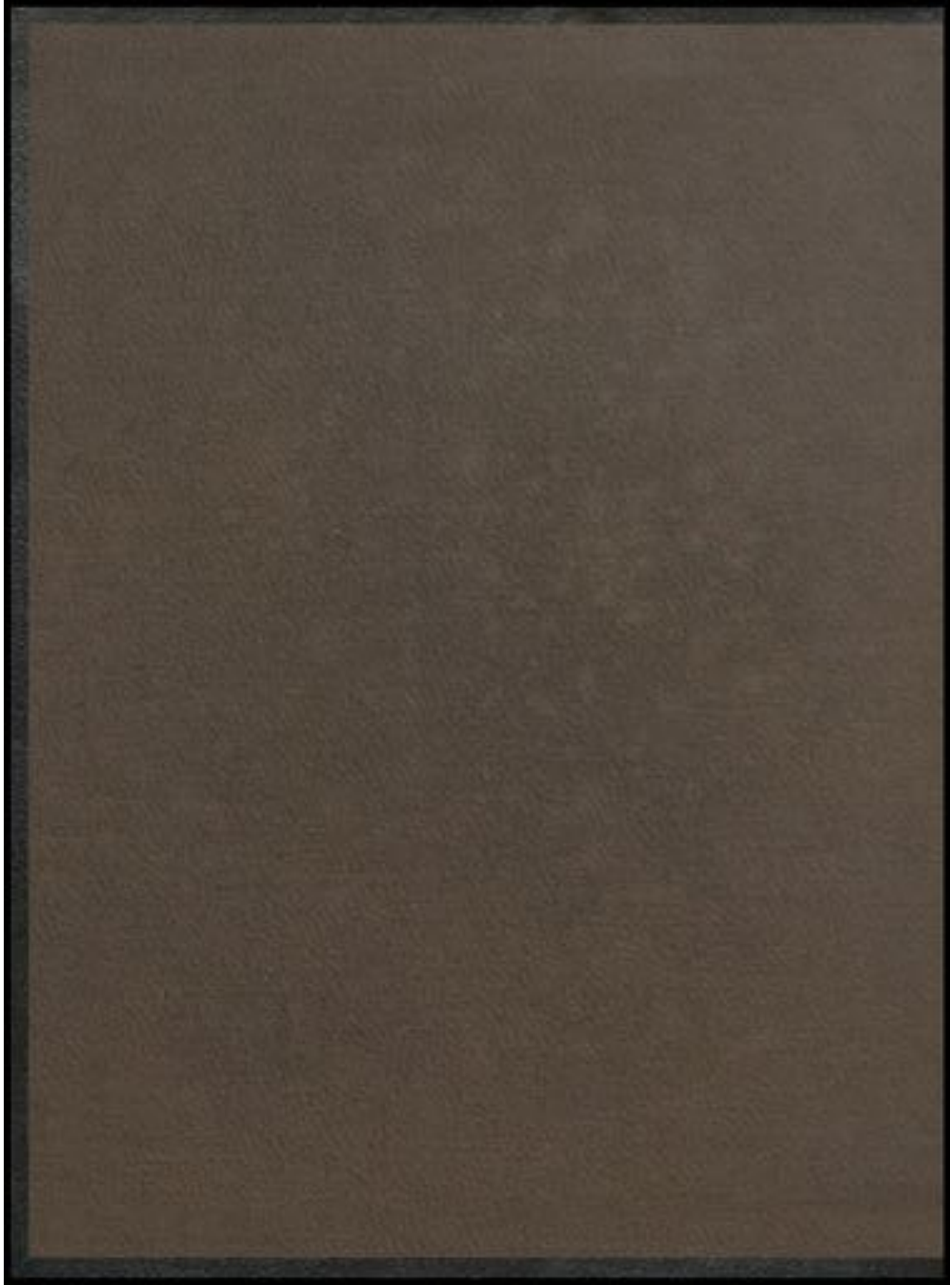
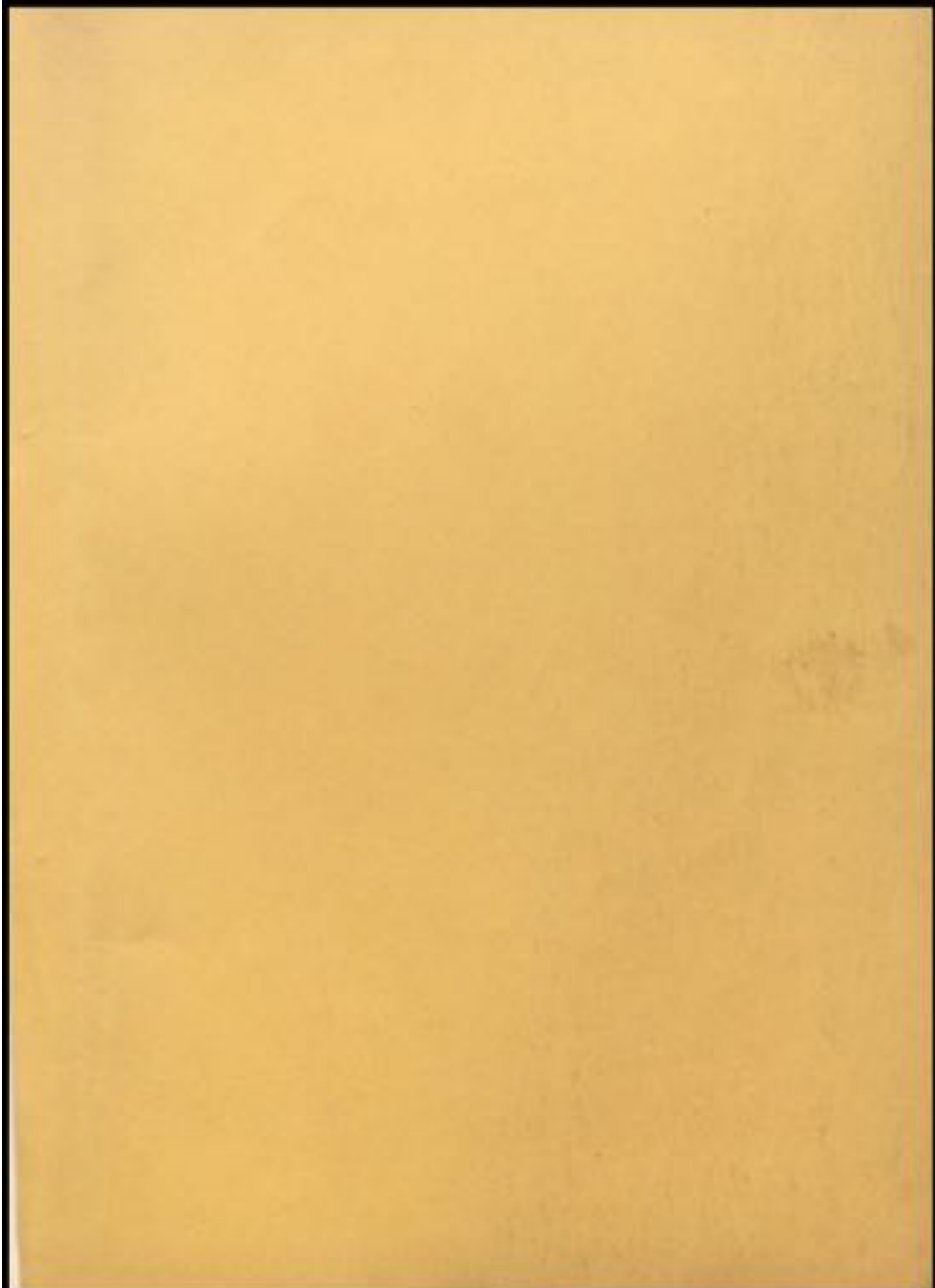
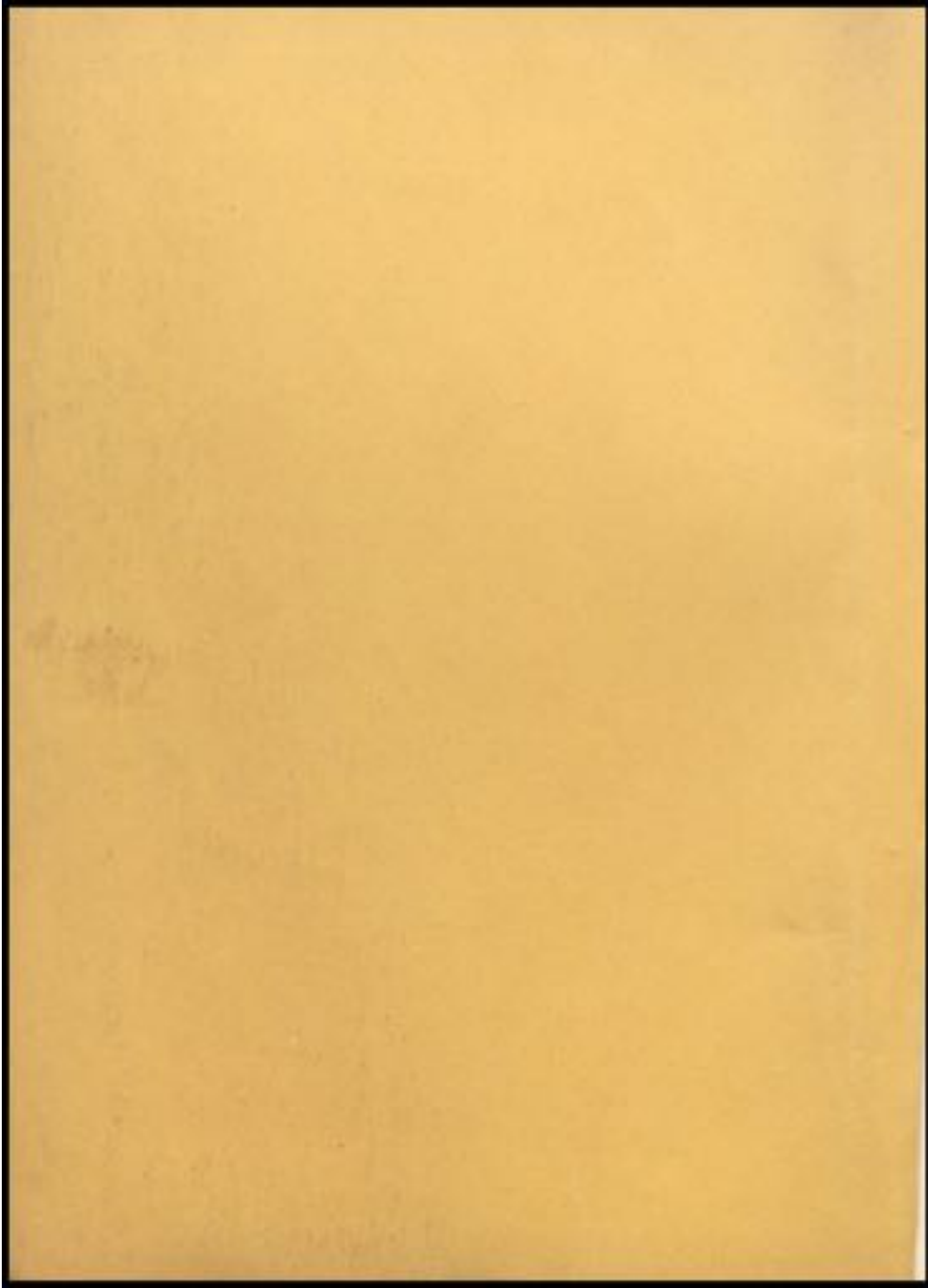
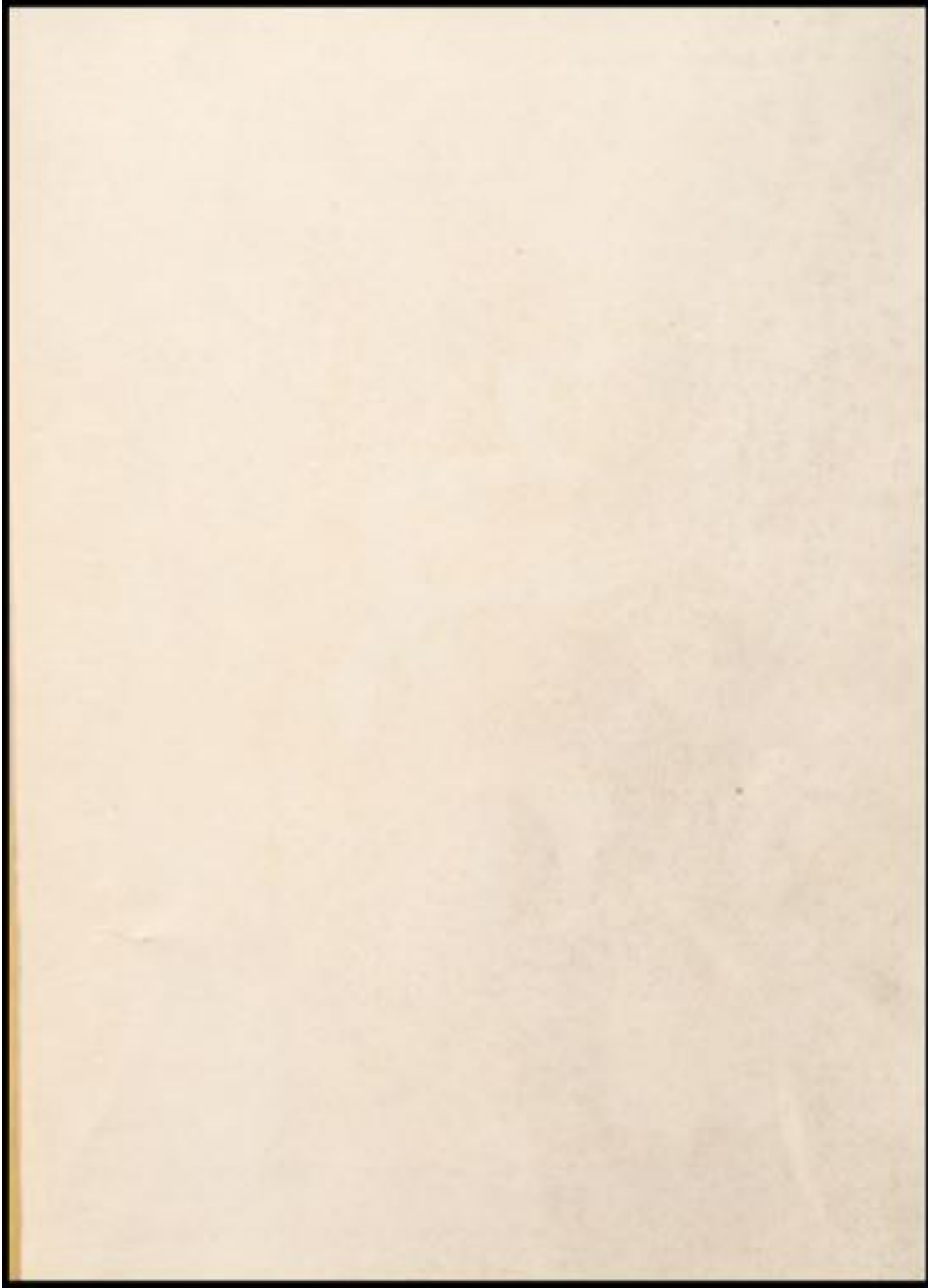


