



OUR OLD HIGH

On to fame for old West Chi High,
With our motto "To win or die";
We will struggle to the end,
Meeting our rivals, friend to friend;
Though the team be great or small,
Blue and White shall win over all,
Leading on to victory
And honor for West Chi High.

DEDICATION

To Miss Elizabeth Pape, whose kindly interest for the past two years has made our high school paper a success, the staff affectionately dedicates this fifth annual Commencement Issue of the "We-Go".



OUR FACULTY

Above is the picture of our faculty for the year 1928-1929. Reading from left to right (top row) they are: C. Quincy Drummond, University of Iowa; Alexander M. Harley, Northwestern University; William A. Shuey, Valparaiso University; Dorothy A. Kreger, Chicago School of Physical Education; Gertrude M. Dieter, Rosary College; Louis A. Astell, University of Illinois; Samuel D. Bishop, University of Illinois; C. C. Byerly, North Manchester College. In the lower row you will find: Ruth M. Bryant, Grinnell College; Grace W. Jones, University of Iowa; Elizabeth B. Seward, Illinois Woman's College; Mary M. Bailey, University of Illinois; Dorothy E. Johnson, Northern Illinois State Teachers' College; Helen M. Koupal, University of Illinois; Henrietta F. Luecke, Whitewater State Teachers' College; Elizabeth L. Pape, Oberlin College; and Irene M. Lee, Pestalozzi-Froebel Teachers' College.

In future years when your mind turns back to high school days you will immediately remember your schoolmates and teachers. In thinking of the latter you may possibly remember Mr. Drummond blushing very red when the yard stick upon which he has been chinning himself suddenly breaks in two; Mr. Harley drumming the time to "Bill Grogan's Goat" with his baton, or straining his vocal chords on such a piece as "I Love You Truly"; Mr. Shuey giving his line to some of the women teachers (when his wife isn't around); Mrs. Kreger parading up the hall in a gym suit trying to attract attention; Miss Dieter crushing her freshmen under her heel and trying to scratch glass with her engagement ring; Mr. Astell, stalking around the building on tiptoe in search of a worm for "Tony", the turtle, or exercising his masculine charms on innocent Miss Luecke; Mr. Bishop trying to act serious, or stealing down the corridor, cat like, and pouncing on some unsuspecting freshman; Mr. Byerly making believe he is busy, or having his morning smoke down in the boiler room; Mrs. Bryant walking down the corridor between periods, acting business-like or checking up on her calories; Mrs. Jones racking her brain for a witty answer in reply to some wise crack, or endeavoring to be stern and heartless in her study halls; Miss Seward trying to act kittenish with the senior boys and scaring the life out of her sophomores; Miss Bailey, believing your sob story and doing your maps and outside reading in history (?); Miss Johnson teaching the girls how to darn their stockings for the prom; Miss Koupal always taking good pictures and spending the library fines; Miss Luecke making her assignments short and easy, or teaching Louis how to dance; Miss Pape catching some student copying "M. O. S.", or trying to be a second Simon Legree. Last, but not least, comes Mrs. Lee, whom you may picture raking in the nickles for lost articles or acting as Mr. Byerly's slave.

Most of the faculty (with the exception of Miss Bailey, Miss Pape, Mrs. Kreger, and Mr. Shuey) expect to return next year. It is with deep regret that we say good-bye to the four teachers who are leaving us. We sincerely wish them the best of luck during the coming years.



STUDENT COUNCIL

During the major part of the year, student council meetings were held according to an adopted schedule. The members were excused from a class period on the days that meetings were held.

Several important projects were undertaken this year, and these were handled in a successful manner. After some observation and investigation the council formed the general opinion that there was very little dishonest work being done in the classrooms. The matter was then dismissed. A school bank account for each student was urged very strongly by the council. As an incentive to start an account and save regularly, posters were made and articles on banking were written for the "We-Go". A questionnaire was compiled by the council and submitted to the student body, with the result that various ways of promoting enthusiasm and interest in banking were suggested.

The idea of having each student at the beginning of the school year pay a fee which would entitle him to attend every school entertainment during the year was one suggestion for bettering school spirit. It was thought that this plan would make for a more democratic school spirit and develop leadership in the student by means of participation in and attendance at school activities.

The officers for the year were:

Howard Azer	_____	President
Margaret Buchanan	_____	Vice President
John Keppler	_____	Secretary-Treasurer

The representatives of the various classes were: Howard Azer '29, John Keppler '29, Margaret Buchanan '29, Dorothy Thrapp '29, Howard LeKander '30, Dorothy Dall '30, Marian Meyer '30, Harriette Reuter '31, James Carey '31, and William Weber '32.



THE "WE-GO"

The "We-Go" staff seems to have the habit of trying something new each year. Last year, for the first time the staff had two advisors, one to handle the business end of the work and one to handle the literary end.

At the beginning of the year 1928-1929 the whole staff cooperated in putting on an assembly program and a big subscription campaign, which was so successful that they secured many more annual subscriptions than ever before. The sales on single copies also increased at such a rate that it became necessary to order three hundred copies printed instead of the usual two hundred. The business managers also worked out a better system of getting advertisements and of collecting for them.

Business matters having been settled satisfactorily, the amateur journalists next turned their attention to the task of putting out a bigger and better paper. One of the best things done this year was the addition of the junior high column. Miss Ethel Evans was chosen as advisor for that department, and Frederick Buchanan was junior high editor. All seventh and eight grade students also became members of the staff, since they handed in news of the happenings not only in the junior high but also in all the lower grades as well.

Because the business managers were so successful in securing advertisements for the "We-Go" and also because it was necessary to allow from a column to a column and a half for the junior high news, it was found necessary to increase the size of the paper, which is now half an inch "taller" than it was a year ago.

Seventeen students and two faculty members made up the senior high staff. Four of the students and one teacher might be called the veterans of the working force. They are: Miss Pape, one of the faculty advisors; Margaret Buchanan, editor-in-chief; Kathryn Vergie, associate editor; Dorothy Thrapp, senior reporter; and last, but not least, John Keppler, business manager.

Miss Seward headed the new members of the staff and had charge not only of the business end of the work but also of the inner page material. The other "We-Go" makers are: Margaret Fletcher and Carlyle Otto, athletic editors; Florence Cooper and Everett O'Leary, joke editors; Louise Gardner, Ruth Siemen and Paul Mefferd, class reporters; Ella Berndt, Catherine Carey, Harriette Carey, and Winifred McAleese, typists; Sterling Naill, exchange editor; and Clifford Andrews, assistant business manager. Paul and Sterling also did much to help the business managers handle the "We-Go" sales.

This year the staff started something that should be carried on every year. That was the big all-school picnic which was held at Roach's Grove on May 21. About a hundred and fifty or more people were present.

Class of '29



Caroline Dieter

"If we would have anything of benefit, we must earn it."

Winifred Player

"She does the little things that most of us leave undone."



Joseph Heisler

"Blessings on thee, little man."

