

HUMBOLDT LIFE

JUNE

1929

HUMBOLDT LIFE

JUNE 1921



LAS! Another milestone now is passed,
As on our quest we struggle day by day;
Hope springs within, and anxious hearts beat
fast

As smiling Progress beams upon our way.
We look beyond Today and dimly see
The paths o'er which we hope to travel far,
The glories and successes that will be
As brilliant as the heaven's brightest star.
Yet looking back upon the recent years
We live again those happy hours gone by;
We try to brush away the falling tears
As time for our departure now draws nigh.
To thee, dear Humboldt, much, indeed, we owe—
Our debt of gratitude could be no more;
Yet through the future years that come and go
Our lives will soon repay thee o'er and o'er.
In proud commemoration of thy name,
Thy faith and everlasting loyalty—
And, hoping that they will remain the same,
We dedicate this "Humboldt Life" to thee.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1929

Milton Schroeder, '29

CYCLES



AS we look up the word cycle in the dictionary we find the venerable Webster says, "A period of time occupied by one round or course of events recurring in the same order in a series."

All our lives we run in cycles, which are ever widening and broadening. Our birth is the beginning of the line, and our death completes the circle.

In our infant days we are weak and afraid; we cling to others for support. Then gradually come those days when we discover we have feet and what they are for; most of us use our own, but there are those who are unable to let go of their support, and lean on people all of their lives. How independent we feel when we can, at last, go exploring on our own. Our boldness grows until we begin school.

Then a new ring of our cycle begins. We must again gain confidence in ourselves. We are crushed and oppressed by our new life. Our duties weigh heavily upon us, and everything is changed. Then again our bewilderment is slowly replaced by calm and a sense of well-being.

A second time we are set back when we enter high school in our freshman year. New faces, new methods, and new traditions besiege us on every side. Our foundation of security is thrust aside by juniors and seniors. But, as before, we find our feet and self importance and ascend to the heights.

Those glorious happy, independent days! We are starting on the biggest and widest cycle of all. Everything is roseate, and the whole world seems to welcome us with open arms.

That is where we seniors are now standing—on the threshold of a wonderful, new happiness. We cannot possibly imagine that it may bring sorrow.

It is on this cycle that the stability of the whole circle rests. It may be firm, broad, clean-cut lines,—or wavey and fumbling. Again—it may be cut short with an incomplete circle. Who knows?

Old age! To some it is abhorrent, distasteful. But to those whose cycles are big and broad and clear, old age is a time of blessing and peace. They are near the end and can look back upon their cycles with thanksgiving.

But we are now Youth. Two of our cycles have been completed, and we are starting on the glorious third.

What shall this cycle be?

—Violet Tompkins '29

“HUMBOLDT LIFE”

Humboldt High School

Saint Paul, Minnesota

June, 1929

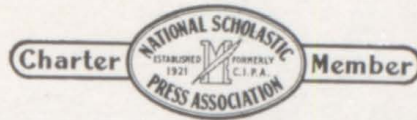


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Son of His Father



JERRY MANNERING belonged to nobody — well perhaps not quite that, but at least he had no father or mother. His mother had died when Jerry was just a happy, curly-headed youngster of four. Despite his age, he seemed to have a vivid picture of his mother, she who had brought Jerry the larger part of his happiness while she lived. His father—who was he? Jerry did recall a tall, dark man with kindly eyes—but that was all. To tell the truth his father, because of the deep sorrow his wife's death had caused, had lost interest in everything—even his son. He did, however, make arrangements for his son's future home before he disappeared; and Jerry's home at Mrs. Wickering's was the best to be desired.

Jerry was now a handsome youth of eighteen, the very picture of his father. He was to graduate in June from high school. He sat meditating thoughtfully on his future. He had always maintained a secret ambition to be in the movies. Why not realize this ambition? At the renewal of the idea, Jerry's plans proceeded rapidly. He promised himself he would be a second Ramon Navarro if he had to walk all the way to Hollywood from his home town, Waycliffe, Mass., to fulfill his vow. He related his intentions to "Mom" as he called Mrs. Wickering, that evening at dinner.

"Mom, I have the greatest news. I'm going to Hollywood, and I'm going to be in the movies."

At the look of profound amazement on Mrs. Wickering's face, he continued.

"Oh, yes, I suppose you're surprised, Mom, but I've set my mind on it, so don't refuse me;" and he ran around the table to give her a hasty hug.

"Well, Jerry, I'll think it over. It would be fun, wouldn't it?"

Her evident enthusiasm quieted him for the evening.

The next morning as Jerry walked to school his thoughts kept time with his rapid pace. At school he just could not force himself to study. He pictured himself the gallant rescuer of some

charming heroine or the lover in some thrilling love scene.

"Well, Jerry, I've asked you the same question three times thus far. Please do your dreaming at home."

Jerry was so absorbed in his thoughts that at first he imagined it was the director correcting him. When he finally woke to the fact that it was his teacher, his obvious embarrassment brought forth much laughter. But then—as he thought later—he'd show them. Wait until he was a noted actor.

It did not take very many minutes to get home that afternoon, and, upon his arrival, he immediately began afresh.



"Well, Mom, say the word, will you?"

Mrs. Wickering had given careful thought to the matter and had finally reached her decision.

"Well, Jerry, I think you may just as well go. It'll afford no end of excitement and pleasure."

Jerry showed rather than expressed his actions by whirling Mrs. Wickering gaily around the kitchen.

The day of graduation—commencement exercises—his diploma—he had completed his high school career. His deep regret at leaving school was not

stated owing to the fact that this long-awaited wish had entirely taken possession of him.

It was an excited Jerry in spite of his eighteen years that left Waycliffe, Massachusetts, that June evening.

Four days later, Jerry, very much bewildered, stepped off the train in Hollywood. Not acquainted with the city, he decided it was best to take a taxi. He hailed a taxi and gave the driver the name of some familiar hotel. He registered at the hotel and secured his room. He slept soundly and, early the next morning after a hearty breakfast, he began his "rounds."

He first visited the DeMille studio. He entered the large office. A freckled faced office boy, chewing gum noisily and reading a detective story magazine, was his first view. Jerry, henceforth, commenced in an elderly manner.

"Say, son, tell the director I'm here."

The boy sarcastically replied, "All right, grandpa, I know the boss is waiting."

With that he opened the door to the waiting-room, disclosing twenty more individuals already present to interview the director. About an hour later with two or three persons remaining, including Jerry, the director left for lunch. Jerry walked disconsolately out of the office with quite a bit of the wind taken out of his sails.

This continued for two or three days. At last Jerry was given a try-out in the Fox studio. He was to be the hero's double in a cowboy picture. Well, before that day was over, from fighting ten men at once to riding a broncho — Jerry, who had ridden no horse except a rocking-horse — Jerry had a hard day's labor.

The day arrived for final scenes. Directors of various studios were present. As Jerry miraculously rescued the heroine, one director remarked:

"Say, that boy is good. Why don't you give him a real part?"

The director of the Fox studio replied truthfully, "I don't need him."

"I'll take him, and he'll make good, too."

When Jerry learned the glad tidings, he was thoroughly elated. He was truly realizing his ambition. If he had someone to share his happiness. Why couldn't his dear mother have lived—

Or his dad, if he were living, know of his success?

The director of the Paramount studio proved to be a fine man. As time progressed, Jerry came to be a favorite of the movie-world. The director and Jerry were the best of friends, one might say "father and son."

The opening night of Jerry's latest and best picture, "Son of His Father," arrived. Directors from any number of studios witnessed Jerry's screen success. One, in particular, seemed deeply moved by the picture. After the performance this one hurried to Jerry's home in which Jerry lived so successful, yet so lonely a life. His knock at the door brought a jolly old negro servant to answer it. Talking was heard.

"Yes, but if I only had someone to be happy with me—my mother—my father."

"And, Jerry—Jerry, you have," the man in the doorway shouted.

Jerry turned to see a tall dark man, his hair slightly grey at his temples, but, those same kindly eyes.

"Dad!" Jerry hurried toward him and hugged him boyishly.

"Well, Jerry, I guess you need a little explanation. After your mother's death, I disappeared very much disgusted with life. I, too, went to Hollywood and by steps became a director. I read in the paper of a young man by the name of Mannering who was so famous as an actor. My curiosity increased; so I wrote Mrs. Wicking and she told me all the details. And," he ended, "I'm mighty proud to say that even though you've grown up without me as a companion, Jerry, you're the son of your father."

Florence King, '29.

May Magic

MAY will make the blossoms bloom,

And scent the air with sweet perfume;

May will start the honey-bees

Humming busily in the breeze.

May will make the wild flowers tell

Where the last white snow flakes fell.

Is there another such, I pray

Mystic-making month as May?

Dorothy Schroeder

A Hollywood Career



ROVER SMITH, much to his surprise and that of everyone else, was going to graduate. His small brother spoke of him as "the eighth wonder of the ages." All of Hillville would be present at the high school graduating exercises to see Grover actually receive a diploma.

"What are you going to do when you graduate?" everyone of Grover's friends asked him, and his unvarying answer was, "Well, after thinking it over, I guess I'll go to Hollywood and work in the movies."

Finally, Grover did graduate, and one morning, to the surprise of Hillville, Grover refused a job in a hardware store run by his uncle, and boarded a train for Hollywood.

All of a sudden, the Smith family became the most popular people in Hillville. There were always some women of the town sitting in the Smith parlor and asking for "dear Grover."

"Grover writes that work is slack in Hollywood, but that the directors knew a 'good guy' when they saw one. You'll see one of the pictures at the show here soon because he's got a job with Paramount Studios. I can't just make out whether he's a director or a hero from his letters, but, I guess, it don't matter none," Mrs. Smith usually answered.

Six months passed and Grover's letter became more and more flattering to himself. He wrote every week to his mother and his sweetheart, Muriel Washburn.

The letters contained glowing accounts of the studios, personal anecdotes of famous "stars" and, incidentally, of Grover with them, and Grover's opinion of everyone in Hollywood, including himself.

Everyone in Hillville that could read, read those letters; and it became a matter of pride to the people of Hillville to say to visitors, "Do you know that Grover Smith, one of our boys, is a director now for Paramount? We'll go to his mother's house to-night, and

you can read his last letter." So the fame of Grover Smith, director, spread throughout the country.

One day when the "Hillville Chronicle" printed an article about Grover Smith and what he had done for Hillville, no one was surprised. In fact, some prominent citizens telephoned the editor of the "Hillville Chronicle," and scolded him for not making the article "strong" enough.

A short time later the manager of the opera house announced that "White Pebbles" with an all star cast would be shown in two weeks, and it was Grover's picture, and he would be there in person.

The great night arrived. The opera house was crowded. There on the stage was Grover Smith who modestly received the plaudits of the crowd as became a conquering hero.

The mayor of Hillville made a long flowery speech and presented Grover with a platinum cigarette case from the town of Hillville.

