

RHOS
SENIOR
ANNUAL
1909



E. W. BLACKHURST, PRINCIPAL



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THE R. H. S. ANNUAL

VOLUME I



PUBLISHED BY THE

SENIOR CLASS *of the* HIGH SCHOOL

RACINE, WISCONSIN

1909

Foreword

WE, the members of the Senior Class of '09, now present to the public the first volume of the R. H. S. Senior Annual.

It is a new enterprise with us, and we have entered into it with spirit and determination to make it a success. We ask the readers to be lenient with us, realizing that we have failed to overcome all of the many obstacles in our path. The editors wish to extend their most sincere thanks to the faculty and the student-body for their hearty co-operation, which has made it possible for us to have the Annual. If we have succeeded in bringing back any fond memories to the minds of the alumni, or in increasing the love of the undergraduates for the old school, we feel that we have accomplished our purpose.

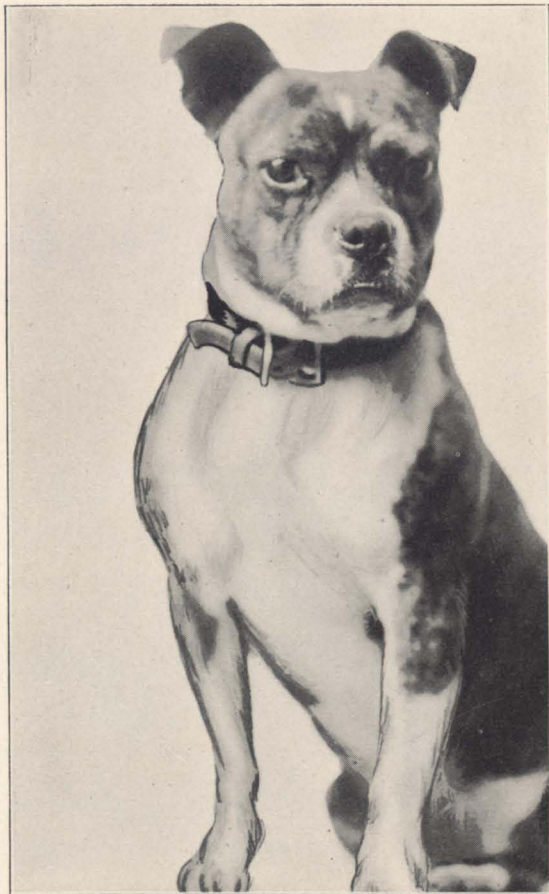


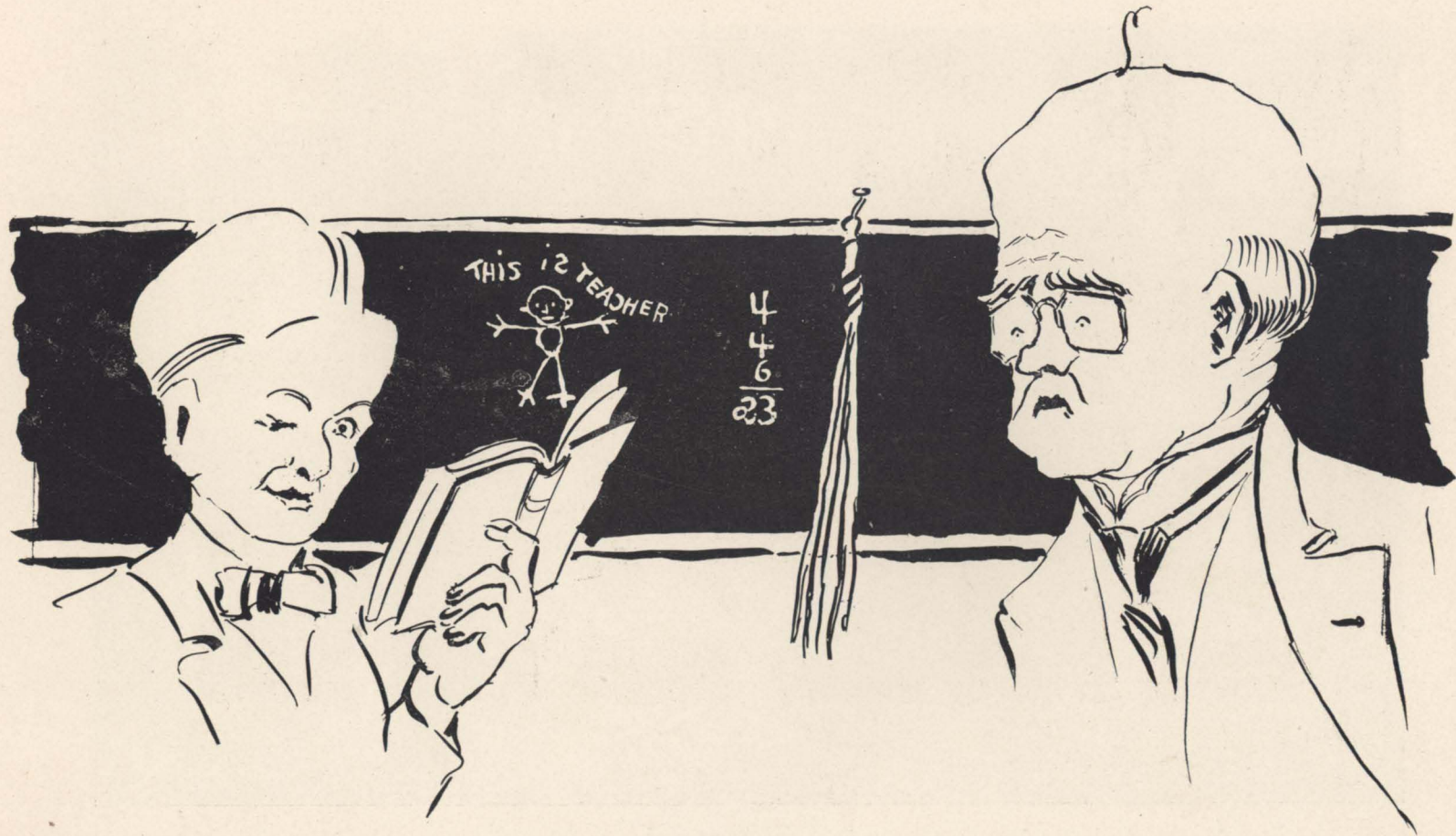
Dedication

TO the school board of our city
Who have shown us little pity;
To our principal, so haughty,
Who has punished us when naughty;
To our teachers, so exacting,
Whose advice we'll soon be lacking;
To the juniors, so conceited,
Who never think they are defeated;
To the sophomores, so playful,
Who at times are rather wayful;
To the freshmen, green and happy,
Playful, innocent, and scrappy;
To this dear old High School building,
Bright with ornaments and gilding;
To the readers, old and youthful,
Happy, gay, or rather rueful;
We dedicate this book of ours,
The work of many laboring hours,
Oh, may it be a source of pleasure;
To all, a dear and priceless treasure.

The Annual Board

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 Lillian Watts, New England Conservatory of Music.
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 Anna A. Kosek, Racine High School.
 Menzo B. Waite, Orchestra Instructor, Boston.



History of Racine High School

The Racine High School was opened in December, 1853. It was the first high school in the state, and the eighth in the Northwestern Territory. It was situated on Section 16, between Barnstable and Wisconsin Streets, where the present building now stands. The description of the old school, as given by one of the alumni, is interesting: "A roof, four walls to hold it up, and a floor to hold it down; windows everywhere, for they realized—those who planned it—that as much light as possible would be needed on many subjects."

John G. McMynn was called from the Kenosha public schools to be the first principal. He did excellent work with the high school, and was ably assisted in the early years by Mrs. McMynn.

When first started, only five applicants passed the examinations and received cards of admission to its classes, but this number was soon swelled to nine. Mr. McMynn was a strict disciplinarian, and let the students know in the beginning that progress in knowledge depended upon themselves alone. In one of his early talks to them he said: "You have the elements of happiness and unhappiness under your own control. Act wisely, speak the truth, keep your promises, shun vain amusements,—in short, love God and keep His commandments."

Mr. McMynn was accustomed to open the morning session with a chapter from the Scriptures and an informal fifteen-minute talk on various subjects. Sometimes conduct was his theme, but more often it was his travels. On Friday afternoons the school had spelling contests, rhetorical exercises, or, once in a while, the students had to write impromptu themes. These must have been serious and weighty, as such subjects as "Influence of Will Upon External Circumstances," and "The Law," were written on.

The High School served as the greatest place of inter-

est in the town, and strangers were taken there first. Horace Mann and Ralph Waldo Emerson visited the school, and likewise many another famous man. Some industrious ladies took their knitting, and one lady was heard to remark that visiting the "High" was better than a circus. The teachers of this first class were Mr. John G. McMynn, Mrs. E. W. McMynn, Mrs. B. F. Walker, Miss Elvira Searle, and Miss C. A. Sheldon.

In December, 1858, was published the first edition of the "Public School Advocate." This demands special mention, as it was the first paper ever attempted by the High School students, and, I believe, the only one. It was issued soon after the presentation of the portrait of Mrs. McMynn, who had lately died, to the High School, and contained original declamations prepared for that occasion. Among the subjects were "Science, the Handmaid of Religion," "Example Better Than Precept," by Miss Alice T. Porter, and "An Evenly Balanced Mind," by Miss Kate Tefft. On the last page of the paper was a joke, which I have seen lately in two different High school papers. But here it is, in its original and best form:

"During the past summer a duel was fought by S. Shott and A. W. Knott. The result was that Knott was shot and Shott was not. Under these circumstances we would rather have been Shott than Knott."

Classes have graduated every year since 1857, with the exception of three years during the Civil War. Mr. McMynn, himself, volunteered, and after the war came back home as colonel of his regiment. Between thirty and forty pupils enlisted, and six of these, namely, James Hinds, John Morgan, Joseph Mann, George Yout, George Janes and John Phillips, lost their lives in the war. The class of '65 inscribed their names on a white marble tablet, which now hangs on the east side of the lower hall.

The times have greatly changed since then, for, as one

of the alumni describes it, "We had no pavements then to make smooth the road, no electric lights to brighten the way, no telephones to make easy the message, no street cars to carry us when the weather was stormy, no city water to quench our thirst, no athletic association, no orchestra to delight us. The girls then wore sun-bonnets to school and calico dresses at graduation. They must have been very different from the superior school girl of today, with her puffs, Psyche knot, Cuban heeled shoes, and inverted flower-pot hats. At that time the whole Senior class took part in the commencement. One alumnus describes her commencement as follows: "We presented a bold front, and told a large and tired-looking audience how to live, how to climb life's ladder of success, how to hitch your wagon to a star, to play well in life's croquet, and how to do all sorts of things about which we had not the slightest knowledge."

In 1878 the High School removed to a new home, now called the Christie building. This, in its turn, became too small, and in 1894 the present structure was erected. Since then the efforts of the pupils and friends of the school

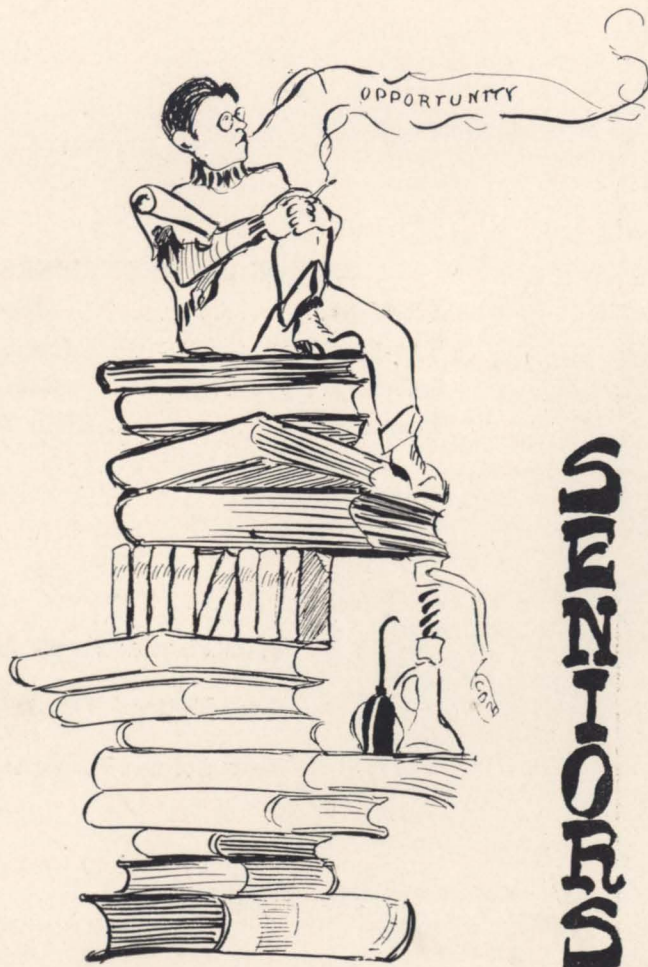
have been directed toward the adornment of the rooms and the improvement of the grounds. Five or six rooms have been decorated with the money received from the different senior class plays. The class of 1909 raised two hundred and seventy-five dollars from their play, which they will use for the same purpose.

This year's class is one of the largest ever graduated, having seventy-six members. The smallest class was that of 1872, when only three received diplomas. The teaching force has increased from three in 1879 to twenty-nine at the present time. There are now six courses, and besides these, five drills, which include music, drawing, and penmanship. Some of its associations are two glee clubs, an orchestra, two literary societies, and an athletic association. As to the character of the work being done in the High School, the inspectors from Madison, who recently visited the school, reported very favorably.

This history may serve to bring back to the members of the alumni the memory of their old school days, and to the classes of the present, it may bring a realization of the privileges and advantages which they enjoy.

Burton Olin, '09.





UNIVERSITY



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

President John Bickel
Vice-President Joseph Clancy
Secretary John Samuel
Treasurer Stella Anderson

Class Flower: Purple Iris.

Class Motto: "Virtute et Labore."

Class Colors: Purple and White.



Esther Anderson

English Course

“Talking is one of the fine arts.”

Agnes Anderson (“Polly”)

Classical Course

Secretary of Glee Club, '09

Committee for Senior Grades

Chairman of Slam Committee

“As changeable as the winds.”

Elmer Augustine (“Augie”)

Science Course

Ex-President of Senior Class '09

Winner Sophomore-Junior Declamatory Contest

Invitation Committee

Slam and Program Committee

Forum Debating Society

Cardinal Yell Master '08

“If I opened my books, I should shine more in my classes.”

Albert Augustine (“Al”)

Science Course

Junior Play Cast

Senior Play Cast

Invitation Committee for Junior Prom.

Annual Board

Cast of “Toastmaster”

“Who first invented work, and bound the free

And holiday-rejoicing spirit down

To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?”

Stella Anderson (“Tod”)

Classical Course

Treasurer of Senior Class

Committee for Senior Grades

Chairman of Senior Roll Committee

“One born to work.”



Leland Augustine ("Lee")

Science Course
Junior Prom Committee
Senior Play Ticket Committee
Orchestra.

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

Lewis Bezucha ("Bezuch")

Commercial Course

"Happy am I; from care I'm free—
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Edna Blish ("Duds")

English Course
Decoration Committee for Junior Prom.
Slam Committee for Senior Play Programs
Senior Play Cast

"From her fair lips falls many a foolish verse."

John Bickel ("Bick")

Science Course
Forum Debating Club
Manager of Senior Play
Cast of "Toastmaster"
Junior Play Cast
Senior Play Cast
Class President

There is a Senior named Bickel,
Who really is quite fickle;
All the girls he will mash,
And then their hearts smash,
For he never will spend but a nickel.



George Barr ("Red")

Language Course
Slam Committee for Senior Play Programs
Decoration Committee for Junior Prom
Senior Play Cast
Football Team '09
Chairman of Program for Senior Play

"I cannot check my girlish blush."

James Cape ("Billie")

Commercial Course

"A book is a book, but a smoke's a smoke."

Milton Blish ("Milt")

Commercial Course
Senior Roll Committee
Slam Committee for Annual

"A gentleman in word and manner."

Ada Charmock

English Course
Committee for Senior Averages
Monitor of Assembly Room.
Orchestra
Associate Editor of Annual

"A quiet lass who has a look of wisdom in her eye."



Joseph Clancy ("Joe")

Classical Course
Orchestra
Boys' Glee Club
Vice-President Class '09
Slam Committee for Class Play Programs
Jest Committee for Annual
Cast of "Toastmaster"
Cast of Junior Class Play
Manager Football Team '09
Cast of Senior Class Play

"He is Irish in manner, name and wit."

Martha Christensen

Commercial Course

"Tickle me ere I choke; Martha has cracked a joke."

Agnes Clancy ("Ike")

Language Course
Refreshment Committee for Junior Prom.
Dramatic Club
Cast of "Kleptomania"

"She has occasional flashes of silence that make her conversation perfectly delightful."

Milton Chandler ("Milt")

Science Course

"And of his port as meke as a mayde."

Emma Christensen ("Em")

English Course

"A diligent seeker for germs of knowledge."



Ida Davidson

Commercial Course

“A maiden of our century—yet most meek.”

Charles Cibelius

Science Course

Forum Debating Club

Decorating Committee for Junior Prom.

“A man with few interests besides his work.”

John P. Davies (“Jack”)

Science Course

Orchestra.

Football

Baseball

Senior Play Cast

Business Manager of Annual

Captain of Cubs

“Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge.”

Ina DuFour

Science Course

Committee for Football Banquet

“She’s not of the few who can Decide and Do.”

Ethel B. Dietrich (“Bab”)

Classical Course

Salutatorian

Treasurer of Junior Class '08

Member of Advisory Board

Chairman of Refreshment Committee for Prom.

Senior Play Cast

“Kleptomaniac” Cast

Member of Dramatic Club

Tiger Tennis

Literary Editor of the Annual

What I must do is all that concerns me,
Not what people think.



Kenneth Ericson ("Ken")

Science Course
Senior Play Cast

"I'm Ken de Kamera Kid—
Sometimes I wears a stock—
Many wonderful things I'se did,
Fixed (?) the Assembly clock."

Alice Foxwell

Classical Course
Debating Club
Glee Club—Secretary '08-'09
Dramatic Club
Junior Play Cast
Indigo Indoor Baseball Team
Committee for Football Banquet
Literary Editor of the Annual

"I'll not budge an inch."

Olga Holm

English Course

"Holm, Holm, sweet, sweet Holm! There's no one like
Holm."

Elizabeth Fratt ("Beth")

Decoration and Refreshment Committees for Junior
Prom.

Committee for Football Banquet
Senior Play Cast
Slam Committee for Annual

"What did you say? They're going to have something
to eat? Sure, I'll be there."



Rudyard Goodland ("Rudge")

Manual Training Course
Boys' Glee Club
Junior Prom. Decorating Committee
Assistant Manager of Senior Annual

"A boisterous songster."

Etta Gulli

Language Course
Orchestra

"She's a winner at whatever she plays."

Elliot Hopkins ("Hop")

Language Course
R. H. S. Football '08, '09
R. H. S. Baseball '08, '09
Manager of Basket Ball Team '07, '08
Cub Baseball '09
Cub Track Team '09
Senior Play Cast '08, '09

"The best is yet to be."

Harry Herzog

Science Course

"A mile in 2:10!"



George Jensen ("Dutch")

Commercial Course
Ticket Committee for Senior Play
Slam Committee for Annual

"They call him Dutch, but he hates German."

Marion Ingalls ("Spud")

Classical Course
Decoration Committee for Prom.
Senior Play Cast
Cardinal Tennis and Indoor Baseball
Slam Committee for Play Program

"A Thomas Flyer for me!"

Maldwyn Jones ("Maldy")

Manual Training Course
Picture Committee
Cast of "Toastmaster"
Senior Play Cast
Editor-in-Chief of Annual

"He has a season ticket for the High School bleachers."

Bessie Jandl ("Bess")

Commercial Course
Captain of Cubs

"A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note."

Rosalind Iselin ("Rose")

Classical Course
Committee for Senior Averages

"Ask Rose; she knows."



John King ("Kingie")
English Course
Diamond King (Baseball).

Elsie Kark
English Course
Manager of Orchestra
Glee Club
Music Committee for Junior Prom
"Of a musical temperament."

Elsie Lyon
Commercial Course
"A flower amid the dreary waste of books."

Ada Larson
Commercial Course
"An easy movement, an athletic air."

Bessie Mann ("Bess")
English Course
"The only man on the girls' indoor baseball team."



Letitia McKillop

Science Course
Secretary '08 of Girls' Glee Club
Librarian '09 of Girls' Glee Club
Decorating Committee for Junior Prom.

"Thy friend has a friend, and thy friends' friend has
a friend; be discreet."

Helen Mogensen ("Mogie")

Science Course
Glee Club

"The flower of meekness."

Minnette Mehren ("Min")

Commercial course

"Be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the
more they are condensed, the deeper they burn."

Raymond Nelson ("Ray")

Science Course

"This drudging on a farm is not he life for me;
I've set my stakes up higher, and town's the place
for me."



Mabel Neff

Commercial Course

“Stately and tall, she glides through the hall.”

Clarence Nevin (“Pat”)

Science Course

Debating Club

Manager Basket Ball Team '09

Indigo Track Team

Cardinal-Indigo Track Team

Manager of Glee Club Opera

Senior Play Cast

“A mighty orator is he,
Still pretty girls he loves to see.”

Agnes Pederson (“Muga”)

Classical Course

“She hath a kind heart.”

Olaf Peterson (“Ole”)

Commercial Course

Basket Ball '09

“Of all the days that are in a week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday.”



Burton Olin ("Burt")

Classical Course
Member of Advisory Board
Head Monitor for Lower Assembly
Literary Editor for the Annual
"Quiet and full of business."

Flossy Pfleger ("Floss")

Classical Course
Invitation Committee
Junior Play Cast
Leader of Glee Club '09
"She really is nice,
And you always look twice."

Jerome Raymon ("Chink")

Commercial Course
"One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to the man."

Margaret Rowland ("Muggs")

Classical Course
Refreshment Committee for Junior Prom
Cardinal Tennis and Indoor Baseball
Captain of Tigers
"She is always ready to bet,
But very tardy to pay the debt."

Earl Price

Science Course
Cardinal Track Team
R. H. S. Track Team '08, '09
President Forum Debating Club
"Sure to win the race."



Leila Renner

Classical Course
President of Girls' Athletic Association
Junior Prom Committee
Jest Committee for Annual
Committee for Decoration of School
Senior Play Committee
Senior Play Cast

"Why does Leila's hair always look so nice?"

Mary Pugh ("Molly")

Classical Course

"A voice like a distant murmur."

John Samuel

Science Course
Decorating Committee for Junior Prom.
Class Secretary '08

" 'Tis nice Racine has so many girls,
So we boys may choose our pearls."

Marvin Schoeppe ("Marv")

Commercial Course

"Marv's all right; we all say so."

Eugenia Scheuss ("Gene")

Science Course
Glee Club

"Eyes of night."



Arthur Schacht ("Art")

Science Course
Ticket Committee for Senior Play
Indigo Track Team '08
R. H. S. Track Team '09

"Red hair and hot air go together."

Fred Sewell

Science Course

"His only labor is to kill time."

Clara Schulz

Commercial Course

"Clara claims that a silo is a bug."

Lucile Shaw ("Peggy")

Classical Course
Cast "Toastmaster."
Committee for Senior Play
Valedictorian

"Night after night she sat and dimmed her eyes with books."



Charles Walker ("Chuck")

Classical Course
Forum Debating Club
Glee Club
Ticket Committee for Senior Play
Assistant Editor of Annual
"His realization: the old, old farm."

Franklin Wade ("Slam")

Commercial Course
"One of our six beacons."

Alice Wackerhagen ("Buzz")

Classical Course
Dramatic Club
"Kleptomania" Cast
Senior Play Cast
Decorating Committee for Junior Prom.
Chairman of Committee on Decorating School.
"Sae wise, sae young, they say, do ne'er live lang."

Magdalen Stoffel ("Lana")

Commercial Course
Reception Committee for Junior Prom.
Class Pin Committee
Senior Play Cast
Orchestra
"A pendulum 'twixt a smile and a tear."



Marion Corse

Science Course

“We have missed you, Marion.”

Mabel Walker

English Course

“She’s fond of children smaller than herself.”

Edward Crawford

Science Course

Forum Debating Club

Glee Club

“There’s great ability in knowing how to conceal one’s ability.”

Priscilla Williams (“Pris”)

Language Course

“Dignified and quiet.”

Emma Tradewell (“Mira”)

English Course

Indigo Indoor Baseball Team

“She traveleth on the ‘Stub.’”



Lynn Simmons

English Course

“Cheer up, Lynn; you are too serious.”

John Fall

Manual Training Course

Glee Club

Football Team '09

Senior Play Cast

“A consistent bucker.”

Laura Kimpel

Science Course

“Dante had his Beatrice, and —— had his Laura.”

David Walker (“Dave”; “Dubbs”)

Science Course

Decorating Committee for Junior Prom.

Forum Debating Club

“Forth to battle went David with a pitchfork—not
a stone.”

The Class of '09

September 1905, saw the beginning of the career of this remarkable class. It was a typical Freshman group. The members of the faculty and upper classes found Freshmen everywhere they turned—eager, swarming Freshmen propounding wise sayings and unanswerable questions, which, at times, made even Mr. Wilbor smile. In exasperation, the faculty sent about seventy of us over to the McMynn School.

Although separated from the other sections of our class, and from the High School proper, we were not at all lacking in school spirit. Your historian will never forget how, at a mass-meeting, all unexpectedly to the rest of us, one of our number, a slight, fair-haired girl, rose and urged everyone to get out and sell tickets for the 1906 Senior play. There was not a suspicion of fear in her tones as she proceeded:

Tell me not in mournful numbers
School rooms are but empty halls,
For the brain can never slumber
If artistic are the wells.

Lives of former classes show us
We can make some wall a joy,
And, departing, leave behind us
Something more than just a toy.

Let us then be up and doing,
Selling tickets night and day,
And our neighbors still pursuing,
Swell the proceeds of this play.

During the next year a change took place; the class

became quiet, orderly, and well-behaved. Those who had been segregated at the McMynn were allowed to return to the High School building. Now, as Sophomores, we, in turn, made sport of our under-classmen to recompense ourselves for the humiliation we had suffered during the previous year. Though this took much of our time, still, most of our attention was employed in helping along anything the school might be attempting, or in individual effort along some line of school work. Nothing very noteworthy, however, was achieved.

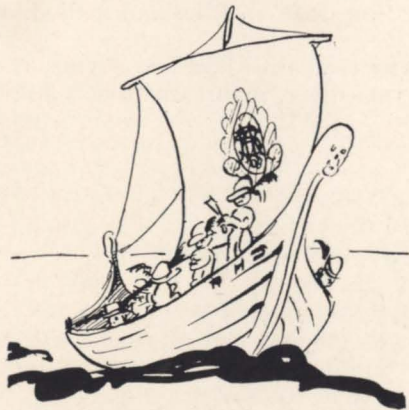
Upon returning to school in the fall the Sophomores found themselves Juniors, and yet it seemed scarcely a day since we had begun our life in the school. We straightway began to make ourselves known. We entered into everything with the same enthusiasm that made our basketball team the champion team of the school. The class was organized, and Elmer Augustine was elected president. The ability of the president and the willingness of the class to work with him resulted in the most successful Junior Reception the school has seen in years.

During the following year the class proved itself worthy of its reputation for being awake. Fame marked the class for her own. A sleigh ride party was planned, and carried out—in a 'bus. Uninterrupted, the poets and authors continued to write and to make themselves famous. Undisturbed, the athletes continued to climb the ladder of success. Then, although every graduating class of the Racine High School has tried the same thing every year for a number of years and failed, this class succeeded in gaining the consent of the board to have a speaker for commencement. The class of 1909, out of order of all precedent, and relying upon nothing but its own resources and ability, is successfully carrying out plans for the publication of a periodical, the R. H. S. Annual.

The Class History

O flowery Muse, your aid divine
Bestow upon our humble rhyme.
With sore racked brains we've pondered o'er
The secrets of our Senior lore.
O muse, abused by raving poet,
That all may hear and all may know it,
Give us the power that we may tell
Of the Senior class which we love so well.

When the leaves, all tinted with golden and brown,
From their lofty heights came fluttering down,



We, a verdant crew, came pouring in,
Stationed ourselves, 'mid bustle and din,
With heart-racking fears, on the Schooner Racine,
And gazed in alarm at the billowy green.
In chronological order we'll try to relate
The events that transpired, the workings of fate;
Of the teachers we had in our infancy past,
A few from them the shackles have cast;

Some have taken the bonds of sweet matrimony,
And now listen to tales of Fabulous Phoney.
Others have taken the leap that is dire,
Have jumped from the frying-pan into the fire,
And teach other youths who bluff their way through,
Not at all as we of the R. H. S. do.