Gerald Berkes

"A man of great possibilities."



Erna Bangert

"I never dare to be as funny as I can."

Dorothy McFarland

"A sunny disposition is half of the battle."



Harold Harrison

"Cupid, where art thou?"

John Keppler

"The man who blushes is not quite a brute."



Ella Berndt

"To meet her is to love her;
To know her but to praise."

Evelyn Gloss

"Variety is the very spice of life that gives it all its flavor."



Class of '29



Alida Wills

"In spite of all the learned have said, I still keep my opinion."



Winifred McAleese

"Calm, cool, and collected. Surely she will rise in the world."



Clarence Bahnfleth

"The cautious seldom err."



George Foxen

"Better men may have lived, but I don't believe it."



Grace Gerbig

"Man has a will, but woman has her way."



Ada Seehafer

"The flower of sweetest smell is shy."



Lee Adamson

"All mankind loves a lover."



Howard Azer

"He's a whirlwind with the ladies
And a zephyr with the men."



Wilma McAlpin

"I saw and loved."



Catherine Carey

"We grant, although she had much wit,
She was very shy in using it."

Class of '29



Florence Weimer

"She smiles, and the world smiles with her."

Mary Elizabeth McCabe

"Efficient in many things."



Kenneth Kline

"Not always actions show the man."

William Atkinson

"He was a parfit, gentil knight."



Margaret Buchanan

"Studiosness and jollity combined."

Bernice Hensel

"Sincerity and truth are the brains of every virtue."



Carlyle Otto

"Luck is a pretty good word if you put a 'p' before it."

Wallace Allanson

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords!"



Hazel Siemen

"She hath merry eyes and a jocund smile."

Harriette Carey

"The truly generous are the truly wise."



Class of '29



Florence Cooper

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."



John McFarland

"Just a little spark of mischief."



Dorothy Thrapp

"She hath gained her goal."



Marion Sheahan

"A worker and a half."



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

When we first came into this wonderful building, we were not considered so green as other freshies. The reason for this was that the building was new and the seniors didn't know any more about it than we did. So we were the fortunate freshman class in the year 1926. We didn't have those conspicuous signs, "green but ripening," hanging 'round our necks.

Returning to school in our sophomore year, we knew that we had to face harder work and that we couldn't do all our studies in our vacant periods as we had done when we were freshmen. That year was for us the real beginning of high school, and we have worked hard ever since.

When we entered school this year, we had three new students waiting to join our class. To show real junior spirit we elected two of these new members to class offices. Mary Brand was chosen to be treasurer, and Virginia Lee has been our secretary. Two country lads held the higher offices. Wallace McChesney has been our faithful president and George Glasshagel our vice-president.

To bring old Blue and White a name to be proud of, our boys and girls have tried to do their part in all school activities. Every year has seen the majority of our boys partaking in the sports our school offers us, such as: basketball, football, and track. The girls have shown their fighting spirit by fighting so forcefully in the inter-class tournaments that the other classes were left astonished. Many members of our class have also appeared in the band, the orchestra, and the glee clubs.

Of course, one of the big events of the year was our class play, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," which we staged on the evening of January 23; and of course it was a great success.

The informal party which the seniors gave us on May 11 was a very enjoyable event, although naturally it could not compare with our Junior Promenade, which was given on the first day of June. The Prom is always the big social event of the year, and ours was no exception to this rule.

We owe a part of our success to Mrs. Jones, who has been our class advisor for the last two years. We thank her most heartily for all she has done to help us.



SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

When we returned to school in the fall and held our first meeting as sophomores, we began to think of the wonderful opportunity we were going to have when the freshman initiation was held. At this meeting the class officers were nominated, and later the following were elected: Allan Bunker, president; Marvin Fish, vice president; Sterling Naill, treasurer; and Paul Mefferd, secretary. (You notice that we had none of the weaker sex as officers.) During the second semester Marvin Fish became president, and no one was elected to fill the office of vice-president.

At the freshman initiation, which was held in October, a great deal of the greenness was taken out of the frosh. The freshmen seemed to like the little party we gave them so well that on the evening of February 9 they gave us a return party, at which dancing was the main attraction.

In the middle of November "Bob" Waskow first entered the portals of West Chi High and enrolled as a sophomore. "Bob", formerly of Wheaton High, was a welcome addition to our class.

In February the sophs also put on a patriotic program. The program consisted of music, speeches, and a short play called "The Birthday Ball," in connection with which four of the girls danced the minuet. Two faculty members also did their bit. Miss Koupal read R. H. L's "Better Angels," and Mr. Harley played several selections on his violin.

In athletics the sophs were up with the other classes. Nearly every sophomore boy went out for basketball.

When the extemporaneous speaking contest was held, three sophomores entered it, namely: Marion Bulow, Robert Waskow, and Richard Lounds. In the first preliminaries Richard was eliminated, while Marion and Robert tried out again in the final preliminary, along with two other speakers from the upper classes. Marion won first place, and Robert second, thus bringing more honors to the sophomore class.

At the end of the year the sophomores edited the last regular issue of the "We-Go". Kenneth Curran was elected editor-in-chief, with Edward Fairbank as his assistant. The business end of the work was carried on successfully by Iola Berndt, with Claire Kellogg and Leona Ramsdell as her assistants. The jokes were written by Martha Smith and James Carey. The four class reporters were Ernst Benson, Wilda Williams, Paul Mefferd and Marvin Fish. Sterling Naill handled the exchanges. By this capable staff a reputable "We-Go" was published.

Taking everything into consideration we think that we have had a very good year as sophomores, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking our class advisor, Miss Bailey, for helping us to make our second year in West Chi High such a success.



FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

Freshmen have always been the target for innumerable insults, jokes, and indignities; and our class has been no exception. The sophomores hazed us, the juniors razzed us, and the seniors looked down upon us from disdainful heights.

We were rather green at first (at least so the upper-classmen thought); but after that famous night of October 20, we felt as if we could accomplish anything. That was the night of our initiation, which, by the way, was one of the roughest in the school's history. We gave a return party later in the year, but it was a much tamer affair. Most of the evening was spent in dancing.

The initiation which the sophomores gave us was not the only one we received. We had our share of them. For the girls there was the G. A. A. initiation, which was very different from our first one. Then for both girls and boys there was the science club initiation, which was still different from the other two; however, at all three of them there was a great deal of paddling done.

The freshmen always were original, and so we had a chorus under the direction of Miss Katherine Holderness, and we called ourselves "The Harmony Hounds." We surely were harmonious, too, especially when it came to popular songs. Our chorus was organized as a club, and we elected officers.

In June we tried something else that was new. We gave a reception to the junior high graduates, at which they received their diplomas. It was fun for us as well as for them.

It grieves us to know that we shall not have Miss Dieter as a teacher again, but at least we may be able to keep her for another year as our class sponsor.

Our officers for the year were: Herbert Schlueter, president; Ruth Siemen, vice-president; Lillian Richardt, secretary; and Harris Lee, treasurer. William Weber represented us in student council.

