

BLUE AND GOLD

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ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA

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1917-1918 ANNUAL

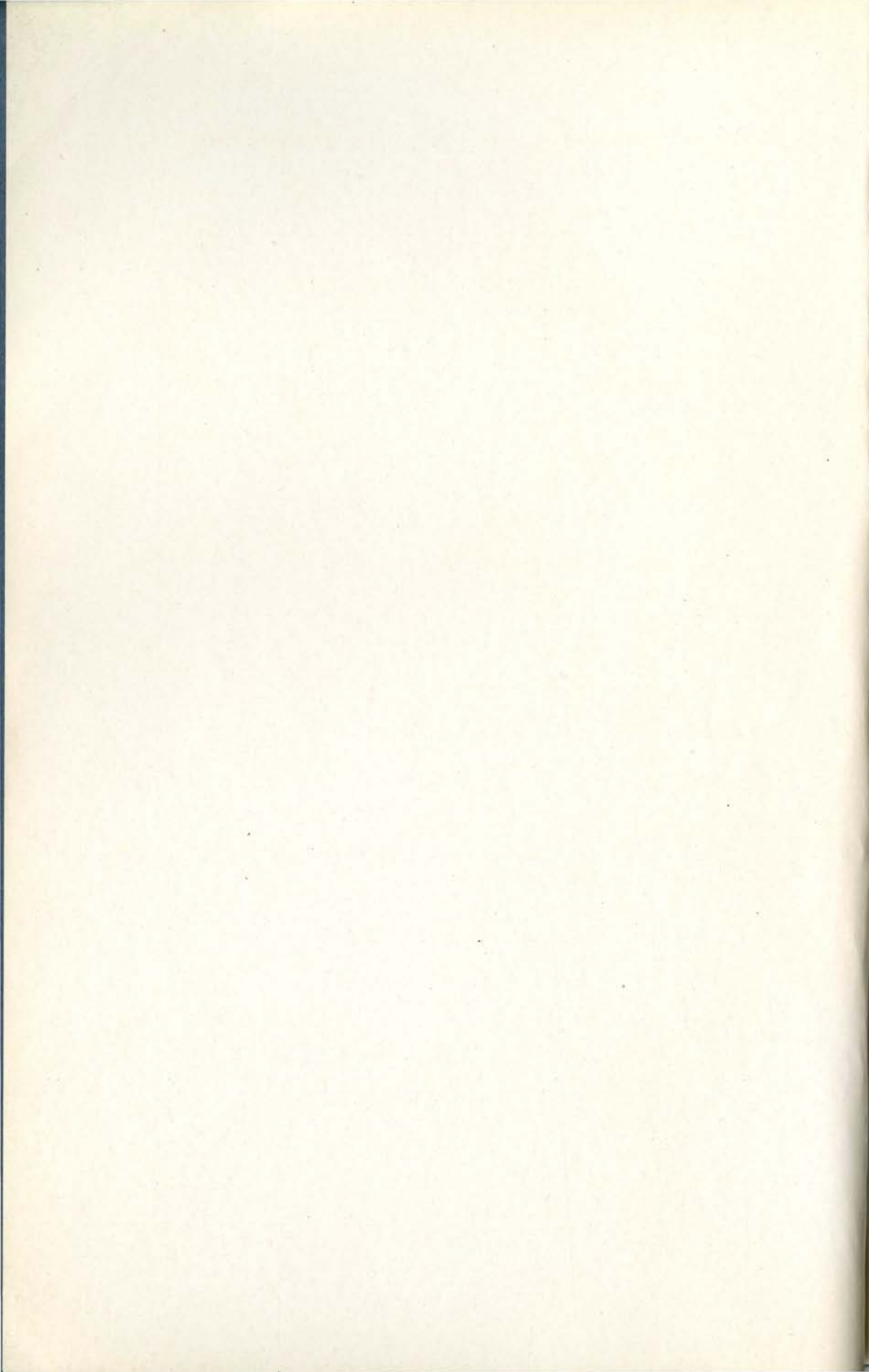
Blue and Gold

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ABERDEEN HIGH SCHOOL
ABERDEEN, S. D.

791995



DEDICATION

To those one hundred and twenty-eight men and women represented on our service flag who, with the millions of other men and women, have given all they hold most dear that Democracy may live, we hereby dedicate this Blue and Gold Annual for 1918.

OUR SERVICE FLAG

*Just a blood-red border with ground of white,
Holding stars of truest blue.
But oh, what a sacrifice it means,
That Service Flag, for me and you.*

*The bugle called, and the boys at school
Left their books and friends and fun,
And with courage strong they march along
With the sound of fife and drum.*

*They went with love's glory ashine in their hearts,
" 'Twas foolish," you say, but no,
It was more than wise, and those boys from school
Have gone as the bravest go.*

*And so for each lad who has joined the ranks,
On our flag we have placed a blue star,
While a golden one will brightly gleam
For those who must cross the bar.*

*The blue ones we'll honor, esteem and love
All our lives as we do today,
And the golden ones, those lives laid down,
Will shine in our hearts away.*

--Lola Westcott, '18.



BLUE AND GOLD STAFF, 1917-1918

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	<i>Helen Strauss</i>
<i>Associate Editor</i>	<i>Ferne Winter</i>
<i>Literary Editor</i>	<i>Chester Gipe</i>
<i>Local Editor</i>	<i>Carey Welsh</i>
<i>Assistant Local Editor</i>	<i>Forrest Conner</i>
<i>Class Reporters:</i>	
<i>Senior</i>	<i>Martha Wendell</i>
<i>Senior Girls</i>	<i>Gladys Gallett</i>
<i>Junior</i>	<i>Charles Herb</i>
<i>Junior Girls</i>	<i>Hazel Hackett</i>
<i>Sophomore</i>	<i>Elizabeth Doyle</i>
<i>Freshman</i>	<i>Helen Arnett</i>
<i>Eighth Grade</i>	<i>Merten Hasse</i>
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<i>Exchanges</i>	<i>Vernon Wilber</i>
<i>Assistant Exchange Editor</i>	<i>Leonard Mabbott</i>
<i>Business Manager</i>	<i>J. G. Schott</i>



Seniors

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Wilbur Graham
Vice-President	Lola Westcott
Secretary	Austin Jones
Treasurer	Evalyn Hulett



RALPH GREENMAN

"Long Green"

Football '16, '17.

Junior Play.

U. S. Army.

"Would that I were a soldier boy."



HELEN STRAUSS

"Straussie," "Doc"

Glee Club '15.

Junior Play.

Blue and Gold '17.

Editor-in-Chief Blue and Gold '18.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her marks are 'A'."



GLADYS GALLETT

"G"

Orchestra.

Senior Play.

Blue and Gold Staff '18.

"A rare case where 'tis hard to choose between a Hudson and a Ford."



WILBUR GRAHAM

"Graham"

President Senior Class.

Debate '18.

President Commercial Club.

Senior Play.

"His only fault is that he has no fault."

ALVAH SLATER

"Slitz"

Junior Play.

Senior Play.

"If only he thought with the intensity he loved with."



MARTHA WENDELL

"Mart"

Glee Club '16, '17, '18.

Blue and Gold Staff '17, '18.

Junior Play.

President Senior Girls Club.

Senior Play

*"She hath a lover stout and tall, who is
unbeknownst to us."*



GRACE FOILLEN

"Buster"

Treasurer Entre Nous '17.

Junior Play.

Glee Club '18.

Senior Play.

*"Grace's enthusiasm runs loose everywhere. Her
opinion carries great weight and so does she.
'A ton of joy'."*



MARGARET ANDERSON

"Margie"

*"As strong a link in friendship's chain as ever
bound together."*





FAY SQUIRE

"Squeak"

"He used to be such a nice boy."



HELEN FOSSUM

"Fossum"

Blue and Gold Staff, 1917-1918

Senior Play

Glee Club '15

"She hath a nimble wit and a ready tongue."



EDWARD BREMER

"Eddie," "Dooley"

"Cutest li'l feller, everybody knows."



ELEANOR PORTER

"Porter"

Glee Club '17-'18.

President Entre Nous. '17.

"Let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me."

FORREST CONNER

"Fat," "Ethel"

Football '16-'17.

Basketball '18.

Assistant Local Editor B. & G.

Senior Play.

"A chance for an argument."



DAPHNE WYMAN

"Daph"

"She needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself."



MILDRED HOLMES

"Mil"

Glee Club '15, '16, '17, '18.

"She is a reserved girl, who nevertheless has won many friends."



MARY ERWIN

"Mayee"

Glee Club '17, '18.

*"Eddie at morning, Eddie at night,
Eddie forever--is my delight."*





JOHN McMASTERS

"Johnnie"

Junior Play.

*"A cheerful grin will get you in where the
kicker's never known."*



JEANNETTE SONG

*Glee Club Accompanist '15, '16, '17, '18.
President Sophomore Class.*

*"Our school pianist is always on the go. Her
music would make Orpheus green with envy."*



JOHN JONES

"Jack"

"Not so ordinary as his name."



MARY MILTENBERGER

"Giggles"

*"She never strives for effect, but just for a
sweet, simple record."*

CAREY WELSH

"Pug"

*Captain Football '18.
Basketball '17, '18.
Blue and Gold Staff.
Senior Play.
Debate '17, '18.*

"We call him the guy with the contagious laugh."

EVALYN HULETT

"E. B."

Treasurer Senior Class.

*"I'd rather just be good-looking and wise,
than pretty and frivolous."*

MARY RINGROSE

"I want to be amused."

AUSTIN JONES

"General"

*Secretary Senior Class.
Glee Club '18.
Football '17.
Basketball '18.
Senior Play.*

"Tho' a Senior, he is partial towards a Freshman."

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CLARICE FRITSCHÉ

"Fritsche"

Junior Play.

Glee Club '15, '16, '17, '18.

*"Happy-go-lucky, fair and free,
Nothing there is that bothers me."*



DONALD BAIRD

"Hattie," "Donnie"

Football '16, '17.

President Junior Class.

Athletic Editor of B. & G. '18.

"Greater men than I have lived, but I doubt it."



RUBY BINNING

"Rube"

Secretary Entre Nous '18.

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



FERNE WINTER

"Ferne"

Senior Play.

Assistant Editor-in-Chief B. & G. '18.

"Her hair is not more sunny than her smile."

MORRIS JONES

"Maws"

"A right good fellow--he."



MILDRED TERRY

"Fuzzy"

*"Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered 'round her head."*



LYMAN BOHAC

"Bohac"

Football '16, '17.

*"He believes in love at first sight, but he believes in
taking a second look."*



LOLA WESTCOTT

"Skinny"

Junior Play.

Vice-President Senior Class.

"The force of her own merit makes her way."





FRANCIS JOLIN

"Fritz"

"Why that industrious look?"



MARY O'NEIL

"Molly"

"As proper a girl as ever trod upon neat's leather."



LU MAE FITCH

"Lucy"

"Lu is a good scout when you know her; she has lots of pep."



LAURA SCHWARTZ

"She's one of these people of whom no one knows anything mean."

LA VERNE SAUNDERS, 'Handsome,' 'Polar Bear'

Football '17.

"It takes a long time to grow up."



DOROTHY SMITH

"Dot"

"Demure and sweet,
Her ways are charming, quite."



ROYAL WENSBERG

"FAT"

Glee Club '16.
Senior Play.
Orchestra '16.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"



EVA LINDQUIST

"Eva is one of our new girls; oftentimes the rarest
jewels lie far beneath the surface."





MILDRED ANDERSON

"Mi

"A pleasant smile for all."



BERNICE TOLSTEAD

"Willie"

Glee Club '15, '16, '17, '18.

Junior Play.

Vice-President Entre Nous '17.

"Good sense and good nature are never separated."



LEONE SCHOCH

"Schoch"

Treasurer of Sophomore Class.

"That's a girl of spirit and we'll drink her health."



EVANGELINE WALKER

"Petty"

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

HERBERT FISH

"Murphy"

Football '17.
Basketball '18.
Glee Club '17, '18.

"Life is a serious proposition---girls too."



DELILAH DOBLER

"Demure and sweet,
Her ways are charming quite."



CLEMENS LINGOR

"Shine"

"I never have much to say, but I do a lot of
thinking."



MARGARET ARNETT

Glee Club.

"But there's more in me than thou understandeth."





JOSEPH KADESKY

Orchestra '17, '18.

"I hurry not, neither do I worry."

ESTER SCHMOCKEL

"A maiden never bold of spirit."



JESSE VERL ARNOLD

Died January 4, 1918.



CLASS PROPHECY

May 31, 1928—Today while on a pleasure cruise in my new Curtis Monoplane I came to the vicinity of Mars, when I suddenly found that I was minus that gaseous fluid which seems so necessary for the maintenance of motion with a machine of this kind and so was forced to land on the war-torn planet. As I had a date for eight o'clock and was in a hurry I took my pocket spy glass and tried to discover an aerial gas station. As I gazed over our noble and beautiful land, I began to recognize figures, among whom were some of my former classmates in the class of '18 at the Aberdeen High School.

The first figure I recognized was Lyman Bohac, trying to sell horse collars to the Egyptians.

Then I turned my glasses toward India where I found Royal Wensburg riding an elephant which was carrying sugar to relieve the shortage in his father's store.

As I moved the glasses a little beyond this scene, I came upon a mission where Clarice Fritsche was surrounded by a group of natives to whom she was teaching the lines of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and as I watched, the Rev. Alvah Slater, the fighting preacher, the head of the mission entered and led the throng in prayer.

As I searched a little beyond in China, I recognized Fay Squire leading a revolution with Evangeline Walker, wearing her war service button, as his chief of staff.

As I came to the city of Hong Kong I saw that there was a severe epidemic of ear-ache in the city and I saw Dr. Fish performing marvelous operations on the natives. It is said that his skill was derived from youthful experiences with the disease.

A little farther on I saw Austin Jones as a traffic policeman in the streets of Tokio, Japan. In the same city I saw Wilbur Graham as the proprietor of a Japanese tea room. I saw that he had finally been able to show his artistic taste which always ran to oriental lines.

On moving the glasses eastward I discovered a huge battleship and on close inspection saw Francis Jolin as the captain, resplendent in a new uniform.

On coming over the Philippine Islands I saw Ed. Bremer hunting thru the wilds for a new kind of duck which it is said is easier to hit than the ordinary species.

An unusual stir to the southwest caused me to turn my glasses on Africa where, in the jungle, I saw Helen Fossum and Mary Ringrose running a ladies' furnishing store. Across the street from them I saw John and Morris Jones keeping a barber shop.

I then went back to my former course and on an island in the middle of the Pacific I saw Mary Miltenberger and Mary O'Neil running a public stenography office for the natives.

I turned my glasses eastward to the United States of America where the first sight my eye lighted upon was Universal City, Cal. At one of the studios I saw a little girl tripping across the lawn and recognized her as Grace Hailien, the second Marie Dressler of the picture world. At the same studio I saw Ethel Bennett, who was under-study to Theda Bara, starring in the picture "The Bewitching Eye."

At another studio I saw LaVerne Saunders starring as the handsome hero in the world's greatest serial "Oatmeal." In the line of would-be employees on the outside of the studio I saw Margaret Arnett, Ruby Binning, LuMae Fitch and John McMasters, waiting for jobs as extras. In a second story room over at one side show I saw Dorothy Smith training an elephant to dance.

I moved my glasses over to Scared Rabbit, Montana, where by the posters on the billboards I saw that Eleanor Porter was running for Dog Catcher on the Socialist ticket. At the same place I saw Daphne Wyman and Leone Schoch running a sanitarium for flea-bitten dogs.

In one of the small cities in the near vicinity I saw Evalyn Hulett, as the wife of the mayor, conducting the local work of knitting sweaters for homeless street-car conductors.

Looking on the great city of Chicago, the first familiar figure I saw was Lola Westcott, who was being honored for writing the greatest poetic masterpiece of the age entitled "O Man, I see you only as Camouflage." At the reception later, given to Miss Westcott, Miss Jeanette Song gave a piano recital and a very pretty dance was given by Mary Erwin and Gladys Gallett. Moving toward the edge of the city I saw Helen Strauss in the basement of a tenement house, editor of an Anarchist newspaper. On the reporter's staff for her paper were, Laura Schwartz, Delilah Dobler and Margaret Anderson. On the outskirts of the city I saw Mildred Terry and Bernice Tolstead running a jitney line between the city and suburbs.

CLASS PROPHECY (Continued)

I moved my glasses eastward where, at Detroit, I saw in the Ford factory, Carel Welsh, painting radiator caps for Fords.

Still farther east in the city of New York I saw Mildred Anderson keeping a Paris dressmaking shop over one of the Steel Mills. A little farther down the street I saw Evelyn Lundquist making a speech urging herself upon the people as Mayor's Chauffer. Esther Schmockel and Mildred Holmes were circulating literature among the dozen hearers.

In a little studio over a grocery store I saw Ferne Winter posing as the "before taking" picture for an advertisement of Sweeny's Tooth-Ache Reliever.

I next turned my glasses down upon our great capitol, at Washington, where I saw Clemens Lingor taking one of the president's speeches, as his stenographer. When turning my glasses southward I heard a strange commotion so again looked back at Washington where I saw Forrest Conner trying to introduce a bill in the House of Representatives and nobly succeeding in breaking the ear drums of about one-third of the members.

I turned my glasses south and noticed a peculiar commotion in the ocean, I first thought it was a tidal wave but later discovered that it was Martha Wendell diving for sponges off the coast of Florida.

Just at this time I saw a gas station off the coast of Mexico and so my attention was again taken up with getting enough refreshments for my monoplane to carry me back to terra-firma.



SENIOR CLASS POEM CLASS '18

(With apologies to Kipling).

Winds of the world give answer—you are whimpering to and fro—
Tell me, oh powerful breezes, that which I wish to know;
Tell me of fame and the famous—name me those who are known,
The brave and true and clever, the greatest from zone to zone.

The North Wind blew:—"From the ice-land and the winter's silvery sheen
I bring the names of Seniors, the famous class of eighteen.
By the great North Lights above me, I see their works of power,
Great and becoming greater, increasing hour by hour.

I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors with flame,
But yet I heard distinctly your class president's name.
The name of Wilbur Graham who has labored with a will
To make the class successful and its coffers to fill.

I've seen the name of Martha emblazoned 'cross the sky.
The staunch Entre Nous leader, the girl who won't say die.
What can the Senior class do? Ye have but the world to dare.
Ye have but the world to conquer. Go forth, success is there!"

The South Wind sighed: "From the Virgins my mid-sea course was ta'en,
In all my breezy travels I've heard of Senior's fame.
I've seen Grace and Eleanor working for the boys gone "over there,"
And M. Anderson and others gladly doing their share.

Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
The dramatic art of Clarice has been wafted on my breeze.
I've seen LaVerne the farmer, his hand put to the plow
Or emitting honks from his auto—I can almost hear it now.

I've seen your Blue and Gold paper, very clever and full of news,
With Helen Strauss as editor, the best one you could choose.
I've seen Carey and Austin and Forrest, those athletic prodigies
Make plays that have made foes tremble in the region of their knees.

I've seen Evalyn H. and Mildred, best of all "D. S." sharks,
And Helen, Mary, Gladys, Ferne, who always get "A" marks.
What can the Senior class do? Ye have but the world to dare,
Ye have but the world to conquer. Go forth, success is there."

The East Wind roared, "From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas I come,
I herald Senior's praises, 'till my very voice is dumb.
I ruffle the curls of Mildred, and the curls of Ruby B.,
I play with themes and class reports, in gleeful jollity.

I marvel at Ed's complexion, the far-off look in his eyes,
And know he is planning great deeds for which man lives and dies.
I whisper to John McMasters to get him to school on time,
And oh, the grace of Mary E. I sing in prose and rhyme.

Jeanette's music has charmed me, its strength and powerful ease,
And the movement of her fingers as they dance across the keys,
What can the Senior class do? Ye have but the world to dare,
Ye have but the world to conquer. Go forth, success is there."