Then the lights were darkened, and on the screen flashed the words: "White Pebbles" with an all star cast.

Below the enumeration of the cast was the sentence, *Make-up-Artist—Grover Smith.*

Evelyn Geisinger '30

Nature's Throwback

THEY talk no talk, nor laff no laff

This certain kind of creature
They know their place, 'tis well they know,

Those smallest things of nature.

A dog may bite a friendly hand
A horse may throw his master
But never did a certain kind
Obey a senior faster.

See them creep around the corners
This certain kind of creature.
They'd cower before a junior
Those smallest things of nature.

Dorothy Barry '31

Senior Statistics



WHY do Humboldt students like the color blue? In a questionnaire, recently filled out by the members of the senior class, it was revealed that more than one half of them prefer blue to any other color. Red and green are also favorites. Strange to say these colors were the most pleasing to the class of 1928, too.

The tallest boy in the senior class is Elmer Henning. He is six feet and one inch in height. Helen Bertsche, who is five feet and nine inches, is the tallest girl. Our smallest students are Roger Marks, who is sixty-one inches; and Dorothy Mushkatin, who is fifty-six and one-half inches. There are more girls who are sixty-four inches than any other height, and many boys are sixty-eight.

Sabatini and Zane Grey are the favorite authors of the boys. Gene Stratton Porter and Kathleen Norris are favored by the girls. The same authors received the most votes according to statistics tabulated from a questionnaire given to last year's graduating class.

In the matter of the favorite study the two classes agree. Most of the girls like English the best; and the boys like chemistry, history, and English.

Swimming is the girls' favorite sport, and basket-ball is the boys' favorite.

The girls enjoyed the movie "Ben Hur" and the boys enjoyed "Wings" more than any other movie.

Many of the students of the class of '29 were born in Saint Paul. Those who were born in Europe are Bernice Silverman, Mary Zuckert, Sara Waldman, Sally Hershstein, Paul Klein, and Maurice Breitman.

Sylvia Hirsch, Dorothy Mushkatin, and David Diamond were born in Canada.

The birthplaces of those born in states other than Minnesota are as follows: Wisconsin—Helen Liedtke, Florence King, Clyde King, and Violet Tompkins. New York—Nettie Rothstein, Sam Miller, and Wladzy Petrowski. Lucille Plummer and Esto Van De

Walker were born in Iowa. Nola Cheely was born in Tennessee; Beatrice Palmer, in South Dakota; Ruth Baumgart, in North Dakota; and Virginia Hurless, in Illinois. Texas was the birthplace of David Pribyl; Connecticut, of Harry Merman; Vermont, of Sam Chase; and Ohio, of Philip Juran.

The girls think Clyde King is the most popular and James Griffin the most courteous boy in the class. From the boys Lillian Johnson received the most votes for popularity and Evelyn Ingerod for courtesy.

The handsomest boy in the senior class is Bob Winchell; and, according to the boys, Dorothy Wigham is the prettiest girl.

The girls studied the hardest during the junior year, and the boys studied the most when they were seniors.

If the students had a choice of how to spend a vacation, most of them would travel. Some have not made up their minds as to where they would go, but many of the boys who want to travel wish to go out west; however, most of the girls would like to visit Europe. Staying at a lake and camping received the second highest number of votes.

In answer to the question "What is your ambition in life?" many of the boys merely said "to make good," but there are students who wish to be lawyers, aviators, engineers, druggists, mountain rangers, and numerous other things. Nearly every girl in the class who has decided on her vocation plans to be either a nurse, teacher, or private secretary.

Florence Sunness '29

A Good Philosophy

A SMILE, a cheer, a happy word
Will help a cheerless one
Upon the road to happiness
Before the day is done.

A hearty handshake, joyful face
A saddened soul will light,
Into some darkened corner
You will peer and make it bright.

Jeanette Freudenberg '30.



MRS. ANNA G. RYAN
Class Advisor

Anna Grant Ryan
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Honor Roll

Humboldt High School

Class of 1929

HELEN LIEDTKE - - *Valedictorian*

ESTO VAN DE WALKER - *Salutatorian*

Ruth Billing
Evelyn Schmidt
Pearl Berkus
Philip Juran
Maurice Breitman
Florence King
Norman Sommer
Glenna Gray
Eleanor Weiss
Lillian Johnson
Rhea Ehlers
Lorraine Hug
Bernice Smith
Frederick Smith
Fanny Bach
Ellen Ryan
Milton Schroeder
Fern Wegofsky
Sam Chase
Dorothy Mushkatin
Roger Marks
Willard Kellgren
Irving Nerenberg

RACHEL ABRAMOWSKY - - - - "Rae"

Home Economics Club; Library Club; S. O. S. Club.

*"Quiet and reserved is she
But studious as she can be."*

ROBERT ALBRECHT - - - - "Bob"

"The Belle of Havana," '29; Athletic Vodvil, '26; Senior Style Show, '28; Latin Club; Basketball, '28, '29; President Junior Class; Athletic Council; "The Patsy," Social Club; Senior Circus Committee.

"I am the acme of things accomplished."

FANNY BACH - - - - "Freddy"

Home Economics Club; S. O. S.; Library; Usher at "Wishing Well"; "Belle of Havana"; Honor Roll.

"Ripe in wisdom was she, but patient and simple."

RUTH BAUMGART - - - - "Rufus"

Social Club; German Club; Dramatic Club; Home Room Agent '29.

*"Always lightening burdens along life's dreary path,
By her loving kindness and her merry laugh."*

LOUISE MARGARET BERFELZ.

Latin Club; French Club.

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

HILARION BERGMAN - - - - "Bunny"

Latin Club; "Pickles;" Social Club '28; Dramatic Club '29.

"Quality not quantity."

MOLLY BERKOVITZ - - - - "Mull"

S. O. S. Club; G. A. A.; Library Club.

*"Here's to the girl with a heart and a smile
Who makes this bubble of life worth while."*

PEARL BERKUS.

History Club; French Club; Latin Club; Home Economics Club; S. O. S. Club; Honor Roll.
"As rare and charming as the jewel of her name."





HELEN BERTSCHE.

Treasurer Home Economics Club; Sec. Girl Reserves; Senior Circus '29; Assemblies; Dramatic Club; P. T. A. Night.
"I thought the life of every lady should be one continual play day."

RUTH D. BILLING - - - - - "Rufus"

Secretary of Sophomore class; Treasurer of Junior Class; Secretary-treasurer of Latin Club, '27, '28; Secretary of History Club; Reporter Girl Pioneers G. A. A.; Staff '27, '28; Social Club; "The Belle of Havana;" Honor Roll.
*"Studious but full of fun,
 She has a smile for everyone."*

WILBUR BORTZ.

Football '25, '26, '28; Baseball '26, '27, '28; Civic League; Dramatic Club; Stage Force '26; Electrical Force '29; Sophomore Follies.
"And what he dares to dream of dares to do."

HOWARD BOYLE.

Swimming team, '26, '27, '28; "Belle of Havana;" "Wishing Well;" "The Whole Truth."
"Dark and bold and stern is he."

WILFRED CANNIFF - - - - - "Bill"

Stage Force '27, '28, '29; Basketball '29; Athletic Council.
"He was the mildest mannered man."

BERNICE CARON.

Home Economics Club; S. O. S. Club; Orchestra; Student Council.
*"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace."*

SAM A. CHASE - - - - - "Mully"

Dramatic Club; President Chess Club; Latin Club; Basketball, '28; "Poor Izzy;" Honor Roll.
"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

NOLA E. CHEELY.

"Pickles," '26; French Club secretary; Nezod; Athletic Vodvil, '27; Vice President Junior Class; Senior Circus, '29; Student Council, '29; Athletic Council '29; Social Club; P. T. A. Night.
*"Her very frowns are fairer far
 Than smiles of other maidens are."*

ABE COHEN - - - - - "Shteck"
Orchestra; "Pickles;" "Wishing Well;" Style
Review '28.
"Good talkers are only found in Paris."

MELVA COMSTOCK - - - - - "Melv"
Girl Reserves; G. A. A.; Home Economics;
S. O. S. Club; "Belle of Havana;" Assemblies;
Senior Circus.
*"I hasten to laugh at everything for fear of
being obliged to weep."*

DAVID DIAMOND - - - - - "Dave"
German Club; Class Basketball; Swimming '28,
'29; Dramatic Club.
*"In doing what we ought, we deserve no
praise; it is our duty."*

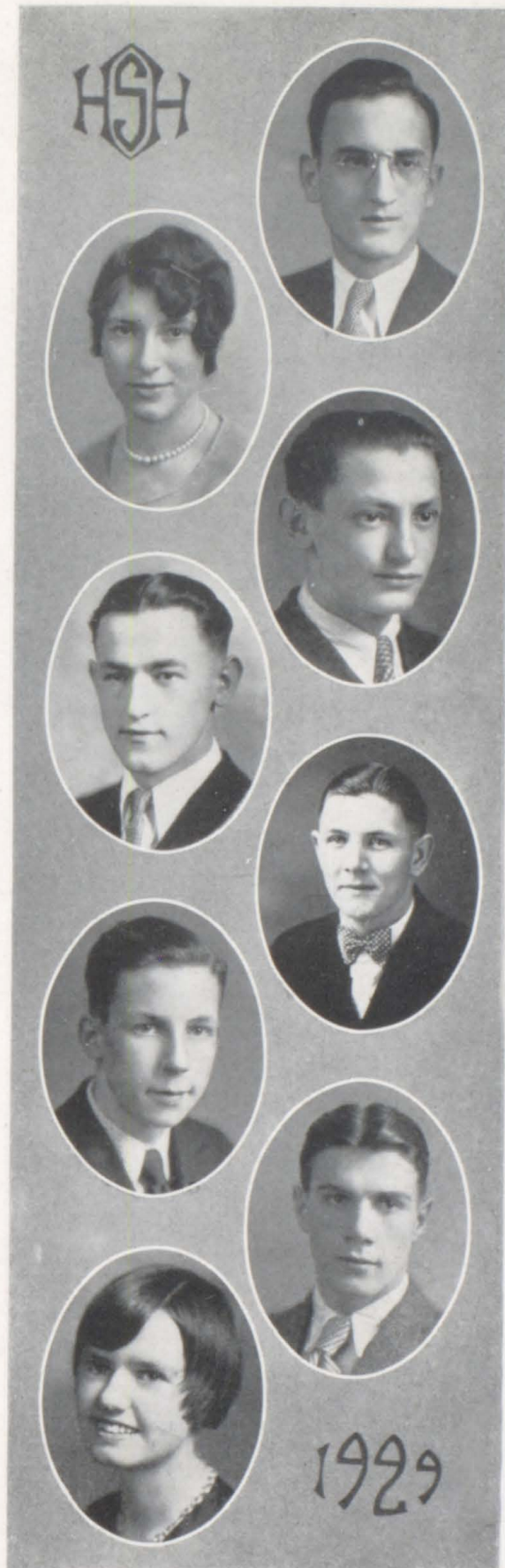
JACK DIAMOND - - - - - "Card"
"Pickles;" "Belle of Havana;" Stamp Club;
History Club; Civic League.
"Laugh when I laugh; I seek no other fame."

