

Eau Pleine

1923









Eau Pleine.
Colby Wis.

EAU PLEINE
VOLUME I
EDITED BY SENIORS
COLBY HIGH SCHOOL

FORWARD

Pleasant thoughts of true fellowship with High School friends and faculty, now vivid and seemingly indelible, will gradually fade and pass.

To preserve these memories for future moments of enjoyment is the object of this book.



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"Eau Pleine"

DEDICATION

Appreciation is an intangible quality. It can be expressed only through some outward token. Therefore, as a concrete symbol of our sincere appreciation, we, the Class of 1923, dedicate this volume of "1923 Eau Pleine" to Harry Bender, who both as instructor and as class patron has proved our loyal friend and sympathetic advisor.



HARRY BENDER

IN MEMORIAM



WAUNETTA STURNER

Waunetta Sturner was born at Dorchester, Wis., May 30, 1906. She entered the Colby High School with the Class of 1923, but completed the course in three years, graduating June 2, 1922. At the time of her death, Dec. 7, 1922, she was attending Madison College at Madison.



OUR ALMA MATER

FACULTY

Harry Bender -----Principal
Mathematics

Lacrosse Normal Graduate
Work at University of Wisconsin

"Now don't be carried away with that kind of stuff"

Leone Anderson -----Commercial
Whitewater Normal Graduate

"One, two, three, four. STOP!!!"

Pearl Blanchard -----English
Library

University of Wisconsin, B. A. Degree

"Let's have no more talking in the library"

Wanda Bahl -----History
Oshkosh Normal

"Now see here—— Get busy."

Walter E. Kopplin -----Science
Eau Claire Normal

"Look here young man, stop or you'll go out on your ear."





Miss Blanchard
English.



Miss Bahl
History



Prof. Bender
Mathematics



Mr. Kropplin
Science



Miss Anderson
Commercial



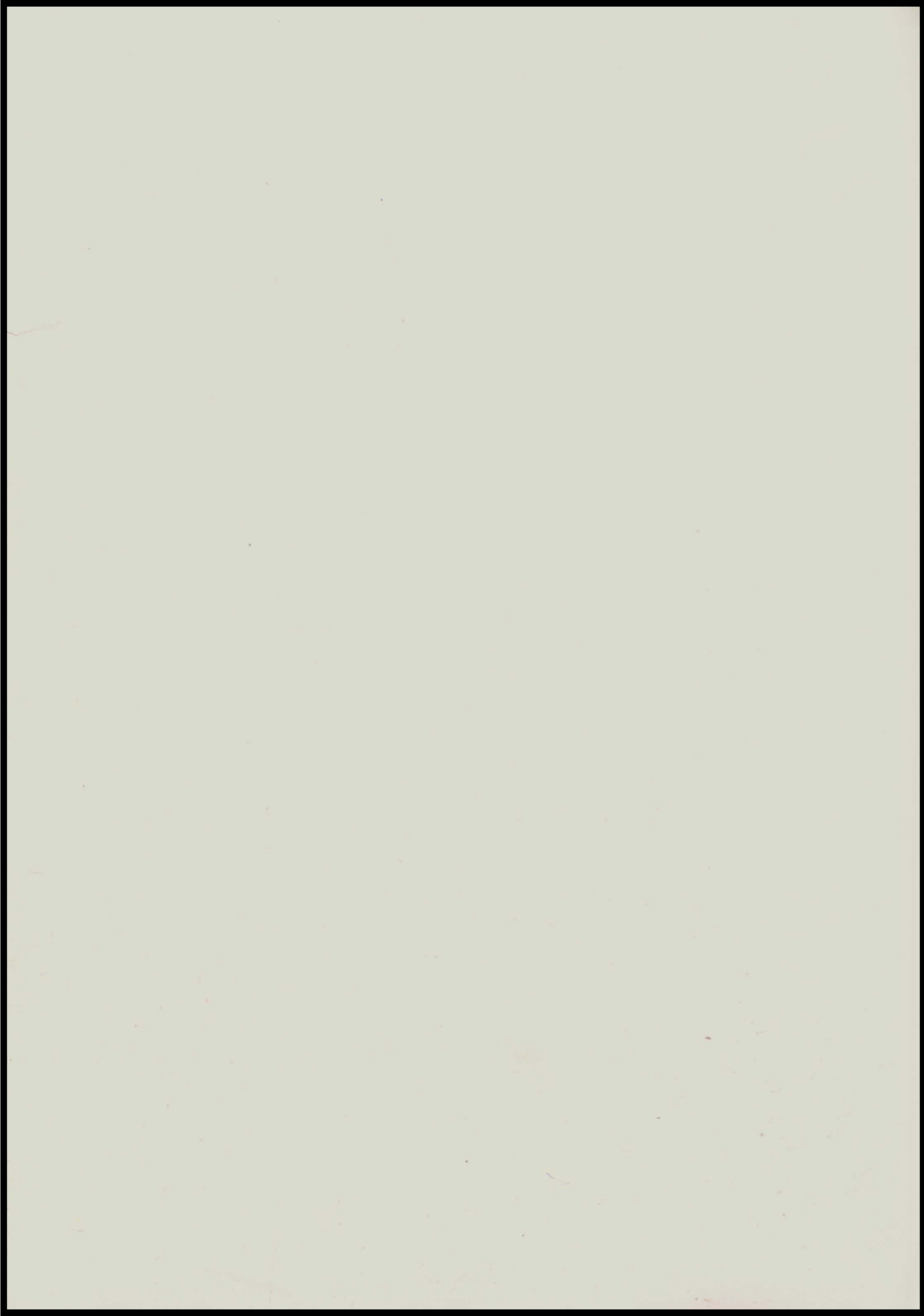
Wm. A. Olson ----- (Succeeded Mr. Kopplin)

Platteville Normal Graduate

"Ab-so-lu-te-ly. Gooooooooood."

WASSER





CLASS OF 1922-23

OFFICERS

Margaret Will ----- President
Hellen Staffney ----- Vice President
Eugene Schmutzler ----- Sec.-Treas.
Mr. Bender, ----- Class Advisor

WHAT 1923 AS A CLASS HAS DONE

The 1923 class has attained high records in scholarship, athletics, and dramatics. This class was the first to give a Junior class play and also the first to publish a school annual. Present conditions point to the graduating class of 1923 as a class of new ideas in the history of the Colby High School.



Margaret Will

"Slim"

English

Commerce

Class Play 3, 4; Basket Ball 3, 4; Annual Staff;
Salutatorian

"Much to do and plenty to say"



Milford Loos

"Mil"

English

Class Play 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Annual Staff

"On physics, I simply dote,

And girls don't really get my goat."



Hellen Staffney

English

Class Play 4; Annual Staff; Campfire 4

"In such a hurry to finish school was she,

That her school years numbered only three"



Stanley Smith

English

Class Play 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Annual Staff

"They go wild, simply wild, over me, Over me."

Lucile Lueloff

Commerce
Class Play 4.

"Work! The simple life of toil, I laud,
I've found that High School studies make one
broad."



Eugene Schmutzler

"Gene"

Commerce

Class Play 3, 4; Oratory 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Annual
Staff

"He says he's such a little speck,
The girls won't notice him, by heck."



Inez Cook

"Cookie"

Commerce

Class Play 3, 4; Declamation 2, 3; Glee Club 4;
Basket Ball 2, 3, 4; Annual Staff
"Although I am so earnest all day long,
I pause at times to sing a funny song."



Melvin Guenther

English

Class Play 3, 4; Basket Ball 3; Annual Staff
"At witty playing with words he's clever
And does he pause or stop—No, never"





Lois Cook

"Frenchie"

Commerce

Class Play 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 4;

Annual Staff

"Now girls, I'll tell you if you wait,
This talking fast is out of date."



Clarence Wiedenhoft

English

Class Play 3, 4; Basket Ball 2, 3, 4; Annual Staff

" 'Tis ne'er too stormy, ne'er too late
For Clarence to ring up for a date."



Delephine Weix

"Del"

English

Class Play 3, 4; Declamation 2, 3; Annual Staff

"Her matchless frankness we adore;
The frankest girl we ever saw."



Marian George

Commerce

Declamation 3; Annual Staff; Campfire 4

"She's not a flower, she's not a pearl;
But she's a good all around girl."

Louise Daines

English
Annual Staff

"Doing what I ought, secures me against all cen-
sure."



Mary Fuller

English
Valedictorian

"She says a lot, and she knows a lot."



CLASS MOTTO: Economy and thrift.

CLASS FLOWER: White Rose.

CLASS COLORS: Green and White.

CLASS OF 1923-1924

OFFICERS

Rueben Lueloff	-----	President
		Vice President
Carman Lucas	-----	Sec. and Treas.
Miss Blanchard	-----	Class Advisor

In the fall of 1920, thirty pupils enrolled as freshmen. Determination to win was our aim. This class took an active part in all school activities. As freshmen, we gave a return party to the sophomores, in our sophomore year we had charge of the annual school picnic, and this year we are making arrangements for the Junior Prom and Class Play.



Top Row—Left to Right—Rein, Roth, Mantor, Behnke, Luchterhand.
Center—Heintz, Zillman, Pokallus, Kersten, Ebert, Zillman.
Bottom—Grambort, Lueloff, Biell, Marsh, Kliefoth, Heise, Firnstahl.

THE JUNIOR KETTLE—"WATCH 'EM BOIL"

- Evelyn Arends—"Nice and quiet and too bashful to speak."
Ambrose Bandow—"Nothing is impossible to a willing mind."
Caroline Behnke—"A very quiet lass—at times."
Arnold Biell—"If there is anything this lad likes to do, it is eat."
Walter Ebert—"So deep in love am I."
Leo Firnstahl—"Tis feared he will die of over work."
Walter Grambort—"My main activity is meeting the chorus girls at the Rex."
Frederick Frome—"I'll be a President some day."
Milward George—"A careful student—careful not to overdo."
Irma Heintz—"Her smile might capture a minister's son."
Bert Heise—"Rest is more agreeable than motion."
Arthur Kersten—"I'm spending my allowance on sweets for somebody."
Lydia Kirchaefer—"So sweet the blush of bashfulness."
Alfred Kliefoth—"A fan of all athletic events"
Carman Lucas—"I'm Irish clear through."
Emil Luchterhand—"Good and handsome enough."
Rueben Lueloff—"An oratorical whirlwind and hopes to completely subordinate women in the future."
Helen Mantor—"Maybe I'm big, but my heart's big, too."
Norman Marsh—"A fine lad, wise from the top of his head up."
Lila Meach—"Diligently she winds her way."
Lawrence Mueller—"Woman delights me not."
Lawrence Olson—"The girls, they worry me not."
Ruth Pokallus—"She studies; yet has time to play."
Ellis Riplinger—"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."
Margaret Rein—"An example of nature's beauty."
Irene Roth—"An example of slow and bashful."
Evelyn Tesmer—"She stoops to nothing—but the door."
Ervin Weller—"He's best liked who is alike to all."
Raymond Winkel—"If it's a man's work, I'll do it."
Elizabeth Wilde—"She has depleted the entire line of hair curlers."
Donald Zillman—"Airy, ambitious, soaring high."
Sylvia Zillman—"Her one fear is a double chin."

CLASS OF 1924-25

Adella Weix	President
Harold Niehoff	Vice President
Nina Allen	Sec. and Treas.
Miss Anderson	Class Advisor

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

September 3, 1921, was a gala day for the Colby High School for it added to its roll forty-two freshmen. Let me say to you who expect to enter; do not allow your knees to knock together. If your teeth are prone to chatter, clinch them, put on a bold front, for it is the fearful ones that get hazed.

How we passed the first day without any serious blunders is still a mystery. No one suggested where to find the Main Assembly so we followed the mob and used our common sense.

In two weeks we held a class party and elected our officers. Harold Neihoff was the natural choice for president, as the majority of the class were girls and he was the fairest of the male sex.

Before the end of the year five of our classmates dropped out. Such was our freshman year.

We entered the Sophomore class with thirty-two members.

We determined that we would study so hard this year that when examinations came we would be exempt. The only reason some of us didn't get exempt was because we did not study hard enough. Our spare time was taken up in watching the Freshmen.

The only excitement we had was the Freshman Reception we gave after about three weeks of school. Although we do not claim to have the largest, we do claim to have the best class in High School.



