

THE RENAISSANCE

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

JUNE 1906



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

RIVER FALLS, WIS.

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PUBLISHED BY
SENIOR CLASS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

RIVER FALLS. WIS.

The Renaissance.

Business Manager,—Ernest Hulten.

Editor in Chief,—Glen Junkman.

Associate Editors,—

Adeline Cornish,

Hazel Hallett,

Mande Kavanagh,

John Erickson.

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DIRECTORY

SENIOR CLASS

Pres.— Ernest Hulten

Vice Pres.—Glen Junkman

Sec.—M. Elsie Meigs

Treas.—Matilda Smith

Sergeant at Arms—Wm. Segerstrom

N. A. C.

Pres.—Ernest Hulten

Vice Pres.—Clinton Finvold

Sec. and Treas.—Martin Anderson

Class Motto,—Deeds, not words.

Class Color,—Carmine.

Senior Class Song.

The years have swiftly rolled away,
The time too soon has come,
When we to thee must say farewell,
Farewell to Learning's Home.
Tho many miles may lie between
Thee and thy Senior Class
Thy memory still shall e'er hold dear
In all the years which pass.

Tho others to thee may prove true
As with the world they mix,
You'll find that none more loyal are
Than the Class of Nineteen Six,
We'll honor the beauteous colors
Which all thy children wear,
And we'll raise aloft our carmine,
No class color is more fair.

The Senior Class now says farewell
To thee, and each brave son
Let Juniors, Soph'mores, Freshmen, all
Remember what we've done.
In parting there is sorrow,
And yet there is joy too,
We sing the last farewell
The Senior Class so true.

Class Song.

Air "Heinie"

One time we were Freshies,
And we thot we knew it all
Our heads could hardly hold our
brains,
Our hats were awful small,
When we reached the Sophomore
station
We looked back in mild surprise
To see the verdant Freshies,
So diminutie in size.

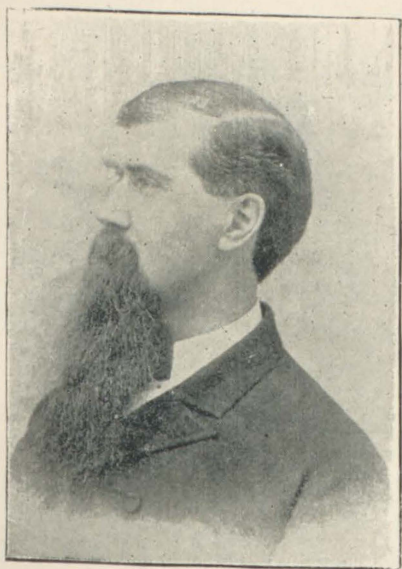
Chorus.—

Freshies, Oh Freshies, we pity you,
We realize what you must go thru
Freshies, Oh Freshies, if you will
but labor
You sometime will stand where we
now do,
Sophomores, think of your weary
toil,
Often you'll burn the midnight oil,
But get in the halter, don't struggle
and falter,
It's after the battle we get the
spoil.