HAROLD EARNEY.
Football '27, '28; Basketball '29; Assemblies;
"Belle of Havana;" Student Council '29; Class
Baseball '29.
"My life is like a stroll on the beach—smooth."

SOUTHWELL C. EDGELL - - - - - "Southy"
Sophomore Follies '26; Senior Vodvil '26; "Gypsy
Rover"; Assemblies; Civic League; Student
Council; Hockey '27, '28; Rolly-Hollerz.
"He'll find a way or make one."

ROBERT EDWARDS - - - - - "Stubby"
Basketball Captain '29; Baseball; Football;
Tennis; Athletic Council; Civic League; "Wish-
ing Well;" "Belle of Havana."
*"One may smile and smile and be a villain
still."*

RHEA EHLERS - - - - - "Sarah"
Secretary Senior Class '28; Staff '27, '28; Latin
Club; Debate Club; Dramatic Club; P. T. A.
Night; G. A. A. '27; "Nevertheless;" Girl Re-
serves '27; Costume Revue '28; Senior Day
Program; Honor Roll.
"Independence now and forever—Amen."





JOSEPH GILLESPIE - - - - - "Slim"

Civic League '26, '27, '28, '29.
*"Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes
 with books."*

MARGARET GOIN - - - - - "Pug"

French Club; Latin Club; Nezod Club; Social
 Club; Girl Reserves '28.
*"Why should life all labor be,
 When there is fun for you and me!"*

DE VERDA GOIN - - - - - "Werda"

"Wishing Well;" "Belle of Havana;" Secretary
 German Club; Social Club.
"Few sorrows has she of her own."

ROSE T. GOLDBERG - - - - - "Rosy"

German Club; Dramatic Club; History Club;
 S. O. S. Club; J. S. Committee; "Belle of Hav-
 ana;" "Jolly Workers."
*"But O, she dances such a way!
 No Sun upon an Easter Day
 Is half so fine a sight."*

GLADYS ANN GRAY.

Basketball '26, '27; G. A. A.; Home Eco-
 nomics Club '26.
*"Smooth runs the water where the brook is
 deep."*

GLENNA LEE GRAY.

"Life" Staff; Secretary Senior Class; Latin
 Club; S. O. S. Club; Basketball; Honor Roll.
"Friend more divine than all divinities."

JAMES GRIFFIN.

Entered from Cretin '27; President of Stu-
 dent Council '28, '29; Rolly-Hollerz; Vice
 President Senior Class '29; Basketball '28;
 Baseball '28; Football '28; Assemblies; "Ad-
 mirable Crichton;" Senior Style Show '28;
 "Belle of Havana;" Senior Circus.
*"I like this place and willingly could waste
 my time in it."*

CHARLOTTE HANSEN - - - - - "Charl"

G. A. A.; French Club; Home Economics
 Club; Girl Reserves; Dramatics; S. O. S. Club;
 Assemblies.
"A friendly heart has plenty of friends."

EUNICE HECKEL.

"Belle of Havana;" Social Club; Usher.
"All tongues speak well of her."

ELMER HENNING - - - - "Little one"

Assemblies; Senior Circus; "The Patsy;"
 "Life" Staff; Rolly Hollerz; Social Club; Or-
 chestra '27, '28; Civic League; Latin Club.
"I wish I knew the good of wishing."

ELEANOR HENSLIN - - - - "El"

Usher; Girl Reserves; Student Council; Social
 Club; Civic League.
"Some credit in being jolly."

SALLY B. HERSHSTEIN - - - - "Soochie"

Library Club; Dramatic Club; Home Econ-
 omics Club.
*"Red hair does not always bespeak a fiery
 temper."*

SYLVIA CECILLE HIRSCH - - - - "Slivers"

German Club; Vice President of History Club;
 Dramatic Club; Library Club; "Wishing Well;"
 "Belle of Havana;" Staff '28; "Admirable
 Crichton."
"A light heart that knows no care."

JACK HOFFMAN - - - - - "Jack"

"Belle of Havana;" Chess Club; Latin Club.
"I am not in the role of common men."

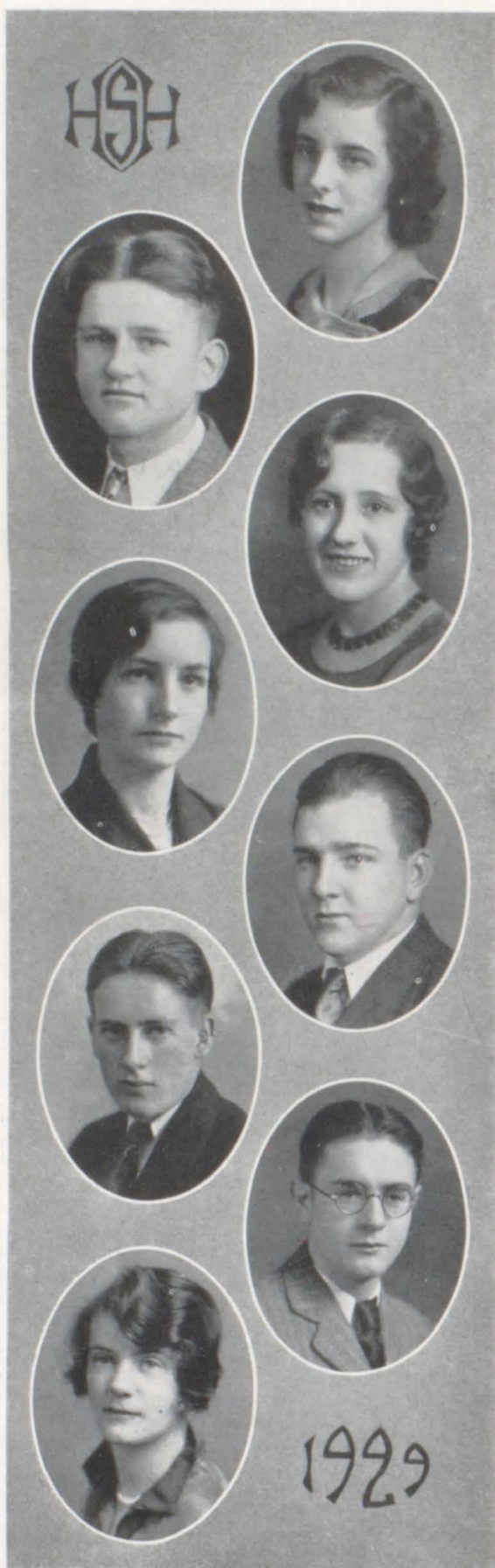
LORAIN HUG.

S. O. S.; Honor Roll.
"A good nature always has its charm."

VIRGINIA HURLESS - - - - "Virg"

Social Club; "Wishing Well."
*"When night hath set her silver lamp on high,
 Then is the time for study."*





EVELYN INGEROD - - - - - "Ev"
 Life Staff '28, '29; Civic League; S. O. S. Club; Committees; Home Room Agent; P. T. A. Night; Social Club.
*"She can laugh with the jolliest
 And outwork the best."*

WILLIAM JANECEK - - - - - "Bill"
 Latin Club; Civic League.
*"A good fellow who gets his lessons as often
 as the rest of us."*

LILLIAN L. JOHNSON - - - - - "Ging"
 Athletic Association; Latin Club Vice President '27, '28; French Club Vice President '28, '29; Girl Reserves; Home Economics Club; Athletic Vodvil; Student Council; Social Club President '28, '29; Nezod Club; "Life" Staff; P. T. A. Night; Senior Circus Committee; Honor Roll.
"I was born to giggle, and giggle I must."

MILDRED KACHEL.
 Latin Club; Girl Reserves; Chess Club.
"Not stepping o'er the bonds of modesty."

ART KARNSTEDT - - - - - "Pops"
 Football; Electrician; "Belle of Havana;" Rolly Hollerz.
*"The world is one grand sweet song—please
 start the music."*

WILLARD KELLGREN - - - - - "Kelly"
 "Rolly Hollerz;" "Wishing Well;" "Pickles;" "Belle of Havana;" Latin Club; "Life" Staff; Treasurer Social Club; Senior Circus; Honor Roll.
*"Always jolly, never blue,
 "He'll be a faithful friend to you."*

CLYDE KING.
 Baseball '26, '27, '28; Hockey '27, Capt. '28; Football '28; President Senior Class '29; President H. A. A. C.; Rolly Hollerz; Athletic Council; Civic League; "Belle of Havana;" Assemblies; Home Room Agent; Senior Circus Committee; "Life" Staff '28.
*"I have a spirit as free as air,
 And a merry heart that laughs at care."*

FLORENCE KING - - - - - "Flo"
 "Humboldt Life" Staff; Editor '28; Latin Club; Assemblies; Honor Roll.
*"Somewhat shy and full of fun,
 Always kind to everyone."*

PAUL KLEIN - - - - - "Peeny"

Dramatic Club.

"Cheer up. The worst is yet to come."

FRED KLEYMAN - - - - - "Fritz"

Latin Club; Chess Club.

"He that has patience may conquer anything."

MAURICE KLEYMAN - - - - - "Morrie"

Chess Club; Dramatic Club; Latin Club; Class basketball '27.

"Hang sorrow. Care will kill a cat."

MILDRED KODELKA.

"Pickles;" "Wishing Well;" Latin Club; French Club; Nezod Club; Social Club; Dramatic Club; Athletic Council; Senior Circus Committee; J. S. Committee.

"Happy-go-lucky, without a care."

NATHAN LEVENSOHN - - - - - "Nate"

Football '26, '27, '28; President Chess Club; Assemblies.

"A hearty voice, a cheery smile."

HELEN LIEDTKE.

German Club; S. O. S. Club; Honor Roll.

*"She was quiet and good,
And high in her marks she stood."*

MARION LUNDBERG.

President S. O. S. Club.

"A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation."

PAUL McDONALD.

Orchestra '27, '28, '29.. "The Wishing Well;" Dramatic Club; "The Patsy."

"Music is the universal language of mankind."





JOSEPH MALONEY - - - - - "Joe"
 Stage Force '28, '29.
"Good in a fight but better at play."

DOROTHY MARBLE - - - - - "Dot"
 G. A. A.; Home Economics Club; S. O. S.;
 Civic League; Committees.
"My hours my own, my pleasure unrestrained."

