

THE



ANNALITE

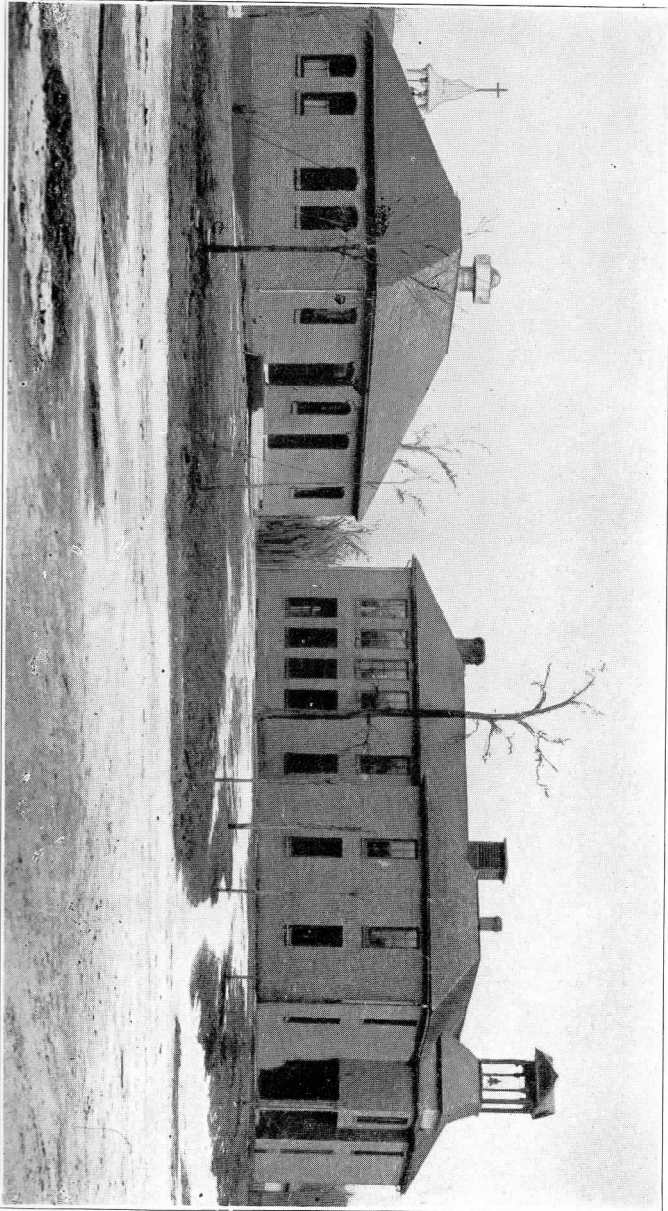
— SENIORS —

Annandale High School

ANNANDALE, MINNESOTA.

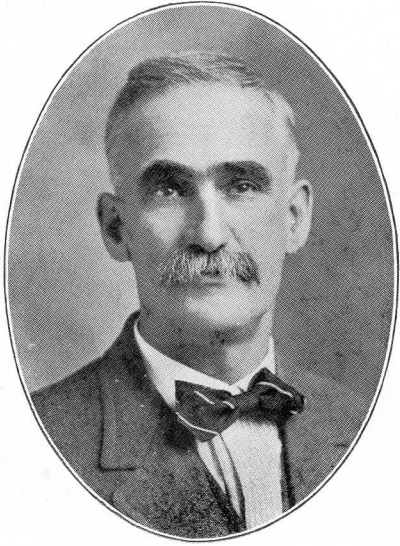
DEDICATION

*In sincerest appreciation of what his example
has meant to each of us, we dedicate this book to
Supt. W. A. Ziegler.*



INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

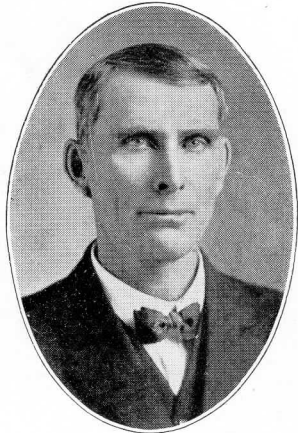


W. S. IVES, Pres.

Board of Education



Dr. N. C. SMITH, Sec'y.



