties.

He entered the Assembly
With purple tie and grin,
But when the teacher saw him,
He walked right out again.

This boy who goes to our school
Is all out of luck.
If you would like to know some more,
Address a note to *Chuck*.

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THE FAMOUS Buffalo CANDY KITCHEN

VISIT OUR TWO STORES, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
AND FINEST IN THE STATE.

RACINE AND KENOSHA



WE CARRY THE BIGGEST LINE OF CANDY
IN THE CITY.

ALSO HOT AND COLD DRINKS AND DANDY LUNCHES

The Doctor says that the only thing for
health is a good thick Malted Milk—
You get that only at the BUFFALO



Racine's Leading Department Store

FRIEDMAN'S

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDRENS'
WEARING APPAREL
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND SHOES

Racine's Leading Theatre

RIALTO

PRESENTING
HIGHEST CLASS VAUDEVILLE
COMBINED WITH
FEATURE PHOTO-PLAYS

Racine's Leading Photo-Play House

PALACE

PRESENTING
WORLD RENOWNED STARS
IN THE FINEST
FEATURE PHOTO-PLAYS

**W. S. Buffham
& Son**

Everything to preserve
and beautify the home

Moore's Pure House Colors in 40 shades
will preserve it.

Our *Exclusive* lines of *Wall Paper* will beautify
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Special designs and colorings for every
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ments are complete in every detail.

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Painting and Decorating in all its Branches.

Prices Reasonable

Best of Service

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TELEPHONE 2861

COMPLIMENTS OF THE

Sophus Nelson Realty Co.

REALTORS

MEMBERS OF RACINE REAL ESTATE
BOARD AND WISCONSIN ASSOCIA-
TION OF REAL ESTATE BROKERS.



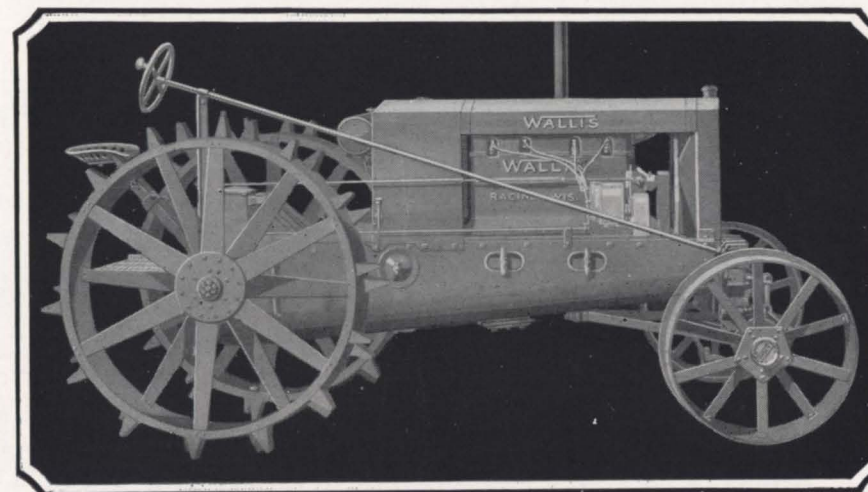
Girls!

Have you seen the pretty
new summer things at
Schroeder's---they're just
darling.

"48 Years in Racine's Confidence"

Schroeder

DRY GOODS CO.
402-404 MAIN ST.



Racine Boys Are Proud of The **WALLIS** "America's Foremost Tractor"

Boys from the home town are proud to run the sturdy Wallis Tractor. When they leave the home town and go out into other states, they are proud to see the Wallis at work and say: "That snappy, peppy, sturdy, powerful tractor was made in our town—Racine—by the J. I. CASE PLOW WORKS COMPANY."

The Wallis plows an acre an hour with greatest economy, and performs any other tractor task and belt work duty with the same economy and efficiency. The motor is rated 25 horse-power at the belt and 15 horse-power on the draw-bar.