ROGER MARKS - - - - - "Rog"
"Pickles;" Orchestra; Latin Club; Treasurer
 Sophomore Class; Student Council; Life Staff;
 Athletic Vodvil; Senior Circus; Honor Roll.
*"Look, he is winding up the watch of his wit;
 by and by it will strike."*

HARRY RAYMOND MERMAN.
 Football '28; Basketball '29; "Belle of Havana;"
 "Trial by Jury;" "Ruddigore;" "Pirates of
 Penzance."
"A mind at peace with all below."

SAM MILLER.
 Chess Club; History Club.
*"An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
 Broadcloth without and a warm heart within."*

LYDIA MIRWALD.
 Social Club; S. O. S. Club; Committees.
"In her tongue there was a kindness."

DON MORTINSON.
 Football; Basketball; Baseball; Swimming.
"And the cold, marble athlete leapt to life."

ABIGAIL MURPHY - - - - - "Abbie"
 Social Club; Dramatic Club.
*"Exhausting thought and having wisdom with
 each studious year."*

DOROTHY MUSHKATIN - - - - "Dorrie"

Home Economics Club; Latin Club; French Club; Girl Reserves; Secretary Library Club; Usher, "Belle of Havana;" Honor Roll.

*"A little girl so shy and small
You'd hardly know she's here at all."*

JOE NOVOTNY - - - - "Breezy"

Orchestra; Swimming.

*"So much his courage and his mercy strive;
He wounds to cure and conquers to forgive."*

HAROLD G. OHMAN - - - - "Pee wee"

Life Staff; Civic League; Senior Circus; Baseball; Dramatic Club; Football '28; Hockey '28.

*"The world is no better if we worry,
Life's no longer if we hurry."*

ALICE OLSON.

"The Whole Truth;" Dramatic Club.

*"Good company in a journey makes the way
seem shorter."*

STANLEY OTTINGER - - - - "Stan"

Junior Athletic Vodvil '27; Class Baseball '29; Senior Circus '29; Civic League.

*"The desire for leisure is much more natural
than business and care."*

BEATRICE PALMER.

Usher, "Wishing Well."

"Gentle of speech; beneficent of mind."

FLORA FRANCES PAUL - - - - "Flips"

S. O. S. Club treasurer, '28; Dramatic Club; Library Club.

*"For I perceive in youth so excellent a touch
of modesty."*

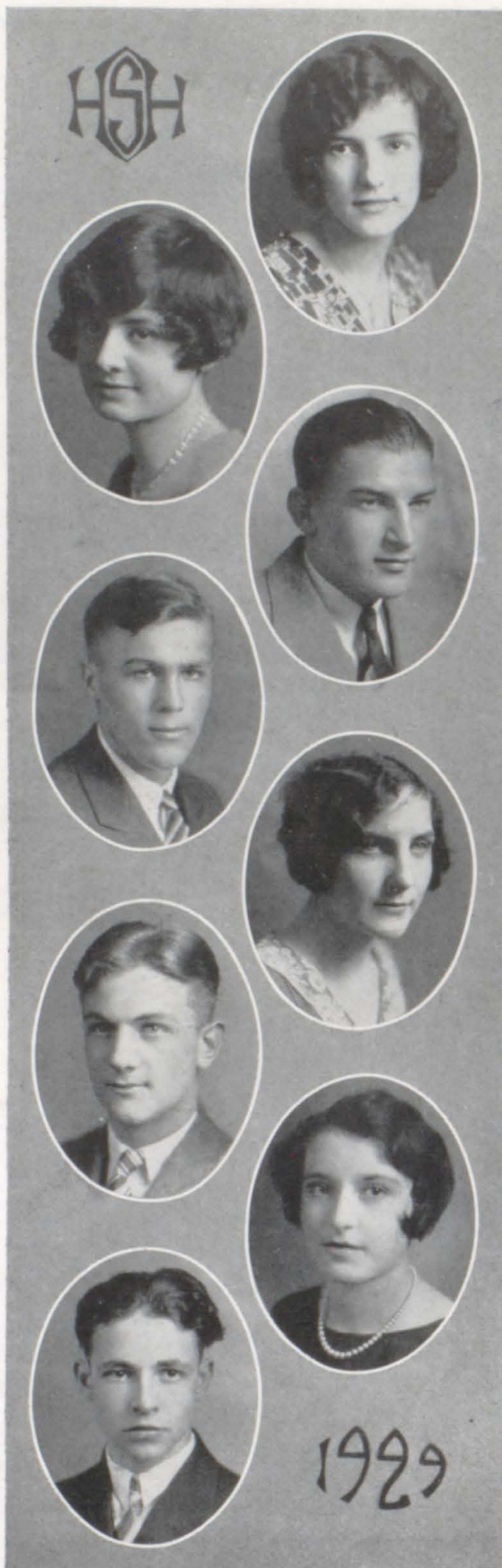
VIOLET E. PERRON - - - - "Vi"

Social Club; Vice President S. O. S. Club '28.

"In her quietness there is charm."



1929



MAYBELLE M. PETERS - - - "Pete"
S. O. S. Club; Dramatic Club; Civic League.
*"Brown haired girl, sweetly smiling,
She has a charm that is beguiling."*

GRACE PETERSON - - - - - "Pete"
Entered from St. Joseph's Academy '27; Latin
Club; Girl Reserves; Social Club; "Life"
Agent; Orchestra; Style Review.
*"Her charms strike the sight,
And her merits hold the soul."*

WLADZY PETROWSKI - - - - - "Pete"
Football '28; Golf '28, '29; Athletic Council;
Civic League; Athletic Manager Hockey '28,
'29; Class Basketball; "Life" Staff.
*"Trifles do not trouble me,
So from trouble I am free."*

EDWARD PETRY - - - - - "Pete"
German Club.
"But still his tongue ran on."

LUCILLE PLUMMER - - - - - "Lou"
Dramatic Club; S. O. S. Club; Home Economics
Club.
"Studios of ease and fond of humble things."

DAVID PRIBYL - - - - - "Dave"
Latin Club; History Club; Staff '27; Orches-
tra '27; Hockey; Social Club; Civic League.
"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

TILLIE REIN - - - - - "Til"
Library Club; S. O. S.; Home Economic Club.
*"Friends I have made, when envy must com-
mend. But not one foe whom I would wish
a friend."*

ALEX REISWIG.
Debate Club; Civic League.
*"He adorned whatever subject he either spoke
or wrote upon with the most splendid elo-
quence."*

IDA SHIRLEY ROSENBLATT.

Latin Club; History Club; Debate Club; Debate Team '28; Girl Reserves; Dramatic Club; Committees; "The Patsy;" Social Club.

*"She's little but she's wise,
She's a terror for her size."*

ADELLE JAY ROSENBLUM - - - "Ziz"

Assemblies; "Belle of Havana;" History Club; Latin Club; Girl Reserves; Dramatic Club; Social Club. Entered from Central, September, 1928.

*"From under her nimble fingers,
Come wondrous melodies."*

ANN ROSENBLUM - - - - "Connie"

S. O. S. Club; Library Club; Home Economics Club.

"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."

JACOB ROTHSTEIN - - - - "Jax"

"Gypsy Rover;" Football '28; Basketball '28.
"Man is man and master of his own fate."

NETTIE S. ROTHSTEIN - - - - "Maddie"

Latin Club; History Club; Library Club; Girl Reserves; Assemblies; Dramatic Club; Social Club; Usher, "Belle of Havana."

"She has a smile for all, a kindly word for each."

SAM G. RUBENSTEIN - - - - "Ruby"

Swimming '27, '28; Latin Club; German Club; Stamp Club.

"He is always in haste but never in a hurry."

LEONARD R. RUDIE.

"See me, how calm I am."

ELLEN M. RYAN.

S. O. S. Club; Senior Treasurer; Home Room Agent; Honor Roll.

"Blithe as she is bonny."





NORMAN A. SCHERBERTH - - - "Red"
Class Basketball '28; Civic League; Golf Team '29.
"A man of marks."

EVELYN SCHMIDT - - - - - "Eve"
Secretary S. O. S. Club; Student Council; Honor Roll.
"Knowledge is power."

MILTON R. SCHROEDER - - - - - "Mil"
Entered from Beaumont High School, St. Louis, Mo. '27; "Admirable Crichton;" Student Council; Dramatic Club; Latin Club; President Senior Class; "Belle of Havana;" "Lima Beans;" Life Staff; Honor Roll.
"Such powers of concentration."

ARTHUR SCHULTZ - - - - - "Rocky"
Hockey '28; Golf '28; Tennis; Class Basketball; Latin Club; German Club; Stage Force.
"A light heart lives long."

JOHN J. SHOMION - - - - - "Cully"
Swimming team '25, '26, '27; Latin Club; Assemblies; Football; Class Basketball; Chess Club; Home Room Agent; Civic League.
*"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."*

BERNICE SILVERMAN - - - - - "Bernie"
Home Economics Club; Dramatic Club.
*"A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend is life too short."*

ARNOLD SILVERSTEIN - - - - - "Arnie"
Chess Club; Stamp Club; Sophomore Follies; Orchestra; German Club; Civic League; Senior Vodvil; Harmonica Band; Electrical Force.
"It is the glory of a man to pass by an offense."

HELEN R. SIMONS.
Girl Reserves; Dramatic Club; Latin Club; "Pickles;" "Wishing Well;" "Belle of Havana;" Social Club; Senior Circus; Assemblies; Committees.
"Studious and frivolous by turns."

JACK SIMOS.

President German Club; Debate Club; Student Council; "Admirable Crichton;" "Belle of Havana;" Assemblies.

"The wisdom of many and the wit of one."

BERNICE SMITH "Be"

Vice President Girl Reserves; Assemblies; Honor Roll.

"Calmness and smiles combined make fine qualities."

FREDERICK J. SMITH "Fritz"

Rolly Hollerz; Dramatic Club; Secretary Student Council '28; Swimming '27, '28; Vice-President Sophomore Class; Honor Roll.

*"Sober, but not serious
Quiet, but not idle."*

HARRIET SMITH "H"

"Gypsy Rover;" Girl Reserves; "Pickles;" "Wishing Well;" Sophomore Follies; Latin Club; Senior Style Review; History Club; Social Club; "Belle of Havana;" Assemblies.

"Her voice the music of the spheres."

VIRGINIA SMITH "Ginna"

Girls' Glee Club; "The Wishing Well;" Secretary of Junior Class; Assemblies.

"Wit is one of the outstanding qualities of a charming personality."

NORMAN WM. SOMMER "Monk"

"Life" Agent; Latin Club; Class Basketball '28; Honor Roll.

*"I have hitched my wagon to a star,
Even though the way be far."*

CHRISTINE SORENSON "Christie"

T. N. T. Club; Life Staff; Assemblies; H. A. A. C.

"Let the worst come to the worst."

PEARL STEENBERG "Pal"

Girl Reserves; Dramatic Club; Civic League; Home Economics Club; Life Staff; Assemblies.

