

IRIS

1907



Published By

The Students Of The
Stevens Point State
Normal School 3 3

Salutation

In Greek mythology, Iris is represented as a beautiful virgin deity with golden wings, and clothed in purple raiment. She was the messenger of the gods, who conveyed divine commands to mankind. The bridge by which she descended to earth from her celestial home, was the rainbow. When man beheld its splendid colors, he rejoiced, for it was symbolic of divine favor. He loved and honored the radiant goddess, for she was ever interested in his welfare and happiness.

May the Iris of 1907, too, go forth, bearing messages of hope and love to all who now are treading the corridors of S. P. N., and to those whose footsteps echoed through its halls in the past. That everyone will accept it and cherish it as a sacred memento of our student days, our Alma Mater, and our President and Faculty, is the sincere wish of the Iris Staff.

IRIS



To Our President,
John F. Sims, Who Has
Won The Love And
Respect Of The Student
Body, This Volume Is
Dedicated.



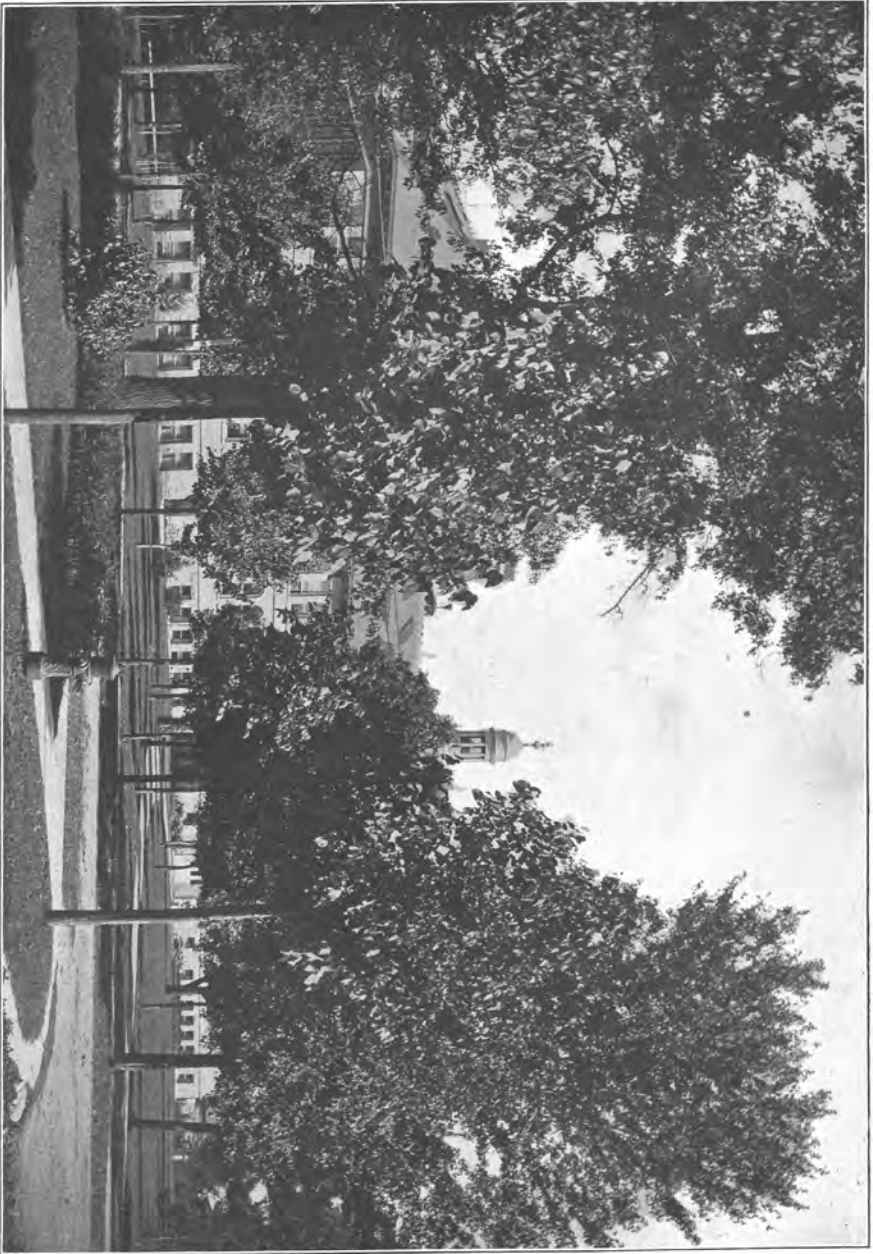
“The Purple And The Gold”



Let other Normals boast
Of victories galore,
Of laurels never lost,
Of triumphs by the score;
Let them tell you of their prowess,
Of warriors strong and hold,
But their colors ever lower
To the “Purple and the Gold.”

Our men are all victorious,
Thru every state around;
Our athletes and debaters
Are winning great renown.
Tho we're proud of all Wisconsin,
Whose fame's in story told,
Our heart's with Stevens Point Normal
And the “Purple and the Gold.”

To the banks of “Old Wisconsin,”
When these years are past and gone,
When as schoolmates we have parted,
And our lessons all are done,
We'll return and show our comrades,
We're as loyal as of old,
And cheer them on to victory,
'Neath the “Purple and the Gold.”



The School



S. Bennett, Editor-in-chief, Gordon B. Smith, Asst Editor-in-chief

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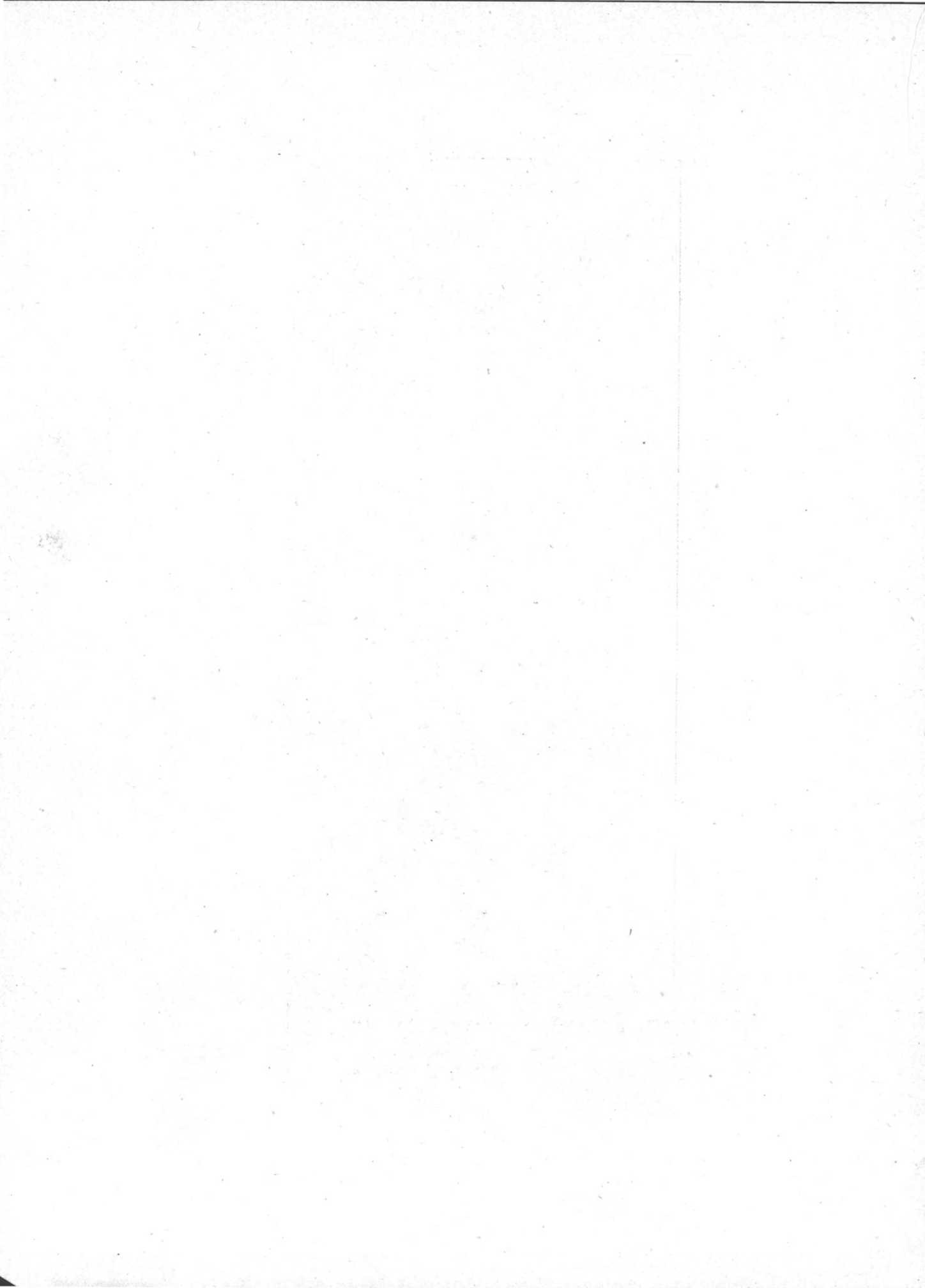
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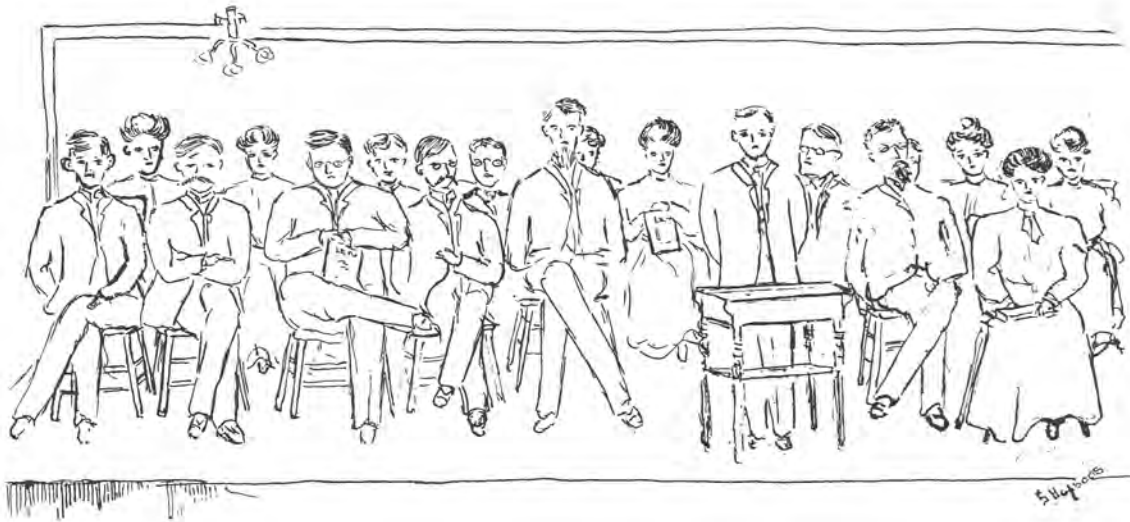
MARY DUNEGAN

* For Prof. Sanford's picture see page 120

** For Prof. Sechrist's picture see page 125







Our Faculty

AS SEEN BY THE STUDENTS

"Most potent, grave and reverend signiors,
 Our very noble and approved good masters,"
 We know your virtues are a thousand fold,
 And worthy in song and story to be told.
 But list to words of censure, words of praise,
 Give heed to students full of Wisdom's lays,
 And may you take them all with right good will.

PRESIDENT J. F. SIMS.

All honor thee, our worthy President,
 Compassionate, high-minded, noble-souled,
 Whose kindly voice and hearty laugh oft sent
 Discouraged students away consoled.
 Thy eloquence our very souls hath stirred.
 By precept and example thou has taught
 Kindness to all in deed, in thought, and word,
 Good among us thou hast ever wrought.

MISS FITZGERALD.

Always to her your plan books bring
 Neatly written, in thought profound.
 Be not discouraged if everything
 With gory fluid abounds.
 A master she at finding flaws,
 Delinquents do her patience try,
 But faithful ones meet kind applause
 And ne'er in vain for help do sigh.

PROFESSOR CULVER.

None know him but to love him,
With kindness all hearts he does win;
His tests are a terror and fright,
And cause many a sleepless night
To poor students; but all the same,
If any fail, him ne'er they blame.

MISS GRAY.

Fraulein Gray, so German students say,
Smooths difficulties from their way.
With maxims gleaned from German lore,
Builds up their character more and more.
Though fraught with ills and many nerves,
From duty's path she never swerves.

PROFESSOR COLLINS.

Mathematics is no fun,
Work and work and never done.
Props. in Al. Geom. and Trig.
Make us dig and dig and dig.
But Collins, that most witty man,
Cheers us as no other can.

PROFESSOR HYER.

Observation and reviews,
Institutes at certain dates,
Do not give him time for "blues,"
For they work him, early, late.
Manual training is his forte,
Teaching boys and girls to create
Models in wood-craft of every sort.

MISS HATHERELL.

Bugs, beetles, birds,
Snakes, spiders, flies,
Weeds, flowers, herbs,
Attract her eyes.
All Nature to her so dear,
To us she makes full clear.

PROFESSOR SANFORD.

Upon the third floor, away from the noise
Of busy working girls and boys,
Professor Sanford holds his sway,
And keeps students working thru night and day.

PROFESSOR OLSON.

In methods of teaching, an expert,
As all who know him will assert,
In presentation, most specific,
In new ideas most prolific,
In class time he is most terrific
If pupils unprepared should be
On facts concerning stars, land, or sea.

MISS JACKMAN.

Only in the Gym
Her voice doth ring
In accents clear.
She comes right near
With us to chat,
And ever hath
A kindly smile
Cares to beguile.

PROFESSOR SECHRIST.

A calm, chaste scholar of poetic mind,
Who goodness, truth and beauty in life does find,
Who teaches us in poetry to feel
A love for nature, art, and high ideal.

MISS HODGE.

So merry, light-hearted and free,
This dainty maid of high degree.
Smiles on her lips, songs in her heart,
She sheds good cheer from dawn to dark.
No wonder the D. S. all say
They love her more and more each day.
With wisdom and wiles she teaches the art
Of cooking—the way to man's heart.

MRS. BRIDGE.

Treble clef and chorus, too,
Try her patience
Earnest work and skill so true.
But that wretched chorus
One sweet comfort brings,
When in perfect harmony
It "The Pig Tail" sings.

MISS LEE.

Teaching little hands to do
Pretty things and useful, too.
Teaching little feet to go
In rhythmic step, soft and low.
Teaching little hearts to feel
Others' sorrows, others' weal.

MISS COGGESHALL.

A lady so stately and tall,
With a swish! swish! sounding thru hall,
Announces her coming ere seen.
No trifle escapes her eye so keen,
Poor practice teachers tremble oft
Before learning to know and love
One endowed with kindness from above.

PROFESSOR BACON.

For thoughts and expressions "per se,"
On "Grandpa" call in 323.
In discussing new propagand-er,
Most eloquent doth he expand-er.
At receptions and spreads, we mark,
He's ever ready for a good lark.

MISS PEAKE.

Modest and meek,
She scarce doth speak.
With love bedight
And room so bright,
Our hearts she wins,
And pleasure brings.

PROFESSOR TALBERT.

"Tally" thinks it is a sin
Smiles from pretty girls to win,
Works them hard in garden-making,
Planting, weeding, also raking.
Lean of frame and large of heart,
Well in school he acts his part

MISS GRADY.

She twirls the string of golden beads
That round her neck is hung,
As Irish jokes and anecdotes
Fall glibly from her tongue.
In teaching painting, drawing, art,
Didactics ever form a part.

MISS GILFILLAN.

Sweet, serene and gentle—some scarce know her name,
Students of Latin and German proclaim
She, translating makes easy, constructions the same.
Lovingly, silently working, her one desire
To make others happier, better, higher.

MISS COMSTOCK.

Pleasant and sweet, with eyes so brown,
A smile from her smooths out a frown.
Full of consideration mild,
For every practice teacher and child.

PROFESSOR SPINDLER.

Fond of theses, outlines and exams
Is this jolly good-natured man.
Reading lists, from him, of endless length,
Call on us for courage, moral strength.
Versed in ethics, logic, deep and sound,
Knotty problems do not him confound.
Ladies' hearts cares he not to win,
Care-free, jolly, good-natured "Spin."

MISS DUNEGAN.

"Cleanliness to godliness is next,"
This forever is her text.
Marks, and more than ordinary wear,
Cause her worry toil and care.
If in her good grace you wish to be,
Books keep clean, or pay the fee.

PROFESSOR KNOTT.

One sits among them who but recently came,
To make him a mark in our great Hall of Fame.
The etymology of ev'ry word he knows,
He, pleading for reform in "spellin," ardent grows.

MISS KAP3.

We love her pleasing disposition,
Her dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes,
"You'll see a wonderful transition
When once my Dutch is up," she cries.
To us it seems her passing ire
But makes opinions of her higher.

MISS SAWYER.

In the library rules a maid,
More than willing to lend her aid
In the seeking of facts obscure:
Who insists with an air demure,
That no whispering she will endure.
Her brown eyes, that e'er beam with fun,
Show the wit that from her may come,
When her toil for the day is done.

MISS THOMPSON.

Every morning just 'fore eight,
Yellow slips she signs first rate
Bearing some excuse, you know,
That, forsooth, would stand no show
In the eyes of J. F. S.
Students all, we must confess,
Hope she'll not from this digress.

A TOAST



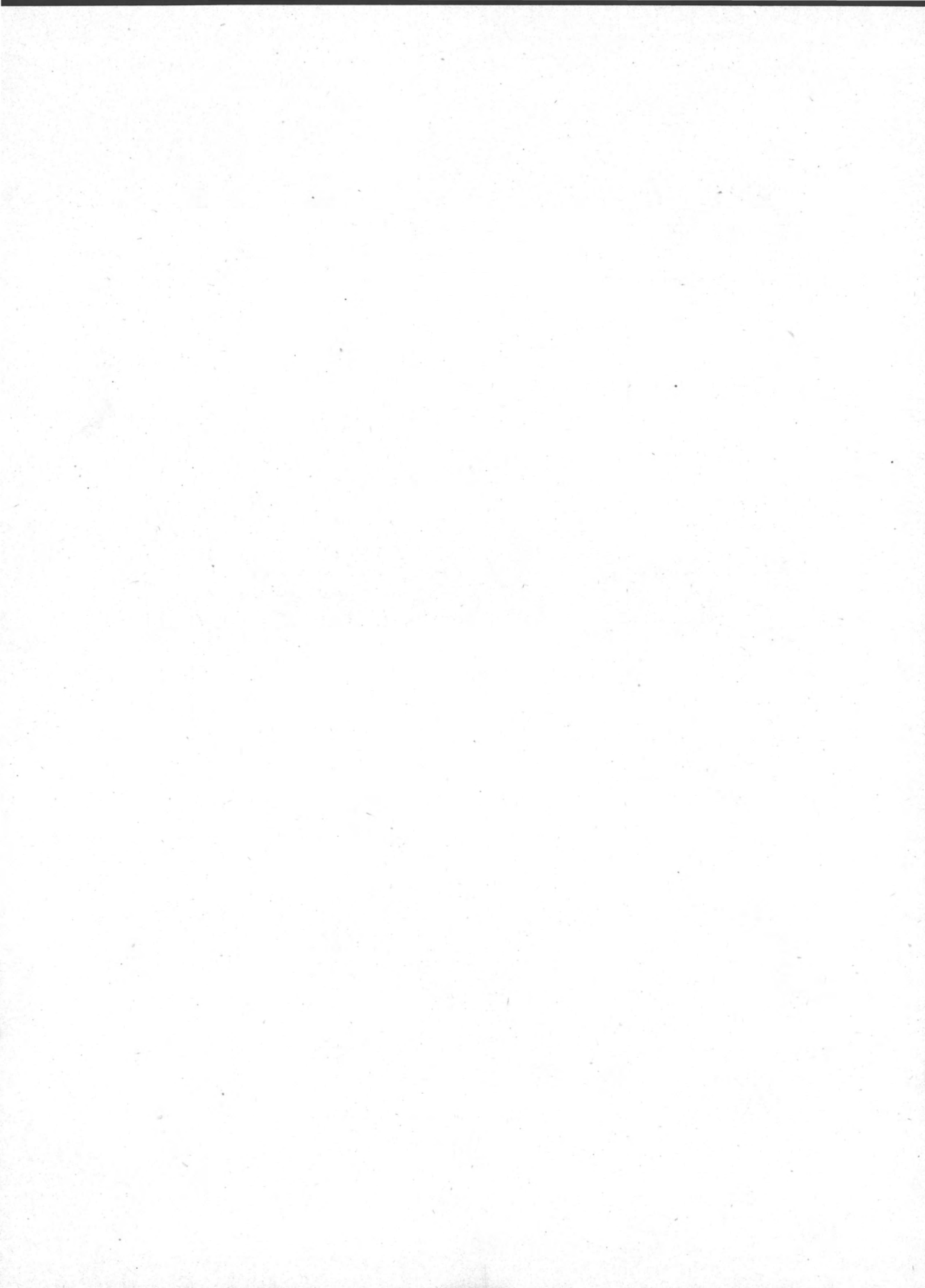
Here's to the ladies of our faculty!
They always get us out of scrapes;
They keep our secrets;
And make our lives a continual round
of joy.
May their paths be strewn with roses
And their beauty never fade!

"The Boys."

LIBROOKS
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LEEDS-







Duncan H. Reid.

Montello.

English Scientific.
Editor of Pointer.
Junior Debater, '06.
Captain of Football team, '05.
Athenaeum President, '07.
"I call at 902."

Margaret Slickow.

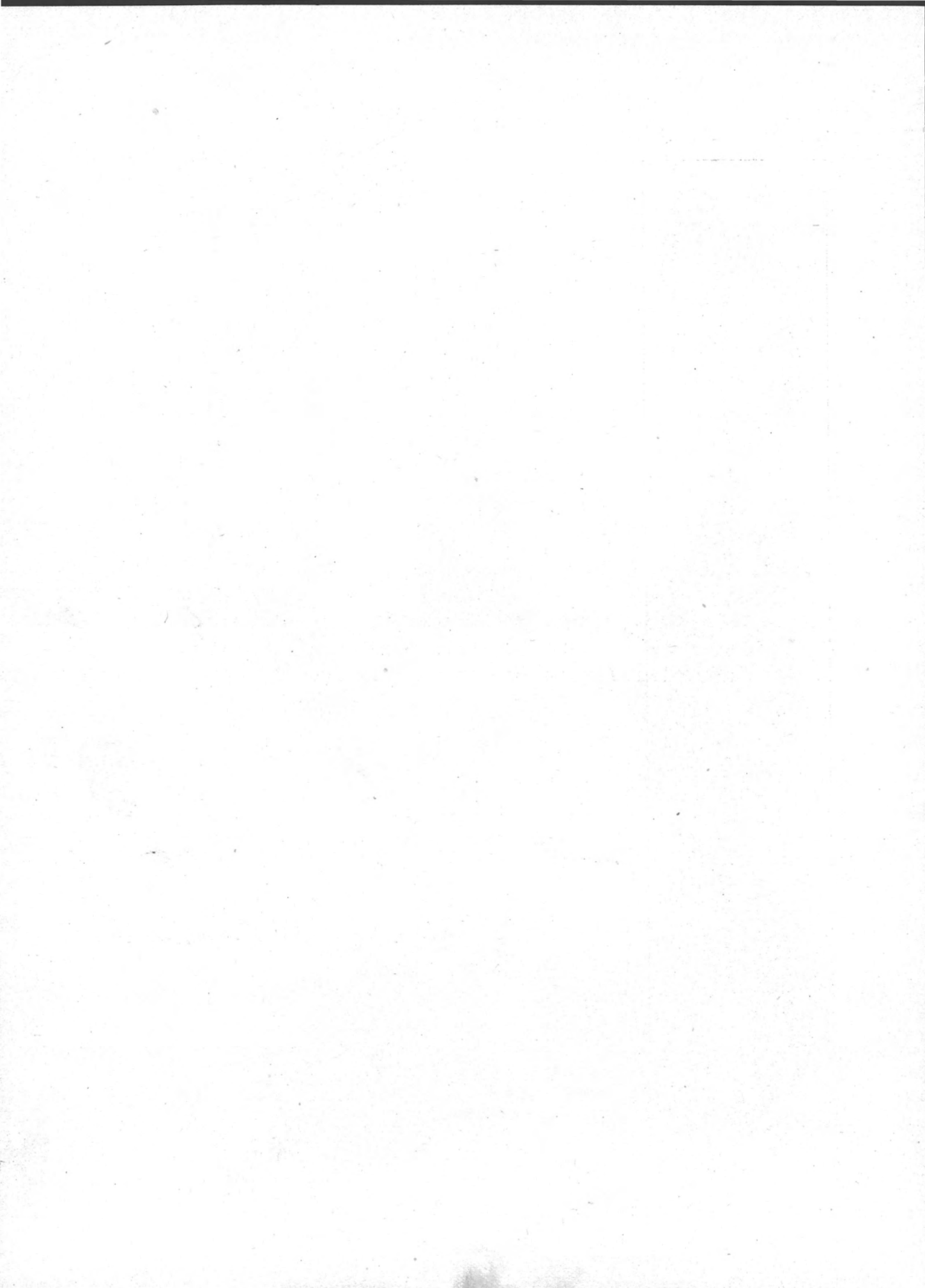
Westfield.

German Course.
English Scientific.
"I love the Dutch."

Laura Diefenderfer.

Menomonie.

English Scientific Course.
Member of Arena and Y. W. C. A.
"My only aim is a good standing."





Elizabeth E Yates.

Packwaukee.

English Scientific Course.
"I live for 'him' alone."

Harriet M Smith .

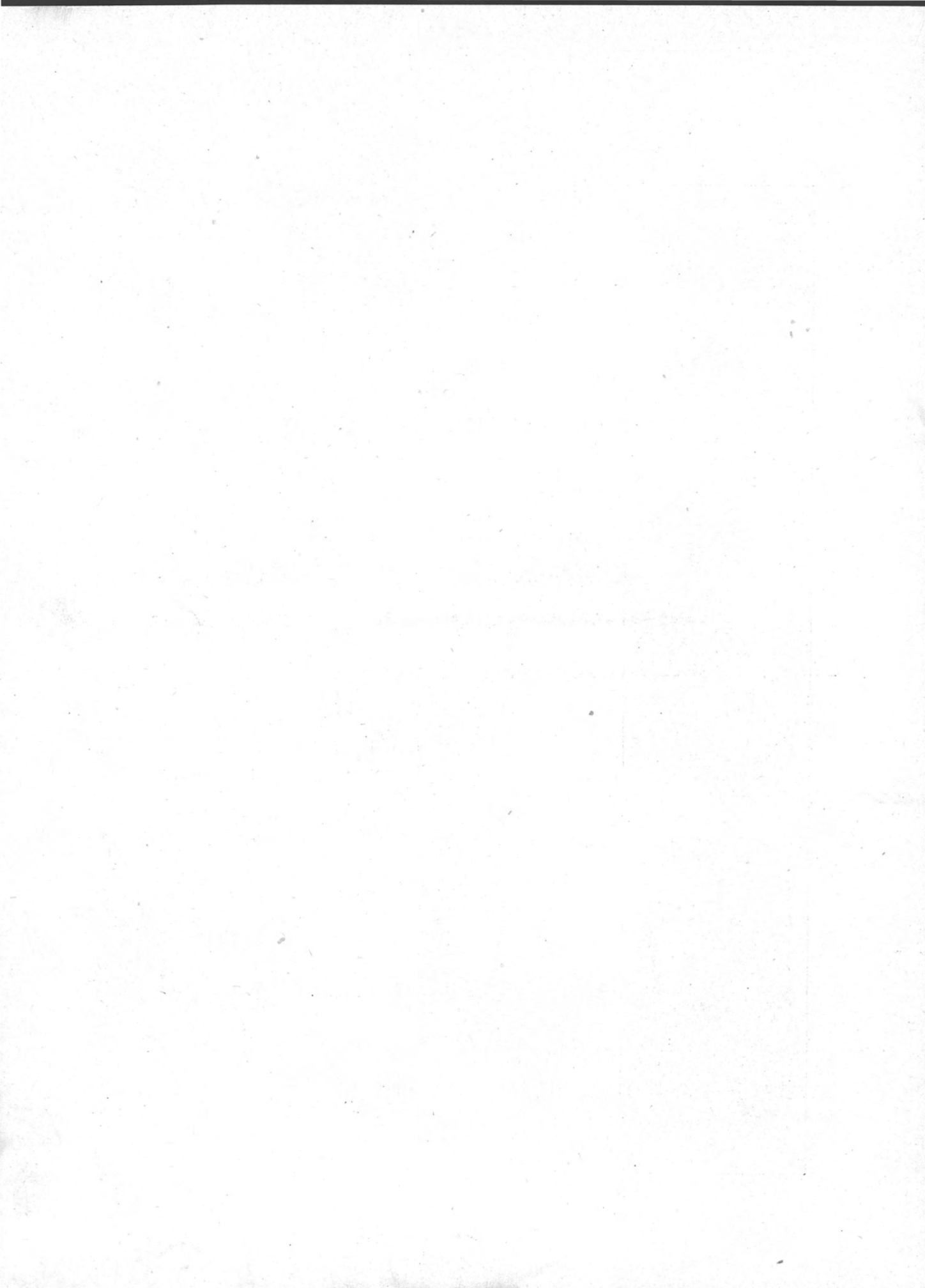
Alma Center.

English Scientific Course.
Member of Y. W. C. A. and Ohiyesa.
"I am here for work."

Katharine Mc Namara .

New Richmond.

English Scientific Course.
"Quiet but full of fun."





Russ Jones.

Columbus.

English Scientific.
Senior class editor of Iris.
Member of Athenaeum.
"She has gone—I am lonesome."

Winifred Stinchfield.

Waupaca.

English Scientific.
Member of Iris Art Committee. Member of
Ohiyesa.—"A teacher of art."

L. Blanche Mears.

Stevens Point.

English Scientific.
President of Ohiyesa.
"Less work more play."



J. Marion Risk.

Friendship.

English Scientific.
President Oratorical Association.
President Athenaeum.
Athenaeum—Forum Debate.
President Choral Club.
"To have and to hold."

Hanna Brunstad.

Chippewa Falls.

Domestic Science.
President of Arena.
Vice-President Senior Class.
Arena Declaimer.
Member of Wit and Humor Committee—Iris
'07.
Local Editor of Pointer, '06-7.
"Here's to the Scotch!"

Isabel F. Leonard,

Stevens Point.

Latin Course.
Member of the Ohiyesa.
"I am grown up! See!"





Leslie D Bennett.

Stevens Point.

English Scientific.
President of Press Association.
Editor-in-Chief of Iris, '07.
Captain of Basketball team, '06.
Athenaeum Declaimer.
Manager of Track Athletics, '07.
"I do my best in doing others."

Adelaide Hansen.