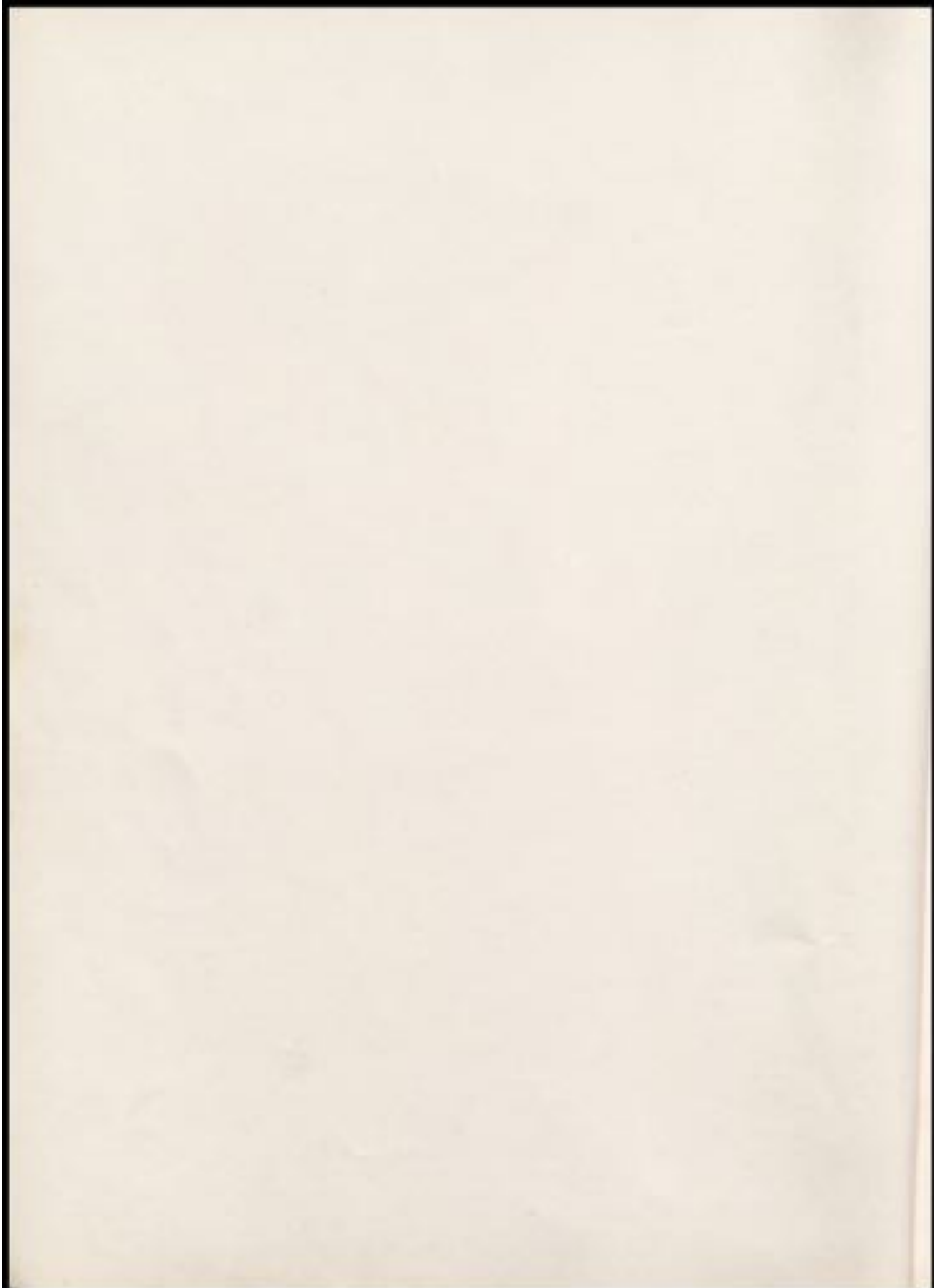
Purple
and
Gold











Purple
and
Gold



Compiled by the Senior Class
of 1916 at Odebolt, Iowa

Purple and Gold Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

RALPH BLAIR

BUSINESS MANAGER

LAVERNE OLNEY

Department Editors

ALUMNI

MAX HANSON

HISTORICAL

ZADIE BOYER

SOCIETY

LAURA ENGLISH

LITERARY

MARION FURROW

ATHLETICS

MERRILL BILLINGS

CALENDAR

IDA LEVEL

ART

LESLIE HANSON

ANOTHER year has passed. Within its limits, all have lived, worked, and accomplished something. Each member of society has had his duty to perform. As a class of individuals our task has been this annual. It has been our opportunity, and we have made the most of it. For its success each member of the class has put forth his best effort,—he has performed the tasks assigned to him and has made possible this,—our class monument. It represents not only the efforts and the attainments of our class but also of our contributors from the under classes, for the annual was made possible only by the cooperation of the entire high school. We hereby present it to the public for final judgment,—for criticism or for approval. If it meets with censure, we regret the vanity of our effort; if, with praise, we rejoice in our accomplishment.



C. H. Clark

To
Carl Bynum Core, A. B.
who has so kindly and ably assisted us in
performing our duties in the
Odebolt High School, the
Class of 1916
respectfully dedicates this volume

Board of Education

Until March 13, 1916

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT, O. E. HUGLIN

SECRETARY, F. H. MEYER

TREASURER, HENRY HANSON

MEMBERS

NAME	TERM EXPIRES
O. E. Huglin	March 1, '16
John Fuchs	March 1, '17
Myron Paul	March 1, '17
Dr. W. H. Owsler	March 1, '18
Dr. E. H. Crane	March 1, '18

Board of Education

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Dr. E. H. Crane.....	March 1, '18
O. E. Huglin.....	March 1, '19



Occident Hotel Seattle

History of High School

ODEBOLT High School dates back as far as 1870. The old building was a two story wood structure. There were two rooms downstairs, one being used for the intermediate grades, and one for the primary grades. The upstairs of only one room was used for the assembly room. On account of not having sufficient room for all the pupils, the first primary grade was held in a separate building.

The first class to graduate, was the class of '86 which numbered four. In 1890 a new course was added. Before this there had been only a two year course, then it became a four year course and an accredited school.

In 1899 a new school house was built. Since that time many alterations have been made, and present conditions demand the attention of the improvement committee, owing to lack of room.

There are three courses in the curriculum, Latin, English and Normal Training. The normal training course was added in 1912, and with it a Domestic Science room.

The number of alumni and students has increased immensely during the last years. There are three hundred and twelve alumni. Not only has the High School the largest enrollment of students, but the largest Senior Class that has ever been recorded.

In 1912 Music was introduced into the school, and a Glee Club was formed. Since then much more attention has been paid to music than there had been in the preceding years.

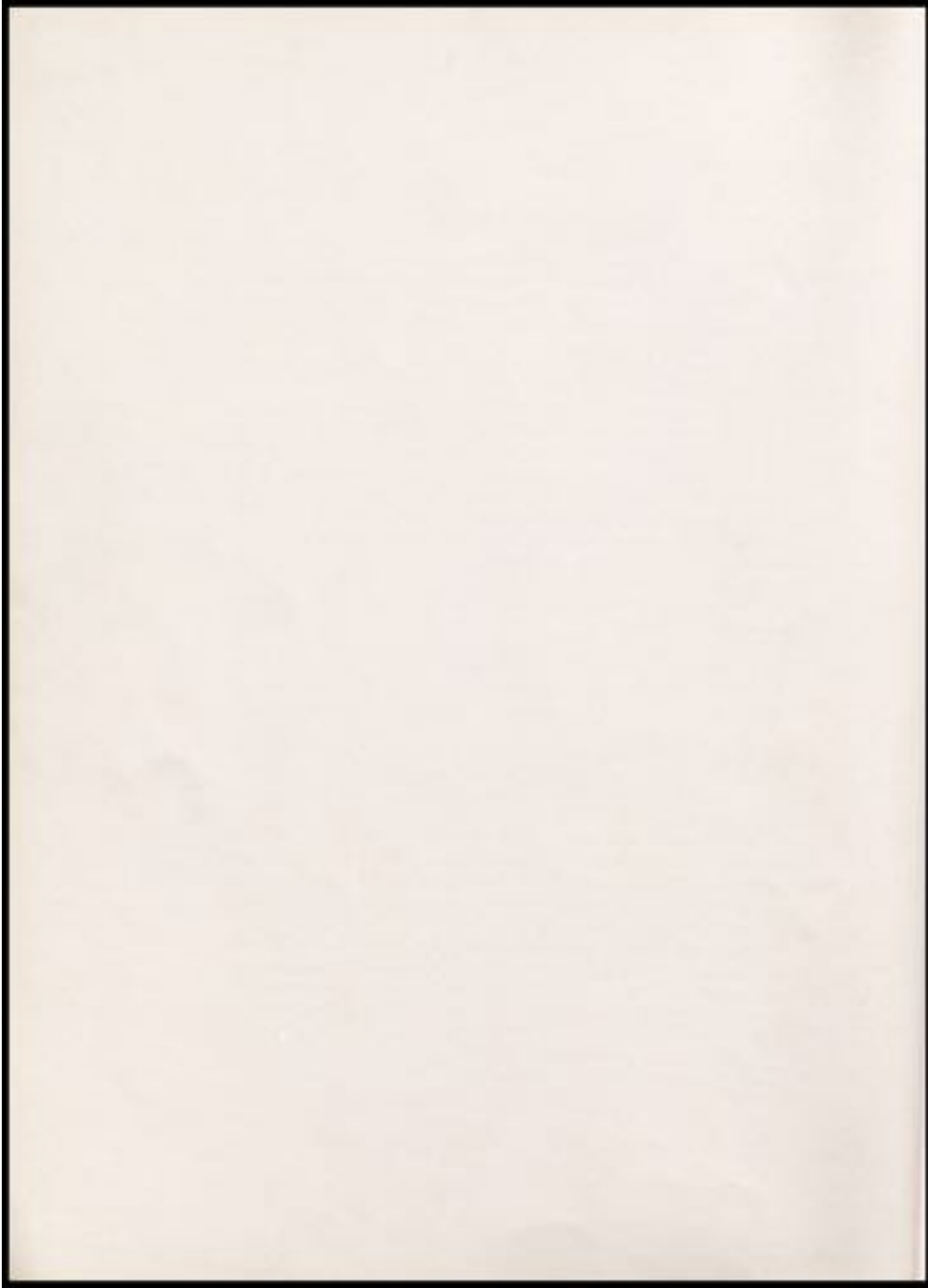
The Parent-Teacher Association was organized in 1913. The aim of this association was to bring the teachers and parents into a closer relation with each other. During the same year a Teachers' Club was formed.

A Teachers Club was formed in 1915 under the name of the "Study Center." This work is taken up by all the counties of Iowa, each county being divided into four districts. The reports from these districts are sent to the county superintendent and he sends them into the State Teachers College.

Two new subjects were added in 1915, a course in General Science, and Manual Training. With the addition of Manual Training another teacher was added to the High School staff, increasing it to seven. On account of lack of space in the school building it was necessary to furnish a room down town.

In view of the past record of this school, we can forecast with certainty that its work will be a great success.

M. F. '16.





Alumni Association

THE Alumni Association of the Odebolt High School was organized in 1886, but was not a success. It was reorganized in 1905. The object of the association is to extend the influence of its Alma Mater, to promote and perpetuate the education of its members, to encourage others to qualify for such membership and to strengthen the fraternal relations of the organization. The largest class, that of 1909 numbered eighteen, the smallest, 1890 four members. This was due to a reclassification and an added course of study. In the twenty-nine years of this organization it has grown to the number of three hundred and twelve members of whom twelve are deceased.

The alumni have scattered to all parts of the United States; they may be found from Maine to California and Texas to Minnesota. Some have even ventured beyond the bounds of the United States, having gone to Cuba, China, and British Columbia and Alberta, Canada. However, the majority have remained in Iowa. Of the three hundred and twelve graduates some have become doctors, nurses, lawyers, chemists, and teachers. There are also missionaries, pastors, bankers, merchants, farmers, and last but not least, housekeepers. The alumni of the Odebolt High School are glad that Odebolt is in Sac County; that Sac County is in Iowa and that Iowa is in the U. S. From Odebolt as a center radiate the interests of the Odebolt High School.



Alumni

OFFICERS FOR 1915-16

PRESIDENT, OSCAR LARSON

SECRETARY, ELAINE FULLER

TREASURER, ARVID PETERSON

1913

- Edythe Kiner—Office work, Oslebolt.
Malde Krusenstjerna—Stenographer, Chicago.
Russell Krusenstjerna—Partnership in Clothing Store, Oslebolt.
Vivian Down—Attending Morningside College, S. City.
Hannah McCorkindale—Attending University at Lincoln, Nebraska.
Elna Larson—Clerking in store, Oslebolt.
Belle Rex—Nurse training, Methodist Hospital, Des Moines.
Rosina Rabe—At home, Oslebolt.
Rosetta Boser—Married, Oslebolt.
Carl Wilkens—State University, Iowa City.
Jeannette McGenchy—Teaching rural school, Oslebolt.

1914

- Francis Coy—Attending State University, Iowa City, Iowa.
Helen Fisher—Attending Cornell College at Mt. Vernon, Iowa.
Eleanor Groman—Attending Coe College.
Estella Ahlberg—Attending C. C. C. C., Des Moines, Iowa.
Josephine Reynolds—Teaching rural school, Oslebolt.
McKinley Erikson—Attending Morningside College, S. City.
John Erikson—Attending Iowa State University, Iowa City.
Robert Crichton—Naval Academy, Annapolis.
William McCorkindale—Attending Iowa State College, Ames.
Anna Freese—Teaching rural school, Oslebolt.
Walter Seawright—Teaching rural school, Oslebolt.
Alice Waggoner—Teaching rural school, Oslebolt.
Allan Duncan—Teaching rural school, Kankakee, Ill.
Clifford Cooley—Delivery work, Oslebolt.
Walter Turner—Attending Iowa State University.
Frank Mattos—At home, Oslebolt.

1913

- Alveta Larson—At home, Odelsbølt.
Lloyd Babcock—Engaged in agriculture, Odelsbølt.
Royce Engberg—Attending Morningside College.
Verne Paul—Attending Morningside, Sioux City.
Lucille Stratton—At home, Odelsbølt.
Florence Bryntson—At home, Odelsbølt.
Minnie Huber—At home, Odelsbølt.
Gertrude Lilsby—At home, Odelsbølt.
Clifford Fuller—Carpenter work, Odelsbølt.
Dorothy McCookindale—Teaching rural school, Sae City.
Harold Frevort—Engaged in agriculture, Odelsbølt.
Lulu Long—At home, Odelsbølt.
Ruth Krusenstjerna—Attending Kinloch Music Hall, Chicago, Ill.
John Epperson—Teaching rural school, Pender, Nebraska.

FACTHEITY



Faculty

JOSEPH H. VOHLS, A. B.,
Superintendent of Schools
Instructor in Pedagogy and Science

CARL B. COBB, A. B.,
Principal of High School,
Instructor in Mathematics and History

MARGARET M. LEVE, A. B.,
Vice-Principal and Instructor in English

ELLA JOY KNAPP, A. B.,
Instructor in Home Economics and English

LOIS JOSEPHA SCOTT, A. B.,
Instructor in Latin and History

ALTA FRANCIS DUFFY, FINE ARTS,
Instructor in Music and Drawing

LEANDER TAMMINKEN, B. M. A.,
Instructor in Manual Training



JOSEPH H. VORIS, A. B.,
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



CARL D. CODD, A. B.,
FRANKLIN COLLEGE

MARGARET M. LUCE, A. B.,
STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA





LOIS JOSEPHIA SCOTT, A. B.,
DRAKE UNIVERSITY



ELLA JOY KNAPP, A. B.,
HILLSDALE COLLEGE



ALTA FRANCIS DUFFY, *Phi Alpha*
DUKE UNIVERSITY

LEANDER TAMMINEN,
B. M. A.,
VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY



2

Ralph Rabe
Merrill Billings
Evelyn Kistler
Zadie Boyer

Guy Babcock
Glen Peck

Mae Hanson
Mable Fixen

Ruth Ahlberg
Florence Buehler
Irene Freese

Esther Nordeen
Laura Engberg
Herman Godbersen
Ida Level
Zella Boyer
Marian Furrow

Ella Clancy
Laverne Olney
Margaret McGee
Fern Burnquist
Lawrence Smith

915H

Senior Class

MOTTO:

NOT FINISHED, BUT BEGUN

COLORS:

PURPLE AND OLD GOLD

FLOWER:

ENGLISH VIOLET

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT, RALPH RABE

VICE-PRESIDENT, LAURA ENGBERG

SECRETARY, MAE HANSON

TREASURER, RUTH AHLBERG

HISTORIAN, MARGARET McGEACHY

Class Roll

Fern Burnquist

Leone Frosse

Florence Deubler

Evelyn Kistler

Glen Peck

Margaret McGeachy

Herman Godbersen

Zella Boyer

Ells Clancy

Mae Hanson

Zella Boyer

Marion Furtow

Lawrence Smith

Laverne Olney

Guy Babcock

Ruth Ahlberg

Ralph Rabe

Merrill Billings

Ila Lovel

Mable Fjoren

Senior History

IT was on the first day of school, in the early fall of '12, that a sound of clapping hands and pealing laughter rang through the halls of O. H. S. as we, a class of forty-eight "verdant Freshmen," made a "grand march" from the eighth room to the assembly,—the general amphitheatre. Although this march has always been the leading feature of the first day of school, there had been no previous rehearsal, and we were horrified and trembling. We entered the doors of the assembly room in a "silently one by one fashion," and were only too glad to take the seats assigned us near the east side of the room and there pass as the class of 1910.

The first few weeks of our high school life proved a perfect torment to us. It was so hard for us to understand our position and govern ourselves accordingly. Our brains were often puzzled, and many times we felt lumps in our throats and were very much inclined to weep when the Seniors would burst out in ridiculing laughter at our mistakes. But after the first month, however, we found the true cause of our troubles, it was those fickle-minded Sophomores. They had evidently given us the wrong information about our conduct, and so, therefore, we concluded that it was best to accept advice from no one and to make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible in the presence of our upper classmen.

After this, we found that high school life was no longer cold and unresponsive, but worth living. By the end of our first term, some of our members were made welcome into the gymnasium, and allowed to enter into the basketball games. Somewhat later, we were represented in the baseball team. Because of the "stars" belonging to our class, we soon won favor and were no longer treated as infants. When the year closed, we had not only proven ourselves successful in athletics, but the greater part of the class had also a good report to be recorded in the "big book" in Superintendent Voris' office.

Vacation came and was soon gone again. Although it was no longer than previous vacations, we had ample time to forget our Freshmen trials and were ready to laugh at jokes on the new "Freshies". When we assembled as Sophomores, we found that at best progress seemed denied to the class as nearly twenty-five percent failed to survive the freshmen stage and did not appear in the rounding up of the "survival of the fittest." The elect were deemed worthy of occupying seats near the west side of the assembly. Besides the change in number, there was a decided alteration in the character of the class. The greater share of

the girls discarded their powder puffs, discontinued "dolling up," and lingering before the mirror in the hall, only to see in their stead the Freshies primp and hear them discuss Paris creations, picture hats, etc. Although during the second year there seemed, to a casual observer, to be no apparent signs of activity, we were very busy, for this was a time of great transformation. We were preparing ourselves for the Junior stage of the high school spell.