*"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."*





FOREST L. STRATHERN - - - "Shorty"
H Club; Baseball; Hockey; Football; Assemblies.
"What should a man do but be merry?"

JOHN HOWE STUCK.
"Pickles;" "Wishing Well;" "Belle of Havana;" Rolly-Hollerz; Athletic Vodvil; "Life" Staff '27, '28; Senior Assembly.
*"His jokes excelled the rest,
And oft he sang."*

FLORENCE V. SUNNESS.
Student Council; Life Staff '27, '28; Latin Club; History Club; Usher "Admirable Crichton;" "Belle of Havana."
*"She is as kind as she is fair;
For beauty lives with kindness."*

WALLACE A. SUTHERLAND - - - "Gunzel"
Rolly Hollerz; Orchestra; Hockey Manager; "The Patsy;" Home Room Agent; Senior Style Show '28; Musical Assemblies.
*"The desire of leisure is much more natural
than of business and care."*

VIOLET BETTY TOMPKINS - - - "V"
"Wishing Well;" "Pickles;" Athletic Vodvil; Senior Style Show '28; President Nezod Club '28, '29; Life Staff; Social Club; Dramatic Club; Senior Circus Committee; Athletic Council; P. T. A. Nite; Costume Review '29.
*"Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day."*

DOROTHY TRUHLAR - - - - "Dot"
*"Intelligence is not her only virtue,
She doeth all things well."*

WYLIE VAN - - - - - "Smoky"
Football '26, '27; Swimming '26; '27; Golf '27, '28 Captain Golf '29; Hockey '27, '28, '29; Civic League; Harmonica Club; Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Stage Force; Class Basketball.
"If you are content, you have enough to live comfortably."

ESTO LAURA VAN DE WALKER - "Dude"
"Pickles;" French Club; Home Economics Club '27; "Life" Staff '28; Dramatic Club; Student Council; "The Patsy;" Assemblies; Honor Roll.
"Exceedingly wise, fair spoken, and persuading."

NED VAN WAMBEKE - - - - "Neddie"

Dramatic Club; Orchestra; Civic League.
*"He speaks only when it may benefit himself
 and others."*

DOROTHY WACKERFUS - - - - "Dort"

Home Economics Club; Sophomore Assembly;
 Girl Reserves; Social Club; German Club.
*"Another girl with curly hair,
 Going through school with never a care."*

SARA E. WALDMAN - - - - "Such"

Dramatic Club; History Club; Latin Club;
 French Club; Home Economics Club; Library
 Club.
*"For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose natures never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snow hid in January."*

FERN WEGOFISKY - - - - "Fernie"

S. O. S. Club; Usher "Belle of Havana;"
 Home Economics Club; Library Club; Honor
 Roll.
*"Genteel in personage,
 Conduct and equipage;
 Noble of heritage,
 Generous and free."*

GOLDIE ADRIAN WEISBURD - "Gerry"

Dramatic Club; Assemblies.
"She is the very pink of courtesy."

ELEANOR WEISS.

Home Room Agent '27; S. O. S. Club; Honor
 Roll.
"Always a smile for everyone."

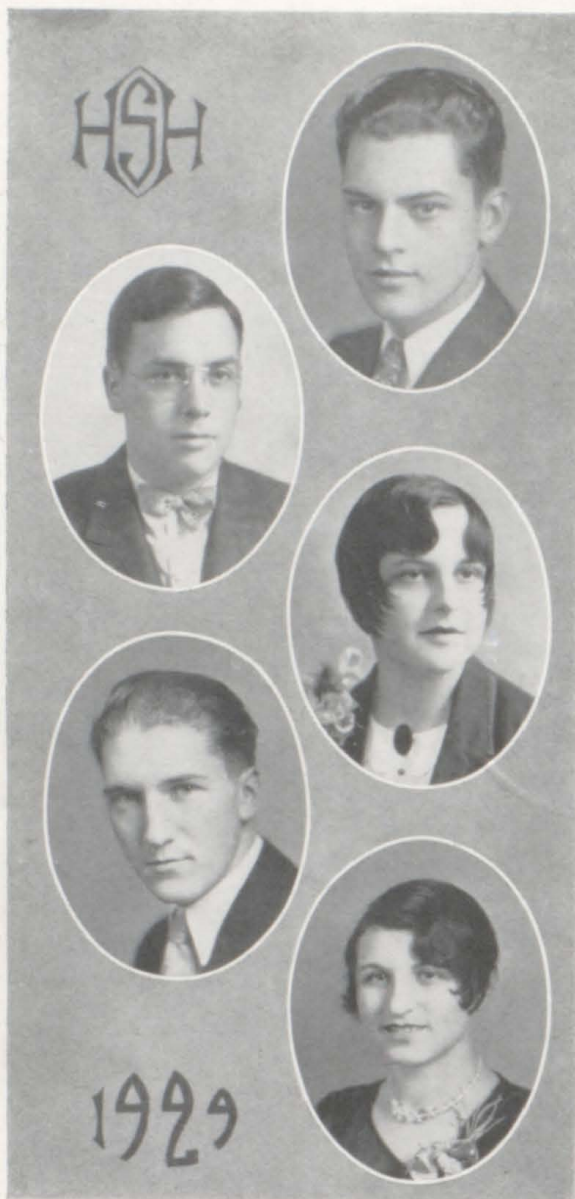
DOROTHY JOAN WIGHAM - - - - "Fuzzy"

President Sophomore Class; "Pickles;" "Wish-
 ing Well;" "Belle of Havana;" Nezdod Club;
 President Latin Club '29; Girl Reserves; "Nev-
 ertheless;" "Life" Staff; Costume Review '29;
 Committees.
*"The grip of youth and health her eyes dis-
 play'd,
 And ease of heart her every look convey'd."*

JAMES WILLIS - - - - - "Bolliver"

Stage Force '28, '29; Golf Cap't '28; Football
 28; Hockey '27, '28; Civic League; Assemblies.
*"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth
 speaketh."*





MAURICE BREITMAN - - - - "Micky"
German Club; Chess Club; Swimming '29; Dramatic Club; Honor Roll.
*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."*

ERVIN NERENBERG - - - - "Rushie"
Latin Club; Chess Club; Civic League; Assemblies; Honor Roll.
"He never yet no vileinye ne sayde."

PHILIP B. JURAN - - - - "Phil"
Honor Roll.
*"Sober, but not serious,
Quiet, but not idle."*

WALLACE KOLBERG - - - - "Wally"
Orchestra.
"I never trouble trouble 'til trouble troubles me."

ROBERT WINCHELL - - - - "Bob"
Sophomore Follies; "Gypsy Rover;" "Pickles;" "Wishing Well;" "Belle of Havana;" Rolly-Hollerz; Athletic Vodvil, Assemblies; Civic League; Senior Style Revue; Senior Circus.
"All great men are dead, and I'm not feeling well myself."

MARCUS WOODRUFF - - - - "Bud"
Baseball; Civic League '27; Football '29; Basketball '27.
"Blest with plain reason and sober sense."

MARY ZUCKERT - - - - "Micky"
Library Club; S. O. S. Club; Home Economics Club; Usher "Admirable Crichton."
*"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."*

LEO HAUCK
Swimming; Rolly Hollerz; Student Council; Orchestra; Operetta; Assemblies; Stage Force.
*"It is no broken reed you lean on when
you trust to his might."*

DORA LECHTMAN - - - - "Dee"
S. O. S. Club; Dramatic Club; Library Club.
"'Tis well to be merry and wise."

RAYMOND E. CARLTON - - - - "Ike"
"I prefer silent prudence to loquacious folly."

WILLIAM MAGID - - - - "Bill"
Latin Club; Debate Club; "Romantic Age;" "Admirable Crichton;" "Gypsy Rover;" Assemblies.
"Great are the things that come in small packages."

HUGO TRAPP - - - - "Bud"
Baseball '27, '28; Class Basketball.
"A studious boy with quiet ways."

LAWRENCE T. WALKER.
Civic League; "Life" Staff '26; Class Basketball '26, '27.
"Pleasure is ever in my hands or eyes."

HARVEY W. WEST - - - - "Presk"
Orchestra; "Merton of the Movies;" Sophomore Follies; German Club; "Life" Staff.
"Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself."

Idyll



THE Dalles of the St. Croix! The Switzerland of America, where Nature decided to store the wonders of her work in just one place. So perfect and beautiful is the whole country that frequently, on a warm evening, while sitting in the dusk by the lake, I have pinched myself—questioning the reality of it all.

Here I lived for two years. Two years of the happiest life that I have ever experienced. Linked directly with the life giving soil, I wondered and thought dreamingly of the perfect place that they call heaven. Even now I can remember and reconstruct vividly every little detail of the farm. I can see the small lot around the house, surrounded by a stately row of elms, and smell the orchard and the garden where the berries and apples grew.

I had a dog, a little roly-poly pup that used to run around after me day after day. I was in the habit of taking long solitary walks in the woods, hunting for flowers, cocoons, and establishing, unconsciously, a tender bond, between Nature and myself. One day I had walked exceptionally far, and after trying a few casts in the lake, I turned towards home. As I entered the woods I heard a pitiful little whine and yelp. I hunted about until I found the source of the disturbance. I saw a fuzzy little tail and hind legs waving in the air, while the forequarters and the head were buried in the badger hole. It was Ossie, my dog. He was only a pup and his practice in walking was indifferent at the most. How he had managed to follow me this far I could never understand. After a grimace or two he joined me in laughter, and I put him in my pocket and talked to him as we traveled toward home.

Have you ever been so used to being alone and happy that every tree, stone, and hill takes on a personality? I remember perfectly the little birch that I used to tie my fish stringer to. I know that it used to wait for me every day. I know it used to compliment me on my catch, or smile and say, "Better luck

next time." That little birch on the edge of the lake is a person to me; even now when I can go up to the lake for a visit, it smiles at me and says, "Glad to see you! But you should come often-er." Then in answer to my query it says

"It is best fishing up at the north end, under the Old Oak and a little to the right of the Sentinel Pine."

You can't imagine the number of my friends in the woods. There was an old Bald Eagle up in Prospect Point. He had a nest there and used to tell the Seven Hawks where to get off at. I admired the old fellow and if I was lucky and had a lot of fish, I used to leave a sunfish up on the Flat Rock. He used to look on the Flat Rock every day. I know, for I used to watch him. He knew who left the fish there, too, and we were good friends.

If ever a man loved a thing, I loved the lake. It was the kind of a lake that a fellow dreams will be in heaven but never really expects to find on earth. That lake used to speak to me. It used to whisper mischievously about the time that it had upset the boat of some unprincipled fellows that were seining fish. It laughed when it told of how they had to swim to shore, and how they never found the net again. In the evening, when I used to dream on its bank and look out over its mirror-like surface, when the sun began to go down and the dusk to creep over the lake, when the night breeze began, then she used to sing for me. She would sing of dreamy old legends of knights, of kings, of the beautiful seas, and of the moon, the stars, and the trees. In the soft murmur of the song my eyes closed and the waves of the lake carried my thoughts to scenes far away but always similar to the beauty of the lake.

