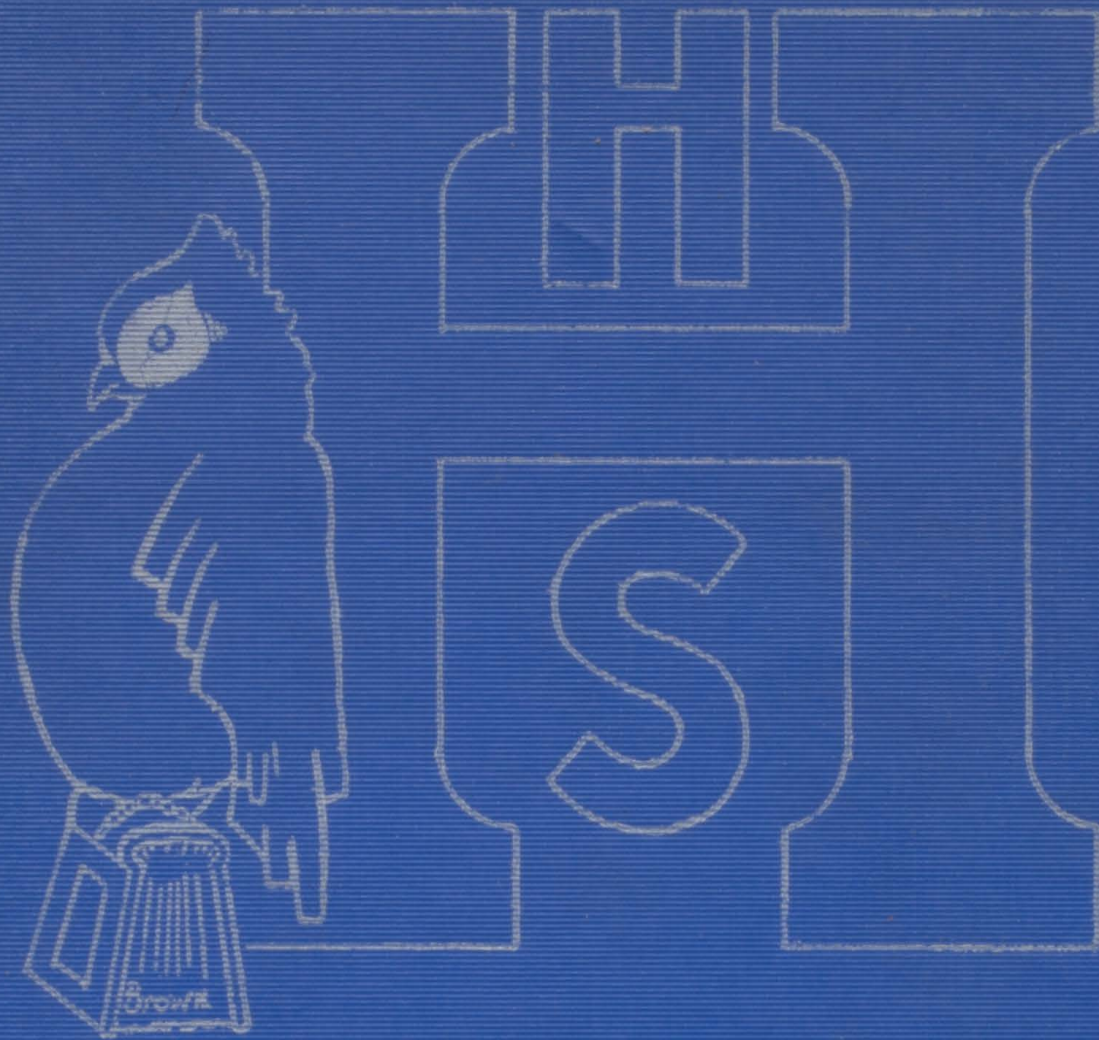
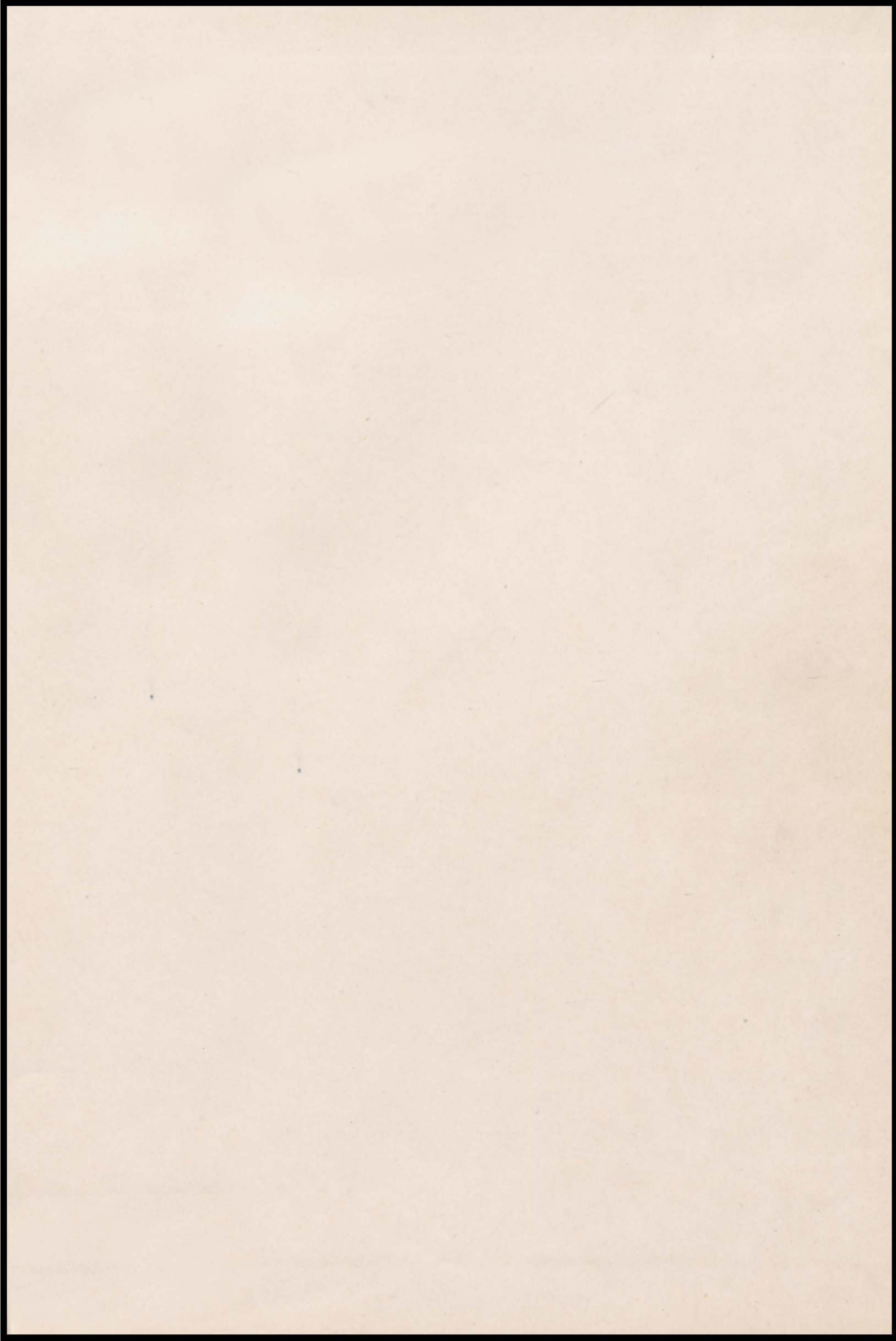


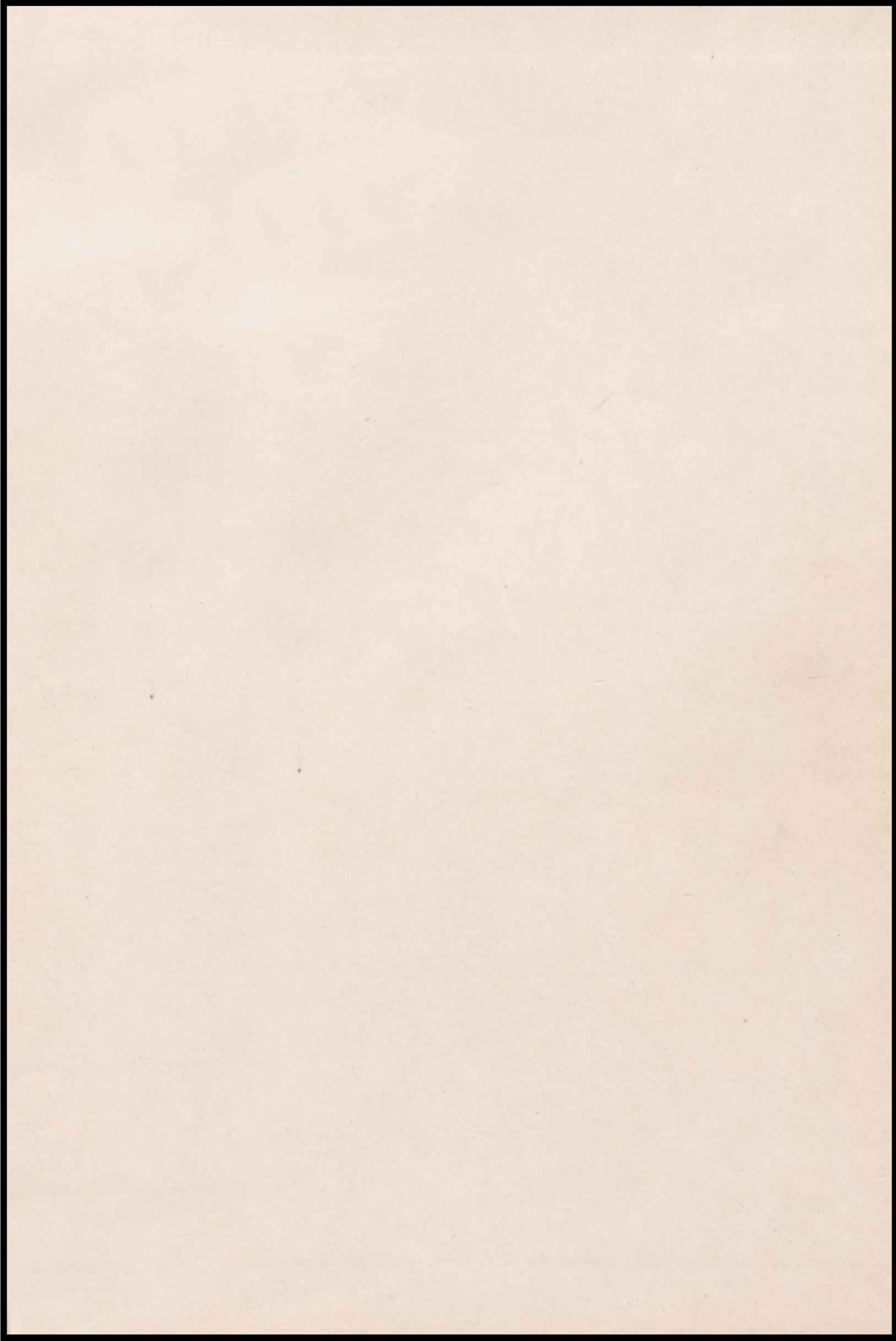
BLUE ^{and} WHITE



1920

HOWARD LEE DOCK





THE BLUE AND WHITE

PUBLISHED AND EDITED BY

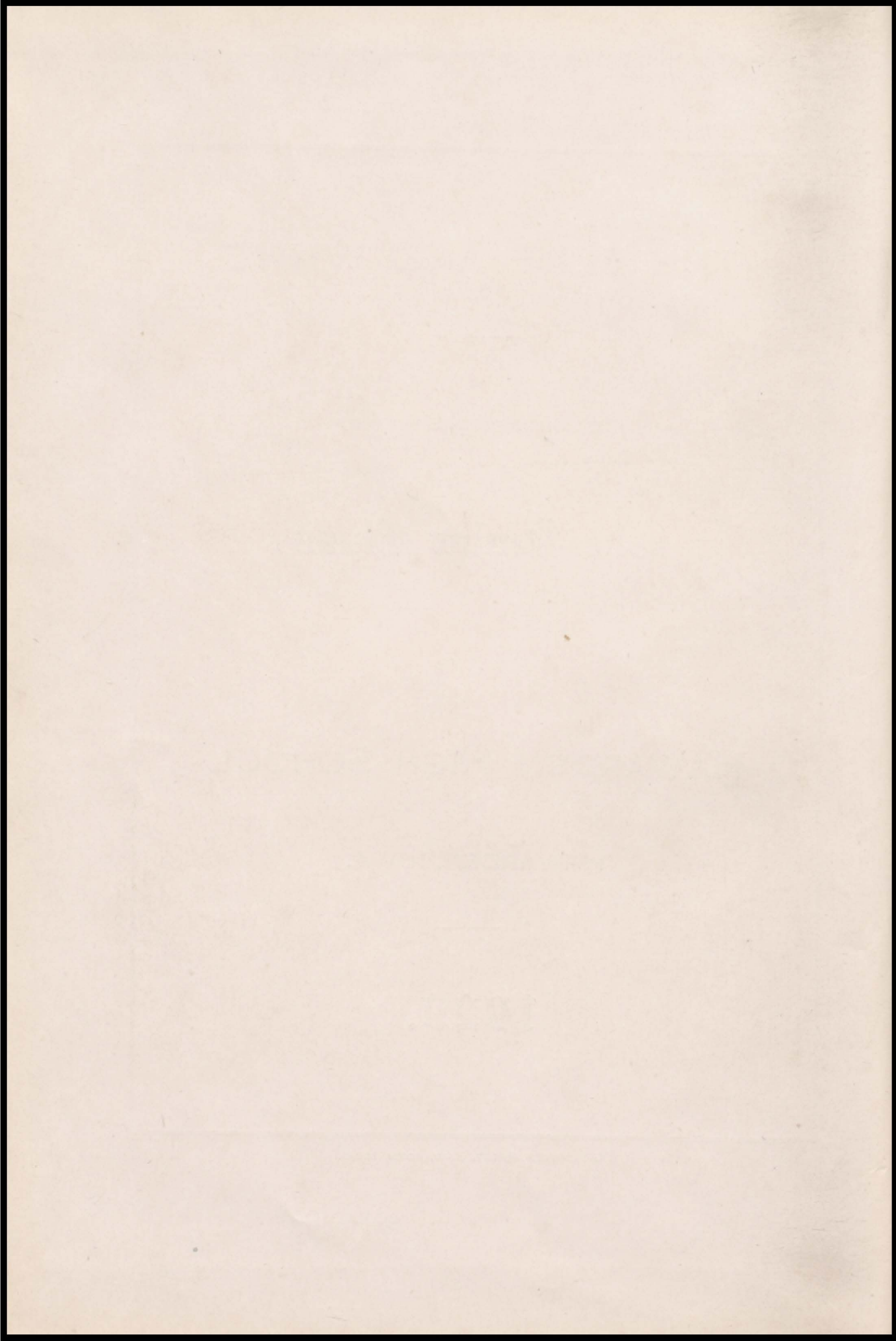
The Senior Class

OF THE

HAWARDEN HIGH SCHOOL

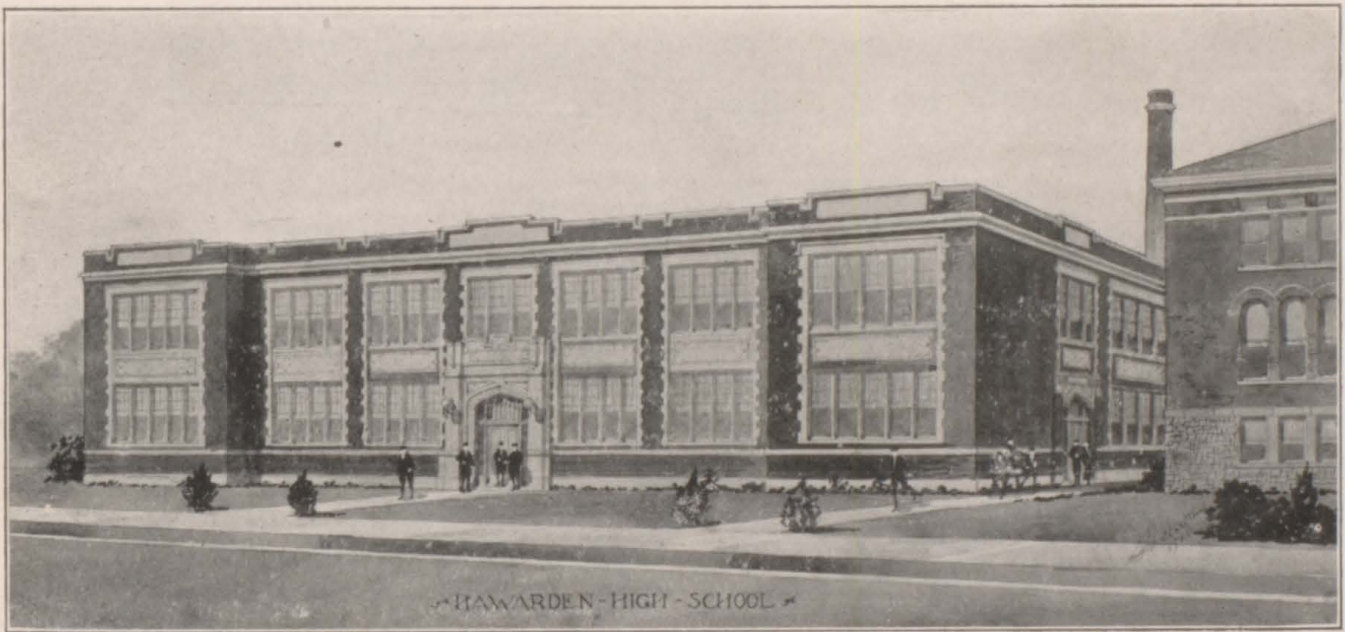
HAWARDEN, IOWA.

1920.





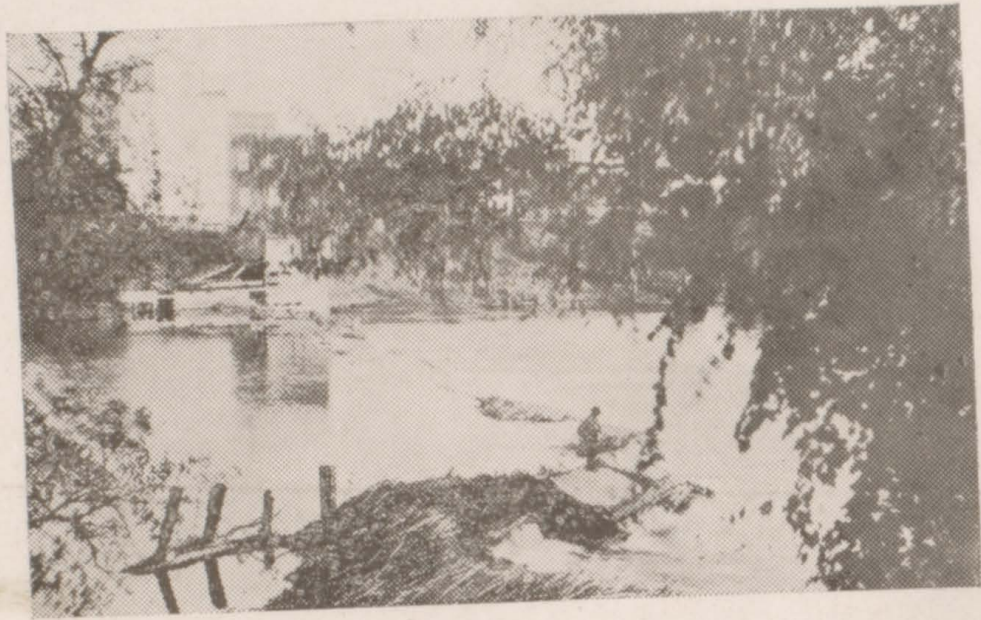
Hawarden's Present School Building.



The Proposed New Building.



Carnegie Library
Frequented by Students



The Old Mill Dam
A Favorite Gathering Place on Moonlight Nights.

The Big Sioux Landing

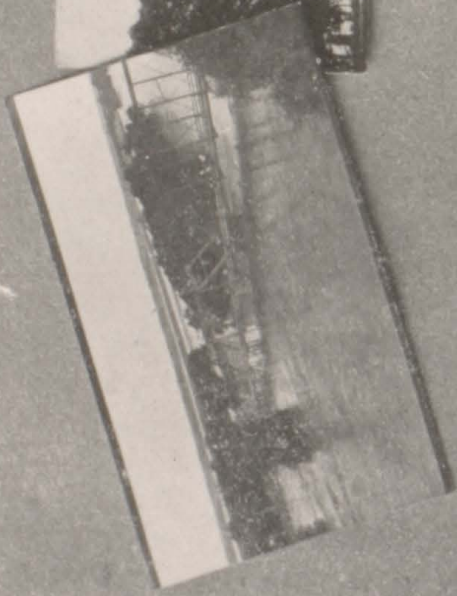
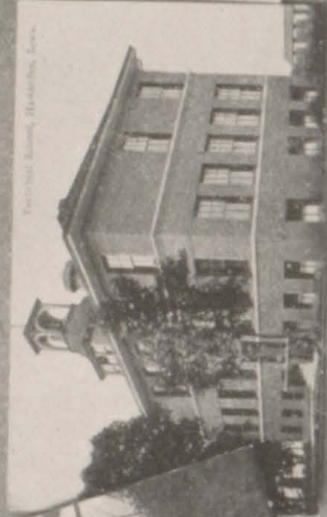
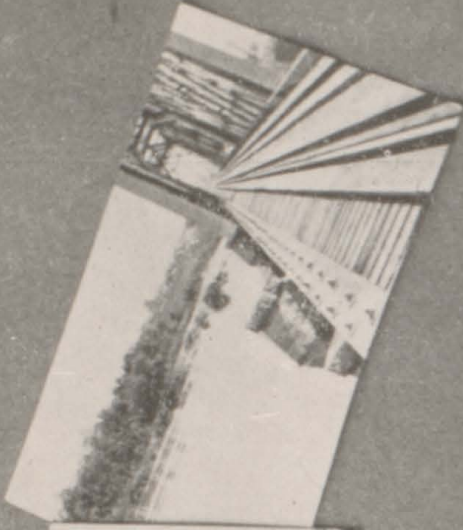
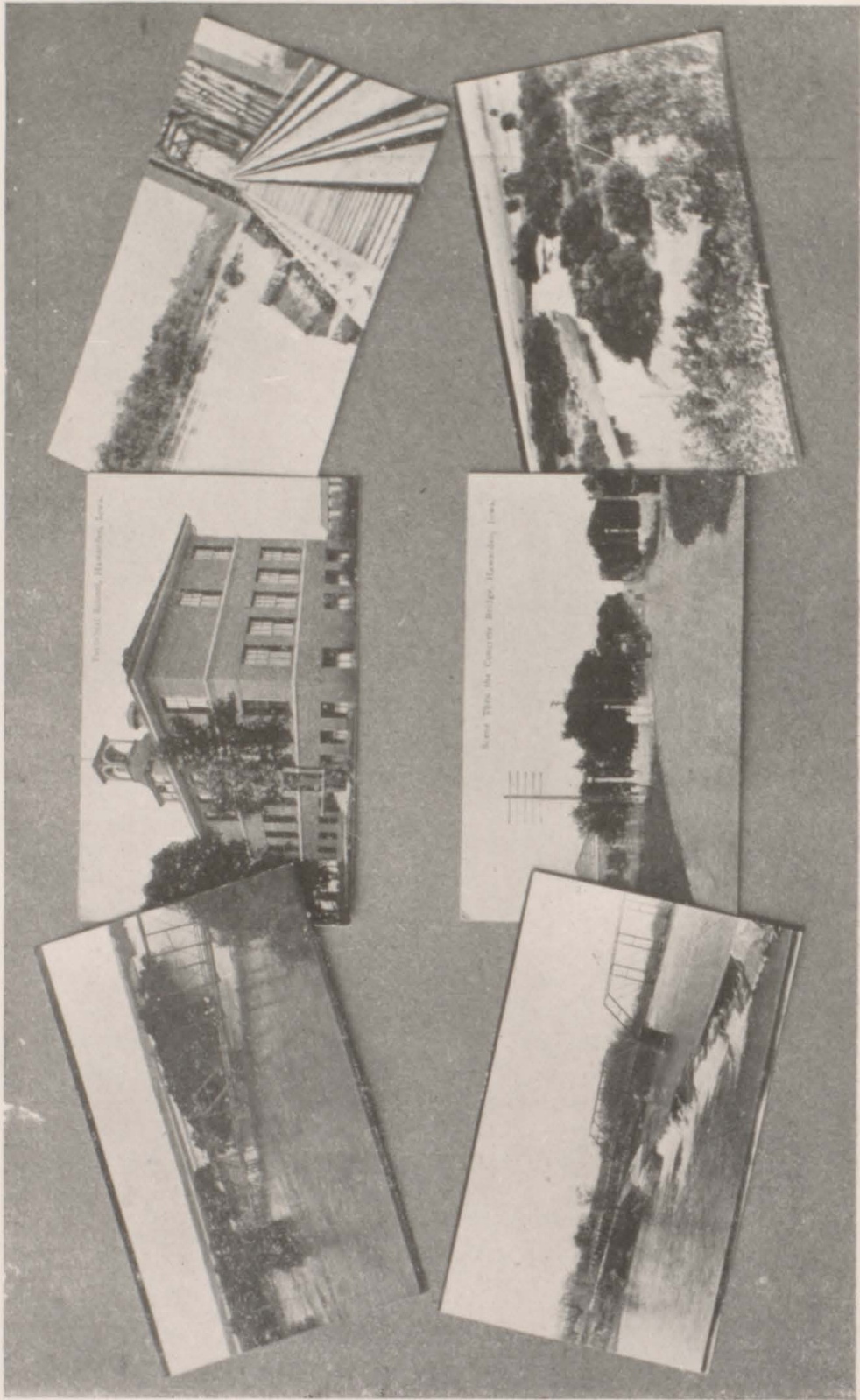
The Starting Point of
Picnic Parties.





Old Soldiers Monument

Unveiled in Grace Cemetery, Hawarden, Iowa, in 1919
In Memory of the Veterans of the Civil War.



Foreword.

In the producing of any High School or College Annual, the Board is always confronted by a number of obstacles, some of which are difficult to overcome. There is the classification of students, the cooperation of the students in preparing material, and the finance. Although positions were quite strenuous for the Board at times, they, with the help of the school, managed very successfully to portray the spirit of the school by the High School Annual. No doubt there are some parts which could be better, but in general, we all feel proud of our book, for its clear representation of what is going on at the High School.



Miss Wyant.

Dedication.

To our highly esteemed Principal and class advisor, Bertha U. Wyant, who during our four years of High School has so faithfully stood by us, and who shared with us the regrets of our failures as well as the honors of our achievements, this book is humbly and respectfully dedicated by the Class of 1920.

The Staff.

Editor in Chief.....FRANK MARGOLIN
Business Manager.....ROBERT DICK
Associate Editor.....RUTH HOFLUND
Advertising Manager...FLORA SCHOENEMAN

CLASS REPORTERS

Freshmen.....GORDON MEETER
Sophomore.....MYRTLE LILLIE
Juniors.....FREDERIC McALLISTER
Seniors.....FLORENCE PETERS

CARTOONISTS

EARL BROWN, CLARENCE HEIDEMAN,
HARRY W. RING

TYPISTS

FLORINDA VOGEL, LAVON McANINCH,
RUTH BRUNSKILL, HELEN SCOTT,
CLAUS LAGE, CHARLES HORTON



FRANK MARGOLIN



ROBERT DICK



RUTH HOFLUND



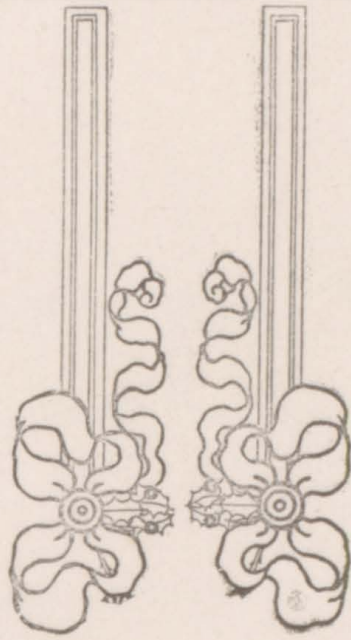
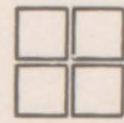
FLORA SCHOENEMAN

Contents of Book.