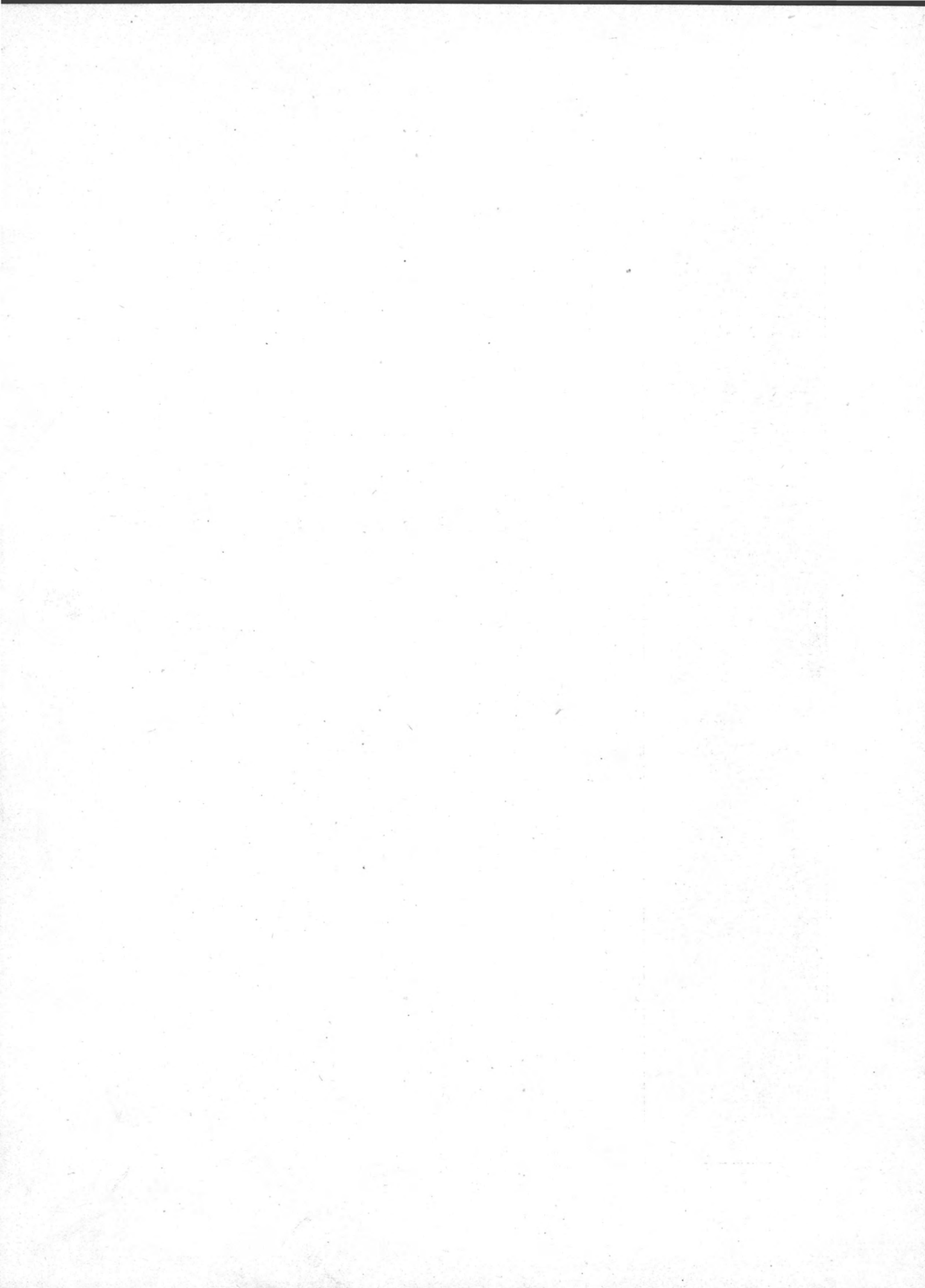
Marshfield.

English Scientific.
President of Ohiyesa.
Vice-President of Ohiyesa.
"I wish I were larger."

Jessie M. Burk.

Robertsdale, Ala.

Domestic Science.
"I love but one."





Lillian Massey.

Green Bay

Domestic Science.
Member of the Ohiyesa.
"I care for no man."

Mabelle Rowland.

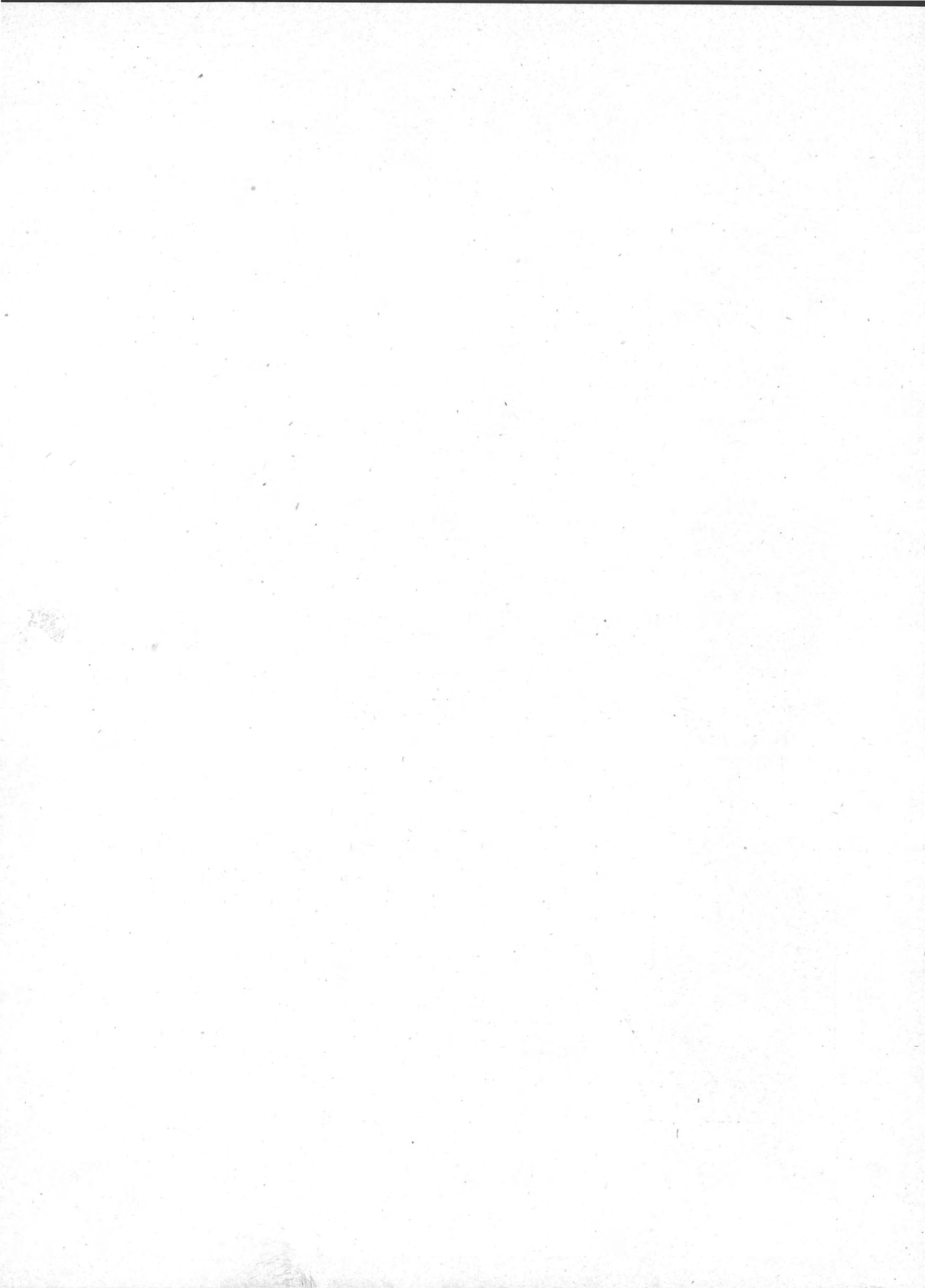
Grand Rapids.

Domestic Science Course.
Member of Ohiyesa.
"I enjoy Spin's classes."

S. Mabel Laing.

Westfield.

German Course.
Member of the Ohiyesa.
"Quiet and sedate."





Pearl Salter.
Prentice.

English Scientific.
Member of the Ohiyesa.
"I never get fresh."

Myrtle Rowland.
Grand Rapids.

Latin Course.
Member of Ohiyesa.
"A clever student."

Florence Whitney.
Stevens Point

English Scientific.
"Peace, be still."



Maudie M. Nicol.

Sparta.

English Scientific Course.
Member of Iris Staff.
Member of Pointer Staff.
Member of Arena.

"I am only a bad five cent piece."

Hazel C. Martin.

Stevens Point

German, Latin, Domestic Science Course.
Member of Arena.

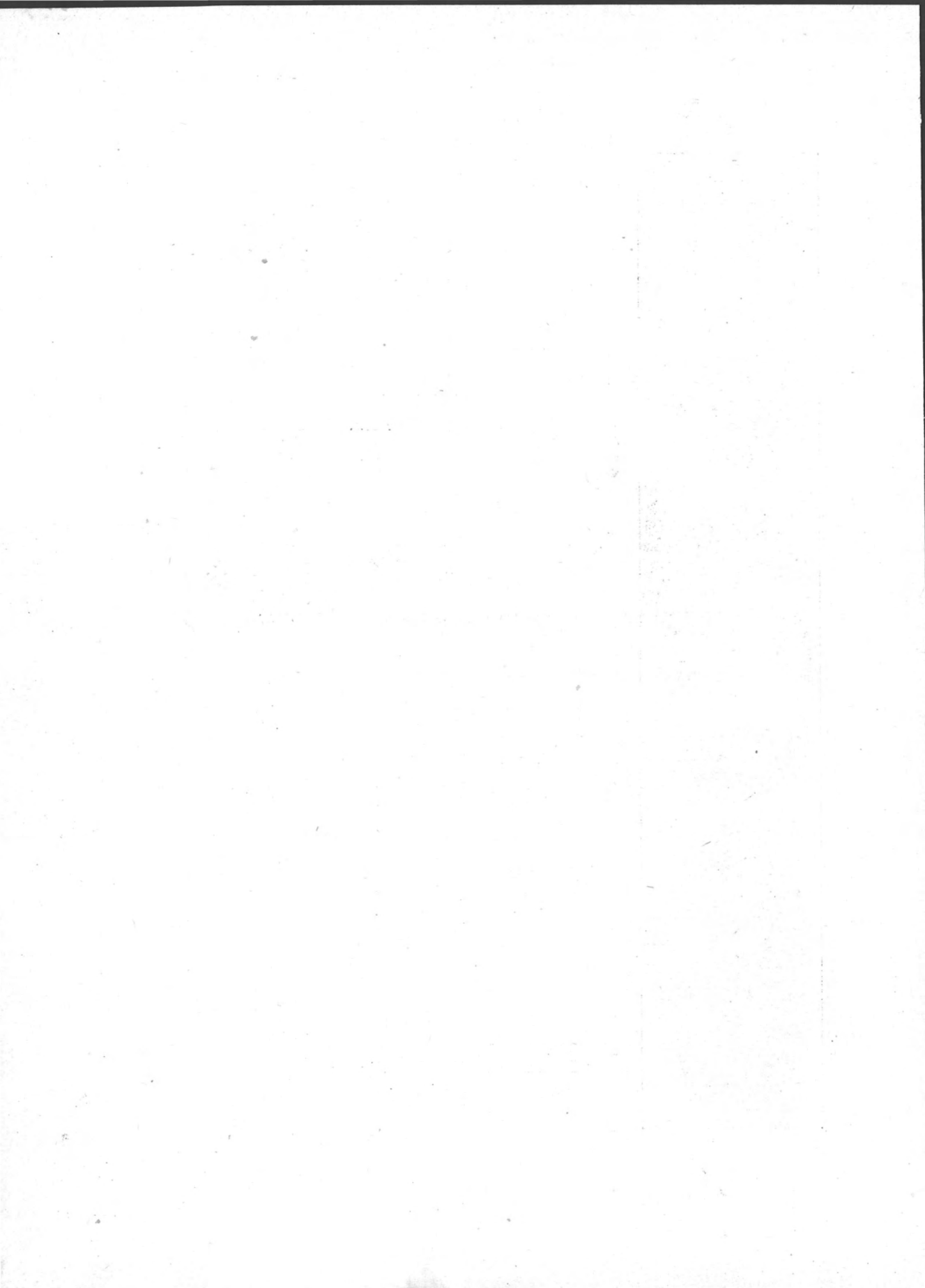
"Anybody will do."

Alice Jakeman

Westfield.

English Scientific.

"I shall always be single."





Geo. B. Everson.

Stevens Point.

English Scientific.
Ass't. Basketball Manager, 1905 and 1906.
Basketball Manager, 1907.
Track Manager, 1906.
President of Athenaeum.
Athenaeum Debater, 1907.
"I don't like the faculty."

Clara M. Moeschler.

Stevens Point.

English Scientific.
High School German.
President of Arena.
Local Editor of Pointer.
Literary Editor of Iris.
"Always busy."

Ethol C. Smith.

Alma Center.

English Scientific Course.
Member of the Ohiyesa.
Member of Y. W. C. A.
"I enjoy Geography Work."



Elizabeth Seibel.

Calumet, Michigan.

German Course.
Ohiyesa member.
"A lady in every respect."

Verlie A. Freeman.

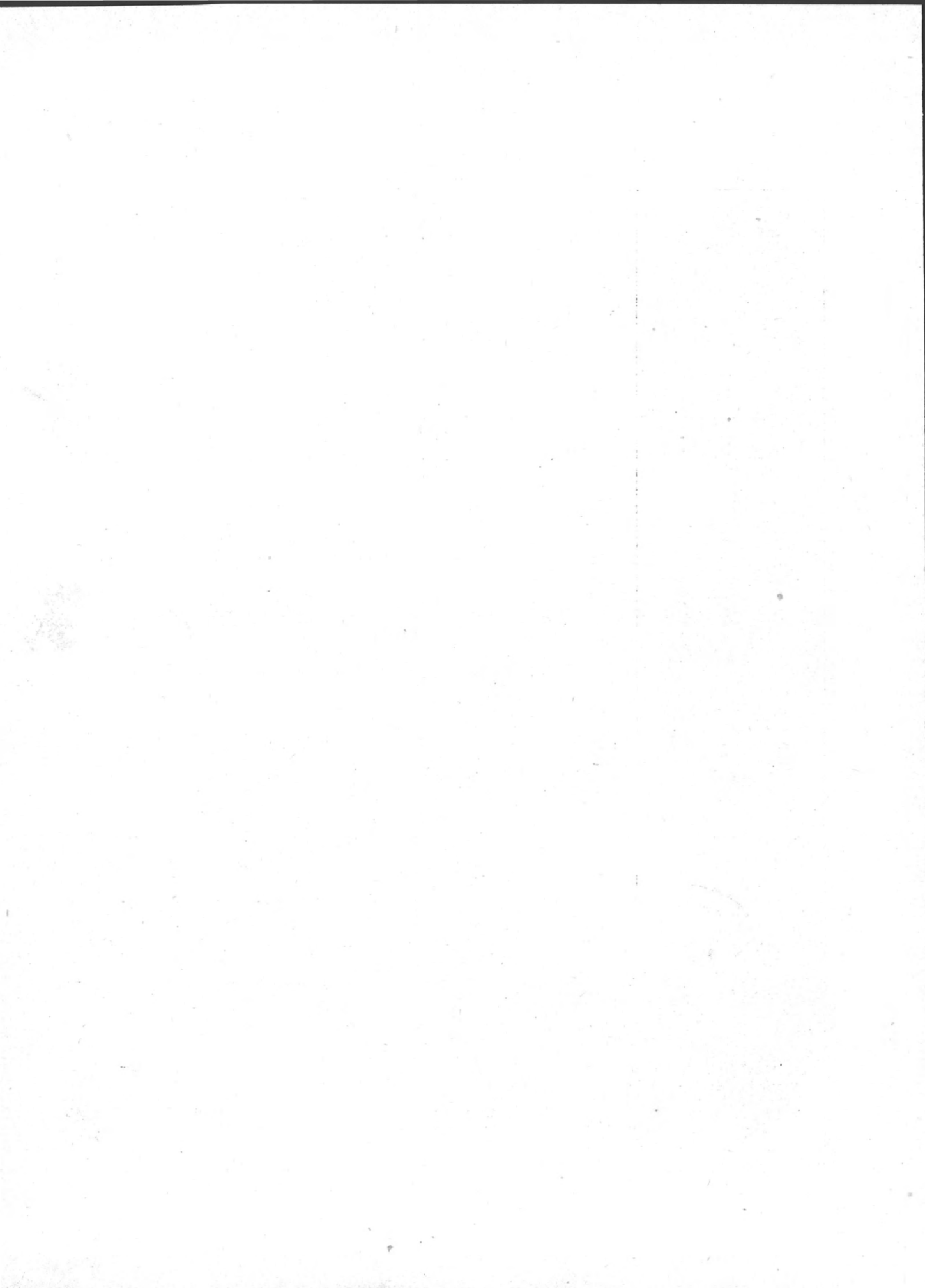
Merrill.

German Course.
Member of Ohiyesa.
"The boys are afraid of me."

Julia King

Bangor.

English Scientific.
Member of Ohiyesa.
"I always get the worst of it."





Hora M. Huber.
Alma.

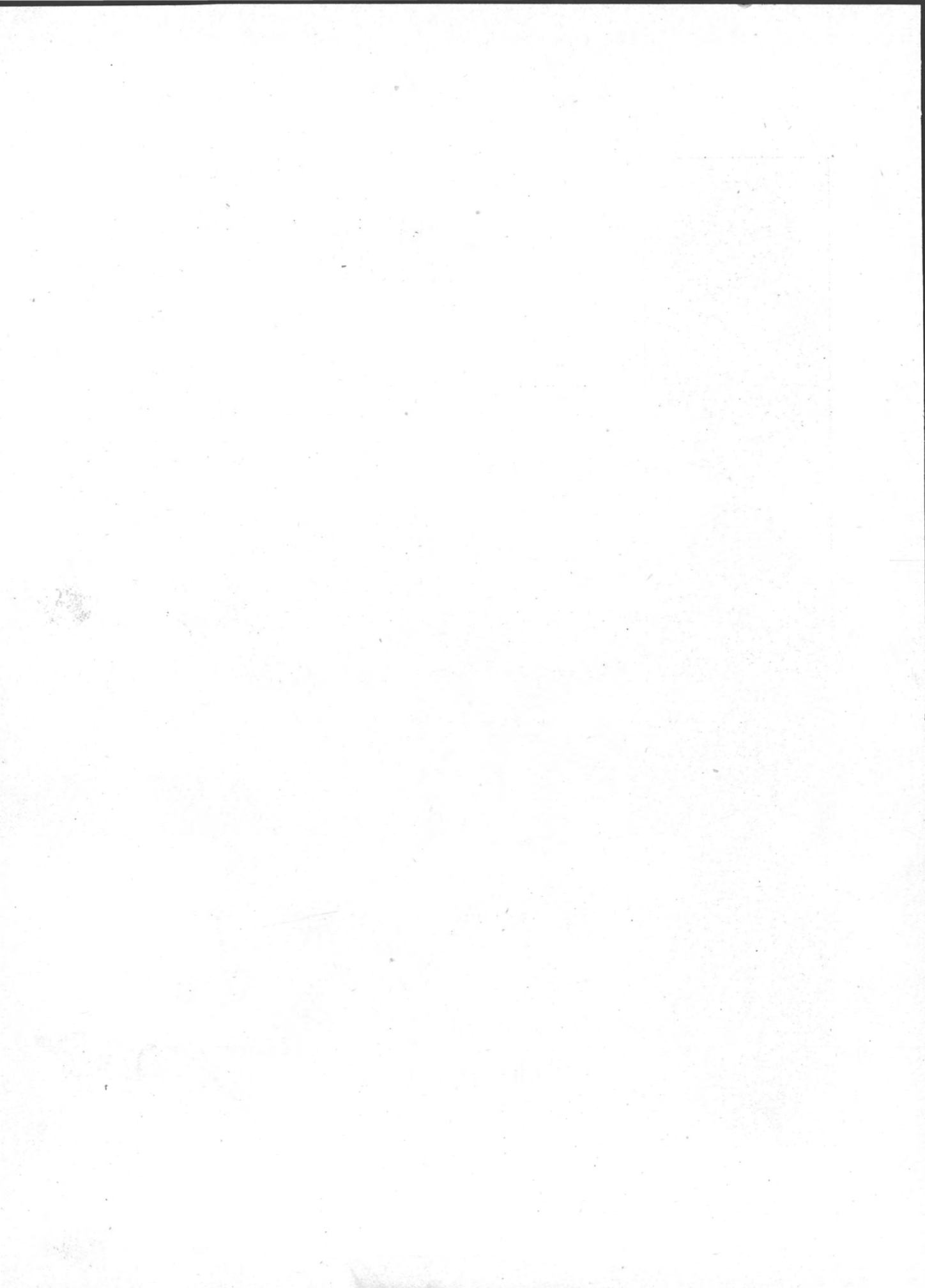
English Scientific Course.
"One of the Twins."

Hilda Wusschee
Alma.

German Course.
Editor of "Jolly Columns" of Pointer.
"Nothing is too easy for me."

Viola Pelunek.
Alma.

English Scientific Course.
"Spindler says I migrate."





Hal R. Martin.

Stevens Point.

English Scientific
School Debater, 1905-6.
School Orator, 1906-7.
Forum Debater, 1904-5.
Forum President.
School Declaimer.

"I am happy only when with the girls."

Emma F. Linse.

Modena

Latin Course.
President of Arena.
Literary Editor of Iris.
Treasurer of Oratorical Association.
Treasurer of Tennis Association, '07.

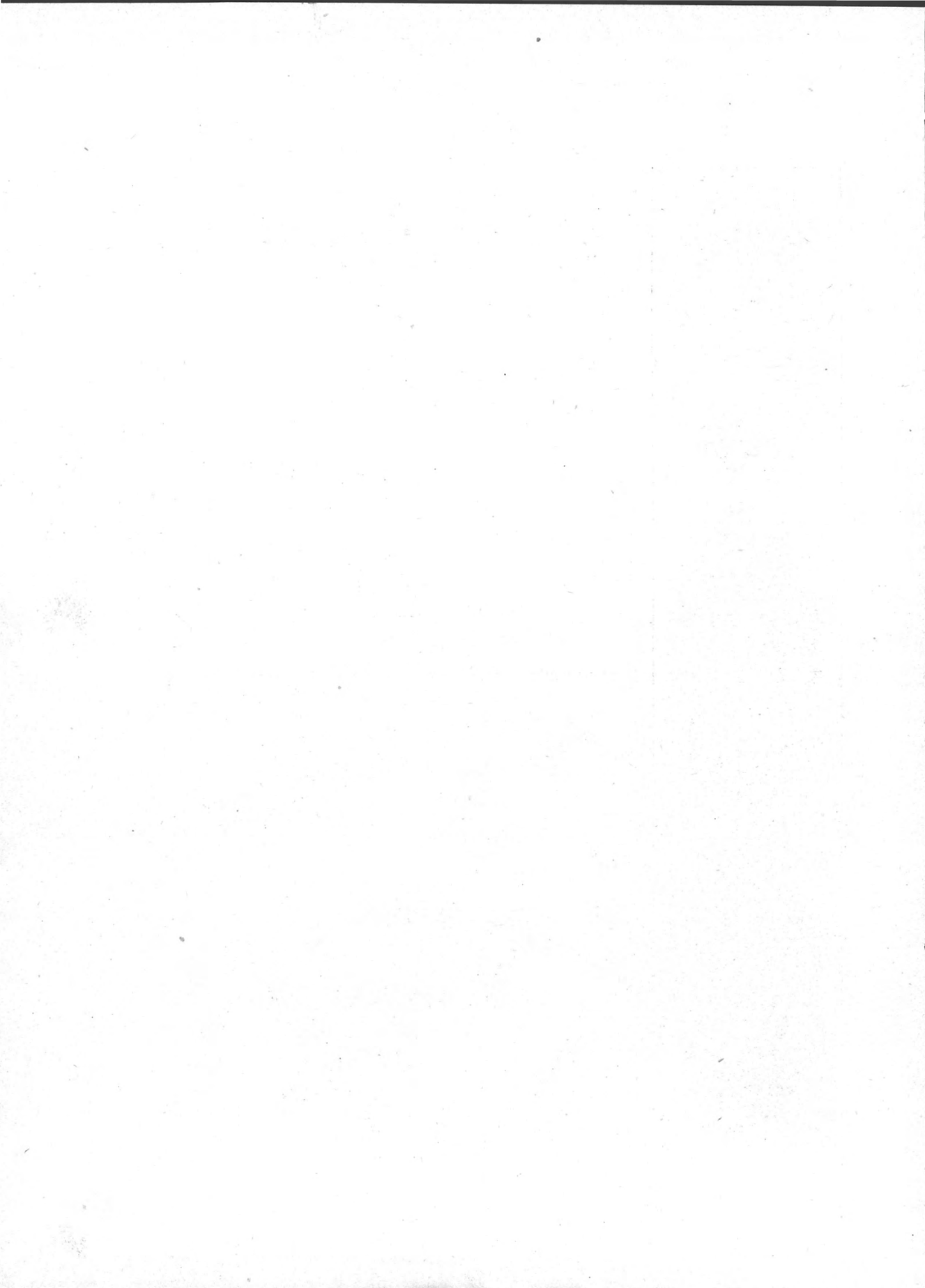
"Can a woman be Treasurer of the
U. S.?"

Almina Wise.

Viroqua.

English Scientific.
Editor of Training Department for Iris.

"I love to recite to Spindler."





Catherine McMulkin.

Stevens Point.

Domestic Science.
Member of the Ohiyesa.
"I jolly them all."

Ferris M. Love.

Grand Rapids.

German Course.
Member of Senior Basketball team.
Member of Tennis Association.
"I gaze toward the Hill(s)."

Ella Meloney.

Bloomer.

English Scientific.
Member of Arena.
"My blushes win them all."



Oliver R. Weinandy.

Cochrane.

English Scientific Course.
President Forum.
Forum debater.
Junior debater.

"I love all that love me."

Julia Katz

Bangor.

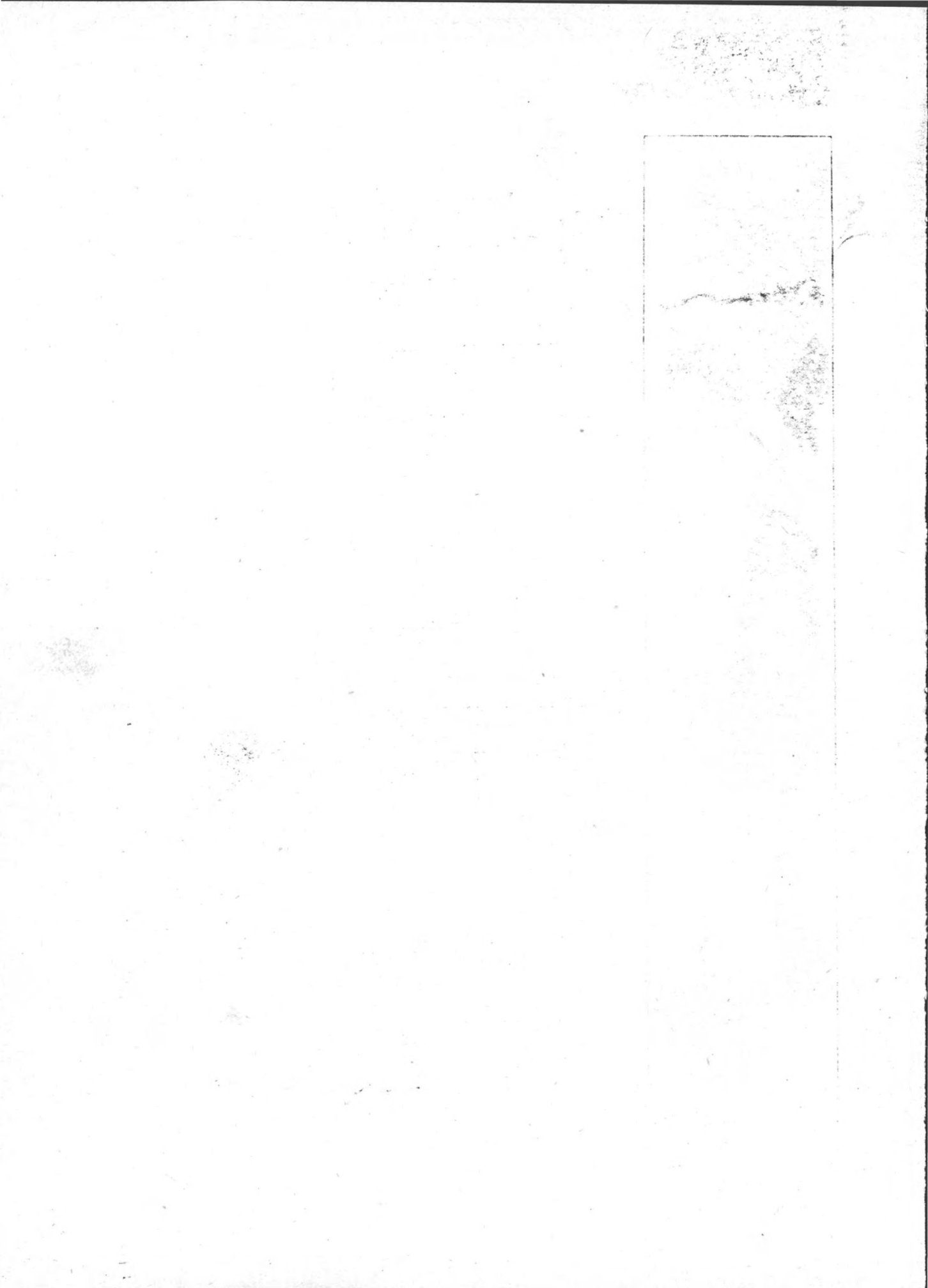
English Scientific Course.
Member of Ohiyesa.

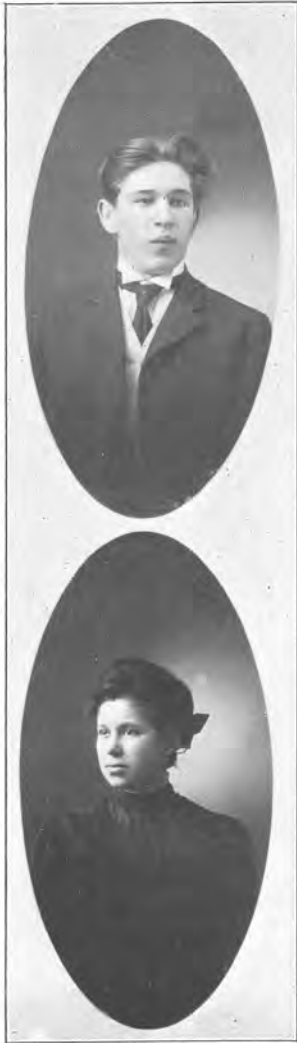
"My aim is to reduce my flesh."

Edna Kruger.

Grand Rapids.

English Scientific.
Member of the Ohiyesa.
"My Charlie and I."





Edmund Krienke

Stevens Point.

English Scientific.
Member of the Forum Society.
"No girl is good enough for me."

Maurien Schveppe.

Medford.

Domestic Science.
Ohiyesa member.
Senior Basketball team.
"I must get someone."



The Senior Review

If in search of a sport or a little hot air,
Why call on our Leslie, he lives on "The Square."
He says he's a baker,—but all of you know
His father will have to furnish the dough.

You've all heard of Hannah, she jollies they say—
But no more with Duncan—or not since the day
That he met "The Portage."—It made her head
whirl
When she found that her Duncan had got a new girl.

There's a girl in the class they call Jessie Burke,
When it comes to exams, she knows how to shirk,
For now she's engaged to dear Jimmie B
She smiles all the time and talks about "he."

An' there's Margaret Dickow—she wears those
white combs
At school and at church, or wherever she roams.
Her looks seem to say, "Oh! you don't know
much!"

And she can talk German to beat all the Dutch.

If you want a scrap, with a scrapper to be,
Why put on your hat and find Hilda D.
If you'd see a whole circus and only pay half,
Why, call on our "Stiffy," and get him to laugh.

Now Verlie's, the girl so quiet and pretty,
And Miss Addie H. will live in the city,
At least all the girls claim that they know
Way down in Chicago she's found her a beau.

An' there's Julia Hatz, according to size
The one who gets her will draw a great prize,
By what we have heard, he'd better beware—
There's always a temper attached to red hair.

And Miss Dora H. can't take her exam
For she's on the lookout to find a mail man.
And there's Alice Jakeman, she's always at home
Working hard at her lessons—letting mankind
alone.

And what of Reese Jones, you all know so well?
His heart beats for Normal, if you leave off the "1"
And Miss Julia King is in love too, you bet,
For an awful long time she has been "Tally's"
pet.

And poor Otto K. has no girl of his own,
Intends all his life to travel alone;
But yet Edna Krueger is apt to see fit
To get after Otto and bluff him a bit.

And Miss Mabel Laing, serene and sedate—
Oh where on this earth can she find a mate?
She can ask "Isie" Leonard how she got her ring,
(They say she has Osterbrink on the string.)

And there is our Fern, (her other name's Love.)
But she hopes to change it, the sweet little dove.
She'll beckon to Lawrence—for she has a will—
And say "let us hie to our house on the hill."

So smiling, so friendly, so meek and so—well,
I don't need to say I mean Emma L.
Indifferent, despondent and hatred for men,
I don't need to say, I mean Lillie M.

Who is it that says, "nice girl after all,"
Is pretty big headed and not very tall?
Who thinks all the girls would call him their
"pal"

If they had their wish,—You know I mean Hal.