Top Row—Left to Right—Hafemann, Mueller, Cendt, Schmidt, Horn.
 Center—Amundson, Hamilton, Tesmer, Shultz, Will, Weix, Hafemann
 Bottom—Fricke, Tesmer, Krepsky, Lukowicz, Ebert, Allan, Zarnke

CLASS ROLL

Nina Allan	Mary Meach
Lois Amundson	Walter Mueller
Pansy Bennet	Harold Niehoff
Elroy Brehm	Iola Reis
Violet Burkhardt	Frank Sazama
Lester Cendt	Ervin Schmidt
Francis Chase	Lela Schraufnagel
Clifford Daines	Erma Schultz
Meta Dehne	Malinda Schultz
Selma Ebert	Luella Schulte
Eleanor Guetschow	Dora Tesmer
Myra Hafemann	Adella Weix
Milda Hafemann	Edna Wiersig
Dorothy Hamilton	Francis Will
Donald Horn	Edwin Witte
Margaret Krepsky	Lillian Zarnke
Celia Lukowicz	

CLASS OF 1925-26

Evelyn Wetmore	-----	President
Edwin Grambort	-----	Vice President
La Verne Tesmer	-----	Sec. and Treas.
Mr. Olson	-----	Class Advisor

On a bright and sunny day, the fifth of September, 1922, we entered High School to begin our career. When we started school there were thirty-eight of us, of these thirty-eight, seventeen came from Graded School, nine from Parochial School, and the rest from different country schools.

Two of the boys dropped out before the semester was over, Paul Wiersig because of sickness and Louis Schultz to attend a Parochial School.

It took us, green as we were, some time to get acquainted with the older students and the ways of the school. Most of us were timid, but daring.

Two weeks after the school term began, the Sophomores gave the Freshmen a reception. All Freshmen were there and reported a fine time.

As Mr. Kopplin left us at the end of the first semester, we gave him a farewell party, to which the rest of the school was invited. Mr. Kopplin said he had a good time. Did he?



Top Row—Left to Right—Tesmer, Wiedenhoeft, Dehne, Dessloch, Briggs,
Niggeman, Kowalk, Lueloff, Hamilton.
Center—Wersig, Meyer, Gabriel, Baum, Ballheim, Guenther, Lukowicz,
Voelker Chase.
Bottom—Loos, Cook, Luchterhand, Grambort, Kleess, Wetmore, Quinn,
Wiedenhoeft, Peterson.

CLASS ROLL

Albeon Arends	Gertrude Lueloff
Gladys Bruss	Norma Loos
Virginia Ballheim	John Lukowicz
Yective Baum	Mervena Meyer
Berneita Briggs	Walter Mueller
Orville Chase	Lenhart Maas
Robert Cook	Edward Niggeman
Eli Dessloch	Lawrence Peterson
Roland Dehne	Thelma Quinn
Ervin Fecker	La Verne Tesmer
Henry Frome	Harold Tesmer
Rose Gabriel	Marvin Voelker
Edwin Grambort	Esther Wiersig
Harold Guenther	Evelyn Wetmore
Melvin Gosse	Arthur Wiedenhoeft
Marjorie Hamilton	James Wilde
Clara Kowalk	Paul Wiersig
La Verne Kleese	Alvin Wiedenhoeft
Emma Luchterhand	

THE PURPLE AND THE GOLD

"A toast to our school colors.

And may they ne'er grow old
But in untarn'shed splendor shine,
The purple and the gold.

True other schools have claimed them
Long e'er for us they shone
And some too have defamed them
E'er we took them for our own.

But the purple once was royal
That kings alone might wear
And we as Yankees loyal
May flaunt it everywhere.

Our gold is no craven yellow
But thru temptation's mire
Hopes each Colby maid and fellow
To come like pure gold through fire.

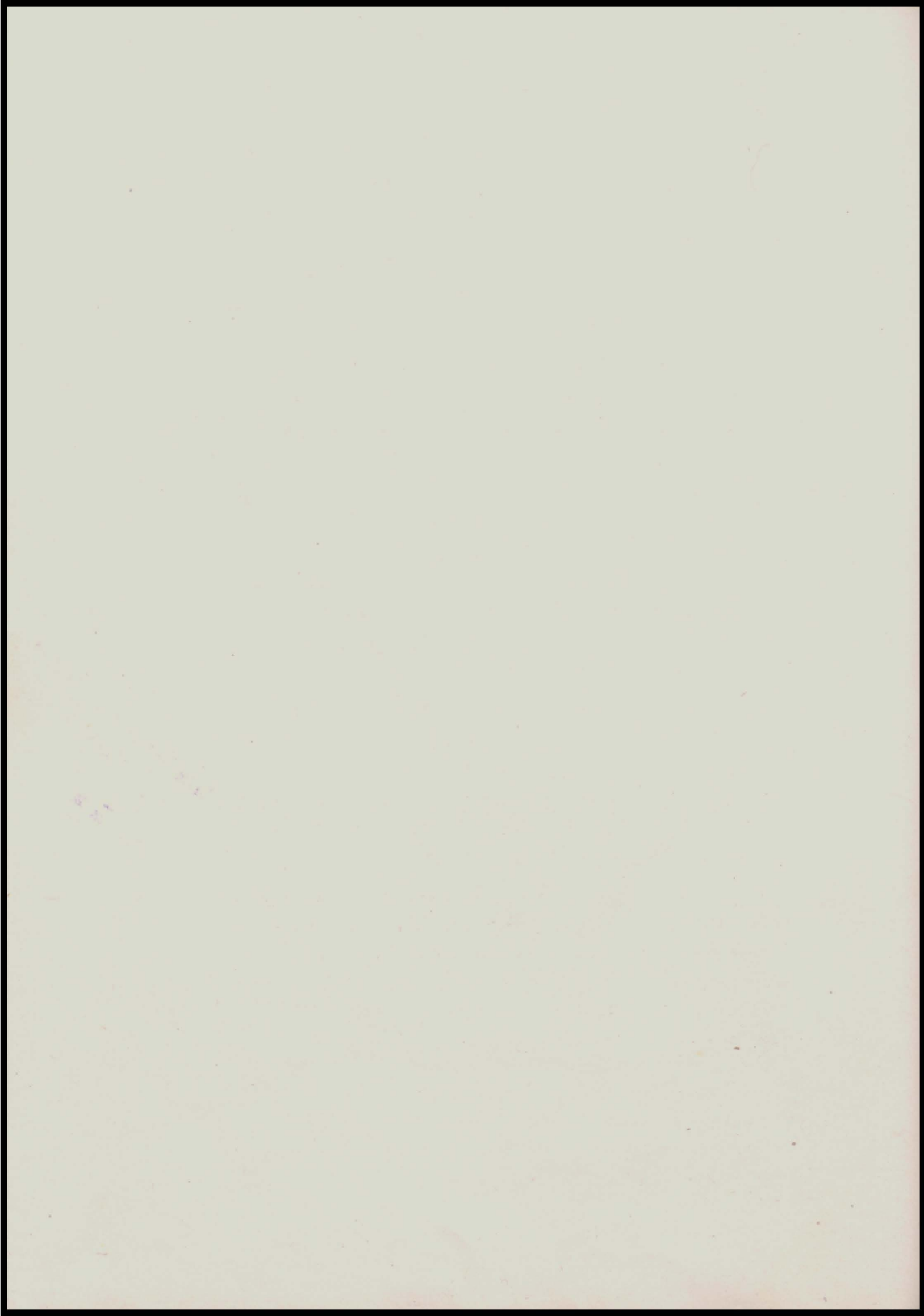
Then hail our school's pure emblems
Colors rich and pure and bold
May we be always worthy of them,
The Purple and the Gold."

—L. T.—Y. B.—N. L.

ACTIVITIES



A.W.



BASKETBALL SEASON, 1922-23

The basket ball season of 1922-23 started out early with bright prospects. Among those who answered Kopplin's call were four veterans, Kliefoth, Loos, Lueloff and Wiedenhoeft, other letter men Firnstahl, Fricke, Grambort with promising material.

Firnstahl, f; Kliefoth, c; Loos, g; Lueloff, f; Wiedenhoeft, g, played the first few games.

The first discouragement of the season came when Rueben Lueloff was forced to quit the squad on account of injuries. The next blow was struck when Alfred K. decided to withdraw from school.

A change in coaches was made at beginning of third quarter when Mr. Olson took the position left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Kopplin.

Despite these difficulties and unexpected setbacks, a smooth-working team was developed, when Walter Miller and Harold Tesmer filled the vacancies.

The Girls' Team was organized early in the season with Helen Mantor as captain. After the team was selected, the same players continued to play throughout the season. The first game was a victory for us. In the next three games we were defeated. The rest of the season was successful.



Weix
Cook

Kopplin
Mantor

Cook
Will

BASKETBALL SQUAD

Kopplin-Olson ----- Coach
Helen Mantor ----- Captain
Lois Cook ----- Manager

Personnel

Helen Mantor '24 ----- Forward
Margaret Will '23 ----- Forward
Inez Cook '23 ----- Center
Lois Cook '23 ----- Guard
Adella Weix '25 ----- Guard
Nina Allan ----- Utility
Selma Ebert ----- Utility

Boy's B. B. Schedule

Nov. 3	Colby	8	Athens	13
Nov. 17	Colby	4	Owen	24
Nov. 18	Colby	8	Athens	18
Nov. 24	Colby	7	Owen	16
Dec. 8	Colby	9	Fall Creek	29
Dec. 14	Colby	9	Cadott	11
Dec. 22	Colby	8	Loyal	5
Jan. 12	Colby	22	Withee	20
Jan. 13	Colby	9	Westboro	29
Feb. 23	Colby	25	Alumni	12
Feb. 28	Colby	17	Abbotsford	13
Mar. 7	Colby	18	Abbotsford	13
Mar. 14	Colby	31	Unity	5

Girl's B. B. Schedule

Nov. 3	Colby	3	Athens	2
Nov. 17	Colby	0	Owen	16
Nov. 18	Colby	3	Athens	5
Nov. 24	Colby	2	Owen	4
Dec. 8	Colby	7	City	4
Dec. 20	Colby	27	Unity	0
Dec. 22	Colby	16	Loyal	0
Feb. 23	Colby	8	Alumni	1
Mar. 14	Colby	20	Unity	0

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club of Colby High School was organized in September, 1922, under the direction of Harry Bender.

This was the first attempt made in the school toward a musical club of this sort, for many years, and it proved very interesting and successful.

Rehearsals were held once a week, on Tuesday evenings.

The club offered several selections at High School entertainments and Parent-Teacher meetings. They also rendered specialties at the High School Vaudeville.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club was organized on December 14 under the direction of Harry Bender.

Fifteen joined at the time of organization. Later four joined. Rehearsals were held once a week, on Thursday evening.

The members sang at several meetings, such as Parent-Teacher meetings, and High School entertainments.



Top Row—Left To Right—Weix, Heintz, Hamilton, Hafemann, Behnke, Mantor, Wilde, Loos, George.
 Center—Allan, Hamilton, Amundson, Bender, Cook, Luchterhand, Tessmer, Schultz, Tessmer.
 Bottom—Rein, Krepsky, Wetmore, Lukowicz, Cook Elbert, Zillman, Briggs.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

1st Sopranos

Caroline Behnke
 Selma Elbert
 Celia Lukowicz
 Inez Cook

Dorothy Hamilton
 Elizabeth Wilde
 Margaret Rein

2nd Sopranos

Irma Heintz
 Norma Loos
 Marian George
 Marjorie Hamilton
 Lois Amundson

Emma Luchterhand
 Dora Tessmer
 La Verne Tessmer
 Margaret Krepsky
 Evelyn Wetmore

Altos

Adella Weix
 Myra Hafemann
 Nina Allan
 Helen Mantor

Lois Cook
 Malinda Schultz
 Sylvia Zillman

Mr. Bender ----- Director

Berneita Briggs ----- Accompanist



Top Row—Left to Right—Horn, Gosse, Luchterhand, Loos, Sazama, Cook,
Guenther, Luelloff, Grambort, Wetmore.
Bottom—Firnsthahl, Schmutzler, Lucas, Biell, Kleese, Kliefoth, Smith,
Bender, Marsh.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

1st Tenor

Melvin Gosse
Norman Marsh

Mr. Bender
Robert Cook

2nd Tenor

Rueben Luelloff
Walter Grambort
Leo Firnstahl

Stanley Smith
Emil Luchterhand
Donald Horn

1st Bass

Eugene Schmutzler
Arnold Biell

Frank Sazama
Alfred Kliefoth

2nd Bass

Carman Lucas
La Verne Kleese

Melvin Guenther
Milfred Loos

Harry Bender ----- Director

Evelyn Wetmore ----- Accompanist

ORATORICAL CONTEST

HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

The Program

The New South	Milward George
Three Alarm Casey	Frank Sazama
The Riddle of American Liberty	Eugene Schmutzler
Antonio Maceo	Rueben Lueloff

Decision

The Riddle of American Liberty	Eugene Schmutzler
Antonio Maceo	Rueben Lueloff

Rueben Lueloff received second place at the district contest and represented the school at the contest held at Eau Claire on May 5, 1922.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

The Program

Bobby Unwelcome	-----	Adella Weix
Alice's Flag	-----	Marian George
Honor of the Woods	-----	Delephine Weix
The One Hundredth and Oneth	-----	Irene Roth
His Father's Flag	-----	Erma Schultz
Hannah Arnett's Faith	-----	Margaret Krepsky
Billings of '49	-----	Inez Cook
Nobody's Tim	-----	Nina Allan
Cigarette's Ride and Death	-----	Hellen Andrews
The Man of Sorrows	-----	Myra Hafemann
How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost	-----	Sylvia Zillmann

Decision

Cigarette's Ride and Death	--	Hellen Andrews
Bobby Unwelcome	-----	Adella Weix

CARNIVAL

On October 27, 1922, a carnival was held at the Colby High School for the benefit of the Athletic Association, which was a great success.