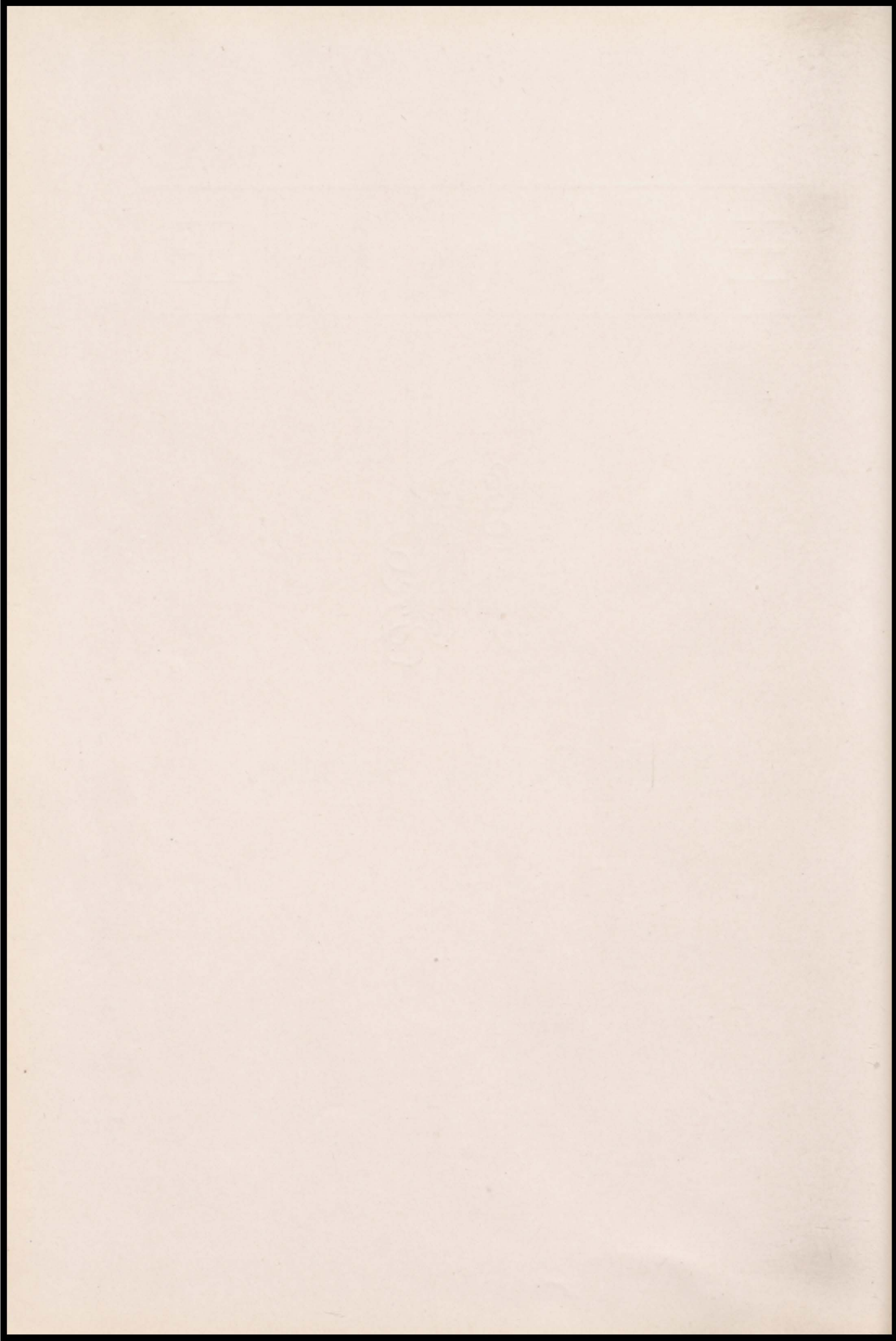
- I. FACULTY.
- II. CLASSES.
- III. FORENSICS.
- IV. LITERARY.
- V. SOCIETY.
- VI. ATHLETICS.
- VII. NONSENSE.



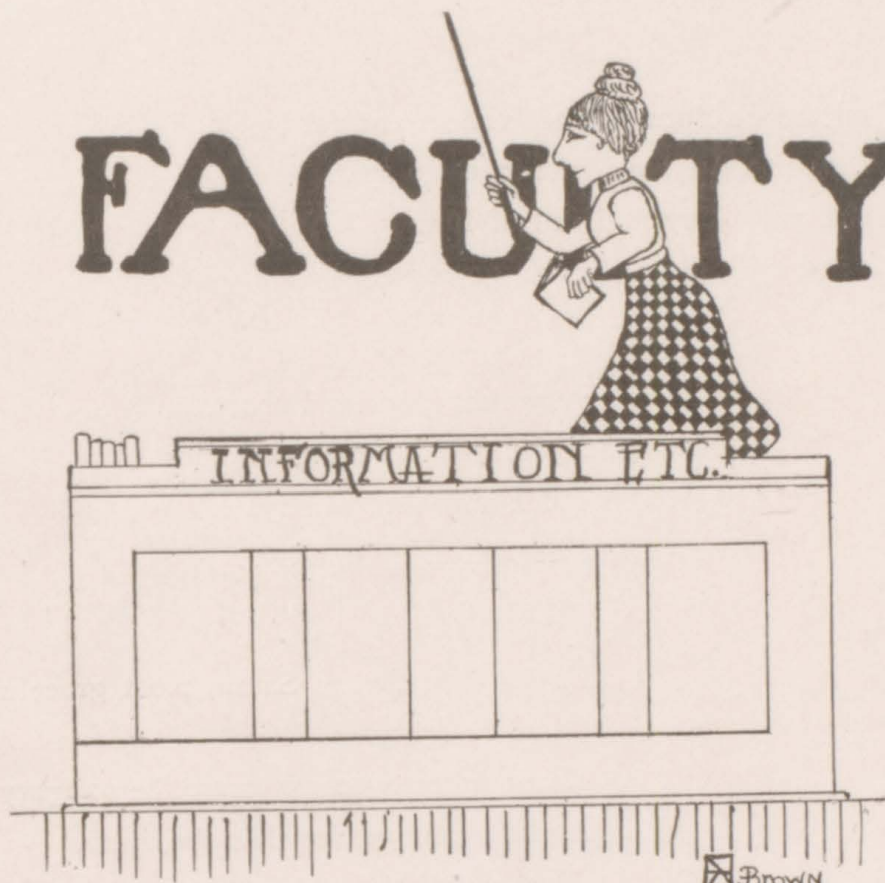
Book I



High School Faculty.



FACULTY



The Faculty.

Mother Wyant is the oldest
And the leader over all,
Some of her looks are coldest
And they make our grades just fall.

Thn there's Tommie that's short and fat,
Who with the boys just loves to spat.
She's very jolly and full of fun,
But at that she makes us go some.

Follman's very thin, dark and short,
The teachers call her a very good sport.
She's also quick and kind of shy,
We'll know her better by and by.

To be sure there's Sarah, most graceful
and haughty,
Keeps up busy so we cannot be naughty,
And the low grades that she marks
Gives us all the most terrible starts.

And Gullickson, the missing, was the
same,
In manner but not in name,
Now she's left us, the last half of the year
We'll have to work harder so we fear.

Stewart left us, but not the same
Just to get another name.
Miss Graham has taken her place,
Only to set us at the same pace.

Lunder, too, this half, left us,
It was important and he must.
His place was taken by a man named
K-o-h-l,
And he's very good so we heard tell.

Then there is Wolcott, who teaches
science,
She would be good for a woman's alli-
ance,
She is quite young it is safe to say,
Carries herself around in her own little
way.

Now comes Meeter, who fills in spaces,
The best one to take the others' places.
Big and tall and full of pep,
All her youngness isn't gone yet.

We'll finish with Kellogg, our professor,
Who helps us to be the best of progres-
sors,
So we come to the end most happily,
And here's three cheers for our Faculty.

—B. B., '23.



George H. Kellogg.

George H. Kellogg was born in Crown Point, New York and came to Iowa when five years old. Here he received his education in the public schools and later attended the Iowa State Teachers College and Cornell College of which he graduated with a B. S. degree. In 1917 previous to coming to Hawarden he took graduate study at the University of Chicago. Before coming to Hawarden, Mr. Kellogg held positions as Superintendent of High School at Bennett, Iowa, for three years, County Superintendent of Cedar County, Iowa, three terms, taught in Department of Education, Cornell College two years, and five years at Clarion, Iowa, as Superintendent of High School. Mr. Kellogg came to Hawarden very highly recommended in the year 1917 and entered into his work here in a highly

enthusiastic manner and has exerted himself to the utmost to keep Hawarden High School the best in the Northwest. He has during his stay here become a favorite of both scholars and citizens of Hawarden. The people who are closely connected with the school know and can honestly say that he has handled all problems in an admirable way and has also been a strong advocate for a new school house for Hawarden. Outside of direct school duties Mr. Kellogg has been a member of the County Board of Education, a position which he holds at present. He was First Vice President of Iowa State Teachers Association in 1911-1912. In 1918 and 1919 he was President of the Iowa Superintendent's Club and in 1918 Elector to Iowa State Teachers Association.



Bertha H. Wyant.

Graduated twice from State Teachers College at Cedar Falls, Iowa. Miss Wyant taught in the High Schools of Sigourney, Oelwein and Hartley; she was principal in the High Schools of Manson, Walnut, Avoca, New Sharon and Hawarden. The success of our school for the past four years has been due to Miss Wyant's wise counsel, sympathetic guidance and earnest effort in behalf of the High School and its workers.



ALMA J. THOMPSON, A. B.

Graduated from the Canton, S. D., High School and St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn., with an A. B. degree. She took graduate study in the University of Wisconsin.

She taught languages two years in the St. James, Minn., High School and also Latin and Ancient History one year in Elk Point, S. D., before coming to Hawarden High as teacher of Latin and Ancient History in 1919-20. Always kind and obliging she has become a friend of every student in school.

FATIMA W. FOLLMAN.

Miss Follman is a graduate of the Sigourney, Iowa, High School; took one term of work in Valparaiso University, in Valparaiso, Indiana; graduated from A. N. Palmer School of Penmanship; graduated from teacher's full commercial course of the Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Business College; she also took a complete Secretarial course at the Anthony Wayne Institute, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Miss Follman taught in a rural school in Keokuk County, Iowa. She was Penmanship Supervisor and Commercial Instructor in the Consolidated Schools of Thornburg, Iowa. Geography and Penmanship Supervisor in the South Ward Departmental of Sigourney, Iowa. Junior High School Principal of Oxford Junction, Iowa. Commercial Instructor at Hawarden, Iowa. Her branch of learning being the Commercial Course, requires a very patient and competent instructor, for which she has proven herself more than capable.





SARA GLADYS WEIR, A. B.

Miss Weir finished the High School course of the Calumet High School in Michigan in 1913. She attended the University of Michigan, from which she graduated in 1917, receiving an A. B. degree. She was head of the History Department of Grayling, Mich., High School 1918-19 before coming to the Hawarden High School in 1919-20. Through her pleasing ways and great perseverance her branch of learning which is most generally a mental drudgery became an unselfish pleasure.

RUTH WOLCOTT, A. B.

Miss Wolcott graduated from the High School of Spencer in 1914. Taking special work in Science at the State University of Iowa, she graduated with an A. B. degree in 1918.

After teaching Chemistry and Physics in the Rock Island, Ill., High School one year she came to Hawarden as Mathematics and Physics instructor. She has displayed rare ability and everyone looks to her for encouragement and advice.





MISS MASTERS.

Miss Masters was born in Chicago, Ill. Graduated from the Austin High School after which she graduated from the Columbia School of Music. From college Miss Masters came to Hawarden, where she taught the latter part of last year. Under her instruction Hawarden has had musical concerts and entertainments which have proven very successful and this is due to her wonderful musical ability.

OTTO A. KOHL

Graduated from Lisbon High School. Attended Cornell College two years and Iowa University one year. Toured on Lyceum in the winter of 1919 in both the United States and Canada. Much of his general knowledge of affairs and people have been gained from travel and experience. Mr. Kohl has shown great ability in Athletics and is a good "booster" in every kind of social activities.





HELEN GRAHAM.

Graduated from Iowa City High School; specialized in Home Economics at State University of Iowa; took a course in Engineering Drawing. Miss Graham had one year's teaching experience in eastern Iowa previous to coming to Hawarden. Miss Graham's social activities made her popular throughout the school.

MARION URQUHART MEETER, A. B.

Graduated from Medford, Wisconsin, High School; University of Wisconsin, where she received an A. B. degree. Mrs. Meeter was principal of the Medford High School for four years; taught in Hecla, South Dakota, for one year; Principal of the Slayton, Minn., High School for one year; taught in Hawarden, Iowa, for two years.

Mrs. Meeter's good nature and quick wit have made her a cherished friend of every student.



Goodbye, Teachers.

We have a number of students dark,
A number of students fair,
And as you know they are very bright,
The ones who flunk are rare.

Some of them burn the midnight oil,
Some work till dark or after,
With some, of course, it is a bluff,
And these are filled with laughter.

Our study days will soon be o'er,
For which we are happy, truly,
But we'll mourn to say "Goodbye" to
those
Who kept us from being unruly.

HAROLD PLANK.

A Toast.

Of all the beautiful pictures

That hang on Memories wall,

Those of our dear old school days

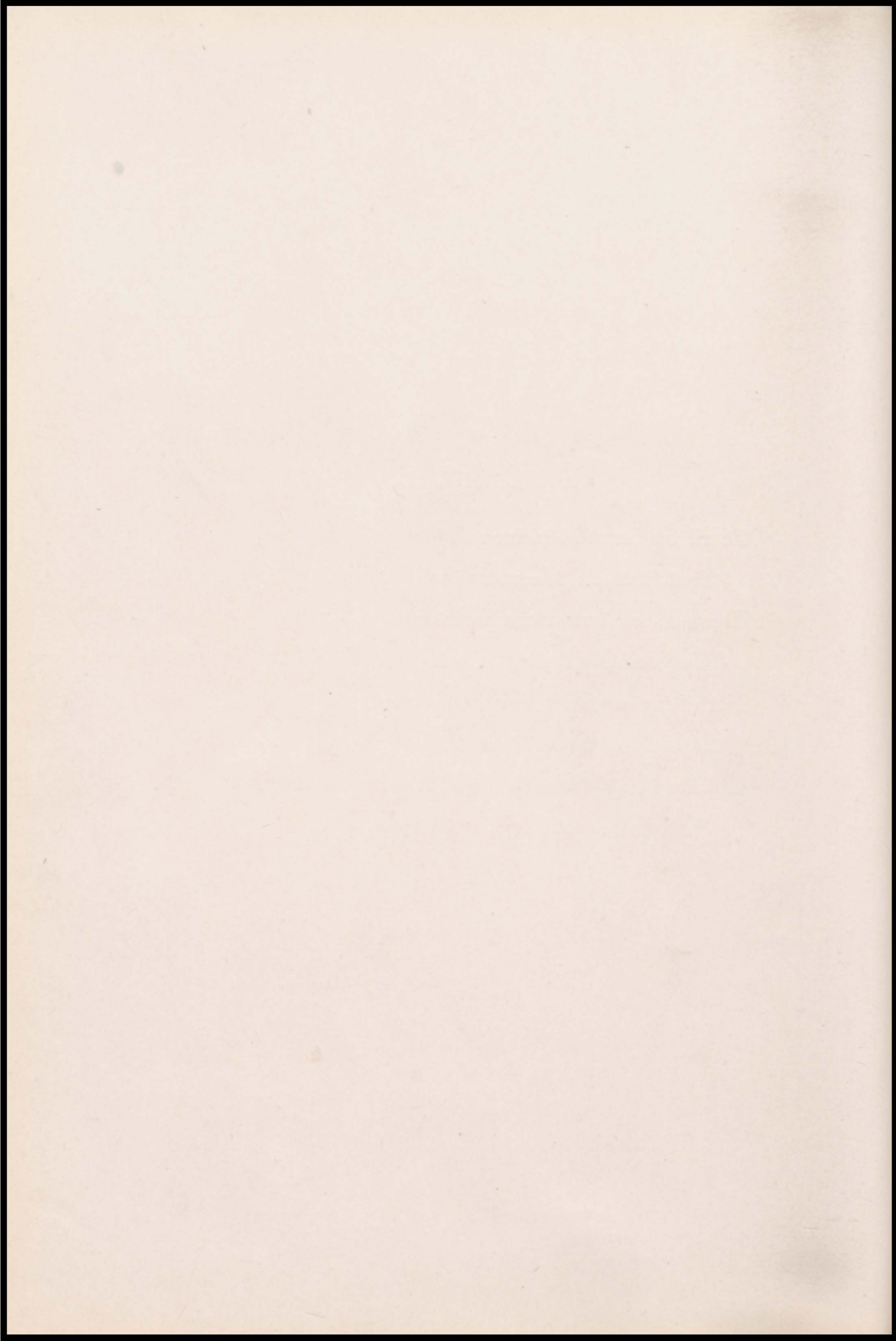
They seemeth the best of all.

Not of the pleasures they brought us,

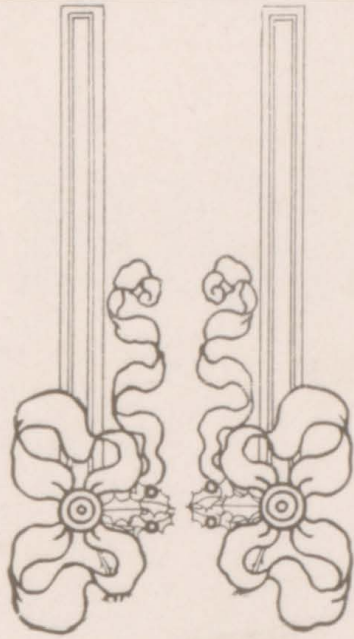
Though of those we are fully aware,

But the thought of our High School friendships

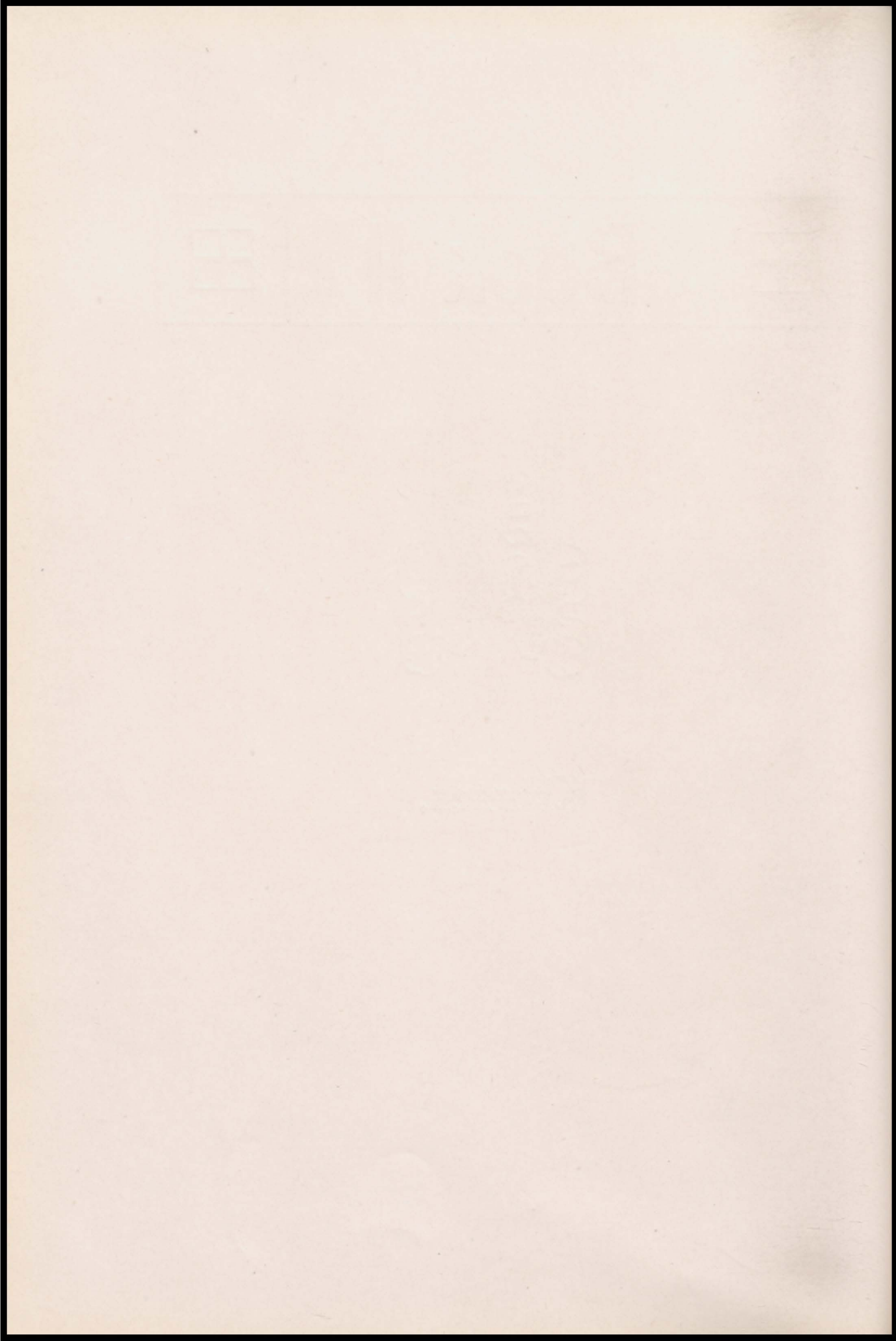
Made during our four years there.



	<h1>Book II</h1>	
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Classes.



SENIORS





RUTH BRUNSKILL

Her sweet smile haunts me still.
Glee Club '19.

MARIE BREST

She keeps her thoughts to herself mostly.
Glee Club '17, '18, '19.
Basketball '17.

MAE ARLANDER

I'll marry a Swede or none at all.
Class Basketball '18.
Glee Club '19.
Secretary of Class '20.

EARL BROWN

A figure like Mercury.
Class Treasurer '20.
Football '16, '17, '18, '19.
Track '18, '19, Captain '20.
Class Basketball '17, '18.



ROBERT DICK

I like silence and very little of that.
Class President '19.
Glee Club '19.
Staff of Annual '20.
Declamatory '19, '20.

ELLA EMMERT

My man's as true as steel.
Basketball '17, '18.
Glee Club '17, '18.

JOE DALTON

Which is me?
Football '16, '17, '18, '19.
Track '20.
Class Basketball '17.
Advertising Manager H. H. S. '17.
Class Athletic Representative '18, '20.
Class President '18.
Assistant Editor Junior Echo '19.
Vice President Athletic Association '19.
Class Play '20.
Debate Team '19.

JOHN DALTON

Which is which?
Football '16, '17, '18, Captain '19.
Class Basketball '17.
Track '19, '20.
Class Athletic Representative '19.
Business Manager Junior Echo '19.
Debate Team '19.
Treasurer of A. A. '20.



ZITA GRANBERG

Studies first; pleasures next.

TED HANDY

Of a roaming nature and a high stepper.
Football '16, '17, '18, '19.
Track '17, '18, '20, Captain '19.
Vice President of Class '20.
Class Basketball '17.

BESSIE HILTON

Life without smiles is one dreary blank.
Glee Club '17, '18, '19.
Basketball '17, '18.

RUTH HOFLUND

To be or not to be.
Basketball '17, '18.
Declamatory Contest '17, '19.
Glee Club '17, '18, '19.
Secretary Athletic Association '20.
Asistant Editor of Annual Staff '20.



LAVON McANINCH

Laugh and grow fat—I did!

Glee Club '19, '20.



WENDELL LEAFSTEDT

We hardly know him.

Class Play '20.



CLAUS LAGE

We all like him—we just can't help it.

Football '18, '19, '20.

Glee Club '19.

Class Play '20.

Track '19, '20.



CLARENCE HEIDEMAN

All the great men are dying, and I don't
feel very well myself.

Football '17, '18, '19, Captain elect '20.

Track '17, '19.

Glee Club '18, '19.

Basketball '17.



FRANK MARGOLIN

On with the dance—let joy be unconfined.
Class President '17.
Football '16, '17, '19.
Debate '20.
Class Play '20.
President Athletic Association '20.
Editor in Chief of Annual '20.
Boys' Glee Club '19.
Editor of Junior Echo '19.
Track '20.
Class Basketball '17.

EARL OAKES

Your heroine should be tall, you know.
Glee Club '19.
Declamatory '20.
Class Play '20.

FLORENCE PETERS

Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.
Glee Club '19.
Class Play '20.

RUTH METCALF

To fall in love is awfully simple—to fall
out of it is simply awful.
Basketball '17, '18.
Glee Club '17, '18, '19.
Vice President of Class '18, '19.
Class Play '20.



FLORA SCHOENEMAN

I consider a day lost in which I have not
done some good.

Glee Club '17, '18, '19.

Class Basketball '18.

Annual Staff '20.

HAROLD PLANK

Small, but all there.

Class President '20.

Secretary and Treasurer of Class '19.

Glee Club '17.

Debate Team '19.

Annual Staff '17.

JAMES SEARLE

When he smiles the birds stop singing.

Football '16, '17, '18, '19.

Track '19, '20.

HELEN ROLAND

"Still water runs deep."



DAVID STONER

Ever-ready.
Football '18, '19.
Track '19, '20.
Glee Club '19.

FLORINDA VOGEL

If you can't see the bright side polish up
the dark side and look at that.
Class Play '20.
Glee Club '19.
Typist of Blue and White '20.

WENDELL SUMNER

Laugh and the world laughs with you—
Frown and you wrinkle your face.
Glee Club '19.
Football '19.

GERTRUDE SEDGWICK

One tongue is enough for a woman.
Glee Club '17, '18, '19.
Class Basketball '17.



HELEN SCOTT

We know not when, nor why, nor where.

Glee Club '17, '18, '19.

Basketball '17, '18.



Senior Class History.

We started out on our High School career as Freshmen, with the round number of 37 pupils. Our first year was surely a success, even though we had our difficulties and misfortunes.

How well we all remember our first day as "Freshies." The majority of us scared, and not knowing how to act or where to go, we surely created a lot of excitement among our upper classmen. But we overcame that in a short time.

In our election of officers, we chose Frank Margolin, President; Ruth Hoflund, Vice President; Marie Brest, Secretary and Treasurer. Fortunately all of whom will graduate in the class of 1920.

Our Faculty were of the best that could be had, and I'm sure we all enjoyed our work very much during our first year.

Social functions! Well! Say, just ask us! Time rolled by and we found ourselves Sophomores, and lucky enough to have nearly all our classmates back with us again, and ready for another year.

This year we had an almost entire change of Faculty, including Superintendent. With the exception of Miss Wyant, who has "stuck by us through thick and through thin."

Class officers this year were Joe Dalton, President; Ruth Metcalf, Vice President; Alice Kittoe, Secretary and Treasurer. Alice Kittoe left us in the latter part of the year and went to Sioux City.

We are rapidly climbing up the ladder.

We were Juniors already, but not so many of us were back. Some had moved away, others had dropped out, but there was still quite a large class.

Some change in our Faculty, but we still retained some from the previous year.

Class Officers this year were Robert Dick, President; Ruth Metcalf, Vice President; Harold Plank, Secretary and Treasurer.

We had always heard about banquets, but had never taken part in any before, so we began to plan our Junior-Senior Banquet. On March 4, 1919, the great event was pulled off, and if you would like any information about our good time just ask the people who attended it. The Hall was decorated in our class colors, Purple and White, and our class flower, English Violet, were in evidence everywhere.

We witnessed the Sniors of 1919 graduate, and wished that we were among them, but we had to wait our turn.

September 6, 1919, found 27 Seniors, Regular Dignified Seniors, too (our only hope for the last three years) back in the old building. How we had longed to sit over on the east side of our Assembly room and hear Miss Wyant announce the Seniors would hold a class meeting.

At last that hope was realized and we made up our minds this would be a year worth while.

New Faculty again this year, with the exception of Miss Wyant and Mr. Kellogg.

Our class officers this year are Harold Plank, President; Ted Handy, Vice

President; Mae Arlander, Secretary and Earl Brown, Treasurer. All of whom will graduate in the class of 1920.

It is needless to mention all the parties that we held, but I might add that we enjoyed them all, and I'm sure none of us will ever forget them.

The class of 1920 has ability in all lines. In Athletics of all kinds we star. The following men received monograms, letters and footballs: Ted Handy, Earl Brown, John Dalton, Joe Dalton, Clarence Heidman, David Stoner and James Searle won honors in track for us. We can say this for the girls, that if we could have had a place to practice Basket Ball we would have made a team of which the Hawarden High could feel proud. The following girls took part in the practice when we had a place to play: Ruth Hoflund, Gertrude Sedgwick, Ruth Metcalf, Bessie Hilton, Ella Emmert.

In our debates Frank Margolin carries off honors for the Senior class. In Declamatory work, Robert Dick and Earl Oaks did us justice.

Indeed, the class of 1920 has many commendable qualities, but above all we surpass in the subject we call "Study."

As we look back over our four years, we feel a sort of sadness, for we now realize all the good times we have had, and we regret leaving them behind, but that is partially made up by the joy of graduation, and of getting out into the world, and showing that we can accomplish things in the same way that we did in our school days of yore.

With a last salute to our Teachers, Superintendent and Classmates we say, "Good-bye."