Who is it that blushes so much, (I declare
At times she's as red as Laura D.'s hair)
Who's kind and obliging and ready to please?
You can't guess her name? Why it is Louise!

And don't you know Kathryn, so fond of her books,
And noted at Jaunch's for having good looks?
And do you know Blanche? She knows all the
boys,
And she is the "Means" that makes all the noise.

And Ella Maloney so timid and shy,
She's always in luck—I can't tell you why.
And Moeschler's a girl you'll find hard to reach
If you try to outwind her in any stump speech.

And there is Maude Nicol, she indicates money,
The way she got left was dreadfully funny.
She loved a young barber she thought she would
wed,
But when she got ready, her barber had fled.

And there's Edith Olson—housekeeping's her
trade—

(I hear Ole brags of the sweetmeats she's made.)
And next comes Viola—she never can pass
For she is renowned for skipping each class.

And Miss Verna Phillips, she talks Sunday school,
And thinks most of Junior, I hear, as a rule.
And Myrtle, "the widow," has no time to cry
For she has to jolly each man that goes by.

And Duncan, wise Duncan, the faculty needs
A helper, and surely that one is our Reid.
And Risk always means the right thing to say,
But sometimes forgets it until the next day.

When Rogers weds Lawrence, they will live in the
South,
In hopes that the climate will straighten her mouth,
To know the Rowlands is surely a treat,
One noted for music, the other for feet.

And Pearl (she's a Salter,) ambitious and grand,
To teach the whole earth she bravely has planned,
And she will be aided by Elizabeth S.
How well they'll succeed we don't need to guess.

And Schweppe—her jokes are great souvenirs
To carry for life; she'll go crazy I fear
About all the boys—they're always her theme,
Without them her life would be surely a dream.

And there is Weinandy, he has time to smile,
And always is ready to chat for a while.
It's hard to keep track of the conquests (?) he
makes,
And he must account for the hearts (?) that he
breaks.

The Smith girls are nervous and never at ease,
Not so with Miss Whitney, she's easy to please.
Almina you know is considered a prize,
Any subject you mention, she always is Wise.

Miss Stinchfield's a girl who never could sing,
She thinks that the rest of us don't know a thing.
The theory's well founded, but its hard as a rule
To get us to own it at this Normal School.

And last but not least is sweet Liza Yates,
Imagine her smile as for Benny she waits.
It's been just that way since school first began—
Eliza's been waiting to see her Moran.

And now this is all—all Seniors, good bye,
If you can't catch my meaning at least make a try.
In making a rhyme and telling it all,
It can't all be sweet for some must be gall.

Senior Class Prophecy

I was very much surprised one day to receive a letter from Mr. Hart, a noted lawyer of New York, to the effect that I had fallen heir to an immense fortune accumulated by an unknown relative to whom I was nearest of kin. The problem which naturally presented itself at once was how I was to spend all this money.

I decided finally that travel would be the most profitable use to which I could put it and recalling the vivid interest which I took in the obscure country of India, during my history course in the Stevens Point Normal, I made up my mind to set out at once for this strange, mysterious land.

A number of friends and myself made up a party and started on our interesting journey in May. After a delightful sea voyage, we found ourselves at the mouth of the Ganges River. Here we took a river steamer and proceeded to the sacred city of Allahabad.

Here with much difficulty our party secured permission to enter one of the many sacred temples. After passing thru several beautifully decorated corridors we entered the inner tabernacle and came into the presence of the dervish who has the power of revealing the future.

I was seized with a longing to learn something of the future of the class of '07 and offered him a large sum of money to reveal what we wished to know. He refused the offer and we increased the amount until it reached a fabulous sum, when he finally consented to do as we wished.

He seated us upon the floor in the form of a half moon and proceeded to the farther end of the tabernacle where we noticed a large white curtain.

Suddenly an awful darkness surrounded us and everything became as still as death. The air was laden with the sickening odor of incense, and weird lights played upon the curtain. These finally took definite form and before us we saw a poor back room in a New York tenement house. Seated at a plain deal table in one corner of the room was a man evidently eating his breakfast. As he turned his head to look wearily out of the dirty window, we recognized the once handsome features of our distinguished orator, Harold Martin. In another corner a care-worn poorly clad woman bent over a wash-tub and shifting her gaze from the tub of clothes to the man at the table, she disclosed to our view the features of our friend, Lillian Massey, now Mrs. Martin. As we gazed, the door at the other side of the room opened and an agent, bearing what appeared to be a patent folding wringer, entered. From his shock of curly hair and indispensable smile, which had bewitched (?) so many girls, we knew him to be our former secretary, Oliver Weinandy.

The light fades and another scene takes shape before our eyes. We see a majestic vessel floating peacefully upon the broad expanse of the mighty Atlantic, and leaning over the rail with the moonlight streaming down upon them, we see Reese Jones with his arm pressed lovingly around the slender waist of Miss Julia Hatz.

Sitting near the companion-way is an elderly lady with a very disgusted expression upon her face, showing plainly that she has little love for the opposite sex. Upon closer examination we see revealed the face of Miss Eliza Yates and we wonder if the expression is due to disappointment in love.

Again the scene changes and now we are in the interior of a cozy suburban home. The whole house is ablaze with light, so we know at once that something unusual is taking place. Soon two well known forms take their places at the door of the reception hall. They are Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Risk, the latter once Miss Ethel Smith.

Soon guests begin to arrive and among them are many familiar faces. We recognize a tall, well dressed lady as Miss Alice Jakeman, who has won world-wide fame as a prima donna. With her is another class mate, Mrs. Dora Huber Carleton, who is now a widow.

The next to enter is a tall, light-haired woman accompanied by a thick set, red-haired man, and immediately my mind reverts to the scenes which once took place at the corner of Main and Division Streets in which Hannah Brunstad and Duncan Reid were the principal actors. They are now happily married and have settled down at the Brunstad farm.

Everything is going along gaily and smoothly when suddenly the dining room door bursts open and a much frightened maid appears wringing her hands and screaming. When she finally gains her breath she seems to be imparting a thrilling experience, for as soon as she has finished several of the men rush into the kitchen and when they return they bring a dishevelled, seedy looking tramp who has evidently been found in the pantry, for he still holds a piece of pie in his hand. What is my surprise and horror when a sudden brightening of the colored lights reveal the features of Mr. Leslie D. Bennett, now known as "Weary Willie."

Before I have time to recover from my astonishment, the scene slowly fades and another takes its place. This seems to be the interior of a large lecture hall and already the seats are well filled with women. Upon examination I make up my mind from general appearances and from the number of pet cats held lovingly in motherly (?) arms that this is an old maid's convention.

We do not have long to wait. The President takes her place upon the platform and I am perfectly astounded to see in the stout lady who takes the chair, no other than our old class jollier, Laura Diffendarfer. I decide at once that there may be other old acquaintances among the crowd, and so scrutinize the faces closely and I am pained to see so many of the once blooming lasses who made up the class of 1907.

There is Maurien Schweppe with pretty little cork-screw curls down each side of her painted cheeks, then Winifred Stinchfield, whom I hardly recognize in the portly lady with her hair combed smoothly back into a knot on top of her head, and Kate McMullin with her sad sweet smile is still looking for a man. Then over in one corner I notice a modest, retiring little person who, when she is called upon for a talk, turns a bright scarlet and this characteristic alone tells me that it is timid Ella Meloney.

On the other side of the hall I notice a group engaged in excited conversation and I wonder what they are so excited about, but as soon as I recognize them I know at once that the subject of their conversation must be the good old times at Stevens Point. The group is made up of a medium sized, thin faced woman who does most of the talking and I smile to myself as I realize that in the passing years Hilda has not been able to overcome her old failing of talking too much. Next there is a tall, gaunt, dark-haired lady, holding a copy of Goethe's "Faust" in her hand; I know her at once to be Margaret Dickow. There is a pink-cheeked matronly looking woman wearing a continual smile who proves to be our fresh and blooming Louise Mathe, and a very old-maidish looking individual who lacks none of the characteristics of false teeth, false curls and a sour expression. This lady puzzles me for a time but finally I can trace the familiar features of Blanche Means.

Being so much interested in the scene, I fail to notice the opening of the main door and therefore am entirely at a loss to know the cause of the President's scream and horror stricken face, and the confusion which takes place all over the room. The women all make one rush for the President's chair and there stand huddled closely together, hugging their cats whose backs are raised high in fright.

Finally in the extreme end of the room I perceive the figure of a man holding a dog by the collar and from the mellow laugh which issues from his handsome lips, I recognize George Everson who is now a celebrated lawyer in Chicago where he lives with his beloved consort, formerly Florence Whitney. With the advent of this illustrious personage, the scene fades and is replaced by another.

This time it is a street scene in one of the large American cities. The streets are thronged with gaily dressed people who seem to be enjoying themselves in spite of the noise made by the clanging gongs of street-cars, automobile horns, etc. Conspicuous among the crowd of vehicles is a large red touring car in which sits a fashionably dressed party consisting of a man and three women. All the faces seem familiar and thinking over the former members of the class of '07, I decide that these are Otto Krienke, the millionaire proprietor of a large dyeing establishment, his wife, Mabel Rowland Krienke, her sister, Myrtle Rowland, who still follows the teaching profession, and Clara Moeschler, famous as a lecturer on woman's suffrage. As the car stops in front of a large department store, two ladies step out and are greeted very cordially by the occupants of the automobile. I have little difficulty in recognizing Mrs. Julia King Ninman and Mrs. Edna Kruger Norton both looking well and supremely happy.

When this scene passes away it is replaced by a scene among the ruins of the Roman Forum. A party of women, evidently school teachers, from the care-worn expression upon their faces and the number of note books in evidence, are walking about among the mouldering ruins. It seems to be near evening and the tourists are preparing to return to their hotel. As they pass under the ancient pillars of the gateway, I recognize Verlie Freeman, as sweet and happy as ever, Mabel Laing, wearing a benign expression, Isabel Leonard, vivacious as of yore, Hazel Martin, her coal black tresses blown about by the evening breeze, Katherine McNamara who, from the smile upon her face, seems to be the same light-hearted Katharine, and walking slowly behind the others we see a small portly person whom we know at once as Verna Phillips.

After they pass, the light slowly fades and when it appears again the scene upon the curtain is that of a desert plain. In the foreground can be seen the figures of two women missionaries, one of whom seems to be preaching while the other is absorbed in prayer. They are Fern Love and Addie Hansen. The natives seem to be more interested in the brightly colored ribbons the women have on, than in the sermon. Finally their patience seems to give out, for at a signal from their chief, two of the stalwart natives rush forward and seize the women by the hair. I fear for their safety for a while but suddenly there seems to be a disturbance at one side and out rushes the tall, manly figure of Rev.

Gordon Smith followed by several soldiers who proceed to scatter the natives and reassure the frightened women. But the excitement has proven too much for Miss Hansen, for she suddenly falls back into Mr. Smith's arms. He, with his usual presence of mind, lays her upon the ground and rushes off into the thicket and soon returns accompanied by a tall, dark lady who carries a small black medicine case upon which is engraved her name, E. Seibel, M. D. Under her skillful treatment Miss Hansen soon revives and then the scene disappears.

The next shows a busy American wharf. Several large steamers lie at anchor and the dark waters of the bay are dotted with smaller craft of all kinds. The eye is at once attracted by a gay party boarding a small yacht, riding at anchor a short distance from the shore. The party consists of five well dressed women and the same number of men. We know from their freedom from restraint and their light-heartedness that they are taking a well earned holiday from the cares of life. The group is made up of Mr. and Mrs. David Olson who act as chaperones; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Halverson, (the lady was formerly known as Myrtle Playman); Miss Viola Pelunek, a celebrated actress, accompanied by a prominent railroad magnate who had long been suing for the right to lavish his millions upon her alone; Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Chapman still the same old light-hearted Alice; and Mr. and Mrs. James Burns, the latter once known among us as Jessie Burke.

After this scene there is a pause and we hear the dervish muttering something about large numbers and hunger, and we decide that there were more people in the class than we realized when we made our request. But finally another scene takes shape upon the curtain, and this time it looks very much like the interior of a circus tent, with lady and gentlemen actors performing in the rings. One lady rider especially attracts a great deal of attention, and naturally I begin to take more than casual notice of her. What is my surprise when I recognize Miss Harriet Smith. On the wire overhead, daintily balancing themselves by means of large Japanese parasols, are two graceful tight-rope walkers and these also seem familiar. They are Emma Linse and Almira Wise.

Outside the tent is a large ice cream and lemonade stand in front of which a vender is advertising the superior qualities of his wares, while behind the counter, demurely pouring out red lemonade, stands his wife, Maud Nicol Barber.

Suddenly there is a commotion near the side show tent, and turning quickly in that direction, I see the fat lady issuing forth to secure a dish of ice cream while the performance is in progress in the main tent. In spite of the addition in avoirdupois, I recognize in this person my old friend Pearl Salter.

The final scene is preceded by a flash of bright light which illuminates the entire curtain. As we gaze, almost blinded by its brilliance, it gradually changes from one to another of the colors of the spectrum and finally maize and Alice blue, blended beautifully, form the back ground. In the fore ground upheld by two immense marble pillars, appears an arch upon which is inscribed in letters of living light, these words, "Well Done, Class of 1907."



Senior Class Play

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, JUNE 19, 1907

THE STOLEN NECK LACE

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

Cast of Characters

BERNICE HALSTEAD, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love for fun, and a hatred of Arithmetic..... FERN LOVE
AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic..... ISABEL LEONARD
INEZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun..... ALICE ROGERS
MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and step-mother of the Halstead girls..... CLARA MOESCHLER
HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother,
..... BLANCHE MEANS
DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage,
..... LESLIE BENNETT
DR. BURTON, a young physician..... OLIVER WEINANDY
SAMMY, the darky bell-boy in the Halstead house..... GEORGE EVERSON
ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a Yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough,
..... PETER GEIMER
ATTORNEY; SHERIFF..... T. M. RISK

Synopsis

ACT 1. Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. "Easy to fool a young doctor;" but not so easy after all. The step-mother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

ACT 2. Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew, and he's a doctor." Recognition. A difficult problem in Arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The Sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

ACT 3. Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke—hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

Reese Jones—Business Manager.

Play Given Under Direction of Prof. T. A. Knott.

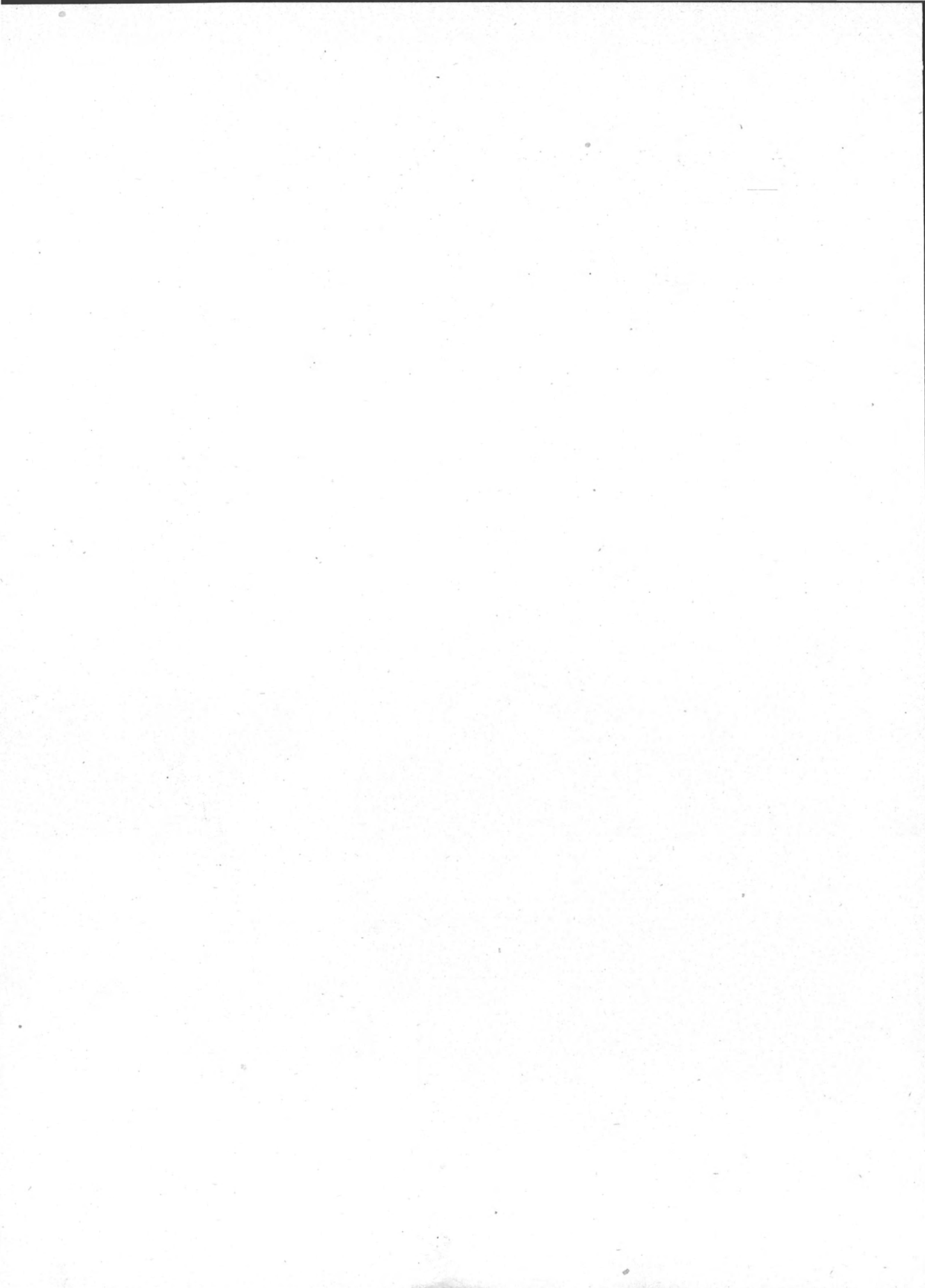
To The Seniors

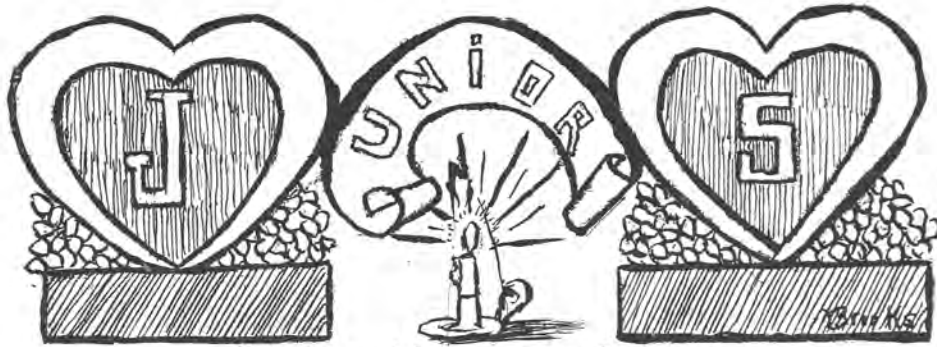
Classmates, we are soon to leave you.
Say good-bye to those we know;
We are standing on a summit,
Looking on the scenes below,
We've worked hard to gain the footing
On which now we proudly stand;
Many a hardship, many a struggle
Has befall'n this Senior band
Since the time when first we started
To explore this unknown height.
Many a month we've toiled on bravely
When the summit was in sight.
As we view the life before us,
We see battles still ahead,
For our work is not yet finished—
It has just commenced, instead.
As in other lands you wander,
Ponder well the lessons then
We were taught, and by them profit
In remembrance of S. P. N.

Seniors' Precepts To The Juniors

See thou the jokes made by the faculty,
Give them countenance and audible expression,
The less their merit, the greater thy desert.
Seem thou attentive, even tho thou comprehend'st
Not an iota of their learned discourse.
Give every professor thy voice but none thine ear.
Do not dull thy brain with too much study of each new-fangled science or art.
Beware of being caught conversing in the assembly room;
But, being caught, do thou face the music bravely,
Vowing vengeance on him who hath reported thee.
Take no teacher's censure, but be severe
In passing judgment on schoolmates and faculty.
Be not a flunker, but a bluffer be,
Flunking dulleth the edge of thy teacher's patience;
Bluffing exalteth thee in his estimation,
And high marks will be rewarded thee.
This above all; do thou tread in the footsteps
Of thine illustrious predecessors of 1907,
And it must follow as the night the day
That thy fame will resound among the spheres
And be re-echoed to the earth again.







This class might have termed themselves "jolly Junior girls" at the time of their organization in the fall. What the young men lacked in numbers, they made up in popularity, and, when officers were elected, we managed to find three who were capable and willing enough to serve. Sam Wadleigh was our choice for President; Guy Carleton we deemed a wise choice for Treasurer; and Chauncey Alhambra Mortell, just the right fellow for Marshall. Allie Schulze first became prominent as Vice-President, and Clara Farrell, as Secretary of the class of '08.

Our reception was the "grand finale" of the series of class receptions. We attempted to express our feelings regarding the football team, and encouraged them in their splendid work, by honoring them with an invitation to our party. Everyone accepted. They were afterwards heard to say (all this in the strictest confidence) that the crowning pleasure was the rare privilege of escorting members of the Junior fair sex to their homes.

Our experiences with the Seniors have been many and varied. We have been engaged in exciting contests with them about the flying of class colors, and the wearing of the scarlet and gray. We have been entertained right royally (even though in Hades) by these same elders. We cherish pleasant memories of our relations with the class, and are loathe to think of their departure from old S. P. N.

The class of 1908 showed its loyalty to the school by the delegations which it sent to the Inter-Normal Oratorical Contest at White-water, and to the Annual Debate at Oshkosh. Tho we did not win victory in either instance, we endeavored to show the orator and the debaters that we were "back of them."

Then here's to the Juniors! May the memory of their exploits, and the fame of their accomplishments live in the hearts of all who know them!

Elements! Go ye and do likewise!

Junior Officers and Debaters



Clarence Mortell, Marshall.
Allie Schulze, Vice Pres. and Debater.

Samuel Wadleigh, President.
Ignatius Osterbrink, Debater

Clara Farrell, Secretary.
Guy Carleton, Treas. and Debater.

The Junior Winners

(Tune—"Shy Ann.")

Juniors, Juniors,
Flowers of the Normal,
We're down here
To win here,
And after our school days 'r over
We'll all look back,
Proud of our classmates
And the Normal of S. P. N. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Stevens Pointers,
They are the winners,
But the Juniors,
The Juniors,
They are the leaders,
And you'll find them
Ready and willing
To stand up for S. P. N.

Junior Roll Call

SAMUEL WADLEIGH.

Three Cheers for our President!

ALLIE SCHULTZ.

Tall of stature, fair of face,
The personification of Junior Grace,
With haughty bearing and glances proud,
As far and remote as yonder cloud.

ANNIE BOON.

With sunny smile and cheery word,
With heart as light as any bird.

Comes Ann.

The butt of all our practical jokes
And a girl who is down on the boy who
smokes,

That's Ann.

SILVIA McWITTHY.

She argued it was bad for anyone to sug-
gest going to class with unprepared
lessons.

ETTA COWAN.

We understand her by her looks; her pure
and eloquent blood spoke in her
cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body
thought.

PETULA DUMEZ.

Would there were more like her.

CLARA FARREL.

You're uncommon in some things,
You're an uncommon jollier for instance.

GUY E. CARLETON.

Here's to Guy, the prince of lovers,
May he never know,
How much we girls do think of him,
We're afraid his head would grow.

CLARENCE MORTELL.

Much may be made of an Irishman if he
be caught young.

EDNA CAMPBELL.

Studios? Ay Ay and then some!

EMMA ANDERSON.

Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness.

MYRTLE BARKER.

"Teacher! Teacher! I know teacher!"

WILLIS BOSTON.

He had a head to contrive, a tongue to
persuade, and a hand to execute any
mischief.

MARGARET BRUNSTAD.

Now just for a reminder,
Ask the one who sits behind her
Just what sort of girl is Margaret B.

NINA CHENEVERT.

Sweetest maid answering to Junior call.
ELSIE COOPER.

A most engaging little creature,
A most winning little voice.

SADIE FARRELL.

Do you know the Junior girl of literary
fame?

HERBERT FROMM.

And he would talk! Ye gods!

SELMA HAFSOOS.

Life is not an empty dream
To Selma,
Not so quiet as she seems

Is Selma.

PETER MAX GEIMER.

Whence all this philosophy, Peter?

SIGNE HALVERSON.

A sweet attractive kind of grace she has.

PEARL GARTHWAIT.

From the crown of her head to the sole of
her foot she is all mirth.

GRACE HANNAH.

She doth each day a pretty posy wear.

VALERIE HORAN.

My kingdom for a Barber!

EMMA JOHNSON.

A maiden with a meek brown eye
In whose orb a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies.

LILLIAN JONES.

Her voice is ever soft and low
An excellent thing in woman.

FLORENCE GHOCA.

"I'll not budge an inch!"

LENA MATTICE.

Her silent course advances with inoffen-
sive pace.

GENEVA MAUSETH.

Happy am I, from care I am free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?

BLANCHE MERRILL.

If she will, she will, and you may depend
on't.

But if she won't, she won't, and that's
the end on't.

EDNA MITBY.

Nothing she does but smacks of some-
thing higher than herself.

HERMAN NINMAN.

If Allie Shulze was'nt so awful high
And I so awful small,
Perhaps I could see Mr. Sims when he
speaks

As it is I can't see him at all,—Poor me!

SARAH MOORES.

"I like to hear Peter Max talk."

ILIA NIELSON.

Yours is the charm of calm good sense.
IGNATIUS OSTERBRINK.

He sometimes gave weighty opinions on
current topics.

GEORGIA RIDGMAN.

Here's to George, herself alone—none
other she resembles.

MAMIE RIESCHL.

Worth, courage, honor,
These indeed your sustenance and birth-
right are.

GUY ROBERTS.

This Normal life is likely to be
Hard on a gay young fellow like me.

SADIE ROGERS.

Intelligence, purity and calm grace
Are stamped upon thy noble face.

ANNA RUBY.

You are to us a jewel.

RUTH SWAN.

So small, so tiny, so wee,
But as full of fun as she can be.

ALFRED SIEDENBERG.

Alfred, don't blush so—

You will get Ex—O—

In your examinatio—

We'll promise—O—

HERMINE VEERS.

Somber of eye and slow of walk
Ready with knowledge but slow of talk
That is the girl they call Hermine.

NEVA WOOD.

A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air.

ELIZABETH ROOK.

O'er books consumed the midnight oil.
Whence is thy learning?

ALTA CAVES.

Life is a jest and all things show it,
I tho't so once but now I know it.

CLARA ROHRDANZ.

All her faults are such that one loves
her still the better for them.

FLORENCE MARSH.

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on.

SELMA ELLINGSON.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit supreme.

ANNA JOHNSON.

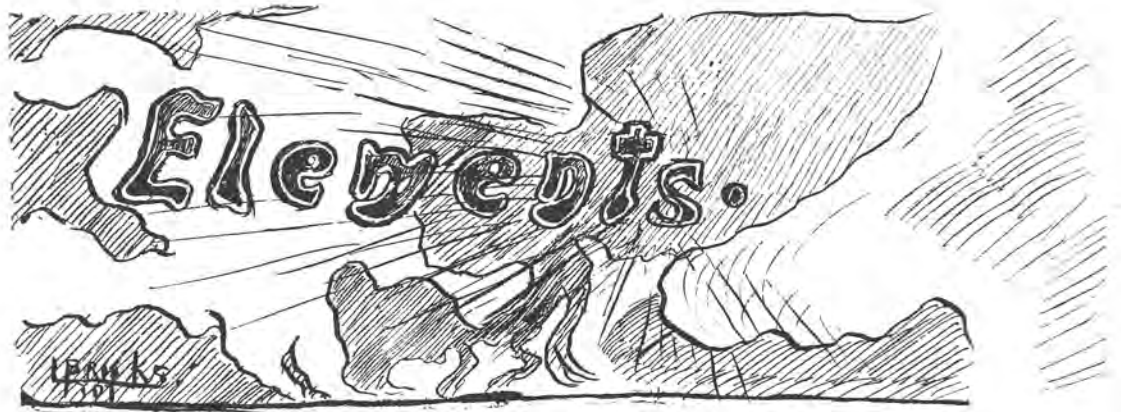
None knew thee but to love thee.

ADDIE BLAKELY.

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

ANNA McINTYRE.

I love everything that's old; old friends,
old times, old manners and old books.



OFFICERS

President—HERBERT R. STEINER.
Vice President—REYNOLD C. OLSON.
Secretary—BLANCHE DAFOE.
Treasurer—EARL A. WILSON.
Sergeant-at-Arms—JAMES BURNS.

COLORS

Yale Blue and White.

YELL

Two, four, six, eight, ten, eleven!
Elements, Elements, nineteen seven!

MOTTO

“Out Of School Life, Into Life’s School.”

Elements' Muster Roll

- BAKER, FRANCES: Our athletic prodigy.
 BANNACH, JOSEPHINE: Listen! I am going to speak!
 BARBER, JOSEPH F.: Richard Croker Number Two.
 BOSTON, THADA: The second Jenny Lind.
 BRADY, GRACE: I am pretty and hospitable.
 BROOKS, LLOYD: I am a scholar and an athlete. Nit!
 BUCK, SADIE: Oh, to be a model!
 BURNS, JAMES: Burke's "Conciliation" is my favorite study.
 CAULEY, BERNICE: Her favorite—Bacon.
 CLARK, FRANCES: Nerve tonic a specialty.
 CRAMER, SUSIE: Wise and otherwise.
 CUSHMAN, MARGARET: I must chaperon his little sister.
 DAFOE, BLANCHE: I am the great "I am."—Stand aside!
 DEAN, CHARLOTTE: What is there in a name?
 DEGAN, GRACE: He has made me neglect my studies.
 DEGAN, FLORENCE: Smile and the world smiles with you.
 DEVINE, NELLIE: A shining light.
 DILL, BERTHA: Little, but! ! ! !
 DUMPHEY, LeNORE. I must learn to be sedate—not saucy.
 DUNN, PHOEBE: Happy and free from care.
 EMMONS, RUTH: An artist will I be.
 EVENSON, MYRTLE: Happiness personified.
 FULTON, INEZ: My visit to Mt. Vesuvius.
 GEBERT, PHYLLIS: To entertain "babe" is a pleasure.
 HALVERSON, CLAUDINA: She can giggle to perfection.
 HAYWARD, IDA: I know whereof I speak.
 HILL, LAWRENCE: To love is simple; to get "Love" is perplexing.
 CHRISTIANSON, CLARA: I want to be a chorus girl.
 HILL, GEORGIA: Run, ran, (More) ran.
 HILL, SYLVIA: My favorite picture is "Baby Stuart."
 HOFER, DELLA: A passive (?) maiden.
 HOLMES, GERTRUDE: A quiet, unassuming student.
 JUDD, ADA: Oh solitude! Where are thy charms?
 LATIMORE, MYRTLE: Of manners, gentle; of affection, strong.
 MASON, ANNA: Aggressiveness and bluff with me abide.
 McDILL CONOVER: They all call me "Sliver."
 McNUTT, DORA: My kingdom to be a bride!
 NELSON, WINIFRED: A quiet, reserved, maiden.
 O'BRIEN, KATHRYN: Sweet bunch of daisies!
 OESTERLE, FRANCES: I am grown up! See?
 OLSON, REYNOLD: He talks much and says little.
 OLSON, THELMA: She excels in making "goo goo eyes."
 PHELPS, META: A lofty mind in a lofty body.
 PRAHL, REXA: A bunch of sweetness.
 ROWE, BESSIE: Why is the world so slow to recognize my musical ability?
 SALTER, JENNIE: Linked sweetness, long drawn out.
 SCHENK, META:)A dew drop in a desert.
 SHELDON, HAZEL: Tiny tots think tremendous thoughts.
 SHERMAN, HELEN: To be good is to be popular.
 STEINER, HERBERT: Let us sing, "Sweet Marguerite."
 WEBSTER, LAURA: I tread in the steps of my predecessors.
 WHITNEY, CLARA: Her life is earnest work, not play.
 WILEY, ETHEL: Such a nice little lady.
 WILSON, EARL: Oh! How I like the girls!
 WOOD, LULU: If only you were little, just like me!

Elementary Officers.