But most of the students who entered that fall
Have stayed by the helm, and weathered the squall.
Two years we struggled, midst tempest and brine,
Then passed from the stormy to a pleasanter clime.
We floundered through Latin, Geometry III,
Made good in the branches of past history;
Then together we summoned the wise and the fool,
And started to conquer the awe-stricken school.



Elmer B. Augustine, a winning brunette,
The pride of the class, its idol and pet,

By means that are open, and ways that are fair,
Won for himself the president's chair.
And Clancy, the boy with the dreamy blue eyes,
The color of mother's famed blueberry pies,
Took second; and Dietrich, our classmate so fair,
With ruddy red cheeks and wavy brown hair,
Took charge of our hoard of extracted "chink,"
And kept it quite safe in her stocking—we think.
Samuels, the lad who worshiped cheeks cherry,
Piped onto the job of head secretary.

With this staff so brainy and reckless of fees,
Our Juniors proceeded with calmest of ease,
And worked for the Prom. Ah, soft-scented days!
When we basked in the light of Pleasure's sweet rays.
How we toasted, and roasted, and hogged all the eats,
Then watched the wondrous and marvellous feats
Of the play; then applauded those wit-soaring stars,



Though Nevin did foolishly drop all his r's,
We danced in our pumps till we'd gone very dry,
And our cubic capacity feign wished to try.
Here Lockwood remarked that some people knew

When enough punch they'd swallowed. All very true.
When the punch had diminished to a few drops, or more,
And our feet, though still blithesome, were lame and quite
sore,

We departed. The birdies were caroling sweetly,
And the dimpling dew in the mist-laden street—
Well, the birdies they told us about Johnny Fall,
Who pricked up his ears to love's cooing call,
And whipered fond words of endearment to—well,
I guess, to be safe, we'd better not tell.

Time crowded fast, and the day blossomed out
When the Cardinal Red put the Blue boys to rout.
Our Juniors were there, and, as Barr would have said,
Our class was "hot dog" in Blue and in Red.

Ye students, who read this delirious rhymes,
Will probably remember, if you but take take time,

The terrible riot on the Senior Class Day,
When Erickson scared the tame cows far away
With his belligerent raiment, and love-longing face,
And set them to running a Marathon race.

For two flying months we rested again,
 Returned then to school to cram our poor brain;
 But the school had grown larger, had taken on style,
 And raised up its head, and tried hard to smile.
 Yo, ho! we were Seniors! Our young blood went leaping
 To capture all things to be had for the reaping:
 Society bowed to our fair debutantes,
 Who carried things off in style "a la France."
 Fair Marion, breaker of hearts and of purses,
 Caused many a swain to give vent to vain curses;
 And Edna, ah Edna, with the fuzzy blonde hair,
 Made many a youth go off on a tear.
 O'er this we, the authors, at first did rejoice,
 But now, dear reader, we sorrow with tears in our voice.

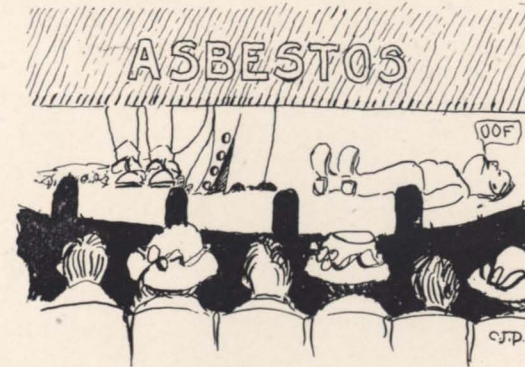
* * * * *

The glorious team of the year that has gone,
 Those heroes of muscle and sinewy brawn,
 Goodland, and Hopkins, and the Ringer of Bells,
 Bain, and crack Maxted, and goody Ingalls,
 Little By. Blake, and Davies the star,
 All twinkled and shone, also Auburn G. Barr,
 And Frenchie, our delirious poet, as end
 Most of his time in scoring points spent.

All, all are Seniors! A toast to that jolly brave band,
 Who first in our memories shall always stand,
 Who captured the honors, and trimmed all the host.
 To Peterson, Maxted and Nevin: Here's a toast.
 To our basketball Seniors—victory's squad:
 As Nevin would put it, "To beat, they weh hahd."

And the year kept on growing, the days lengthened out;
 Irland was suddenly stricken with gout.
 We worked now for glory, to achieve lasting fame,
 To link the word "genius" to the Senior Class name.

Our play?—'tis wrong to ring your own bell.
 Our play?—it takes more than mere words to tell.
 The departed Joe Jefferson, Mansfield, and Booth,
 Bernhardt in her wonderful fame-ringing youth,
 Never stirred so the depths of human emotion,
 Ne'er portrayed so vividly lover's devotion;



And we laughed till our eyes were briny with tears—
 We shall never forget in the yet-to-come years
 Our play, or our class, or the spirit we bore,
 When Seniors we were. We're Seniors no more.
 We're glad that we've finished, but sorry to go.
 We'd like to stay longer, for really, you know,
 We've had one good time. But the voyage is done,
 The squalls were all over, and likewise the fun.
 We're sorry to go. Good-by, old Racine,
 Your image shall 'bide when we're wrinkled and lean.
 We bequeath you our mem'ry, and the spirit '09,
 We thank our professors for the valuable time
 That they spent in our int'rest—A rip-roaring cheer!
 We're sorry to leave, we were happy while here!

—Joseph Clancy, '09.

—Ben Hecht, '10.



JUNIORS



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

President..... George Lovequest
Vice-President..... Harry Stearns
Secretary..... Lester Hughes
Treasurer..... Charles Pope

Class Colors: Green and White.

Junior Class History

It was in 1909 that the Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen in the Racine High School were asked by their principal to give an account, or history, of their class.

The first report received was from the Seniors. It read as follows: "We have done great things for our school. If it were not for our class, the school would be practically dead. We have the best speakers, the best orators, the best basketball team, and the best athletes in the school." After carefully reading the paper, the principal wrote the following notation on the bottom of the report: "You have forgotten a few things. You also have the champion excuse writer and the champion bulldozer in the school. You have more braggarts and hot air shooters in proportion to the number in your class than any class that has thus far graduated."

Next came the report of the Sophomore class, which was as follows: "We have won a few great and decisive victories in the class basketball tournament. Of course, we have lost one or two games, but we have always had good excuses for losing them." The scowl which formed on the principal's face showed he was disappointed with the report. He then wrote on the back of the sheet: "This would have been an excellent report for the '09 Annual had you not bragged and gloated over your victories so loudly and steadily. I fear this would be like ancient history to the members of the school. In regard to your good excuses for losing, I should say that when you lacked good excuses for your defeats, it did not take you long to make them up. Remember, the Bible says, 'A man's pride shall bring him low.'"

Next came the following report from the Freshmen: "As we have not been in school quite a year, we have not had time to beat any records. We are training ourselves

for higher and better work. We have the material for good athletes and intellectual giants."

Last, but on time, came the report of the Junior class. It read as follows: "We have not done any great work, as our worthy and exalted Seniors claim they have done; we have no excuses to make for our defeats, like our haughty Sophomores; we have been learning to do well the small things. We have no records in athletics, because our classmen refuse to sacrifice their lessons and their learning for athletic records. We are content in doing the small things well. In summing up our history, we have only to say that, whether we have won or lost, we have always done our best. For further information regarding the character of our class, we respectfully refer you to our dear teachers who have taught, advised, and coached us through all our contests, intellectual or athletic."

Again the principal wrote; this time his report read as follows: "Dear Juniors, I am very much pleased with your statement. I asked for these histories in order that I may get an understanding of character of the different classes, so that, in the future, I may know how to deal with the classes and govern them. I now know that the Seniors are egotistical; therefore I will humble them. I know the Sophomores are boastful; therefore I will teach them to let another man praise them, and not their own mouths, a stranger and not their own lips. 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.' To you, Juniors, I may say that, after looking up your records, I find you have fewer delinquencies, more and better behaved students among your numbers, than could be claimed by any other class during the past nine years. I asked

twenty-one teachers regarding your character, and twenty-one gave favorable reports of your work and behavior. I find your honor list is longer than that of any previous

Junior class. Keep up your god work, for 'Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding.' "

George Lovequest, '10.

TO A CICERO BOOK.

O Book, thy covers now are soiled and old.
Thy brilliant hue has faded through the year.
But what of that? To me thou still art dear;
Thy worn leaves mem'ries quaint shall e'er unfold:
Jokes of the class-room by the teacher told,
Test marks, and lessons, signs of smile and tear,
Of laughing lip, of aching head, of fear,

Of tests which pounce like wolves upon the fold.
Thy dog-eared pages, thy entangling notes,
Held many pitfalls for my trusting youth.
But thou hast made thyself no enemy,
Though thou hast often trampled on my hopes.
Yet, still the King of books thou art in truth.
Take, then, Great One, this tribute weak from me.

—Jeannette S. Kearney, '10.





The History of the Class of 1911

Our history is short but brilliant, and is as modest as truth will allow, for where the deeds of a class are as noteworthy as those of '11, it would be a crime to be modest, and thus slight truth.

When we of the present Sophomore class, one hundred and thirty-five strong, first entered the Racine High School, on September 3, 1907, we were overwhelmingly impressed, through the benevolence of the '09 men, with the magnitude and coldness of the new world into which we had just come. Our entrance was unaccompanied by any extraordinary incident. Everything moved along as smoothly as a shoe on a banana peel. Strange as it may seem, there was already a spark of class spirit kindled spontaneously in each breast.

The first day we entered the school we were (past tense) a pretty green looking crowd, one hundred and thirty-five of us. We took things as they turned up, and swallowed our pride. Many of our classmates received a ducking under the faucet. We followed a wise sage's advice to Freshmen, "To keep off the grass, lest you be not differentiated from your surroundings."

The first opportunity that the honorable class of 1911 had to show its ability was in the "Racine High School Basketball League." We captured second honors in the league, being outplayed by the class of 1909. The team was composed of many star players, including Harrigan, Schmitt, Hanson and Stoffel.

On Saturday, May 23, 1908, the Indigoes defeated the Cardinals in the annual game of baseball by the score of 4 to 3. The Indigo victory was mainly due to the star pitcher, Harrigan, a member of the class of 1911. Three other players of the same class assisted in making the game materialize as it did. That is quite a record—to have four of the nine players from the Sophomore class.

On Friday, May 29, the Cardinals defeated the Indigoes in their Annual Athletic Meet, by the total score of 78 to 48. Many 1911 men contested on both sides and showed their ability. Among them we find Harrigan and Hanson. With this grand event, the written history of the freshman year of the class ends. Everybody felt satisfied with the achievements of the year.

On September 8, 1908, after a vacation of about two and one-half months, the class returned to school as Sophomores. We found new Freshmen who needed our immediate care, but we left them unmolested and proceeded to follow out the usual course of instruction. During the fall of that year the members of our class did all in their power to aid in having a successful football team. This was done by making up yells and selling tickets, and the result was a championship team.

Directly after the football season, the "Racine High School Basketball League" was again started. The class of 1911 finished the schedule with flying colors, having won four games and lost two. It again succeeded in capturing second place in the league, after a series of hard-fought games. The Senior Class received the championship with only one defeat, and this was caused by the Sophomores. What helped the team in this line was the class spirit shown. Truly, no class has ever been blessed with girls who showed more class spirit than those of 1911. The boys aided considerably in this line also. Then again we find Schmitt and Hanson, both of whom are Sophomores, playing on the strong Racine High School basketball team. The former was the star guard, and the latter assisted in playing center. Two Sophomore players succeeded in playing on the R. H. S. second team.

Then, too, we realize that athletics are not the only pursuits to be followed in high school life. For a while

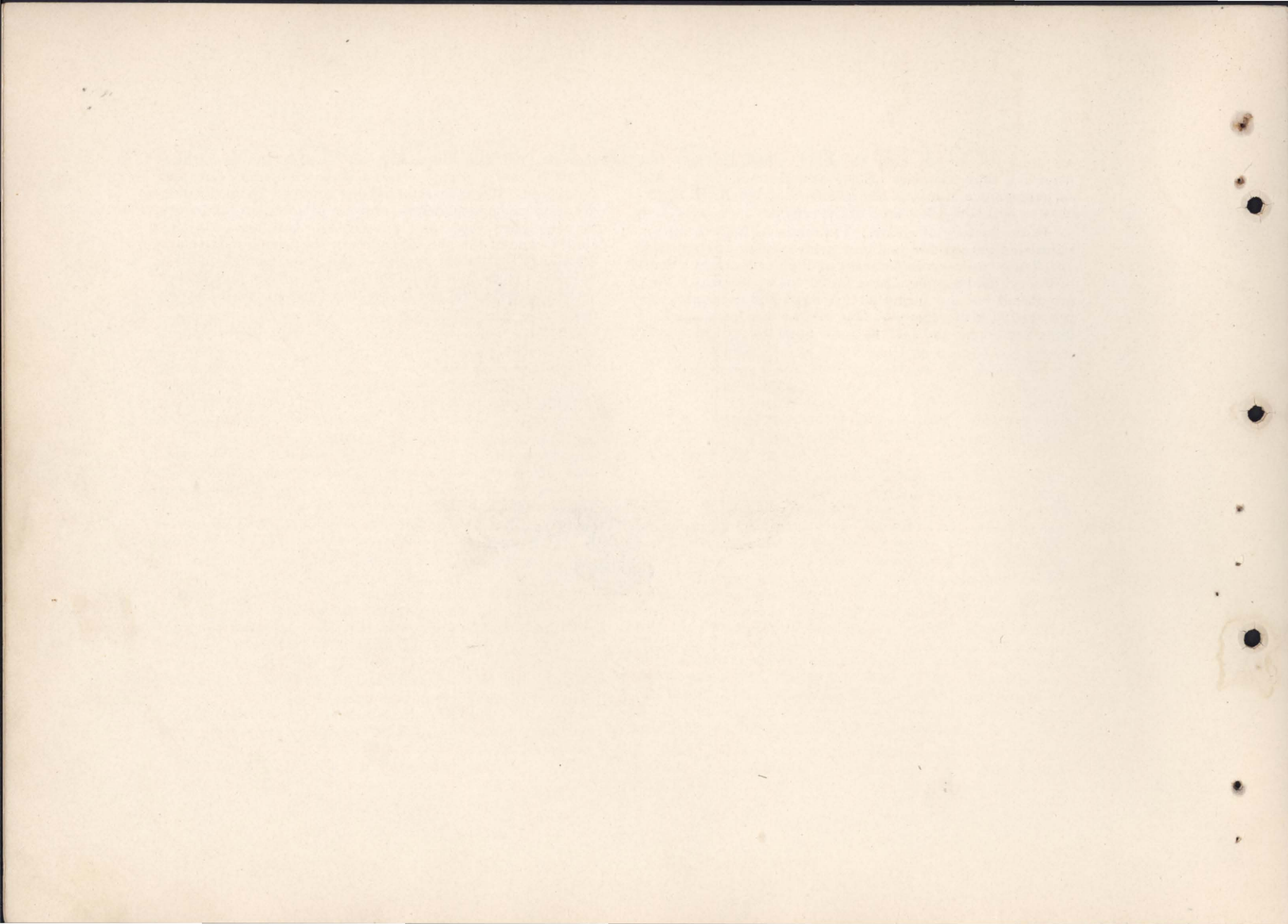
we must devote our time to study, which attracts less attention than victories on the athletic field, but is just as important. Many of the members of the R. H. S. Orchestra and Glee Club are 1911 students.

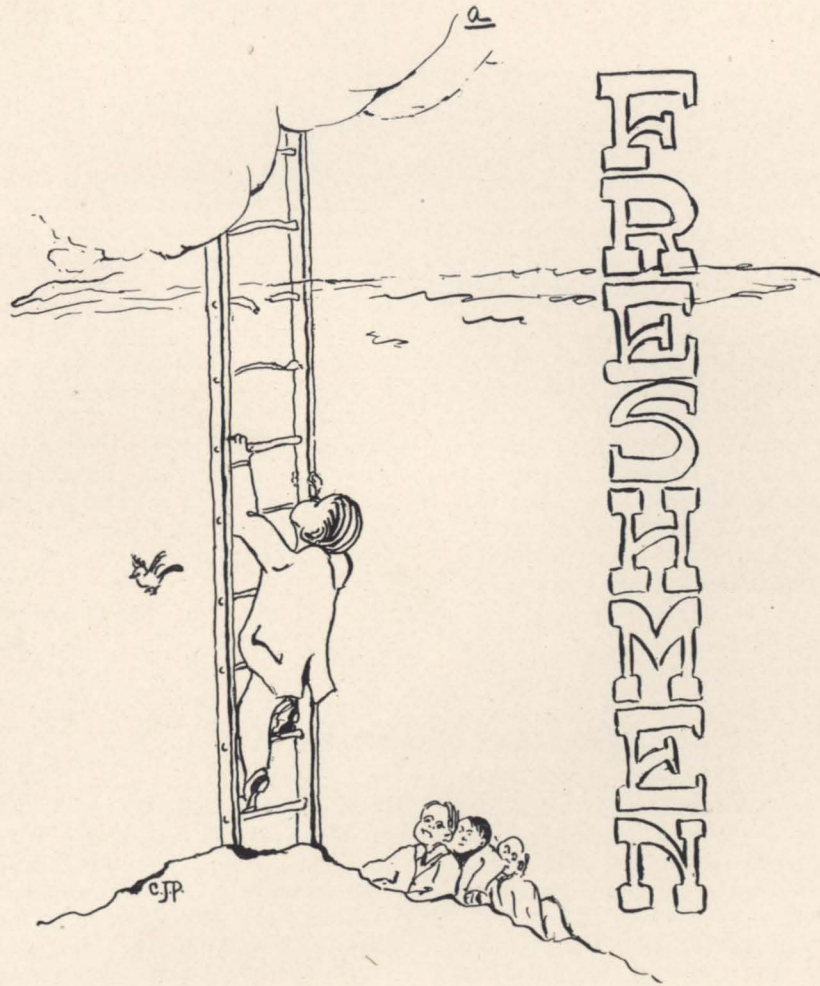
In the history of classes, '11 stands forth with an unparalleled record for brilliant achievement and superior excellence in every department of high school life. Some of the original members have fallen out by the way. They are absent but not forgotten. A large and congenial representation still remains. Our record has been good, as is evidenced by the fact that we have not added a gray

hair to Prof. Blackhurst's head. Yes, in the autumn of 1907 came a mighty class, a class who came, saw, and conquered. We have gathered our laurels without display. We have poets, declaimers, orators, athletes, and debaters of unequalled force and knowledge. Our class also includes some of the prettiest girls in the school. Many are the things that might be told of this class, enough to fill a volume. As we now stand in the midst of our high school career, we hope that our future may be as successful as our past.

Otto Jandl, '11.







अज्ञानमरण

The History of the Freshman Class of 1909

On September 8, 1908, more than two hundred graduates of the eighth grade of the various ward schools of Racine were formed into a class of "Freshies," and bore down on the Racine High School, buoyant with hope, courage, and confidence that we should take that worthy institution by storm. But, alas! imagine our surprise and chagrin when we were greeted with laughter and other audible exclamations such as "Hello, Freshie!" "Get me a spy glass."

We were assigned our respective seats in the assembly rooms, the teachers having thoughtfully surrounded us with Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, who treated us with kind condescension, and took great pains to have us realize the extreme unimportance of the Freshman class.

Our duties, obligations and environments seemed very different from our experiences in the ward schools. We soon recognized the fact that we had taken an advanced step, and were expected to conduct ourselves accordingly. This brought a feeling of responsibility and care, all of

which is the real foundation of character, in fact, the beginning of higher education and development. Most of our studies were different and much more difficult than those to which we had been accustomed. Two of the most important Freshman subjects are Latin and English. During our school year we have spent many long and tedious hours absorbed in a "Brown" study over these subjects, but we have been convinced by the teachers that everything will turn out all "Wright."

The school year is fast drawing to a close, and with the close of the school year, the present Freshman class passes to the next stage of action, and the new Sophomore class appears on the scene. While the school work and the various experiences which a freshman meets during the year have not always been desirable or pleasant, yet we feel that we have benefited by the combination. Still, we are satisfied to let it pass, and have no desire to return to or continue it longer.

Katherine Jones, '12.

THE DIARY OF A FRESHMAN.

September 8, 1908.—We don't know how we shall like school; it is not like ward school. You have bells ringing at different times, which confuses a person the most.

September 20.—We are getting along fine in school, but we still make mistakes, but not so bad as at first.

November 14.—Things went pretty smooth, and we have all settled down to work—the same old thing and the same old story.

November 24.—We shall soon have vacation, for Thanksgiving is soon here. We had exercises, which consisted of a play. They all did fine.

December 9.—"Brite and Fair."

December 12.—It is near holiday time, and we shall enjoy the vacation very much.

December 23.—We had our Christmas exercises, which were very fine. It consisted of a play called "The Toast-

master." It was under the supervision of Miss Church. It was fine. There was a Freshman who took part. The rest we imagined to be dignified Seniors.

January 4.—It was stormy to-day. Not a very smooth day with our lessons.

February 2.—To-night is a basketball game, the Freshmen against the Sophomores.

February 22.—To-day is George Washington's birthday. We had exercises in school. They were pretty good,

but not as good as some we have had.

March 5.—The Seniors are busy with their class play which they are going to give during the spring vacation.

March 26.—Another vacation, but there are never too many for us. This week is the Senior play, which we think will be good, but when we give ours it will be better.

April 5.—Back to school again, but we are looking forward to summer vacation.

Laurine Augustine, '12.



WOULDN'T IT BE A DREAM!

If I were only principal
Of this great school of ours,
I'd let you have a dance each night,
And only two school hours.
Say! wouldn't it be a dream?

If all the stairways of the school
Were made with seats for two,
I'm sure the boys that register
Would be far from a few.
Oh, say! wouldn't it be a dream?

If English VIII. were only taught
As you and I see fit,
There'd be no Woolley, Burke, and things,
To worry us a bit.
Oh, say! wouldn't it be a dream?

If geometry were only cake,
And history only pie,
I'm sure we boys would do our best
To make those good things fly.
Oh, say! wouldn't it be a dream?

If studies such as chemistry,
And physics, too, I guess,
Were only taken out of school,
So we could have a rest,
Say! wouldn't it be a dream?

If things were only different,
In this High School of Racine,
And if they'd let us have our way,
Wouldn't it be a dream?
Oh, say! wouldn't it be a dream?

If certain teachers in this school
Would take quite sick and die,
I'm sure the pupils as a whole
Would weep, and moan, and cry.
But, say! wouldn't it be a dream?

Now if all these things which I have said
Would only come to pass,
I'm sure our daily life would be
A sweet dream—"with some class."
Oh, say! wouldn't it be a dream?

—John French, '10.

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

(A Character Sketch.)

He was, or rather is, a small, light man. His drab-colored hair was always left long, and lay in a sleek ring around the bald spot on top of his head. His mild blue eyes were somewhat prominent, and had much the appearance of a tiny kitten's. The rest of his features were not remarkable, except at the last of my acquaintance with him he had a soft, downy little mustache, which he cherished with the utmost pride. He almost always wore a light gray suit, which heightened the innocence of his appearance. I believe I never saw him truly walk in the assembly room; he always tip-toed along trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. He was shut away for the rest of the time in his little tower room, where his Freshman and Sophomore classes came to him, and he, out of the fullness of his heart, marked them E and E+. That is my first English teacher as I remember him.

Hazel Graves, '10.

WHY I GO TO SCHOOL.

They say "Ignorance is bliss,"
But I think like this:
If knowledge you've got
You'll get to the top.
That's why I go to school.

Learning's a friend,
True to the end,
For in trouble or doubt
It will help you out.
That's why I go to school.

So, now, my good friends,
If you wish golden ends,
You must learn, and procure
A knowledge secure.
That's why I go to school.

—Frank Wade, '09.

THE LITTLE MASCOT.

The great Interscholastic Meet between the two universities, Illinois and Wisconsin, drew near. It was the event of the season, and everyone was looking forward to it with the greatest of pleasure, especially little Bob Whitecomb. He loved, above all else, to see the young men hurdle, run, jump, and perform the rest of the field events. He was especially excited this year, because his uncle, Jim Norworth, a Wisconsin man, was to run in the most important event of the day.

The day before the Meet brought a great disappointment to poor little six-year-old Bob. His uncle had just come home from training. Everyone saw by the expres-

sion on his face that he feared the outcome of the race; so no one mentioned the Meet until the subject was brought up at the dinner table. Little Bob, unable to contain himself, clapped his hands in his excitement and exclaimed:

"O, Uncle Jim, you must win that race!"

This was a tender subject with Jim Norworth. He was unusually downcast because his running during the training had been far below his usual record. He was exceedingly out of humor, and so, at this enthusiastic exclamation, he blurted out:

"You can't go, kid. I'm not going to have a kindergarten hanging around me. It's bad enough to have the whole family watching. Anyway, you're too young. You wouldn't enjoy it."

After having given vent to his feelings in this manner, Jim thought he felt better; but deep down in his heart there was a regret that he had refused Bob this little pleasure.

Poor little Bob's face fell. The tears came to his eyes. All the pleasure on earth seemed to vanish, but he bore up bravely. He thought it over, and was determined that he would go.

The day of the meet dawned bright and clear. At one o'clock, a whole hour before the events were to begin, crowds were rapidly filling the grandstand. Everyone felt thrills of excitement running through his bones. Little Bob saw his father and mother and the rest of the family start off. He had instructions to stay at home, but he paid no heed to them.

At two o'clock the grandstands were packed, and the struggle between the two colleges had begun. First Illinois took the lead, then Wisconsin. When the last event, the mile run, was called, Illinois was ahead by two points. This race would determine the victor. Jim Northworth was very nervous. His opponent, Jackson, a strong, well-built fellow, looked unusually big to him now. They were

ready to start! They crouched down on their mark! Everyone waited with breathless excitement, but no one quite so eagerly as Bob, who, unnoticed, had seated himself on the fence within a few yards of the finish. The pistol shot rang out, and the two men leaped forth simultaneously. They ran side by side, at an even pace, their legs moving almost in unison, their white suits gleaming in the sun. They ran shoulder to shoulder until they neared the finish, then Jackson spurred ahead and kept continually gaining. The strain was terrible. The grandstands rose with mighty cheers. The runners neared the place where Bob was sitting, Jackson still in the lead. As they drew nearer, Bob was unable to contain himself. His uncle was dropping behind! The little fellow could see Norworth's last efforts to keep up. His cords and muscles were straining to their utmost. Just then a shrill voice reached Jim's almost deafened ears: "O! go, Uncle Jim! O! go!" This seemed to give him strength. He clenched his hands, his eyes started from their sockets, he made one last violent struggle, and, with the grandstand rising on its feet, he toppled over the line, just one foot ahead of his opponent. He had won not only this race, but the Meet for his college.

His classmates crowded around him, but he paid no attention to them. He was hunting for Bob, his little mascot, and when he found him, he swung him to his shoulder before the wondering crowd, and said:

"It was Bob who won the race, not I."

Margaret Rowland, '09.

OVER THE TARIFF BILL.

Big Bill is a-sweatin' behind the fence,
And Congress is tussling with Payne;
Teddy's plain people are in suspense,
And the Senate has gone insane.

Come from behind the fence, Bre'r Bill,
Lest the story be told the same;
Show that you are working with a will
To check this two-headed game.

But, alas! with all these agitations,
I fear there'll be no change from the past;
The two-headed monster'll get the rations,
And we'll get the Bills to pay, at last.

—John King, '09.

AS I SEE SPRING.

By profession, I am a spring poet, but on account of the present inclement weather, my thoughts do not flow as freely as in former vernal seasons, and, in order to dispel the congestion of ideas, I am forced to descend to prose.

Looking back over many years, I find that my early impressions of spring were mistaken ideas, occasioned by a study of English Literature in the High School. There we had frequent references to larks soaring on high, and filling the spring air with song; the trees infallibly burst forth with leaf and blossom, and the fragrance of the flowers filled the air; the brooks, released, gurgled merrily to the sea.

These and similar references, which we read and dissected in class, were responsible for my lapse from sanity. Now I see things as they are, and shall give you what I know about spring as it is:

When the small boys sit on the cold cement walks and play marbles, and you have to walk out in the street to get around the game, and you wonder if the little chaps are really frozen to the stone, spring is just beginning.

When you see a crowd of boys with bat, ball and mask, the season is a little further along.

When the wind howls over the lake and goes through

you from breast bone to shoulder blade, and your eyes and nose are moist and red, spring is advancing.

When you see outside the grocer's door, little boxes of whitey-red, half-frozen strawberries, which look as if they were orphans in some strange land, spring is still progressing.

When the old man says that the coal is gone, and asserts with much fervor that he never saw anything like this weather during his earthly career, and insinuates that he must get more fuel to carry him over until July 4th, spring, gushing spring, is here.

