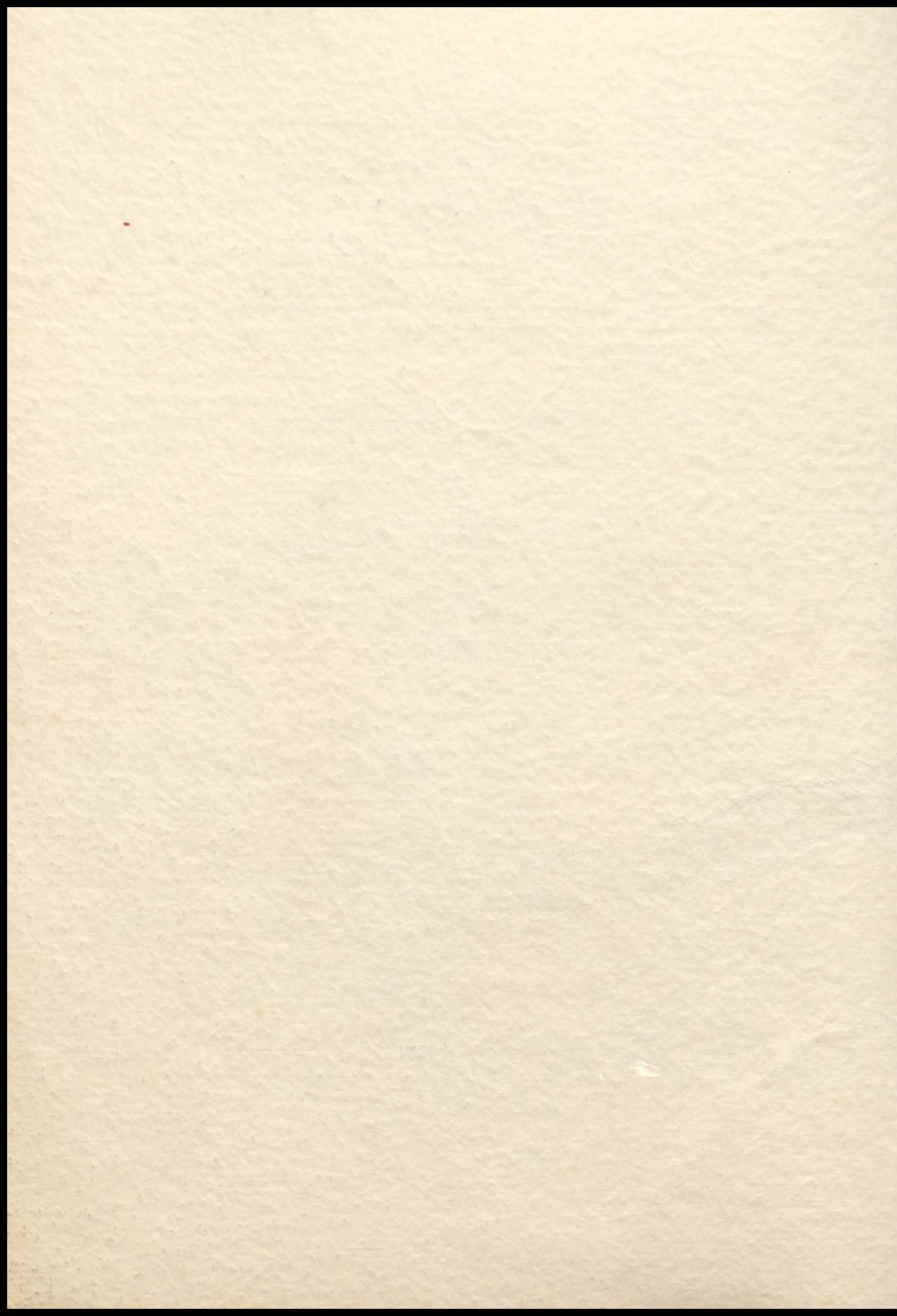


The SPROUTER





The SPROUTER

A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal line with small square terminals at each end. Below the center of the line is a stylized, symmetrical design resembling a sprout or a knot, with two large loops and a smaller central circle.

Issued by

THE RANDOLPH HIGH SCHOOL

Randolph, Nebraska

1916

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



1928

DEDICATION

THE RANDOLPH HIGH SCHOOL DEDICATED THIS
1916 "SPROUTER"

TO

MR. S. O. REESE

one of Randolph's most substantial and progressive citizens and a member of the School Board for the past twenty-two years. Mr. Reese has been very active along educational lines which has been shown in the fact that he has been so long a member of the School Board.

THE SCHOOL BOARD

C. H. RANDALL, President.

S. O. REESE, Secretary.

DR. A. E. COOK, Treasurer.

PAUL BUOL, Trustee.

O. O. REED, Trustee.

L. G. LARSON, Trustee.





F. C. GRANT

Superintendent of the Randolph High School, whose untiring efforts have been to upbuild the Randolph public school and to maintain its good reputation. Mr. Grant's willingness and good will toward all with whom he is surrounded has made him a general favorite in the High School as well as among the boys on the athletic field.



MARY E.
BLOODGOOD

Principal of the Randolph High School and mathematic instructor. Her presence in the High School has been an inspiration to the pupils which is shown by her many friends in school as well as outside of school life.

AMY S.
FINFROCK

History and English instructor, whose pleasing disposition has made her subjects a source of interest. Her willingness to assist each one has been much appreciated by the pupils of the H. R. S.





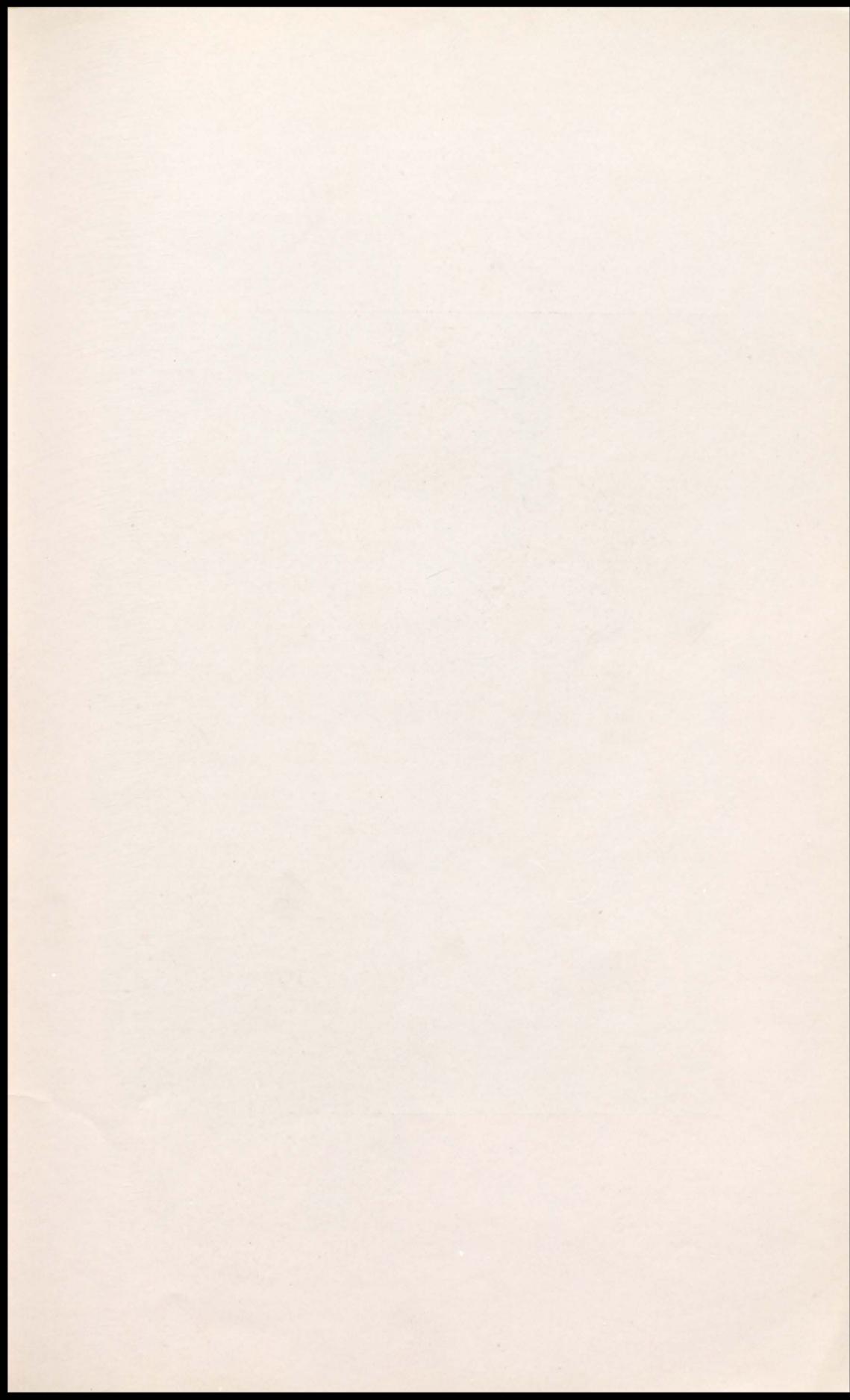
RALPH M. HILL

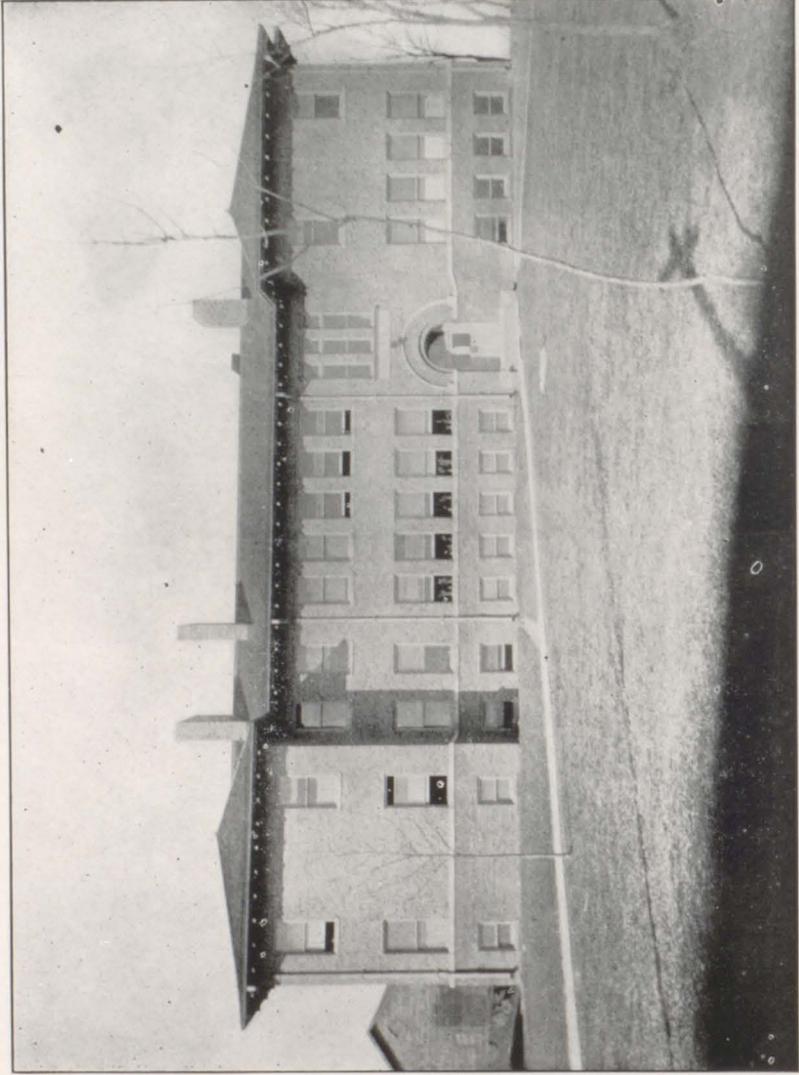
Manual Training and Physics instructor to whom the pupils are very gratified for his willing assistance. It is mainly due to Mr. Hill's efforts that we have the promising girls' championship team of our league.