On the last day of August, 1915, we again assembled together and for the first time responded to the name of Juniors. By this time we had developed into a lively group of young folks and had begun to realize the need of more class spirit. Accordingly, the class was organized a few days after the opening of school, the following officers being elected: President, Laverne Olney; vice president, Ralph Rabe; secretary, Laura Engberg; treasurer, Lawrence Smith. A class motto and flower were also chosen at that time.

The first social event in the history of the class of '16 was a lawn party held at the home of Mable Fixen. Wiener roasts, hay rack rides, a Hallowe'en party, sleigh rides, and many other social affairs took place during the year. The most successful event, however, was the Senior-Junior party, which took place near the close of the last semester.

We did our best during the last weeks of school to make Commencement pleasant and successful for the class of '15. The reception given them was one of the most delightful affairs of the week, despite the fact that immediately after supper a large share of the Seniors and Juniors directed their steps toward the school house. There they engaged in a most fierce battle. The Seniors of '15 succeeded in getting their banner to the breeze before we appeared upon the scene, and, although we put up a hard fight, we could gain no headway. We knew we were defeated and therefore dispersed. But the members of '15 were afraid we would return and attack them a second time, and so they decided to stay and protect their banner. They gained an entrance into the Domestic Science laboratory, where they spent the rest of the night and later breakfasted.

We were very glad vacation was at hand and that in a few days our dreaded enemies, the said class of '15, would disappear from O. H. S. Then we could forget them and quiet our much ruffled feelings.

After a seemingly short vacation, we again assembled and this time were given seats near the windows. A few days later a christening was held at the Fixen home, and we were given the name, Seniors. We now fully realized our position and thought it was our duty to make the class of '16 the strongest and most successful one in the history of the school.

A class meeting was held Monday, September first, and new officers were elected. We decided that our motto, "Not finished but begun,"

was most appropriate, and therefore no change was made in it. Neither did we make any change in our colors or flowers. The question of publishing an annual was considered at this meeting also.

A week later on September 8, another meeting was held, the annual staff was elected and it was decided that we should begin at once to work for the publication of our high school book.

Many delightful social times have been enjoyed during this, our last year. The class has held parties at the homes of different members, both in town and in the country. The faculty have been guests at each occasion. These social pleasures will long be remembered by the Senior class.

Although we believe in having a good time, none of us, however, are ever guilty of shirking our duties in the class room. Our reports show that we have always done conscientious work. We are trying to set a good example to our underclassmen by our studious and well behaved mien. Let us hope they may profit by it.

Our High School life is now almost over. A few short months, and the class of '16 will part. We shall never forget the years we spent together in O. H. S. We have had trials, of course, but our triumphs have been great. Each of us is proud to be a member of the illustrious class of 1916.

Rickety, Rackety, Hollabedoo!
Zis! Boon—! Whoopety-Dee!
Can anybody beat us? Nixy! Nix!
We're the class of ten and six!





RALPH F. HARE English Course

President Senior Class; Editor-in-Chief of Annual; President L. F. C., 1st semester; Football '14, '15.

"Not only good, but good for something."

LAURA JUANITA ENGBERG

Normal Course

Vice-President Senior Class; Society Editor; Secretary Phi Sigma, 1st semester; Basketball '15.

"A twinkle in her eye,
A twinkle in her cheek,
A jolly little soul
As you would chance to meet."



MARGARET McGEACHY
Normal Course

Phi Sigma; Historical Editor;
"I love tranquil solitude
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good."



MERRILL H. BILLINGS
Enlarged Course

Lincoln Forum; Athletic Editor; Football
'13, '14, '15. Captain '15; Baseball '13, '14.
"My only books, were women's books,
And folly is all they've taught me."



TRENE HULDA PIERSE
Normal Course

President Phi Sigma; Literary Editor.
"We would not have her otherwise."



ELLA MARGHERITE CLANEY
NORMAL COURSE

Phi Sigma; Calendar Editor.

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."



GLENN B. PECK English Course
Alumni Editor.

"Don't leave people by talking too much, is my advice."

ZELLA M. BOYER NORMAL COURSE

Literary Editor.

"We expect great things of her."



ZACHIE BOYER

Normal Course

History Editor.

"Be wise—be young
She cannot live long—single."



LAWRENCE SMITH Normal Course

Vice-President of Lincoln Female; Athletic Editor.

"Man was born for two things—sleeping and eating."

IDA MAE LEVEL

Normal Course

Sergeant-of-Arms, Phi Sigma 1st semester; Calendar Editor; Basket Ball '14, '15; Captain '15.

"He wouldn't be good if she could,
And she couldn't be good if she would."



ALBERTA MAE HANSON *Latin Course*

President Phi Sigma, 2nd semester; Alumni
Editor; Secretary Senior Class.

"A dainty little maid is she
So neat, so nice."



GUY V. BABCOCK *English Course*

President Lincoln Forum, 2nd semester;
Society Editor.

"All star player."

FEDIN ISOBEL BURNQUEST

News is Course

Phi Sigma; Art Editor.

"Tall and stately and full of dignity is this
maiden."



EVELYN BLANCHE KISTLER
Normal Course

Phi Sigma; Art Editor

"A light heart goes long."



LAVERNE C. OLNEY Exchange Course

Lincoln Forum; Business Manager

"For he was such a bright little,
Slight little,
Light little,
Slim little-craft."



MABEL HELEN FIXEN
Normal Course

History Editor

"When in the course of human events it
becomes necessary for us to bluff, let us
bluff."



ESTHER A. NORDEN

NORMAL COURSE

Society Editor.

"No cupid's darts for her."



HERMAN H. GODDERSON

NORMAL COURSE

Lincoln Forensic Calendar Editor.

"Stately and tall he moves in the hall,
Chief of a thousand for green."

FLORENCE IRENE BUEHLER

NORMAL COURSE

Phi Sigma; Alumni Editor.

"Oh! gracious girls, let's not do that."



RUTH EULALIE AHLBUC
English Course

Treasurer of Phi Sigma.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why are not they all contented like me?"



LESLIE HANSON English Course

Lincoln Foreman; Art Editor; Football '13.

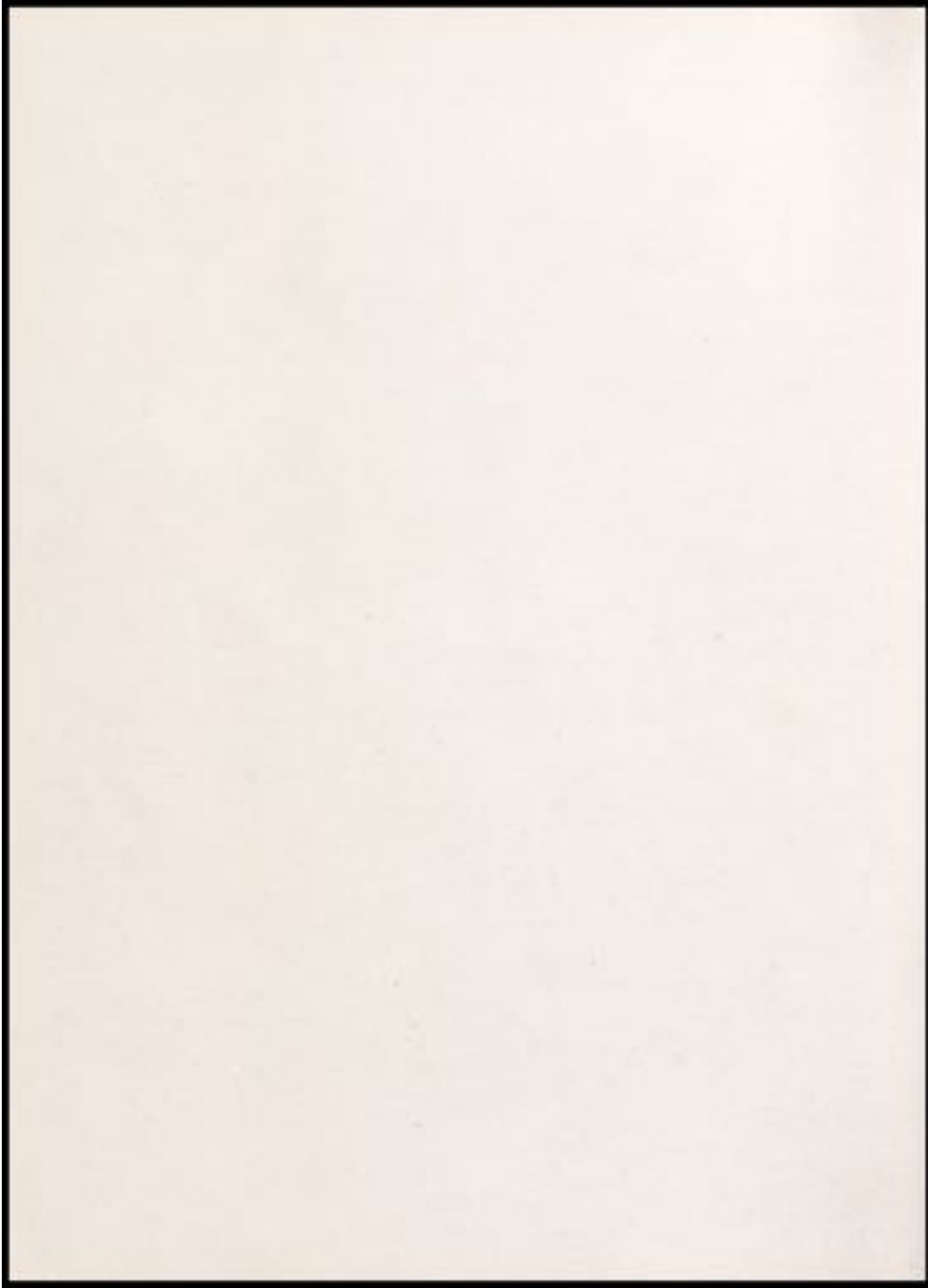
"Not a real Senior, rarely adopted for their use."

MARION JOY FURROW
Normal Course

Phi Sigma; Literary Editor.

"None so fair, with no earthly care,
Save the fixing of her golden hair."





1917



Junior Class

MOTTO:

"EX ENOVIETIS DYNAMIS"

COLORS:

SCARLET AND WHITE

FLOWERS:

RED AND WHITE ROSES

OFFICERS

Pres., Evan Engberg

Vice Pres., Agnes Oursler

Secy., Miriam Koehler

Treas., Robert Turner

Historian, Mary McGeachy

Class Roll

Gordon Waggoner

Julia Schmuekle

Vernon Down

Ina Draper

Mary McGeachy

Verena Meyer

Irene Anderson

Evan Engberg

Howard Down

Ruth Eriksson

Wilmont Frevort

Leslie Hanson

Miriam Koehler

Eva Kornswiel

William Martin

Alice Nellist

Ruth Nelson

Agnes Oursler

Marion Phillips

Anita Stolt

Robert Turner

Cecyle Waggoner



Junior Class History

THIRTY seven promising students entered Odebolt High School, the first day of September, 1913. How the upper classmen cheered us that morning! We decided then, as a class, we would be worthy of their cheers and, in the future demand more of their attention and respect.

During our Freshman year we seldom appeared in the realm of society, but applied our time and attention to our studies. As this sort of life proved too tense for some by the close of the school year, we had lost ten members.

The remaining twenty-seven returned the next fall as Sophomores. The first memorable event of this year was the election of officers. We have the distinction of being the first class to organize as early as the second year. Accordingly, we felt we had earned the privilege of having some class parties. So during the year various social affairs were planned with the faculty as guests at each.

During this year, several of the girls joined the Phi Sigma Society, and a number of the boys became members of the Lincoln Forensic Club. And, thus, our Sophomore year rolled quietly by and we were Juniors.

This year, too, brought changes in the class roll. The students of last year who are no longer numbered with us are: Anna Little, Bernice Kallmar, Louise Steuckraft, Morris Hanson, and George Tesquist. All are greatly missed. Another of our classmates, Ruth Eriksson, has been compelled to miss most of a semester's work on account of illness.

Soon after the opening of school, the class chose new officers electing Evan Engberg, President; Agnes Oursler, Vice President; Miriam Koehler, Secretary; and Robert Turner, Treasurer.

The majority of the girls are now taking the Normal Training course and most of the boys have joined the Manual Training Class. We have met socially a number of times this year. A winner roast in the country and a Halloween party are affairs worthy of mention. We are planning for more such pleasures before the year is over.

We are proud to have among our boys and girls several who have distinguished themselves in athletics: Agnes Oursler, Ruth Nelson, and Miriam Koehler on the Basketball team, and Wilmot Frevert on the Football team.

As a class we are strong in scholarship, in athletics, and in society work. Two of our girls recently starred in a play, "The Elopement of Ellen," given by the literary societies. Next year, as Seniors, we aim to do our best and be a credit to our faculty and to our school.

—M. M. '17.

SOPHOMORE



Sophomore Class

MOTTO:

"SECOND TO NONE."

COLORS:

LIGHT BLUE AND GOLD

FLOWERS:

SWEET PEA

OFFICERS

Pres., Louise Barclay

Treas., Frank Shaw

Vice Pres., Blanche Ballard

Secy., Florence Krusenstjerna

Historian, Rosmer Bruce

Class Roll

Blanche Ballard

Vernon Buchler

Leonard Cloney

Lawrence Down

Francis Fertig

Irene Gorchuan

Darrel Hill

Ethel Holloway

Ester Lange

Lillian Little

Mildred Lundell

Alice Peek

Olive Samuelson

Anna Samuelson

Matilda Rowell

Helen Ahlberg

Lorraine Searight

Candace Stannel

Lavada Olney

Mae Numemaker

Alice Nelson

Bertha Meyer

Wilkie Kiner

Morris Hanson

Florence Krusenstjerna

Eugene Ellinger

Jane Crichton

Joseph Carlson

Ted Brynteson

Coletta Bruning

Alfred Meyer

Rosmer Bruce

Louise Barclay

Frank Shaw

Roland Searight

Russel Searight

Earle Rex



Sophomore Class History

ON August thirty first, 1914, we, the present Sophomore class of the Odesholt High School began our career. Our class was composed of about thirty six members, making it of average size. Although we were ridiculed by our upper classmen—as all Freshmen are—we went forward manfully doing the duties assigned us and making good records.

We, as Freshmen, were noted from the first for our originality in organizing. No other freshmen, previous to us, had organized, although it had been the custom among the higher classes. The first week of school, a class meeting was called and the following officers were elected: Frank Shaw, president; Gayle Lawson, vice president; Roscoe Bruce, secretary; Florence Krusenstjerna, treasurer, and Blanche Ballard, historian. At another meeting a few days later, the flower, sweet pea; motto, "Second to None," and colors, blue and gold were chosen. Several months later, we were obliged to elect another vice president, as Gayle Lawson had left school. Lawrence Down was elected to fill her office.

We enjoyed several parties throughout the year. Our first social function was held at the home of Candace Stanzel and was in the nature of a hard time party. Then, later, we had a taffy pull at the home of Lorraine Searight, a party at the school building, were the guests of Irene Gorham at her country home, and near the close of the term were entertained at the home of Arden Kullberg, as he was soon to leave school. At Christmas time of that year, the Sophomores presented us with a most helpful gift. That their donation was well intended and given with a view to our progress was evident from the fact that it bore the signs of long and hard usage.

During the year, several of our classmates left us, namely: Ethel Evans, Leona Hewitt, Arden Kullberg, Teddy Christenson, and Gayle Lawson. Our number was thus reduced to about thirty at the close of school in May.

On August thirtieth, 1915, we reappeared as Sophomores. We were all glad and even anxious to resume our school duties for the coming year and to make as good records as we had made the preceding year. This term, we were able to boast of several athletic stars in our midst and were privileged to bask in their reflected glory. Then, we were further gratified to have the opportunity to watch and laugh at the antics of the freshmen—as probably our upper classmen watched and laughed last year.

One of our first ventures as Sophomores was to reorganize. The result of this reorganization was that Louise Barclay was elected president; Blanche Ballard, vice president; Frank Shaw, secretary; Florence Krusenstjerna, treasurer; and Rosmer Bruce, historian. We decided to retain our same motto, flower, and colors throughout our high school career.