When the teacher, tall and stately, fills her grip with easy money, packed in endwise, and embarks for Europe to inspect the dukes and earls and princes; when she dreams of conquest after conquest, dreams of grand old castles filled with art and rats, and stately barons, poor but proud, who need the money in her grip,

Ah! then, indeed, the spring is here.

—Joseph Clancy, '09.

Erickson (in Algebra Class): "Mr. Runge!"

Mr. Runge: "Sir?"

Erickson: "If a man with a bucket can pull up ninety gallons of water in one hour, how long would it take a man to pull up the river with a boat?"

Miss Porter (in American History Class): "Tell about some of John Brown's good qualities, Hopkins."

Hopkins: "Well, for one thing, he was a dead shot."

Edna Hindermann (rising, in an excited manner): "No, no, Miss Porter; it says he was half shot."

(General laughter.)

A DREAMER'S DREAM.

I lay on my pillow a-dreaming,
With the lights turned low,
Dreaming I would be, oh, so happy,
If I had a million or so.

And through my mind there fitted
Visions of motor cars,
And a home superbly fitted,
And other things high above par.

But what's the use of dreaming
Dreams that ne'er come true?
But I would be, oh, so happy,
If I had a million or two.

—Frank Wade, '09.

Mr. Blackhurst: "I've been carrying the baby for a week back."

Dr. Kitto: "That's a poor remedy. Use porous plasters for a weak back."

They told him not to worry,
Nor sit up late and cram,
Nor feel a sense of hurry,
In taking his exam.

So he did not worry,
Nor sit up late and cram,
Nor feel a sense of worry,
But—he failed in his exam.

TO THE ALUMNI.

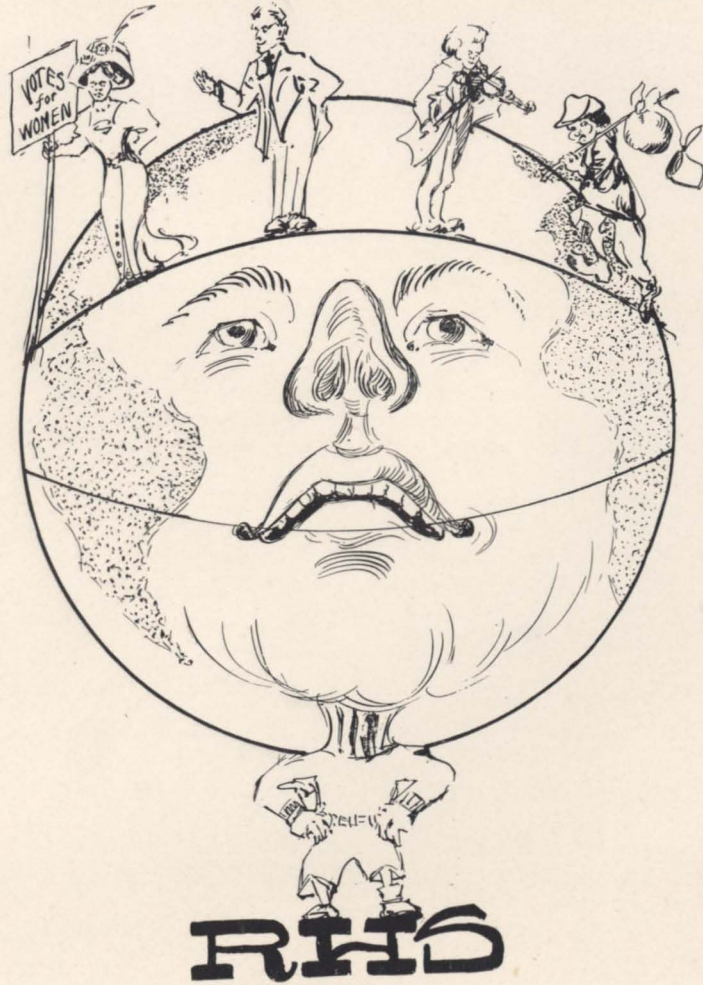
Here's to the loyal alumni,
Whose happy school-days are o'er,
Who have laughed and whispered and studied,
In days that have gone before.

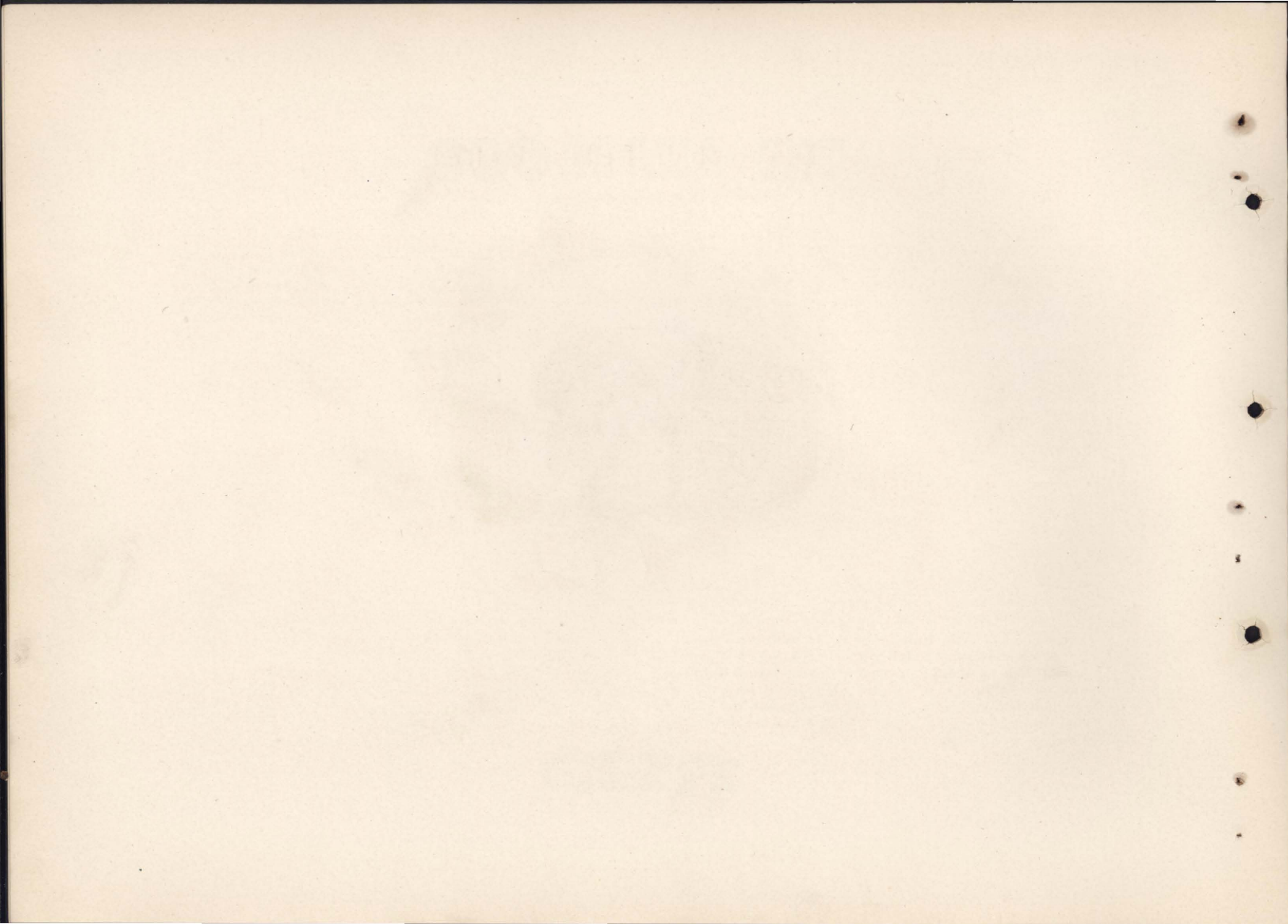
And though they now are scattered,
And have entered their callings for life,
They do not forget their High School,
In the midst of their labors and strife.

So let us toast the alumni,
With whom we soon shall unite,
And whose ranks we intend to strengthen
When we take up life's struggle and fight.

—Ethel B. Dietrich, '09.

THE ALUMNI





Dorothy Tells Ethel

Carl T. Schulte, '08.

"Hello, Ethel! is that you? This is Dot. Why, how funny your voice sounds. Has your daddy got his desk phone in? Bully! Now we can talk as long as Central lets us, without getting so awfully tired.

"Oh! are you going to-morrow night? With Ed? Gee,

She's the crabbiest teacher in High, and a close marker, too. Well, she flunked Ralph in English last semester, and he's dead sore about it. She's down on him, too. I know, because I'm in his class. Yes, you saw her when you were here that day. She's got the assembly last period in the



you're lucky! Yes, Ralph's going to take me. And I've got the bestest story to tell you about Ralph—happened in school to-day. You know what an awful cut-up Ralph is—and he's original, too—all the girls admit he's the most original fellow in school. Well, he certainly did an original stunt to-day, but Gee, it didn't finish as per intentions.

"You know what kind of teacher Miss Stanton is.

aft, and Ralph's got some new stunt cooked up for her every day.

"But to-day he was awfully mum for a few minutes, and I thought there wasn't going to be anything doing, and Miss Stanton did, too, and she looked mightily relieved, I can tell you.

"All at once, though, Ralph handed me a paper he'd been writing on—you know he sits in 13, and I'm right

across, in 35. Say, Eth, my eyes almost popped out when I read it. I don't remember just how it was worded, but it was something like this—real solemn: 'Know all people by this present, that I, Ralph Morsley, sophomore in West Division High, do solemnly affirm herein, that when the hands on the electric clock point to 3:15 P. M. I shall rise in my seat, and in a loud and distinct voice shall sing the chorus of that old and familiar song, "School Days." I shall continue to sing until compelled to stop by someone in authority.' And it said, 'You are kindly requested to join in the second chorus, and please pass this document most surreptitiously to your nearest neighbor.'

"Did he sing? Oh, wait till I get to that part, Eth. I handed it to Ed. Stang, and he almost yelled with joy, and said Ralph must be crazy. Pretty soon everybody was looking at Ralph and the clock, and Miss Stanton started to look at Ralph and the clock, too.

"And when it was thirteen after, what do you s'pose happened? No! Ralph wasn't going to start until 3:15.

"Listen! The Old Man came in. You know, he tiptoes into the A. R. sometimes and just looks around kind of mysterious-like, and then tiptoes out again, but the minute he got in, everybody giggled and looked at Ralph, and so he decided to stay and see what was up.

"Ralph didn't seem to mind him, though, and when the clock clicked—you know, it always makes a funny noise just at 3:15—then Ralph got up, and we all held our breath.

"Sure he did! He started to sing 'School Days,' and Miss Stanton got pale, and the Old Man got red in the face, but he didn't say a word. He just walked over to the desk and whispered something to Miss Stanton, and then he turned around and listened to Ralph. We all laughed, but Ralph finished the chorus, and then he just stood there and looked 'scairt.' And then the Old Man said: 'Mr. Morsley, isn't this proceeding a little unusual?' And then he waited a minute, and Ralph got redder and

redder, and then the Old Man said, 'Mr. Morsley, can you typewrite?' And Ralph nodded yes, and the Old Man said, 'Well, you may spend an hour every afternoon, after 3:30, in Mr. Sawyer's room typewriting single copies of the chorus of "School Days," without the use of carbon paper.' And then he said, 'When you have finished four



hundred and fifty copies, you may report to me, and I will call a mass-meeting some afternoon, and we'll all sing "School Days" under your able leadership.' Did we? We just simply howled! And after school I peeked into Mr.

Sawyer's room, and there Ralph was, banging away at the typewriter. No, he didn't see me.

"Yes, we're almost through, Central, just a minute, please. Say, we've got to stop, Eth, or she'll cut us off.

You can kid Ralph awfully to-morrow night. Yes, call me up at noon. Yes, my pink, with white slippers. Yes, we're almost through, Central. All right, Eth. Good-bye."



Pipe Dreams

John D. Roberts, '07.

When the stars shine out so bright
And proclaim that it is night,
Then I'm lost in silent contemplation
Fairest girl in all creation,
And my heart begins to pine
For that old black pipe of mine—

Knowing, as I do,
That its well-filled brier bowl
Will imprint upon my soul
Visions fair of you.

Thus I sit at close of day,
Puffing quietly away,
And the fact that I can smoke
Keeps my heart from getting broke.
It's no wonder that I pine
For that old black pipe of mine,

Knowing, as I do,
That its well-filled brier bowl
Will imprint upon my soul
Visions fair of you.



As the smoke it upward whirls,
Forming twists and forming curls,
With a smoker's well-placed guile
I can conjure up your smile;
And my heart will ever pine
For that old black pipe of mine,

Knowing, as I do,
That its well-filled brier bowl
Will imprint upon my soul
Visions fair of you.

With tobacco and with brier,
With love's ever-burning fire,
Through the distance far and wide
I can bring you to my side.
Is it strange my heart doth pine
For that old black pipe of mine,

Knowing, as I do,
That its well-filled brier bowl
Will imprint upon my soul
Visions fair of you?

The Punchbowl

Anna I. Sinnen, R. H. S. '07; U. of W. '11.

There are punchbowls and punchbowls. Some are large, some small; some are taxed as personal property, and some are merely rented. But to the students of this school, there is but one—the punch bowl; for although it is no longer visible, its fame has outlived it.

Two years ago it was last seen. The day of its disappearance was a most notable event. The occasion vies with the Signing of the Declaration of Independence and Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo for the first place in my memory. The occasion was indeed pathetic. A group of students were standing at the brink of a narrow grave. At its head stood a youth, especially distinguished by the thoughtfulness of his brow. In his hand he held the fated dish.

The ceremonies began. Silently, one by one, a few chosen individuals came forward and delivered their eulogies. Neither Pagan nor Christian was slighted. One of the noble preceptors, long and intimately acquainted with ancient history, shed a profuse number of Christian tears. According to the custom of our less civilized ancestors, several things such as red tape and class spirit, which had accompanied this punchbowl throughout its career, were buried with it in order that it might not feel deserted in its new existence.

Then the last step was taken. At the first click of the hammer and the first crack of the glass, strange signs were observed. The sun hid its face behind a cloud, and

the waves, far below, dashed against the breakers with a reverberating roar.

At last it was finished, and all rejoiced. The sun reappeared and the waves caressed the shore, while the well-known devotee of the typewriter performed the latest orang-outang barn dance.

But all was not over. The Goddess of Narrowmindedness spoke through her followers in the Alumni. Torrents of abuse were heaped upon the Class of 1907. But with the firmness of men fighting for the right, this body repelled all attacks. Soon all the alumni heard was the echo of their own voices. They appealed to the sacredness of tradition and established custom. But no one believed them, for all knew the story of the punch bowl. Children had heard how this punchbowl, when first rented, had been so cracked that the class had to purchase it. Then, from want of anything better to do with it, this ancient class passed it on to its successors. So the custom was started, and all sensible men felt that it ought to end. Hence the efforts of the alumni proved all in vain.

Thus it has been a long time since this punchbowl has been brought to mind. But no publication, no exercises, are complete without some mention of its fame. Perhaps in future years it will be placed in a museum between the first inkbottle and the original square of red flannel. Till then, may it rest in peace!

A Romance of Macaroni Avenue

Fred C. Scoville, R. H. S. '04; U. of W. '08.

(Received too late for the illustrators.)

Down past the track-woven flats, where the stubby switch engines snort night and day, where the clouds of black smoke settle grittily on walk and house; past the sluggish brown river with its fringe of lumber yards and coal docks; down in the marsh, outside the pale, lies "Little Italy." Here in the ramshackle one-story houses that squat in irregular lines along the sides of Macaroni Avenue (seldom, but correctly, called Grady Street), live the sons of Italy who work in the foundries and mills of Crompton. Here they come when first they land in the new country; here they return after a long sojourn in the construction gangs; and here, if they are fortunate enough to find a good job in the city, they settle and raise their families.

It is not a pleasant place in which to live, but the stocky black-haired boys seem contented enough, as they play in the rubbish that a kind-hearted but somewhat neglectful city dumps in the swamp that bounds their back yards. "Little Italy," you know, was once a railroad track through the swamp, until the railroad company found a shorter way to the mills, and vacated their right of way. Later a far-sighted Italian padrone, Michael Lasso by name, begged, borrowed or stole enough money to buy the deserted strip and fill it in. Then he induced his countrymen to live there, and became rich, nobody knows just how. Some say it was from his rents; others, that it was the political pull that he had secured through his complete control of the "Dago" votes.

Mike's domain is not an edifying place to contemplate, and still less pleasant to pass through at night. The

houses, dilapidated and unpainted, stand with their front doors opening directly upon the sidewalk (if there happens to be one), and their uncurtained windows stare the passer-by blankly in the face. The street itself, narrow, ratty and plentifully sprinkled with tin cans, is, during the spring rains, knee deep in a thick, yellow clay, which has been used as a filler. In winter it is a miniature mountain range. In the rear of the houses lie stagnant pools, alive with mosquitoes and frogs, and dotted here and there with mounds of rubbish (an "Italicized" version of the Thousand Isles.) In the spring, when the water is high, the boys build rafts and paddle out to the islets, where they are out of reach of the "cop," and also beyond throwing range of certain pugnacious Irish gangs from the "patch," who make life a burden to them.

Such, then, are the characteristics of the homes and surroundings of the "Dagoes." There is but one exception. At the east end of the avenue, directly facing the main and only thoroughfare, and marking the extreme end of the filling, is the center of power, the mainspring of this bit of Anglicized Italy, the Tammany Hall of the community, Mike Lasso's place. Unlike the major portion of these Italian villas, this combination of saloon, political club and lodging house, is built of brick, although it may be said that the brick is a very, very cheap grade, a great deal like petrified sponge. It is three stories high, forty feet wide, and indeterminately long, due to the addition in the rear of various patchwork structures (in the modern Italian style) for sleeping purposes. Its full capacity, four men to the room, is about one hundred and

fifty. This, of course, includes the addition, where in winter the men sleep "sixa da bunch," as they express it, for warmth.

Mike Lasso, the owner of this human ant-hill, and incidentally the "King of Little Italy," could generally be found, wrapped in a dirty white apron, and with a fringe of red flannel undershirt showing brightly, in the saloon which occupies the ground floor of his stronghold. Here, night and day, in the smoky, garlic-scented air, he dispensed liquid refreshments, collected bills, loaned money, and sometimes forcibly preserved the peace. This last was more of a pleasure than a duty, for although Mike was short, he had enormous strength, and his constantly increasing waist line seemed to detract little from his agility.

Besides that of attending to the merely sordid details of his material existence, Mike had, at the time the following incidents happened, a higher duty to perform, that of guarding his daughter Tullia. This took a great deal of his time and patience, for Tullia had many suitors, in addition to a will of her own, which, fortunately, she chose to exercise but infrequently. The watchful father must needs match himself single-handed against the cream of "Little Italy's" youth, and, when that young lady decided upon the man of her choice, against Tullia's determined will also. Together with this stubborn mind, which Tullia inherited from her father, Tullia had more than her share of good looks, which must have come from her mother, for Mike's countenance was far from prepossessing.

Her eyes were dark, with long, heavy eyelashes, her complexion a clear olive, and her features regular. Though her form could not by any stretch of the imagination be called sylph-like, for she was built on a generous scale, she was not ungraceful. Besides her bodily charms, she was a good housekeeper, and not a penny of the rents that she collected from Mike's roomers ever slipped through her fingers. Doubtless this valuable quality was quite as

important as his fatherly love in Mike's determination not to lose his daughter.

Up to the time of the arrival of Antonio Spieca and Guisepe Mazzini, everything had gone as Mike wished. Tullia's suitors had made no progress, owing both to the indifference of the girl herself, and the force of Mike's fist. But the arrival of these two, and the startling change in his daughter's manner, made the king uneasy. Both paid ardent suit to Tullia, but who it was that she loved, for her father decided that love must have been the cause of her changed manner, Mike could not guess. He was in a quandary, and could not decide upon a suitable course to follow.

Antonio, who was a well-proportioned, intelligent youth of twenty-three, had attended night school, and by hard work had gained for himself the leadership of a gang in one of the rolling mills. He was quiet and well-behaved most of the time, but his reserve was the quiet confidence of strength and not the timidity of incapacity, as the members of his gang could testify, after one experience in his method of quelling insubordinations.

Guisepe, on the other hand, was the exact opposite. Slender, with bold black eyes and a daredevil manner, he was well liked but not wholly trusted by his companions. Mike liked him because he brought much trade, and, when he had money, spent it with a free hand. No one knew how he managed to live, for he seldom worked. What he won at cards (he was a skillful player, some even said a skillful sharper) was spent immediately.

Both Antonio and Guisepe lived on the second floor of the lodging house. For four months each had been paying Tullia assiduous court, but no one, not even Mike himself, knew who was the lucky man. The father was, perhaps, the one most in the dark. On one occasion, while making a tour of inspection, in his stocking feet, after the saloon had been closed, he happened upon his daughter and some one conversing in low tones in a corner of the dark corridor. His rage was so great that he did not stop

to investigate, but threw the intruder bodily down the stairs. On another occasion, he interrupted a conversation between Tullia and a stranger, who, perched upon a rickety ladder, was excitedly urging upon her some course of action to which she objected. A vain attempt to hit the intruder with an alarm clock was all the satisfaction Mike could get, and his angry demands that Tullia reveal the name of her visitor resulted in nothing. Tullia evidently feared for her lover, and stubbornly refused to give his name. She knew her father's power, and that anyone who incurred his wrath could not stay long in the city.

Thus matters stood when Mike got his first "Black Hand" letter. He had never yet been threatened by any of these dread communications, and the first letter sent him into a cold sweat of fear. Not only did the senders demand a large sum of money, but in case it was refused, his life and also that of his daughter would be taken. The prospect of parting with a large part of his hard-earned wealth hurt, but the second threat had the greater effect, for, outside of his money, Tullia was the sole object of his affections.

About this time Antonio approached him in regard to Tullia's hand in marriage. Harassed by the continual fear for his daughter's safety, Mike rejoiced to find someone upon whom to vent his passions, and Antonio's request met with a violent and abusive refusal. All his efforts toward a peaceful understanding, even Tullia's tears, for she had found the one man in the world, were in vain. Mike ordered him from the house, and commanded that he see his daughter no more. Antonio, with compressed lips and angry eyes, was compelled to find a home elsewhere. He knew the futility of trying to marry and live in Compton in the face of Mike's opposition. He would probably lose his job, for the "King of Little Italy" had great influence, and even if he were fortunate enough to keep his position, none of his countrymen would work for him and incur the anger of so great a man as the owner of "Dago

town." So, swallowing his wrath as best he could, he bided his time and waited for fortune to change.

Regardless of the notice, and despite his fears, Mike allowed the day set for the payment of the money to pass. He redoubled his watch over Tullia, enlisted the help of the police, and even went so far as to forbid his daughter to leave the house. Then he received a second notice, even more threatening than the first. This he also disregarded. Upon his failure to heed the second demand, a sample of what he might expect was given him. Late one night, while returning from the city, two bullets whistled past his head. The next night, the flimsy structure at the back of his hotel was fired, and it was only through the greatest efforts that the entire building was not destroyed. The strain of the continual fear which was ever with him made his naturally violent temper still more tempestuous. Tullia's pleas found no soft spot in his heart, while the sight of Antonio, who, in some way, he connected with the Black Hand conspiracy, although he could find no proofs, drove him into a frenzy.

On the third night after the burning of his addition, Mike, after cleaning out the barroom, fell asleep in a chair, worn out with anxiety and watching. The room was almost dark, though a smoky kerosene lamp above the bar sent the shadows jumping from one corner to another. It was profoundly silent, except for the croaking of the frogs in the marsh, and the strident whistle of the switch engines across the river. About half-past one the door at the rear, which led to the rooms above, was softly opened, and a head peered cautiously through the opening. Slowly the door moved and at length the listener was seen. It was Tullia, who, seeing that the coast was clear, motioned silently to some one behind her. Then suddenly she started, and glanced trembling toward the street door. It had opened without a sound, and in the half-light, she saw three masked men enter noiselessly and move swiftly toward her father. Her first impulse was to cry out, but a

second thought stayed her. She stepped back and whispered excitedly to Antonio, who stood on the steps behind her, and who had seen nothing. He gasped in amazement at her whispered words, then, with a nod of understanding, slipped quickly upstairs, returning immediately with a short club.

Meanwhile the three intruders had hurled themselves upon the sleeping victim, and before Mike could move or cry out, he was bound and gagged securely. There he sat, his eyes blazing defiance, and his great muscles heaving spasmodically, as the leader of the robbers demanded in tense tones that he write the combination of the safe with the hand which they loosed for the purpose. On Mike's refusal, the leader produced an ugly-looking knife, and made a suggestive gesture. This brought the king to his senses, and with a scowling brow, he did as he had been ordered.

While the robbers were grouped expectantly about the safe, Antonio opened the door and, under cover of the bar, crept cautiously to the chair of the prisoner. The look of surprise on Mike's face changed to one of joy when he saw who the second visitor was. A few strokes of Antonio's knife severed the ropes, but in his haste Mike forgot to loosen the gag. Then the two crept softly toward the robbers, and before they could turn and defend themselves, one was struck senseless by Antonio's club, and the other gasped as Mike's fingers closed about his throat. The third, at the sound of his companion's fall, leaped

quickly to one side, and as Antonio turned from his disabled opponent, dealt him a crashing blow in the face with a pair of brass knuckles and sent him reeling backward, dazed and blinded with blood. Then, springing toward Mike, who was kneeling above his fallen antagonist, he kicked him savagely in the side and jerked him backward, while he reached for his knife. Mike, breathless and dizzy from the kick, wordless because of the gag, could only gurgle helplessly as he saw the knife descend. He managed to half-dodge, however, and the blow, instead of piercing his neck, glanced down his shoulder-blade. But before the robber could stab again, his feet were jerked from under him by Antonio, who had recovered sufficiently to crawl along the floor to Mike's defense.

The rest was comparatively easy, and in a few moments the three were securely bound, and Mike, with tears in his eyes, was holding Antonio's hand, while Tullia washed his bleeding face. Her presence of mind in waiting for a chance for her lover to help Mike had nearly resulted fatally, but Mike, in his joy at the safety of his life and his money, never stopped to consider that all might have been avoided had she screamed at the right time. Tullia herself thinks that the happy ending justified the risk.

One more surprise was in store for them that evening, for when the mask was removed from the face of one of the robbers, Guiseppe's method of earning a living was revealed. Mike fixed it so that he got the limit.





Hobo Jack

John D. Roberts, '07.

Suggested by Kipling's "Sons of Martha"

Not Martha's son,
But Mary's won
In life's perpetual race
The most exalted place.
Oh, Hobo Jack,
King of the track,
With his ugly mug,
And his pipe, and his plug,
And his droughty, care-free chum,
Is a very contented bum.

The banks may break,
Or the brokers take
Your stocks and bonds and gold;
It's Martha's son left in the cold,
Not Hobo Jack,
King of the track,
Who, with his ugly mug,
His corn-cob pipe, and plug,
His droughty, care-free chum,
Is a happy-go-lucky bum.

He counts the ties,
And, with his lies,
He gets his bread and butter,
While oft he's heard to mutter:

“I’m Hobo Jack,
King of the track,
And with my ugly mug,
My corn cob pipe, and plug,
Un’ my droughty, care-free chum,
I am a happy bum.
I never worry,
Nor hustle, nor hurry,

Just talk, un’ eat, un’ snooze;
For I’m Hobo Jack,
King of the track,
And with my ugly mug,
My corn-cob pipe, and plug,
Un’ my droughty, care-free chum,
I am a happy bum.”

College Days

Harold Harvey, R. H. S., '04; University of Wisconsin, '09.

Sing we a little song,
Song to a friend;
Time after parting’s long,
Long to the end.
Happy the days we’re here,
Here with a friend.
Hard is the parting, dear,
Dear, all shall end.
Sadness doth bring its joy,
Closer its friend;
Parting cannot annoy
Us at the end.

Truth should we always know,
Truth in a friend;
Parting would strike us low,
Falseness the end.
Bright is the love o’ old,
Cheery its friend;
True love is never cold,
Cold at the end.
Friends, let us sing a song,
Each to a friend.
Time after parting’s long,
When shall it end?

An Indian Legend

Mrs. Fanny S. Stone.

In the bright summer time, when the trees are full of pretty green leaves that flutter and dance with every passing breeze, many of the old Indian stories must not be told, for then the spirits of the leaves can listen and hear these legends, that are so dear to the old Indian's heart.

But when winter comes, with its blanket of snow, when the leaves have ceased their fluttering and have fallen to the ground, and the trees seem to be dead; then comes the time when the old Indian loves to draw up near the camp fire, to light his pipe, and with eager ears to listen and eager eyes to see—while the fire snaps and crackles, as its light throws his face sometimes in shadow and sometimes in strong relief, he tells, over and over again, the legends that have come to him from the lips of those who, in his childhood, sat in his place and told the tale.