KATHERINE
AMBUEHL

German and Latin instructor. She was new to us at the beginning of this school year but we feel that she is "one of us" now. Miss Ambuehl has proven to be a very pleasant and sympathetic teacher.







RANDOLPH SCHOOL BUILDING



THE SENIORS

EARLE AEGERTER—

“An enriched memory and
thought.”

AMANDA ALBERS—

“Those about her, from her
shall read the perfect
ways of life.”

EARL BENSON—

“And still they gazed,
And still the wonder grew,
That one small head
Could carry all he knew.”



FRANCES BIESCHKE—

"But though that place I
never gain, I will be wor-
thy of it."

ELVINE BISENIUS—

"Yes, I've loved a good num-
ber but there's pleasure
at least in a change."

LEOTA BOWLES—

"Love's too precious to be
lost;
A little grain shall not be
split."



MAY MUHM—

“The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.”

MARTYNE NELSON—

“He has made me neglect my studies; lose my time.”

BERTHA REESE—

“Plug, cram and be studious for tomorrow you may flunk.”



FRANKIE BELL DOWLING—

“Modest, loving and always gracious.”

ANNA HAJENGA—

“She was a stranger and we took her in.”

ONAR MUHM—

“She always does her duty no matter what the task.”



MAE CUNNINGHAM—

“She passes like a pleasant thought.”

HARRIET CHAPMAN—

“God Almighty made us to love all mankind, but I believe he made me a specialist.”

VERONE CARROLL—

“Blessed are they who expect nothing,
For they shall never be disappointed.”



GRACE BOERNER—

“Quality and quantity.”

WENDELL BOUGHN—

“He is a ladies’ man, his smiles are truly winning.”

IDA BUOL—

“And when we are far from
the lips that we love,
We’ve but to make love to
the lips we are near.”



FREDA THADEN—

“Absence of occupation is
not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a
mind distressed.”

IDA WARNER—

“Honors, honors, how I do
toil for thee.”

LEONARD WAGGONER—

“His devious way is lined
like the Mississippi river
—with bluffs.”

Senior Directory

EARL AEGERTER (Wart).

Basket Ball—'14, '15, '16. Track—'14, '15, '16. Base Ball—'14, '15, '16. "Peanut League"—'16. Staff Member—'16. Class Play—"Bishop." Winner of Gold Medal 1916 N. E. N. A. A.

AMANDA ALBERS.

Class Play—"Minerva."

EARL BENSON (Old Sport).

Class Play—"Ebenezer." Track—'16.

FRANCES BIESCHKE.

German Club—'16.

ELVINE BISENIUS.

Class President—'16. "Peanut League"—'16 Basket ball—'14, '15, '16. German Club—'16. Class Play—"Marjorie."

GRACE BOERNER.

Class Play—"Bigby."

WENDELL BOUGHN (Wen).

Base Ball—'14, '15. Basket Ball—'15, '16. Staff Member—'16. Track—'14, '15, '16. Class Play—"Richard." Class President—'15. "Peanut League"—'16.

LEOTA BOWLES (Jake).

Secretary and Treasurer—'15. "Aw Gwan"—'16. Staff Member—'16.

IDA BUOL.

Class Play—"Cissy." "Aw Gwan"—'16.

VERONE CARROLL.

"Peanut League"—'16. German Club—'16. Basket Ball—'14, '15, '16. Basket Ball Captain—'16.

HARRIET CHAPMAN (Happy).

Class Play—"Alvina." "Aw Gwan"—'16. Secretary and Treasurer—'16.

MAY CUNNINGHAM.

FRANKIE BELLE DOWLING.

ANNA HAJENGA.

German Club—'16.

MAE MUHM.

Prize Class Poem—'16.

ONAR MUHM.

Class Play—"Holder."

MARTYNE NELSON (Shorty).

BERTHA REESE.

"Aw Gwan"—'16. Class Play—"Mrs. Goodly." Class Vice President—'14. Debater—'15.

FREDA THADEN.

Class Play—"Helma." German Club—'16.

LEONARD WAGGONER (Wag).

Track—'14, '15, '16. Basket Ball—'14, '15, '16. Captain Basket Ball—'16. Base Ball—'14, '15, '16. Base Ball Captain—'16. Vice President—'15, '16. Class Play—"Jones." Staff Member—'16. "Peanut League"—'16.

IDA WARNER.

CLASS OF 1916

CLASS OFFICERS

Elvine Bisenius.....President
 Leonard Waggoner.....Vice-President
 Harriet Chapman.....Secretary-Treasurer

CLASS COLORS—Green and White

MOTTO—"Dig."

SENIOR YELL

Girls—Seniors!
 Boys—What?
 Girls—Seniors, S-e-n
 Boys—i-o-r.
 Girls—S.
 All—Seniors.
 Girls—Ran—
 Boys—Ran—
 Girls—Ran—
 Boys—Ran—
 All—Randolph Seniors.

HISTORY

On a bright September morning in the year 1912, the class first gathered in the assembly room, under the stern gaze of Miss Holderoft.

We were inwardly scared to death, but outwardly "We came! We saw!! We conquered!!!" as we went from class to class the first day, a very few getting lost on the way. The second evening we assembled forty strong in room three and unanimously chose the popular Miss Cameron for our advisor. A committee was sent to inform her to that effect, which, on the way had a race with a committee of detestable Sophomores (from the

Freshies' view point) out for the same purpose. Summoning some of the unbounded eloquence possessed by this incomparable class, it persuaded her to become our advisor, thus scoring the first of many victories over our "natural foes," the Sophies.

Hugh Barris was elected president of the class and his social tendencies found vent in the numerous parties and picnics throughout the year, which were decided successes. A terrible conflict took place between the Sophomores and us in which the Sophomores outrageously seized our yells and we pounced upon theirs. We took no active part in athletics. Thus ends the tragedy of our Freshman year.

In our Sophomore year we elected as class president the brilliant Helen Holtz and retained the same advisor. We took active part in athletics, and gained numerous honors at the field meet. At the end of the year, having no one else to banquet us, we banqueted ourselves, a habit of ours. This was one of the brilliant affairs of the season and was a general topic of conversation.

We opened our Junior year very characteristically or antagonistically by another struggle with our oft vanquished rivals, the Seniors. Another victory was scored to our credit by acquiring the Professor, who by precedent belonged to the Seniors (as our class advisor). We honored Wendell R. Boughn with the office of class president.

The Seniors domineeringly demanded the leadership in the High School affairs of this year and we took it upon ourselves to teach them, much to their grief and dissatisfaction, that their ideas were erroneous. They believed in the theory of nationalism, but we upheld the much abused theory of particularism, (we "always" side with the weaker) much to our honor, in the question of the gifts for the teachers of the High School. The Seniors thought that our well filled treasury would aid their deplorable lack of funds. The unwritten constitution of our class is "to the finish," and we surely finished them. About that time Mr. Meyer was about to leave and the Seniors not satisfied with their previous chastisement, again assumed the dictatorship of the school, by informing the rest of the classes, that a reception was to be held for Mr. Meyer, in which they, (the under classes) were to do most of the work, but we again patriotically defended our rights, by rising up in arms, and taking things in our own hands, we gave Mr. Meyer a banquet on the grounds that he was our class advisor, and banqueted him royally. All the High School teachers and Mrs. Meyer were present. Another honored guest of the evening was Mr. Grant, our new superintendent and advisor. This affair, as were all our class affairs, was a great success. We were strong in athletics this year, but owing to some much needed rainy weather, the field meet was postponed and we were not able to exhibit our ability in athletics. The annual Junior-Senior banquet was held May 14, the Juniors entertaining.

This was a great success, and we succeeded in maintaining the social reputation of the class.

And so we have come to our Senior year. We retained our same advisor, Mr. F. C. Grant, and elected Elvine Bisenius president. We entered in the inter-class athletics and the Senior boys won the championship. The Senior girls tying the Junior girls for first place, but owing to the organization of the High School boys' and girls' basket ball teams the championship girls' game was not played off, but we were all granted our numerals. Out of the five regular players in the boys' basket ball team, three are Seniors and "the stars of the league." Leonard Waggoner, one of our noble members, was unanimously elected captain. In the girls' team two out of six regulars are Seniors and Verone Carroll, one of the worthies of the class of 1916, was elected captain of the squad. Both teams have won a goodly number of games.

Thus ends the history of our four years in High School to the time of this writing. And we will soon pass the first milestone in our preparation for life, containing a record for happy reflection.

ELVINE BISENIUS.

Senior Class Poem

In honor of the class of nineteen-sixteen
I write this poem which isn't a dream.
Forty odd began with this splendid class,
All of us being as green as grass.

In the Freshman year we took up our duty,
Our class flower being the American Beauty.
Our colors were Red and Green to match,
And this was the time we began to scratch.

In the Sophomore year we had a great time,
Keeping the rules and trying to mind.
In spite of all this we studied hard,
Each making some grades for his report card.

In our Junior year we had much to do,
In basket ball and debating too;
But as for other stunts we did,
For aught of this poet they'll be hid.

Year after year our number decreased,
Until in sixteen, twenty-one was the least.
But it was our last and it was our best,
Knowing the teachers all stood the test.

Good-bye, dear old High School, which over-
looks the town,
Good-bye to each dear teacher, who encouraged
us on and on.
Good-bye to our dear old schoolmates, who kept
us from repenting
Of the four happy years, which together we've
been spending.

MAY MUHM.

The Class Will

We, the Senior Class of the year nineteen hundred sixteen, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last Will and Testament in manner and form following:

First: We give and bequeath to the Junior Class the four rows of seats in the back of the assembly room, provided they in turn pass them down to the Sophomores and each succeeding generation.

Second: We give and bequeath to the Junior Class the worn-out Senior play books, on condition that they will never use them.

Third: To Mr. Hill we give and bequeath all the physics note books, broken apparatus and mice found in the laboratory.

Fourth: To Miss Finfrock a patent "shaking machine" for the High School students.

Fifth: To Miss Ambuehl the "Love Bug" and the Seniors sincerely hope that she will keep it safely so that no other teacher will get bitten.

Sixth: To Miss Bloodgood we impose the present Junior Class for only one more year.

Seventh: One-half of the gum found on the seats now occupied by the Senior Class we give and bequeath to Vera Bruner, the other half to Elsie Aegerter.

Eighth: To Irma Wiltse and Gladys Brenner, the positions now held by Bertha Reese and Ida Buol, as players of the "Grand March."

Ninth: To Harvey Stewart the honor of playing the snare drum for another year.

Tenth: To Eldon Trump, all the stub pencils with which to draw cartoons.

Eleventh: To Leslie Wimmer, Leonard Waggoner's basket ball suit, and we hope that Leslie will use the suit to as much credit and honor to the High School as Leonard did.

Twelfth: To Marion Bowles a spelling book.

Thirteenth: To Irma Hutchinson, Onar Muhm's disposition.

Fourteenth: To Pine Anderson, the honor of having chosen the name for our Annual, "The Sprouter."