W. D. McDONALD, Treas.



J. F. LEE

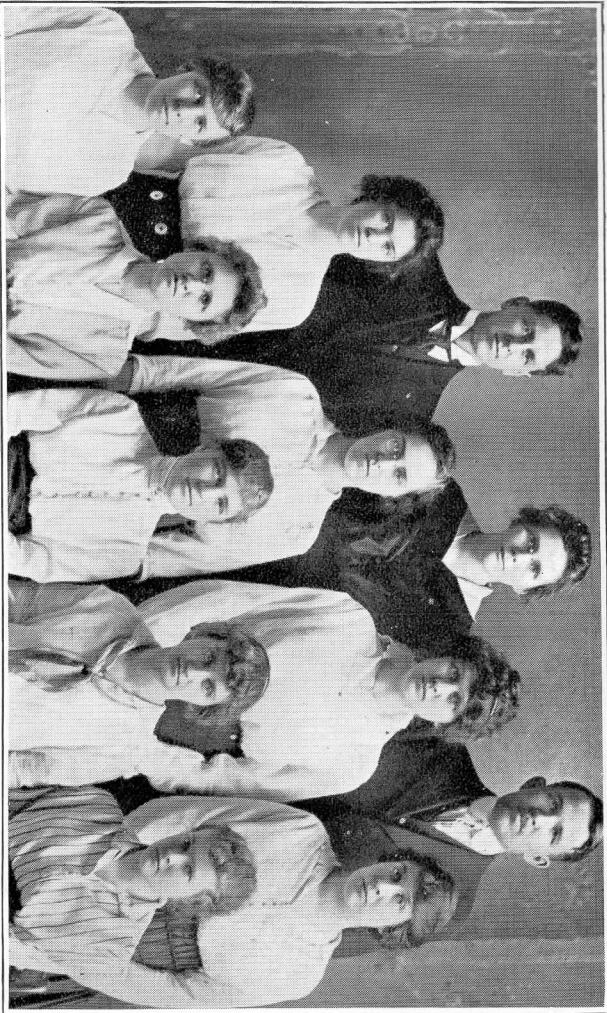


FRED SHADDUCK



DR. G. H. NORRIS

FACTULTY



Mr. Zeigler, Supt. Miss Evans, Principal. Mr. McKinsey, H. S.

Miss Clark, H. S. Miss Tschudy, H. S. Miss Swedberg, Normal. Miss Smith, 2nd. and 3rd.

Miss Erickson, 4th. and 5th. Miss Schabacker, H. S. Miss Belden, 6th. and 7th.

Miss Paulson, 8th. Miss McLellan, 1st.



SUPERINTENDENT
W. A. ZIEGLER
"A mind not to be changed by time
or place."

FACULTY



MISS ELLA EVANS, Principal
Hamline University
"A perfect woman, nobly planned;
To warn, to comfort and command."



MISS M. BERNICE CLARK.
Macalester College.
"Give to the world the best you have
and the best will come back to you."

FACULTY



MISS CAROLINE TSCHUDY.
St. Cloud Normal.
"Knows her own mind,
And talks like lightning."



MISS CARRIE SCHABACKER
University of Minnesota.
"She is a woman who does her own
thinking."

PAGE EIGHT
FACULTY



MISS LUELLE SWEDBERG.
University of Minnesota.
"She stoops to nothing but 'a door.'"



MR. S. N. MCKINSEY.
Iowa State College.
"Mighty in more ways than one.
Agriculturists can certainly play B. B."

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SENIORS



OFFICERS

Hazel Klatt..... President
Esther Marquardt..... Vice President
Leah Ritchie..... Secretary
Willard Olson..... Treasurer

COLORS

Nile Green and White.

FLOWER

White Rose Buds.

MOTTO

“Hilltops; mountains beyond.”





HAZEL KLATT
"A perfect little nuisance," prefers
masculine company to Chemistry.
Class Play. Class President 3, 4.



ESTHER MARQUARDT
"Her hair is not more sunny than
her heart."
South Haven 1; Buffalo 2.
Vice-President 4. Normal Cadet 4.
Normal Class Play.



LEAH RITCHIE.

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

And if she won't, she won't, and
there's the end on't.

Class Play. Class Sec'y 4. Vice Pres.
of Lit. 4. Sec'y and Treas. of M. A. C. 4

B. B. 4. H. S. Band 4.



WILLARD OLSON.

"The pride of the class."