—ELLA EMMERT, '20.

Senior Characteristics.

Mae Arlander — Her middle name should be Virgil or Cicero.

Earl Brown—A "Bonnie" fellow.

Marie Brest—"Of the quiet yet noisy assortment.

Ruth Brunskill—What a bother man is!

Joe Dalton—He thinks the same as John.

John Dalton—Vice versa.

Robert Dick—The flaming orator.

Ella Emmert—Giddy over Gilberts.

Zita Granberg—The studious one.

Ruth Hoflund—Two is bliss—three's a blister.

Clarence Hiedeman — Hiedy agrees with Ruth.

Ted Handy—He despises dancing and girls.

Bessie Hilton—Her motto, "Laugh and grow fat."

Claus Lage — Mr. Kellogg's private secretary.

Wendell Leafstedt—He thinks girls are a funny invention.

Ruth Metcalf—Lessons given in flirtation.

LaVon McAninch—A devotee of the "Gregg Writer."

Frank Margolin—The French shark.

Earl Oaks—"Slats" is a "bully fella."

Harold Plank—The mascot of the class of '20.

Florence Peters—"Ma chere petite innocenti."

Helen Roland—Just a modest cherub from Chatsworth.

Helen Scott—All smiles.

Wendell Sumner—Isn't he the innocent looking little fellow?

James Searle—A student of Miss Metcalf.

David Stoner—The bright spot of the class.

Flora Schoeneman—Beyond comprehension.

Gertrude Sedgwick—The meadow lark.

Florinda Vogel—Very fond of Dodge cars with So. Dak. No.

The Senior Class in Rhyme.

THE SCHOOL.

'Twas here the books in their sheets of
white,
Slept still and chill through the lonely
night,

'Twas there those heralds of progress lay
Half-used and abused through the live-
long day.

GERTRUDE SEDGWICK.

And there was the girl with fingers white,
Who never could make the "sums" come
right,

But who in the grasses could always see
Most four leaf clovers instead of three.

RUTH HOFLUND.

When even a child, you had the art
To stir to its depths the schoolboy heart!
You knew not when and you knew not
how,

But laurels waited your broad white
brow.

JAMES SEARLES.

Scrawl on, my boy! You are twining
strands

To clasp you with other hands and lands;
Perhaps the successors of this steel pen
May prick to the hearts of women and
men.

HAROLD PLANK.

But do not flout this miniature man;
He is simply doing the best he can,
And maybe better than you, O Sage,
Could have carried it off at his tender age.

EARL BROWN.

Down through the snowdrifts in the
street,

With blustering joy he steers;
His boots are full of feet,
And his tippet full of ears.

HELEN ROLAND.

O little girl with the hair so soft,
O little girl with the yearning eyes
And rosebud mouth!

I have prayed full oft
You might grow happy as you grow
wise!

MARIE BREST.

Not only lessons of brain were conned,
But those in the heart and soul beyond,
Ah, little dame with the haughty air,
How chary you were of every charm!

ROBERT DICK.

Once in the dream of a summer day,
A boy sat musing a minute away,
And stared at the world with eyes
thought-dim,

That hung on the wall and beckoned him,
This lad who thirsted to win a name
To scenes of luxury, pride and fame.

ELLA EMMERT.

For that pink of female gender
Tall and shapely was, and slender,
Plump of neck and arms,
While the raiment that invested
Her so jealously suggested
More potential charms.

FLORINDA VOGEL.

Those dark eyes of hers that fired them,
Those sweet accents that inspired him
And her crown of glorious hair—
These things baffle my description;
I should have a fit conviction
If I tried; so I forbear.

FRANK MARGOLIN.

With homespun oratorical art,
He takes you all to his yearning heart,
You'd think from the facts he loves to
state
He never had made a slip to date.

DAVID STONER.

He loved to stand and hold her hand
And ken her with his een;
He would not go, but tarrying so,
Ben allways in the way.

ZITA GRANBERG.

'Tis chastity, my brothers, chastity,
She that has that is clad in complete steel.

RUTH METCALF.

Her nature is the sea's that smiles to-
night,
A radiant maiden in the moon's soft light,
The unsuspecting seaman sets his sails,
Forgetful of the fury of her gales;
Tomorrow, made with storm, the ocean
roars
And o'er his hapless wreck the flood she
pours.

BESSIE HILTON.

Her innocence is panoply,
Her weakness, power;
The earth her guardian, and the sky,
God's every star is her ally,
And every flower.

MAE ARLANDER.

A charm attends her everywhere,
A sense of beauty;
Care smile to see her free of care,
The hard heart loves her unaware;
Age pays her duty.

FLORENCE PETERS.

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not! She is fooling thee!

RUTH BRUNSKILL

O, fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades,
Green boughs and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thine infant eye.

CLARENCE HIDEMANN.

There's something in a noble boy,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy.
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile
Which brings me to my childhood back.

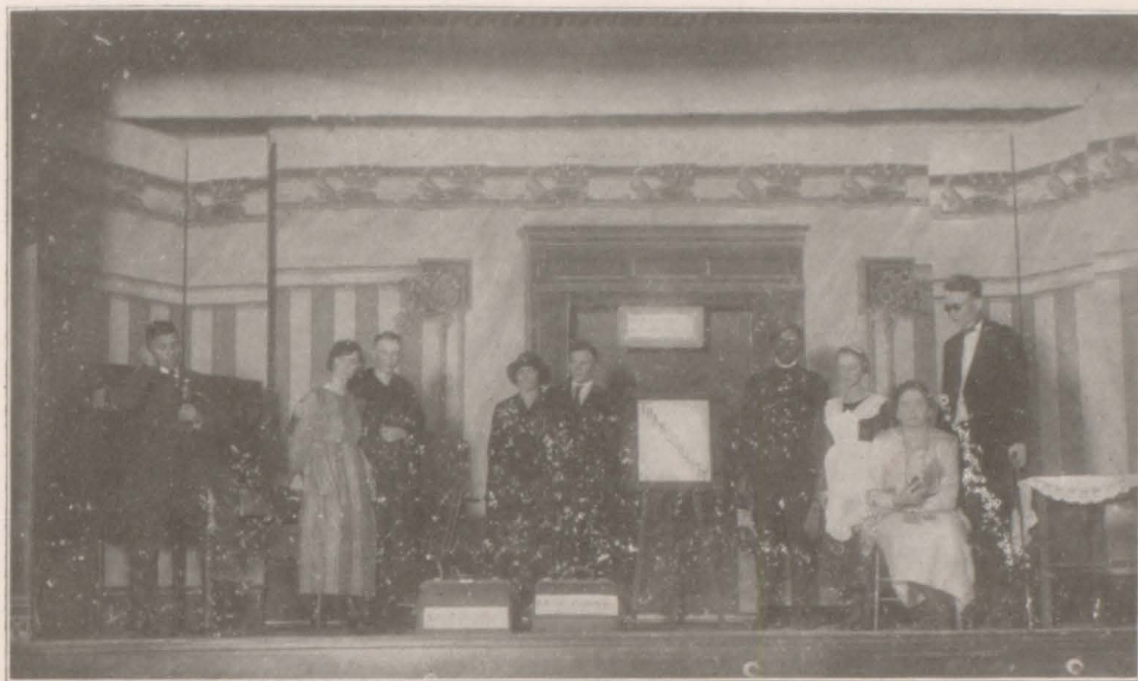
WENDELL LEAFSTEDT.

What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy
smile,
Than hew to it with thy sword.

WENDELL SUMNER.

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be
skeered to death!
Bein' I'm a boy I duck my head an' hold
my breath;
An' I am, oh, so sorry I'm a naughty boy,
and then
I promise to be better an' I say my pray-
ers again!

Scenes from the Senior Class Play
"The Arrival of Kitty"



Senior Class Play.

The Senior class play was selected by Professors Kellogg and Kohl. The play was a great success, the combination of wit, humor and romance being very ably carried out by Frank Margolin, Joe Dalton, Ruth Metcalf, Marie Brest, Florinda Vogel, Florence Peters, Earl Oakes, Wendell Leafstedt and Claus Lage, who were directed by Professor Kohl.

The Senior class this year is so large that it was impossible to get a play that would have as many characters.

THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY.

William Winkler tries to force his ward, Jane, into an undesirable marriage with Benjamin More, whom he has never seen. But, because of the absurdity of Jane's father's will, she must be married to him or lose her inheritance and her uncle will also lose his share.

Aunt Jane, Winkler's sister, supports both Jane and him. Finally Aunt Jane tells him if he will find her a husband she will give him \$10,000.

Bobby Baxter, who is in love with Jane, appears on the scene and Ting, the bellboy, promises to help him. But Winkler sees Bobby and promises to put an end to him if he does not leave.

Winkler receives a letter and photo from a lady friend of his, who is considered one of the greatest vampires in New York. Winkler makes Aunt Jane and Jane believe that these belong to Bobby. Bobby, in desperation declares that he will drown himself.

Bobby dresses like Kitty and soon has Winkler scared. Benjamin More arrives and makes love to the supposed Kitty. When the real Kitty arrives, things are greatly complicated. Winkler finally receives \$10,000 from both Jane and Aunt Jane because of a flaw in the will. Ben-

jamin is forced to marry Aunt Jane, and so all are satisfied as the curtain falls.

High School Lyceum Course

The Senior Class took upon itself the burden of conducting a Lyceum Course for the benefit of the students and people of Hawarden. Although the best available course was booked and well advertised the people of Hawarden did not turn out as they should, but let the good things pass by and then remark, "If I had known it would of been that good I surely would have gone."

But nevertheless the Senior Class was behind the course and pushed it through to a profit of about twenty-five dollars.

The first number was held in the Baptist Temple on October 29, 1919, which was a fine and eloquent lecture by James T. Nichols.

The second number was the Louis H. Gerhardt Concert Co. which was held in the High School Auditorium on December 8, 1919. This was a fine program and a treat in every way.

The third number was "Smiling Bob," which was also held in the High School Auditorium on January 15, 1920. Mr. Briggs gave a fine entertainment and those who heard him enjoyed every number on his program.

The Fighting Americans Male Quartet, which was the fourth number, was enjoyed immensely. The boys gave us some fine music as well as some humorous readings. This number was held in the Presbyterian Church on February 27, 1920.

The last number on the course was The Chicago Orchestra Club, which was held in the High School Auditorium, April 16, 1920. This was a fine musical number and enjoyed by all that heard it.

The Senior Class wishes to thank all those that attended and supported the course.

JUNIORS





Fern Anderson, Clarence Brest, Iva Brown, Myrtle Anderson



Alice Ericson, Dorothy Hodoway, Newal Dougherty, Fern Dickerson



Clara Klumb, Fern Johnson, Gladys Janes, Charles Horton



Horace Noble, Idella Nelson, Lilly McDonald, Frederic McAllister



Nora Toft, Wayne Ofstad, Violet Swanson, Hazel Olson



Lola Younie, Lucile Younie, Crissie Troutman, Elwood Johnson

Junior Class History.

Just a dozen years ago the noble class of '21 began its career in the Hawarden kindergarten. Those still in the class who remember those days are: Crissie Troutman, Fern Dickerson, Alice Ericson, Ellwood Johnson, Horace Noble and Frederic McAllister.

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," year by year we acquired wisdom until on that ne'er to be forgotten day in the fall of 1917 we entered High School.

As Freshmen we were just as bashful and giggled just as much as all other Freshmen. Early in the year our class organized and we chose Frederic McAllister, President, but owing to his leaving school, Wayne Ofstad took his place the last half of the year.

As Sophomores we became more accustomed to our surroundings and felt we were an important part of the school. We again chose Frederic McAllister President. Perhaps the most important event of this year was the fine record Crissie Troutman made in Declamatory work.

This year is the eventful one for us. There are twenty-five members in the class. Our officers are Alice Ericson, President; Violet Swanson, Vice President, and Hazel Olson, Secretary and Treasurer. So far this year we have had two class parties. The first one was held at the home of Crissie Troutman. Some members of other classes came uninvited, and whether they had a good time or not they certainly worked hard to entertain

us. Again on November 11, the class was entertained at a six o'clock dinner at the home of Fern Johnson and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Our class is well represented in all High School activities. Several of our boys made a good showing in football last fall. We had a number of representatives in the Declamatory Contest and four of our girls sing in the Glee Club, and two of the class are on the debating team.

As we move on toward the Senior stage of our High School life we earnestly hope that our efforts may help to bring honor to the "best school on earth."

—ALICE ERICSON, '21.

An Ancient History Psalm

Miss Thompson is my teacher; I shall not pass.

She maketh me to answer in deep embarrassment.

She leadeth me into traps of mine own setting.

She calleth my bluff.

She leadeth me into dusty paths among orchards of dates for mine nourishment; yea, though I walk with Frederic and Angel, I cannot recite for they will not help me; their dignity and their laws they crush me.

She prepareth me for a plucking in the presence of my classmates.

She raineth on my head her questions.

She showeth me up.

Verily, Ancient History does haunt me every hour of my life.

Until I shall dwell in this school no more forever.

Junior Class Characteristics.

Fern Anderson—She's keene for the Keehns.

Myrtle Anderson—A quiet but studious person.

Iva Brown—A buvom lass.

Fern Dickerson—Ray's idol.

Newal Dougherty—He knows the office like a book.

Alice Ericson—Quiet but noisy.

Arlie Franks—He loves Modern History exams.

Dorothy Hodoway—She loves to talk.

Charles Horton—That independent young gent.

Fern Johnson—Just a modest, bashful girl.

Gladys Janes—She does as she pleases.

Elwood Johnson—The tinner's apprentice.

Clara Klumb—"Still water runs deep."

Lillian McDonald—"Lil" the student.

Frederic McAllister—The one man band.

Idella Nelson—Haw! Haw! Haw!

Horace Noble—Third member of the Dougherty-Franks trio.

Hazel Olson—NO, she isn't Swede.

Ray O'Brien—Fern D.'s supply house for gumdrops.

Wayne Ofstad—A victim of concentration.

Violet Swanson—The class artist.

Crissie Troutman—The big smile of the class.

Nora Toft—Quiet, sedate, Miss Toft.

Lucile Younie—She thinks men are funny animals.

Lola Younie—She doesn't agree with her cousin, Lucile.

In French II class, Robert Dick translating:

"Je sens tout son corps agite, etc."

"I felt his whole 'corps' tremble."

Miss Gullickson said that if the H. H. S. boys must smoke, she won't object to them using the same brand as Pete Doctor did.

Miss Wyant: "Which one of you can tell me the difference between the quick and the dead?"

Dourghty's hand was waving.

Miss Wyant: "Well, Newal?"

Newal: "Well, the quick are the ones that get out of the way of Fords and the dead are those that don't."

Girl: "Oh, mama, what shall I do? The twin has fallen down the well?"

One of Miss Stewart's graduates: "Dear me! How annoying; just go into the library and get the last number of the 'Modern Mother's Magazine,' it contains an article on how to bring up children."



LOVERS LAKE



SHIVERS



FRONTIER



GRAVEL NO 11



KNIFE-BIRD





CLASS "22"
WANTED AT
ONCE
MORE
BOYS

SOPHOMORES

☒
Brown

The Sophomore Class.



Myrtle Anderson	Jeneatta Anderton	Floyd Beyers	Gladys Brown
Mildred Dick	Irene Ericson	Frances French	Esther Heady
Ruby Heald	Mae Jepson	Myrtle Lillie.	Ella Lage
Bessie McAninch	Florence McDonald	Trena Scott	Elizabeth Shimming

Sophomore Class History.

Who can forget that eventful day in September, 1918, when six meek boys surrounded by twenty-one blithesome and sprightly girls, came tiptoeing into the Assembly? That was the day of all days for the good old Hawarden High.

After several months of study, we proved to the other classes our ability as students. We started our class career by organizing. We elected Mildred Dick, President; Eva Curran, Vice President, and Irene Ericson, Secretary and Treasurer. Next we proved our ability as entertainers by inviting the Sophomore boys to our first party.

Our class decreased greatly after we had obtained our Freshman knowledge and were about to come in contact with the huge struggles of the Sophomores. Shortly after school began we elected two new officers. These were Floyd Beyers, Secretary, and Trena Scott, Treasurer. Eva Curran was obliged to give up her school work, so we elected Myrtle Lillie in her place.

The Sophomores are known throughout the school as very industrious students. We had three members in the Declamatory Contest, of whom Mildred Dick won first place in the Home Contest and the Sub-County Contest.

But we do not stop at this, as we are also noted for our entertaining abilities. Our higher classmates have tried to break up our parties, but all in vain for they discovered that, although the girls are the majority, they are very handy with stove poker, rolling pins and blocks of wood.

On January 23, the Sophomores gave a moving picture in the Auditorium, entitled "My Own United States." All the class members did everything in their power to make this successful and it certainly proved that their work was not without favorable results. The proceeds from this picture are to be used for lessening the personal expenses of the members when we give our Junior-Senior Banquet next year.

We are now nearing our Sophomore maturity and when we are Juniors we hope that Dame Fortune will be with us then as she has in the past.

—M. L. D., '22.

Miss Wyant: "They put up a pretty good table at your restaurant, don't they?"

Miss Wier: "Oh, yes; the table is fine. The board is also excellent, but you ought to see what we get to eat."

Sophomore Ambitions.

NAME.	AMBITION.	RESULT.
Myrtle Anderson	Musician	Hash slinger
Jeanetta Anderson	Farmer's wife	Movie star
Floyd Beyers	Statesman	Bluffer
Gladys Brown	Remain a child	Old maid
Lee Bader	Architect	Bootblack
Mildred Dick	Elocutionist	Clerk
Irene Ericson	Modest	Bold
Frances French	To be popular	(Mick, Ching, Frank)
Ruby Heald	To reduce	Scarecrow
Esther Heady	Angelic	"Vamp"
Dagmar Jensen	To be stylish	Simple
Myrtle Lillie	A flirt	Billy Brest
Trenna Scott	Caesar shark	Missed
Evelyn Smith	Old maid	Bride at eighteen

Sophomore A. B. C's.

A is for all of us, the whole Sophomore class.

B is for Bessie, whose eyes shine like glass.

C is for classrooms, the Sophomores all love.

D is for Dagmar, a lovely white dove.

E is for Ella, who loves Ancient History.

F is for Floyd, the Sophomore girls' mystery.

G is for Gladys, whom we've nicknamed "Bobby."

H is for Heady, who looks very "nobby."

I is for Irene, a sweet little dame.

J is for Jeanetta, who wild men can tame.

K is for Kellogg, who treats us real nice.

L is for Lee, who always plays dice.

M is for Myrtle Anderson, who weighs but a ton.

N is for nobody, of course that is none.

O is for "open space" where "Frenchy" now shines.

P is for our President, with whom we like to dine.

Q is for quality, ours is rare.

R is for Ruby, who craves red hair.

S is for "Smithy," a shy young miss.

T is for Trenna, whom we all kiss.

U is for you, Flossie, I mean.

V is for victory, of which we all dream.

W is for wit, which we all possess.

X is forextra, extra fine I guess.

Y is for yells, ours are great.

Z is for zest which determines our fate.

FRESHMEN





Esther Angie



Inez Anderson



Ellen Anderson



Clarence Arlander



Dorothy Bedard



Marie Busch



Edith Bennett



Ella Earll



Irene Bishop



Otis Brown



Beulah Brown



Lura Earll



Frank Evans



Margaret Ericson



Elvin Johnson



Willie Kemner



Melvin Lentstedt



Hazel Lamb



Lloyd Morgan



Gordon Meeter



Proctor Maynard



Mable Olson



Grace Paramore



Bart Schoeneman



Francis Vogelzang



Ellen Westergard



Rayford Amundson

Freshmen Class

Freshman Class History.

The most abused of the classes in High School at present, are the Freshmen, who entered upon their educational career in September, 1910. It was at this time that they appeared in kindergarten dressed in aprons and Norfolk suits, all wondering what would happen next. Of our present number, Barton Schoenman, Flora Sumner, Alvin Johnson, Margaret Ericson, Irene Bishop and Beulah Brown can remember those days.

Our first teacher evidently was rather badly impressed for she left to take a position teaching Indians, and we didn't blame her. However, we moved along step by step, not because we wanted to, but rather because it was compulsory.

Each year we became more and more lively, so that by the time we reached the upper grades, were a match for Miss Colby, Miss Gaffney and Miss Boyd, who piloted us through the last four years of our grade work.

In the Seventh grade we showed our progressiveness by the choice of class officers, for we wanted to be like our high school friends. Our President shocked us by being married before the term ended, but our plan was not a total failure, as the Vice President accepted her place and held it until the close of the year. Under this organization we had our first parties, other good times and our quarrels.

The war determined our activities in the Eighth grade. We busied ourselves

with Red Cross work, Belgian relief and Thrift campaigns. Toward the close of the year we gave a successful play, which made us believe we were accomplished actors and actresses.

Last Labor Day found thirty-nine inexperienced boys and girls seated at Miss Wyant's left in the usual Freshman corner. The number was made up of representatives from Big Springs, Chatsworth, McNally, Hawarden and all the surrounding country.

We have taken part in the Athletic Association, Gordon Meeter as our representative. A few members tried for the Declamatory Contest, and showed up well. When called upon for speeches, others were surprised to see how quickly we responded.

During the year we have lost several of our members. At Christmas Levi Dickenson joined Uncle Sam's forces and Elmer Johnson, Halford Dudley and Raymond Younie were lured by the call of other work. One new member, Henrietta Walsten of Orange City, has recently joined us.

Three of our classmates have entertained us at their homes. At the first party, Edith Bennett entertained us in Chatsworth, where we spent a very enjoyable evening. Proctor Maynard and Marie Busch also received us at their homes, where we had pleasant times.

Another year has passed. Have you?

Destiny of the Freshmen.

NAME.	AMBITION.	RESULT.
Flora Sumner	Beautyspecialist	Chiropodist
Melvin Leafstedt	Floor detective	Dope fiend
Margaret Ericson	Banjo player	Organ grinder
Alvin Johnson	Mechanic	Speed cop
Frances Lilley	Chorus girl	Kitchen hop
Proctor Maynard	Professor	Chiropractor
Edith Bennett	Manicurist	Bargain clerk
Frank Abbey	Band leader	Merry-go-round boss
Irene Bishop	Teacher	Baby tender
Otis Brown	Oculist	Section hand
Grace Paramore	Evangelist	Toe dancer
Barton Schoeneman	Lawyer	Straw boss
Gordon Meeter	Heart smasher	Butcher
Lura Earll	Great pianist	Dish washer
Frances Fogelzang	Barber	Bootblack
Rayford Anderton	Electrician	Clock winder
Ellen Anderson	Choir leader	Chamber maid
Levi Dickinson	Movie star	Deck scrubber
Mable Olson	Writer	Milk maid
Lloyd Morgan	Crap shooter	Patent medicine agent
Hazel Lamb	Grand opera singer	Telephone operator
Willie Kemner	Quaker	Pool shark
Ellen Westergard	Bareback rider	Plow jockey
Frank Evans	Paper hanger	Murderer
Inez Anderson	Athletic instructor	Dressmaker
Clarence Arlander	Swede	Egg counter
Marie Busch	Reporter	Buttonmaker
Ella Earll	Hair dresser	Piano tuner
Esther Angle	Farmerette	Photographer



?

OUT FOR TRACK



?



TEDDY

BASHFUL-JANE

The Freshmen's Psalm.

1. The Senior is my persecutor; I shall not rest.

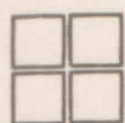
2. He maketh me to feel foolish; he casteth me into wrong class rooms.

3. He degradeth my soul; he leadeth me into paths of servitude for his name's sake.

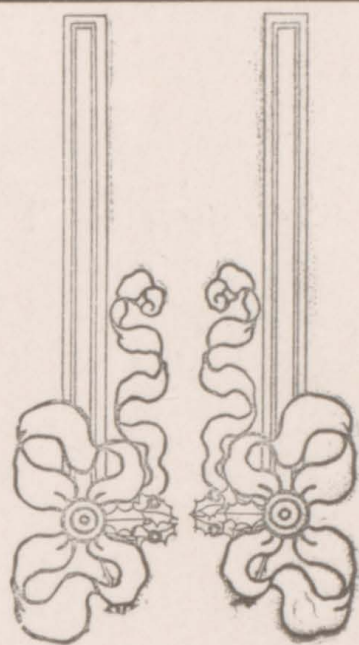
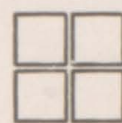
4. Yea, in the refrigerator another enemy have I, even the Sophomore; with his rod and staff he chastiseth me.

5. The tyrant teachers shove examinations before me when I am unprepared.

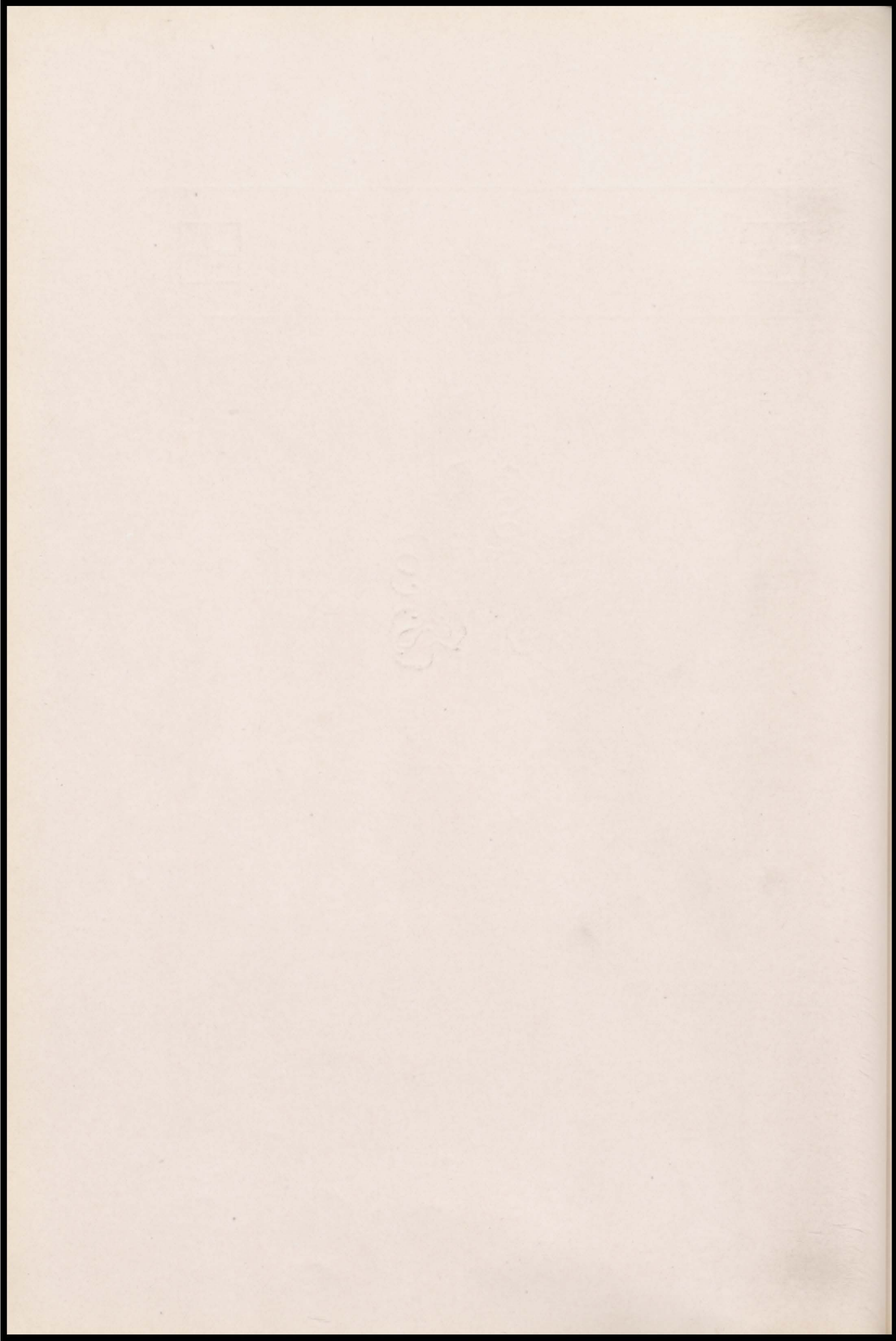
6. Surely flunking and failure shall follow me all the days of my life and I will remain in the Freshman class forever.



Book III



Forensics.



DEBATE





MISS THOMPSON.

Miss Thompson began her debating work with a new and inexperienced body of students. By her hard work, wonderful instructing ability, and patience, she turned out one of the best debating teams the H. H. S. has ever sent against an opposing school.

DOROTHY HODOWAY.

Dorothy, taking first place at the home try-out, justly deserved it. With her clear voice, forceful speaking, and convincing arguments one vote was sure to be cast for Hawarden. Dorothy has one more year in High School, so next year—you watch Dorothy!





ALICE ERICSON.