Fifteenth: To Irma Sharp, the Seniors "Charley Chaplin."

Sixteenth: To Lucille Williams, a looking glass.

Seventeenth: To Ida Lookabill, a hickey.

Eighteenth: To Oscar Coulter, his choice of the Sophomore girls.

Nineteenth: To Marjorie Hartman, a curling iron.

Twentieth: To Willis Fox, Miss Bloodgood's unruffled disposition.

Twenty-first: To Wilma Farnam, Elvine Bisenius basket ball suit.

Twenty-second: To Emeline Stevenson, a position in the next year's basket ball team.

Twenty-third: To Dorothy Peck letters from Brookings, once in a while, provided she lets the "Aw Gwans" read them.

Twenty-fourth: To Ivil Fleury, Earl Aegerter's lavender sport shirt.

Mr. Grant we elect as executor of our last Will and Testament, and we hope that all the requirements are filled without difficulty.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our name and affixed our seal, at the Randolph High School, on the eighth day of May, in the presence of the Sophomores and Freshmen, whom we have requested to become witnesses hereto.

THE SENIORS (By Leota Bowles.)

The Sophomores,

The Freshmen.

THE JUNIORS



ELSIE AEGERTER

WILLIE AEGERTER

PINE ANDERSON

MARVIN BOWLES



GLADYS BRENNER

VERA BRUNER

WILLIS FOX

OSCAR COULTER



IVIL FLEURY

WILMA FARNAM

IRMA HUTCHINSON

MARJORIE HARTMAN



RUTH LOOKABILL

DOROTHY PECK

LILLIAN REED

IRMA SHARP



ELDON TRUMP

EMELINE STEVENSON

HARVEY STEWART

ERMA WILTSE



LUCILLE WILLIAMS

LESLIE WIMMER

Class of 1917

President.....Lucille Williams
 Treasurer.....Irma Sharp

CLASS COLORS: Old Rose and Gray.

JUNIOR YELL

Coo-a-sha-a-pash-a!

Coo-a-sha-a-pash-a!

E-a-ta-a-wash-ta!

E-a-ta-a-wash-ta!

Zunk-a-shonk-ato-za!

Zunk-a-shonk-ato-za!

Juniors

HISTORY

We arrived September 1, 1913, 8:00 a. m., a bunch of green but nevertheless willing workers. The teachers all frowned upon us unsympathetically and we shrank into the corners under their withering glances. After much inquiry we found the hall and made a rush for the assembly room that we might choose our own seats. Of course we all grouped off but were soon scattered.

Everyone seemed to sneer at us and call us "Freshies" but we merely said, "Oh, we know you never were Freshies yourselves."

Our first few days were full of fear because the Sophomores had threatened to initiate us, but we have never had the pleasure of doing any of those terrible stunts of which they warned us.

All our studies were new and the entire high school life was new. We made many mistakes in locating the far distant and numerous class rooms.

At last we picked up courage enough to ask our much beloved principal if we might hold a class meeting. We then elected Dorothy Peck as our honorable president, and immediately saw to the important and rushing task of getting a class advisor and in the scramble Mr. Knoll was chosen.

If any class ever had to take the blame for what the Sophomores did it was ours. For even when the Sophomores were passing notes and making the most outrageous noises; sweet tones were heard coming from the platform, "I wish the Freshmen would settle down." Well we were able to carry all the blame and did it without grumbling. In the meantime we were progressing rapidly in all our studies, even the teachers were forced to acknowledge it, and the Sophies could not deny it. By the time we had completed this first High School year we had also completed the foundation of a record of which we need never be ashamed.

On the next September we became Sophomores and all our classmates who went through the grades with us were still in the class. All fear was now banished as we looked out on the career that lay before us. This year we choose Gladys Brenner as president, and by previous arrangement Miss Bloodgood became our advisor and pattern forever. We will always think of our advisor and thank her for her faithfulness to this event in the Junior Class.

These tenth grade days were spent in much painful laboring but we were rewarded in the end. Because of our excellent reports not only in studies, but also in attendance we were given a day of rest. We planned a picnic for this day of vacation but even if it rained out of doors, joy reigned in our hearts and we enjoyed an "Annexed" banquet in the evening.

As Juniors we have not yet finished our course, but we are under the leadership of Lucille Williams and Miss Bloodgood and so far are keeping up to the standard. Except some of us are susceptible to Miss Bloodgood's mania against chewing gum and speaking without permission. But under her guidance the Junior "Ship" was steered away from dances and card playing into everlastingly being "too late for supper."

The Seniors now realize that they will have some one worthy of stepping into their places. We have the right class spirit and all pull together, as is shown by our many victories in the inter-class games.

Our boys and girls are now coming forward along athletic lines. Three of our boys entered the State Tournament at Lincoln in basket ball, which is the largest in the world. And two of our girls are doing fine work in the girls' basket ball team, that has won every game this season.

We hope our Senior year will be the most prosperous of all, and that we may there glean many sheaves for the future.

PINE ANDERSON.

Junior Class Poem

"THE JUNIORS"

We are the class of seventeen
And keep our motto as can be seen.
We pull together toward our goal
Which is at the heights untold.

As Freshmen we were very green,
But this is always to be seen;
One of the staff called us a name,
That quickly put us to our shame.

To be a Sophomore we were proud,
And to look high up into the clouds;
Other studies we now pursued,
And upon all our efforts renewed.

These tenth grade days were full of cheer
And one day, the teacher dear,
Gave us all a day of rest,
Simply because we had done the best.

The Juniors always do their best,
And all expect to reach the crest
Of this great mountain of our life,
E'en though it does require a strife.

When we have once attained the top;
We don't intend there to stop;
But onward, onward we will climb,
Until we're lost in sands of time.

PINE ANDERSON.

The Prize Story

“STUNG”

It was a glorious afternoon in May. The sun streamed through an open window into a typical college boys' room. The walls were adorned with pennants and pictures. Several books, a sweater, a tennis racket, a kodak, note books and papers were thrown in wild confusion on what was primarily intended for a study table. “Gym” clothes were the dominating feature of the room. They were everywhere, on the bookcases, the bed, the floor, and the chairs. In one corner sat six boys with their heads bent over a letter.

Part of it ran: “There is a fellow here who told me he was going to Canton next year. He is a genius in every line. He is a peach of a dramatic reader and, believe me, if you get him into your frat, you'll have some member.”

These boys were the most prominent members of the Phi Gamma Delta, the leading fraternity of Canton University. They were the members of a committee appointed to see about prospective members. Many of the best members would graduate in June and the society would need men to take their places. Here was the kind of member they were looking for and they were going to get him if possible. In addition, the rival fraternity had already a millionaire, a good baritone singer and some good elocutionists. Never would the Delta Tau Delta fellows get ahead of them.

Lee Harmon went on to read the man's description: “He's dark haired with blue eyes like a girl's; tall, six feet any way; not heavy; with an easy-going, good natured look about him”—

“Supper time. Come on,” called Billy, a fat, jovial looking lad. So they seized their caps and ran.

When they arrived at their eating place they saw a crowd of boys standing around the bulletin board. They walked over to find out the cause of the excitement which appeared to be a small poster in the corner. They wedged up as close as possible and read it. The other boys watched

them closely. There was a long pause. Then Maurice whistled loud and long.

"Well! What do you know about it," he remarked with considerable emphasis.

"I'll bet he'll be an old sour-faced gink that will be just as mean as possible. We won't have any fun at all," said Billy bitterly.

"He'll be as acid as a lemon, only more so," Harry joined in.

The poster which was creating all these scathing remarks was an announcement by the faculty saying that Mr. Jacob Abbott would succeed Prof. Morton as head of the chair of languages. The boys loved Professor Morton and had decided to hate his successor. The new man's name, let alone the string of degrees following it, suggested to the boys an austere Puritanic type of man which they, quite naturally, would loathe.

No one ate much supper that night. Everybody was too perturbed.

The days wore on. Commencement came and went and the boys, all ready to go home, were holding their last conference.

"Now, we'll all come a week early," Lee said.

"Why?" came in a chorus from the rest. "Well, Bob says that Richards, that's his name, by the way, is coming a week early. He wants to get acquainted with the place."

"Doesn't Bob live in your town?"

"Nope," Lee chanted.

"Well, everybody come a week early," he concluded and the meeting broke up.

* * * * *

It was a broiling hot morning on the last day of August. The sun beat down upon the dusty roads. Now and then an auto dashed by leaving a cloud of blinding white dust in its wake. Six boys, sitting on the platform of the Canton depot kept busy mopping their faces with their handkerchiefs. They had met every train for the last two days.

"Now boys," said Lee, "we'll just kind of fall around him, if he comes, and ask him if he's a college fellow and all that sort of thing. Get me?"

A few minutes later a well dressed young man stepped from the train. He was perhaps six feet tall with dark and girlish blue eyes. There was a happy-go-lucky air about him which distinguished him from the other passengers.

He looked about and saw some boys, college boys undoubtedly, near him. They nodded, walked over and one of them said.

"Going to college?"

"Sure," the man replied. "Which way?"

"We're going up now. Come with us," Lee said in a friendly manner.

"Allright."

"Where you going to stay?"

"I don't know. Where is a good place?"

"Ours is a dandy. Best in town. Another room. Not expensive. Come up there," Billy said laconically.

Then they started in to talk about the teachers and their studies during which they made several remarks concerning the new professor.

The man listened attentively. His brain was working fast. He was trying to straighten out the tangle. He knew the boys had mistaken him for some one else. What should he do? The thought came: "Pretend you are the man they think you are." He liked fun and decided to try the scheme.

As a result of his decision he took the room the boys suggested and listened intently to their talk. Before he knew it he found himself very interested in them.

That afternoon the boys said they had some business and vanished. They walked far down the street into a little grove. There they laid their plans for the week.

Meanwhile the new professor sat in the president's office talking with him. The interview lasted long. Something was quite funny for they seemed to be laughing most of the time. Finally Professor Abbott with an amused smile departed.

"Say Richards, coming to supper?" Billy shouted down the hall an hour or two later.

"So my name's Richards, is it?" mused the man with the girlish blue eyes. "Wonder what my first name is" as he reached for his hat.

"Those boys are splendid," he was thinking as he joined them.

At the same time the boys were saying to themselves: "Isn't Richards an agreeable chap. I hope we'll get him pledged."

All through that week the boys entertained the supposed freshman. He readily agreed to any plan they purposed, as picnics, boat rides and hikes, which followed each other with amazing rapidity. By Friday most of the members of the Phi Gamma Delta, in response to the letters of the committee, had arrived.

On Saturday they had a moonlight straw-ride. Richards distinguished himself by producing a guitar and singing dinky songs. On the way home someone mentioned the Phi Gamma Delta.

Richards turned. "Do you all belong?" he asked.

"We sure do. Want to join?" said Lee.

Everyone held their breath. The critical moment had arrived.

After a long pause Richards said: "I don't know whether I'll have time enough after I get my work done. But if I do have time I'll join your frat."

"Well, you know we're the best in Canton. If you're a member Prexy won't "can" you half as quickly as he would if you were just an ordinary student. He wouldn't dare," Lee remarked. "I'll bet that Jacob—"

"By the way who's this Jacob your always talking about?" Richards chimed in, anxious to know more than what he had heard before.

"He's the guy that's going to teach Dutch and Latin. We had a dandy teacher before this one," said Dick.

Then followed an animated discussion of the new faculty member.

"Aw, cut the comedy. I want to hear something interesting," growled Jimmy, and the conversation turned to a description of a sorority picnic the boys had invited themselves to.

