The IRIS
Nineteen Hundred Twenty
The Iris

Nineteen Hundred Twenty

The Annual of the Highland High School
Published by the Senior Class.
Volume I.
GREETING

The Class of 1920 presents this first volume of "The Iris" for your approval. We realize that we are establishing a precedent in this school which, we trust, will be continued by subsequent graduating classes; that our humble effort will be perfected as the years go by, until "The Iris" of Highland High School will be a source of pride to all who revere the "Red and Black."
Dedication

TO

Superintendent C. L. Dietz

We, the Class of 1920, dedicate this first volume of "The Iris," in recognition of his many years of unceasing devotion to and sincere interest in the Highland High School
Iris, Oh! Iris, Our Rainbow Flower

Iris, Oh! Iris, our rainbow flower,
Purple, and white, and gold,
It brings the memory of many an hour,
Which in words cannot be told.

Iris, Oh! Iris, our rainbow flower,
Lilac, and rose, and blue,
It brings the memory of many an hour,
I know and spent with you.

—Claire Meyer. '20
To Highland High School

Four long years with mingled feeling,
   Half in rest and half in strife,
I have spent in patient toiling
   Preparing for the field of life.

Thou hast taught me, Alma Mater,
   Many a lesson deep and long,
Thou hast been a wondrous teacher;
   I can give thee but a song.

Not for this alone I love thee,
   Not for just my presence here,
Friends I love have labored with me
   And have made thy memory dear.

—Hazel Duncan, ’20
Board of Education

MICHAEL MATTER
EDWARD R. STOECKLIN

LOUIS O. KUHNEN, President
DR. E. G. MERWIN
C. FRANK RAWSON, Sec'y.

CHARLES T. PABST
DR. F. H. TSCHUDY
The Staff

VERNA COLLINS, Editor-in-Chief

MILDRED SPENCER, Literary Editors
WALLACE STOKES, Literary Editors
GLADYS HUG, Art Director
SELMA TSCHANNEN, Joke Editor

MILDA HOEFLE, Calendar Editor
HAZEL DUNCAN, Alumni Editor
CLAIRE MEYER, Social Editor
EUNICE MATTER, Business Manager
Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself.

Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.

An affable and courteous gentleman.

By diligence she wends her way.

Enjoy the hour for rapidly the Joys of life are flying.

I am more than common tall.

A pearl among women.

True modesty is a discerning grace.
KAEM
“Silence is more eloquent than words.”

KYLE
“Her brown eyes sought the west afar, For lovers love the western star.”

MATTER
“Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise.”

MEYER
“Grace was in all her steps, in every gesture dignity and love.”

SPELLERBERG
“It is better to laugh than be sighing.”

SPENCER
“I have a heart with room for every joy.”

STOKES
“I am not only witty myself but the cause that wit is in other men.”

TSCHANNEN
“I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me.”
I do not place this class History before you as a monument to the class of '20, for it is needless to say, the memory of this class will remain within the school walls, long after we have passed on.

As it was, a straggling group of excited freshmen, 32 in number, found their way to the Assembly on that first day of September, '16. How our hearts beat as we came to our destination, in that vast building. We were welcomed by Mr. Dietz, and felt that we were indeed well watched. Were there not five persons stationed in different parts of the building to enforce the rules and regulations of the school?

Scarcely had the newness of school life worn away, when the social activities of the year began. The first was a Hallowe'en Party given by the Juniors. After that event it was the ambition of our class to give a similar party, but one which would surpass any that had ever been given here.

The next event was the St. Valentine's Party, which was enjoyed by everyone. No one has forgotten the refreshments served that evening.

And then the "Pageant of '17" which was given in May of that year. The freshmen looked very attractive, dressed in the costumes of the Swiss people. It was a success, and of course, our entire class placed the cause of the success to our credit. We felt that we had attained the top of the ladder, as far as acting was concerned.

June, July and August passed in rapid succession, and the ringing of the school bell summoned us to school on the second day of September. We were allowed to take seats about seven rows from the teacher's desk and felt important, indeed. But we soon learned that our class had decreased, for several members had not returned to school. The school year was uneventful, for no parties or entertainments were given. We had a heavy snowfall after Christmas, and the Freshmen boys took the Sophomore girls for a sleigh ride. Has anyone forgotten that wonderful snowdrift on the hill?

The time passed quickly but uneventfully. During the summer the members of the class met occasionally, and we spoke of our dread of returning to school, but when September came, every one was glad, for, were we not Juniors now?

Many events were planned to make the year a happy one, but they were not carried out. The influenza spread so rapidly, that we were forced to close school. After two months of exile we again returned to take up our work but several members of the High School had passed away, victims of the influenza. One of them was our classmate, Hedwig Haeberlin, whom everyone misses.

One thing that we shall remember was that wonderful Burlesque Track Meet. The next one is held, members will furnish their own sacks for the races.

Our Senior Year began on that beautiful warm day of September 2, 1919. How the birds did sing that morning. The very air seemed to be filled with rejoicing. Indeed, it was because the Seniors were going to take their rightful places. Miss Graff who had been teaching for 27 years, resigned, in order to remain at home to take care of her mother.

Our class, according to our traditional right, decided to give the first party. It was the Hallowe'en Party which had been on our minds for three years. Every one had to do his part in decorating the gymnasium. Oh! What a wonderful time those girls missed who did not help decorate. The barrel which was used to give each one of us a turn upon the floor. But such things cannot be a joy to one, unless you try them.

Then we had our Literary Evening, our first appearance before the public. Oh! Was the "Red and Black" always sung with as much spirit as it was on that night, after the debate? Our evening was the crowning success of the Senior Class.

Then followed in rapid succession the exams, and the last two months of school. And then, at last, only a week remained before Commencement. The Class Play, Baccalaureate Sermon and Junior Banquet passed like a dream of Joy and we faced Commencement.

Commencement was the greatest day of our four years in High School. Everyone realized that, as we were together on the first day of our High School Career, so now, this our last day together as the Senior Class of Highland High.

And now I hope that although, in future years, the members of our class may be far from each other, a perusal of this history will turn their memories back to those four years spent in High School; in the midst of busy, eventful lives we may renew old time courage, as we think of "Red and Black."

Mabel Kamm—'20
Class Will

We, the class of 1920, of the Highland High School, being of sound mind and sane judgment, do hereby declare this our last will and testament.

We, the said class of 1920, now on the verge of our final separation from our esteemed and highly beloved faculty, do ask as a last demonstration of their fond regard for us that, if possible, they refrain from their customary tears which always accompany a state occasion like this. We, the class of 1920, do extend to them our most sincere love and friendship, thanking them for all that they have done for us during our whole High School career.

To the Board of Education we bequeath our most heartfelt thanks and appreciation for the many deeds of kindness shown us during our four years of High School.

To the classes we make the following bequests:

To the members of the Junior Class we will the dignity and austerity which is so noticeable in the Senior Class. We also grant them the special privilege of being on their honor without the supervision by the teachers all of the time.

The Sophomores, having sufficient pep and class spirit are willed our good wishes and the hope that they will study harder and devote less time to frivolity.

To the Freshmen we bequeath the right to emanate from that timidity which must characterize every humble Freshie, we also give them the opportunity of hazing the Freshman Class of 1924.

The following class bequests are made:

1. Verna Collins' sunny disposition and cheery smile we will to Julius Marti, with the hope that Julius will grin from ear to ear as long as he lives, on all occasions. Moreover, we give Verna's wisdom and mastery of all High School subjects to Joseph Wick, trusting he will make good use of it.
2. Mildred Spencer's flirtatious ways to Edith Paul, who doesn't know the first principles of this noble occupation.
3. Mable Kamm's rotundity we will to Louise Tschannen who has long coveted wrinkles in her wrists.
4. Hazel Duncan's dramatic ability to Leola Gude.
5. Wallace Stokes' right to a place at the side of any girl, except Mildred Hoefer, to Harold Kuhnen.
6. Irene Holliger's raven locks we do will and bequeath to Agnes Bauer, providing "Russell likes brunettes."
7. Clemence Carp's officious and sophisticated ways to Francis Ittner, for we believe that Mr. Ittner with Mr. Carp's mannerisms will become a "most important person."
8. Mildred Hoefer's musical ability and winning ways with the boys we will to Grace Niggl.
9. Eunice Matter's ability to teach, to Grace Kamm, and her speed in typewriting to Adalbert Gezzi.
10. Mary Kyle's amorous correspondence to Arline Peter.
13. Elvin Foehner's mental capacity and neat appearance to Homer Glock, on condition that Homer will wear the collar bequeathed him.
15. Lillian Glock's perseverance and ever constant watchfulness over her brother to Alice Thurnau.
16. Pearl Hoyt's dignity and good manners to Thelma Pabst.

We hereby name and appoint Mr. Dietz as executor of this—our last will and testament.

In witness whereunto we set our hands and seal this thirty-first day of May, A. D. 1920.

The Class of 1920.

Witnesses.

Faculty
Junior Class

Kuhnen
Huegy
Nagel
Jost
Auten
Habbegger
Lato ssky
Miller
Rogler
Stocker
Koch
Ludwig
The history of the Junior Class began with their illustrious entrance into the first year of High School. There were no fateful events which occurred with sufficient after effects to mention in such brief history as this. As with almost everything the war interrupted all social activities which tend to make history complete for those in school. Among other enjoyable times we had was a sleigh ride in which the entire class were participants. We toured every street in town in a box wagon with runners instead of wheels. This was brought to an end by a visit to the West Side Confectionery in order to warm up. The most important events to which every student looked forward were examinations which came four times a year. After the last examination and the annual preparations for leaving school the entire class departed for their hard earned vacation.

The next step in the history of the Junior Class was the beginning of the second year. Although not all returned who were freshmen the preceding year there were still enough left to make a good sized Sophomore Class. The war was still being carried on, which ruined all hopes for social gatherings. Then came the wide spread of Influenza which became so extensive as to cause all the schools and public places to be closed. The spirit of the class was dampened when several members were carried off by this dread disease. When school opened again, after being closed for a period of almost two months, every student was required to work with the utmost zeal thus leaving no time for "play"

When the armistice was signed the entire school had a holiday. It rained all day but we Juniors celebrated by travelling over the entire town in automobiles, making as much noise as possible. It was not long before the final examinations freed us from school work for this year.

The third year opened with the war over and social activities returning. The event of the season was a party given by the Seniors. The Junior Class was present and all had an enjoyable time. The next event was a public debate given by six of the Junior boys. This was highly successful; these Juniors were a credit to their class. The next event was a Valentine Party given by the Sophomores. The Juniors again proved their merits by attending and capturing the prize in the burlesque track meet held in the High School Gymnasium.

The climax of the season was the banquet given by the Juniors to the Seniors. This was one of the most successful events for the past three years and every one went away satisfied with the world and himself, especially the Seniors.

Robert C. Nagel—'21
Sophomore Class

Latowsky       Suppiger       Hoyt       Thurnau       Ilberg       Lebegue       Miller
Collins        Powers        Holz       Thurnau       Dettmar       Peter        Brunner       Glock
Hebrank        Paul          Leriche    Bauer         Ambuehi       Gilemen       Schwend       Kamm
Neudecker      Régier        Hagnauer   Ittner
When we, the Freshmen of 1918, toiled up the stairs to present ourselves as candidates for membership of H. H. S. for the ensuing four years we had two fears. First, that we would not be appreciated; and second, that some Sophomore would suggest the initiation. But contrary to our apprehension, we were welcomed by the instructors and the athletic association with open arms and hands and our initiation was postponed, for the first morning, at least.

Our actions during our first few days of High School, were no doubt very amusing to the upper classmen, for the ways of H. H. S. were considerably different from those of the lower grades. But we realized our humble position and rarely broke in where we were not wanted, and although we were victims of the panicky, trembling feeling which seizes every Freshman Class, we immediately set to work, after the novelty of our new life wore off, to show our jeering elders that we were not so “Green” as they thought we were.

This fall when we entered High School as Sophomores, we missed the faces of several of our former classmates. A few of our fellow students have left to take up the duties of life, while three have died, two of them, Roland Stoccklin and Dorothy Siedler, of influenza and Lester Duncan of heart failure. But as a compensation for our loss, we discovered upon looking around, the presence of a number of others, who we later learned, were to be classmates who had joined our ranks from neighboring towns.

No colors have yet been chosen by the class so we remain ever loyal and true to the “Old Red and Black,” which of course can never be approached. As a class we are always ready to lend our aid along intellectual or athletic lines, and you always find us “willing and ready, firm and steady boosting for our ‘Old High.’ We feel equal to the Seniors and feel that we have a place in the High School which no one else could fill.

On February 13th, the Sophomore Class entertained the entire H. S. at a “Party of Hearts” which proved very successful. The evening was spent in games and dancing. A Valentine Post Office was a feature of the evening.

Through the remaining years of our High School life we hope to win such fame and glory, and attain such heights, that it may truly be said that our class was one of the best that ever toiled within the walls of H. H. S.

Erwin E. Latowsky.—’22.
Freshmen Class

Goezi Jenne Hanser Foehner Foehner Strebel Foehner Bub Lebegue
Tschanen Jose Stoecklin Beckman Collins Spencer Seeger Stocker
Gude Meyer Niggli Buehler Neumann Vance Pierron Kelley
Schott Wick Morstain Marti Pabst Lory
Freshman Class History

Officers

Leighton Collins .................................................. President
Nelson Foehner ...................................................... Vice President
Elmer Jenne .......................................................... Secretary

The Freshman Class of 1923, the largest in the High School, has a total of thirty-three students. Everybody thinks that we are very green but we are fast losing this verdant hue. We think our Class is one to be proud of and is at least as good as the Sophomores.

Our class meeting was held about the middle of September, at which time the above mentioned officers were elected.

On Tuesday before Hallowe'en the Seniors gave a Hallowe'en party. Of course, all the tricks were played on the Freshmen. We did not mind this because we knew that we would have to take our share of hazing according to Highland tradition.

Then came the Freshies' anxious hours—the final exams. The results were not bad, for only a few of us were eliminated from some of our classes.