Alice is one of this quiet kind but with a surplus of gray matter. She won her place on the Hawarden debating team by her convincing arguments and clear speaking; and then was always ready with a rebuttal that turned the wave of decision. In her one more year of H. S. she should win fame for the H. H. S.

FRANK MARGOLIN.

Frank was the only Senior represented on this year's debating team, and proved to be a great help to the team in gaining all the victories. He makes a splendid appearance on the platform and follows it up with good sound argument, uttered in a deep, clear and forceful tone of voice. This was Frank's first and last year in debate and he leaves a place which, when filled next year, will require a mighty good debater.



Debate Work.

The question used by the State Debating League was: "Resolved, That Congress should enact legislation providing for a system of compulsory military training for all able bodied men before they reach the age of twenty-one years."

Very little interest was shown in debate this fall and it was not until the last week before Christmas that any work on this question was begun. A preliminary debate was held December 19th in the High School Assembly at which Dorothy Hodoway, Alice Ericson and Frank Margolin were chosen to represent Hawarden High School. The teachers of the high school acted as judges, and the ability and success of the debate trio proved the wisdom of their choice. At a later date, another preliminary was held by which a second team consisting of Gladys Brown, Lucille Younie and Horace Noble was chosen, the latter to serve as a substitute on the first team.

Sioux Center—Hawarden.

On January 16th the first debate of the series was held at Sioux Center. The Hawarden team, upholding the negative side of the question, won a unanimous decision from the judges—Supt. Spooner of Sutherland, Prof. Dunbar of Sheldon, and Co. Supt. Gilman of Rock Rapids. The Sioux Center debaters were, by no means, easy opponents as they had won the county championship last year on the same question, but the Hawarden trio with their convincing manner and clear logic easily floored them.

Swea City—Hawarden.

Hawarden was paired with Swea City for the second series, the debate being held January 29th in the High School Auditorium at Swea City. Hawarden again debated the negative side and proved to the judges that they were prepared to refute every argument and were rewarded by a 2 to 1 decision. Dorothy, with her forceful delivery, Alice, with her logical and convincing arguments, and Frank, with his keen rebuttal, showed that they were a team to be reckoned with. The judges were Miss Lowery of Buffalo Center, Supt. Bradley of Grant Township Consolidated School, and Supt. Lilley of Lakota. The trip to Swea City will long be remembered both for the courtesy extended to the visitors by Swea City and for the glorious send-off and welcome (?) given by the home students.

Laurens—Hawarden.

The first debate on the home floor was held February 13th in the Baptist Temple, between the Laurens and local teams. The visiting team, consisting of three young men, affirmed the question and displayed unusual ability as debaters, but once more Hawarden was given a unanimous decision. The judges for this debate were Miss Helen Kenney, English Instructor at Elk Point, Supt. Phillips of Sioux Center, and Prof. Green of the University of South Dakota.

Ireton—Hawarden.

February 26th the Ireton and Hawarden teams met in combat at the Baptist Temple in Hawarden. This time the local team, with only two weeks preparation, defended the affirmative side and displayed ability, both in delivery and argument. The debate from the first

speaker to the last rebuttal was very close and was undoubtedly one of the most hotly contested debates in the state series. Ireton proved stronger, especially in rebuttal, and won by a 2 to 1 decision. The judges were Prof. Marsh of Morningside College, Sioux City, Prof. Cook of the University of South Dakota, and Supt. Fawell of Centerville.

The Team That Made Hawarden Famous.

In football we won most every game,
But it took the debate to bring us fame.
For Dorothy with her grand eloquent
voice
Could quiet and stop any kind of a noise.
When it came to rebuttal she surely did
score,
And even made Ireton beg for no more.
From her next year great things we'll
expect
Should it please her again debate to elect.
That little Miss Ericson surely could
speak,
Although at first they all thought her
quite meek,
But with arguments keen and logic so
clear,
The team to victory she did steer,
If anyone thought that "might was right"
She'd surely convince them without a
fight.
The last to appear was always our Frank
Who is not very tall and not very lank,
But possessing the grace and eloquence
too,
Which, alas, is granted but to a few.
'Tis sad to relate but from him we must
part,
As he on his journey from high school
will start.
For him we predict great glory and fame
When he at college more honors will
claim.
So here's to the team, three cheers for
them all.
Here's hoping for better luck next fall.
May the High School then the victories
repeat,
But never, no never, meet a single defeat.

Hawarden's Declamatory Winners



MILDRED DICK.



EARL OAKES



ROBERT DICK.

MILDRED DICK

Mildred entered into forensics for her first time this year, and with her clear voice, splendid expression, and wonderful case on the platform, won first in the Home Contest and also first over all at the Sub-District Contest, but due to the fact that her dramatic coach left she fought the next battle single handed, and failed to place. Mildred has two years left in which she can develop the finer points.

EARL OAKES

Earl, "The Bully Gude Fellar," chose the Humorist class for his field. And with perfect action and impersonation he was sure to bring big laughs from the audience. Earl won first in the Home Contest. He will also graduate this year.

ROBERT DICK

Robert, our boy orator, won first again this year in his class, which was oratorical, at the Home Contest, but through lack of time to practice, he lost out in the Sub-District Contest. Bob has a "fiery" voice and talks straight to the audience, but through a little hard luck, failed to place. This was Bob's last chance as he will leave with the Class of 1920.

Declamatory Work.

Early in October Miss Gullickson began to work with the declamatory people. About twenty-five entered and after a limited amount of training a preliminary contest was held to select twelve people for the Annual High School Contest. Those who attained places in the home contest were: Robert Dick, Barton Schoeneman, Mildred Dick, Edith Jobes, Lillie McDonald, Harold Plank, Fern Dickerson, Bessie McAninch, Earl Oaks, Flora Sumner and Violet Swanson.

The Annual Contest was held on December 12, in the High School Auditorium. From the above number one person from each class was selected to compete in the Sub-County contest. Gold medals were awarded winners of first place in each class and silver medals to winners of second place. The winners of gold medals were Robert Dick, Mildred Dick and Earl Oaks. Those winning silver medals were Barton Schoeneman, Lillie McDonald and Fern Dickerson. The first three were selected to compete in the Sub-County contest to be held at Hawarden, and Mildred Dick having attained first place over all was awarded a place in the Sub-District contest to be held at Sheldon.

The Sub-County contest was held in

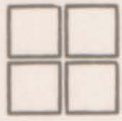
Hawarden December 18. The schools entering were Alton, Ireton, Orange City, Sioux Center and Hawarden. The winners of first and second places were given places on the County Contest to be held in Alton. Mildred Dick was the sole representative from the Hawarden school.

The next of the series was the Sub-District Contest at Sheldon. Here again Mildred did herself credit and honor to the Hawarden High School, but competition was beginning to be very keen and she failed to place among the winners though she ranked very high, one judge giving her first.

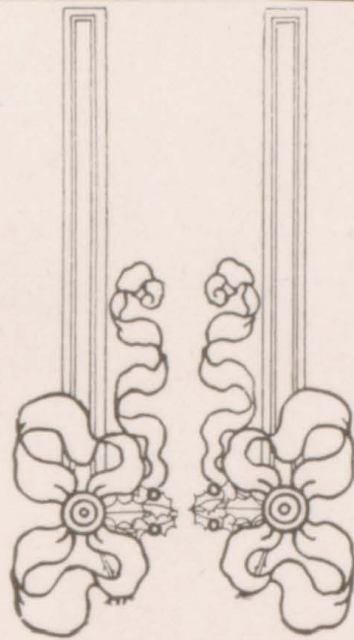
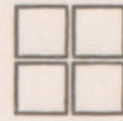
On the whole the declamatory season was a successful one. Much enthusiasm resulted that will carry over into next year and a winning class is anticipated.

—G. H. K.





Book IV



Literary.



LITERARY



H. H. S. Pep.

Four years ago when the class of '20 entered in the High School, we made a resolution to bring some "pep" in the Hawarden High School. To a certain extent we succeeded, but there is still room for many other Freshmen classes to come in and carry out such resolutions better than we did. When we made this said resolution, "pep" was a mere word to us which meant but little, but now, after four years of High School life, we realize the work it takes to get "pep," and the work it takes to keep it.

There are three main essentials of "pep"; namely, teamwork, leadership and athletics. The most important of these is teamwork. By this we mean the working together of all individuals in striving to reach the same result for the benefit of the High School. In this we are lacking—and why? Because the pupils fail to realize the importance it is to making an ideal High School, and therefore do not make the efforts of getting it.

The second important factor in making "pep" in our High School is good leadership. In this, we are proud to say, our needs are fulfilled. A couple of years ago Rollin Smith was our yell leader and helped to put "pep" in the school. When he graduated, the vacancy was filled by York Johnson, who did his duty well, and made a good start for Frank Margolin to take up after he left us. Frank is now coaching Frederic in the method of keeping "pep" in the High School, and he seems to be a promising pupil.

The third factor in making "pep" is

the need of athletics to arouse a good "peppy" spirit. In this we are also lacking because of the need of a gymnasium. Every year we have football and keep up the good reputation of the Hawarden football team. Since 1916 there has been no place for basket ball practice so all our talents along that line of athletics are not appreciated, as we cannot display them. Because we can not keep Hawarden on the map when it comes to basket ball, we put all our enthusiasm in debates and declamatory contests. In both of these great interest was shown, and the result has been a large trophy cup. The debates not being over, we expect to leave many more such symbols of victory behind us.

The last pep instigators are the track meets in the spring. As these are the last athletic event of the season, we go into it whole herted and usually bring back honors for the High School.

Besides these main events that bring pep into the High School, we have class parties, Athletic Association entertainments and Junior-Senior Banquets.

We owe much of our pep to the support of the teachers, and we thank them for their interest in us. This High School, even though we are proud of it as it is, can be met with many improvements, and with the coming of the new school building, which seems to be in view, there is promise for greater pep, more enthusiasm and interest in the High School than there has been in the past.

—RUTH HOFLUND, '20.

The Rhyme of the Ancient Senior.

It was an ancient Senior,
And he stoppeth one of us.
By thy sprouting beard and wild eye
Now wherefore such a fuss?

He holds her with his glittering eye,
The Sophomore stood still
And listens like a three year's child,
The Senior hath her will.

The Sophomore sat on a desk,
She can not choose but hear,
And thus spake on that Ancient one,
That wild-eyed Senior.

All in an old and dismal school
This wild-eyed young man
Did tell his frightful tale to me,
And this is how it ran.

Teachers, teachers everywhere,
And all the kids do quake,
Teachers, teachers everywhere,
And each kid fears a shake.

They hold us with their glittering eyes,
We dare not move nor speak,
Altho brave, we become grave,
The teachers make us meek.

A teacher rose up my left,
Out of her seat came she,
And she did stare, with an awful glare,
I know she looked at me.

Then like a pawing horse let go
Down the long aisle she tore,
She struck me with a ruler hard
And I fell down upon the floor.

At length a boy an eraser threw,
Across the room it came;
If it had been a whiz-bang
The commotion would have been the
same.

A teacher now rose upon the right
And for that boy she went,
He was filled with fear and fright,
His head with blows was bent.

She slapped him with her dainty hand
And he did moan and sob,
She withdrew with a happy look
Satisfied with her job.

Day after day, day after day,
It is the same old grind,
If we grow bold, the teachers scold,
We can do naught but mind.

They grade us best who study best,
Both the kindly and the cruel,
For the teachers who are very strict,
Make us obey their rule.

We fear the lovely teacher,
We fear thy tiny fist,
For it is small, and hard, and white,
And it has never missed.

And thus did end this sorry tale
Of the boys and girls abuse,
When we are Seniors we propose
With the teachers to make a truce.

MYRTLE LILLIE.

A definition of "Character": "Character is what you are in the dark."

A Tale of the Border.

At the foot of the Sierra valley, which finds its termination in the lower part of New Mexico, is located a small town named Paloma. Foremost of all citizens of man and wife and an only daughter, of man and wife and an only daughter, Marion, who had attained the age of sixteen. Every day was one of happiness for that family until in 1917, a dark cloud overshadowed the great happiness of that family, like many other families—the Great War!

Mr. Keats was a descendant of the old Spanish Creoles and every drop of his blood seemed to tingle and rise with fervor and love for his country. When the declaration of war was made, Keats was among the first to give up family pleasures and comforts and fight for the flag. Mrs. Keats, a very frail and delicate woman, knew she would never be able to stand the severe test she was to undergo, but she had been taught the reverence and sacrifices necessary to be loyal to her country. So she bore the anguish patiently, not allowing Marion to know that she had doubts of her father's return. Each day a spark of her life would flicker and then die down, bringing her closer to the shelter of eternal sleep.

The Keats were very close friends of the old Franciscan friar, who dwelt in a secluded, gray abbey, some distance from the village. There had been a mutual agreement between the friar and Mrs. Keats that upon her death, Marion would remain with the fatherly monk un-

til the return of her father. They were none too quick with this agreement for soon Mrs. Keats died, leaving Marion sorrowful and weeping for several weeks. After that, much of her time was spent behind the lonely walls of the abbey, reading as much of the heavy literature of the monks as was possible for her to read. But the Creole blood in her became most prominent. She longed to roam in every nook of the long range of the Sierras. Each afternoon she would lie down upon the rocks, gazing into the sunlight and forever building castles on her father's return, or long for adventure. At that time, near the border, it was not at all difficult to find. Every week a band of rough riders would come at a break-neck speed down the slope, usually stopping their horses at the rivulet of water flowing at the foot of the range. They often spoke to Marion, but always left her wondering as to where they were bound. She did not know of the trouble existing between the United States and Mexico and little did she learn of the Great War. Her father's letters were far apart and contained only soothing and caressing words, so she remained in ignorance of conditions outside of the abbey and Paloma. The old friar seemed almost as ignorant, but he had given Marion several warnings to keep within sight of the abbey.

A year had passed since the death of Mrs. Keats and each day was a mere repetition of the one before. One day, how-

ever, she started walking to Paloma for necessities, little dreaming that it would be a day of fate for her. She walked leisurely along the sandy road, swinging her basket and humming a little song her father had taught her when she was but a small child. Marion was beautiful on this particular afternoon. The sun shining on her chestnut hair turned it to a rich brown, her brown eyes sparkled with contentment and her very step portrayed the peace of her mind and happiness of her soul. Her's was a life of smiles seen through eyes of innocence and sincerity. She was thinking of her father—of the time she had gone with him, on their horses, riding down the valley. Dry leaves rustled beside her. She glanced sharply to the side, perceiving the foot of a woman behind a bush, evidently one of a Mexican, it being a walnut brown. The rustle was followed by a stifling, choking noise and Marion forgetting fright, was soon on her knees beside the woman. A small stream of blood issued from her side and the dark tint had faded from her face. She was quite beautiful when Marion first laid eyes on her, but soon her face withered with pain. Marion went to a nearby stream and bathed the wound and in less than an hour the woman had opened her eyes and looking bewilderingly at Marion, said: "Don't—let—them—come. Let—me—die!"

Marion knew someone had wronged her, and had only to wait for the woman to gain strength to learn the story. It was very unsafe for her to run back and get the friar, so she decided to stay. The color slowly returned to the woman's

face and in broken sentences she told her story. She, with her husband, a pure Yankee, had been living in the mountains, her husband being occupied in the washing for gold. Everything had gone well until a band of Mexicans came into the region and started intruding. Her husband had the richest part of the stream and the Mexicans became very covetous. They shot her husband, tried to force her to marry the leader of the band, and as she refused to submit to their wishes they carried her away and shot her also.

When the woman had finished the color again seemed to leave her cheeks and her eyes closed heavily. A strange fright grasped Marion. It would soon be night and it would be a murder to her to leave this woman suffering here alone. The fear of the Mexicans rose within her. What if they should return to see if the woman were dead? Such thoughts filled her mind, each moment bringing nightfall closer upon her. In a short time, Marion heard the clatter of horses hoofs. Her heart leaped, but soon quieted when she realized that fright would only add to the horror of it. The riders came closer and Marion perceived a rough looking set of dark skinned men. The leader dismounted and stooped over the woman.

"Is she dead?" he asked of Marion in a husky voice.

"No—but I am afraid she will die. I came here this afternoon and found her thus. Someone has wronged her, but he shall pay."

"Well, then, little one, I shall tell you now, that it is I that brought her here, and I that shot her and it is I that am

going to take care of the fair girl before me."

"You shall not!" Marion flung at him with determination, but it was only followed by a harsh laugh and Marion found herself in the saddle, her wrists tightly clenched by another of the band. The leader went over to where the woman lay and returned with a half smile on his face.

"She's done for. Now, let's be off," and with a lurch into the saddle before Marion, they were soon speeding into the darkness, Marion's fright being portrayed by two large tears standing in her eyes. After two days of hard riding, Marion found herself in a vast plain of sand with here and there a prickly cactus, which looked as cold and hard as the inhabitants of the country. Marion was taken into one of the huts and royally cared for by several Mexican girls. Each day she was allowed a little more freedom, but she was at all times guarded by someone. Besides, if she had not had a guard, she would not have known which way to go and would not have been able to go any distance before her flight would be discovered.

The day passed into months, the months speeding on toward the making of a year. Marion had seen little of the men and when she did see them they were scared and haggard, looking as if they had been doing nothing but riding and fighting for a great length of time.

Marion made friends with the Mexicans, her Creole characteristics following much along the same line as those of the Mexicans. She became an expert swimmer, could ride any horse and developed excellent marksmanship. She was far

away from civilization and often thought of her father, wondering if he had returned safely to America.

It was early in the fall of 1920 when Marion heard innumerable shots in the distance. She was told not to ride out too far and being doubtful as to the source of the shots, she had no great desire to do so. Little did she dream that the shots were fired to rescue her. It kept on for several days, after which she was thrown into a dark cave. What anxiety for poor Marion! All hopes had vanished of ever returning to civilization and her father. Tears rolled down her cheeks and it seemed as if nothing but the sight of her father or the old friar would be able to stop them. Her food came at long intervals and it seemed as if she had fallen into a regular hell on earth, so full of anguish was her life. The days passed, her life waned with them. Had it not been for her courage she would have died long before. She remained in the cave for days, weeks, months and still no fruitful results. Things became dim before her. Oh, how she craved to die. Her mind and body became insensible and she knew no more until a cold hand touched her head. A dark form was stooping over her. She knew she was in the sunlight, breathing fresh air. Someone kissed her. Her mind came back. It was her father dressed in the U. S. uniform of a U. S. soldier. He kissed her again. Ah! now she could rest more easily. Her lips moved, but uttered no sound. In a few moments the soul of Marion Keats had gone to join that of her mother.

The blood in Mr. Keats veins raged. It seemed as if he were going mad, but like a man he bore the sorrow. He had the body of Marion put beside that of her mother and at this time he is riding along the border, his mind, body and soul, awaiting the time when he might gain revenge.

—FLORENCE A. PETERS.

The Wonderful Class of 1920.

It had been a long, dry summer in Montana around the country in which Mr. Robert Dick, one of the graduates of the class of '20, lived. Robert and his wife, formerly Miss Florinda Vogel, had moved to Montana the year following their marriage in 1921, and during these years the crops had been failures and the people were afraid of a famine on account of the high prices and the scarcity of food. But Mr. Dick, however, was somewhat relieved when his great uncle died, leaving him a large fortune.

He now decided to leave Montana and take a trip around the world, while Mrs. Dick stayed at home and watched the farm.

The first country Mr. Dick visited was China. Here he found his old schoolmates, Frank Margolin and Florence Peters. Frank was delivering speeches to the foreigners, trying to make them better Christians, and Florence was his assistant. She was not married, although she was greatly advanced in years; but a few days later, however, the announcement of her marriage to one of her old classmates, Mr. Harold Plank, was printed in the Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Plank had grown considerably since the night he graduated.

After visiting China a few weeks Mr. Dick decided to go to Italy. The first place he visited was Fiume. Here he found some of the others of the class of '20. Miss Bessie Hilton and Miss Mae Arlander were working on the Fiume

question, while Ted Handy and Clarence Heideman were assisting them. These two ladies had been appointed by President Wilson to settle the Fiume question. They had not as yet decided, as neither could agree with the other.

Now as Mr. Dick did not care to stay at Fiume any longer and keep these ladies from their work he left for Rome. While walking down the streets of Rome he saw four Salvation Army people standing out in the middle of the street singing. As he approached closer he recognized their voices as those of Miss Ruth Metcalf, Miss Zita Granberg, Mr. David Stoner and Mr. Earl Oakes. They were singing some very melodious songs and while singing they were selling shoestrings and pencils. Mr. Dick did not stop as they seemed too busy to talk.

As it had now commenced to grow dark Mr. Dick decided to stay in Rome for the night. He went to one of the most beautiful hotels where he met his old friend, Miss Ruth Brunskill. She was writing articles for the Current Events. Ruth told him she did not have any faith in men and that she had chosen this position as her life work. Of course, she was greatly surprised to hear Robert was married, as she had not seen him since the night of graduation.

The next day Robert left for Paris, and as he was gazing around at all the skyscrapers and beautifully draped windows he recognized Miss Marie Brest and Miss Ruth Hoflund parading around in the

windows of one of the large stores of Ladies' Wearing Apparel, as life models. He thought Marie and Ruth looked very stunning in their Paris gowns, and so he went in and had a little talk with them. While talking he was informed that Miss Hoflund had been married to Mr. Clarence Heideman, but they had been divorced from their work, he left for Rome. While years before. Clarence was granted the divorce on the grounds of cruel and inhumane treatment. Miss Brest then told Mr. Dick of her engagement to Mr. Joe Dalton. Mr. Dalton was also a model in the Men's Suit Department of the same store.

As Mr. Dick proceeded to go through the store, he saw Mr. James Searle and Miss Ella Emmert in a corner holding revival meetings. Mr. Dick stayed for these meetings and declared them the most successful ones he had ever attended. He also declared that these two leaders' high school education had helped them wonderfully.

The next place he decided to visit was Belgium. Here Mr. Wendell Leafstedt and Mr. Claus Lage were busy reconstructing Belgium. They had taken this task upon themselves and hoped to finish within the next few weeks.

Now, as Mr. Dick was getting short of funds, he decided to hurry along with his trip in the shortest time possible, so he passed on to Alaska. Here he saw many dogs hitched to small sleds and he could not keep from taking a ride. While he was riding, he commenced talking with the driver and come to find out he was Mr. Wendell Sumner, who had come to

Alaska to assist his old classmate, John Dalton, in the writing of his beautiful poem, "Oh, What a Pal Was Gert."

They had a good talk, but as long as Robert's time was limited he was compelled to move on.

He soon found himself in the famous city of Quebec. While here he visited the Public Schools, where he found Miss Helen Scott, the school nurse, and Miss Helen Roland, the Glee Club Instructor. Of course they were greatly disappointed to learn Robert was married, as they had been such good friends during their High School days.

He now visited Montreal where he found that the streets and the stores were posted with the advertisements of a lecture, "Opposed to Marriage," to be held at the City Auditorium on that night. Robert's curiosity was aroused and the only way he could ever find out what the speech was to be about would be to go and hear it.

Night drew on and Robert was found sitting in the auditorium. When the speaker was introduced it happened to be Miss Gertrude Sedgwick, one of the leading members of the old class of '20. Gertrude gave a fine speech which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

After the speech Mr. Dick was congratulating Miss Sedgwick on her success and Mr. Earl Brown and his wife, formerly Miss Flora Schoeneman, came along and asked to be directed to the Philippine Islands. Neither party recognized the other and when they had received the information they passed on.

While Mr. and Mrs. Brown were in

Canada, Mr. Brown was taken suddenly ill and Mrs. Brown set out for a doctor.

While Mrs. Brown was in search of a doctor, Mr. Dick came along. He had a valuable fur coat which he had purchased for his wife, but did not have the money to pay duty on it. So he asked Mrs. Brown to wear the coat out of Canada so he would not have to pay duty on it. Mrs. Brown, forgetting about her husband being sick, left Canada with Mr. Dick.

When they arrived in Michigan Mr. Dick asked for the coat and Mrs. Brown was just about to give it up when Mr. Brown stepped up. It was then that Mr. Dick recognized his old classmates, Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Mr. Brown was quite bewildered about his wife leaving Canada with Mr. Dick and so hurriedly excused his wife and himself and Mr. Dick went home.

Of course, Mrs. Dick was very glad to see Mr. Dick and he spent some very delightful hours telling her of his trip and about all his old classmates whom he had met on his trip.

LAVON McANINCH, '20.

Miss Wyant: "How does it come that your name is Albin and your mother's name is Brown?"

New Scholar (after a moment's thought): "Well, you see it's this way, she married again and I didn't."

"Have you heard that Newal has quit smoking?"

"No."

"Yes; you see he is a little near sighted, and the other day he threw his cigarette in a box of blasting powder."

School Days.

Memory takes me back in dreams
Where Miss Wyant reigned supreme.
Erasers flying here and there,
Shouting falls upon the ear.
For so it was our grades went down
As the days rolled round.

Memories sweet of school days dear,
Oft do I recall thee.
Once again that voice we knew so well,
Falls upon my ear.

While life's problems hold me,
And I smile and say:
"God bless you every school day."

Dreaming there of school days past,
Seems I hear her say:
"Stop your talking, stop I say!
There are other means to stop you and
I may
Use them, unless you cease to talk and
shirk,
While some try to work."

Dear old school days, of too few,
Which we joyfully left for something
new,
When we turned our faces toward the
light,

Thinking all was fair and bright,
In life's busy way.

And as time her cycle turns,
And my work is done,
Oft I steal to some sweet nook,
Where in quiet repose
Do I recall the joy and fun,
Of those golden school days, those
Days which have forever gone.

—HELEN ROLAND, '20.

The Transformation.

All her life Louise had longed to be one of the girls, to share in their good times and to have her father's home filled with happy, carefree young folks. But in the first place she was not a good mixer, she was naturally shy and retiring and years of training under a strict aunt had only helped to make her more so.

She was most always included in the invitations to all the social doings, for her home town was not large, but Dollie Madison, a pretty vivacious girl, always regarded as the belle of Markeston, made life unbearable by her continual exposure of certain deficient qualities concerning Louise's appearance and dress. Then also her aunt did not allow her to invite the young folks to her home and she would not accept their invitations unless she could return them.

There was another in the town who was barred from social activities, not by reasons such as Louise could offer, but because of a physical disability, Philip Hammond, a handsome young fellow, but too frail to partake in any of the sports of the boys.

These two outcasts from society spent many happy hours in each other's company, for they had always lived side by side and had grown to love each other as brother and sister.

When Phil was nineteen he came to Louise one night to tell her his wonderful news. He had completed an invention on which he had worked for a long

time and was to leave the next day for New York and later Europe. He hoped to make a fortune but more than all to cure his lameness before returning home.

When Phil left, Louise felt that she indeed was alone and her father sent her back east to another aunt.

The day Louise left there was no one at the station to bid her good-bye save her father.

Life in Markeston went to the same as usual with Louise gone. Dollie continued to be the belle of the town and not having Louise to pick upon, turned her attention to some one else.

Meanwhile Louise had been getting acquainted with her aunt and her family and gradually adjusting herself to conditions about her. She entered school with her cousins and soon became happier than she had ever been before.

Then Markeston began to hear things. Things which seemed incredible, remembering the type of girl Louise had been. The paper from the east contained many accounts of Miss Hollister's doings. People swarmed about David Hollister, but his only remark was, "Don't know much about it, folks, Louise doesn't write much, only says she's having a good time."

And so Markeston lived in suspense until one day David Hollister greeted Dollie with this remark, "Well, Miss Madison, Louise is coming home next week."

The news spread like hot cakes and such a week of suspense as it was.

On the day set for her arrival the depot platform was crowded and cars lined up along the side. David Hollister sat in his car anxiously awaiting the train, for he had missed his daughter greatly, but had never mentioned it for her sake.

When the train pulled in Louise, standing on the platform, was astonished at the crowd and laughed to herself as she thought what a difference a few years can make.

When the train stopped, the crowd fell back disappointed. Louise had not come after all. Surely that woman was not little Louise Hollister. But it was. She made straight for her father and in a few moments waved to the crowd as she rode away by his side.

That night Markeston had another surprise for Phil returned, tall, straight and handsomer than ever.

There was much rejoicing in the Hollister home that night when Phil walked in upon them and David Hollister went off to bed early, chuckling as he went, for he realized there were more important matters to be discussed than merely old times that night.

And what of Louise and Phil now? Ask anyone in Markeston and they will tell you they are the most beloved and popular couple in the town and their home is always filled with laughter and good cheer. But what of Dollie, you may ask. She, feeling her place was usurped by Louise, considered the attentions of a young lawyer and with him went to newer fields to gain success and popularity.

—HELEN ROLAND.

Class of 1920's Career

Solemnly, mournfully dealing its dole,
The High School bell is beginning to toll.

Bringing back memories when we were
Freshies so green,

Cramming and studying hard so that we
wouldn't be ashamed to be seen.

Then when we were Sophomores, so gay
and sweet,

We thought we had the world at our feet.
And many a class scrap with the Juniors
we had,

But—they were so easily gotten mad.