Blanche Dafeo,
Secretary



Reynold Olson,
Vice President



Herbert Steiner,
President



James Burns,
Sergeant at Arms

Elements

Under our banner of nineteen-seven
We Elements proudly throng,
Our hopes are great, our courage high,
Our hearts are brave and strong.

To teach in old Wisconsin's schools,
We are prepared, they say;
In earnest now our work begins
To do what good we may.

No more we'll all together be
Through days of good and ill,
No more we'll shout our Normal yells,
Nor days with pleasure fill.

The past two years have quickly sped,
Yet left on us their trace,
They've given friends we'll all find true
At any time or place.

Then let us ever keep in mind
In highland or fen,
The days we spent together
In dear old S. P. N.



FRESHMEN.



ALTENBERG, FRANKIE. A pilot rider.
 ARNDT, ALICE. I am a mathematician.
 BALLARD, EDITH. Seventy pounds of sweetness.
 BARNSDALE, EVA. Coyness.
 BENNETT, JUDITH. So quiet! So still! We fear she has not a woman's will!
 BERENS, CLARA. A wonderful girl who never laughs.
 BISHOFF, CLARENCE. "A mighty man am I."
 BILLINGS, JOSH. He lives up to his name.
 BORGEN, MATILDA. "For basket ball I'm famed."
 BRANDT, CARRIE. Always busy as a bee.
 BRUCE, HOWARD. A strong man with muscles of iron and a face of brass.
 BRUCE, KATHRYN. She sings like a lark.
 BUMP, ETHEL. So coldly sweet!
 CARTMILL, MAE. Hurley-burleyneess galore!
 CHEASICK, ISABELLE. "Every inch of me is alive."
 CHRISTIANSON, CHRISTINE. A plodder.
 CLIFFORD, GENEVIEVE. "Frailty, thy name is woman."
 COLLINS, PAUL. Another "would be."
 DINEEN, WILLIAM. "We use the curling iron one hour each day."
 DOANE, GRACE. Gentle, sweet and pleasant.
 DOWNER, CALLIE. "My father will buy a 'McCormick' for me."
 DYSLAND, EMMA. Zealous, yet modest.
 EMPEY, LILLIAN. "Man delights not me."

FINNEY, FRANK. A vivipara vertebrate.
 GALLAGHER, FRANK. A clown from the "ould sod."
 GALLAGHER, WINNEFRED. "I spread my love abroad."
 GEIMER, JOHN. He talks! Heavens, how he talks!
 GREENWOOD, MELLEN. The pride of the (Geb) heart.
 HALE, EDNA. "I am fond of birds, especially Mart(e)ns."
 HEBARD, NELLIE. "I do love fluffy hair."
 JENSEN, JAMES. A Milwaukee sport.
 JUDD, BLANCHE. She wears the rose of youth.
 KALKE, FRED. A winsome little lass.
 KETTLESON, KYRREN. As solemn as Job.
 KUKLINSKI, LEWIS. A second Michael Angelo.
 LANDOWSKI, JOHN. "I aspire to be a politician."
 LAMPMAN, HARRY. The light of our class.
 MAJURIS, PETER. Walking done on short notice.
 MARSH, FERN. Only a fern on the path to a marsh.
 MARSH, HAZEL. Not a large one.
 McCALLIN, KATHRYN. Garry C. says, "She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with."
 McCOLE, JENNIE. A merry soul.
 MONTGOMERY, ELIZA. Full of truth, of faith, and of loyalty.

NEECK, MINNIE. To know rather than to be known.
 NELSON, LEIDA. All she does greet with a smile most sweet.
 NEWBY, ELSIE. A demure little lady.
 OBERLATZ, CLARA. Modesty is her virtue.
 PARKER, ADA. Her hope centered on S-r-p—.
 PATCHIN, NELLIE. An angel and unaware of it.
 RASMUSSEN, ROSE. A rose in bloom.
 RAYMOND, SETH. Good things are done up in small packages.
 REED, MRS. "I am not here for fun."
 ROBINSON, LAURA. Fair, fanciful, and free.
 ROHRBECK, MARTHA. She says, "Oh my!"
 ROWE, EMMA. A maid of many minds.
 SAWYER, BESSIE. Note books of all kinds to let.
 SHANNON, MURIEL. So mild and meek.

SHIMEK, ANNA. Did you ever hear her say "yes?"
 SPOONER, EMMA. What's in a name?
 STEWART, EVA. A pretty lass with a winsome air.
 STROPE, KARL. A wondrous man with a thunderous voice.
 SWAN, JESSIE. A phonograph.
 TAGATZ, LAURA. Bashful Laura.
 TALBERT, ETHEL. A buxom little woman.
 TUFTE, CLARA. I attend to my own business.
 VAN ORDER, ADA. Her favorite song, "The Campbells are Coming"
 WAGNER, ADA. She has a happy faculty of overcoming obstacles.
 WARNER, ISLA. With glances coy she seeks to please.
 WESSLEY, LILLIAN. A bunch of good nature.
 WHITNEY, CARLYL. Debates furnished on demand!
 WELCH, WALTER. A Rookey.



About the Freshmen Class

It is the largest class in school.

It has:

1. The best looking girls.
2. The most wide-awake boys.
3. The reputation for great success in entertaining.
4. The champion girls' basket ball team.

Freshmen Officers



Carl Strobe

Winefred Gallagher

Howard Bruce, Pres.

Clara Berens

Paul Collins

Basket Ball Team



Elsie Newby

Eva Barnsdale

Matilda Bergen

Grace Doane

Hazel Marsh

Ethel Talbert

George Everson, Manager

Fern Marsh

Isle Warner

Isabelle Cheasick

Freda Kalka

ALUMNI



From An Alumnus

In looking over the history of the Stevens Point Normal school we are reminded that sufficient time has elapsed to throw about the institution that peculiar spiritual quality and character that gives it a personality that is not directly connected with its building, its faculty or its students. All have changed remarkably since we were wont to tread its stately halls; but what loyal alumnus can unfeelingly thrust aside the occasional impulse to revisit the scenes of his early trials and successes, or can be unmindful of the swell of pride on the receipt of "good news" and compliments for the Stevens Point school. We love the institution for itself, its hallowed associations and what it represents to us.

In its thirteen years of existence who can estimate the good our school has wrought? Who will measure the waves of influence that have been daily set in motion there and are even now rippling off, ever outward, and broadening even to the remotest parts of the earth and toward all eternity.

As I scan the page of names of those who have received the diploma, I connect none with any incident for which any of us need blush in shame. It is in truth a roll of honor and may it ever remain such. On the other hand some names must stand out in our mind in prominence and honor for worthy deeds accomplished. Though the oldest of us have seen eleven years of activity in the great world, yet in the keen competition of these rapid days we are rated as all still young. More remarkable deeds are yet to be accomplished, and with the swiftly passing years we will day by day be more and more proud (and justly so) of our enrollment among the alumni of the Stevens Point Normal School. We trust the reunion of 1907 will be a large and an enthusiastic one. It is time for the larger classes to begin thinking of the decennial celebrations and reunions.—John T. Clements, '96.

The Psychology of Poor Children

A WOMAN investigator recently discovered that in the fifteen blocks of mansions on Fifth Avenue from Fifty-Seventh Street to Seventy-Second Street there are only fifteen children. To ascertain the average per block of brownstone and marble is a simple example in arithmetic; but when you turn off only a few steps from the avenue and get into the East Side where the herding together of population reaches into the hundreds, yes thousands per block, the calculation becomes more difficult. On Fifth Avenue automobiling is comparatively easy; but I know of a woman who rather complainingly said that she dreaded to run her car down East Seventy-Sixth Street, for there are always so many children in the way. They are such a nuisance, these children who can no more be kept off the street than kittens can be kept in a basket!

I still remember keenly my first impression when I wandered thru a crowded tenement district of New York City. It was akin to the uncanny sensation one has when he visits an empty old cellar infested with rats. The floor and every crevice is alive with vermin, and one wonders how so many creatures can thrive in such a barren, sunless habitation. So these dirty tenement quarters swarm, as it were, with rats of children, scampering across your path, filling the streets, peering out of the windows above you, crawling behind garbage cans, clambering upon wagons and boxes, disappearing into hallways, hiding and chasing each other everywhere.

It is impossible to use in this connection such honored expressions as 'romping on the green-sward.' Thousands of these children know little about sod and trees. The other day a large roomful of Italian school children from the lower East Side were lustily singing a Spring song in which the word dew appeared. When they were questioned, not one knew what *dew* is. Brick, iron, mortar and pavement are not calculated to acquaint children with the drops of dew about which poets sing. Is it any wonder that these poor children have a psychology all their own?

Paolo Lambroso, the daughter of the Italian criminologist, recently wrote a remarkable psychological book on "The Life of the Infant." In this she frankly recognizes the fact of poverty, and the effect of a false and unjust social system on the normal development of the child. She fearlessly compares the child of poverty with the child of comfort, and reveals certain tragic differences which the schools can hardly hope to wipe out. This good woman asked of many poor children such questions as 'Whom do you most love, and why?' 'What do you like best?' 'What would you do if you had a great deal of money?' Running thru all the answers was a sad note of hunger. It was the stomach which governed the reply. These children, Paolo Lambroso found, 'exhibit in its crudest form the instinct of self conservation and the will to live.'

To go into detail and show how privation and an artificial environment effect the feelings and mental imagery of the city poor would be too long a story. Take these children and give them a Summer outing of but a week or two, and they rarely fail to gain pounds of weight and foot pounds of physical energy. Now, if so brief a change can make such a telling impression on their underfed bodies, what wonderful changes await their starved souls with surroundings more decent and natural. As it is, the tenement child has a psychology all its own.

New York City, May 15, 1917.

ARNOLD L. GESELL, '99

The Normal "Grads" Abroad



The Chastiser.



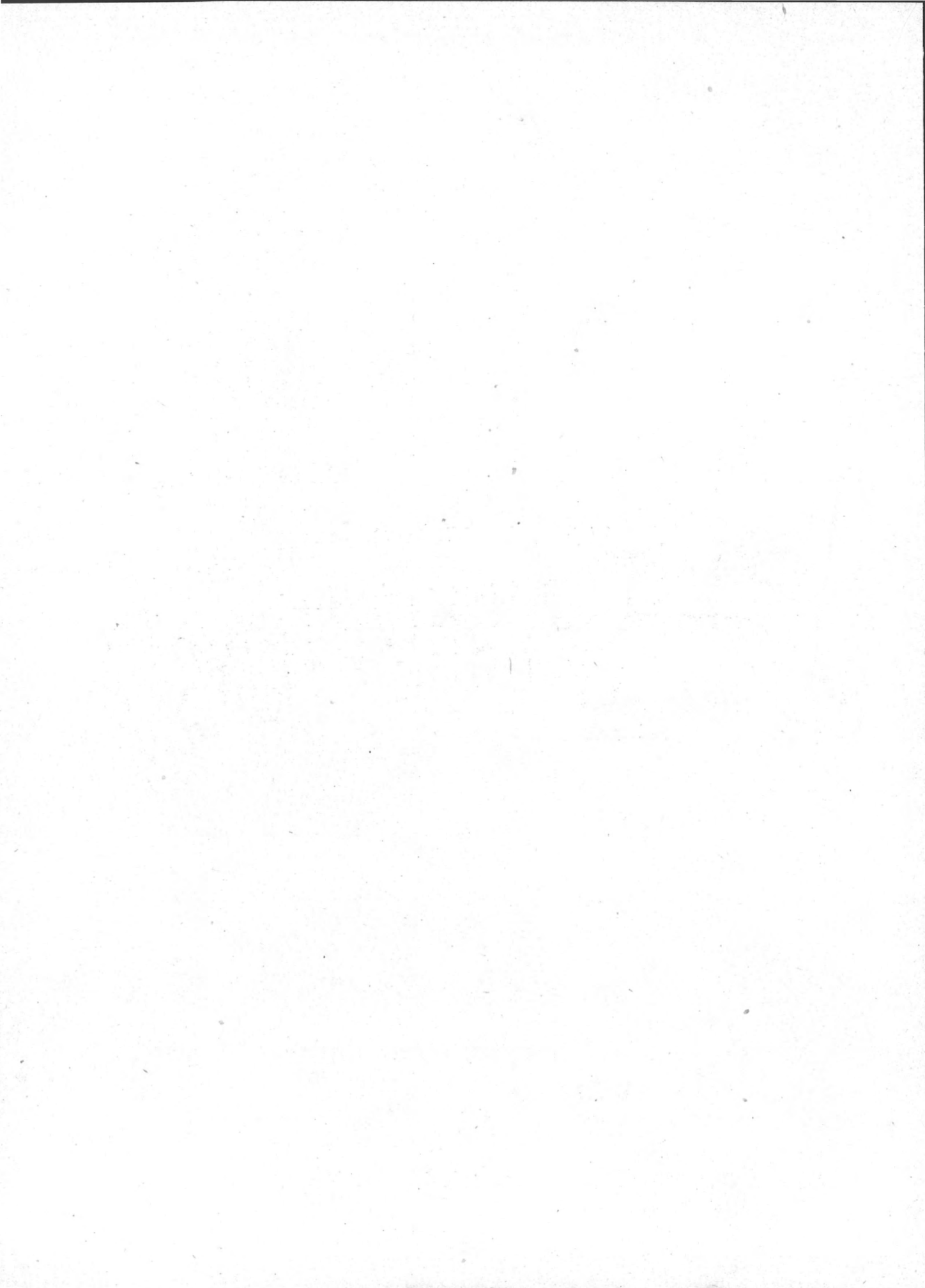
The D.S. Graduate.



The Kindergarten Out for an Airing.

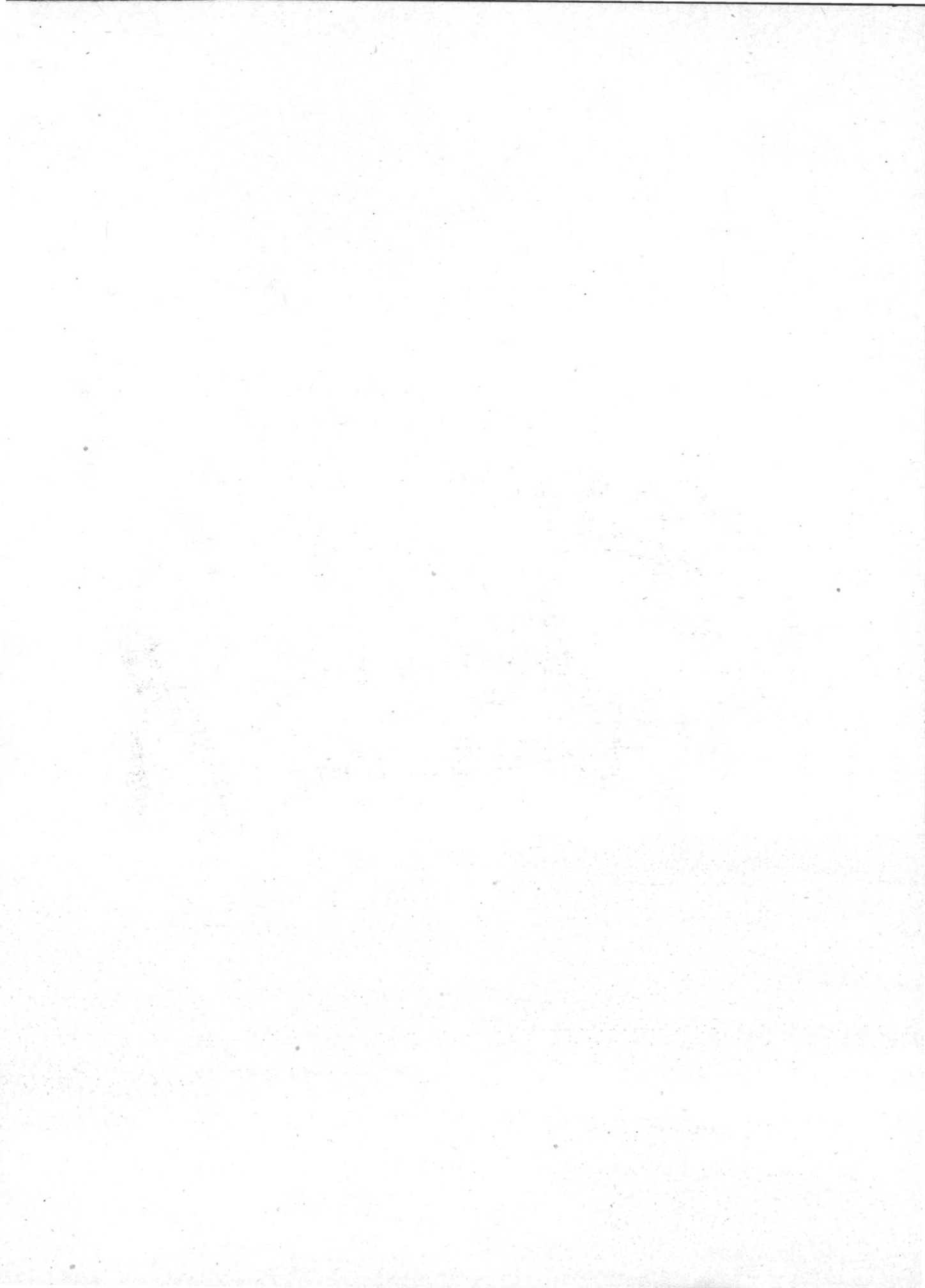


The University Student.





ORGANIZATIONS!





OHYYESA

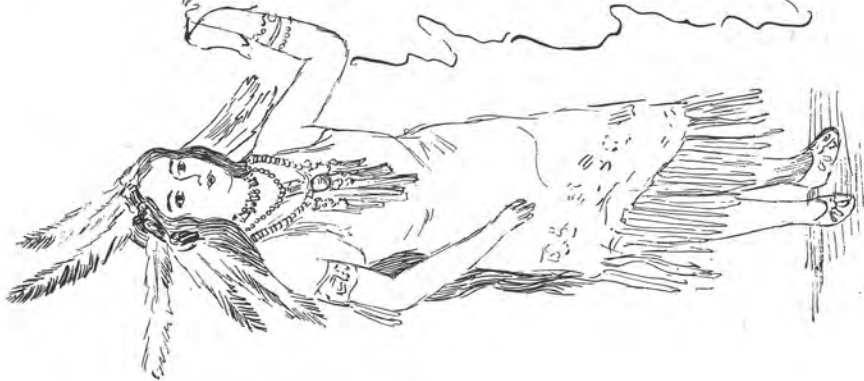


Silliam Massey
Nellie Mitchell
Blanche Merrill

Ethel Whittaker
Hermine Cleers
Julia King
Edna Kruger
Mabel Laing
Isabel Leonard
Eliza Montgomery
Blanche Mearns
Mabel Neumester
Edna Nutby
Winifred Nelson
Frances Osterle
Verna Phillips
Beacie Rowe
Mabel Rowland
Myrtle Rowland
Anna Ruby
Fern March
Ethel Talbert

Sarah Hoover
Hazel Sheldon
Mayme Dunigan
Silma Ellingson
Florence Gioia
Phoebe Dunn
Signe Halvorsen
Grace Hannah
Edelaide Hansen
Julia Hatz
Nelle Helard
Ellen Hoffman
Valerie Horan
Ada Judd
Blanche Judd
Winifred Stinchfield
Pearl Salter
Norma Stewart

Hazel March
Emma Anderson
Lath Ballard
Addie B. Lakeby
Anna Boone
Thaava Boston
Grace Brady
Edna Campbell
Bernice Cauty
Nana Chenevert
Genevieve Clifford
Elsie Cooper
Blanche DeJoc
Petula Du Mez
Florence Ross
Anna Ruby
Jennie Sutter



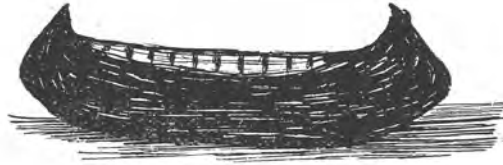


Fair was she to behold
This maiden of twenty summers,
Black were her eyes as the berry
That grows on the thorn by the wayside.

Ewa-yea, my little owlet
Sang Ignatius, he the comet,
As he sang the song of children
That our little Addie taught him.

Bright was her face with smiles,
And words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips
As she gazed upon Everson's headdress.

Before the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Royawatha
Many things our Blanchie taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven.



Ohiyesa

In the fall of '05, the tribe of Ohiyesa first assembled and swore allegiance to their mighty chief, Deyoehaha. Under her guidance we grew to be a strong and energetic band and laid the foundation for future success in literary work. On November tenth we assembled in heap bright robes and war paint and held our annual pow-wow. After the war dance, our chief Deyoehaha laid down the sceptre of power which she had wielded with such might and Burrawatha, the chief's daughter, began to rule our mighty tribe which had grown two-fold. One evening she brought to our camp a skin of which the papooses made a wonderful banner.

One day in January, a little pale-face whom we called Engletesa, wandered into our camp and became our leader. We followed her to distant lands where we revelled in music and poetry. After our extensive travels, we returned to our old camp fires where one of our joyful maidens, Parkeewis, was chosen to head our band. With the awakening of spring and the arrival of apple blossoms, we showed our Indian skill in making Sissebaquet which we sold to our pale-face friends.

After selecting the maiden, Hoffmakomis to govern our tribe upon our return to the hunting grounds in the autumn, we disbanded and thus ended the first year of history made by the Ohiyesa.

September '06 found our Indians assembling one by one around the smouldering fires along the old Wisconsin, where we had



a medicine meeting. October twelfth we held our open meeting at which seven maidens of the tribe of Ohiyesa presented a pantomime, "The Famine," a scene from Hiawatha, and then treated their friends to Sissebaquet.

After leading us successfully thru the land of the Ojibways, a new chief Hansenesa came into power. During the cold winter months the braves from miles around were royally entertained by roasts, debates and music after which a sumptuous feast was served. Next, a jolly blustering, maidenly squaw took up the duties of chief and again we all eagerly began our social minglings. We were all furthered along the path of glory by our all-inspiring, Meansahontas, she the mighty, who performed her duties with rigid punctuality and conferred with the all-powerful Royawatha about the welfare of our tribe.

Thus we close our glorious career with a whoop and a shout—

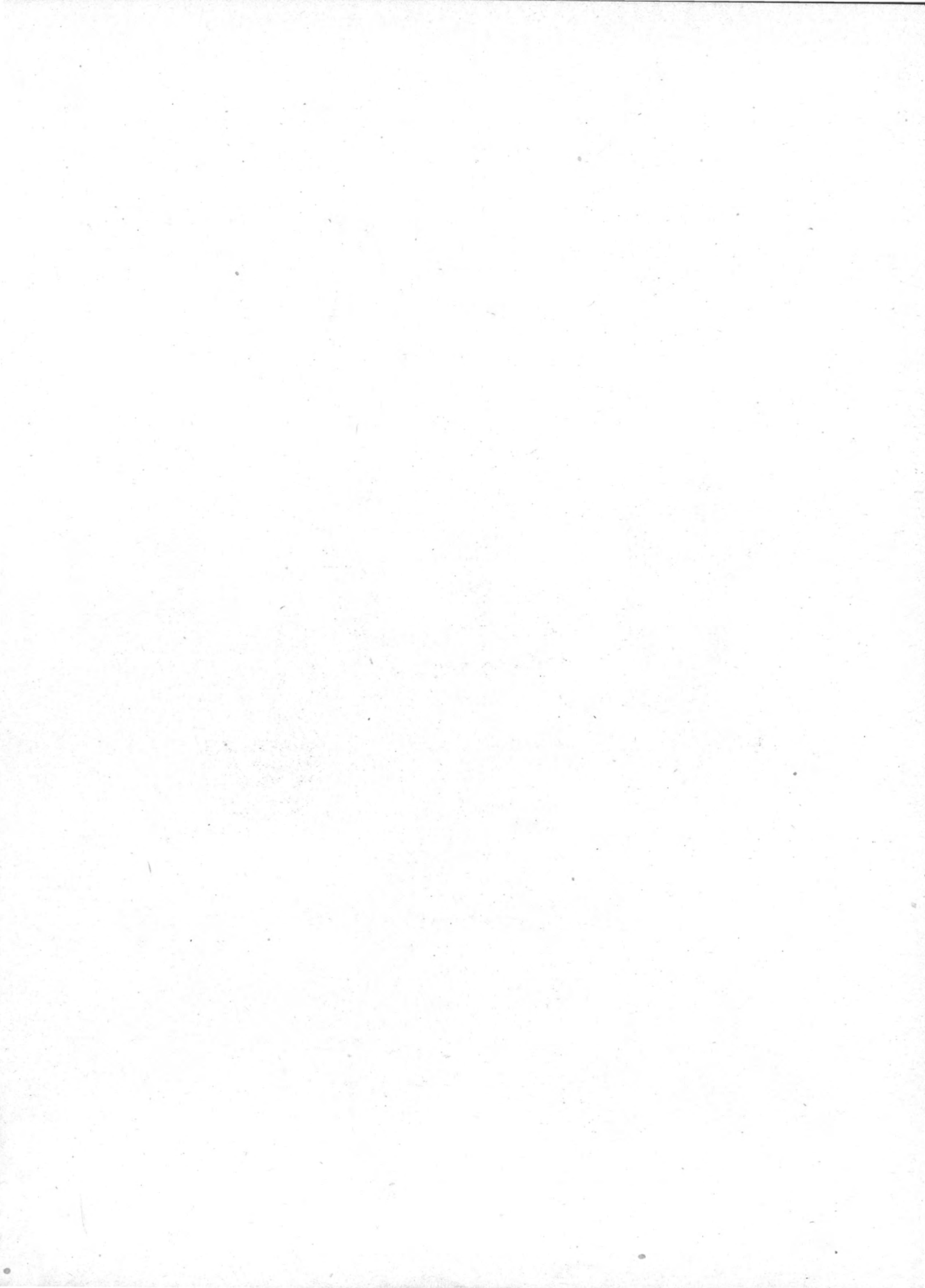
Ohiyesa, Ohiyesa, Saxes, Foxes
and Ojibways!

Pawnees, Mohawks and
Oneidas!

All the craft of the Wabenes!

Ohiyesa—winners! winners!

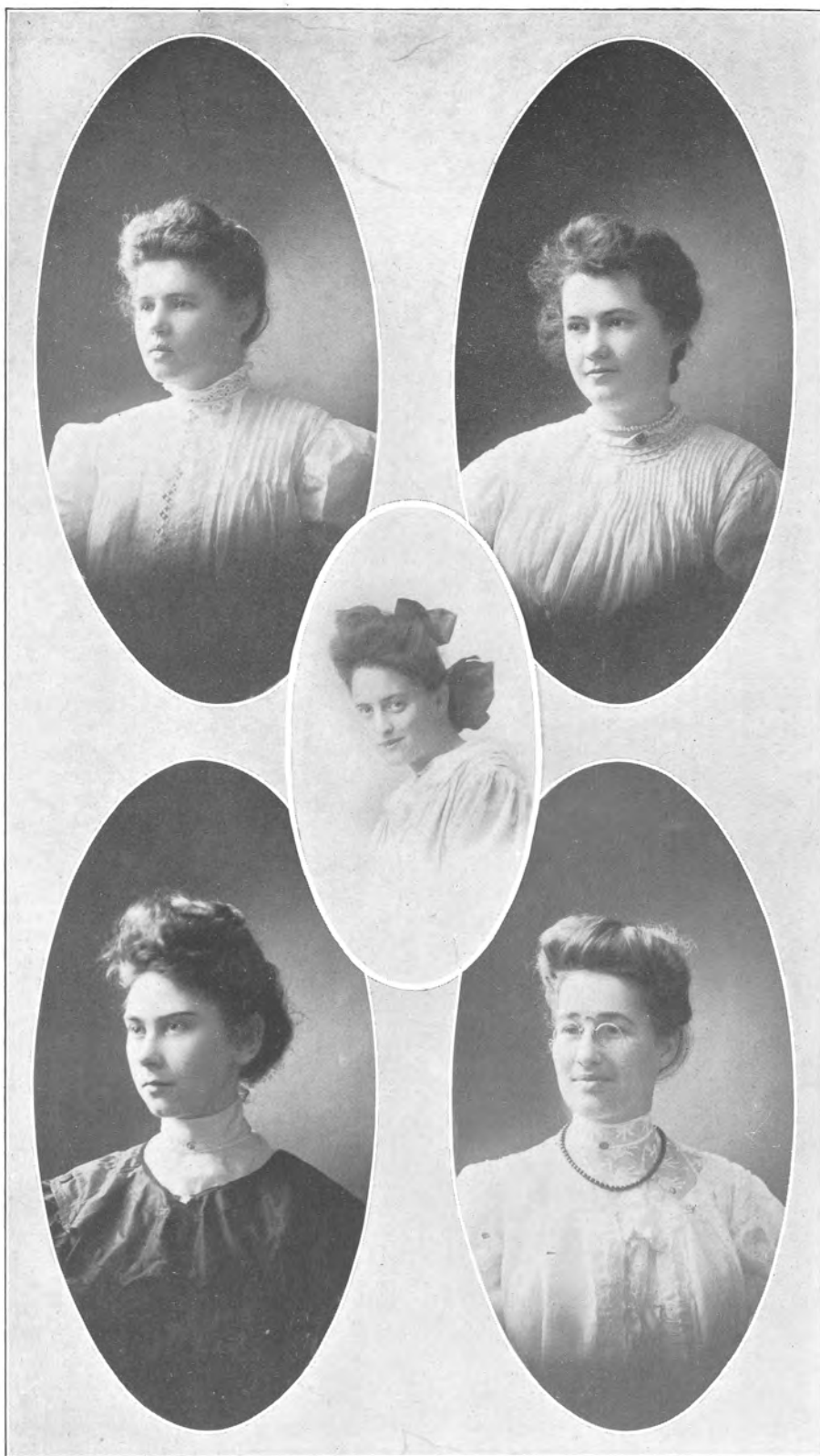






ARENA

Arena Officers and Declaimer



Emma Linse, President.
Geneva Mauseth, President

Francis Baker
Declaimer

Saddie Rogers, President.
Clara Moeschler, President.



Now it came to pass in the ninth month, on the seventh day of the month, in the year nineteen hundred and six, that the mighty chief of the Arena assembled her forces, saying unto them, "Rejoice and be glad, O Arenites! for during this year we shall prosper, we shall do marvellous things and shall conquer all the other nations even by our eloquence. Be ye now doers." And the people gave ear unto these sayings and hid the words in their hearts.

And it came to pass that the Arena sent messengers unto the three nations, the Ohiyesa, Athenaeum and Forum, that dwelt in the same valley saying, "In the tenth month, on the twenty-sixth day of that month, come into the gymnasium and the Arena will you entertain as a token of good will." Accordingly on the day they all assembled, and they marvelled at the miracles performed by the Arenites. When the eleventh hour drew nigh they departed, every man unto his place.

And it came to pass in process of time that the Arenites sent a messenger unto the powerful nation of Athenaeumites, challenging them to an "Old Fashioned Spelling Bee" to be held on the twenty-third day of

the eleventh month. And they answered saying, "Let it be according unto your words." Each nation then chose twelve men, and gathered themselves together for the fight. And the Athenaeum went up against the mighty force of the Arena, on the day. For a time a fierce battle of words raged, but the Athenaeumites could not withstand the enemy, and there remained not so much as one of them.

And it was a custom in this same valley, for each nation, once a year, to send two warriors to enter into a declamatory combat. On the appointed day there were great rumors in all the camps concerning the strength of their own combatants. Some cried one thing, some another, for the great assembly was confused. Then each warrior came forth and spake unto the people. After the contest a silence fell upon the crowd, and the judge arose and spake, "Behold, I have given the Arena contestant the first place." When the judge had spoken these words unto them, with one accord the people lifted up their voices, and shouted. Thus were all the other nations subdued before the Arenites. And there was great rejoicing thruout the whole land.