(Continued on Page 22)

SENIOR CLASS POEM (Continued)

The West Wind called: "I make my way with travels brave and bold,
Thru all my long, fierce voyage, I Senior's work unfold;
I smile on lasting friendship, on Daphne and Leone,
Of Mary M. and Mary O. I sing in gladdened tone.

Whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by dark or day,
I hear the names of Don and Ralph, and salute them both for aye.
They're serving Uncle Sammy, they've left school days behind
But yet their names are blazoned upon each heart and mind."

The four winds joined in tempests: "Ye have gained that which you sought,
Yet there are many others with brains and good deeds fraught.
What can the Senior class do? Ye have but the world to dare,
Ye have but the world to conquer. Go forth, success is there."

L. A. W. '18.

CLASS WILL

When the old school bell has rung for the last time—
For the Seniors that class of '18
In the long years to come, in the gay life of some,
We shall think of those school days, I we'en.

And in pleasant reflections remember
Of the good old times we had—
Well, what if we did have to study,
After all, it wasn't so bad.

So too, we will think of the talent,
Our class of '18 possessed.
And wonder, from all our giving
Which class of the High School fared best.

For in departing we leave behind us
To the faculty faithful and wise
We give to them our absence true
A life long joy, they'll not despise.

To the juniors our calm benign dignity
A trait which is found unexcelled
And in willing you this (please don't take it amiss)
We advise you to guard it exceedingly well.

But what shall we leave the sophomores?
They surely need dignity too—
But the library grind, develops the mind.
This then we leave to you.

We all know the halls make good race tracks
In fact they are said to be hummers—
To the freshmen so dear, we'll leave the halls clear
So they can train to be long distant runners.

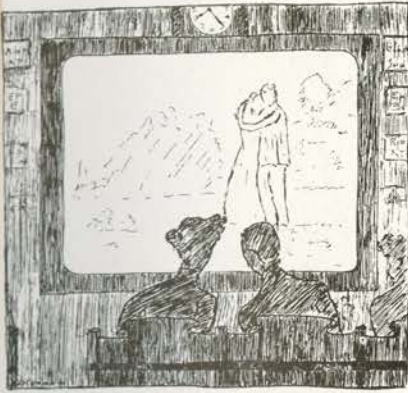
Then here's to the lively eighth graders,
Whose valor some day we'll esteem.
So we will to them our experiences—
Great and valiant as they seem.

And now that we are leaving you—
We bid you all good-by
With the best of joy and the best of luck—
May your fame be heralded to the sky.

J. S. & M. T. '18.

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SENIOR CLASS PLAY



AN EVENING OF DILIGENT STUDY

"All of a Sudden Peggy" a light comedy in three acts by Earnest Denny, was delightfully presented to the public at the High School Auditorium, May 24th. The first act portrays the "Suddenness of Peggy" and the plot is started when Jimmy Keppel was called home from Ceylon to Hawkhurst, his country home, by Uncle Archie Phipps and his mother, Lady Crackenthorpe to divert Peggy O'Mara and her mother from captivating Anthony, who is writing a Spider book with their aid. They meet each other and immediately fall in love. She explains to him thru a story of hers, her predicament in life, which is that her mother is trying to force her on Anthony, whom she does not care for. He advises her to pretend she has married someone else until her mother and Anthony have been safely married.

The second act shows "The Suddenness of Consequences" and is laid in Jimmy Keppel's flat in London a week later.

Peggy has acted on Jimmy's advice, unknown to him, and left Hawkhurst, telling her mother she is married to him. The others are all dumfounded and come to his flat to look into the matter. Peggy has solved her first difficulty by hearing of her mother's engagement to Anthony, but Peggy finds out thru Major Phipps that Jimmy had been told by his family to "dazzle" her, and, tho she loves him, she fears he does not return the affection.

The third act, back in the White Hall at Hawkhurst, shows, "The Suddenness." Here Peggy, finding out her mistake; and, after patching up the marriage license which he had bought and she had torn, consents finally to marry him.

The following is the cast of characters:

Anthony, Lord Crackenthorpe (Fellow of the Entomological Society)....	Forrest Conner
The Hon. Jimmy Keppel (His Brother).....	Carey Welsh
Major Archie Phipps (retired).....	Alvah Slater
Jack Menzies	Wilbur Graham
Parker (Footman at Hawkhurst).....	Royal Wensberg
Lucas (Manservant at Jimmy's flat).....	Austin Jones
Lady Crackenthorpe (Lord Crackenthorpe's mother).....	Grace Hoilien
The Hon. Millicent Keppel.....	Helen Fossum
The Hon. Mrs. Colquhoun.....	Martha Wendell
Mrs. O'Mara (Widow of Prof. O'Mara)	Gladys Gallett
Peggy (Her Daughter).....	Ferne Winter



SENIOR GIRLS CLUB

SENIOR GIRLS

The Entre Nous or Senior Girls' club directed its activities along the usual lines of parties, sales and entertainments for the students during the school year. The club elected Martha Wendell president, Bernice Toistead Vice president, Ruby Binning Secretary, and Clarice Fritche Treasurer, and under the able management of these officers gave several general parties at which, for a small sum the students and faculty of the high spent pleasant evenings dancing to "peppy" music and enjoying a general "get acquainted." Besides the parties at the first part of the year, the girls gave candy sales until our mutual friend "Herbie" put the ban on sugar. That, however, did not lessen their activities along this line. Undaunted they inaugurated the "War Cake" sale and with the proceeds purchased a Red Cross Emergency Kit for the gym.

At the close of the Basket Ball Tournament here, a committee appointed some time previous by the President gave an oyster stew in the Domestic Science rooms for the teams from Lemmon, Wautay, Timberlake, Groton, Redfield and Aberdeen.

The officers entertained the members of Club one evening in the gym at a "Boy and Girl" party. Half came as little girls, the others as boys and they made the old gym ring with merriment.

One day in the latter part of March the Senior Girls, according to the custom, appeared at school in curls and middies with the class colors tied on their wrists. The startling features of the day were Grace Hoilien's striking resemblance to Mary Pickford and the fact that the girls spread the germs of the class color fever. This fever raged in a malignant form and for days afterwards one could see pretty girls with class colors bound round their heads and necks.

The activities of the Club ended with the initiation of the Junior Girls thru the sacred rites of the Club. The girls feel that much has been accomplished from the standpoint of both entertainment and work, during the two years of the Club's existence and it is with mingled pleasure and regret that they give up their place to the new class.

The faculty advisor, Miss Lindblom, has given her able support in all the Club activities, both this year and last, and the girls wish to express their appreciation to her for the interest which she has always taken in the organization.

JUNIORS



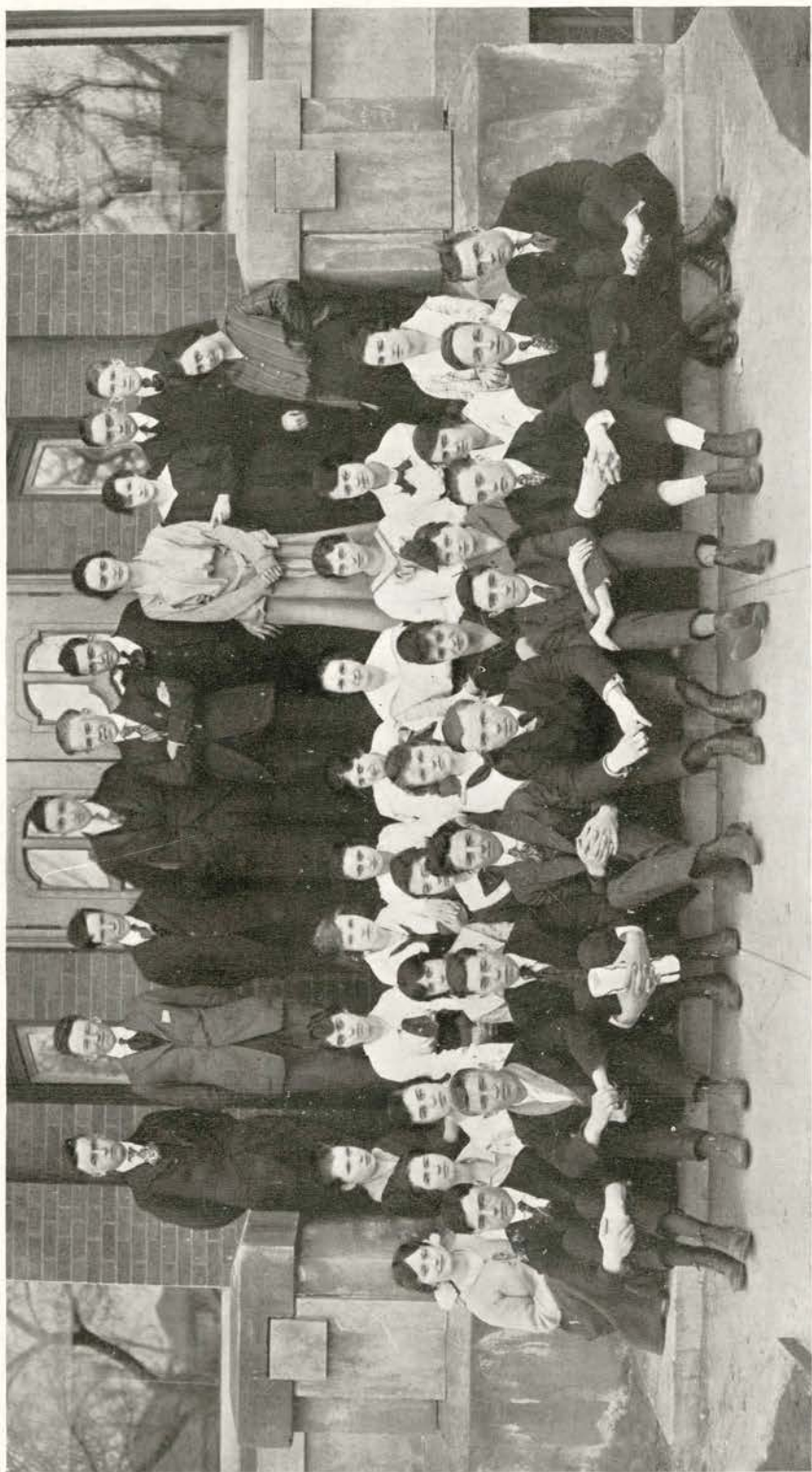
JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President--Reidar Edwardson

Secretary--Earl Behan

Vice-President--Cecil Stokes

Treasurer--Kenneth Strachan



JUNIOR CLASS

THE JUNIOR PLAYS

The Junior class, this year, because of the small number of members, decided to present before the High School two one-act plays rather than one three-act production. The committee, under the direction of Miss Lindblom, who had consented to direct the plays, selected "The Prodigal Doll," an Italian marionette play of four scenes, and "The Spreading of the News," an Irish play. Later this second play was dropped and the Junior Girls club decided to put on "The Revolt," a burlesque between extreme anti-suffragism and suffragism. On Saturday night, April 27th, the plays were given. The stormy weather undoubtedly hindered many from attending tho the assembly was fairly well filled. The "Ideal Husband" was one of the chief characters of "The Revolt" while the Devil, ably played by David Mason, was an important character in the "Prodigal Doll."

The program was as follows:

1. An orchestra number.
2. "The Revolt."

Grandma Gregg	Dorothy Hager
Pauline	Hazel Hackett
Susan Jane Jones	Oriole Johnston
Kate, A Student	Marvelyn Heinzen
Grace, A Student	Lucile Nelson
Ida, A Student	Louise Matthews
May, A Student	Ruth Barnhart
Edith, A Student	Lillian Jamieson
The Ideal Husband	By Himself

Place:—Grandma Gregg's Academy at Flushing for Household Arts.

Time:—Now or soon.

The play opens in the Academy where Pauline is working and scrubbing for her tuition. Two professors, Professor of Husbandology and Professor of Rudiments are expected at any time. Susan Jane Jones, a Militant Suffragette disguised as Professor of Husbandology, starts a revolt and proceeds to lay plans for capturing schooners and Grandma Gregg, for a chaperone, and living as pirates to extinguish the men. The girls, at the last moment while they are capturing Grandma Gregg, hear the voices of their boy friends calling and Susan's plan fails. Pauline reproaches the Ideal Husband for his inattention to her and the curtain falls.

3. A song "When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez vous Francais" and a dance by Dorothy Hager, Dorothy Tayloe, Ruth Barnhart, Ruth Shortridge, Lucile Nelson, Louise Matthews, Lillian Jamieson, Alpha Klinger, Mildred Wilson, Marvelyn Heinzen, Marthea Born and Oriole Johnston.
4. A piano solo by Marvelyn Heinzen.
5. Jigging Demonstrated by Earl Behan.
6. "The Prodigal Doll." Four scenes.

Robin	Reidar Edwardson
Cristeta	Mildred Wilson
Marchioness	Alpha Klinger
Christopher	Chester Gipe
Devil	David Mason
Father	Earl Behan
Mother	Ada McQuillen

Four Marchionesses Ruth Shortridge, Dorothy Tayloe, Ruth Barnhart, and Marthea Born.

Place:—Italy of the Marionettes.

Time:—Any time.

Robin is kicked out of his house and he goes with the Devil to spend his \$50 and to make love to a marchioness and generally "raise the Devil" despite Cristeta's plea and later casting him off. He meets the marchioness and her four companions and tries to have her run away with him. Christopher, the husband, returns and finds Robin with his wife. He gambles with him and wins much and finally beats him in a fight. Robin now returns home and declares he will shoot himself. His parents and Cristeta receive him with open arms, the Devil is found out and beaten and the play ends.

Earl Behan, assisted by Harold Webb and Chester Gipe, was the stage manager and he also attended to the advertising. The class made about fifty dollars as they charged only twenty cents admission.

THE JUNIOR MISCELLANEOUS COLUMN

Known in the Junior World For:

Her modesty	Ruth Barnhart
Being so meek and quiet	Evelyn De Vries
His faithfulness to "her"	Reidar Edwardson
His popularity—we wonder why	Chester Gipe
His excuses	Robert Harvie
Her grades	Hazel Hackett
Their size	Violet Hazel and Lucile Nelson
His tackling ability	Virgil Hye
His talking—"I'll tell the world"	C. Young Herb
His hair	Fordyce Kaiser
His gentlemanly ways	David Mason
Her disputes	Ada McQuillan
His winning smile—"Oh boy"	Rexford Ryman
Her hair and complexion	Mae Swanson
His witty sayings	Don Swain
Her sweet ways	Dorothy Tayloe
Her height	Hazel Willson
Trips to Groton	Harold Webb
His latitude	Nathan Wendell
Her bashfulness	Ruth Woodman
His flirtations with girls of lower classes	Cecil Stocks
Unnecessary talking	Marshall Williams
Her oratorical abilities	Mildred Wilson
Her newness	Letty Judkins
Her whistles	Ruth Shortridge

Favorite Occupations.

Bluffing Mr. Duel	Louise Matthews
Generalizing	Reidar Edwardson
Laughing in Geometry	Lillian D. Jamieson
Arguing	Oriole Johnson
Acting	Fordyce Kaiser
Keeping quiet	Rexford Ryman
Debating	Donald Swain
Sleeping	Kenneth Strachan
Telling stories	Harold Webb
Making money	Raymond Jolin
Thinking of Sioux City	Edwin Coleman
Whistling	Earl Behan
Working at bookkeeping	Joseph Pfeiffer
Studying	Hazel Hackett
Being busy	Dorothy Hager
Blushing	Ruth Barnhart
Bluffing	C. Young Herb
Growing	Nathan Wendell
Flirting	Cecil Stocks
"Jipping"	Murray Widdis

WANT ADS

- WANTED—A beau; preferably an underclassman; must be good looking; inquire of Louise Matthews.
- FOR RENT—Until next year my star basketball qualities. Must be returned in first class condition. Bud Coleman.
- PICKED UP—A Senior's dignity, rather burdensome so owner will please call for it at once. Dorothy Hager.
- FOR SALE—To any Sophomore, my English Notebook. Contains many hours hard work but will go cheap. Marion Wilson.

FREQUENT EXPRESSIONS

- "Oh, for heaven's sake!" Chester Gipe
- "If Mama will let me." Ruth Woodman
- "It wasn't me that time, Mr. Duel." Marvelyn Heinzen
- "Have you studied your French?" Lillian Jamieson
- "Oh girls!" Alpha Klinger
- "You don't mean it!" Dorothy Hager
- "How about tonight?" Cecil Stocks
- "I know it." Marthea Born
- "I have to play tonight so I can't." Cecil Benson
- "Parlez-vous Francaise?" Nathan Wendell
- "I'm going with Reidar." Ruth Shortridge

WE WONDER

- Why Charles Herb went to Groton.
- Why Alpha Klinger has that far away look in her eyes.
- Why Maude Miller transferred to A. H. S. from the N. N. I. S.
- Why the Junior Girls are popular with the Freshmen and Sophomore boys. For reference see Dorothy Hager.
- Why Alvan Patterson never looks affectionately at a girl.
- Why Lillian Jamieson goes to Huron during vacations.

A FLUNKY'S LAMENT OF WOE

Oh! say, see my grade that I got in my test.
 I'm surely not proud, it wasn't the best.
 A poor grade indeed, is 60, not more.
 Oh! gee, let me hide; let me sink through the floor.
 There were only five questions. The first three I got right
 But the last two—defeat. Enfold me now, night.
 Of course, of them all, he picked just two
 That I did not know. Oh! what did he do?
 I'm hiding my head, couldn't look at him straight—
 Was it luck do you think, or was it just fate?

—O. J.



JUNIOR GIRLS' CLUB

"J. J. J."

As has been the custom, the Junior Girls organized their club soon after school started, and this year it has been known as the "J. J. J." They have had a number of successful sandwich sales during the school year. A general party was given after the Waubay-Aberdeen basketball game. Members of the club played a prominent part in presenting the "Junior Follies" on February 22d. The initiation of the "J. J. J." by the Senior Girls' Club took place April 18th. Though the initiation was severe, the members were found eligible for the Senior Girls' Club.

The money gained from the various activities of the "J. J. J." has been given toward the Junior Liberty Bond.

The officers of the past year were Dorothy Hager, president; Mildred Wilson, vice president and secretary; Lillian Jamieson, treasurer.



THE JUNIOR BOYS' CLUB

President---Reidar Edwardson

Vice-President---David Mason

Secretary and Treasurer---Earl Behan

The Junior Boys' Club, organized this year for the first time in the school history, has been a great credit to the Junior Class. The club was formed for the purpose of promoting patriotism and unity in the class.

It has shown its worth in many and divers ways, by taking the heavy part in the "Junior Follies," by unanimously supporting the Junior Play, by doing their share to make the War Savings Stamp Campaign a success, by purchasing Liberty Bonds, and by upholding the Red Cross.

The success of this club has been due to a great extent to the cooperation of the faculty, especially Miss Zelma Goldsworthy, who directed the "Junior Follies," and Mr. Fred Harvey, who acted as class advisor for the club.

It is hoped that the newly initiated Sophomore boys will uphold the honor in the future as well as the founders have done.

The club is known by a combination of purple, white and green.



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President.....Leonard Mabbott
Secretary.....Beulah Brott
TreasurerDonald Templeton



SOPHOMORE CLASS

THE SOPHOMORES

In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixteen the Sophomores began their memorable career at A. H. S. and, despite the fact that they were Freshmen, distinguished themselves along many lines.

Last fall the faculty was overjoyed at seeing many of the old members back again with their ranks reinforced by a jolly bunch. From the first day they showed signs of being alive and caused quite a stir about school. They were the first class to organize, and chose for their officers, Humphrey Davies as president; Helen Williamson, secretary, and Melby Huntington, treasurer.

The Sophomores have outnumbered all other classes in parties and good times. The first venture was a masquerade party. At this the gym was roped off and games and dancing were provided. The prize for the most original costume was given to Eleanor Huntington as "Miss Colonial."

At the beginning of the second semester officers were again chosen. Humphrey Davies was reelected president; Beulah Brott, secretary, and Donald Templeton, treasurer. Not long after this the new officers voted another party. Despite the fact that snow fell heavily every one was there. Dancing was the only diversion.