The other classes are always saying, "Those green Freshies do not know anything. They are such a joke." We are glad we are original and bright enough to entertain such serious-minded upper-classmen and provoke such dignified persons to mirth once in a while.

We gave a May-day party in Lindendale park to which the Faculty and all members of the High School were cordially invited. The amusement and refreshments provided showed that the Freshmen are good entertainers.

I hope that we, the Freshmen, will all meet again as Sophomores next year, and that the class of 1924 will continue to be loyal and true to Highland High.

Marion Seeger,—'23

The Freshman Class

I write in praise of the Freshman Class,
The largest class of all,
Of the fourteen girls and sixteen boys,
Some short and thin, some tall.

We form a class that our teachers like,
For our lessons we prepare,
We study hard and we keep in mind,
There is no time to spare.

When the finals come at the end of the year,
We'll not depend on bunk,
We'll have the goods to get us thru,
And not a one will flunk.

For three years more we'll still work hard,
Make grades that get us by,
Then when we graduate we'll be,
The pride of Highland High.

Lorna Spencer—'23
Junior Debating Team

Huegy
Regier

Carp
Habbegger

Nagel
Fochner
Girls Senior Basketball Team

Hoeffe, Kamm, Collins, Matter, Spellerberg, Spencer
Basket Ball Team

Dietz, Manager       Bardill, Coach
Miller               Auten

Huegy               Koch
Nagel               Kuhnen

Stokes, Captain
Basket Ball Review

After a few weeks of solid practice under the guidance of Coach Barnhill the basket ball team was in splendid shape to play the first game of the season. Early in November the team journeyed to Troy in automobiles and played the first game of the season there. The game resulted in the defeat of the Trojans. A large number of rooters accompanied the team. Altho the game was one-sided it was interesting, nevertheless. The boys, who were defending the Red and Black were in good trim and put up a fast game.

Several weeks later, O'Fallon played on the local court. It was a very close game, but the O'Fallon boys were out-played and towards the end Highland forged ahead and remained there. The game was played with spirit by the contesting teams and it was one of the best games ever featured in the High School gymnasium.

The team met its first defeat at the hands of Collinsville. The boys put up a splendid fight but Fate held the cards in her hands and we were defeated by a close margin.

The team was well seasoned now, several games being played in the meantime. The return game with Troy was played in the High School gym. The Troy boys were again out-played. The result of the game could plainly be seen after the ball was in play five minutes. Troy was "wallopped", that's all.

Greenville after a hard fought game defeated our boys by a close score. The local team was out-weighted, but, disregarding that, Greenville had to fight every inch of the way.

A game scheduled with the Alumni took place next. The Alumni team was composed of ex-army men. Their size and strength did not interfere much. They were easily defeated and by a fair margin the High School boys added another victory to their list.

Highland was invited to partake in the County tournament to be held at Collinsville. The team accepted and were matched against East St. Louis. After a spirited contest the Highland boys were defeated by a few points. This defeat resulted in their elimination. Nevertheless the boys had no reason to be ashamed of themselves. They suffered defeat only at the hands of the second strongest team at the tournament.

The following week Highland went to Greenville. Keen rivalry existed between the two teams. The team put up a brilliant game but were nosed out in the last minute of the game by one point. This was one of the prettiest games of the season. Neither Highland nor Greenville scored during the first quarter. In the second the Highland boys knuckled down to real team work and were soon ahead by a few points and remained ahead until the last minute of the game when Greenville scored 1 more point. This was one of the fastest and best basket ball games of the season, but was a somewhat bitter pill to swallow.

The schedule closed with the game at the district tournament at Centralia. Highland had Granite City for their opponents. The latter was the team that defeated East St. Louis at the county tournament. After a fast and well played game the boys of the H. H. S. were forced to bow their heads in defeat at the hands of one of the best teams in the district. This early elimination was a shock for a successful team, but it cannot be said that they were quitters because the last minute of the game they played just as hard and as clean as the first. The team stayed in Centralia for two days and the Centralians showed them a good time.
Lena Metzger,
Sarah Wilkinson,
Herman Winkler, Physical Trng.
Cornelia Holliger,
Amalia Mahler,
Norma Jarvis,
Lillian Wenger, Principal.
Edna Leder,
Georgia Anderson,
Florence Holliger,
Mrs. Lylah Launer
Eighth Grade

Marti, Menz, Layet, Tuffli, Suppiger, Hug, Neumann, Meffert, Beck, Rawson, Landert
Hambee, Stokes, Wildi, Schwend, Neumann, Miss Wenger, Hansen, Schreiber, Behr, Iberg
Arduesser, Belchel, Scruby, Miller, Matter, Hebrank, Tibbetts, Koch, Lynch, Matter, Hagnauer
Jost, Winet, Ittner, Iberg, Tschudy, Collins, Winkler,
True Patriotism

Nicholas Kosky was a little Russian lad, who lived in the great city of New York. His parents had come to America several years before the War broke out, and were now earning a fair living, as the father, was making a success in the bakery business. Nicholas and his sister, Olga, were going to school, learning all about the wonderful country they lived in, and they were very proud to be called "Americans." During the war Nicholas' father had bought as many liberty bonds and war saving stamps as he could, and the children had saved their pennies for thrift stamps. Nicholas was very proud of this fact, and felt that they, too, had done something for their country.

The father and mother, however, still had many pleasant memories of Russia, and often entertained their children with stories of the simple Russian folks, making the children love them. The father was always interested in the news, especially news of the Russian Revolution, but lately he had not been pleased, for Nicholas noticed that he often frowned and shook his head.

Nicholas had been very happy until one day at school, some of the boys wanted to play a new game, during recess, and one had suggested a game of Bolsheviks and detectives. Nicholas not understanding, had innocently asked what a Bolshevik was, when one boy sneered—"Huh! you don't know? Your father's one." That evening Nicholas asked his mother what "Bolshevik" meant and he was greatly dismayed and distressed when he learned the meaning.

After that, Nicholas was usually very quiet at home, always closely watching his father—hanging on to every word he said.

Many weeks passed, however, and Nicholas had almost forgotten the word "Bolshevik," when something occurred that aroused his suspicion and frightened him. One evening when he was supposed to be in bed asleep, he came down stairs for a drink. Just as he was about to step into the kitchen, he heard a voice say,—"Don't forget tomorrow at nine, and remember the pass word or you cannot enter."

Immediately "Bolshevik" entered his mind. Could it be possible that his father, whom he loved and trusted so much, could he be a traitor? It was too much for the loyal little fellow, and he sank, exhausted, to the floor—but, hearing his father's steps, he quickly and silently rushed into his room.

Little Nicholas could not sleep that night for tossing around in his bed. He could think of nothing except the fact that his father was a Bolshevik, a traitor. At school next day he made his first real mistake in his lessons. The teacher scolded him, but it did no good, he simply could not put his mind on his work.

When he thought that perhaps every evening his father and the men with whom he would try to destroy the government, he started—he would do something—try to prevent them some way. Oh, if—only could save his father was his one thought.

He went home, determined that he would follow his father that evening. He was unusually quiet, but his mother and father did not seem to notice it, indeed they seemed nervous and elated about something.

Nicholas complained of a headache, and said he was going to bed, so his mother did not miss him when he quietly slipped out after his father, but not before he had heard his mother wish his father "good luck". Could his mother be in this too? He had not much time to think, tho', for he had to walk so fast so he would not lose sight of his father.

After walking several blocks, his father suddenly turned into a doorway of a tall dark building. Not hesitating a minute, Nicholas opened the door, and found himself in a small room, at the front of a large stairway. As quietly as possible he climbed the stairs, and entered a large hall. Here Nicholas did not know where to go, but, seeing a light at the other end, he went towards it. He found that the light came thru a doorway at the end of the hall. Voices, low and gruff, came from within, but Nicholas could distinguish nothing that was said.

Very softly he walked up to the door, and peeped thru the keyhole there, around a table in about the center of the room were several men, all foreigners, and on the table—Nicholas with a gasp sprang back nearby falling, but slowly took another look—Yes, they must be bombs for he could think of nothing else like them. And this—this place of Bolsheviks and bombs—this was where his father had gone.

Slowly and with a determined air, he descended the stairs and walked out into the street. He would not let the boys point him out and say—"We don't want him—his father's a Bolshevik."

He remembered a police station he had passed, coming to this place, and he made his way toward it—walking more swiftly now. He soon reached the place and with a pale, excited, but determined face, told the police his story, begging them to save his father. They promised as Nich-
olas led them to the tall, dark building, and up the stairs.

The Bolsheviks were taken by surprise for just a moment before, the guards had reported that all was well; so they were readily captured.

While the police were raiding Nicholas stood back, but he now entered, and looked about him—first of all for his father. He looked at the several men but none was his father—could it be—but just then there was a noise in the farthest corner of the room, and Nicholas noticed a man, bound, lying on a pile of sacks.

With a cry Nicholas rushed forward—he had recognized the man as his father. When he was untoured, his father spoke quietly to the policeman who smiled and nodded his head toward Nicholas. Then to his utter amazement, but great delight, Nicholas saw the officer shake hands with his father, and leave the room, after giving instructions to his fellow officers concerning the custody of the prisoners.

That evening Nicholas heard the whole story and learned that his father was not working against the government but for it. These men belonged to the Union of Russian workers, and had long wanted Nicholas' father to join them, but he had refused. The police suspected this Union and, learning, in one way or the other, that Nicholas' father had been asked to join told him if their suspicions were correct, to get the plans and turn them over to the police. His father had consented and all was going well, till this evening when some of the men had suspected him and had tied him.

Nicholas found, that he had not only captured a band of Bolsheviks, but had also saved his father's life, but what pleased him most was the fact that his father was loyal to his adopted country.

Verna Collins, '20

Diary of a Freshman

Sept. 1—I entered the High School this morning feeling as if I were trudging on air: I hung my cap on a hook, but it was soon brought to earth when I heard a Senior roaring about someone hanging a cap on his hook. Of course, I apologized—but never meant it. I went up to the Assembly whistling serenely to myself when Mr. Dietz, the principal, told me to stop. Everything went fairly well for the rest of the day.

Sept. 2—As I was hurrying through the school yard this morning about 8:45, I felt someone grab me by the nape of the neck, and it seemed as tho' a hundred arms were holding me, and the first thing I knew I was under the pump, sputtering and kicking, but I only wasted energy in doing this. At last I was lifted up and I looked and felt like a half-drowned rat. The water from my head was running down under my collar, and chilled my backbone. The rest of the day ended all right, but I had to take lots of teasing.

Sept. 3.—On this day came one misfortune after another. I forgot my book, and received a dreadful scolding from Miss Davis in Algebra class. Then, I was half a minute late entering the Assembly which caused "lecture No. 2," and when we were going home for lunch, I slipped, fell, knocked another Freshman down, and we both casted gracefully down six steps. In the afternoon I got another ducking, in spite of the fact that I protested that I had a cold. The afternoon passed peacefully enough until Manual training period, when I forgot to take the chewing gum out of my mouth before entering class, consequently, I was sent up to the Assembly.

Sept. 4.—I felt like a king to-day. I received "100" in an algebra test, and when I took my paper home to show to my mother, my fond hopes were thrust aside, when she said, "Yes, that is fine, Charles, but remember your grade of yesterday,—only 40 per cent." But my hopes were raised again when I walked to school, and heard the birds singing, and saw the sun shining brightly.

Sept. 5.—My troubles seem over in the way of hazing, but not in the way of scoldings. In English class I was whispering to one of the girls when Miss Eissell told me that if I had to talk and wanted to instruct, she would let me take her place. Of course, I didn't, and I was meek as a lamb the rest of the period. I made a blunder to-day in physiology I asked Miss Davis whether the larynx in the throat was the same as the sound box in a Victrola.

I am still hopeful though, for this is Friday, and the first and worst of a Freshie's school life is over.

Charles Bub, '23
Advice to Juniors

To the sweet, demure unsophisticated Juniors—we, the class of 1920, greet you. As we have now passed through the labyrinth of High school with great honor and credit to ourselves, it seems fitting that we should give you benighted Juniors a word of encouragement and advice.

We realize your shortcomings, and it is with great benignity that we wish to point out your follies and irrational actions.

Oh! where are your manners, poor Juniors? Take the Sophomore Valentine party as an example. The Seniors, with the courtesy and beneficence which characterizes them as a class, presented to each of their teachers a box of chocolates as a Valentine. Oh, Juniors! how we blushed for you that evening, when you did not even show the fundamental rules of etiquette by offering one tiny piece of your prize box to the faculty. You uncouth, ungainly, gormandizing Juniors were so impolite as to struggle, in the contests against ladies in order to gain a box of candy, and having succeeded to sit in a corner and to gorge yourselves in a manner which resembled that of the omnivorous suoid quadruped.

As debaters, you will certainly need practice. In the first place, learn never to utter a falsehood; don’t deceive the public, for no one enjoys disappointments. You had better humbly admit that one third of your debating team were Seniors, but, of course, if this had not been the case, the poor Junior boys would have been addressing an empty assembly room. This is proven by the fact that the mere mention of a Senior entertainment tempted people to rush to the Seniors for tickets, and on the night of the entertainment, we the Senior class, had a packed assembly room to greet us.

These failings might be overlooked, if it were not for the fact that you possessed many more, equally as corrigeable. Please learn to restrain your exuberant boisterousness.

We can excuse such vociferous action in that we realize that this is your only resort for attracting attention, but we hope that in time, you will learn to respect the delicate structure of our ears. We fear that you may overdevelop your lungs or expand them to bursting point with such wild unearthly utterances.

When the Junior Class passes from the Assembly, it sounds much like the tramp of a mighty army, due no doubt to the size of your pedast extremities. Be considerate, Junior boys, and walk in a manner becoming to gentlemen. Do not swagger from the room, thumping your wooden heels so as to attract attention. The girls of Highland High don’t approve of such boorish, ungainly actions.

Of course we sympathize with you for your lack of members of the fair sex, but it seems as though this is due to some fault of your own, for every one seems exceedingly anxious to leave the Junior Class. As it is, five members of your class have, with higher ambitions, joined other classes here and elsewhere. Two realized the merit and excellence of the class of 1920, and joyfully joined its ranks.