Herbert Steiner	Margaret Dickow	Grace Hannah	Lawrence Hill	Hilda Duschee	Hanna Brunstad	Allie Schulze	Willis Boston	Earl Wilson	Paul Collins	Clarence Mortell
	Leslie Bennett		Clara Moeschler		Duncan Reid		Maude Nicol		Nina Chenevert	

Pointer Staff

Athenaeum Debaters



H. R. Steiner

G. B. Everson

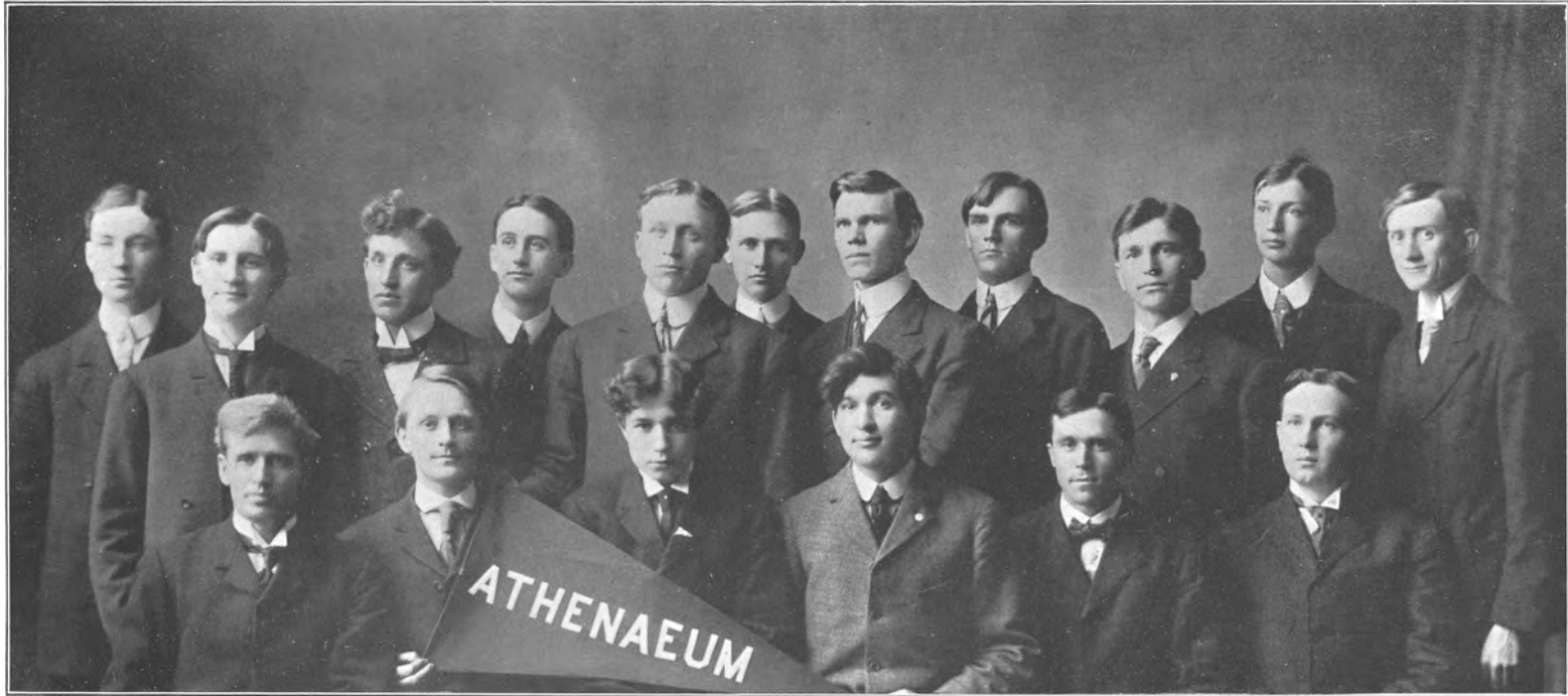
P. M. Geimer

ATHENAEUM

THE school year just closed has been one of great success for the Athenaeum. New members have been admitted, strengthening the work of the organization and adding to the interest of the programs.

The purpose of the society is to do the most for the individual member, and to attain this end, the work has been planned. Besides the regular work of a general literary order such as debates, reviews, readings, etc., much has been done along the line of parliamentary practice. It is proposed to make this part of the program still more prominent in the future.

Good society work can be maintained only thru the hearty co-operation of the members and we trust that the standard will be raised higher and higher.



Burns

Stiener
Geimer, P.

Geimer, J.
Jensen

McDill

Reid
Gallagher

Seidenburg

Risk
Bruce

Whitney

Osterbrink
Grover

Strope
Smith

Greenwood

Roll of Honor

ORATORS

ALLAN T. PRAY

J. B. CASSELS

JEROME WHEELOCK

ARNOLD L. GESELL

KENNETH L. PRAY

WALTER MURAT

MERL M. AMES

HAL. R. MARTIN

HOWARD CATE

SCHOOL DEBATERS

RALPH ROUNDS

ALFRED HERRICK

GEORGE SCHROEDER

JOSEPH SAZAMA

F. W. CALKINS

JAMES CHRISTENSEN

JOHN S. CLARK

CONRAD OLSON

CHARLES F. WARNER

J. G. CARLSON

LORON SPARKS

HARVEY SCHOFIELD

HAL. R. MARTIN

HARRISON

GERHARD GESELL

HEDBACK

JESSE E. AMES

JUNIOR DEBATERS

JAMES GLASSPOOLE

JOS. SAZAMA

GEORGE BAKER

FOSTER B. POLLEY

ALBERT BRUNSTAD

JESSE E. AMES

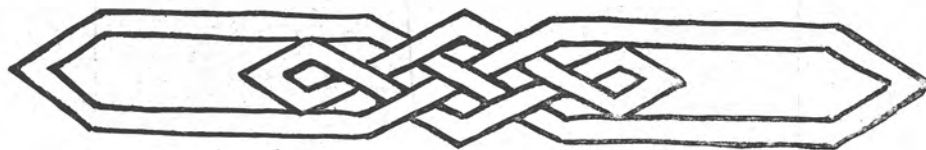
CHARLES HOUSEWORTH

E. D. WIDMER

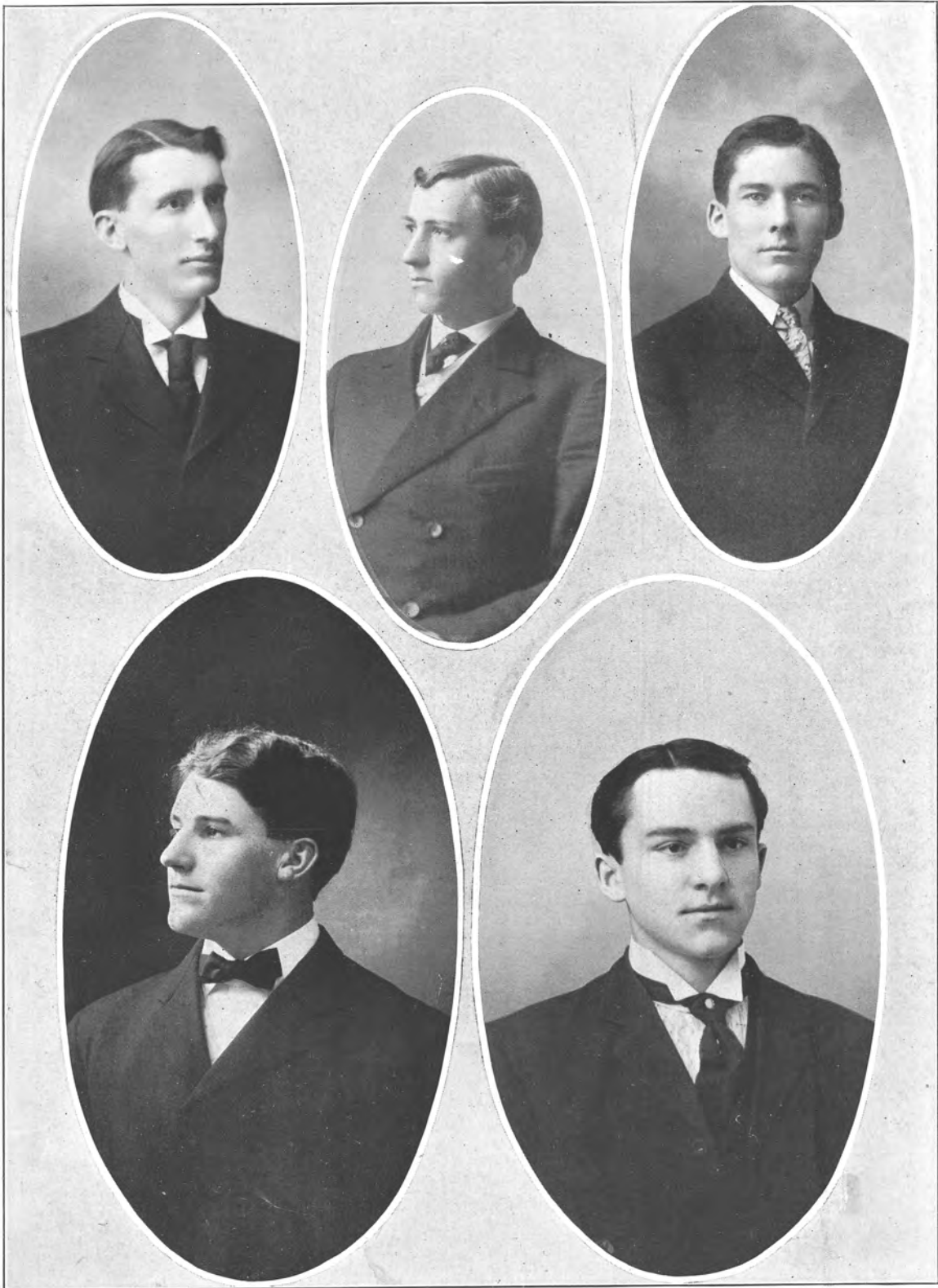
OLIVER R. WEINANDY

GERHARD GESELL

GUY E. CARLETON



Forum Officers and Debaters



Carleton, Debater.

Weinandy, Pres. and Debater.

Olson, Pres. and Debater.

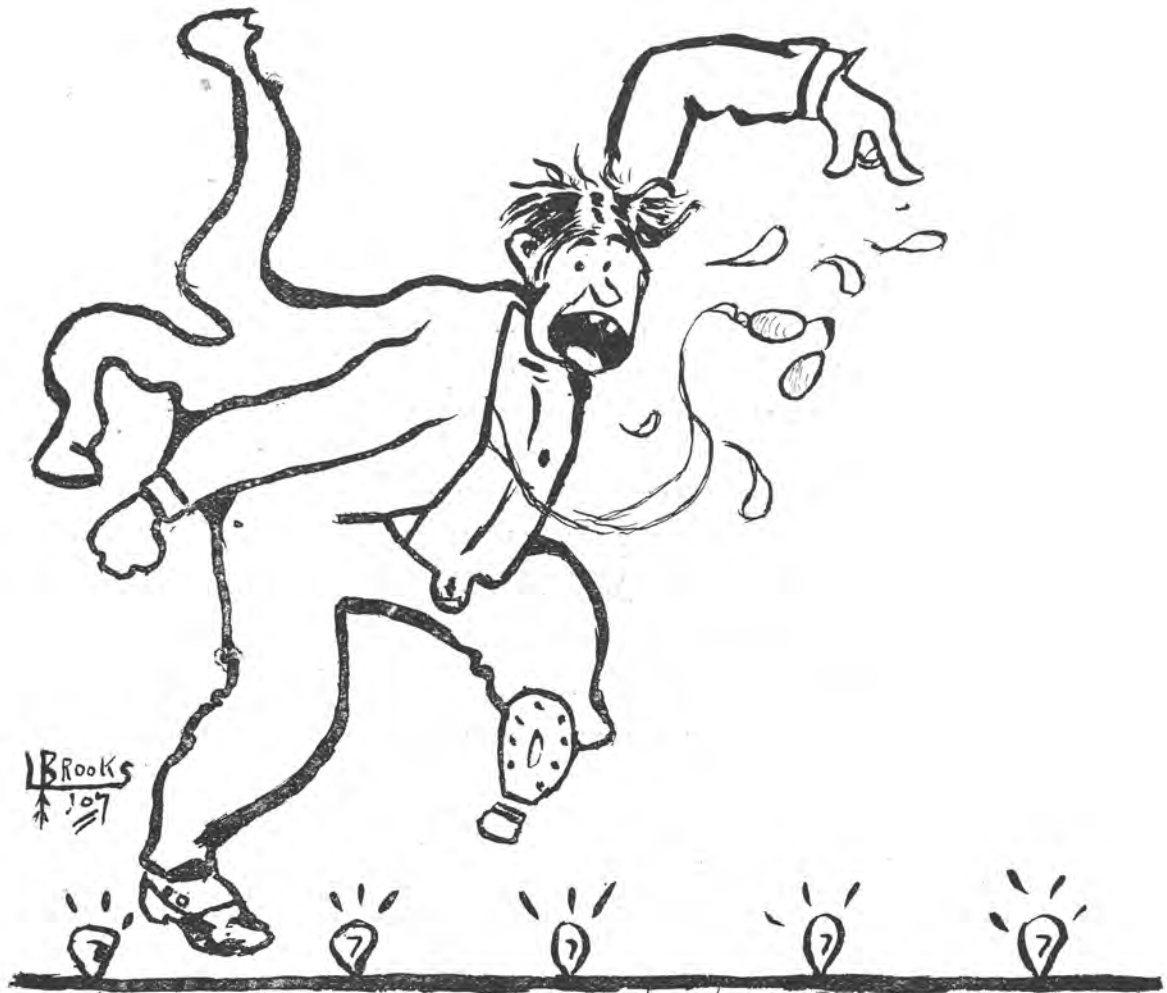
Wadleigh, President.
Martin, President.



Myrtle Rowland Nellie Patchin, V. Pres. Harriet Smith Mrs. Reed Mable Laing Eva Peart Kyrren Kettleson
 Eva Barnsdale Alice Arndt Myrtle Barker Laura Robinson Elsie Cooper, Pres. Gertrude Holmes Mable Rowland Lillian Massey Ada Judd
 Emma Dysland Martha Rohrbeck Pearl Garthwait Laura Diffendarfer Cassie Raymond Rexa Prahl Minnie Neeck Addie Blakely Rose Rasmussen Mae Bade

Y. W. C. A.

Read from left to right by rows



DEBATES. ←
ORATORY. ← #NY

Oratorical Contest

THE Oratorical Contest which was held on February first, this year was one of unusual interest. A large and enthusiastic audience was present and the well merited rounds of applause fairly shook the building. The program is given in this annual, for we believe that in years to come it will serve as a pleasant reminder of a well spent evening. Harold Martin was awarded first place and represented the school in the State Contest at White-water. The second place was awarded to George B. Everson and third to Miss Clara Moeschler.

PROGRAM.

- Music—Prayer and Rondo.....Weber
Violin Chorus
- Downfall of Russian Autocracy..... LESLIE DANIEL BENNETT
An Unrecognized Force in Civilization..... CLARA MARGARET MOESCHLER
Vocal Solo—Answer.....Carl Bohm
Miss Sadie Elizabeth Buck
- America and the Farther East..... HAROLD ROGER MARTIN
The American City and Civic Improvement..... GEORGE BENJAMIN EVERSON
Music—Good Night, Good Night, Beloved.....Pinsuti
Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Ferrill,
Mr. Shumway, Mr. Sechrist.
- The Race Problem..... JOHN REESE JONES
Music—Calif of Bagdad.....Boieldieu
Violin Chorus

JUDGES.

- HON. NEAL BROWN, Wausau
SUPT. DURANT C. GILE, Marshfield
MR. E. P. ARPIN, Grand Rapids

WINNERS OF PREVIOUS CONTESTS.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1896—Allan T. Pray | 1901—Kenneth L. Pray |
| 1897—Andrew Larkin | 1902—Merl M. Ames |
| 1898—B. J. Cassells | 1903—Walter Murat |
| 1899—Arnold L. Gesell | 1904—J. Howard Browne |
| 1900—Jerome Wheelock | 1905—Alta Sherman |
| 1906—Bertha Parker | |

Miss Sherman was winner in the State contest and Mr. Gesell in the State and Inter-State contests.

Oratorical Association



T. M. Lisk, President of Association.



H. R. Martin, School Orator

The Declamatory Contest

AMID the waving of banners and the shouting of a crowd filled to over-flowing with school spirit, the Annual Declamatory Contest was held on Friday evening, April twenty-sixth. First place was awarded to Miss Sadie Farrell, second to Guy E. Carleton, and third to William Dineen.

PROGRAM.

Touissant L' Ouverture.....	FRANCES BAKER
How They Saved St. Michaels.....	HAZEL MARSH
The Insult To Our Flag.....	CARL STROPE
Whistling In Heaven.....	ETHEL WHITAKER
Motives For Conspiracy.....	WILLIAM DINEEN
Trouble In The Amen Corner.....	SADIE FARRELL
The Plea For The Old South Church.....	JOHN GEIMER
The Traitor.....	GUY E. CARLETON

JUDGES:

REV. J. A. STEMEN.

D. I. SICKLESTEEL.

E. D. GLENNON.



Sadie Farrell, Winner of Declamatory Contest

Inter Normal Oratorical Contest

The Inter Normal Oratorical Contest was held in the First Congregational church at Whitewater, March 15. The interior of the church was tastefully decorated with the various school colors; and the different school delegations were assigned to the parts of the church that were decorated with the colors of that school. The largest visiting delegations came from Milwaukee and Platteville.

Some time previous to the contest, the various delegations met at the Normal School and marched in a body to the church. The student bands from Platteville and Whitewater contributed the music for the occasion. After arriving at the church, the period of waiting for the contest to begin, was taken up by the various schools in singing their numerous school songs.

The following program was rendered:

"The Conquerors," Whitewater Glee Club.

Address of Welcome, President Albert Salisbury.

President's Address, William H. Schnell, Superior.

Solo—(a) "Beloved, It Is Morn." (b) "Love's Springtide," Miss Barbara C. Moore, Oshkosh.

"Swedish Peasant's Wedding March," Milwaukee Glee Club.

Oration—"A Demand for Justice," Herbert L. Woolhiser, Whitewater.

Oration—"Our Western Frontiersmen," Irene Johnson, Superior.

Solo—"A May Morning," Jennie Wiettenhiller, Platteville.

Oration—"The Jew," Lawrence Dake, River Falls.

Oration—"Chinese Gordon," Charles H. Velte, Oshkosh.

Oration—"Supposed Speech of Leonidas on the Third Morn of the Battle of Thermopylae," P. N. Willis, Platteville.

Solo—"Bedouin Love Song," Frank Karnes, Oshkosh.

Oration—"America and the Farther East," H. R. Martin, Stevens Point.

Oration—"Civic Duty," W. O. Meilahn, Milwaukee.

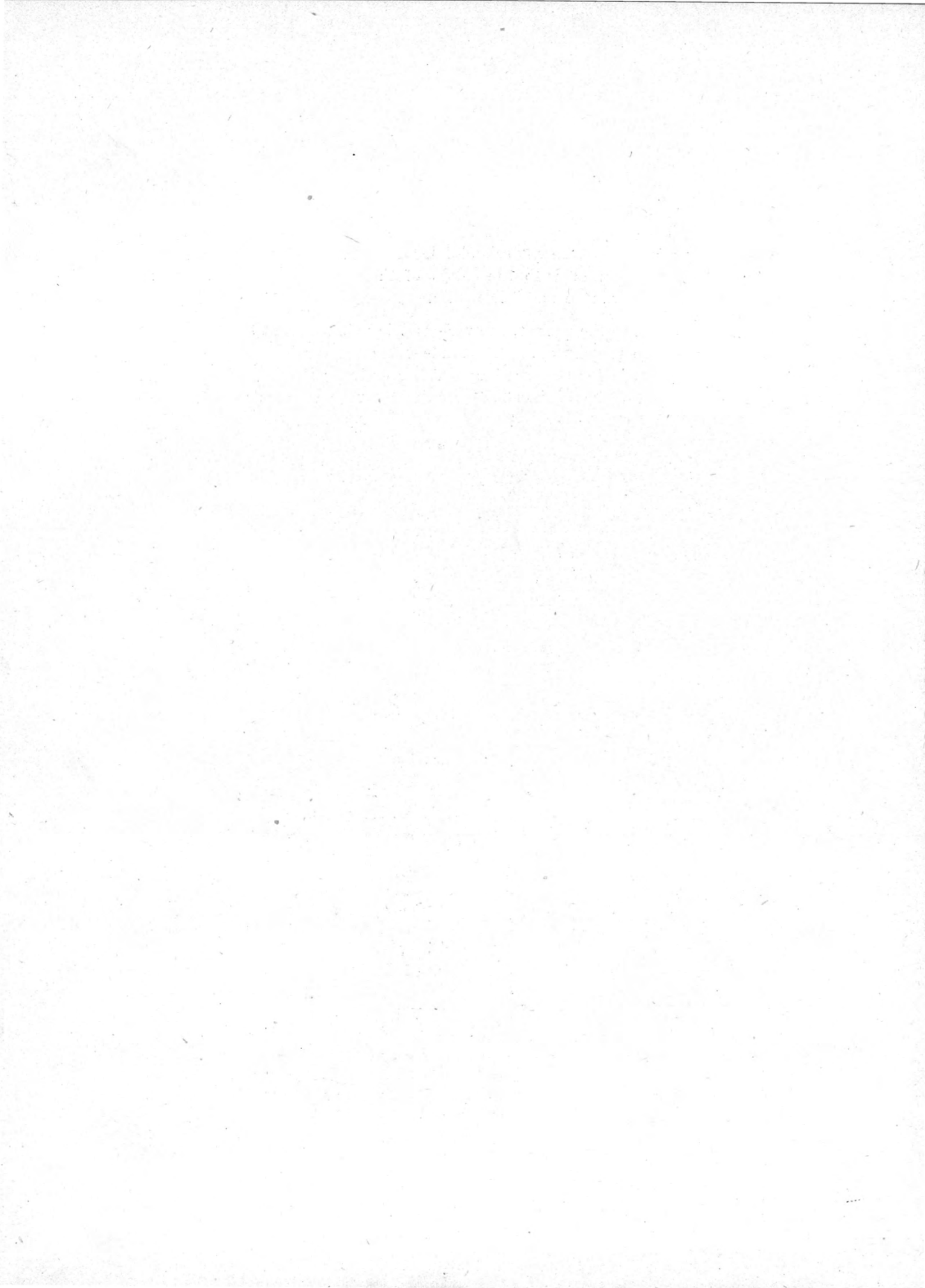
Solo—(a) "The Lady of the Lagoon," (b) "A Birthday," Ruth Elizabeth Walling, Milwaukee.

"Sweet and Low," Ladies Quartette, Whitewater.

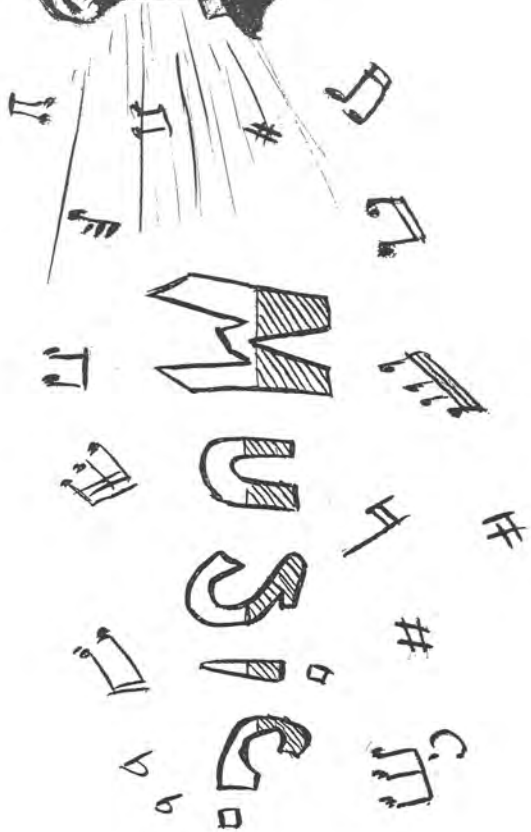
The judges rendered the following decision; First place, W. O. Meilahn, of Milwaukee; second place, Herbert L. Woolhiser, of Whitewater; third place, H. R. Martin, of Stevens Point; fourth place, Lawrence Dake, of River Falls; fifth place, P. N. Willis, of Platteville; sixth place, Charles H. Velte, of Oshkosh; and seventh place, Irene Johnson, of Superior.

The judges were:

Miss Ellen C. Sabin, Milwaukee; E. J. Baskerville, of Madison; J. B. Borden, of Madison; W. A. Ganfield, of Waukesha; and E. R. Stevens, of Madison.



Brooks
107



Treble Clef Club

Director: MRS. HELEN BRIDGE

Accompanist: MRS. DAVID OLSON

First Sopranos

SADIE BUCK

KATHERYN BRUCE

CLARA CHRISTIANSON

THADA BOSTON

ALLIE SCHULZE

CHARLOTTE DEAN

SADIE FARRELL

BLANCHE DAFOE

CLARA FARRELL

GERTRUDE HOLMES

WINNEFRED GALLAGHER

SARAH MOORES

AMALIA RASMUS

Second Sopranos

FRANCES BAKER

PEARL GARTHWAITE

MARGARET CUSHMAN

SELMA HAFSOOS

IDA HAYWARD

Altos

ETHEL BUMP

ELSIE COOPER

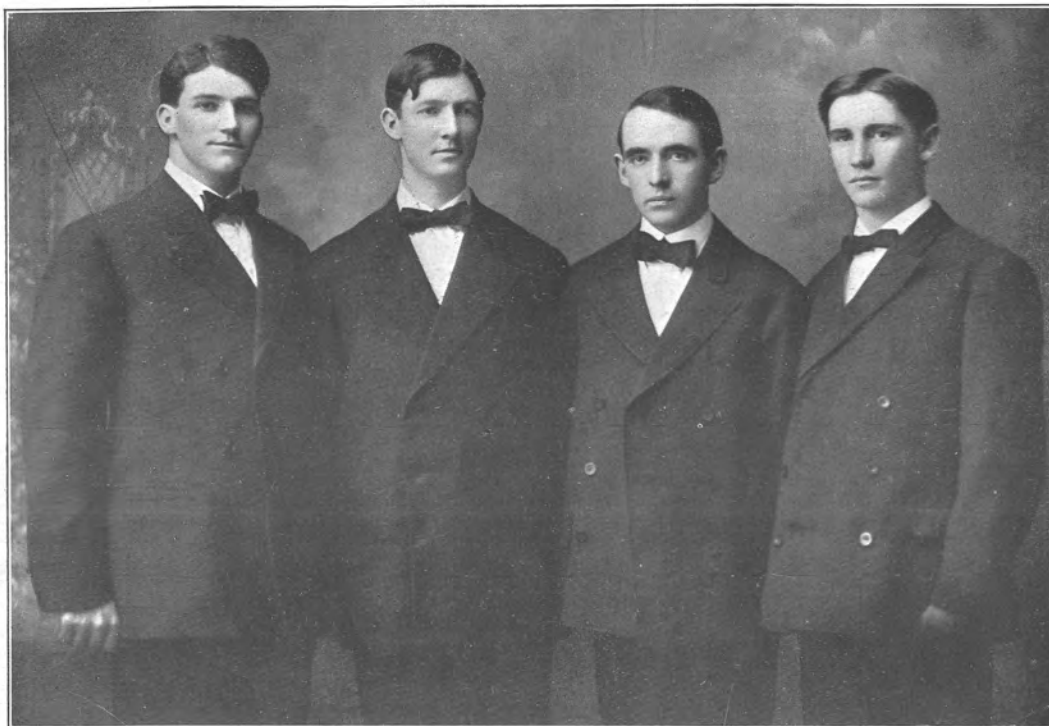
DORA McNUTT

BESSIE ROWE



Treble Clef Club

Male Quartet



Oliver Weinandy

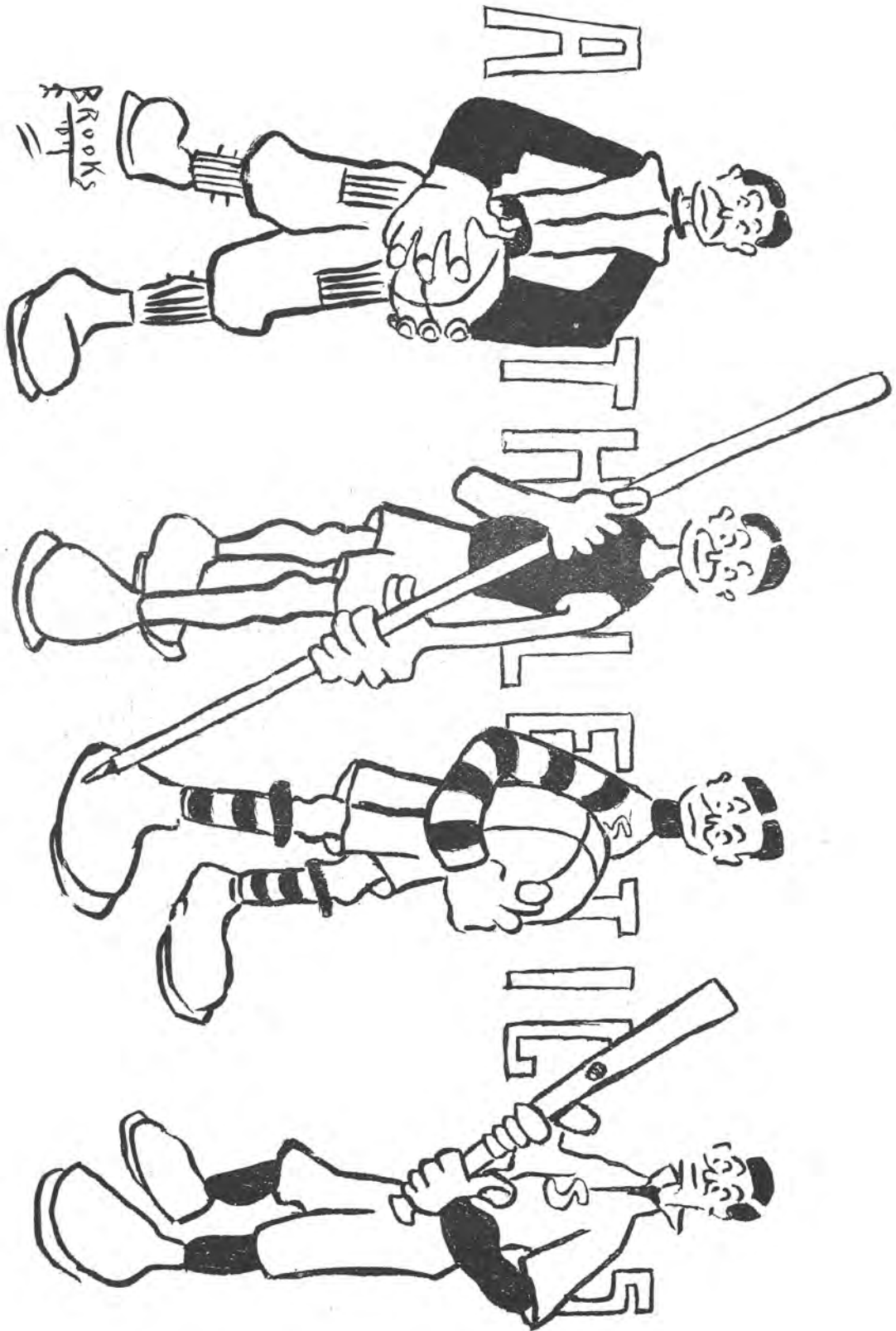
Laurence Hill

John Morse

Herbert Steiner

Musical Organizations.

The Male Quartet, the Glee Club, and the Treble Clef are the musical organizations of the school. They furnish music for rhetorical programs, and give one or two public concerts during the year. The singers of the student body have always recognized the value to be derived from the training given in these clubs, and hence, plenty of applicants have always been on hand. The past year has seen good, faithful work on the part of these societies, and they have yet to disappoint the first audience.



Athletic Records Made in Public Events at Stevens Point Normal, Stevens Point, Wis.

DATE	EVENT	NAME	RECORD
1898	100 yd. Dash.....	Anton Krembs.....	10½ seconds
1895	220 yd. Dash.....	Frank Beau.....	23 seconds
1898	440 yd. Dash.....	Harry Mortensen.....	54½ seconds
1903	½ mile Run.....	Matthew Wadleigh.....	2 min. 10½ sec.
1905	1 mile Run.....	Emmett Hephner.....	5 min. 16 sec.
1895	120 yd. Run.....	Frank Beau.....	19½ seconds
1896	120 yd. Run.....	John Clark.....	19½ seconds
1902	Running High Jump.....	John Hughes.....	5 ft. 10 in.
1896	Standing High Jump.....	Guy Blencoe.....	4 ft. 7 in.
1906	Running Broad Jump.....	Leslie Bennett.....	19 ft. 7½ in.
1903	Standing Broad Jump.....	Matthew Wadleigh.....	10 ft. 3½ in.
1905	Pole Vault.....	Samuel Wadleigh.....	10 ft.
1895	Hop, Skip and Jump.....	Alex Krembs.....	42 ft. 5 in.
1897	Shot Put.....	John Mathe.....	36 ft. 10½ in.
1903	Hammer Throw.....	Duncan Reid.....	83 ft. 10 in.
1898	½ mile Bicycle.....	Chas. Werner.....	1 min. 15½ sec.
1900	1 mile Bicycle.....	Lucius Allen.....	2 min. 35 sec.
1895	1 mile Bicycle.....	Leslie Everts.....	2 min. 35 sec.
1903	Discus Throw.....	Matthew Wadleigh.....	91 ft. 1½ in.