Just think! We shall soon be sophomores, leaving behind us the wonderful record of having headed the honor roll (in numbers at least) during the past year.



G. A. A.

The G. A. A., one of the peppiest clubs in the school, has had one of its most successful years. Some of this success may certainly be attributed to the efforts of our advisor, Mrs. Dorothy Kreger, who has so ably sponsored our parties and coached us for our athletic contests.

The year started out with a bang when the "athletes" gave a unique initiation, and the participants came dressed in official gym outfits. Basketball games, boxing matches, and exceptionally fine eats were present. Remember, girls?

Since no exhibition was given this year, all spare time was devoted to basketball practices. March 14, 15, and 16 brought the Rainbow Tourney. Before a good audience the Black Team, ably captained by Winifred Player '29, won the cup by playing three wonderful, exciting games.

Another well-attended social event was the sleigh ride. About sixty girls went to Winfield and back, stopping on the return trip at the High Lake Inn for "eats." It occurs to us at this time that two girls became excited over the party, fell off their sleigh, and had to walk about two miles to the inn before they caught up with the rest of the crowd.

In April all thoughts were turned to volleyball. The tournament was held April 23, the sophs coming out triumphant. This tournament was different from the others in that two tournaments were played instead of the usual one. In the first, all classes except the frosh won two games each, thus making a tie between the sophs, juniors, and seniors. The girls voted that another tourney be played.

This organization has jumped, Indian clubbed, cheered, batted, danced, and eaten its way through this successful year under the guidance of the following officers: Ella Berndt, president; Mable Loveless, head of sports; Claire Kellogg, secretary; and Helen Foxen, treasurer.

There is only one sad thing about the G. A. A. and that is that our faculty sponsor, Mrs. Kreger, does not plan to be with us next year. She has done so much to build up the club that it is going to be hard to find her equal. All the members of the Girls' Athletic Association take this opportunity to thank her for her wonderful support of the organization and for the splendid way in which she has helped each member.



WE-GO ATHLETICS

The athletic year of 1928-1929 opened the first day of school, when Coach Shuey issued a notice of football practice that night. The turn-out for the teams looked exceedingly promising, especially since there were almost a dozen heavyweight veterans among the squads. The practice as usual consisted of light work outs, gradually becoming stiffer and being headed by a great deal of signal practice, which proved useful during the season.

The score for the first game, which was with Bensenville, proved quite satisfactory and fanned the rising hopes of the West Chicago fans. The score was 44 to 6 in our favor.

The second victory did not come so easy as the first; for, although Yorkville was held scoreless, West Chicago scored by plunging across the line only twice and thus making twelve points.

Then came the conference games that were to be the real "kill" of the season. The first in line was Hinsdale. Though the boys in blue and white fought well and steadily, they were defeated by a score of 18 to 12 in the first of many defeats.

York, next on the list, walked off with the prize in a 20 to 12 tilt. This game was one of the most exciting and strongly contested of the year, and defeat came only when the game ended.

Glenbard and Maine both took the large end of the score when they played with West Chicago.

Riverside romped around us for a score of 31 to 6.

The last game of the season was lost to Downers Grove by a score of 20-0, probably because they had better swimmers than West Chicago had. The field was covered with inches of mud and pools of water, so that it was almost necessary to have life guards.

The cage season opened with a victory over Yorkville by a score of 17 to 8.

Fenger, a Chicago school, also fell before the onslaught of the Blue and White sharpshooters, but only after playing overtime.



WE-GO ATHLETICS

Maine took defeat from the We-Go five in a fast, well-played game, which resulted in a score of 19 to 16.

McKinley, another Chicago high school team, was also defeated by West Chicago.

After this game the team took part in a tournament; but, due to the absence of some of the players, the results were too sad to relate. It must have been at this tournament that the team lost some intangible spirit; at least from that time on they lost a great number of games.

The next game, the contest with York on Alumni Day, was the fastest and most tense game of the year. Both teams played well. The score had mounted to 23-23 when the time keeper set off his toy cannon. In the first overtime period the defence of both teams tightened up, and the ball came near neither basket. Another overtime was played. The ball bounded off the backboards many times, and the minutes passed. Near the end of the period a York man threw the ball, which rimmed the basket and then fell through. After this it was impossible for West Chicago to save the game, although the boys kept right on fighting up to the end.

Riverside and Glenbard beat the home team, and then the Blue and White trounced Downers Grove in a 20 to 17 match.

Hinsdale won the next game.

West Chicago beat Maine for the second time during the season.

The rest of the games those with York, Riverside, Glenbard, Downers Grove and Hinsdale, were lost; and the boys welcomed the end of the not-so-successful season.

The track team that turned out in the spring was not so promising as could have been expected, but the boys showed up fairly well under fire. Up to the time the commencement "We-Go" goes to press, the track team has participated in several meets; and, though none of these were won, the boys rolled in quite a few points. Adamson took a first in the broad jump in one meet, and in a district meet held at East Aurora he took third place in the broad jump. This was quite an accomplishment considering the number of schools represented at the meet.

West Chicago is scheduled to enter a few men in the West Suburban Meet at Elmhurst on May 25. The boys cannot expect to win the meet, but they do hope to bring home their share of honors for West Chi High.



BAND

The band, under the direction of Mr. Harley, has had another good year in which they have accomplished more than ever before. There were forty-two musicians in the organization this year, including a number of students from the junior high school. When they were all dressed up in their white suits, blue and white capes, and flat-topped caps, they presented a striking appearance—and they played as well as they looked!

The officers, who have proved their fine ability this year, are:

Lee Adamson	Manager
John Keppler	Assistant Manager
Harry Seanor	Secretary
Leonard Smith	Librarian
William Dilworth	Assistant Librarian

One of the first important events of the year was the concert, sponsored by the Lions' Club, which the band helped to give at the crippled children's home.

Later on in the year the W. C. C. H. S. Band, together with the St. Charles High School Band, put on two concerts, one at St. Charles on April 5 and another here five days later. The blue and white and the black and orange did not look so well together, but they certainly played well together.

All this time there had been much practicing for the contest which was to be held at Elgin on April 13. This affair lasted for three days, and many of the schools in northern Illinois took part in it. The West Chicago band did not win any honors in this contest, but they hope to do better next year. Frederick Buchanan played a saxophone solo, and Hazel Siemen won third place with her xylophone solo.

On May 3 the biggest event of the year arrived; of course we mean the West Suburban Music Festival. Our band played several numbers for the afternoon program and won great applause from the audience. In the evening they again did their part by helping in the concert given by the combined bands of the six schools. There were nearly two hundred students in these combined bands.

Prospects for a good band next year are excellent, especially since some of the junior high players will be with us as freshmen next year.



ORCHESTRA

In September Mr. Harley's call for orchestra players was answered by a goodly number of enthusiastic musicians. In addition to the high school students, quite a number of junior high and grade school pupils responded to the director's call. There have been between twenty and twenty-five students in the organization this year.