I have never heard whether or not this little legend that I am going to tell you should be told in the Indian summer, but surely the spirits of the leaves must have heard it many times, for it is a favorite one with the Indians, and one that a bright starlight night is sure to suggest. You all know the constellation called the Pleiades—sometimes, but wrongly, the Little Dipper. The Indians tell this little story of its origin. Long, long ago, when the world was new, there were seven little Indian boys who were great friends. They were not very obedient boys, and when their mothers wanted them to work in the corn fields, they would run away down to a little mound to play with the Gatayusti stones. The game was to roll the stones and then to strike at them with a curved stick. One day, after being particularly disobedient, they collected all the Gatayusti stones they could find and, taking them home, dropped them quietly into the pot where their mothers were boiling the corn for dinner. Later, when the boys

came home hungry for their dinners, their mothers dipped out the stones, and said: "Since you like the Gatayusti better than the corn field, take these stones for your dinner." Of course the boys were not pleased at this turn of affairs, and when they met at the mound after dinner, they said, "Since our mothers treat us in this way, let us go where we shall never trouble them any more." Then began a dance—some say that it was the feather dance—they went round and round the mound, praying to the spirits to help them. As they danced they forgot their sorrows, and their hearts and heads grew lighter and lighter, until, with every round, they rose higher and higher into the air.

The mothers discovered them as they rose, but it was too late, for they were already out of reach, all but one, whose mother managed to pull him back with the Gatayusti stick. But he struck the ground with such force that he sank into it, and the earth closed over him. The others circled higher and higher until they reached the sky, where we see them now as the Pleiades, or The Boys, as the Indians call them. The mother of the boy who went into the ground came morning and evening to the spot, and wept until the earth was damp from her tears.

After a time, a tiny green shoot appeared there, and grew, day after day, until it became the tall tree that we now call the pine. And the pine is of the same nature as the stars, and holds within itself the same bright light, which fact is surely proved to us every Christmas time. Now when you look up at the Pleiades, if you notice that one little star is dimmer than the rest, you will, I am sure, recognize that one is the little boy whose mother pulled him back with the Gatayusti stick, and he shines now with only a reflected light.

On the Road to School

B. R. Bones, Jr., '08.

You seem a bit blue to-night, Myself. I know you are apt to, when you are all alone this way, and the wind is "whewing" around as it used to at home, when you were a little fellow, long, long—all of twelve long—years ago. However, let us think of something pleasant. Oh, you had rather be lonesome awhile, pity yourself, and enjoy it, but you can't this evening, for I am going to march you off on a good, long wandering. Will you go cross-lots to the lake with me, and visit Glen Doone and Clay Cliff, or will you follow the creek down to the river? Or should you like to go up Hickory Ridge to the Harp of Trees and T. B. Rock? Will you have it winter, or summer, and how old will you be? I'll tell you: We will follow the old way to school, on a winter day, and you shall be about twelve years old.

You are hurried downstairs in the morning, both by the cold of your room and by the scent of coffee and hot pancakes that somehow reaches you. After breakfast, you glance hopefully at the frost on the windows, and then feel crestfallen; for, though it was thick all over the upstairs panes, it is here little more than a low mountain ridge at the bottom of each pane; and that means that you will not get out of going to school to-day, on account of zero weather. Therefore, you hunt up your school-bag and your cap and muffler, scorning an overcoat, for just at your age it is very babyish to wear such a thing. Lou is putting up the dinner, and you hurry her a little, because you don't want to be late for school—though it is only eight o'clock, and there is not a mile to go; but really you do want to be in time to meet Bessie as she comes out of her house, down the main road. As you start off you propose a run to Lou; she accepts, and away you go down

the lane! It does not take long to get to the road; but, oh, dear! there is Bessie, almost up to the end of the long cedar hedge already, and going steadily on. You cannot hurry Lou, now, for she must not suspect that you care anything at all about walking with Bessie; and, besides, she has caught sight of little Tom stubbing manfully along down at the bridge, and wants to wait for him. You resign yourself; and then it occurs to you to wave the "Late" signal to Tom. So you stand behind Lou and swing your dinner pail vigorously round and round in a circle, giving the yodel call.

There, Bessie has heard it, too, for just as Tom comes up, puffing and smiling, she turns, and begins to swing the "plenty of time" signal, back and forth, pendulum-wise. Then she sits down in the shelter of a bunch of brown-leaved oak sprouts, and makes little birds-nests in the dry grass, until you come up with her. Four good-morning smiles shine out all at once, and you go on all together, to the hill. Here you are sheltered from the wind by the high banks on each side of the road, where it cuts through the hill; and so you stop and frolic around for awhile. Bessie picks the dry flower-sprays of little wild asters, and shows you how pretty are the tiny white stars left in place of each flower when the seeds fly away.

To scare her, you propose climbing the big maple on the north slope, and she says, "Mercy, no! You would freeze your hands, and let go, and fall. Come on to school, Lou." With that she dances off, backward or forward, for warmth, as the wind comes against her face, and you follow down the dusty yellow wheel track between the frozen ruts of the road, and go into the old schoolhouse behind her.



GRADUATES



Class of 1857.

Horatio G. Billings
William H. Myrick
Elizabeth S. Butterfield
Anna Byrne
Lucy A. Cather
Marion F. Clark
Antoinette J. Russell
Christia A. Sinclair
Angelina Wells
Julia G. Wheldon

Class of 1859.

Robert A. Campbell
Ernest W. Schwefel
George A. Stearns
Ellen May
Mary A. Manion
Julia F. Parsons
Alice D. Porter
Eliza H. Smith
Sophia D. Smith
Kate M. Tefft

Class of 1860.

William P. Burbeck
James J. Hinds
Albert H. Hoy
Frederick Ullman
Susan N. Jewett
Lucretia A. May
Eliza A. Secor
Clara B. Shepherd
Mary Jewett

Class of 1861.

Edward Burbeck
Charles Jewett
Joseph Lawton
John D. Morgan
Charles J. Shepherd
Winfield S. Tefft
Mary Knight
Mary J. Fratt
Hattie A. Smith
Mary E. Upham
Mary S. Whipple
Ellen L. Wright

Class of 1862.

Chas. H. Lee
Jerome O. Paddock
Evaline J. Bowers
Charlotte M. Janes
Fanny F. Janes
Carrie Needham
Isabella M. Scribner
Louise A. Weage

Class of 1864.

Charles E. Erskine
Sarah E. Beebe
Mary J. Hamilton
Martha C. Jewett
Nettie H. Kelley
Ellen A. Norton
Ada L. Thornton
Ellen M. White

Class of 1865.

Phoebe Lachner
Isabella Luchsinger
Elizabeth A. Thomas
Harriet C. Warner
Mary A. Sanborn

Class of 1867.

Sarah D. Hamilton
Jennie R. Hoy
Emma A. Kelley
Lora A. Smith
Fannie M. Thornton
Stella H. White
Kate M. Smith

Class of 1868.

Martha Filer
Nelne Graves
Fida Jewett
Mary A. Jones
William Northrup
Susan Payne
Myra Peck
Marilla Secor
Mary J. Thomas
Sarah Van Pelt

Class of 1870.

Nellie M. Hovey
Mary J. Jones
Carrie B. Kelley
Agnes J. Smith

Class of 1871.

John E. Davies
Sands M. Hart
William C. White
Stella S. Blake
Annie S. Cary
Albertine G. Fitch
Mary E. Houghton
Ella Humphrey

Class of 1872.

Julia H. Knight
Kate B. Weed
Kittie L. Murphy

Class of 1873.

Frank Malany
Albert S. Ritchie
Henry Rosenberg
Kate A. Evans
Emma J. Lewis
Kate E. Scanlan
Christina Corse

Class of 1874.

Eliza E. Evans
Lydia Hubachek
Kittie E. Murphy
Sarah A. Smith
Cora A. Kelley

Class of 1875.

Chas. D. Hart
Chas. J. Robertson
Emma Dana
Jessie Hendrie
Abbie E. Lane
Julia McEachron

Class of 1876.

Albert B. Augustine
George K. Dean
Michael Smollen
Kate E. Cary
Lizzie A. Coffey
Mamie Goldie

Class of 1877.

Robert Richard
Alice Braid
Etta Hagaman
Ida Jennings
Lizzie Jones
Annie Cheeves
Agnes Clancy
Natalie Pasquier
Abbie Ralyea
Emma Sage

Class of 1878.

Byron L. Davis
Edward P. DuFour
Ella S. Baldwin
Susie M. Elliot
Jennie Emerson

Ida F. Humphrey
Mary E. Lawton
Nellie J. Mann
Hattie M. Shaw
Carrie E. Sherman
Frankie M. Evans

Class of 1879.

Will C. Dow
William F. Fixen
Philo R. Hoy, Jr.
Arthur Pugh
Benjamin W. Shaw
Josie Bews
Jennie C. Briggs
Winifred E. Jones
Flora M. Lane
Lizzie G. Mason
Fannie B. Sage
Alexa M. Smith
Julia A. West

Class of 1880.

George A. Holborn
Frank Hubachek
Willis H. Lockwood
George R. West
Mae E. Carpenter
Emma J. Evans
Sophie M. Harmon
Belle Peck
Ida E. Peck
Amelia M. Prevost
Lizzie M. Richards
Lena Smollen
Annie Gorton

Class of 1881.

Louie A. Bauman
 Charles Brotherton
 Henry Connolly
 Florence J. Bailey
 Ella J. Carpenter
 Viola E. Cook
 Viola J. Fellows
 Kate A. Garvey
 Lizzie D. Lynch
 Jennie B. Mason
 Carrie E. Roberts
 Lizzie A. Rowlands
 Julia E. Evans

Class of 1882.

Anthony E. Anderson
 Edgar L. Colburn
 Walter S. Haven
 John D. Sullivan
 James R. Thompson
 Charles Wescott
 Edward L. Wratten
 Annie E. Bowker
 Nellie A. Brown
 Clara F. Davis
 Nellie E. Fahey
 Carrie L. Houghton
 Clara F. Hubachek
 Eliza A. Jones
 Jennie A. Jones
 Mary E. Lewis
 Hattie M. Lund
 Rose S. Pierce
 Maggie S. Roggenbau
 Winnie J. Williams
 Ella Evans

Class of 1883.

Henry D. Bates
 John Hendrie
 Will C. Holborn
 Edwin A. Tostevin
 Henry F. Tyrrell
 Louise H. Danielson
 Mattie B. Eager

Carrie B. Elkins
 Annie F. Fielding
 Florence I. George
 Katherine S. Kelly
 May L. Kent
 Cora B. Marcher
 J. Elizabeth Meachem
 Emilie T. Pasquier
 Tessie Rodgers
 Evelyn M. Shupe
 Anna E. Waterhouse
 Jessie E. Winship
 Agnes M. Worsley
 Maggie Jones

Class of 1884.

Christian Abrahamson
 Willis H. Hagaman
 Edward W. Rapps
 Elvin E. Scott
 Lottie H. Christianson
 Maggie L. Cornell
 Annie S. Drummond
 Sara Evans
 Ida A. Fuller
 Dessie Hughes
 Laura A. Jones
 Evelyn McNaughton
 Agnes Reed
 Mattie E. Rowan
 Kittie Evans

Class of 1885.

Francis P. Gillen
 Mary M. Buffham
 Ella Foreman
 Ada G. Johnson
 Eugenia Lockwood
 Mae H. Martin
 Rosalie Pollock
 Nellie I. Redfield
 Annie T. Simonson
 Mary A. Van Vliet

Class of 1886.

John K. Fish
 Lewis N. Peck
 Harry L. Pugh
 George E. Rogers
 James A. Rodigan
 Charles A. Wheat
 Caroline D. Elmendorf
 Alice M. Kranz
 Jennie A. Lobdell
 Ida B. Naylor
 Sara J. Rowlands
 Marietta B. Smith
 Carlisle L. Comstock

Class of 1887.

George L. Ainsworth
 Albert L. Anderson
 Fred C. Fish
 Harry M. Herzog
 F. Arthur Morey
 Peter B. Nelson
 Thomas H. Patterson
 William Smieding
 Gertrude E. Beemer
 Lydia F. Egli
 Louise E. Fish
 Kathryn L. Gilday
 Louise A. Goehner
 Eda L. Hoernel
 Kittie R. Packard
 Mary K. Peterson
 Annie M. Sullivan
 Bessie A. Whiteley

Class of 1888.

Arthur Guilbert
 George H. Lukes
 Joseph B. Lukes
 William C. Quarles
 Leora Anderson
 Lura A. Chadwick
 Isabella M. Crouch
 May L. Foley
 Anna Gunther

Jennie B. Manderson
 Barbara Mainland
 Elizabeth L. McGrath
 Emma Opdale
 Ella R. Owen
 Lillian A. Peck
 Emma R. Peterson
 Nellie Peterson
 Nellie A. Sheldon
 Della Hughes

Class of 1889.

Elmer E. Gittins
 John T. Gittings
 Alexander G. Hough
 Chas. M. James
 Warren W. Scott
 Fred W. Smith
 Samuel G. Wadmond
 John W. Workman
 Jennie M. Anderson
 Clara R. Baumann
 Mary M. Burgess
 Jessie Dorchester
 Mamie A. Fahey
 Ida A. Griffith
 Lizzie A. Hanley
 Margaret Jarvis
 Lillian E. Jones
 Laura A. Kaempfer
 Laura A. Manderson
 Edith V. Morey
 Ada Wood
 Grace B. Smith

Class of 1890.

Edward M. Evans
 Elbert B. Fish
 Otto F. Jonas
 Perley T. Van Ornum
 Peter J. Zimmers
 Ada R. Chadwick
 Frances B. Colbert
 M. Alice Madorey
 Carrie T. Morawetz
 Mary A. Muncie

Lizette Near
 Ella R. Tait
 Lucy D. Upchurch
 Hattie H. Van Vliet
 Mamie R. Fahey

Class of 1891.

William L. Bolton
 John H. Liegler
 Chas. W. Robinson
 Chas. M. Smith
 John Wiechers
 Cora B. Blandin
 Fannie Bradley
 Helen J. Callender
 Margaret Cary
 Jennie L. Fish
 Alice L. Foster
 Mary Emma Goehner
 Bertha B. Grissinger
 Lillian E. Hall
 Lillie C. Hanson
 Sadie J. Henson
 Scphy Tostenon
 Emma Williams
 Ina Eadus

Class of 1892.

E. Roy Burgess
 Eben Burroughs
 Martin J. Gillen
 Fred H. Rickeman
 Jessie M. Gibson
 Sadie Hood
 Lillian Jones
 Nellie L. Paddock
 Agatha C. Pauli
 Josie Van Ornum
 Alice Graves

Class of 1893.

William J. Drew
 Francis N. Felch

William T. Harvey
 Esek S. Nichols
 Alonzo J. Winnie
 Ida A. Anderson
 Lillian G. Bosustow
 Kate A. Cary
 E. Marie Crook
 Ellen M. Gallien
 Pauline Houghton
 Anna L. Jones
 Edith M. Leech
 Ida M. Madorey
 Mary A. Murphy
 Jessie C. Skewes
 Isabelle Wolf

Class of 1894.

Lambert L. Bassindale
 John A. Brown
 Forrest I. Charnley
 Hall J. Hardy
 Willard F. Harris
 Frank R. G. Harvey
 Albert E. Larsen
 Elbert E. Scott
 Frank R. Starbuck
 Harry R. Ticknor
 Halsten J. Thorkelson
 Albert Wolff
 William J. Zimmers
 Elizabeth A. Bagley
 Bertha M. Buckingham
 Catherine V. Fahey
 Genevieve B. Fahey
 Lucia A. Graves
 Ella A. Harden
 Mary E. Jones
 Ada R. Mainland
 H. Marie Newman
 Emma L. Oliver
 Nealie Paddock
 Florence Pritchard
 Lucy A. Smith
 Grace Trist
 Jeannette E. Williams

Class of 1895.

Frank L. Allen
 Frank B. Austin
 Angus R. Callender
 Frank L. Haven
 Arthur C. Lunn
 L. Welling Mills
 Charles N. Peterson
 Cora M. Chadwick
 Ida E. Diehl
 Jennie L. Diehl
 Kate E. Griffith
 Clara E. Hansen
 Nora A. Hanson
 Bessie A. Hood
 Edna E. Hood
 Mary M. James
 Hannah A. Johnson
 Ida Johnson
 Ida M. Jones
 Fannie Liegler
 Lulu M. Lunn
 Lizzie Miller
 Mary A. Murphy
 Annie Peat
 Katherine M. Rickeman
 Lillian A. P. Slauson
 Jessie U. Tait
 Bertha J. H. Thorkelson
 Grace J. Williams

Class of 1896.

George C. Asby
 Benjamin W. Chadwick
 Franklin O. Chadwick
 Clifton A. Cooper
 Charles A. Crane
 Carlisle V. Hibbard
 William A. Lunn
 Peter J. Meyers
 Clarence L. Nelson
 William P. Pultz
 Eugene S. Tradewell
 Francis A. Vallee
 Louis C. Wadmond
 Elon A. Williams

Hilda D. Anderson
 Inez E. Cornwell
 Edna H. Covert
 Camille M. Craig
 Suzette S. Decker
 Laura E. DuFour
 Gertrude J. Foster
 Lora L. Holmes
 Viola M. Hoyle
 Jeannette L. Jones
 Hazel B. Kelley
 Helen L. Kelley
 Laura A. Kennedy
 Christie S. Mainland
 Nellie K. Mohr
 Thorina O. Mortenson
 Gertrude M. Murphy
 Grace Poland
 Isabelle Reed
 Minnie P. Rickeman
 Lillian D. Whiteley

Class of 1897.

Edward F. Freeman
 Edward J. Harvey
 Fred J. Hayman
 Charles S. Johnson
 Archer G. Langlois
 Carl E. Nelson
 William H. Orme
 James R. Peat
 Fred E. Platz
 Andrea G. Pultz
 Erroll G. Rowlands
 Willis J. Slauson
 William L. Thorkelson
 Fred W. Trumbull
 Erville B. Woods
 Grace L. Baker
 Eva M. Blinberry
 Helen L. Blythe
 Jessie M. Bowen
 Cecilia A. Colbert
 Rose S. Craig
 Verna B. Graham
 Margaret S. Kincaid

Lydia B. Malone
 Ella D. Morris
 Ruth A. Perham
 Sadie E. Reed
 Edith W. Rowlands
 Emily C. Secor
 Nellie L. Sewell
 Gertrude A. Speer
 Ida M. Tillitson
 Jennie Williams

Class of 1898.

Dwight E. Beebe
 D. Eugene Callender
 George G. Davies
 Alvin H. Doe
 Edward E. Erni
 Chas. W. Field
 Ward R. Gittings
 William Harter
 Jay W. Hutchinson
 Frank H. Marlott
 Irving G. Mills
 Frank E. Murphy
 Sidney Olson
 George Perham
 Edgar Pope
 Frank W. Pope
 Emery L. Rann
 Joe S. Ravaret
 William B. Richards
 Albert Rierson
 Percy E. Schroeder
 Warren H. Walker
 Willard T. Walker
 Walter A. Wood
 M. Alice Brown
 Alice B. Davis
 Frankie E. Gibson
 Florence N. Graham
 Edith M. Hand
 Jeannette Harcus
 Jessie M. Harding
 May B. Keiser
 Mariette Knight
 Anna J. Miller

Maglona Morris
 Nellie J. Needham
 Helen L. Ozias
 Anna C. Palica
 Mattie Pritchard
 Hattie Schmidt
 Anna M. Thompson
 Edna A. Williams

Class of 1899.

Edward Beffel
 George Dean
 Charles A. Hanson
 Herbert D. Jones
 George Klinkert
 Gilbert F. McNitt, Jr.
 Lemuel F. Owen
 Charles H. Schneider
 John Pugh, Jr.
 James C. Smale
 Lyell T. Smith
 Alvin Thompson
 Stuart E. Washburn
 Maurice Williamson
 Agnes W. Adams
 Julia M. Anderson
 Katherine H. Bones
 Maud H. Boyd
 Catherine Brearly
 Effa M. Chadwick
 Emma S. Christianson
 Frances M. Clancy
 Harriet A. Harvey
 Jennie M. Herzog
 Kate Hilt
 Ida E. Howe
 Georgeta U. Hurlbut
 May C. Jacobson
 Ella A. Klinkert
 Agnes A. McAvoy
 Olive B. Oliver
 Jessie M. Perham
 Marjorie E. Potts
 Elizabeth A. Rendall
 Mary V. Rowan
 Neitha Scheller

Frances A. Secor
 Etta G. Shaw
 Amelia Smieding
 Bertha L. Spence
 Emma C. Stoffel

Class of 1900.

Soren Anderson
 William J. Baggott
 Harold S. Bliss
 William E. Brown
 Frank A. Cooper
 Jesse E. Hayman
 Harry Hinchliffe
 James J. Kiddle, Jr.
 Frank G. Lopour
 Leonard W. Moody
 William L. Musilek
 Frank . Petura
 Hugo A. Rickeman
 Hugh G. Rowlands
 Herbert E. Secor
 Louis E. Shaw
 Francis N. Sigel
 Edward P. Stoffel
 Leslie P. Tradewell
 Arthur H. Williams
 Elizabeth B. Augustine
 Gladys A. Barker
 Barbara Beffel
 Louise E. Bolton
 Alice M. Brock
 Emma D. Christensen
 Elizabeth J. Clancy
 Clara L. Crouch
 Mabel Cooper
 Estelle Dean
 Sarah F. Duncombe
 Mary A. Egan
 Mabel R. Gibson
 Mary B. Goff
 Emily E. Graves
 Ethelwyn S. Grier
 Abbie P. Haylett
 Ida R. Hedke
 Mattie C. Hermes

Helen Janes
 Elizabeth W. Jones
 Henrietta A. Kilbourn
 Jeannette A. Lawrence
 Blanche H. Macek
 Leonie B. Mohr
 Kathleen S. Morris
 Lavinia J. Morris
 Sarah Morris
 Laura D. Mortenson
 Maude L. Naylor
 Mary Peterka
 Elizabeth F. Philbrook
 Cora H. Phillips
 Keoka Powell
 Carrie Rapps
 Ethel I. Redfield
 Eva Richards
 Elizabeth C. Ruetz
 Minnie A. Scheller
 Katharine S. Simmons
 Elizabeth C. Skow
 Cora Trist
 Miriam E. Washburn
 Minnie E. Wood
 Estella M. Woolfenden

Class of 1901.

Raymond Barker
 Anthony E. Buresh
 Edmond Christopherson
 Archie Davis
 Clarence T. Fairbanks
 Glenn C. Fancher
 Arthur M. Fellows
 Darrell O. Hibbard
 Otto Hueffner
 Francis R. Hunter
 Joseph R. Kosek
 Fred A. Lochner
 George J. McFarlane
 Joe Moritz
 Francis E. Richards
 Thornton L. Smith
 George A. S. Stratton
 C. Edward Thorkelson

David C. Washburn
 Will L. Williams
 Selina Anderson
 Grace L. Bassindale
 Ellen J. Corse
 Edith B. Clunie
 Ida Clunie
 Nellie C. Dumphy
 Elizabeth B. Evans
 Minnie B. Flannagan
 Guney J. Frank
 Lucia M. Gabriel
 Dagmar Hansen
 Elizabeth K. Harvey
 Lorraine Hass
 Marion L. Haylett
 Ellen M. Herrick
 Amanda Hoffman
 Dora V. Hollis
 Gertrude I. Howard
 Gertrude I. Howard
 Elsie M. Hulett
 Cassie E. Hyde
 Jessie C. Jensen
 Louise M. Jensen
 Amanda A. Johnson
 Ethel M. Jones
 Gretta M. Jones
 Mabel E. Jones
 Marie A. Lachat
 Alice Leach
 Jessie McKinney
 Hilda Nelson
 Florence J. Oleson
 Sadie I. Oliver
 Rosa M. Pope
 Thora Rasmussen
 Catharine L. Rowan
 Henrietta A. Schulz
 Florence P. Simms
 Mabel E. Skewes
 Lydia M. Sneeberger
 Ada J. Tilly
 Edith C. Wheeler
 Alma M. Wright

Class of 1902.

Benjamin F. Armstrong
 Arthur B. Clement
 Earl W. Dean
 William Glass
 Alfred W. Hanson
 John Harper
 John S. Hart
 John H. Hedke
 George B. Hess
 Frederick W. Hueffner
 Martin M. Hueffner
 George J. Jenista
 John D. Jones
 William T. Knight
 Milton J. Knoblock
 William R. Lewis
 Abe P. Morey
 Gustavus Mrkvicka
 Harvey S. Nelson
 George H. Potts
 Harry A. Weingartner
 Clarence Wright
 Eva Anderson
 Esther A. Barnes
 Clara E. Bell
 Milly C. Brady
 Mamie Christenson
 Bertha Clement
 Anna D. Devine
 Eva B. Doolin
 Cora Eisendrath
 Helen Eisendrath
 Mary E. Fratt
 Eva S. Greeley
 Dorothy B. Guthrie
 Mattie Hansen
 Edith E. Herzog
 Gertrude H. Hunter
 Leila Janes
 Edith Ketchum
 Mamie G. Kiddle
 Jeannette A. Klinkert
 Eva G. Lewis
 Mamie E. Lunn
 Louise R. Mickna

Zaidee Philbrook
 Katherine Pugh
 Mabel Rowlands
 Leila Scanlon
 Helen M. Schulz
 Helen C. Shepard
 Abbie M. Sieger
 Mary A. Stearns
 Mattie E. Ticknor
 Edna J. Thronson
 Edith F. Woolfenden

Class of 1903.

Adolph Anderson
 Oscar Christianson
 Millard Edmonds
 Joseph Gallagher
 Edward Hegeman
 Adolph Janecky
 Merritt Ketchum
 John Larson
 Joseph Mickna
 Chris. Mortenson
 Arthur Schroeder
 Henry Swenson
 Roland Williams
 Bessie Bagnall
 Helen Baltes
 Ethel Budd
 Anna Clancy
 Edith Driver
 Edna R. Dunn
 Edith Easson
 Cora Fancher
 Bessie Flett
 Nellie Frank
 Esther Haagensen
 Helen Harris
 Sarah Jelliffe
 Kate Jensen
 Agnes Johnson
 Rose Johnson
 Minnie Kerner
 Minnie Lathrop
 Mabel Ledwick

Mabel Lyon
 Florence Morris
 Eugenia Nelson
 Mabel Piggins
 Nellie Pugh
 Marie Smith
 Lulu Trull
 Hazel Williams

Class of 1904.

Guy A. Benson
 Burnette O. Bishop
 Paul V. Brown
 William M. Brose
 Jeremiah J. Foley
 Theo. C. Grier
 Harold V. Harvey
 Wm. W. Hutchinson, Jr.
 William G. Hyde
 James M. Johnson
 Matthew E. Keefe
 Gustav E. Kildsig
 James Murphy
 Thomas M. Orme
 J. Bernhard Rohan
 Frank John Rowan
 Frederick C. Scoville
 William E. Thompson
 William H. Weber
 James B. Williams
 Luella Christopherson
 Jessamine M. Driver
 Irene May Dunn
 Mary Ada Gibbons
 Grace Elliott Harcus
 Helen Kathryn Hunter
 Anna Agnes Kosek
 Gertrude B. Miller
 Mary M. Mortenson
 Olga Marie Nelson
 Carrie J. Peterson
 Genevieve I. Ratcliffe
 Anne Rubringer
 Florence T. Scheller
 Zettie Ethel Sieb

Frances Jane Smith
 R. Grace Spence
 Elizabeth A. Williams

Class of 1905.

Henry C. Anderson
 Harry J. Dean
 Clarence A. Hibbard
 Robert T. Josephson
 George Carlyle Morris
 Louis F. Pope
 William H. Reukauf
 Louis Warner
 Edna Abrahamson
 Catharine Albert
 Olive Marie Bassindale
 Lucy J. Beach
 Clare E. Bernetski
 Edna Billings
 Myrtle M. Blanchard
 Verna Blish
 Isabella M. Carney
 Edith C. Chandler
 Helen Cheesman
 Margaret T. Colbert
 Lulu J. Epstein
 Elizabeth Hansen
 Nina O. Hanson
 Hilda M. Hennessey
 Ethel M. Henson
 Mabel Cary Judd
 Lillian Kearney
 Viola G. Knudson
 Evangeline E. Lewis
 Louise B. Lyon
 Nellie M. Monroe
 Laura A. Moody
 Olga T. Nelson
 Irene A. C. Powers
 Elizabeth B. Owen
 Lucilla W. Philbrook
 Laura Sears
 Arletta Edna Simmons
 Margaret Williams

Class of 1906.