Elementary Girls' Basket Ball Team



Senior Girls' Basket Ball Team



Foot Ball Season 1906-7

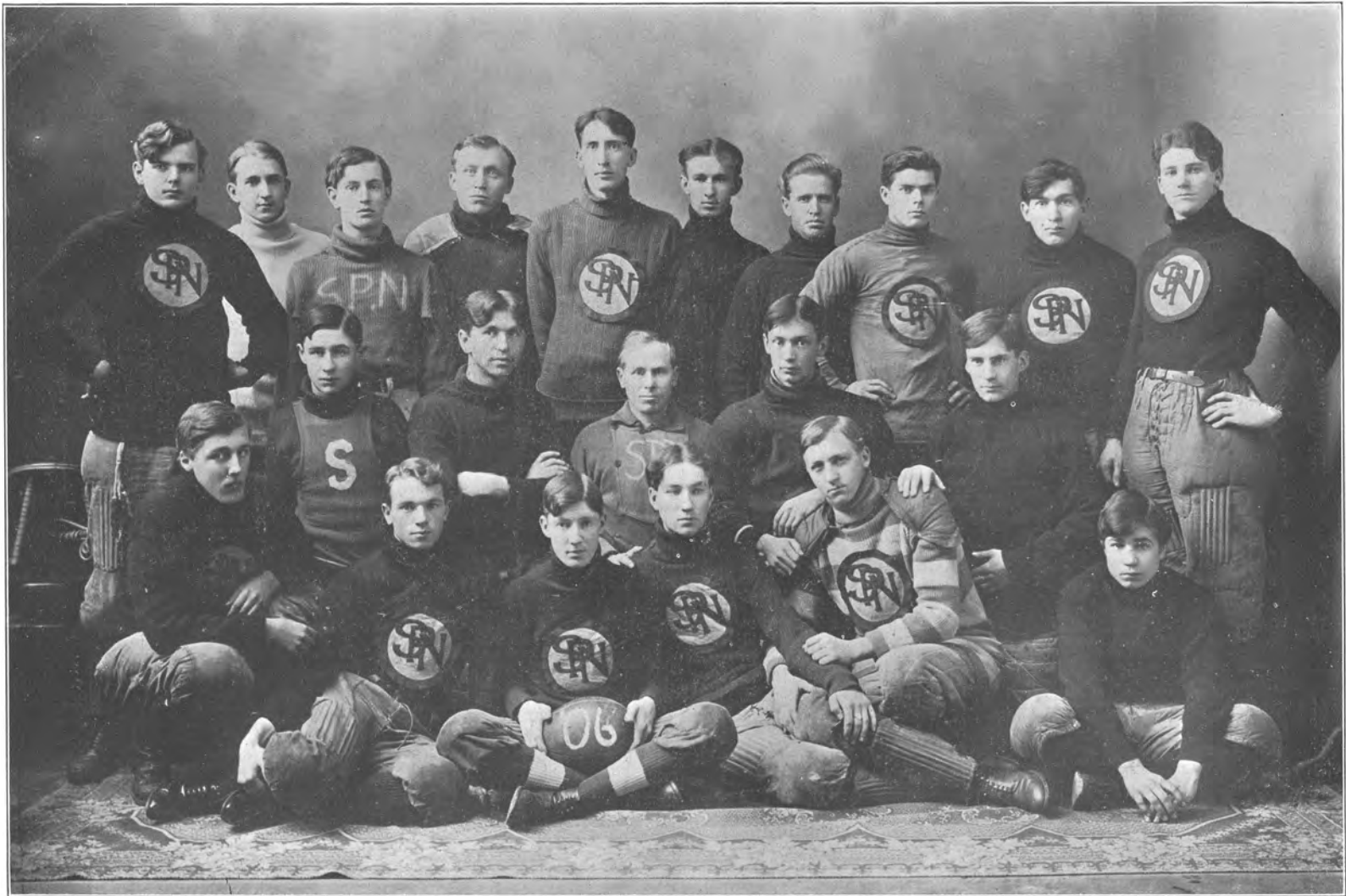
When school opened in the fall of 1906, the football prospects for the season looked far from bright. Only a small number of men, suited to the game, were available, for many of the old men had left and few of the new ones seemed interested. Thus, under adverse circumstances, and without a coach, tho ably led by their captain, the boys went to work with a will, exhibiting much energy and grit. As a result the S. P. N. Football team lost but one game out of the six which it played this season.

As the football season advanced, the prospects brightened. New rules had been adopted which made the boys play with renewed vigor. The good spirit shown and the fine team work done will long be remembered by those interested in football.

With the fine material which is now in school to draw from, the football team of 1907-8 promises to be one that will add extensive honor and glory to our Alma Mater and her purple and gold.

Foot Ball Squad

NAMES	AGES	WEIGHT	POSITION	SPECIALTIES
Boston, Willis.....	19	138	End.....Spinning yarns
Brooks, Lloyd.....	20	148	Guard.....Drawing
Bruce, Howard.....	18	152	Center.....Singing
Burns, James.....	19	147	End.....Making excuses
Carleton, Guy.....	28	125	Substitute.....Giving his life's history
Collins, Paul.....	16	116	Substitute.....Breaking bronchos
Gallagher, Frank....	16	120	Substitute.....Asking questions
Geimer, Peter.....	28	165	Guard.....Learning facts
Grover, Herbert.....	22	225	Guard.....Debating
Hill, Laurence.....	18	135	Quarter.....Scrapping
Jones, Reese.....	22	138	End.....Blushing
Little, Harold.....	18	140	Tackle.....Studying
Martin, Harold.....	20	165	Tackle.....Watching the ladies
McDill, Conover....	19	130	End.....Strength
Moffitt, John.....	19	145	Half Back.....Speeding
Mortell, Clarence....	19	138	Full Back.....Loving
Ninman Herman....	21	138	Substitute.....Flirting
Olson, Reynold.....	19	148	Center.....Joking
Reid, Duncan.....	24	202	Tackle.....Dancing
Roberts, Guy.....	20	155	Half Back.....Walking on the bridge
Strope, Carl.....	19	116	Substitute.....Declaiming
Weinandy, Oliver....	24	180	Half Back.....Grinning at the girls



	Willis Boston	Duncan Reid		Guy Roberts			
Lloyd Brooks	Junior Parmeter		Guy Carleton	Peter Geimer	John Moffit	Howard Bruce	Oliver Weinandy
	Paul Collins	I. J. Osterbrink	Herman Ninman	Carl Strobe		Earl Wilson	
Harold Little	Clarence Mortell		Laurence Hill	James Burns	Reynold Olson		Frank Gallagher

Foot Ball Squad

Basket Ball Team

- “Goo” Bennett—Left Guard.
- “Strawberry” Hill—Right Guard.
- “Slim” Wadleigh—Left Forward, Captain.
- “Dog” Boston—Right Forward.
- “Cop” Roberts—Center.
- “Sliver” McDill—Substitute.
- “Gim” Wilson—Substitute.
- “Stiffie” Everson—Manager.

Definition and Origin of Nick Names:

“Goo”—A mixture used in cementing broken hearts and box cars, a gluey substance that will stand severe strain. This condign name first left human lips in connection with this virtuous personage while he was “pitching” a game of ball. Before throwing the sphere he spat upon it and as a warning to the batter called out, “Look out, Bill, here comes a goo ball.”

“Strawberry”—A contraction of strawberry blond—a person having hair and complexion similar in color to that of a weathered straw pile; named thus by man because of his resemblance to a straw pile.

“Slim”—Pertaining to the slender; having no surplus fat—void of all fatty flesh. This name arose from the grace and elegance of our captain, while on the field in a basket-ball game.

“Dog”—A genus of digitigrade—a descendant of the wolf,—a long-legged animal of indefinite value to man; can be found in every country where the human race exists. It is capable of domestication and when tamed becomes a valuable companion to ladies, making a strong and faithful pro-

jector. Dubbed thus because of the guttural sounds this being makes while playing basket-ball.

“Cop”—A male member of the human race used in keeping other members in order; a person hired by the city to stay out nights and turn a watchful eye on all female persons out after 9 P. M. So named because of the position of his father-in-law on the city police force.

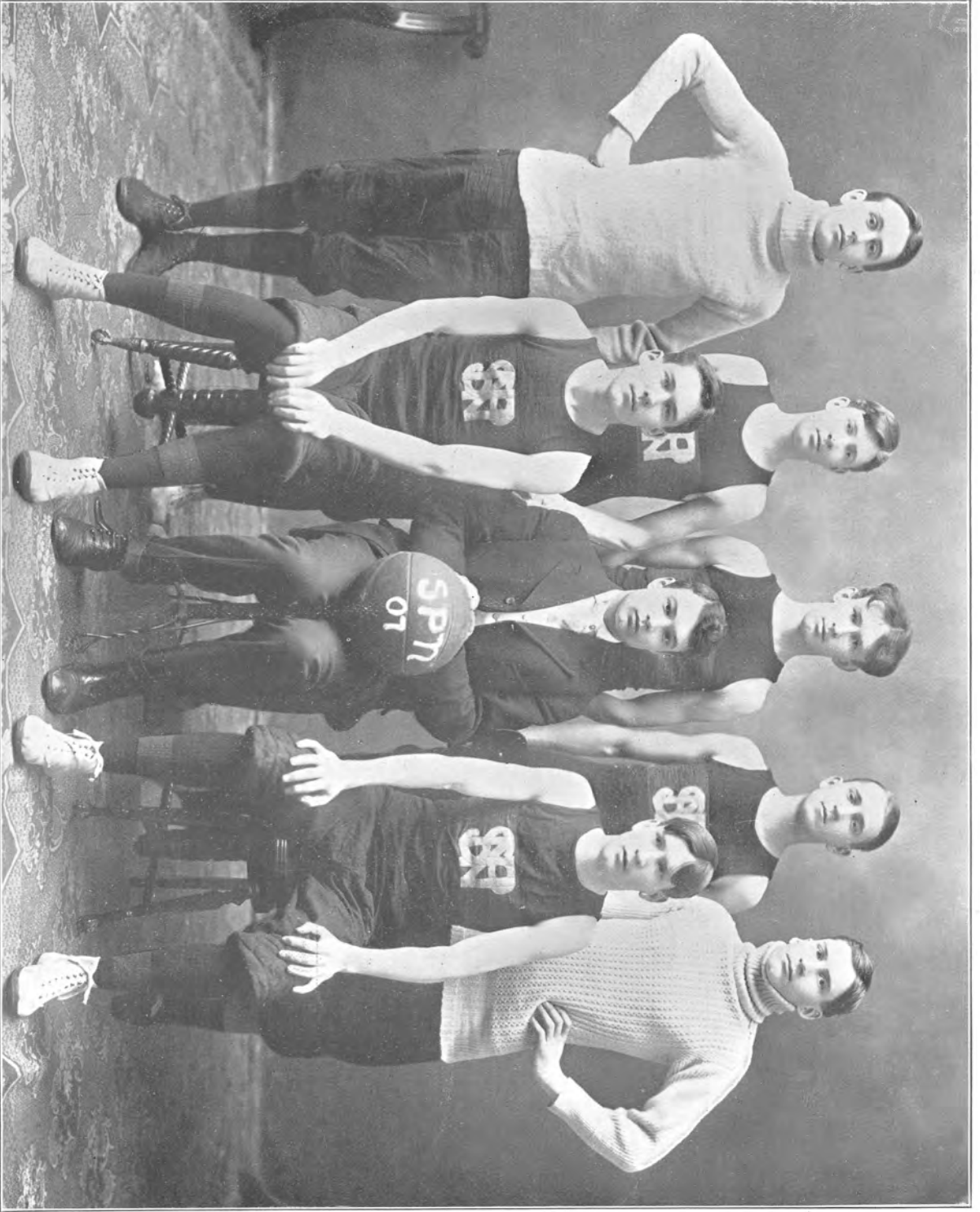
“Sliver”—A splinter; a long continued piece: a sharp, slender fragment of material that lodges under the skin. So called because of the robust, athletic figure this heavy individual possesses.

“Gim”—An abbreviation of gimlet—an instrument used in boring holes, a sharp-nosed piece of metal very essential in a carpenter’s kit. Called by this name because of a peculiar habit this individual had, when a boy, of boring into affairs, both public and private.

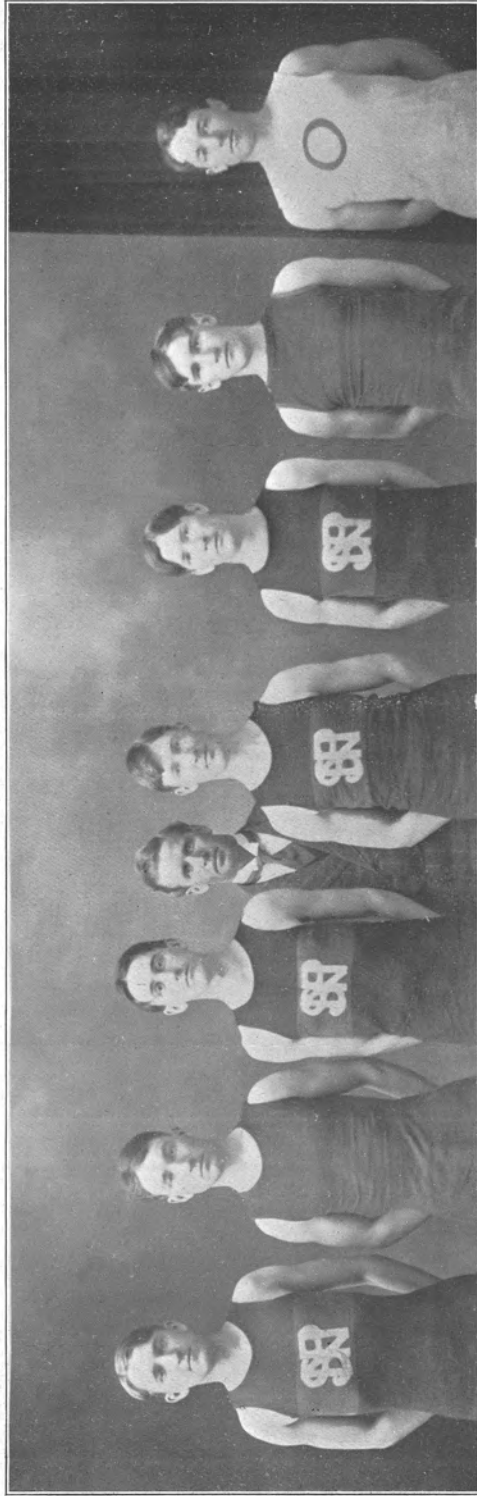
“Stiffie”—A person, thing or being that can contort its mouth, limbs and fingers into many shapes and forms. So called because of the suppleness of his limbs and jaw-bone.

BASKET BALL GAMES

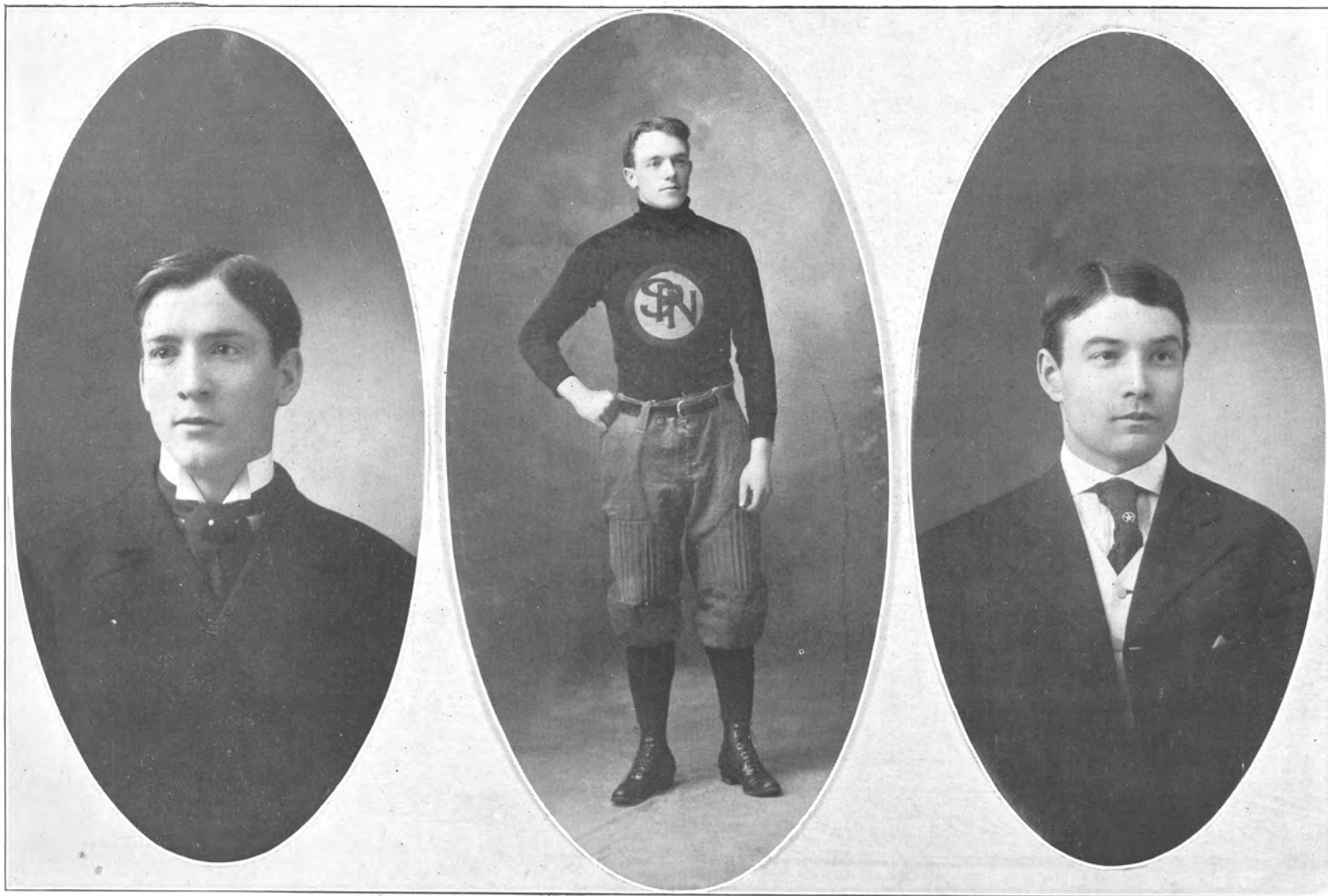
Dec. 14, '06, at Oshkosh . . .	Stevens Point 26	Oshkosh 25
Jan. 25, '07, at Grand Rapids .	Stevens Point 24	Grand Rapids . . . 25
Feb. 1, '07, at Marshfield . .	Stevens Point 25	Marshfield 13
Feb. 8, '07, at Stevens Point .	Stevens Point 26	Grand Rapids . . . 14
Feb. 15, '07, at Stevens Point .	Stevens Point 25	Oshkosh 15
Feb. 23, '07, at Stevens Point .	Stevens Point 29	Oshkosh H. S. . . . 19
Mar. 1, '07, at Stevens Point .	Stevens Point 29	Stevens Pt. H. S. . 20



Basket Ball Team



Track Team



L. D. Bennett,
Track Manager

C. A. Mortell,
Foot Ball Captain

G. B. Everson,
Basket Ball Manager

Tennis Association

This association was organized in the spring of 1895. Two courts were laid out in what was then the northwest corner of the campus.

Owing to the sandy nature of the soil, and the fact that the grounds had recently been graded, considerable difficulty was encountered. As an experiment, furnace cinder was used to make a playing surface on the soft sand foundation. The labor was furnished by the members of the association, and the money for material for back-stops and fences was advanced by Professors Sanford and Culver. If H. L. Gardner, '97, looks after his political fences as well and thoroly as he did the building of our back-stops, he will not often be defeated.

After two seasons' trial, it was found impracticable to make a good court with the material used, and the matter was brought to the notice of the local regent, Mr. H. O. Raymond, who authorized the purchase of sufficient clay to cover the courts to the depth of five inches. This was done, and since then the courts have been, and still are in excellent condition.

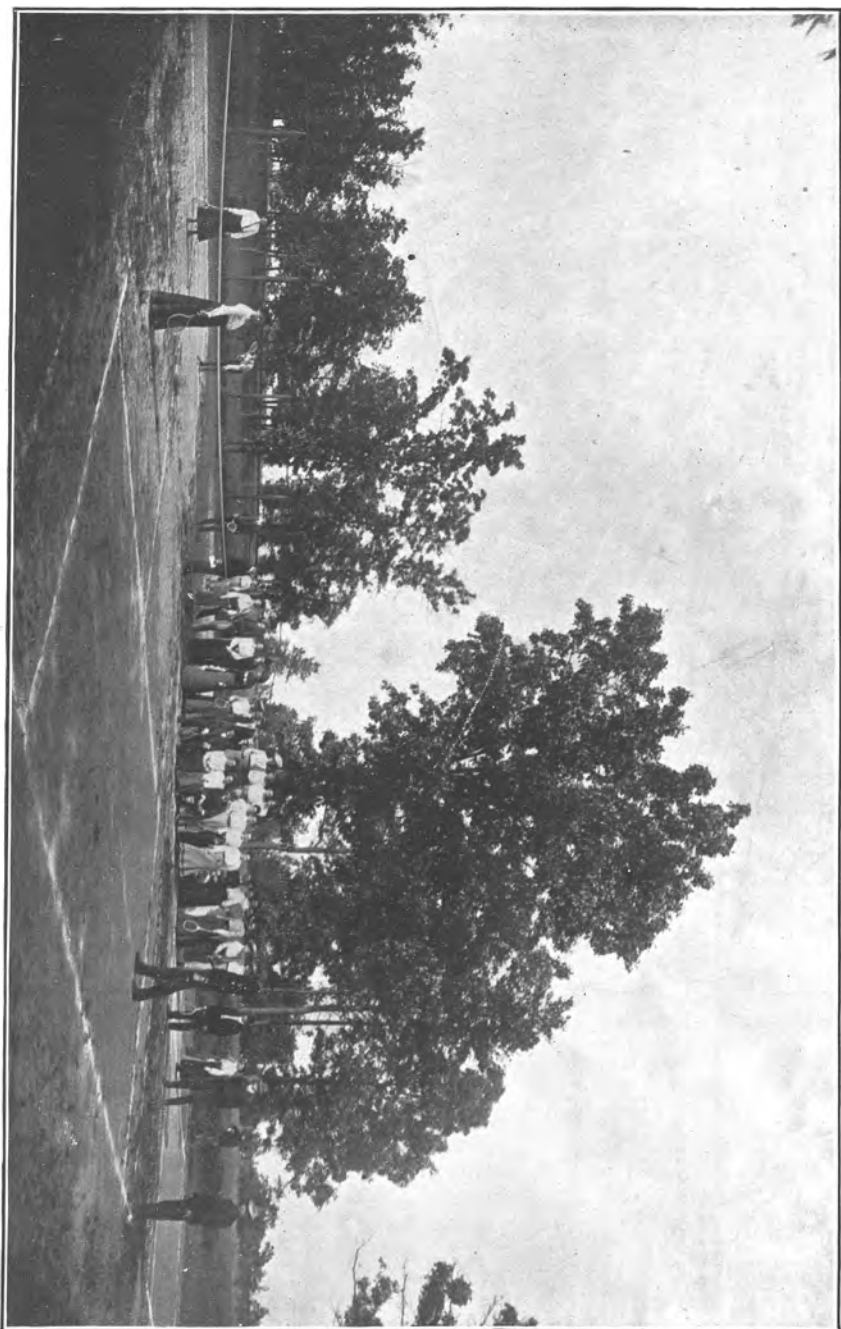
The membership has varied thru the years from twenty to eighty. There were always enough to keep the courts busy. Notwithstanding the fact that most of the members have played their first game on these courts, some very good players have been turned out. Among these may be mentioned Lucius Allen '00, winner of tournaments both here and in northwestern Wisconsin, E. E. Brown, '06, winner of several prizes at tournaments in Indiana, and W. W. Culver, '99, who won out in competition with nineteen others for a place on the U. W. tennis team of '03. Other strong players were Lees, '99, Rockwell, '00, Schofield and K. Pray, '01, Ogden, '02, Clark, '04 and H. E. Culver, '06. Of the ladies, Ellida Moen and Genevieve Miller come to mind as among the most enthusiastic players of recent years.

The present vigorous membership has some very promising material and bids fair to equal the records of its predecessors.

The financial difficulties incident to the beginnings of most such organizations, were finally overcome and for some years past the association has steadily maintained a small balance in its treasury.

While the recreational element has been the dominant note in this association from the beginning, there has been enough competition to give spice and flavor to the game; and from time to time, challenges have been issued to other organizations for inter-club tournaments. For various reasons, none of these have materialized; and the only tournaments held have been wholly local. These, however, have been taken up with enthusiasm and successfully carried out, always with marked improvement in the general play of the members as a prominent result. It is hoped and believed that the present season will see an even greater gain in all that goes to make good tennis.





Tennis Court



Nature Study

The turning Nature-ward of certain great leaders was the inspiration that lifted educational methods out of the benumbing influence of the Dark Ages. Rabelais (1843) portrayed his hero, Gargantua, as the perfect flower of a well rounded education. Some portions of the boy's daily program interest us. He arose at four o'clock in the morning and teacher and pupil began work by "observing the sky, noting if it were of the same aspect as on the preceding night." Again in the afternoon they went into the fields studying plants, trees, and flowers. At bed time, to close the day of study, pupil and teacher again "searched the heavens, noticing the figuration and aspect of the stars."

Locke would start the young learner out into the world of nature. He declares that he cannot know things by another man's eyes.

Milton says, "In those vernal seasons of the year when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth."

The creation of *Emile* by Rousseau came out of the vitalizing heart of Nature, and has carried its message forcefully to two continents. As a boy, Rousseau rioted passionately in the beautiful Swiss country life near Geneva. At the age of sixteen he became a tramp because of his love of rural simplicity. So came he to be the modern inventor of the love of nature, the inspiration of nature poets of all lands, the exemplifier of that language which is the expression of first hand impressions. Such language carries with it a force which no style formed by reading or study can ever have.

Emile knew no book till he was twelve years of age, except the pages of nature. "I hate books," Rousseau cries, "they only teach people to talk about what they do not understand." He says again, "Emile will never dissect insects; he will not have counted the spots on the sun; he will know neither microscope nor telescope. Before using these instruments, I mean that he shall invent them." When Emile must have a book there is one incomparable in Rousseau's mind,—a book for which all his training in the natural sciences serve as a commentary,—Robinson Crusoe. The resulting character of a boy so trained is open, intelligent and teachable—according to Rousseau.

Pestalozzi would incorporate the outer world of nature with the inner world of the mind. The child must be permitted to enjoy the life of earth and nature with all its wealth of form. An important part of Froebel's school was "to go out to note with joy the things we do not know about." He would educate men "whose feet shall stand on God's earth, rooted fast in nature, while their heads tower up to heaven and read its secrets with steady gaze."

The recent prophet of Nature Study, Dr. C. F. Hodge, says that during the first three years of its life the little child goes by leaps and bounds into the knowledge and understanding of things about him. The little child comes to the teacher with a thousand pictures in his eyes. The teacher asks him to forget all these things and learn by the symbolic method. To quote from Lowell, "the shades of the prison house begin to close around

him." Give the pupil large problems and give them to him early, says Dr. Stanley Hall. Nature is large and there is room there for the child mind to develop large thoughts. "Every child," says Dr. Hall, "should dwell in the country for the first eight years of its life." The unconscious influence of the sounds of Nature, her grandeur and beauty, unity and rhythm, provoke awe and wonder and rhythmic life in the child. The school has the pleasant privilege of aiding this harmonious development. Let it continue the nature worship of wide eyed infancy.

Prof. Bailey says, "Teach the child the sky in rain, the sky in sunshine, the bird on its nest, the nest on the bough, the rough bark of the trees, the frost on the twigs, the smell of the ground, the sweet wind, the falling leaf, the ever changing weather."

The course of study as a whole should be firmly grounded in the things of nature, the teacher able and willing to make use of nature constantly in forming character. Ideally, the school should be located in the midst of nature.

If the teacher is sensitive to all living things, the child will grow in knowledge and sympathy for all living things. There will be in addition an internal development of faculties in the child as shown by his unanswerable questions.

Briefly told, the results to follow the teacher's sympathetic persistent work are pupils that love beauty, appreciate nature, respect life, with habits of value that shall develop into admirable characters. May our homely efforts to read truly the lessons from nature be expressed by the lines of Prof. L. H. Bailey's poem:

"I teach
The plants that grow,
The winds that blow,
The streams that run
In rain and sun
Throughout the year.

And then I lead
Thro' wood and mead
Thro' mould and sod
Out unto God.

With love and cheer
I teach!"

—R. A. Hatherell.





SCHOOL HISTORY

One who essays to write the history of any institution must decide arbitrarily where he will make a beginning; for wherever this may be there is always something that happened just before which really belongs to the story. So all history goes back to Adam. However, as this is not a history of the Stevens Point Normal School, but merely a sketch describing some of its activities, no one can criticise its scope on the ground of incompleteness. Probably those who first attended and taught in this school have the noise of saw, plane, and hammer mingling with their memories of those earliest days; for the great railroad strike of 1894 had delayed the transportation of materials, and it was mid-September before the session could open. Thus our beginnings were dignified (if not promoted) by association with events of national importance.

The new Normal besides carrying forward the work of education in the time-honored fundamentals, was at once seen to stand for new things. Music, drawing, and athletics had not been elevated to the position of required work in the region where the school was located, or at least not in the rural sections. And while the subject last mentioned was immediately welcomed as a pleasing addition to the routine of school life, the two former subjects were "bitter pills" to many a strapping lad and experienced "lady teacher" who came to the Normal. How little one hears in these days of the objections then urged against these "useless subjects."

The school was not long in displaying its individuality—a certain strenuousness that surprised some of the pedagogues who looked on from the outside; an atmosphere of freedom from the old fashioned "discipline" of the country school; and a refreshing spirit of friendliness and informality between teachers and students.

We shall certainly do injustice to the regular work of the school if we dwell upon the rise of its voluntary activities. The latter could hardly have risen naturally and flourished in a healthy state unless the former had absorbed the larger share of the school's energies and unless it had proceeded in an orderly, substantial manner. It was the policy of the school to let those activities grow naturally, in response to demand, rather than to force them into existence. The first literary society among Normal students was the Arena, composed of members of both sexes. Mr. Sylvester had already organized a literary and athletic society for boys of the grades. Then the young men seceded from their sisters and formed the Forum; later, the Athenaeum came into existence, and a band of young red-skins formed the Ohiyesa. Early there came about the Oratorical Association and its annual contests, Mr. Andrew Larkin being the first winner in 1897. Public debating began in 1895 and soon the school was meeting annually on the platform of the Oshkosh Juniors and Whitewater teams, besides maintaining a series of debates between the two men's literary societies.

The lecture course began in 1897, Mr. Livingston furnishing the necessary inspiration. It was a success from the first and in its third season we were obliged to move from the Normal Assembly Room to the Opera House in order to accommodate the patrons.

Football early sprang into great favor. "There were giants in those days"—Beck, Gardner, Blencole, Carlson, Manz, Polley, Schofield, Shimek, and many others too numerous to mention. The whole Normal School world of Wisconsin was soon astonished at the way in which this young upstart school was winning games. Field day in those first years was a great institution, and the work done was remarkable. Examine the records that hang in the hall and see for yourself how many of them dating back to 1895 and 1896 are still waiting patiently to be broken. Tennis got a start the very first year of the school, under Mr. Culver's paternal guidance, and after a liberal application of clay to the courts. Basketball, with its outside contests, is a sport of more recent development.