School was called at 8:20 in the morning and dismissed at 12:30. The afternoon was free to all with the exception of a few who did all the work.

The girls furnished candy. Donald Zillman transported his radio outfit and set it up in the library. Casey Jones risked his life to put up the aerial. Art Kersten willingly loaned his popcorn and peanut factory. He hired the dray to haul it up to the school and stationed it in the hall.

The judicial department kept order in the building. Court was held in the Girls' Cloak Room. Many people traveled through the menagerie with much horror. Students gave a one-act play, "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments." This comedy farce was the cause of the roof being lifted. A movie, "Over the Fence," featuring Harold Lloyd, was well patronized. The boxing match between "Steve," "Melvin" and "Casey" held the interest of the crowd. The side shows, which included carnival queen, humbug and style show, were successful. And did you have your fortune told? Well, glad to hear it; you would have missed a lot if you had missed that.

VAUDEVILLE

A vaudeville program for the benefit of the High School Association was held at the Colby Opera House, February 9, 1923.

The following program was rendered by the students of the school:

1. Two Wandering Jews -----Leo Firnstahl and Walter G.
2. The Crow Song ----- Girls' Glee Club
3. Songs ----- Boys' Glee Club
4. The Kazoo Horns ----- Girls' Glee Club
5. Moving Picture ----- Harold Lloyd Comedy
6. Music ----- Colby Legion Band
7. Sally and Si at the Circus (Duet) -----
----- Carol Behnke and Stanley Smith

After the vaudeville a dance was given. Everyone enjoyed dancing to the strains of the Harmony Five Orchestra. About two o'clock all returned home more than satisfied with the well-spent evening.

"DIAMONDS AND HEARTS"

JUNIOR CLASS ('23) PLAY

Colby Opera House

Friday, May 5, 1922

Bernice Halstead	Bessie Wolk
A young lady of eighteen with an affection of the heart, and a lover of fun	
Amy Halstead	Lois Cook
Her sister, two years younger and fond of frolic	
Inez Gray	Margaret Will
A young lady visitor willing to share in fun	
Mrs. Halstead	Delephine Weix
A widow and stepmother to the girls	
Hannah Mary Barnes, or "Sis"	Inez Cook
A maiden who keeps house for her brother	
Dwight Bradley	Eugene Schmutzler
A fortune hunter, Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage	
Dr. Burton	Harold Fricke
A young physician	
Sammy	Milford Loos
The darkey bell-boy in the Halstead home	
Abraham Barnes or "Bub"	Stanley Smith
A Yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty a diamond in the rough	
Attorney	Clarence Weidenhoeft
Sheriff	Melvin Guenther

ACT I—A pleasant parlor in the city home of the Halsteads.

ACT II—Kitchen in the old Barnes farmhouse.

ACT III—Same as Act I.

This is any interesting play of love and diamonds. The doctor falls in love at first sight with Bernice, and Bernice is equally in love with the doctor. Then as the plot develops Bernice and the doctor meet in the old farm house, where Bernice is boarding while teaching school at the little country school house. It is here that the villain, through a clever scheme, is able to place the guilt of stolen diamonds upon the innocent Bernice. But Bub uncovers the plot against Bernice and the villain is disposed of. While the doctor and Bernice are married. There is just enough comedy on the part of the negro, Sis and Bub, to make the play real entertaining.

"MY IRISH ROSE"
SENIOR CLASS ('23) PLAY
Friday, April 27, 1923
Colby Opera House

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

Colum McCormack	Harry Bender
A prosperous Irish farmer of County Kildare	
Maurice Fitzgerald	Clarence Weidenhoeft
A rich young Dublin artist	
Terry Creigan	Eugene Schmutzler
McCormack's nephew, a young Irish patriot in exile	
Mr. Archibald Pennywitt	Stanley Smith
A wealthy English tourist	
Mr. Michael Pepperdine	Milford Loos
An eminent Dublin barrister	
Shawn McGilly	Melvin Guenther
The laziest man in County Kildare	
Ann Mary McCormack	Lois Cook
Colum's sister, with a true Irish heart	
The Widow Hannigan	Margaret Will
With money in the bank and an eye on Colum	
Eileen Fitzgerald	Lucile Lueloff
A Dublin heiress	
Lady Agnes Barricklow	Delephine Weix
Who hesitates at nothing	
Pegeen Burke	Inez Cook
A servant on the McCormack farm	
Rose Creigan	Hellen Staffney
A Wild Irish Rose	

ACT I—"St. Patrick's Day in the morning."

ACT II—"The Kerry Dance."

ACT III—"The Last Rose of Summer."

A play of the shamrock, the lads and colleens; true Irish hearts, and Erin go bragh. An appealing story of an Irish aristocrat who marries a little country girl against the advice of his friends. The sub-plot carries the sympathetic narrative of a brave Irish exile. Combines pathos, sentiment, dramatic action, logical climaxes and broad but clean comedy. The part of Rose is very rich in its warmth, infection of spirit and comedy.

JUNIOR PROM, 1922

The Junior Prom was held at the Colby Opera House on May 12, 1922.

The banquet was given at the Niehoff Hotel at 7:00 o'clock. The dining room was beautifully decorated in orange and black. The class flower was daisy.

The dance was held at the Colby Opera House. The Paramount Orchestra furnished the music.

The hall was decorated in orange and black with evergreens over the windows and in front of the orchestra. Our motto, "Pep," was written in large orange letters on a black background. Confetti was thrown about the room at about 11:30. Lunch was served by members of the Junior Class.

This is the first Prom of the Colby High School that was made public and it proved to be a great success.



WALOHI CAMP FIRE

Work, Health, Love—Wohelo: These our watchwords e'er
shall be;

Work, Health, Love—Wohelo: We will work for thee.

Good luck, Kodawapa; to our camp we'll e'er be true;

Good luck, Wohelo—We'll be true to you.

The first meeting of Walohi Chapter of Camp Fire Girls
was held Nov. 21, 1922. At which the following members were
present:

Miss Blanchard	Guardian
Marian George	Chee-Chee-Wat-Ah
Hellen Staffney	Sno Qualm
Irma Heintz	Tewa
Margaret Rein	Polikelie
Sylvia Zillmann	Too Lux
Nina Allan	Kiama
Margaret Krepsky	Waukon
Berneita Briggs	Wanaka
Evelyn Wetmore	Minnehaha



COLBYITES

MISCELLANEOUS



IMAGE

It was a night of nights, the moon was of a milky whiteness, but clear as crystal. The midnight blue of the sky was a-twinkle with myriads of stars that looked like a huge blue gem inlaid with costly diamonds. The air fairly overflowed, so full of invigorating freshness was it; while the water, a shade more dark than the sky, reflected in it the moon and stars, making it appear like the sky of another world, perhaps the roof of the palace of the King of Fishes.

The big ship lay anchored. Only the little wavelets washed her sides, causing a gentle rocking motion, as if in anticipation of the new life which was born on board that night. Upon just such a night was the daughter of Captain Wonder born. But alas! for it seemed that the new life must needs have restitution of the older life and so Starletta's mother died. The Captain thought the world of his little daughter for was it not the last gift his wife left him

Starletta grew into a slim, tall, graceful lassie, with large serene brown eyes and beautiful dark brown hair that lay in soft waves over her temples. Most peculiar, however, were her eyes; they seemed to mirror a soul out of which shone virtue in sparkling radiance.

Starletta Wonder grew up on board her daddy's ship. Captain Wonder worked for the Spanish claim, carrying Africa's treasure back to enrich the already wealthy Spain. Was there a doubt that he was well favored at court?

Starletta was now a grown lady, and upon one of their visits to the Court Princess La Portela and Starletta became fast friends. But wait—what a startling fact—these two girls were the exact image of each other in looks and actions. However, Starletta's idealistic devotion to the beauty of the night met with only contempt from Princess La Portela. She had no eye for beauty, but she did adore books of every description, while the other cared for nothing better than to stand for hours at the ship's rail and watch the antics of the sea.

Every day, at the wish of Starletta, the two maids would canter along the picturesque highway. But one day the sun gave forth no rays and the sky was heavy with an impending storm. The girls, however, paid no heed and in consequence were caught in a dreadful storm; the events of which changed their lives.

Their delicate lace-trimmed silk riding habits soon became soaked because they dared not seek shelter in the wood lest they be killed by falling trees. They stayed in the open, but, alas, a tall tree some distance off was struck by lightning, and it toppled over directly in front of the horses whose nerves were already strung to breaking, causing them to bolt. Off they dashed through the underbrush, scratching the hands and faces of their riders and tearing their clothes. Then the horse in the lead stumbled and fell, throwing his mistress, already senseless, against a tree because of its terrific speed.

Both girls lay side by side,—as they had been in life close companions so they would be in death, if help was long delayed them.

Twelve hours later a searching party found them, raving in their delirium caused by exposure. They were taken back to the palace and the best of medical care given them. In their delirium they called to each other, so the attendants thought; but they were mistaken, for each girl spoke her own name. Through this mistake Captain Wonder mistook Princess La Portela for his daughter. She was taken to the ship, which immediately set sail, and later was believed to have been reefed on Goul's Point. But the ship landed in a foreign port. While traveling to this port the Princess La Portela contracted the black fever, and as she was not strong, she soon wasted away. Captain Wonder mourned the death of his supposed daughter and, because of it, he could not go back to the sea, which had given her to him some twenty years before.

In the meantime Starletta knew of the mistake, but wisely kept her own counsel and became Princess La Portela in the eyes of her attendants. She was married to a handsome young man who was poor, but was of royal blood. To this happy union was born one child, a little girl who was the living image of her mother. She grew up beautiful like her mother and at the time of my next step in the story she is four or five years old.

Trouble arose in Spain, and in order to settle it peaceably the Prince was forced to travel far to negotiate a treaty. For company he took his little daughter, Rose Fay. They arrived in the town in which Captain Wonder had made his abode. One day while Rose Fay was out with her nurse she passed Captain Wonder. The striking likeness of

the little girl to his daughter awoke memories, and he thought of his dead daughter and how changed she had been after the accident. She had not cared for the beauty of the night, but would read for hours. He also remembered that the birthmark, a tiny star on her left shoulder, and the little locket about her neck were missing.

The horrid truth dawned upon him—he had taken the wrong child in the delirium of the two. In the terrible agony of such an action, he sought out the father of the child, and after telling him the story they traveled back to Spain where the reunion took place. It was wonderful, the meeting of these two bound together by the love of the little child, Rose Fay, and the past.

The body of the Princess La Portela was brought back to Spain and buried in the royal gardens. But although the people mourned her death they said: "We have found her again in the living Princess Starletta." Well may they say such, for the secret of the likeness of the two is this. The queen mother of Princess La Portela was a twin sister to Captain Wonder's wife. She had been banished from the court because of her love for a commoner. Captain Wonder was elected ambassador because of the good he had done for Spain. So they all lived in the palace, happy in the bright turn of affairs.

—Hellen Staffney '23.

THE REWARD

The air was filled with shouts and laughter of children's voices as the group of fashionable and well-to-do people moved slowly along the wharf. The group consisted of Mr. Blackstone, a Boston millionaire; Harold, his son; Mrs. Blackstone, a fashionable old lady, and Emily Stevens, the girl whom Harold loved. Many times he had asked her to become his wife but she had always wanted more time to think it over. She cared for him, that he knew, but how much? That was the question in his mind now.

He pictured himself at his own fireside with Emily near his side and his son building cities with blocks.

He suddenly came to earth again when he heard a cry and several childish screams. Two children, a little boy and his smaller sister, had ventured too near the edge. The girl had slipped and dragged her brother along with her into the icy water.

Harold sprang into the water without even removing his coat. He was an expert swimmer and soon had the girl safe on the wharf. He immediately returned for the boy. He managed to grasp the child and hold his head above water, although he, himself, was nearly exhausted. His water soaked clothes greatly retarded his movements. The struggling man with his limp and almost lifeless burden disappeared beneath the surface.