Joseph Dembowsky
 George J. Hegeman
 Horace Jonas
 Thomas M. Kearney, Jr.
 Harvey W. Knopke
 Victor N. Liljegren
 Artur F. W. Platz
 Griffith Richards, Jr.
 Bert Shenkenberg
 Chester C. Shepard
 Ray Ervin Wilson
 Violet E. Beyer
 Gertrude Brinkman
 Mary C. Clancy
 Harold Bickel
 Roy Marks
 Adelaide Colbert
 Agnes V. Dorchester
 Julia Flett
 Sadie Gibbons
 E. Estella Hennessey
 Lyle L. Abrahamson
 Lillian M. Hilt
 Edna L. Jenks
 Florence M. Johnson
 Cora M. Manaton
 Catharine McNamara
 Ella H. Meinzer
 Luella A. Mohr
 Phoebe Nau
 Clara E. Oliver
 Amanda Olson
 Esther Powers
 Ruth Margaret Reid
 Anna Richards
 Pearl I. Riley
 Bessie M. Roberts
 Lillian O. Schneider
 Gertrude J. Shaw
 Isabel Shaw
 Dessie Wishau
 Minnie C. Christianson

Class of 1907.

Charles Anderson
 Daniel E. Cain

Russell H. Clunie
Edmund R. Collins
John R. Davies
George N. Ellefson
J. Robbins Foster
Daniel D. Foxwell
Roy Hauch
Royal Klofanda
Leroy Leonard
Frank Madson
William L. McKillop
Walton H. Miller
Harold H. Morris
Alexander J. Mueller
Siguard C. Pierson
John D. Roberts
Erwin Schacht
Percival L. Williams
Walter Williamson
Harrison Wishau

Stella N. Blake
Elsie M. Bushell
Alda G. Christenson
Bertha Christenson
Ruth H. Davies
Gertrude Driver
Edna F. Gillen
Sadie A. Griffith
Edith H. Hansen
Jenny Hansen
Lillie A. Johnson
Susan M. Jones
Ariel Edna Killian
Ethel J. Logan
Mabel Cecilia Murray
Bessie C. Nevin
Mary Malvina Norton
Amanda J. Peterson
Hazel M. Schmidt
Frances B. Scoville

Anna I. Sinnen
Emily I. Sinnen
Fredreka Springhorn
Eva Stearns
Mae I. Stearns
Alma M. Wiechers
Bessie Ellen Walker
Gertrude G. Walker
Florence M. Wheeler

Class of 1908.

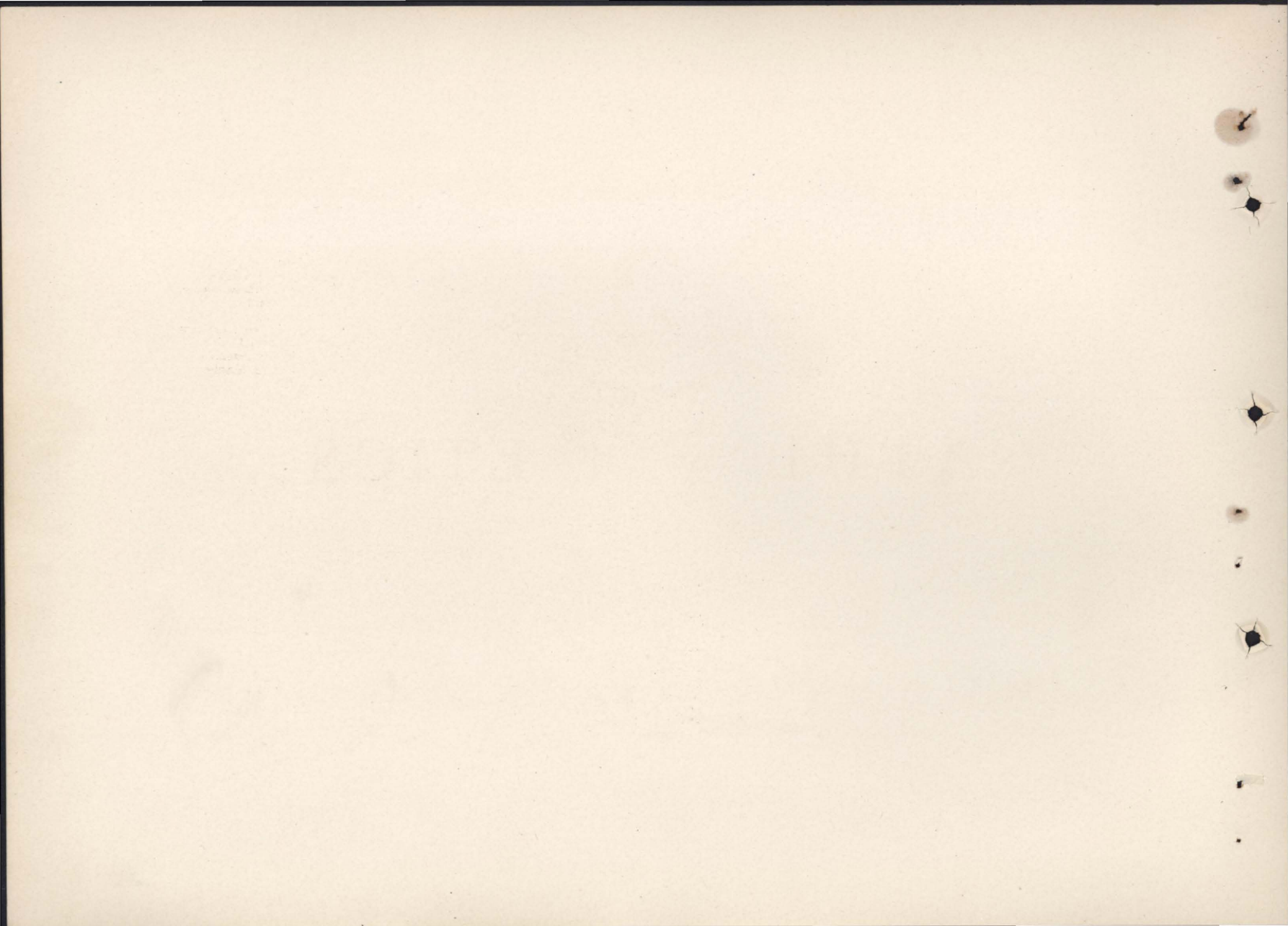
Ben R. Bones
John Costello
Aubrey Foster
Frank Hilt
Holger Jacobson
Peter Kolinsky
Robert Larson

Robert Miller
Will Miller
Laurence Mortenson
Ernest Mrkvicka
Raymond Piper
Carl T. Schulte
Irving Smith
Irene Bain
Elizabeth Bickel
Annie Cahoon
Annie Cibilius
Mary Cooney
Florence Davies
Julia Dearsley
Annette Driver
Mary Duffy
Ina Evans
Edith Fellows
Julia Frederickson
Dora French

Emily George
Virginia George
Verna Gillen
Cecelia Gilday
Amanda Glasbrenner
Vera Hahn
Florence Halverson
Olga Hansen
Clara Hanson
Mayme Haidle
Charlotte Hindermann
Blanche Jagers
Olive Johnson
Esther Kauffung
Catherine Light
Laura McConney
Alice McQuillan
Isabelle Mertle
Celia Murphy
Helen Nash

Katherine Owen
Margaret Piper
Olga Piper
Eleanor Pope
Freda Proehl
Avrina Pugh
Hazel Pulford
Grace Ramsey
Bertha Revkin
Medora Roskilly
Cecelia Schlosser
Pauline Sinnen
Bessie Smith
Margaret Stearns
Mabel Stuebe
Elora Swenson
Jessie Wagner





ATHL



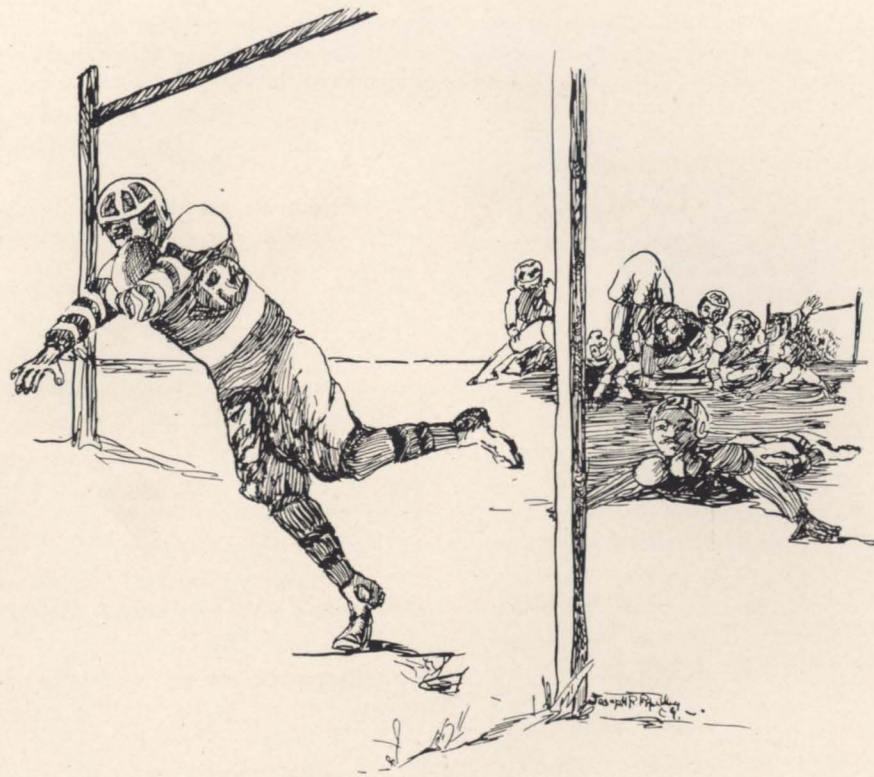
ETICS

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President.....Bernard Gabriel
Vice-President.....Marcia Coleman
Secretary and Treasurer.....Fred Maxted

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President.....Romaine Miller
Vice-President.....Mae Christensen
Secretary and Treasurer.....Florence Olson



A Review of the Football Season of 1908

The football season of 1908 marks one of the most successful periods in the athletic career of the Racine High School. At the beginning of the season things looked rather unfavorable for turning out a winning team. This was due, no doubt, to the fact that we had no coach, except Mr. Davis, who was too busy to give us much of his time. As the season advanced, however, we managed to secure the services of Mr. James Williams, the Swarthmore athlete. With his help, together with that of Mr. Davis, the team improved rapidly. Numerous changes were made in the lineup, and by September 26, the team looked strong and fit for the opening game.

Upon this date we met the crack Monarch team of this city, and, although they outclassed us in weight, we surpassed them in skill. The score:

R. H. S., 11; Monarchs, 0.

On the following Saturday we played the E. D. H. S. of Milwaukee. Although we met with defeat, the game was beneficial to us in the end, for it showed us exactly where we were weak, and made us work all the harder for the following game. The score was:

R. H. S., 6; E. D. H. S., 18.

On Oct. 10, we played the N. D. H. S. and completely walked away with them, the final score being:

R. H. S., 18; N. D. H. S., 0.

The following Saturday we journeyed to Milwaukee, where we played the strong W. D. H. S. team. They played us to a standstill, but, encouraged by our rooters, we finally overcame them, the score being:

R. H. S., 10; W. D. H. S., 5.

On October 24, we journeyed to Waukesha, to play

the High School there. It had rained all day long, and the field was in no condition to be played on. However, after much talk, the game began and, sad to relate, our boys were defeated by the score of 11 to 0.

The next Saturday, however, we made up for this defeat by whipping the Lake Geneva H. S. to the tune of 27 to 5.

On November 7, we again played Waukesha, and showed them what we could do by defeating them decisively. The score was:

R. H. S., 13; Waukesha H. S., 0.

On November 14, we played the Northwestern Military Academy, and, amid a blinding snowstorm, we showed the soldiers what football is really like. Score:

R. H. S., 11; N. W. M. A., 4.

The following Saturday we played the Delavan Deaf Mutes for the championship of Southern Wisconsin. The game was a fierce struggle from beginning to end. Score:

R. H. S., 11; D. D. M., 5.

On Thanksgiving Day, we played the last of our scheduled games with the Racine College. Score:

R. H. S., 5; R. C., 4.

On the following Saturday, we played the Alumni, whom we beat easily. Score:

R. H. S., 11; Alumni, 5.

Thus closed the football season. Out of the eleven games played, we lost but two. Therefore, you will agree with me in saying that the players should be honored, one and all, for placing the R. H. S. team among the best in the state.



"CAST YOUR
OPTICS ON
..... MUH"

C.J.P.



The Team

Captain Maxted.

The quarterback of might and main,
The boy who always used his brain,
And passed the ball with skill and grace
Exactly to the proper place.

Byron Blake.

Our tackle, whom the boys call "By,"
The one who used to make things fly,
Whene'er they let him in the game;
For which he fought with but one aim.

John Davies.

Jack Davies played a mighty guard,
In fact, he was, indeed, the card
To help the boys upon the line,
Who broke through almost every time.

Rudyard Goodland.

Goodland was our center man,
And he did things that few boys can
In blocking plays, with paths to clear
He was quite truly without fear.

John Fall.

The guard upon the other side,
Who played until he almost died,
No matter if his nose was broken;
I'm sure that he deserves a token.

Henry Ellefson.

The tackle who has played his last,
For from this school he will have passed
Before another game we play.
So here's to "Hank." Oh, might he stay!

Stanley Hood.

He made the team of Freshmen bold,
And held his own, so I've been told.
In playing end, he was "the candy";
In other words, a perfect dandy.

Harold Ingalls.

Ingalls was the boy at full,
Who'd hit the line like any bull;
The punting that he did was great.
In truth, he really had no mate.

Elliott Hopkins.

He's the one the boys call Hop,
Who'd run—then spin 'round like a top;
He'd never stop to find a hole—
He'd simply dive, then roll and roll.

Harold Bain.

The other half, we called him Pat,
And he was quick as any cat
In grabbing punts and running low;
Gee whiz! but how he used to go!

George Barr.

In center—well, we had a “sub,”
and he was far from any “dub”;
He played the game with all his might;
For our side he would always fight.

“Don” Ramsey.

The little sub half was the boy
Who’d give his life up with great joy,
If need be, for our side to win;
And he was far from a has-been.

John French.

The right end, whom you all know well,
In fact, I really hate to tell
That he is coming back next fall;
So now I guess that this is all.

—John French, '10.

THE GAME WITH RACINE COLLEGE.

It was the last football game of the season of 1908, the season in which the R. H. S. team had won the championship of Southern Wisconsin. On Thanksgiving Day, our team was to play the first Racine College team for the championship of the city.

It was a poor day for a fast game; the gridiron was wet and slippery from the heavy rain of the preceding day, and a high, raw west wind was blowing.

The game was called at half-past ten. We won the toss, and "Ox" Healy, the giant College guard, kicked off. Hood received the ball, but advanced it a scant ten yards before he was downed. Our team advanced the ball to about the thirty-yard line, where someone fumbled, and a College man fell on the ball. The College team's first rush carried the ball into the middle of the field, thus making it easy for "Toughy" Crane, the snappy College quarterback, to drop-kick a goal, and in less than three minutes' play the score stood 4 to 0 in favor of the College.

Our men went to their positions with set faces, which showed determination to tie the score, but, try as they might, the score still stood 4 to 0 at the end of the first half. Fate seemed to be against our team that day; everything went wrong. The backs did not seem to be able to hold the ball. Time and again, at a critical moment, they fumbled. They couldn't catch "Ox" Healy's long punts. Even French and Hood fumbled the forward passes, and at the end of the first half, things looked pretty blue for our chances of winning.

The second half was a battle royal, but our team was not to be vanquished. Time and again Blake burst through the line and stopped end runs, almost before they had started. Crane's second attempt to drop-kick a goal was blocked, and Ingalls, our fullback, by three successive punts, which were skillfully gathered in by Ellefson, advanced the ball to the College twenty yard line. Here, by several terrific attacks, the ball was advanced to the one-yard line, and Ingalls was pushed over the line for a goal.

The referee forgot to blow his whistle on hearing Ingalls call "Down!" After all the men had piled off, a College player pushed the ball back over the line, and, through the referee's error, our team was again forced to put the ball over. Bain failed to kick goal, but the score stood 5 to 4 in favor of the R. H. S., and so it remained until the end of the most exciting game of the season.

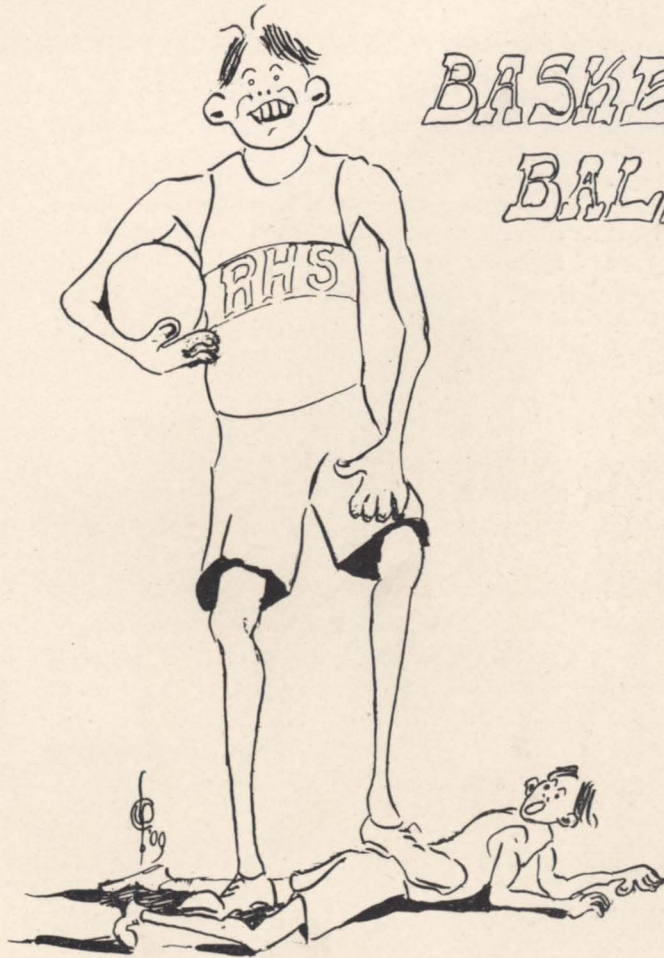
—Leland Augustine, '09.





THE BASKETBALL SEASON OF '09.

BASKET BALL.



Glancing back over this year's basketball season, we realize that our team has succeeded in pulling out of that low tide through which, at some time, every school carrying on athletics must pass. The team of this year, although outweighed by nearly every opposing team, played a fast and scientific game. The style was on the order of that of the team of '04, which won the state championship. The color of the basketball suits, this year, was changed from black and orange, back to the old R. H. S. colors—red and purple—colors dear to the heart of every student and every member of the alumni of our school.

On January 1, the grand old yell, "Rah! Rah! Rah! Racine!" filled the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, when our boys met the alumni team in the opening game of the season. The game was fast, and marked by brilliant work on the part of our forwards. The score was 27 to 10 in our favor.

The next game was played with the Kenosha College of Commerce, on January 3. This game resulted in another victory for our team, the score being 35 to 7.

On January 5, the team went to Elkhorn, with high hopes of winning, but it was defeated by a score of 45 to 18. After this game even we acknowledged that Dame Fortune is a fickle mistress.

On February 2, we met Kenosha High School on our own floor. Although weakened by the loss of our star forward, Bain, we succeeded in defeating Kenosha by the overwhelming score of 46 to 18. By this time the enthusiasm of the school had been thoroughly aroused. When, on February 14, we met Waukesha, the students turned out three hundred strong, with pennants, horns and voices. The game was distinguished by the alertness and quickness of the players, and at no period of the game could the winner be chosen. The first half ended with a score of 16 to 8 in favor of Waukesha. But when the whistle blew

for the beginning of the second half, our boys went into the game with a determination to win, and after a few minutes, they had tied the score. The game ended by a score of 16 to 17 in favor of Waukesha.

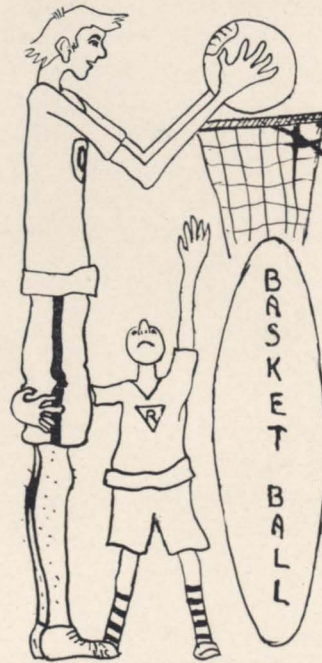
On February 26, our team journeyed to Waukesha, and there Dame Fortune began to smile; we won by a close score of 21 to 20. This game put Racine in a position to try for the championship of Southern Wisconsin. On March 2, a chance was given them. The game was played with Elkhorn High School. Before the game there was great doubt among the spectators as to which team would win. This uncertainty was not settled until near the close of the second half, when Elkhorn gained a lead,

due to the greater weight of her men. Elkhorn won, 25 to 11.

So ended the season of '08-'09. Although not a season of entire victory, nevertheless, it was one that any school might be proud of. The team succeeded in gaining the reputation of being the fastest and gamest team for its weight in the State of Wisconsin.

The lineup of our team varied throughout the year, owing to injuries. The team for the year was as follows:

Boyd, center; Hanson, sub-center; Bain, left forward; Lovequest, right forward; Wagner, sub-forward; Petersen, right guard; Maxted (captain), left guard; Smith, left guard; Nevin, manager. Clarence Nevin, '09.



THE TRACK MEET AT LAKE FOREST.

On May 8, the R. H. S. track team journeyed to Lake Forest, to compete in the Interscholastic Meet, which was being held there. The team was composed of nine athletes: Wilson, Bain, Hood, Campbell, Wagner, Price, Herzog, Blake, and French.

We left Racine on the new electric line, at noon, and arrived at Lake Forest about two hours later. One of the Lake Forest students met us at the depot, and conducted us to their gymnasium. Arriving there, we checked our suit-cases and went out to look over the track. Finding it in good condition, we returned to the Gymnasium and dressed for the Meet.

Our boys were entered in the following events: French, Wilson, and Hood, in the hundred yard dash; Bain and Hood in the two hundred-twenty yard dash; Campbell in the half mile; Price and Herzog in the mile; Blake in the shot-put; French and Wagner in the high jump; Wilson and Hood in the broad jump.

The heats for the hundred yard dash were run off about three o'clock, and all of our boys were unfortunate enough to be penalized two yards apiece, for "trying to

beat the gun." This, of course, put them almost out of the running, French and Hood taking third place in their heats, and Wilson second place in his.

In the two hundred twenty yard dash, Bain and Hood failed to get a good start, and were unable to make up for the handicap. Bad luck seemed to be with us from start to finish.

In the mile and half-mile races, however, our luck seemed to change somewhat, as we carried off two second places. This was due to the great running of Price in the mile, and Campbell in the half-mile.

Blake was a close second in the shot-put, making a record of 38 feet and 6 inches.

Soon after this event, it began to rain, so the other events were called off.

Our total number of points was 9, but of the twelve high schools represented, we took fourth place. This, in my estimation, is a very creditable showing for the school, since it was our first meet of the year.

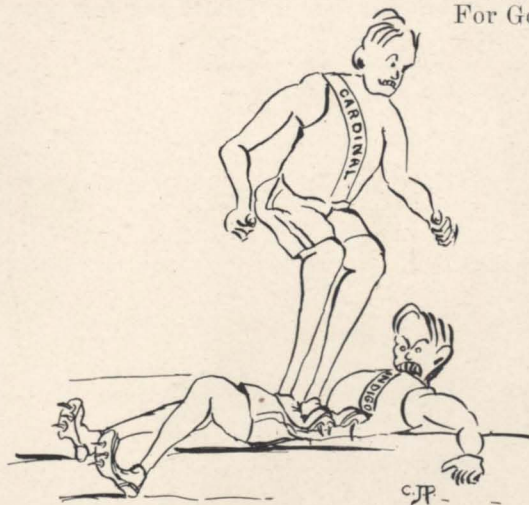
—John French, '10.



Cardinals vs. Indigoes

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of a battle fought in Racine last year,
A glorious page for your history,
Because of a Cardinal victory:
For the Indigoes lost:

Then Napoleon Goodland, a man of some strength,
With a classical face, and arms of great length,
Tried to be, like his namesake, a man of great force,
But he should have been named from some other
source,
For Goodland lost an arm;



O, how the men fought and bled for their flags;
And many a suit was torn into rags;
And many a hat was lost in the fray;
And many received a black eye that day;
For the Indigoes lost!

Lars Porsena French, an Indigo brave,
Endangered his life his flag for to save;
But the Cardinals conquered in the hard fight.
Though he fought in the battle with all his might.
Our French lost a leg!

Caruso John Fall, a Cardinal strong,
Tried to dispel them by singing a song;
But to stop this loud noise, all reached for his neck,
And when they let go, he looked like a wreck;
And Fall lost his mind.

E. Waterloo Augustine, a popular brunette,
To become a great hero he had his mind set;
So he jumped on big Wratten, a warrior bold,
And conquered him quickly with his famous toe-hold.
And Elmer was a Hero!

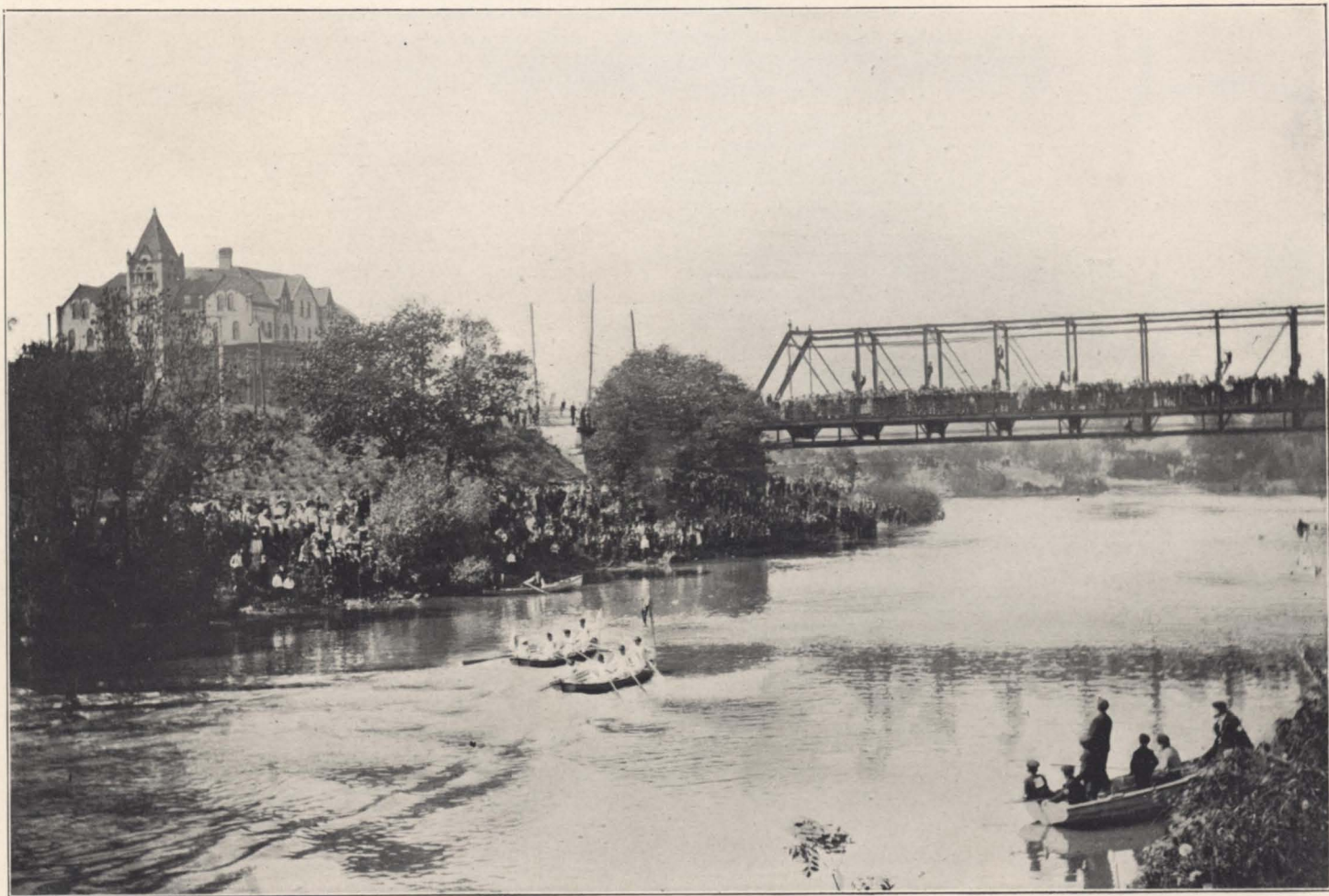
Horatius E. Cocles, with a brand new black hat,
Was knocked on the ground and used for a mat;
And when he arose from our dear Mother Earth,
What was left, ran home for all it was worth.
For E. C. lost his hat.