Then another year slipped away so quick
and quiet,

That we found ourselves Juniors, as if
'twere overnight.

Many a party and dance and good time
we had,

Enough to make the Faculty sit up and
look mad.

Soon our good old Junior days were over
(of bliss and joy),

By having a grand and glorious picnic at
the end of the year—O, Boy!

And now we are Seniors and our goal
nearly reached.

By keeping some of the knowledge that
our teachers preached.

Commencement day will soon be here,
And we must leave our school (to us so
dear).

Here's to our lower classmates of Hawar-
den High,

The class of 1920 bids you a last "good-
bye."

—CLAUS LAGE, '20.

Hans' Hens.

Jid I told you about my jungest son, yes? He is an imertoder. De udder day my oldes boy who is goin' to be a Pad-arebski vas knockin' der scales off der biano, and her secon' son who had been fishin' was knockin' der scales off a fish, an' so liddle Kirl he runs him into her corner grocery store unt knocks her scales off der counter.

Ain' dot silly? I shoost made der feerst two boys do dot scale bizznes so dot I could make up dot one about Karl. Und a funny ting about id iss dot I haven't two udder boys at all. Only shoost Karl unt he iss my nephew.

My mudder-in-law she is my aunt. She was my aunt ven I was born, but she didn't get to be my mudder-in-law until I married Katrina. Katrina iss her daughder unt my wife. I vish dot Katrina's mudder was only my aunt yet, ain't id? Dere is someding about a mudder-in-law dot ubseeds peeble. Shoost to look at Katrina's mudder you would tink she vas no vairse dan an aunt, but dot iss because she ne'er would haf come to liff mit you. Ef I am cross mit Katrina my mudder-in-law always takes Katrina's side und makes me sorry she vas not aunt only, alretty yet. She says dot she objectut to cousins becommin' wives, and I say dot I objec to aunts becommin' mudder-in-laws, und so it goes from vairse to bad until I vish dot Katrina had married out of her family.

De udder day I took my vife unt her

mudder to see Kellar, unt he did some vondairful tricks, ut at lezt he made der vanishing lady trick. After der show vas over I vent to see Kellar und asked him if he would take some money away from me to make my mudder-ni-law vanish unt vot do you suppose he said? Dot he couldn't do it because she wasn't a lady.

Of course I see der choke because I have liffed in dese country tirty years und I know my mudder-in-law, but ven I vent home unt told Kellar's funny choke to her she does not at all der point see. She is so matt unt uses such langwitches dot I tole her dot if she didn't look out she would spoil der pleasure of her visit mit me, ud dot make her so matt dot she say she vill not stay to be insultit, unt she vent home. So I write to Kellar how much I owed him, because efen if my mudder-in-law vas not a lady she had vanished.

I vant to ask you for der remetty for my shickens layin' so funny. I haf a dozen of shickens, unt a neighbor tells me dot if I don'd vant dem to be stoled I make dem roost high. Und I ask him how I shall teach dem to roost at all, unt he say, "Get a rooster, unt ven dey see him roost dey vill become roosters too." But I guess dot is hiss choke.

But I make der perches ten feet high und dot is all righd, der hens go up dere und sid down, but in der morning dey are so high dey are afraid to come down

und so dey lay deir eggs up dere. Dey are splendit shickens unt lay big eggs, better as der grocery man has, but de eggs fall so far dat de youks run outt of der shell der minid dey hit der ground. Now I don'd know vot to do. Eight, nine, ten eggs a day iss laid but dey iss all broken ven dey hit der grount. Of course iff dere vas no ground dey vouldn't get breaked unt dot diff me an idea. I dell Katrina dot der ground iss too hard unt I ought to get swan's down, unt she say better I get de shickens down. But ven nearly sixty eggs iss all smasht on der floor of her hen house I make up a plan dot is all right. I buy me twelf boys' caps for 50c a piece unt I fastens dem on twelf poles so dot dey come under der hens unt ven I got out again dere is an egg in each cap. Vot iss der use mit plans unless a man uses dem. De reason some peebles don'd have success mit hens iss pecause dey don't use chudgment. But experience has school poys. De nex time I buy me some secon' han' caps pecause ven I pay me six dollars out for caps to get twelf eggs it is too much. Unt anyway der hens don'd lay any more pecause dey are sick from liffin on a perch all der vile. I, too, vould get sick from liffin on a perch pecause I hat fish.

Harold Plank, getting acquainted:
 "You were somewhere last Christmas, weren't you?"

Freshie: "Why, of course; what do you mean?"

Harold: "Well, so was I. We must have met."

Time: Day after Fireman's Ball.

Place: History class.

History Review

I sat in the Assembly at five bells,
 As the clock was striking the hour,
 And every stroke seemed a death knell,
 While over my history did I pour.
 Twelve more hours, till exams! My
 thoughts used a new
 Why in thunder didn't I study as I was
 supposed to do?
 Let's see, there's Washington and Mon-
 roe
 Were the first two men of the land.
 When did George find it? I don't know.
 And there's Lincoln and Johnson who
 nearly was canned.

A fight England started in 1775
 It could have been worse if she'd picked
 a beehive.
 Old King George and the English crown
 Fell off the throne and all came tumbling
 down.
 After this was all over,
 We were just like pigs in the clover.
 In 1849, some gold they did seek,

All went to Cal., leaving this country so
 new and bleak.
 In 1861, the Rebellion of the South was
 begun,
 Four years later we put 'em on the run.

In '98 the Spaniards wanted a fight,
 We gave them their fill just over night,
 After this was over and peace had come.
 Somebody killed McKinley, all was done.

In 1914 another war was begun anew,
 Teddy had told the Kaiser he could lick
 the whole world, too,
 And he believed as all fools would do.
 He started like on a drunken tear,
 But two years later Uncle Sam got in his
 hair.
 Well, we licked 'em and we licked 'em
 well.
 The boys got a German with every U. S.
 shell.

There goes that blamed clock now!
 Six o'clock and time for chow.
 Guess I'd better quit,
 I don't think I'll flunk in History—yet.
 —EARL OAKS, '20.

Alumni.

CLASS OF 1915.

- Myrtle Aldrich—Mrs. Ruban Anderson, Hawarden, farm.
- Richard Burke—Salesman.
- Elinor Mae Brest—Farmers State Bank, Hawarden.
- Scott Burpee—Morningside College.
- Mary Covvey—Mrs. B. R. Pieart, Des Moines, Iowa.
- Will Crane—University of Iowa, Iowa City.
- Dorothy Dick—Mrs. Oscar Norberg, Hawarden, farm.
- Hayden Dalton—Dalton Implement Shop, Hawarden.
- Thomas Dawson—Schoeneman Lumber Yards, Hudson, S. D.
- Joe Dealy—University of Pennsylvania.
- Belle Falde—Farm, married.
- Warren Gregg—Farm, Hawarden.
- Nina Handy—Mrs. Que Haines, Hawarden.
- Harrison Margolin—Margolin's store, Hawarden.
- Margaret McNally — Stenographer, Schoeneman Bros, Hawarden.
- John Miller — Morningside College, Sioux City.
- Howard Knapp—Knapp Grocery store, Calliope.
- Mae Reeves—Home, Hawarden.
- Harry Rummel—Postoffice, Hawarden.
- George Sawyer — Johnson-Cooper-Gehan Clothing store, Hawarden.
- Helen Smith—Mrs. Frank Hammerly, Hawarden.
- Oscar Smith—University of Iowa, City.
- Grace Thurtell—Telephone Co., Hudson, S. D.
- Dewey Troutman—Only Manufacturing Co., Hawarden.
- Ray Troutman—Teacher, Orange City.
- Ruth Vail—Wilkenson & Henkels Hardware, Hawarden.

1916.

- Vivian Anderson—Rural school Teacher, Hawarden.
- Nettie Coble—Stenographer, Parker, S. D.
- Elmer Erickson—Hawarden.
- Ralph French—University of South Dakota, Vermillion, S. D.
- Cecil Garrett—Rural school teacher, Hawarden.
- Lewis Haines—Carpenter, Hawarden.
- Edna Herter—Schoeneman Lumber Company, Hawarden.
- Margaret Hodoway — Mrs. Eldon Erickson, Hawarden.

Grace Hoflund—Teacher, Vermillion, S. D.

Ellwood Jacobs—First National Bank, Hawarden.

Helen Margolin—Margolin's store, Hawarden.

Alma Pierson—Mrs. Glenn Hanson, Hawarden.

Benita Sidewell—Craig, Iowa.

Clarence Smith—University of South Dakota, Vermillion, S. D.

Earl Smith—House moving, Hawarden.

Bernice Vernard—Mrs. Earl Slife, Hawarden.

Doris Johnson—Rural school teacher, South Dakota.

Birdie Bennett—Teacher, Chatsworth, Iowa.

1917.

Chester Cole—Married, Hudson, S. D.

Ruth Angle—Mrs. S. G. Vickerstaff, Hawarden.

Edna Baker—Huron, S. D.

Margaret Baker—Huron, S. D.

Will Boyer—Carpenter, Hawarden.

Carl Fleshman—Railroad, Hawarden.

Thelma Comstock—Mrs. Clifford Younie, Hawarden.

Signa Erickson—University of South Dakota, Vermillion, S. D.

Raymond Henry—U. S. Navy.

Edna Johnson—Mrs. Gerrit Pereboom, Ireton, Iowa.

Lee Keehn—Hawarden.

Harold Larson—On farm, Hawarden.

Alma McGloghlin—Mrs. Leo Comstock, Hawarden.

Russel Patrick—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.

Robert Paramore—University of Iowa, Iowa City.

Earl Slife—Married, Farmers' State Bank, Hawarden.

Helen Wolf—Hawarden.

1918.

Sam Allen—University of Iowa, Iowa City.

Mary Boeck—Stenographer, C. A. Plank, Hawarden.

Fred Carlson—Hawarden.

Berton Earll—Des Moines College.

Wayne Earll—Hawarden.

Ruth Margolin—Margolin's Store, Hawarden.

Gladys Johnson—Telephone Office, Hawarden.

Carl Kirchner—Chicago, Ill.

Howard Olson—Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

Rollin Smith—Farmers' State Bank, Hawarden.

Alma Stopher—Telephone Office, Hawarden.

Irvin Tilgner—University of Iowa, Iowa City.

Floyd Wells—University of Iowa, Iowa City.

Freda Wasser—Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

Leona Babcock—Stenographer, Snell & Randall, Hawarden.

Clarence Gamble—On farm, Hawarden.

Robert Williams—Married, Hawarden.

1919.

Mable Boyer—Cedar Falls Business College, Cedar Falls.

Floyd Brunskill—Farm, Russel, Minn.

Vesta Cooper, University of Iowa, Iowa City.

Cleora Dickinson—Mrs. Richard Whitney, Eldora, Iowa.

Viola Fleshman—Stenographer for Schoeneman Bros. Co., Hawarden.

Rosella Frank—Hawarden.

Minnie Green—Rural school teacher, Hawarden.

York Johnson—Johnson's Shoe store, Hawarden.

Will McKinnon—University of Iowa, Iowa City.

Mary Metcalf—State Teachers' College, Cedar Falls.

Rena Nilson—Big Springs, S. D.

Elizabeth Peters—Rural school teacher, Hawarden.

Evelyn Peterson—Des Moines College, Des Moines.

Everett Peterson—Des Moines College, Des Moines.

Lura Schield—Rural school teacher, Hawarden.

Muriel Steele—Davidson Bros., Sioux City, Iowa.

Carl Swanson—Farm, Big Springs, S. D.

Gertrude Whalen—Mrs. Conrad Falde, Hawarden.

Clara Bonney—Alcester State Bank, Alcester, S. D.

Philip Strong—Farm, Hawarden.

Harold Farnum—Middlebury College, Vermont.

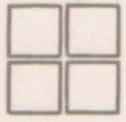
Myrtle Miller—Rural school teacher, Hawarden.

Vera Brunskill—Mrs. Frank Hambleton, Hawarden.

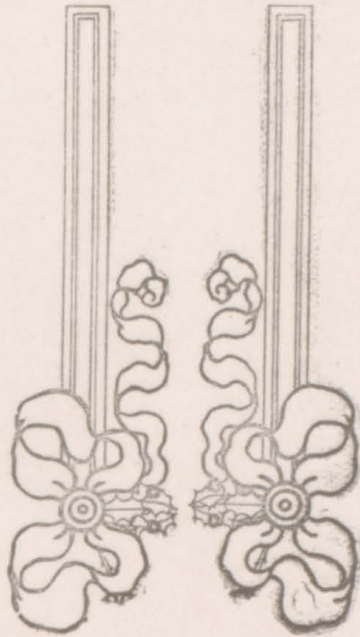
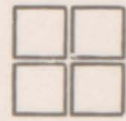
Margaret Case—Mrs. Wendell Eddison, Alcester, S. D.

Lulu Nelson—Mrs. Harold Smith, Hawarden.





Book V



Society.

1850
1851
1852
1853
1854
1855
1856
1857
1858
1859
1860

SOCIETY



Senior Activities.

Despite the amount of work, both with our studies and outside activities, the Class of 1920 has always found time for play as well as work (even though the teachers do think we are a very industrious class—? ? ? ?). During the forepart of the year, we arranged for a party at Chatsworth at the home of Helen Roland. It was only a few hours before, of the same day, that we had such a decided victory over Vermillion, so, of course, we all felt like having the best of times that evening. We went down in cars (no more will be said of the transportation) and after we had all gathered at Roland's we found we had a peppy crowd, and as visitors we had several Vermillion football men. There is no need to say we had a fine time, for we enjoy ourselves wherever we go.

As this was a winter of excellent sleighing, the Senior Class thought it a shame not to take advantage of the opportunities and so planned a sleighing party, which was to be followed by an oyster stew in the Domestic Science rooms. We had two bob loads and after a fine, fast ride we finally jumped out of our bobs, only to find the oysters—GONE!!!! There was nothing for us

to do but buy some more oysters and with the aid of Mrs. Kellog some fine oyster soup was made. After all had eaten the stew we departed for our various homes. This party was such a success that the good times seemed to have lasted us for several months and since then there has been little talk of another party.

The Senior girls, wishing for some excitement, planned a party for themselves, in which half of the girls took the parts of boys. It was held at the home of Ruth Metcalf, and a party without the boys was found to be a great success.

The Senior Home Economics girls, as a good test to prove their ability to cook, invited all of the Senior girls to a 7 o'clock dinner in the Home Economics rooms. A fine three course dinner was served and we certainly affirmed the statement that they were splendid cooks and declared that the man who got them would not be lacking in good meals.

Of course our time is now occupied in looking forward to the Junior-Senior banquet and also Commencement. But even with all this we still hope to find time for several more Senior parties so we will end our High School days right.

Junior Activities.

"Still water runs deep" is a popular and true proverb as has been shown by the Junior Class of the H. H. S. At the beginning of the year they were termed as "the sleepy class," but at the close we find they are distinguished for their many social activities and different amusements of the year.

To begin the season, the first party was held at the home of Miss Crissie Troutman. It is especially noted for the interference of the other classes, who succeeded well in relieving the Entertainment Committee in searching for amusements. Although trying very hard and putting much extra energy in trying to get the usual surplus of "eats" the outsiders were very sadly disappointed as they found the Juniors, who quickly respond to any situation, standing guard.

After taking several of the group far into the country to return by foot they allowed those who remained to finish the evening uninterrupted.

"The Juniors felt, The year well begun was really half done."

On November 11th, our great peace date, is another date that the Junior Class will long remember. Mrs. C. E. Johnson entertained the Junior Class at a six o'clock dinner in honor of Fern's birthday. Music and stunts furnished the amusements for the evening—so humorous and joyful were they that the Sophomores followed them for their next party, as they desired a good time also.

In February, the Junior Class looked forward to the big Junior-Senior Banquet and realized the necessity of enough funds to cover expenses and decided that the pleasure and excitement of raising money would be worth the work expended.

On March 12th, therefore, a moving picture show "Mothers of Liberty," was presented at the City Auditorium by the Junior Class. The result was a neat sum in the bank.

Being a very peppy class, the Juniors were not satisfied with this alone and set to work immediately on a Home Talent Vaudeville under the direction of Miss Ruth Wolcott and Mr. Otto Kohl. The program consisted of:

"The Crystal Gazer," in which two of the dignified group expressed themselves.

"Two reel comedy."

"Gayety Girls," composed of the pretty Junior girls, and was said to surpass the chorus girls who are now so popular in New York.

"Sense and Nonsense," very cleverly presented by Frederick McAllister and Wayne Ofstad who resembled the typical "hobo."

"When the Lamp Went Out," in which Raymond O'Brien made a very beautiful maiden and caused considerable trouble as to who of the two suitors would win her.

The closing number, and perhaps the most noteworthy number of the program, was the magical and electrical stunt given by Prof. Otto A. Kohl.

So well were the Juniors aided financially a good Banquet is insured, and at this writing everyone is working hard to make the Junior-Senior Banquet one of the best known in the history of the old H. H. S.

Thus we find the Junior Class has, if it is not on the surface, a good deal of pep, and so successfully have they handled all social activities they have at last proven themselves capable of owning the name of "The Wide Awake Class."

DOROTHY HODOWAY, '21.

Sophomore Activities.

The members of the Sophomore class were very pleasantly entertained Friday evening, October 17, 1919, by Floyd Beyers at his home in Chatsworth. The evening was spent in playing games and at a late hour a delicious lunch was served by Mrs. Beyers. At midnight, nine "rahs" were given for Mrs. Beyers, and the members of the class returned to their homes voting the party one of the most pleasant they had ever attended.

On October 30, 1919, the Sophomore class were entertained by Mildred Dick at her sister's home, Mrs. Norberg. When the guests arrived they were led through a "phantom cavern" which was filled with witches, ghosts and weird noises. The evening was spent in playing games and fortune telling. At a very late hour a dainty lunch was served suitable for the occasion. All enjoyed the evening thoroughly. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg, Miss Follman and Miss Weir accompanied the gay crowd.

The members of the Sophomore class spent a very enjoyable evening at the home of Bessie McAninch, November 21, 1919. The evening was spent in playing games and the following program was given:

Reading....."Non Pierre"
Miss Helen Gullickson.
Solo....."Shadow Time"
Mildred Dick.
Piano Duet....."No Surrender March"
Irene Ericson, Esther Heady.

Reading....."Kate Ponyma"
Miss Helen Gullickson.
Piano Solo....."Mountain Pink"
Trenna Scott.

At a late hour the guests departed. Miss Gullickson and Miss Weir chaperoned.

The Sophomore class was entertained on Friday night, January 30, 1920, at the home of Ruby Heald. The evening was spent in playing games and other amusements. Refreshments were served at 11:30 and the guests dispersed, all vowing they had spent an enjoyable evening.

Famous Trios.

Margolin—McAllister—Horton
Schoeneman—Sedgwick—Brest
Scott—Lillie—McDonald
Peters—Hoflund—Metcalf
Brown—Olson—French
Younie—Hodoway—Nelson
Bennett—Brown—Bishop

The Modern James.

Miss Wier: "James, when did Columbus discover America?"

James: "Idno."

Miss Wier: "But doesn't it say in your book 1492?"

James: "I thought that was his telephone number."

Why is Physics class like a Ford?

Because it's a bunch of nuts with a crank in front.

Freshmen Activities.

Our first party was at the home of Edith Bennett. After a jolly but windy ride, we reached the little town of Chatsworth, and were welcomed by our hostesses. Misses Thompson, Wolcott, Stewart and Wyant accompanied our class, and really they had as good a time playing games as we Freshies. Dainty refreshments were served at a late hour and we departed for our homes.

On Hallowe'en night we were invited to a masquerade party at Proctor Maynard's home. Many different and picturesque costumes were worn by the members of our class. The evening was spent in doing Hallowe'en stunts. After delicious refreshments were served, we started for our homes, declaring we had a very good time.

Marie Busch entertained the class at her home. After spending a lively evening and toasting marshmallows and playing games, we were served with lunch. Then we departed for our homes. No teachers were present.

The Home Economics class gave a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Stewart at the home of Beulah Brown. The guest was presented with many useful gifts. Refreshments were served.

We then went home, wishing Miss Stewart the best of luck for the future.

During the year, we also enjoyed a bob ride after which a stew was served at the home of Beulah Brown.

Frederic: "Hello! Say, busy tomorrow?"

Fran.: "Yes."

Frederick: "Gee, I'm sorry! I had a great idea."

Fran.: "What was it?"

Frederic: "Oh, nothing; good-bye."

Fran.: "Hello! Hello!! Frederic!!!"

Gordon Meeter: "I've got a good story to tell you—I don't think I've ever told it to you before."

Frederic Mc.: "Is it really funny?"

Gordon M.: "Bet it is."

Frederic: "Then you never told it to me before."

Miss Wier: "Wendell, why do you not write out your sentences?"

Wendell: "My pen is empty."

Miss Wier: "I am afraid that your pen is not all that is empty."

Thanks.

We desire to extend our most sincere thanks to all who have in any way aided in making this book a success. Especially do we wish to thank the business men for their splendid support in the way of advertising—This alone has made the book possible.

—THE STAFF.



MUSIC



MISS MASTERS,
Musical Instructor

The Girl's Glee Club

The Girl's Glee Club, under the supervision of Miss Masters, has been a prominent branch in our school this year. Every girl has done her best to make the Glee Club a success, and their efforts together with those of Miss Masters surely have reaped good results.

At the beginning of the year, the Glee Club organized and elected Trena Scott, President; Edith Bennett, Vice President; and Myrtle Lillie, Secretary and Treasurer. The study of composers and composition was then taken up in the Monday meetings and many of the more talented members gave selections from different studies.

There are seventeen girls in the Glee Club of whom Esther Angle, Edith Ben-

nett, Marie Busch, Stella McAninch, Frances Lilley, Ella Lage, Trena Scott, Lucile Younie, Mable Olson, and Lillie McDonald are Sopranos. The Sopranos are so large a majority and so fond of music that it is a common event for Miss Masters to say "Now Sopranos, if you will hum I will see if I can hear the Seconds and Altos." LaVon McAninch, Myrtle Anderson and Bessie McAninch are the only Second Sopranos but they are never bothered about being "drowned out". Crissie Troutman, Elizabeth Schimming, Myrtle Lillie and Mildred Dick are the Altos, but when the other parts get to a difficult place one or two of the Altos will sing with them and help them out.

"Ye Olde Tyme Concerte"

Ye Glee Club o' ye Hawarden High School gave an Olde Tyme Concerte at ye City Hall on the eve of March twenty-nine. Ye programme consisted o' Olde Tyme one, two, three and four parte songs and folk dances wi' readin's threw in once-in-a-whil'. Ye Glee Club was ac-

companied by an Orchestra consistin' o' ye Saxaphone, ye Mandolin, ye Zylophone and ye Spinnet. Ye costumes and Quaker added much to ye concerte.

The Glee Club was under ye direction of Miss Marion Masters. Ye Girls spend considerable tyme working out ye programme.

Ye Olde Tyme Concerte

GIVEN BY

Ye Glee Club of Ye Hawarden High School

AT YE

Hawarden City Auditorium

ON YE EVENING OF MARCH XXIX, MDCCCCYX

LISTEN TO YE PITCH AT YE STRIKE OF VIII:XV

Ye List of Chorus Syngers

Rebecca Hate-Evil Anderson	Betsy Lavon McAninch
Faith Otilie Bennett	Eliza Stella McAninch
Barbara Atkins Busch	Patience Cecelia McDonald
Mercy Humility Dick	Sally Perkins Olson
Lucy Joy Desing	Maria Ann Schimming
Constance Primrose Lilley	Sallie Wintergreen Scott
Peggy Vina Lillie	Pollyanna Troutman
Abigail Lucinda Lage	Drusilla Huggins Younie
Parnilla Bessie McAninch	Comfort Rose Wiersma

Catherine Susannah Means

Ye Special Syngers

Lucy Joy Desing	Comfort Rose Wiersma
Catherine Susannah Means	Rose Tabatha Masters

Diligence Hope Holthaus, Ye Player of Ye Spinnet
Daniel Elnathan Hess, Ye Expert Fiddler,
Rachel Naomi Schoeneman, Ye Player of Ye Saxophone
Jerusha Cynthia Scott, Ye Player of Ye Xylophone
Merilda Marissa Erickson, Ye Player of Ye Mandolin

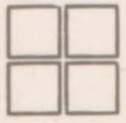
Ye Tunes In Order

YE PARTE I

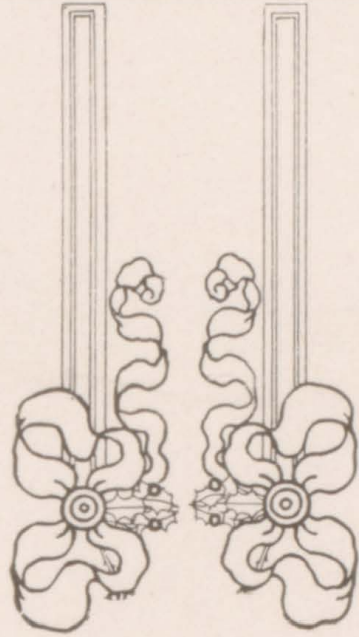
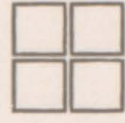
- I. Overture—Ye Concerte Orchestra.
- II. Ye Prologue—Patience Cecelia McDonald.
- III. "Long, Long Ago," All Ye Syngers.
- IV. Ye III and IV Parte Songs
 - (a) "Peggy".
 - (b) "Amaryllis"
Parnilla Bessie McAninch, Betsy Lavon McAninch, Pollyanna Troutman, Marie Ann Schimming.
- V. "Old Black Joe", All Ye Syngers.
- VI. Grandma's Advice, Comfort Rose Wiersma
- VII. "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny"
Sally Wintergreen Scott, Peggy Vina Lillie, Rebecca Hate-Evil Anderson.
- VIII. "Comin' Thru the Rye," Mercy Humility Dick.
Dance, Peggy Vina Lillie, Rose Tabatha Masters.
- IX. "Old Oaken Bucket", All Ye Syngers.

YE PARTE II

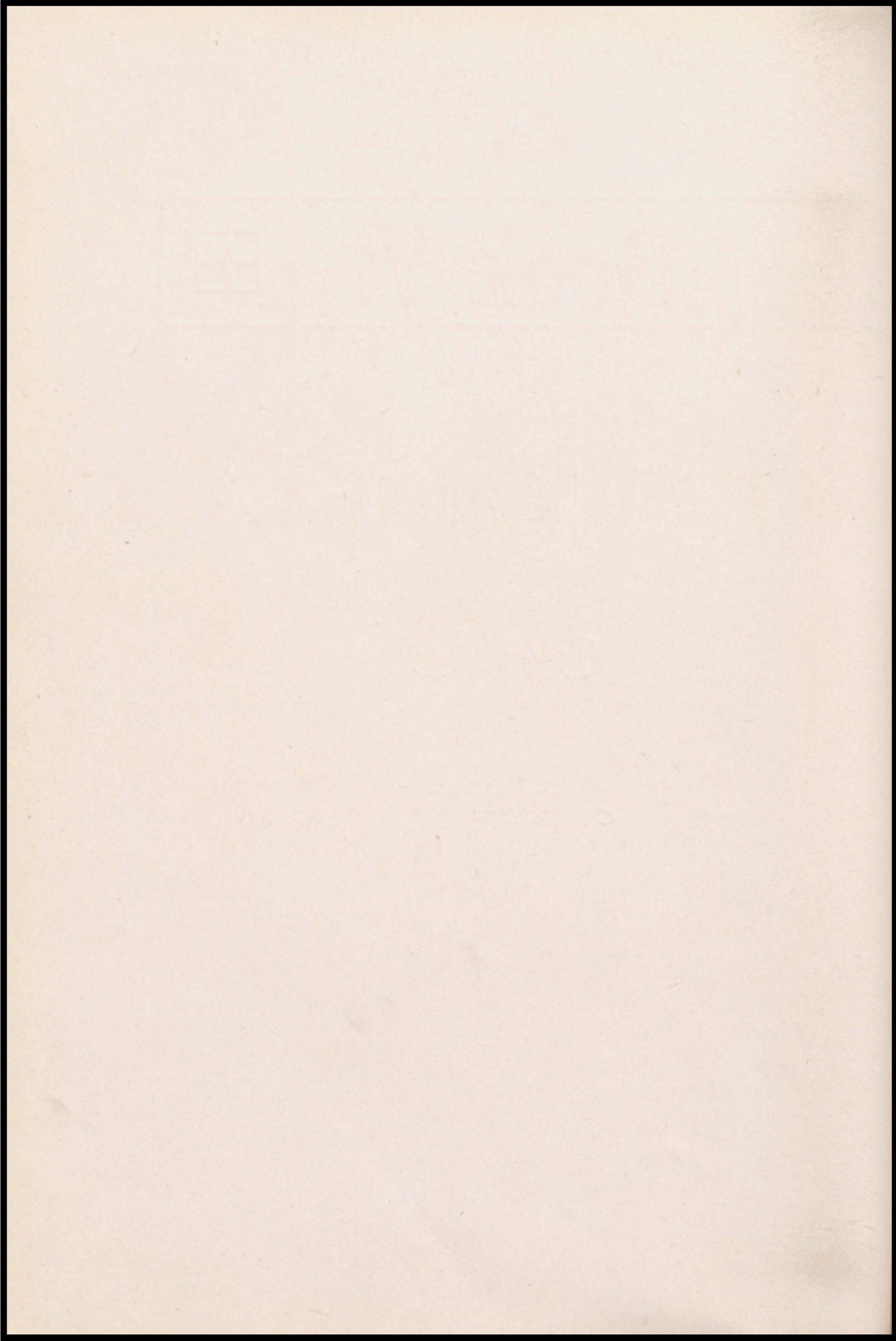
- I. Ye III Parte Songs.
 - (a) "Under the Greenwood Tree."
 - (b) "Who is Sylvia?"
Catherine Susannah Means, Lucy Joy Desing, Rose Tabatha Masters.
- II. "Cousin Jedediah," Drusilla Huggins Younie and All Ye Syngers Jining In.
- III. Ye I Parte Songs.
 - (a) "At the Making of the Hay"
 - (b) "When Celia Sings"
Mercy Humility Dick.
- IV. (a) "Sweet and Low"
(b) "In the Gloaming"
All Ye Syngers
- V. Ye II Parte Songe, "Dost Thou Love Me Sister Ruth?" Eliza Stella McAninch Mercy Humility Dick.
- VI. Ye I Parte Songs
 - (a) "When You and I Were Young Maggie"
 - (b) "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms"
Faith Otilie Bennett.
- VII. Ye Tableau "Last Rose of Summer"
Barbara Atkins Busch, Faith Otilie Bennett.
- VIII. "Good Night, People"
All Ye Syngers.