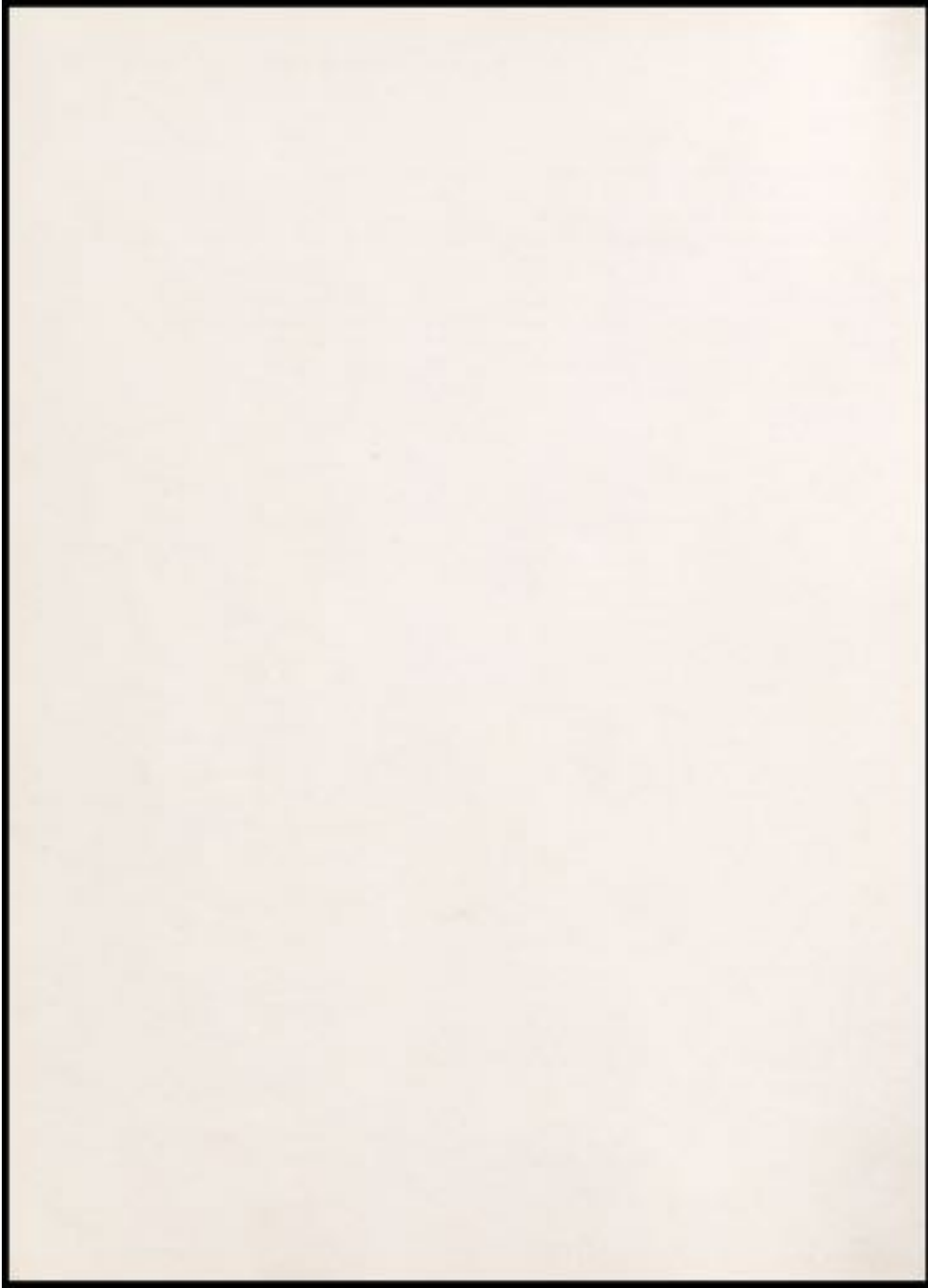
We have had comparatively few parties so far this year. Our first entertainment was in the form of a wicker roast, which was held south of the cemetery—the customary place for such things. We were interrupted in this by several irresponsible freshmen and dignified seniors. Then a month or so later, we held a taffy pull at the school building. To this also, many Seniors, Juniors and Freshmen came, but Miss Leuz greatly (?) explained to them that it was a Sophomore party, and they left feeling very chagrined at their mistake.

Now, only two more years of school remain for our class. During that time, we desire to do our duties as we have tried to do them in the past. Here's to the class of nineteen eighTEEN, the biggest and best of of all!

They say they've a lot of knowledge,
They say they've a lot of grit.
But when they come to us Sophomores,
We'll just show them a bit.

—R. B. '18.





Freshmen



Freshman Class

MOTTO:

"CARPE DIEM"

COLORS:

LIGHT BLUE AND WHITE

FLOWERS:

RED CARNATION

OFFICERS

Pres., Dwight Meyer

Sec'y., Winona Duncan

Vice Pres., Chrystal Engberg

Treas., Waunita Duncan

Historian, Theodore Eriksson

Class Roll

Lucille Smith

Vernon Gunderson

Dwight Meyer

Edith Morey

Esther Anderson

Charles Babcock

Vera Smith

Hazel Freese

Winona Duncan

Ruth Smith

Theodore Eriksson

Chrystal Engberg

Otto Freese

Waunita Duncan

Rita Bruning

Alma Hiler

Maurice Huglio

Lula Koschler

Ruth Larson

Florence Lundblad

Ruth McFarland

Louise Burchler

Maude Warshell

Edward Tewa

Avis Stratton

George Stolt

Clara Stanzel

John Schmitz

Eugene Reynolds

Elsie Warshell

Marguerite Reis

Robert Pardy

Archie Paul

Arthur Nunemaker

Leona Norton

Vern McFarland

Emil Huselner

Hazel Kallmer

Carl Kurneisel

Edith Lundblad

Edward Larson



Freshman Class History

ON the thirty first of August, 1915, forty two Freshmen were conducted from the eighth grade room to the Freshman assembly room of high school. All this number with the exception of seven were graduates of the eighth grade.

Early in September a meeting of the class was held for the purpose of electing the officers for the year. The following were elected: President, Dwight Meyer; vice president, Chrystal Engberg; secretary, Winona Duncan; treasurer, Waunita Duncan; historian, Theodore Eriksson.

Somewhat later another meeting was held to select a flower, color, and motto for the class. As a result of this meeting the red carnation was class flower; "Carpe Diem" the motto, and light blue and white the colors.

Soon the desire for a class party was heard expressed on all sides. To arrange for such a function the president named an entertainment committee, consisting of Hazel Freese, Avis Stratton, and Edward Larson, to plan and arrange for the social events of the year.

The first class party afforded by the social committee was a wiener roast. Almost the entire class reported at the selected spot for the festivities. Everyone enjoyed to the utmost this—the first Freshman party.

A few weeks later, the committee again met and perfected plans for another such function. The weather, however, proved inclement, and the class met together at the schoolhouse. Here, games and merriment hastened the hours to the time of departure.

For the next party, which was held at the home of Lucile Smith on the twenty-ninth of October, the committee made greater preparation. Special class meetings were held at which yells were learned for use at this party. The class was conveyed to the home of the hostess in two hay racks. Arriving there, they discovered that the house was elaborately decorated with Hallowe'en emblems. Many original and interesting games were played, and later, in the evening a sumptuous Hallowe'en lunch was served. This party was by far the greatest social success of the year.

The Freshman class because of its organization and number is able to play and carry out many things otherwise impossible. In scholarship and enthusiasm, also the class ranks with the best of Freshmen classes

of past years. For the class of 1910 great success in every line is prophesied.

Let her rip! Let her roar!
One nine! One nine!
All the time! All the time!
Fresh-men.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Yes! Yes! Yes!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
O. H. S.

Raw! He! Ho! Ho!
Ring! Cling! Clang!
Forty-two! Forty-two!
Freshmen Gang!







DEPARTMENTS

LEM

History

PROBABLY no subject taught in our school has such a close bearing on the world's thought of today as that of History. In these days of movements and events so full of significance for all the world and for all time no one can afford to have a provincial outlook upon life. Every newspaper brings us reports of events of the greatest importance, but we can have no adequate idea of their significance without at least some knowledge of antecedent influences and causes. This inquiry forces us to the study of History.

Our own school offers courses in History for two years and a half. The first year's work is required. This is a study of Ancient History, covering the accounts of the early Oriental nations and then the story of the two great peoples of antiquity, the Greeks and Romans. An attempt is made in this study to show the unity of historical development, to trace, in an elementary way, the origin of customs, beliefs, institutions and ideas, and to make clear our indebtedness to the people of antiquity for our wonderful complex civilization.

The second year's work is elective. It is a study of Medieval and Modern History, tracing the development of Europe from the fall of Rome to the present day. Careful study is given to the eclipse of ancient civilization by the barbarian invasions of the fourth and fifth centuries and to the gradual fusion of Latin and Teutonic elements which produced the peoples, languages and institutions of modern Europe. The development of ecclesiastical and political ideas and organizations during the latter part of the Middle Ages is traced in some detail. Then comes a study of the great intellectual awakening and the mighty religious and political revolutions of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Finally, an attempt is made to understand the reconstruction of the present European nations and their rivalries, ambitions and natural lines of development.

The last half year's work is a study of the History of our own country, emphasizing the course of American development along constitutional, social, and industrial lines. Closely related to this work are the courses in civics and economics. The former is designed to give the student an understanding of the principles of government and a thorough knowledge of civil organization and administration in our own country. The latter, by teaching the laws governing production and exchange, aims to help the student develop into an intelligent and efficient member of our modern complex social body.

English

THE present day conception of the study of English is a far broader one than that of the past. It now embraces more than the mere reading and writing of lines. It includes many of the interests of history, for in addition to the technique of composition, and to the appreciation of the literary classics of the world, English is now so correlated with other branches that a student learns of the customs, history, and peoples of past ages, through the reflection of that age in its literary products.

The aim in any English department is two-fold. In the first place its aim is practical: its purposes to teach the pupil the fundamental principles of English composition. The ability to write intelligently and artistically furnishes the necessary foundation for any field of work. Then, too, the mastery of composition enables a student to read more appreciatively the literary products of others and enhances the second benefit.

The second value of English may be termed the cultural benefit. With this aim in view the study of literature is taught. Courses in this subject are presented with a two-fold purpose: to give an understanding and appreciation of them; and secondly to create an interest and give information of the past times and people as they are reflected in the pages of literature. Examples of noble minds and the expression of their ideals found in the selections cannot but result in the growth of the nobler qualities of the mind.

With these two aims in view, the English department of O. H. S. plans and presents its course. The first two years' work are offered with the basic or practical value of English in mind. The emphasis during the first year is on the composition although two-fifths of the time is spent on the simpler, well known masterpieces. In the second year more attention is paid to the cultural side of the work and in addition to the work in rhetoric and composition a course in American Literature is presented.

The third and fourth years' work is predominantly cultural in its aim although the expository of the first two years is continued. A complete course in English Literature is presented and work in drama and argumentation is offered. A semester of grammar is also included in the last year.

Latin

WITH the introduction into our High School curricula of the sciences and of training of immediate practical value, many of the studies formerly considered indispensable to education have been subjected to severe criticism. This is particularly true of the study of the classics, which so long held an unquestioned position as the foundation of all liberal culture. As other subjects of more general interest have been introduced, many schools have reduced their requirements in Latin; yet the subject, far from being displaced, has more than held its own and the proportion of High School students engaged in this study is still increasing.

Some of the benefits of a classical course are indisputable. No careful student of any modern language can afford to be without a thorough knowledge of Latin which constitutes, in large measure, the root of all present European speech. Its need is particularly seen in the case of the English language whose complexities and irregularities of spelling, grammar and idiom are almost unintelligible without a knowledge of their origins. The language is also valuable because it opens the door to the rich and varied treasures of Latin literature, well worth study for their own sake. Then, too, we must consider those more general, though no less real benefits which always come from such a study pursued continuously and carefully, the valuable training in analysis, discrimination, perseverance. In short we may say that to any one planning any extensive course in the lines of liberal culture, the study of Latin is indispensable and to anyone else it is well worth while.

Mathematics

THIS course of study includes Algebra, Geometry, and Normal Arithmetic, these subjects correspond with the mathematical subjects taught in surrounding schools. However, there is a great difference existing due to the manner of instruction, and we are confident that the mathematical instructors of the Oslebolt High School are among the best to be obtained as has been shown by the excellent results of their work.

Mathematics as taught in this school is not for the purpose of making grades and obtaining a smattering of knowledge. No! indeed, it is taught with a higher and greater aim, namely, that of fitting the students

of this community for that phase of life which they wish to pursue. Every young man or woman who wishes to become a success in life must have a good sound knowledge of this subject, and it is the aim of this school to give them that degree of efficiency which will enable them to be a success.

With this object in view the algebra is introduced during the Freshman and Junior years. Perhaps the students do not appreciate the value of algebra, but it fits the students for their course in higher mathematical work and, when used for the solution of practical everyday problems, is found to be a great time saver.

During the second year of the regular High School course the students are instructed in the subject of Geometry, and for the past two years it has been under the instruction of Principal C. B. Core who has not only made the work interesting but helpful. The greatest benefit reaped from this subject is the great degree of reasoning power which it develops.

The Arithmetic as taught in the High School is a subject in which much interest is taken, especially by those who are expecting to take up the work of teaching, for in this class they are enabled to gather a fund of information which will prove valuable in their future work.

Science I

MOST of the accredited High Schools of the Middle West have adopted, in the last few years a course in General Science which is offered to ninth grade pupils in place of the half year each of Botany and Physiology.

Last year such a course was adopted here in the belief that it would prove more beneficial to the pupil who continues the study of the various branches of science in the upper grades, and would give the pupil who leaves school early in the course a better understanding of elementary science.

Physical Geography

THE scientific course of study is pursued during the second year in the form of Physical Geography, which has been a regular subject of study in this school for some number of years and during the past year has been under the instruction of Prof. Tamminen. This subject endeavors to define and explain the relation of earth, air, and water, thus demanding of the pupil a great amount of reasoning power and mental ability; on the other hand it aids the untrained mind to become more efficient in reasoning.



Physics Laboratory

Physics

THE Physics department of the Odelsøit High School is a division of the regular high school course and has been under the excellent management of Professor J. H. Varis for the past four years. This subject is a continuance of the elementary scientific research which has been pursued at different intervals of the high school course. It develops the spirit of self-reliance, precision, and accuracy, as well as the mathematical phase of the individual's knowledge.

The laboratory, which is situated in the southwest part of the building, is well equipped. The large supply of apparatus, which has been procured from time to time, makes possible any desired demonstration to illustrate the fundamental principles of the subject.

This course in Physics is one that has always been attractive and alluring to the student body in general, undoubtedly due to the impression made upon the younger students by the application of energy demanded of the upper classes in the pursuance of it.

Agriculture

FOR many years Agriculture has been studied in the High School. The last year it was successfully taught by Mr. Tamminen to a large class of Normal students.

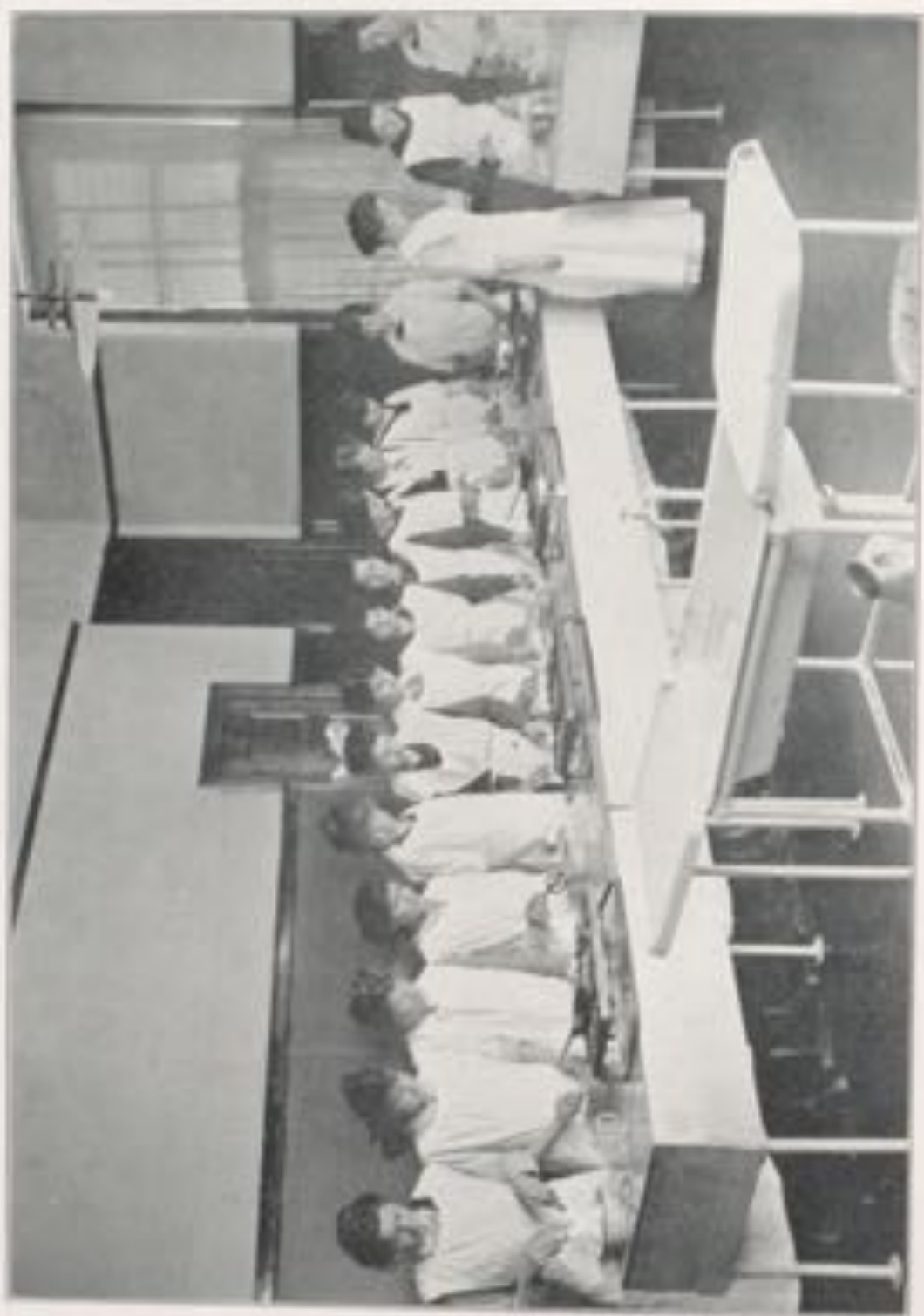
The primary purpose of teaching the subject of Agriculture is not to make farmers—it brings the school in touch with home life. It gives the boy on the farm a chance to learn of the newer methods of farming, and thus advance with the demands of time.