To be sure, you are boasting “What would our High School have done in athletics without us?”—What wouldn’t they have done? Was it not our Senior who made practically all the points at every game? “Twas a great grievance to be compelled to use four members of your famous class to play Basketball this year; however, it was a deplorable fact that there were not four more Seniors to help for then, without a doubt, Highland would have had a champion Basketball team.

Another point which should be remembered by the Junior Class is the fact that the denticulated orifice situated under the nasal protuberance is merely to insert the nutritious papulum, and is not a presumptive goal for a basket ball. Perhaps, by keeping this fact in mind, some dentist’s bills could be saved.

One of the most serious faults of yours, is your slowness in action, perhaps due to the masculine majority of the class, but please hereafter show a little pep and class spirit.

Now as the time approaches when the days of our guidance and leadership, end, we, the mighty, most accomplished and most charitable class of 1920, relinquish our authority to you with the hope that you will carefully follow in our most worthy footsteps so that you, too, when on the verge of graduation, can be considered a credit to good old Highland High. May you profit by our kindly words of advice, emulate our success, and the praise of all men shall be with you. May your prosperity be great!
Junior Reply to Seniors

Most high, noble, condescending, educated, beautiful and good-for-nothing Seniors, to you I reply. Since you, the highly cultured Seniors, have kindly consented to give us, the poor, lowly bezighted Juniors, some of your superabundance of knowledge in the form of good advice, we thank you in the most humble spirit of gratitude. We thank you for the advice; we thank you for your generosity; and because it is given from the goodness of your hearts, we will say nothing more about it, but will let you think, in your conceited egotism, that you have really given us something.

To think of you, the most conceited, brainless wonders of a graduating class that ever darkened the portals of this great school, humiliating its proud record almost beyond repair. Lest the class of '21 is coming to the rescue, and will build it up to its former high place from which you have so ruthlessly torn it. You would have disgraced the school still more, if we, the Juniors had not come with timely assistance. For, just imagine, just visualize, just endeavor to conceive of a class of fourteen girls graduating from the High School with only one boy among them. Out of the goodness of our hearts we gave to you Seniors two of our Junior boys. Do the base, ungrateful, conceited, ingratiates of Seniors appreciate this? No! They taunt us on our lack of speed. But, still these speedy, graceful, fascinating and angelic Senior girls must get the slow Junior boys for fellows. It is needless for me to point out examples, the worthy author of the advice will verify my statements.

The eminent author of the Senior advice to the Juniors has said that the Juniors had to call in two Seniors to help them out in the debate. Indeed, the conceited Seniors think that we had to call in two Seniors to help us out. Well, you never can tell what a Senior will say next. But, anyone who knows the two classes will say that no Senior could have conducted himself as these two boys did when they were on the Junior debate. This will be proven still more conclusively when we consider the Senior debate. What a slander to accuse two of our Junior boys who took part in the debate of being Seniors. What a base, degrading slander, for these boys were at that time full-fledged Juniors. It was only at the earnest request of the humbled Seniors that we gave them these two boys. They talk about the Juniors, but these Seniors when asked to give a literary program declared they would much rather give a p’ay. Probably a minstrel show, at which they are especially skilled. They could have had the one boy in the Senior class as middle man and center of attraction, which part he could easily have filled. A “nigger show” with corked faces, foolish actions, and any sort of language would be about the goal of Senior aspirations and abilities.

In basket-ball there is no use saying anything. Out of the five men on the first team four of them were Juniors. Only one Senior being represented on the team. He is the captain, it is true, but only the captain through the courtesy of the Juniors. He seemed so lonesome and forlorn they gave him the position. But with the characteristic lack of faith of the Seniors, instead of appreciating this, he showed his lack of breeding, and all the finer points of a real gentleman, by trying to lord it over the Juniors. But this was soon stopped and he now knows his place.

Some of the graceful Seniors talk about the stride of the Junior boys. We didn’t think they had the nerve to mention that, because the gazelle-like gallop of some of the Senior girls is—oh well, we had better not say what we think. Then there is the twittering, the giggling, the laughing critics of the young and childish Seniors. Did we say childish? We meant their second childhood, of course, what a wonderful picture they make as they come tripping lightly into the classroom, the graceful little belles making the floor vibrate and the windows rattle as from an earthquake.

In conclusion we wish to say to the Seniors. Please take this reply in the spirit in which it is given. Try to follow in the path the Juniors suggest and you will make a success of life. So with best wishes for your steady improvement we hope to see the happy day when you will have accomplished great deeds so that the class of ‘20 will add honor to good old Highland High.

Harvey Huegy, '21
Patricia's Awakening

On a large and beautiful estate in the suburbs of the city of New York lived the Worthington family. Patricia Worthington, their only child, was exactly the kind of girl people call a "snob." She had been brought up in wealth and luxury. Her parents never punished or corrected her and they gave her every pleasure available. By the time she reached her sixteenth year, she felt as though she could do just as she pleased and up to this time she had. She was continuously wishing for some certain thing and in a short time she would have it—so she began to think that there was nothing in the world which could stop her from getting a thing when she wanted it.

When Patricia was nearing her seventeenth birthday, her mother became very ill and the doctor ordered her to go abroad for several months. Mr. Worthington was to accompany her, but he refused to allow Patricia to go. When she heard this she became very angry and said that she would not be left behind. Her father tried to comfort her and said, "her mother must have absolute quiet to recover."

"But where will I stay, during the summer?" asked Patricia. The boarding school which she was attending was dismissed the beginning of June and did not reopen until the latter part of September.

"I have a very dear friend, who has consented to take you into his family," answered her father. After several days of objections and pleadings, Patricia was persuaded for the first time to do as her father bade.

So Mr. and Mrs. Worthington left for Europe in the early part of May leaving Patricia to continue her education at a very exclusive seminary. Finally, however, the last day of school came and Patricia boarded the train, for the home of Mr. Thornhill, her father's friend.

The "Thornhill" home was situated in the small town of Westfield, Pennsylvania. It was not a large, beautiful home as Patricia was used to, but was a small, ordinary looking white frame house. Within the first few years the Thornhills had become rather poor, as Mr. Thornhill had become an invalid and was not able to earn money to support his wife and two children. Their oldest child was a daughter named Mary, who was about the same age as Patricia, and the other child was a boy named John, who was about two years younger. Mrs. Thornhill earned money by helping the neighbors while Mary and John kept house for their sick father. Even though these people were poor, they were always happy and willing to help others.

When Patricia arrived at the station she exclaimed, "My goodness, I had no idea it would be like this. Such a little town and I don't believe any one has come to meet me"—but just then a very plainly dressed girl came toward her and said, "I'm sorry if I'm a little late, I'm Mary Thornhill and I know you're Patricia Worthington, the daughter of my father's friend and schoolmate." Patricia nodded her head in her usual snobbish way and they began to walk homeward.

After walking about three blocks they reached the little cottage. Patricia was shocked to think that her parents would permit her to stay with poor people. Would she really have to spend the entire vacation there?

Just then the front-door opened and there stood a tall and rather elderly woman, with a pleasant smile on her face. She greeted Patricia so friendly that the latter managed to smile. She was then introduced to John and the father, after which Mary took her to her room.

When Patricia entered the small simply furnished room, she felt like crying, but because she did not feel at home she restrained herself. The first few days were very hard for Patricia and she thought she could never endure to live in such poverty all summer. The family kept no maids and the children did everything all the work. At first Patricia would not go near the kitchen, but idled away most of her time reading novels. However, she soon became tired of this and occasionally ventured into the kitchen. It did not take many weeks until she found that she was beginning to like her new home just because every one was so good to her. They never became angry although at times she gave them just cause by hinting at their poverty.

After the first two weeks she began to feel lazy and out of place when she saw how hard the others were working, while she was doing nothing. One day she asked Mary to let her help wash the dishes; at first Mary laughed, but this time Patricia was sincere and really wanted to help. Very soon Mary began to teach her different things about housework. By the end of the first month she was able to take care of her own room and do many little things which aided Mary greatly in her household duties.

By the end of the second month Mary had taught her how to bake bread and cake and to do many things which she would never have dreamed at home. By the end of the third month Patricia was so happy that she was not ready to return to school when the time came. She wrote to her father and asked his permission to remain with these people until they should return from Europe. The next two months were happy ones for Patricia. She never felt happier than when she was able to do a good turn for someone and relieve Mary of some of her
work. One day Mrs. Thornhill did not feel well, so Patricia insisted on going to help the neighbor herself. That evening when she returned home, she gave a two dollar bill to Mrs. Thornhill. How happy she was to think that she was able to earn money to help sick people who were much poorer than she was. It did not take very long until Patricia became as efficient in the housework as Mary.

Several days before Christmas she received a letter from her father saying that her mother was well again and that they would come to Westfield to spend Christmas day with their friends and take their daughter home with them. How happy Patricia was! Now she could help prepare a Christmas dinner for her parents and show them that she had learned much more than if she had been at school.

Christmas day came, the Worthingtons arrived and Patricia never felt happier than when she greeted her parents in her tidy blue apron. After dinner was over and Mr. Worthington saw his daughter help Mary with the dishes he exclaimed, "Patricia at last you have awakened—I am proud of you."

Claire Meyer—'20

Bubbles

We are forever blowing bubbles; painting wonderful pictures of a desired object and when we obtain that object, we find that it is not what we had made it and our wonderful bubble bursts.

Recall to mind a young boy when he is just beginning to walk. At this time he begins the fatal habit of blowing bubbles and all thru life he is disappointed, because objects are not what his illusion had painted them to be.

A young child sees other children playing with toys and then he wants them, too, thinking how lovely it would be to have them. But when he does get them, he plays with them for a while and then puts them aside. When the boy is five years old he thinks how wonderful it would be to go to school. After a time he does go to school, and what does he find? That attending school is not fun and be tires of the monotony and discipline. The boy has merely begun the habit of blowing bubbles and of watching them fly into the air.

When the lad is twelve years old, ideas of manhood have come into his mind. He walks down the street and sees an old man smoking an odorous corn cob pipe, another man is smoking a cigar, and finally he sees a young boy with a cigarette in his mouth. Oh, how manly it all seems. If he could only smoke he would have a wonderful time and be a real tough boy. Some of his friends offer cigarettes to him and he smokes a number. The result is that he becomes sick and sneaks home, and his parents discover the truth. Besides being sick he is punished and the most wonderful boyhood bubble has burst.

When he enters High School the thought of sweethearts enters his mind and he begins to blow another bubble, thinking how wonderful and manly it would be to walk down the street with a girl at his side. Finally he has nerve enough to make a date or to take a girl home. But what is the result? He is bashful and tongue-tied in her presence and keeps as far from her as he possibly can. The lad finds that he is relieved when he reaches the girl's home and leaves her. Oh! How different his companionship with his dream girl was from walking with a real girl. The lad is disappointed but, oh! another bubble has been pierced.

Years pass by and the boy has graduated from High School and has gone to a University. Here is where a young man sometimes begins to blow the most fatal bubble of his life. He thinks of how he will "set the world on fire," and that as soon as he leaves the University men will just beg him to accept important positions. But how different he finds the world when he leaves school. Instead of men offering him high-salaried positions he has to work long and hard for them or else he remains in a subordinate position for the rest of his life. The rainbow bubble of young manhood has burst.

Now he is past twenty and has found the girl of his choice. Wonderful blue eyes, raven hair, peaches and cream complexion, small and "cute", and sweet-tempered; she seems everything a woman should be, so he marries her. But, alas! The most wonderful bubble of all has floated away. His wife is not the real thing and is not beautiful without her "make-up" and she has a terrible temper.

Now that he is a man he has his dreams of success and admires the position of a man who has been successful, but if he does enter into some business and in years becomes a prominent and wealthy man he finds that his position is not so easy as he thought it would be. If he controls large factories or other labor-employed concerns he will most likely come into conflict with organized labor. Executive heads of manufacturing or commercial corporations are forced to constantly study new methods of administration and production to insure fair or increased profits. Many successful men are so engrossed in these tasks that they cannot really enjoy the position their wealth has given them.

Thus we go through life blowing one bubble after another, and then watching them float away. Always painting a wonderful picture of something, and then, being disappointed when we find that the illusion is not real.

Clemence Carp—'26
What a Microscope Sees

When people are not looking thru me at microbes, germs and the like I have time to gaze around the room and there are a lot of funny things I see. Nobody is near me now so I will tell you what is in the lab and what happens there. The room contains a lot of tables, scales, funny utensils (nerve-wreckers most of them) and a lot of glass things which are there to be broken and charged to the awkward person who did the damage.

For several periods a day the lab is infested with “chemistry bugs.” Peculiar things they are; I think it would be time well spent for a clown to visit while they are in session. It would give him an opportunity to learn some new tricks.

At the first table there is a pretty boy with black hair, blue eyes and an eldive complexion. Some boy! He surely absorbs chemistry. He’s a nice boy, alright; thinks the odor of a cigarette is nauseating, but that of hydrogen sulphide pleasing. He has a helpmate, a small girl, who makes him do all the hard work while she writes the equations for the tests he makes and gets the high grades. Funny thing, how a man will slave for a woman.

There are a lot of others in the class, but I can only tell you about a few, the most interesting, I suppose. There is one boy worthy of attention. That boy is a chemist, science thru and thru. He talks, walks, works, eats and does everything scientifically. Science may be alright, but when it is applied to eating it is a “freeze.” The food that boy consumes has no effect on him whatever, for his figure is like a test tube, which if it did not contain a colored solution would be transparent. He doesn’t look like this right after a rain, but after the sun shines for three days I am afraid for him. A scientific eye he has and I suppose you will call his figure that too. There’s nothing that boy can’t solve in chemistry. He’s bound to make good in the chemical field, but if some unforeseen disaster would disqualify him I know he’d make a noble success in a farmer’s corn-field as a scare-crow.

There is also a playful boy in the class. I suppose playful isn’t the best expression to describe him, probably “the pest” would be better. Anyway he seems to get more joy out of blowing up test tubes and the like than anybody else. He will get several test tubes full of hydrogen and put them in a flame one after the other just to hear them explode. And every time one explodes he jumps up and down like a person who is being chased by a “Nigger Chaser” on Fourth of July. He is a noble boy. He does not know much about chemistry, but when it comes to dealing with explosives you have to take your hat off to him. I suppose he thinks he is an aviator, and an “ace” at that, because he stands next to some explosive material and lights it with the usual result of his “flying.” There’s one thing about that boy which is admirable, he believes in starting at the bottom and working his way up.