But disasters will happen, too sad to relate;
The wise sages say it is the work of dire fate;
And now, my dear children, because of this fight,
The Cardinals and Indigoes were put out of sight:
But he Indigoes LOST!

Then 'midst the tears of our Nation—Not Carrie—
The Cardinal and Indigo flags we did bury.
Since then our dear High School has not been the
same
In spirit, in fellowship, or even in name;
For, you see, we both lost!

—Joseph Clancy, '09.





Cardinal-Indigo Boat Race

Won by Indigoes Field Day '08. Root River Half Mile Course.

Indigo Crew—

Kolinski, No. 1;
Maxted, No. 2;
Davies, stroke;
Christenson, coxswain.

Cardinal Crew—

Campbell, No. 1;
Mortensen, No. 2;
Ingalls, stroke;
Pope, coxswain.



A Few Seniors in Mother Goose Rhymes

A stands for Anderson,
Of whom we have two;
Their cheeks are like roses,
Their eyes are of blue.

B stands for Bickel,
The boy of all time,
Who asked little Alice
For the loan of a dime.

C stands for Clancy,
The girl we all love,
Who's as happy as though
On her way up above.

D stands for Dietrich,
The friend of us all,
Who cheered like the "deuce"
For the boys last fall.

E stands for Erickson,
Who likes all the girls,
But he cares most for
One with long yellow curls.

F stands for Foxwell,
The magazine buyer,
Who thinks our friend Bickel's
A good-natured ——!

G stands for Graves,
Who is modest and meek,
Whom some day, no doubt,
A good husband will seek.

H stands for Hollister,
Who wears a green "lid,"
And laughs when he hears himself
Called a "cute kid."

I stands for Ingalls,
Our French fashion plate,
Whose clothes and demeanor
Are quite up to date.

J stands for Janes,
The student of art;
Her hair is the color
That gives all a start.

K stands for King,
The king of us all,
When it comes down to playing
The game called baseball.

L stands for Love,
Oh! glorious and sweet!
You can feel its own throb
From your head to your feet.

M stands for Marcher,
And Marguerite, too;
Always happy and gay,
With nothing to do.

N stands for Nevin,
The boys call him "Pat";
He worships his father's
Angora cat.

O stands for Olin,
A boy whom, they claim,
Loves a girl, by the way,
With two g's in her name.

P stands for Pederson,
A person O. K.
We all fondly worship
Her sweet little way.

Q stands for quiet,
From which, as you see,
Alice, and Flossy, and Rowlands
Are free.

R stands for Renner,
Who is not a crook;
But, against Wilbor's wishes,
She has a note book.

S stands for Shaw,
Who has beautiful hair,
The color of which
You may tell, if you dare!

T stands for Tears.
I see them, don't you?
They remind me of spring
With its small drops of dew.

U stands for Us,
The boys in Room 8,
Who are all kind and true
And win every debate.

V stands for Valor,
The motto of all
Who played on the team of this
High School last fall.

W stands for Walker,
Who sits over there,
The girls all admire
His fine wavy hair.

X stands for X,
As no rhyme can I make,
Or, rather, I won't,
For a certain one's sake.

Y stands for Years
That roll quickly by,
And before very long
We will heavenward fly (perhaps).

Z stands for Zero.
How cold, by this time,
It is in the room,
Since I started this rhyme!



COMING!

COLLOSSAL CIRCUS!!!

**A GRAND, THRILLING, THROBING
SPECTACLE OF MORE THAN ORIENTAL
SPLENDOR**

**A SUCCESSION OF SENSATIONS
A MILLION THRILLS TO THE MINUTE**

A FEW FEATURES OF THE BIG SHOW

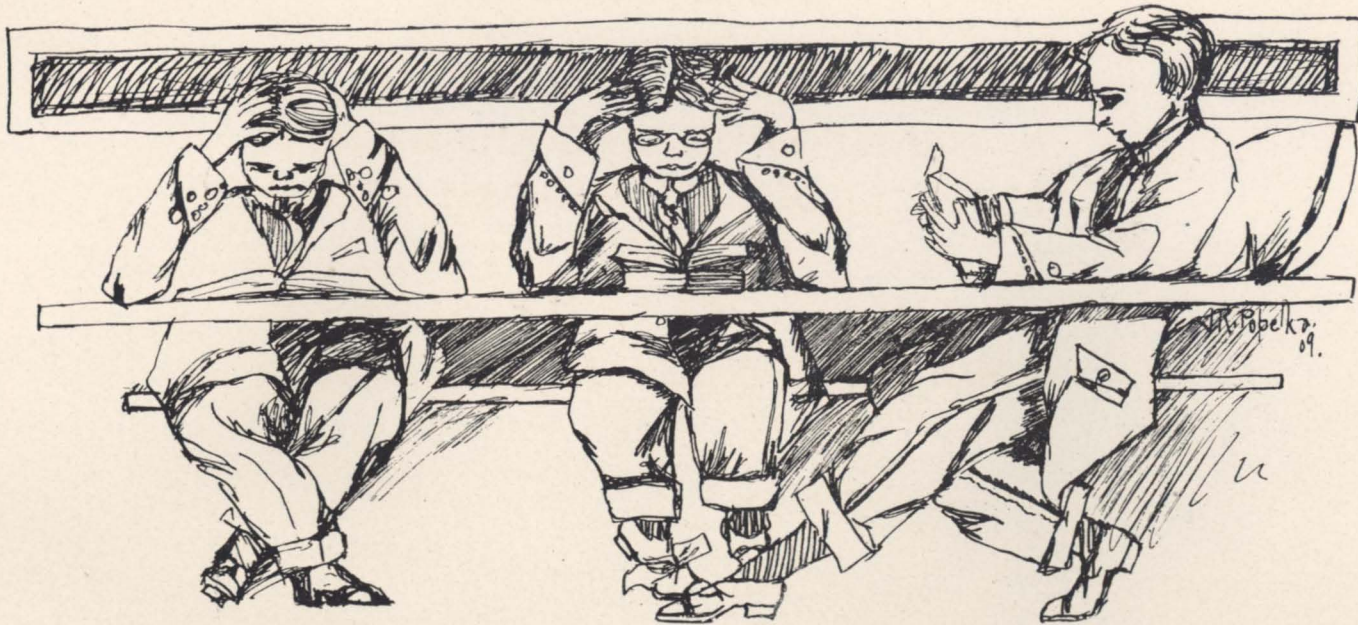
COMICAL CONVULSING CLOWNS	TRAINED SEALS FROM THE
INDIAN POW-WOW	POLAR CIRCLE
SYBILLINE SNAKE-CHARMER	SWAN-EATING ELEPHANT
THRILLING TIGHT-ROPE WALKER	TEDDY'S FIRST
BRILLIANT BARE-BACK RIDER	CATCH IN AFRICAN JUNGLE
FAT LADY AND LIVING SKELETONS	RED HOTS! PINK LEMONADE
SIZZLING SCINTILLING NOVELTY EVERY MINUTE	

EVENING PERFORMANCE AT 8:00 O'CLOCK

YWCA ONE NIGHT ONLY!!

EACH SIDESHOW ONE CENT

ALL GIRLS INVITED



At the Great Colossal Circus

To be sure, intent on their lessons,
Near the close of that mid-April day,
In a room that was hot and stuffy,
Three laddies were plugging away.

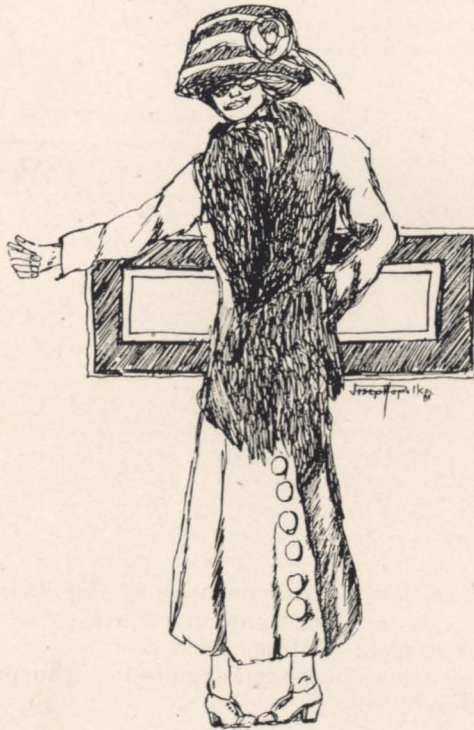
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Half an hour later emerges
A lady of fashion, escorted
By two gallant, winsome young laddies,
With faces wisely contorted.

The shades of the beauties who've flourished
Arose from below in surprise;
A moment of close observation,
They shook their sage heads in surprise.

Mama's corset was not in the closet,
Her towels were not on the rack;
Her stockings, and kerchiefs, and cushions,
Were all being carried by Jack.

They stopped in front of a hallway,
 Lighted in festivity;
 The "girl" slowly mounted the stairway
 Into the sounds of gay revelry.



She paid down "her" fee—then entered;
 (This poem is growing too fast)
 I'd feign relate what "she" saw there,
 But I really don't think that I "dast."

All the girls who are nice and quite pretty,
 And wear awfully fashionable clothes,
 Were attired to fit the occasion
 In various tight-fitting hose.

'Twas a circus; boys not permitted;
 So the girls all raised holy Ned;
 As I said, I'd like to describe it,
 But—I guess I'll finish, instead.

—Ben Hecht, '10.

'MAGININ' THINGS.

What gives us all our splendid books,
 'Bout love, and war, and famous crooks?
 Some fellow sits and looks, and looks,
 'Maginin' things.

What makes Bill Taft whistle, so-so,
 And often to the White House go,
 And smiling greet a former foe?
 'Maginin' things.

What makes Bill Bryan's smile, so bright,
 Shed mellow gleams of happy light?
 Why, a presidential "halo" bright,
 'Maginin' things.

—Frank Wade, '09.

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS.

Mr. Blackhurst: "Well, what would you suggest?"
Mr. Whitmore: "Don't loitah in the halls!"
Margaret Rowland: "My word!"
Marion Ingalls: "Oh, tooey!"
Agnes Anderson: "It doesn't make any diff."
Ada Charmock: "Ja!"
Bessie Jandl: "For the love of Pete!"
Bessie Mann: "My lands!"
Stella Anderson: "My soul!"
Earl Price: "Gee Whiz!"
George Barr: "Oh, you kid!"
Maldwyn Jones: "Oh, for Pete's sake!"
Clarence Nevin: "Oh, you kid!"
Fred Sewall: "Du Schmalz Gesicht!"
Jack Davies: "Are you a Jew? Eh?"
Lana Stoffel: "Listen!"
Elmer Augustine: "Du Schweinehund!"
Beth Fratt: "I could eat—till the cows come home!"
Albert Augustine: "Now that's straight goods."
Edna Blish: "You chump!"
Miss Wheeler: "Now, that would be a good question for
a test."
Leland Augustine: "It looks pretty bad, all right."
Miss Porter: "Yes, but don't sit down in the seat."
Lucile Shaw: "I know I'm going to flunk today."
Joe Clancy: "How enchanting you look! Ha! Ha!"
Ina DuFour: "Oh, people! I'm simply crazy about —"
Agnes Clancy: "Yes—No—All right."
Alice Wackerhagen: "Oh, piffle!"
Ethel Dietrich: "Oh, dear!"
John French—Why-ah."
Burton Olin: "I should think so!"
Mr. Wilbor: "Now listen; This is a very wonderful phe-
nomenon."
Miss Babcock: "Girls, we can't afford to buy dish towels
to use for holders."

A MAN OF WISDOM.

If upon a sudden visit
To the halls of Racine High School,
You should meet a solemn person,
Small of stature, firm his bearing,
Stern his look, and face portraying
Deepest thought and calm resentment;
Should you question, should you ask me
Who can be this striking person?
I should answer, I should tell you,
In the simple words that follow:
"Wisdom lies in great abundance
Far behind those eyes that sparkle,
Far behind that grave expression,
Yea, behind that smile so seldom,
All phenomena of nature,
All the laws of light and lightning,
Words to start a dictionary,
Are contained in that great wisdom.
Be not frightened, though, however,
If he turn his glance upon you
Through the corner of his eyelid;
Do not think that he is angry.
Talk with this instructor calmly,
And be not surprised to hear
A witty joke come from those lips,
Sanctified by words of wisdom.
Ask me not his name, I pray you;
Should you ask me, then I could not,
Should you beg of me, I would not
Tell the name of this instructor.
But when nature doth perplex you,
And you would have understanding,
Go to him, and he will tell you,
Yea, explain in words of wisdom.

—J. Charles Walker, '09.

A PRANK.

Two girls, Helen and Mabel, were walking slowly around the railing of the second floor of the High School, waiting for the warning bell to ring. From time to time they varied the monotony of their promenade by sipping water from the tip cups of the drinking fountain. The spirit of mischief was in them, and their roguish eyes and their mischievous smiles should have been enough to warn any unsuspecting instructor. Suddenly Helen spied a teacher in the lower hall. She leaned forward and whispered something to her companion. Mabel looked delighted beyond measure, called Helen a "dear thing," and finally ended by hugging her. Then they both rushed toward the fountain. Mabel seized a cup of water, and, without a moment's hesitation, dashed the liquid over the railing directly upon the instructor's bald head. The deed done, they continued their walk as if nothing had happened. If they had expected the instructor to show any surprise or anger, they had misjudged him, for he calmly looked up, wiped the water from his head, and also walked on as if he had no desire to know who had cooled his scientific brain that morning. However, the roar of laughter which greeted their prank, and the praise and approval which they received from their schoolmates, amply repaid them for their efforts.

Stella Anderson, '09.

We, the judges, besieged with requests for a brief catalog of the Senior class, have long dallied. Visions of frozen glances and midnight knockouts have stayed our yearning pen. But now that the call of Duty is trumpeting through our souls in angry remonstrance, we throw

discretion to the dogs, and set to. Paris was hard beset with his apple; but Paris' hesitation was like a dewdrop on a rose petal compared to the torrent of indecision that overwhelmed us. We fought and bled with our wishes and our duty. Our humble opinions we have set down. Blest be those who smile.

Boys:—

Most popular—John Bickel.
Handsomest—Elliot Hopkins.
Best athlete—Harold Bain.
Best dressed—Maldwyn Jones.
Biggest fusser—John P. Davies.
Brightest—Burton Olin.
Biggest bluffer—Elmer B. Augustine.
Windiest—Clarence Nevin.
Noisiest dressed—Kenneth Erickson.
Biggest dig—Marvin Schoeppe.
Shyest—Leland Augustine.

Girls:—

Prettiest—Elvenah Janes.
Wittiest—Agnes Clancy.
The one we love the best—Ethel Dietrich.
Best athlete—"Mugs" Rowland.
Biggest heart-smasher—Marion Ingalls.
Brightest—Alice Wackerhagen.
Best Dressed—Marion Marcher.
Most Brilliant—Lucile Shaw.
Shyest—Mabel Walker.
Quietest—Mary Jones.

—The Judges.

THE AFTERNOON OF THE DAY AFTER.

The warm spring breeze floated gently over the Assembly Room, carrying with it the germs of that contagious disease, "spring fever." A boy sat far back in the room, intently poring over his M. and M. History. The breeze wafted gently past him. He looked up and gazed about the room, then returned to his study. Again the warm, soft breeze whispered to him. Caressed by this unseen mistress, he closed his book: assumed a comfortable position, and mused—

Ah, thou balmy summer day,
How patiently we wait for thee,
Only to be rewarded, on thy return,
With a thoughtless reverie.

The intense quiet of the room completely overcame the boy's thoughts of study. He fell into a delightful sleep, and the joys and sorrows of his past school days lay before him as in an open book. How often had he been the cause of another student having his seat changed! It was he who had whispered, but the teacher had, somehow, always caught the other fellow.

He must have laughed aloud as he thought of the time a dead rat lay on the floor, and how frightened the girls were, and how, like a hero, he himself had picked it up by the tail and carried it out, amid the applause of the whole Assembly Room.

Had he forgotten the time when he coaxed a dog into school, and was collared by the hall floor-walker, and sent to the office to receive a severe lecture from the principal? Ah, no; the trouble of the moment was only changed to laughter, for he recalled how this same floor-walker had to carry the dog out.

The pleasant thoughts which coursed through the boy's mind continued in endless procession. The minutes flew by, the bells rang, the classes passed in and passed out; but what mattered that? No sound, however great, could

disturb his slumbers. The laugh, or the slaps upon his head and back, as his fellow-students passed him, interpreted themselves into cordial congratulations on his being chosen monitor of his row, and thus classed in with the good boys of the school.

But there comes a time when all joys cease. The cruel hand of the janitor rudely awakened him. When fully brought to his senses he found the school dismissed, and he realized that he had slept.

—Jerome Raymon, '09.

THE SENIOR SLEIGH RIDE.

It was not a dark and dreary night—as it is for most of these affairs. On the other hand, it was the most peaceful of evenings; it had been peaceful for three days—too peaceful. In fact, if there had only been a little more snow, things might have turned out entirely different. But snow or no snow, the Seniors were not to be cheated out of their annual sleigh ride. No. They could go on wheels; and they did. There are no quitters in '09.

At seven o'clock, the appointed hour, the little band began to gather gamely around the old High School. Finally our two lady chaperons put in an appearance, making the total number forty. The male chaperons were conspicuous by their absence, but no one missed them except, possibly, the two chaperons.

One rig was all that could be obtained to make the trip to Franksville. Time passed and no rig drove up. We were already trying to thin out the crowd, for the rig ordered would accommodate only twoney. By eight-thirty the crowd had dwindled to thirty-five, and we then ordered that all fellows who did not come with girls should have their money back and be disappointed. This relieved us of about five more, and, at nine o'clock sharp,

just two hours late, the rig drove up. It turned out to be a small affair on wheels, but we were glad for anything. There still remained thirty to get into a 'bus supposed to hold twenty, besides an ample provision of eatables, and two chaperons, who, of course, could not be left behind. It is almost impossible to lose any chaperon, much less one who is a teacher.

After shrewd planning, talking and squeezing, we managed to pile thirty persons into the rig, utilizing the driver's seat, the bottom of the 'bus and its roof. The chaperons were possibly the only comfortable ones in the party. Of course, a chaperon must always have her full allowance of room, and these chaperons were no small matter. Isn't it strange how many people can be crowded into such small space for a sleigh ride—even on wheels?

We got started. Of the trip there is not much to say. We were stuck numerous times, but the boys, glad of the chance to escape from the insane mob, always came to the rescue.

At a little after eleven we arrived at our destination, and the reception we received more than repaid us for our sufferings on the way. All formality was dispensed with, everybody went in for a good time, and got it. Not one was disappointed. We had a marvelous lunch, prepared by the chaperons, assisted by almost everybody, for we all wanted a hand in the pudding.

By one o'clock our guardians decided that it was time to return. We tried all possible excuses to persuade them to let us stay, but of no avail. They had been young once themselves, and were wise to all of our games. Again we piled and pushed and forced our way into the 'bus, and, after fond farewells, the return trip was commenced.

Such a trip! No one who was with us will ever forget it to his dying hour. Serious Seniors packed three deep in a small 'bus; everybody happy and contented, even the moon above smiled brightly as she shone down upon us. The chaperons were ideal. One was sung to sleep by our

melodious discords, the other was very much awake—she was not a lover of high class music. But despite all of our troubles, we were happy; and, as the early hours of the morning drew near, and with them the time of parting, we dispersed with the sad thought that the annual sleigh ride of the Senior class was over, and that never again should we be so near or so dear to one another as we were on that eventful night.

John Bickel, '09.

Come here, ye force, come her, ye power,
Where'er, who'er ye chance to be,
And make our clock each fleeting hour
Tick off with regularity.

Miss Church: "Give a sentence illustrating the use of the dash."

Grave Senior: "He saw her—and he ran."

Why are the Seniors in the Foreign Language classes like a regiment of light artillery?
Because they pass in review on ponies.—(Ex.)

Bickel: "Did you ever see any of those fellows that can throw their joints out?"

Blake: "Yes, I've seen some men that could throw any joint out."

Bickel: "Who are they?"

Blake: "Policemen."

Barr: "Why is Monument Square like a river?"

French: "I dunno."

Barr: "Because it has a bank on each side."

Hopkins: "I hope Miss Wheeler doesn't read out our French marks this morning."

Marion: "Oh, I don't care; mine is so low that no one would hear it."

Debating Societies

THE FORUM.

Charles Brose.....President
Edward Crawford.....Secretary
Mae Christenson.....Vice-President
John King.....Marshal

John Bickel
Charles Cibelius
Helen Evans
Russell Evans
LeRoy Gittings
Emil Hanson
Fred Hanson
Arnold Horlick
George Lovequest

Grover McNitt
Earl Price
Harlow Roberts
Arthur Schacht
Violet Scheuss
Ruth Simms
Earl Stoffel
Elmer Wadewitz

THE DISPUTANTS.

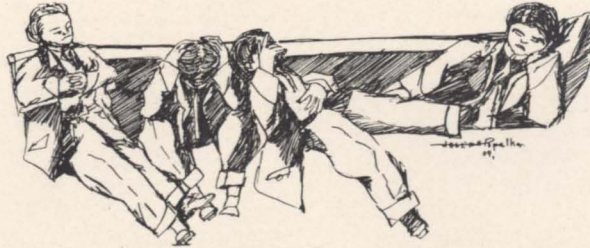
Charles Wratten.....President
Bernard Farney.....Vice-President
James Northrop.....Secretary
Elvin Bradley.....Marshal

Stanley Belden
William Brown
Charles Doolin
Cornelius Harnett
Stanley Hugunin
Tony Koepke
Jerome Kosterman
Harold La Fortune

Grover Miller
George Nelson
Charles O'Connor
Burton Olson
Arthur Poulson
Edmond Raymon
Royal Roberts



Sons of Rest



Motto: Never Leave the Rest for To-morrow.

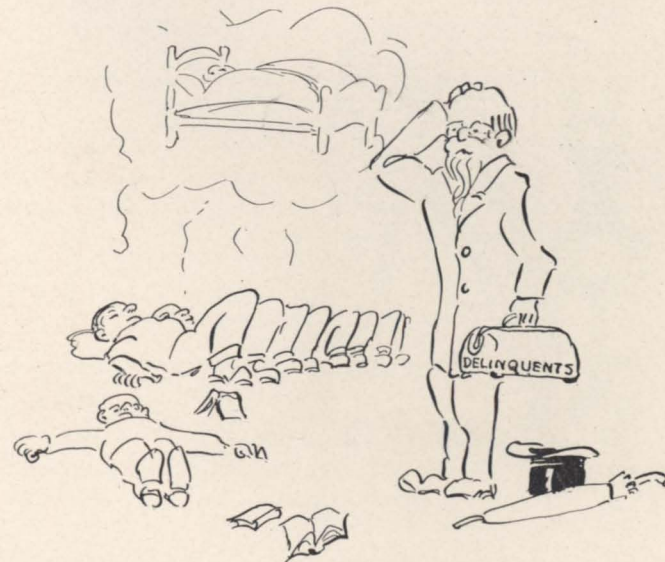
There be those that Work and Die,
There be those who Die and Work,
And those who live for Joy
And often Flunk
And often Rest.
Yoho! a Crew
Calm, Quiet
and
R p s f l
e o e u

Byron Blake (Commander-in-Chief).
Stanley Hood
Ben Hecht
Philip Clancy
Stanley Belden
Lynn Simmons
Paul Collins
George Barr
Frank Wade

We follow the wisdom of sages;
No fakers of nature are we;
Way back in the darkest of ages,
We sported our family tree.

When Eva was canned out of Eden,
When Jonah took ship a la carte,
When Europe was laid on the table
And was having its old Bone a part,

We followed the wisdom of sages,
And lived for the sun and the trees,
And listened to logic when only
It was wafted to us on the breeze.



Donald Ramsey:

What! me upon this list? Nay, nay;
'Tis but a dream; 'twill pass away.
(Dream on, sweet lad.)

Charles Lockwood:

I'm waiting for Miss Fortune
To pass me in her flight,
Then I'll rise and plug away
With all my blessed might.

John P. Davies (Rear Guard):

In the valley of Rest,
Where the Flower of Leisure
Blooms sweetly and sighs through the air,
Where the Harmonies wafted,
And soft rustling Breezes,
Fill the Land that is quiet and fair.
And the Noise and the Rattle
Of Earth's babbling Prattle
Is never experienced there.



FROM THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

The Tardy Plant.

(Neveronis Timeosia. Tardus Family.)

This plant thrives the year around, and in the most inclement weather. The flowers are slow in appearing, it being usually after nine o'clock. By some gardeners it is considered an undesirable plant, and, although it is impossible to exclude it altogether, it can be held in check, so as to be less troublesome.

Smart Weed.

(Cleverosis Bragodasia.)

One may find this obnoxious weed at almost any time of year. It usually grows alone, and in prominent places. Does not thrive in dark, secluded spots. The flowers are very gaudy, and stand up very straight, with heads thrown back. Many look with contempt upon this plant.

Freshman Bud.

(Nervosia Freshiosis. Greenosia Family.)

This is one of the most delicate and sensitive of flowers, and has the remarkable power of changing color. At first it is a decided green, but, as the bud opens, the greenness gradually disappears. It is a very shy flower, and is usually seen with some hardier and older plant. Occasionally it is seen in the wrong place, and, when discovered, it becomes very pink, and hangs its head.

Parasite Flower.

(Leanonosia Dependentosis.)

This is a very common plant, thriving in secret and secluded places, rarely seen alone. It is different from other plants, in that it relies on others for its standing. The flowers are not very prominent, and are always seen with their heads close together. It is not advisable to cultivate this plant, as it is hard to get rid of, when once it gets a start.

—Ina DuFour, '09.

We once were timid Freshmen,
As green as green could be;
How little people thought then
What wonders we should be.

As Soph'mores we were haughty,
And bold as bold could be;
Then people thought us naughty,
That we never good would be.

But as Juniors, calm and mighty,
We began our great career;
And if ever we were flighty,
'Twas forgotten in that year.

Last, we Seniors, grand and famous,
Brought our efforts to the fore;
Then there was no need to tame us,—
We were perfect, even more.

—Alice Wackerhagen, '09.

“What's a good remedy for a large hat?”
“Put a little paper in cider.”

Miss Wheeler: “Decline ‘he’ in German.”
Sleepy Senior: “Singular or plural?”

Teacher: “Mr. Walker, how would you express ‘Gently make haste’ in your own words?”

Mr. Walker: “Take your time, but be quick about it.”

Girl (translating): “We put the quaestors in command.”

Teacher: “Only one Quaestor? That means ‘Quartermaster.’ Translate again.”

Girl: “He put the choirmaster in command.”

The Courtship of Beauty and Science

A Craziness in One Act.

Time: 6:30 P. M.

Personae: Signor Ferdinand, a Satellite of Science; Signorina Adele, The Maid of the Mist.

ACT I.

Scene: On the road to Racine. Various colored birds singing; trees blooming; shadows falling.

Enter Signor Ferdinand. (Birds stop singing.)

Aha! what 'tis I smell? The air has in
Its boundaries some ozone. Ere many moons,
'Twill likely storm; but with my knowledge of
Events, I stand prepared! By sizzling Zinc!
What 'tis my retina excites? The fair Adele!
O Gee!

(Enter Signorina Adele, carrying her head on her shoulders. Birds resume their singing.)

Adele:

Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay,
I was born in Germany.
O Pretzels, Wienerwurst, and Sausage—
Ei bien—la-la—

Ferd:

My heart! Such sound has never reached before
My hairy tympanum. Ah, fair damsel, my sole is worn
With searching thee.

Adele (Blushing softly):

O, Phi! Phi! Then come thee to mine home,
And thine soul repair.

(Signor Ferdinand smiles and nearly cracks his face. He places his left hand over his right heart, and rolls both eyes simultaneously.)

Ferd. (Aside):

I would that my heart was as light as yon
Fair maiden's, and I could carol off such notes
Of joy as from her face do come.
Ah! could I not, if but the Signorita favored me?

Adele (Suddenly turning):

How now? Such tender looks would melt the moon,
And fill the Earth with molten cheese.

Ferd:

O, that I could tell thee all, and rid
My heart of burdens more than heavy.

(The Signorita turns her back upon the Signor and feels of her belt in the back.)

Adele:

What 'tis that so sorely presses thee?

(Ferd. plants one foot forward passionately, but draws back in confusion upon the Signorita's facing him.)