But this does not tell the whole story. Drawbar power is more important than horsepower. The Wallis delivers 74% of its motor power to the drawbar where it is used. This is why the Wallis Tractor is the most powerful tractor of its size. Racine boys can make this statement with pride, for it has been proved.

The light rigid frame, hardened cut steel transmission gears, large bearings, perfect lubrication and cooling systems, protection from dust, allround strength and lightness of frame, wheels and motor parts, are a few of the points which have won for the Wallis its place and title—America's Foremost Tractor.

J. I. Case Plow Works Company

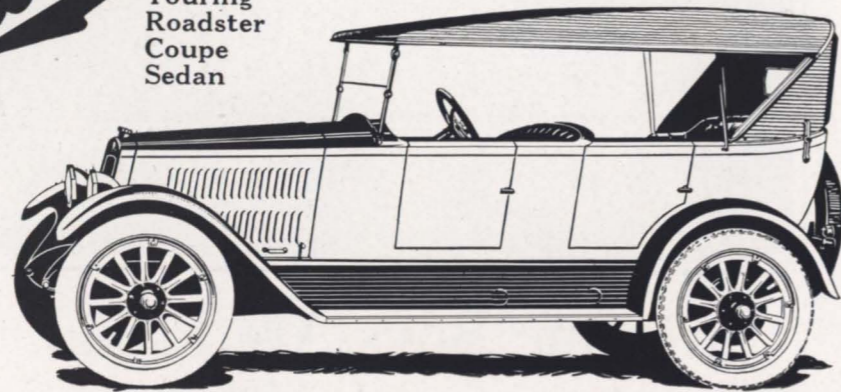
Racine, Wis.

NOTICE
We want the public to know that
THE WALLIS TRACTOR
is made by the J. I. CASE PLOW WORKS
COMPANY of Racine, Wisconsin, and is
NOT the product of any other company
with "J. I. Case" as part of its corporate
name.

Builders of
WALLIS TRACTORS
and the
J. I. CASE PLOWS AND
IMPLEMENTS

Mitchell

Touring
Roadster
Coupe
Sedan



A new style body on an improved chassis

THIS new Mitchell sets a new stride. And everyone who knows our latest offering concedes it.

Here is a great triumph of Mitchell engineers and designers. Their harmonious effort brings a matchless car at a moderate price—details of style not found elsewhere, betterment in materials, and above all, sincerity of purpose in construction.

Mitchell introduces to car design, a logical advancement.

Someone had to conceive the final step—to bring the radiator into harmony with other body lines. It alone remained straight up-and-down.

It has been Mitchell's opportunity to introduce this inevitable feature—

and the result must be seen to be appreciated fully—for it appeals not only to the eye, but to one's sense of logical proportions of a swift moving object, like an automobile.

If mechanics is the chief appeal and means more than appearance and beauty, the new Mitchell will delight you.

Lift the hood of this Mitchell Six. Note the accessibility of the engine and all parts. Let us point out all the improvements in the chassis.

For it'll mean a finer car for you at a real saving. You can't duplicate the Mitchell for considerably more.

Mitchell Motors Company, Inc.
Racine, Wisconsin

Moers Paint & Wall Paper Company DECORATORS

We aim to give up to the minute service in every department.

Wall paper from 10c a roll and up to the best, and the work of our paper hangers is guaranteed.

Window shades in all colors and grades. We hang them.

Linoleums, Inlaids and Prints. All prices. And we lay it when you want it.

Telephone us about that broken glass. We will set it.

We make picture framing a specialty.

Devoe's strictly pure Lead and Zinc Paint, always reliable. Devoe's Mirrolac for floors, furniture and woodwork. Comes in all colors.

Our painting department is equipped to take care of your decorating needs.

Call on us for estimates. Our advice and experience cost you nothing.

The Sixth Street Paint Store

313 SIXTH STREET
TELEPHONE 2885

KRADWELL DRUG CO.