Early in the school year nominations were made for officers for the organization, and the following students were finally chosen:

Margaret Fletcher	_____	Manager
Gretchen Court	_____	Librarian
Leonard Smith	_____	Assistant Librarian
Hazel Siemen	_____	Secretary

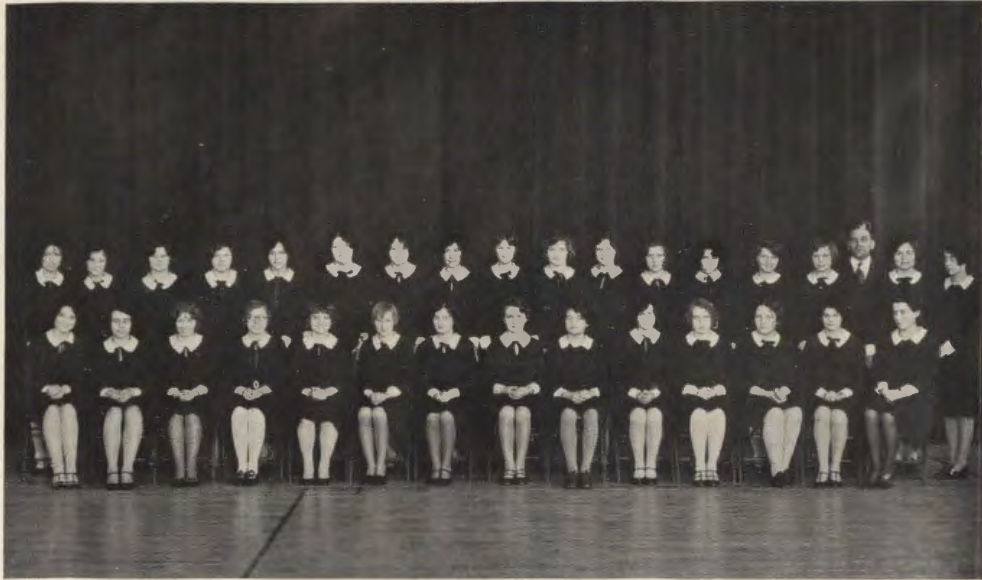
After months of practicing the orchestra made its first public appearance on February the twenty-seventh. This was the night when the combined glee clubs gave a concert and also staged the one act musical comedy, "Cynthia's Strategy." The orchestra accompanied the glee clubs and added much to the success of their concert. In April the orchestra also provided music for the senior play.

These events being over, work then began in earnest in preparation for the music festival which was held at W. C. C. H. S. on the third of May. No one wanted to be left out, and so all of the members worked hard for the coming event. They were rewarded for their efforts when they appeared with the combined orchestras of the other five schools in the conference and helped to give the opening numbers on the big evening program, which was the main feature of the festival. The West Chicago orchestra was the only one of the six that had a bass viol.

The last month and a half of school was spent in practicing music for commencement. The orchestra will play the processional march and one other selection for commencement night.

Although the orchestra members did not appear in public many times this year, they have been active enough behind the scenes. It is much easier to play the wind instruments used in a band than it is to play stringed instruments; consequently the players in an orchestra find that they must work long and hard in order to do their best before the public.

Since a good many grade school and junior high school students have joined this organization, the outlook for the coming year is a good one.



GLEE CLUBS

This year has been an especially fruitful one for the glee clubs, partly because Florence Weimer was one of the presidents, and partly because Mr. Harley worked on a new plan. Each club was divided up into "quartets" of seven or eight, and each quartet practiced and learned the music outside of school. Contests were frequently held among the groups, and as long as the best singers could be borrowed, there was a good deal of rivalry. When this practice was discontinued, however, the judging (although more just) was not so much fun for the unlucky sections that had five altos to two sopranos, or had a flock of non-singing tenors; nevertheless, by this system a large repertoire was obtained and always kept ready for an unexpected occasion.

The girl's glee club has about thirty-four members. The officers are: president, Florence Weimer; vice-president, Catherine Carey; secretary-treasurer, Gretchen Court; librarian, Mary Elizabeth McCabe. Mary Brand was assistant librarian until she had to drop out. No one was elected to take her place.

The boy's glee club now consists of thirty-two members, several having dropped out during the year. After the list of nominees had been approved by the office, the following officers were elected: president, Clarence Bahnfleth; vice-president, George Foxen; secretary-treasurer, Wallace Allanson; librarian, Kenneth Curran; and assistant librarian, James Carey.

Among other things, the glee clubs have sung for the Lions' Club, assisted on the program given by the Pullman Porters, appeared at the grade schools, and taken part in the music festival. A concert including the one act operetta, "Cynthia's Strategy", was put on by the glee clubs accompanied by the orchestra. The singers also did their part in the Easter cantata, "From Olivet to Calvary", which was given by the combined musical organizations of West Chicago on Easter Sunday.

There was no big operetta this year, because there were so many concerts and other musical entertainments to take its place. The glee clubs furnished the choruses for the musical comedy, "Sixty Miles an Hour", during the early part of the first term; but the cast was made up entirely of alumni. Of most of these enterprises the members are justly proud; but, to be on the safe side, the "Pullman Porters" performance will not be enlarged upon.



GLEE CLUBS

"Cynthia's Strategy" had a cast of only four people. Alida Wills and Allen Bunker took the main parts as the heroine and hero (half the time they were both heroines), and Winifred Player and John Keppler were the father and mother. There were two choruses besides the finale. The boys' chorus was particularly hilarious, for they all wore skirts, a few had hats and handkerchiefs to match, and some were even cursed with garters. The girls wore their glee club dresses with red collars and cuffs, paper hats, and canes.

The girls had bought new uniforms. Having found the old woolen ones too warm and too easily stretched out of shape, they decided to change to silk this year. Every girl was first requested to bring a note from her mother giving her parents' consent to the plan. Mr. Byerly's consent was also obtained, although he was not strongly in favor of the proposition. The silk dresses, when bought, however, were even less satisfactory than the woolen ones; for the committee in trying to find something economical had sacrificed quality, and the patterns did not seem to be the regulation size. It was hardly a week before some of the dresses had split up the back or sleeves. Mr. Mell, from whom the material was bought, refunded part of the money, but still a great deal was lost. Next year it is hoped that quality will be considered before expense. Probably a more serviceable and attractive dress will be the result of such a plan. The boys are more lucky, since they are required to have uniform ties but may wear any kind of suit.

The climax of the year arrived, of course, with the music festival on May 3, when almost five hundred music students from all the schools in the conference met in West Chicago. Each school was represented separately in the afternoon; but in the evening the whole gym floor was used to accommodate the combined musical organizations of the six schools. Both the combined girls' glee clubs and the combined boys' glee clubs sang, but the most thrilling event of all was the combined chorus including all the girls and boys. The music would have raised the roof had it not been attached to the walls. It certainly did inspire the students, the audience, and the directors.