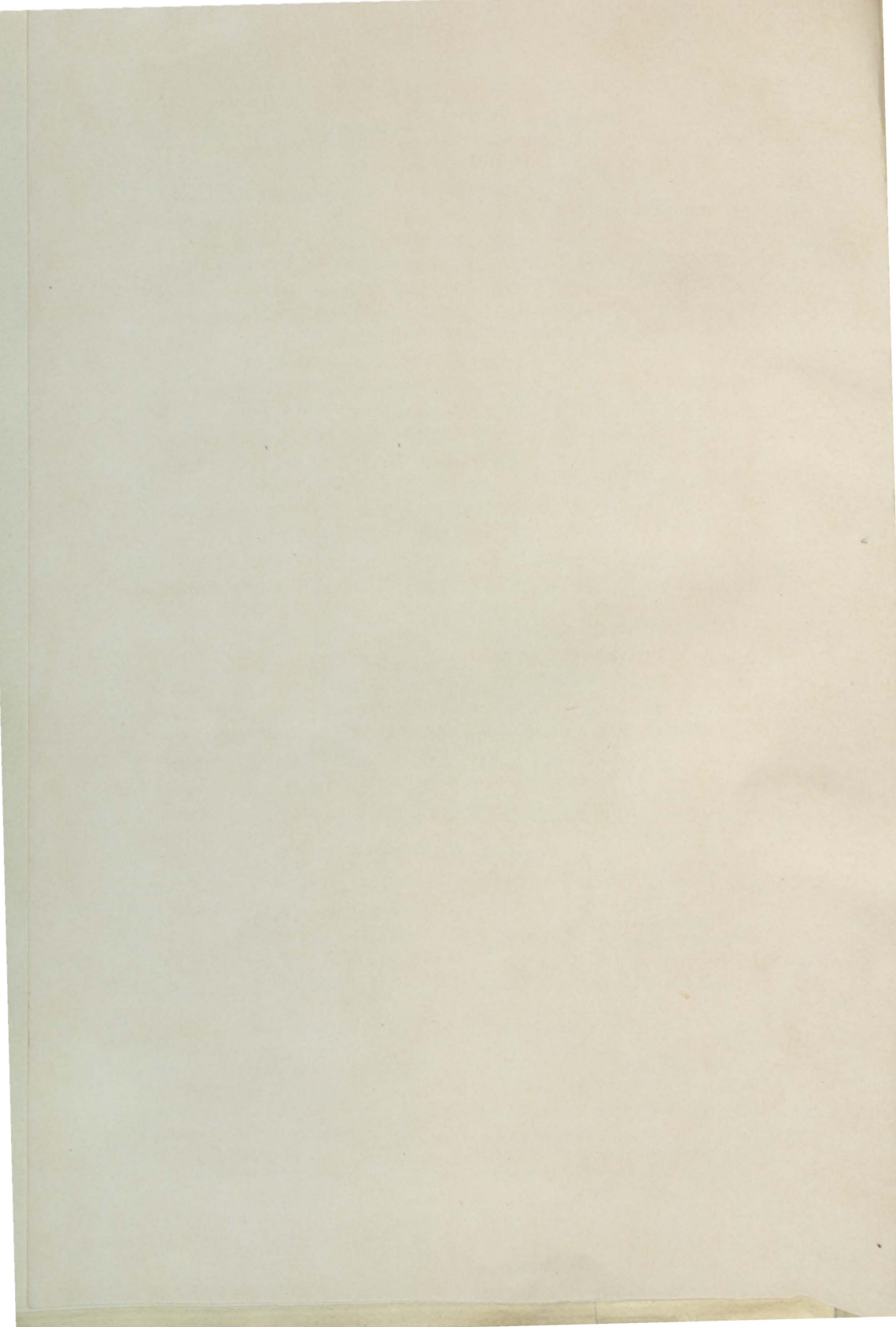
And last year we were Juniors
'Gainst the Seniors we did strive,
We were old enough for courtship,
And for fun were all alive.
But now we're noble Seniors
And our standards now we fix,
We'll go out to strive and conquer,
We're the Class of Naughty Six.

Chorus.—

Juniors, Oh Juniors, your hearts
are true,
No one cut your love half in two,
Juniors, Oh Juniors, young Cupid
is busy
His arrows will stick to you just
like glue,
But when you are thru with your
loving tricks
And all that you can in your heads
you fix,
If you'd attain greatness, take us
for example,
Just follow the footsteps of Naugh-
ty Six.



President, W. J. Brier



CLASS HISTORY

CHAPTER I.

N the little city of River Falls far from the noise and bustle of the busy world and nestling among green hills and forests stands a mighty institution; an institution from which every year sallies forth a noble body of men and women, versed in all the secrets of pedagogic learning and skilled in the arts of teaching; ready to battle against the many vicissitudes of school life, chiefly stubborn wills and empty craniums.