RACINE AND KENOSHA

YOURS FOR EVERYTHING IN THE DRUG LINE

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY

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756

TELEPHONE
757

No. 1.

PHONE 684

*I Guarantee To Fill or
Extract Teeth Without
Pain*

Herman S. Mogensen

GROCER

1511 WEST SIXTH STREET

DR. W. J. MAAG

REAL PAINLESS
DENTIST

310 SIXTH STREET

CAKES AND PASTRY FOR THAT LITTLE PARTY AT

Schulz's Home Bakery

401 SIXTH STREET.

PHONE 3397.

WE SPECIALIZE IN SPECIALITIES

Chester Dahl

AUTHORIZED
FORD DEALERS

PHONE 3192.

715 WISCONSIN STREET

*Farmers
and
Merchants
Bank*

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED
PROFITS

\$56,000.00

SAFETY
SERVICE
SATISFACTION

L. R. Rice Cycle Co.

AGENTS FOR

EXCELSIOR AND HENDERSON
MOTOR CYCLES

NEW AND SECOND HAND BICYCLES
REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE

PHONE 874

1024 STATE STREET

Schliesmann & Schmidt

CHOICE CUTS OF MEAT

1101 VILLA STREET

PHONE 236

FREE DELIVERY

THE TRAGEDY

A tadpole and a skating-bug
Sat down upon a bubble.
Said the tadpole to the skating-bug,
"I hear that you're in trouble."

"Ah yes! Ah yes!" the bug replied,
And sadly shook his head;
"I guess I'll have to change my form
And be a frog instead."

PHONE 3752

Mrs. Jack Williams

INSTRUCTRESS IN DANCING

BALLROOM—INTERPRETIVE—AESTHETIC—AND FOLK

SOCIALS MONDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS AT WOMEN'S CLUB ROOMS

PRIVATE LESSONS BY APPOINTMENT

White Star Laundry

FOR GOOD SERVICE

TELEPHONE 392.

411 MAIN STREET

Why This Tire Will Not Skid

A glance at the distinctive tread of the Horse-Shoe Cord Tire will tell you why this tire is so remarkably anti-skid.

Each little shoe in the Horse-Shoe tread forms a near-vacuum that cleaves *noiselessly* to the road after the triangular edges of the tread have cleaned and scraped away the moisture.

Such a tread takes hold of the road with a stubborn grip that makes driving safe even on slippery pavements in cars that are notorious "skidders."

You will appreciate the unusual anti-skid qualities of the Horse-Shoe Cord Tire only after we prove them to you on a wet, slippery pavement. Let us give you a demonstration.

Racine Auto Tire Co.
Racine, Wis.



The illustration shows a large, detailed view of a tire tread with a distinctive 'horse-shoe' pattern. To the right, a portion of a car wheel and hub is visible. Below the tire, a small scene depicts a vintage car parked in front of a house with a large tree and a fence.

RACINE
HORSE-SHOE TIRES

*Hotel Racine
Barber Shop*

FIRST
CLASS
WORK

HOT AND COLD BATHS

SIEB & RICK, PROPS.

*THE
Wohlrab Gear Co.*

ENGINEERS

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

STEERING GEARS FOR COMMERCIAL
AND PLEASURE CARS

ALSO TRACTORS

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE 18

*Racine Building and
Loan Association*

610 MAIN STREET
(BADGER BUILDING)

YOUR SAVINGS SHOULD BE BEYOND A PASSING IMPULSE,
BUT NOT BEYOND USE FOR A REAL EMERGENCY

JOSEPH PATRICK, *Secretary.*

Bayermann & Krug

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

PHONE 286.

228-230 MAIN STREET

Grange Ave. Cash Market

IRA F. PETERSON, PROP.

DEALER IN

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS
OYSTERS IN SEASON. FULL LINE OF CANNED GOODS

PHONE 1400

1302 GRANGE AVENUE

PHONE 3745

1405 WASHINGTON AVENUE

Junction Dry Cleaning Co.