Next morning Lee woke up, yawned, sat up, stretched several times and then discovered a letter which the landlady had pushed under the door.

"Thunder turtles, what's up," he asked himself as he walked over and picked up the letter. It was addressed in a familiar hand that of Bob Lehren. It read:

"Dear Lee:—

Learned to day that I misunderstood Richards. He went to Trenton.
Awfully sorry. In a hurry,

Bob."

When he had recovered from the shock and was beginning to wonder if this was one of Bob's numerous practical jokes he found a note pinned to his pillow (Lee never locked his door).

The note ran:

"Mr. Lee Harmon:—

I sincerely regret that it is impossible for me to become a member of Phi Gamma Delta as it is contrary to the custom here for a faculty member to join a fraternity. In addition I will have all I can do to take care of my classes. Hoping you will not be offended at my lot revealing my identity sooner,
Sincerely yours, Jacob Abbot."

MARJORIE HARTMAN.

Junior-Senior Banquet

May 13, 1916. Presbyterian Church Parlors.

MENU

Fruit Cocktail	Cheese Wafers
Pea Patties	
Mashed Potatoes with Gravy	
Escalloped Chicken	Pickles
Parker House Rolls	
Perfection Salad	Wafers
Ice Cream	Cake
Coffee	Nuts
	Mints

TOASTS

Toast Mistress, Miss Bloodgood

"Brevity".....	Supt. Grant
"Cases".....	Miss Finfrock
"Altruism".....	R. M. Hill
"Seniors".....	Marvin Bowles
"Juniors".....	Leonard Waggoner
"Life's Dream".....	Miss Ambuehl



SOPHOMORES



SOPHOMORES

Class of 1918

Class Advisor.....Miss Ambuehl
 President.....Archie Sellon
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Jessie Boerner

HISTORY

There was thirty-three of us who enrolled for a year's course in the Freshmen Class of 1914, bringing with us a determination to fill the place left vacant by the preceding class, and to enter into all the activities of the school. We elected Miss Finfrock for our advisor, Roland Vinckel for president and Gladys Van Slyke for secretary and treasurer. During the first year about all we did was to adjust ourselves to our new surroundings and become acquainted with the new rules and regulations.

In the Sophomore year our number had decreased to twenty-six but we were more eager to begin our studies than in the Freshmen year. Some of our members became active on the athletic field. Two of our girls, Wilma Carroll and Gertrude Taylor, won for themselves places on the regular high school basket ball team and have done much toward the success of the team, while Guy Lenton made the first boys' basket ball team. In the inter-class games our girls gained one victory of real importance besides several others.

The victory we were proud of we won from the Juniors, being the first to defeat them. The Sophomore boys so appreciated this that they gave the girls a reception soon after. We have also had several other parties, among them a masquerade where the boys and girls came dressed in attractive costumes for the occasion.

We will regret to have the year close but are looking forward to becoming full-fledged Juniors next year without the loss of another member.

JESSIE BOERNER.



THE OLD SCHOOL BUILDING



FRESHMEN GIRLS



FRESHMEN BOYS

Class of 1919

Class Adviser.....	Mr. R. M. Hill
President.....	Veronica Lorge
Vice President.....	Stuart Cook
Secretary.....	Margarct Buol
Treasurer.....	Frank Abts

FRESHMEN YELL

Razzle dazzle, never frazzle,
 Not a thread but wool!
 Altogether! Altogether,
 That's the way we pull!
 Freshmen!

CLASS COLORS: Yellow and White.

HISTORY

On September sixth, nineteen fifteen, one of the most promising Freshmen classes invaded the halls of Randolph High School, twenty-five strong, and thus far it has not failed to make good its early promises.

Our class was the first to organize, the first meeting having been held on the eighth day of September, and the above officers chosen.

When the class dues were levied they were quickly paid in full. We have quite a capital loaned on interest at the present time.

Though our school work has been the primary issue with us we have not neglected other activities, such as social events, publishing the Annual, and athletics.

We have thus far held three parties all of which were very successful.

Our first was held at the home of our classmate, Margaret Buol. It was a "get-together" and "get acquainted" affair. The evening was passed pleasantly with games and enjoyed by all.

Our second was a Hallowe'en party held in the High School building. The prominent features were: The trip through purgatory, where we shook hands with Satan on his throne and in doing so got badly shocked, the decorations, the peanut hunt, the auction of the girls, and the Jack-O-Lantern supper.

Our third was a sleigh-ride party, held at the hospitable country home of Frank Kuhl. The class started from town in the bob-sleds of our classmates, Louis Volkert and Michael Allar, and arrived safely, no upsets occurring. After the pull-away game in half knee-deep snow, we made a very successful attack on a gallon of oysters.

Our class has taken a prominent part in putting out this great Annual. We have worked for its success with unrivaled energy. The majority of us have subscribed for copies of it.

Early in the season we organized both a girls' and boys' basket ball team. Owing to the coaching by our adviser, Mr. R. M. Hill, we participated very successfully in the inter-class games. Two of our classmates have played in match games against other towns and we are proud of the fact that one of them, Kathryn Boughn, is regular center. Our class has been the only one with enough capital to invest in Spalding's best basket ball.

Thus it is demonstrated that we have fulfilled all obligations placed upon us as Freshmen and have proved that we are one of the most promising classes ever entitled to wear the Red and the White.



D. M. ROGERS

The Alumni

The span of life measures three score and ten years. If they are rightly lived each succeeding year brings one nearer to the great goal. Yet the poet says that the best days are the days of youth, and I believe that those who are best able to know will agree that the poet has spoken well. It is in these years that the restraints of childhood are being cast aside. The powers and privileges of manhood and womanhood seem easily within reach and all but realized. Each year makes one the victor in new fields of knowledge and experience, while an ever widening field of acquaintances points to the conclusion that after all the world is not so large. As one looks into the future numerous life callings open up to him. Success and prosperity beckon on every hand. The one problem lies in selecting which of the many callings one is to follow.

Because of the brightness and fullness of these years, civilization has long set them aside as the period in which to train the youth for service. The ancient Spartans took the boy from his mother and placed him in the charge of a drill master; and Sparta made her record as a military state. The Romans taught their sons politics and war and Rome ruled the world. The crusades of the Middle Ages and the spread of the English system of jurisprudence are due very largely to the zeal with which the youth of those periods entered into the work of their times. Indeed it would not be far from the truth to say that the vices or virtues of any age are due very largely to the training afforded the youth of the previous generations.

In our country today the task of training the youth falls upon the public high school. Its doors are open to the boys and girls of the entire land. Its courses fit for all walks of life and the expense is met by public taxation. This work represents the greatest effort ever made by a civilized people to train its youth for service.

The Randolph High School was organized in 1891. Mr. L. J. Townsend had charge of the work and Arthur Benedict was the first graduate, receiving his diploma from the tenth grade in 1893. By 1899 the eleventh and twelfth grades had been added. Twelve years later the High School

as well as the grades had outgrown the brick structure in which they had been housed for two decades. Shortly before this time the Nebraska law made provision whereby the children from the rural districts might attend any high school in the state and have their tuition paid by the home district. This gave the High School a greater field of service. Ample quarters in the new building were soon provided and the enrollment advanced toward the one hundred mark.

In these splendid years of growth our High School has not failed to meet the increased demands which the times are making upon the high school. It now strives to fit for entrance into some vocational callings as well as to prepare for college. Normal training, manual training and some agriculture and domestic science are taught and are of special value to those who do not pursue studies beyond the high school. No doubt other vocational branches will be added in the future.

In the quarter of a century that the High School has been in operation, one hundred and seventy-three diplomas have been presented. Many who did not complete the course, stood well in their classes, got much from the work and should be counted among the products of the school. The test of time has not yet told how much "fine gold" has been produced. But a small portion of the alumni have reached the age of maturity and yet the following are among the positions held by them: "successful physician", "principal of one of the large high schools of the state", "rising young business men", "honor student at John's Hopkins University", "scholarship honors at the University of Nebraska" and many times "founders of happy homes". Time will add to the list many whose merits may not yet have attracted our attention.

As the member of the alumni goes about his task; riding upon the train or sojourning in the cities or villages of the land, he meets frequently some of the two hundred or more who spent part of their youthful days in the old R. H. S. No friendship binds as do those of high school days. No object of conversation is more pleasing than that which presents itself when one meets a fellow student of high school years. Experiences which taught us some of the great lessons of life are recalled and with more pleasure than in former years when we were less able to understand. The teacher who held us rigidly to our task is more appreciated than before. Reflection upon the many changes that time has wrought causes one to feel that life indeed is serious.

In the spring of 1915 the Alumni Association was organized as it now stands. The delightful banquet was well attended and it is hoped that it may prove a step in the right direction and that the Association will bring the members nearer to each other and to their Alma Mater.

Before concluding let me say that the sentiment of the alumni would

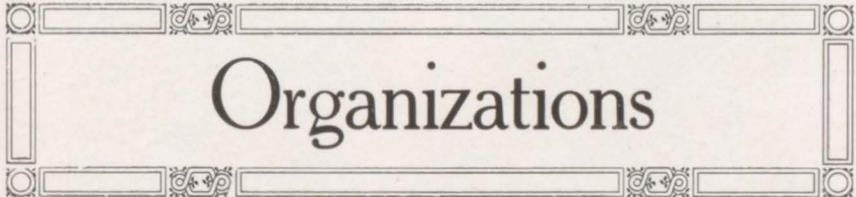
be but inadequately expressed were I not to speak of those faithful citizens of Randolph who during these twenty-five years have been responsible for the welfare of the public schools. These able men have given freely of their time and thought that the High School might be of greatest service. In behalf of the alumni who appreciate what has been done for them, I wish to express a deep feeling of gratitude.

The Randolph High School is yet in its infancy. The city is but a generation old. Greater problems will confront the future than have confronted the past. Upon their solution will depend the success and happiness of countless human beings. The light of knowledge has proven the safest guide of humanity. It is to our Alma Mater that we must look for much of the light in this community. May every alumnus do his duty and may the alumni continue to grow in numbers and in loyalty to the Alma Mater that she may "lead in the ways of righteousness in the midst of the paths of judgment."

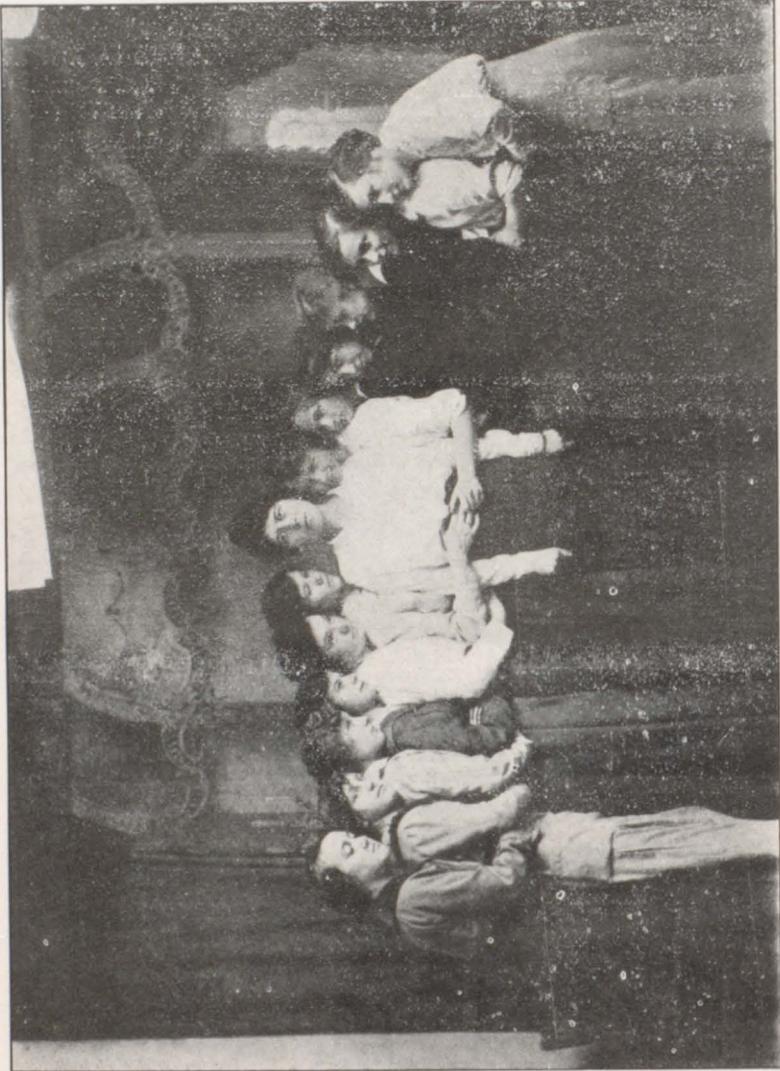
D. M. ROGERS.



SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE

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Organizations



THE "AW GWANS"

The "Aw Gwans"

Motto: Never do anything for nobody, no time.

Colors: Green and Gold.

The "Aw Gwan" is a newly organized society which has lately been introduced in the High School. The meetings are held every two weeks at homes of the different members. The work taken up by the organization is along literary lines and is proving to be both interesting and instructive to the members.

First Meeting: Organization under full swing. Music is splendid. Ask Irma and Bertha. Tax on slang. Marjorie immediate victim. Extremely hard on everyone's pocket book. Refreshments. Parted very early for Aw Gwans.

Second Meeting: Viola falls in love with Duke. Affection is not returned. Art of skating (?) discussed and demonstrated by Viola much to delight of audience. Everyone founders.

Third Meeting: Irma makes a dive for leather chair. Oberon untangles love affairs of various members. Refreshments again. Oh! you darling Aw Gwans!

Fourth Meeting: (Special.) Two new members in the interim. Stunts in order. Worms for refreshment. Graceful (!) signatures of new members. Happy and Leota roll the peanut. Our Prima Donna voices tried out afterwards. Refreshments. Yum! Yum!

Fifth Meeting: General tardiness of members. Lillian fumes. Sleigh-rides general theme of discussion. Hero dies death of the just but comes to life again. Claudio rejoices. Three of members adept new style of wearing coats. Miss Finfrock eats two suppers. I wonder why? The rest more than satisfied with one.

Sixth Meeting: Absence of Miss Finfrock celebrated, chiefly by Gladys. Everything was a "Comedy of Errors," excepting the eats.

Seventh Meeting: "Romiet and Julio" vividly portrayed. Ask Irma and Miss Finfrock how picturesquely. Irma Sharp's conduct is marvelously good.

Eighth Meeting: Miss Finfrock wears the green still celebrating St. Patrick's Day. Falstaff conducts himself in an abominable manner. Lillian goes to sleep but wakes in time for eats.

Ninth Meeting and last at time of writing. Ida and Gladys get the "withering glances," their conduct is disreputable. "Buzz" center of attraction. "Imogene" perishes by wayside. Heart broken lover's gesture perfected by Imogene alias Miss Finfrock. Bertha's conduct is remarkably good. FUTURE MEETINGS.

"AW GWAN."

IRMA WILTSE.



"PEANUT LEAGUE"

“Peanut League”

The following are the adventures which “the Peanut League” had on their journeys to other towns to play basket ball and when the teams from the other towns came to Randolph. Now this is only a very short summary but it will give you an idea of how exciting those trips were:

October 22, 1915: Wausa teams come down in “Tin Lizzies.” They are asked to stay to dance but the Wausa Prof. says, “Nix on the dances.”

October 29, 1915: The boys pull off a dirty low down trick and leave the girls at home. The girls say “Osmond or bust.” After school they get a Ford and surprise the boys, just as they are finishing the first half of the game. The girls are good little things and get home early. They have a puncture on the way back, but they don’t care. The boys stay and the Osmond girls give them the eats. Also cut the wires of the lamps of their cars. Ha! Ha!

November 12, 1915: We girls leave the boys behind for a change. However, John and Guy follow. Wonder why? Mr. Hill finds it necessary to tell Bloomfield to “Toe the line!” Miss Moore and Mr. Hill—oh well, we won’t squeal on Mr. Hill. Elsie and Vera find two lonesome and hungry boys sitting on a rail. Consequently they take them to supper. Gertrude is mistaken for Elvina. John and Elsie come home Saturday.

November 19, 1915: Wausa is a queer place. At least Elsie and Vera find it so. Katie gets acquainted with Wausa Ole. We take some hens and roosters to boost for us.

November 25, 1915: The Osmond boys are not afraid to stay to

dance. We girls give them a feed. Such a feed (?).

December 11, 1915: Trump and his friend from Pierce go strolling.

December 17, 1915: Boys leave the girls behind again. The girls find it impossible to surprise them this time. As a result, they get skinned. Some sick looking bunch of "Peanuts" the next week. They all get the "La Grippe."

January 17, 1916: We all make a visit to Carroll. Toots, Kathryn, Vera, Marvin, Guy and Leonard have their pictures taken in the water trough. We go on to Wausa. Ivil and Guy hate to leave the little Jones girl at Carroll. We pick up Mr. Hill on our way and take him to Wausa with us. We have a hard time scaring up money. At Wausa, Toots and Vera order an oyster stew, instead they get hot milk and crackers. Toots feeds Mr. Hill through the lattice work. What does she feed him? Fingered oysters. Kathryn runs across Heck. Is she glad? You bet. Eldon meets a Pierce friend. Mr. Hill rides the bumpers on the way home.

January 14, 1916: The "Peanut League" does not care for matured men from Wayne Normal.

January 28, 1916: Wakefielders do not attract our attention. Too much cotton; we prefer wool.

February 4, 1916: The boys leave the girls at home again. Consequently another defeat. Wag looks like a hospital. Boys come back on the 10:15. Some of the "Lady Peanuts" meet them.

February 11, 1916: Toots makes a hit. How strange! Dance afterwards—after the game, not after Toots scores, for she doesn't score until 12:59 $\frac{3}{4}$ P. X.

February 18, 1916: The boys go to Wakefield and the girls to Wausa. Leonard runs across a sweet little waitress—she was waiting for Leonard. Leonard and Guy find the hotel parlor a very inviting place. However, Mr. Grant doesn't think it wise to let them stay there too long. I suppose you wonder why this hotel parlor was so attractive. Well, it was occupied by two more waitresses. Leonard and Wendell visit lovers lane. Alone? Oh my, no! Wen's feet are big enough to have much force behind them. The boys really didn't need protection. Just wanted company that's all. The girls at Wausa are served with a nice little lunch. Elsie gets a hairpin and Vera gets a plate. Elvine and Verone delight in sitting on sacks, providing there is a nifty little nut looking admiringly upon them.

February 25, 1916: Heck and Kathryn are the main objects of observation. Heck thinks Katie is a nice little girl and can't understand what she wants with an ugly thing like him. Well, none of the rest of us can understand it either, so the matter is left a mystery.

March 3, 1916: The boys leave the girls behind once more. Another scalping for them. The girls do the scalping at home. The boys get back in time for a few dances. They have many jokes to tell on their driver, es-

pecially when he says, "Well, look at that little mouse!" Marvin attends his first dance since he had taken up his headquarters at the hotel.

March 8, 1916: The boys are away, taking in the sights at Lincoln. They leave the girls for awhile.

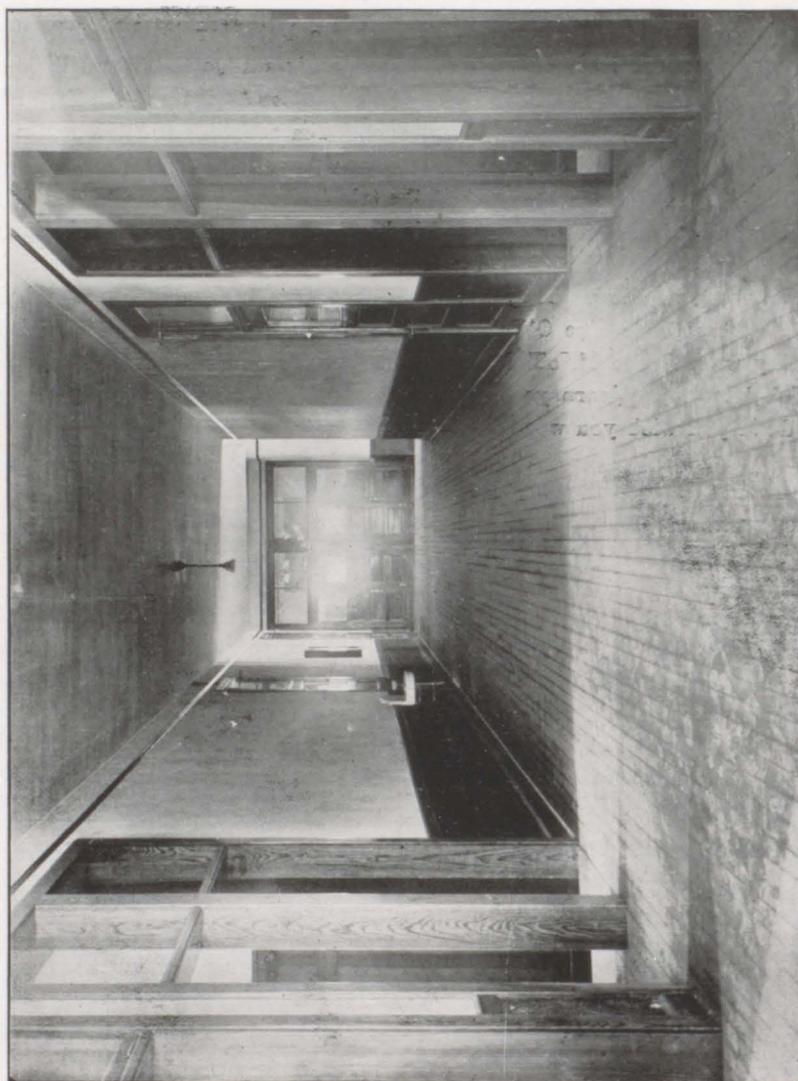
March 9, 1916: Still in Lincoln and beginning to feel absence of the girls.

March 11, 1916: All the boys at home but Marvin, Wendell and Leonard. Leonard goes to Wakefield to see his waitress. Wendell goes to Walthill to visit his Indian friends. Marvin goes to Council Bluffs. He wants a few more rides on the street cars. I'm afraid Randolph will not be good enough for our boys now.

March 14, 1916: The events of the trip to Lincoln are disclosed to us by various members of the team. We learn a great many things. Earle seems to have indulged in the Lincoln swimming pools. Ivil and Guy visit the state penitentiary. They get through safely. They also see a ball game and meet two nice O'Neill girls. Now we can understand why Ivil and Guy are going to O'Neill during spring vacation.

Well, no more journeys for the boys. Their time is over. But say, now don't you wish you were a "Peanut?"

VERA BRUNER.