There was only one handicap in this year's music and that was there was little trained vocal talent. Other years we have always had two or three members who have taken vocal lessons outside of school, while this year there was only one. There was a need for trained voices to take the solo parts in some of the selections and in the musical drama. There is talent to be trained, however, and the music as a whole probably blended better than it would had there been outstanding voices.



EDISONIAN SCIENCE CLUB

Through the untiring efforts of Mr. Astell a science club was formed during the latter part of the 1927-1928 school year. Since it was thought that Thomas A. Edison had contributed as much to science as anyone ever has, the club was christened the "Edisonian Science Club."

Late last spring officers were elected for the coming year. The results of the balloting were as follows: John Keppler, president; Dan Thrapp, vice-president; Iola Berndt, secretary; and Truman Naill, treasurer. Much of the success of the past year is due to the faithfulness of these officers, but even they (as good as they were!) couldn't have succeeded without the splendid team work of "Mr. You" and "The Other Fellow."

During the year several programs were given, some open only to club members, others for the entire school. These programs usually consisted of one or two films on some subject connected with science and a few short talks by some of the students. The talks often explained an accompanying film more fully and were beneficial to both speaker and listener.

Along toward the middle of the year the club wanted to do something "real exciting"—something hard—something big! Soon bills, posters, and tickets appeared, each reading something like this: "Come to see Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," a movie sponsored by the Edisonian Science Club. Admission twenty-five and thirty-five cents. (Bring the kids!) Proceeds go to buy new moving picture projector! The Upper Circles are coming. Get out your gig and gray mare and trot over to the high school auditorium at eight-fifteen—and don't forget to stop for your Aunt Susie!" When the proceeds of the program were turned in to the office, it was said that in all the history of the school this was the largest amount of money ever taken in at a single evening's entertainment here. (And it took science to do it too!)

On May seventh the officers for the 1929-1930 school year were elected. When the ballots were counted, it was found that the following people have been chosen to guide the destiny of the science club for the coming year. Kathryn Vergie, president; Iola Berndt, vice-president; and Truman Naill, secretary. The treasurer is to be chosen from the in-coming freshman class. The new officers will have to work fast and furiously to measure up to the record set by the officers for this past year.

We wish you "au revoir". Don't forget to pay your dues next year!



THE PEP CLUB

The Pep Club approaches its third birthday with tales of more deeds done and duties honorably met. Under a new plan of organization this year the membership was limited very strictly to those who are really worthy of the name "Peppers"; and, with so select a group, the club carried on smoothly and enthusiastically.

It seems ages ago now since the Pep Club adopted the blue and white "crusher" as the official headgear, but the fad went so well that many outside of the club—even the stern males—adopted the "crusher covers."

At basketball games and after school (when one has that its-a-long-time-since-lunch feeling) the girls served humanity by selling candy bars in the main corridor. Even when the boys were on training rules and when the Lenten season was on, business was good, and approximately two hundred dollars worth of candy bars went "over the way". We must also mention that most of the candy wrappers were carefully picked up.

With such wealth and the always-present pep the girls sought to suitably honor the football and basketball warriors at the close of the season; therefore a big program and party was planned. A novel feature was introduced with the help of our own cinema service, and Buster Keaton came to entertain us in "College". That was the night the letters were awarded. Then everybody danced so that they could more properly enjoy the refreshments. Altogether, it was a big night—the dishwashing committee says so!

Always glad to respond when duty calls, we were very happy this spring when we were asked to decorate the gymnasium and the stage for the musical festival. Artistic inspiration ran far—but so did the truck getting apple blossoms. Add to that the all-afternoon labors of several boys on stepladders, and behold!—a triumph—or may we say confection—which must have proved pleasing to Terpischore in both of her musing duties.

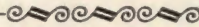
The officers of the club are: Dorothy McFarland, Principal Pepper; Winifred Ketcham, Petite Pepper, Winifred McAleese, Pencil Pepper; and Margaret Fletcher, Penny Pepper. For three years Miss Koupal has been sponsor of the club.

DRAMATICS

There were only three main dramatic events during the past school year, since no big operetta was presented this time. The first of these was the musical comedy, "Sixty Miles an Hour", an Ingram production given in November, which was directed by Miss Ione Engels. The cast, which was made up of fourteen of our alumni, put the audience at their ease and did not worry about forgotten lines. When their memories failed them, they improvised new speeches which were just as good as the original ones, or perhaps even better.

The junior play, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram", which was given on the twenty-third of January, was interesting not only because of the plot and the humor of the play but also because not a person in the cast had ever been seen on the stage in a speaking part before. The performers were: Louise Gardner, Frances Benjamin, Gretchen Court, Bessie Goetz, Clifford Andrews, Howard LeKander, Everett O'Leary, George Glasshagel, and John Foxen. Because of Miss Koupal's illness, Miss Seward took over the work of putting on the finishing touches to the play.

Mystery plays have been much in demand ever since the class of '29 staged "The Haunted House" with its "thrills, chills, and giggles". The seniors of this year followed in the footsteps of their predecessors by putting on their last, and considerably their best, production, "The Hidden Guest". Since this play contained enough lightning and thunder and weird noises to make water stand on a goose's back, the audience went away delighted with what they had seen and heard. How many nightmares there were in West Chicago that evening which were not caused by dyspepsia or by dill pickles and ice cream will never be disclosed. The effectiveness of the play depended not only upon the lightning and strange noises but also upon the excellent acting of the following cast: Dorothy McFarland, Hazel Siemen, Wilma McAlpin, Catherine Carey, Florence Weimer, John Keppler, George Foxen, Clarence Bahnfleth, Howard Azer, Harold Harrison, and Gerald Berkes.



SENIOR CLASS SONG

Tune: "Some Sweet Day"

Fate has always played a part and pondered
 Upon this parting you see;
 Fate meant that we should seek far and wander,
 Hard though this farewell may be.

CHORUS

Goodbye, dear old West Chi High School;
 Though this parting grieves us, it still leaves us
 With a love that will live on for
 Dear old West Chi as of yore.
 But no matter how far we roam,
 We shall always call you our home sweet home;
 This sad day will be remembered
 As we say 'bye, West Chi High.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

With the passing of the Class of '29 there leaves the corridors and halls of the West Chicago Community High School a group unique and distinguished in many ways. Those of you who witness the departure see before you not merely another group of young people with diplomas and a certain (and varying) amount of knowledge to conquer the world, but you see the dying of an old dynasty, the passing of a famous group of leaders. The Class of '29 is the last of those who have known high school days back in the old North Side School. Those who come after us may claim other distinctions, but we are the last who can say, "Do you remember when we were back at the North Side—the little library with the sliding ladder that the senior boys used to ride—the music classes in the science laboratories— and practically everything on one floor? Ah, those were the days!" Many memories, some of them too dear for public expression, still hover around those dark halls and up those narrow stairs. Like the passing of the old guard, with us the high school loses a bond with the past that can never be rebuilt.