Agriculture is an extremely practical subject. Its two main divisions, live stock growing and crop raising, are the two factors which the farmer must take up. It is, therefore, an excellent place for one to study practical subjects in school.

This year besides finishing the text, lists of practical questions have been studied and field work has been followed.

The Farmers' Institute was attended by Agriculture students with great faithfulness. Competent men from Ames lectured upon live stock and cropping systems. Live stock judging was a feature of the Institute.

A Normal examination in January concluded the study of Agriculture.



Home Economics

DURING the third year of our High School the Normal Training department offers the young ladies an opportunity to develop some measure of skill along the line of Home Economics. This department was introduced into our school four years ago and has been steadily gaining in popularity. The domestic science kitchen, which is located on the second floor of the building, has been neatly and adequately equipped by the board of education to fit the general needs of the students.

It is the object of this department to develop in the girls a natural refinement and distinctness in carrying out the everyday duties of home life. Instructions are given along all lines which are useful to those expecting to be home makers or teachers. The subjects of home making, selection of home furnishings and color schemes, kinds and selection of materials, sewing and mending, principles of economy, general cooking, foods and their nutritive value, menus, dietaries, and home nursing are considered in a general way at intervals throughout the course.

It is a well known fact that the best way to learn is through experience, and it is with this object in view that this course offers the students a fine chance for actual experience in serving and table decorating. A vast amount of skill has been exhibited along these lines at previous dinners and luncheons at which the pupils have had the opportunity of entertaining the faculty, school board, and parents.

Music

RECENTLY Music has been introduced into the High School as a Normal subject, and for the past two years it has been taught by Miss Duffy.

The first few months in Music are merely elementary. A Music reader is studied, an outline sent out by the State is gone over, and the fundamentals of Music are firmly established.

For the remainder of the time, Music is taught from the standpoint of the young teacher. The Normal students are instructed how to teach Music to their pupils.

In addition to the Normal Music class, three mornings out of each week are given over to Music in the High School. "The High School" song book is used.

A Glee Club has been organized, which is called upon to furnish music for special occasions.



Manual Training

THE courses in Manual Training, which have been introduced into the High School during the past year, have been conducted in a room apart from the school building due to the lack of room. This handicap however has not prevented this department from becoming one of the most interesting and effective ones.

In this course it is the aim to develop the pupil in certain definite directions by means of systematic exercises. It has in view the cultivation of the habit of neatness, the development of self-reliance, the consciousness of power, and a respect for manual labor. Attention is also given to the training of the eye and the hand. It harmonizes these faculties with the mental and physical growth of the pupil and correlates them with the usual class room studies. Furthermore it provides opportunity for the development of inventive and constructive talents and offers free scope for the imagination.

It likewise gives the joy of successful doing. Dr. Hanley says: "It is the best truant officer that a school can provide." Dr. Stanley Hall says of it, "Motor ability is the best test for educational power, it satisfies the natural desire of the child to touch, to handle, and to shape."

Under the instruction of Professor Tamminen the boys have been kept busy constructing different types and pieces of furniture, such as coat hangers, stationery boxes, various forms of racks, foot stools, stands, and cabinets.

This course is open for enrollment to all the boys of the high school, and from all appearances it is going to be one of the great successes of our O. H. S. for in spite of the difficulties encountered it is increasing in popularity with remarkable rapidity.

SOCIETY



Phi Sigma

ORGANIZED, MARCH, 1914

MOTTO:

"HITCH YOUR WAGONS TO THE STARS"

Colors: Yellow and white

Flower: Yellow daisy

OFFICERS—FIRST SEMESTER

President, Irene Fresse

Vice-President, Evelyn Kistler

Secretary, Laura Engberg

Treasurer, Ruth Ahlberg

Critic, Miss Lent

Sergeant-at-Arms, Ida Level

OFFICERS—SECOND SEMESTER

President, Mae Hanson

Vice-President, Marion Phillips

Secretary, Laura Engberg

Treasurer, Ruth Ahlberg

Critic, Miss Lent

Sergeant-at-Arms, Agnes Oursler

ROLL

Mae Hanson

Ida Level

Ruth Ahlberg

Evelyn Kistler

Laura Engberg

Fern Barnquist

Marion Farrow

Margaret McGenchy

Ruth Nelson

Mary McGenchy

Marion Phillips

Miriam Koehler

Irene Fresse

Agnes Oursler

Louise Barclay

Olive Samuelson

Rosmer Bruce

Blanche Ballard

Anita Stolt

Ruth Eriksson

Julia Schmuckel

Florence Krusenotjerna

Mildred Lansell

Florence Buchler

Ina Draper

Matilda Ravvill

Anna Samuelson

Verona Meyer



Phi Sigma Society

THE Phi Sigma Society was organized in March, 1914. This was the first literary organization among the girls of the High School. The society consists of upper classmen only. Freshmen are not eligible for membership. The Society has experienced an very lively growth since its organization. The members have taken an active part in its meetings and programs and thus they have stimulated its rapid development. There are twenty-eight active members in the Society and prospects for future growth are good.

The monthly programs are the main features of the Society and in these the members take a lively interest. Although the literary work is emphasized, the social element is not overlooked in arranging the programs. Several social events have been held with the honorary members as guests. This feature has proven a great success and plans are being made for further progress along this line.

The program committees have always tried to have novel and interesting programs. In order to show the public that our work has been beneficial the Phi Sigma and Lincoln Forensic rendered a joint program January 10. The success of the play and debate, shows that much valuable training has resulted from these organizations.

PARODY PROGRAM

Piano Solo	Rosmer Bruce
Roll Call	Notable Parodies
Recitation	Parody on "Hiawatha"—Marion Farrow
Vocal Trio	Parody on "Old Oaken Bucket" Mae Hanson, Fern Burnquist, Louise Barclay
Current Events written by Ruth Ahlberg, read by Ida Level	
Concert reading—"Under the Spreading Smilthy Tree the Village Chestnut Stands," by Evelyn Kistler, Mary McGeachy, Margaret McGeachy, Ruth Nelson, Agnes Oursler, and Anita Stoll.	
Song—Phi Sigma Members	
title's report.	

Lincoln Forensic Club

ORGANIZED, FEB. 20, 1914

MOTTO

"HINC OLIM MARINISSE INVARY"

OFFICERS—FIRST SEMESTER

President, Ralph Rabe	Vice-President, Lawrence Smith
Secretary, Evan Engberg	Treasurer, Leslie Hanson
Critic, Carl B. Core	Reporter, Roland Searight
Sergeant-at-Arms, Herman Godbensen	

OFFICERS—SECOND SEMESTER

President, Guy V. Babcock	Vice-President, Lawrence Smith
Secretary, Robert Turner	Treasurer, Leslie Hanson
Critic, Carl B. Core	Reporter, Laverne Olney
Sergeant-at-Arms, Herman Godbensen	

MEMBERS

Guy V. Babcock	Evan Engberg
Howard Down	Leslie Hanson
Morris Hanson	Laverne Olney
Lawrence Smith	Wilmot Frevort
Ralph Rabe	Herman Godbensen
Roland Searight	Robert Turner
William Martin	Russell Searight
	Frank Shaw

HONORARY MEMBERS

Carl B. Core	Leander Tuominen
Walter Turner	John S. Shale
Walter Searight	Robert Crichton
Alan Duncan	William McCorkindale
McKinley Eriksson	Francis Coy
John Eggerson	Boyer Engberg
Lloyd E. Babcock	Clifford Fuller
Harold Frevort	Verne Paul

Lincoln Forensic Club

IT was on Feb. 23, in the year of Nineteen-fourteen that eleven students of the Odeboit High School signed their names to the Constitution and By-laws, which were to rule the club, afterwards known as the Lincoln Forensic.

This being the first Club of its kind in the High School, not many students responded to the call of the organizers.

After many efforts had been put forth, and by the showing of the club, we, the charter members have increased our numbers, slowly but steadily, to thirty-one.

One of the most prominent programs of this year was the joint program with the Phi Sigmas.

Music..... Searight Orchestra

Farce—"The Elopement of Ellen"..... Warren

Characters:

Richard Ford (a devoted young husband)..... Ralph Rabe

Molly, his wife..... Marian Phillips

Robert Shepard, Molly's brother..... Merrill Billings

Max Jen Eyck, a chum of Robert's..... Guy V. Babcock

Dorothy March, engaged to Max, guest of Mrs. Ford..... Marion Farnows

Jane Haverhill, Wellesley '06—who is doing some special investigation for economics courses during the summer..... Miriam Koehler

John Hume, Rector of St. Agnes..... Herman Godbersen

Debate: Resolved, That immigration to the U. S. from Europe should be further restricted, and that the literary test offers the best means of restriction. Affirmative: Mae Hanson, Irene Fresse; Negative: Lawrence Smith, Wilnot Frevort.





TRIUMPH OF ELLEN

Teachers' Study Club

THE Teachers' Study Club was organized early in the school year of 1914. The instructors of the school met, and decided to take up the study of the present European War. It was adopted, as it proved to be a valuable subject for further study.

As in fact the causes of the difficulties in Europe, lay remote in history, the study began with the history and development of the different powers concerned and continued down to the present state. Furthermore, the outbreak of hostilities, and the general course of the war was followed.

At the beginning of the present school year, the teachers' club changed to a somewhat different order. The Iowa State Teachers' College, of Cedar Falls, has introduced Extension Work in Sac County. Its purpose is to further the Reading Circle. There are eight meetings arranged for the year: two are County meetings; and six, district meetings. The first meeting of this kind was a County meeting held at Sac City in September. Due to inconvenience, on the part of many, Odelsbølt was chosen as a center for those study centers for the teachers of Odelsbølt and vicinity. Other such meetings are being conducted at Schaller, Lake View, and Sac City. King's "Education for Social Efficiency" is the text book used for study.

The second meeting of the Teachers' Study Center was held at Odelsbølt, October 2. The first three chapters of King's Education for Social Efficiency were studied with Superintendent J. H. Voris as leader. The College has prepared and sent out programs for each of these meetings. Time is given to these programs as well as to Lesson Study.

The third meeting of this order was held November 20, here at Odelsbølt. An hour was given to lesson study, chapters V-VI of King's Education for Social Efficiency. Other features of the program were: Teaching Reading. A demonstration was given by the second room Reading class. The value of teaching Home Economics in the schools. This proved a valuable subject for discussion.

The fourth series of study center was held December 11. Lesson study, chapters VI-VII of King's Education for Social Efficiency. Among the profitable and instructive parts of the program were: The value of organization among boys and girls; Illustrative class lesson in the teaching of arithmetic; the nature and value of parent-teacher association.

The next meeting of the Study Center was a County meeting, held

at Schaller, January 8. Two teachers from the Iowa State Teachers' College, were present; Music by Professor C. A. Fullerton, and History, Professor Sara Riggs.

Some credit will be given by County Superintendent J. R. Shocks, to the teachers, for attendance at these meetings and also give study to King's Education for Social Efficiency.

Parent-Teacher Association

THE Parent-Teacher Association of the Orlebolt Public School was organized in March 1913, and the constitution for the society was drawn up. The association had as an object, the mutual understanding and co-operation between parents and teachers in the interest of the pupils and to study the child in the home, school and community. The first officers of this association were: President, Mrs. Robert McInturff; vice president, Mr. S. N. Kiner; secretary, Miss Vada Yates; and treasurer, Mr. F. W. Stolt. A committee of five was appointed to arrange programs for each monthly meeting. The association had three programs during the first year, and the same officers were retained for 1913-1914.

On September 2, the first meeting of the new year, three new officers were elected: President, Mr. F. W. Stolt; secretary, Miss Margaret M. Lentz, and treasurer, Mr. John M. Larson. The association's success of the previous year was again carried on during this year. The programs were interesting and new members were taken into the association. At the last meeting of the school year Mrs. W. N. Oursler was elected vice-president. The other officers were voted to hold their respective offices for the next year.

The year of 1914-1915 was one of success for the association. The officers of the previous year served again this year. The program committee arranged varied and interesting programs. At the last meeting of the year new officers were elected, to serve for the next year. President, Mr. L. L. Gorbana; vice president, Mrs. W. N. Oursler; secretary, Miss Vera Cruz McCracken; and treasurer, Mr. John M. Larson.

The first meeting of the present school year was held September 13. The president appointed five members to act as program committee and arrange for the monthly programs.

The second monthly meeting of the association was held October 11. The topic for discussion was whether or not the School Board should control the trade of the book supplies used in the school. This subject afforded material for great deal of discussion and it was left over to the Board of Directors, for decision. The Scourlight Orchestra rendered a musical number that was very much appreciated.

The third meeting was held November 23. A subject of interest was: Is the proposed territory ready for consolidation with Odelsbult? The association was favored with a number from the High School Glee Club.

The fourth regular meeting of the association was held December 13. The following was the program.

Piano Solo Mrs. A. J. Irwin
Vocal Trio—Irene Gorcham, Hazel Freese, and Helen Ahlberg.
Solo L. L. Gorcham
Solo Mrs. Harry Hanson
Question Box

Refreshments served by the domestic science pupils.

The Parent-Teacher Association has met with success, and it is hoped that it will continue to grow, and widen the purpose that it has in view.

Glee Club

THE Girls' Glee Club was organized in the term of 1912-13 and during the present year has made remarkable progress. The Club consists of girls from all classes in the High School. Miss Alta Duffy, music instructor, directs the practicing. The girls have appeared on public programs several times this year and are growing popular with the town people as well as the school.

The Social side has by no means been neglected and several good programs have been enjoyed by the members.

ROLL

FIRST SOPRANOS

Ella Clancy	Lula Koehler
Agnes Ouzler	Winona Damann
Miriam Koehler	Hazel Freese
Louise Barclay	Marguerite Reis
Rosmer Bruce	Florence Krusenstjerna

SECOND SOPRANOS

Lorraine Senright	Irene Gorcham
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ALTOS

Ina Draper	Ruth Larson
Helen Ahlberg	Chrystal Engberg
Anna Sammelson	Avis Stratton



Class Choir

ATHLETICS





FRANK MARTIN

Football

SEASON OF 1915

Sept. 22	Odebolt	85	Wall Lake	0
Sept. 25	Odebolt	0	Ida Grove	56
Oct. 1	Odebolt	8	Trinity College	10
Oct. 9	Odebolt	49	Early	14
Oct. 15	Odebolt	7	Corvethonville	31
Oct. 23	Odebolt	0	Onawa	20
Oct. 29	Odebolt	20	Ida Grove Seconds	6
Nov. 5	Odebolt	35	Early	3

Review of the Football Season

PLAYING excellent ball in the large percentage of its games for the 1915 season, the football team has four victories to its credit and four defeats. Odebolt recorded 196 points to the 155 for their opponents in these contests.

At the beginning of the football season, the outlook was very dark. Thirteen men reported for practice the first night. Of this number, two were last year's men. Coach Mattes was confronted with the problem of whipping a number of green men into a team which might successfully cope with an old time enemy, Ida Grove. Every night for three weeks the squad was put through a hard practice in preparation for the Ida Grove game.

For the purpose of giving the players some much needed experience in football, a game was arranged with the Wall Lake High School, three days before the Ida Grove game. This game turned out to be a regular walkaway for Odebolt from the start of the game. At the end of the final quarter, Odebolt had possession of the ball upon Wall Lake's ten yard line with the score 85 to 0. In spite of the overwhelming score, the game brought out many weaknesses in the team, which Coach Mattes endeavored to patch up before the next encounter.

The game with Ida Grove was played in a sea of mud and water. A driving rain made it impossible to handle the ball and numerous fumbles on both sides resulted. The game ended with the score 56 to 0 in favor of Ida Grove. However, in view of the fact that Ida Grove is given the State championship by many critics for this season, Odebolt should feel no disgrace in this defeat. Although outweighed 30 pounds to a man and playing a team of much longer experience, Odebolt fought

gameily and should be given credit for more than the score reveals. With a heavier line and a dry field, Odebolt's backfield would have made Ida Grove hustle to beat them.

The next game scheduled was with Trinity College of Sioux City on Trinity's grounds. Odebolt put up the best fight of the season against this heavy college team, which averaged 175 pounds against Odebolt's 125 pounds to the man. Trinity made her first two touchdowns from fumbled punts in the second quarter. At that point, Odebolt laced up and clearly outplayed its heavier opponents during the rest of the game, both in running and line bucking. The back field ploughed through Trinity's line at will until the ball was within a foot of the Trinity goal.