There is one real chemist in that class, though. He’s one of the kind that really knows something about chemistry. He performs the experiments ahead of time and gets in the lead of the class. Some speed to that chap.

The other day the teacher made a mistake when she asked a student a question on an experiment they had not come to yet. He gave the usual negative reply, but you should have seen the “brilliant one.” The sight was painful. He just puffed himself up and said, “Why, we had that question before,” and then sat down smart-like. I don’t know what happened after he left class, but he wasn’t in school for a week. Must have been in some sort of wreck.

I like to watch those quiet boys, who don’t say much, but when they do it’s worth listening to. The other day the teacher asked a student of his brand a question which ran something like this: What are iron and steel used for? He replied, They are used for making weapons like hammers and crowbars. He got the applause alright—never mind the grade. It wouldn’t have been so bad if a woman hadn’t been explaining the use of wood and had said it is used for making weapons like rolling pins and umbrella handles, and—well I better draw the line there, because I did not intend to make a tragedy out of this and, any way, here comes a student with bacteria which he wants enlarged so I’ll have to quit now, but if I ever get time I’ll tell you some more.

Wallace Stokes—’20
I am going to ask you to imagine yourself in the High School Assembly. You and I are guests and are there merely to observe the manners of the students.

When we enter the room, it is vacant, so we place our chairs near the door so as to view the students as they enter.

I will only take one student out of each class, but will describe him as the characteristic pupil of that particular class.

We are talking with the principal when the first student enters.

He enters quietly but with his head held high and gives us a lofty, disdainful "Good morning." He walks quickly to his desk and obtaining from it a book, begins, apparently, to study with a purpose. Upon close observance, however, one sees him glancing sideways at the entering students and at us but when caught in this act, he hastily turns his attention to his work.

Upon perceiving a smiling Freshman come in, this young man gives the happy Freshman such a "you're so green" look that the poor Freshman's countenance immediately clouds over. This disdainful young person is an honorable Sophomore.

Now who enters but Miss Freshman. Smiling, but somewhat assailed at her conspicuity, she tiptoes in, both hands clasped tightly over her Ancient History and Algebra textbooks. A sweet, melodious "Good morning" greets us, reminding us very much of little Dicky, the canary when he twittered for his breakfast. She primly marches to her seat and in the act of putting her books away, drops her ruler and, blushing furiously, stoops to pick it up, only to come in violent contact with the head of her polite boy neighbor. After securing her ruler, she determinedly reviews her lessons, too mortified to look up, imagining all had perceived her awkward actions.

Our attention is diverted from this young lady to Mr. Junior. With a somewhat serious looking countenance, full of importance, he comes in. His steps vary from nine inches to two feet in length, depending upon his mood. He manages, in some way, to make a good deal of noise with his entrance. He is either holding a very engrossing conversation with his fellow-student or mumbling to himself, as if he were afraid of forgetting something, whether it be the Constitution of the United States or the by-laws of his private club.

Always the last to arrive is Miss Senior. This late arrival is presumably intended to impress upon the other students that she just decided to come the last minute, and is indifferent as to what is going on around her. She lazily sits down and immediately begins conversing with her neighbor, something in this manner: "Oh, if only this old school were out! I just never get enough sleep. Of course, I couldn't think of staying home at night, but I might be allowed to sleep in the morning."

This closes my summary of the characteristics of the students. I do not intend to give you the impression that all the students are like my examples, but this is my idea of the average ones. I do not intend to ridicule in any way their mannerisms, but have simply placed on paper, what I think is the humorous side of the students.

Mildred Spencer—'20

In the meadows all is quiet, not a thing can be heard, but the occasional snap of a twig as a fox glides swiftly past.

How different in the forest and along the brook. The quiet gurgling voice of the water as it flows over the pebbles broken now and then, by a prowling muskrat. Over the water and through the forest, the tormenting, high-pitched, "bus-a-n" of man's everlasting tormentor the mosquito, is heard at all times.

The gasping death-cry of the hare, caught by the sly mink, breaks forth upon the night as a shrill warning to his fellow-kinsmen; but most dreaded and weird of all is the shrill, child-like call of the screech-owl, or the deep bass, "Who-Hoo-o-o" of the hoot owl.

Elvin Foehner—'20
Excerpts from Sir Galahad's Diary

September 1.

This is Sir Galahad speaking. Do not be frightened and imagine I have arisen from the dead for I have not. I am hanging on the wall in the Language Room, and after three months of silence I am going to speak.

At half past eight this morning I was awakened from my long sleep by the sound of voices in the building. I could not imagine what was happening, but after rubbing my eyes and thinking a little I finally discovered that this was the first day of the new school-year.

After an hour of anxiety I heard people coming down to the English room. I greatly rejoiced at the idea of seeing my old friends again, but when the crowd came into the room, to my dismay I did not know a face, not even the teacher's. I found out later the English teacher of last year had resigned and that was the reason the teacher who had just entered was a stranger to me. The children were freshmen, and after-gazing upon them for a while I decided I would like them. All things come to an end and so did this period. I was left alone for the rest of the morning.

The first thing in the afternoon my old friends, the Freshmen of last year, but now honored Sophomores came into the room. Poor Sophomores, I feel sorry for them as every one looks down upon them, but I wish they would know Sir Galahad will always be their friend. The Juniors and Seniors had their English classes this afternoon, but as nothing worth relating happened I will not speak about them.

October, 1.

For a whole month I have been listening to the English classes reciting. The words which are used, fairly make me shudder. Slang and hackneyed expressions are used by many of the pupils. These are two things which are very bad. I did not know what slang was until it was explained in the classes and I discovered it consisted of words the students like to use but to which the teachers object. The Seniors are preparing for a Hallowe'en party. These dignified people feel very important while they are planning to frighten the poor Freshmen.

November, 1.

The party is over and what a time they must have had. I was almost as frightened as the ones who participated in the fun. Such head rocking, ear piercing shrieks which were uttered by the ghosts. I thought the noise would never subside. Every one spoke about the party for a week afterward, and by this you can imagine what a good time they must have had.

Times have changed since the time when I lived. Some of the pupil's talk and whisper to each other and look at one another in a way which I judge in the good old days would have been called puppy love.

December 1.

Every one knows what this month brings. "Christmas", what a wonderful word! All the scholars are looking forward to the Christmas vacation they will get. During this time I will be lonesome without my friends.

I hope Santa Claus will be kind to my young friends, and that when they awaken on Christmas morning, they will find their stockings filled to the top with knowledge and new energy for their next year's work.

January 1.

Every one is back at work, and the way they apply themselves to their studies makes me think Santa Claus was good to them. Of course there are new courses and examinations which are coming and this, I suppose, is the reason they are so ambitious.

February 1.

What does this month bring? Valentines, of course, and something even better to the members of the High School. "A Valentine Party" given by the Sophomores. I am sure whoever comes will have a good time for the Sophomores are excellent entertainers. They entertain me every day. Just now they are very busy with their paper called, "The Sophomore Star." They are getting material for this and when it is finished, it will be read before the assembly. The reason I am so wise about this is because I heard them discussing it in class.

March 1.

Examinations are coming and winter is going. Every one is looking forward to spring, even I. Every pupil is reviewing his lessons and preparing for the mid-semester examinations.

In the English III class are two of the laziest boys I ever looked upon. When the teacher talks about Buras and Byron's poems, and asks questions these naughty boys are not able to answer intelligently. I heard one pupil say, "Who wants to know anything about men who are dead and gone?" If I could only challenge him and teach him some of the ideas of the chivalry of my days which are now dead and gone. I should think people would like to hear about such men and their works, but considering the "jazzy" ideals of many of these students, I suppose they cannot appreciate such worthy subjects. Nevertheless such conditions among my student friends distress me.

April 1.

The Freshmen are studying about me now. They are reading about another knight called "Sir Launfal" who claims to have found the
Holy Grail, but one bright boy said “Sir Galahad found the Grail, too, because his heart was pure.” How proud I felt, but alas! some of the things I learn about myself while listening to their recitations startled me and tempt me to laugh. However I do not mind much as they are only Freshman and I think they will know better some day.

May 1

Dear readers, just twenty more days and I will be left by myself for three long months. It is queer that none of the pupils seem to be sorry, for they all seem so happy and joyous as I gaze down so sadly upon them from my place on the wall. The saddest thing of all is the thought of never seeing my friends, the Seniors, anymore.

Judging from the brilliant recitations and the astounding flow of language I have heard this past year, I believe these boys and girls in later years will become wise and as honored as I was when I rode my white charger on the fields of glory. I wish I could witness the graduating exercises but you know, dear readers, it is my fate to remain in this room forever.

I am not going to keep a diary this summer for nothing interesting happens to me during the summer months.

Fern Leriche—’22

Sohrab and Rustum Up to Date

It was early morning, the armies of Sohrab and Rustum, were camped on opposite sides of the river; the soldiers of each army were “armed to the teeth,” with the small arms of modern warfare and mounted on the strong, swift, and fatigueless army motorcycles. The armies were here because Rustum’s grandson had “pirched” Sohrab’s sister’s nephew and (as the League of Nations declared all quarrels must be settled), Sohrab had come to take revenge.

Sohrab challenged any four knights of his enemy to fight, and as Rustum was considered equal to any six of the enemy, he, under an assumed name, accepted Sohrab’s challenge about noon. Late that afternoon, at the appointed hour, they advanced toward each other, then stopped when about fifteen feet apart. Rustum was armed with a sword, hand bomb and a two-piece spear. Sohrab had only a large magnet, and a Ukelele slung over his back. When Rustum drew his sword, Sohrab held out his magnet, and the sword was drawn toward it from Rustum’s hand and fell at Sohrab’s feet. Then Rustum lighted the fuse on the bomb and threw it toward Sohrab, but, as Sohrab had formerly played ball with the St. Louis Cards, he easily caught the bomb and extinguished the fuse; then while Rustum was putting his spear together, Sohrab took his Ukelele, and began to play, “Home Sweet Home.” This affected Rustum so much, that he sat upon the ground and wept bitterly, and, becoming home-sick, he opened the case of his watch, and gazed upon the picture of his wife.

Sohrab, coming over to capture his enemy, also saw the picture, and discovered that it was his aunt’s, and he realized that his captive was his Uncle Rustum, so he informed his uncle of the state of affairs, and they rejoiced exceedingly. That evening, after their rejoicings were over, they started for home, arm in arm, with Sohrab playing, “The End of a Perfect Day.”

Elvin Foehner—’29
THE INDIAN BOY AT SCHOOL
They took him away from his prairie home,
From his friends so wild and free,
From the games and sports, that were his delight
And the plains where he longed to be.
How tame to him were the haunts of men,
And the hum of the study hours,
When he langued to ride his bare-back horse,
In the land of sunshine and flowers.
Or to place himself at a dangerous height,
Where no white man dared to go,
And send his arrow, with fatal aim,
To the deer in the valley below,
The humdrum lessons, the daily drill,
The training was far too mild,
To suit the taste of this Indian boy,
A fierce and barbaric child.
He longed, as he sat at his lonely desk,
To return to his distant home,
To flee from the spiritless white man's ways,
And again a wild boy to roam.
To take part in the hunt as in earlier years,
The years that were all too brief,
For his heart was the heart of an Indian brave,
And the son of an Indian chief.
Clara Meyer—'20.

"THE MERRY WHISTLER"
There's a merry little whistler,
Who passes my house each day,
He whistles at his work,
And he whistles at his play.
With a cheerful little nod,
He greets me every day,
Then he doffs his little cap,
And goes whistling on his way.
I'm sure he does his work,
In a bright and cheerful way;
For he seems to be so happy,
When he passes me each day.
Oh! the bright and merry whistler,
Let us hope he'll always see,
The good things in this world of ours,
And the way they ought to be.
Selma Tschannen—'20.

Poems

CHRISTMAS NIGHT
'Twas Xmas night and everywhere
The homes were bright and gay.
The people all were happy,
And the children were merry at their play.
Outside the wind was blowing
And the snow was falling fast,
Flying in every nook and corner
And covering every path.
The streets were deserted and empty,
All were safe and happy at home;
Except a poor little barefoot boy
Who stood at the corner alone.
Lonely, forsaken and cold
He was plodding his weary way
To the dark dingy attic room
Where he lived day after day.
Again he heard the merry voices
Of the children at their play,
And he wondered whether he
Should ever be as happy as they.
He returned to his cold little attic room
And prayed the Lord that he,
Would some day be happy and warm again
And have a Xmas Tree.
Verna Collins—'20.

MISS BISSELL AND OUR POETRY
No more poetry we will write,
And we often sit and wonder,
Ater this day has passed;
As she throws our poems away,
For Miss Bissell said to-day,
If Miss Bissell really thinks,
That would be our last;
That making rhymes is mere play.
We have written odes and epics,
So we bid adieu to poetry,
And ballads and dramas, too,
And the only one who's sad;
They usually found the waste-basket,
Is Miss Bissell, because to read them
For she said, "they would not do."
Always seemed to make her glad.
Elvin Foehner.—'20.
NONSENSE
The Freshmen who are so brilliant and wise,
Adopted this motto after Franklin's demise,
"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes the teachers think I'm wonderfully wise."

And the Sophomores who here of late,
Are making a habit of having a date,
Find out they make a great mistake,
By staying out till half-past eight.
The Juniors who are over this spell,
Hang out on a back porch till half of twelve,
And go to school with half-closed eyes,
And their highest grades are thirty-three.
The Seniors from three years' experience,
Away from their studies take their vigilance,
And find it does not hurt them a mite,
To have a good time and stay out all night.

THE BEGGER
He was only a common beggar,
Weak and old and poor,
As he came from the dingy lunch room.
And out of the open door.

Men nodded and stopped to gaze,
With a curious scornful eye,
Women shrank back, in the dusk of eve,
As this beggar staggered by.