MAIN HALL—UPSTAIRS

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Athletics



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Girls' Basket Ball

If anyone had prophesied at the opening of school that the Randolph girls' team would be a success, they would have immediately been informed that they were mistaken. Everyone was sure that it would be a failure, as it had been in previous years and no encouragement was given them whatsoever. Nevertheless when the call for volunteers was issued fully fifteen responded and from this number the following seven were selected: Vera Bruner, Elsie Aegerter, Kathryn Boughn, Verone Carroll, Elvine Bisenius, Wilma Carroll, and Gertrude Taylor.

The first game played was October 22 on the Randolph High School campus with the fast team of Wausa girls. But the training that our girls had received showed up in this game and it was ours by a score of 9 to 2.

The encouragement came when we met Bloomfield on their home campus November 12 and played rings around them to the tune of 20 to 10. This victory was a great satisfaction, as Bloomfield had been our ancient basket ball enemy. But the tide was turned now and in our favor.

On November 19 we invaded the Swedish territory to play Wausa a return game. It was a hard fought one, but when the whistle blew we found that Randolph was one point ahead. The score being 9 to 8.

The Carroll team invited us down on January 7, "To give them a few pointers about basket ball," says the Carroll Index. The game was easily won, the score at the end being 30 to 2 in our favor.

Wausa declared that the game on the night of November 19 was unfairly won, and challenged us for another. We accepted the challenge and on February 18 the game was played. Wausa had everything in

their favor, the small floor which they were accustomed to, an umpire from their home town and a disinterested man to both teams as refrec. We started the game eager enough "to eat Wausa." We led them to the slaughter pens by a score of 7 to 6, but declined the sausage at the mid-night lunch. Another game toward the championship.

The first indoor game played on our home floor was March 3 when the Wakefield squad dashed into Randolph, radiant with the thoughts of victory. But the "Wakefield Six" lost their horseshoes, and they had to give it to us, for we outplayed them, taking the game by seventeen points.

After these six victories without a defeat, Randolph stock went up a notch and now the fans had real visions of a championship team.

Randolph has played two preliminaries since the above was written, namely, Coleridge and Bloomfield and hence have established their right to play at the field meet for the first time in six years.

Thus ends the review of the girls' basket ball team for the school year of 1915-16.

October 22, 1915: Wausa vs. Randolph, 2-9.

November 12, 1915: Randolph vs. Bloomfield, 20-10.

November 19, 1915: Randolph vs. Wausa, 9-8.

January 7, 1916: Randolph vs. Carroll, 30-2.

February 18, 1916: Randolph vs. Wausa, 7-6.

March 3, 1916: Wakefield vs. Randolph, 2-19.

March 17, 1916: Randolph vs. Wakefield, 22-8.

April 21, 1916: Randolph vs. Colridge, 22-5.

May 5, 1916: Bloomfield vs. Randolph, 3-14.



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

BOYS' BASKET BALL

The basket ball season began rather early in the fall of 1915 owing to a lack of interest in football, and the failure to organize a football team.

It was on the 22nd of October, 1915, that the basket ball team from Wausa invaded our territory, full of confidence and expecting a victory over us. Soon after the game started the Swedes realized they should not have looked with scorn upon us. They did not lose courage, however, and gave us a good game, but we were on the long end of a 22 to 7 score.

Mr. Grant, until after the first game, had not suspected us of having a good team—which may have been due to his generally unsuspecting nature—or to the fact that only a struggle with real opponents aroused our best efforts. He at once arranged a contest with our neighbors from Osmond

On the 29th of October we went to Osmond and entered the game with perhaps a trifle less timidity than we approached the first game of the season. We soon had Osmond eating out of our hands with the utmost docility and reckless abandon. They went after the ball in such a blind, impulsive way that we won by a score of 15 to 8.

Our opponents from Wausa were anxious and waiting for a chance to make Hamburger steak of us, so on the 9th of November, pale but determined, we dashed into Wausa with a tremendous crowd of rooters, 80 strong, bringing up the rear. Our second meeting with this team was as successful as the first. Some unkindly say that it resembled a football game. Be that as it may, we won by a score of 26 to 13, leaving Wausa well in body but considerably rumped in spirit.

Thanksgiving night found the Randolph opera house crowded with our eager friends and supporters. (Yes, a \$70.00 house, the largest we had ever had.) The occasion being our second game with Osmond. Osmond was still gay and festive and confident of success, but the game closed 31 to 9. Once more in our favor.

The next game, December 10, was played on our home floor with the fast Pierce team and won by a close score of 19 to 16.

December 17 found us in Plainview where we were soon engaged in a game with that fast team which was not unmitigated joy. When the game went 33 to 20 in favor of Plainview, we could think of nothing to say, though usually we are of a bright and happy disposition. Our souls were cast down to the very depths sadness, but we still had enough sand to keep

from slipping and arranged to meet Carroll on January 7. Here we made the largest score of the season, 77 to 4.

With spirits soaring we prepared to attack Wayne Normal, our college neighbors, and although they won, we proved that we were in their class for they only won the game by a score of 27 to 23. This was probably the hardest and best game of the season.

On January 28 Wakefield lost to us by a score of 31 to 12; but in our next game our conceit was again considerably diminished, Osmond winning from us on their home floor by a score of 18 to 20. Wiping away the damp sobs we met Wayne H. S. on February 11. The game was played here with a score of 47 to 9 for Randolph.

Cheered and soothed and ready for battle, we played the return game with Wakefield February 18. The baskets were very elusive that night, they were not where we wanted them to be, with a persistence that was positively uncanny. We nearly lost the game, getting the best of them only by a score of 25 to 22.

Fate was against us in the next two games. We again lost to Plainview by a score of 31 to 21. This was partially due to the injuries received by several of our players. This game was February 25. On March 3rd we went to Pierce, got into our brief costumes, and prepared to mutilate them. We returned with scalding tears in our eyes and a score of 22 to 18 in their favor.

This was our last game before we went to the State Tournament at Lincoln. The tournament was held from March 8th to 11th. We arrived in Lincoln the 7th of March and were scheduled to meet the Omaha School for the Deaf and Dumb at 4:15 on Wednesday the 8th. We were very much excited, as this was to be the first time we had ever participated in a tournament, and our courage could have been covered with a postage stamp. The place was so strange to us in every way, that we had a bad case of stage fright—the common affection of all great artists—and it nearly lost us the game. We recovered our poise and assurance in time to make 9 points to the other team's 8.

Once more our gentle trustful natures were overflowing with confidence in ourselves after this success. We were now to play the big Fullerton team at 3:15 March 9th. We approached them like conquering heroes, asking them if they had any choice about which part of their vitals they wanted to preserve as those who had the imperisable distinction of playing with us usually came out feeling defeated to an alarming extent. Our liveliness was ill-timed; after a hard fight we lost by a score of 9 to 4. That put us out of the tournament for this year; but now that the keen edge of our sorrow has somewhat abated, we realize that we profited in many ways by this trip, and it will aid us in our basket ball in the future.

EARL AEGERTER.



BASE BALL TEAM



THE TRACK TEAM

The Field Meet

Silver Trophy Cup, Randolph.

Gold Medal, Earl Aegerter.

Silver Medal, Marvin Bowles.

Base Ball, Championship.

Basket Ball, Championship.

100 Yard Dash—Earl Aegerter. Time, 11 2-5 seconds.

220 Yard Dash—Earl Aegerter. Time, 25 seconds.

440 Yard Dash—Marvin Bowles. Time, 59 2-5 seconds.

120 Yard Hurdle—Marvin Bowles. Time, 17 3-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—Earl Aegerter. 18 feet, 9 inches.

Relay Race—Randolph. Time, 1 minute, 42 4-5 seconds.

Half Mile Run—Wendell Boughn, second place.

120 Yard Hurdle—Leonard Waggoner, second place.

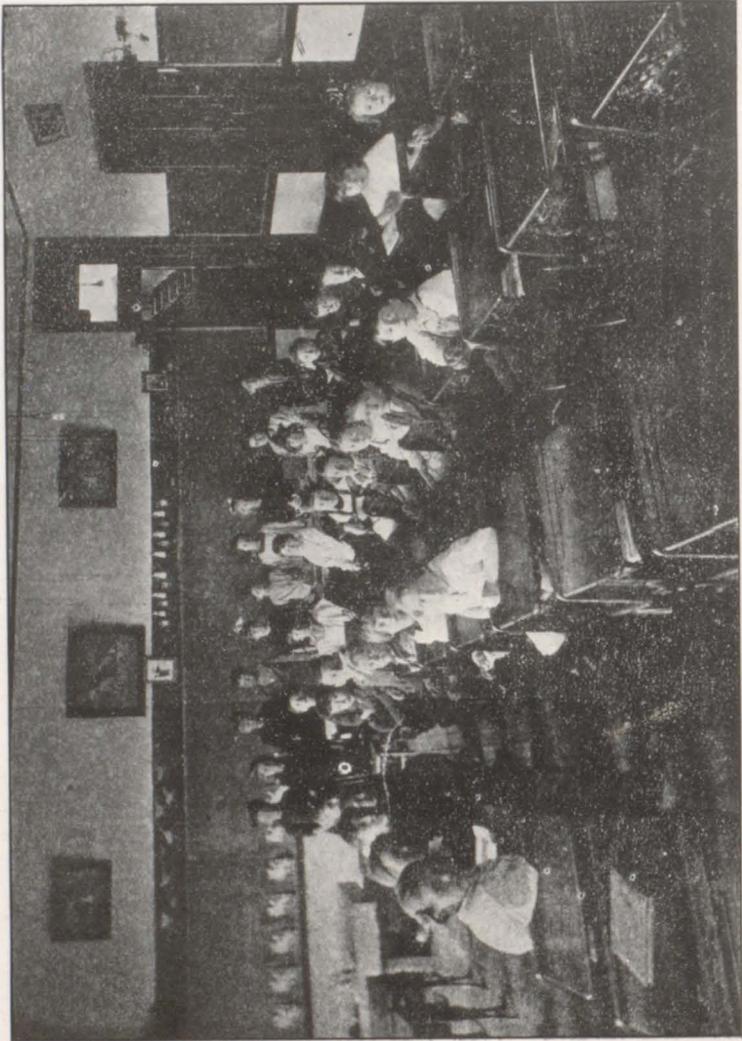
Pole Vault—Eldon Trump, second place.

High Jump—Eldon Trump, second place.

Total Points for Randolph, 76½.

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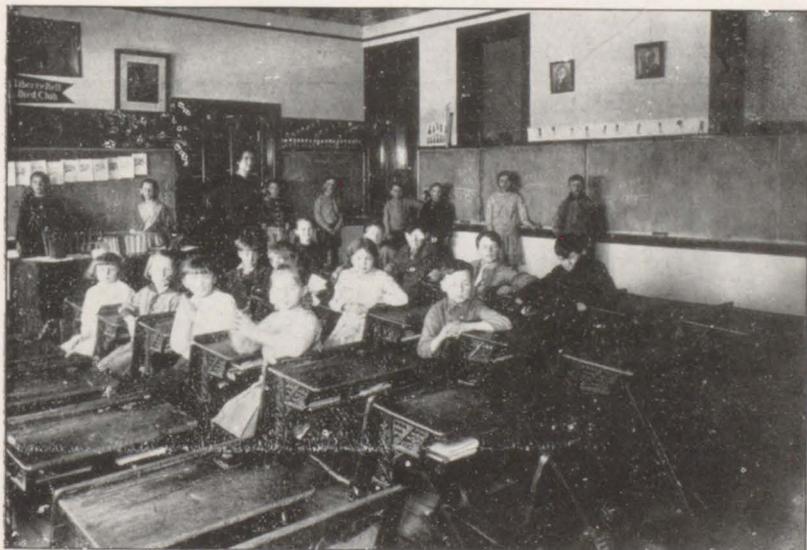
Interior Views



FIRST GRADE.