HESSENER KICKING GOAL

On the first down Hesser went over for a touchdown only to be called back on a penalty. Upon Odebolt's failure to cross the goal line in 3 attempts, Trinity gained possession of the ball and attempted to punt from behind their own goal. This punt was blocked, and Halse fell on the ball for Odebolt's first score. After this touchdown, Odebolt gained through the heavy college line every time they hit it. Again carrying the ball under the shadows of Trinity's goal line, with the ball in Trinity's possession, Odebolt scored a safety. Later, Odebolt receiving the ball on downs, attempted a forward pass over the goal line but was intercepted by Noonan of Sioux City, who ran for another touchdown. The score was then 19 to 8 in favor of the college team. For the rest of the period, the ball was in Odebolt's possession near Trinity's goal. Throughout the game Odebolt gained twice as much ground as Trinity, which fact makes it apparent that Trinity had not much of a margin to boast of.

On the following Saturday, the squad journeyed to Early and there took Early High School into camp. The final count stood 49 to 14 with Odebolt at the big end. This trimming administered to the Early boys was due to the excellent coaching of Mattes and the brilliant plays of our men. Bieser, Reynolds, and Rabe proved to be our stars and through fast work did much to win the game. Due to lack of coaching, Early frequently fumbled and lost the ball on downs.

The following week the Correctionville Huskies proved too heavy and aggressive for the Odebolt team and won by the score of 31 to 7 upon the local grounds. In the first half, Odebolt put up an excellent game of ball, the backfield, especially, playing the most brilliant game of ball, both in offense and defense, ever seen upon the home field. The score at the end of the first half stood 7 to 6 in favor of Odebolt. At the beginning of the second half, Odebolt's line seemed to weaken, and the visitors succeeded in rushing over four touchdowns before it took a brace. The game ended with Rabe making a pretty run of twenty yards around end.

Onawa was the next game of the season. At their hands Odebolt again suffered a defeat, the scoring being 26 to 0 in Onawa's favor. For Odebolt, Reynolds, Rabe, and Bieser starred. Kiser also put up a good game in the quarterback position, Billings being out of the game on account of injuries. Reynolds, at one time, made a sixty yard run through the entire opposing team for a touchdown only to be called back by the referee for no reason whatever. Rabe and Bieser on the defense seemed to be in every play. In the first and fourth quarters, Onawa was held scoreless. They registered two touchdowns in each the second and third quarters.

The following Friday the Ida Grove Second team was defeated by



JOSE ARTHUR A VICTORY



Wagon is the Ball?

the local squad in a closely contested game, the final score being 20 to 0. More 'pep' and fighting spirit were shown by the Odobolt team than had been displayed any time this season. They hit the line for gains, went through, over, and under the line which the visitors presented; interfered perfectly at times; and made good their end plays for big gains. The teams were evenly matched in size. This fact accounted for some of the roughest work seen here this season.

The last game of the season was played on the week following the Ida Grove game when Odobolt overwhelmed the Early squad. In the first quarter there was no scoring. Although Odobolt was within seven yards of the visitor's line near the end of the quarter, she lost the ball on a fumble. At the beginning of the second quarter, Rale was immediately pushed across for a touchdown. Reynolds kicked the goal. Hanson, Frevort, Down, and Meyers played good games in line, while the back field work was perfect. On the double delayed pass, Odobolt made yards at will by a succession of gains, with Reynolds, Rale, Hoser, and Billings, changing off and making gains of 5 and 10 yards through the line as fast as they could charge. Billings went over a quarterback smash, and Reynolds kicked goal, making the score 14 to 0. Early, with the aid of a couple of forward passes and a penalty or two, advanced the ball to Odobolt's one yard line. Smashing 3 times and losing some twenty yards, Early dropped back for a field goal, which was made successfully. Early is the first team to score a field goal against any Odobolt team for over five years. In the fourth quarter, three touchdowns were made from forward passes, Rex making one and Billings, two. Reynolds again kicked the goals. The game ended with the score 35 to 3 in favor of Odobolt and closed the season of 1915 with a victory.



MERRILL BILLINGS SENIOR

Captain '13. Playing in the backfield he proved to be a valuable man; strong on the offensive and a deadly tackler.



EUGENE REYNOLDS FRESHMAN

Full back, an extra good kicker, and could always be depended upon to make his game.



WILKE KINER SENIORMAN

Solo Quarter and Halfback. Has the qualities of a good player.



RALPH HAINE SENIOR

Half back. Very fast and a good fighter. A player of much worth.



EARL HEX *Scout*

Playing end he held it down in fine style. Could handle a pass well and was down like a flash under punts.



WILMOT FREVERT *Center*

Tackle. A strong and aggressive player, always on the "job."



LESLIE HANSON *Center*

Center. Hasn't all there. With another year he should prove a valuable man.



ALFRED MEYER *Scout*

Center and Tackle. One of the best offensive men on the team.



LAWRENCE SMITH *Baseman*
Sub. Played guard in very good style.



ARCHIE PAUL *Forward*
Tackle. A very hardy and strong player.
Could be depended upon to do his part.



LAWRENCE DOWN *Scrimmage*
End. Fast and a good all round man.



EDWARD LARSON *Forward*
Sub. Very enthusiastic and will make a
strong player.

Baseball 1915

SCHEDULE

Odebolt	0	Auburn	7
Odebolt	8	Lake View	5
Odebolt	3	Auburn	4
Odebolt	9	Battle Creek	1

SEASON OF 1915

ONLY four games were scheduled for the season of 1915. Owing to the lack of material few games were scheduled for the season. Practice began immediately after the spring vacation with twelve or thirteen men reporting for practice. Coach Core found a rather difficult problem in placing the men in their proper positions. Boser, Fuller and Billings were the only ones having had any previous experience in baseball. So Coach Core was handicapped for material upon which to build his team.

The first game of the season was with Auburn. Auburn easily defeated the local team by a score of 7 to 0. The squad plainly showed a deficiency in their batting while the fielding was rather good. Rex, pitching his first game, did remarkably well and was given good support at times.

The next game was with the Lake View team whom the locals easily defeated by the score of 8 to 5. The boys showed a marked improvement over their previous game both in batting and team work.

The third game of the season was the return game with Auburn, played on the home grounds. Odebolt again met defeat at the hands of Auburn although the game was clearly Odebolt's from the beginning. A couple of errors in the ninth inning gave Auburn two runs and the game. Odebolt clearly outplayed their opponents in every department of the game but luck seemed to be on Auburn's side and Odebolt was defeated by the score of 4 to 3.

The last game of the season was played at Battle Creek and the locals took their revenge out on this team for their two previous defeats of the season. Battle Creek proved an easy victory for the Odebolt team who ran up 9 scores to Battle Creek's one. The team worked like clockwork getting runs whenever they felt like it. 'Rexie', in the box, was given excellent support by his team and held his opponents well in check.

Only two players finish school this season that being Fuller and Paul. The outlook for the coming baseball season seems very bright and the locals should win every game on their schedule. Coach Core cannot be praised too highly for his work with the team. Taking a bunch of nearly green players he has whipped them into a team which next year should defeat anything in this part of the state.

THE LINE-UP

Catcher, Hoyer	Right Field, Down
Pitcher, Rex	Center Field, Paul
1st Base, Billings	Left Field, Meyers
2nd Base, Kiser	Sub., Hanson, R. F.
Short Stop, Fuller	Sub., Epperson, C. F.
3rd Base, Reynolds	Sub., Frevort, L. F.

Basketball 1915

SCHEDULE

October 8	Odelsolt	12	Lake View	9
October 22	Odelsolt	22	Danbury	9
October 29	Odelsolt	13	Lake View	8
November 4	Odelsolt	30	Danbury	21
November 23	Odelsolt	18	Sac City	11

LINEUP

Forwards—Miriam Koehler, Louise Barclay
 Jumping Center—Ida Level (Captain)
 Second Center—Agnie Ousler
 Guards—Ruth Nelson, Laura Engberg
 Subs.—Ruth Larsen
 C. B. Core, Coach

BASKETBALL SEASON 1915

THE 1915 basketball season surpassed all others in popular sport. For years, Odelsolt High has not had a team so fast in passing the ball, nor so sure in basket making. Many of the players are new and the success of the team is due mainly to the coaching of Mr. Core. All of the five games played this year were won, the majority of which were won by large scores. The generous support of the students and faculty, and the encouraging yells and songs have been largely responsible for the lasting enthusiasm or 'pep' of the team.



The first game of the season,—that with Lake View—was, in a measure, one of expectation. Everyone was curious as to the outcome of the game. The team started the game with plenty of pep and fight and won easily by the score of 12 to 9. In this game the sure, accurate work of the forwards as well as the excellent team work of the rest of the team did much towards winning.

The next game was with Danbury. Danbury had an excellent team but they were defeated 22 to 9. In the first half, things looked rather dark for Odebolt, but at the beginning of the second half Odebolt got busy and scored 13 points to their opponents 2. The guards, as well as the centers, showed a marked degree of superiority in their playing and team work.

The third game of the season was the return game with Lake View. A number of rooters accompanied the team to Lake View and were surprised at the excellent showing made by the home team. This perhaps was the best game of the season, the score being 13 to 8. The team work was excellent and no fault could be found with the way in which Odebolt defeated her opponent.

The next game was with Danbury on the local grounds. The game was closely contested throughout but Odebolt finally won by a score of 30 to 21, five baskets being made during the last few minutes of play. The guards showed up poorly at times but taking into consideration the speed of their opponents they played good ball. The forwards and centers also played excellent basketball throughout the majority of the game.

Sac City was next taken into camp by the local team with the score of 18 to 11. The game furnished many thrills for the spectators being hotly contested from the start. The superior team work on the part of Odebolt finally won out and the team finished the season of 1915 with five victories to their credit and no defeats.



AT DONORS

IDA LUTER—An "all star" and clever Captain. She was a wonder at team work, and formed a nucleus around which the superior playing hung. Her playing was consistent throughout, making her a much feared rival.

AGNES O'BRIEN—The "shining light" of the team proved to be a valuable second center. Always ready to enter into the play. Her skill and ability to outwit the plays of her opponents added greatly to the success of the team. What she lacked in strength she made up in dexterity.

MIRIAM KIMMEL—Playing her first year as a forward, proved to be one of the sweet and most brilliant players that O. H. S. ever possessed. Her remarkable jumping broke many formations, and made possible many baskets for her team.

LUCILLE BARRETT—An inexperienced player, proved to be an excellent forward. Her ability to play over the heads of her opponents enabled her to assist wonderfully in winning games. A very diligent and determined worker. Her attitude toward the game is one of the highest.

LUCY EMMERS—Although a Senior, she played her first year, making a very creditable showing at guard. Her playing won her the praise of all fans. By playing to the limit of the rules, she made many successful attacks upon the offensive of the other teams. Her ability to work with her team mates was above the average.

HELEN NELSON—A more aggressive player could not be found. She possesses the qualities which make for success in this line of sport. Under all conditions she was always ready to do her part. This being her first year, we should expect wonderful things from her in the future. She possesses a spirit, which her opponents could not fail to admire.

HELEN LAWSON—Small but mighty. She played in no regular game, but continued her playing throughout the year. One who is exceedingly ambitious and whose prospects for the future are bright.

LITERARY



Thoughtless

HAD now, people," continued the little teacher to her class of verdant freshmen, "It availeth nothing to give all these excuses to me. The thing to do, and what I have found most successful, is to apply yourself, think about it, and then commence and prepare your lesson."

Then the dreaded gong sounded, and they timidly filed from this abode of safety to the wide assembly of temptation. The freshmen all settled down to their work, except this freshman, or any freshman. He just assumed a studious pose and attempted to think, but it proved such an unusual thing and so seldom practised that his gray matter rebelled.

"Why," it grumbled, "should this thing want to think? Why that's why I entered this wooden structure—so I wouldn't be overtaxed. Well, vengeance shall be mine. I'll call upon all the kindred gray matter in the minds of the upper classmen, and this freshman shall know what it means to think", and straight forth he commenced.

The little freshman suddenly put his hand to his head in real horror. What was it,—that queer sensation up there? How strange it felt. Was this thinking? But a gray film came before his eyes, and as it grew plainer, there appeared a great jumble of triangles, circles, squares, parallelograms, and cylinders.

"Who are you?" he asked curiously.

"Oh, Geometry," markedly informed the triangle.

"Thanks," freely muttered the freshman.

"I can feel your points, avant! avant! I am not anxious to know why your circles are square."

The little gray matter in the freshman's head, smiled a little smile of artfulness. The geometry vanished, and in its stead came multitudes of people. It appeared to the confused freshman that this could only be the judgment day, for Egyptian mummies, Babylonians, stern Persians, stately Greeks, tall, proud Romans, all were there, from Diogenes with his lantern to the pale and ghostly Caesar.

"Go away, go away" begged the freshman in question, "of what difference is it to me if Cleopatra eloped with Charlemagne; or what the seven hills of Mary Stuart were, although I really think there were more."

The smile deepened—the little freshman was feeling humorous.

But this vision also passed, and prisons, courts, and even the White House appeared. A roll of paper accosted him.

"See", it remarked, "I am a bill you must think of me and my hundreds of brothers and know about them."

As it spoke, it waved to a group of lawyers and judges, who came upon the scene. "Know and think of the business of these" it commanded in deep tones.

The freshman merely gasped, and the gray matter rebelled and straight forth appeared the three reasons for conciliation with America, in the form of three gigantic purple R's with old gold caps perched on one ear. They advanced in a gay minuet and prostrated themselves in front of the freshman. He merely grinned, "I know, Burke, it was to satisfy the need of something to make the seniors think about that you were proposed."

Then from the shadows glided twelve little black goblins followed by ten stern, evil looking men. The freshman afraid? Oh no, he spoke, "How do you do, Macbeth? Can you manage my taking off? You may have 'Twelve Nights' to do it in, and Marnion shall assist you."

The gray matter was displeased. "I am too charitable," it mumbled, "Ah, ha!"

The freshman closed his eyes. "What is this I see before me". It was too much for him. Thoughts of home and mother came to him, and he trembled with terror. "Mercy, mercy," he implored.

"Ho, Ho", laughed that speck of gray matter. The freshman took but one look at the queer terrible advancing figures. "Physics", he moaned in terrible despair and defuncted.

And now, freshman, in the light of this prophecy, take ye to heart this warning. Think, but only of that which is intended for you.

—R. A. '16.

Wise Minds on Learning all are Bent

THE gray of a winter's morning overshadowed the earth. Light, flattery flakes of snow continued to fall upon the already spotless walks and country roads. Sparrows flew about, somewhat bewildered, and now and then a shrill whistle disturbed the quietness of the scene.

Far up the country road, plodding somewhat wearily, came a person—a short, stalwart person, moving with a methodical showiness. I paused, eager to determine whom this person could be, he of the closely wrapped body, with the ends of a scarlet scarf tied firmly under his chin.

The figure approached, and, as he drew near, I caught sight of a pile of books under his arm. Evidently some one desirous of learning I meditated. I looked again and saw that this progress was towards the brick building on the hill. Just then the sun burst from behind a cloud, and lit up the eager, smiling face of a Freshman.

—M. F. '16.

The Chance

MARY listlessly slipped into her shabby jacket and jabbed two hat pins into her shabby hat. It had been a hard day at the exchange. Several new girls had supplied, and the patrons along the line had been cross and impatient. Just why they had been more impatient on that particular day is not known, but Mary, at the gray dawn of twilight, was entirely disgusted with her central job and the world in general. She paused a moment to listen to the frivolous laughter of her fellow employees, and then hurried out into the night.

Darkness had closed quickly over the busy city. The lights reflected weird shadows on the pavement, and upon the faces of the busy people. The throng of them were trudging wearily homeward to their supper and a comfortable evening before the fire. Mary wondered vaguely if they, like herself, were but cogs in the city machinery. Weary thoughts flashed through her brain, and she pushed hastily onward.

Mary's mother seemed to reflect the general discontent. Her father, old and tired from his day's work, shuffled into his place at the supper table, and grumbled because of the hardness of the times. Mary ate but little, partly because she was not hungry but more because of her parents' discouraging talk. She soon excused herself, and hurried away to her room.

There, on her dresser in a sealed envelope under a jewel case was a letter; the epistle which had caused her so many sleepless nights and so much worried consideration. She took it from its envelope now, and read its contents for the fourth time that day. The letter was from Slagsville, from a man with whom Mary had become acquainted through a matrimonial paper. It was the offer of a home, a husband, and all that went with a home life. Should she accept, leave the care and worry of a tedious life, and go into a place of which she knew nothing? It was truly a question which deserved serious deliberation and weighing.

Mary propped the picture of the man who wanted her to come to him against her mirror. She surveyed his coarse features, his somewhat shifty eyes, and weak mouth and chin. The face was not a mean one, merely weak and ignorant. Then the decision flashed upon her weary brain—she would go to Slagsville, try the country life there, and then decide. Worn out, she prepared for bed, and sank into a dream troubled deep.

It was another gray day when Mary awoke. At first she could not

remember why she felt a bit satisfied, but soon it came to her why. She had decided. This was to be her last day at the Central Exchange, the last day in which to answer anxious calls and queries. She viewed her trembling hands, and realized that her nerves were not strong.