But of all the throng, that by him passed,
Not a hand reached out to save,
Not a word of love nor sympathy,
To smooth life's troubled wave.

"It's only a beggar," some one said,
As they picked him up from the street,
Where his crushed and bleeding body lay.
Beneath some horse's feet.

"Move on!" cried the stern police man,
And the crowd went on its way,
And no one sighed, or seemed to care,
That a beggar died that day.

Poems

OUR CLASS FLOWER
As the days and years roll by—
And Commencement comes and goes—
Each class has had its chosen flower
A violet perhaps, or a rose
Some chose the pure white lily—
The daisy—or golden rod so bold
But we have chosen the Iris
With its colors of purple and gold.
Purple—the imperial color—
And the sunshine's golden hue—
The Iris with its spirit of freedom—
What better could we do?
When many and many a year has flown—
As over Life's troubled course we pass—
Let us never forget the Iris—
The flowery emblem of our class.

Verna Collins—'20

A TOAST TO THE SENIOR BOYS OF 1920.
Here's to the boys of nineteen twenty,
Even tho' you are so few,
You are knightly, brave and loyal,
And we're certainly proud of you.

Wallace is teeming with wisdom,
He's really wonderfully wise,
And I know some day he'll be famous
For I see it in his eyes.

Elvin's an amateur author,
Of romance, so clever and new,
If you keep it up, I know you'll succeed,
And the world will honor you.

And last is Clemence, the fair one,
He is remarkably shrewd,
And when he's paying class dues,
He's in a jolly, good mood.

And now just a moral to end this,
Such a short, unmusical tale,
"Be as wise as this great triumvirate,
And fame for you will not fail."

Claire Meyer—'20
Fellow classmates, we must take the route to "prosperity." We must attach ourselves to the higher ambitions. Let us enter the magnetic field of our goal, and by its peculiar force be drawn on toward the crowning star of our existence. Let us board the wagon of life and travel over the pathway, stormy and rough though it may be, and as we pursue life's journey, attach it to a force above the reach of ordinary man—let us "hitch our wagon to a star."

Nature seemed to have had a larger supply than usual of "green produce" on her hands last fall, for when H. S. opened, there arrived a lot of curious looking things conspicuously labeled "Please Handle with Care." The baggage-smashing Sophs and Juniors saw to it that the instructions were carried out to the letter, and for the first few days the Freshies were "tormented to death."

The staff wishes to thank the local advertisers and the faculty. We feel that it is by their effort that we were able to publish this annual.

THE VALUE OF MODERN LITERATURE

Despite the frequent criticisms by press and tongue of our modern literature, it still lives and will continue to live, so long as the American individual derives as much benefit from it in future years as he does now.

The benefit that we derive from modern novels is positively invaluable. The term "modern novels" does not include the dime novel or other kindred literature, with its perpetual love component, for that type is absolutely of no benefit to us. The real modern novel is a great asset for many reasons. For one thing it increases the vocabulary and we become better acquainted, through their books, with men whom we should know, but whom we cannot meet any other way.

Second, we become acquainted with parts of our own country (and other countries) and its people, which otherwise would have been foreign to us. The average modern novelist has that power of characterization and description, that enables us to picture the person or object directly before our eyes. Who would desire a more realistic description of the picturesque Ozarks than that given by Harold Bell Wright in his "The Shepherd of the Hills."

Third we become cognizant of other people's philosophy of life and their versions of modern topics. Ideals are created within us, which we diligently strive to attain. We also become more familiar with ordinary human nature. Irwin Cobb's humorous philosophical works are extensively read in the modern American homes. It is not only because of the genuine humor contained therein, but also because of his extraordinary knowledge of human nature which he discloses to us.

The American people of today are known as being well educated and without our modern literature, we could never have gained that reputation. Mildred Spencer—20

The college or the university should be the real goal of every high school student. If he has chosen the vocation he intends to follow in his later life, he naturally wants to have as complete training along that line as possible. In almost every college or university, instruction is given in almost every line of work that the average pupil wishes to follow. Whether it be electric engineering, agriculture or business, the training can be secured in the college. A high school education is, of course, very important but the college education is more so. For there the student learns the things he will come in contact with in his later life. He has chosen one vocation as his life work and if he learns all the principles of the work, he is so much better prepared to enter upon his work. He is supposed to withstand all the drawbacks which confront a young man starting out on a business career.

Some high school students may say that they cannot afford to go to college. Years ago this argument might have had some weight with us, but not now, there are many ways in which a student can work his way through college, for there are always odd jobs that he can do for his board and tuition. It may, no doubt, be somewhat humiliating but always remember that one is preparing himself for a place in life and the only way to reach that place is through constant patience with himself and others.

After he has completed his college education, he will say, "Where is my capital to start in business?" He does not need any capital. On an average, nine out of every ten college graduates can secure good positions in the line of business which they wish to follow. Any business man is willing to give a position to a young man who comes to him with college credentials and proves his ability. Then after he secures a position, he always has the chance to prove his capability and be promoted.

So High School students, always think of the many years to come when you will be forced to care for yourself and think of college as your first goal to be reached.
On December 19, Superintendent and Mrs. Dietz entertained the Basket-Ball team and Coach Bardill at a 6 o'clock dinner at their home. Following a delicious dinner, members of the team went to the gym where a pleasant evening was spent.

JUNIOR DEBATE

A Debating team from the Junior class held a public debate in our High School Assembly, Thursday evening, December 18th. The question they selected was one of vital interest to every parent and taxpayer in Highland. It was: “Resolved: That a new school building for vocational and physical training and for meeting the social responsibilities of our school is an immediate necessity in Highland.” The speakers for the affirmative were: Elvin Foehner, Fred Habbegger, and Dwight Rogier. For the negative: Clemence Carp, Harvey Huey, and Robert Nagel. The debate proved very informational and entertaining to all who attended and put them in better touch with up-to-date school ideas. The remainder of the program consisted of various literary and musical numbers by different members of the High School. The judges who were Mr. L. Koch, Mr. A. P. Spencer and Mr. Gerald Moser, decided in favor of the negative.

THE SOPHOMORE VALENTINE PARTY

On Friday night, Feb. 13th, our second social event of the year took place. The Sophomore class gave a Valentine Party for the other classes. Under the supervision of Miss R. Davis, the “gym” was appropriately and beautifully decorated with hearts and cupids of all shapes and sizes.

The first part of the evening consisted of a “Tract Meet” in which members of the various classes took part. The Juniors had the highest score and were presented with a box of candy.

The next hour was spent in dancing, which was greatly enjoyed by all who took part.

After this each person was given a small heart on which was a letter of the alphabet. Several of those letters, if properly arranged, would form the name of some automobile. Everyone found much pleasure in trying to find the persons with the correct letters of his group. After this was finally accomplished, all were seated and refreshments were served.

Social

Then came the event of the evening. A post office had been arranged in one corner of the “gym” thru which valentines of all kinds were sent. Waldo Hagnauer acted as post master and he was kept busy for everyone received many valentines. We then went home, having had a very delightful time and deciding that the Sophomores were very good entertainers.

PARTY FOR BASKET BALL TEAM

On Wednesday night, March 17th, the boys of the basket ball team, their coaches, and friends, were the guests of the High School teachers.

After an hour at the local theatre, the party went to the home of Mr. C. G. Hagnauer where games and music were enjoyed. The luncheon served was suggestive of Ireland and the basket ball players gladly divided honors with St. Patrick.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

“A black cat on the mantle shelf,
Hobgoblins, owls and sprightly elves,
Witches and ghosts, with all their might,
Conspire to frighten you tonight.”

Thus read the verse placed upon the bulletin board on Tuesday, October 28th, inviting the classes to attend the first party given in the High School Gymnasium for two years. This affair was a Hallow’een Party given by the Senior class. All Seniors participated in making this event successful.

The various classes were told to meet in the History room at eight o’clock, but seven forty-five, found the room crowded, the majority of those present being Freshmen, who wanted to be certain that they would not miss anything. Several minutes after eight, the lights in the entire building were turned out and everyone was told to follow Miss Bissell through the large dark rooms of the grade building. While on this journey, they were constantly molested by ghosts and witches. At a certain junction they were made to crawl through a barrel and at another, to walk over a camouflaged bed-spring.

After this was completed the classes went to the “gym” which was very appropriately decorated with leaves, corrostalks, pumpkins and all the things which tend to give that barren place the proper aspect for such gaiety. The Freshman Class was told to remain just outside the “gym” door. One at a time, they were blindfolded and the girls were
told to kiss a Senior's hand. The majority did so willingly, and when the blind-fold was removed, they found they had kissed a plate of flour instead. The boys were told to kiss the Senior's flag—but later they found out that they had kissed an old derby hat covered with lamp-black. As soon as each Freshman had had his turn, the Sophomores were told to propose to a beautiful young ghost. Rolla Neudecker seemed to be the most successful in this, because the ghost was continually nodding her head in approval.

While these things were taking place Mr. Dietz asked the Freshmen to follow him. He led them thru a furnace room and thence thru a small opening in the wall, into the depths of darkness until they came to a small underground cave. As soon as they were all within, ghosts began to groan, owls to howl and every wierd noise imaginable to be heard. Mr. Dietz made his exit, telling the Freshmen to find their way back to the "gym." Many were completely bewildered, knowing not which way to go, as this cave was really so dark you could not see your hand before your face. Soon some of these brave freshmen heroes, mustered up enough courage to, at least, try to find some passage. After about fifteen minutes of wandering thru the darkness, some few were fortunate enough to find the entrance. After these were out, it did not take long for the others to follow.

Upon their return to the "gym" a senior announced that there were eight booths stationed in different parts of the "gym." Each person was to go to these booths and learn his fate. In the first was an old witch. She told everyone's fortune, by use of her mysterious cards. In booth two was a gypsy who added to your fortune by reading your palm. In booth three was also a witch who gave each person a slip of paper, apparently containing nothing. At the next booth you were told to hold this slip of paper over a candle flame. When heated each person's fortune was revealed. At another booth you were told to thread a needle, while still at another your fate was told by the number of candles you were able to blow out. After this was finished, Mr. Dietz told everyone to be seated and they could hear "Miss Ghost" sing. The solo she rendered was the best ever heard in the school.

Then, last but not least, came the refreshments which were served in the lunch room of the grade building. This room was also appropriately decorated. The luncheon consisted of sandwiches, pumpkin pie, popcorn, candy and fruit punch. As soon as everyone had finished eating, each person read the fortune on his place card. A ghost story was then told and by the time this was completed, it was eleven o'clock, which was the time for innocent little Freshmen to retire.

Claire Meyer—20

SENIOR PROGRAM

On Monday evening, March 8th, a program was given by the members of the Senior class in the high school assembly. It consisted of literary numbers, musical numbers and a debate. The subject chosen for debate was, "Resolved: that the influence of the moving picture theatre is beneficial." Eunice Matter and Claire Meyer set forth the merits of the motion picture and Hazel Duncan and Verna Collins explained their demerits. The judges, who were Miss Lillian Wenger, Mr. Louis Koch, and Mr. Solomon Suppiger, decided in favor of the negative.

The Junior-Senior banquet took place on Friday evening May 14, at the home of Hilda Latowsky, a Junior. Mr. Dietz acted as toastmaster, all the juniors having prepared speeches for the occasion. Many of the speeches delivered were very touching and will always remain dear to the heart of a Senior. John Ludwig had prepared a Senior Class prophecy in verse. Victor Koch had good advice from the Juniors. Harold Kuhnen presented each Senior with a priceless gift. The Juniors certainly entertained us royally and no Senior will ever forget that banquet as it was the last one during our High School days.

The Freshman Class gave a wiener and marshmallow roast for the other classes of the High School at Lindendale Park on Friday afternoon May 7. This was our first "out-of-doors party" for this year and it was certainly enjoyed by everyone.

Mr. and Mrs. Dietz gave a banquet for the Senior Class and faculty at the Western Hotel on Friday evening, April 30. Following a delicious dinner every person present delivered an after dinner speech, Mr. Dietz acting as toastmaster. This was one of the most enjoyable affairs during our Senior year.
To the Girls of 1920

To the “Girls of 1920.”
I offer this toast to-night.
As they sit smilling about me,
   Even their eyes, with raptures bright.

But if you think they're always so
I'm sure that you are erring;
For these same girls, now so shy,
   Can set the faculty to despairing.

And so to-night, we cast these girls,
   The best in this old town.
And hope, “Highland High” they'll ne'er forget.
   Even when wearing, Fame's Bright Crown.”

E. M. Foehrer—'20

C stands for Claire,
   Who made all the girls rave.
When she introduced,
   The Marcelle Wave.
C is also for Clemence,
   Who still has the blues.
He has lots of troubles,
   For he owes me Class Dues.
E stands for Elvin,
   Who is handsome, Oh my,
And when he's round girls,
   He never feels shy.
E is for Eunice too,
   A girl full of fun.
And no matter how scared,
   She never will run.
G stands for Gladys,
   Whose beauty and grace,
Always shines forth
   From her smiling face.
H is for Hazel,
   Who is really quite smart,
And she's always ready
   To do her part.
I stands for Irene,
   Whom everyone knows,
She is a Senior girl,
   Who cares nothing for beaux.
L is for Lillian,
   Who is busy all day,
And she does her work,
   In a bright, cheery way.
M stands for Mabel,
   Who is always serene,
And of her, I certainly,
   Can say nothing mean.
M is for Mary, too,
   Now if she had a lamb,
I might make a rhyme,
   But this way, who can?
M is also for Mildred,
   Who is ne'er scared a bit,
   'Lo amuse the crowd,
   With her [illegible] wit.
Another M is for Mildred,
   Whose bright, cheery ways,
Certainly bother,
   Those Junior “Guys.”
P stands for Pearl,
   A girl with dark hair.
And girls of her type,
   Are certainly rare.
V represents Verna,
   Whose bright, cheery ways,
Glide over the troubles,
   And brighten the days.
V is also for Vesta,
   Who never does sigh,
And one oft can detect,
   A twinkle in her eye.
W stands for Wallace,
   Who always is right,
Don't doubt his word,
   Or there may be a fight.
I've omitted myself,
   As all of you see,
But as I've been talking,
   You've heard enough of me.
Selma Tschannen—'20
FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT.
A SURE SUCCESS

Was the banquet the teachers gave to the Basketball team a success?