Their dramatic talent was successfully displayed in the play, "Heirs at Law," which they gave for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross. In addition to these class activities the Sophomores assisted in the production of another play for the Junior Red Cross, entitled "Somewhere in France," and also the opera, "Windmills of Holland." Indeed, two of the leading parts were taken by Maggie Williams and Max Mitchell.

Now, dear reader, do you not think that with so good a beginning this promising class will do credit to the A. H. S. as Juniors and Seniors?

SOPHOMORE PLAY

One of the most successful plays given in high school was put on by the Sophomore Class. Its success was greatly due to the talent of the cast, but even that would not go far without the assistance of Miss Lindblom. The play was a comedy entitled the "Heirs at Law," a very clever play and the Sophomores did it justice.

Mary McNames, as the true type of mother-in-law, made the audience sympathize with the unfortunate son-in-law but drew admiration from all for her clever acting. Elizabeth Barnes will long be remembered for the talent she displayed in her interpretation of Meta, the new Swedish maid. Mr. Richard Doane, the outraged, excited husband, was portrayed by Donald Templeton who had already made his debut as a star actor in "Somewhere in France." Oscar Kinder wore a British Military suit with true military distinction and his portrayal of General Lindsay Doane could not be equalled. Elizabeth Doyle, Ruth Joy, Margaret Jones, and Melby Huntington did equally as well with their parts.

The vaudeville given in connection with the play was clever and pleasing. The amateurs, Bernice Murdy, Muriel Fossum, Eleanor Huntington and Leota Clark gave a pierrot and pierrette dance which was both clever and original. The Sophomore boys' quartet deserves special credit for rendering several of the latest musical pieces. Thera Smith imitated a small abused child with much originality.

The cast and all who took part in the program enjoyed their part in securing this money, for the proceeds went to the Junior Red Cross.

SOPHOMORE HALL OF FAME

The best looking boy.....	Clifford Johnson
The best looking girl.....	Evelyn De
The nicest boy.....	Leonard Mabbott
The nicest girl.....	Francis Fulker
The best dancer.....	Linus McManamy
The best girl dancer.....	Marion Drisko
The best dressed boy.....	Francis McGuire
The best dressed girl.....	Bernice Murdy
The most studious boy.....	Dave Lewis

SOPHOMORE HALL OF FAME (Continued)

The most studious girl	Alice Wosnuk
The cutest boy	Fredrick Leach
The cutest girl	Margaret Jones
The best "little girl"	Thera Smith
The best fusser	Melby Huntington
The biggest nuisance (boy)	John Oster
The biggest nuisance (girl)	Alice Lockington
The biggest coquette	Muriel Fossum
The wittiest boy	Oscar Kinder
The wittiest girl	Elinor Strauss
The best "kidder" (boy)	Alba Lawson
The best "kidder" (girl)	Beth Barnes
The best actor	Donald Templeton
The best actress	Ruth Joy
The best musician	Ben Goodsell
The best singer	Maggie Williams
The biggest bluffer (boy)	Harold Kruger
The biggest bluffer (girl)	Kathleen Sheehan
The most attractive boy	Humphrey Davies
The most attractive girl	Elizabeth Doyle
The giggling boy	Paul Bell
The giggling girl	Helen Williamson
The best debater (boy)	Stacey Gifford
The best debater (girl)	Leota Clark
The best athlete (girl)	Dorothy Bates
The best athlete (boy)	Kenneth Heinzelman
The Groton visitor	Orville Alberts

CLASS OF '21

We, the present class of freshmen,
 Thru the portals of our High School,
 Entered with the best of motives,
 To promote the general welfare,
 To indulge in greater knowledge,
 Thus increasing our intelligence,
 Thus enlarging our vocabulary,
 Some of us were tall and stately,
 Frankly marked with great ability,
 Some were models of the midgets
 But with learning none more blessed.
 Down the hall with heads held proudly
 Slow with stately step advancing
 Came the Freshmen. None were fearing.
 Showed their mark of gentle breeding
 Showed their knowledge of former schooling,
 Wore the brand of wondrous keenness,
 Felt the sneers of upper classmen
 But as ever uncomplaining,
 On they go with smiling faces,
 On with hearts still glad and cheerful.
 Thru the rooms and halls of knowledge,
 Down the echoing trails of learning,
 May the freshman who will follow
 With the zest of former classmates
 Honor and uphold the Freshmen,
 File thru portals of our High School.
 Exit with the best of motives,
 To promote the general welfare
 For the future of our country.

L. W. '21

FRESHMAN



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President.....	Kittredge Collins
Vice-President.....	Margaret Lavery
Treasurers.....	{ John Erickson
	{ Margaret Peckham

THE FRESHMAN CLASS



PAGES FROM A FRESHMAN PRIMER

This is a lit-tle girl and a lit-tle boy,
They are green Fresh-men.
Where have they been?
They have been to par-ty,
It was the Fresh-man par-ty.
When was this great e-vent?
On the night of No-vem-ber se-
cond, nine-teen sev-en-teen.
Did they have lots of fun?
Of course they did be-cause they
had for-tune tell-ers, and saw a
scar-ey ghost dance and ev-ery thing.
Did they have good things to eat?
No! They are good pa-tri-ots.
They believe in Hoo-ver-iz-ing.
What did they do with the money?
They put it in the Lib-er-ty Loan
Fund because they want-ed to do
their bit.

THE FRESHMEN

Who are We?
We are Fresh-men.
Who are Freshmen?
Freshmen are ninth grade High School students.
Why do we go to High School?
We go to High School to study and learn.
Do we study and learn?
Bet-your-neck.
Where is a Freshman's neck?
A Freshman's neck is just below the place that holds his brain.
Have Freshmen many brains?
We think they have.
Why do we use what we have?
So we can become Sophomores.
Why do we want to become Sophomores?
So we can hold up the High School Honor!
Do the Freshmen like the High School?
No, they love it.
Why do we love the High School?
Because we help to boost its reputation higher and higher.
Why has our High School a good reputation?
Because the Freshmen help make it so.
How is the way that a Freshman leaves the High School?
With sure thots of coming back.
Why do they come back
Because it is the best High School.
Why is it the best High School?
Because the Freshmen help to make it so.

TO OUR EIGHTH GRADE FRIENDS

As from the tender year of Freshmen we pass on as mighty Sophomores it is our desire to leave with our splendid reputation some good advice for our eighth graders. Harken ye! who have borne the scars lavished upon your youthful careers by those above you, to the solemn warning of the Freshman. Leave behind you the halls, your race tracks, for those who are to take your places. Freshmen as a rule take to harder sports. Tune the pitch of your voice to a lower key, and regulate the soft pedal "dope" to better results. Screaming in the halls is detrimental to the vocal chords. This we have learned from Miss Humphrey's information on the point. And children! The rule never violated by Freshman is to use no slang. It weakens the minds of children and leads them from firmer, straighter, paths of knowledge, as well as life. Gum-chewing has always been a habit from which we refrain. Regulate your habits to better advantage and above all be prompt at your classes. This advice, little friends, will help you to the road of Sophomore-hood and success.

THE FRESHMEN.

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NAME
Jane Armstrong
Emil Arndt
John Arness
Ellen Askew
Helen Arnett
Esther Brown
Zora Barker
Hazel Bachman
Walter Burmeister
George Binning
Louise Bodenberger
Oscar Bleckert
Theodore Bunt
Dorine Bingham
Kittredge Collins
Earl Coe
Dena Copher
Victor Christianson
Orpha Cummings
Douglas Cockings
Edith Cole
Myrna Clark
Mary Corrigan
Logan Cromer
Hazel Doty
Morgan Drake
Annie Drage
Virginia Dew
John Erickson
Mary Eddy
Lyraivne Fish
Lorraine Fish
Ward Fishback
Genevieve Flagg
Anna Fusk
Frances Farrel
Hollis Fellows
Lorna Graeber
Veeta Gilbourne
Wilma Gilmore
Margaret Gallagher

AMBITION
to be a nurse
to be Pres. of U. S. A.
to get big
to kill the kaiser
to get "A" in English
to be a ballet dancer
to be a teacher
to be a farmeress
to be Miss Stewart II
to be a football player
to get "A" in Alg.
to get "A" in Latin
to be taller
to get "A" in Eng.
to be popular
to own a ranch
to run a tractor
to be beautiful
to be an algebra teacher
to be taller
to learn to dance
to play ragtime
to be a Red Cross Nurse
to be popular
to own a ranch
to get 4 exempts
to spend dad's money
to be a musician
to be tough
to be a city dude
to be grown up
to get on honor roll
to grow up
to go to Bath
keeping 'em guessing
to be smart
dancing
to be tough
to be a teacher
to be a cut up
to be tall
to sing

NOTED FOR
late hours
his marks
his size
politics
cooking
her steady
her grades
her smiles
high grades
appetite
quietness
shiny nose
tallness
getting into trouble
quietness
raising DEVIL
looks
her curls
green suit
eyes
girl hater
speed
dancing
her Billie Burke hair
his form?
high marks
his hair
music
her pompadour
loafing
her eyes
her name
Latin
his ears
her sunny smile
good marks
gracefulness
his money
brightness
dancing
her ties
her hair

LIGHT OCCUPATION
running for street cars
reciting orally
killing time
investing in Thrift stamps
looking out of window
bluffing
studying music
getting lessons
hasn't any
staying after school
knitting
talking to Viva
room 39 at 4:15
get picture taken with?
looking for Marj.
looking in mirror
"O Mr. Giles"
fixing tie
looking for Hazel
powdering her nose
fighting with Melby
talking
reciting orally
dolling up
getting lessons
chewing gum
posing
waiting for Helen
she fishes
Fish stories
Trying to fuss girls
fussing
wasting time?
kidding Mr. Giles
Tommies' Wardrobe
helping others
talking
writing letters
talking 60 per

NICKNAME
Janie
Cont.
Johnny
Fish
Schin?
Zoe
Burr
Schwartz
Bodie
Okey
Ted
Bing
Kit
Diana
Vic
Bright Eyes
Cockie
Ed
Dearie
Mugs
Anne
Jinny
Jack
Baker
Little Fish
Sleeping Beauty
Fish
Gen
Ann
French
Holly
Skinny
Veety
Billy
Maggie

NAME	AMBITION	NOTED FOR	LIGHT OCCUPATION	NICKNAME
Harland Gilbert	to go with Melby	nonsense	blowing nose	Clinker
Donald Klinger	to be Bud Fisher II	cartooning	sharpening pencils	Don
Donald Kingsbury	to be a professor	complexion	attending fires	
Marie Kirby	to play basketball	her voice	being saintly	
Bennie Korte	to marry her	his "rep"	flivvering	Korte
Estella Kindelspire	to be helpful	her winsome ways	whistling	Stella
Viola Kindelspire	to walk with me	she isn't?	talking	
Marion Kelly	to shock natives	pink eyes	keeping co.	Midge
Louise Lesh	to be like Miss Jarman	curly hair	doing Alg.	Skinny
Harvey Linneman	to be justice of peace	reports on heart talks	working	Harry
Louise Lum	to beat Bird in Algebra	being on honor roll	knitting	Grandma
Charles Lee	to be like Caesar	h's name	cutting his hair	Chuck
Neil Lilly	to be graceful	small feet	taking aviator test	Lilly
Leonard Lingren	to get a girl	h's car	chauffeur'ing	
Edward Lauerman	to dance	his walk	whistling	
Elizabeth Fisher	to keep home fires burning	dimples	giggling	Ed
Margaret Lavery	to join the follies	laugh	kicking	Lazy
Margie Myers	to be nice	her \$1,000,000 smile	It isn't light	Maggie
Courtney Mallory	to wear evening gowns	her hair	talking	
Viva Mesick	to catch Johnny	smiling	losing her Latin	Vee
Dorothy Moss	to be happy	her laugh	fixing curls	Dot
Catherine McLaughlin	to grow steady	his pompadour	doing English	Cat
Justin McCarthy	to finish school	sweetness	ditching Dot	Mick
Lillian Harder	to be Giles II	her eyes	smiling	
Georgia Hager	to beat sister's time	her eyes	Getting good marks	Harry
Amy Haswell	to be Mrs. Paderewsky	neckties	thinking of C.	Judge
Harlyn Heblom	to be a blossom	her friends	getting in with Miss C.	Preacher
Wanda Hubbard	to ask faculty	his boots	we wonder	Wad
Samuel Hasvold	to wear long pants	his pompadour	driving a Dodge	Hambones
Lloyd Holmes	to dance	his fair sweethearts	walking to school	
Edgar Hezel	to get a ride to Groton	her beauty	talking	Hay
Birdsell Hazle	to be bright	his hair	looking for Gen	Bird
Genio Hansen	to work	her voice	slamming the kaiser	Genio
Helen Hubbard	to be on honor roll	his friend, Bruce	polishing the car	
Avlesworth Johnson	to be an algebra shark	her complexion	reducing	Aly
Viola Jagenditsch	to be happy	her complexion	blushing	vi
Bernice Jobe	to own a movey	her dancing	fixing her hair	Bannie
Lola Johnson	to be popular	his looks	lengthening skirts	Dode
Bruce Johnston	to be a lawyer	his bones	skating	Bucie
Graham Jennings	to be like Clark		combing his hair	Crackers

Blue and Gold

NAME	AMBITION	NOTED FOR	LIGHT OCCUPATION	NICKNAME
Dorothy Mitchell	to be a hair-dresser	good looks	going to S. S.	Kicky
Alma Newman	to be a teacher	intelligence	fighting with Vic	
William O'Neill	to be a sign painter	his eyes	fooling	Bill
Grayce Praye	to be a pianist	popularity	playing piano	
Margaret Peckham	vaudeville with Lil	laugh	drawing ???	Peg
Alma Parsch	to be like Miss B.	her height	smiling	Stubbs
Elvina Parsch	to be a good dancer	her eyes	sewing	M.
Eloise Reed	to hoard up knowledge	knowledge	doing Alg.	
Earl Palmer	to be Caruso II	marks in Latin	just nothing	Kid
Emily Russell	to catch 'em	cleverness	knitting	Sam
Samuel Rott	to get pomp	matrimonial designs	English	Rueb
Reuben Ryman	to be a man	talking	gazing	
George Roan	to be a debater	hair	disturbing Library	
Helena Scoley	to go to S. S. parties	voice	looking for a pen	Fritz
Fred Stelner	to be McCormack II	English stories	doing Latin	Byrlis
Byrl Stephenson	to be like Mark	English stories	growing tall	Don
Donald Strachan	to be Rilely II	pompadour	reading English	Gracie
Grace Shevlin	to ask him	eyes	using (Sen Sen)	
Frank Smelzer	to be "Frank"	hair	talking	Marj.
Marjorie Sidow	to boss a ranch	musical ability	talking sweetly	
Carrel Smith	to be like Catherine Fagg	those Marseilles waves	sewing	Shrimp
Irene Tiffany	to break a heart	being canned	changing to Pa	Tiff
Earl Tiffany	to be grand opera singer	his looks	keeping two girls going	Tofty
Alvin Toffing	to be plump	those golden locks	chewing pencils	
Leona Tyler	to get acquainted	"eyes"	smiling	
Minnie Trude	to be Jack-of-all trades	brightness	working	Billy
Wilhelmina Tracy	to be a detective	her temper	gum chewing	Fritz
Frederick Voedisch	to grow up	collars	amusing us	Pearlie
Pearl Valentine	to become tall	cooking	disputing	Essy
Nella Van Ess	to grow fat	being at H. S. on time	spelling History	
Gladys Winter	to stand behind the man be-	Gym work	swinging Indian clubs	
Lillian Walker	hind the gun	her looks	running for excuse	
Vivian Wosnuk	to be Miss C's pet	her wicked ways	counting her D's	Bibs
Mabel Woodman	to obtain curls	Algebra	forgetting things	
Willis Welsh	to be thin	his height	raising hand in Algebra	Bill
Allen Wilson	to grow	his greatness	whistling	
Robert Wilson	to learn to dance	his ability	taking Viva to parties	Bob
Lloyd Valentine	to be a jockey	his jitney	breaking his glasses	
Chester Dahme	to be a farmer	his riding	feeding his horse	Chessie

Eighth Grade



OFFICERS

<i>Presidents</i>	{ <i>Paul Saunders</i> <i>Katherine Burnette</i>
<i>Court Judges</i>	{ <i>Evelyn Jeu De Vine</i> <i>Merton Hasse</i> <i>Richard Angell</i>

EIGHTH GRADE CLASS



AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS

"Am I dreaming, or is it really you?"

"No, I guess you are awake; at least I am still answering to that name."

"Where did you come from and how did you happen to be here?"

"I just arrived yesterday to begin my duties as cashier of the First National Bank."

"It sure seems good to see you in old Aberdeen once more. Very few of our old classmates are here now, but those that are here—won't we have fine old chats together tho!"

"You're right. Let's begin right now. Let's see, has it been ten years since I went to the coast?"

"Yes, you remember, we graduated in '22 and now it's '32. My, how time does fly!"

"It certainly does, when one is busy, but never did time go as fast as when we were in High School. I guess it was because we were always kept busy at our studies."

"Yes, and then you remember when we were 'eighth graders' we had so much outside work, Red Cross work and in fact so much war-work of all kinds."

"When I look back on our High School years, do you know, I believe we had a better time that first year of 1917-18 than any other one. We certainly were 'up and doing' every minute of our time."

"By the way, were you in that crowd that went to Armadale camping that time?"

"No, I missed that outing but I remember the boys telling what a fine time they all had."

"Well, in the later part of the summer of 1917 eight Boy Scouts and Scoutmaster Giles left Aberdeen for a week's camping trip to Armadale. We carried with us a week's provisions, cooking utensils, four shelter tents and one large tent. Arriving at Armadale about ten o'clock A. M., we pitched camp on the point of the peninsula."

"It rained most of the time for the first few days we were there and one rainy afternoon, for amusement, we made a checker board and used slices of carrots and parsnips for checkers. We had been planning a hike to Mellette ever since we arrived in camp. It rained as usual on the appointed day but we went anyway. We arrived at Mellette early in the afternoon and while we were there we met a Boy Scout from Minnesota. While we were going back to camp we slept in a barn on a farm not far from Mellette and arrived at camp the next morning."

"We had better weather the last of the week and when we returned to Aberdeen we all decided we had had a first rate time."

"You remember the Boy Scouts did their bit for their country during the War, too. They took subscriptions for the Food Conservation, carried packages for the Red Cross and the eighth grade boys did one-third of all the Surgical Dressing work done in the High School. We certainly were not slackers when it came to work."

"Say, do you remember what a good time we had with Mr. Brown that time out at Melgaard's park? Well, it was a weiner roast. We roasted weiners and ate our lunch and then we played 'Run Sheep, Run.'"

"Why sure I remember. Mr. Brown always knew what boys and girls our size liked to play didn't he?"

"He sure did. And then one time our class went thru the heating plant at the High School and one of the other classes went to the creamery."

"We had some splendid parties, too. The first one was near Christmas but all I remember about it is that we had a fine time."

"Yes, if anybody said our class didn't have 'pep' they surely didn't know anything about our class or the activities we had that year."

"When we first came into the High School everyone said, 'O, look at those little, green eighth graders' but we soon showed them that they were mistaken. In the fall we had a class party and everyone seemed to enjoy himself. Flossie Rehfeld gave an Irish lilt and Kathryn Burnette sang a solo."

"The gym was divided into two parts, one side for dancing and the other for games. That was Mr. Bair's idea and it was a fine one, too, for otherwise those who could not dance would have had a rather 'dull' time."

"We had another party in the spring of 1918, too. The robber one-step became quite 'the go' so 'Peg' Reidel was appointed official announcer to tell when the next robber would be. For a platform he used the horse and for a mallet he used a dumb bell."

AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS (Continued)

"We had a good joke the time Miss Nelson took one of her classes thru the Aberdeen Steam Laundry. You remember Clair Wilson—well, he insisted upon eating his noon lunch with the laundry girls but after a heart to heart talk Miss Nelson persuaded him to go home for dinner."

"Then, you remember at the Aberdeen-Groton basketball game some of the girls and boys of the eighth grade sold sandwiches and pop to make money for our share of the High School Liberty Bond. They went right at it and made over Ten Dollars."