Ferd:

Fair Adele, as I strolled down yon lane
With thoughts, as ever, resting 'pon thyself,
I heard thy silv'ry voice a-ringing o'er
The hills like St. Mary's chiming bell,
And soon my throbbing heart did turn to mush,
And my blazing eyes to rubber.

Adele:

Ah, Signor, was that thy whistle cheery
That floated o'er the downy hills?

(Aside) Me thought it was a foghorn.

Ferd:

My heart beats—

Adele:

Come, come, Signor, and to mine house we'll wend our
way. (Exeunt.)

SCENE 2.

Scene—A Roman Villa on Villa Street. A bird in a tree.
A cow. A horse. A dog. A fly. Beneath the tree a
bench and a flower in a pot. A moon and a star in a
sky. (Soft music.)

(The Signor and Signorita appear, moving toward a
bench.)

Adele:

How splendid shines the moon to-night, Signor.
How very like the Parson's shoes it shines!

Ferd:

Nay, nay, Adele; the Parson need shine no more—
He hath new shoes!

(The Signorita sighs tenderly and repairs to the bench.
She looks up coyly.)

Ferd:

Nay, nay, I love thee: love thee more than all
The hairs upon my head.

Adele:

Spare love.

Ferd:

Believe, Adele, I do, I do, I
Think of no one but—

Adele:

Myself.

Ferd:

Yes, myself—No, no! THEE! THEE!!
Do not spurn my love so true, O, GEE!
My heart throbs so I can but hardly speak.
It throbs for thee.

Adele:

Since early infancy my thoughts have been for thee.
Love lies deep in thine eyes,
Thy mouth is full of sighs.
Here—take my hand and—

Ferd:

—and on it place this auric loop
With purest crystallized carbon set.

—Joseph Clancy, '09.

—Ben Hecht, '10.





DRAMATICS



“ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.”

Alfred Hastings, Pettibone's nephew..... Clarence Nevin
 Tom McDow, a protege of Alfred's..... Joe Clancy
 Theodore Bender, Esq., retired produce dealer..... John Bickel
 Josephine Bender, his wife..... Elizabeth Fratt
 Evangeline Bender, their daughter..... Magdalen Stoffel
 Mr. Egbert Pettibone, a peculiarly jealous man.....
 Elliot Hopkins
 Rosabelle Pettibone, his second wife..... Ethel Dietrich
 Emily Pettibone, Pettibone's daughter..... Edna Blish
 Christopher Dobney, a broken-down music-teacher...
 Albert Augustine
 Judson Langhorn, a young man of leisure..... Maldwyn Jones
 Fifi Oritanski, from Opera Comique..... Marion Ingalls
 Augustus McSnath, a friend of Pettibone's youth...
 John Fall
 Victor Smyth, in love with Emily Pettibone.....
 Kenneth Erickson
 Thompson, a shoe dealer..... John P. Davies
 Katy, a maid at Pettibone's..... Leila Renner
 Gretchen, Fifi's maid..... Alice Wackerhagen
 Bailliff, merely a bailiff..... George Barr

“THE KLEPTOMANIAC.”

The Thanksgiving Program.

Mrs. John Burton (Peggy)..... Ethel B. Dietrich
 Mrs. Valerie Chase Ormsby..... Mildred Dickson
 Miss Freda Dixon..... Alice Wackerhagen
 Mrs. Charles Dover..... Jeannette Keefe
 Miss Evelyn Evans..... Dorothy Perham
 Miss Bertha Ashley..... Marion Marcher
 Katy..... Agnes Clancy

“THE TOASTMASTER.”

The Christmas Program.

Bill Morgan..... Albert Augustine
 “Towel” Fairfax..... Maldwyn Jones
 Bob Kenmark..... Carl Lunn
 Tom Ripley..... Joe Clancy
 Prof. Reed..... John Bickel
 Mrs. Reed..... Lucile Shaw
 Cynthia..... Mae Christensen
 Buzzer..... Charles Wratten

Echoes from the Dressing Room

(Senior Play.)

Time: 8:30 P. M.

Place: Guild Hall.

(A Teacher's voice:)

Hurry up, get on your clothes;
You've no time to stand and pose.
Fix your hair; paint your face.
No; you don't look out of place;
Put a little rouge right here,
For heaven's sakes! don't paint your ear.
Now your eyebrows—then your chin!
Good gracious, girl, but you are thin!

(Miss Kelley's voice:)

What'd you say? you can't find Bickel?
Oh! he's like a slippery pickle!
Wonder if he broke his neck?
Gee! I hope he'll be on deck.
Where're the shoes that you're to wear?
That's right, silly! muss your hair!
Don't sit down; you'll tear your dress.
Now! who made that awful mess?

(Miss Church's voice:)

Oh! you girls will set me crazy;
What on earth makes you so lazy?
Lend a hand! don't act like rummies,
You are worse than wooden dummies.

Well, at last! I guess we're ready;
Careful, girls; go steady—steady.
My! but you are looking fine!
All O. K., and right in line.

(Through the open doorway comes a voice—sweet, but unknown to the writer:)

Are the boys all here, I wonder?
Dear! I hope there'll be no blunder.
Where are Nevin, and the rest?
Now's your chance, boys; do your best.
Joseph Clancy, where're your shoes?
All you boys stand 'round in twos.
Don't get nervous—take your time;
Now, I have you all in line.

(From a far-off, secluded corner comes Clarence Nevin's voice:)

Say, kid! should I look above
When I call her "lovey dove"?
Do I kneel down at her feet
Till she says, "Go take a seat"?

(Then comes the voice of Kenneth Erickson:)

Oh, this land of love is fine!
I could live here all the time.
Girls a-plenty—boys a few—
Love, I find, is something new.

—John French, '10.

A Toast to the Senior Play Cast

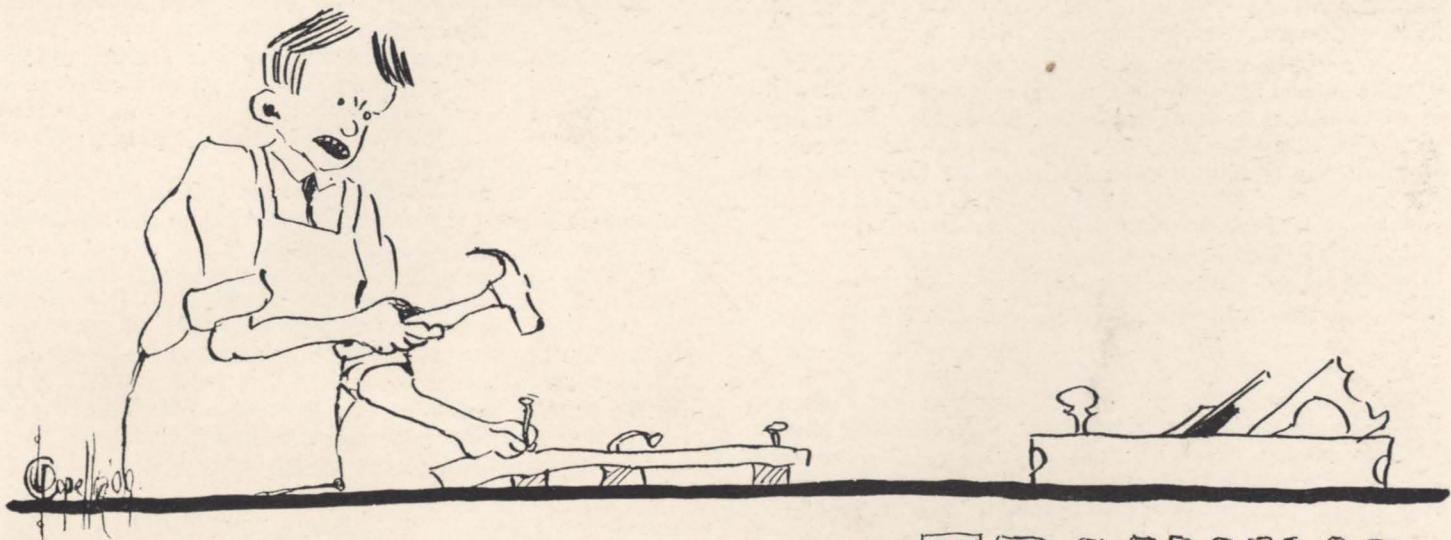
I offer a toast to the Senior Play Cast ;
May you not be too bored e'er you come to the last.
Here's to Beth Fratt, who, as stern Mrs. Bender,
Bore well her grief, and her sad widow's splendor.
Here's to Jack Bickel, her husband pro tem.,
Who, under her wing, behaved like a gem.
And here's to their daughter, Evangeline, sweet,
To see her simplicity was a great treat.
Then here's to her lover, so gallant and bold ;
Pat Nevin's a good one, so we're all told.
Here's also to Thomas, the tough of the town ;
He kept us all laughing, and brought the house down.
And here's to our actress, who cared not a shingle
Whether her male friends were married or single.
Here's to Miss Dietrich, the blooming young wife,
Of a jealous old man with whom she had strife.
Here's to their daughter, Miss Blish, the coquette,
One rarely did see her without any pet.
Here's to the father, so crabbed and cross,
In Hopkins' hands the part suffered no loss.

And here's to the lover of their little daughter,
Who always did everything just as he oughter.
Here's also to Dabney, "the nervous galoot,"
At every slight sound he was ready to scoot.
And here's to Mr. Jones, who took well the part
Of a real London dandy, so languid and smart.
Here's to the shoe dealer, cruel and stern ;
He'd clean a man out, and not give a durn.
Here's to George Barr, a bailiff at times,
At others, a voice from the high upper climes.
And here's to John Fall who, as Mr. McSnath,
Brought down on himself Mr. Bender's great wrath.
And here's to Miss Renner, so prim and demure,
A sweet, dainty maid she was, yes, to be sure.
Here's to another who made a great hit,
She had nothing to say, and she really did it.
Here's to Miss Kelley, the boss of the show ;
'Twas due to her efforts the play was a go.
And here's to the picture, so choice and so fine,
To keep in remembrance the class of '09.

—Alice Wackerhagen, '09.



Cast of Class Play "All The Comforts Of Home" - R.H.S. 4-1-09.



MANUAL

TRAINING.

The Manual Training Department

Manual Training is now considered an important part in modern education. Racine, with her high standard of schools, has by no means neglected this branch of instruction. It has been introduced not only in the High School, but in every grade school throughout the city.

This department has its headquarters in the Christie Building, where it occupies the whole lower floor, consisting of two work rooms, with accommodations for thirty-six pupils. Besides this, there are three other so-called "Centers," in different ward schools, each fully equipped with benches and the tools necessary to seventh and eighth grade work. There is also a well-equipped Drawing room in the High School building.

The work as a whole is under the supervision of Mr. Davis, who has as his assistants Mr. Rees, Mr. Gabriel and Mr. Clunie.

As early as the fifth and sixth grades, the boys are started with Knife Work, the Principals of the different schools, under the supervision of Mr. Davis, taking charge of these classes in their own buildings. The seventh and eighth grade boys have Bench Work and Drawing; these classes receive their instructions either in the Chris-

tie Building or at one of the grade centers. The grade classes devote one hour and a half each week to Manual Training.

The Manual Training course in the High School is now a three-year course, consisting in the first year of Bench Work and Mechanical Drawing, in the second year of Drawing and Wood-turning, and in the third year of Drawing and Pattern-making. These classes have periods of one hour and a half every day. About eighty pupils are now taking the course.

That this course is of importance and is increasing in popularity is proved by the facts that when the course was first instituted in our High School, six years ago, there were but two instructors, while now we have four; that within the last four years the number of High School pupils taking the course has just doubled; and that only during the last few months the course has been extended to cover three years' practice. The products which are turned out by the shops show that the pupils have good instruction, and the deserved pride which each pupil takes in his work proves that the students are interested in the course.

—Leila Renner, '09.





©Pobelka '09

DOMESTIC

SCIENCE.

The Domestic Science Department

Our Domestic Science Department was established in 1903. The whole upper story of the Christie Building, a large two-story brick structure on the High School campus, is devoted to this course. About four hundred ward school pupils, and about seventy-five High School pupils, are enrolled in Domestic Science.

Sewing, which is a part of the Domestic Science work, is taught to the girls of the fifth and sixth grades, by the grade teacher, under the supervision of one of the three Domestic Science instructors. Girls of the seventh and eighth grades receive instruction in cooking once a week at the Christie Building.

In the High School there are three classes, two beginning, and one advanced, the regular course taking two years. Instruction in sewing is given on Monday and Wednesday, cooking is taught on Tuesday and Thursday,

and Friday is devoted to lectures. The work, as conducted, is largely laboratory work, and on completing the two years' course, each graduate is able to make the greater part of her wardrobe, and to prepare and serve a good meal.

The Domestic Science laboratory consists of two kitchens, a dining room, and a sewing room. The two kitchens are well equipped, with forty-two individual gas stoves, and with an excellent supply of cooking utensils. The sewing room is well furnished for its purpose, and contains four good sewing machines.

From the time that the Domestic Science course was established, it has had a steady increase in the number of pupils enrolled, the present High School enrollment being twice what it was at first. This fact is conclusive evidence of the need and efficiency of the course.

—Lucile Shaw, '09.



Glee Club



R. E. Hutchinson '09.

A History of The Glee Club

The Glee Club was organized in the High School about seven years ago. Not much interest was manifested in it at first, as one may infer from the fact that there were only fifteen charter members.

Under the able leadership of Miss Watts, however, they went boldly to work, and soon mastered a number of pleasing selections. They then decided to give a concert, to show the result of their work, and, incidentally, to raise money for a new supply of music. The lower Assembly Room of the High School was decorated with flags and ferns, four ushers were stationed at the entrances to collect the admission fee, and, behold! the first public performance of the R. H. S. Glee Club was on! The entertainment more than came up to the expectations of all; it was a success, both financially and musically.

During the next year, a little fairy play was presented in the Assembly Room, with even greater success than that of the concert of the previous year.

By the third year of the Club's existence, the membership had more than doubled. The chorus being now large enough to give a more pretentious play, "Cinderella," a light opera, was selected and learned. It was given at Guild Hall, with the result that the Glee Club attained greater popularity, more money and more members.

"Priscilla," given at Guild Hall the following year, made the hit of the season. It was borne in upon the management that the capacity of Guild Hall would be inadequate for future Glee Club entertainments.

In 1907, "Pinafore" was given in Dania Hall. Those who heard the opera pronounced it one of the best amateur performances they had ever attended. The services of the Glee Club were now sought for entertainments and social functions. It had become, perhaps, the most pop-

ular organization of its kind in Racine.

In 1908, there were eighty-five members of the Club. Now came the question, "What play is suitable for our chorus?" "The Pirates of Penzance," a bright, catchy opera, was selected. The play, with its midget policemen, fierce pirates, and pretty girls, will not be forgotten soon. The net proceeds amountd to about two hundred and fifty dollars, a very satisfactory return from two amateur performances.

The people of Racine have learned to expect great things from the Glee Club, and we venture to predict that they will not be disappointed in "The Little Duke," a three-act, clever light opera, which is to be presented at Dania Hall, Friday and Saturday, May 28 and 29. Mr. Russell Lewis as lover and soldier and peasant girl, Joseph Clancy as an antiquated Latin teacher, Miss Carey as a beautiful young duchess, Miss Abrahamson as a singing-teacher, and Rudyard Goodland as an officer intrepid, together with the cute pages, the pretty maids-of-honor, the stern officers, the trumpeters, the lords and ladies of the court, and the giggling school-girls, cannot fail to give all, old and young, an evening of great enjoyment.

It would be unfair to conclude an article on the Glee Club without acknowledging the assistance it has received from the R. H. S. Orchestra, under the directorship of Mr. Menzo B. Waite. The orchestra has assisted the Glee Club very much by playing for the operas. This co-operation has increased the net proceeds of each play about fifty dollars, an item of importance to the Improvement Fund, as well as the Club.

Let us all hope that the promising future of the Glee Club will eclipse its successful past.

—Frederick F. Schulte, '11



CAST OF "THE LITTLE DUKE"

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

First Soprano.

Esther Anderson
Agnes Anderson
Gertrude Baumann
Lura Call
Pearl Flanagan
Mabel Hansen
Florence Holm
Bessie Jandl
Effia Jensen
Louise Long
Bessie Mann
Deborah Mogensen
Lucile McAvoy
Helen O'Donnell
Flossy Pflieger
Ella Platz
Elsie Sullivan
Margaret Therrieo
Mira Williamson
Eleanor Wiechers
Helen Mogensen

First Alto.

Carrie Freund
Elsie Fiebrich
Etta Gulli
Ruth Lloyd
Belle Nelson
Christine Nelson
Rose Nash
Ethel Parker
Viola Schowalter
Nellie Smollen
Jeannette Scholz
Iva Thomas
Viola Wadewitz
Effie Williams

Second Soprano.

Mamie Baumann
Martha Christensen
Florence Druse
Anna Davies
Helen Evans
Marguerite Gillen
Hazel Graves
Gratia Jones
Wilhelma LeBlond
Ellen Lindh
Catherine Lourie
Ruth Stransky
Mahala Severance
Cecelia Toohey
Emma Thiesen
Margaret McPherson
Letitia McKillop
Frances O'Laughlin
Florence Peterson
Alma Peterson
Lorene Rowan
Margaret Rowan
Mabelle Zimmerman

Second Alto.

Alice Foxwell
Naomi Graves
Lydia Koehler
Florence Morgan
Ruth Schacht
Marie Schatz
Georgia Smith
Olga Seaholm
Rose Nelson

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

First Tenors.

Joe Clancy
John French
Percy Nichols
Sidney Nelson
Frederick Schulte

Second Tenors.

Earl Stoffel
Royal Roberts
Michael Costello
Jacob Henken
Albert Jensen
Griffith Townsend
Harry Wagner
Royal Roberts

Alto.

Philip Clancy
Roy Clemons
Arthur Dunphy
Conrad Fox
William Felbob
Charles Kannenberg
Carl Lund
Edwin Schowalter
Alfred Wright

First Bass.

John Fall
George Lovequest
Frank O'Donnell
William Vaughan
Charles Walker
John Wishau
Edward Wilson
Edward Williams
Elmer Wadewitz
Anton Ruzicka
Eric Olander

Second Bass.

Rudyard Goodland
Victor Hanson
Emil Hansen
Stanley Hood
Coy Hood
Harold Johnson
Larold Larson
Edward Cahoon
David Semmes
Ernest Schulz
John Toohey
Alfred Wright
George Connolly



BEDELIA.

Bedelia McGinnis was not born in Rome,
Nor did she claim Scotland for her native home;
Her face was besprinkled
With freckles that twinkled;
In figure she excelled Salome.



And whenever Bedelia went out for some air,
The coppers turned rubbers at Bedelia the fair;
But Bedelia was haughty,
And wouldn't be naughty;
So the coppers stepped off right there.

The fame of Bedelia spread out o'er the land,
And thousands of suitors sought for her hand;
"Oh, nay," said Bedelia,
"Oi really can't teel ye,—
Come again;" and they came, Cupid's band.

Oh, the world kept on turning on its orbit quite fast,
And Bedelia's beauty and springtime soon passed;
Still, Bedelia was single,
And thin as a shingle;
But she padded, game to the last.

Now Bedelia is dead, and buried she lies,
Beneath the green sod and the warm summer skies;
And she died all alone,
Near the River McGonne,
In the land where the Shamrock best thrives.

—Ben Hecht, '10.

THE GHOST OF THE WHITE FAUN.

There is, in the extreme northern part of Wisconsin, a densely wooded district which abounds with clear lakes. In this region one may find the best of game and the finest fishing. Here the wild country is sparsely settled by half-breed Indians and lumberjacks, with here and there a native tiller of the soil.

Shadow Lake is perhaps one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the section; its heavily wooded shores throw long shadows over its clear surface. Occasionally a deer may be seen on its banks, and many porcupines thrive in the marshes.

There live, in a small cabin high up on the bank among a clump of pine trees, four men who make their living by guiding sportsmen over the lake in summer, or through the woods in the winter, and now and then, hunters failing, by working at a neighboring sawmill. They are four fine fellows: Big Bill, a big, strong, jolly fellow, is perhaps the most popular among the sportsmen; Jack, a tall half-breed, is noted for his lumber work. He is quite witty, and his deep bass voice is always pleasant to hear. Charlie is another half-breed, who boasts of two years' schooling at the Reserves for Indians. Lastly, there is a Harry, who has lived about this lake for the greater part of his life.

These four men sit, night after night, before the iron stove, and tell stories while they smoke their pipes. One evening Bill said that a man from a remote camp had got a beautiful white faun the other day; that it was the choicest of the season.

"That reminds me, boys," said Harry, "of an experience that I had some few years before the big forest fire burnt us out."

All knew that he had started on a long story, and they moved about in their chairs to find a comfortable spot where they might rest easy and wait for the outcome.

"It was during the long winter season when a Cana-

dian friend and I were trapping on Ghost Lake. We had built our hut at the bottom of a small ditch, or ravine, near the lake, as we thought there would be a good show of getting a crack at a buck now and then. The cabin was small but warm, and we expected to have a good winter before us. We had laid away quite a bunch of pelts, and put in a good supply of meat, when one day I sprained my ankle, leaving the Canadian with all the work to do.

"He was at times very careless and lazy, and often sat for two or three days at a stretch, smoking, and cursing his luck. Unfortunately, one of these spells came upon him before I could be up and about. Through my protesting that we were half starved, and that a little hot grease would bring my ankle around in good shape, he roused himself, shook of his indolence, and set out determined to bring back a deer.

"The day was dark and snowy. I bade him good-by and good-luck. It was late when he returned. He seemed downhearted as he stumbled into the door.

"'Well, I got the deer,' he said, 'but I will never shoot any more white fauns. Oh, say, but I'm all in!'

"I could not understand what he meant then, but soon it all came to me.

"It snowed for a week and our house became buried deeper and deeper in the drift of the ravine until it was no longer possible to go after wood or water. Water we could melt from the snow, but we were very much in need of wood. We were barely surviving on our limited supply of food, always hoping the snow would soon stop falling. The big Canadian seemed very nervous, for some reason or other.

"'Is your foot all right, now, Harry?' said he. 'If it is, I want you to take care of me, for I have got a fever.'

"'Well,' said I, 'that's a nice fix. Snowed in, no wood, and not half enough food for us, and a man down with a fever to boot. We're in for it. You'd better get to bed right away.'

"Finally it stopped snowing, and I could see by the light that came through the roof that my ankle was getting better; but what could be worse than being closed in with a wildly delirious man? He rose on his bunk, raved day and night, always talking about the eyes of the white faun. I was certainly surprised at this, because a man of his sort never gets buck fever when he is about to shoot an ordinary deer.

"After a few days, I tied him to the bunk with buckskin cords, dug a path to the lake, and after quieting him, set out for the nearest camp to get help. It was a long trip, but I managed to get four friends and returned with food and provisions. We went up to the door and opened it carefully so as not to disturb him. We were all dumbfounded. There he sat, upright, his eyes sticking out of his head, as if expecting some horrible thing to happen. Just then a sharp cry echoed from the forest.

"'It's the faun's ghost!' gasped the Canadian, and fell back dead.

"'You see,'" said Harry, "'that is why the lake over there is called 'Ghost Lake.''"

Harold Ingalls, '09.

GRAFT.

A phenomenon of nature
 (Of human nature, though),
 A phenomenon as common
 As the many winds that blow:
 It is found among the classes
 That have gone out in the world;
 It is found among the classes
 That are still within the school.

You can find it anywhere you look,
 Any way you turn,
 In every common school room
 All its phases you can learn.
 Do you ask of what I'm speaking?
 Do you wonder what it can be,
 This phenomenon of nature,
 Which everyone can see?
 It's simple, harmless grafting;
 There is nothing wrong, you see,
 In grafting, when a "guy" has studied
 In a manner perfunctory.
 You might as well bluff a little,
 If any chance there be,
 For everyone will sometimes work
 In a manner perfunctory.
 When the summer breeze is blowing,
 And spring fever's gone its round,
 When the baseball sharks from Oshkosh
 Have just arrived in town,
 When Eberly is in the box
 To pitch for the Red Sox Nine,
 And the "sports" are all out for the game,
 In this good old summer time,
 Then do you ever wonder
 Why we all don't get an E?
 Can you blame a guy for studying
 In a way perfunctory?
 So, teachers, hold your temper,
 Don't get "sore" so soon,
 It's simple and it's harmless,
 This simple grafting tune.
 It's a part of human nature,
 And a part 'twill always be,
 For every "guy" must sometimes work
 In a manner perfunctory.

—J. Charles Walker, '09.

WHY OUR HIGH SCHOOL WAS NOT TAKEN FROM
THE LIST OF ACCREDITED SCHOOLS.

Racine High School

Racine, Wis.

E. M. Blackhurst, Principal

June 1, 1909.

Registrar W. D. Hiestand,
University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wisconsin.

My Dear Sir:

I hereby submit my annual report of the Racine High School:

If all the "cans" I have made during the year were put together, they would be large enough to empty the Atlantic Ocean in one scoop.

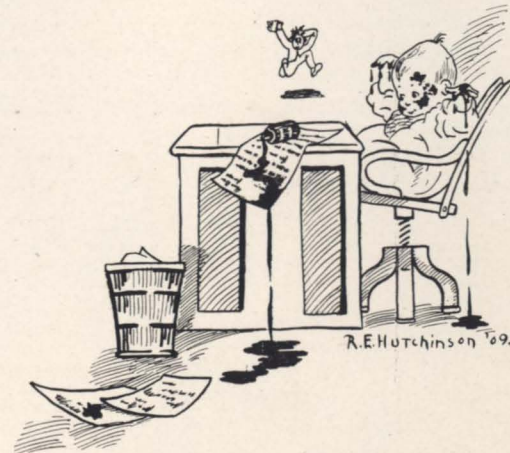
If all the zeroes received by the pupils of this school were made into one, it would be large enough to use as an anchor to keep the sun from going out nights.

If all the wit displayed during the year were collected, it would be enough to keep a mud puddle in the middle of the Sahara Desert from ever becoming dry.

If the worry occasioned me by the pupils were communicable, it would be enough to turn all the hares in Belgium gray.

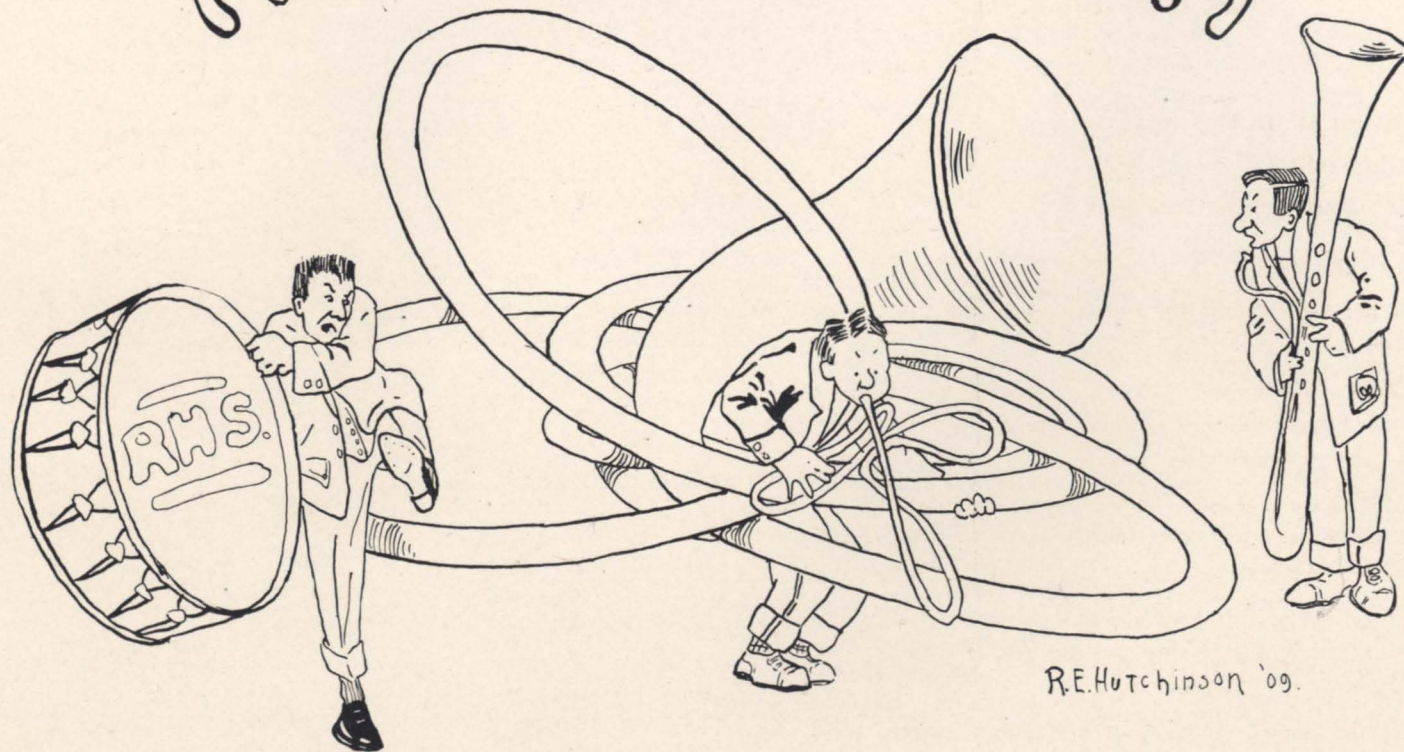
If all the howls made by the pupils in their protestations against their grades were uttered simultaneously, the noise would be loud enough to keep even Byron Blake awake long enough to learn his physics lesson.