It is of the class of 1906 that I wish to tell you, a class which far excels any preceding, a class so learned that their bright light will some day illumine the entire earth.

On the thirtieth of August in the year 1904 there assembled in this school a motley crowd of young people. Let your mind's eye wander over them; you will see Seniors, Freshmen, Sophomores and Preparatories. But your eye will linger longest upon a body of bright looking people whose very faces pronounce them superiors. Who are they, I hear someone ask? They are the Juniors, the future class of 1906.

It was extremely hard to begin work; for conditions and surroundings were new and in spite of everything a feeling of homesickness persisted in troubling many of them, especially to the High School graduates to whom everything was new and strange. Far more fortunate were the members who had attended before and had become accustomed to Normal life. The rest of the class still owe a debt of gratitude to Matilda and Alleyne, the world wise, to the six E's, Edith, Earnest, Elsie, Esther, Ella and Edgar and to Allie, Urias, Mae, Lenore, Anna and William for the many lifts along the rocky paths in a strange land far from their well known shores of school life. The faculty too were so kind and helpful to them that such minor troubles could not disturb them long and they were soon at home and the daily routine of the school seemed an old story.

Nothing important happened until one day a notice was placed upon the board to the effect that the Junior class was to have a meeting in the Sky Parlors, a most suitable place for a class of their station and character. The Fresh-

men and Sophomores stared in open mouthed wonder and even the Seniors stopped to look twice. At this meeting a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution which was speedily done. A few days later another meeting was called at which the constitution was ratified and signed. The Junior class for it was so now legally proceeded next to elect officers. Edgar Baird become president, Helen Heslin, vice president, Anna Fox, secretary and Ernest Hulten, treasurer. Last but not least in weight, our class Will became sargent at arms, an office which he has ever since held on account of faithful service to a class which was always loyal to its officers, which can not be said of every class.

At this time a soft mantle of snow covered the earth about us and it was thot a good plan to have a sleigh ride party. So on a bright, moonlight Saturday Eve the Junior class with merry peals of laughter and tinkling bells aroused the quiet town of River Falls and the near vicinity. After the ride refreshments were served to the gay lads and lasses in the restaurant and the first outing of the class proved a most enjoyable one.

On decoration day of 1905 the Junior class and they alone held a picnic at Ilwaco. You must remember that this class never patterned after the Seniors for it was capable of making its own original plans. The day was a very beautiful one and a delightful time was spent there, a pleasant memory which we will all keep from our Junior days.

Custom decreed that the Juniors should give the Seniors a farewell reception so we made great preparations to do so. On a Saturday night in the month of May the class of naughty five together with the faculty wended their way to the Normal music room and later to the gymnasium where supper was served. Toasts and readings were given during the evening and when the banquet broke up everycne declared it had been a very pleasant evening.

Commencement was now drawing nigh and something must be done to celebrate the last Junior days. So some of our brilliant composers wrote a class song, several class yells and the startled air in the near vicinity of the park reechoed the spirited words one balmy June night when the Seniors were well out of the way.

On the Seniors' class night the Juniors marched to the Opera Hall in a body, with only a few exceptions of those

whose hearts were elsewhere. Arriving at the hall they startled the audience by a cry of, "Hall a balloo How do you do? We are the Juniors, Who are you?" Their tread too stamped them as Juniors. At intervals during the evening our song was sung and our yells given for which entertainment we were presented with a hatchet by the Senior class and tho our patience has been severely tested we have not yet resorted to it.

On Thursday, June 15, 1905, at 12 o'clock, a. m. the Junior class had ceased to exist; we were now Seniors the worthy, the honored, the respected and with hopes of a happy reunion the following autumn we closed the first chapter of our history.

CHAPTER II

The autumn of 1905 found assembled in our dear old school the following Seniors:

Anna Anderson, so quiet and sincere.

Edgar Baird a loyal subject at a Freeman's court.

Maggie Brown who is never blue except when she doesn't get exes.