WE CALL AND DELIVER
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

*Wisconsin
Gas and
Electric
Company*

COLONIAL SHOP

Flora A. Lueke

314 SIXTH STREET

ART NEEDLE WORK—BLOUSES—LADIES' FURNISHINGS

"Well, what is up?" the tadpole asked,
"What's happened to your clan?"
"Oh horror! horror!—listen
And I'll tell you if I can.

"The wriggly worms up at our pond
Have got us in their power,
For they have said all bugs who skate
Must pay ten cents an hour."

A. C. Hansen Co.

1006-1008 STATE STREET

PHONES:

STORE, 2810

RESIDENCE, 2261

FURNITURE DEALERS AND UNDERTAKERS



GET THAT CHIC HAT AT
MAISON PETITE
 FRENCH MILLINERY

The Spotlight of Fashion

PHONE 6839 311 BAKER BLOCK

*Higgins
 for
 Hardware*

Gittings & Moyle

ATTORNEYS

O. R. MOYLE,
 214 5TH ST., RACINE, WIS.

JOHN T. GITTINGS,
 UNION GROVE, WIS.

H. KLAPPROTH

WM. A. KLAPPROTH

Klapproth Brothers

DEALERS IN

FINE SHOES AND RUBBERS

216 MAIN STREET

WE HAVE MANY DRUG STORES IN RACINE, BUT THE REAL
 STORES ARE THE

RED CROSS DRUG STORES

"For Your Drugs, go to a Drug Store"

OUR EVER REPEATED MOTTO.

WHAT'S MORE, WE LIVE UP TO IT.

Thiesen Runs Them

**Mohr-Jones
 Hardware Co.**

*"Racine's
 Leading Hardware
 Store"*

PHIPPEN'S

Confectionery

414 MAIN STREET

HIGH GRADE CONFECTIONS

ICE CREAM

LIGHT LUNCHEONS SERVED

*Yours
for
Quality*

Hoernel
Hardware
Company

*Success To Class
of 1920*

Miller Bros. Agency

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE
SURETY BONDS

PHONE 992 223 SIXTH STREET

PHONE 4086

DIAMONDS

JULIUS JAPPE
Jeweler

213 SIXTH STREET

RACINE, WISCONSIN

Grant Furniture Co.

"THE STORE THAT IS BUILT BY SATISFIED CUSTOMERS"

CORNER SIXTH AND PARK AVENUE
PHONE 846

Badger Foundry Company

IRON FOUNDERS

Racine,

Wisconsin

Prescriptions---

HAVE CAREFUL ATTENTION
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

E. F. STOKES, CITY DRUG STORE

435 MAIN STREET, RACINE, WISCONSIN

Our Grocer---

EVERY CITY HAS A LEADING GROCERY STORE.
IN RACINE THAT STORE IS

A. ANDERSON

PHONE 148

DEALER IN FANCY GROCERIES

GUY H. DIXON

244 MAIN STREET

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EVERYTHING IN SPORTING GOODS, CANOES, EVINRUDE
MOTORS AND BICYCLES.

Wood's Millinery

314 MAIN STREET

We Deal Only in Hats

AND THEREFORE CARRY HUGE ASSORTMENTS OF EVERY KIND, FROM THOSE FOR
THE SMALLEST GIRL TO THOSE FOR HER GRANDMOTHER.



HEALTH
SPIRIT

KNOWLEDGE
SERVICE

PHONE 2700

1010 STATE STREET

Jensen Tea & Coffee Co.

JOHN JENSEN

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

COFFEE, TEA, SPICES, BUTTER AND EGGS

Racine Boiler & Tank Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Boilers, Tanks and Heavy Sheet Metal Work

OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING, ALSO REPAIRING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

SIXTEENTH STREET AND OWEN AVENUE

TELEPHONE 64

RACINE, WISCONSIN

Yours for Competent Mechanics

CARPENTERS' UNION

RACINE, WIS.