"I remember the first time I ever saw a court was when Mr. Campbell took his Civics class to a trial at the court house. It was very interesting but the trial was getting exciting when we had to leave."

"All these are good old memories but the thing I think was most interesting was the Junior Republic. At the beginning of the year it was decided that we have one as soon as it could be started. We had studied for quite awhile and so we were able to start one quite satisfactorily. A proposed constitution was drawn up and adopted at the first meeting altho opposed by several. At each meeting of the legislature, which consisted of the whole eighth grade, short programs were given by members of the Republic. Paul Sanders was elected president and Evelyn JeuDeVine, Merten Hasse and Richard Angell court judges. At the end of the semester the president's term expired and he was succeeded by Kathryn Burnette. The eighth grade put out its edition of the Blue and Gold about the middle of the year after Forrest Seymour had been elected editor. I'm sure the Junior Republic was a great success largely due to the help of Mr. Campbell and Mr. Bair."

"Well, I must go but say, come over tonight, and since we've only chatted about what we did when we were eighth graders we'll talk over what we did when we were Freshie's."

"All right, and I'll bring over all the old bunch that's here now."

"Till tonight.—"

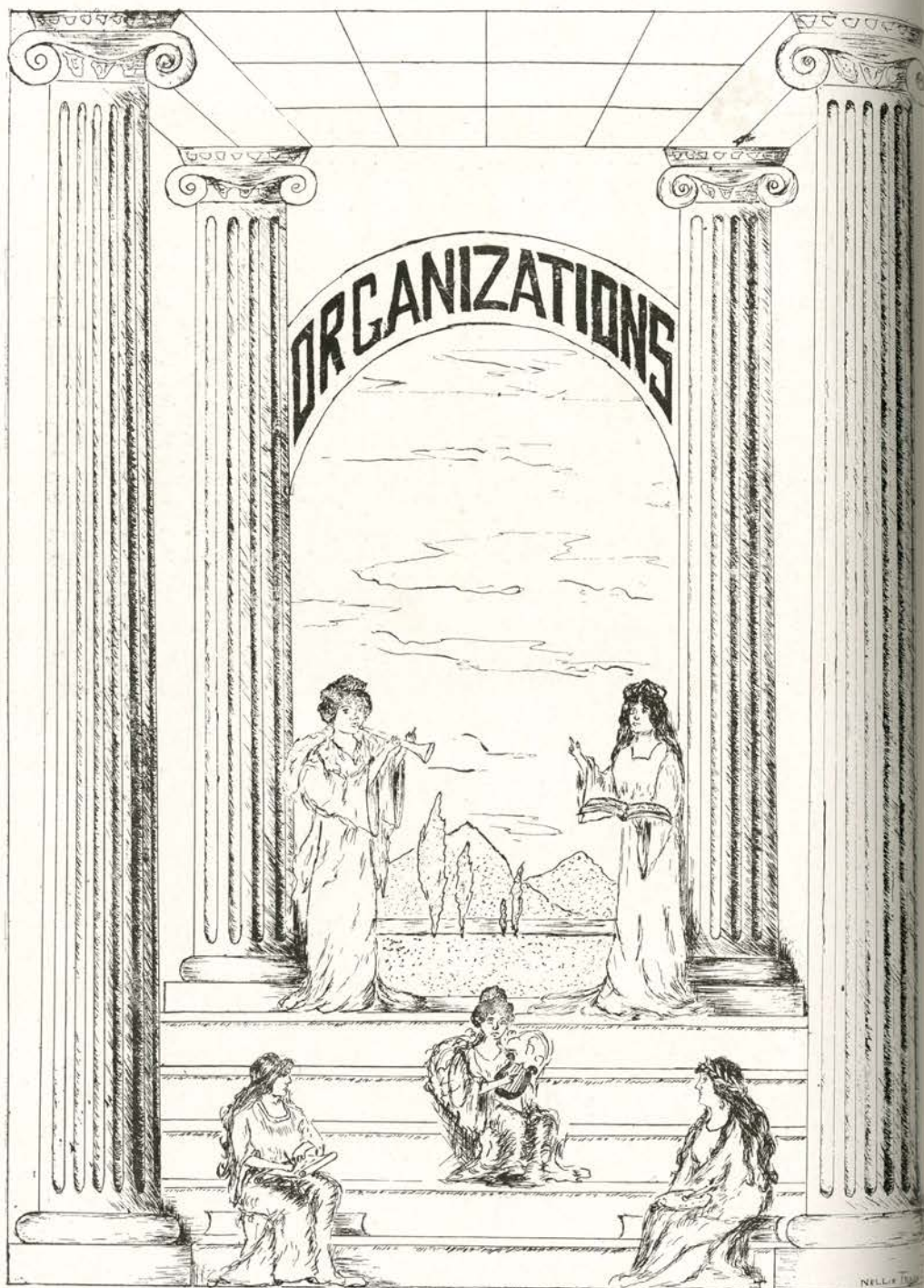
"Till tonight.—"

THE FLAG

Thy sons have gone forth to the terror
For thy people, oh flag, and thee,
Thy patriots are doing their duty
To save the world, to be free.

Thy colors fly ever before them.
The red, white and blue they see,
Thy heroes are living and dying
To give thee and the world Liberty.

Oh banner, we love and adore you
Who would not die to be free
Flag of the stars we salute
Thy heroes, Oh flag, and thee!





THE DEBATING CLUB

Altho no outside debates were held this year, enthusiasm in debate work was unusually high. The question for the year was, "Resolved, that the Railways of the United States shall be owned and operated by the Federal Government." The affirmative team was composed of Wilbur Graham, Charles Herb and Carey Welsh. The negative team was represented by Donald Swain, Kenneth Strachan and Nathan Wendell. Several debates between the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes were held during the year.

In March the A. H. S. Debating Society was founded. Wilbur Graham was elected president, Donald Swain, Vice-president and Nathan Wendell, Secretary and Treasurer. A program committee was elected and it consisted of the Vice-president, Charles Herb, and Donald Templeton. Miss Lindblom was chosen faculty advisor.

Under the auspices of this Society a debate was held in the Assembly between the School Negative and Affirmative teams. It resulted in a 2-3 victory for the Affirmative.

For the first time in the history of the school, the Sophomores have taken great interest in debate work by forming a debating class. With this good start, we look forward to a successful year in debate circles next year.

MUSIC





GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The girls' glee club was organized at the beginning of the school year, and is now composed of over thirty members. It was planned to serve a luncheon the last Thursday of every month, a committee of four being appointed by the Manager. The officers of the club are:

Manager	Martha Wendell
Librarian	Margaret Lavery
Secretary and Treasurer	Mary Erwin
Accompanist	Jeanette Song

September.

The glee club first appeared at the County Teachers' Association September 28th, when they sang "The Song of the Mill-Stream," "Amaryllis" and the "Gipsy Song from La Traviata."

October.

The glee club sang to the students of the Monroe school October 17th.

February.

The glee club sang at the assembly in honor of George Washington's birthday. The girls sang the national anthems of the Allies, each country being represented by one of the girls. The other girls were dressed in dark blue skirts, white middies and red ties. They made a very pretty effect against the blue background. As each song began, the curtain parted and the girl representing that nation came on the stage. The girls that represented the Allies were:

United States	Martha Wendell
Italy	Mary Erwin
Portugal	Lola Johnson
Belgium	Helen Williamson
France	Mildred Holmes
Serbia	Dorothy Hager
Roumania	Lillian Walker
England	Clarice Fritsche
Japan	Margaret Lavery

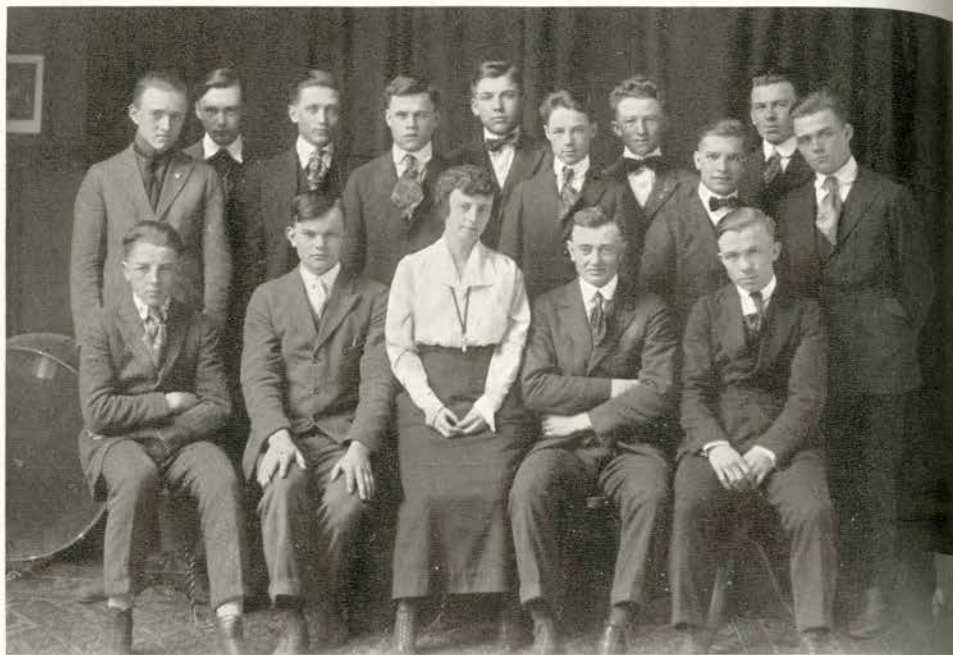
March:

The girls sang at a Rally Meeting at the Presbyterian church, also in the Music Festival under the direction of Professor Hobson.

May: Commencement.

The club spent most of the time the second semester preparing for the Dutch opera, "The Windmills of Holland."

The successful year of the glee club is due to the splendid work of Miss Humphrey, who has given her best efforts to make the club a success.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

On September 17, 1917, the Boys' Glee Club organized and the following officers elected: President, Don Baird; Treasurer, Max Mitchell; and Librarian, Herbert Fish. At the beginning of the year there were 28 boys in the glee club, but at present there are only 19. The following is a list of the members:

First Tenor:

Herbert Fish
Earl Behan
Fordyce Kaiser
Graham Jennings
Allen Sperry

Second Tenor:

Edmund Wolter
Don Baird
Earl Coyne
Virgil Hye
Justin McCarthy
Max Mitchell

First Bass:

Humphrey Davies
Oscar Kinder
Edward Laureman
Austin Jones

Second Bass:

Francis McGuire
Earl Tiffany
Lowell Winter
Frederick Stellner

At first nothing but one-part songs were sung, but later in the year when Miss Humphrey considered the Glee Club had advanced to its usual standard, two and four part songs were sung. Some of the best songs sung by the Boys' Glee Club this year are "Boosting the Old High School" by Engledinger, "Phosphorescence" arranged by Carl Lolive, "Oh World, Thou Art Wondrous Fair" arranged by F. Hiller, "The Union Jack" arranged by N. Clifford Page, "Song of the Soldier" (Toreador song from Carmen) and "The High School Glee Club" for male voices, arranged by J. S. Ferris.

The greatest success of the Glee Club this year was the operetta "Windmills of Holland." Much time and study was spent on this operetta and Miss Humphrey, our instructor, deserves much credit for the successful way it was handled.

—Herbert Fish, '18.

"WINDMILLS OF HOLLAND"

"Windmills of Holland," written by Carrington, was given March 30th by the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs, under the direction of Miss Humphrey, whose ability as a director was shown in this as in all other operettas under her supervision.

The story of the opera follows: Mynheer Hertogenbosh, a wealthy mill owner lived near the mill with his wife and two daughters, Wilhelmina and Hilda, who were greatly admired by two Dutch boys, the former by Hans, a composer, and the latter by Franz, a prosperous farmer. One day an American drummer, Bob Yankee, appeared on the scene. By his many schemes he tried to inveigle Mynheer into tearing down the mill and replacing it with American machinery. Just as Mynheer was about to sign the contract, his wife and daughters and the villagers struck, and he was forced to keep his mill.

Don Baird made a typical Dutchman in his role of Mynheer Hertogenbosh. The drum scene was especially well rendered. Vrow Hertogenbosh was impersonated by Grace Hoilien, whose charming manners and sweet voice received much applause. The two daughters Wilhelmina and Hilda were none other than Maggie Williams and Helen Arnett. They cleverly and resolutely acted their parts in the quarrel scene. Probably no other solo was so well appreciated as "Mother Mine," sung by Maggie Williams. Her voice is exceptionally clear and sweet and full of resonance. Max Mitchell and Fordyce Kaiser, representing the two lovers, acted their parts exceedingly well. Austin Jones, as Bob Yankee, was a very enthusiastic American drummer and although he managed to get himself into many difficulties in trying "to work" the Dutchman, he managed to get out of them cleverly. Something must be said of the vivacious Clarice Fritsche, who took the part of Katrina, a wealthy farmer's daughter. By her artful ways she received the admiration of the Dutch lads, and caused them many a heartache.

Great praise should be given to the chorus work. The "Windmill" chorus was especially beautiful while "Looking for a Girl" was very "catchy." The "Wooden Shoe" chorus was a regular Dutch scene, full of pretty girls of whom Holland would be proud. The "Grecian" and the "Poppy" choruses, which were supposedly written by Hans were, indeed, among the most attractive features of the opera. The orchestra played the entire accompaniment for the opera and a great deal of the success was due to them. The Glee Club performances are always among the best of our High School entertainments, and the opera was no exception to the rule.

—M. D. and B. B., '20



THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The High School Orchestra was organized at the first of the school year by Miss Humphrey, the supervisor of music in the schools, and has had a very successful year. It has appeared in a number of entertainments, given at the High School during the year with great credit to itself and its director. A few of the various entertainments at which it has furnished music are: the Brown County Teachers' Association in September, the Senior, Pan American South Dakota County Fair, the Senior Play, and the Junior Play. Aside from these engagements, it has accompanied the Glee Clubs in the opera, "Windmills of Holland," given in the spring. It also played for several "current event" assemblies. At the first of the year, the orchestra consisted of ten violins, two cornets, two trombones, flute, saxophone, double bass and cello. About the middle of the year, the orchestra lost several of its best members. This was due to a change in the schedule of the classes. Even with this disadvantage, it has carried on its work very successfully. Since the class lessons on the different instruments have proved to be such a great success, there is a great deal of material in the school for next year's orchestra, and a very successful year may be expected. We all sincerely hope to have Miss Humphrey with us again next year, to direct the orchestra.

FIRST ANNUAL INSTRUMENTAL RECITAL

The First Annual Instrumental Recital, in the history of the Aberdeen High School is to be given about May 24th. The pupils taking part are to be those who have taken lessons on some musical instrument in the High School during the school year. The Recital will be given by pupils from the cornet, trombone, saxophone, violin and vocal classes, under the supervision of Miss Humphrey. There are some good pupils in the musical classes and an entertainment of good quality may be expected. This recital will be an annual affair in the future.



THE HIGH SCHOOL BAND

The Aberdeen High School Band was organized in January after Miss Humphrey gave her appeal before the assembly. The students of the school very readily saw the value of such an organization and responded very heartily. In a few weeks all those who signed up for instruments were taking lessons under special teachers, Mr. Bisbee teaching the trombone, and saxophone; Don Templeton, the drums; and Mr. Ellert, the cornets, clarinets, baritones and melophones. Each kind of an instrument has a class of its own. The pupils meet twice every week for their music lessons, while every Tuesday evening all the instruments meet together for band rehearsal.

The band consists of thirty-one pieces and is under the direction of Mr. Ellert. The members of the band are as follows: Cornets: Cecil Benson, Don Templeton, Bailey Arnold, Roy Bachman, Carrol Korte, Edmund Wolters, Reuben Brockmueller, Miss Humphrey and Mertis Clark. Baritone: Frederick Leach and Reidar Edwardson. Clarinets: Herbert Fish, Kenneth Heinzelman, Ilot Berkley, Arthur Boardman, Marcellus Pitz, Wilber Cralle and Donald Kingsbury. Trombone: Clifford Johnson, Linus McManamy, Homer Slater and Wesley Haring. Saxophone: Stacey Gifford, Roy Herold, Leonard Lindgren, Mr. Stone, and Willard Armantrout. Snare drums: Harold Gregory and Oti Goodwin. Bass drum: Max Mitchell.

The band made its first appearance in public on Friday morning, March 29th, before the high school assembly, and rendered "America" and other well known selections. Through the efforts of Miss Humphrey and Mr. Ellert, the band has progressed rapidly and has a great future, as it will lose only one member by graduation this year.

—Herbert Fish, '18 and Reuben Brockmueller, '20.

Blue and Gold

THE FACULTY

Joseph T. Glenn	Superintendent
Carl M. Bair	Principal
Jessie E. Stewart	Assistant Principal
Myrtle Nelson	Elementary Science
Helen Cromer	Mathematics
Edith Goldsworthy	Biology
Vera Lighthall	English and Librarian
Anna E. Lindblom	English
Rachel Williams	English
Mary Glisson	English
Marc B. Stone	Commercial
A. H. Osthoff	Commercial
Ruth Snell	Home Economics
Mabel Jarman	Home Economics
Fred E. Harvey	Latin
Laura Towne	French and German
Jessie Humphrey	Musie
Imogene Rowntree	Art
J. G. Schott	Printing and Manual Training
H. W. Duel	Physics and Chemistry
Mary McGill	Mathematics
Robert Giles	Mathematics and Gymnasium
William Campbell	U. S. History
Victor Cory	Manual Training
Lillian Zimpher	School Nurse
Frances Brown	Physical Training for Girls
Lulu Cumming	Mathematics

DEPARTING TEACHERS

Our Principal, Mr. C. M. Bair, who has been with us for four years has accepted the position of Superintendent of the Redfield City Schools.

Mr. Bair has been a great favorite among the students during his term of office here. He was a special favorite among those taking athletics. His interest in all movements along this line, showed plainly that he was "with them" all the time. He was a great athlete in his college days, and that counts for his never-tiring enthusiasm in helping the boys "fix the schedule."

Although Mr. Bair has been very active in promoting athletics, it must not be thought that he did not do a great many other things. Probably if we were to follow him around a day or two we would find that out, all right. He certainly did not neglect the other activities of the school, and proved to be a very capable executive wherever he turned his hand. He has done much to make this school one of the best in the state. The supervised study plan, which was adopted last year and which has proven such a success, was introduced by Mr. Bair. This plan has gone far toward raising the standard of scholarship in this school, and too much credit cannot be given him for this idea.

We very much regret that the High School cannot have Mr. Bair's supervision longer, but we are also glad that he has been rewarded for his loyal and diligent labors. We wish him every success, and hope that the Redfield Schools will appreciate the fact that they have such a leader as Mr. Bair at their head.

Miss Snell, our Domestic Science teacher is among those who are departing from our High School this year. She has been with us for two years and has become a great favorite among the students in her department, who very much regret to see her leave. She has been the means of many an enjoyable social function and her exhibits, especially the refugee garments have been admired by many. She will spend the summer in South Dakota in the employ of the Food Administrator as an Emergency Food Demonstrator, demonstrating canning and the preparation of war food. This fall she expects to take a position teaching Domestic Science in St. Paul.

The departure of Miss Snell is viewed by a great host of friends as a sorrowful event, but we all wish her the same success in the future that has attended her in the past.

DEPARTING TEACHERS (Continued)

Mr. Stone came to us from Hillsdale College in the fall of 1917, and immediately placed his department on a good working basis. He was one of the prime organizers of the Commercial Club, and was instrumental in keeping the club's work interesting and valuable to its members. He was also a member of the saxophone quartet. Mr. Stone left us on April 19th to enter the great National Army and we deeply regret his departure and the High School wishes him God speed in this service for his country.

Miss Goldsworthy again leaves us to teach physiography at West High School in Minneapolis. For eight years she has been one of the mainstays of the Aberdeen High School. The loss of her personality and influence will be keenly felt by the student body and faculty. She leaves a great many friends who will miss her. We hope that she may be as successful in all her undertakings as she has been with us in Aberdeen.