Class Play. Class Pres. 1, 2. Class
Treas. 4. Sec'y of M. A. C. 3.

B. B. 4. Vice-Pres. of Lit. 3.

Normal Class Play.



MINNIE LANO
"Exactly the right build for a nurse.
Unusual heart troubles."
Class Play. B. B. 3, 4.
Class Sec'y. 3.



ESTHER VOGEL
"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice".
Sec'y Lit. 4. H. S. Band 4.



ELVIRA MANN.

"Her pity descended on them like
dew on a toad stool."
Class Play. Class Treas. 3. Pres. of
Lit. 4.



BLANCHE SCHNEIDER

"Happy am I with a heart care free,
Oh! why can't the rest of you be
like me."
Maple Lake 1, 2. Normal Cadet 4.



ELMA GUNNARY
"Thoughts are deeper than all speech."
Cokato 1



MARTHA MATSON
"A foster child of silence."
Normal Cadet.



MARGARET FIGGE
"She is one of those people *nobody*
knows anything mean- about".
Normal Cadet



EDWIN HASKELL
"Talks to no girls; a B. B. enthu-
siast".
Track Team 3-4 B. B. Normal Class
Play

POST GRADUATES



AGNES THAYER

"Life is one grand sweet song, start
the music".

Senior 1914. Normal Cadet.



VELMA WELLS

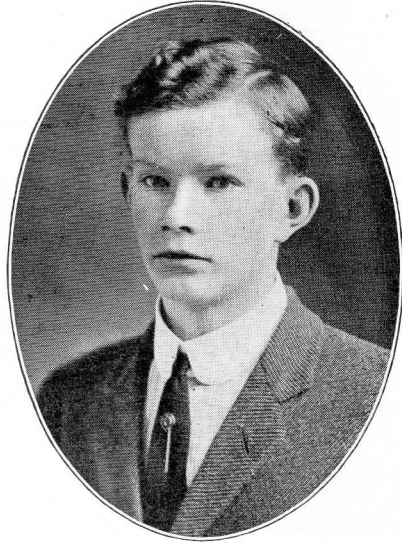
A "Little" girl in some ways. Senior
1914. Normal Cadet. Normal
Class Play.



FREDA LORENTZ
"She's a quiet maiden with a way of
doing things all her own."
Senior 1915. Normal Cadet.
Normal Class Play.



MARGUERITE ANDREWS
"Softly her fingers wander o'er
The yielding planks of the ivory floor."
Senior 1915. Normal Cadet.
Normal Class Play.



WALTER HILLMAN
"All I ask is to be let alone".
Senior 1915 Normal Cadet. B. B.
Normal Class Play.



SENIOR CLASS HISTORY '16

One bright morning in September about four years ago, we entered with fear and trembling into the presence of the upper classmen of Annandale High School. Could those stares and remarks bode aught but ill for us? Talk of conflicts, periods, courses, and initiations, drove us into an abyss of despondency. Order finally came from the chaos, however, and we were prepared to settle down as members of the High School.

Now we had to go through the ordeal of the "Freshmen Frolic." With cold chills racing up and down our spines, we entered the building on that memorable night, but came through it sound of limb, and eager for revenge. We obtained it in the remaining years by the proper subjection of the succeeding classes. Studies and class parties filled out the year.

Our class had early obtained a reputation for brilliancy, and we maintained the record in the following years. We entertained and were entertained a great deal. We were always well represented in school functions of every sort. Our Senior year found us very busy with the Class Play, Normal Play, Literary Society, Annal, Essays and Commencement.

We have worked hard and done our duty, and now have our reward. It is with a feeling of regret that we take our leave; and though after years may find us widely separated, we will ever look back with pleasure to the joyous days spent, and the true friendships formed at our dear old Annandale High.

WILLARD C. OLSON '16.



CLASS PROPHECY

"Prophecy goggles!" exclaimed my aunt in derision, "really, my dear you do talk of the most ridiculous things! But what is this new fangled invention of yours?"

"Laugh all you want to, but I have something here that is more wonderful than anything you ever saw. I just finished them this morning, and by looking through them, the future of the entire class of 1916 was revealed to me. I put them on and then—A beautiful scene passed before my eyes. It was a delightful little white cottage surrounded by beautiful trees and shrubbery. Exquisite birds swung on their branches. Climbing roses twined about the little pillars on the porch of the cottage. On this porch, two women sat knitting. A parrot was perched on the back of their chairs, cats were resting at their feet. The knitting, the parrots and the cats instantly made me think of Esther Marquardt, and Elvira Mann who, now I could see, were comfortably settled in their much talked of "Old Maid's Paradise."