Emily, frantic with terror, ran to the edge of the wharf, but was held firmly in the grasp of Mr. Blackstone. His face was ashen. Not once did he raise his eyes from the spot where his son had disappeared. All were so horrified by the sight they had just witnessed, that they did not see the approaching life boat. Presently it was right under their steady gaze.

The head of Harold appeared above the surface. He was quickly seized by one of the crew and dragged aboard. Although exhausted and almost unconscious he still held the boy in his grasp. He now fainted from exhaustion.

When Harold regained consciousness he found himself in bed in his own room. Emily was at his side with her hand resting on his forehead. "How do you feel, dear?" was the first thing he heard her say.

"Perfectly well. Who wouldn't with such a nurse. Really I wish I would be sick forever."

"No need of that," she told him with a smile. New hope at once grew in the heart of the young man.

"Perhaps she doesn't think me so worthless after all," he said to himself.

Within a few days he was again able to move about. His first thought was about the little boy whom he had rescued. He had noticed that the children had been very poorly clothed. "How will I ever find out where he lives?" he said to himself.

Two days of search were spent without any results. On the third day he found the home of the poor boy by inquiring of several newspaper boys. He found the home just as he had expected. It was poorly furnished but everything was neatly arranged and clean. He rapped at the door. A kindhearted, middle-aged woman appeared at the door in answer to his knock. She was greatly surprised to see such a well-dressed young man at her door.

"Haven't you struck the wrong place, sir?" she inquired.

"I think not," he answered.

"Was it not your son who was almost drowned off Wast Pier, Monday?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I've come to see him, if I may," said Harold.

"He's very sick since this morning, sir, but you may see him."

"Have you had a doctor yet?" quickly asked Harold.

"No, I haven't. If I could only afford to call one," she added with a sigh.

Harold waited for no more. With haste, he ran to a telephone booth and called his family doctor.

"I'll come at once," Dr. Roberts assured him. The doctor came with all possible speed, but to the anxious mother and Harold it seemed ages.

After examining the patient carefully, the doctor assured them that he would recover. He left medicine, and instructed the mother how to use it. Harold and Dr. Roberts withdrew from the room and held a quiet conversation. The doctor was well paid for his services and instructed to call again that afternoon. "Send me all bills, but be sure to take good care of him." were Harold's parting words to Dr. Roberts.

Harold bade the poor woman goodbye.

"I can't find words to thank you, sir; may God reward you," was all she could say.

She was forced to accept even more than this from the kindhearted young Mr. Blackstone. Food and clothes were sent them. He decided never again to permit the family to be in want.

To Emily these deeds of kind heartedness marked him a hero. She did not again ask him for more time when he asked her to become his wife. His reward for a noble deed was a loving and trusting wife.

—Clarence Wiedenhoeft '23.

THE GARGOYLE

On the topmost cornice of an old, grey and dismal cathedral in Paris, exposed to wind, rain and sunshine, sheltered only by blue clouds by day and the inky sky at night, a weather-beaten, half-human, demonic gargoyle greedily looks down upon the city below. It grasps a small animal in its claw-like hands, yet the animal does not satisfy its hunger, but the gargoyle alertly listens and watches with the same hollow-eyed, ghastly glare. In this same attitude the gargoyle has watched people come and go for ages. He has witnessed the French Revolution, when people were slaughtered in the streets, and he has heard the cry of the multitude for bread. He has seen poverty and prosperity from the same elevated height, yet he never moves, nor ceases his vigilance.

One black and moonless night, a darkly clad figure stealthily wended its way down a side street, slipped through a narrow door, and disappeared. After a few moments another figure appeared and as stealthily retraced the distance. A few minutes later both made their appearance on the little platform where the gargoyle held its domain. The two were excitedly talking, but in subdued voices.

"Petrie"—one was saying, "I have not led you here for nothing. It is the safest place to talk the matter over with you. You say you were alone when you kill—I mean, when she died? Her screams brought me, and there might have been other stragglers that night! I fear,—"

"Fear nothing!" the other answered, while his dark visaged face glowed in the darkness. "Frebert was convicted yesterday, and now rests his wor-

ried head in the dark cell of yonder prison, and tomorrow he will be executed. As for me, I am quite safe."

"Safe, except for me," answered Francois tauntingly. "Remember, I could charge everything for you, and that innocent man can be freed. Of course, I don't mean to do it if you agree to divide the will with me, and make your escape. But I have you entirely in my power, remember; you either—"

"Never!" shouted the enraged Petrie, as he made a rush at Francois. "You tried to rob me of the only money I earned,—yes, ever earned, after all the work I have accomplished to get it. No! you shall not have a farthing." Madly the two struggled with each other, working their way dangerously near to the edge of the platform. One more plunge, and Francois lost his balance. Down he fell from the topmost height of the cathedral to the dark, gloomy street below. Would somebody notice Francois? What should he do?

Petrie glanced wildly about him like a cowering animal. He must get away from here! He thought of the way he came. No, that would never do. It might arouse suspicion. He looked over the broad expanse of the city, dark and forlorn. He noticed the spires, towers, and domes darkly silhouetted against the still darker sky. It seemed like a barrier to him, but he must get over it and away. The only method of escape he could devise was to get down by climbing down the side of the cathedral, swinging himself from turret to turret and dropping. He managed for only a few feet, when, in a sudden turn, his clothing caught on a projecting piece. There he hung but for an instant, while he had only time to take one long despairing look around him. Then he fell headlong and quietly lay beside his fated companion whom he had murdered.

The next morning dawned clear and bright and found the gargoyle still watching. People excitedly swarming on the streets like bees before the storm. It was the scene of the previous night that attracted attention. But the gargoyle looked down from his height with as much menace as ever. What cared he that an innocent man was to be unjustly executed? His gaunt face gloated over another victim of cruelty. The gargoyle knew and heard it all, and, looking down upon the people, seemed to say, "A secret is mine and I shall never reveal it."

—Lydia Kirchoefer '24.

SUSPENSE

It was just nine o'clock and Jerome McRay was walking home from basket ball practice. He was whistling softly, for he was very happy. Jerry had "made the team." He was about to turn the corner when he heard voices ahead of him, and recognized the voice of his friend, Edward Bosworth. He was not sure who the girl was. Edward said: "I'm glad you'll go with me, Marion. I thought I'd ask you early so you wouldn't make a date for the prom with ———." It all came back to his distinctly except that last name. A hot rage swept over Jerry. So Marion was making dates with other fellows, was she? Very well, he would show her. Jerry, like many High School boys, had the idea that Marion Moore could go with no other boy.

He had quickened his steps so by this time he was walking up the path to his home. He did not care to speak to anyone, so he entered the house quietly, and went upstairs to his own room.

The Prom was to be an elaborate affair and he had intended to ask Marion,—he took her everywhere—but he hadn't thought much about it yet because the prom was three weeks off.

Then followed a terrible week for Jerry. He ate little and slept less. Only one thing was clear in his mind,—he would show Marion. But how?

Jerry's parents noticed the change in him and wondered. One night they talked it over and decided not to say anything until he came to them about it. But Jerry's sister decided upon a course of action.

One night, when she came home from a party given in her honor be-

cause she was going away, she saw a light through the transom of Jerry's door.

She tapped lightly on the door and said, "Jerry, may I come in?"

"What do you want?" he asked gruffly.

"May I come in, Jerry?" she asked again.

Jerry considered it awhile. "Perhaps May would help me," he thought.

"Yes-s-, come on."

She stepped in and was surprised at the sight that greeted her eyes. Jerry was sitting on the edge of the bed, fully dressed. He looked up when she entered. He was thinner than usual, and his eyes were sunken—the effect of sleepless nights. His hair was ruffled excessively. Indeed, he looked far from being the handsome boy that had made the basket ball team a few weeks before. May walked over to the side of the bed, and sat down beside Jerry.

"Now tell me your troubles," she commanded.

Jerry began at the very beginning and told her the entire story—how Marion had made a date with Ed.—how she had tried to be so nice to him the next day in school—how glad she said she was that he had made the team—and everything. But he wouldn't have anything to do with her,—no siree—he wouldn't, he added tragically.

May's face brightened. "So that's it," she said. "Now, Jerry, will you trust me with this? The prom is still ten days off and I'm going away day after tomorrow. Cheer up, for that's necessary if my plan is to work out." And then she left him, completely dazed. Nevertheless he obeyed her orders and after three days he looked more like his good-natured, happy-go-lucky self than he had since that fateful night two weeks before.

On the fourth day of May's absence Jerry stopped at the post office on his way home from school. He was very much surprised to get a letter postmarked "St. Paul." He wondered from whom it could be. Surely not from May because she was going to South Dakota. He hastened home to read it in the privacy of his room. As he tore open the envelope, he was surprised to see the picture of a pretty girl,—almost prettier than Marion. Across the corner of the picture was written, "Lovingly, Inez Hope." But the letter! He read it over three times, and then he saw a scrap of paper in the envelope.

"Dear Jerry," was written on the scrap in May's handwriting. "I bought the picture in a studio here. The letter I made up. Let Marion see it accidentally."

"MAY."

"By George," he said to the picture, "May's a brick."

The next day, both letter and picture went to school in the pocket of Jerry's coat. The last period in the afternoon he took a little mirror out of his coat pocket so that he could see if Marion was in the room, thereby not needing to turn around. He fixed it so that he could see the reflection of her face in it. Just when he had it fixed, she turned her head and looked at him. "Now's my chance," he thought, and immediately put his hand into his pocket and pulled out the picture and letter. He looked at the picture and set it down on the desk. He sneaked a look in the mirror—yes—she was watching. Then he read the letter. He watched Marion's eyes grow bigger and bigger in the mirror before him.

Then he heard someone call his name. He looked around and Ed. threw a note to him. He picked it up and read:

"You're going to take Marion Moore Friday night, aren't you? I got a date with Marion Larson. Let's us four go together." E. B.

And right then he tore up both picture and letter, (and saw in the little mirror that Marion saw him do it) and wrote a note.

"Marion," (the note read) "you haven't a date for Friday night, have you? Because you know I want to take you. Jerry."

And the answer came right back: "Jerry, I was afraid you weren't going to ask me. M. M."

—Frances Will '25.

CALENDAR

School began	Sept. 5
Freshman Reception	Sept.
Sophomore Return	Oct.
Carnival	Oct. 27
Thanksgiving Vacation	Nov. 30 to Dec. 4
Christmas Vacation	Dec. 22 to Jan. 8
Farewell Party	Jan. 19
Vaudeville	Feb. 20
Easter Vacation	March 24 to April 2
Senior Play	April 27
Junior Banquet	May 11
Junior Class Play	May 25
Baccalaureate Sermon	May 27
Commencement	May 31
School Picnic	June 1

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1923

Colby Opera House

8 o'Clock P. M.

1. Salutory ----- Margaret Will
2. Class History ----- Lucile Lueloff
3. Oration ----- Clarence Weidenhoeft
4. Vocal Duet ----- Inez Cook and Stanley Smith
5. Class Poem ----- Marian George
6. Class Prophecy -----
Hellen Staffney, Delephine Weix, Milford Loos
7. Piano Solo ----- Lois Cook
8. Oration ----- Eugene Schmutzler
9. The Class Grumbler ----- Melvin Guenther
10. The Class Will ----- Louise Daines
11. Presentation of Diplomas ----- Mr. E. D. Loos
12. Valedictory ----- Mary Fuller

ANNUAL STAFF

Editor in Chief	Margaret Will
Assistant Editor	Inez Cook
Business Manager	Eugene Schmutzler
Assistant Business Manager	Melvin Guenther
Advertising Manager	Clarence Wiedenhoeft
Humor	Hellen Staffney
Athletics	Milford Loos
Assistant Athletics	Marian George
Music	Lois Cook
Art	Stanley Smith
Photographs	Delephine Weix
Calendar	Louise Daines
Alumni	Miss Blanchard
Faculty Advisor	Mr. Bender

APPRECIATION

The editorial staff desires to thank the entire student body for their willingness and co-operation in helping to make our annual a success.

Especially do we wish to thank the entire faculty for their assistance.

The annual board expresses their thanks to our advertisers and hopes our readers will patronize them.

THE STUDENT'S SWAN SONG

(Parody on Longfellow's "Psalm of Life.")

Tell me not while smiling cheer'ly
"High school life's a paradise!"
For behold the students weary
And note their despairing eyes.

See their faces, worn and moulding,
Protruding cheekbones, hollow eyes;
Still you see, their forms beholding,
"High School life's a paradise!"

Profs are cruel! Profs are tyrants,
Just their looks fill me with dread,
Lashing the poor, tembling students
With knowledge till their brains are dead.

Trust no prof, although he's smiling,
Though he acts so, ah, so kind;
Inwardly he is a demon,
Fiendish thoughts possess his mind.