Eva Colburn, our much renowned poetess.

Mary Cory, so careful lest she indulge in anything stronger than hot water.

Addie Cornish, our stately princess whose heart has long been with her fairy prince in the far northland.

Mae Deneen, the nightingale of our class.

John Erickson, whose mighty oratorical voice has so often thrilled his hearers.

Urias Finn who dotes on white.

Anna Fox, so interested in rays but chiefly in human rays.

Allie Griffin and Hazel Hallet the two inseparables.

Ernest Hulten our class president and scientist who is getting very wise by his frequent consultation of Webster, perhaps for statistics, which he thinks is such a pleasure.

Glen Junkman whose face always wears the expression of "I know teacher".

Maude Kavanagh whose attitude always says, "Please, teacher let me tell it."

Hannah Klang, Lenore Linehan.

Olive Legault always bright and happy.

Pearl McCarthy.

Elsie Meigs so charmed with the Glen, for it has an association of name somewhere in her field of interest.

Adolph Mommsen.

Ella Olin.

Jennie Ryan the smallest star in our class but far from the dimmest.

Lizzie Ryan, her sister, very much interested in Bills at the present time.

Maude Reynolds, the artist of our class.

Florence Rogers whom we all choose queen of the class.

Matilda Smith, our goop philosopher who has taught us so much about the unknown regions of Luna.

William Segerstrom, or for short Bill, who's always perfectly safe.

Esther Tingvall and Cecelia Uhlman.

Alleyne Tombleson always ready to give us good advice.

Edith Webster who always tries to look so earnest about everything.

Last but not least for that reason, Carrie Wilcox.

Of these people five members were new, Florence, Glen, Addie, Hazel and Hannah.

As seniors a great deal of work and responsibility fell to our lot and the steep ascent up the ladder of learning did not always look inviting. We must now be models, worthy examples for the lower classes and our actions seem to have been greatly approved especially by the Juniors who have been quite willing to take us for models.

The school work so interesting now after the long vacation was running so smoothly and everything was so calm and peaceful. But, alas, one day this beautiful peace was marred and consternation ruled supreme in our good old school for a meeting was called in Room 21. All too well the Seniors knew its meaning and as Rhetoricals were not one of their favorite pastimes, gloom and sadness, and some fear took the place of peace and happiness. But like all other disagreeable things the agonies of speaking before the whole school, too passed away for each one of us.

One of the first social functions of the year was a dress party held in the Kindergarten. Here Jack and Jill, Buster Brown, Polly, Uncle Sam and many others met and forgetting work and worry lost themselves in gay revel as once did the merry people they represented.

One night during the winter the class had a sleigh ride party which proved very exciting. Quite a few members felt that night for the first time a strange, sinking sensation and all had the experience of a gentle tip over, which must have had some psychological value tho we could not see it then. The perpetrators of this act would naturally be found in the Junior class where later bright schemes have flourished and withered at but a touch of greater minds.

Later the Senior Class was entertained by the Elementaries and we shall always remember the pleasant hours we spent that evening and with grateful hearts look back upon the honor bestowed upon us.

Just as we all should be loyal to our country so should we be no less true to our Alma Mater. The red and white streamers which float from the ventilators in the rooms of the Normal school are tokens of the Senior Class and express in a small degree their love and loyalty to a school which has done so much for them.

At different times during the year the class has issued a paper, the Renaissance, and with great pleasure all have read the rare bits of wit and humor found therein.

On Saturday evening, May 19, a mock commencement was given by the Junior class in which mock seniors figured extensively. It was a secret within the Junior class, yes a secret in which all the Seniors too were included, tho they hadn't ought to and it was a perfect shame that they knew about it. But little birds will tell and who can blame the Seniors'. Surprise came with them on that memorable night when a silent ghostly host marched in and just as silently took leave just before the exercises closed, because well that is obvious enough.