Book VI



Athletics.



FOOTBALL



Foot Ball Review.



WALTER H. LUNDER

Four years of football have come and gone, for many members of the 1920 Senior Class. It only seems like yesterday when the Freshies of 1916 donned their football togs, and began scrimmaging with the pigskin. After many nights of hard practicing Coach Vickerstaff, or "Vick" as he is known to the

football men, witnessed many a hard uphill battle between some ambitious Freshie and an upper classmate for a berth on the team, but as usual, they that have merited it, have won, and the Freshies predominated among the picked eleven.

When the whistle was sounded on Thanksgiving day following the close of the final game it reflected the spirit of the season—three months of grilling work with a total of eight games played, five won and three lost.

The percentage of games won and lost will not give one a true conception of the H. H. S. football teams, for nearly all our games are with schools much larger and it is usually an uphill battle, and this means much, for a true result of a football game is not so much in the winning as in the spirit in which it is played, for oftentimes we have seen a fighting team go down to defeat before a much inferior team due to an off day, hard luck, or an accident.

The spirit of the game is to win or lose, fighting. Not one man, but every man, must be in the game fighting every minute, for one play might easily mean the winning or losing of a game. The selection of the All State and Conference teams is based more upon the individuality of the player than anything else, for many of the best football players are men who are playing on poor teams. I can personally recall the fighting ability of certain members of losing teams, but it was not through any fault of theirs that their team had lost, for they had fought.

A winning team can only be built around teamwork.

The Freshies claimed a total of eight of the seventeen letters awarded for this season, being represented on the team by:

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. Dalton. | 5. Dalton. |
| 2. Brown. | 6. Searles. |
| 3. Ashley. | 7. Margolin. |
| 4. Finnie. | 8. Hiedeman. |

The second millstone of our career was passed as Sophies, and our gridiron duties were much heavier, for as each year winds by so many players are lost by graduation, that the burden falls on the old members.

When the call was made for candidates by Coach Holliday, all the Freshie letter men of the preceding year put in an appearance with the exception of Margolin and Dalton, the latter who was out till the latter part of the season on account of sickness, but Luchsinger appeared for a berth making our record the same as the year before.

The entering class did not bring with it the wealth of material that the Class of '20 did as Freshies, and, as a result, the veterans of the previous year held their old berths. The total number of games played was ten. Number of games won six. Number of games lost three. Tied one.

Our most spectacular game of the season was played against LeMars, who emerged forth the victor with a 13-14 score. Our defeat of Vermillion on her home grounds by the close score of 6-0 was considered by many as the best game of the season.

Games Played.		Lettered Men.
		Class of '20.
Beresford	W	Brown
Akron	W	Dalton
LeMars	L	Hiedeman
Sioux City	L	Searles
Elk Point	W	Dalton
Sheldon	W	Luchsinger
Rock Rapids	T	Ashley
Vermillion	W	Finnie
Alumni	W	
Cherokee	L	

Our Junior year was a year of great promise, but the war and flu played an important part in robbing us of the spoils of victory. The first disappointment encountered was in securing the services of a coach, but Harold Shoemaker—a former high school and college football star offered his services to the Blue and White, despite the fact that it seriously handicapped him in his agricultural duties.

After a roll call of the old members had been made, Luchsinger or "Stub" as he is better known, was among the missing. He had volunteered his services for the defense of his country. His loss was offset by the appearance of Margolin an old member of the year before.

The loss of Smith, quarter, and Miller, a half back, by graduation was keenly felt and their loss was only offset by hard work among the other members of the team.

Sheldon possessed a wealth of material, but the determination and fight of our team was to be reckoned with. This game was one of the hardest played of

the writer's career, and many others feel the same about theirs. Hawarden outplayed Sheldon at every stage of the game, the backs being able to advance the ball at will, but lacked the teamwork to put the ball over. Sheldon was unable to make downs only once or twice, as our defense could not be overcome. Much time was taken out for Sheldon players due to our smashing attack, but a fumbled punt proved effective for a tally in the hands of a Sheldon player and the game ended 6-0 in favor of Sheldon.

Sioux City with her band of Siouxs was our next opponent. The Siouxs, overconfident as usual, expected only a practice game, but much to their dismay it proved the hardest fought game of their season. For when in the last quarter the Siouxs resorted to drop kicking and succeeded in sending the ball between the bars. The real fight occurred at the close of the third quarter on the six-inch line when the Blue and White warriors braced and held the Siouxs for downs, receiving the ball on the five-yard line. After the game with Sioux City our schedule was declared off on account of the seriousness of the influenza epidemic.

Our fourth and last year at football was under the guidance of Walter A. Lunder, who proved to be one of the best coaches Hawarden has ever employed, and if more candidates had been available, and not so many injuries encountered, this would have been the team's most successful year, but due to the injuries of Meeter, Margolin and the Dalton Brothers, four of Hawarden's

backs, and the ineligibility of several other players, the schedule was cancelled. Students as well as the members of the team regretted this action, but it will serve as a future lesson that more candidates must respond for football practice and the burden will be lessened for those who are recuperating from injuries. This year we were obliged to start men in games who were already badly crippled, and this soon disabled them for future use. In the future more men should grace the field in football togs and fewer in the role of spectators.

Our first battle was with Sioux City, but the radiant rays of the Metropolitan City succeeded in blinding some of our lesser planets and this being our first game some were over-thrilled and some under-thrilled, resulting in a victory for the Siouxs. The fact that our men were outweighed and were playing their first game on a foreign field, accounts for the results.

LeMars shadowing our work of the week before was confident of an easy victory, but the Blue and White had hit her stride and LeMars was swept from her feet on her own field by a score of 6-7.

The victory of the previous week put new confidence in the team, and when Vermillion, the self-styled South Dakota champions, put in an appearance they were beaten so badly by the first half that they put up a plea of rough treatment and left the field, leaving Hawarden on the long end of a 6-0 score. If the game had continued no doubt the score would have been squared by the Blue and White warriors.

Our next rival was Rock Valley, who possessed about as much material as any team in the Northwest, but lacked the necessary coaching on the finer points of the game to turn out a winning combination. The visitors put up a strong offensive and defensive game in the first quarter, but her offensive weakened as the game progressed. Dalton and Meeter scored 28 points between them and the team, as a whole, put up a wonderful fight. Although Rock Valley was scored upon heavily by the Blue and White this might be considered one of the hardest fought games of the season.

The percentage of games won was 75 of those played and this meant the winning of three of our four games played.

Hawarden's victory over LeMars is the best made in years, for this is the first time in Hawarden's career that she had ever defeated LeMars, and only the second time in LeMars' history to be defeated on her home grounds, so this one feat would be basis enough to consider this season as successful.

Among the victories participated in by the Seniors of '20 in their High School career are victories over LeMars, Madison, Storm Lake, Vermillion, Akron, Beresford, Sutherland, Sheldon, Rock Valley, Elk Point and the Alumni.

At the close of the season Hiedeman, a veteran and one of the stars of the 1920 team, was elected to the captaincy for the coming year. No doubt with the return of Meeter, Ofstad, Morgan, McAllister, Scott and Bader, a wealth of material will be available from which Coach Kohl may build a winning team.





DALTON, John—Capt.—

For four years Dalt was in the center of every pile. His fight and his fiery work finally won for him the Captaincy, which he was only justly rewarded. Dalt played at full back one year and never was there a wall built strong enough to hold him. For the last three years he played right half and could always be banked upon to make his downs. He will graduate this year, and with his going a hole will be made in the H. H. S. football team, that will be mighty hard to fill.

HEIDEMAN, Clarence—Capt. Elect—

"Heidy," a star in the line for three years, playing tackle one year and center two years, has been justly chosen Captain for our Team of 1920. Heidy, a man of about 200 pounds, and always made a hole, through which the poorest backfield could make his yards, and this year he was honored with a place on All Northwestern Iowa Team. Watch Heidy next year.





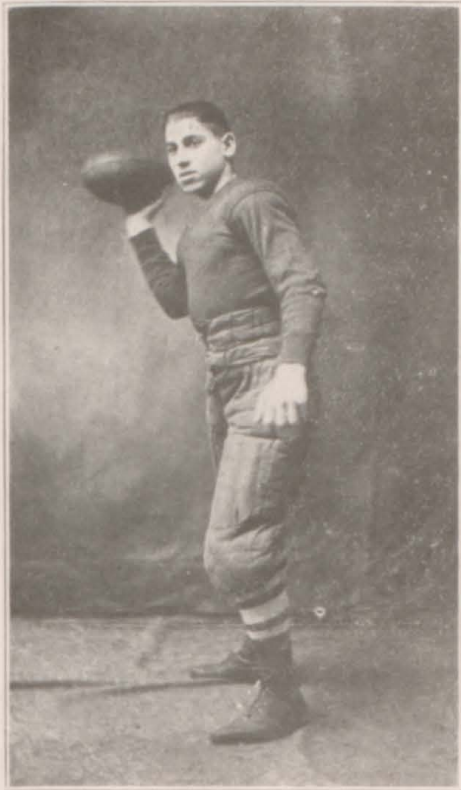
HANDY, Ted—

Ted has been a member of the football squad for four years. His first year he had more or less of hardships, such as broken collar bones. He has been a valuable man and a hard worker for four years, and this fall, his last year, he has proven to us that it will take an exceptionally good man to fill the vacancy left by him.

BROWN, Earl—

"Brownie" earned his entrance on the board of football fame the first year he was out and it has stayed there for four years. Earl held down right guard for the first two years and left tackle the last two years, and at all times his opponents were far outclassed. Earl will be with us no longer, but he has left a mark for others to reach for.





MARGOLIN, Frank—

Margolin is one who waits for an opportunity then acts. In his Freshman year he played his first year and carried away a monogram. Then last year and also this year he came out and showed himself to be one of the Team's most valuable men. As a backfield man he was good on line plunges and always escaped with several long sprints on the field. After his three years with the Team he will be greatly missed and long remembered by all.

SEARLES, James —

"Jim" being one of these quiet fellows that hits hard, has put his name in the football ring. "Jim," getting out four years has made a record this last two, playing end and in the backfield. We have one regret and that is that James will not be with the team any longer as he leaves with the class of '20.



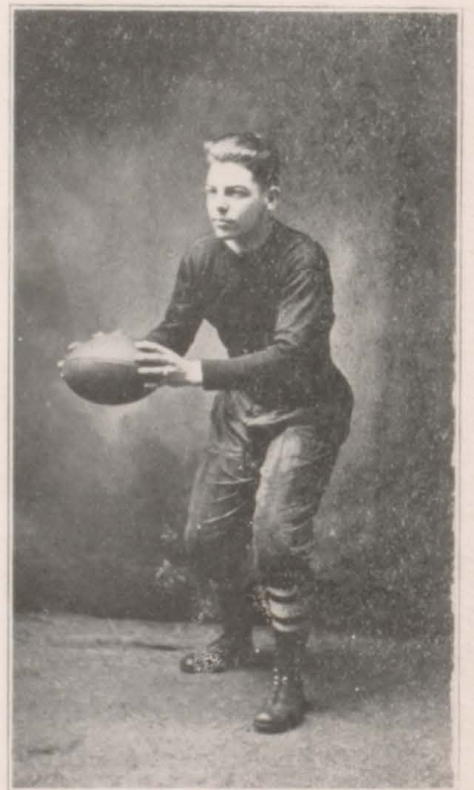


OFSTAD, Wayne—

“Ole,” our small boy, has wedged himself into the line for two years and has one more year left to stay there. He has played tackle and at all times “Ole” could be depended upon to have a hole ready for his backfield men. One year more for “Ole.” Size him up.

McALLISTER, Frederic—

“Mick,” playing at quarterback, was an ideal man, being cool headed, quick to think and at all times on the job. He has one more year left to bring out his finer points; this will be “Mick’s” second and last year on the “Milky Way.”





DALTON, Joe—

What one "Dalt" is the other is. Joe playing four years on the gridiron, has won fame that cannot be marred. "Dalt" held the left wing two years, and then took left half the next two years beside his brother. Joe, graduating this year, leaves a vacant space that no one knows who can fill it.

MORGAN, Lloyd—

At end, Morgan held down his wing as no other could have done, although it was his first year. He was in all the plays and at all times showed excellent tackling and interference work. Morgan has three years left and we all expect wonderful work from him. You keep tab on him.

Morgan's cut failed to arrived from the engravers in time to be printed.

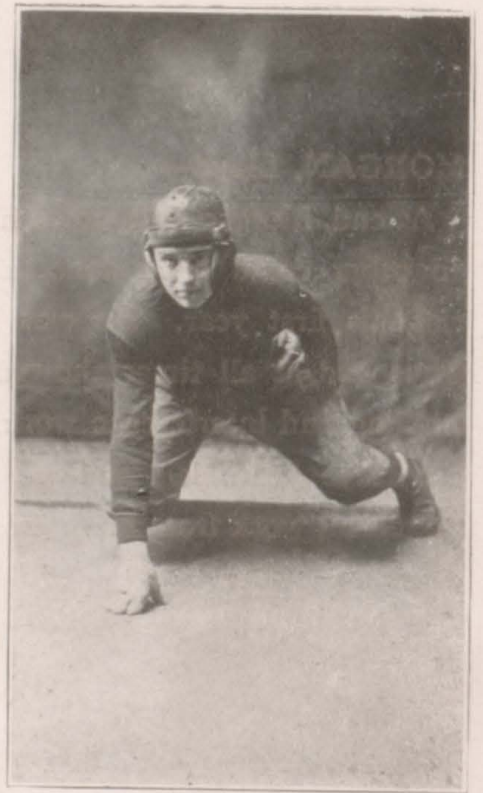


HANDY, Jack—

This was "Jack's" first year at the game, but it has been a very successful one, for he held down his ground like an old timer. "Tardo" has three years in which to show his superiority in the art of football.

SCOTT, Harry—

"Harry" also tried the pigskin out for the first time this year, and has found it to be just his nick. Harry held his side of the line down as no other could have done but you watch him in the three years to come.





LAGE—CLAUS

Claus came out on the old gridiron in 1917, and began wrestling with the pigskin without any experience, but in only a short time his ability was proven as a line man. Claus played Center one year and Guard this last year. He has at all times worked hard and helped win our victories. This is Claus' second and last year in football.

MEETER, Gordon—

This being Meeter's first year, shows his ability by making the team. "Butch" showed his fight and grit in the backfield and we look forward in the coming three years to see "Butch" lead the team and carry away many honors.



1919 Foot Ball Review.

Sioux City-Hawarden

Hawarden met Sioux City at Mizzou Park early last fall for the first football game of the season. The Sioux City team was much heavier than the home eleven, giving them a slight advantage. Hawarden was unable to make any successful line plunges against the opposing team and forward passes were intercepted or made incomplete. Both teams showed lack of training and ample room for improvement. McFarlane and Sawyer starred for the opposing team, while Margolin must be given due credit for his spectacular run down the field for about 60 yards, where he was run out of bounds. Hiedeman was Hawarden's real stellar player throughout the game and is deserving of much credit for holding the large score down to where it was. The game ended with Sioux City holding the down the large end of the score, 32 to 0.

Vermillion-Hawarden

The Vermillion, S. D., eleven met the locals at the Earl Meeter Park and within the first five minutes of the play the locals placed the pigskin one yard from the visitors' goal, where they were penalized. Before the end of the second

quarter Hawarden scored, but failed to kick goal. The game was an easy one for the locals, although they did not run up a big score. Shortly after the beginning of the third quarter, when Hawarden was within a short distance of the visitors' goal, the visiting team's coach withdrew his players, on the grounds that the game was too rough. County Supt. Tye, the umpire, claimed the game was forfeited to Hawarden and stated that he saw no grounds to substantiate the claims of roughness. Hawarden enthusiasts thought it a case of poor sportsmanship, because all the Vermillion players seemed anxious to continue the game while the coach protested. Hawarden was very sorry to have Vermillion look at the game in such a light and hopes that Vermillion did not go away with an unfriendly feeling and that Hawarden's treatment was discourteous.

LeMars-Hawarden

Hawarden played LeMars on the sloping Western Union College grounds. Hawarden was followed by a few rooters and entered the game a bit "pep-less." Root proved to be a sensational player and carried the ball for big gains and

succeeded with a touchdown for LeMars the first two minutes of the game. Hawarden entered the second half with more "pep" and succeeded in placing the ball on the 20 yard line at the end of the third quarter. Beginning the third quarter Margolin put the ball across the goal line and kicked goal, making the score 7 to 6. After this time, Hawarden pushed the opposing team all over the field at will. Hawarden was overjoyed. The defeat being the first time in history Hawarden ever beat LeMars, and the third time that LeMars had been beaten on their own field. Upon the arrival home of the team the High School celebrated the victory with a big party in the W. O. W. Hall.

Rock Valley-Hawarden

The Rock Valley eleven met the locals in the Earl Meeter Park, which was the second home game of the season. This proved to be Hawarden's easiest game and was more or less interesting. Rock Valley played men who did not attend their High School but nevertheless was unable to gain results. Hawarden placed the pigskin over the opponent's goal line five times, twice the first half and three the second half. This made a score of 34 to 0. Handy made the first by a sensational run of 40 yards on a forward pass and Meeter a few minutes later succeeded with another touchdown.

Dalton made the remaining three by taking the ball on end runs. The locals found this to be the visitors' weak point and continued to run the ends throughout the whole game. Forward passes were intercepted again and again and helped a good deal in holding the visitors to a scoreless game. As a whole the entire team played good football although it was not a hard game and it was thought by some to be the best of the season for showing the material benefit gained from training. The interference was especially good and Searles showed an increased knowledge of playing safety and succeeded in carrying the ball back down the field.

Games Cancelled

Hawarden failed to finish the football season, leaving the following games, Cherokee, Rock Rapids and Sheldon to be forfeited. This was a bad thing for Hawarden, because at no time did her future look so promising as when she was to meet these three teams. Hawarden defeated LeMars and LeMars defeated Cherokee. This made things look as if there would be a victory for Hawarden. But the fact that several of the men received bad injuries put them in bad shape to meet these teams. The fact that the team did not finish the season set the funds in the athletic association back to a good sized negative sum. This will be a little bit hard on the sale of season tickets for next year, although it was not all the fault of the players. If everyone will back the boys next year there ought to be good results from the games played.

Foot Ball Records.

1915

Hawarden..... 0	Beresford	0	September 24 at Hawarden.
Hawarden..... 0	Madison	42	October 8 at Madison.
Hawarden..... 7	LeMars	19	October 16 at Hawarden.
Hawarden..... 0	Cherokee	31	October 23 at Cherokee.
Hawarden..... 0	Vermillion	21	November 6 at Vermillion.

1916

Hawarden.....27	Beresford	0	September 23 at Hawarden.
Hawarden..... 0	Cherokee	14	September 30 at Hawarden.
Hawarden..... 0	Elk Point	46	November 10 at Elk Point.
Hawarden.....60	Rock Valley.....	7	October 13 at Hawarden.
Hawarden.....38	Sutherland	0	October 28 at Hawarden.
Hawarden.....31	Madison	2	November 3 at Hawarden.
Hawarden..... 0	Vermillion	14	November 17 at Hawarden.
Hawarden..... 6	Storm Lake.....	0	November 30 at Hawarden.

1917

Hawarden.....32	Beresford	7	September 21 at Beresford.
Hawarden..... 6	Vermillion	0	September 28 at Vermillion.
Hawarden..... 0	Sioux City	18	October 6 at Sioux City.
Hawarden..... 6	Elk Point	6	October 12 at Hawarden.
Hawarden.....13	LeMars	14	October 20 at Hawarden.
Hawarden..... 7	Cherokee	21	October 27 at Hawarden.
Hawarden.....25	Sheldon	7	November 10 at Hawarden.
Hawarden.....20	Rock Rapids	20	November 18 at Rock Rapids.
Hawarden..... 0	Alumni.....	0	November 29 at Hawarden.

1918

Hawarden..... 0	Sheldon	7	October 4 at Sheldon.
Hawarden..... 0	Sioux City	3	October 12 at Hawarden.

1919

Hawarden..... 0	Sioux City	32	September 27 at Sioux City.
Hawarden..... 7	LeMars	6	October 3 at LeMars.
Hawarden..... 1	Vermillion	0	
	(Forfeited)		October 10 at Hawarden.
Hawarden.....34	Rock Valley.....	0	October 17 at Hawarden.

Track--1919.

About ten men responded to the call for track candidates. Owing to the fact that there were no letter men in school hardly anyone could be called eligible for the captaincy. This obstacle was overcome by electing Ted Handy, Captain, and as there was no regular coach, his task was a mighty one. The men all lacked experience, and consequently when they returned from the "M" Meet without placing, no great surprise was manifested.

The following week six men set out for the "Vermillion" Meet. Here, owing to the presence of Shattuck, a large Military Academy, any small High School hardly

had a chance. Stoner was the solitary point winner. The team journeyed to the Sheldon Meet, which was held May 23rd, and managed to do a little better there. The track was hard and full of small holes, which prevented fast time being made. Handy placed third in the Hundred, as did Stoner in the Mile. The Half Mile Relay team placed second, and the Mile Relay Team added another point, which brought the total up to six for the meet.

When everything is considered the Track Season of 1919 should be remembered as a fairly successful season, although no spectacular showing was made.



Otto Kohl.

Mr. Kohl came to Hawarden a short while after Football season, but just in time for Track, which is his best department of Athletics. Mr. Kohl is showing wonderful development out of almost all new material, and under his instructions the H. H. S. will be well represented and well awarded at every meet.



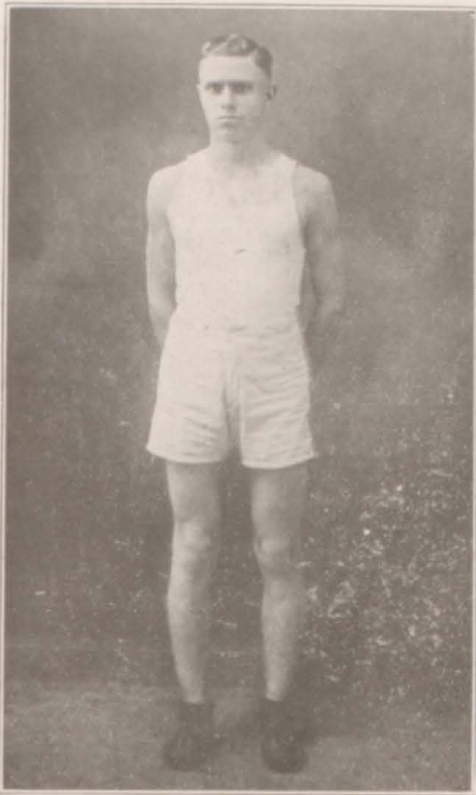
TED HANDY, Capt. 1919.

Ted came out upon the cinder path when he was a mere Freshy and has ever since been seen with a cloud of dust behind him for the H. H. S. He was justly awarded Captaincy in 1919 and after this year Ted will no more be in the circle for he will graduate with the class of 1920.

EARL BROWN, Capt.-Elect for 1920.

Brown also started his tract career while a Freshy, and for four years Earl has been working hard for the honor of H. H. S. and in return he has been elected Captain for 1920. Earl will work harder, this year as this is his last in Harwarden High.





JAMES SEARLES

Jim is our old stand-by in track, as he is ever ready to compete with the best of men. James came out last year, a new man at the game but is now showing up strongly in his races. This is James' second and last year.

DAVID STONER

"Dave". came out last year with a good strong wind, and chose the distances for his. He placed last year, but this year we expect him to set a new record at the meets. This is David's second and last year on the cinder path.



Track--1920.

The 1920 track season opened in very tame style. At a meeting of last year's veterans, consisting of Brown, Searles, Handy and Stoner, Earl Brown was elected to pilot the Blue and White cinder artists. In his choice the team not only have a consistent point getter, but also a man who is always in shape and a bear for work. He is always ready to give all there is in him.

Owing to the late spring, practice was held up considerable. However, Coach Kohl had about a dozen "Fleetfoots" out every night, with the result that the men rounded into shape when the season was ready. Coach Kohl was busy on a heavy schedule. He also stirred things up for a big invitation meet here at Hawarden set for May 12. This gave the men something to work for. The new track out on Earl Meeter field was not in shape for the early season training so the old park at the schoolhouse was pressed into service again.

Capt. Brown and Jim Searles were stepping the 440 off in college style by the time the season was opened up. Searles has a stride that should mark him as one of the leading 440 men in this part of the state. Capt. Brown also was working on the 220. Handy, last year's captain, could always be counted on to step under the tape on the 100 in less than

11 seconds. Stoner, last year's heavy point winner, is striding off the mile like he was out to make an addition to his present stock of medals. He has a worthy running mate in the half-mile in the form of Lage. Lage also steps out on the mile with good speed. Both these men are hard workers and train all the time which will show up when the meets are here.

This year has brought out some new material in school that will be responsible for a few points. The Dalton twins have been working consistently and faithful on the jumps. Early in the season they were able to clear the bars at 5-5 and go out in the sawdust for about 19-4 in the broad jump. Margolin promises to be a find in both the quarter and in the weights. He will make a valuable addition to the relay teams. Heideman has also been working on the weights and has been pushing them out far enough to make competition for the best in this part of the state. Morgan is working on the quarter and should land a berth on one of the relay teams. Bader's work in pole vaulting while not spectacular has been consistent.

Taking everything into consideration the season should be one of the best in the history of Hawarden High School. The men are all in good shape and they have a good schedule to work for.

Officers of Athletic Association.



FRANK MARGOLIN
President.



RUTH HOFLUND
Vice-President.



JOHN DALTON
Secretary and Treasurer.



SEAN WINTER
JIM



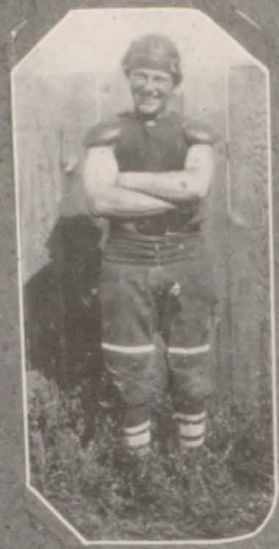
HERBIE



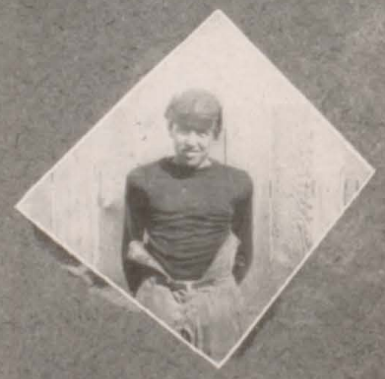
MICHAEL



JOHN - MARY



FANSON



Athletic Association

The Athletic Association of any school is the backbone and spirit of all school activities; that is, if it is carried on in the right way. H. H. S. has always had an Athletic Association, but at no time has it been guided and pushed forward as it should have been. To have High School sports and winning teams we must have an organization to back them up, to secure money, to put life in the same and to push them to victory, and this organization is an Athletic Association.