Miss Remley, one of our best known teachers, who came to us about eight years ago from Iowa, was called away to her home at the beginning of the second semester on account of the sickness of her mother.

Great sorrow prevailed among the students when the news first spread that she was leaving but we were reassured when she promised to come back next year. The Seniors, perhaps, were the greatest losers because in her they lost their personal adviser and class adviser. They showed their appreciation of her work for the class by presenting her with a lamp, also by a reception given for all the High School students in her honor the day before her departure.

Many of the seniors have kept in touch with her since her departure. She seems to appreciate this very much and sends her love to others who are too busy to write.

All the regrets at her leaving will be turned to joy by her hoped for reappearance next September.

Mr. Schott, who for the past two years has been a member of the faculty of the Aberdeen High School as instructor of the Printing and Manual Training departments has been called by the draft.

His work here has met with a marked degree of success, especially in connection with the printing and business management of the "Blue and Gold" which, under his supervision, has become one of the best papers the High School ever had.

Besides this regular school work, Mr. Schott has been very active in athletics. It was due to his guidance that our basketball team won the loving cup presented by the Normal; and with it the right to represent the northern part of the state at Huron.

Mr. Schott will leave the first of June for Camp Lewis where he will put himself in trim to fight for Democracy. The pupils of the High School wish him God speed and the best of success in his new line of work.

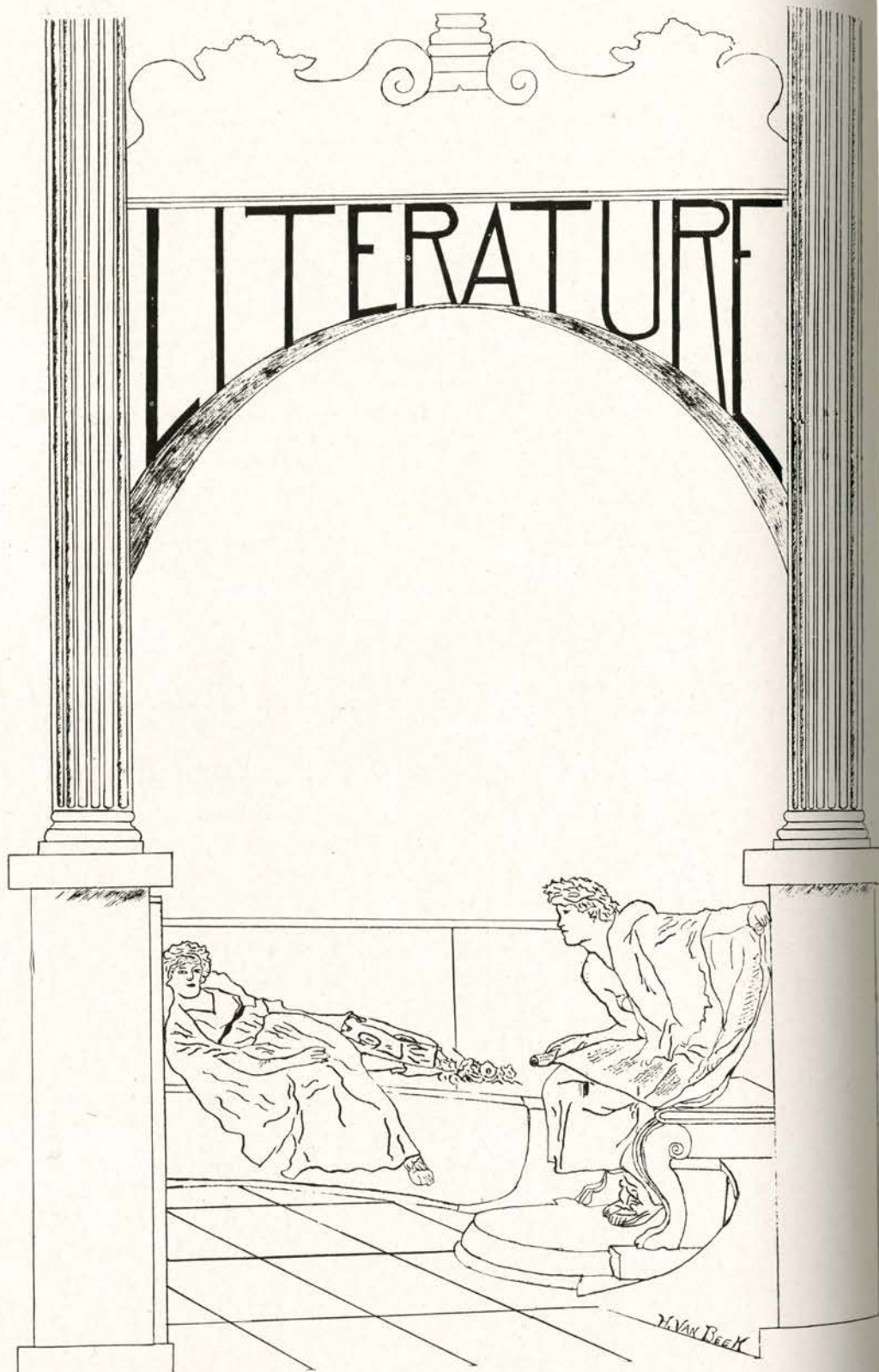
Malcolm Brown joined the long list of patriots from the A. H. S. by enlisting in the navy. He is now serving on the United States Steamship Minnesota and seems to be developing into a real "jackie." He was instructor of Agriculture, Agronomy, and Animal Husbandry for two years and a half in the High School, and was known as a very capable instructor. He was well liked by all the students in his department and left a host of friends to wish him good luck.

Miss Nan E. Brown was missed by her many friends after the Christmas Holidays. She departed for Florida as soon as the Holidays arrived, there to spend the winter on account of her health. In spite of the fact that she was with us but a very short time, Miss Brown proved herself to be a very capable instructor of English and was liked by all of the students in her department. We hope that she will be as successful wherever she goes as she was here.

Miss Edith Goldsworthy, who has been teaching in the Biology Department for the latter part of this year, will depart for her home at the end of the term and will not be with us again next year. She relieved her sister, Zelma Goldsworthy, who is now teaching in Minneapolis. Miss Goldsworthy has proven herself to be a very capable instructor and has gained a host of friends among the students in her department. We have enjoyed very much the few weeks that she has been with us and deeply regret that she cannot be with us for a longer time.

Miss Towne has been with us but one year, and during that time she has made herself popular among both the teachers and the students. Besides teaching, Miss Towne took an active part in translating German for the government in the various trials. We are unable to learn where she is going, but possibly she will be in the "Sunny South." We trust that she will make as many friends and be as successful as she has while among us.

We all regret to hear that Miss Williams, who has been instructor of English for the past two years, will not return next year. During her stay here we have become attached to her and we have found her a valuable asset to the school. Miss Williams has willing given her aid to the Blue and Gold and to other school activities and we know she will be greatly missed. We are unable to find out what Miss Williams will do next year, but we wish her happiness wherever she may go.



THE CAMOUFLAGE PIE

"Boys, it's spring," shouted the wounded American from his cot in the corner of the room.

Spring! The rest of the patients in the building looked at each other in amazement. That was a new word to them. There was nothing in the French language that sounded like that.

"He's wandering," suggested the crippled Jean in his native tongue, "a bayonet is not a pleasant friend to meet at night."

The men all agreed and said no more. They all knew what often happened to a listening patrol in No Man's Land. The young American had been just brought in from a shell crater where he had been left as dead by the enemy patrol the night before.

"Poor kid," said one, "he will soon go west."

"Those Americans, they are so queer," stated the semi-blind Pierre, as he shrugged his shoulders and winked his good eye.

"But what does he call?" asked Jean in a troubled voice, "if the Mamselle would only come she—"

"Did you want me, Jean?" asked the little nurse as she entered the room. Jean shook his head for of English he knew nothing and Mamselle could not talk French. But by the remaining stump of his arm he indicated the boy in the corner.

"Yes, I know," and the nurse nodded her head sadly, "it happened while on patrol. He will soon—why, he is calling for pie."

She crossed the room and knelt by the bed of the delirious soldier.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked, and a tear fell on the pillow of the astonished boy. "I am from America, too."

"Miss Brown," called sister Julia who stood in the doorway, "Dr. Sedjwick is waiting. Several cases have just come in, so hurry."

Slowly the nurse arose from her knees, and after smoothing out the pillow of the sick boy she hurried out.

"She said he wanted something," whispered Denis, "I think it was," and he scratched his head doubtfully, "I think she said pie."

Denis had at his command only a sprinkling of English that he had learned in the trenches and he had never heard of pie before.

"There, he said pie again. I wonder what else he said. Let's ask him."

"We can't speak English," said another. "Pie is either his sister or fiancée."

"Let me find out," said Denis. "Monsieur pie? Pie, mon ami?"

But the American only groaned. Evidently pie was not his sister's name or that of any other friend. After another whispered consultation the men decided to call in Sister Julia whom they thought knew everything. When Sister Julia heard their request she laughed, a thing she had not done for many days. Then she explained. Disappointment appeared on the faces of the men. So that was all he wanted. Not much to make a fuss about.

"If we only had something to please him," sighed Jean, "he has done so much to please us in the trenches."

"Yes, Mother, the box was fine but you didn't send pie," moaned the wounded boy.

Sister Julia hurried out of the room with tears in her eyes. She would try to interest Dr. Sedjwick in his case before he would pass away forever.

"Denis," asked Jean, "can't you conjure up a pie for him. You are an artist. Remember that scenery you—"

"Make a pie," laughed Denis, "Monsieur would hardly appreciate it. But it can be done and I shall try to please him. Pierre, you are best with a walking apparatus. Bring me that palette and wax over there and borrow a plate from Sister Julia. This pie is going to astonish human eyes because of its reality."

It was an interested group of men that watched the performance.

"I say, Sis," called out the delirious man, "today is—" and his voice failed him. Soon he would seek the soldier's heaven, "go west."

"It is finished! Behold!" and the delighted Denis held up the wax pie for a general inspection. The men murmured their approval for it indeed was a pie to tempt one's appetite. The little American nurse answered their call. She did not laugh when she perceived the object of the man's admiration, but quietly carried it over to the patient.

"A clever bit of camouflage," she murmured, "poor boy. This ought to cheer him up."

The American raised himself up as best he could when the nurse laid the plate beside his bed. He fixed his eyes upon the pie with a half wild stare and reached out his hand. A smile flitted about his face and he nodded his head.

"I say, Sis, that pie is—is awfully good," he laughed and sank back on his pillow. "Mother, today I said I would come and—and I'm com—"

Death had claimed his victim.

—Alice Wosnuk, '20.

THE TIN SOLDIER

Barry Kittredge was a coward. Of course no one called him that outright, but every one thought it; that is, every one but Barry himself. Barry had accepted the news of the Great War calmly, saying that it wouldn't last long. Wars hardly ever did. When his predictions were proven false and many of his friends had enlisted, he grew more excited, and later lived in positive fear of the draft. He was not altogether to blame for his cowardice, for it was due, to a great extent, to excessive wealth and pampering popularity. For Barry was popular, though his popularity had waned since the outbreak of the war and his persistent refusal to wear khaki. His mother had died when Barry was a small child and his father had followed two years later leaving Barry, heir to a large fortune, to the care of a doting aunt. And now the man decided that he had too much to live for to join the army and perhaps be killed or return home a cripple. To ease the insistent and rather loud voice of his conscience, Barry had many times subscribed liberally to the Red Cross and war relief funds, but even this had lately failed to bring balm to his self-accusing spirit. And so he sat before the empty fire-place with a letter in his hand—Barbara's letter, stating she felt their engagement should end and that she was returning his ring. For the first time in his life he knew heart-ache, for it meant more to him than any one knew, to lose Barbara. He knew the reason for her letter, and it was because in his own heart he knew Barbara was in the right that he dared not see her, and return the ring.

With a sigh he arose, picked up his hat and, tossing the letter and ring to his desk, left the room. He had no particular destination in mind, no purpose except to get away from himself. Unknowingly he entered the park and sat down on a vacant bench, busy with his own thoughts. Suddenly he heard a low voice near him. Some one was talking. Looking up, he saw a small boy, well dressed but with tear stained face and tousled hair, talking to five small tin soldiers, arranged in a rather wavering line.

"Well Sonny, what's this?" he asked in an amused tone.

"I'm not Sonny," was the answer, as the boy turned big, fearless eyes to the stranger. "My name's Buddy, and it's my army. This one's Bill Dawson, this is Jimmy, this is Betty Jane's uncle, this is George and this one"—he picked up the shiniest, straightest one of all and held it caressingly against his dirty little face—

"Yes?" asked Kittredge, really interested.

"This one," continued Buddy, "is Daddy. He's gone to war same as Bill and all the rest. That's the reason I've been crying. I don't usually cry, but when your only Daddy's gone away to fight you just can't help it. And then," here he choked back a sob, "I cried some more cause mother did. Mother hasn't very much money and she can't get any place to work at, but she wanted daddy to go for it was right to. You see," he added, with the air of one imparting a profound secret, "this war's for democracy and peace."

"Right you are Buddy. But you say your mother needs work. Is she at home?"

"No Sir, but she promised to come back soon. You come home with me and then you can see her."

"All right sir," answered Barry, and walked off, accompanied by Buddy, Bill Dawson, Jimmy, Betty Jane's uncle, George and, bravest of all "Daddy."

It was into a tiny home that Buddy led the man, amusingly small to Barry, compared with the huge, wonderfully appointed house he had all his life called home. He was led into the parlor, and sat down.

Buddy set his soldiers on the table and asked "Will you excuse me?"

"Certainly" and Barry smiled down at the little chap to whom he had taken such a liking.

Left alone, Kittredge looked around the room—a room belonging to people of refinement and moderate means. Straight across from him hung a great picture of a young man in a khaki uniform, assuredly the father of Buddy, for eyes as wide and fearless and frank as Buddy's own looked straight into Barry's soul and made him turn his own eyes away.

have one of the sandwiches."

THE TIN SOLDIER (Continued)

Soon Buddy returned bearing a tray covered with a linen lunch-cloth, on which was a tall glass of water and two bread and butter sandwiches, rather battered looking, due to their maker's unaccustomed handling of the bread-knife. Gravely he handed the tray to the man.

"Mother always make shoklate," he said, "but I—I guess there isn't any milk."
"I much prefer water," answered Barry, "for it is so warm outside. But you must They had just finished eating when Buddy's mother entered. She was a slight woman, tired-looking, but hopeful, and well worthy of being the mother of Buddy, thought Kittredge, as the woman crossed the room.

Barry was standing. "No doubt madam, you are surprised at finding a visitor, but I was looking for some one to take charge of my home and quite by accident I learned from your son that you were looking for employment. I am Barry Kittredge, the son of Judge Robert Kittredge. My aunt has been looking after my home for me, but I have persuaded her to take a well-earned rest, so she is to go away for the summer. Could you consider it? I will pay you a good salary."

"And I am Mrs. John Barton," she said. "Yes, I shall be glad to accept your offer. It is only that my husband has joined the army that I must find work. There are plenty of positions open that one could live on comfortably, but I have Buddy to care for. He must grow up to be a fine man if—if I should be left to bring him up alone."

"Then it is settled," answered Kittredge. "Of course, all you will do is to look after the servants and see that each does his work. How soon will you be able to come?"
"I can easily be ready by morning," answered the woman.

"All right. I will send for you and the boy." And shaking hands with her, he left.

He felt more satisfied with himself than he had for a long time. He had enabled a man to go to war. Surely that was as good as going himself, he reflected.

Mrs. Barton and Buddy slipped quietly into the routine of the great Kittredge mansion and Barry grew to like the quiet, brave-faced woman and her little son. Still he longed for Barbara but his pride kept him from her.

One night he was returning from his club, and upon arriving home, sat down on the porch steps. Soon he heard Buddy's voice. He was talking to his soldiers.

"Goodnight Daddy," he said. "If you kill a German for me I—I won't cry." His voice broke and he added, "that is, not very much. A fellow can't help it when his Dad's gone, even if he is proud of him."

Everything became quiet. Something choked Barry. Then Buddy spoke again.

"Daddy, I guess you'll have to kill two Germans, cause Mr. Barry isn't going. You'll have to kill one for him too."

"Not on your life." In his excitement Kittredge spoke aloud. "Mr. Barry will kill his own German, and he'll do it pretty quick too." Then he entered the house more at peace with himself than he had been for many days.

The next morning Barry found Buddy playing with his soldiers under the trees. "Buddy" he said, "I'm going to join the army. I'm going where your daddy is. Won't you wish me luck?"

The little fellow's eyes filled with tears but his lips smiled. "You bet I will. And Mr. Barry, you can have Daddy"—and Buddy handed his shiniest, most treasured soldier to the man.

"Thanks Buddy. And say, old man, if I get a German I'll cut a button off his coat and bring it to you. And while I'm gone Buddy, you and your mother must stay and look after the house, and after the war is over your daddy and I will come back to you."

Two weeks later Barry stood on board the great ship "America," dressed in the khaki uniform of a private of the United States army. The shore was crowded with people who had come to see the ship off, and fully one-third of them were friends and acquaintances of Barry's.

Straight and tall stood Barry Kittredge in his new uniform, and looked out happily at the sea of faces before him, in one hand a round, red mark, the imprint of a ring which had been tightly grasped, half fearfully, half confidently, before it had been slipped again on Barbara's finger; in the other—a shiny, tin soldier.

Lola Westcott, '18

A CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

"Where do you want to die?" asked the captain of the firing-squad.
 "Hill No. 10, sir," replied Francois, saluting.

The captain returned the salute and Francois stepped between the two rows of men of the firing-squad. It was a bright morning in the spring of 1915. The fine morning only made it harder for Francois to bear the thought of its being his last. He began shamefully to turn over in his mind the events which had led up to this fateful morning. He remembered how gladly and proudly he had offered his services to France when the war first began in 1914. The officer to whom he had gone had praised him highly as a very brave and true son of France, but Francois was still too young and must wait. Oh how happy Francois had been for had not an officer of the noble army of France said that he was a brave lad. He would try again soon for perhaps the age limit might change. In the winter of 1914 he had succeeded in getting into the great fight and how proudly he had marched away from his little home town to the stirring strains of the Marseillaise. His mother had not objected, no, she knew it was his duty and she was proud of him. Francois had resolved to fight harder for her and his little sister. How proud they would be of him when he would come home on his first furlough. But alas, instead they would be notified that he had been condemned as a deserter, robbed of his chance to help France and win honors—to die by French bullets. Oh how he would rather have stood the worst treatment possible as a captive of the Boches, for then his mother and sister would have been proud of him and he himself would feel that he had done his duty by France and the world. Oh how he hated himself, for still he believed that he had been unjustly condemned. The training had been poor. It had changed so many times that they had no chance to perfect one method. When Francois had first entered the training, open field fighting was still practiced. After about a month of that it was changed to trench tactics and towards the last of his training grenades were introduced. But worst of all was the way he received his baptism of fire. Francois believed that if he had been taken to the line gradually so that he could have become used to the terrible din of the front line trenches, he would have been able to stand it. He really craved for another chance to redeem himself, even if it should be worse than the first he would stick to his post doggedly. But his chance had passed. He summed up in his mind the disadvantages against him on his first day in the front line. First he had never lived in any excitement in his life. Life in his home village was always quiet and serene. He had always been forbidden to be quick in his actions or thoughts. War was so different. Second, the ever changing training, and the third a worst disadvantage was the way he was sent to the line. France was hard pressed for men and instead of being brought slowly to the place of the worst trial man was ever put to, they were deposited by motor trucks as near the front line as the trucks could go. And then instead of waiting and becoming accustomed to the terrible din even there, they were rushed on immediately to the very front line trenches. Men newly taken from farms and villages were put in probably one of the worst spots on earth. Three shrapnel shells had burst shortly after they had gotten established, killing all in their sector but a very few. It had been too much for Francois. The first dead men he had ever seen, and the squirming wounded made him shudder. The same thoughts were in the minds of the few others and all of them had left the trench and run. German machine gun fire had killed all but three as soon as they had left the trench. At that time Francois had lost his head completely and had run as far as he could, he knew not where. Now he remembered that he had been instructed to go to the nearest dugout and inform some officer that they had been unable to hold the trench. Probably that was what his other two comrades did. Of course he was suspected of having deliberately tried to desert. Francois knew that such a thought never entered his head. After he left the trench he seemed to have no control of himself. Now he could not see why he had done it. But it was done, and he was now condemned to be shot as a deserter. While these thoughts were turning over in his mind, Francois and the firing-squad had come to Hill No. 10 which Francois had chosen as his place of execution. He suddenly came out of his trance and was aware that he had automatically stopped with the firing-squad, and that someone was about to tie a blindfold over his eyes. The cloth was tied over his eyes and he suddenly realized how near the end of his life he was. He became faint and weak, and wished he had chosen some kind of a wall so that he could lean against it.