Not enjoyment, only sorrow,
Is our lot, while day by day,
We are wishing that tomorrow
Find us far from profs away.

Tests are tough, they make us weary.
And our hearts, once stout and brave,
Are so tired, sad and dreary,
Soon they'll claim an early grave.

But we bear our lot in silence,
Work and study, sigh and moan,
While the profs fore'er are knocking,
Filling up our heads of bone.

With a knowledge that'd make Cicero
Turn with jealousy to green,
But the saddest of things is, though
It leaks out as it drops in.

Lives of good friends gone remind us,
Friends that traverse now the land,
That we'll leave, like they, behind us,

ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1888

Etta Hutchinson Otwell—Lansing, Mich.
Nina Hutchinson Bartell—Deceased.
William Lamont—Morengo.
Carrie Vandercook Gentry—Winfield, Kan.
Ernest L. Wicker—Colby.

CLASS OF 1889

Ira L. Cole—Madison.
Jessie Cole Lamont—Deceased.
Lorell Cole—Decatur, Ill.

CLASS OF 1890

Cora McCarthy Hardie—Cedar.
Laura Young—Juneau, Alaska.

CLASS OF 1891

Cora Bryant—Colby.
John Eder—Pittsburg.
August Flaig—Minneapolis.
Minnie Flaig Updyke—Chicago.
Charles Lamont—Unity.
Roy Prosser—Ladysmith.
Mary Sims Moerke—Blue Island, Ill.
Mildred Wicker Sims—Wabeno.
Wallace Young—Bay View, Ida.

CLASS OF 1892

Minnie Biggar.
Maggie Pottor.
Ida Struthers.

CLASS OF 1893

No graduates.

CLASS OF 1894

Fern Hutchinson Sizar—Wagoner, Okla.
Free Jarvis—Stevens Point.
Ronald Lamont—Cheyenne.

CLASS OF 1895

Claudia Freeman Jackson—Deceased.
John Henkel—St. Paul.
Harriet Johnson—Kenosha.
Etta Young Grimes—Colby.

CLASS OF 1896

Mabel Hamilton—Wisconsin Rapids.
George Holton.
Myrtle Marsh Prescott—Wausau.
Bertha Pfeiffer.
Katharine Philippi—Colby.
Hortense Salter Freeman—Menominee.
Roy Taylor—New London.
Warren Young.

CLASS OF 1897

Mary Eder Thomas—Banksville, Pa.
John Margrof.
Mary Partridge Chapman—Los Angeles, Cal.
George Rosin—Deceased.
Gunda Thompson Simpson—Sturgeon Bay.

CLASS OF 1898

Adella Davis Marsh—Colby.
Birdie Dickinson Hamilton—Colby.
Myrl Gray Zillman—Colby.
Angus Lamont—Colby.
George Ouimette—Abbotsford.
Ouida Ouimette.
Nels Peterson—Abbotsford.
Mary Zassenhaus—Milwaukee.

CLASS OF 1899

Horace Blanchard—Phillips.
Emma Bruns Emerson—Loyal.
Celia Graham.
Joseph Henkel—Stone Lake.
Michael Philippi—Marshfield.
Myrtle Miller Healy—Butternut.
Richard Mohr—Minneapolis.
Clara Schultz.
Rena Young Peterson—Spokane, Wash.
Clara Zassenhaus—Milwaukee.

CLASS OF 1900

Myrtle Austin Whiteside.
Grace Dahlberg Crane—Stanley.

Hattie Dahlberg—Corvallis, Ore.
Winifred Davis Behrens—Colby.
Corneia Graves—Abbotsford.
Pearl Meyers Hamblin.
John Olston.
Victor Ouimette.

CLASS OF 1901

George Blanchard—Edgerton.
Walter Dislehorst—Sheboygan.
Frank Kadonsky—Abbotsford.
Melvin Merritt—Pasco, Wash.
Anna Rosin Wagner—Cadott.
Richard Salter—Colby.
Elmer Schefsick.
Oscar Thompson—San Francisco, Cal.

CLASS OF 1902

Alice Anderson—Abbotsford.
Emil Daellenbach.
Lucy Johnson Cameron.
Don Meyers.
Nellie Neumeister Sorebo—Fargo, N. D.

CLASS OF 1903

Wanda Bahl—Colby.
Laura De Lap Tabor—Stevens Point.
Harry Denney—Duluth, Minn.
Earl Lamont—Unity.
Lottie Swarthout Brown—Loyal.

CLASS OF 1904

Albert Distelhorst—Chicago.
John Feala—Chicago.
Walter Foster—Milwaukee.
Beulah Young Schulz—Colby.
Ida Thompson Peterson.
Thea Thompson—Curtis.
William Reyer—New York City.

CLASS OF 1905

Pearl Blanchard—Colby.
Cora Boynton Sarenson—Lemon, S. D.
Lulu Corliss.
Elmore Foster—Merrill.
Everett Hirsch—Rice Lake.
Mabel Neumeister—Colby.
Laura Philippi Frane—Colby.
Katherine Pradt—Fresno, Cal.
Edward Reyer—Chicago.
Harold Salter—Pittsville.
August Schulz—Deceased.
Anton Umhoefer—Colby.
Maudiebelle Wilson.

CLASS OF 1906

Lyrl Eldridge Lynn—Laurel, Ore.
Jennie Johnson Goodrich—Santa Ana, Cal.
Larelda Kraus Breichter—Fond du Lac.
Bertha LaBudde Umhofer—Colby.
Mary Lyons Umhoefer—Deceased.
Hildegard Meisekothen—Madison.
Delia Meyer—New York City.
Irma Schulhof Krembs—Stevens Point.
Joseph Swarthout—Milwaukee.
Antoinette Will—Colby.

CLASS OF 1907

Clara Arneson.
Bernice Blanchard Richter—Belfield, N. D.
Michael Hanna.
Philip Henkel—Park Falls.
Otto Johnson.
Anna McMonagle Mueller—Colby.
Robert Meisekothen—Madison.
Charles Meyer—Seattle.
Elizabeth Schneider Grauter—Paradise, Mont.
Carl Thompson—Deceased.
Viola Wilson Lupient.

CLASS OF 1908

Charles Distelhorst—West Bend.
Calvin Hirsch—Deceased.
Frances McMonagle Fenhous—Colby.
Alvina Schraufnagel Schauf—Keyesville.

CLASS OF 1909

Ida Johnson.
Fred Distelhorst—Chicago.
Philip Nelson.
Edwin Peterson—Curtiss.
Edna Rosin Brotherton—Colby.
Walter Schofer.
Anna Thompson Peterson—Curtiss.
Cara Umhoefer Bartik—Colby.

CLASS OF 1910

Elsa Beyerl Schramm—Glencoe, Ill.
John Engeldinger—Colby.
August Hansohn—San Jose, Cal.
Louis Harry—Marshfield.
Emil Kautsky—Milwaukee.
Ethel Kurtz Knight—Colby.
Elvin Luloff—Dodgeville.
Lee Merritt—Pasco, Wash.
Herman Neumeister—Graceville, Minn.
Ethel Penney—Ann Arbor, Mich.
Hugo Reyer—New York City.
John Salter—Pittsville.
Florence Shafer Hancock—Haskell, Okla.

CLASS OF 1911

Isabel Bast Sternberg—Milwaukee.
Vernon Kramer—Kalamazoo, Mich.
Ervin Eggebrecht—Colby.
Effie Frane Beyerl—Colby.
Nelson Fuller—Deceased.
Joseph Jantsch—Madison.
Esther Johnson.
Herbert Kuentz—Appleton.
Emma McMonagle Hubbard—Wausau.
Theresa Ohlinger—Colby.
Kyle Pinney—Oakland, Cal.
Agnes Provinske Brehm—Colby.
Clara Schmitt Treasure—Edgar.
Edith Smart Wurthman—Colby.
Adelbert Young—Madison.

CLASS OF 1912

Matthew Brill—Marathon.
Lona Firnstahl—Colby.
Magaret Foster Hobelsperger—Marshfield.
Frank Goeltz—Colby.
Lydia Jones—Colby.
Benjamin Meyer—Deceased.
Ben M. Meyer—Eau Claire.
Esther Rosin Miller—Curtiss.
Arthur Stadtmiller—Chilton.

CLASS OF 1913

Elsie Bast—Marshfield.
Rena Cramer Ouimette—Schofield.
Lucy Fleischman Martin—Hibbin, Minn.
Edward Heise—Oconomowoc.
Marie Kautsky Wright—New York City.
Mary Konrad—Colby.
Mayme Meyers Sampe—Wheeler.
Hildegard Pribenow Eggebracht—Colby.
Edna Provinske Luster—Colby.
Harold Reyer—Madison.
Agnes Schuh Burmeister—Dixon, Ill.
Blanie Swarthout—Bonduel.

CLASS OF 1914

Walter Cramer—Cleveland, Ohio.
Frances Foster Riley—Owen.
Harvey Henkel.
Adaline Neumeister—Faribault, Minn.
Hortense Rosin Brehm—Colby.
Caroline Schuh—Chicago, Ill.

CLASS OF 1915

Sylvia Brehm—Colby.
Leona Frome Buchholz—Milwaukee.
Della King—Cascade.
Rudolph Weix—Colby.

CLASS OF 1916

Elleanora Altenberger—Stevens Point.
Arlene Bast—Grenore, N. D.
Oscar Bast—Wenotchee, Wash.
Floyd Francis Firnstahl—Colby.
Ruth Kautsky—New York City.

Irma Provinske Bowden—Chicago.
Winifred Sullivan Boyle—Fond du Lac.

CLASS OF 1917

Pauline Altenberger—Colby.
Arnold Burkhardt—Chicago.
Dorothy Carver Burkhardt—Chicago.
Earl Cramer—Cleveland, Ohio.
Roetta Fasbender Fitzgibbons—Curtiss.
Felix Fleischman—Milwaukee.
Viola Fricke—Colby.
Rose Hake Dahlman—Colby.
Mary Hollman—New London.
Anton Kading—Detroit, Mich.
Eugene Konrad—Colby.
Helen Neumeister—Minneapolis.
Carl Radtke—Colby.
Helen Schaller—Milwaukee.
Edwin Tessmer—Colby.
Georgine Thompson Rogers—Virginia.
Verna Thompson—Wisconsin Rapids.
Tessie Umhoefer—Colby.

CLASS OF 1918

Albert Dins—Colby.
Floyd Eder—Colby.
Margaret Goeltz—Oshkosh.
Erma Holtzhausen—Milwaukee.
Frances Hudson Reyer—Madison.
Helen Kautsky—Colby.
John Peterson—Colby.

CLASS OF 1919

Archibald Adrians—Ripon.
Anita Baum—Colby.
Vivian Eder—Colby.
Hugh Hamilton—Colby.
Ethel Meyers—Marshfield.
Evelyn Smart—Colby.
Elizabeth Weix—Colby.

CLASS OF 1920

Henry Beyerl—Wausau.
Helen Bleichroth—Milwaukee.
Lillian Burkhardt Hope—Chicago.
Geraldine Eder—Madison.
Frances Engeldinger—Colby.
Alphonse Firnstahl—Colby.
Violeta Frome Spearing—Colby.
Florence Lehrmann—Brooklyn, N. Y.
Arthur Lindner—Colby.
Sherman Loos—Colby.
Chester Myers—Marshfield.
Alyce Pope Dahlman—Colby.
Celia Weix—Colby.
Frank Weix—Colby.
Marzell Weix—Colby.
Irma Wescott Maier—Detroit, Mich.
Irma Zillman—Deceased.

CLASS OF 1921

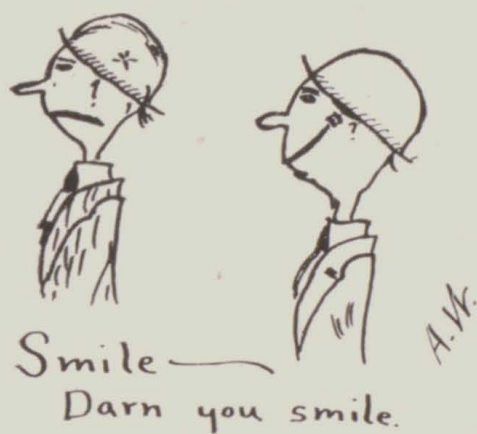
Stella Dessloch—Colby.
Gladys Fasbender—Abbotsford.
Harold Greb—Stevens Point.
Dorothy Hollmann—Colby.
Alvin Holtzhausen—Colby.
Herman Laabs—Curtiss.
Signa Lano—Colby.
Mary Sazama—Colby.
Herbert Steinwand—Colby.
Richard Steinwand—Colby.
Alma Tessmer—Colby.