The "Normal Pointer" made its initial appearance in December, 1895, and since then it has maintained a very creditable standard. Its character as a purely student publication has always been a prominent feature of the "Pointer." Within recent years an "annual" bearing various names has been issued at Commencement time. The "Iris" is the most recent of these interesting souvenir publications.

The Normal building was one of the first, a newer type that now has representatives among the school houses in many cities. But a dozen years ago such buildings were scarce and ours received such constant praise that the complimentary remarks of visitors came to seem next to humorous. It was not so funny, however, when the increasing number of students began to tax its capacity; then Peter Kelley and his family were driven out of the janitor's quarters and Mr. Swift with his psychology and theory occupied their place. Then practice classes might have been seen roosting on stairways and in halls.

Finally, the "new wing" was built and finished. The old cramped office was given up for more dignified quarters. The library, constantly expanding, was given more room in which to grow. No. 215, with its crowd of youngsters aspiring to become real Normalites became an established institution.

But changes in the building were as nothing compared with changes in the faculty. In 1905, when the school had completed ten years of its history, it was determined that there had belonged to its faculty more than sixty individuals, and that number has now become fully seventy-five. In the institute conductorship, Mr. Sylvester was followed by Mr. Livingston and he by the present incumbent, Mr. Hyer. The drawing department has seen a succession of artistic enthusiasts—Misses Tanner, Morse, Reitler, and Grady. Music has had an equal number of votaries—Miss Linton, Mrs. Clement, Miss Fink, and Mrs. Bridge. The gymnasium has been in charge of numerous successful teachers—Misses Crawford, Garish, Allerton, and Jackman. In geography, the good beginning made by Mrs. Eliot was continued under Miss DeReimer (who, departing, left behind a blessed memory) and Mr. Olson. Of Latin teachers, the list is not long: Miss Pitman, Miss Stewart, Miss Pray (so lately and so bravely meeting the grim reaper), and Miss Gilfillan. Other lines of descent and succession might be traced did space permit, not the least among the helpful and faithful workers in the school being the President's clerks, Miss Patterson, Mrs. Mayers, Mrs. Hayner, and Miss Thompson. The school has been fortunate in the character of its janitor-engineers. Mr. Kelley was followed (after the brief service of Mr. Hunter) by Mr. Wilcox; and the history of the school could not be written without a word of praise for the ever faithful, ever cheerful and helpful "Albert"; may he never have a successor!

New departments have been added from time to time. The student of today may be surprised to learn that in its first years the school had no separate departments of Literature, Psychology, Biology, German, or Geography, and no librarian. The Kindergarten was established in 1902 and the Domestic Science department at the same time.

And then came the day when the ship changed captains. Regrets for the departure of President T. B. Pray, whose enthusiastic, high-minded, and devoted leadership had guided the school through twelve fleeting years, were soon followed by greetings to the new captain, President J. F. Sims. Need we say that in this transition the vessel kept a steady course, never lacking the firm grasp of a real commander? The beginnings, so faintly outlined in the preceding paragraphs, were all under the eye and full of the spirit of the old President; the future, with all its hopes, endeavors, and accomplishments (now so well assured) was in the hands of the new. The school has but one object, one mission—service to the State; and so long as the State's children seek its doors, may it be guided by such firm hands and wise counsels as those of the old and the new Presidents.

No one realizes better than does the writer of this sketch that his account of the Stevens Point Normal deals merely with the surface of things; the real life of the school, of which we have reviewed some of the outward manifestations, flowed in a deep, still current thru the lives of its faculty and students. That life is too subtle for description, it evades analysis, it is too complex for any one mind to grasp. Each individual concerned in it knows his share and feels to this day its influence. The anatomy of a school and its outward activities we can describe. The life of a school—that which builds character and leaves a permanent impression—can only be known when the young are grown old and see for themselves their successes and failures, and trace them back to the school days at the Stevens Point Normal.

Albert H. Sanford.



A Sailor Song

A gale on the open sea,
The long waves dashing high,
A bold boat, and a merry crew,
And a clear and laughing sky!

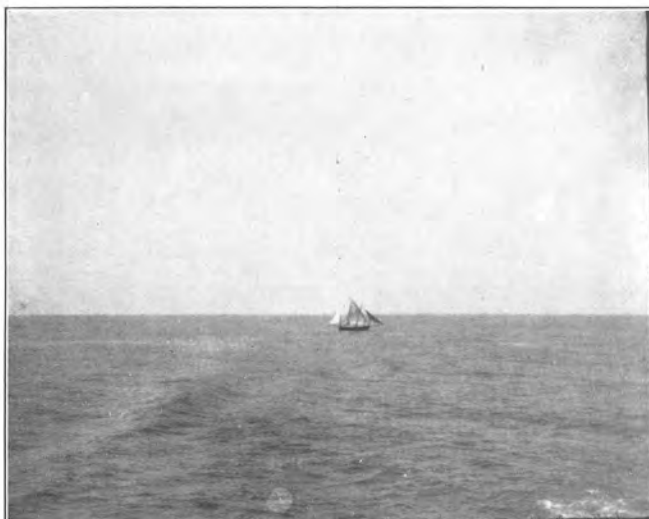
The glitter and glint of the sunrays,
Broken and drenched in foam!
A pearl-white sail, and piping song,
As we spin thru the spray for home!

We lurch and lean, and we slice the wind;
We slide on the sparkling green;
With splash and creak, and long full bound
We ride the waves between.

Our hearts are gay; no fate we fear.
Our life is a joyous thing.
Our laugh is deep, and our love is keen
For the song we shout and sing.

For we have a gale on the open sea,
The long waves dashing high;
A bold boat, and a merry crew,
And a clean and laughing sky.

—Thomas A. Knott.



Approaching Gibraltar—A Calm Sea
Near View of the Harbor—Gibraltar

Views Taken By Prof. Sechrist.

A View of Harbor at Gibraltar
Garden before Library—Gibraltar



A VISIT TO GIBRALTAR

It was probably due to the many well-wishes of our friends for a good voyage that we had a calm sea all the way from New York to our destination. Altho the weather was all that could be wished for and much better than is ordinarily to be expected, there was nothing that was so welcome to the passengers of our good ship "Hamburg" as the sight of land. We had eight days of sea and sky before we came to St. Michaels, of the Azores, which we passed on the north side about a mile and a half from the shore. It took two days more to reach Gibraltar, universally known as the strongest fortress in the world and far-famed for its romantic scenery and historic associations.

About eleven o'clock on our tenth day out, the African coast came to view on the southeast in the form of dark mountains outlined against the sky in the distance. Soon the coast of Spain appeared in the northeast. It is rough with steep, yellow and sandy inclines to the sea. First to appear among the towns were Teneriffe and far-famed Trafalgar cosily nestled between the sea and the barren hills in the north. The great Rock of Gibraltar became visible immediately before us long before we were really near it. The sailors and the passengers who were there before, assured us that we were unusually fortunate in a remarkably clear sky, for as a rule the coast on both sides is obscured by fogs. As we came closer, to our right but still far away, Ceuta, opposite the great rock, raised its lofty head above the clouds. Thus appeared the geographical limits of the ancient world known to the Greeks as the end of the continent and named by them the Pillars of Hercules.

It was about two o'clock when our good ship steamed slowly into the harbor. Before us and the high rock lay a city of many thousand inhabitants. Soon a tender appeared moving towards us from the shore to take to land all of our passengers who wished to go ashore for a few hours. Before us lay two great English battleships and coal barges, and we were now near enough to see, tho indistinctly, some of the guns of the fortifications. It was interesting to see and hear that one of those batteries was engaged in target practice in the bay on the south. A small hulk moved eastward tugged by a smaller steamer. This was fired at again and again from some point on the shore. First there was a splash in the water and soon afterward the report of a gun. This practice was kept up for about twenty minutes of the time preparations were made to land. However, all the shots missed the mark, being invariably aimed too high. All the while our ships had played spirited strains of music. After official preliminaries, we found a way open to the tender and we were soon landed at the pier of the city.

Here we were literally enveloped with eager crowds who made a great hubbub. There were cabmen, venders of oranges, figs, dates and strawberries, temptingly displayed in flat incapacious baskets; curio peddlers, dealers in old coins, old men selling flowers, young men with table cloths and pieces of drawn work for sale, which they skilfully displayed in the middle of the street. All mingled their voices in Spanish, French, broken English and what not.

As we went up to the city followed by this army of hawkers, the narrow streets presented a lively scene. When we entered the gates in the great wall of the city, we were approached by dignified officers in military uniforms who inquired of each of us whether we had on our person any tobacco, whiskey, or firearms. They accepted our word and let us pass on thru the most interesting streets I ever beheld. My friend, an intelligent young Greek merchant from New York, told me it reminded him of

Cairo and Constantinople. The greater number of people met with were evidently Spanish, some were English, and some were Moors distinguished from all others by their swarthy skin. Quite a number of these wore the Mohammedan garb, familiar in pictures of oriental life, with turbaned head-gear and sandal-like shoes.

In the few short hours a considerable portion of the city was explored. The shops were visited and souvenirs were purchased. Snap shots were taken of characteristic scenes. The time to return to the boat came all too soon. The hawkers were there again at the embarking of the passengers, crying their wares until the last moment. We reached our ship about six o'clock and soon were on our way thru the Straits. There lay the great rock, which no photograph I have ever seen justly represents, giving unmistakable evidence of the triumphant military prowess of Great Britain in seizing and holding against the alien nations of the Mediterranean this key to the naval supremacy of Southern Europe.

As our ship sailed away from the rock, fortified with 1907 threatening guns, one being added each year, the scene became more impressive than at any time before. I took a position at the extreme rear of the deck. The guns were now clearly seen against the background of the sky, mounted on the highest pinnacles and pointing in all the different directions of approach. The rock was the center of the scene. The sun was now sinking behind it, enveloping it with a ruddy glow and shading off on the left darker and darker to the dark Ceuta on the African coast opposite, brighter for a considerable distance to the right on the lower Spanish coast, the line of hills, further on, however, in the same direction becoming enveloped in a mist, except a high peak, which lifted its head boldly above the mist around on the Southern Spanish coast. Between me and the dark rock looming in the west was a sea, calm, and smooth as a mirror, exhibiting an indescribable variety of color from a flaming red near the north side of the rock to amber and pale green toward our boat. On the flowing sea in the background floated a dark hulk toward the northern harbor.

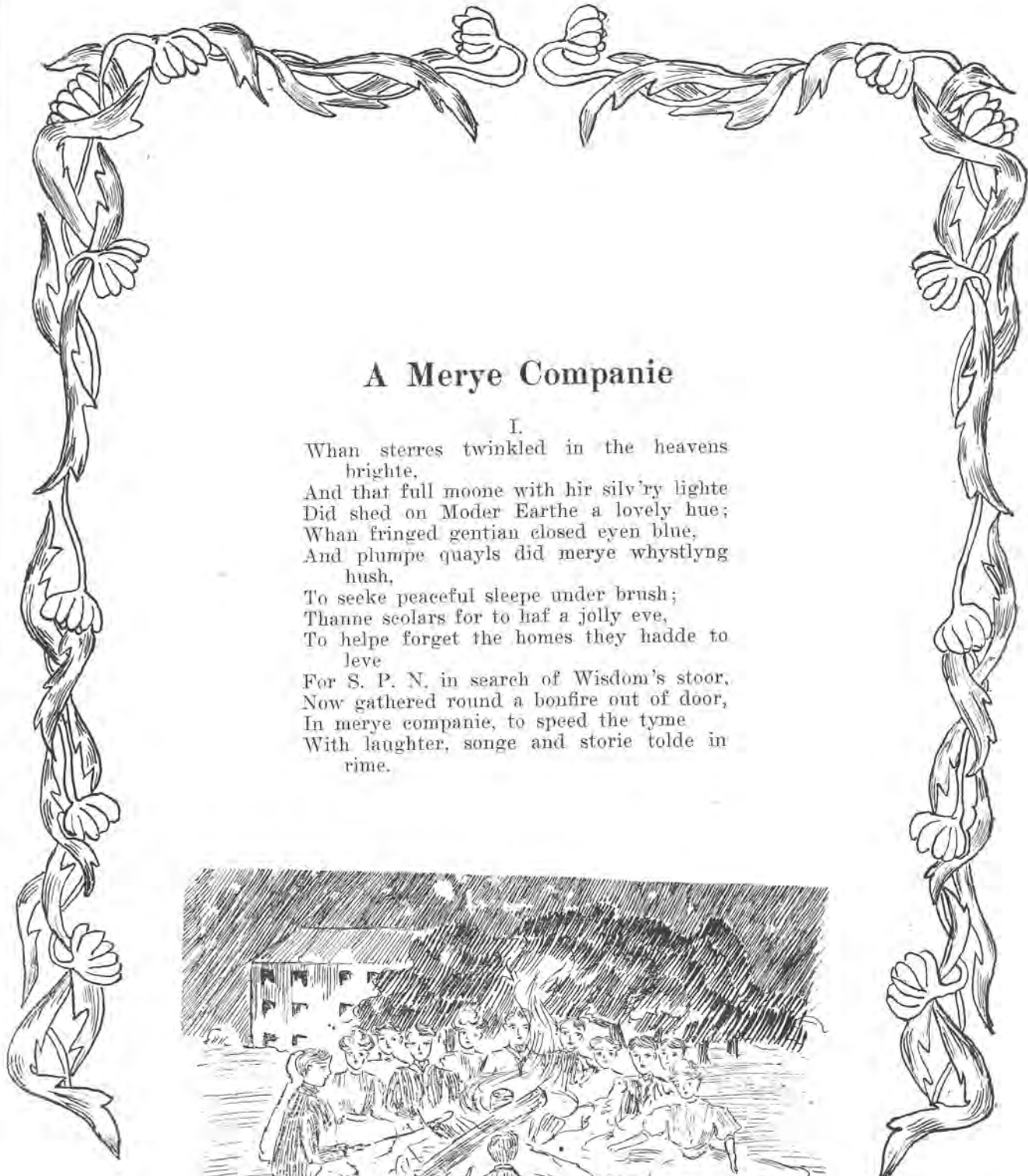
Now the light fades more and more. Ceuta first disappears in the darkness. Next the Spanish coast passes from sight. The rock is still there but after a time that too becomes dim and fades away and we continue our course eastward into the Mediterranean and the darkness.

April 21, 1907.

F. K. Sechrist.



Street Scene in Gibraltar

A decorative border of intertwined leaves and flowers surrounds the text. The border is symmetrical and frames the central content.

A Merye Companie

I.

Whan sterres twinkled in the heavens
bryghte,
And that full moone with hir silv'ry lighte
Did shed on Moder Earthe a lovely hue;
Whan fringed gentian closed eyeen blue,
And plumpe quaysl did merye whystlyng
hush,
To seeke peaceful sleepe under brush;
Thanne scolars for to haf a jolly eve,
To helpe forget the homes they hadde to
leve
For S. P. N. in search of Wisdom's stoor,
Now gathered round a bonfire out of door,
In merye companie, to speed the tyme
With laughter, songe and storie tolde in
rime.





II.

These sondry folk from neer and far hadde
come,

And weren of ech class in Cristendom.
To telle to yow the rank and stile of ech
Is quite beyound our tyme and pow'r of
spech.

But som ther be among that companie
Whose dress and nature we'll describe for
ye,

So with a mayde yelept Thru Love big-
nyne.

A sprightly lassie who alle harts does wynne
So lighte of hart and free, she ne'er hadde
creed

Save only once whan hir pet dogge hadde
deed.

Upon this nyghte hir pranks and antics gay
Caused all dull care quickly to stele away.





III.

Neer hir ther sat a most peculiar youthe,
Hise mouthe so wyde, it stretched so far,
in soothe,
His ears another place were forced to seeke.
Of him as "Stiffy" one and all did speeke.
Among them eke was Hatz, a portly mayde,
Whose wavy lokkes were of an amber shade.
Hir wit was ample as her ample waist;
Hir jokes and puns made tyme move on in
haste.
And Ryske and Reede, for ech a comely
ladde,
Could take hir flings and ne'er be aught but
gladde.
While roasting Marshmallows, the ruddy
hue
Of hir cherubymic face moore grew.





IV.

Now at this fete, a splendre gurl was ther
Whose eyen oft a pensive look did beare,
But much of murthe, of songe, and laughter
free,
Made Margaret Dickow lose hirself in glee.
And ther was Blanche who gaf hir slang
full sway,
Who longed for, "somethyn' doyn'" every
day.
Hir studie was but litel from hir bookes,
But much of Man; tonight she studied
Brooks.
While thus assembled was this jolly crew,
And jokes and jests from all more merye
grew
Gay Isabel and staid Reese Jones passed
round
The dainties that in plenty did abound.





V.

The feasting ceased at last, and one and alle
On Sage Ignatius Osterbrynke did calle,
For hym to telle to them a wondrous tale,
A store of which he hadde in close avail.
This man, uncouth, yet meaning well withal,
Experience hadde as does not all befall.
Hise hair was browne save for a tuft of gray,
Hise face was roughe, tho shaved he every
day.

The tale, which now beganne he to unfold
With many gestures, in detail he tolde
Of how a worthy Junior met hise fate,
The same, in short, we shall to you relate.



VI.

It happened once on Independence Day,
A swain cleped Geimer clad in fine array
To gon to towne to celebrate in stile
Asked Myrtle Barker, that coy lass whose
smyle
Hise hart hadde wonne, if he hir beau might
be.
With blush and drawling speech consented
she.
Syne home was he hise moder's friends to
bring,
A light three-seated rig proved just the
thing
In which, in coming back, they alle might
ryde.
But Myrtle was too shy at Peter's side
To sit; so climbed upon the hindmost seat,
And sate erect and prim as she thought
mete.



VII.

Along the dusty road with rapid pace
In silence thus they rode for quite a space.
At length, howe'er, Sir Peter with a sigh
Decided he to speke with hir wolde try.
He tayked of hay, and crophe and weather
fine.

He asked about hir fader's kin and kine;
But yet withal this mayde remained mute,
So then he whystled, cleere as any flute,
And finally he sang some songs of love.
Whan lo! hir seat received a mighty shove
And Myrtle on the ground herself did find—
And Peter sang, "The Girl I Left Behind."



VIII.

Unconscious of hise loss the youthe drove on;
The lass, dismayed to see that he hadde
gone

Sat silent in the road, too dazed to call.
But soon she saw a handsom carryall
Draw up to hir, in which ther sat Mortell,
To whom, she blushing, told what hir befell.
With swete, kind words he soon persuaded
hir

To gon with hym, as naught wolde them
deter.

And as along in happy moode they speede
They pass by Geimer, who amazed, indeed
Did looke when he did see hise Myrtle ther;
But all that he could do was gape and stare.
That eve, whan they ther merye measures
tread;

Yong Geimer in the corner sat, instead,
And thus beganne that nyghte a swete
romance,
The end of which yow alle can guess per-
chance.



A decorative border of intertwined vines and flowers frames the page. The border is composed of several strands of leaves and flowers, with some flowers resembling tulips or similar bell-shaped blossoms. The vines are braided and looped, creating a continuous, ornate frame around the central text and illustration.

IX.

The tale was done; applause did follow
longe.
But midst the gaitie, that happy throng
Decided they must homeward wend their
way;
Yet one and alle of them were herd to say
The time that eve hadde alle too quickly
sped.
And then with harts so light, good-nights
were seyde.
The friendly moone thir path toward home
did lighte,
While whip-poor-wills called loudly thru the
nyghte.



The Normal Boy

THE boy who ne'er is known to fear,
The boy who laughs though danger's near,
The boy to whom all work seems fun,
The boy who ne'er does duty shun,
The boy in whom is no alloy—
Such is the noble Normal boy.

THE boy with courage, brawn and brain,
The boy who ne'er you call in vain,
The boy on whom you can depend,
Whose loyalty will never end,
And whom no wiles can e'er decoy—
Such is the worthy Normal boy.

THE boy who always is so neat,
The boy whom people love to meet
At party, church or on the street,
The boy who girls with fudges treat,
The boy so full of life, of joy—
Such is the worthy Normal boy.



The Normal Girl

WITH merry eyes so bright and clear,
Sweet face and fluffy curls--
So handsome, proud, without a fear,
Is the average Normal girl.

AT base ball, foot ball and track meet,
Her vi-vi-vi is maddening
When coming from a maid so sweet,
The jolly Normal girl.

WHEN chosen for rhetoricalals,
Her head is in a whirl,
But faithful always to the call
Is the lovely Normal girl.

WH wise and worthy Senior youth,
Before you seal your fate,
Kind Sir, we wish to see your mate
The ideal Normal girl.



A Group of Statuary



AS this department is one of the important parts of the school, it is fitting that it should be represented in the Annual of the institution. The work given is representative of the daily work of the Model School, it having been prepared by the pupils themselves. The drawing on page 140, and the songs (words and music) on page 143, are products of their industry. The drawing was prepared by an eighth grade pupil, while the words and music of the songs come from the third grade.

Lumbering in Wisconsin

In 1890 one-sixth of all the taxable property in Wisconsin was forests. The two great factors that help lumbering are: the unbroken stretches of magnificent forests, which are mostly pines, covering nearly all of the northern half of the state from Michigan to Minnesota; and a most remarkable network of rivers, lakes and streams, which have enabled the lumbermen to float the logs from the forests where they were cut, to the cities and towns where they are manufactured.

From 1888 to 1893 three billion feet of lumber was manufactured, or about ten thousand feet to an acre; and, therefore, three hundred thousand acres were demanded every year. In those days only the best butt logs were taken. The tops of the trees and those broken down became highly inflammable under the hot summer sun, and fires arose which were uncontrollable and left the country a desolate, burned waste. Where the great pineries once stood are now millions of acres covered with blackened stumps and dead and down timber.

It is thought that not forty per cent of the standing timber was saved. The lumbermen were not wholly at fault, for the business conditions and close competition drove them to log as cheaply as possible. The State does not allow any man or any class of men to spoil the forests in this way now. The lumbermen should have been allowed to cut only the mature timber, and burn the brush, so as to prevent forest fires.

In 1904 a Department of State Forestry was formed, and forty thousand acres in Forest, Oneida, and Vilas Counties were set aside as a Forest Reserve. In 1906 Senator LaFollette's Bill was passed giving to the State, for forestry purposes, twenty thousand acres; so we now have over three hundred thousand acres for Forestry Reserve.

The two great objects of Forestry are to protect the forests and to conserve the stream flow. The second of these is the most important; and therefore the main Forest Reserve will be located in or near Oneida, Vilas, and Iron Counties in the heart of the beautiful lake region which also includes the headwaters of the Wisconsin River and two of the most important tributaries of the Chippewa.

Some people think that forests make rainfall; but they do not. Foresters say rivers are improved by forests because they take up the moisture and slowly let it out. Rain and snow are soaked up by the fallen leaves, moss, and humus, until they are saturated; and then the water very slowly sinks through the humus and follows the roots down to underground channels and then reaches the rivers. This is why streams rising in forests have a more even flow than those that rise in a barren field. The snow lasts longer in the forests because it is protected by the trees, and thus it is left to feed the rivers in the dry, hot months. The net work of lakes and rivers make water power good in Wisconsin. Wisconsin is becoming a great manufacturing state largely on account of this water power, but the future depends upon an even flow of water which can be secured by the careful protection of the forests.

ESTHER F. BOSTON, 8th Grade.

Buttercups

B is for buttercup
Yellow as gold,
Though gay its apparel
It never is bold.

Children all love it,
Because it can tell
If they love butter,
How little, or well.

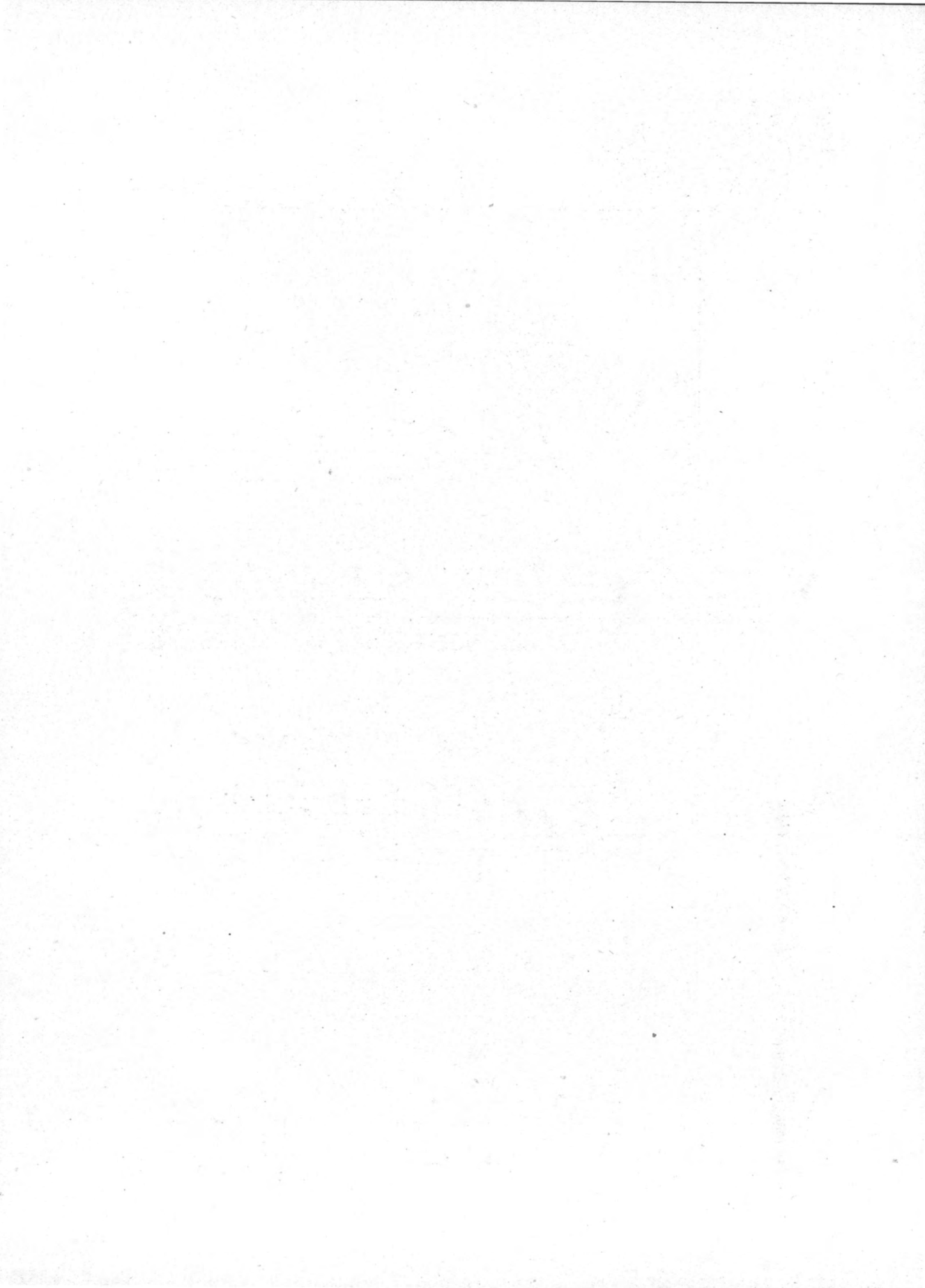
In meadows with cows,
Or in fields by the sea,
Wherever they find it,
They greet it with glee.

EUNICE MASE,
7th Grade.



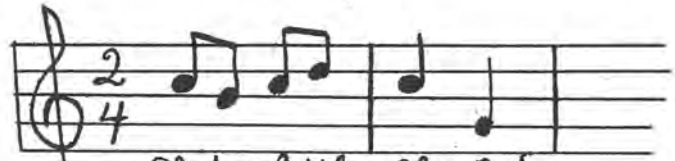


A Class In Basketry





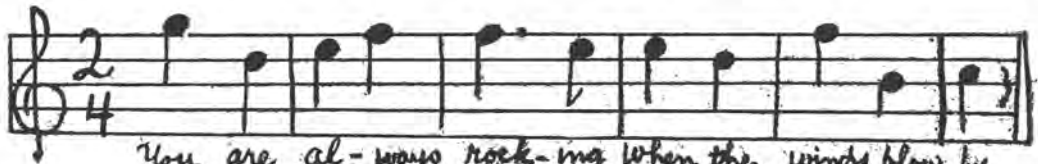
Sleepy Blue Bird.



Sleep-y little Blue Bird



In your nest so high



You are al-ways rock-ing when the winds blow by

The Robin.



Poor little hungry robin you are



very bold To brave the lit-tle



snow flakes and the wind so cold



Rubber.

Rubber trees are found in South America growing wild.

An Indian collects the sap. He takes a bucket, hatchet and some cups and goes into the woods. When he gets to the first rubber tree he taps it and where he cuts it he hangs a cup. After he has gone to each tree he goes home. The next morning he goes around and collects the sap and takes it home.

He makes a fire of palm nuts and hardens this sap into rubber by holding it over the smoke. And then he ships it to many countries far away.

Helma Neumann, Grade 3

Rhoecus

Long ago, when flowers had souls and a fairy dryad lived in every tree, there was a youth named Rhoecus. One day as he was straying in the woods he saw a tree just tottering to its fall. He propped it up with gentle care.

As he turned to go he heard a soft voice say, "Rhoecus." Looking back he saw a beautiful dryad. She said, "For that thou hast been so gentle ask what thou wilt and it shall be thine." Rhoecus cried, "Thy love." She said, "Meet me here an hour before sunset." Rhoecus said he would; and when she had gone he sped to the city.

Here he found some comrades playing a game. He joined them, but had sorry luck. Still he played on.

Late in the afternoon a yellow bee flew through the window and buzzed about his head. He was angry and struck the bee and sent it bruised out of the window.

As it flew away his eye followed it and he beheld the setting sun. He thought of what he had promised the dryad. He rushed out and started toward the forest.

He ran straight to the oak tree and called again and again. At last a mournful voice answered, "Thou hast sent my yellow messenger bruised away. If you want my love you must love all other things of Nature. So you may not see me again." Rhoecus was sad; and after that all things were sad to him.

GLADYS BLOOD, 4th Grade,
Ward School.

A Spring Greeting

My heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils,
When in the morning I awake,
And see the birds begin to make
Their nests of bits of hay and string.
That seems to tell me it is Spring.

Spring! Spring! Spring! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle sound,
Blossoms and birds, all in a flurry,
Fluttering over the ground.
Heard you not this morn the birdlings sing
'Awake, dear child, 'tis spring, 'tis spring!'

SOPHIA PASTERNAKI, 7th Grade.

German Forests

The mountains of Germany are well wooded as one can tell by the frequent use of the word "wald" (German for wood) in the mountain names. The plains and even places, where the soil is poor and sandy, are wooded. In all, about one-fourth of the German Empire is forest land.

The German thriftiness is shown in the way they care for their forests. Instead of recklessly destroying and wasting them, as many of the forests of the United States have been destroyed, the Germans have an excellent system of Forest Culture.