Our Motto:—BETTER EDUCATION; BETTER MECHANICS; BETTER HOMES



SATISFIED ALWAYS ARE THE PATRONS
OF

The Model Laundry

TEL. 222

ASDAHL & NELSON

BUILDING MATERIAL

FLOUR AND FEED



SEEDS OF ALL KINDS

OFFICE:—1231 1233 STATE ST.
Phone 561

WAREHOUSE:—LIBERTY ST.
Phone 2977

Cut Flowers

PHONE 719

Racine Floral Co.

219 SIXTH STREET

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
Quality Shop
"ON THE SQUARE"

502 MONUMENT SQUARE

*The Store of
Quality, Style, and Real Value*

QUALITY SHOP

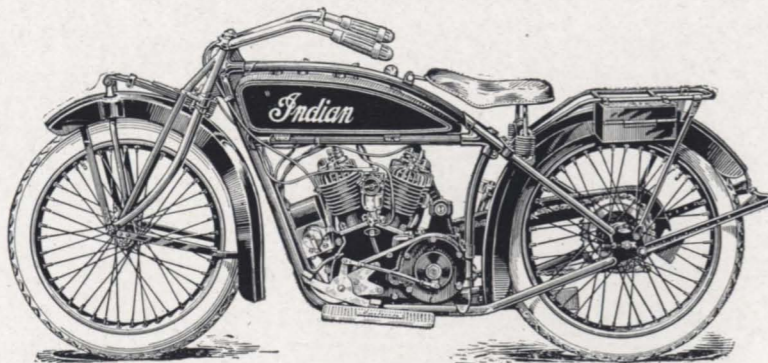
502 MONUMENT SQUARE

De Luxe Cycle Co.

529 Wisconsin St.

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Wise Spending Saves

BUY THE RACINE SHOE
FOR MEN



RACINE SHOE MFG. CO.

Racine Shoe Mfg. Co.

MANUFACTURERS

RUGS, LINOLEUMS, CURTAINS, DRAPERIES

VOELKER'S

DRY GOODS
228 MAIN STREET

"THE LOGICAL PLACE TO BUY RUGS."

"YOU BE THE JUDGE"

PHONE 407

610-612 WISCONSIN STREET

ROSES

The Flower Shop

REHL & BENZ
RACINE, WISCONSIN

OUR FIVE FLOOR STORE IS PACKED WITH FINER FURNITURE, FURNISHINGS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR BEAUTIFYING THE HOME AND MAKING IT THE PLACE YOU LOVE TO BE.

Porter Furniture Co.
S. GOTTLIEB SUCCESSOR

OPPOSITE MONUMENT SQUARE

Signal Windbreaker



A SPECIAL SHIRT FOR
HIGH SCHOOL BOYS



Hilker-Wiecher Mfg. Co.

PHONE 3848

FRANK Y. LEM, PROP.

Renew Republic

First Class Chop Suey Restaurant

417 MAIN STREET

RACINE, WIS.

Schulte Music Studios



FREDERICK SCHULTE



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KARL SCHULTE

CAPABLE, HONEST AND THOROUGH INSTRUCTION FROM THE FIRST BASIC RUDIMENTS TO THE HIGHEST POINT OF ARTISTIC DEVELOPMENT.

STUDIOS 1234 PARK AVE.

TELEPHONE 241

THOUGHTS THUNK

Think a while and think a bit,
Then think a little more.
Just try and think the thoughts you'll
think
When you are sixty-four.
And after you have thought a while
Of thoughts of sixty-four,
If you don't think you like the thoughts
Then don't think any more.

Business Is Business

By BURTON BRALEY

Reprinted from the *Nation's Business*

"Business is Business," the Little Man said,
"A battle where 'everything goes,'
Where the only gospel is 'get ahead,'
And never spare friends or foes,
'Slay or be slain,' is the slogan cold,
You must struggle and slash and tear,
For Business is Business, a fight for gold,
Where all that you do is fair!"