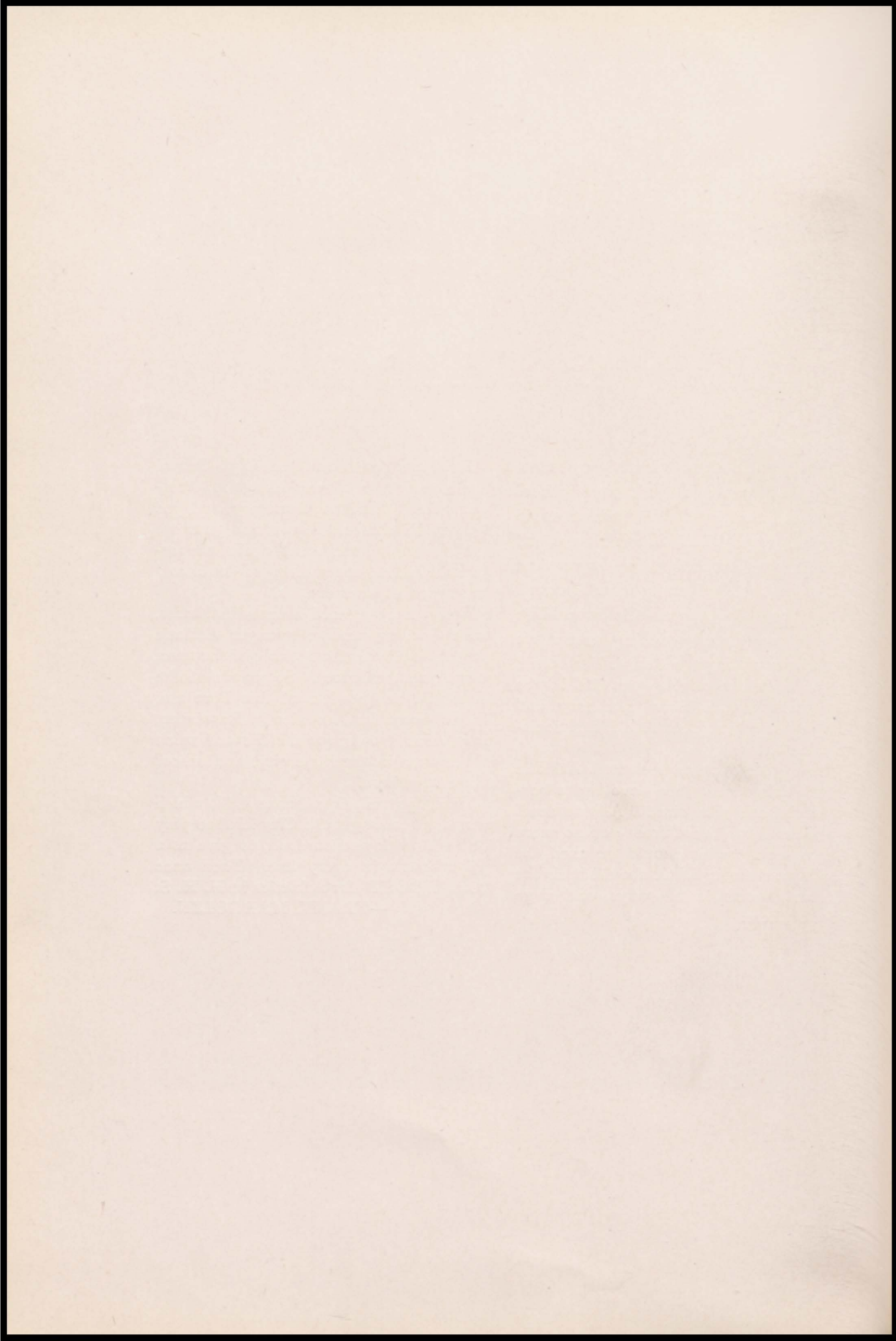
Each year we have elected Athletic Association officers, we have had a basket social and then the A. A. was dead. It was no more heard from and no more called upon, but it should be used the whole year through. It should back the different sports in all ways, and urge more of them.

This year, as usual, the High School elected officers: Frank Margolin, President; Ruth Hoflund, Secretary, and Joe Dalton, Treasurer. Again this year we had a basket social and again the organization fell into a sleep of death and was heard of no more.

Now what we need is more Athletics, more backing and a stronger Athletic Association, with the backing of the town as well as the school. So, pupils of the H. H. S., and readers of this Blue and White, boost for Athletics in Hawarden, or in other words, for the life and spirit of progress in the little city, and school as we have here.

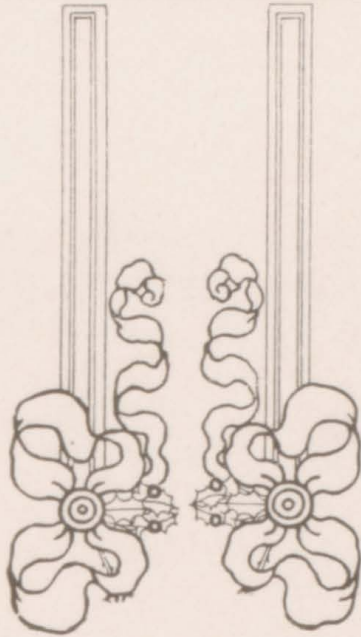
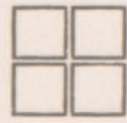
First, football, then basket-ball, which means we must get the City Hall to play in; then track and baseball, to give us a full schedule in every line. Then once more "BOOST" for Athletics in H. H. S.

—FRANK MARGOLIN.

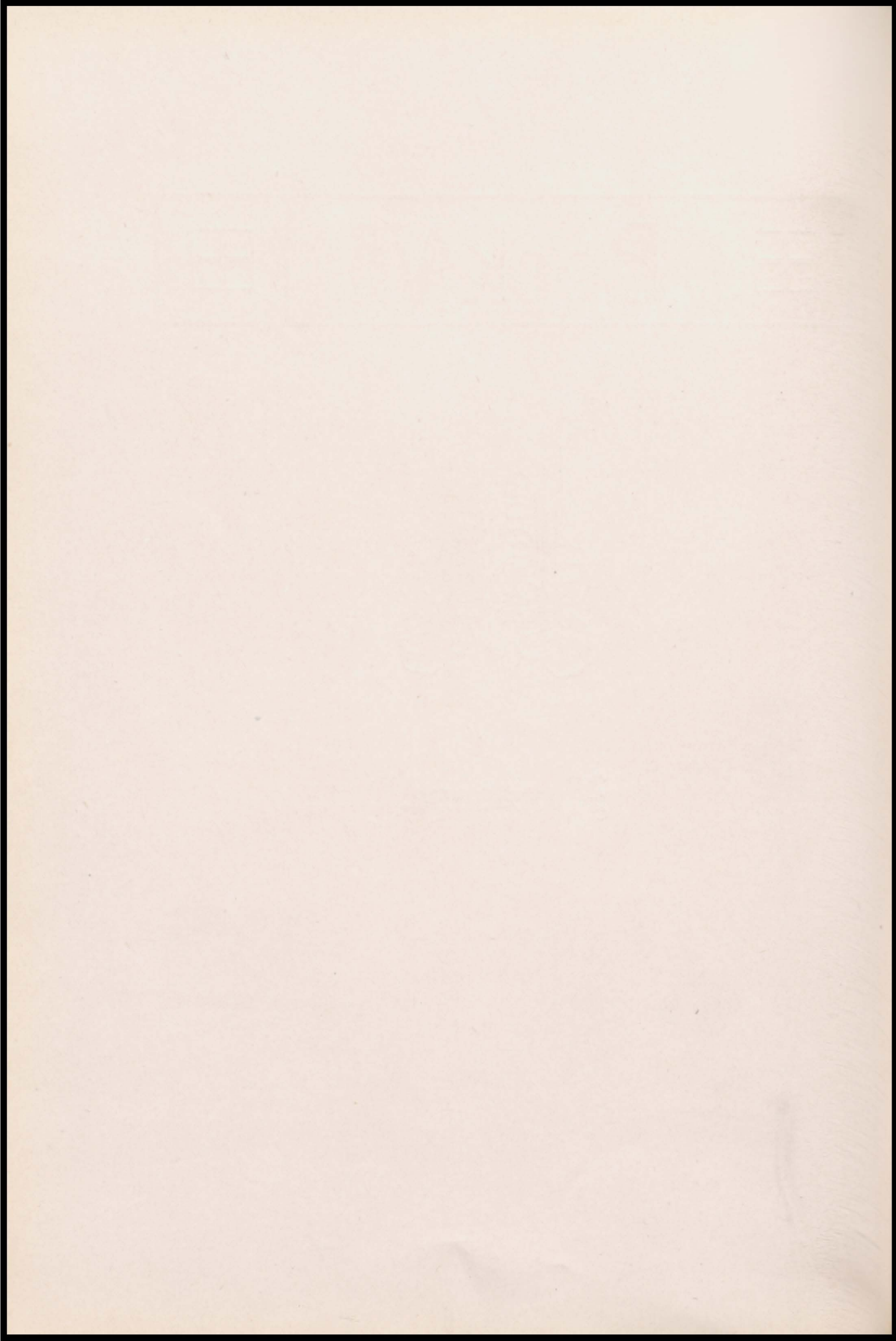




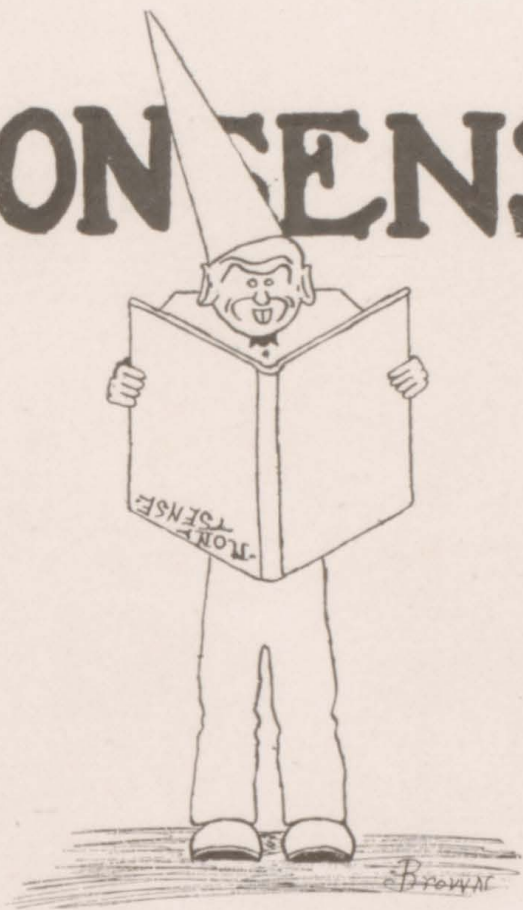
Book VII



Nonsense.



NON SENSE



Information Bureau.

Joe Dalton—"How can I make myself popular with the girls in H. H. S.?"

Answer—"Leave at once for another school."

Florinda Vogel—"Is it proper for a young lady to invite a gentleman friend to sit on the front porch after a party when a light snow has just fallen?"

Answer—"It is proper, but it would have been better if you had cleaned off the whole porch rather than two spots close together."

Florence Peters—"How can I increase my height?"

Answer—"Keep your mind on high things."

Mrs. Meeter (in Eng. IV): "Robert, where was Coleridge born?"

Robert D.: "In England."

Mrs. Meeter: "They gave him lots of room."

While James was working in the confectionery store, Mrs. B. entered and asked, "What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?"

His reply was "Nothing but bananas, ma'am."

Hidy: "It would please me very much, Florence, if you would go to the Auditorium with me."

Florence: "Have you secured the seats?"

Hidy: "Oh, now, you are not so heavy as all that."

One day Wendell S. asked: "Father, what are descendants?"

His father replied: "Descendants are those who come after you."

Later in the day a knock was heard at the door. Wendell went to answer. He said, "I suppose it's Flora's descendant because she said that she had a date to go to the show with Lloyd."

Miss Wolcott (in Science): "Gordon, what is radiation?"

Gordon M.: "It's heat that comes out of radiators."

Overheard by a Freshman:

Lunder: "What is a kiss?"

Miss Wier: "A kiss is a noun, generally used in the plural; it's more common than proper, sometimes it's used as a conjunction, and it agrees with me."

When stepping out at night alone,

A girl should take a chaperone,

Until in times to come

She calls some chap-'er-own.

Students desirous of a fine evening for a picnic calls up the weather bureau: "How about a shower tonight?"

Reply: "Don't ask me; if you need one, take it."

Freshman: "What's the rush?"

John D.: "Miss Wolcott is overcome with gas."

Freshman: "Are you going after the doctor?"

John D.: "No; more gas."

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replace them with Pneumatics.

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C. E. Gantt

Attorney-At-Law

Hawarden, Ia.

A Little Geometry.

Have you noticed that Fern D. and Flossie are not on good terms. Well, Ray O. has been picketing his horse in front of the McDonald home at noons.

Bob: "Why do they paint the inside of a chicken coop?"

Jim: "To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood."

Is a diamond ring a contract between two individuals? (Ask Lavon and John D. for information).

Fern D.: "I think Ray looks awfully cute in overalls, don't you?"

Miss Wyant: "I do try so hard to please my children, but"—with a sigh—"they call me names anyhow."

\$1,000 Reward!

To anyone who can make Joe Dalton change his ideas on any subject.

A teakettle sings when it's full of water, but who in h— wants to be a teakettle?

Someone should explain to Clause Lage that the prohibition amendment is in force. He was found with Miss Wyant's medicine bottle in his overcoat pocket.

David Stoner threatens to wear sideburns.

Ruth M.: "O, don't do that!"

Dave: "Why not?"

Ruth M.: "Because they always feel so funny."

The saddest words of tongue or pen,
Are these two words, Exams again.

Miss Wier: "Can anyone tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Horace: "By jove, I wish I knew that one."

Ruth Metcalf says it sure is tough luck when a girl gets her dates mixed.

For particulars ask Joe Dalton.

Frank: "I have all but the last verse of my debate learned."

Bob Dick: "I don't deserve an 'E' grade in Physics."

Miss Wolcott: "I know, but that's the lowest grade I can give you."

Miss Wier: "Barton, use 'laid' correctly in a sentence."

Barton S.: "I laid in bed until 10 o'clock."

Miss Wier: "Correct, use it in another sentence."

Barton S.: "I laid in bed until 11 o'clock."

Feminine voice over phone: "Hello, are you Harry?"

Clerk: "Not especially, lady, but I'm not very bald."

Student: "If it's heads, we go to bed; if it's tails we stay up, and (nervously) if it stands on edge, we study."

Notice!

"I'm tired of Peppermints."—F. E. D.

Facts About Facts.

Senior Class is judged very bright this year—by themselves.

There seems to be an awful lot of teachers quitting. Guess it's Leap Year. There's one sure thnig. Kellogg can't.

Who threw the nail in English IV? We know.

Florence Peters is getting low in her deportment. Miss Wyant says she talks too much to Slats.

A cloud of B. B.'s burst upon the Assembly last week. Just then somebody's anger busted.

Why is it Bob tries to keep on the good side of Miss Follman? 'Cause he has to.

The clock's alarm was set at 11:15 A. M., but it didn't go until 2:15 P. M. What if it was a Red Bomb?

The coach has arrived! Ruth Metcalf has her wodnerful eyes at play.

"While the teachers are away,
The students will surely play" so saith the poet.

Noble must like thumb tacks—he always looks for them before sitting down.

The Hawarden High Orchestra made its first public appearance on Friday 13th—unlucky night and was greeted with a great shower of bricks. The leader re-named it—The Sympathy Orchestra.

At the Athletic Association program the soprano soloist, Miss Gladys Brown, sang a touching little song entitled, "Mother Snores an Octave Higher Since Father Changed His Socks," and was rewarded by seeing many handkerchiefs produced.

The Freshmen are using Seniors as their models for future achievements. The Good Lord pity 'em.

The noted singer of this school, Miss Gertrude Sedgwick, will give us a little spasm in the Assembly next week.

Ray O'Brien and Fern Dickerson had a debate over the question, "Resolved, That Latin is better than French." Fern upholding Affirmative and Ray the Negative. Evidently the debate must have been a tie since either of them are unwilling to make advances and now Ray pickets his horse in front of the McDonald home.

What happened to Jeannetta Anderton the night of "My Own United States"? Ask Lee Bader.

I noticed Charles Horton admiring his beautiful countenance in a small hand mirror today. Next lady come forward!

If Frances Lilly did not use her powder puff between classes, her beautiful complexion would soon be ruined.

In all, this is all foolishness, considering who has written it.

—EARL OAKS, '20.

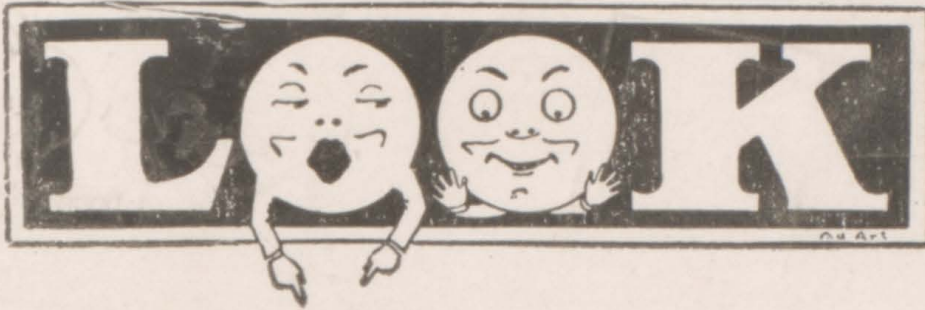
Wifey—"Anyhow a woman's mind is always purer than a man's."

Hubby—"It ought to be; it changes oftener."

Lunder—Say, Dick, if you pull that again, you go out of here, see?"

Miss Wyant—"If you folks in that corner don't keep quiet, I'll have to call out your names."

Lcst—A gold watch by an old lady wit hSwiss movements.



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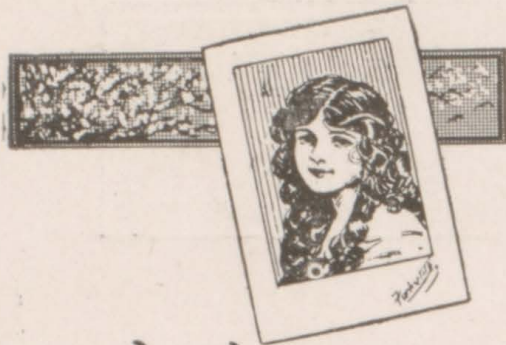
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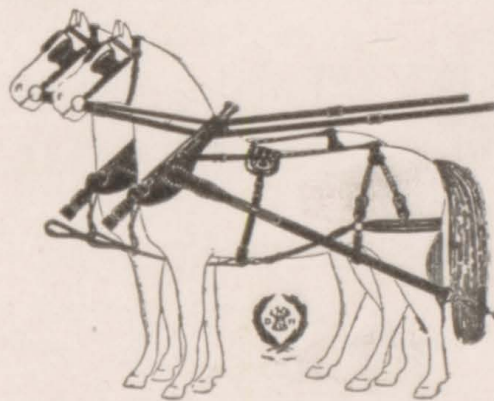
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To The Seniors.

Air—Smiles.

O, I like the little Freshmen
They are so petite and shy.
Then next come the study Sophomores,
Oh, Pourquoi? I really don't know why.
Then next come the towering, stately
Juniors
Who seem upon the road to fame.
But the best of all I like the Seniors for
The last is the best in the game.

Last Will and Testament of The Senior Class.

We, the Senior class of the Hawarden High School, Hawarden, Iowa, do, this first day of June, nineteen hundred and twenty, make this, our last will and testament.

We hereby bequeath our scandalous "rep" to the Juniors, our fun and pep to the Sophomores and our stately dignity to the Freshmen. To the rest of the school we bequeath our studious minds and thoughtfulness.

SPECIAL BEQUESTS.

Frank Margolin bequeaths his acrobatic eyebrows to Ellwood Johnson, deliver yto be made upon assurance that they will not be manipulated with impropriety.

Ted Handy bequeaths his dignity to Fern Dickerson.

Ruth Metcalf bequeaths her versatility of opinions to Mae Jepson.

Florence Peters bequeaths her well-attended confessional to Butz Meeter.

Marie Brest bequeaths her Pavlowa poise to Frances French.

Helen Roland bequeaths that part of the midnight oil not exhausted to "Ole" Ofstad.

Earl Oaks bequeaths his flirtatious magnetism to Frances Vogelzang.

Helen Scott leaves her ability in reconciling admirers to Flora Sumner.

Given under our hand and seal this first day of June, nineteen hundred and twenty.

—THE SENIOR CLASS.

Bill Turnipseed,

Helen Highwater,

Witnesses.

Sophomore Scandal.

One of our popular dames is flashing a diamond on her left hand. (The carrots are unknown as yet).

A marriage has been rumored about a Sophomore. I wonder how true it is? But, of course, it's "Leap Year."

There is a rumor that Mr. Bader has been courting a pretty Sophomore girl. Who can she be?

It is said that an elopement is proposed between Esther Heady and Frank Evans. The Sophomore class will regret the loss of so popular a member.

Sisters come in handy sometimes. (Ask Frances French).

A famous Sophomore gossip declared that she overheard Miss Trenna Scott say that she intended to propose to the Prince of Wales this coming year. (We all wish her luck).

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---Is College.

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Hawarden, Iowa.

Jeanetta Anderton was seen out riding with a man ten years older than herself—wedding bells will be ringing.

Scandal: Two clothes pins "held up" a shirt last Monday morning.

Dagmar Jensen says she is now working at the Lilley hotel, but we know better. She is often seen with a man on the "old back porch."

Ruby Heald froze her ears leaning over the back fence talking to a young gentleman next door.

A quicker way of getting downstairs from class rooms. For demonstrations see Ella Lage.

Shyness, blushes and dimples sold by the pound. See Irene Ericson.

Gladys Brown went skating with two boys.

Flossie McDonald came to school without her hair curled.

Frances French is using the English class room as a dry cleaning department.

It is said that Miss Dagmar Jensen sat up till 1:30 New Year's eve having a race chewing gum.

Mildred Dick: "I just don't know what to say when Lee B. calls. In the first place he comes right after supper and stays 'till after eleven every night, and I am just dead tired of him, but I hate to hurt his feelings."

Florence McDonald: "I tell you what to do, write him a sassy note and say he can't come."

Myrtle Lillie: "Oh! I know something better than that. Find him a puzzle to work."

Mildred and Florence: "A puzzle?"

Myrtle I.: "Yes, a puzzle. Next time he calls give him a pencil and a piece of paper and tell him to put down six O's then the letters S. H., then four more O's. Then tell him to draw a line down from the first O, and a line up on the fourth letter O. Draw a line down on the fifth letter and on the ninth letter O. Then a line up on the seventh. All these lines are to be drawn on the right side of the letter and if he does it right he will have the sentence, 'Good gosh, do go.' And I'll guarantee you that Lee won't call a second time."

Listen my children, and you shall hear
Of how we need a new schoolhouse here.
The ventilation is so very poor
We nearly freeze our feet on the floor.
Five-sixths of the pupils wear glasses,
As you see them marching to classes.
The corridors are dark and dingy,
It makes us feel that Hawarden's stingy.
Now I hope you all will take this cool,
But this is my opinion of this old school.

—MYRTLE LILLIE, '22.

Slats—"What is the difference between a kiss and a sewing machine?"

Marie—"I don't know. What?"

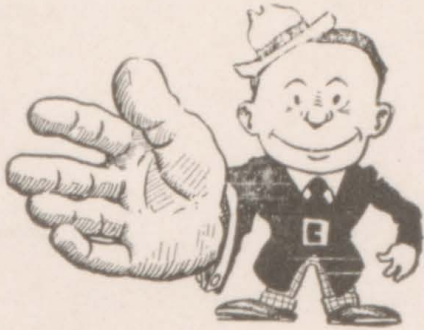
Slats—"One sews seams good and the other seems so good."

Bob Dick—"I'm twenty-one years old now."

Frank M.—"How do you figure?"

Bob Dick—"I've had the seven-year itch three times."

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THE WINCHESTER STORE

Calendar.

Sept. 4. Major McAllister experiments with first gas bomb.

Sept. 5. Earl Oaks has a haircut.

Sept. 8. Freshmen make bold attempt to skip prayer.

Sept. 9. Freshmen remain quiet.

Sept. 10. Frank Evans all in from the night before.

Sept. 11. Teachers' picnic.

Sept. 16. Arlie admits his love for Lavon.

Sept. 19. Hiedie out last night. All in.

Sept. 23. Senior girls appear with curls.

Oct. 3. LeMars defeated by Hawarden High School, 7-6.

Oct. 10. Senior party at Chatsworth.

Oct. 13. Faculty pay Senior class well deserved cussing on their party of the Friday night before.

Oct. 14. David Stoner displays a new pair of shoes.

Oct. 19. Pat O'Brien appears wearing long pants.

Nov. 6. Several Physic students hold after session at 4 o'clock.

Nov. 7. The day after the night before. James meditates. "She loves me—she loves me not; she loves me—she loves me not."

Nov. 11. Wendell S. appears with rouge on his face.

Nov. 14. Ted takes afternoon nap.

Nov. 15. Hiedie holds an evening class of one.

Nov. 18. Daltons arrive at school on time.

Nov. 21. Morgan assisted to assembly.

Dec. 15. Lecture on better schools by Professor Noteboom.

Dec. 10. Barton Schoeneman gave a reading. Wolcott alarmed by mouse in Algebra class.

Dec. 12. The assembly a pretty mess.

Dec. 15. Medals given winner of Declamatory class.

Dec. 16. Frederic shares candy with Frank and Miss Wyant.

Dec. 17. Physic class has hike to test time sound travels. Blank shells. No report.

Dec. 18. Declamatory pep meeting. Architectural class gives its class room a treat.

Dec. 19. Last day of school, nuf said. Let's go.

Jan. 5. Back again. Same old grind. Gladys Brown appears with bob-hair. Mick in a white stiff collar.

Jan. 6. Miss Wyant flashes a diamond.

Jan. 7. Test. All pretty quiet.

Jan. 12. Wier returns. French loafers look down in the mouth.

Jan. 13. Clarence Arlander sends a shipment of Swede wool (hair cut). Orchestra plays march.

Jan. 14. Manual training Glee Club gives Physic class a popular selection.

Jan. 15. Semester exams.

Jan. 19. Tiny Peters admits she knows nothing in Arithmetic.

Jan. 20. Bob Dick explains the shaking of the whole corpse in French II.

Jan. 21. Dave Stoner gets a hair cut.

Jan. 23. Friend dog makes inspection tour of Assembly.

Jan. 27. English IV plots a walkout.

Jan. 28. English IV holds noon-hour session.

Jan. 30. Gullickson and Lunder leave (looks suspicious). News of our victory at Swea City.

Feb. 2. Mrs. Meeter returns to old stand.

Feb. 3. Ted brings his sister's pet cat for morning session.

Feb. 5. Big Ben sends out afternoon alarm, set in repeat.

Feb. 9. David forgets to brush the flour off from his shoulder.

Feb. 11. Mae notices that her hair is getting gray.

Feb. 12. Ruth M. all blushes. Ever see her when she wasn't?

Feb. 17. Noble finds some rouge. Some rosy cheeks.

Feb. 19. Proctor pays no heed to the H. C. of peanuts.

Feb. 20. Flora Schoeneman late, another one of those Leap Year gags.

Feb. 24. Ruth M. reports having Kohl.

Feb. 25. Dorothy Hodoway's eye has

an attack of "roomitism."

Feb. 27. Earl Oakes been raving all day, but won't tell us who she is.

Mar. 1. Daltons on time. Marie states that she has her French, but doesn't know how to say it.

Mar. 3. Meeter, Hiedeman and Handy take oath and are now members of Dinty Moores.

Mar. 4. Searles, Ofstad, Dougherty and Leafstedt join the Wim Inn.

Mar. 5. Alvin Johnson has taken to drawing—his breath. Anderton receives haircut.

Mar. 8. Kohl sees Nolan here!

Mar. 9. Violet Swanson reports discovery of more weight.

Mar. 11. Gordon Meeter excused for work.

Mar. 12. Meeter's story of those three Mallards.

Mar. 16. More snow, more Kohl.

Mar. 17. Hazel Olson discovers she has mistaken her mother's dish towel for her handkerchief.

Mar. 18. O'Brien brings Fern D. her candy.

Mar. 19. Esther Angle has a ch-o-o-ing spell. Freshman echoes.

Mar. 29. Robert Dick forgot business a while to see how much French he had remembered.

Mar. 30. Harold Plank brags about his religion because of the fact that he stands on holy soles.

Mar. 31. "I can call your names out if I have to."