On decoration day of 1906 the class again departed for Ilwaco with well filled lunch baskets, (at least supposed to be) and bright and merry faces. When dinner time came we found to our chagrin that we had no spoons, no knives, no forks and worst of all only two dozen sandwiches for a ravenous crowd of twenty three. But necessity is the mother of invention and wooden sticks served quite as well and added a Chinese flavor to the meal. Bread was secured at a nearby farm house so there was no danger of starvation. Nine o'clock saw a tired set of Seniors arrive home but all unanimously, or perhaps I hadn't ought to say that but at

least with very few exceptions voted it "a perfectly lovely picnic."

The Junior class gave an elegant banquet in honor of the Seniors on the evening of June second. It certainly was a success and the kindness and good feelings of the Juniors toward us will be another of our pleasant memories.

Our life here has been full of pleasure as well as work and long after we have left our Alma Mater we will look back upon these school days as the happiest days of our life. It is with sadness in our hearts that we leave its loving embrace and all its pleasant associations and embark upon the voyage of our life's work.

With this chapter the history of the class of 1906 closes. Henceforth each member thereof must form his own apart from that of the class to which with heart and soul he belongs. And as we now say farewell to our school life we hope that our history henceforth may be to the glory of our Alma Mater.

CLASS WILL

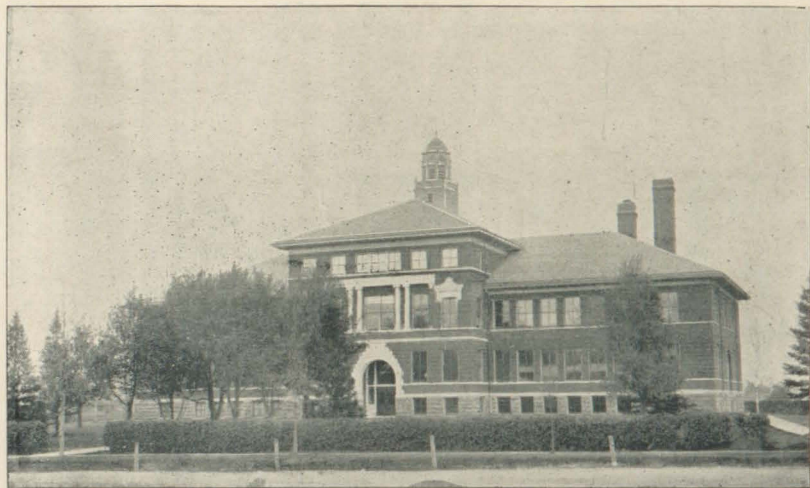
We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Six, knowing that every class which attains to our excellence, must needs, sooner or later, take themselves away from their Alma Mater and become, by their success, an advertisement for said Alma Mater, and realizing that such time has come in our lives, do hereby make disposal of our effects as follows:—

Unto the Freshmen, to have, hold and follow, henceforth and forever, our good example.

Unto the Sophomores we will and bequeath the picture-studies we have written and procured, to have, hold, copy, and pass on to others yet to come.

To the Elementaries we give the hand of good fellowship asking that they shake said hand and return it to its rightful owners.

To the Junior Class we leave the place we have filled. Since they cannot fill said place, they may rattle around in it: Also, a few of our original ideas with permission, fully and freely given, to use these ideas, knowing full well that



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thus far they have had none of their own; also we leave to said Junior Class the memories of what we have done, these also with full and free permission to copy ad libitum. We further will and bequeath to said class the view from the window overlooking the school-garden together with the suggestion that some of their members exercise their literary talent in describing the romantic scenes viewed from this window when the Agriculture class and their assistants are abroad.

We leave to the Faculty our gratitude for what they have made us, together with the promise that each and every member of the Class of '06 will strive to be a credit to their teaching, and further, the promise that we will obey pedagogical maxims, hand out full buckets and not trifle with the combination.

Finally, we leave to our Alma Mater the ink-stains on desks and floor, and further, will and bequeath to said Alma Mater our books and our records.