"Business is Business," the Big Man said,
"A battle to make of earth
A place to yield us more wine and bread,
More pleasure and joy and mirth;
There are still some bandits and buccaneers
Who are jungle-bred beasts of trade,
But their number dwindles with passing years
And dead is the code they made!"

"Business is Business," the Big Man said,
"But it's something that's more, far more;
For it makes sweet gardens of deserts dead,
And cities it built now roar
Where once the deer and the gray wolf ran
From the pioneer's swift advance;
Business is Magic that toils for man,
Business is True Romance.

"And those who make it a ruthless fight
Have only themselves to blame
If they no whit of the keen delight
In playing the Bigger Game,
The game that calls on the heart and head,
The best of man's strength and nerve;
"Business is Business," the Big Man said,
"And that Business is to Serve!"

HARVEY SPRING & FORGING CO.,
17TH AND MURRAY
RACINE, WIS.

PHONE 5858 OFFICE
1125 RESIDENCE

Dr. F. A. Wier
SPECIALIST

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
GLASSES FITTED

223 SIXTH STREET, CORNER WISCONSIN.

RACINE, WISCONSIN

Stoffel Bros.

DRY GOODS
RUGS, LINOLEUMS AND QUALITY FURS

Leaders in Yard Goods

RUGS AND HALL RUNNERS WITH STAIR TO
MATCH, MADE TO ORDER.

IF IT'S NEW, WE HAVE IT.

Stoffel Bros.

616 STATE STREET

612-14 HIGH STREET

Racine Storage and Transfer Co.

ANDREW MATSON

TELEPHONE 893

MOVING—PACKING—CRATING—SHIPPING—STORAGE

1327-31 LIBERTY STREET

BIGGEST
USIEST
ECAUSE
EST

THE LATEST LAUNDRY MACHINERY.
THE BEST HELP OBTAINABLE.
THE SERVICE THAT PLEASES.
THE CLEAN, SANITARY PLANT.

ALL GO TO MAKE OUR LAUNDRY
THE IDEAL PLACE TO SEND YOUR
CLOTHES.

The West Side Laundry Co.

1309-15 STATE STREET
PHONE 188

BIGGEST
USIEST
ECAUSE
EST

HIRAM J. SMITH JEWELRY AND MUSIC CO.

DIAMONDS—WATCHES—FINE JEWELRY

SILVERWARE, CUT GLASS, HAND PAINTED CHINA, FOUNTAIN PENS AND PENCILS,
PIANOS—PLAYER PIANOS—PLAYER ROLLS
VICTROLAS—RECORDS

EXPERT WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING



REGISTERED OPTOMETRIST

ESTABLISHED 1845

437 MAIN STREET

RACINE, WISCONSIN

To Graduates and Students of Racine High School---

You will soon step into the responsibilities of American Citizenship. You owe it to yourself and your country to be able to perform your duties as a citizen intelligently and patriotically.

No citizen can do this without intelligent study of a good daily newspaper which reflects and reports current history and discusses current issues.

THE RACINE TIMES-CALL offers its services and solicits your intelligent judgment of its merits as a newspaper.

Racine Times-Call

All Together Now! Let's Sing

Tune "SMILES"

There is cash you pay for room rent,
There is cash you spend for duds,
There is cash you dig up for your carfare,
There is also cash for meat and "spuds",
There is cash you spend for your amusement,
As the days go dragging slowly by,
But that cash will prove the best investment
Which you spend when you join the "Y".

COME IN AND SIGN UP TODAY

Fine showers, big 60 foot swimming pool filled with filtered water,
gymnasium classes, and special games.