Reynold Miller: "It was the best dinner I ever attended. Every speaker on the program had sore throat."

"AN IDEAL PLACE FOR STUDENTS."

The nights up in the Arctic are six months long.
Kuhnen: "Kuhnen, think of us guys up there singing, "We won't go home until morning."

"'S NO DREAM."

Exam. Question: How and when was slavery introduced into America?

Bright Student: The early planters wanted wives to help with the work, therefore, in 1619 the London Company sent over a shipload of girls who married the planters. Thus was the introduction of slavery in America.

Elvin Foehner, a class poet, has written a most pleasing poem entitled, "Ode to a Fair Lady."

Suggestive: A pathetic poem with a similar title, "Owed to a Land Lady."

'TIS TIME

Huegy: "I heard you are a popular boy."
Kuhnen: "Yes, I have numerous lady friends."
Huegy: "Well, variety is the spice of life, old dear."

Teacher: "Wallace, What kind of candy are you eating."
Wallace: "Spongser's delight."

NOT SO DUMB

After a half hour of clear logic explaining by drawing the figures on the blackboard, the geometry teacher asked the leader of the class (the tail-end) if he saw the proposition.

"No, said he, "that big girl in the front seat is in the way."

QUESTION ASKED IN ZOOLOGY CLASS

Francis: "Is the temperature of the blood of a sitting hen any greater than that of another chicken?"

HEARD IN HISTORY CLASS

Miss R. Davis: Who cleared up the Indian troubles?
Eunice: The Monroe Doctrine.

Clemence: Suicide is a crime.
Elvin: It shouldn't be considered so. It's a personal privilege. Why, taking your own life, is just like killing your dog!
Clemence: Oh, of course, if you put yourself in that class!

In Ancient History: The Romans, taking the sacred vessels from the temples and shrines, fled to the Citadel.
Bertha, reciting: "The Romans carried all their sacred ships into the citadel."

No one can say that patriotism is dead. A freshman's examination paper was filled out thus: Name—Age, 14. Sex, American.

Latin applied. de-down; scendere—to fall or climb.
Louise: The patricians were the descendants of the original three hills of Rome.

Breeds of chickens; Wine dots, White Orphans.
Breeds of hogs; White China.
"MURDERS IN ENGLISH IV."

Miss Bissell: "Tomorrow we'll take the life of Whittier."

Miss Davis, in Civics, "Clemence, if you had your choice, which office would you like to occupy, in a large city?"

Clemence, "City treasurer."

Lillian. There goes the bell.

Alice T. Where? I don't see it.

Miss B. Grace, were you tardy or absent this morning?

Grace. Yes, ma'am.

Miss B. What, were you, tardy or absent this morning?

Grace. Yes, ma'am.

Miss R. Davis dictating M. and M. History questions. "Who was Cardinal Richelieu?"

Fred "What did you say his first name was?"

ON GOOD FRIDAY

Miss B: Why do we observe this day?

Maurice: Because it's the day we eat fish.

Miss B: Who wrote the "Canterbury Tales?"

Bernice: Geoffrey Saucer.

Harvey H. explaining the outcome of the story of "Macbeth" to the advanced stenography class, "Lady Macbeth dies on Macbeth's hands."

Miss D. What did Eliot do for England?"

Victor I couldn't find it."

Miss J. Davis: Bertha, how should you eat your food?

Bertha: Oh! eat what you have, and then eat your dessert.

Mr. Dietz: "What different kinds of thermometers have we?"

Freshman: "Two, one for the inside, and the other for the outside."

A Little Romance With Misspelled Words

'TWAS a (Kamm) night, the moon shone bright, and the wind did not even (Russell) the leaves. In a (Bauer) of (Fern) sat (Lynn) and (Pearl), when (Bill) enters and (Hanser) an invitation to a (Carp) stew, where (Morsteins) are served. (Lynn's) time now (Dun, can) he follow them? We say he (Wil-bar) their happiness. They started to the party in (Cliff-sford). They went thru (Pieron) at a break-neck speed, when a (Bue) of a speed cop (Schott) at them and broke the (Wick) off the lamp. They rode in darkness and (The-lo) car got stuck in a (Meyer). (Olin Foehn) pulled them out and put them on the (Gud e) trail. They arrived at their destination in time for the dinner, but in the midst of the second course, consisting of (Hazel)-nuts and (Olives), (Lynn) came walking in, threw over the table and asked (Bill) if he would fight. (Bill) said it did not (Matter), and after a 15 minute fight (Lynn) came out the (Victor). (Pearl) said "(Ee-nice) boy!" (Lynn) blushed, but turned to her with (Glad-vs). (Lynn) started the car but could not (Thurza) into the main road. When this happened, (Lynn) said (Grace), and a few minutes later, they were speeding on the main road (Home-r). (Lynn) smoked a (Paul)-Mall and told his dad when he reached home that he felt like a (Neumann).

Mildred Spencer--'23

Wallace Stokes--'20
**SEPTEMBER**

1. School begins in earnest. Freshmen are quite excited. The new members of the faculty all wear smiles. This won't last long.
2. Several students signed up for a course in conflicts.
3. Too hot to study.
4. Children's day at the Fair. Freshmen decide to ask permission to leave school to attend.
5. School closed at 2:35 P.M. Seniors must attend Fair to hear speech. Theme for Monday.
7. Very hot today. Even Olive Gilomen's hair refused to remain in curls.
8. Senior speeches in Eng. IV.
9. Senior speeches in Eng. IV.
10. Advanced Stenography class give play for morning exercise. "A Saturday Morning In An Office."
11. Senior class song. Two visitors.
12. Sophomore girls wear black ribbons. Seniors grade their own deportment—some go over the top, while others think they are below the standard.
13. Commercial class retakes. After school. Chemistry students feel strange in their aprons.
15. Vesta S. knew her history today. (All about the great work of Pitt.)
16. Selma T. caught in rain, came to school in borrowed clothes.

**OCTOBER**

14. Sophs gave "Round Table Talk." Richard Iberg's satire on Harvey H.'s speech on the opening morning of Junior week was appreciated.
15. Seniors decorate Gym. for party. Several members of that class journey to the woods to get leaves for decoration. They bring back trees.
16. Busy day for Seniors. Girls of class have lunch at school. Most of the Freshmen are quite anxious to attend the party; but they fear the terrible things which are to happen to them.
17. Party is over and the Seniors have the pleasant task of cleaning up.

**NOVEMBER**

3. As a result of Teachers Institute we've had five joyful days of vacation, but now we've come back to exams.
4. Another day of exams. Every one is looking forward to tomorrow when they will be past but not forgotten.
5. Beginning of good English week. We're waiting for the Freshman posters. Mildred S. and Rilla N. are chosen cheer leaders.
6. Freshmen give talks on use of good English—Nelson F., Erna B., Joseph W., Leighton C., Lorna S., Jennie S. and Bertha M.
7. First mass meeting held in Assembly for Troy game—we won

66—11.
11. Opening exercises, patriotic songs. Miss Bissell read an article on the late war.
12. Some of the boys became patriotic and remained out of school, Armistice Day and are paying the penalty today.
20—21—Teachers go to Champaign. Two glorious days of vacation, enjoyed by everyone.
26.—Several students are fasting in order to get their share of turkey on the 27th.

DECEMBER.
1. Homer Glock wore a collar today. Is it your birthday, Homer?
2. Harvey H. received his 40-word certificate in typewriting today.
5. Mass meeting in Assembly for game with O'Fallon. We won 22—10.
16. Eunice M. had her shorthand homework "a few times" for today. Dwight Rogier got a hair cut and so did his brother Max. What a strain on the family purse.
18. Miss Bissell's desk cleared for the first time this year. Occasion—Debate.
19. Debating team look like themselves again.
23. Seniors write poems and make extemporaneous speeches.
26. Game with Alumni.

JANUARY
5. School re-opens and we're all so glad. (?)
6. Lost—One perfectly good tooth. Harvey H.
9. Pep meeting in Assembly. Game with Collinsville. We lost Score, 18—11.
12. Typewriters christened—Nancy, Oscar, and the like.
15. Russell is angry; his girl didn't smile at him to-day.
19—20—21 Dreary days. Exams.
23. Game with Greenville.
26. Second semester begins—change of program.
29. Boys wear derbies and bow ties.


FEBRUARY
2. Groundhog saw his shadow. Several students decide to follow his example—hibernate for six weeks more.
3. Rings arrive. Seniors all broke.
9. Eng. IV class has spring fever.
10. Invitation to Sophomore Valentine Party.
17. Brilliant remarks in German II. by the Herren and Frauleins.
18. Homer G. awake all day!
20. Stirring speeches by Miss Bissell and Cap'n Stokes on Basket Ball.
20—21 Boys participate in Inter-county B. B. Tournament at Collinsville.
23. Don't get near Pearl. it might be catching.
24. Miss Wildi also contracted the dread disease—Faculty Fever.
27. Game with O'Fallon in local Gymnasium.

MARCH
1. Blue Monday.
2. Terrible sounds issue from Assembly after 3:50 P. M. Senior Quartette practising.
4. Game with Trenton High in local Gym.
8. Senior evening. Success.
9. Seniors look relieved after the nerve-racking preparation for Senior evening.
10. Adalbert Geezi reprimanded "Oliver" Typewriter.
12. Another Senior debate, but it was private.
17. Most of the students remembered this date. Faculty gave party for the Basket Ball Boys, and their lady friends.
22. Faculty and Senior girls have Basket Ball practice for big game Friday night.
23. Professor Nagel attended a convention in St. Louis. Since then he wears goggles.
29—30—31 Exams! Exams! Exams!

APRIL
1. Joseph Wick had all his lessons perfectly prepared—April Fool.
5. Luther Forister “sleeps” during Eng. IV Class.
6. A Freshman wears squeaky shoes and disturbs the Advanced Steno. Class by walking into the room.
9. Teachers Institute at East St. Louis, another holiday.
13. I have the pleasure of announcing this to be Eunice Matter’s birthday. Age (?)
16. First Senior Theme handed in by Mildred Spencer.

MAY
4. Invitation to Junior banquet.
7. Freshmen entertain High School at May Party at the Park.
14. Junior banquet to Seniors at Hilda Latowsky’s home.
20. Annual school picnic and track meet.
21. Seniors present “Miss Somebody Else,” at the Opera House.
23. Baccalaureate Sermon at Evangelical Church.
24—25. Our last exams in H. H. S.
29. Commencement.

Just Imagine

Harvey Huegy without a grin.
Waldo Hagnauer as tall as Arthur Thurnau.
Bertha Meyer with Olive Gilomen’s hair.
Elvin Foehner without his lessons.
Francis Ittner without a questioning look.
Louise Tschannen in Gladys Hug’s clothes.
Alice Thurnau causing a commotion.
Harold Kuhnen and Rolla Neudecker with their eyes behaving.

Eunice Matter without freckles.
Robert Nagel with a grade of 70.
Maurice Schott without his hands in his pockets.
Fern Leriche studying.
Eunice Hebrank in Irene Holliger’s shoes.
Julius Marti with a smile on his face.
Selma Tschannen as quiet as Pearl Hoyt.
Mildred Spencer without a thought of Jim.
SAFETY PINS AND Malted Milk

The English II Class were requested to bring to class advertisements taken from some magazine or paper. Francis Itnner, an energetic young Soph., found to his dismay that he had forgotten all about it when the first bell rang that morning. In a hurry, he picked up the first magazine, he saw, and pulled several leaves from it.

Going to school, he met another Soph. who also had no advertisement, and Francis generously offered him one. Francis never noticed what kind of an advertisement he had, so when he had read it in Class he was rather surprised to find that he was advertising “Safety Pins.” The other Sophomore was advertising “Malted Milk.”

POPULAR SONGS

“The Vamp” ............... Florence Dettmar.
“I love the Ladies” .......... Harold Kuhnen
“Another Good Man Gone Wrong” ........ Wallace Stokes
“Daddy Long Legs” .......... Arthur Thurnau
“Angel Face” ............... Lorraine Pierron
“Oh, How She can Sing” ........ Selma Tschannen
“My Gal” .................. Russell Suppiger
“Somebody’s Sweetheart” ...... Milda Hoefle
“I’m Building Castles in the Air” .. Mildred Spencer
“I’m not that kind of a Girl” .... Edith Paul
“Girl of Mine” ............... Harvey Huey
“She’s Just a Heart-breaking Doll” .. Agnes Bauer
“Oui, Oui, Marie” ............ Miss Bissell
“Dear Old Pal of Mine” ......... Miss Wildi
“Along Came Ruth” .......... Miss Davis
“I Hate to Lose You” .......... Seniors
“Flirtation” ................ Bertha Meyer
“Going Up” .................. Louise Tschannen
“Mary” .................... Mary Kyle
“Take Me to that Land of Jazz” .. Claire Meyer
“Take your Girlie to the Movies” .. Robert Nagel
“The Magic of your Eyes” ....... Grace Niggli
“I Wasn’t Born to be Lonesome” .. Hilda Latowsky
“Somebody’s Waiting for Someone” .. Clemence Carp
“Sweet Sixteen” ............... Verna Collins
“Smile and Show Your Dimple” .......... John Ludwig

GLEANED FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

Webster was speaker of the House.
Romanticism is a story which tells of a romance.
After the revolution, poets wrote works of a better type, such as romances, narrations, descriptions and a few novels.
Washington Irving was a poet.
The wrong things are criticized and the things that are foolish is satirical.
Newspaper beats are policemen.
Some necessary essentials for a good newspaper reporter is a pair of stout legs.
Women wore whoop skirts.
Editorials is one who writes poems.