Lastly, we do hereby nominate and appoint the "Spirit of the School" as executor of this last will and testament.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this thirteenth day of June, A. D. 1906.

THE CLASS OF '06.

CLASS PROPHECY

At the last Senior Tea-party it was suggested that I tell the fortunes of each member of the class. I was willing and after each tea cup had been whirled in correct and approved fashion, I began with the president of the class, Ernest Hulten. "I see two scenes in this cup. In one you are in a school room. Why! It is the Science Dept. in the Normal. Strange I did not recognize it but they have enlarged the building and changed the situation of the Dept. You will teach all the sciences because the students will desert all science classes which you do not teach. I see that you have a salaried professional chaperon for your Geology class and have had the Chemistry Text Book revised and

have omitted all those directions for "sparking" which this year's class found so difficult to follow. Raising cats for the Physiology class has become such a paying industry that several families in town are engaged in it. The second is a domestic scene. Wait till I count the children,—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen. Oh no, the seventeenth is not a little girl, at all. But she's so young and pretty yet, no wonder I mistook her for one. You see Ernest is so handy about the house that she has very little to do. He just rolls up his sleeves, and does the cooking, sweeping, washing, ironing and cleaning. He washes and dresses the children and spansks them into the way they should go. As football has been abolished by law, he does not play any more but he is Supt. of two Sunday Schools, President of a Reading Club and conducts three Young People's Societies. His spare time is divided between palmistry and statistics".

The next was Matilda Smith.

"You will teach in Madison six years. Then you will marry a melancholy lawyer who lives on the lake shore and plays on the violin".

Anna Anderson.

"You will go west to teach. You will discover that you need a great deal more brass than you possess. In your search for brass you will discover a copper mine and become immensely wealthy".

Edgar Baird.

"You will try a number of occupations before you find one to suit you. You will teach, work in a bank and go with a circus a few years. You will be by turns a jeweler, a florist and a repairer of umbrellas. Finally you will become a physician and surgeon. You will like this profession and will be eminently successful".

Edith Webster.

"You will teach three weeks. By the end of that time you will be so homesick that your life will be despaired of. You will be taken home and it will take you three years to recover. Then you will marry a Professor and live in River Falls".

Cecelia Uhlman.

"You will go to Dakota and be elected Co. Supt. At

the end of your first term of office you will marry a man who has red hair and a timber claim."

Dagmar Christiansen.

"You will some day be Prof. of Modern Languages in Chicago University and will become famous. You will never marry."

Pearl McCarthy.

"You will soon stop teaching and become a dentist. Late in life you will marry a tailor and go to house-keeping."

Lizzie Ryan.

"You will teach successfully for a few years. Then you will marry a widower with six children and a large farm with a mortgage and two windmills on it."

Adeline Cornish.

"You will have a long life but you will never live to be an old maid. You will go on a trip across the ocean. As long as you are contented, you will be perfectly happy. I see a small man and a large man. You want to beware of both."

Olive Legault.

"You will soon marry a man who is so rich that he has \$3000 in the bank this very minute. He's 6ft., 3in. tall, toes in and is so bashful that he never looks at a woman when he meets one on the street. He has a lovely disposition and good front teeth."

Margaret Brown.

"You will teach for a number of years and be very successful. Then you will marry a penniless inventor. He will always be inventing wonderful articles which will not work. You will discover what is lacking and show him how to make his inventions perfectly practical. Then he will be able to sell them for immense sums of money and you will become very wealthy. He will be a big, dark man,—a Swede I think."

Maude Reynolds.

"You will marry a man who believes in Woman's Rights and is so kind hearted that he lets you do everything, in the winter he lets you get up and build the fires in the morning and shovel out the paths. He lets you hitch up the horses when he goes to town and when he gets back, you may unharness and feed them. He will have a black mustache and a span of bronchoes. You will be left a widow

at thirty-five."

William Segerstrom.