At breakfast she told her mother of her decision and felt a bit light heartened at the remarks of approval. She reminded Mary that she need not hand in a formal resignation—Many girls were eager and waiting to supply, so Mary might leave early that night.

The girls in the office were surprised at Mary's leaving and intensely interested. They wanted to know why she was leaving. Mary said that she was going to another town, but she would write and tell them what she was doing later. With this they had to be content.

Mary took an early train for Slogansville. She leaned back in the car seat and closed her eyes. The ride was about a four hour's one, with no change. At last she had time to think. She wondered whether her enterprise would prove a failure. Perhaps it would mean only return car fare. The noise of the train grew fainter and fainter, and Mary fell into a troubled slumber.

The conductor touched her lightly on the shoulder. Mary awoke with a start, seized her shabby suit case and passed out into the night.

She peered curiously about her. No one was in sight except the station agent and, so she went into the waiting room and sat down upon one of the rough seats. Ten minutes elapsed—fifteen—and then a man appeared in the doorway, a man dressed in rough tweed; he of the shifty chin and weak eyes. Mary gasped a bit forlornly and then faced the bulk filling the doorway bravely.

"So you are Mary?" he inquired genially. "Well, I'm Mr. Bings, but to you I'm Sam. We may as well come to the proper titles right now.

Involuntarily, Mary drew back. Mr. Bings noticed this and went on in his brusque manner. "You're tired," he admonished. "Come, the nag's a waitin'. You'll be as cozy in the sleigh as anything."

He guided the girl to the rough sleigh, and tucked her snugly among the robes. They rode for a ways in silence, then Mr. Bings explained, "Yes, I'm rough, but we'll get to like each other when we know each other better. Can't we stop at the parson's tonight? I've got the license right here." He triumphantly produced an envelope from his pocket, and showed the contents to Mary.

"Oh let's wait," she begged, "we don't know each other yet. We might not need that."

Bings agreed a bit sullenly and resumed his clacking to the horse. They skimmed past dimly lighted houses, past the white country side. At last Bings pointed to a faded white house with his whip.

"That's our home," he explained. "My sister Sarah will have

supper hot for us. Now you just run in, little one, Sarah she's a waitin' for you. Sarah, she's here!" he shouted.

Mary was ushered inside by a gaunt worried looking woman. She shook hands warmly and then busied herself about the meal. Mary glanced at the tight knot of graying hair, the untidy dress and scuffling shoes. A strange pity surged up in her heart, a pity for this other woman.

Then Mr. Bings came in to supper. Chairs were pulled up noisily. Mary was placed between Bings and his sister. She glanced at the untidy brown platter of salt pork, the cracked dish of steaming sauer kraut, and the many eggs, sprawled over a large plate.

Mr. Bings filled Mary's plate, and then helped himself. He finished three plates of food and drank his tea from his saucer with strange, swooping noises. Mary watched in amazement. She could not eat. There was such a quantity of everything and the largeness fairly took away her appetite. At last the meal was finished, and after the dishes were done the three sat around the stove and tried to converse. Conversation lagged. Mary fiddled the large gray house cat and tried to throw off the feeling of utter desolation. At length she was shown to her room, a little, rainfully neat room, leading from the kitchen. Her bed was covered with a patchwork quilt, a sampler adorned the back of each pine chair and strips of rug carpet covered the floor. Mary realized that the room looked just like Sarah. Then she sat upon the bed, and bowed her head in her hands.

After an interval she arose and hunted for a pencil and paper in her suitcase. Feverishly she wrote: "It is good of you—you are both kind and good but I cannot stand it. It is not the kind of a life I can use to." Thank you and goodbye. Mary."

Then, listening, she counted the regular breathing of Sarah in the adjoining room. Cautiously, she passed thru the kitchen, out under the star-lit sky. She was going back, back to her old job, to face the troubles of life alone.

—M. J. '10.

When Dreams Come True

BILLY BROWN sat on the back porch, devouring ginger cookies, and fondly meditating. This very remarkable person always fulfilled two necessities of life at once. Just now he diminished the plate of cookies because he was really hungry, and meditated because of an extremely pleasant reminiscence. A vision floated before his eyes—not of a fairy-like person nor of a brave knight. Instead, it was of a very ordinary little girl. Billy liked to picture her among the roses, dressed in a little white dress, her chubby arms filled with the fragrant red flowers, and her face lit up with smiles. Could it be, he pondered, that these smiles might have been for him? This memory was of the first and only time which he had ever seen her, and he enjoyed imaging that the rose which she had dropped over the fence had been given to him. That very rose though somewhat faded and dry was tucked away in his blouse now, next to his heart supposedly, but more likely in the region of his stomach.

Just at that very pleasant point in his dreamings, Billy's mother appeared with an oil can and a tin lard pail. "Billy, run down to the store and get me some oil and two pounds of lard," she said. "You'll have just time before supper." She disappeared, only to return to admonish. "For goodness sake's, wash your hands and face, and hurry back."

Billy shuffled in to the kitchen, advanced slowly towards the sink, smeared painfully at his face and hands, left most of the dirt upon the towel and rushed off hitting the can and pail together discordantly at each step. He would he figured, have just time to go past her house if he hurried, and yet be back in time for supper. For the remaining two blocks he was busy thinking what to do while walking the short distance within her sight.

As the brick house loomed in view Billy precariously balanced the oil can upon his head, and walked cautiously with measured tread. The present desire of his life had come true. The idol of his heart played on the walk in her yard, and she was smiling straight at him. Billy paused, smiled in return, saluted, was about to speak, when around the corner of the house appeared a boy, somewhat taller than himself. This boy was neatly clothed in a serge sailor suit, stiff starched blouse, and shiny pumps. Could he be a rival? If he was, it would not be well for him. Billy went through an imaginary punishment of the stranger, beating the air with his hands and admonishing imaginary vicious kicks. Then he glanced at his bare feet and ragged apparel and wistfully wished that he too might be clothed in serge and patent leather.

The little girl noticing Billy's distress, came towards the gate. In a squeaking voice, she explained, "My name's Katherine, an' what is your name?" This broke the ice, and before he knew just how it came about, Billy had told her about himself, and his mother, his namesake goat, the guinea pigs, and his new squirt gun. He had found out, in return that this boy was not as he supposed, a rival, but Katherine's brother.

"He's so most awful grown up, you don't know," Katherine confided. "He won't play none, hardly ever, but I'd like to have you come tomorrow, an' we'd play Indian, an' I'd like to see your goat and gun and guinea pigs, some day", she concluded.

Billy rushed off with a warm spot in his heart, and a whistle at his lips. He really must take the lard and oil home to his mother, and besides he must fix up his Indian suit. One fond desire had come true.

-M. J. '16.

Parson's Triumph

"WELL, Mae, how's the shoulder? Think you can take quarter tomorrow?" was the greeting "Mae" McAlister received from Captain Aldritch, as he trotted on to the field to report for football practice.

"I guess so," replied Mae, as he adjusted his shoulder pad and tightened his belt.

The two stars walked toward the rest of the players in silence.

"You know," began Mae, "Parsons has never been beaten by McGurry in the history of the school, but they are after us with a strong bunch this year, but I'll know the reason why if we don't beat them again."

"Here, fellows, hold the ball a minute," called Aldritch as they drew near the rest of his team. "I want to tell you something before the Coach comes. Our game tomorrow with McGurry is the last one of the season, and it will decide the championship of Rock Valley. McGurry has a stronger line this year than last and, if some of you fellows don't show up a little better, your places will be filled with a better man. Warring, you've been going good lately, but there is room for improvement all around. Tonight, we fix the line up for tomorrow, and so everybody must work tonight. All right, let's go. Jensen, you take center and Allison, quarter. Mae and Griel on the reserves," ordered the Captain, pulling his head guard.

Jensen, Allison, Griel, and "Mae" shifted into their respective positions in the line up against the reserves, each wondering why he had been promoted or degraded.

"Signals," called Aldritch, as he took his place in the center of the back line.

"5-11-3," came the sharp reply, and Aldritch was sent plunging through the line.

"That's a workin' 'Jug'", encouraged Aldritch picking up his head guard. "Galse, let's see you stop him now," he added, taking his place again.

Three more line plunges were made, but the reserves held the regulars to eight yards, and then took possession of the ball.

"44-11-44", called "Mac", as he squatted behind Griel. Dick Kruger, the full back, went plunging through the regulars for seven yards.

"Werring, you big duf, can't you stop him?" roared Aldritch, shoving him toward his position.

"Signal, formation double 0—second series 6-10-11-6 shift," snapped Mac, as he took his position next to the right half back, and Griel reversed his position over the ball.

"Shift," he called again, and they were off. The four back linemen followed each other around the right end; Griel, with the ball under his arm, followed Dick.

As Aldritch dived at Griel, the ball was tossed forward into Dick's arms, and Aldritch and Griel went to the ground in a cloud of dust. Dick sped on eleven yards before he was downed by Johnson.

"Say, fellows," called Aldritch, brushing his hair out of his dirty face. "I just found out that that formation is illegal according to this year's book. The ball cannot be passed forward unless the person is five yards back of the scrumming line, and so I guess we can't use that play any more."

"Look here, Al," complained Mac. "That's the only good play we've got, and if we can't use it, we haven't much show against McGarry."

"I know, Mac," returned Aldritch, "but they've got a coach that knows football, and if we get called on that, it will disgrace the school and probably lose the game for us, so we won't use that play any more. Come on, let's go," he pleaded, and the two teams lined up again.

After the ball had see-sawed up and down the field for two hours, Aldritch stepped aside to talk with the Coach.

"Alright, Mac, hold it a minute," called Aldritch, as he trotted toward the players. "That's enough for tonight. Mac, Warsaw, Johnson, Griel, Werring, Gabering, Baker, Knewel, Shade, and Allison remain here; the rest take a turn around the track and then to the gym. Griel, take center; Shade, left guard; Knewel, right guard; Gabering, left tackle; Kruger, left end; Werring, right tackle; and Baker, right end."

As the men were taking their respective positions, McAllister limped by.

"How's your shoulder, Mac?" inquired Aldritch, cheerfully.

"I guess it's all right" answered Mae, rubbing his injured shoulder.

"Alright, Allison, you play in line and Mae take quarter and we'll practice a few signals," Aldritch continued.

Johnson, Warsaw, and Aldritch took their places in the back line, and Mae began to call the signal.

Four times they charged the line of their imaginary opponents without a fumble. The next time, Mae tried an end run, but he stumbled and wrenched his shoulder again. He was taken to the gymnasium for treatment, and Allison was put in his place. After about fifteen minutes the men were dismissed with instructions to report for signal practice the next morning.

The next morning eleven players trotted in to the field and lined up for signal work, with Allison at quarter back.

"Let's go," ordered Aldritch from the center of the back line, "everybody up on the line."

Allison called a few straight signals and then started some open plays.

Formation double 0 second series 6-10-5-6-sh—," snapped out Allison, starting back.

"Signals?" interrupted Aldritch.

"Formation double 0-second series 6-10-5-6-shift!" repeated Allison.

The illegal play was perfectly carried out.

"Allison, I told Mae that that play was illegal, and we were not going to use it any more, and I want you to understand the same. When I call for the signal you know what I want," roared the Captain, looking intently at Allison.

"It's the only good one we've got," returned Allison sheepishly.

A half hour later the eleven returned to the gymnasium.

At half past two, twenty two of Parsons' football men, led by Aldritch, marched onto the field, greeted by loud and wild cheers of the loyal Parsons' students. The hot sun beat down from a cloudless sky on a mob of patient but anxious people; most of which were students of Parsons college, designated by the black and orange pennants and monograms of the Parsons college. In front of the bleachers stood the yell leader; a short, stout, energetic fellow who seemed to radiate enthusiasm and spirit in his every movement as he raced up and down in front of the throng, urging them on.

Toward the farther end of the field were the McClary players covered with blankets and sweaters.

Presently one of the players arose and accompanied by their coach, came toward the Parsons team, which had gathered close to the bleachers. Aldritch arose and, with the referee went forward to them.

A few minutes after the four men parted, the shell blast of the

referee's whistle called the men to their places on the field. As the referee raised his hand, the rooting ceased. Everyone was hushed.

"McGurry ready?" asked the referee.

The quarterback raised his hand.

"Aldritch?" was the referee's incomplete question.

As Aldritch raised his hand, the whistle was heard again. Shouts and cheers came from the bleachers as Aldritch's toe sent the pigskin sailing to McGurry's five yard line. As McGurry's full back caught the ball and tore his way through Parsons, the mob was silent in fear but when McGurry was downed on the fifty yard line, the cheers came loud and strong. Parsons' line, too confident in themselves, wilted, and McGurry carried the ball to Parsons' five yard line. Here, Werring broke through the line, recovered a fumble, and carried the ball to the fifteen yard line. The mob went wild with excitement and anxiety, but when the teams lined up again, everyone was silent.

"3-11-3," called Mac, who had been put in for the first half.

Aldritch ploughed through McGurry for six yards. Johnson then made nine yards around left end. Aldritch forward passed to Baker, and the ball was again on the fifty yard line. During the rest of the quarter, the ball was in McGurry's territory. The first quarter ended with McGurry in possession of the ball on the forty five yard line, the second down and four yards to go.

After changing goals the fight was renewed with more vim and pep than before. During the second quarter the teams see-sawed up and down the field, both sides gaining and losing.

"Two minutes left, fellows," called the coach from the side line.

"Formation double O-second series-5-10-11-5," came the quick clear signal from Mac.

"Signal?" interrupted Aldritch with a frown.

"Formation O-78-55-0," shouted Mac.

Mac tried a forward pass to Kruger, but his lame shoulder bothered him, and McGurry's right end intercepted the pass and carried the ball to Parsons' ten yard line. The first half ended without a score on either side.

After fifteen minutes' rest the two teams again went on the field with Allison at quarterback for Parsons. The last half was nearly a repetition of the first half. Twice McGurry carried the ball within the shadow of Parsons' goal, and twice Parsons held them for down and punted out of danger. The end of the last half drew near, and no score on either side. Parsons had the ball on McGurry's twenty-five yard line, their last down and six yards to go, and one minute to play.

Parsons' line, steady and determined, crouched like a wild cat about to spring on her prey. Allison, cool and steady, squatted behind Grief

Johnson, Warsaw and Aldritch stood stooped over with their hands on their knees, patiently waiting for the signal. A scarlet stream ran from Aldritch's nose and lips, but he showed no sign of fatigue. The whole team was as steady and quiet as though they were images hewn from marble.

"Signal, formation double O-second series-6-10-11-6 shift," snapped out Allison, hopping to his position.

"Signal?" called Aldritch, wiping the blood from his lips.

Allison returned to his former position, disgusted but determined.

"Formation double O!—second series—6—10—11—6—shift!" shouted Allison bounding back to Johnson's side, while Griel shifted into his position.

"Shift," he shouted again, and led the way around the right end.

Griel, with the oval concealed under his arm, followed Aldritch. Allison, Johnson, and Warsaw, each blocking one of McGurry's back line-men, left Griel and Aldritch with only one man between them and the goal. Griel, who was slightly ahead, slipped the ball back to Aldritch as they sped toward the victory. Griel sliding under McGurry's man, left Aldritch alone ten yards from the goal line. As Aldritch planted the ball between the standards, the time keeper blew his whistle, and Parsons took the championship of Rock Valley.

—L. E. H.

His Maiden Venture

THE room was small and narrow, and the short sloping roof showed plainly it was in the gable of a small house. The walls were decorated with numerous pictures and drawings. Articles scattered about showed that the room was unquestionably a boy's bedroom.

Seated upon an old stool peering intently into a small cracked mirror, sat a youth of some fifteen years of age. His shock of yellow hair was short, and jagged. It plainly bespoke a recent attempt at trimming.

But this mattered not to the boy, for what did he care how his hair looked,—he was beginning to grow a mustache! Had not his mother that very morning told him she believed that he was getting quite a growth of whiskers?

"Funny how I never noticed that before," mused John, for that was his name, as he gave his upper lip another affectionate caress. "I really believe they are getting long enough to shave. Tomorrow maw wants me to take the eggs to town. Guess I might as well get a shave then, too."

The following day John rushed through his work, hitched the old family horse to the buggy, and, loading the eggs in with a slam, rattled down the lane to town on a gallop.

"Johnnie seems in an awful hurry to get to town this morning," exclaimed his sister, as John disappeared around a turn in the road.

In a short time John arrived in town. He, as well as his steed, was breathless; he, from excitement; Dobbin, from sheer exhaustion. He did remember to tie the faithful horse to the usual hitching place. The last thought given the eggs, however, was bestowed on them when he had hurriedly thrown them in the buggy when leaving home.

He tried in vain to calm himself as he set out upon his search for a shop worthy of his sacrifice. Spasmodically he ran and walked. Every one he passed seemed to be staring at him,—not at him but at his upper lip. At the sight of every barber pole, his courage would rise, only to fall again when he discovered the usual loungers around the door.

Becoming desperate, he halted under a sign, "Tonsorial Parlors". He summoned all the courage he could command and started bravely in. At every step his courage ebbed, and his face flushed brighter red. At last he found a seat in a far corner nearly hidden from sight.