We claim no honor nor attribute which does not rightfully belong to us. Being human, we entered our freshman year as "green" as any other yearlings. In those days boys just out of the grades wore short trousers, and so our boys wore them unblushingly. George Foxen was perhaps the last to take on more manly habiliments. George was such a little boy in those days. At the same time it is recorded that certain of our girls entertained themselves by wading in the creek out at the Forest Preserve during the freshman picnic. So, you see, our beginnings were homely, if not humble.

But even then the abilities of the now famous class began to show. Several of the boys proved themselves worthy of the freshman insignia by meriting letters in football. In basketball, too, they did justice to the honor of the class, as did many of the girls. Moreover, because of the talent displayed by our classmates along musical lines, the hard and fast rule which usually excluded freshmen from the glee clubs was forgotten, and several of the boys honored the glee club with their sweet young voices. Joe Heisler, however, sang second bass even then.

They tell us there was a party given for us by the sophomores of that year, but we can't remember it. The electric shocks must have been too great. But we do remember another party when, ourselves sophomores, we initiated the very young and even greener freshmen into the mysteries of the grading system of this school. We learned something that night. Bessie Goetz doesn't care for either castor oil or raw oysters.

Two other events stand out from our very busy and useful lives during our second year. Our boys brought fame upon themselves and their class in football and ended the basketball season by winning the interclass tournament and making "Class of '29" the first name to appear on the school trophy. Then came a noble contribution to mankind in the form of an illustrated book of original poems, compiled and published by the English class under the direction of Miss Seward. No other group had ever tried it before, and none has even attempted the giant task since.

"Nothing But the Truth" was our motto as well as our class play, with which we charmed a good audience during our third year. No one who saw the play will be able to forget it—especially the part where Gerald Berkes ducked off the stage to get a telephone so he could answer it.

The financial returns from the play were so satisfying that the Junior Promenade with which we sought to honor the Class of '28 was little short of marvelous. It should have been—we worked for hours. Even at this minute Bonnie has fallen arches from standing on the stepladder all day trying to make things stick to the ceiling. John Keppler, who was at that time almost famous because he had brought us a medal from the declamation contest at York, was assisted by Florence Weimer in leading the grand march.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

Our senior year at W. C. C. H. S. may be described briefly as being just what one could expect from such a group. Several of our members have practically specialized in extra-curricular activities so that to mention the events in which the seniors took part would be to repeat the school calendar for the year. The athletic teams, the musical organizations, student council, Edisonian Science Club, Pep Club, "We-Go" staff, and literary and commercial contests—all gave the members of the class a chance to develop art and skill. Several of these groups have been headed by seniors, and all have received their loyal support.

The play of the year, "The Hidden Guest", was a repetition of the dramatic success of last year. But that was soon forgotten in the excitement of commencement, the parties, and the "Prom"—none of which will ever be forgotten.

And that brings us to the present, when, as we have long anticipated, we are almost graduates. The past we view with few regrets—why should there be more?—and the future we face ready for what we believe to be in store for us. The sceptre of power to lead and rule we pass on to the three under classes. May they guard that right and privilege jealously and exercise it wisely. To the faculty, including our class advisor who has maintained peace and quiet in our class meetings for four years, we assign a permanent place of honor in our memories.



SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

Operator! Operator! Give me 254. (This telephone service is as bad as it was 'way back in '29!)

Hello! Is this you?

I heard a little tale this morning that just wouldn't keep! I'd come over and tell you, but my arthritis is particularly bad this year. How are your gall stones, dear? Oh, I'm so glad!

Well, as I was saying, who should come in this morning but Alida Wills, as was, with the children. Oh, yes, she got another medal last week! Such a remarkable husband! And Junior won the blue ribbon at the fair! Yes, a beautiful child, my dear! Well, anyway, she told me a most surprising bit of news! It seems that Lee was called away to New York last month to uphold his title as champion marble shooter of the world, and Alida went along. They were guests of Catherine Carey, who, you know, is broadcasting morning health exercises over the radio. Catherine bought tickets to Dorothy McFarland's husband's latest musical comedy hit, and you'd never guess who was end girl in the pony chorus! None other than Evelyn Gloss! What's that? Oh yes, three or four times, I believe, but she hasn't outnumbered Ada Seahofer yet! Ada, you know, puts Peggy Hopkins Joyce completely under the table! She's had at least six, and has decided on number seven!

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

What were you saying, dear? You don't mean little Marnie Buchanan, that graduated with us all those years ago? Well, dear me! Who would ever have expected her to have married a sultan! The tenth wife, you say? Well, well, and I'll wager she's the favorite!

Well, I don't know how I'll ever live through the winter if I don't find some remedy for all my aches and pains. I believe I'll pinch on the grocery money and try some of that "Winnie's Wine Inwigator" you hear so much about. It's put out by Winifred McAleese, you know; and they say she's made millions from it! Cures everything from falling hair to fallen arches!

Have you had any news of Florence Weimer lately? So romantic, her marrying that cattle man and being mistress of all those wide open spaces! Who did you say? Not Ella Berndt! I didn't know she had a flair for theatricals, but she must be gifted if she's called a second Greta Garbo!

Oh, yes, I almost forgot to tell you about the original idea Hazel Siemen has carried out! She has opened up the newest thing in tonsorial parlors! All her operators are beautiful red-haired musicians, and while the customers are waiting for service, they are entertained by musical selections. They say the place is packed all the time. Dorothy Thrapp has worked up quite a taxi trade taking people to and from the place, and Winnie Player is the pianist.

Harold Harrison dropped over from Pittsford's the other day and told me that the hosiery salesman is John McFarland. Don't breathe this to a soul, my dear, but Harold says John certainly knows his anecdotes! Harold took part in the fall style show last week, too. He is certainly an ideal forty-four, don't you think?

Oh, you hinted that you had a news item to tell me. What was it? Grace Gerbig, you say? Wonders will never cease. She used to be quite a talker, but I'd never suspect that she'd become a reformer! I must take a trip in to the city and hear her lecture. Most inspirational, I imagine, and very worth-while, judging from the goings-on of the younger generation!

I've had the most trouble with the plumbing lately. I don't know what I'd do if our town didn't boast of John Keppler as sanitary engineer. He worked here two days and didn't forget anything but two wrenches and a hack saw!

What's that? Did I listen to B-O-R-E last night? Yes, I heard Carlyle Otto announcing there, and listened to a long-winded woman orator—an efficiency expert, I believe. What? You don't mean to tell me that was little Marian Sheahan! Isn't it odd that she should broadcast during the same period when we heard George Foxen! Oh, didn't you hear his talk? It was very interesting; that is, it would have been if I had been able to grasp it all. Being an astronomer, he uses those terms that are typical of star-gazers—away over my head, my dear!

And oh, my dear, did you hear about Kenneth Kline's seeing Bernice Hensel in Moronovania? He was traveling with our largest circus, as a ballyhoo-artist, you know, and they made a tour all over the interior of Europe. He saw Bernice in some town with a perfectly horrible name (the town, my dear, not Bernice). She ritzed him terribly—just couldn't see over the bridge of her nose, if you get what I mean. Oh, yes, he found out what she was doing there by asking a peasant, who said she had married a landed proprietor, a Baron Ivanoffulitch.