"Load," ordered the captain. Then a deadly silence.

"Aim." There was another deadly silence. There was a low thunderous roar

A CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR (Continued)

that shook the ground and Francois had the sensation of having the ground come up and strike him in the face. Then he knew no more.

Francois awoke. He felt badly bruised and weak. He tried to sleep again but he could not. His mind was full of queer questions. Where was he? How long had he been there? What had happened? Why was he there? Then his memory seemed to return slowly. Yes, he had faced the firing-squad. The blindfold was still over his eyes. He now remembered the captain's orders to load and fire. And then what had happened? The firing-squad was gone and Francois was not dead. He was sure of it. How long had he lain there and how did he come to be there? He decided to lie there and die. That would be easiest. Then he remembered why he had faced that firing-squad. Yes, he must report somewhere and to someone. Here was another chance, he would not run this time, he would report as he should do. Slowly he raised himself but found he could not walk. However he could crawl. He tried to hurry for he did not know how near night it might be. He didn't stop to think that possibly he was going the wrong way. His only idea was to report, to redeem himself. At last, after an hour and a half of tedious, slow crawling through the mud and water, Francois caught sight of a dugout. He was greatly relieved when he got a little closer to find that the men were conversing in French. The crawling had strengthened him somewhat, so that when he reached the entrance of the dugout he was able to raise himself to his feet and limp down the steep passageway. Close to the foot of the passageway sat three officers at a table covered with maps, orders and reports. Upon Francois' entrance, two of them helped him to a bunk, telephoned for a surgeon to attend to him, and taking one of his identification tags, seated themselves again at the table. The one who had not assisted in attending to Francois had gotten out a card index drawer and when handed Francois' identification tag he proceeded to look up Francois' record.

In a few moments he sat down again at the table and began to read from Francois' record.

"Enlisted October 4, 1914," read the officer aloud.

"Put in 17th Regiment Infantry of First Army of France."

"Trained at No. 6."

"Put into service December 29th."

"Deserted February 17th."

"Tried February 20th; condemned."

"And?" asked one of the others.

"It is not entered here that he was ever shot," replied the one who had read the report.

"'Tis queer. Does it not say, 'Tried February 20th; condemned?'"

"Yes."

"Then should he not have been shot February 21st?"

"Yes, yes, 'tis so, and that was the day that the whole firing squad was killed, and see, Francois was only stunned. What shall be done with him now?"

"He must simply face another firing-squad."

Francois' heart sank within him, another squad! No chance to redeem himself after all. He wished he had been killed the first time.

"That would be a great hardship," said the small dark officer.

"But he was condemned by Court Martial, we must not be too weak, gentlemen."

"He would do France more good alive than dead. Is there not some special duty he can have? He is dear to someone," he choked a little, "gentlemen, here is a chance to save a man's life by a stroke of our pens. Shall we let it pass?"

"It is not necessary that we decide the question until he has recovered. Let us drop the subject."

The surgeon arrived and said that Francois was not cut or bruised badly and was only suffering from shell shock. He said he would recover in two or three days, and he advised the officers not to speak of what would be done with him in his presence.

Francois gained rapidly and was expected to be normal again by the third day. The morning of his second day in the dugout he awoke to find the officers loudly debating some question. He lay with his back toward them so by lying still he could listen to them without their being aware that he was awake. From their conversation Franco's concluded that an attack was expected somewhere along the line and that it would be impossible to hold the line against it. He heard one of them say:

"Our only hope is to get this mine set in our own trench and blow the enemy up when it gets here."

A CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR (Continued)

"My plan is to set the batteries far enough back to be safe for at least some time, and have the switch connected so as to be portable. Then when the attack begins, the infantry can quickly withdraw and the man at the switch can stay as close to the enemy as possible. It will all be left to him. If he can observe them from some place out of range of the explosion, so much the better, but if it be necessary to blow himself up with them, I believe any soldier of France would not hesitate."

"'Tis a good plan," replied another, "and there is one such mine in that sector, ready to be planted. But that attack comes in fifteen minutes, which does not leave us any time to go to the trench to pick a man and explain to him his duty."

"I will do it," said the young officer who had pleaded for Francois the first day in the dugout. An idea struck Francois. Here was a chance to redeem himself and repay that officer. He sprung from his bunk. The three officers arose as he approached them. He halted before them and stood at attention.

"Gentlemen," he said saluting, "I have overheard your discussion and I offer you my services."

"We do not need anyone," was the reply.

"I crave a chance to redeem myself before France for deserting, I have listened to your plan and would need no further instructions and I would save for France a valuable officer," pleaded Francois.

The three officers stood silently thinking, when the highest in command of them said, "Your services are accepted. Come quickly, you need no rifle."

Francois saluted and followed the three officers out of the dugout.

Twelve minutes later he stood with one of the officers in a front-line trench. It was hardly light yet and a cold rain was falling. Two soldiers were concealing a large case of "T. N. T." in the wall of the trench, two others were connecting wires to a small black box with a protruding handle, while the rest of the troops were withdrawing. An orderly rushed up to the officer.

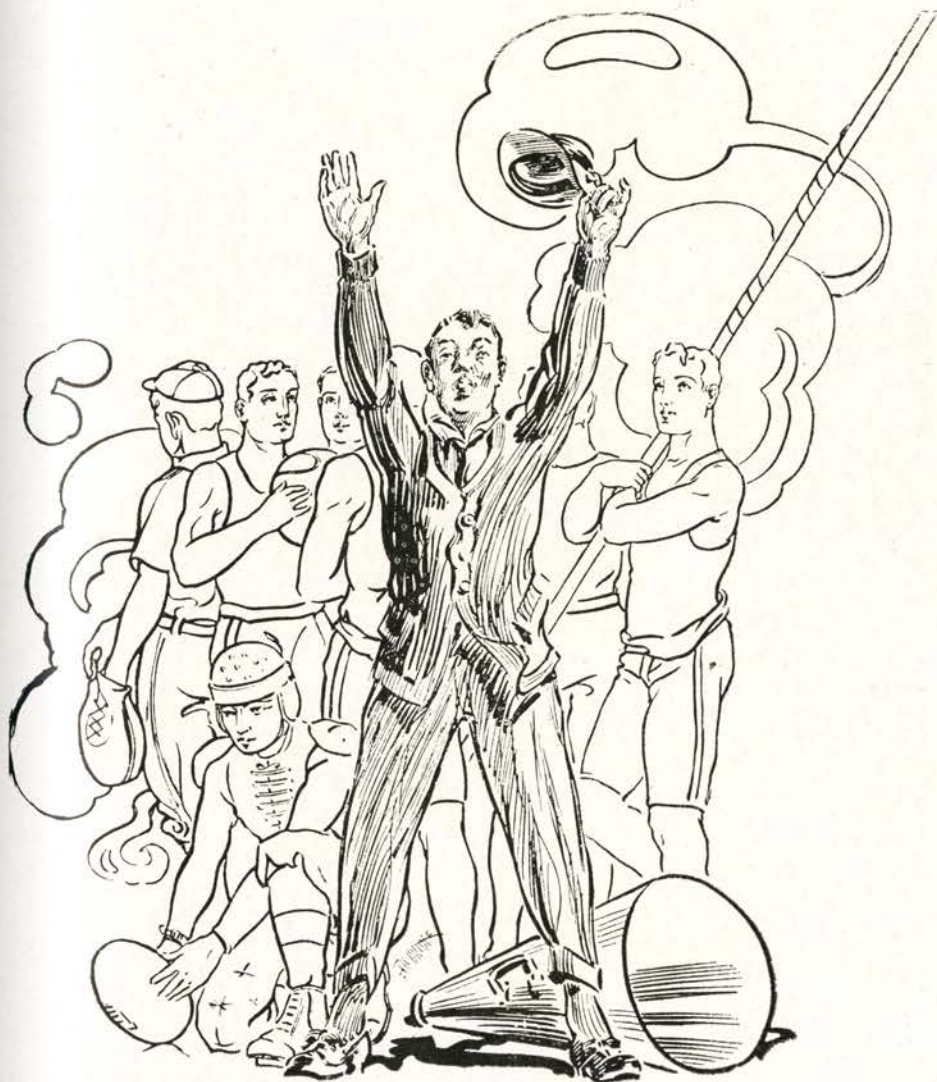
"Last of the enemy barb-wire entanglements cut, sir," he said, and darted away into the dark again. Another officer handed the officer the small black box with the protruding handle and left him and Francois alone, with a German attack coming. The officer handed Francois the box and a small trench periscope.

"It all depends on you," he said, and kissing him on both cheeks he left him.

Francois sat down and turned the small black box over and over in his hand, watching it curiously. A slight pressure on that handle and an explosion would follow which would turn the country for one hundred feet around into one great crater. Then he set the box down on a little ledge and looked over the parapet with his periscope. The Germans were quickly, quietly swarming over the top of their trenches. But it would be five minutes before they would climb over into the French trench. He started to crawl out of the track of the trench so that he would be up higher and in a better position to observe them. He carried with him only the little black box, burying the wires that were attached to it as he went along. By the time he had gained a good point overlooking the trench and had settled himself there the first Germans were dropping into the trench. He strained his eyes although it was almost as light day now. He measured with his eye a hundred foot circle around the mine. Already half of the attacking force were in that circle. Now three-fourths of them were within it. One minute more and even the last officers were within that fatal circle. Also some of them were pushing on across the trench towards him. Suddenly a German popped his head up only a short distance away. Soon he would see him and shoot. Francois grasped the handle of the switch. He himself was in the hundred foot circle, but he had not intended to get out of it. As he pushed the handle he had a vision of his mother receiving not a notice of his death as a deserter, but a Cross of the Legion of Honor.

—Courtney Mallery, '21.

ATHLETICS





FOOTBALL 1917

The 1917 football prospects looked very rosy at the beginning of the season. Thirteen good games were scheduled and the team was beginning to take on the form of a veteran eleven. Enthusiasm was rising but the cancellations of the games began and before long only three were left on the list. In spite of this, the coach kept the team together and finished what might be called a successful season.

The season was opened by the Groton game and a victory for the A. H. S. of 13 to 0. The next game was a trip to Lidgerwood, N. D., where the team was defeated by a score of 12 to 13. The last game of the season was on Thanksgiving Day with Mitchell which ended with a tie score of 6 to 6. Much credit is due the coach and the team for upholding the honor of A. H. S. by having a football team.

Coach Cory

Victory Cory, our football coach made himself one of the boys at the very start of the season. He was always on the field coaching the fellows and he developed a team from a few veterans and a bunch of recruits. In the face of difficulties he kept the team together and finished the season successfully. He won the respect of the team and every player has a good word for their coach.

Captain Welsh

"Pug" Welsh who was captain and quarterback on the team was backed up by every member of the team. His fighting spirit and cool-headed playing kept up the morale of the team in every game. He was always in the thick of the scrimmage and his forward passes and punts were up to snuff. He "captained" his team with ability and was held in high esteem by his men.

Captain-Elect Webb

Harold Webb, best known as "Groton," was Welsh's right hand man, playing the positions of quarterback, right half and end at different times. Webb is a fast man with

FOOTBALL (Continued)

the ball and has ability to handle a team. He is fitted to pilot next year's team and the departing players wish him the best of luck.

Ralph Greenman

Greenman was fullback and held his position to the end. He was noted for his line plunges and gains especially when it came to a critical point. Being good at interference he was useful in end runs. After playing the game two years Greenman decided it was too tame and joined the army with the hope that he would find it more lively.

Forrest Conner

"Fat" was center on the team. He had a good deal of experience behind him and being a husky lad he filled his position very well. His accuracy in putting the ball where it belonged was a great help in carrying out the plays. His Irish spirit invariably showed up when some opponent stepped on his foot or accidentally kicked and then the fur would fly, but the best is always said of Conner.

Lyman Bohac

Bohac played right half in the latter part of the season. He is an experienced man and fast in end runs and passes. He was unable to be out in the first part of the season but he came back and showed up great in the last game by making all the points.

Edwin Coleman

"Bud" who was left half showed up in fine shape. His speed in running with the ball was noticeable and summing it all up Bud is a real football player.

Don Baird

"Hattie" played right guard and being a big moose helped stop many an opponent's line plunge. Don was a veteran and played with experience. He supplied an unlimited amount of pleasure for the team by his cute tricks and phrases, especially on the trips. Being a great talker he usually had the floor and was considered a favorite among the team.

La Verne Saunders

"Handsome," or more commonly known by the team as "Garlic," was right tackle. He is a hard hitter and always on the spot. He liked to be in the thick of the scrimmage and musing things up which he sure could do. He won his football name by the clever trick of eating onions before entering the game.

Ervin Born

"Swede" was a last year's man and showed up well. He played half and end at different times and knew the game. Born had another year ahead of him but he joined the navy and is now playing a bigger game.

Fred Riedel

"Fritz" played guard or tackle with equal ability and played hard wherever he was placed. Fritz was a last year's man and an all around player.

Herbert Fish

"Murphy" played guard most of the time and held his position throughout the season. He is weighty and makes a good lineman. Although it was his first year on the team he proved himself a good player.

Virgil Hye

"Hye" played left end regularly and held up his end of the line like a veteran. He brought many a forward pass and was always there on the defense. Hye has another year to play and much is expected of him.

Austin Jones

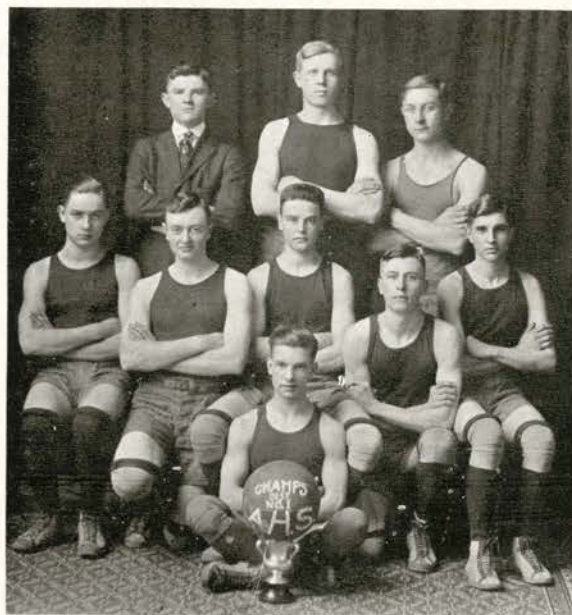
"Shrimp" held down the other end of the line. His size was a disadvantage but nevertheless he brought a few passes and opponents. This is his last year at the game and he looks forward to game of milking cows and chasing the frolicking calves.

Milton Korte

Korte was our handy man this year with some knowledge of every position and always ready to play when some teammate went "West." Korte is a sophomore and has a future in football.

The Scrubs

Last but not least are the second team whose love for the game and sportsmanship brought them out every night to help build up the team. Of these the following deserve the most credit: Murray Widdis, Linus McManamy, Willis Jobe, Justin McCarthy, Alvin Patterson and Arnold Schaeffer.



BASKET-BALL

The basketball season this year was very successful and there were a great number of excitingly close games played, both at home and on other floors. Despite the fact that most of our former "first string" men graduated last spring, we still had an excellent team, which displayed its ability to play a good game wherever it played. It is hard to say whether Coach Schott or the team deserves the most credit for the excellent teamwork shown, but we think it was the result of the boys having great confidence in their Coach and explicitly following his directions. Anyone who attended one or more of the practices during the active season was impressed by the good-fellowship between the coach and the boys, and by the willingness and alacrity with which the boys greeted any new suggestion of the coach.

Only one or two of the boys had had experience on the first team before this year and the team's ability to "play the game" with only a little experience, is certainly remarkable.

The boys on the second and third squads also deserve a great deal of credit for their work, for it was only by continual games with them that the first team gained the experience necessary to put up a good game to out-of-town aggregations.

The following games were played during the season prior to the district tournament:

On the Home Floor

Aberdeen 24vs.	Redfield 23
Aberdeen 22vs.	Waubay 8
Aberdeen 21vs.	Groton 11
Aberdeen 30vs.	Ellendale 10

On Out-of-Town Floors

Aberdeen 9vs.	Groton 21
Aberdeen 13vs.	Waubay 21
Aberdeen 27vs.	Ellendale 11
Aberdeen 7vs.	Redfield 29

The District Tournament

The state was divided into eight districts and a team was chosen from each district, by the elimination method, to go to the state tournament. The first district tour-

BASKET-BALL (Continued)

tament was held at Aberdeen on the N. N. I. S. floor, where five very exciting games were played. Aberdeen succeeded in defeating the opposing teams and won the district championship and therefore the right to go to Huron for the state tournament, as representative of the first district.

The following games were played by the contestants for district championship:

Aberdeen 28vs.	Groton 27
Redfield 24vs.	Waubay 21
Timber Lake 8vs.	Lemmon 21
Aberdeen 26vs.	Redfield 22
Aberdeen 23vs.	Lemmon 19

The Aberdeen boys were the only ones that played three hard games but their severe training and good teamwork carried them through to a successful finish.

The State Tournament

As has been the custom for the past seven years, the State Tournament was held at Huron. Our team went there in fine fettle, much encouraged by the results of the district tournament.

Games between Flandreau and Dell Rapids, Lead and Mitchell, and Aberdeen and Vermillion were played first and as a result Vermillion, Mitchell and Flandreau were eliminated.

In the semi-finals the Lead and Dell Rapids game was the first on the program. This was a snappy and exciting game, both teams being evenly matched, but the Lead team wrested the game from the Dell Rapids boys by a quick spurt in the second half. The final score was 19-18.

The second game in the semi-finals was between Aberdeen and Elkton. This was a fast and exciting game from start to finish but we are sorry to record that, although our boys played a magnificent game, the Elkton team defeated them by a four point lead. This was probably due to the fact that our team had played a hard game before and it was the Elkton team's first game, since it had drawn the bye.

The final game was between Lead and Elkton and, although the Elkton boys battled hard, the Lead team had the drop on them from the start. The final score was 20-11, giving Lead the State Championship for 1918.

Aberdeen lived up to her reputation, this year, by getting into the semi-finals, thus keeping up a record of which no other team in the state can boast and one of which we may well be proud.

L. M., '20.

TRACK

This is the first year for some time that the Aberdeen High School has not been represented in this branch of athletics. The money that was to be used for the annual track meet was used for the District Basketball Tournament instead, owing to the fact that all track meets in this state were cancelled.

The track record of the A. H. S. is one that we may well be proud of, as the numerous cups in the High School library will testify. The lack of opportunity to prolong this fine record is felt with some degree of regret, but as the track meets were cancelled as an act of conservation it lessens the sting of regret. And besides those who are firm followers of this branch of athletics will find consolation in the fact that they will have a chance to demonstrate their prowess on the farms and in this way help produce food for our boys "Over There."

O. K., '20.



THE COACH

THE BASKET-BALL TEAM

Chester Gipe, R. F.
Austin Jones, L. F.
Forrest Conner, C.
Herbert Fish, R. G.
Carey Welsh, L. G., Captain
Harold Webb, Sub.
Milton Korte, Sub.

PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS

The girls' gym classes of the High School have distinguished themselves in all lines, showing the efficient work of Miss Frances Brown, the director of physical training. The walking clubs of the Freshmen and Sophomores organized in the fall exhibited good records. Three clubs were organized and competed with each other. Eight walks were taken in all by each class. The third period won, having walked 210 blocks. The second period class, however, won the highest average for good form in walking. The third period class, as a result of having surpassed the other two classes, was entertained by them.