The above report I have carefully drawn. — — —



MILDRED

THE ORCHESTRA



R.E. Hutchinson '09.

The Fog Horn

Hark! the sound of ragtime music
Floats upon the gentle breeze;
How the pupils start and wonder,
And begin to cough and sneeze!

What is it that makes them tremble—
Makes them laugh, and want to sing?
Makes the teachers glad and happy,
And the somber rafters ring?

Ah! it is our orchestra,
A famous little band are they,
Who could madly beat upon their drums,
And be joyful all the day.

Oh! those dreadful Wednesday mornings,
When to practice they all go,
And our ears we stuff with cotton,
While on their horns they wildly blow!

Oh, these false notes, and those discords,
Which resound around Room 12;
But when we hear some far-famed music,
We will wonder why no more,
The pieces sound to us as sweet
As those you played in days of yore.

—Ethel Dietrich, '09.

MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA.

First Violin

Elsie Kark
Etta Gulli
Joe Clancy
John Davies

Second Violin.

Florence Morgan
Anton Ruzicka
Leland Augustine

Trombone.

Menzo B. Waite

Cornet.

E. W. Blackhurst

Drums.

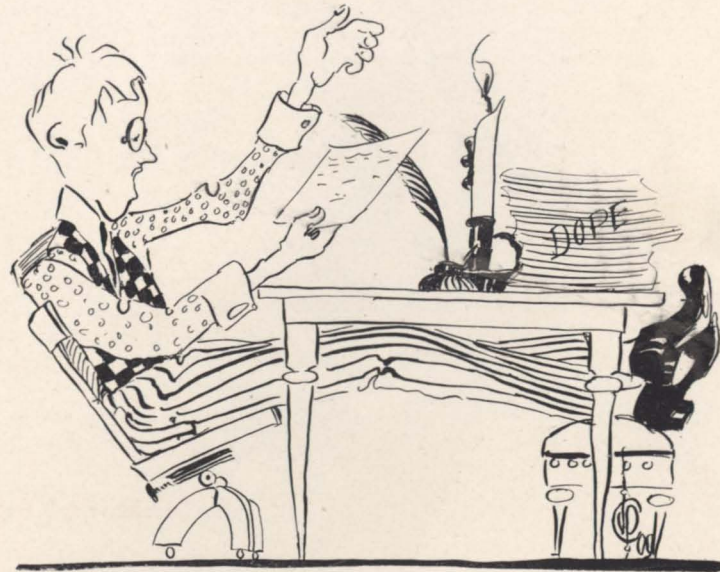
Robert Groenke

Bells.

John Campbell

After all our work and strain,
Writing rhymes right from our brain,
Miss Church says she's had enough
Of our "rotten rhyming stuff"!

And to think she spoke us out,
Stung us twice, without a doubt,
For she said, as she arose,
"I love your rhymes, but Oh, your prose!"
—John French, '10.



Mr. Lannerd (in the Physical Geography Class):
"What is a strait?"
Little Freshman: "A rubber neck."
Mr. Lannerd: "No, it is a neck running out to sea."
Little Freshman: "Well, ain't that a rubber neck?"

THE ACTOR AND THE GIRL.

There she stood, a picture of sublime femininity, daintily dipping her small feet into the lapping ripples of the sea, and through Stephen's head ran, over and over, the lines in which he had been wont to soliloquize behind the footlights:

"Women and girls and babies are ornaments, more or less.

Their beauty often is to men a snare, a——"

For Stephen was an actor, and, when fortune smiled, a leading man. Beautiful, fleecy clouds, rippling vastnesses of blue, and pretty girls invariably succeeded in making Stephen's black eyes grow tender.

The girl advanced timidly into the water, and Stephen watched her brazenly. He wondered whether a strictly modest woman ever went in bathing.

Of a sudden, Stephen found himself smiling into a pair of blue eyes above a rosebud mouth. The girl's cheeks pinked, and she stepped hurriedly into the water. Bathers and sky vanished from Stephen's horizon. Often we regret what we have done. Stephen decidedly regretted having recently donned his clothes. With a sigh, the lover of "Cinderella" and the hero of "The Honeymoon Trail" sat down upon the sands.

It was a long while that Stephen waited, but at last the maiden emerged. With eyes lowered, she skipped across the sand and nimbly up the steps of the hotel.

And Stephen sat.

Later, he rose and walked away, but not as blithely as he had come, for Stephen was very susceptible to blue eyes and rosebud mouths.

It was night. The stars were out a-winking across the blue sky at each other. The moon sent her silvery path over the waters, and the zephyrs were softly filling the air. Far away some people were singing, and the hushed echoes were floating over the sea. At a distance, alone, on the beach, sat the girl, her figure brightly silhouetted



against the sky, with her hands clasped round her knees, gazing away into the distance and the stars. At a distance, with his hands in his pockets, stood the actor, gazing wistfully at the girl.

She turned.

Stephen thought he heard a sigh. He stepped nearer.

"Are you alone?" he stammered, softly.

She looked at him, and something leaped up into his throat, for there were tears in the beautiful eyes.

"My name is Stephen Darry," he said frankly.

He could see many bits of colored paper in her lap.

A little choking voice answered him, "Yes, I am alone to-night."

A soft sob, then, in an even voice, came again:

"You see, sir, I am a failure, and I'm tired, oh, so awfully tired."

The plaintive little voice continued:

"I'm awful lonesome, too. I won't be any more, because I'm going away soon, tonight, to where the sun is always shining." She smiled through the mist in her eyes.

It dawned upon Stephen's whirling brain that there was something wrong, terribly wrong.

"Girl, you don't mean that you're going to quit—that you're going to kill"—He stopped, appalled.

Pressing her thin, sensitive hands hard to her face, "Yes!"

(To be concluded in next year's Annual.)

—Ben Hecht, '10.

Alice Wackerhagen (translating German): "The cloud stepped in front of the moon, while the man led the lion by a string."

Eda Blish (translating German): "I crashed through the mountain."

REPENTANCE FAILING.

It had been a heroic struggle, but it was too much for any man to attempt. Pitted against savages, fever, and all the dangers of the South Seas, Smith had tried to obtain an emperor's fortune, and had lost. On the previous night he had attempted to carry off the precious stones in the idols of the Malay village of Chey-Tu-Sung. Boldly he had gone ahead with his plans, had bagged the stones, and was making his escape in the gloom of the early dawn, only to step on a puffed adder.

Vainly he tried all the remedies. He emptied his flask. He appealed to his fag, an illiterate German boy. He cursed the boy and threatened to shoot him if he did not suck the wound, but the boy was fearful, and hid behind a log. Then Smith did what few men have the nerve to do. Drawing his knife, he laid open the wound, and cauterized it by burning powder in it.

In spite of his intense suffering, and the consciousness that the poison was taking effect, his thoughts wandered over his past life. Remorselessly he recalled the different phases of his career. Though reared in a good family, he had been seized with the wander-lust, and had traveled around the world. He fell into bad ways, and soon had established a name throughout the hells of vice all over the country, as a dangerous man, a gambler, a man who feared neither his fellow-creatures nor their God. But underlying these reflections was the consoling thought that the folks at home did not know of his life. They believed he was collecting diamonds for a big firm. To his credit be it told that he had always sent large sums of money to his parents.

His mind began to get hazy. He was foaming at the mouth, but not one word of prayer did he repeat. He would die game, he muttered in the language of the dens where he had flourished; yes, he would die game. Had he not lived his life in defiance of God? He was not the man to come whining to Him in death.

His body twisted in awful contortions; he dug his fingers into the soil; then his body relaxed, and a gentle expression came over his hard-vice-lined face. In tones that were a mingled expression of love, confession of sin, and an overwhelming desire for mercy, he cried:

“Mother!”

Who shall say it was not a prayer?

Byron Blake, '09.

THE END OF SUMMER.

Walking through the forests,
One mild October day,
I watched the little birdies
That soon would fly away.
The sky was very golden,
The birds were very gay,
But something seemed to tell me
They soon would fly away.
The goldenrod and asters
Seemed, oh, so pretty now,
But soon they, too, must leave us,
And lie buried 'neath the snow.
The trees looked, oh, so barren,
Excepting here and there,
Where just a few bright leaves
Did look at me and stare.
The air was growing chilly,
A glow was in the west;
I knew I, too, must leave
This harmony of rest.

—Lana Stoffel, '09.

K. Erickson: “Great men can always do their best work late at night. That’s the time I always can.”

“I cut my dog’s tail off.”

Did it make any difference with his carriage?”

“No; but it stopped his waggin’.”

Mr. Wilbor: “Blake, what is total reflection?”

Blake: “There is no such thing. Mirrors have not yet been sufficiently perfected.”

One day Pat was caught kissing the hands of a pretty little girl.

“Seen yer!” yelled the country chap, who saw them.

“No, sir, she’s a Freshman,” retorted Pat.”



OUR FRIENDS AT R.C.

MY ARCHDUKE.

One morning, while I was sitting at home pondering over what might possibly happen if I didn't have my Physics lesson, I was suddenly startled by a sharp rap at the back door. I opened it and beheld a moderately well-dressed man, an agent, I thought at first glance. I was about to tell him that we didn't want to buy anything, when he asked for something to eat.

My first impulse was to turn him away and tell him he was not at a free lunch counter, but I did not want to break the rules of hospitality, and, besides, I thought that I might use him as a subject for that day's theme. I invited him in, and he was soon eating ravenously of a hot breakfast. Then I asked him who he was and where he was bound for.

"Sh-h-h!" he said, "I am the long-sought Archduke, and I came in from Chicago this morning."

"What, you?" I cried, and made a dash for the telephone, intending to notify Mr. Irland of my discovery, but he seized me by the arm and asked:

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to order Mr. Irland to—"

"Go ahead, then," he replied. "I haven't eaten any of that since Saturday, and I'm still a trifle hungry."

"You don't understand me," I said. "I am going to call Mr. Irland, who is looking everywhere for you."

"Oh, you mean the brakie that I knocked off the box car? Don't call him, or we'll have another row."

"No, no," I interrupted. "I mean Henry, whose father you worked for in Michigan."

"The little fat fellow with the red nose? Oh, yes."

"Maybe Henry once had a red nose, but he hasn't one now," I almost shouted. "Now he has a bum knee, but that is all," I continued, entirely exasperated, "and if you don't get down to business pretty soon I'll refuse to have anything more to do with you."

"Anything to please you," he replied, as he helped himself from a box of "Havanas" on the table.

"What I want to ask you is what you intend to do now?"

"Well, you see, I am worth quite a bit, but I must get to where I can claim it. If you will give me a few dollars now, I will richly repay you when I get my money."

I was instantly seized with a mad desire to get rich quickly, and so I determined to take the chances.

"Here is a V," I said, as I slipped him a bill, "and I hope that you will succeed in getting your fortune."

"Thank you," he replied. "I will write to you when I get to be a millionaire."

Before I realized what had happened, he was off and away, and I was "stung again."

Charles Cibelius, '09.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

Without, green earth, leafy bough, and vine,
That gently in the wind do sigh,
A softening air, bright stars that shine,
From out a pale blue sky;
The night bird's cry, the cricket's song,
The murmuring streams that glide along,
The curfew, as the hour it tolls
Bring back sweet memories manifold.

A WINTER NIGHT.

Within, a crackling fire sings,
And all is ruddy cheer:
A book, which brings on tireless wings
Far sunny lands anear,
A dish of apples, and above
A shadow-throwing light,
Thoughts of far-scenes and ones we love;
God bless a winter's night!

THOUGHTS OF SCHOOL.

As I sit in the Upper Assembly,
And wonder, and dream of the past,
A feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
For my school life soon will be past.
And to think, I can almost remember
The first day I spent in this school,
Where life was quite new and exciting,
And all things were done by a rule.

The pleasures, the joys, and the sorrows,
All come to me now, as I sit,
But I won't think too much of the sorrows,
Lest my love for the school should remit.
However, I can't keep from thinking
Of the sorrows that are yet to come,
For the friends that I'll love forever
Are the ones I'll be parted from.

So, now that my time is 'most ended,
And summer will soon be at hand,
Remember, I'll never forget you,
As I travel all over the land.
No matter where I may wander,
And no matter where I may roam,
I shall always look back on the High School
As my best and only real home.

—John French, '10.

Said the bird to the bug,
"In the mortar with you";
Said the bug to the bird,
"I'll be mortified through."

DIPLOMACY.

What makes the student grin with glee
When he's exempt on a good round G?

Diplomacy.

What makes him tell his teacher that
She's not too lean, no, nor yet too fat?

Diplomacy.

What makes him rise and loud debate,
When asked his lesson to relate?

Diplomacy.

What makes him oft decide to rest
From class, when there's an English test?

Diplomacy.

What makes him say he's had a spell
Of sickness, when he knows right well—

Diplomacy.

But why does she to all this hark,
Then give to him a nice red mark?

Diplomacy.

—Ben Hecht, '10.

Little smiles and stolen glances,
Little ring upon her finger,
Senior play, and then some dances,
Make my High School mem'ries linger.

THE FIRST DAY AT SEA.

It was evening. We had left behind us New York, with its beautiful harbor and magnificent statue of Liberty. Our good ship "Teutonic" was making its way straight out to sea.

As we were tired with the day's excitement, we went early to bed, or to bunk, as the sailor says. The standing room of our cabin was about three by four feet, and my bunk, I know, was hardly long enough for me (six feet one in stocking feet). It was about two feet wide, and as it was the upper berth, there was a railing attached which might be put up if the sea was rough. "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," we soon forgot our limited quarters and the many strange noises, and fell asleep.

In the morning I was awake early, but heard people already tramping above us. I dropped down from my berth, but did not reckon on the movement of the ship, and was thrown against the opposite wall. I apparently did not have my sea legs on, for I stumbled around like a person who had been very sick. I felt as if the bottom was going to fall out of everything, and that my best plan was to get on deck without loss of time. This I did, and there were several others before me, breathing in the fresh, cool air and looking at the great mountain-like waves that came up to meet us as we sank down in the sea. The sea air saved me from being a contributor to the Atlantic; I was all right during the rest of the trip. Many others on deck wore a set and determined look, hoping against hope that they would not be among the unfortunates. Their faces were of a yellowish white, except for the dark lines around their eyes, and their knees seemed very weak. I thought with pity of my parents, still down there in that stuffy little cabin.

After awhile they came up and we went down to breakfast. The dining room was a large, splendid hall, filled with many tables; it seemed even larger than it was,

because so little of its space was taken up by the passengers. There were not more than thirty-five passengers on board, and some of these, for private reasons, did not appear at the table, from the time we left New York until we breakfasted just before landing at Liverpool. In our excitement we did not notice our fellow-passengers at the table, and the conversation consisted chiefly of "Nice morning," "Fine air," "How do you feel?" and "Please pass the sugar."

After breakfast we went up on deck. The boat was rolling a little, but we started out for a walk. Three abreast, as we were, we managed to keep the outside rail, and the cabins alongside, but we swayed a bit. If any of the passengers had known that we came from Racine, they might have suspected that we had brought along something from Milwaukee.

After we had had enough walking we made for our deck chairs, which we had already obtained from the steward. Those chairs were certainly made for the laziest of people; when you got into one you became one of this class, if you hadn't been before. I lay there watching the horizon appear and disappear as the great ship turned back and forth on its huge side, and thought hopelessly of the themes I had to write, and the other work to be done on the trip. But actions count more than intentions; hardly a bit of work was accomplished. At eleven o'clock, bouillon with crackers was served, and at about one o'clock, lunch.

In the afternoon we felt stronger on our feet and dared to walk around more. We went back to the rear end of the boat, where we watched the foaming and frothing waters as they rushed from beneath the ship. Then we went back to the main deck. Some of the people were lying in their chairs reading. Others were playing games. One of these games was shuffleboard, which proved to be an interesting yet lazy amusement. Some of the Englishmen had already started to play bridge and chess. Among the passengers were several boys and girls. They had found the

treasure of the deck-steward, and were munching away at apples, oranges, and pears.

At seven, dinner was served. I had been waiting for this impatiently, and therefore sat down among the first. We had the great honor of being at the captain's table. First appeared a little Welshman, who had been visiting "the States," and was just returning. Next came a stalwart, rugged American. You could see that he was a good sailor both from the healthy color of his cheeks and from his excellent appetite. Soon came our genuine, tested-in-the-fire French count. He was a tall, fat, broad-shouldered man. He had very little hair, and a face large and far from handsome. He wore a dress suit, and diamonds glittered both on his shirt front and his fingers. His table manners were not excellent, and the waiters had great fun in laughing at him behind his back. However, when it was discovered that he was a count, a very noticeable change took place in the actions both of the servants and of some ladies of the stage, who were passengers. The menu seemed to stick the old count, and when he noticed that my mother was having some squab, he pointed to her plate, and told the waiter he wanted some of that. Last, but not least, entered the captain. He carried himself very straight and looked a seasoned sailor. Yet he did not appear as extraordinary as I had expected. He was a very retiring and unassuming man.

In the evening, after walking the deck a while, we repaired to our rooms, and soon fell asleep, hearing the long cry from the officer on the bridge, far above us, "All's well."
Burton Olin, '09.

CONCENTRATION.

One morn into Assembly
A doggie found his way,
And all the tiny Freshmen
Forgot their work to play.

The Sophomores were tickled,
And turned around to see,
With smiling, roguish faces,
The dog get "twenty-three."
The Juniors smiled quite wisely,
When Mr. Blackhurst came
To help the poor old fellow on
And treat him to the cane.
But the Seniors kept on plodding,
Their lessons to complete;
They heard not the gentle patter
of doggie's little feet.

—Flossy Pflieger, '09.

WHO IS WHO?

If I am I,
And sometimes who.
If you are you,
And also who,
Then, I am you
And you are I;
For who is who,
And you and I?
But I am not you;
And you are not I;
Yet, I am who,
And who is you.
Too, if I am not you,
And you are not I,
Then, who is not who,
For you are not I.
Then, if who is not who,
Nor you, nor I,
Then who is who,
If you are not I?
—John King, '09.

THE UNATTAINED, IDEAL GOVERNMENT.

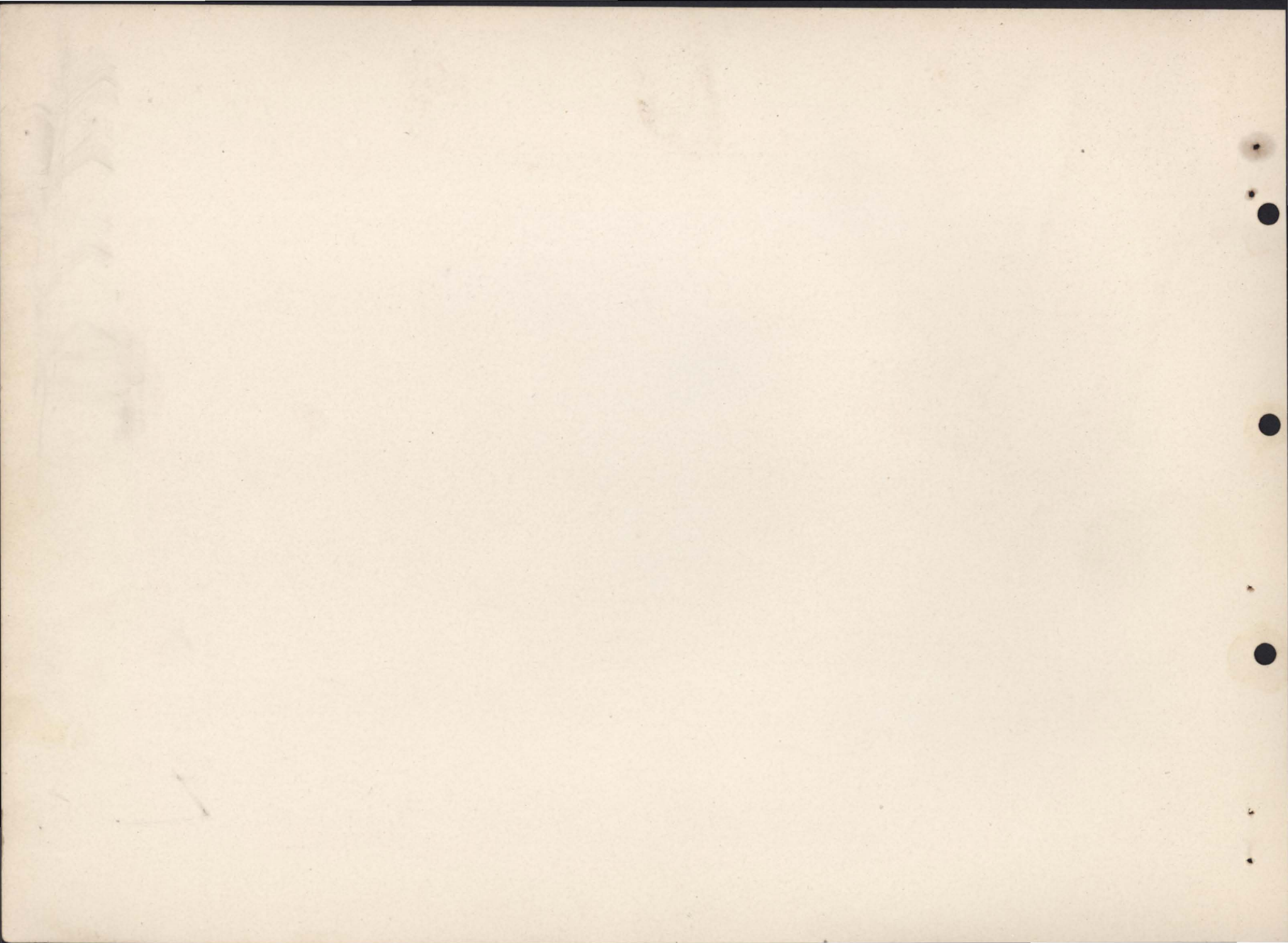
Men have hunted, and are hunting still,
For a government that will fulfill
The poor man's need, and the rich man's greed,
That the peace of the people be peace indeed.

But hunt they must, and hunt in vain,
As no such government was e'er ordained.
Oh, try not our government to refine,
But, rather, the hearts of all mankind.

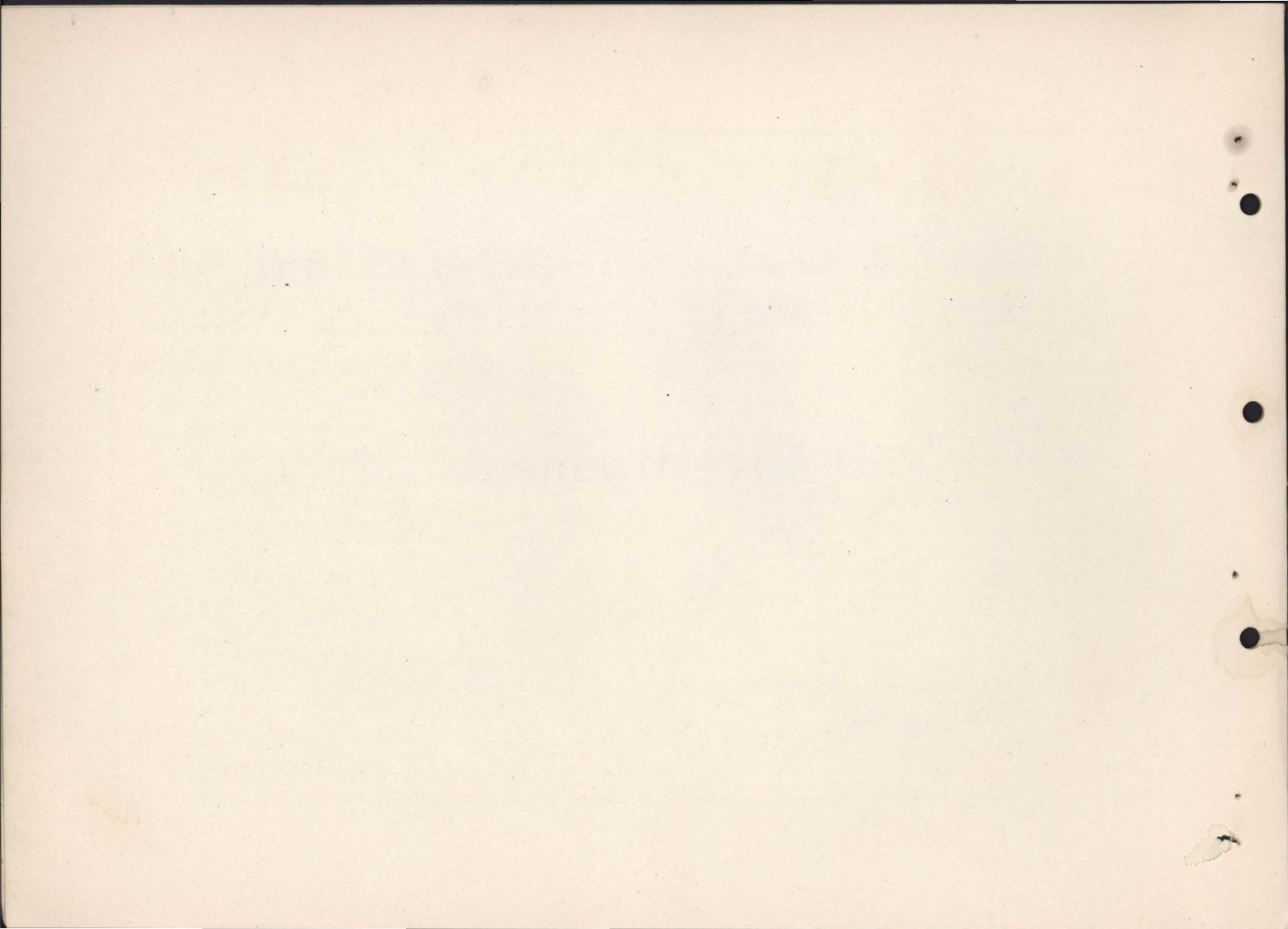
For if every man were true,
And would his selfish heart subdue,
What should we need of human tools,
To carry out the good Lord's rules?

—John King, '09.





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To the High School graduates 1909:

Seven of the class of 1908 enrolled in our school. In less than seven months six were at work. Within the year we could have placed twice the number enrolled with us. Never before has so large a number of high school graduates from any one class attended our school. Ask us; we will tell you why.

To the Ward School graduates 1909:

If you can afford a high school education, secure it. If you cannot, send us your name and address. We have helped others. We can help you. A number of our graduates who came to us with only a common school education are now holding positions paying more than \$100 a month.

To all interested:

This has been the poorest year for business college business in fifteen years, yet our Racine school has done more business this year than last. There are reasons for our great success in Racine.

Day and night school all summer.

Arrange to enter our college as soon after your school closes as you can. A number did this last year to their great advantage. The opportunity is now yours.

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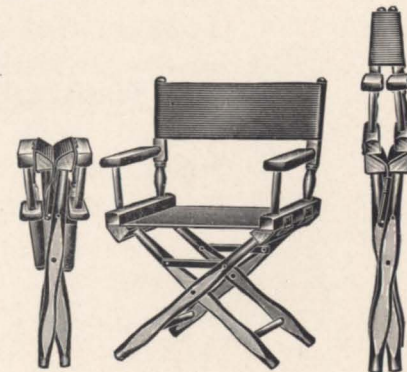
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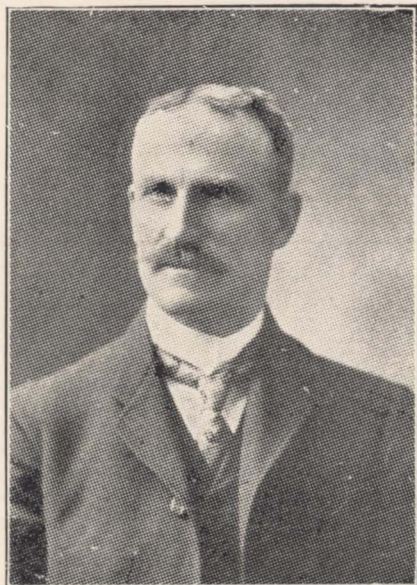
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