Slowly the picture faded away, and a war hospital came into view. On the cots, wounded soldiers were tossing about in apparent agony. White clad nurses moved quickly about aiding the unfortunate ones. One of these looked very familiar and in a moment I recognized her. It was Martha Matson—a red cross nurse.

This picture faded away into that of a crowded New York theatre. The audience was sitting in rapt attention, all eyes focused upon a graceful figure—dancing. For a moment I puzzled over who in our class had become a classic dancer and then in a flash I recognized the dancer as Hazel Klatt.

At the moment of recognition another scene took its place. It was a barren region; for a great distance it was nothing but an expanse of waste land. In the foreground a camp was pitched around which, men were sitting. One I particularly noticed. He was squarely built with broad shoulders, and from the looks he was evidently "boss." It was no other than Edwin Haskell who was engineering a great reclamation project. Dimmer and dimmer became the scene.

Finally a multitude of chickens appeared. They looked fat and very well contented indeed. Among them walked a tall, slender woman, gazing fondly at her pets. She looked up and smiled. At that moment I saw that it was Esther Vogel finally engaged in her long hoped for chicken raising.

Another scene then appeared. It was a school in the Indian Reservation. The black-eyed children sat poring over their books. Every now and then they would look up at the teacher. She had light hair and I was sure I had seen her before. Of course, it was Elma Gunnary.

The next scene was an odd one. Airships were flying high in the air. How fast they were going! I could see it was a race. One biplane was speeding up.

Swifter and swifter it went until it was in the lead. Soon the race was done. The ships drifted down. The winner of the race took off the aviator's cap and whom should I see but Blanche Schneider, the champion woman aviator of the world. More surprised than I can express, the picture faded away, and one that was very different appeared before me.

Soldiers were drilling on a wide expanse of level ground. Halt! They saluted the flag. The commander in taking off his cap let a lock of hair fall over his forehead. No mistaking that. Who else was so troubled with such a lock of hair but Willard Olson?

The inside of an office building was next shown. A woman stepping from an elevator walked to a door on which was written, "Margaret Figge, attorney-at-law." Surely that was not "our" Margaret? As she went in the woman turned, and sure enough it was Margaret Figge who had become a very successful lawyer.

"Votes for Women!" "No taxation without representation!" loomed up before me on huge banners. Crowds of excited women were marching up the street. Finally they came to a halt. Before them on an improvised platform a tall woman was speaking. Evidently she was well liked for frequently great applause interrupted her speech. I knew her the moment I saw her; the suffragette speaker was Minnie Lano, President of the Woman's Suffrage Clubs of America.

Why was it? I wondered that all my classmates had achieved what they had planned for—had hoped for; while I—"Quite wonderful indeed. You may yet make a mark for yourself in this world of inventions," remarked my aunt whom I had almost forgotten.

LEAH RITCHIE, '16



"BROTHER JOSIAH"