When the moon rose and painted a path of gold across the water, when the breeze made the trees mourn, and the stars smiled in the sky, then a band seemed to tighten about my chest, a lump pained in my throat, and the scene blurred by a mist in my eyes. How perfectly I can remember the large Sentinel Pine and the Old Oak silhouetted

against the darkening sky. How wonderfully responsive was the chord in me struck by the plaintive cry of the loon in the night. I rise, and in the darkness, not audibly but so much more clearer, the lake, the trees, the wind, and I, say our happy goodnights.

We used to have a lot of good times on the lake. There was the time Jimmy fell into the lake with all his clothes on, and then came out to sit on a cactus. He never liked to sit on cactuses and said so very plainly.

One time I had caught a black bass before the season was open. He had swallowed the hook and couldn't possibly live even if I let him go; so I put him in my inside coat pocket after wrapping him in my rubber game bag. I got home and forgot all about the fish. It wasn't until milking time that the fish made himself known. I was milking Old Bess, a nervous cow, and when that fish flopped in my pocket, I jumped—so did Bess. Bess caught my right ankle with her hoof and also the milk pail. I lost my footing and fell into a puddle of milk. Ossie came in, grinned at me, and started to lap up the milk.

School was three miles away from the house but Lolly, my little pony, and I found these rides in the summer mornings a never ending pleasure. The road was lined with forest on both sides, and the squirrels and birds used to say good morning, or scold us for our intrusion. Lolly felt the same way about those rides as I did. In the fall, when the woods were all gold, crimson, and brown, and all the trees seemed to have dressed in their holiday clothes, I used to walk through the forest and hunt for the silky cocoons, I felt so happy when I could hear the leaves crackle under my feet. It's queer how much I've longed for the old woods and the lake ever since I have left them.

The beauty of the forest and the lake cannot endure long. Human beings, the kind who do not understand the woods, will rob it of its tall majestic old trees. The gleaming axes of the woodman will spoil the beauty of the woods. Last summer at the lake I saw a cottage had already appeared upon its bank. Why must people build their cottages right on the bank of the lake

where it will destroy, with its artificial suggestion, the real natural beauty of the lake? I do not grudge them the joy they will get from the companionship with it, but their own lack of consideration questions their right to enjoy this.

I know that my little dreamland is slowly dying, and yet when the stars shine from the blue sky—I wonder?

If there be a heaven as we are taught to conceive it, may it please the good God to leave for me only a place by a lake such as this is—with the woods undefiled by human negligence and destruction.

A dream, you say? . . . Perhaps! ----

Alex Reiswig, '29.

Leavin' Ya

JUNE is comin' perty soon,
The sun's bright in the sky,
I gotta be goin' perty soon
I'll be bidin' ya all good-bye!

I'm gonna miss old H. H. S.
You bet! I know I will.
But ya see I bought a lotta stuff,
An' I gotta foot the bill.

Well, I been bumin' for most four
years
Yet, I learnt a lot on the sly.
Ya can tell by the English I'm usin'
here
I always was smart, but I never
knowed why!

Well, my train is comin'! I hear it
now.
Ya see I'm headin' west!
I'll try and remember ya all back here,
I'll try and I'll do my best!

Adelle Rosenblum '29.

Smiles

A Sophomore's smile is a nervous grin;
A Junior's smile says, "You can't take
me in;"
A Senior's wise smile says, "Farewell,
my friend."

Dorothy Barry '31

Friendly Enemies



ED Clayton, a dark eyed Junior at Sommerview Senior High School, wasn't exactly at arms with "Speed" Caron, but there was no love lost between them. The cause of this feeling of antagonism between the Junior and Senior, was Nancy Regan, a little red-headed Irish Junior.

Nancy entered Sommerview Senior High School from a small town school. There was something so fresh and girlish about her that she instantly attracted the attention of more than one masculine mind; but she especially attracted Ted and Speed. Ted was a popular Junior and a powerful athlete; Speed was a good-natured Senior and just as powerful in athletics as Ted. They both specialized in tennis, Ted being the captain of the team and Speed the mainstay.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays, Nancy was Ted's girl; and on Thursdays and Sundays, she was Speed's girl. Every other assembly Nancy sat with Ted, and at the other ones she sat with Speed. She helped Speed with his math and Ted with his Latin. On Wednesdays she promised Ted that she wouldn't go out with "that peroxide-blond Caron;" on Thursdays she promised Speed she wouldn't go out with "that little Junior."

Finally the month of the big prom arrived. The date of the prom fell on a Friday; so neither Ted nor Speed could claim Nancy as his partner. Nancy was absent the day the date of the prom was announced. As the announcement was made Ted and Speed looked up simultaneously. Ted scowled at Speed, and Speed scowled at Ted; each knew what was foremost in the other's mind.

"I had better trot around to Nancy's seventh period today and beat Speed to it, because I know he has a seventh period class," Ted murmured to himself.

"If I'm going to beat Ted, I'll have to go up to Nancy's right from school, or better still, I'll get excused seventh and get there before school is out," Speed told himself as the assembly was dismissed.

Sixth period was dismissed at two o'clock, and at 2:15 Ted walked sedately up the steps to Nancy's. Exactly three minutes later Speed came down the street whistling "I'm Crazy Over You." It had taken him three minutes to get excused or he would have made it by 2:15, too. At the sight of Nancy and Ted sitting on the porch steps, a look of amazement first crossed his face, then anger, and finally disgust.

"Hello, Nan, how's that cold you caught Wednesday night? And-oh-how do you do, Clayton?" Speed spoke patronizingly to the Junior.

"How do you do, Caron?" Ted scowled.

Nancy spoke up as quickly as she could after catching her breath. "Why, Speed, how're you? I'm-well-I'm rather surprised to see you two here at the same time. I'm awfully glad you came 'cause neither one of you realize how much I want you two to be friends."

"Impos—! I mean isn't it nice out today, Nancy?" Ted answered with emphasis on Nancy.

"Hub!" growled Speed. "Anyone can see that it's going to rain. Now, isn't it, Nan?"

"Well, really, well—I'm sure I don't know. What did the morning paper say?"

"Fair!"

"Rain!"

Nancy watched the two exchanging deadly glances, at first with embarrassment and then with amusement. For half an hour this lasted, until what they had really come for seemed to dawn on Ted and Speed. At the same instant Speed said,

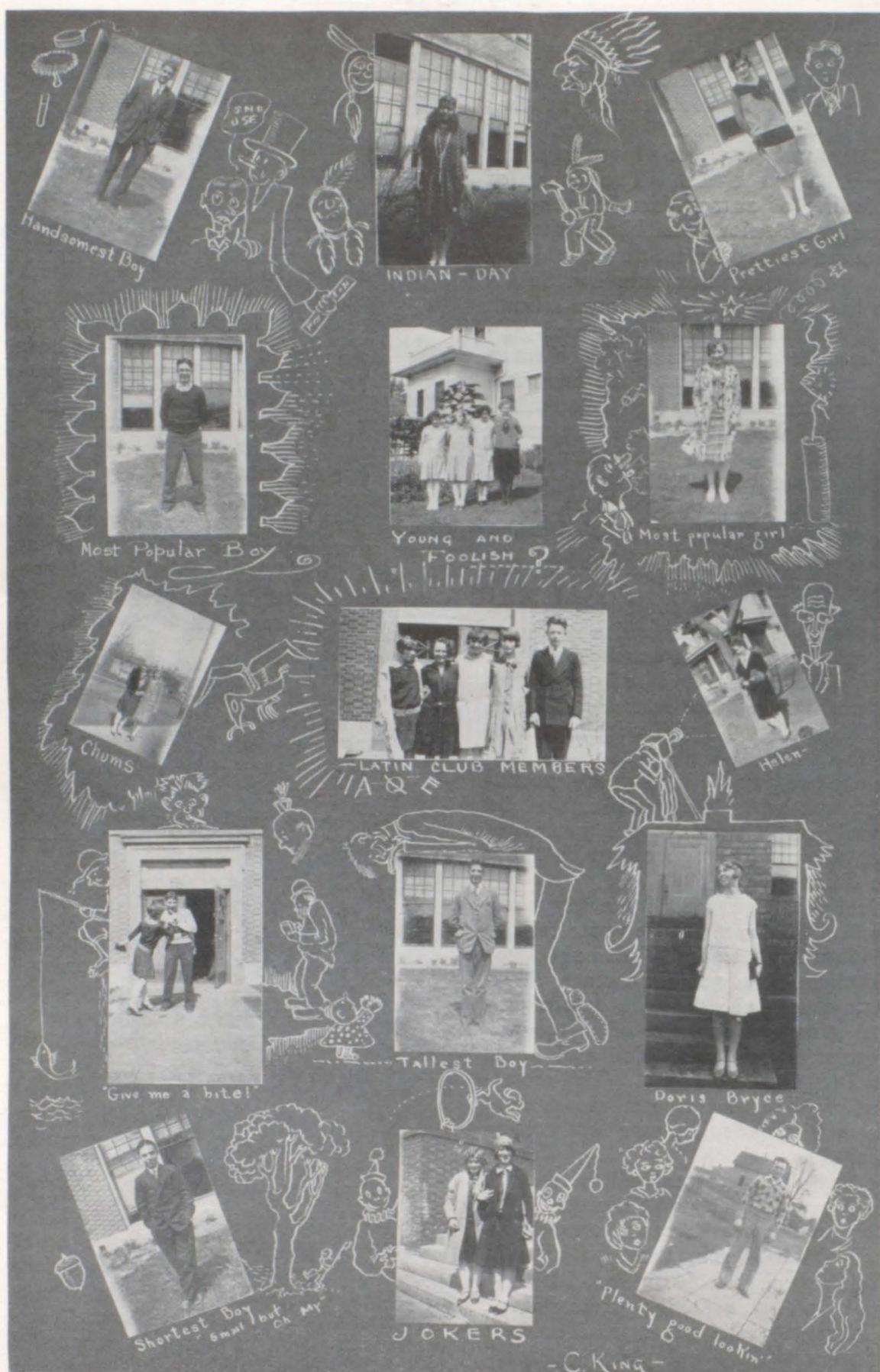
"Nan, I sure would love to have you go to the prom with me three weeks from tomorrow."

Ted said, "Nancy, wouldn't you like to go to the prom with me?"

Nancy sputtered, coughed, and laughed all in one breath. For a few minutes there was silence.

"I can't go with both of you," she finally said, "but I tell you what I'll do. The one who plays the best game

(Continued on page sixty-two)



Temptation



MARY LANDIS was a brilliant girl. There was no doubt of that. She had led her class ever since she was in the third grade, and now it was an accepted thing. Also she was not a bookworm or "sissy" as those utter devotees of learning are sometimes called. Her classmates all liked her, and the boys were quite interested in her as she was peppy and jolly and liked a good time as well as anybody.