That was all about as exciting as an experience Erna Bangert had a few days ago. She is the warden of the women's ward in Joliet, you know, and doing a very inspirational work—what with the prisoners eating out of her hand, as it were, because of her policy of brotherly love among the unfortunates. But, as I was saying, Erna was walking down the main street there in Joliet with another girl, and they passed by a traveling evangelist's wagon, written all up with passages from scripture. On the back of the wagon there were pictures of two paths, one wide and twisted, and the other narrow and rocky. Underneath them was a huge scarlet sign reading, "Will you take the wide trail to destruction or the narrow trail to everlasting

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

contentment?" Erna said rather flippantly to her companion, "I think I'll choose the wide. I like lots of space." At that moment a fierce face appeared at a little window, and a long, accusing finger was thrust under Erna's nose. The angry preacher barked, "You don't have to take it, young lady; you're already on it!" Erna was terribly upset, especially since she recognized her accuser as Gerald Berkes. Oh yes, my dear; you can't tell a thing about a person's real nature, can you?

You say you heard from Mary McCabe? And how is her business going? I've heard she's an expert at Swedish massage. What did you say her place was infested with? My dear! Some patient must have brought them in there, don't you think? It's so hard to keep a public place free from the pests. I'll drop Mary a card and tell her to call up Bill Atkinson. He's Chicago's best vermin exterminator, you know.

I really must stop gossiping, and get ready for the benefit tonight! Aren't you going? I'm not interested in wrestling myself, but I do want to see Joe Heisler. He is reported to be far better than Strangler Lewis ever was! And you know Howard Azer is going to do his tricks too. He's almost as good as the great Thurston, they say. I didn't suppose he'd make a good magician, but from all I hear he's made even Alladin look very anemic.

But before I go, I must ask you about Wallace Allanson's latest scrape. Wasn't that disgraceful? His running one of these "whisper-lows" (or whatever they're called) was bad enough, but to take over Al Capone's work was just a little bit too bold. I shan't recognize him again; I'm sure of that!

Did I tell you my poor little Bonzo passed away? Yes, and I was quite disgusted with Harriette Carey about it, too. What's that? Oh, no, my dear! She didn't kill him. He just died of old age, and I offered her the body. You know what a beautiful coat of fur he had. I told her he'd make an ornament in the museum. Did you know she's head curator at Field's Museum? Well, she refused Bonzo—said she wasn't running a pound, or something snippy like that. She's been awfully good to Caroline Dieter, though, regardless of her high and mighty air about Bonzo. Caroline is a captain in the Salvation Army, you know, and she says that Harriette keeps the ragged urchins well supplied with fur coats.

But I must be going now, dear. Oh yes, Clarence Bahnfieth—little Bonnie! Isn't it remarkable? Did you hear how he came upon the idea for his wingless aeroplane? You didn't? Why, it was nothing short of a miracle! All due to the fad the boys had of going hatless! They say he was out one windy day without his hat, and was blown clear down Depot Street by the wind. Of course everybody can't own one, but they say that he's now working on an ear attachment that can be hooked on to the smallest ears.

Hello! Central! Central! Oh, dear me! She's cut me off!

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the seniors of W. C. C. H. S., being of sound mind and clear conscience, do hereby make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament.

We, the class of '29, do bequeath to the juniors the girl friend of our class president, together with the responsibility of providing her with an equally accomplished escort and upon condition that if none such can be found, she remain unappropriated until her own graduation.

We, the class of '29, do bequeath to the juniors our love of scholarship, sportsmanship, leadership, and teachers.

We, the class of '29, do bequeath to the three underclasses all of our school spirit and our wishes for the happiest of days to come.

I, Florence Cooper, do bequeath my heart-rending beauty and vocal talent to Wallace McChesney, who begs a token from his lady.

I, Evelyn Gloss, do bequeath the patch work quilt I have just finished to Miss Dieter.

I, Hazel Siemen, do bequeath my attachment for the little freshman boys to all the little freshman girls, with the hope that they will be attached in return.

I, Lee Adamson, do bequeath my football ability to "Fullback" Sleep and my many dates to Harris Lee.

I, Winifred Player, do bequeath a curl to any undergraduate who can sing as I do.

I, Harold Harrison, do bequeath my ability to smoke cigars to Clifford Andrews and my curly locks to Harry Seanor.

I, Ada Seehafer, do bequeath my curling iron to Mary Cooper and my ready wit to Marvin Fish.

I, Florence Weimer, do bequeath nothing; for my inferiority complex is all I have, and I can't get rid of that.

I, Gerald Berkes, do bequeath my ability to argue with the teachers to Paul Mef-ferd and my place at center to the little brother.

I, Margaret Buchanan, do bequeath to Win Ketcham my hold on the Bunkers.

We, Wallace Allanson and William Atkinson, do leave our great skill as janitors to Fred Purnell and Lawrence Voelz, and our daily train ride on the Northwestern to Joe Enders and George Daleidan.

I, John Keppler, do bequeath my love for sophomore girls to George Glasshagel and my drag with Mr. Bishop to Bebe Fisher.

I, Bernice Hensel, do bequeath my love for sentiment to Mr. Shuey and my independence to Frances Ryon.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I, Grace Gerbig, do bequeath my abundance of hair to Viola Dunbar, who hasn't any, and my disposition to Frances Benjamin's worst enemy, who will need it in self defense.

I, Winifred McAleese, do bequeath my popularity with the doctor to Alberta Kruse and my coyness to Peg Fletcher.

I, Kenneth Kline, do bestow my tender beard upon Richard Buss and my fascination for the junior girls upon Willis Gaede.

I, Wilma McAlpin, do bequeath my superfluous sophistication to Claire Kellogg, who is entirely lacking in this necessary virtue.

I, George Foxen, do bequeath my blush to Miss Koupal and my magnetism for the weaker sex to James Steven.

I, Erna Bangert, do bequeath to York High all my misfortunes in basketball so that I may feel assured that next year we shall beat them.

I, Caroline Dieter, do bequeath my quietness and reserve to William Starck and Arnold Chestnut, since I know that these qualities will be of great advantage to both.

I, Mary Elizabeth McCabe, do bequeath to Mabel Loveless my love for physical education and to Mrs. Kreger my sympathy in her loss since I am out of the class.

I, Joseph Heisler, do bequeath my giant stature to Ray Enders and my very solid drag with Miss Bailey to Bud Seanor.

I, Marian Sheahan, do bequeath my ease of speech to Mr. Drummond and my nursery instincts to Leona Ramsdell.

I, John McFarland, do bequeath my wonderful disposition to Dick Nelson and my Saturday night dates to Edward Bartlett.

I, Catherine Carey, do bequeath my dancing ability to Mary Brand upon the condition that she share it with Howard LeKander.

I, Carlyle Otto, do bequeath my high scholarship to all the people who get "pep-ups" and my eternal desire to take things apart to Buddy Buchardt.