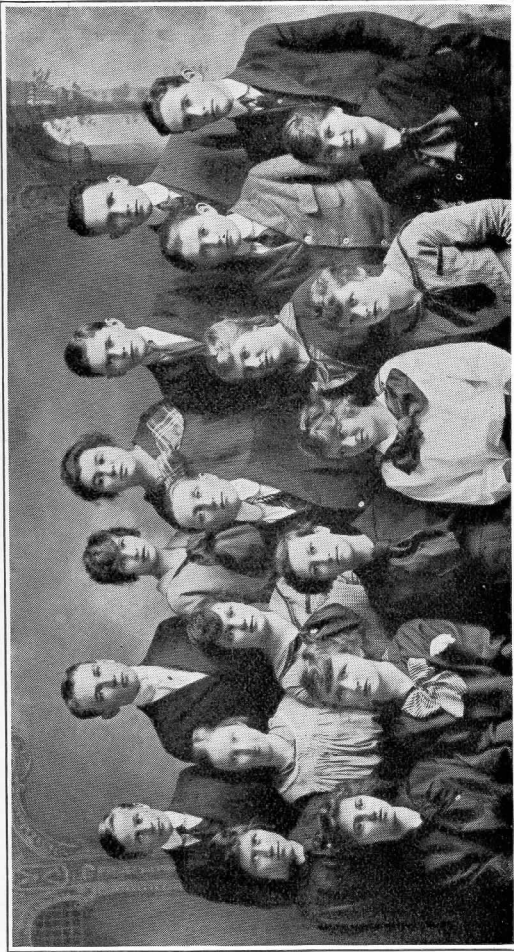


CLASS PLAY

Willard Armstrong,	a wealthy farmer.....	Willard Olson
Wellington Armstrong	a wealthy broker.....	Albert O'Loughlin
Benjamin Butler Armstrong,	Josiah's son.....	Victor Lewis
Le Blanc,	a wealthy broker.....	Leland Rackliffe
Harry Newcombe,	a rising young author.....	Horton Goodman
John Penstroke,	Wellington's confidential man.....	Earl Sawyer
Edna	the butler.....	Edwin Haskell
Miss Armstrong,	Wellington's wife.....	Leah Ritchie
Janney,	wife of Josiah.....	Minnie Lano
Harry Armstrong,	daughter of Wellington.....	Elvira Mann
Miss Le Blanc,	daughter of Le Blanc.....	Hazel Klatt
Miss Ella Evans.		March 31, 1916.



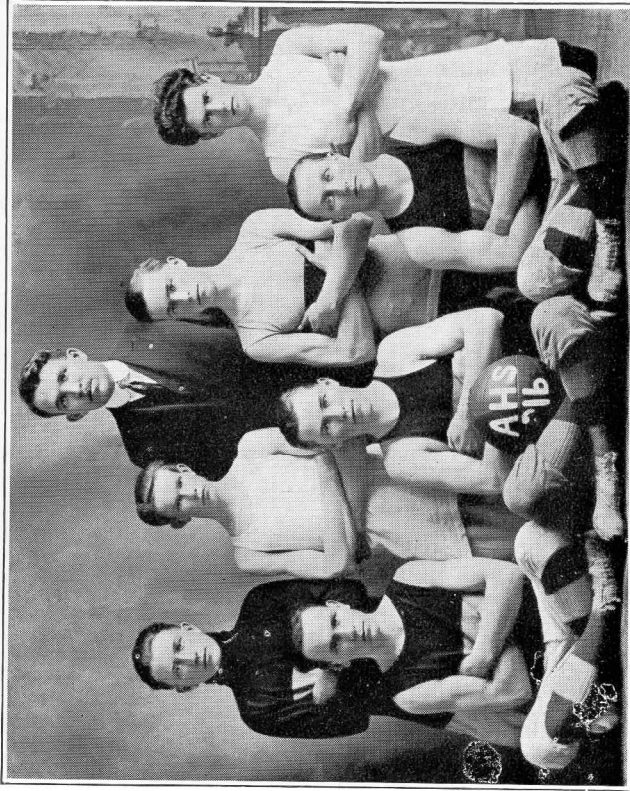
JUNIORS 1915-1916



SOPHOMORES
1915-1916



FRESHMEN
1915-1916



BOYS BASKET BALL
1915-1916



GIRLS BASKET BALL TEAM
1915-1916



HIGH SCHOOL BAND
1915-1916

“BACK TO THE FARM”



Charles Merill,	a farmer of the old school.....	Walter Hillman
Merton Merill,	his son.....	Edwin Haskell
Mrs. Merill,	the farmer's thrifty wife....	Esther Marquardt
Rose Meade,	the school ma'am.....	Velma Wells
Gus Anderson,	the hired man....	Robert Lee
Reuben Allen,	a neighbor.....	Gaylord Dynan
Mr. Ashley,	a lawyer.....	Willard Olson
Robert Powell,	a senior in law.....	Horton Goodman
Margerie Langdon,	a society debutante.....	Marguerite Andrews
Hulda,	the maid....	Freda Lorentz
Coaches: Miss Swedberg and Mr. McKinsey.		Feb. 5th, 1916.

THE NORMAL DEPARTMENT

The Normal Training Department was installed in the Annandale High School in 1914.

These departments, of which there are one hundred twenty in Minnesota, are established for a definite purpose, that of preparing students for teaching in rural schools. There is a demand for rural teachers who know something of the rural life and who have prepared and trained for the work in the rural schools—this demand is met by Normal Training Departments, and we have a very good one in the Annandale High School.