However, she went to a school that still was old-fashioned enough to regard lessons as most important and scholastic honors well worth striving for. There were plenty of social affairs and clubs, but studies were considered first and play afterwards. As you may have guessed, this high school was located in a small town, as the students of a city high school certainly would not have been so unsophisticated as to consider studies as anything but of secondary importance. Still they had their fun in Cullenville high school. They had their annual Junior-Senior ball, and life wasn't so bad even if books were looked at more than occasionally.

But the biggest event of the year was graduation, and the most exciting thing about that was the agitating question of who was to be valedictorian, the most sought after honor the school had to bestow, that is, after the annual awarding of the Green Memorial Scholarship. This was a fund that had been established by one of the town's rich men to encourage students to go to college. The scholarship was given to the person who had the highest scholastic record for his four years of high school work and who had been sufficiently prominent around school. The name of the person so honored was announced the night of graduation.

Now, ever since she had been a freshman, Mary had harboured the idea of capturing both of these honors. As she was a popular girl she had been elected to many offices and, due to her natural ability, had handled them well; so she had no need to fear that she was not sufficiently prominent around school.

It was a keen race. Mary was by no means the only brilliant pupil in the senior class. Feeling ran high, and combined with all the other excitements of the ensuing graduation, there was a very tense atmosphere around the school. In a small town like Cullenville graduation was a high point in the social life, and so everybody was keenly interested in the outcome of this race. Alfred Larson was generally conceded to be as "brainy" if not "brainier" than Mary, and they were considered the foremost candidates.

One day Mary and a group of her special friends were walking down the hall, chattering, giggling, and acting generally foolish, when Miss Krine, the office clerk, stepped out of her office and stopped the girls.

"Girls, if you haven't anything special to do after school tonight, I wish you would help figure the class ratings for the honor roll. I've figured out so many already that my head feels like an adding machine, and it would be so much easier for six to do it than one?" she asked.

Upon their laughing assent "that they'd be glad to" she sighed with relief and said, "At three o'clock then in the library."

They reported promptly at three, and were given instructions by Miss Krine. "Now, please be absolutely accurate as these are not to be gone over again. I will give you each five slips of paper. On each one will be the name of a graduate and all his marks for his four years of high school. You are to add them up and average them. Be sure you're correct. I will place you each at a separate table and take your time."

She then gave each girl the papers. To her surprise Mary found her own paper among her five. Quickly she averaged her marks. 99.33%! She smiled with honest pride. Surely that "cinched" her place as valedictorian! Then she noticed that among her group of papers she also had Alfred Larson's. With intense interest she averaged his paper! 99.66%! Feverishly, she re-averaged them, only to find them cor-

rect. Then came searing disappointment! After four years of hard work, of hoping and planning, and then to be beaten by .33% points. She blinked to keep the tears back. Then slowly, insidiously, born of her black despair, a thought came creeping into her mind. She could juggle the papers and no one would be the wiser. "And," she thought defensively, "it would serve Alfred Larson right, for she had lost the class presidency to him because he had bribed one student to vote for him." For five minutes the battle raged within her, but in the end right triumphed, for she was young and her conscience was still tender. But she was very haggard as she quietly gave her papers to Miss Krine and slipped out the door without waiting for her friends. She wanted to be alone to consider the fact that after her years of hard work she had just missed her goal. Alfred would, of course, get both honors; and her parents and friends, who were so proud of her, would be so disappointed.

Graduation Night! Excited girls looking both upset and pretty in their white dresses. Embarrassed boys looking both proud and shamefaced in their smart suits. The old school hall was beautifully decorated, and every soul in town was present.

But Mary lacked all her old animation and there was a deadness about her that quite spoiled her pretty face.

Slowly the graduates marched up the aisle and took their places on the stage. The kindly old principal talked a few minutes and then prepared to announce the valedictorian! The room was as silent as a church when the principal's voice rang out, "Alfred Larson is valedictorian!" There was a breathless gasp and then the hall resounded with applause. The delighted boy was pushed forward by his friends. He made a brief speech and then went to his seat.

Again the hall was breathless with interest! The second announcement was to be made. "And Mary Landis is winner of the Green Memorial Award. She did not have the highest scholastic average, but after considering her services to the school the committee was unanimous in deciding that she

should have the reward," said the principal.

Mary's heart stopped in the middle of a beat, and her cheeks flushed. After all that disappointment—and then this! And as she walked to the center of the stage, her cup of happiness was full!

Rhea Ehlers '29



Mrs. Edward J. Bell

THe older members of the Alumni Association of Humboldt will be grieved to know that Mrs. Edward J. Bell, formerly Miss Ella L. Door, died at her home 1420 West Minnehaha street. She and her husband had gone to California in 1925 hoping that the climate would benefit her failing health. Less than a year ago they returned home, as she wished to spend her last days in Saint Paul. Mrs. Bell was one of the pioneer teachers of our school. She always took a keen interest in its progress; in fact, she organized and conducted the first Humboldt High School orchestra. Many of her former pupils will remember her crusade for healthful habits, especially the eating of breakfast and the wearing of warm clothes in winter. She married and left Humboldt shortly after the school moved to its present quarters.

Ethel Graves

One Summer Afternoon



JOE was mad, and she was glad! So Eve defiantly told her reflection in the broad mirror on her dresser. She pursed up her lips sulkily and walked over to the bedroom window. Through it she could look out upon a grassy yard divided by a brick walk that led to a blossoming flower garden, the pride of the Janis family. There was no other garden in the village quite as neatly and attractively laid out or so well cared for. On the other side of the white picket fence at the end of the garden lay the grounds of Joe Anderson's home, and he was out there watering the lawn. Eve walked unconcernedly back to her mirror and powdered her nose again.

The summer afternoon hung heavily on Eve's hands. It was one of those days when you realize how much you miss the regular routine of school.

"Mother!" Eve had wandered down to the front porch where mother was sewing. "Mother, just look at Charlotte! Oh, dear me, I know you're a darling child and all that, Charlotte, but, really, you shouldn't go writing your name all over the street and porch and everything. Oh, Mother, look, isn't that too mean for anything! She's been writing *my* name all over the sidewalk! What will people think of us? Mother!"

"Yes, Charlotte," said mother wearily. "we can't let you have any more chalk if you do that. That reminds me, I want you to take a nap this afternoon. Come, Charlotte."

The six-year old trotted contentedly off to bed, while Eve regarded her handiwork with a gloomy face. Her name was written in a shaky hand all down the front sidewalk, on the gate, and down the avenue. It was even written on the brick walk around the house and down to the garden.

"Eve! I've got news! Bully news!" Jane came hurrying down upon her. "A movie star, Eve, a real live movie star is in town." Jane took hold of her friend's shoulders and shook her violently. "Just swallow that! Oh—

Eve!" And Jane flopped into a rocker on the porch.

Eve was beside her in an instant. Her eyes shining with excitement, she heard how Jane had heard how her brother had heard that Antonio Bacleova, renowned movie star, was visiting their mild little town. Of course, he would appear at the theater and visit the crippled children's hospital do such things. He was to be there only one week—but then.

Jane left Eve in an enraptured dream. With all sorts of nonsense running through her head, she strolled dreamily out to the garden not noticing the obnoxious chalk marks which proclaimed in Charlotte's unsteady handwriting that Eve Janis lived there.

Joe was still sprinkling the lawn on the other side of the fence, but what was Joe in comparison with Antonio Bacleova, Antonio the divine!

Eve selected a shady spot, turned her back deliberately on Joe and recounted all the words that Jane had told her. They sent little sparks of excitement through her that made her eyes shine and her feet want to dance and—and—

Someone was coming down the brick walk to the garden. Eve's heart turned over; her eyes bulged; she suddenly felt panicky. A dark, smiling, neatly dressed young man was walking slowly down the brick walk, seemingly intent on where he was stepping. Eve had seen those features before, had watched that graceful step. It was Antonio Bacleova. She stood up, her heart beating wildly. Antonio Bacleova—? He saw her first, then, and smiled delightedly.

"Are you, my dear young lady, Eve Jances?"

"Yes, I am." Speech brought her back to normal and she quickly recovered her poise.

"I see your name on the walk an' follow eet up," he explained delightedly. "I have been lookeeng for you so-o long. When I see your name on the walk—" he stretched out his hands in a magnificent gesture—"I praise

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At The Station

THE train is quickly coming to its destination. A little while and it will be in the depot. Here and there along the line a passenger has been let off. So it is with the class of 1929. Their school days are coming to a close. Now and then a person had to drop from school for various reasons. As the train pulls into the depot, each passenger seeks some place to go. Some will make a name for themselves, others will not. But who knows what the class of '29 will contribute to the world?

William Janecek '29

Along The Milky Way

HITCH your wagon to a star—hold tight and there you are." How true and how many have reached the stars following this maxim. Perhaps the best time of all to apply this proverb is at the end of your high school career. If you have paved the road thus far successfully, the remaining journey along the Milky Way will be less difficult and less tiring as a result.

When you set out, don't be satisfied with a wagon with loose wheels or with one drawn by an aged horse. Be particular. A good beginning leads to a better ending.

A wheel may come off when you have just gained a good start. Don't despair. Jump off, and with a song in your heart make light work of a difficult task. Each one of your misfortunes will merely be an aid to you during the rest of your journey.

Once more do not tire your horses. Go slowly along the bumpy roads; and when you have passed this stretch, don't drive too recklessly over the good ground.

And last—keep a cool head. Don't lose your temper. You are only hindering yourself. Stick to the road, rain or shine; don't be a quitter.

Have you hitched your wagon to a star, or are you waiting, hoping that someone will come to pull you there?

So Is The Tree Inclined

IT is queer-not unusual-but still out of the ordinary groove. It has always been prevalent to a certain extent; but one would surmise that as civilization became refined and distilled to a high point of co-ordination and efficiency, it would most certainly lessen rather than increase.

In pre-historic times, man did not, of course, exist in an association with his fellowmen in such a degree of intimacy that he could be swayed in his conduct by that of others. Nor did he have any inclination toward being told what or what was not done. It was not until culture became identified with humanity that this became a factor in his cosmos. From that time on, people have been similar in actions, dress, and pleasure.

During the middle ages it was considered a crime to be individualistic in almost any way. However, in our modern age, it is the people who are "different" from the average person who are our executives, presidents, and highly successful men and women.

But analyze the plight of the rest—those who are ordinary, because they differ from each other in minor ways only.

They are dictated to in every conceivable manner,—by advertising, for instance. They must eat certain foods, must read certain books, and must fit themselves into a common mold.

Fashion is another thing which is not influenced by any natural trend. It is directed by those whose business it is to sell more clothing to make more money. And so one can go through all of the divisions of modern life, and notice the way in which the average American is "bullied" into accepting that which is generally accepted, and rejecting that which is generally rejected.