SECOND GRADE.



THIRD GRADE.



FOURTH GRADE.



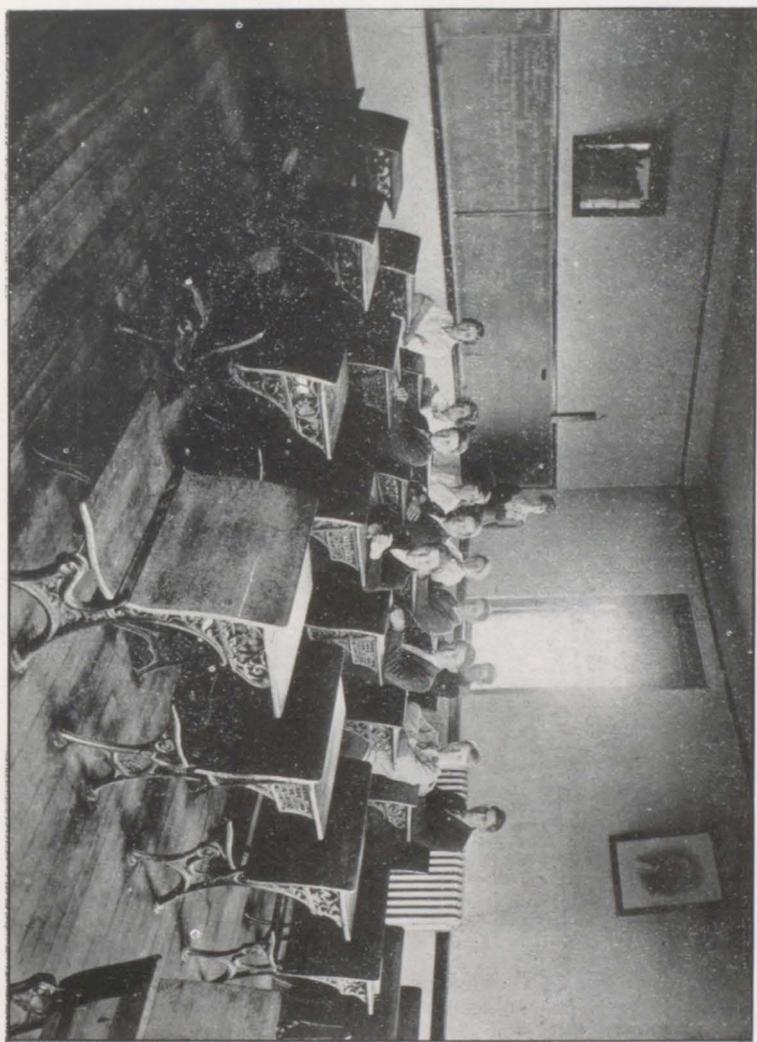
SIXTH GRADE.



FIFTH GRADE.



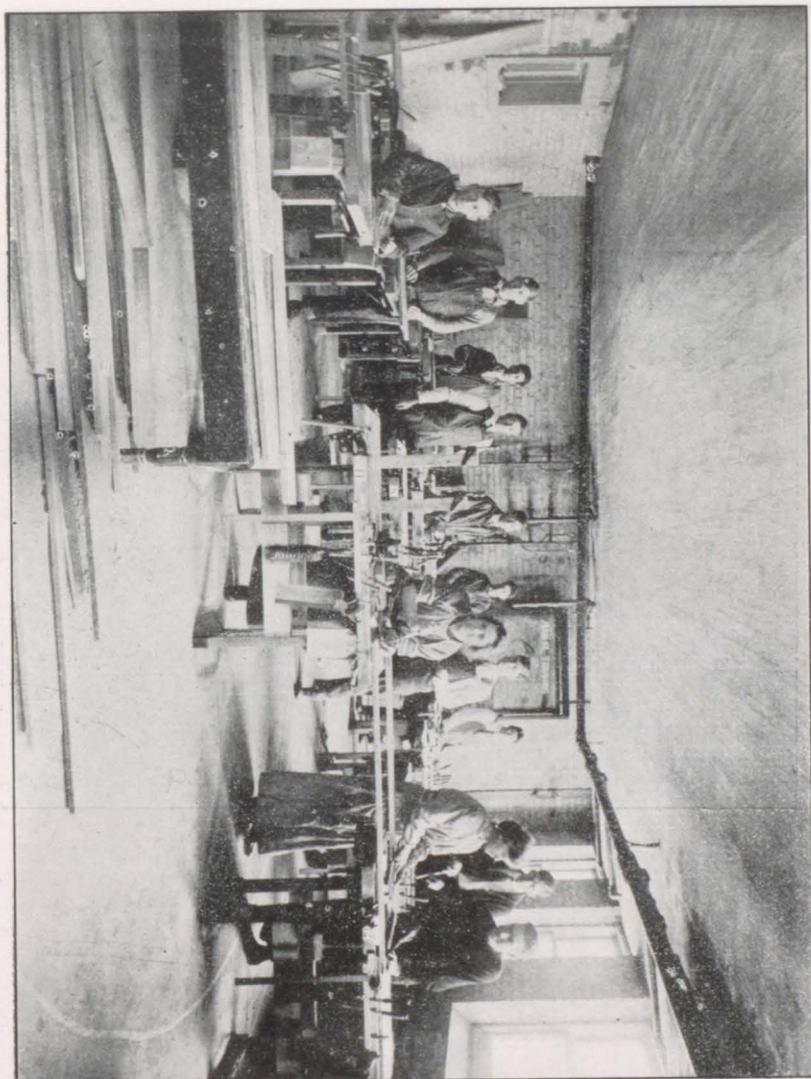
SEVENTH GRADE.



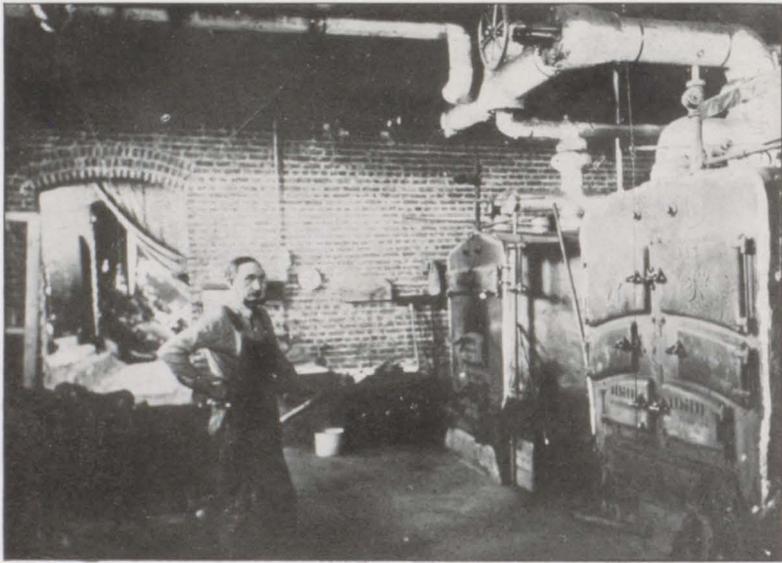
EIGHTH GRADE.



HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY ROOM.



MANUAL TRAINING SHOP



FURNACE ROOM.

JOKES

BRIGHT PUPIL

Miss Ambuehl: "Find some scientific reason for the Bible flood."

William Beacom: "What flood was that?"

Earl Aegerter is like a kerosene lamp;
He isn't very bright.
He is often turned down but never smokes.
And frequently goes out at night.

John Abts: "If a robber would come up to you and say, 'Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out,' what would you say?"

Earl Benson: "Take my brains, I need my money to finish school."

Willis Fox: "A penny for your thoughts, Gladys?"

Gladys Brenner: "You spendthrift, I was thinking of you."

Miss Ambuehl: "What eastern coast state has two capitals?"

Stewart Cook: "New Jersey."

Miss Ambuehl: "Yes! indeed, name them."

Stewart: "N and J."

Mr. Hill: "What is a dog starter?"

Leonard Waggoner: "Well, I have it in my head but cannot explain it."



Chester: "There is something preying on my mind."

Edward Hajenga: "Never mind, it will soon starve to death."

Mr. Grant, in Agricultural Class: "Do you like Irish potatoes?"

Sophomore: "No sir."

Mr. Grant: "Do you like sweet potatoes?"

Soph: "No sir."

Mr. Grant: "What kind do you like?"

Soph: "The white ones."

"Gertrude," said Miss Bloodgood, "Try to find Frances Burnham, see what she is doing and tell her to stop it right away."

Soph: "Why didn't the barber give you a shave?"

Freshman: "He said they didn't keep vacuum cleaners."

Lester Hutchison: "Why is it a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her?"

Harvey Stewart: "Look in the mirror and you'll find out."

Junior: "Say, can you tell me how long a person can live without brains?"

Sophomore: "No, I can't, but how old are you?"

Elvine Bisenius: "You might be a good dancer if it wasn't for two things."

Mike Allar: "What are they?"

Elvine: "Your feet."

"WHO IN THE THUNDER AM I?"

Not meeting with much success, I at last decided to marry my best girl's mother and later my father married her daughter. When I married the girl's mother the girl became my daughter, and when my father married my daughter he became my son.

When my father married my daughter she became my mother. Then who in thunder am I?

I am my own grandfather.

My mother's mother which is my wife must be my grandmother, and I being my grandmother's husband, am my own grandfather.

Oscar: "Won't you be my valentine? I'll be yours."

Rosella: "O, I didn't want a homely one this year."

"Who gave you that black eye Vera?"

Vera Bruner: "Who gives me anything unless I fight for it?"

Wendell Boughn: "Have you re(a)d Freckles?"

Vrone Carroll: "Those are only the spots on my veil."

Mae Cunningham: "My, your shoes squeak Martyne."

Martyne: "Yes, I have so much music in my sole."

Miss Finfrock: "Have you done your outside reading?"

Gay Lenton: "No, I haven't."

Finfrock: "Why not?"

"It has been too cold outside."

Russell Heck: "Would you like to have a pet monkey of your own?"

Katherine Boughn: "Oh, Russell, this is so sudden."

A BRIGHT SENIOR

Teacher: "What did Caesar say when Brutus stabbed him?"

Senior: "Ouch!"

RIDDLE

If diamonds were led and Waggoner played the king and Marvin the queen, Guy the joker would Eldon Trump.

SENIOR WISH

I wish I was a little rock a setting on a hill,
And doing nothing all day long but a setting still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink, I wouldn't even wash,
But set and set a thousand years and rest myself, By Gosh.

Ivil Fleury has the sincere sympathy of the whole High School, as he has been suffering from "Sharp" pains about his heart lately,



Physiology Class Teacher: "Our brains have not come yet so we will have to do the best we can without them."

THINGS SOME PEOPLE ARE CRAZY ABOUT

Miss Finfrock—Making a hit.

Miss Bloodgood—Speaking without permission.

Miss Ambuehl—Germans.

Mr. Grant—Satanized Eggs.

Mr. Hill—A cedar chest for himself.