The usual crowd of loafers were lounging in the shop. In spite of John's isolated retreat he became the object of their taunts for his embarrassment had betrayed his maiden trip.

"Gettin' a shave, John?" ventured one.

"Quite a crop you've got, Johnnie," complimented another.

After a half dozen taunts of this sort John's courage had entirely deserted him. He sat staring, red faced, at the floor.

"Next," called the barber.

John's knees shook. He knew it was his turn for all of the chairs beside him had been emptied one by one. He was the last patron.

"Hey, kid, I mean you. Next," roared the sleek headed barber again.

John wobbled unsteadily toward the chair. He was conscious of the scow of eyes upon him. Slowly he silled up and into the frayed red velvet chair. The barber stood by flourishing a towel and observing John's lately shingled yellow crop of hair and his downy upper lip.

"Well, what'll you have, son" he inquired with a knowing wink at the onlookers.

John flushed scarlet, swallowed hard, and then in a wee small voice faltered, "A-s-hair cut, I guess, Sir."

—M. B. '16

Our Annual

Seniors, Seniors, Seniors,
What will your annual be?
Ah, I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the Freshman lad,
That his thoughts are not taxed in this way;
O, well for the Junior boy,
That his mind may on History stay.

And the Sophomores look on
From their haven, quiet and still,
But O, for the pen of a poet kind,
Or an artist's touch and skill.

Write, write, write,
O, faithful Seniors, ye,
That the '16 annual of our high school days
May a pleasant memory be

Into a rare and model class
The happy Seniors grew,
Inspired by vigor, earnestness,
That others never knew.

And yet we are a modest class,—
The violet for us grew
With colors purple and old gold.
Modesty? Yes, too.

And here we are content to dwell,
With modest "pep" inspired,
And spread our sweetest influence
Where few have yet aspired.

"Not finished but begun," you know,
Our motto now shall be,
And, as the violet, learned to grow
In sweet humility.

Hero of the Day

JACK FINLEY was the hero of the Marvan school. In a recent game of hockey against their rival school, Brown, he had been the hero at riving center. As he sat in his room that evening, he heard the roar of happy students. He knew full well that the crowd was looking for him, and that was the reason he had decided to remain in his room and study. His room mate, Frank Creston, had promised not to disclose his whereabouts.

Just as his mind had brought to a close the scene of the recent victory, the crowd broke through the door.

"Hello, Jack," burst out the leader of the noisy crowd, "Come along, we've come to take you to the celebration."

Jack's remonstrance was cut short by the cries, "Lend a hand, boys," and he was hoisted to their shoulders and carried out to the campus.

Way into the hours of the morning, the blazing fire could be seen, and the cheers of the Marvan students heard. But as daylight appeared, the noises died away.

The victory over Brown had closed the hockey season. A week later the basketball recruits were called to meet in the gymnasium. When the appointed hour came, twenty two candidates appeared,—among them was Jack Finley. After some preliminary organization, votes were taken for the selection of a captain for the season. Jack Finley was honored by a large majority.

It was many weeks before the greatest game of the season, that with Brown. Many hard nights were put in training for the contest. Brown was looking forth to victory in revenge for the hockey defeat; Marvan was stolidly prophesying its second victory.

In the meantime, Haven, the unscrupulous captain of Brown was plotting to keep Jack Finley out of the game, for with him out Brown felt that the game was theirs. Every effort was put forth to force a substitute into his position. At last, Sam Moore, to whom Haven had told his anxiety and desire, thought of a scheme and confided it to the captain. He would send Finley a letter with a forged signature saying that his mother was sick. Jack would then go home and miss the game. At last the day arrived. Shortly before noon Jack received the letter, and immediately he told the principal that he must leave.

As he was packing his suit case for the trip the letter which he had lately received fell from a book he held in his hand. He picked it up and then noticed for the first time that the postmark on the letter was not

Brooking his home, but Brookville, a small town adjacent to the one in which Brown was located.

He at once grew suspicious and telegraphed home to find out if any one was sick. At last after many impatient hours, he received a reply that no one was ill and that no letter had been sent. He immediately saw the plans of his opponents. He would beat them at their own game.

He left the note on his table and taking his half packed suit case, went to the further end of town to a little obscure restaurant. As he ate his lunch, he chuckled more than once at the surprise that was in store for Haven and his team.

The hour for the game was fast approaching. Happy excited groups of girls and boys wandered up and down the walks. The game was on every one's mind,—but of course Marvan would win. It had to.

Soon the rumor spread that Jack Finley had been called home, and that his place would have to be filled by a substitute. Almost instantly, a foreboding quiet stole over the happy throngs. Without him the game would be lost. Slowly they made their way to the college armory when the game was to be played.

Ten minutes before eight, the hour at which the game was scheduled every seat and all available standing rooms were occupied. On the Marvan side there was but little cheering and that half hearted and spiritless. The Brown rooters although few in number were a boisterous lot. Never had their prospects for victory over Marvan been so bright. The game was theirs, for was not Finley out of the game.

In the meantime Jack had been making his way unobserved to the gymnasium. Watching his chance he slipped into his dressing room and put on his basketball suit, and quietly made his way to the main floor of the armory.

Just as he arrived there, the Brown team dashed out onto the floor from their quarters. Their supporters went wild with excitement. The Marvan men were lagging, dejected in the corridors outside the dressing room. The coach was giving some final instructions to the substitute.

Jack was observing them closely. He sneaked through a dark by-hall to where they were just as they started onto the floor. With an effort he grasped his substitute by the arm, "I'll take my place, old fellow," he said cheerily.

At the first rush of the team into sight the Marvan team showed little spirit. Their hero was lacking. When his form burst through the door, the rest of the team and the students broke forth in loud long hurrahs. The Brown aggregation was dumb founded. Dazed they were throughout the game. They could not gain control of themselves in spite of the captain's sharp reprimands.

Not until after the whistle blow for the close of the game did Jack realize that they had defeated Brown by a large score. Marvan school that night witnessed the greatest celebration that was ever held in the history of the school.

Immediately there was a rush from the balconies. Everywhere cries of "Finley" rang out but Finley could not be found. He had eluded the crowd and hastened home. Later his door was broken in by a howling mob. Jack did not resist—it was of no use. Late into the morning cheers for Marvan and Finley floated out upon the quiet hours before dawn.

W. K. '18.

Junior Class Poem

This is the poem of the Junior Class,
A class which no other in High School surpass,
First there are Marian P. and Mary M.,
Who are the best of any of them.
Then Miriam K. and Agnes O.,
Who are chums as you all know.
Also there are Anita S. and Evan E.,
Who are taking Latin III.
Verena Meyer is a rural lass
And is good in our Civics class.
Of course Vernon and Howard Down
Would like very much to stay in town.
Now there are Gordon W., and Robert F.,
Who always talk of History,
And then William M. and Wilmet F.,
The latter a farmer and the former a chef.
Wonders yet who Bertha Meyer
For a fellow will tire.
Who are as bright as ever, they say,
Are Ina D. and Irene A.
Eva K. a nice little maid
Never whispers as much as is said.
And still there are Cecyle W. and Alice N.,
Who have no use for us young men.
And then comes the famous Roland S.,
Who is our best musician I guess.
And last but not least are Ruth N. and Ruth E.,
Who are as good as they can be.

—EVAN E.

Senior Class Poem

I don't believe we Seniors,
 Could have a better class,
We're considered wonderful gleaners,
 For we have greatly outstripped the past.
Of our eighty-eight exam papers,
 But four were below the mark,
So you see a class with such experts,
 Has surpassed the former shark.
You surely have heard of our president,
 Who is a leader destined to be,
Of the wilds of R. F. D. he is a resident,
 And goes by the name of Ralph Ra-be.
Then who is Zella? What is she,
 That all our lads commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her.
Of all the girls as e'er you know
 There's none like Mabel F. I trow,
She's so very slim and looks just so,
 And she has a steady bean just now.
Ah, Fate, What would we Seniors do,
 Without our Margaret dear,
Whose truthful aim, her lessons to pursue,
 That she no scolding, may need to fear.
And Mae! you can tell her by her looks she's
 Modest, coy and hard to please,
But we all know who it is
 That in Physics class recites with ease.
This Senior's name is Smithy,
 Who always bats his eyes,
He's not considered witty,
 But yet he's very wise.
Hark! Another note we hear
 From a distant field, two miles away,
'Tis Guy Babcock's whistle clear,
 Wafting its soothing notes to Mae.

Boyer is a common name,
 But Zadie is quite rare
 And perhaps this is the circumstance,
 That makes this maid so fair.
 Florence Buchler, oh so fussy,
 How did you grow so slim???
 By study deep and loss of sleep,
 And never taking Gym.
 Oh! don't let us forget our Lavern,
 Pious Lavern with hair so brown,
 His joy is intense when you give him a smile,
 But trembles with fear at Mr. Voris's frown.
 Deep graven in every Senior heart,
 Oh, never let her name depart,
 Laura Engberg with all her art,
 Is considered by us to be rather smart.
 Next comes the gay maid, Fern B.,
 Who in Lab, often cries, "Oh dear me,
 I've tried my best, and wasted my breath,
 And the answer just will not be."
 Another dark maiden is Ida L.,
 Such a hustler, folks never did see,
 She hops about like a turtle in shell,
 And nerve she could share up with three.
 Marion Furrow is another one of our jewels
 Whose chief delight is the dictionary.
 In wisdom she considers the rest of us fools,
 And in argument,—Oh, how contrary.
 Oh! tell me what it meaneth,
 This gloom and tearful eye,
 Ruth's attention wandered it seemeth,
 And Mr. Voris heaved a sigh.
 What a happy soul is Ella!
 To worry she simply cannot,
 She is resolved that in this world,
 Contentment shall be her lot.
 So studious, and yet so kind—
 In Esther you will find,
 A broad outlook upon all life,
 So cheerful in this world of strife.

Never work and always play,
Herman's rule for every day,
His minutes every one employed,
By being thoroughly enjoyed.
How oft some passing word will tend,
In visions to recall,
Our truest, dearest, fondest friend—
Glenn the best of all.
There is a Senior in our class,
Who talks the live long day,
Evelyn Kistler is the noisy lass,
Who has so much to say.
Of Merrill Billings you surely have heard,
Of his class, his romances, his style—
In Arithmetic to Zedie he never whispers a word
But his attention Mr. Coe has all the while.
An artist in our class?
Well I should surely say yew—
Leslie Hanson, who has the brass,
Is the artful one, I guess.
Of myself I'll not say much,
You surely know who I am,
My ancestors are the honorable Dutch,
Who take delight in their sausage and ham.
And if you should find a mistake,
In any of these lines of care,
Pity don't complain, and say it's a fake,
But just polish it, and MAKE it wear.

LENN FRENK.

Sophomore Class Poem

The Sophomore class of O. H. S.
Is by far the best, all must confess.
They're noted for wisdom and brilliance of mind
And in pep and zest none surpass them, you'll find.

We all think Wilkie is just about right
He's known everywhere for remarks so bright.
There's Darrell Hill, who keeps on growing
All the while on the girls his sly glances bestowing.

Florence Krusenstjerna of widespread fame
At the first of the year to Caesar class came,
Saying "I will if I will," and you may depend on 't,
If she won't, she won't and that's the last on 't.

Teddy Bryntesson's the funny man of our class
He plays Charlie Chaplin whenever lines pass.
For trivial offences, this boy so neat
Often must take the very front seat.

Vernon Bushler, whose nickname is Bill,
Of knowledge, he thinks he's had his fill.
And Russell Searight, who plays us his licks,
Will make a musician some of these days.

There's Louise Barclay and Rosmer Bruce
Who make all the class say, "Oh, what's the use."
Their wisdom exceeds the learning of many,
For they want the best or else not any.

Helen Ahlberg, so tall and so fair,
Has eyes of blue and flaxen hair.
She came to school for the purpose of learning
For knowledge, we think, she is truly yearning.

Matilda Ravell, so studious and tall,
Will someday follow the Latin call.
And Olive Samuelson with cheeks so round
Says that happiness can always be found.

In the whole school, there is no class
That can boast of such a fine lass
As Anna Samuelson of whom we can say
Has almost perfect lessons every day.

The motto of Alice so slender and fair
Is "Learn your lessons and of boys beware,"
Then there's LaVeda a maiden slight
Who would like the Latin out of sight.

Eather Lange who has always been known to pass
By all is considered a winsome lass.
Then there's Irene G. who loves to recite,
Without exception her answers are right.

"Ma" Meyer who in fame does rise
On account of his enormous size,
That every one looks at him in wonder
When he plays on the football field out yonder.

Blanche Ballard is a Sophomore scholar,
She always was known to be bright as a dollar;
She came to school to knowledge gain,
She'll go to college, we maintain.

Coletta Bruning, a girl with brown eyes,
Is attending school to become wise,
On learning's way, I'm sure she is bent,
For many an hour on her books she has spent.

Joseph Carlson is a boy quite wise
Who has a pair of keen brown eyes;
We feel quite sure he'll attain success
For all his friends, it's a very safe guess.

Frank Shaw, who is held high in esteem,
Always gets grades that makes us scream.
He's always first and always shall be
And will surely be famous,—just wait and see.

Candice Stanzel, a maiden wise
Has modest manners and brown eyes,
And Mae Nummasher, not very tall,
Thinks there is no name like "Paul."

Lawrence Down, a football boy
To the H. S. team has added much joy.
Then Francis Fertig so tall and broad,
Might, also, join the football squad.

A quiet girl is Mildred Lundell,
Of her modesty, we like to tell.
She always wears a friendly smile
And is decked with pleasantness all the while.

Leonard Clancy, a farmer so bold,
Will be a rich man, some day, we are told.
He's very much like the rest of the boys
For we notice he is so fond of small toys.
And now you have heard of all of the class,
Of every boy and every bright lass.
And that, you may know in a word what we mean,
It's the biggest and best yet,—the class of '18.

MILDRED LUNDSELL,
BLANCHE BALLARD,
LOUISE BARCLAY.

Freshman Pie

Twelve Little Freshmen baked in a pie,
Avis Stratton in great surprise, always asking
why.
Charles Babcock, tall and slim, musically inclined,
Little Cheyral Engberg, studious and kind.
Arthur Numemaker, who's a cook for fair,
He and Ruth Larson make a splendid pair.
Fluffy haired Wamita, in a cap of red,
Edward Larson, Lula's pride, very drill 'tis said.
Sweet Winona, fairest made of all the rows
Possessor of growing grins, crazy over beaux.
Hazel Fresse, with laughter gay, playing basketball,
Johnny Schmitz, strolling by tallest of the tall.
Bashful Reynolds, dark and tall, from the eighth
grade came,
Ezid, of Pisgah, all we know's his name.
Carl Korteisel, the shiny kid, babied beyond recall,
Is not this a dainty dish to set before King Carl?

Freshman Class Poem

O, what's the matter with our president Dwight
Why, nothing at all, for he's alright.

There's Vera, Ruth and Lucille S.,
But they are not sisters I must confess.

Leona Norton is a maiden fair,
With bright blue eyes, and jet black hair.

There is Charles B. and Eugene E.,
Who are so fine (?) in History.

And also there is Archie Paul,
Who so likes to play football.

And yes, Winona and Wauneta D.,
Will become famous yet, you'll see.

There's Edna Bruning, a quiet lass,
Who is well liked by all the class.

There's also Arthur N. and Eugene R.,
Who sure have knowledge in their power (?)

Then there's Ruth L. and Crystal E.,
Who are great classes in the first degree.

Alma Hiler and Louise B.,
Are just as opposite as can be.

Then there is also Avis S.,
Who's the cleverest girl in the class, I guess.

There is Florence B. and Hazel K.,
Who have left our ranks and gone away.

Emil Huotner and Vernon G.,
Will some day be wise if you'll wait and see.

Then there's John Schmitz and George S.,
Who tho' small in stature have brains none the less.

Then Edward T. and Edward L., too,
Are filled with knowledge through and through.

We surely must honor Lulu K.,
For she'll be famous for her cakes some day.

There's Elsie and also Maude Wardell,
 There's nothing that will rhyme with that very well.
 And Hazel Fresse is a jolly lass,
 Who is very popular in our class.
 We mustn't forget to mention Robert P.,
 Who knows most all in our History.
 And also Otto Fresse we mustn't forget,
 For he'll become famous yet, I'll bet.
 And just listen about Karl K.,
 He talks too much some teachers' say.
 Then there's Theodore Eriksson, who it seems,
 Was lost one day in quiet dreams.
 Then there is also Marguerite Reis,
 Who we all think so very nice.
 O, my, there's Clara S. and Ruth M.,
 I must forget to mention them.
 Our merry boys are Maurice H. and Vern M.,
 For lots of noise is made by them.
 And now the praise of the two Editha we'll sing,
 For they're so bright in every thing.
 And now of all the class you know,
 Just wait and watch them as they grow.

—C. E. '19

Senior Toast

So here's to Miss Leuz, so genial,
 To Miss Scott, so gentle and true;
 To Joy Knapp, so lively and jolly,
 Here's love to them all true like.
 So here's to Junior and Senior,
 The good times we cherish at heart;
 Prizing the time, keep off the day,
 The day when we all must part.
 And whether it's Normal or College,
 Our love will never grow cold;
 With joy and with pride, we'll recall the glad days
 And honor the "Pinnacle and Goal."