The winter classes chiefly worked on dumb-bell, and indoor club drills. They also learned the rudiments of basketball. The spring work was composed of apparatus works, games and special poise lessons.

The eighth grade began the spring by a series of interesting games of volley ball and newcome, out of doors. The winter period of school was taken up by apparatus work, which includes the wand drills. Beginning basketball was introduced and lately they have learned the different forms of marching.

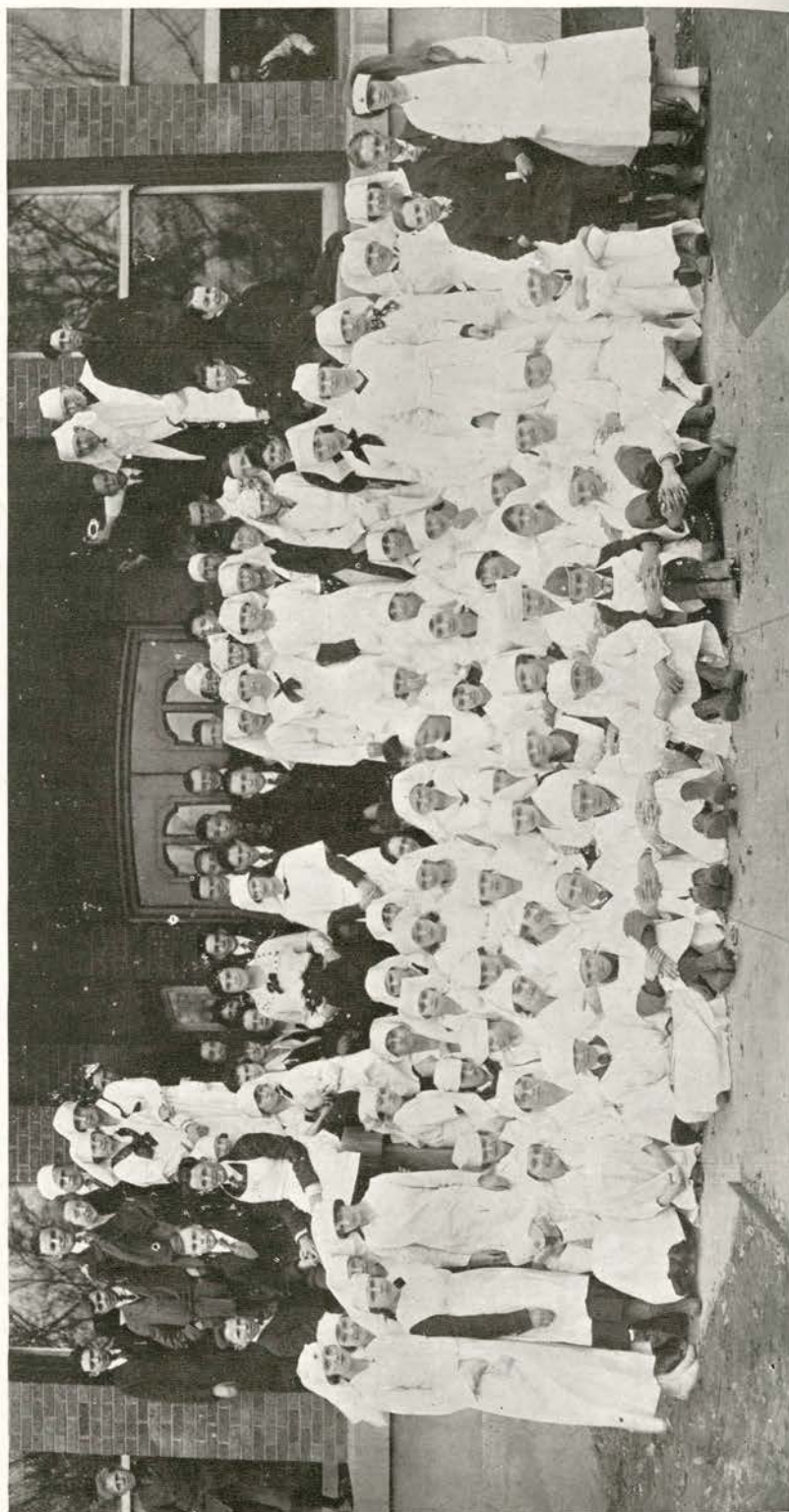
The aesthetic dancing class, composed of twelve girls, from the Freshmen and Sophomore classes met once a week. They met every Monday after school, throughout the entire school year, except the last six weeks. Their efforts were fully appreciated when a picked few gave three of their dances in an exhibition in which all the gym classes of the city partook.

It was a patriotic exhibition celebrating the declaration of war by the United States. It was given on April 17th and 18th, 1918. About 1,000 took part in the entire program. Seven hundred constituted the large flag formation. It was given in two performances, one on Wednesday afternoon, and one on Thursday evening. The house was filled beyond its capacity at both showings.

BOYS' PHYSICAL TRAINING

Mr. Giles, the boys' physical training instructor has been giving the Freshmen and Eight Grade boys some valuable aid in this line of work. Just recently some of the gym classes took part in an exhibition and made a very creditable showing.

The physical training the boys receive consists, for the most part, of drilling with wands, setting up exercises, squad formations, some track work and other lines of work that tend to make better students and better "prospective" citizens.



SURGICAL DRESSING CLASS

SURGICAL DRESSINGS IN THE A. H. S.

Perhaps the most important and popular branch of Red Cross Work in the High School was that of Surgical Dressings, regardless of the fact that all the work was done outside of school hours.

On September 14th, a class of twelve girls was organized by Miss Jewett and Miss Ward. The growth of the class was very rapid and it soon increased to almost a hundred girls. As the demand for more dressing was increased, the boys felt that they too, could help in this work, so many volunteered their services if a boys' class could be organized. This was done and about fifty boys joined at once.

When Miss Jewett went to France to help in the Surgical Dressings Work at Paris, the responsibility of the work at Headquarters was left to Miss Ward and so Eleanor Porter took charge of the work at High School. Eleanor has shown herself to be a capable supervisor of the Surgical Dressings workroom and the High School students have thoroughly appreciated her efforts in organizing this work in school.

Miss Zelma Goldsworthy assisted Eleanor with the night classes until she went to teach in Minneapolis, when Miss Stewart took her place in the work. Both teachers are to be praised for their hearty cooperation in the Red Cross work.

With the increase of workers, the output was also greatly increased until an average of a thousand dressings a week were turned in at City Headquarters, from the High School.

We are proud to state that Aberdeen was the first city in the state to organize Surgical Dressings classes in the schools and also the first city in the northwest to boast of a boys' class. We hope very much that the pupils of the Aberdeen High School will continue this work next year and that they will have reason to be as proud of their work next year as they are this year.

RED CROSS WORK DONE BY THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND HOUSEHOLD ARTS CLASSES

The Domestic Science and Household Arts classes, under the able direction of Miss Snell and Miss Jarman, have made ninety-five French and Belgian Refugee Garments. This number includes nineteen capes, twenty underskirts, eighteen vests, eighteen nightgowns, and twenty dresses.

The garments were made for fourteen-year-old girls. The materials were blue and black serge, outing flannel, and unbleached muslin. The Home Economics girls completed the allotment in three weeks, which is a record-breaking time, considering the great amount of work required. The last assignment consisted of ten pairs of trousers for fourteen-year-old Belgian boys. This work was also completed in "record" time.

Earlier in the year, the classes made fifty-five comfort pillows, twenty-four pairs of bed socks, two dozen tray cloths, napkins and handkerchiefs.

Not only have the Household Arts Classes done Red Cross sewing, but they have also taken a course in Surgical Dressings. Under the instruction of Miss Ward and Miss Zimpher, the classes made forty-four 12-inch strips, seventy sponges, five dozen 9x9-inch compresses and one dozen three-yard rolls.

Besides the actual work accomplished in class, the interest this aroused influenced a great many of the girls to join the regular Surgical Dressings classes, and to become active Red Cross members.

KNITTERS IN THE A. H. S.

Last but not least is the knitting done, by both the students and faculty members of the A. H. S. It is interesting to know that while only four boys have done any knitting for the Red Cross, not one man in the faculty can boast of any work done in this department. We wonder if they consider that their spare time spent to make the defenders of their country more comfortable and even keeping them from disease should be beneath their notice, and that time spent in knitting would forever bar them from some position, which they evidently think they hold by divine right?

However, the amount of knitting done by the people of today is remarkable when we consider that it was not long ago that we considered knitting as an art possessed by our grandparents but which went with the spinning wheel. In the High School alone, seventy-five students have turned out 135 sweaters, 52 pairs of socks, 25 afghan squares, 22 pairs of wristlets, 16 washcloths, 15 scarfs, and 6 trench caps, which makes a total of 271 articles. Ten of our women faculty members have also turned out a great deal of work: 25 sweaters, 7 pairs of socks, 5 scarfs, 5 pairs of wristlets and one afghan square or the total of 43 pieces.

This is really a record to be proud of because these same people are still knitting and we hope that their work will be an incentive to other people who sit about with folded hands.



THE ABERDEEN HIGH SCHOOL COMMERCIAL CLUB

Last fall Mr. Stone suggested to the advanced class in Stenography that they form a Commercial Club for the purpose of bringing together the students interested in Commercial work, and making them better fitted for the work which they intended to undertake. Everyone thought this a very good idea and a meeting was held to discuss those eligible to the Club. It was decided that all Seniors and Juniors taking commercial subjects, be admitted as members of the Club.

As this Club was planned to be a permanent affair a constitution was adopted. The constitution provided for membership, officers, meetings and amendments. The by-laws of the Club provided for officers, dues, critic, reporter, quorum and amendments, and admission of new members of the Club. Membership in the Club was forfeited by absence from two consecutive meetings. The officers consisted of a president, a vice-president, and a secretary and treasurer. These officers were elected at the beginning of each semester. Officers of the first semester were: Donald Baird, president; Leone Schoch, vice-president; Daphne Wyman, secretary and treasurer. Officers of the second semester were: Wilbur Graham, president; Mildred Anderson, vice president; Mary Miltenberger, secretary and treasurer; Charles Herb, club reporter.

A meeting was held every other Monday evening at 7:30. Speeches were made by members of the Club and by Mr. Kemper of the Aberdeen Business College. Mr. Kemper held the interest of everyone present as he spoke on "Good Salesmanship." He said that the three things necessary for good salesmanship were: First: Know thyself. Know thyself above all things. You cannot be a good salesman unless you know yourself. Second: Know thy goods. Know the whole history of thy goods. Know all about them better than anyone else. And third: Know thy customer. Know how to approach your customer in the most effective manner. Get him interested in your goods, and

THE ABERDEEN HIGH SCHOOL COMMERCIAL CLUB (Continued)

then sell it to him. These three points were so effectively explained to the students that they took root and have not been forgotten.

A short program was given at each meeting by the members of the Club. The speeches dealt with anything of interest pertaining to commercial work and the business success of noted men and women. Often humorous selections were given. The president appointed a critic at each meeting for the purpose of giving suggestions as to the manner in which the speeches were given, and for correcting all mistakes made in English. A different critic was appointed each time so that the criticisms would not become personal. Speakers for each meeting were appointed by the program committee, members of which were: Willbur Graham, Daphne Wyman and Forrest Conner.

Appointments were sometimes made at the meetings for social gatherings which were held throughout the year. The first social gathering for the members of the Club was at the home of Clarice Fritsche. Several social gatherings were held in the High School Gymnasium, each member being allowed to bring a student of the High School to the party. Later on a theatre party was held, and a social gathering was held on April 12th at the home of Oriole Johnston. There were no fixed dues, but an assessment was asked of each member of the Club to cover the expenses of parties, etc.

The most active member of the Commercial Club was Mr. Stone. It was through his efforts that the Commercial Club was organized and it was through his efforts that it became a success. His suggestions were always accepted by the Club and were always found to strengthen the Club in some way. On Wednesday, April 17th, Mr. Stone was called to the service of his country. It was a call to the noble and just cause yet with a feeling of regret the Club parted with its founder, good member, and counsellor. After Mr. Stone's departure, the work of the Club was carried on as before. Mr. Osthoff took the position of counsellor, and his good advice, together with the efforts of the president of the Club, made the Club prosper during the last two months of the school year.

The Seniors of the Club all regret that they cannot be members of the Club next year, but they sincerely hope that the work will be carried on and that the Seniors and Juniors will take an interest in it as they have done this first year.

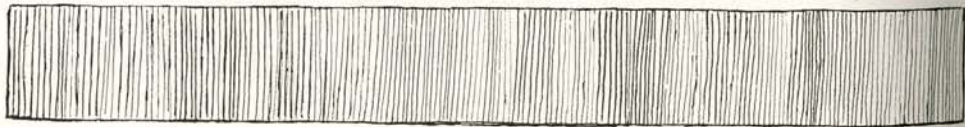
BAND PRACTICE

Spring is the loveliest time of the year,
The birds all keep singing their cheer, cheer, cheer.
Even the melodious High School band
Is doing its bit with a steady hand,
Disturbing our peace and lessons too,
Which makes us shiver thru and thru,
As we sit in our class on a beautiful day,
And listen to them murder their play.
With its brr-brr-brr and squeak, squeak, squeak,
Until we're filled with laughter for a week,
But if they keep on, some day great fame
Will be their reward and the High School's gain.

E. D., '19



HUMOR



The Blue and Gold

VOL. XXXXO

MAY 28, 1818

NO. 13

STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE!

PROPAGANDISTS WORKING AMONG THE STUDENTS

The ordinary run of affairs in the vicinity of the school was darkened by a huge black cloud sent over the premises by certain unknown Propagandists working among students. By not discovering their identity sooner a rebellious spirit was aroused and by Monday morning circumstances had come to a grave crisis.

On this certain morning there was something in the ethereal zone that foretold the coming catastrophe. During the day groups of people could be seen talking, but in subdued tones. Everybody sensed that something was going to happen.

Later that "something" was discovered. One of the agents had been cruelly mistreated by the foreman and several prominent members of the firm, and because of the ties that bound them all together the remaining agents intended to stir up the whole community into striking.

Just what the plans were was uncertain but it was rumored that it would take place at 9:30. As the hands approached that hour every heart was thrilled as to who would start it and if everybody would take part. Nothing happened.

Later it was rumored that everyone would strike at 10:40. No one did.

At noon a huge rally meeting was held and no one was expected to return to duty in the afternoon. All were going to show the firm that "United we stand, divided we fall." All fell and returned.

About 2:05 some of the hands were missing. At 3:30 more left and finally when all plans were made complete the entire community arose against the assaults and at 4:15 everyone struck. The whole

(Continued on Page 76)

AIR RAID!

CENSORED

GLUE AND BOLD STAFF

Editor Ima Knutt
 Local Editor I. B. Krusty
 Society Editor Lotta Pfluph
 Business Manager N. O. Koyne
 Office Nuisance Will Buttin

RATES

Per Year \$1.13 Per Copy \$2.43
 War Tax Included

PROPAGANDISTS WORKING
AMONG THE STUDENTS

(Continued from first page)

plan worked successfully and was profitable to all.

The question had arisen, however, among the students as to why, when the strikers were all gathered in the lower hall during the five minute period between the fifth and sixth periods and Mr. Giles came toward them with the baseball bat, which he uses to amuse his eighth graders, the brave strikers all suddenly scattered to their respective rooms. For, upon interviewing Mr. Giles he stated that he was simply going out to enjoy an hour of the national pastime with his youngsters.

The matter has been referred to the debating society but as yet they have returned no decision.

Expense Account of the Glue and Bold Staff

Being a student publication nothing but important things shall be concealed from its readers.

EXPENDITURES:

Ford—1909 Model—Staff Car.....	\$ 4,000.00
Gas and other refreshments for Car.....	8,000.00
Room and Bath for Staff Car.....	13.99
Erasers for Staff.....	661.13
Salaries for Staff.....	.23
Gas Masks, Barbed Wire and Steel Helmets for Staff.....	121.21
General Nuisance Fees.....	.97
Hair Dressings and Massages for Staff Banquet.....	5.17
Grand Total	\$12,802.70

RECEIPTS:

Subscriptions07
Want Ads21
Advertising11
Special: For Advertising Eleanor Porter.....	211.53
For suppressed scandal: Webb, Wolters and Korte.....	75.18
For printing sympathy for Fish's Ear.....	671.08
Total	\$958.18
Grand Hole	\$11,844.52
P. S. Forgot to mention railroad tickets, staff goes "over the top" tonite.	

SPORTING PAGE

FEMININE FACULTY Vs. JUNIOR BOYS

Lineup	Position
Feminine Faculty	
J. Humphrey	R. E.
R. Williams	R. T.
Cummins	R. G.
Glisson	C.
A. Lindblom	L. G.
McGill	L. T.
H. Cromer	L. E.
V. Lighthall	Q. B.
Brown	R. H.
L. Towne	L. H.
J. Stewart (Capt.)	F. B.
Junior Boys	
K. Strachan	R. E.
D. Mason	R. T.
E. Behan	R. G.
M. Widdis	C.
R. Edwardson	L. G.
F. Kaiser	L. T.
D. Swain	L. E.
H. Webb (Capt.)	Q. B.
C. Herb	R. H.
C. Gipe	L. H.
N. Wendell	F. B.

Referee—Glen, Carlisle.

Umpire—Osthoff, Vassar.

Head Linesman—Goldsworthy, Groton U.

Football followers of the Aberdeen High School witnessed one of the hardest fought games played this summer when the Feminine Faculty Football team met the Junior Boys on Sunday morning, April 14th, at 6:00 a. m. on Johnson field at the Normal. The game was hard fought all the way through and it was only after a hard struggle that the Feminine Faculty gained a victory of 6—0 over the Junior boys. Both teams appeared good when they ran onto the field. The Junior boys seemed to be the faster bunch but the Feminine Faculty girls seemed to have the advantage in weight. The game in detail follows:

First Quarter: Capt. Stewart of the Feminine Faculty won the toss and chose to receive at the north goal. The whistle blew and fullback Wendell of the Junior Boys kicked off. Halfback Towne of the Femines caught the kick-off but fumbled and a protest was entered by Capt. Stewart that the opponent had kicked the ball too hard. The protest was upheld by Referee Glenn and Wendell was made to repeat the kick-off, and this time he succeeded in kicking the ball nice and

A Basketball Game as Described to Her Mother by a Girl Fan

"Oh, Mother! I'm so excited I know I won't be able to eat for a week. I've just seen the most exciting basketball game. It was so-o-o-o thrilling. Oh, yes, our boys won. The score? Why, I think it was 56—9. Oh! our boys fought so hard. And, Oh, Mother, you know that pale blue tie that I wear every time I go out with Alfred, well our boys jerseys just match that tie. I met Alfred on the way to the game but he left me at the door when we got there because he said he had to go and dress, but goodness knows when he came out onto the floor, I wouldn't say he had dressed but rather the opposite. Well, you know the boys came out and they shot the ball at the basket awhile and then the man with the whistle made them come to the middle of the floor and he talked to them about something. I don't know what he said but I suppose he was probably just showing his authority. Then the game started and Oh, Mother! I just got so excited that I couldn't see what went on. The man next to me said I was poking my elbow in his eye but I think he said it just to be mean. Well, you know that awful man with the whistle, well, he just wasn't fair to our boys at all. Every time they shot a basket he took the ball away from them and threw it up between the two boys in the center again instead of letting them shoot another one. And then I'll tell you something else he did. He actually put Alfred out of the game. He said Alfred slugged a man, whatever that means, but I just know Alfred wouldn't do anything to hurt another boy and I just know that that other boy got his head in the way of Alfred's fist on purpose to have Alfred put out of the game. I had a notion to go out on that floor and tell him what I thought of him but I noticed that he had red hair and then I knew it was no use arguing with him. I never did like red hair, probably because red goes so awfully with my complexion. Well, our boys just kept that ball away from the other fellows fine and every once in a while they would throw it through the ring, that looks awful easy but the other team didn't seem to be so good at it as our boys. Well, then at last that awful man with the whistle didn't want to let our boys have any more points so he blew his whistle and stopped the game, but, Oh, Mother, it was so exciting while it lasted.