- Willis Fox—Things pertaining to Peck's.
 Alma Larson—The River (?) Shannon.
 Verone Carroll—Witty sayings.
 Elvine Bisenius—I'm a Dinger.
 Irma Sharp—Waltz me around again Willie.
 Ivil Fleury—Johns and Squakers.
 Pine Anderson—Her diamond.
 Leslie and Ida—Each other.
 Rosella Trede—Keeping in step.
 Marvin Bowles—Himself and Perkins in Mae time.
 Irma Wiltse—Take it away.
 Vera Bruner—Spearmint gum.
 Gertrude Taylor—Trumps.
 Lillian Harrison—Boys.
 Marjorie Hartman—Grades.
 Lillian Reed—Babs.
 Leonard Waggoner—Oh, you great big blue eyed baby.
 Grace Wilson—Her modesty.
 Earl Aegerter—A great basket ball player.
 Juniors—Posing.
 Veronica Lorge—Dates
 Kathryn Boughn—Russell Heck, by Heck.
 Elsie Aegerter—Little Johnnie.
 Lucille Williams—Being quiet.
 Dorothy Peck—Fade away and foolish foxes.
 Freda Thaden—Deportment.
 Frankie Belle Dowling—Originality in spelling.
 Ida Buol—Tait-e-tait (tete-e-tete).
 Willie Aegerter—Sharp things.
 Rosella Trede—Oh, scars. (O-Scars).
 Nettie Moore—Her looks.
 Irma Helms—Steve.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPENED

- Willis Fox sat still a whole period.
 Marjorie Hartman got through geometry with her life.
 Irma Wiltse drew a big geometry figure.
 Pine Anderson studied all morning.
 I saw Miss Finfrock sitting down.
 Once I heard Miss Ambuehl say, "No lesson in advance." She was dreaming.
 Mr. Hill called a Freshmen girl rather a fresh woman today.

Louis Volkert didn't get called down, or sent from class or have to stay after school.

The Joke Editor walked on his toes for one whole day.

Frances Burnham sharpened her pencil just once yesterday.

Roland Vinckel held his temper.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Would you like to crochet? If so, see Frank Abts.

Do you have stage fright? If so, see me, John Carroll.

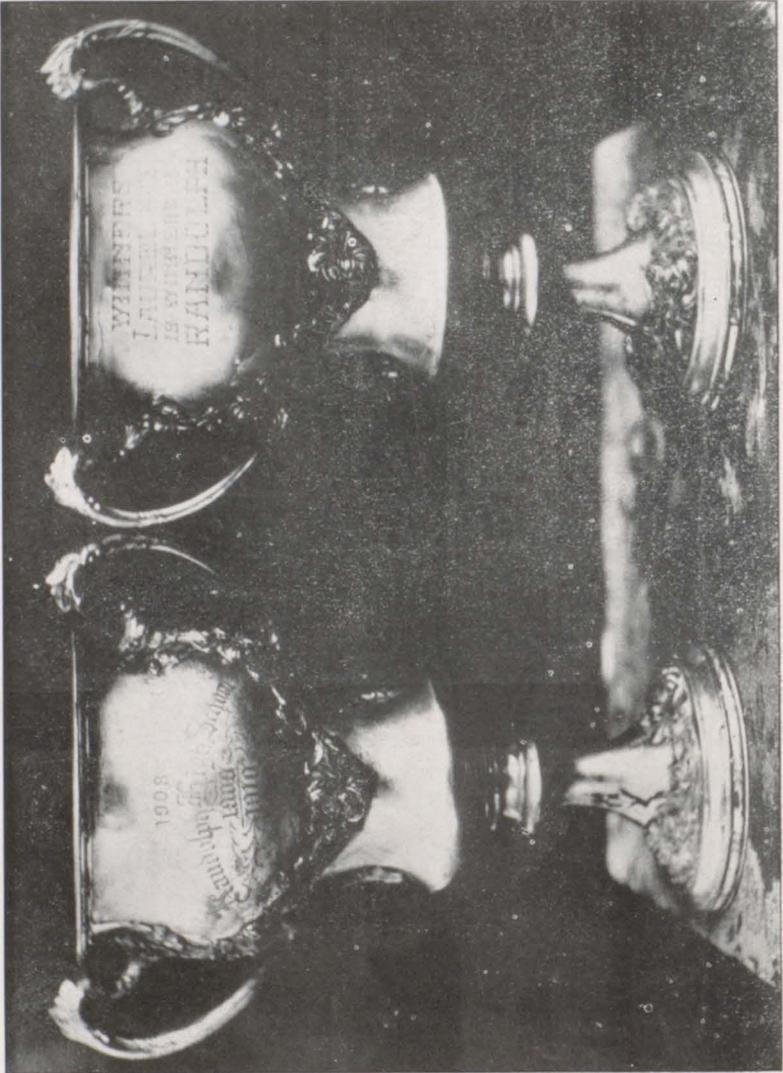
How to become large. See Louis Volkert.

How to become fleshy—See Eldon Trump.

Do you want to learn to ride a bicycle?

See Verone Carroll or Martyne Nelson.



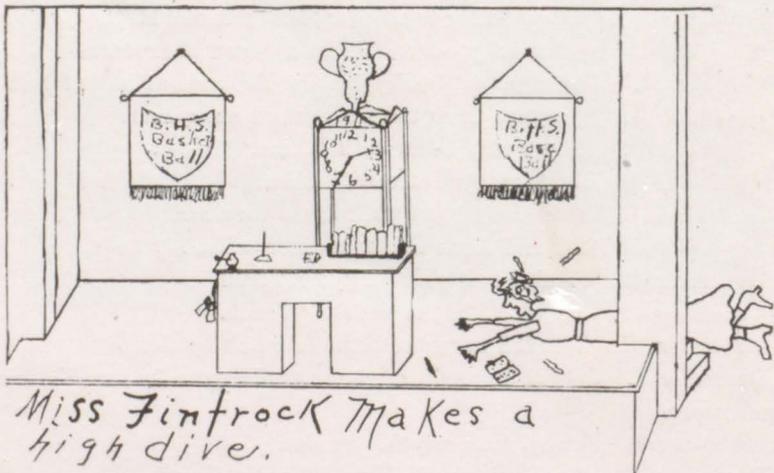


TROPHY CUPS

School Calendar

- September 6. School starts.
- September 7. Freshies stand around rather embarrassed.
- September 8. Seniors have pick of seats.
- September 11. Verone's little white poodle visits her at the High School today. One of Verone's favorites.
- September 16. Interclass basket ball begins.
- September 17. Freshmen and Juniors' first game. Juniors win 3 to 4.
- September 20. General changing of seats among the Seniors. Wonder why?
- September 22. Found a pair of holey gloves in the hall. Owner receives the same at the desk. Eh! Bertha.
- September 28. Ida Buol brings flowers to Mr. Hill.
- September 29. Mr. Hill Doesn't forget Ida's bouquet.
- October 1. Rain, rain, rain.
- October 5. Rev. Bridges at the High School for some mysterious purpose.
- October 8. Anyone wishing to see Rev. Bridges, call H. S.
- October 16. Miss Bloodgood invests in a pencil sharpener.
- October 22. Wausa plays Randolph a double game of basket ball.
- November 1. Everyone tries the new pencil sharpener.
- November 2. Mike walks home with Elvine.
- November 6. Elvine walks home with Mike.
- November 7. Mike and Elvine walk home together.
- November 12. Ed and Anna Hajenga enter school.
- November 12. Basket ball girls play Bloomfield.
- November 20. Wendell Boughn goes to Wausa.
- November 21. Wendell stays at home to catch up sleep.
- December 6. Geography and arithmetic grades were returned. Some get an encore.
- December 8. Normal trainers visit grades.
- December 10. O. U. "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

- December 11. The Manual Training will be fined for trespassing in room 3.
- December 13. Randolph basket ball boys win from Pierce 19 to 16.
- December 14. Nothing doing in H. S.
- December 17. School out. Teachers receive Xmas presents.
- January 2. School opens.
- January 3. Found—Letter in the hall containing six one-cent stamps and a coupon to Dr. R. Newman for anti-fat remedy.—Grace Boerner.
- January 5. Miss Linquist visits H. S. (What) who is she?
- January 6. Wendell Boughn visits the third grade room.
- January 7. Double game with Carroll. Randolph teams victorious.
- January 7. 7:45. Teams journey to Sweden to see more basket ball games.
- January 10. Blue Monday. Miss Bloodgood has a new green dress.
- January 11. Snow! Snow!
- January 12. Snow and no school.
- January 13. Edward Hajenga takes his morning nap.
- January 14. Wayne Normal vs. Randolph. Some game.
- January 15. "Eg's" first attempt at romance.
- January 17. Willie Aegerter gets Sharp and Willis Fox takes a Peck to the show.
- January 18. Exams! Nuf sed.
- January 19. 9:00 a. m. Frances Burnham sharpens her pencil. 9:30 Frances has a broken pencil. 10:30. Frances again at the desk with a sick pencil. 11:00 a. m. Returns but sharpener refuses to work.
- January 20. Elvine eats taffy in Manual Training room.



- January 21. "Eg" gives his Wausa Jane a box of candy.
- January 22. Girls like to buy baking powder from nice traveling men.
- January 23. No heat and no school.
- January 24. Wendell Boughn receives package of salted mackerel.
- February 1. Earle Aegerter gets statement from Peters' Pharmacy for \$3.50. Wonder why?
- February 3. Miss Ambuehl starts going around viaduct, resolved never to cross "Bridges."
- February 7. Lillian Harrison is the personal mail carrier for Miss Bloodgood when she receives letters from Honey at Pierce.
- February 8. German Club organizes.
- February 9. Sophies break eggs in Lab.
- February 18. Miss Bloodgood visits in Breslau.
- February 20. Martin Aegerter gets a new suit. He is some man now.
- February 21. Mr. Grant's electric bells won't ring.
- February 24. Sophies get their pictures taken. Mr. Hutchinson objects to the group system.
- February 26. Miss Bloodgood gets letter from Pierce.
- February 28. Girls try new basket ball middies.
- March 1. Snow!
- March 3. Boys play basket ball at Pierce and Wakefield girls play at Randolph. Hop after the game.
- March 6. Wendell catches up sleep today.
- March 7. Leslie Wimmer walks down town with Pine Anderson.
- What will happen?
- March 8. Ikie and Sharp start a correspondence.
- March 9. Boys in Lincoln.
- March 13. Boys return from Lincoln.
- March 14. Boys tell H. S. of their Lincoln trip.
- March 20. Irma Helms would like to be an operator at Randolph.
- March 24. Girls go to Wakefield.
- March 26. Miss Ambuehl's diamond! (?) (?) (?)
- April 1. Fooled!
- April 7. School carnival. Miss Finfroek makes a very attractive "Lady of the South."
- April 14. Girls and boys go to Coleridge. O! You three per cent.
- April 19. Mr. Hill converts Manual Training room into a dressing room. How does your collar fit, Earle?
- April 24. "Pine and Oscar stop that talking!"



Doing the Saturday



A High Jump



The Girls



Look for it Tubby



The Wrench



The Cook



Terry and his friends



It's a girl's game



The Business Manager



FEET Almighty



THE CHAIR



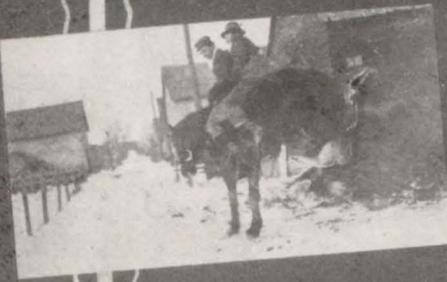
Sophomore and



Before the game



The Editor in Chief



Before the game



First stand at Carroll



As a matter of fact



Senior at Rest



a tree party



Three industrious



A wanderer



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