"You will join the Salvation Army and become a captain, but you will give that all up to drive the pony on a Rural Free Delivery Route so that you will have plenty of time to think and ponder on a perfect definition of 'horse'."

Esther Tingvall.

"You will take up a claim in Burnett Co. and grow independently rich raising Christmas trees for the market."

Ella Olin.

"You will meet a German prince in disguise. He will fall violently in love with you. As reasons of state will prevent his marrying you, you will remain forever unmarried. Out of regard to his memory, you will spend your entire life in making and selling Dutch cheese."

Hazel Hallet and Allie Griffin.

"You will start a new profession for women. You will have an office together. The sign on the door reads—'Hallet & Griffin, Conversationalists. Either the Science taught or the Art illustrated. Office hours: 6 a. m. to 11 p. m.' But you won't make much money at this, so Allie will become a life insurance agent. Hazel will marry a deaf man. I don't know whether he was deaf before she married him, or not, but I do know he was stone deaf soon afterwards."

Lenore Linehan.

"You will marry a R. R. man and travel all over the United States. You will publish several songs and a booklet of verses. You will enjoy life very much".

Adolph Mommsen.

"After teaching a few years you will join a fire department in St. Paul. You will run to all the fires and will be able to beat the horses every time. Your fireman's suit and helmet will be very becoming."

Anna Matilda Fox

"You will teach one year and then elope with a Russian count. He will be twenty-one years old and as broad as he is long. I can't pronounce his name as that only lacks seven inches of being ten feet long."

Hannah Klang.

"You will go as a Missionary to China. There you will found a school for girls. This will become so famous

that all the ladies of the royal family will be sent there to be educated.

Eva Colburn.

"You are going to become famous as a poet. Your book will be one of the three best sellers of the year, and your picture will be in all the magazines."

Florence Rogers.

"Your career as teacher will be brilliant but short. You will marry a wealthy western gentleman who will be elected U. S. Senator. After you have been leading belle in Washington, D. C., for six years, he will be elected President of the U. S."

Urias Finn.

"I see you, faultlessly dressed, in a great department store. Wait a minute and I'll tell you what you will be. What do we call those elegant gentlemen, with such polished manners, who say, 'Third aisle, second counter'? Oh, I know! You'll be a floor-walker in a department store. You will spend all your spare time in a study of the heart."

Maude Kavanagh.

You will become President of a Seminary for girls, where they make a specialty of proper deportment."

Mae Deneen.

"You will go on the stage as an opera singer and win wealth and a titled husband."

Carrie Wilcox.

"You will marry a minister and live in Boston."

Mary Corey.

"You will go to the Philippines to teach. You will marry there and will remain on the island the rest of your days."

John Erickson.

"You will teach a few years, then run for Co. Supt. You will be defeated because you pay too much attention to one particular young lady. But you will get her. Then you will go into politics in earnest. You will canvass the country and make stump speeches. Finally you will be elected constable on the Populist ticket."

Jennie Ryan.

"I see her in a school room. The children flock around her like ants around a sugar bowl. She is somewhat annoyed because visitors always ask 'Sissy, where's the

teacher?' Then I see her in a cozy little nest of her own where she plays the part of 'Dot' to perfection."

Elsie Meigs.

"In ten years time you will be at the head of the 'Menomonie System' of schools. You will manage them so well that people will wonder how they ever tolerated any other administration. You will be a member of the Board of Regents and Chairman of the Examining Committee. Then you will marry. He will be five feet, six inches tall and have sandy hair and a docile disposition. He will always come to you and inquire, 'What shall I do next, Elsie?' "

Glen Junkman.

"You will become acquainted with John D. Rockefeller. He will be so much impressed with the height of your principles and the depth of your wisdom, that he will make you sole executor of his estate and tutor of his grandson. You will teach this boy Political Economy to such good purpose that he will regard great wealth as a menace to society. When he is twenty-one, he will, with your assistance, distribute his wealth to the whole world. Then your occupation will be gone and you will become State Supt.