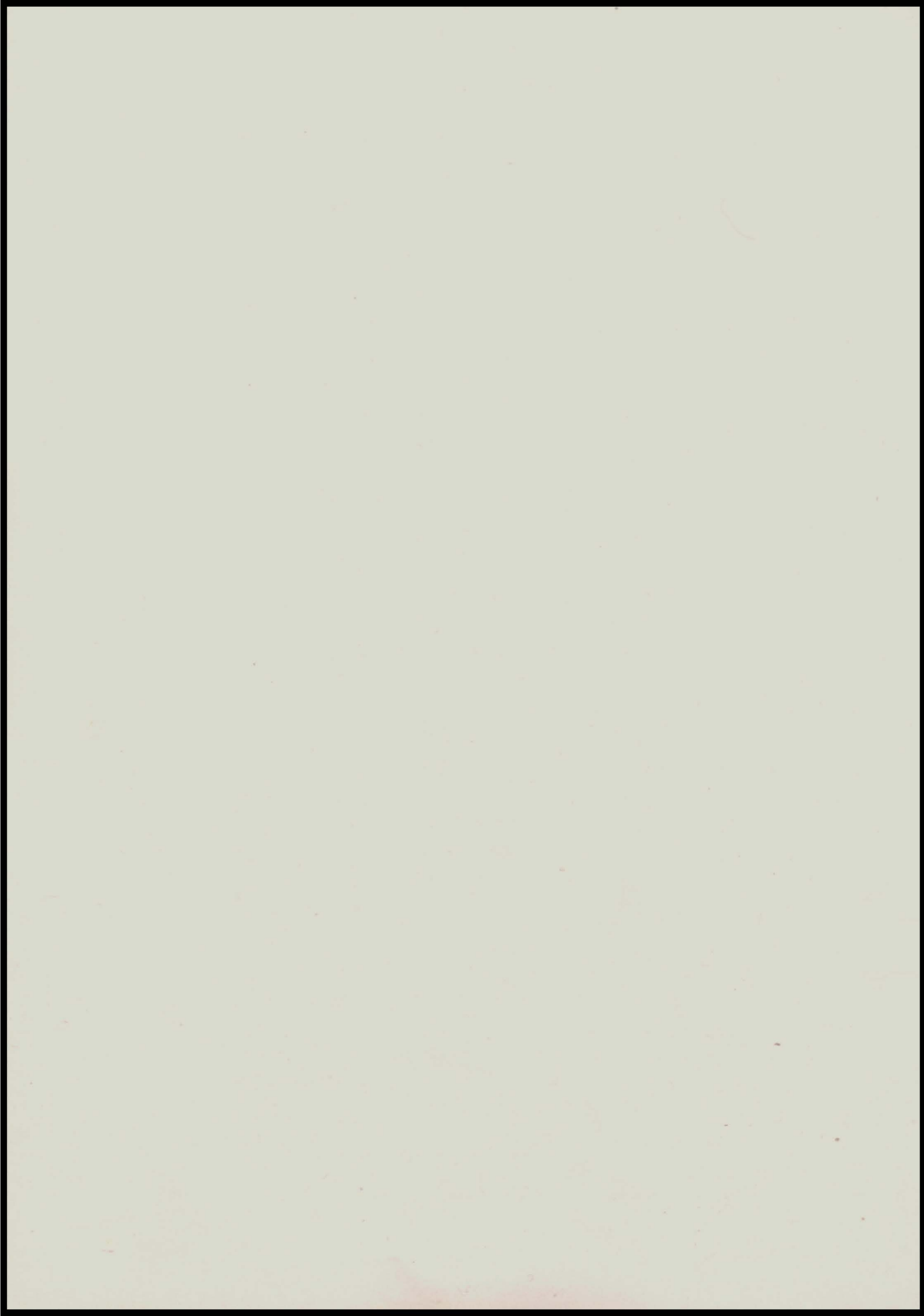
CLASS OF 1922

Harriet Andrews—Colby.
Helene Andrews—Colby.
Evelyn Bruss—Colby.
Angeline Burtard—Curtiss.
Mildred Daines—Colby.
Mary Engeldinger—Colby.
Ethel Holtzhausen—Colby.
Irma Lueloff—Colby.
Elsie Meyers—Marshfield.
Harold Neumeister—Milwaukee.
Winnifred Olson—Colby.
Waunetta Sturner—Deceased.
Laura Steinwand—Colby.
Emil Weix—Colby.



PETE HOPPIN
"First in and last out"





CONSECRATED TO

The conceited, cockeyed, cadaveran, cabbage-headed Charlie Chaplin Cronies, who caper clownishly through the cavernous classes, clad in calico and cambric, and who clamor candidly cajoling Cahoots with clever codgers, calling for complex comedies or charades, chuckling churlishly, coltishly calling forth cachinnation; and to the conscientious coud-hearted crabs who constantly chat and confess conceit, collapsing completely when confronted ceremoniously by childish common-sense; cherishing and compelling their companions to cod le a clear conception of contumacious comedy.

THE FACULTY OF 1933

Exterior Decoration	Lois Cook
Coquetry	Lucile Lueloff
Fussology	Marian George
Aesthetic Dancing	Melvin Guenther
Mirroralogy	Inez Cook
Bird Lore (Knight Hawk)	Milford Loos
Facial Mechanics	Hellen Staffney
Language of the Hearts	Clarence Weidenhoeft
Ratology	Margaret Will
Scaley Climbing	Louise Daines
Musical Director	Stanley Smith
Cinemic Artography	Delephine Weix
Somnambulistic Idiosyncrasies	Eugene Schmutzler

SENIOR WILL

Eugene Schmutzler has willed his oratorical ability to Themistocles. How is that for generosity?

Margaret Will's will wills three-fourths of her teaching ability to "be and be able." The other fourth is to be donated to the Near East Relief.

Stanley Smith wills two feet of his height to Casey Jones. He still has six feet left besides his "two feet."

Louise Daines wills her wisdom to Professor Bender. He now signs his name Professor Bender Ph.D., L.L.M.

Marian George wills her housekeeping ability to her hen-pecked husband. Melvin must have changed his mind about being a bachelor.

Lucile Lueloff has willed the switch from the telephone switchboard to her husband to use on the children at the Lutheran school.

Inez Cook wills her C-O-I-U-E-T-R-Y to Frederick Frome. Maybe he'll be able to talk for himself.

Milford Loos wills his foolishness to—not to a Senior—they have too much now.

Lois Cook wills her affection for Physics to Mr. Olson. We wonder if he likes it any more.

Delephine Weix wills her ladylike manners to Violet B. But you can't make a lamb out of a lion.

Melvin Guenther wills his argumentative ability to Sherlock Holmes. Do you suppose he'll be able to prove to the world that the earth is round?

Hellen Staffney wills her charming personality to Caroline Behnke, which, when coupled with what she already has, will make her so vivacious she won't know what to do with herself.

Clarence Wiedenhoeft wills his trapping ability to the public in general. If everyone learns to use it—won't there be a lot of pears (pairs).



CHIEF AMUSEMENTS

Studying—Lydia.
 Laughing—Carol.
 Talking—Margaret.
 Giggling—Inez.
 Fussing—Fricke.
 Asking Questions—Hellen.
 Writing Letters—Mil.
 Pumping—Lois.
 Going to Movies—Kopplin.
 Telling Stories—Miss Giles.
 Tormenting Girls in Bookkeeping Class—Boys.
 Dancing—Carman.

I WONDER—?

—if Mr. Olson put in an application for a position down at Unity.
 —if any of the Romeos in school have a chance with their Juliets.
 —if Francis Will's long hair has grown short.
 —if Melvin G. still studies Psychology.
 —if Clarence still loves the girls.
 —how the girls keep the powder on.
 —how people stayed on the earth before the law of gravity was passed.
 —if Harold Niehoff still has an interest in Milwaukee.
 —if you love me.
 —why some people are always falling for somebody.
 —what life is? One darn thing after another.
 —what love is? Two darn things after each other.
 —if we're locked in? Don't smile; you don't know anything about it.

DON'TS

Don't go into the library to study. It is only intended as a rest room, and a place to visit with your friends.

When you go into the library, don't put the magazines in place—that's the librarian's job.

Don't tear up your notes; some one might put them together.

Don't use the telephone, except when Miss Blanchard is out of the library.

Don't talk poultry in Agriculture Class, you might learn too much about Chickens.

THINGS WE PROMISED NOT TO TELL:—

Why Sylvia doesn't get thin.

Why Olson takes so many trips to Greenwood.

Why Inez is quiet for five consecutive minutes.

Why Miss Anderson is so generous with shorthand assignments.

Why Margaret W. is such a CRAB when she teaches.

Why Wally M. isn't late for school.

Why Ruben doesn't curl his hair.

Sleep and the world sleeps with you;
Snore—and you sleep alone.

He: "May I have the next dance with you?"

She: "No; I'm particular with whom I dance."

He: "I'm not; that's why I asked you."

1923 CLASS PROPHECY—30 YEARS HENCE

Margaret Will—Now they call her Grandmother Marge.

Eugene Schmutzler—Is now being wheeled around in a wheel chair, his feet having given out from trying to dodge the girls.

Hellen Starney—Is now teaching chemistry and calculus at Chicago University; wonder if it's right for a girl to carve out her own future?

Melvin Guenther—Is still succeeding in dodging work.

Inez Cook—Now wears three pairs of spectacles and is teaching school at Rumpus Ridge.

Lois Cook—Has increased the tailors pay? Powder is hard on men's suits.

Louise Daines—Has good qualifications but is still single.

Marian George—Still thinks Physics and Greek are synonyms.

Stanley Smith—Latest reports are that he is 8 ft. 3 in. tall and is still growing.

Clarence Weidenhoeft—Is going with his One Hundred and Fortieth girl. Still repeats "you're the first girl I ever loved."

Milford Loos—Still keeps to his old idea. A girl in one corner and a machine in the other he'd take the machine ???

Delephine Weix—Her chief ambition is not to be any fancy dish, but just plain "Griese" (Grease).

Lucile Lueloff—Has become a great famed surgeon—operates the telephone.

WHAT OUR TEACHERS SAY—

Kopplin—"You all know the rule. You put one hand up and jump with the other."

Bender—"Now jst get that right out of your head."

Blanchard—"How many of you are interested in the making of matches?"

Anderson—"Good Heavens Class, bang your books around a little more quietly!!!"

Bahl—"All those sitting in empty seats, please stand."

Olson—"Niver mind thet neow."

TWO LOVE SCENES

They strolled the lane together
And brightly shone the star
They strolled the lane together
And for her he opened the bar.

She turned her soft eyes toward him
And love was on her brow
For he was the farmer's hired man
And she ----- A JERSEY COW!

The moon shone bright, that summer night
As he stood beside her there
Her eyes were bright and soft and brown
With love that mingled there.

He pressed her head against his breast
She was so humble and so meek
His heart beat high within his breast
As her sweet breath touched his cheek.

"Nellie," said he, "With your soft eyes
And your brown hair
Of all the cows out at the fair
I'm sure you will take the prize."

HOBBIES

Gosse—Coaxed to play the piano.
Carman—Swapping his cornet for a tooth Brush.
Milford—The ladies' man.
Irma—Look for her in Heintz's canned goods.
Myra—Says "Freckles were attracted by blushes!"
Mr. Olson—Studying the timetables of the Soo to Greenwood.
Emma—Blushing.
Boobie—Buying hair tonic.

Inez—Laughing while speaking.
Miss Anderson—Watching the prices of furniture.
Hellen—Contradicting the teachers.
Clarence—Raising a moustache.
Ficke—Baking pies.
Frances—Talking over the events of Sunday night.
Ellis—Studying after midnight.
Bondow—Pretending to be important.

LOVE'S LESSON LEARNED

8:00 P. M.
A timid rap. ('Tis nothing new.)
"Hello, Hellen, how are you?"
10:00 P. M.

Above Ma's footwear thumps the floor.
11:30 P. M.
A father's voice, a painful whoop—
An airy flight from off the stoop.

A boy, a match, a strong cigaret,
A moment of bliss, then gloom.

(Later)

A doctor, a nurse, a coffin, a hearse
A mound and then a tomb.

Myra: Well, I guess I know a few things—
Evelyn—Well, I guess I know as few things as
anybody.

Love is such a funny thing,
It's something like a lizard,
It winds itself around your heart,
And nibbles at your gizzard.

When I'm dead and planted,
Afar from earthly din,
By Miss Blanchard, I'll hear enchanted
"Hand your History (4) note-books in."

THINGS YOU CAN'T IMAGINE

Lydia composing ragtime.
Ervin Weller keeping "mum" in class.
Casey six feet in his sox.
Foolish getting a hair cut.
Alma with a grouch.

Stanley in evening clothes.
Eleanor without her rouge.
Melvin acting like a man in History Class.
Margaret trying to act businesslike.