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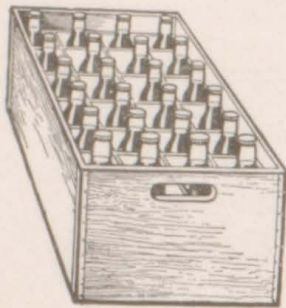
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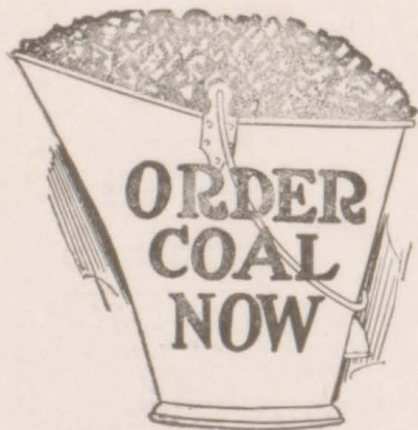
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Apr. 2. Ruth M. gets in wrestling match, no injuries outside of a bruise on her neck.

Apr. 5. Gladys Janes makes Leap Year date for dance.

Apr. 7. Warned again about those papers on your desks.

Apr. 9. Beyers loses company of two in Assembly.

Apr. 12. Lee Bader has date with Flora Sumner.

Apr. 13. Flora Sumner, Gee, I had a love-Lee time.

Apr. 15. Florence Peter's expresses her desire for a little man. Man, poor man!

Apr. 16. Stoner states that there is a firm in Chicago that makes Marconi.

Apr. 19. Morgan's still is kidnapped. Why worry?

Apr. 20. Peters returned from Sioux City. Says she nearly got married. What a shame.

Apr. 21. Metcalf leaves for Sioux City, but Mama goes along.

Shriner: "Will you have something to drink?"

Ted replied, "With pleasure."

The photograph was taken and Ted said, "But what about that little invitation?"

"Oh, that's just a professional ruse of mine to give a natural, interested expression to the face."

It worked fine!

Ruth M. is just like cider—so sweet until she begins to work.

Can You Feature---

Hazel's hair ruffled?

Ellwood Johnson cheerful?

"Butz" Meeter singing?

Violet Swanson a runner?

Ella without Gilbert?

Margolin quiet?

Bessie crabby?

Claus not "fussed"?

Bob Dick a physicist?

Dorothy Hodoway without admirers?

Wendell Leafstedt talkative?

Zita without her lessons?

Iva clumsy?

Perfect order in the assembly?

Marie tactful?

Mildred Dick thin?

Stoner without a question?

Mae unoccupied?

Ole Ofstad a model student?

Miss Thompson scolding?

Everyone subscribing to the H. H. S.?

John Dalton on time?

The Freshmen not being green?

Joe Dalton at school one whole week?

The Sophomores not thinking they know everything?

Iva and Ruth M. "embracing" each other?

The office without Harold in it?

The Juniors not thinking they are "It"?

Florence Peters without an "affair"?

"Hidy" "out of luck"?

Proctor Maynard patronizing "Lovers' Lane"?

The Seniors being dignified?

Earl Oakes with a girl?

Summy grown up?

Ted over-worked?

Crissie with a man?

Newell D. and Lillie McDonald on the Sioux at midnight?

Wouldn't It Look Funny To See---

Hidy's hair lay down?
Hof's cheeks pale?
Met not blushing?
Mae Arlander with black hair?
Marie Brest with Joe Dalton?
Brownie not "winking" at someone?
Mick studying?
"Ching" walking without strutting?
Joe Dalton smiling?
Gert S. without lecturing against fussing?
Pete keep something?
Ted Handy look at a H. H. S. girl?
Harold Plank without asking for dates?
(200 had H. S. P.)
Helen Roland and John Dalton spooning?
Flora Jane without her pale "Ike."
Frances French not looking towards Frankie?
Iva Brown with Slats Oakes?
Mae Arlander with Frank Margolin?
(Look out, he's some fusser, Mae).
Myrtle Lillie grown up?
James Searles without some school supplies "stored away"?
In closing I must say wouldn't it look funny to see Wendell Sumner editor of the Squashville Toot?

A Little Geometry.

All Freshmen are green,
Brown is a Freshman,
∴ Brown is Green.

The Modern Bride.

The old fashioned woman who promised to love, honor and obey her husband now has a grand-daughter who asks where they got that stuff.

Helpless.

"Why, Harold," exclaimed Mrs. Plank, "how is this? Your report card gives you only 62 in French and last month you had 97?"

"'Tain't my fault," said Harold. "Teacher moved Earl over to the other end of the room when we had exams."

Mrs. Meeter (in Eng. IV). Class was reading "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

Mrs. Meeter: "What is meant by the 'he' in that last sentence?"

Lavon Mc.: "Silas Marner."

The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find.

A whole new editorial staff

Can't tickle every mind.

So if you meet some ancient joke,

Decked out in modern guise,

Don't frown and call the thing a fake,

Just laugh—don't be too wise.

When Florence Peters was a little girl her teacher asked her where the diamond, the purest form of carbon, was found.

Florence looked up knowingly and said, "On the third finger of the left hand."

Miss Wier: "When Washington was your age he was a surveyor."

Meeter: "When he was your age he was President."



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The Pick of the Photo Plays

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See Hand Bills for

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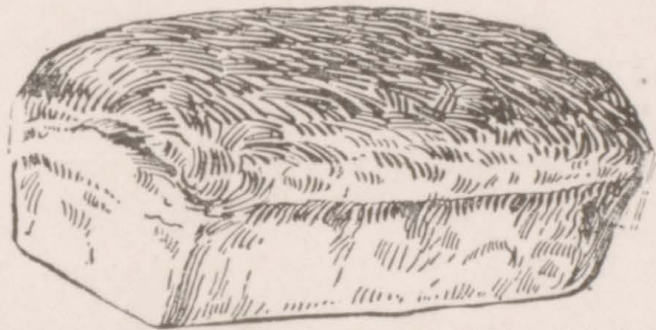
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Having secured room at the Rummel & Anderson blacksmith shop I am prepared to do all kinds of Auto Repair Work.

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Invites you to call at his shop when you want a first class shave, hair cut, shampoo, massage etc.

Bernard McManaman

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WHAT IS CHIROPRACTIC?

The following is taken from a statement over the signature of Richard C. Cabot, M. D., of Boston, Mass., recognized by the medical fraternity as one of the greatest diagnosticians in the world: "Out of some four hundred diseases, seven are curable by drugs, while five may be prevented by inoculation. The limitations of the use of drugs and the limitations of the doctor himself, ought to be a matter of public knowledge." With such a frank admission from a recognized authority in the medical profession is it any wonder that the public is rapidly taking up some form of drugless method in their request for health?

The foremost drugless method in the United States today is that of Chiropractic. Not only are there more Chiropractors in business, but the largest non-medical institution in the world is a Chiropractic school. There must be a reason for the strength shown by this system. That reason lies in the simple, logical and reasonable explanation upon which the science is founded, and in the percentage of results obtained, which far surpass those of any other method.

There is a vital, God-given quality in every person which makes him act, breathe, think and live. It is called Innate (meaning inborn) Intelligence. It is an intangible something which is carried to all parts of the body through the nerve trunks and their branches. As all the nerve trunks have their origin in the brain, then it is the logical conclusion that the center from which this life is distributed must be the brain.

It is a well known fact that if all the nerves leading to the hand were cut, the hand would be paralyzed, and try as hard as we might, we could not move it. This is also true of the heart, which is supplied by nerves and is dependant upon them for its proper function. It is also true of the stomach, of the kidneys, of the intestines, and in fact every organ in the body.

If this is true that an organ stops functioning when the nerves supplying it are cut, then it is equally true that they function improperly when the nerves supplying them are pinched. In brief, the carrying capacity of these nerves is destroyed if they are cut, while it is diminished if they are pinched.

Examination discloses the fact that there is one place, and only one, where these nerve fibers can be pinched. This is in the spine where they leave the spinal cord and make their exits through tiny openings between the bony segments. If one of these segments gets out of position, the size of the opening is decreased and as a consequence the nerves are pinched.

If the affected nerve supplies the arm, we have some form of disease expressing itself there. If, on the other hand, it is one of the nerves supplying the stomach, we have abnormal functions there. It makes no difference what organ is affected, it can be traced back to the spine and there it will be found that one of the vertebrae (small bones) found in the spine is out of position.

The Chiropractor is trained to locate the nerves which are at fault, to determine the places where they make their exit from the spine, and to adjust the displaced vertebrae back to their normal positions. As soon as this is accomplished the pressure on the nerves is relieved and health is the result, because the life current is allowed to pass freely to the diseased organs.

H. C. DeBRUIN, D.C., Ph.C. (3 Year Palmer Graduate)

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Emil Anderson, Prop.

Freshie.

F is for fright, and the Freshies all know.

R is for rush, when to classes they go.

E is for effort, their whole lives will bless.

S is for self-consciousness, which they all possess.

H is for hunger; mothers, note this.

I is for ignorance, which they think is bliss,

E is for eagerness, with which knowledge they grasp,

S is for sadness, with which they view the past.

Freshie—"What does the 'non-transferable' mean on this 'Hoodoo' ticket?"

Sophomore—"That means they won't let you in unless you go yourself."

Ruth—"Are you good in Arithmetic?"

Zita—"Yes, but I hate to subtract twelve from twelve."

Ruth—"Why?"

Zita—"Because all my efforts come to naught."

Gertrude—"Why is it Gilbert never takes you to the show any more?"

Ella—"Well, you see, one evening it rained, and we sat in the parlor."

Gertrude—"Yes?"

Ella—"Well ever since then we—Oh, I don't know—but don't you think that theaters are an awful bore?"

Thompson, in Latin II—

"There are letters of accent,

There are letters of tone,

But the best of all letters,

Is to let her alone."

FOUND—A little white cat by Ted Handy with big black spots. Strayed into the H. S. Assembly about January 20. Inquire at Handy's Cafe.

Weir, in French: "Be very careful about pronouncing the French. I know it will be hard at first as your ears are not used to seeing the words."

Horace, translating Virgil—"The deer was grazing on the sands."

FOR SALE—Bushels of Greens. By Freshman Class.

Bessie Mc in H. E.—"Where will I get the white of an egg?"

Miss Graham—"In the egg, of course."

We haven't handed the Seniors any compliments, but we are like the Father of our country, we can not tell a lie.

Miss Gullickson—"Myrtle Lillie, what do we call two words having the same meaning?"

Myrtle Lillie—"Twins."

Miss Wyant—"Esther, what is a triangle?"

Esther—"Oh! it's a thre cornered square."

Arlie Frank—"I'm trying so hard to get ahead."

Miss Weir—"Goodness knows you need one."

FOUND—A beautiful new suit. Will wear same until owner can identify.—Geo. H. Kellogg.

YOUNG FRIEND, WHAT ABOUT
THE FUTURE

??

The only way to enjoy living is to get some enjoyment out of every day as it comes.

One way in which to enjoy the days as they come is to keep in "easy circumstances."

And one way to keep in "easy circumstances" is to spend wisely.

Wisdom comes from education, training and experience and they all combined fix our habits.

Our habits, more than we realize, determine whether we shall pass through life in "easy circumstances."

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“STYLE” HEADQUARTERS FOR MEN.

The Psalm of the Freshie.

Blessed is the Freshman that walketh not in the way of the Seniors, nor standeth in the midst of the Pool Hall, nor sitteth in the seat of the Principal.

But his delight is in the law of Prof. Kellogg, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a soft ax that keepeth himself on the grindstone continually; he misses no classes, and in all his exams doth he prosper.

The flunker is not so; he idleth his time away until the late hour.

Therefore the flunkers shall not stand in the judgment of the Principal, or sit in the congregation of the studious.

Miss Thompson—"Jeanetta, what is the meaning of hospitality?"

Jeanetta—"Oh, I don't know, but it means something about a hospital."

Mr. Gullickson—"Mildred, how would a single and a married lady sign her name?"

Mildred—"Now I would sign my name (Miss) Mildred Dick. If I were married, I would sign it Mrs. Mildred——?"

Miss Gullickson—"You may use the name Jones for today."

Miss Thompson—"Trenna, what is a philosopher?"

Trenna—"A philosopher is a man who sits under a tree wiggling his toes and looks wise."

Miss Thompson—"Correct, I'll give 100 per cent on that recitation."

Beauty.

Beauty now is what you make it.

When girls doll up they try to fake it
With rosy cheeks, made up by painting,
Otherwise they look like they're fainting.
Eyes made large with a flirtish stare;
Puffed and curled and frizzled hair.

A nice full coat and a real tight skirt,
A low brimmed hat, just to hint of a flirt,
Smiles and winks and a graceful gait.
Is it any wonder that girls are late?
Now take my advice, any girl with these
styles

Is sure of some beauty and the gentlemen's smiles.

—"A SOPHOMORE."

Lee—"I don't like geometry."

Miss Wyant—"You ought to be good in geometry; your head is both plane and solid."

Bob Dick (acting as teacher)—"Ruth, which part of the body is the most sensitive to pressure?"

Ruth M.—"Why, the lips, of course."

FEMALE HELP WANTED—Steady job signing permits and admits. Call between eight and four o'clock at the Harwarden High School.

Miss Wolcott—"Robert, can you tell me what steam is?"

Robert—"Sure; it's water gone crazy with the heat."

Freshie—"Oh! Levi got a hair cut."

Levi—"Had to, or they would be collecting dog tax."

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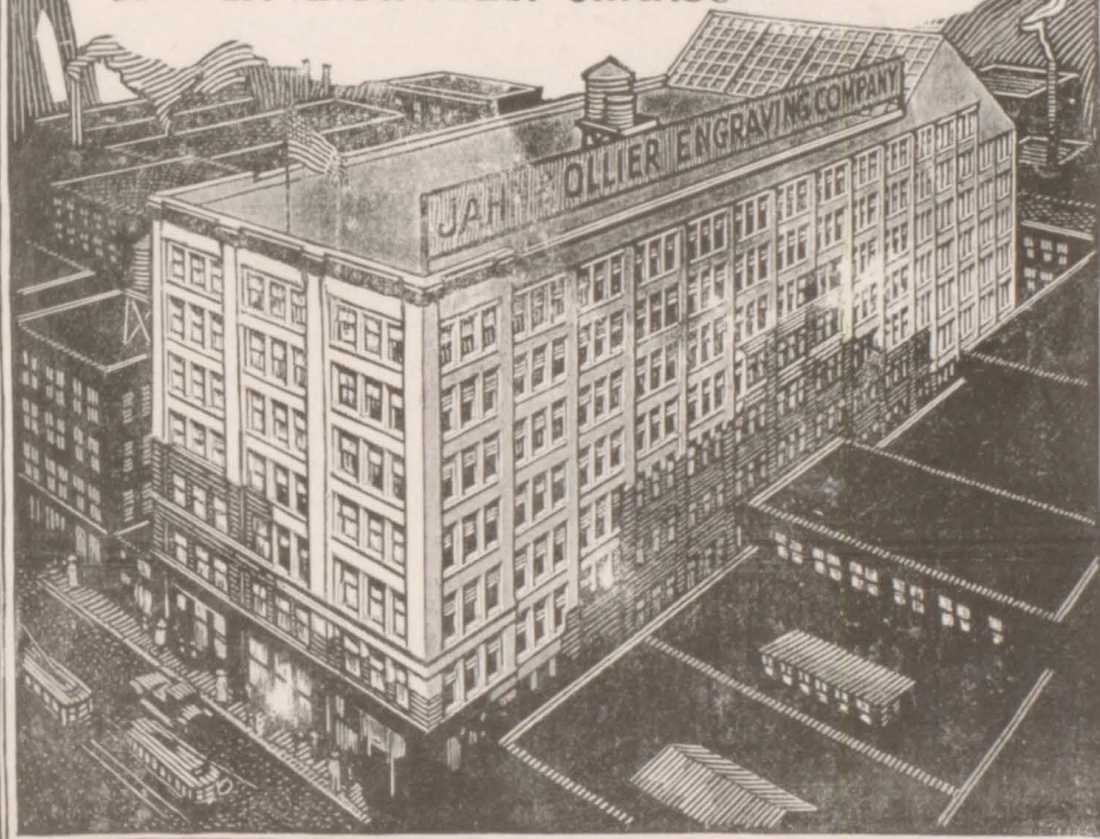
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Restitution.

Of course it has turned out that way.

I stole a kiss the other night

My conscience hurts, alack;

I think I'll go again tonight

And put the blamed thing back.

Franks giggled when Miss Wier had finished reading the story about the Roman who swam across the stream three times before breakfast.

"So you doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you, Arlie?"

"No, ma'am," answered Arlie, "but I wondered why he didn't make it four and get back to the side his clothes were on."

Miss Wyant (suffrage leader): "Marriage, my dear sisters, is a huge mistake. Believe me I would not marry the best man in the world."

Miss Wier (voice from distance): "You couldn't, for I've got him."

Gullickson: "Did Shakespeare write all his plays?"

Noble: "I don't know."

Gullickson: "How will you find out?"

Noble: "When I die I'll go to heaven and ask him."

Gullickson: "Suppose he isn't there."

Noble: "Then you ask him."

Miss Thompson: "A fool can ask more questions in a minute than a wise man can answer in an hour."

Mick: "No wonder so many of us flunked in exams."

Jim: "Say, Bob, how did you ever become such an orator?"

Bob: "Oh, I got my start addressing envelopes."

Marie: "If you were out with a fellow and he insisted upon putting his arm around you after you had taken it away several times, what would you do?"

Flora J.: "Why, I would get disgusted and leave it alone."

Father's advice to Freshman son: "Beware, my son, of the woman who pur-reth, 'I love the smell of tobacco;' and as for the woman who murmurs, 'My hands are cold,' run from her like the very devil."

"Ole" before the Vermillion game: "I don't want to kill anyone, but we have got to win that game."

"And now," said Miss Wier, "we come to that important country governed by a kaiser. Now, Proctor, what is a kaiser?"

"Well," said he, "a kaiser is a stream of hot water springing up and disturbing the earth."

Teacher: "Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause?"

Willie: "Course I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house Sunday and he paused for half an hour."

Miss Wier: "Ted, tell all you know about the Caucasian race."

Ted, coming out of his third doze: "I didn't get to go. I went to the Fireman's Ball."



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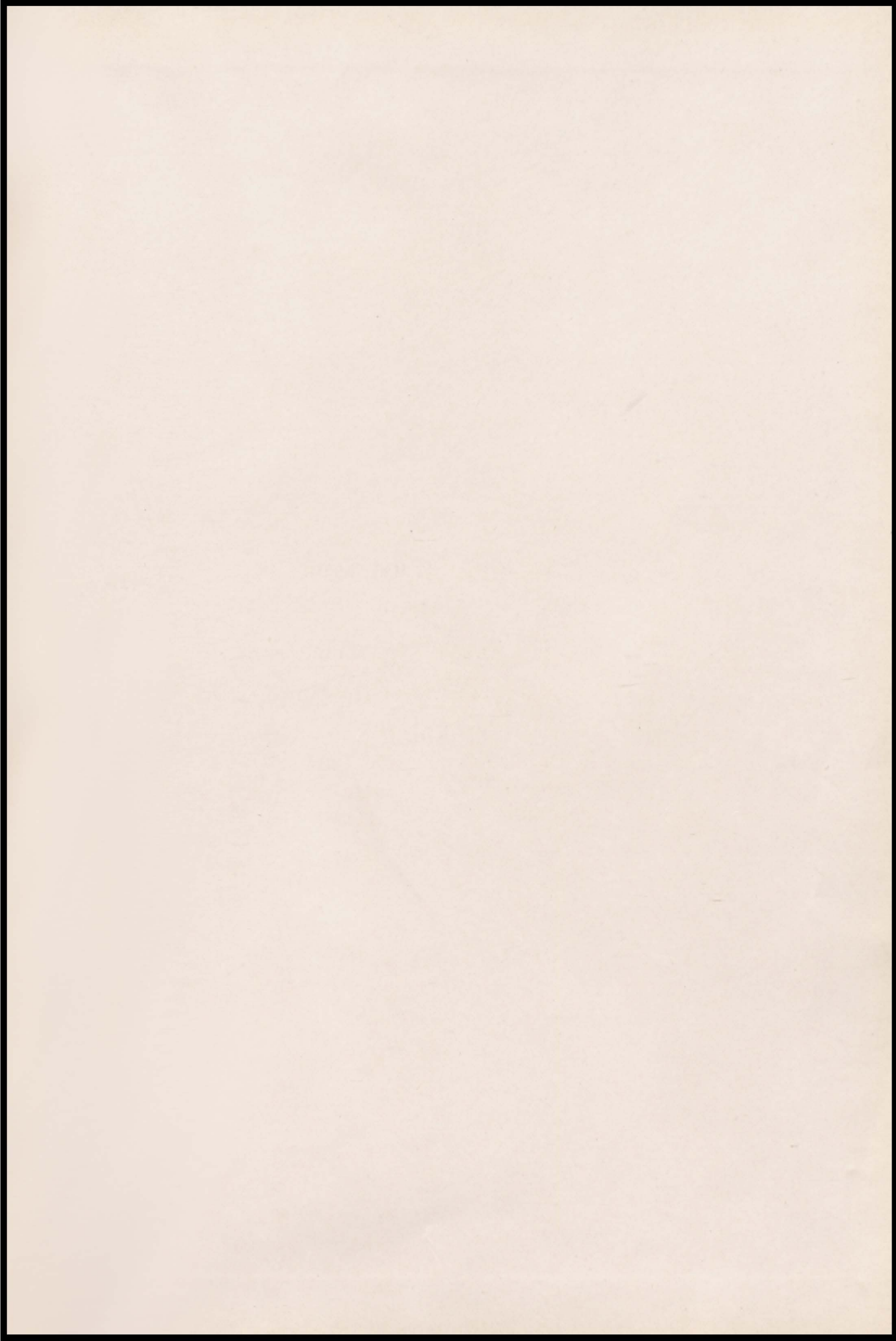
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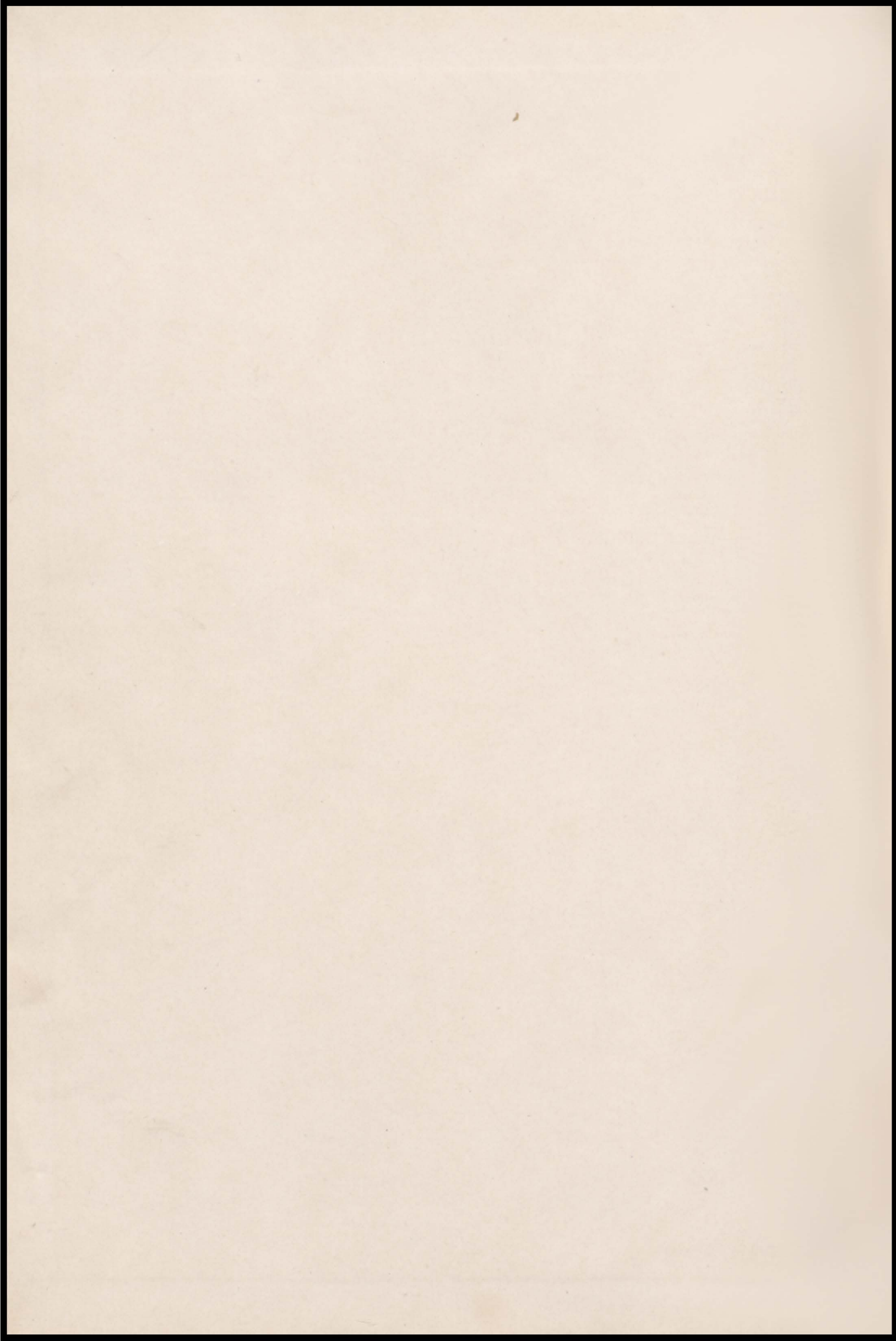
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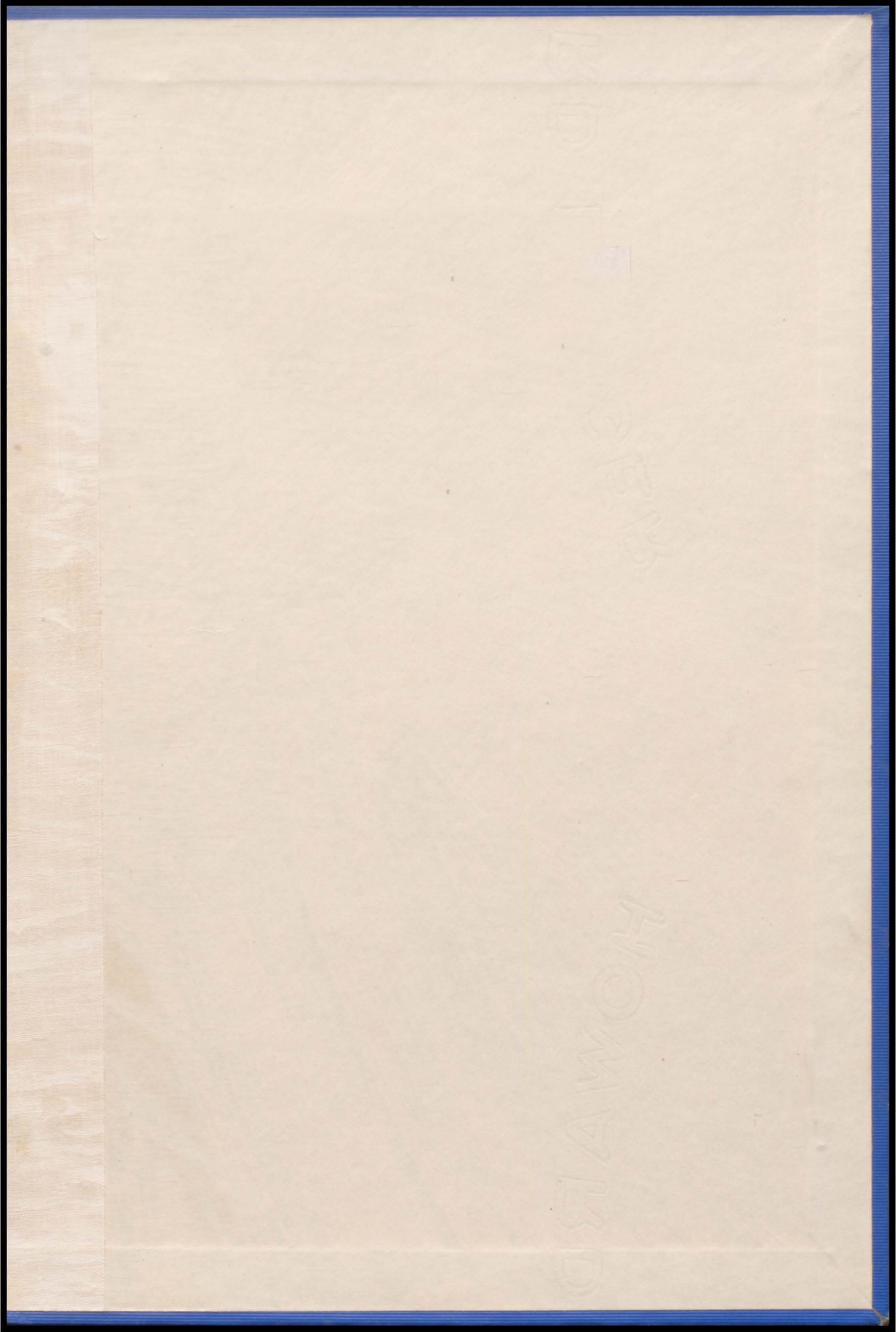
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Ending
So Must This Book;
Therefore We Bid You
Adieu.







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