YEARLY RATES

Grade School Boys.....	\$ 5.00
Student Membership.....	6.00
Senior Membership.....	15.00
Business Mens' Membership.....	20.00

W. F. BLADES

P. O. YOUNG

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

MASON AND CONCRETE WORK A SPECIALTY

PHONE FRANKLIN 3084

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

503 TACOMA BLDG.

F. Harbridge Co.

DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS

422 MAIN STREET

PHONE 171



The Badger Studios of Musical Arts

A SELECT SCHOOL FOR SERIOUS STUDENTS

EMINENT FACULTY OF INSTRUCTORS, WITH ASSISTANTS

LILLIAN WATTS.....Voice
JOHN F. CARRÉ.....Piano
ALBERT FINK.....Violin
CAROLYN PARKER.....Dancing

Weekly Ensemble Classes gratis to intermediate and advanced students.
Courses and private lessons. Public recitals. Special summer course.

Students may enter at any time, but are not accepted for a shorter period than ten weeks.

223 SIXTH STREET
SUITE NO. SIX

TELEPHONE 7397

Mehder Dry Goods Co.

1408-1410 WASHINGTON AVE.

The Home of Good Merchandise

MAY the years to come
be filled with as much
sunshine and happiness as
the few years spent in High
School.

Bullock's Confectionery

THE HOME OF PURE CONFECTIONS

309 SIXTH STREET
TELEPHONE 4280



The Shirt of Worth

Full-cut to give your muscles play and your body a chance to "breathe"—it contributes more than its share to physical comfort and peace of mind.

There's something akin to good fellowship in the friendly feel of a RACINE Flannel Shirt—like the companionship of a faithful dog or a seasoned pipe.

An American-Made Shirt for American Men
IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE

For OFFICE and INDOOR WEAR the Racine Flannel Shirt is dressy and neat. Looks well with or without a coat. Made with high and low collars.

For OUTDOOR SPORTS—golfing, motoring, shooting, fishing—offers warmth and comfort, freedom of movement, handsome appearance. It's the healthful outdoor shirt.

As a WORK SHIRT it stands at the head of its class. It wears like pigskin, and holds its shape and color as long as there's a thread of it left.