WISDOM OF CHILDREN

Dan, who was about three years old at the time, had been told several times by his father not to talk to the ice man, who was decidedly not adverse to the use of profane language. However, Dan persisted and when told by his mother that the ice man didn't go to Sunday school and wasn't a good man, he replied: "But, mother, I'm sure he is a good man. The other day when the horse stepped on his foot he sat down on the curb and talked to God about the horse for the longest time."

Dear Sweetheart:

The great love I have to express for you is false and I find my indifference toward you increases daily. The more I see of you the more you appear to my eyes an object of contempt. I feel myself in every way disposed and determined to hate you.

(That) Our last conversation has left an impression on my mind, which by no means impressed me of the extremely high standard of your character.

Your temper would make me unhappy. If you and I were united, I would expect nothing but hatred of my friends added to the everlasting displeasure of living with you. I have indeed a heart

to bestow, but I do not desire to imagine it at your service. I could not offer it to any one more inconsistent than yourself and be capable of doing justice to myself and family. I think you are aware of the fact that I speak sincerely and hope you will favor me by avoiding me. You need not trouble yourself about answering this letter as your letter is always full of impertinence and have not a shadow of wit and good sense—and believe me I am sorry to say it is impossible for me to be

Your loving sweetheart.

P. S.—I suppose you were very inquisitive and read all of this letter. I only intended that you should read every other line. Please read carefully, and believe me to me, Your loving sweetheart.

O-O-O-O-OH!!!

The night was dark and stormy
The thunder loud did roar
And many people died that night
That never died before.

To be called a noisy girl for a change.—Carol B.
A hero for next year.—Margaret R.
A dimple eradicator.—Cutie M.
A steady girl.—Bert.
A good hair dye.—Carman L.
A marcel wave.—Hellen S.
A steady man.—Irma H.
Something to make my moustache grow.—Eli D.
A curl remover.—Ruben L.
A long stretch of smooth, straight road, that's all.
I have the other two.—Clarence W.
Some Danderine to make my hair flatter.—Wm. Olson.
Miss Bahl's method of flirting with her eyes.—Emil Luchterhand.

FRANKLIN'S LESSON ON THE VALUE OF TIME

Dost thou love life? Then, do not squander time,
for that is the stuff

PERSONAL

Norma L.—“A maiden meek and mild.”
Hellen S.—“When dreams come true.”
Alma L.—“A blushing cheek bespeaks a modest mind.”
Milford L.—“Basketball first.”
Cutie M.—“His highest aim—a basket.”
Art K.—“A worker who gets results.”
Bernitta B.—“Tact and neatness become a lady.”
Emma L.—“If tactness were money, I'd be a multi-millionaire.”
Melvin G.—“Girls delight me not.”
Lois C.—“I should worry—but I don't.”
Eugene S.—“The world knows little of its great men.”
Selma E.—“She's a jolly good fellow.”
Yetive B.—“Quiet as a mouse.”
Ellis R.—“Silence Abbreviated.”
Margaret K.—“I look and am rather serious.”
Margaret W.—“I look serious and am serious.”

FAVORITE SONGS

Just Before the Battle, Mother -----
 ----- Medieval History Class
 I Lost the Best Pal that I Had ----- Inez
 Whispering ----- Bube L.
 One Wonderful Night ----- Hellen S.
 I Want to Linger ----- Leo F.
 How Sorry You'll Be ----- Delephine W.
 They're All Sweeties ----- Lois C.
 You'll Be Sorry that You Picked On Me ----- Frances W.
 Take Me Back, Pal O' Mine ----- Nina A.
 I Love the Moonlight ----- Carman L.
 You'd Be Surprised ----- Margaret W.

THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO SEE

Someone who doesn't like vacation.
 Evelyn Tesmer getting taller.
 "I don't know" dropped from recitation classes.
 All the boys with their hair curled.
 John Lukowicz grave and silent.
 Enjoy Bream on time.
 Slabby here every day.
 Leo Firnstahl.
 Pansy Bennet with a long skirt.
 Study hour without a teacher.
 Pupus taking care of their own class records.
 History IV know their lesson on Monday.
 Black ink write white.
 My best girl.
 Casey Jones without something to say.

BITS OF NONSENSE

It was midnight on the ocean
 Not a street car was in sight
 The sun was shining brightly
 For it rained all day that night.

'Twas a summer's day in winter
 The snow was raining fast
 As a barefoot boy with shoes on
 Stood, sitting on the grass.

'Twas evening—the rising sun
 Was setting in the West
 When all the fishes in the trees
 Were cuddled in their nests.

The rain came shining down
 The sun was pouring bright
 And every thing that we could see
 was hidden from our sight.

The organ peeled potatoes
 Lard was rendered by the choir
 While the Sexton rang the dishrag
 Some one set the church on fire.

Holy Smokes—the preacher shouted
 As he madly tore his hair
 And his head was just like heaven
 For there is no parting there.

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK:

If everyone was here on time?
 If Mil. was found talking to a boy instead of a
 girl in the hall?
 If Chick would pick up his feet when he walks?
 If Wally G. was serious once?
 If Lois wasn't bossing?
 If Clarence was without a girl?

WANT ADS

An alarm clock for Margaret.
 Less school hours in the day.—Mil. L.
 A pair of stilts—Casey.
 A permanent excuse for tardiness—Leo F.
 More Dates—Margaret K.
 A girl—Steve M.

LOVE CAKE

Take one armful of pretty girls
 1 lovely face
 2 laughing blue eyes
 2 rosy cheeks
 2 lips. (Results are astonishing.)

Frosting

Take one piece of dark piazza
 A little moonlight
 Press in one strong hand
 2 little soft ones (so as to attract attention)
 2 oz. of romance
 2 whippers
 Dissolve ½ doz. glances in a quantity of hesita-
 tions also 2 oz. of yielding. Place kisses on a flushed
 cheek or 2 lips. Flavor with a little scream. Set
 aside to cool. Serve after dark.

—H. I. S. '23.

Kopplin—"When you examine a dog's lungs under a microscope, what do you find?"

Casey Jones—"The seat of his pants, I suppose."

Clarence—(To Irma at show)—"Irma, tell that man to take his arm away from around your waist."

Irma—"Tell him yourseif. He's a perfect stranger to me."

"You'd better lengthen those skirts, Lois."

"Uh?"

"Gentlemen are apt to mistake you for a little girl and try to take you on their laps."

"Well."

Prof.—"What is a dry-dock?"

Wally Grambert—"A physician who won't give you out prescriptions."

Miss Blanchard—"Give examples of double negatives."

Frosh—"I don't know none."

Newlywed—"Why don't you make the bread that mother used to make?"

Mrs. Newlywed—"Why don't you make the dough that father used to make?"

"A caller with a poem wants to see you, sir."

"The devil! What's his name?"

"It's a young lady, sir, an' she's a peach."

"Oh! Show her in. I'll be glad—Ahem! to look at her lines."

Kopplin says: "Fall Creek boys are little but fast."

THE FACULTY

The FACULTY is a hard-working bunch
And right here I'll give you a little hunch
And if you stay in the COLBY HIGH SCHOOL
You've got to work, and not be a fool.

Mr. Bender, Prof., is right there,
One word too much, and he's in the air
But just the same he's a good scout
That's enough or I'll go the back door out.

Miss Blanchard, for English, is a regular fright
You have to be careful to get your verbs right
But she's there just the same,
In the teaching game.

Why does Miss Anderson continue to teach?
The young men must know that she's a peach
Once in a while she does get "mad"
But you would, too, if red hair you had.

Rosy cheeked Miss Bahl
For her the fellows fall
She makes us sob
'Cause teaching history is her job.

Now here's for good old Kopplin,
Oh, where will I begin?
For Athletics, he's the one,
When he's around, "Ain't We Got Fun?"

Mr. Olson's a jolly sport
He's full of life and pep.
And when there's any eats around
He's always there, you bet.

—F. A. W. '25

BENEATH THE MISTLETOE

They stood beneath the mistletoe
And knew not what to do
For he was five feet tall
And she was six feet two.

The **EXPERIENCE OF** **23 YEARS**

OF BANKING SERVICE

our bank connections and the close personal touch with successful business which that service has maintained,

is at your service at this Bank.

Regardless of what your business problem may be, its correct solution probably has been reached in one way or another in the course of our experience.

Our advice, our help, is freely at your disposal, whether you are a customer of this Bank or not.

COLBY STATE BANK

ESTABLISHED 1900

Colby,

Wisconsin

She—"Why, it's only six o'clock. I told you to come to supper."

He—"That's what I came after."

Country Cousin (Backing out of ballroom)—"I'm sorry I entered this apartment."

His Sousin—"Why, this is the ballroom. What did you think it was?"

Country Cousin—"Good Lord! I thought it was a ladies' dressing room!"

Wife—John, I'll have to discharge the cook; she uses such dreadful language.

Husband—What kind of language, dear?

Wife—Well—oh, the same kind you use, you know.

"Did you fall?" said a man, rushing to the rescue of a woman who slipped on the icy pavement.

"Oh, no," she said, "I just sat down to see if I could find any four-leaf clovers."

Little grains of powder,
Little dobs of paint
Make Lois Cook's complexion
Look like what it really ain't.

AN ANATOMICAL ERROR

A courting went our youthful Mil,

But came back with a frown.

"There must be something wrong," he said,

"Her ribs run up and down."

A young lady who was inspecting bicycles said to the clerk:

"What's the name of this wheel?"

"Belvadeer."

He was rewarded by a stony glance and the icy question:

"Can you recommend the Belva?"

Mr. Olson is a very nice man

He preaches and preaches as much as he can.

The Eskimo sleeps in his little bear skin
and keeps very warm I am told.

Last night I slept in my little bare
skin and caught a terrible cold.

He took her rowing on the lake,

She vowed she go no more.

He asked her why—her answer was:

"You only hugged the shore."

"Well, Carman, what did you learn in school to-day?"

"Lots of things that were jake, but especially always to say: Yes, ma'am and No, ma'am."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yep."

Teacher—"What is the death rate here in Colby?"

Pupil—"Same as everywhere else, I suppose, one death for every person."

YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL

You can always tell a Senior

She is so sedately dressed

You can always tell a Junior

By the way she swells her chest.

You can always tell a Freshman

By her timid looks and such;

You can always tell a Sophomore,

But you cannot tell her much.

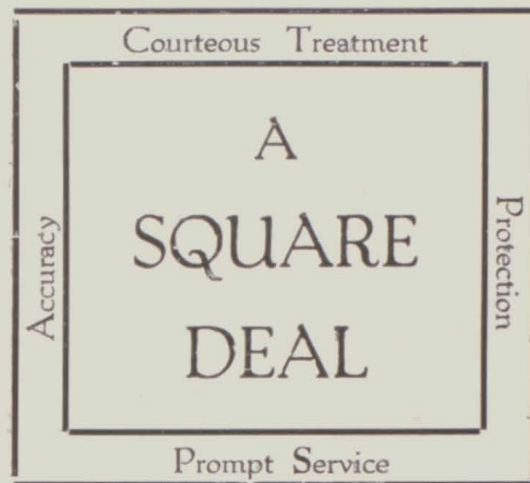
QUARANTINE UNNECESSARY

Proud Mother—"Oh, my son took geometry from you, didn't he?"

Bender—"Pardon me, he was exposed to it, but he never took it."

Olson—"What kind of air would be the warmest?"

Art K.—"Hot air."



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\$1.00 or More Will Start a SAVINGS
ACCOUNT

We Pay Three Per Cent Interest

We rent Safe Deposit Boxes at less than one
cent per day

MAY WE SERVE YOU

SECURITY STATE BANK
COLBY, WISCONSIN



KODAK FINISHING

Films & Supplies

Kodak as you go- Every road
takes you to Pictures

C. A. NELSON

Colby Drug Store

WE

WONDER

WHY

Stiffy thinks he can box?
Miss Bahl does not use long words?
The Juniors are all fighting about the Prom?
The Colby All-Star Team didn't succeed?
Irma is against dancing all of a sudden?
Niehoff don't go to sleep the third period any
more?
Foolish thinks glasses are a protection?
Olson didn't operate on his Rat?
Balheim disguises her complexion?
Leo and Rastus don't stay in the basement a whole
period?
Mil goes to Unity?
Donald Horn don't walk Pidgen-Toed?
Neihoff and Hellen are inseparable?
Stiff don't get as tall as Casey?
All the mice are in Olson's room?
Donald Zillmann and Emil are always fighting?
Lizzie and Carman don't dye their hair red?
Slabby quit school?
Myra don't get freckled?
Art don't use a good eraser in typing?
Marion don't wear spectacles?
I don't know when I have said enuff?—?—?
By DONALD HORN AND FRANCES WILL

March 1, 1923.