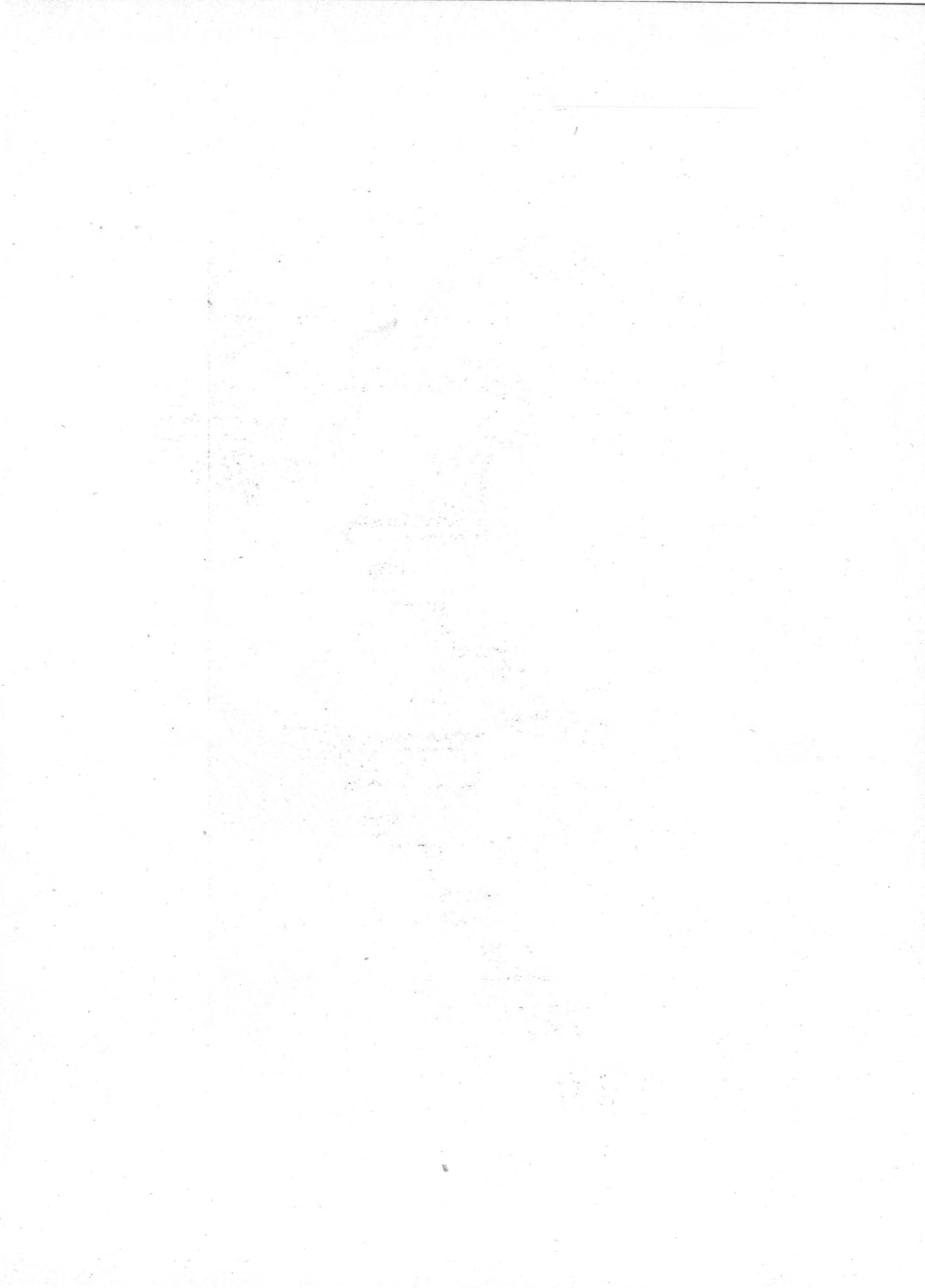
In the first place the government allows only a certain number of trees to be cut in a year. And when one tree is cut, another is planted and cared for, so that there are always some ready to be cut.

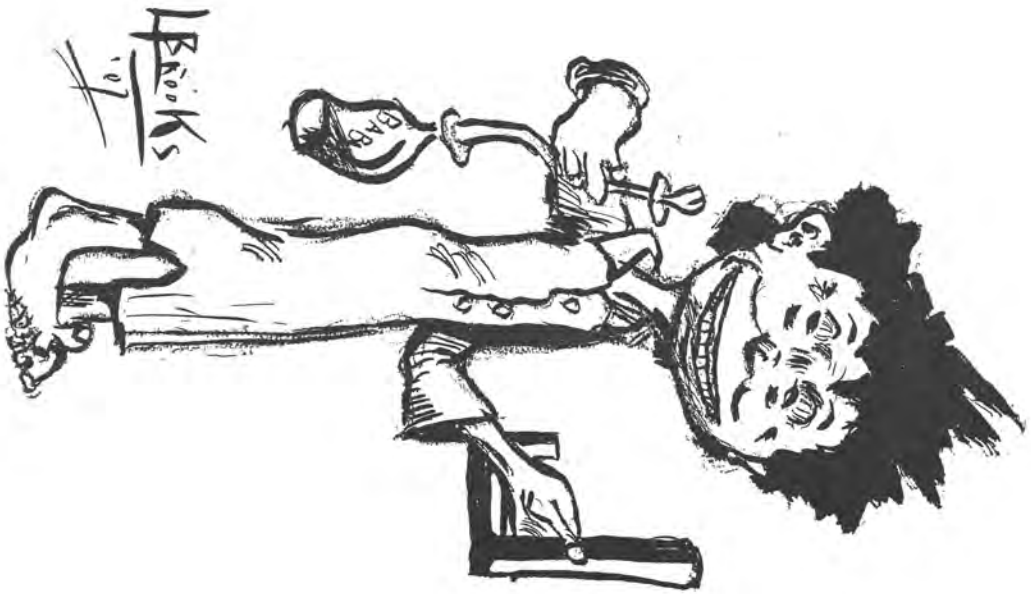
This system has done much to preserve the forests of Germany. Partly as a result of the success of Germany, United States is establishing schools for the study of Forest Culture, so that our forests may be better preserved.

HELEN STEMEN, 8th Grade.



Another Group of Statuary





NEW YORK
LUMENS.

We Wonder Why

Ella Meloney is so nymphal.
Barber was inebriated.
Martin is so grandiloquent.
Clarence is so apathetic toward the gentler sex.
Bruce is so vivacious.
Julia Hatz is such a Lilliputian.
McCormick is so nonchalant as to the hours of night.
Jessie Burke is a coquette.
Blanche Means will never be a paronymph.
Myrtle Playman is so full of machinations.
Emma Linse's vociferations are so frequent.
Sadie Buck is a Vixen.
Reid has so many solar plexic ideas.
E. Smith believes in the doctrine of rejuvenation.
H. Bruce is so diminutive.
It is so hard for Ole to elucidate.
Roberts delights in horizontalizing the B. B. boy's perpendicularity.
Mabel Rowland is subject to sternutation.
Helen B. takes pleasure in "masticating the fabric."
Clara F. has such a stentorian voice.
John Geimer is so pugnacious.
Osterbrink is so opinionated.
Brooks is so panegyric.
Some people are effected with parsimoniousness.
Ninman pedestrianizes so much.
Jennie Mc is an equivocator.
Students practice procrastination.
Seidenberg is so quiescent.
Geneva is subject to sesquipedalianism.
Weinandy went to church on the sexagesima.
Wilson is a somnambulist, while Gallagher is a somniloquist.
Miss Gebhardt is so statuesque.
Bernice Cauley has testaceous hair.
Fromm is such a thaumaturgical class organizer.
Greenwood is a walking thesaurus.
P. Garthwait dreams of tintinnabulation.
Thelma Olson looks like a valetudinarian.
Prof. Olson is always vacinating evil to his students.
We have so many of the Xanthous type in school.
Bennett is ycleped "Goo."
Brown's letters are Zend Avesta to Sadie R.
X. Y. Z. like to visit the Zythepsary.
Paul Collins shows such precociousness.
Anne Boone has so many hallucinations.
Prof. Knott is so satirical.
Dineen likes to deliver harrangues.
Students do not like to study the hymenoptera in Zoology.
You could not tell the meaning of these lines.

Quizzes

Why does Jones keep his word?
Because nobody will take it.

What is the darkest scene you ever saw?
A darkey in a dark cellar with an extinguished candle, looking for a black cat that isn't there.

What is the name of Miss Dafoe's intended?
Peter Ollenbanberngrasensteinerschbrink.

What is the best thing to keep Liza Yates from despairing?
Pairing.

Why is Steiner called a good old wagon?
Because he tires easily.

Why does Hannah carry a parasol?
She says the sun is of masculine gender, and she cannot bear his ardent glances.

What is Laurence's favorite plant?
Fern, of course.

What is Nellie's favorite song?
"Oh, Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."

Why does Bacon favor his 2 o'clock class?
It is composed entirely of young ladies.

Why is Addie Anderson so quiet?
She is thinking of the absent one.

Why isn't Georgia H. more interested in the Normal School?
Because the Business College has a greater attraction.

Does Allie Schultze believe in fasting?
Yes, when she is locked in the gym.

With what is most of Burns's time taken up?
"Arguments of Burke."

Why had Emma Johnson better cease her yawning?
Because she is apt to be called 'Yawn Yawnson.'

When Miss Hodge went to Whitewater, where did the cookies go?
Over the Hill to Boston.

What is Grace Brady's favorite song?
"Heine, Oh Heine."

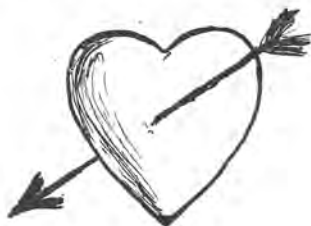
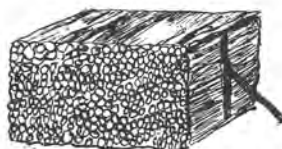
Where is Wilson bound for?
Georgia.

What occupation most pleases the Physiology Class?
Keeping Tally (going).

Who is our star whistler?
Prof. Spindler.
Who says so?
Bacon's two o'clock class.

Who takes THE IRIS?
Everybody who is somebody.

Names of Normal Students. Can You Guess Them?



Ben





“GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.”

By the D. S. Girls.

Gives concrete examples of how two people can live happily on forty cents a week without angering their digestive organs.

Steiner says, “This will be OUR guide.”

“FADS AND FASHIONS.”

By “The Smart Set.”

Contributions by famous Paris inventors of fashion. Among them are: Madames Horan, Dafoe, and Sherman.

“THE CAMP GROUND.”

By the Hoffman S. Co., of Martin’s Island, Wisconsin.

Beautifully illustrated with river scenery. Especially interesting to those students who contemplate outings on the Wisconsin.

“THE DARING DEEDS OF CHILDHOOD.”

By Isabel Leonard.

It contains a correct recital of the author’s childish pranks performed during the past ten months. Illustrations are furnished by Mr. Paul Collins.

“A MAN’S FEELINGS WHEN HIS SWEET-HEART IS ABSENT.”

By John Reese Jones.

Contains many pathetic and heart-rending love ditties.

“THE LUNCH BASKET.”

By the “Grub Knockers.”

The following is characteristic:

Soupy, soupy, soupy,

Without any bean.

Poriky, poriky, poriky,

Without any lean.

Coffee, coffee, coffee,

Without any cream.

“HAIR CURLING AS A FINE ART.”

By “Bill” Dineen.

Anyone following the directions given cannot fail to succeed in producing a swell set of curls.

“HOW I WAITED FOR JOHN.”

By Thelma Olson.

One of the best illustrations of the clearness of this work is found in the “Jolly Columns.” The editor’s thanks is due to Miss Olson for furnishing the aforesaid illustration for this Annual.

“WHEN I SANG WITH SADIE.”

By Herman Ninman.

“The author clearly shows the joy he felt.”—Howard Bruce.

“The descriptions are grand.”—Mellen Greenwood.

“OVER THE HILLS TO BOSTON.”

By Clarence Mortell.

The geographical descriptions are very clear. The well known road is clearly pictured.

“THE ART OF FLYING.”

By Otto Krienke.

“I laughed when I read it.”—George B. Everson.

For further comments see any member of the 1907 Geology class.

“HOW TO TEASE IGNATIUS.”

By Emma Linse.

Every coquette is earnestly advised to read this valuable treatise.

“ONE BLUFFER’S RECORD.”

By Peter Max Geimer.

“We can testify to the truthfulness of the author’s statements.”—Fourth Quarter Rhetoric Class.

“HOW TO GET A STAND IN.”

By Myrtle Barker.

Supplementary Chapter by Clara Moeschler.

“The method suggested is an excellent one.”—Ignatius Osterbrink.

“KEEP WEINANDY AWAY FROM THE DRIFT WOOD.”

Author Unknown.

A great comedy in three acts! Don’t fail to see it! Prices 10, 20, and 30 cents. Ladies admitted free! Globe Theatre.

Gallery of Celebrities



Old Maid



"Guy E"



Martin



Boone



Bennett



RISK



C Farrell



Brooks



Mortell



R. Olson



Weinandy



Jones



Mason.



Boston



Schweppe

If I only had the talent,
 I would make a little rhyme
 'Bout the boy that lost his sweetheart
 Long about last Xmas time.

No more trips across the river,
 No more coming home at ten,
 "Uncle Sam" was awful busy
 For a week or so 'bout then.

Then Guy's visits came less often,
 You can see what time will do.
 Cupid asked the lad about it,
 And he simply said, "Skidoo."

Some men can keep a talkin'
 And not have much to say,
 So is it worth recordin'
 What Carleton says each day?

He'll talk a yard of "Varsity,"
 Of how he needs a rest,
 Of all the victories he's won,
 Which girl he loves the best.

And so he'll keep a talkin'
 All through his natural life;
 Excuse me now for sayin'
 "God pity Carleton's wife!"



"SKIDOO"

Her hair is like the morning sun,
 Her voice is like a mighty hum.
 Her tiny feet no one can see,
 This fairy maid of old Dundee.

She likes the Irish; but not the Dutch,
 She talks of Dublin, Cork, and such,
 Until her Clarence comes to her,
 Which serves as frankincense and myrrh.

But still another day will come
 When these dear friends shall join as one.
 And live with joy and happiness anew
 In a little house across the slough.

Sweet little Thelma sat on the fence,
 Patiently waiting for school to commence,
 For Geimer had made public the day just before
 That he'd kiss the girl who first entered the door.

From "How I Waited For John."

Examples in Division
 Are hard for Reid to do—
 At least he found it difficult
 To share his love with two.

He sought advice though from a friend,
 He knew right where to go.
 He'd never solved the problem,
 If it hadn't been for "Joe."

Seymour Park Normal School.

I have been absent from the study of Anatomy for the following reasons:

Name of Class: Gen. Anat.
 Name of Teacher: W.C.C.
 Date of Absence: April 20
 Commissioner of Public Health: W.C.C.

Signature of Parent: W.C.C.
 Date: April 20

Signature of Teacher: W.C.C.
 Date: April 20

Signature of Commissioner: W.C.C.
 Date: April 20

Seymour Park Normal School.

I have been absent from the study of all recitations as follows:

Name of Class: Physiology
 Name of Teacher: W.C.C.
 Date of Absence: April 12
 Commissioner of Public Health: W.C.C.

Signature of Parent: W.C.C.
 Date: April 12

Signature of Teacher: W.C.C.
 Date: April 12

Signature of Commissioner: W.C.C.
 Date: April 12

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Signature of Parent: W.C.C.
 Date: April 12

Signature of Teacher: W.C.C.
 Date: April 12

Signature of Commissioner: W.C.C.
 Date: April 12

New Normal Primer.



Do you know this chap, Willie?
Yes, it is Lloyd.
What lovely hair he has!
He combs it a great deal.
Did you ever hear him speak, Willie?
No, but I have seen him wink at Sadie.
He likes her real well.



Who is this boy, Willie?
This is George,
Did you ever hear George laugh?
No, but I've seen him open his mouth.



Who is this, Willie?
This is a pretty girl.
Do you know her name, Willie?
Yes, her name is Clara.
Did you ever hear Clara sing?
Yes, she sings like a parrot.



Do you ever spend pennies, Willie ?
Yes, I buy candy.
Five pennies make a nickel.
This is a picture of Maud Nicol.
Do you think you can spend her, Willie ?
Yes, I can spend the time with her.
Time is money.



This is a Freshman.
How does he look, Willie ?
He looks too green to burn.
Can you tell his name, Willie ?
Yes, his name is Greenwood.



What do you see in the picture, Willie ?
He looks like a man, teacher.
What does he do, Willie ?
He sells penny pencils for five cents.
Can you spell his name ?
Yes, it is R-i-s-k.



This is Miss "Horn."
Do you know her, Willie?
Yes, she is a nice girl.
How do you know, Willie?
Because I've heard her blow.



Who is this little fellow, Willie?
It is Joe Barber, the politician.
He can talk very loud, but he cannot do much.
He shakes his head when he talks.
This politician lost his first case at Normal.
It was a divorce case.
He is now a lonesome sport.



Can you see this big man, Willie?
How fat he is!
He has a red spot on the end of his nose.
How radiant his hair is!
He must be hot headed.
Who is it, Willie?
He is a tramp.



Aug. 26—Risk back from corn husking—only a light-weight, but captures a Garthwait.

Aug. 27-28—New students get their passports.

Aug. 29—School opens. Drawing of books. Old and young maids present. Boys at a premium.

Aug. 30—Classes organize. John Morse enters history class on the first day.

Aug. 31—Our new President addresses us.

Sept. 4—Fromm begins butting in on all class meetings.

Sept. 5—“Bonaparte” Carleton becomes an active member in social events.



Sept. 7—Hilda "Dutchy" plays her first game of hearts.

Sept. 12—Hannah Brunstad takes to "Reid"ing.

Sept. 13—Margaret Brunstad says she likes a "Steiner" too.

Sept. 17—Jim Burns tells of a fight he was in where there was only one whole nose left in the crowd and that belonged to the "tay" kettle.

Sept. 19—The football squad is turned out into the field to chase the pigskin.

Sept. 21—Mortell in love as usual.

Sept. 25—We get acquainted with Clara F. and find she is a sticker.

Sept. 26—The Biology class takes a day off to hunt bugs. Jones and Weinandy find the most.

Sept. 28—Clara M. and Sadie R. begin to do things up "Brown."

Oct. 1—Ninman begins to show symptoms of love.

Oct. 2—Brooks joins the tin can sports and hot air shooters, of which organization John Morse is President.

Oct. 6—Stevens Point and Oshkosh all a josh.

Oct. 8—The "Love" affair still lingers in Lawrence Hill's mind.

Oct. 12—Indians give war dance in the gymnasium.

Oct. 13—Slivers, Hill, and Brooks drive down to Grand Rapids with the football team. We hope they made good time.

Oct. 15—People at the club finally conclude that the butter never gets old enough to lose its hair.

Oct. 17—Morse goes catching frogs and returns with wet feet and a package of hops.

Oct. 18-19—Pedagogs and school ma'ams meet in Appleton and Eau Claire.

Oct. 20—Naught to naught in favor of S. P. N.

Oct. 22—Strope's head is just visible above a newly laundered board fence.

Oct. 24—Cramming, jamming for exams.

Oct. 29—Flunkers convention held in Room 23.

Nov. 2—The Juniors take a trip to Hades.



Sept. 21



Oct. 22



Nov. 2

Nov. 5—"Pitchfork" Tillman forks it out to us.

Nov. 7—At midnight, the Junior banner waves from the tower.

Nov. 8, 4 a. m.—Junior banner disappears.

Nov. 8, 8 a. m.—Great excitement—Seniors wear Junior colors.

Nov. 9—First impromptu of the year.

Nov. 12—Fire sale in town. Brooks has a new suit.

Nov. 15—Emma Anderson organizes a matrimonial club.

Nov. 20—Isabel Leonard gets fresh. Some want to "Salter."

Nov. 23—Arena and Athenæum hold a simplified spelling-bee.

Nov. 28—Turkeys suffer.

Nov. 29—We all suffer from results.

Dec. 3—The mill starts grinding again.

Dec. 5—"Slim" Wadleigh is elected basketball captain.

Dec. 7—Important case in Judge Bacon's court.

Dec. 10—The great Fromm pulls stakes and leaves for the woods.



Nov. 7



Nov. 12

Dec. 12—Boston is hung up on the "Horan" but he soon falls off. (Later) Barber follows suit.

Dec.14—Slivers McDill and Miss Jackman go to Oshkosh. The basketball five act as chaperons.

Dec. 17—Poly Con class study supply and demand. The demand of the teacher exceeds the supply of the pupils. Thus an age of prosperity is brought out.

Dec. 19—The Juniors' days are numbered on parchment.

Dec.21—Everybody goes home to Mother, Ann, and the Old Man.

Dec. 25—Jan.6—Turkey, plum pudding, cake, and pie.

Jan. 7—Brought back to serve out the rest of the term.

Jan. 8—Every seat occupied and "Uncle John" smiles once more.

Jan. 10—Jones' countenance is again cheerful—Letter—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Jan.11—The five mighty mucks of S. P. N. meet the midgety mites of Marshfield High School, and give them a monstrous mauling.

Jan. 17—"Grads." begin to hunt subjects for final essays and orations.

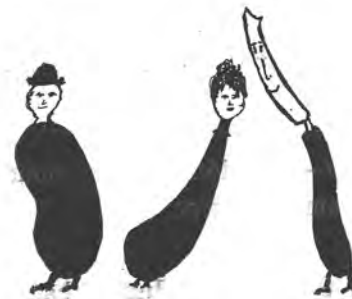
Jan. 18.—The "buzzard" basket and "dewdrop" punch prove of no avail at Grand Rapids. We wonder why Professor S——'s girl wasn't at the game?

Jan. 21—The current of hot air moves swiftly in the Senior news class.

Jan.23—"Skidoo's" birthday.

Jan. 25—Peter Max wears a bright red tie,

We wonder if it pleased Miss Grady's eye.



Dec. 12



Dec. 17



Jan. 25

Jan.29-30—Quizzes! Flunks!

Jan. 31—Ellen Hoffman becomes a school marm. Eda Kluver follows suit.

Feb. 1—Orators have their lungs tested before a large assembly. Martin can blow the hardest.

Feb. 8—Krienke proves to be a regular "Flying Dutchman" among the ladies. He wears an affectionate smile. That's all.

Feb. 9—Champions play horse with the Oshkosh five. 25 to 15 in favor of S. P. N.

Feb. 11.—"Spin." gets a grip.

Feb. 13—The "Iris" is launched.

Feb. 14—Brooks and Mortell petition the board to change the name to "Irish."

Feb. 15—Champions play the boys from Upham's Pond to the tune of 31 to 20.

Feb. 16—Inter-Society valentine party.

Feb. 18—Ninman tells Clara of his first love. Mason is cut out.

Feb. 22—We have half a day off duty.

Feb.23—Neillsville turns yellow. Peanut shucks decorate the halls of our beautiful building.

Feb. 25—Martin is found in a "Hale" storm.

Feb.28—Thelma is called a back number because she has "Be(e)n it."

Mar.2—Champions have a hard proposition but win. Score 31 to 19.

Mar. 7—Prof. Olson coaches us on scientific farming.

Mar. 8—Barber makes an unusually bright remark when he tells Jones to blow out the gas.

Mar. 10—T. M. R. applies for a position. Only married men accepted. He guarantees to fulfill the requirements.

Mar. 12—"Tally" becomes so enthusiastic over the nervous system of the dog that he loses control of his chalk.



Feb. 11



Feb. 16



Feb. 25

Mar. 14—We send our mighty Demos-thenes to Whitewater, "Stiffy" finds a new road to Ft. Atkinson.

Mar. 15—Oratorical Contest. Our delegates receive a royal reception at the hands of the Whitewater people.

Mar. 16—Our delegation visits Milwaukee. Steiner feels at home.

Mar. 18—Delegates give an account of their actions while away. We are shocked to hear that Thelma indulged in flirting.

Mar. 19—Varsity Glee Club entertains us.

Mar. 21—Many take a moonlight stroll. We wonder if the moon helped them out.

Mar. 22—On Signe's face are blushes red;

What could Boston have said?

Mar. 25—Current events, Topic—"Coming Railroad Strike." Prof. Collins assures anxious students that they will reach their homes before the strike.

Mar. 26—Students are relieved of the responsibility of closing doors. Self regulating door closers appear on every door. Addie Anderson petitions the steward for a similar arrangement at the club.

Mar. 27—Up and down the halls the students roam,

For no place have they to call their own.

Mar. 28—Nothing doing.

Mar. 29—Visitors galore. Among them a young man whom the girls take to be Professor Knott, but it was not.

Apr. 1—Club entertains President Sims.

Apr. 2—Professor Knott finally appears. Professor Sechrist starts on his journey across the waters.

Apr. 4—Ole and Barber debate at Custer. Ole came back "Dunn", and all Barber had left was a "Nicol."

Apr. 6—Reid goes back to the farm and is now raising pigs. We are glad to see that he has again taken the pen in hand.



Mar. 14



Apr. 6

Apr. 6 to 16—One long sweet dream!
How good our vacation did seem!

Apr. 17—The forward march resumed.
Even the most studious cannot resist a peep
at the display of spring millinery.



Apr. 17

Apr. 19—Junior Debate at Oshkosh! Re-
duced rates! Great enthusiasm shown!

Apr. 22—Emma Linse becomes interested
in a new bird found only in Germany. She
tells us it is known as the "Singing Sala-
mander."

Apr. 23—Visiting Board begins to put
in an appearance.

Apr. 24—To put the Visiting Board in
good humor, the D. S. girls serve them a
luncheon.

Apr. 26—Inter-Society Declamatory Con-
test. The Arena comes out victorious.

Apr. 29—Professor Spindler washes his
boards. It reminds him of the time he used
to help mother with the washing.

Apr. 30—President Sims gives a talk on
spring fever and its effect on lads and lasses.
All students go away with good resolutions,
but when the sun's vertical rays move
toward Cancer's tropic, some of their reso-
lutions melt.

May 1—May baskets! May baskets!

May 3—Rag social given by the Indians,
Rag time! Lots of fun!



Apr. 26



May 1

May 6—Miss Dunegan's clock reverses the order of its going to the consternation of students wanting reserved books.

May 7—We miss Carl Strobe's smiling countenance.

May 8—Half the week is gone and all is well.

May 10—Treble Clef goes to Plainfield. People are awed by the wonderful display of musical talent.

May 13—Blue Monday.

May 16—Jones writes a letter to the (?) folks.

May 17—Arena gives a "Lawn Carnival" at the Normal. A very novel affair.

May 20—Boston and Wilson get their dates mixed.

May 21—Lawn tennis occupies time of many students.

May 25—Picnics, pickles, peaches, and pie. Freckles, freckles, Oh me! Oh my!

May 28—The early bird catches the worm. Nature class at 6 a. m. catch sight of the birds.

May 31—Farmer Talbert and his tribe, in the garden find weeds they cannot describe.

June 3—Miss Galagher still chewing.

June 8—Seniors are given their last "Grub Social."

June 11-12—Great "racket." Tennis tournament.

June 14—Doctors, lawyers, merchants, pedagogues, and the public in general once more cross the portals of S. P. N.

June 17—Athenaeum and Forum indulge in hot argument.

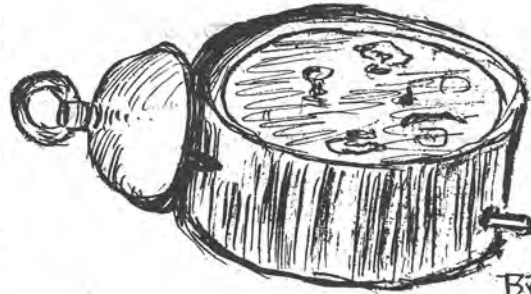
June 18—Senior class day exercises.

June 19—Seniors appear behind the foot lights.

June 20—Faculty entertain.

June 21—Alumni reception.

June 22—"Goodbye."

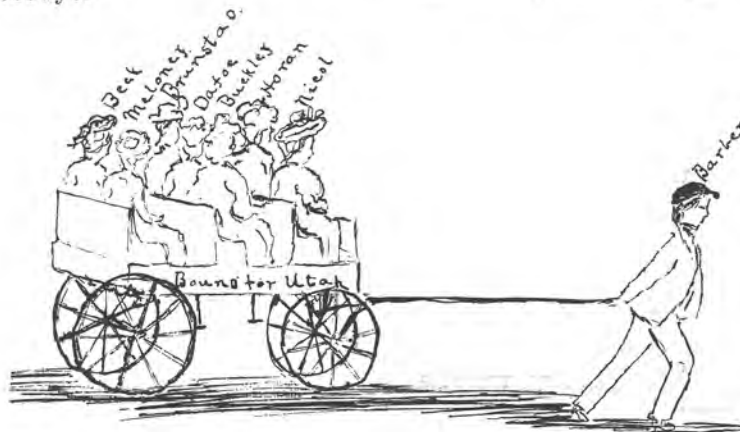


Brooks
167

May 6

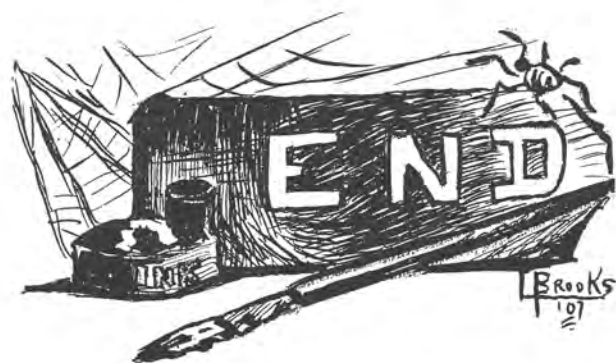


While in Milwaukee strolling,
Jensen spied the weighing machine;
Giving it a look quite keen,
Thinking he'd set the thing agoing,
He put a button in, they say,
And silently stole a weigh.





A Scene on the Wisconsin River



Afterword

The work of the staff of 1907 is done, but before laying down the pen, the editors wish to extend their thanks to the members of the faculty, the student body, the alumni, and to every one who has helped to make this Annual a success.

If, when reading this book, your thoughts turn with pleasure to by-gone Normal days, the mission of the Iris will have been fulfilled.



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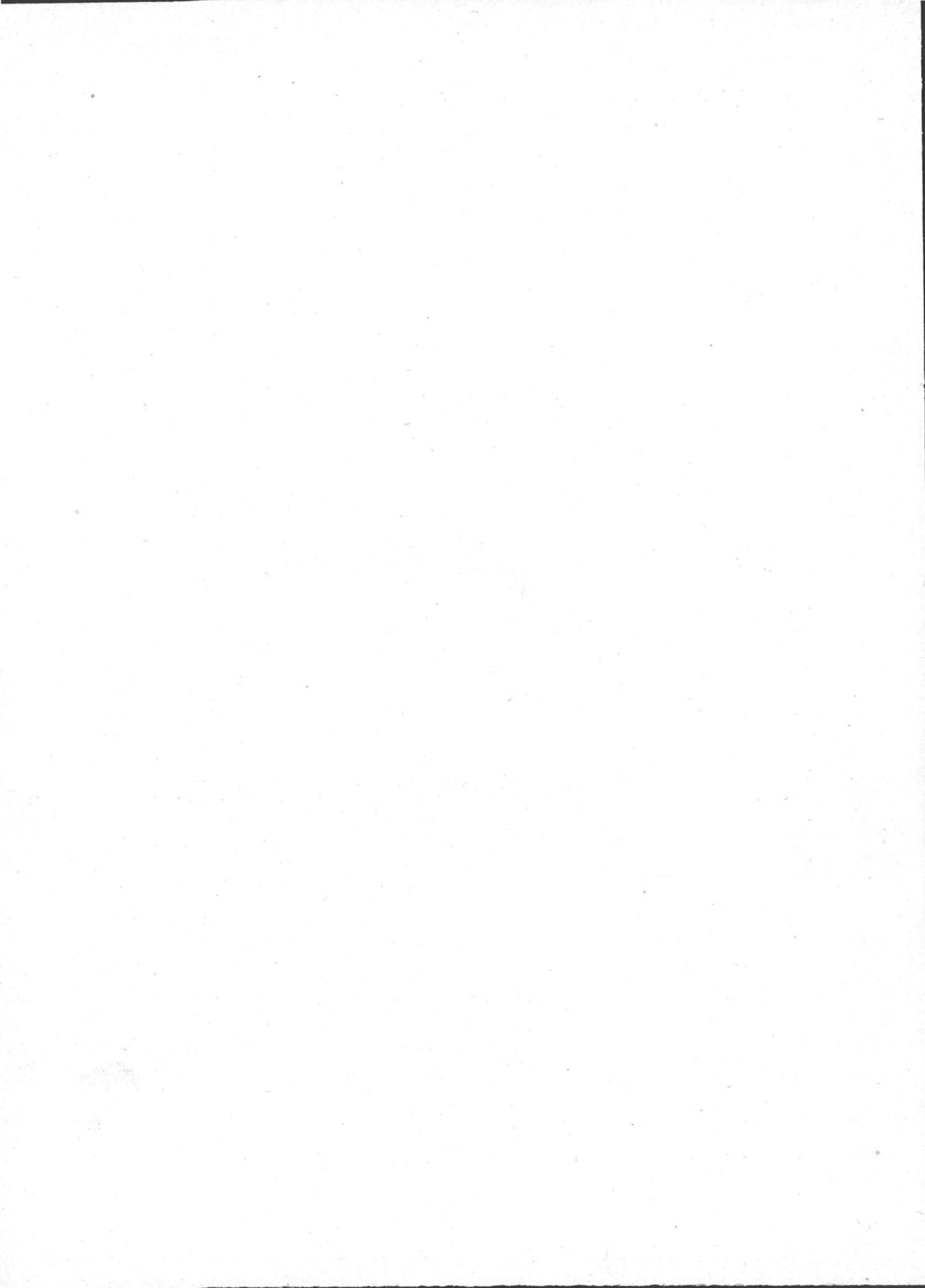
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