The Chas. Alshuler Mfg. Co.
RACINE, WISCONSIN

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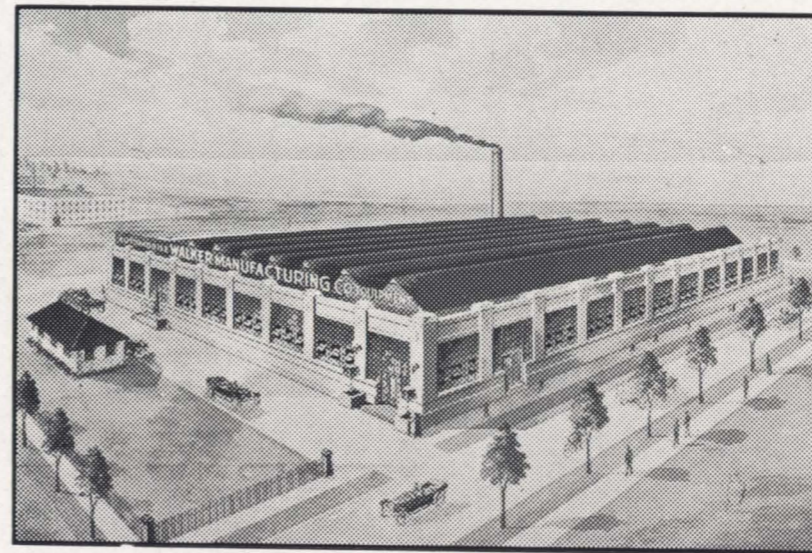
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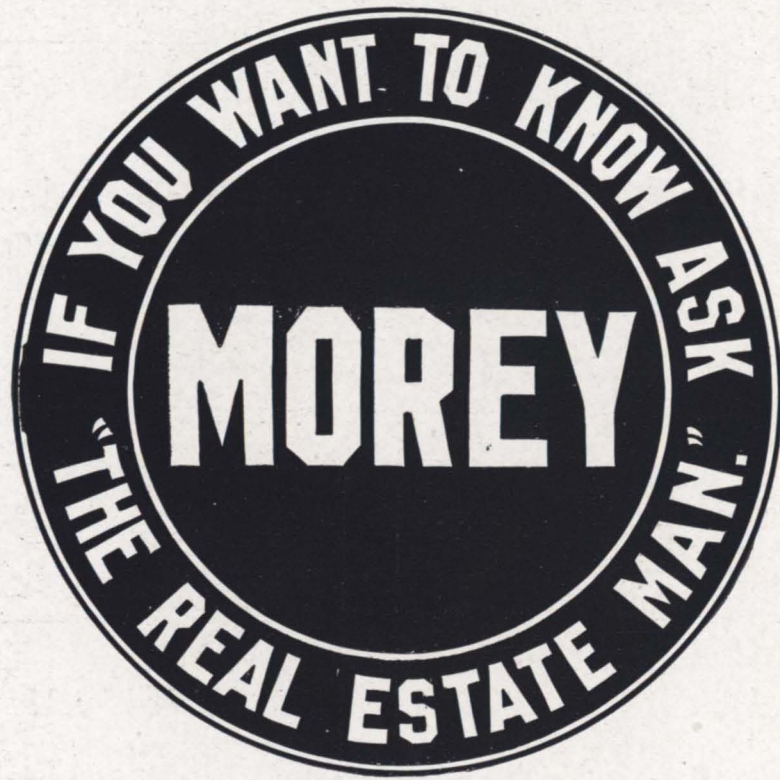
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And, believing that organization founded on sound principles as to the wisest use of our citizenship, based upon the class struggle, along cooperative, economic and political lines, with a view to restoring the common wealth of our government to the people, and by using the natural resources and means of production and distribution for the benefit of all the people;

Therefore, we pledge ourselves to labor unitedly in behalf of the principles herein set forth, to perpetuate our Association on the basis of friendship and justice, to expound its objects and work for their general adoption, to respect and obey the laws laid down for its guidance and government, and always labor for its success, knowing as we do that when we are united no reasonable demand we may make can be denied us.

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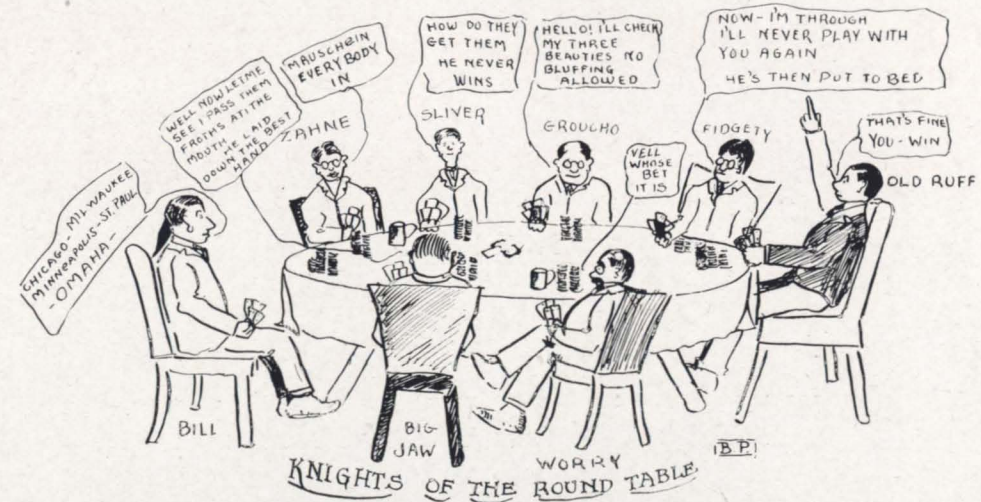
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