I, Alida Wills, do bequeath my will power and self-confidence to Miss Pape, and my artlessness and ingeniousness to Elizabeth Wiggerman.

I, Ella Berndt, do leave my duties as a housekeeper to my young sisters, and I also leave the Rainbow Tournament to their tender care.

I, Dorothy McFarland, do bequeath the leading role in the next play to any girl who can get through the final scene with as little rehearsing as I needed.

I, Harriette Carey, do bequeath all my old books to the Lost and Found Department. The said books shall be sold at auction, and the proceeds shall be used to pay Fred Goetz for the gasoline he used helping the seniors with their play.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I, Howard Azer, bequeath my affection for all women to Wallace McChesney and my understanding of parliamentary law to the next senior class president.

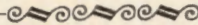
I, Dorothy Thrapp, do bequeath my quiet charm to the second band and my kid brother to the science department.

I, Clarence Bahnfleth, do bequeath my ability to wiggle my thumb to Everett O'Leary and my drag with all the faculty to Dude Gridley.

Signed and sealed by:
Dorothy Thrapp
Clarence Bahnfleth

In witness thereof:

Helen M. Koupal, C. O. D.
Samuel Bishop, D. A. D.
Roland Starck, M. A. D.
Pansy Harrison, L. A. D.
(or whoever you want)



SENIOR FAREWELL SONG

Four years ago, when we were kids,
We entered our old high school,
And climbed the stair and found up there
The joys we now are leaving.

CHORUS

Now we're leaving West Chi High;
Time to say a fond good-bye—
Bidding farewell to childhood.
As the parting tear drops fall.
Friends are saying, "Good luck, all.
Our high school days are over."
Some day we'll grow both old and gray,
But memories won't fade away.
We leave now to seek for fame
And bring new honor to your name
Farewell, old West Chi High.

SENIOR CHARACTER ANALYSIS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Alias</i>	<i>Appearance</i>
Lee Adamson	"Adam"	God-like
Wallace Allanson	"Wallie"	Grows better each year
William Atkinson	"Bill"	At 8:30 daily
Howard Azer	"Daybreak"	Gentlemanly
Clarence Bahnfleth	"Bonnie"	Cherubic
Erna Bangert	"Ribs"	Sudden
Gerald Berkes	"Junker"	Irish
Ella Berndt	"El"	Gentle prefer them
Margaret Buchanan	"Marny"	Most satisfactory
Catherine Carey	"Kotch"	Sweet
Harriette Carey	"Hattie"	Seventeen years ago
Florence Cooper	"Greta"	Not what she desires
Caroline Dieter	"Carrie"	Tailored
George Foxen	"Yutch"	Nature was kind
Grace Gerbig	"Gerb"	Not bad
Evelyn Gloss	"Ev"	Frequent
Harold Harrison	"Pansy"	Bold
Joseph Hiesler	"Joe"	Debonair
Bernice Hensel	"Bee"	Demure
John Keppler	"Johnnie"	Pink and white
Kenneth Kline	"Diz"	Napoleonic
Winifred McAleese	"Winnie"	To be envied
Wilma McAlpin	"Bibsy"	Sunkist
Mary McCabe	"Mamie"	Saintly
Dorothy McFarland	"Dot"	For the last time
John McFarland	"Mac"	This last semester
Carlyle Otto	"Carly"	Deceiving
Winifred Player	"Win"	Interesting
Ada Seehafer	"Ade"	Most grown-up
Marion Sheahan	"?"	Abbreviated
Hazel Siemen	"Haze"	Coquettish
Dorothy Thrapp	"Dot"	Seldom
Florence Weimer	"Flossy"	Roughish
Alida Wills	"Bill"	"Slyph-like"

SENIOR CHARACTER ANALYSIS

<i>Favorite Saying</i>	<i>Most Often Seen</i>	<i>Favorite Pastime</i>
"I'll say"	Together	Winning medals for her
"Y' bet your life"	Down by the M. E. Church	Tooting
"Oi-ki-volt"	In classes	Catching trains
"Give 'em a birdie"	On a platform	Chewing unseen gum
"Phooey"	Going places	"M. O. S."
"Ye gads!"	Leaving the library	Gym
"It wasn't so hot"	Up town	Smoking a pipe
"Oh, my gosh!"	Between the twins	Talking
"Not necessarily!"	On the honor roll	Doing things
"Don't make fun of me"	Helping the world along	Selling candy bars
"Oh, rats!"	In room 13	Typing
"Listen, girl friend"	Hurrying to class	Dieting
"Gee, I don't know"	In Miss Luecke's "apart- ment"	Shorthand
"I'll hang one on you!"	With the gang	Getting a drag with Miss Koupal
"Do you want to pick a fight?"	Close to "Meb"	Combing her hair
"Oh, gee!"	Parking her gum	Dancing
"How should I know, if you don't?"	With teacher	Decorating Pittsford's ladies
"Come on; let's go!"	But not heard	Procrastinating
"Oh, Lord!"	In pink	Worrying
"Toots"	On North Street	Corresponding
"Gee, I'm tired"	By her	Avoiding recitations
"Jehosaphat!"	With her hair curled	Giggling
"No, I'll scream!"	Coming or going	Men
"Oh, shoot!"	With Leona Ramsdell	Studying history
"Listen, Hon."	Smiling	Being the leading lady
"Who? Me?"	Down by the gas house	Keeping the faculty straight
"I guess so"	Trying not to be	"Popular Mechanics"
"The idea!"	Playing tunes	Taking care of Frances
"Well, I like that!"	After 6 A. M.	Making maps
"Oh, darlin' "	Marketing at the A. and P.	Tending her family
"Got some gum?"	With freshman boys	Being sociable
"Good night!"	Running to school	Making posters
"You'd be surprised"	Grinning	Singing
"Where's my man?"	In Mr. Bishop's office	Collecting attendance slips

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The following houses backed our paper to the extent of two or more inches of advertising during the major portion of the year:

Ray M. Dieter
Club Tailor Shop
Marx Brothers

The following business houses backed our paper with either one-half or one inch advertisements during the major portion of the year:

Ruigrok's Flower Shop	West Chicago Lumber Company
Arthur H. Almendinger	
West Chicago Hardware Company	Dale L. Lyon
Haffron and Hollister	
South Side Garage	Nack's Shoe Store
Dr. C. W. Keppler	
State Trust and Savings Bank	Sach's Variety Store
West Chicago Cafe	
West Chicago Tailor Shop	Henry M. Kress
Mell and Mell	
West Chicago State Bank	Crow's Haberdashery
Kaelin Brothers	
Gridley's Garage	William C. Dettman
F. A. Goetz	
J. Rohr and Company	C. E. Norris and Son
R. B. Bond	
W. G. Buchanan	We-Go Lunch Room
Dr. T. L. Jones	
R. W. Marshal	Frank Whitton
Louis Lavine	
Heyn Bakery	M. A. Dooley
W. P. Mate	

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