BRIGHT ANSWERS OF THE SENIORS

Hindenburg—City in Germany.
The Koran—A character in “Revolt of the Tartars.”—Building in ancient Rome.
Bismark—Former Emperor of Germany.—The Capital of Sweden.
Goethe—City in Germany.—A Greek myth.
Dewey—French general.
Stratford on Avon—Irish city.
Esther—English queen.
Clémenceau—French city—Important Italian City.
Canterbury—Name of a large building, where caskets of noted men are kept.
Versailles—City where great battle of World War took place.
Kipling—American poet.
During our War with Mexico Cortez captured the City of Mexico.
Burgoine was an American statesman.
Lewis and Clarke made an expedition in which the Mississippi River was founded.
Sam Houston was a famous speaker.
Grey discovered the north Pole.
Burgoine was an American General in Civil War.
Jefferson Davis wrote the Declaration of Independence.
Alexander Hamilton was a president of the U. S.
Dewey was a general in the War of 1812.
Magellan discovered the north pole.
CAST OF CLASS PLAY "Miss Somebody Else."
“My Fiancée. We’ve been engaged for fifty ecstatic minutes.” Class Play.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ammann, Lillie Catherine</td>
<td>'96</td>
<td>with First Nat'l Bank</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ammann, William Edgar</td>
<td>'97</td>
<td>Physician</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ammann, Stella Alice</td>
<td>'02</td>
<td></td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bardill, Ruth Ida</td>
<td>'14</td>
<td>with State &amp; Trust Bank</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bauer, Edith Henriette</td>
<td>'98</td>
<td>Mrs. Bosentury</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baumann, Sylvia</td>
<td>'18</td>
<td>Teacher, Forister School</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bergser, Frederick</td>
<td>'97</td>
<td>Clerk, M. P. R. R. Ex.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berger, Irene Mabel</td>
<td>'12</td>
<td>Office, Helvetia Milk Con. Co.</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blattner, Leta Amanda</td>
<td>'09</td>
<td>Mrs. Frank Cairns</td>
<td>Mazomarie, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bleisch, Alice</td>
<td>'01</td>
<td>Mrs. Otto Leutwiler</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boesenstein, Eleonora</td>
<td>'06</td>
<td>Mrs. Robert Tschudy</td>
<td>Trenton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breitenbach, Elda Pauline</td>
<td>'14</td>
<td>Mrs. Bert Virgin</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brook, Clarence Louis</td>
<td>'15</td>
<td>Student, University of Ill.</td>
<td>Champaign</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, James Horace</td>
<td>'03</td>
<td>Physician and Surgeon</td>
<td>Colorado Springs,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brunner, Clara</td>
<td>'16</td>
<td>Student, University of Colo.</td>
<td>Boulder, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buehlmann, Julius Joseph</td>
<td>'02</td>
<td>Office Mgr. Aolian Co.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carp, Avery</td>
<td>'15</td>
<td>With Carp Store</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carp, Rosamond Minnie</td>
<td>'19</td>
<td>Student, University of Ill.</td>
<td>Champaign</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collins, William Alvin</td>
<td>'96</td>
<td>Member, H. &amp; K. Hdw. Co.</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deforest, Ethel Rosa</td>
<td>'08</td>
<td>Mrs. Davis</td>
<td>Kansas City,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deforest, Florence Lillian</td>
<td>'08</td>
<td>Teacher</td>
<td>Bisbee, Ariz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dzengolewski, Millie M.</td>
<td>'08</td>
<td>Mrs. Gephardt</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eagan, Simeon Francis</td>
<td>'19</td>
<td>With Lund-Mauldin Co.</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ernst, Eugen</td>
<td>'10</td>
<td>Prop. Barber Shop</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Essenpreis, Nora Rosa</td>
<td>'15</td>
<td>Teacher</td>
<td>Riverton, Wyo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everett, Bertha Atherton</td>
<td>'97</td>
<td>With B. Nugent &amp; Co.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everett, Grace</td>
<td>'10</td>
<td>Mrs. George Herman</td>
<td>Kittery, Me.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everett, Lucille Ellen</td>
<td>'13</td>
<td>With B. Nugent &amp; Co.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everett, Marion Ives</td>
<td>'17</td>
<td>Teacher, Public School</td>
<td>Stonington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feutz, Felton</td>
<td>'98</td>
<td>Marble Works</td>
<td>Greenville</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feutz, Lucille Marie</td>
<td>'17</td>
<td>With Carp Store</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florin, Serena</td>
<td>'01</td>
<td></td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forister, Alma</td>
<td>'10</td>
<td>Teacher, Public School</td>
<td>Hardin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forister, Leora Muriel</td>
<td>'14</td>
<td>Bookkeeper</td>
<td>Lamar, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fricker, Mabel Julia</td>
<td>'08</td>
<td>Mrs. John Foederer</td>
<td>Pierron</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genre, Lillian Pearl</td>
<td>'14</td>
<td>Student, S. I. S. N. U.</td>
<td>Carbondale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genre, Inez Edith</td>
<td>'15</td>
<td>Student, S. I. S. N. U.</td>
<td>Carbondale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hagnauer, Arno</td>
<td>'04</td>
<td>Member, M. M. &amp; R. Silver Co.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hagnauer, Hugo Hilbert</td>
<td>'12</td>
<td>Foreman, Wirthen Bag Co.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hagnauer, Iva Lillian</td>
<td>'05</td>
<td>Mrs. Armin Kurz</td>
<td>St. Anniston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammer, Carl Edward</td>
<td>'17</td>
<td>Bookkeeper Con. Supply Co.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hebrberger, Emma</td>
<td>'10</td>
<td>Mrs. Oscar Weber</td>
<td>Belleville</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hebrank, Ella</td>
<td>'06</td>
<td>Mrs. Adolph Hug</td>
<td>Genesee, Pa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hediger, Alice</td>
<td>'97</td>
<td>Deceased</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hediger, Clara Louise</td>
<td>'98</td>
<td>Deceased</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hediger, Edgar Adolph</td>
<td>1900</td>
<td>Electrician, G. Electric Co.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hediger, Irma Theresa</td>
<td>'09</td>
<td></td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herman, Ewald Emil</td>
<td>'14</td>
<td>Student, St. Louis University</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herman, George Grover</td>
<td>'11</td>
<td>Asst. Surgeon, U. S. N.</td>
<td>Kittery, Me.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herman, Linda Susan</td>
<td>'04</td>
<td>Mrs. Ferd Jehle</td>
<td>Cleveland O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herman, Mary Hallie</td>
<td>'13</td>
<td>Music Teacher</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hirschi, Marie R.</td>
<td>'09</td>
<td>Mrs. Herman Mueller</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hodge, Marjorie Marie</td>
<td>'18</td>
<td>Teacher, Buckeye School</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoefle, Florence Augusta</td>
<td>'08</td>
<td>With First Nat'l Bank</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoerner, Hulda Louise</td>
<td>'98</td>
<td>Deceased</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollard, Charlotte Aline</td>
<td>'04</td>
<td>Private Sec. State School</td>
<td>Jonesboro, Ark.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollard, Henry Walter</td>
<td>'08</td>
<td>Instructor, Dairy Husbandry</td>
<td>Madison, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hug, Leslie, Joseph</td>
<td>'17</td>
<td>Student, University of Illinois</td>
<td>Champaign</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Occupation</td>
<td>Location</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mueller, Anita Bertha</td>
<td>1913</td>
<td>Supervisor of Music</td>
<td>Riverside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mueller, Emma Esther</td>
<td>1997</td>
<td>Mrs. Adolph Malan</td>
<td>Greenville</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mueller, Fern</td>
<td>1916</td>
<td>Mrs. Wm. Macmillan</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mueller, Harry Louis</td>
<td>1911</td>
<td>Deceased</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mueller, Wilbur Kenneth</td>
<td>1917</td>
<td>Student, St. Louis University</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neubauer, Clara Bertha</td>
<td>1914</td>
<td>Student, Ill. State N. U.</td>
<td>Normal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neubauer, Ella Cora</td>
<td>1904</td>
<td>Mrs. Fred Nicodemus</td>
<td>Sendai, Japan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farnst, Erna Hedwig</td>
<td>1917</td>
<td>Student, Northwestern U.</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rawson, Willabella</td>
<td>1928</td>
<td>Mrs. Edgar Ammann</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reinhartd, Alice Ruth</td>
<td>1917</td>
<td>Teacher, Wider Range School</td>
<td>Alhambra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rogler, Bonnylin</td>
<td>1916</td>
<td>Clerk in Mercantile Store</td>
<td>St. Jacob</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roniger, Rose</td>
<td>1917</td>
<td>Teacher, Kaufmann School</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roth, Carlyle J. G.</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Deceased</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roth, Florence</td>
<td>1904</td>
<td>Mrs. C. H. Coforth</td>
<td>Kirkwood, Mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roth, Laura Erna</td>
<td>1902</td>
<td>Mrs. Rudolph Wolf</td>
<td>Edwardsville</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruegger, Louise Bertha</td>
<td>1997</td>
<td>Mrs. Arthur Koch</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruegger, Reinhartd Adolph</td>
<td>1993</td>
<td>Insurance Agent</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rutz, Warren Arret</td>
<td>1917</td>
<td>Salesman, Highland Store Co.</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schiettinger, Richard</td>
<td>1913</td>
<td>Mgr. Metropolitan Garage</td>
<td>Los Angeles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schillknecht, Ida</td>
<td>1910</td>
<td>Stenographer</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schmetter, Arthur Louis</td>
<td>1914</td>
<td>Sup't Helv. Milk Con Co.</td>
<td>Belleville Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schmetter, Laura Mary</td>
<td>1914</td>
<td>Mrs. Irwin Lory</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schmetter, Orville Edward</td>
<td>1917</td>
<td>With Schmetter Clothing Store</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schott, Ida Eugenie</td>
<td>1917</td>
<td>Student, Northwestern U.</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schott, Waldo Roderick</td>
<td>1918</td>
<td>Student, Washington U.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schrumpf, Violet Marie</td>
<td>1918</td>
<td>Student, University of Wis.</td>
<td>Madison, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schwend, Willard Fred</td>
<td>1918</td>
<td>Maj Carrier, Route 3</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senn, Omar Herbert</td>
<td>1913</td>
<td></td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senn, Elmer</td>
<td>1916</td>
<td>Dairy Farmer</td>
<td>Shelburne, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senn, Erwin Oliver</td>
<td>1919</td>
<td>Student, University of Ill.</td>
<td>Champaign</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Siegriest, Arnold Louis</td>
<td>1917</td>
<td>Student, University of Ill.</td>
<td>Champaign</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Siegriest, Louise Lena</td>
<td>1914</td>
<td></td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Siegriest, William Frederick</td>
<td>1908</td>
<td>Mgr. Broadway Garage</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sommerfeld, John Edward</td>
<td>1908</td>
<td>With Lewis and Meyer Co.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speckart, Edward Charles</td>
<td>1900</td>
<td>Druggist</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spellerberg, Edna Lina</td>
<td>1918</td>
<td>Mrs. Simeon Eagan</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spellerberg, Edward R.</td>
<td>1900</td>
<td>Mgr. Every Day Condensary</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spellerberg, Leo John</td>
<td>1902</td>
<td>Prop. Chief Dairy Co.</td>
<td>Upper Sandusky, O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spellerberg, Raymond Otto</td>
<td>1917</td>
<td>Foreman, Lund-Mauldin Co.</td>
<td>Vandalia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spindler, Alexander</td>
<td>1914</td>
<td>With Nestle Food Co.</td>
<td>Cooperstown, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spindler, Julius Joseph</td>
<td>1908</td>
<td>Pres. Highland Emb. Works</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spindler, Martha Seybt</td>
<td>1905</td>
<td>Nurse, Bethesda Hospital</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spindler, Mary</td>
<td>1910</td>
<td>Mrs. Solomon Suppiger</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stocker, Alice</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td>Commercial Teacher</td>
<td>El Paso</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stocker, Amy Pauline</td>
<td>1919</td>
<td>Teacher, Zobrist School</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stocker, Charles Herbert</td>
<td>1908</td>
<td>Member Mosimann Plumbing Co.</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stocker, Harry Frederick</td>
<td>1912</td>
<td>Civil Engineer, Stocker Co.</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stocker, John</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td>Farmer</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stocker, Mathilde Marie</td>
<td>1918</td>
<td>Teacher, Steinkoenig School</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stokes, Morris John</td>
<td>1918</td>
<td>With Highland Journal</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stubbins, hobot Clinton</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suppiger, Cornelia Frederica</td>
<td>1914</td>
<td></td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suppiger, Edith Beatrice</td>
<td>1919</td>
<td>Student Monticello Seminary</td>
<td>Godfrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suppiger, George David</td>
<td>1918</td>
<td>Mgr., Hel. Fuel &amp; Supply Co.</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suppiger, Solomon</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Sec'y., Highland Emb. Works</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suppiger, Stella</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Mrs. Henry Rogler</td>
<td>Mason City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tibbetts, Robert K.</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td>With Highland Store Co.</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tontz, Bertha Irene</td>
<td>1905</td>
<td>Head Nurse</td>
<td>Portland, Ore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tontz, Ida Ella</td>
<td>1902</td>
<td></td>
<td>Portland, Ore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tontz, James Garfield</td>
<td>1908</td>
<td>Farmer</td>
<td>Beaverton, Ore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tontz, John Logan</td>
<td>1902</td>
<td>Inspector, Saftey Dept.</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tontz, Knowles Shaw</td>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Farmer</td>
<td>Beaverton, Ore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tontz, Minnie Amelia</td>
<td>1903</td>
<td>Trained Nurse</td>
<td>Portland, Ore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuffli, Jessie</td>
<td>1902</td>
<td>With Tuffli Bros Co.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuffli, William Tell</td>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Member, Tuffli Bros. Co.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utiger, Bertha Ione</td>
<td>1904</td>
<td>Mrs. Gerald Moser</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wick, Henry Oscar</td>
<td>1913</td>
<td>Deceased</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wildi, Bessemer</td>
<td>1916</td>
<td>Tree Surgeon</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wildi, Cordelia Ella</td>
<td>1905</td>
<td>Commercial Teacher</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wildi, Hedwig Louise</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Mrs. John F. Montgomery</td>
<td>New York City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wildi, Homer Adolph</td>
<td>1914</td>
<td>Deceased</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wildi, Newton</td>
<td>1910</td>
<td>Member, Koch House Furn. Co.</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wildi, Richard J. W.</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Mechanic</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wildi, Volta Darwin</td>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Carpenter</td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zipprondt, Cecelia Eunice</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Mrs. M. Malan</td>
<td>Butler, Mo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zipprondt, Ella</td>
<td>1911</td>
<td>Mrs. Fred Hoover</td>
<td>Urbana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zipprondt, Roy Richard</td>
<td>1908</td>
<td>Architect</td>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
APPRECIATION

Those whose names appear on the following pages are our good friends, for without their generous support the publication of this volume would have been impossible.