Dearest Friend———:

Must answer your most welcome letter Which I recieved a long time ago. Oh, not so very long ago. Why was it you that sent me such a short letter? Do you mean to give me up? I believe it, for you don't Write like always.

How is every body in ——? Thanks for that Valentine you sent me. Can you play on the piano, we are going to ——'s Sunday. Maybe I'll go along. —— wants me to come. I don't go to see the girls, for you no I couldn't do that on account of you honey.

Mother is making donuts, they smell real good, I'll say. Excuse me for not writing any sooner. For I really was kept very busy studying the Village Blacksmith, had to learn it all for grammar.

—— drew a ear. It's a funny looking animal in the book. Maybe all those are going to the state fair. She drew in just a short time. She wrote a letter quite a number all ready.

Ou, la, la. I guess i'll close,

From yours only I hope

I still love you every day and hope you do to.

xxxxxxxxxxxxx & so forth.

—Dearest ——.

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Buick

SALES & SERVICE

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Gasoline

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O. R. BRIGGS



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COLBY WIS.



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TEL. NO. 1 - 3
For Appointment

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

In Maryland not so long ago,
It is not true, but yet 'tis so,
Was fought the greatest, hottest battle
That e'er took place 'twixt man and cattle.

On the post the rooster crew;
Through the woods the north wind blew;
By the fence stood farmer and son,
Before the Battle of Bull Run.

Said the farmer to his son,
"You shoot the bull, I'll hold the gun."
Bust Mister Bull he turned around,
And with his forefeet stamped the ground.

And then, dear friend, began the fun,
For Mister Bull began to run;
With might and main did he pursue
The man and boy, now running too.

The farmer's wife, who heard the big commotion,
Thought Maryland had fall'n into the ocean;
So with uplifted voice she cried:
"My husband, oh, come to my side!"

But he could not, as you'll read'ly see,
For he was high up in a hickory tree,
And the bull, who thought not of reterat,
He was sitting on a bench beneath.

Presently to the resuce came
A noble bulldog, "Pug" by name,
He began to bark and cough,
And bit the big bull's tail right off.

Then got him by the 'sophagus,
And pulled out the eplurabus;
He bit his legs and made them crack
And sent him to his cowherd back.

Such was the Battle of Bull Run,
A bull 'gainst bulldog, farmer, and his son;
Such was the greatest, hottest battle
That e'er took place twixt man and cattle.

—L. C. '23.

Little Stanley and his father had just had a strenuous interview in the woodshed.

"I punish you merely to show my love for you," the father said.

"That's all right," said Stanley.

"It's a g-good t-t-thing I'm not b-b-big enough t-to return your love."



Just About Everything for the High School Miss

At no period in her life, perhaps, is a girl so clothes-conscious as at the high school age. And why not? Mother heretofore has planned her clothes. Now the High School Miss wants to make her own selections. Mother will interpret this mood and wisely direct daughter's choice, giving her as much latitude as possible. And if the Junior Miss decides to do her own shopping, she may rest assured that our styles are correct and the prices moderate. For instance.

Canton Crepe, plain or figure
\$3.25 to \$3.75

Crepe de Chine, plain or figured
\$1.59 to \$2.50

Ratines 39c to 75c

Tissue Gingham 50c to 65c

Ginghams 25c to 39c

KRAUS and KERSTEN



SAY
IT
WHILE
DANCING

And you will say it—that you've never before enjoyed such dance music as the latest records of the
NEW EDISON.

Snappy fox-trots straight from Broadway and dreamy Waltzes that make you dance.. Decide for yourself, and hear them at.

F. W. Lueloff,

Colby, Wis.

PERHAPS MR. EDISON CAN TELL US

Where a man can buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eye be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when building the roof of his house
The nails on the end of his toes?

If so, what did he do?
Can the crooks of his elbows be sent to jail?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
To be sure, I don't know, do you?

Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?
Or beat the drum of his ear?
Does the calf on his legs eat the corn on his toes?
If so, why not grow corn on the ear?

Conceit—It's an awful strain to keep from kissing
you.
Imprudence—Don't hurt yourself.

The Class in Ancient History was reciting—
"Will someone give me the principal dates in Roman History?"

A hand went up: "The principal date was the date Mark Antony had with Cleopatra."

Harold N.—"Will you be my—"
She—"O Dear! This is so sudden. Give me time to—"

Harold N.—"My partner in the next dance?"
She—"Time to catch my breath after that last Fox Trot, they're so strenuous, you know."

Bender (In Geometry, thoughtfully scratching his head).
I'll get something yet."

Knut—"Norman, you seem to take a great deal of interest in Sylvia Zillman lately."

Norman—"Yes, if I take the interest now, I may have the principal some day."



If—Fricke bakes, will Inez and Lois Cook? If they won't, then Margaret and Frances Will.
 If—She hurt her knee, would Wanda Bahl?
 If—She was stiff could Harry Bend'er?

I saw a couple go down the street. It's Leone And'er-son, her ol'son, William.

If—Her first name is Pearl, is her last name Button?

If—Carman is humorous, is Edwin Witte?

If—Casey's name is Milward, how can it be George?

If—I play in a band, will I play Donald's Horn?

If—He is well, is Ervin Weller?

If—Irma is Heintz, is she one of the 57 varieties?

Millers are bugs. Walter is a Mueller.

Elephants have hides. Has Margaret (a) Rein?

If—Milford is a him, and a hymn is a song, what is Carol?

If—Eleanor flirts, will she Get you (Guetschow)?

If—Ray fox trots, will Clara Kowalk?

If—Lois runs, will Francis Chase?

If—Flowers are fragrant, does Lester Scendt?

If—Amundson's end is the south end, what end is Lois?

If—A nagel is a nail in German, what is a Shrauf-Nagel?

FEMININE FACTOTUM

With a hair pin a woman can do
 Most things on earth. Here are a few:

Pick a lock, and pull a cork!
 Cut a pie and make a fork!
 Put up curtains, rake a fire!
 Tinker with an auto tire!
 Scour the kitchen pots and pans!
 Take up carpets, open cans!
 Clean the chimney of a lamp!
 Saw a cake and jab a tramp!
 Peel an apple, rake a grate!
 Hang up pictures on a plate!
 Spread the butter, varnish floors!
 Fix the hinges on the doors!
 Do up baby, beat an egg!
 Use it as she would a peg!
 Button gloves, sew, darn and knit!
 Make the children's trousers fit!
 Yawning chasms reconcile!
 Keep receipted bills on file!
 Tighten windows, clean a clock!
 Sharpen pencils, mend a sock!
 Stop a leak, untie a knot!

Pick her teeth, erase a spot!
 With this in hand she's quite content—
 She needs no other instrument!

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carton blue.
Some for down stairs
some for up
And some to keep
in the cupboard too.



and - 'Rithmetic

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BLOODY FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

Footprints that perhaps another
Who is tired, weary, sad,
A forlorn, despairing brother,
Seeing, will go surely mad.

Let us, though, be up and singing
With a voice far from sublime,
For each day is closer bringing
Our hope, sweet vacation time.

Teacher—"What do you think about people who
won't work now days?"

Brilliant Junior—"Thirty days."

Music Clerk—"What do you wish, sir?"

Bert—"Meet Me In Love Land."

Music Clerk (fussed)—"Well—Ah,—No."

Bert—"Well, have you 'Kissed Me in Moonlight?'"

Music Clerk—"Oh, no! It must have been the
other girl!"

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Graduate

of

Ohio State University

Which is the leading
Veterinary
College

in the

U. S. A.



A LESSON IN ENGLISH

You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. She is of course feminine. If she is singular, you are nominative. You walk across to her, changing to verbal, and then become dative. If she is not objective you become plural.

You walk home together. Her mother is accusative and you become imperative. You walk in and sit down. Her little brother is an indefinite article. You talk of the future—She changes the subject. You kiss her and her father becomes present, things are tense, and you become the past participle.

Kop.—“Where do bugs go in winter?”
Hel'en, in Biology—“Search me!”

To Rueben Lueloff—“When you asked Adella to the party, I suppose she said: ‘This is so sudden.’”
“Naw—She was honest about it and said: ‘The suspense has been terrible.’”

LIGHT

Woman—“Where is the lighthouse?”
Cop—“About two miles into the lake from the foot of Grand Ave.”
Woman—“Must I go way out there to pay my gas bill?”

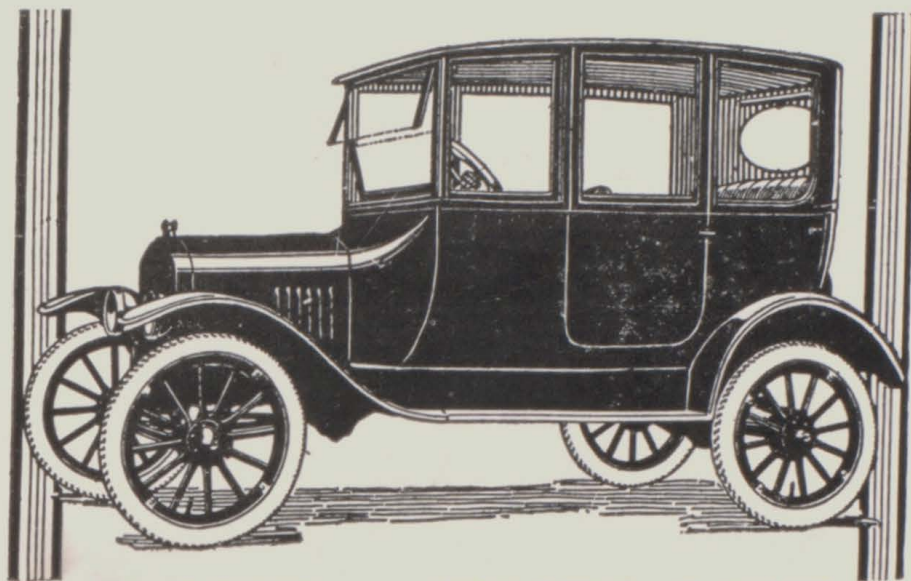
Dorothy H.—“I wish I had another fig.”
Eleanor G.—“Oh, I'd rather have a date.”

Bill had a bill-board. Bill a'so had a board bill. The board-bill bored Bill; so Bill sold the bil-board to pay his board-bill. After Bill had sold his bill-board to pay his board-bill, the board-bill no longer bored Bill.

Miss Blanchard—(In English class) “Before we begin the recitation, has anyone a question to ask?”
Clarence—“Yes. Where is the lesson?”



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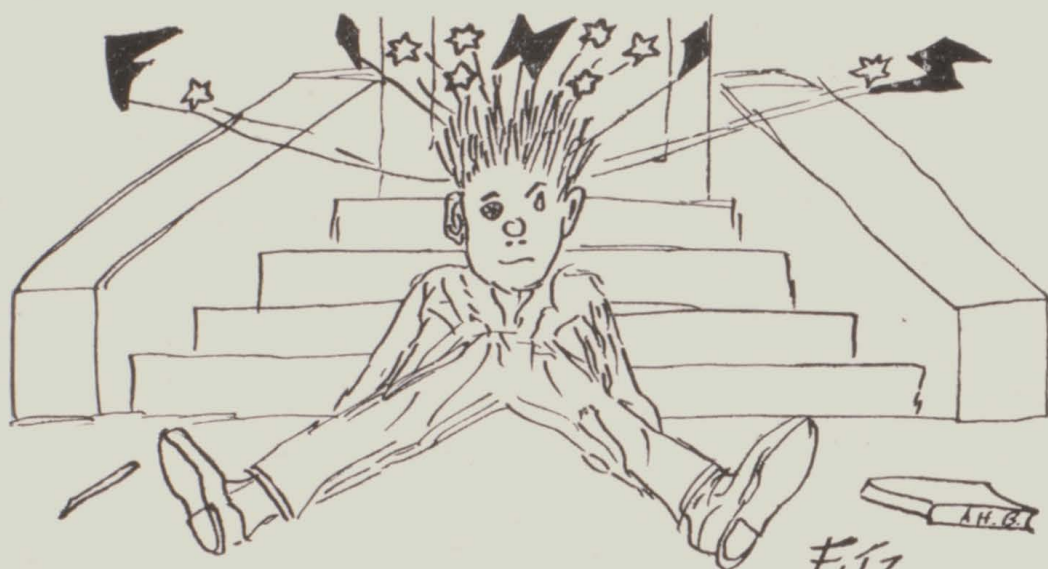
SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

Class	Name	Address
'24	Lawrence Olson	Colby Miss.
'24	Margaret Rein	Cherokee,
'23	Margaret "Slim"	Colby
'24-	Elmer Tribb	Colby
'25	Chick Darnie	" "
'25	Frances Will (Dancing Teacher)	Honolulu Hawaii
'24	Arthur Horton (Pop-Corn)	" " same st.

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?



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#12

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