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FEMININE FACULTY Vs. JUNIOR BOYS

(Continued)

easy. Cromer, left end for the Feminines, caught the kick-off and advanced five yards where she downed the ball because running made her hair come down. Quarterback Lighthall first tried the enemies' line with a plunge by Stewart over center Murray Widdis. Three yards gained. An end run by Brown around Strachan's end netted the Feminines another five yards and then they gained their distance when the Feminines insisted on moving the ball up two yards because it then rested on a chalk line, and chalk was so hard to get off your clothes. In the next four downs the Feminines failed to gain their distance and the ball was given to the Juniors but it was given back to the Feminines when the Junior quarterback, Harold Webb, rudely kicked the ball and Referee Glenn decided he was no fit person to leave in possession of the ball. After two line plunges by the Feminines which netted them eight yards, the whistle blew ending the first quarter.

Second Quarter: Capt. Stewart of the Feminines refused to change goals because the ribbons on the goal posts at their end of the field so beautifully matched the color of her knitted sweater so the game was continued with the teams defending the same goals. In two downs the Feminines carried the ball 15 yards over Earl Behan because right guard Lindblom of the Feminines threatened him with an English test if he didn't get out of the way. In the next two downs the Feminines failed to gain because halfback Towne refused to run any more because she had run just her share already, so there. In the next two downs they failed to make their distance and the ball was given to the Juniors who by a series of deceptive plays carried the ball for thirty yards down the field but upon protest of Capt. Stewart that this method of play wasn't fair because they didn't know who had the ball, the ball was returned and given to the Feminines, by Referee Glenn, under serious protest of Umpire Osthoff. In three downs the Feminines took the ball down to within five yards of the Juniors' goal. The Juniors here protested against the use of hatpins by opponents Humphrey, McGill and Glisson, but upon being threatened by these same hatpins the Referee overruled the protest. At this point the game was delayed to allow a

substitution of a pale pink ribbon for the dark blue lacing on the ball, as Center Glisson declared it matched her complexion better. Play was resumed and with a long end run Stewart of the Feminines crossed the line for a touchdown but refused to kick goal because it might tear the crocheted cover on the ball. As the teams lined up for the kick-off the whistle blew ending the half.

During the intermission an argument arose between the Feminines and the Normal Faculty because the Normal Faculty had not furnished Culbert's Spring Water and individual drinking cups instead of common city water and a huge sponge. This was compromised by the Normal Faculty sterilizing the water and furnishing a tin cup.

Second Half: As the teams came back onto the field the Feminines appeared to be confident of victory while the Juniors came on with a do-or-die air. The whistle blew and Capt. Stewart kicked off to halfback Gipe (after removing the crocheted cover from the ball) who was downed in his tracks by a look from Miss Williams. The Junior Boys managed to carry the ball to the middle of the field by threats of organizing another quartet and singing before the Assembly if the Feminines didn't let them through. In the middle of the field their bluff was called by Lighthall by asking the Juniors where they were the fifth period on the last Friday. This completely unnerved the Juniors and they failed to gain a yard in the next four downs. At this point the referee, Glenn, was severely reprimanded by Lighthall for putting his foot on the ball and getting it all dirty. The ball was now given to the Feminines who started a march down the field by a series of line plunges over Widdis, who seemed to be weakening under an attack of Mary Garden perfume and hatpins. Time was now called and Fullback Wendell of the Juniors was taken off the field, knocked cold by a look from Lindblom of the Feminines. Hye was substituted and the game went on. The march down the field continued but was at last stopped by Hye who tackled Capt. Stewart for a mark she had failed to give him. At this point the whistle blew and the quarter ended.

During the intermission between quarters the Feminine team held a conference and declined to continue the game for the following reasons:

1. Why should we risk losing the game by continuing when we can stop right now and be the winners.
2. The opponents are using unfair

(Continued on Page 79)

FEMININE FACULTY Vs. JUNIOR BOYS

(Continued)

methods of attack by promising to dance with the teachers.

3. Our honorable left end, Cromer, declines to continue because her opponent, Strachan, insists on going to sleep and lying right in her road and she always stumbles over him.

Therefore: We, the members of the Feminine Faculty football team do hereby decline to continue this football game.

After due consideration of this document, Referee Glenn and Umpire Osthoff decided to uphold them, both because it would be better for the peace in the High School and because they feared for the health of the Junior Boys if they continued. Mr. Osthoff at first objected but was promptly squelched by Capt. Stewart who threatened to make him dance with her.

So the game was declared a 6-0 victory for the Femines under only weak protest from the Juniors and everybody but the dozen spectators went home satisfied they had seen a good game.

PERSONALS

Miss R. Williams, after her week of rest from the strenuous duty of zealously watching the cut-ups, who go by the name of Seniors, is now her normal self and enjoying perfect health.

Miss Grace Hoilien spent Sunday in Hecla on business and pleasure.

The 500 Hour Club met as usual in the Library from 4:15 to 8:30. Literature, both English and otherwise was a heavy repast.

Helen Strauss visited the German II class during the last month. Her presence there will never be forgotten by either herself or the members of the class.

Mr. Stone, the Music Master and able leader of the Brass Band Quartet, is ill at his home, having been caught in the draft.

A special meeting of the Wandering

Club, prompted by Miss Rachael Bill was held Thursday, April 11th, with Miss Vera Darkhall. A number of important questions were discussed, with special speeches by Miss Darkhall. The final settlement which concerned all of our most worthy Seniors, was made public the following day, and was found to be satisfactory to all.

Mr. Alvah Slater, our promising farmer, is again with us after spending some time in the west, studying.

A number of worthy debaters met with Mr. J. T. Glenn, April 9th, in behalf of the play, "Sherwood," to be given by the Seniors. The conference was most interesting, but, no reporters being admitted, the proceedings were somewhat of a secret. The only thing of note was that another play was mutually (?) decided on and the visitors departed in piece.

We are very glad to report a great honor which has descended on one of our worthy Seniors in the appointment of Miss Evangeline Walker as Captain of the Apple Corps.

HINTS TO UNDERCLASSMEN

1. Always address the members of the B. and G. staff as "Sir" or "Madam" because if you don't they may print your name in the Annual—that's how I got mine in.

2. Don't try to play hide and seek in the halls, it wears off the varnish.

3. At the general parties, don't try to dance with someone three times your size, or vice versa.

4. Always tip your hats to Senior girls, as to the rest, use your own judgment.

5. Never try to argue with Eleanor Forter, its useless; if you don't believe it look at the color of her hair.

6. Whenever you want Ed., call for Mary.

7. (When you are Seniors.) When loitering in the halls if Miss Lighthall comes your way, always run because she is going to begin by saying, "Where is your—" or "What are you—"

WEATHER FORECAST

Received daily by G. D. Mallett)
 Sun rose at 5.21 7-8 A. D.
 Sun set at 8. 97 2-4 B. C.
 Cooler in N. S. Section
 Snow tomorrow and hail
 Warmer in D. C.

WANT ADS

Wanted—Nerve enough to dance. Mr. Stone.

Wanted—Aeroplane service to Groton. Harold Webb and Orville Alberts.

Wanted—To know what became of Eleanor Porter's military button.

Wanted—A padlock for Eddie dear. Mary.

Wanted—An eye-opener. Mr. Duel.

Wanted—A hair restorer. Mr. Schott.

Wanted—A phonograph by Mr. Bair with a record, "Get Away Closer."

Wanted—Position as traffic policeman in the halls. Mr. Harvey.

Wanted—To know what became of the Senior privileges.

Wanted—By some wanted-to-be Seniors, that other half credit.

HEART AND HOME COLUMN

Edited by

IZZY HUMAN

(This department is conducted for all those who have been disappointed in love or marriage and for those who desire expert advice on all questions pertaining to the heart and home. Questions are answered freely and with as little malice as possible.)

R. W.: "I wonder if I will ever learn to dance. I have tried for several years and feel somewhat timid about venturing on the floor."

Answer: "Well, you can certainly learn the art of dancing in time if you don't care how many enemies you make. We have known it done."

Grace H.: "Why is a caterpillar."

Answer: "That's one on us."

E. H. P.: "I am deeply in love with a young man. He earnestly pleads me to marry him but I do not care to give up my career as an actress. What shall I do? I believe that we were really made for each other."

Answer: "We should advise you to test your affection by going on the stage. You can always get another man but a job only comes once."

H. M. F.: "If a young man takes a girl to the Rialto, spends 30 cents at Woodward's after the show and then walks home with her, should he kiss her good-night?"

Answer: "Don't think you ought to expect it. She's stood about enough for one night."

--FOOLISH QUESTION--



THEATRICAL NOTES

The play critics, usually entertaining a wide range of opinions as to the play deserving highest merit, have this year unanimously agreed that the one play which deserves the place at the pinnacle is the play which had a 300-night run in the Rialto theatre, New York, namely, "The Rising Generation," by the two noted playwrights, Theodore Bunt and Donald Klinger. This play possesses all the qualities which seemed to be lacking in some of the other "season's best" plays and is a play of the highest dramatic order.

The play can best be appreciated by reading it, so we take this opportunity of putting this play before the theatre-going public.

Act I.

Time—1888.

Place—In halls of A. H. S. between periods.

(Eight or ten pupils are passing quietly down the hall studying as they go. Five going up and five down the hall. Everyone keeps to the right. There is a sign at intervals reading: "Please do not whisper in the halls," and at half-way stations there is a looking glass at which pupils stop to brush their hair in a quiet and orderly fashion. A teacher reigns at each end of the hall smiling genially and fingering a club.) A studious pupil drops a pin.

Prototype of Mr. Harvey: (A young and promising teacher) Woodrow, you may stay two hours after school and learn ten pages of Latin.

W. (Cheerfully.) All right.

(The children pause respectfully, according to rule. One chubby boy with a genial face and a bottle of Welch's Grape Juice in his side pocket, forgets to stop and walks two steps before he stops, disconcerted, with a deep blush on his cheek, during the ceremony of tying a black ribbon around little Woodrow's wrist, a sign of disgrace.)

Prototype of Miss Stewart: (With a look of horror on her face.) Oh. William Jennings—(faints).

Prototype of Mr. Harvey: (Pale-faced.) Go to the office this minute. (Wm. J. goes with bowed head and folded hands while the students resume their studies.) This day shall go down in the history of the school as the worst day. (Pupils file out and bell rings. Miss S. comes to and walks out. Mr. Harvey looks sorrowful and shakes his head.) Exit.

Curtain.

Act II.

Time—1948.

Place—Same as in Act I.

(The halls are bustling with throngs of hustling students. "Spit-wads" fly right and left. The air is thick with shouts. The crowd is continually jostling. Two boys are playing catch with an orange. Every once in awhile they hit an electric globe and it comes crashing gloriously down amid roars of good-natured laughter. The pupils are gathered in crowds which are matching pennies.)

Principal (anxiously): What makes our pupils so moody and quiet today? We must do something to arouse their interest in life. It must always be our aim to inspire action and whole-heartedness in our pupils.

(One pupil picks up a brick from the floor and throws it through a window. The pupils shriek with laughter. Prin. smiles indulgently at them.)

Prin. (Wagging his finger at them.) Now, boys, you mustn't do that. (The children laugh heartily and take the cue and all throw bricks through windows.)

Janitor: But, Mr.—, do you let your pupils do this?

Prin. (Savagely turning on him.) Why, certainly, it is of but little cost compared with the pleasure derived from it. You may fix it up tomorrow so they may do it again and again until they tire of it.

Jan. (Respectfully.) Of course, sir, I never thought of that. (The playful pupils begin to tire of their play, the bricks were giving out.)

Prin. The bell has rung, children, you had better get to your classes. (The children laugh uproariously. One boy playfully hits the Prin. with a brick. The children all follow suit. He retreats laughing good-naturedly. The children grow tired and file one by one into their classrooms.)

Prin. The little darlings! I feared they would never get started.

Jan. This is the smallest amount of work I've ever had to do. All done until tomorrow. Exit.

Curtain.

HUMOR

THE TWO M. A.'S

There were two girls in A. H. S.
 And these two girls were Seniors,
 Margaret was the name of one
 And Mildred was the other's.

Now these two girls had the same last name
 Although they were not sisters,
 And when to classes these girls come
 They of't confused the teachers.

Now these two girls to the library went
 Whenever they saw fit.
 Margaret o'er her Civics bent
 While Mildred studied Lit.

Now these two girls had the same adviser
 As all the Seniors do,
 And when the permits came to her
 She very puzzled grew.
 (For maybe there was one M. A.
 And maybe there were two.

Now these two girls, when asked about it
 Would always answer present,
 And each one would admit
 That such a mix-up was unpleasant.

—M. A.

THE TAIL OF A CAT

The following theme was written by a small boy, when told by his teacher to write a tale:

A lonely, thick-furred, Angora, Thomas cat set out for his abode in the country. The way was long and the night was dark and the little Thomas cat became fatigued. Hunting around for a suitable place to spend the night, his eye fell upon a pile of soft and downy cinders between some railroad tracks. So that he would not forget which way he was going he laid his tail on the track, the end pointed toward the direction he had been traveling. He slumbered on and the 11:15 silently glided along at the rate of seventy miles per. When the cat awoke in the morning the first thing he saw was his tail on the other side of the track and he became aware of the fact that this tail was no longer attached to his body. The sad and lonely little Thomas cat sat down back of the rail and wept and when he again resumed his journey he was heard to say, in the language of the felines, "This is the end of my tail."—Contributed by a Freshman.

A. S. (At Senior Play Practice): "I'm supposed to smoke in this act, I guess I can do that all right!"

Miss L.: "But amateurs aren't supposed to smoke on the stage."

A. S.: "Oh, I'm no amateur."

M. W.: "There's a hundred miles of shelving at the Congressional Library, holding 4,000,000 books."

M. A.: "Hm, I'm glad Miss Lighthall isn't there, she'd make us read them all."

J. J. J. VERNACULAR

"Saykid wassat choogat?"

"Watchamean?"

"Youeatinsumpin?"

"Snuthinbutta wadogumkid."

"Well canchagimmychunk?"

"Solligot."

"O, kumoff."

"You gotchoornerve."

"Quittherfibbin."

"Awcutitout girls," said Kate in disgust.

NEW BOOKS JUST OUT

Frudence of the Parsonage	Evalyn Hulett
Peg O' My Heart	Fern Winter
Caught in the Draft	Mr. Stone
The Business Manager	Mr. Schott
Belinda of the Red Cross	Eleanor Porter
To Helen	Fay Squire
Rules for Argumentation	Forrest Conner
To Have and to Hold Her	Alvah Slater
My Heart's Right There	Stacey Gifford
How I Made My Hit	Humphrey Davis
On the Forrest Trail	Martha Wendell
Talks to Senior Girls	Edgar Hezel
The Diary of a Beauty	Dorothy Hager
Work for Cupid	Mary Ringrose
The Road to Groton	Harold Webb
Senior Short Stories	Muriel Fossum
The Sentimentalist	Gladys Gallett
My Partner Peg	Austin Jones

WHO'S WHO ACCORDING TO WHO

Marian Drisco	Stacey Gifford
Ruth Joy	Frederick Leach
Maggie Williams	Linus McManamy
Helen Arnett	Murray Widdis
Jane Armstrong	Bennie Korte
Ruth Shortridge	Reidar Edwardson
Dorothy Hager	Earl Tiffany
Margorie Sidow	Kit Collins
Elizabeth Barnes	George Hughes
Margaret Peckham	Austin Jones
Helen Strauss	Fay Squire
Ferne Winter	Alvah Slater
Helen Fossum	Carey Welsh
Martha Wendell	Forrest Conner
Mary Erwin	Ed. Bremer
Gladys Gallett	Marion Walker
Myrna Clark	Melby Huntington
Helen Williamson	Leonard Mabbot
Margaret Jones	Willis Jobe
Ferne Drisco	Homer Slater
Pauline Wendell	Peg Reidel
Katharine Burnette	Bailey Carlisle
Chester Gipe	Edna Cameron
"Hump" Davis	Eleanor Porter
Zola Osborn	Richard Angell
Fordyce Kaiser	Dorothy Mitchell
Linus McManamy	Mary Ringrose
Edgar Hezel	Paul Bell
Clarice Fritche	Ben Goodsell
Josephine Reilly	La Verne Saunders
Dena Copher	Francis McGuire
Mildred Anderson	Lowell Winter
Lucile Reilly	Milton Korte
Dorothy Tayloe	Earl Behan
Kathleen Sheehan	Ren Lawson
Emily Russell	Harland Hedbloom
Miss Jarman	Mr. Cory
Georgia Hager	Morgan Drake

Young lady entering a fur shop: "I'd like to buy a muff."

Furrier: "What fur?"

Young lady: "Why, to keep my hands warm."

MEMORIES

Faculty Autographs

Caro M. Bai MS

Helen Grover

Anna E. Lindblom A. E. L.

Jessie Eloise Stewart JS

~~Laura Linn~~

Mary Mc Gill

Rachel Ann Williams

W. M. Campbell.

Robert A. Giles.

Fred E. Larvey Fed.

Frances A. Brown

Lula Cummings

Vera Lighthall Aldine, Iowa

Clara H. Aschhoff

Jessie J. Humphrey.

Bertie Shoenster

Yngve Q. Hyatt
Grayce Shevlin

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Class Autographs

Elmer Straves "Wania". $\frac{5}{29}$
 Glad. $\frac{1}{18}$

Martha Hendee

Marolyn. Heenzen

Mary J. Ringrose

Grandfather

⁴Gay Squire

Helen M.

Carey Welsh

Gladys G all et

2 June Winter

Ruby Branning

Evalyn B. Smith.

Margaret Anderson

Daphne Hyacin

Green Tuffard

Kadine Goodwin

Roberta Bassett.

Edgar Kezel

Jack

James Farrell

Harland Hill
Macedonia
Stags Hillcom
Quincy paper.

Harland Wilcox

Leonard
Eggles

Donna
Morgan

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Heinrich Albert

Don. Yampietro

Mary
Miltenerger

Lucile Nelson

Dr. J. C. Hunter

E. Dayle '30
Mary O'Neil '18

John C. Oster '20
Hells Felloy

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Lola Metcalf

Evangelina Walker
Linda M. M. M. M.
Oscar Kinder '20

Jo. W. Kadinsky
Martha Born

Wesley Haring

Margaret A. S. S.

Michael J. S. S.

Carl Beckman
Margaret Beckman

Carl Beckman
Margaret Beckman

Harvey Roddy Leavelle
Frederick Leavelle

Leo Beckman
Margaret James

Donal Capt. H. H.
James Leavelle
Maggie Williams
Helen Garrett
Cecilia G. Blackford

Miscellaneous

Delilah Dobler '18 (Sue)

Allen Sperry '30

Gerben Brockmüller

Ben Layorshy

Clarice Fritzsche
'18

Miscellaneous

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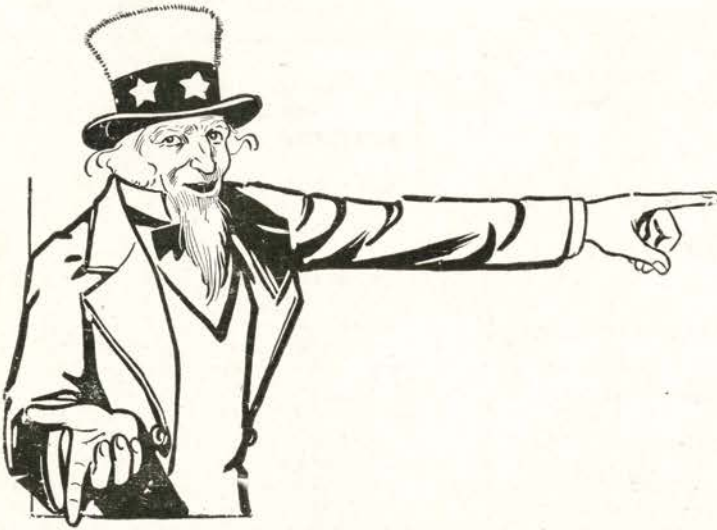
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