We extend to them our appreciation of and sincere thanks for their cheerful co-operation, and trust that they may receive some measure of returns through a liberal patronage of students and alumni.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Professional Title</th>
<th>Office Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DR. E. G. MERWIN</td>
<td>Physician and Surgeon</td>
<td>Office in Columbia Block</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Phone: 38; Office 151 B; Res. 18 W.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DR. A. F. KAESER</td>
<td>Practice limited to diseases of the Eye,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Ear, Nose and Throat and Roentgenology</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DR. E. S. MELOY</td>
<td>Physician and Surgeon</td>
<td>Office above First National Bank</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Office: Phone 338. Res Phone 74 B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DR. J. W. KEMPFF</td>
<td>Physician and Surgeon</td>
<td>North Side of School Square.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Phones: Office 170 W, Res. 403.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DR. M. D. TIBBETTS</td>
<td>Physician and Surgeon</td>
<td>Office in Columbia Block</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DR. R. E. BAUMANN</td>
<td>Dentist</td>
<td>Office in State &amp; Trust Bank Bldg.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Phone 38 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WM. R. MICHAEL</td>
<td>Veterinarian</td>
<td>Highland, Illinois</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DR. F. H. TSCHUDY</td>
<td>Dentist</td>
<td>Highland Illinois</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DR. A. A. WJCK</td>
<td>Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist</td>
<td>Office on Cypress St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Phone 20; Highland, Illinois</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DR. L. W. COHLMeyer</td>
<td>Dentist</td>
<td>Highland Illinois</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DR. A. H. KYLE</td>
<td>Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist</td>
<td>Phone No. 55; Highland, Illinois</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIFE, ACCIDENT, FIRE</td>
<td>INSURANCE</td>
<td>R. A. Ruegger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Office in First National Bank Bldg.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. R. MOSER</td>
<td>Attorney at Law</td>
<td>Highland, Illinois</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Phone 148 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE GUARDIAN LIFE INS. CO.</td>
<td>OF AMERICA</td>
<td>&quot;The Company of Modern Insurance Service&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>A. L. TSCHANNEN, District Mgr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLARENCE H. STOKER</td>
<td>Director, Liberty Orchestra</td>
<td>Dance and Concert</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
COMPLIMENTS OF
Helvetia Milk Condensing Company
MANUFACTURERS OF

MAIN OFFICE: HIGHLAND, ILL
MANUFACTURING PLANTS

Highland, Ill.
Greenville, Ill.
New Glarus, Wis.
Belleville, Wis.
Delta, O.
Hudson, Mich.
Wayland, Mich.
Wellsboro, Pa.
Westfield, Pa.
Greensboro, Md.
Mulvane, Kans.
Lamar, Colo.
The pre-eminence of this store has been gained through years of conscientious service to the public.

Bright, new and attractive Merchandise always awaits your choosing here.

HIGHLAND'S FOREMOST STORE

EAGLE DISCOUNT STAMPS are the reward to cash buyers here; given with all purchases for Cash or Produce in exchange. Eagle Stamps represent interest earned on money you spend.
ADOLPH MEYER, Pres.  LOUIS KOCH, Cashier.
JOS. G. BARDILL, Vice Pres.  CHAS. HOEFLE, Asst. Cashier.

State and Trust Bank  
HIGHLAND, ILL.
Capital and Surplus, $130,000.00

"Strong Enough For All Classes"  
Phone 49

No Coupons—No Premiums
...BUT....
Merchandise Always At
FAIR PRICES

Edw. W. Schmetter
CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHINGS
A Complete Line of Shoes
Phone 162W  
HIGHLAND, ILL.

Spengel & Bircher
Painters and Decorators

House and Sign Painting
Paper Hanging
Automobile Painting a Specialty

PHONE 225B.  
HIGHLAND, ILL.

If Your Watch
is not giving satisfaction bring it to us. We'll put it in good order for you. Our experience in repairing watches is at your disposal.

L. J. Wick & Bro.
JEWELERS
HIGHLAND, ILLINOIS
CARL METZGER
DRUG STORE
FINE LINE OF
Drugs, Stationery, Box Candies, Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.
Sole Agent for Rexall Remedies.
One Door East of Post Office.
PHONE 292W

MEATS, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
If you want something good to eat and don’t know what, call or phone JOTTE’S MARKET, the best grade of Meats, Fruits, Etc., at lowest market price. Expert meat cutter at your service.
If you deal with me I’ll save you money, if you don’t we both lose, so start at once.
ALVIS E. JOTTE, Prop.
Meat Department 43B — PHONES — Fruit Department 225W

Dealer in ......
DODGE
AND
Gardner AUTOMOBILES
SOUTH SIDE SQUARE
Jenny Garage

WE RECOMMEND
“Taylor-Made” Clothes made to your measure
Adler’s “Collegian” Clothes Ready-to-Wear and
Bradley Sweaters
C. Ardueser
A Good Thing Well Done

We congratulate the

"CLASS OF 1920"

For their splendid "ANNUAL"

May their efforts be an incentive to future classes

THE CARP STORE

RELIABLE MERCHANDISE
Edw. R. Stoecklin

....DEALER IN.....

Hardware
Farm Implements
Buggies
House Furnishings
Furnaces, Etc.

GIVE US A TRIAL. WE AIM TO PLEASE.

Edw. R. Stoecklin

The following members of the Alumni are having profitable and enjoyable employment ....at the....

Highland Embroidery Works

MELVIN MARTI    FLORENCE BECK
MILLIE KRUMMENACHER
SOLOMON SUPPIGER
JULIUS J. SPINDLER

We would be glad to see other members of the Alumni join this institution.
Can you picture in your mind a store eight hundred times as large as ours; larger than any of the big department stores of St. Louis or Chicago; and imagine the immense advantage in buying that such a store would have. In effect we are just such a store because of our connection with 800 other stores that make up the NORTHERN JOBING CO. and which concentrate their purchases. Advantages thus gained are passed on to you—our customer.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear
For the Young Girl Graduate

FOR THE YOUNG MAN GRADUATE
A complete line of the snappiest Clothes presented for the Spring and Summer Season. Something sure to please; and nifty shoes to complete the outfit.
CITY GARAGE
F. J. LEUTWILER, Prop.
Local Sales Agent For
Paige and Chevrolet Cars,
Sampson Tractor and
G. M. C. Truck.
Stock Goodyear and United States Tires
Complete Stock of Accessories.
Vulcanizing, Repairing.  HIGHLAND, ILL.

Wm. Neubauer
—DEALER IN—
Choice Meats, Sausages,
Lard, Etc.
Phone No. 89.
HIGHLAND, ILLINOIS

INDE'S
ICE CREAM
PARLOR
F. L. INDERMILL, Proprietor
The Best in Pure
Ice Cream, Candies and Cigars

DR. J. H. SEITZ
Registered Optometrist
Special attention given to Children
and in developing weak muscles of the Eye.
1010 Laurel St.
HIGHLAND, ILLINOIS

PHONE: Residence 193B
Office 65 W
Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 6 p. m
Evenings and Sundays by Appointment.
Our conception of service to the schools we work with includes much more than merely giving the highest quality of engravings that it is possible to produce.

We always take a keen interest in both the financial and the artistic success of every Annual for which we are privileged to prepare the engravings.

It was this interest that prompted us in the preparation and publication of the Stafford handbook, "Engravings for College and School Publications" which we furnish, free of charge, to the Annuals for which we work. The success of this book and the fact that we were the originators of this method of co-operation, is to us a considerable pride.

The publishers of this Annual will tell you that in the planning, financing and preparation of their book, this Stafford handbook was a veritable gold mine of helpful ideas and suggestions.

A copy of this book, in addition to all the direct and individual co-operation you may need, and the benefit of our nearly thirty years specialization in college and school engraving, is available to all schools that appreciate this idea of service.

Stafford Engraving Co.

ARTISTS DESIGNERS ENGRAVERS
CENTURY BUILDING - INDIANAPOLIS
Can supply you at all times with all the good grades of Illinois Lump or Nut Coal; including Pocahontas, Collinsville or Carterville. Best Smithing and Hard Coal always on hand. No long weights for your coal, and no short weights when you get it. Remember our business is black but we will treat you white.

Helvetia Fuel & Supply Co.
GEORGE D. SUPPIGER, Manager
Phone 175W.
HIGHLAND, ILL.
East End Mercantile Company

THE HOME OF

Society Brand Clothes

and Curlee Clothes for Boys, Young Men and Men who stay young, the best and most economical place to buy your Ladies' and Misses' Coats, Gents' Furnishings, Shoes for the entire family, Black Cat Hosiery, complete line of Floor Coverings and House Furnishings and Choice Groceries.

OUR MOTTO: The Best That Money Can Buy.

East End Mercantile Company
Highland
F. M. B. A. Elevator Co.

Lumber Department
Before building come and inspect our stock of carefully selected Building Material. We carry nothing but the best and have the largest stock in Highland. Estimates cheerfully furnished at all times.

Elevator Department
We carry the most complete line of Dairy Feeds in the City. We also handle Coal, Chicken Feeds, Grain and famous H. H. Flour.

Hagnauer & Knoebel
Hardware Company

Hardware and Farm Machinery

Plumbing, Heating and Lighting

1009 Washington Street.

HIGHLAND, ILLINOIS
Please accept our Congratulations For Your Graduation

May your progress throughout life be marked by a succession of successful events.

Hug Lumber AND Construction Co.
ERWIN LORY

General Blacksmith
and Horseshoer

Horseshoeing a specialty. HIGHLAND, ILL.

WHEN YOU SEE A PERSON RUNNING ALL OVER TOWN TO PAY HIS MONTH'S BILLS, YOU NATURALLY CONCLUDE THAT ONE OF TWO THINGS IS TRUE, EITHER HIS TIME HAS VERY LITTLE VALUE OR ELSE HE DOES NOT APPRECIATE WHAT A CHECKING ACCOUNT WILL DO FOR HIM.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
HIGHLAND, ILL.

Compliments of
Kempff Pharmacy
A. O. GRAFF, Prop.

THE FINEST DISPLAY OF
Mid-Summer Hats
AWAITS YOU AT
Tschudy Sisters
We give Eagle Stamps.
HIGHLAND, ILL.
Fine Shoes for Men
DELICIO
Beverage

Non-Intoxicating

Manufactured by

Highland Brewing Company

We have anything you need in the line of

SANITARY PLUMBING
Heating and Electric Farm Lighting Plants.

CALL ON US BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE

MOSIMANN PLUMBING CO.

C. H. STOCKER, Manager

Class of ‘98’
The chances are that if hubby was invited to do the family washing or stick around while it was being done he would say, “Let George do it.” Our advice is to let one of our electric washing machines take the soil out of the garments and the toil out of your wife’s life. Let us demonstrate their worthiness and guaranteedness.

C. W. HIRSCHI
HIGHLAND, ILLINOIS

Stocker Gravel & Construction Co.
—PRODUCERS OF—
WASHED SAND AND GRAVEL
Our gravel has been tested by some of the foremost laboratories, with satisfactory results, but its use in all kinds of Concrete Construction for the past thirteen years is the best proof of its worth.

MANUFACTURERS OF
ZAGELMEYER SYSTEM Wet Poured Blocks, unsurpassed for their Beauty and Economy. Our consultation is free on any of your building problems.

Stocker Gravel & Construction Co.
HIGHLAND, Main and Chestnut ILLINOIS

West Side Confectionery
MRS. BUCHMILLER, Prop.
DEALER IN
Best Quality Ice Cream, Candy, Soda and Cigars
A nice selection of Fancy Box Candies at all times
HIGHLAND, PHONE 63W ILLINOIS

THIS ANNUAL was printed and bound in the office of the
HIGHLAND JOURNAL
We take pride in executing every order entrusted to our Job Department.
You Can Do
Better Buying
Your

Hardware
Stoves
Tinware
Automobiles
Field and Garden Fence
International Tractors
McCormick and Deering
Binders and Mowers
Binder Twine, Etc., of

Kuhnen & Siegrist
Hardware Company
HIGHLAND, ILLINOIS.

Cylinder Reboring


Progressive Garage and Machine Shop
HIGHLAND, ILLINOIS.
Don't Take Life Too Seriously

Liven up a bit with music and Laughter. You will feel and work a lot better for it. A Victrola brings you the world’s wealth of music—from grand opera to the latest vaudeville “hits”; from stately waltzes to the jazziest and snappiest fox trots.

We have all the latest Victor Records.

VICTROLA

SPENGELE'S

FURNITURE STORE

HIGHLAND, ILLINOIS
A Few Thoughts on Life and Business

The employee who isn’t fired with enthusiasm is apt to be fired.
Excess is an arch enemy of success.
If top-notch efforts yield you no happiness, there is something wrong either with you or your efforts. Sit down and do some analyzing.
After all, you’ve got to give full, fair value, or you will not last.
Carelessness and failure are twins.
The most valuable system is a good nervous system.
Saving is having.
If you have half an hour to spare, do not spend it with someone who hasn’t.
Don’t simply see how you can “put in the day”, see how much you can put into the day.
Never contrive to make it easy for your firm to get along without you.

Honking your horn doesn’t help as much as steering wisely.
You have no idea how big the other fellow’s troubles are.
It is all right to control others, but have you begun with No. 1?
Notice please, that two-thirds of promotion consists of motion.
The wages of idleness is demotion.
There is no higher rank than that of worker.
No title can ever make a loafer a noble-man.
Defeat is often a spur to victory.
Good times for all can only be the product of good work by all.
Success and happiness in the kitchen is greatly increased by constantly having some HIGHLAND BEAUTY flour in the bin.

Most of the above written by B. C. Forbes in Forbes Magazine.

Highland Milling Company