It is queer!

Harvey West '29



Thirty-six

Junior Class

SOON after the Junior Class had begun the school year with the election of officers early in September, they were making big plans for their Mohawk night which was held the last of October. You, who went, remember *Warming Up*, the movie they put on, and what a success it was. Soon afterward they held a candy sale at the operetta, which greatly increased their funds. This spring they held another one at the annual play, *The Patsy*. With these funds stored away, they planned a bigger and better Junior-Senior Prom which was held May 23 at the Lowry Hotel. This is the first time for several years that Humboldt's J. S. has not been held at the Masonic Temple.

The officers of the Junior class are president, Florence Billing; vice president, Dagmar Tonder; secretary, Dorothy Newcomb; treasurer, Margaret Johnson.

In Humboldtia

THE sun was shining bright in Humboldtia, fairyland of King Wauchopius. I was walking along the road when I stumbled across an unusually enormous ant hill. There were lots of ants that were working very hard trying to make a lot of noise and commotion but seemed to be getting nowhere. I asked a guide what it was all about, and he informed me that the curious little mound was the home of Humboldtia's Juniors who were trying to make as much noise as the Seniors. "The Seniors?" I asked. The guide pointed to a tree full of jays screaming at the top of their voices.

"And there are the Sophomores," he further explained, pointing in another direction, but I couldn't see anything at all.

I was much interested in the Juniors, however, and sat down to watch them. There was one active little fellow who was throwing the sands around in a gallant fashion. "Merely Arver Thorne playing basketball," the guide murmured in answer to my question. Another tiny ant was walking around in

a strange fashion, letting his tail drag—yes, this one had a tail—so as to make a pretty picture in the sands. This was Bill Kuehn, I learned, and thought him pretty clever until he attempted to draw a picture of me—it was awful, unless, of course, he *meant* to be funny. On top of a leaf nearby, I noticed a play going on,—at least I guessed it must be that. A dainty little ant, whom I learned was Helen Gould, was crying and fainting all over the leaf while the sympathetic audience did likewise. In another corner, I found an ant perched in a jack-in-the-pulpit. This was Florence Billing, their leader, and she was orating to the best of her ability exhorting the ants to pay their taxes. Meanwhile, a very much excited ant was bouncing up and down to the tune of an antiquated violin. Another was exercising her vocal chords nearby. "A very talented trio," my guide informed me, "Madeline Tauring, Edna Bercovitz, and Ione Brack."

"And this?" I questioned as I drew near an ant inclined to be red.

"It's Marjorie Ball," the guide supplemented, "professional speaker for the Be Kind To Dumb Grains of Sand Organization."

"And here they are making the first movie of Antland," the guide continued. "Frederick Christopherson, the world's greatest lover on the screen, has the lead. He is the highest paid trained ant there is." I would have liked to meet him but he was completely surrounded by adoring females and I did not even try to get near him. I moved on to where Leonard Mason was studying American history which reminded me that Miss Fanning had sentenced me to learn the three sentiments of the Monroe Doctrine for school tomorrow.

I took a hasty leave of the ant hill, telling my guide that I would come back again. However, in my haste at leaving, I stepped on the ant hill and woke up. One glance at my watch told me that I had overslept. Remembering my American history lesson I hurried and got up, only to realize that I was at a summer camp and that my bed was full of ants. *Florence Billing '30*



Sophomore Class

ONE of the best classes that has ever entered Humboldt High School is the present sophomore class. Miss Ostergren, we are glad to say, has been chosen as our worthy advisor. Our class officers are Bernard Fletcher, president; Dorothy Schroeder, vice-president; Virginia Baumgardner secretary; and Richard Springer, treasurer.

We have very many bright students among which we find Ruth Anderson, Ruth Franz, Ethel Perron, Goldie Sagarsky, Richard Springer, Robert Springer, and Bennie Heller.

We also expect to do our duty as any good junior or senior class would when we are juniors and seniors.

When the sophomores are seniors, they'll choose for their most popular girl, one who has:

Rosemary Clarkin's	hair
Eileen Wall's	eyes
Grace Macauley's	complexion
Ruth Franz's	posture
Dolores Bergman's	pep
Nellie Preston's	teeth
Jeanette Cotter's	thoughtfulness
Jean Kane's	personality
Dorothy Barry's	studiousness
Antoinette Smith's	wit

Ingeborgh Burnside's	popularity
Bernice Olsen's	slenderness
Frances Metcalf's	voice
June Rom's	ability in history
Ethel Perron's	ability in French
Ellen Sommer's	ability in Latin
Ruth Anderson's	English ability
Kathryn Ernst's	ability in athletics
Goldie Sagarsky's	—ability in mathematics
Ruth Travis's	ability in art

And for their most popular boy they'll choose one who has:

Bill Jordan's	hair
Frank Knodle's	eyes
Ward Conklin's	personality
Gordon Walter's	voice
Abe Radel's	studiousness
George King's	thoughtfulness
Bernard Fletcher's	wit
Donald Bastian's	complexion
Guy Rice's	ability in art
Benny Heller's	ability in mathematics
Richard Springer's	ability in Latin
Robert Springer's	ability in history
Charles Essenstein's	ability in English
Otto Graffunder's	ability in German
Hartland Burnside's	popularity

Katherine Ernst '31

Famous Sayings of Famous People

Rosemary Clarkin	"Is my hair all right?"
Bertha Fredricks	"I thought I'd die!"
Ruth Anderson	"Think so?"
Kathryn Ernst	"Don't or I'll scream!"
Miss Ostergren	"Compasses and rulers ready for a test!"
Nellie Preston	"Does something show?"
Benny Heller	"I'll try!"
Donald Bastian	"I can't get it!"
Frances Metcalf	"Oh Boy! I had a keen time!"
Ethel Skeels	"Oh! Oh!"
Ward Conklin	"Did ya get your history, Ruth?"

Song Hits

Stella Neagle	"She's a Great Great Girl"
Bernard Fletcher	"The Song I love"
Marion Hansen	"Where the Shy Little Violets Grow"
Helen Wallace	"Buy, Buy for Baby"
Dolores Bergman	"Glad Rag Doll"
Ingeborgh Burnside	"Girl of My Dreams"
Eleanor Heidbrink	"My Man"
Ruth Franz and Emerald Thomas	"Sweethearts on Parade"

Class Prophecy—1929



HE editor of the St. Paul Daily Screech sat at her desk thinking! Her thoughts ran thus: "What, oh what shall I run in this paper next? Nobody kills anybody any more, nobody seems to get divorced, and there's no more nice juicy items that will interest the St. Paul public. If I don't get something hot in this paper pretty soon, the circulation will drop." Florence King—yes, you guessed it, she's the editor—sighed and began to rack her brains, when Willard Kellgren, red-hot reporter and Miss King's right-hand man, hustled in.

"Listen to this; I've got a WOW of an idea! Remember way back when you and I graduated from Humboldt, that high school across the river? Well, lots of our classmates are great people now; so I thought it would be a great idea as a special feature to print the names of the entire class of 1929 and what they are doing now. I've got the whole works here now. Just read this"—he shoved the portfolio in front of her.

"Say, that's a real subscription-getting idea," shouted Miss King. "But before I read it I think we ought to call the rest of our staff together and see what they think of our plan; they would probably like to hear it anyway, as most of them are Humboldt graduates."

The rest of the staff was sent for and slowly drifted in. First among them was Florence Sunness, whose thought-provoking editorials were the talk of the Northwest. Next came Violet Tompkins, famous advertising expert, and after her Pearl Steenberg, Circulation Manager of the Daily Screech. Sylvia Hirsch, who was a very noted dramatic critic came, and following her were some young cub reporters, rapidly becoming noted through their brilliant journalistic work. They were Nola Cheely, Mildred Kodelka, Helen Simons, and Lillian Johnson.

As soon as all had appeared, Miss King explained the purpose of the meeting and told them of their scheme to

increase the circulation.

They all were wildly enthusiastic and demanded hearing about their former classmates; so, after they were all seated, Willard took up his portfolio and started to read:

I suppose that you all remember Jimmie Griffin, Bob Winchell, too, and Southie Edgell, Art Karnstadt, Wallace Sutherland, and Leo Hauck who now, my friends, are the nation's foremost prohibition agents. It is said that they have raided a thousand places, a record never before achieved by any prohibition squad. And, say, do you remember Clyde King, senior president? Florence says that he's quite a portrait painter and that he charges one hundred dollars a sitting.

Oh, yes and here's Ruth Billing's name. She's one of the most famous woman editors of the country. The Hollywood Gossip is the paper she manages, and they say she does it very well.

Verda and Margaret Goin are in the front row of Flo Ziegfeld's chorus in his newest hit, "Jazz Mania." Some hot steppers, they are and always were. Another one of our classmates is connected with the theater. Helen Bertsche has charge of the dressing-rooms.

A new board of directors has been elected at Griggs, Cooper, Inc. They are: Jack Hoffman, president; Paul Klein vice-president; Fred Kleyman, second vice-president; Morris Kleyman, secretary; Harry Merman, treasurer; and Sam Miller, chairman of the Board.

And you've heard about that new employment agency, "The Come and Go," haven't you? Well, it's being managed by Loraine Hug, Ellen Ryan, Violet Perron, Evelyn Schmidt, and Grace Peterson.

Wladzy Petrowski, successor to Tex Rickard as fight manager, upon being interviewed, says that among the most promising young pugilists of the day are Joe Maloney, Bobby Edwards, Wilbur Bortz, and Harold Earney.

Here Willard was interrupted by Violet Tompkins' "Gosh, Willard, you're a genius!"

"Thanks, Vi, but you ain't heard nothing yet; I've just got started."

Continuing his interesting reading, he came upon some more classmates.—Rachel Abromofsky, Fanny Bach, Pearl Berkus, and Sally Hershstein have invented a new kind of bobby pin and are making their millions.

And, say, did you know that there are some new teachers up at Humboldt?

Don't worry, Miss Peyton's still there, but Ruth Baumgart, Bernice Smith, and Louise Berfelz, are the new physics, economics, and German teachers.

Here's a new piece of St. Paul news. William Magid and Paul McDonald are the new managers of the Metropolitan Theater, succeeding Mr. Bainbridge.

The Old Gold Cigarette Co., have recently elected Abe Cohen as their next president because of his devoted efforts to remove the last cough in a carload. Sam Chase, and Jack and David Diamond are his assistants.

A lot of Humboldt "grads" have risen to prominence in the world of sports. At the last Olympic tournament Glenna and Gladys Gray took part as fancy ice skaters, Howard Boyle and Edward Petry as flash swimmers, and John Stuck and David Pribyl as professional golfers.

Eunice Heckel and Eleanor Henslin own their own interior-decorating firm in Cleveland, Ohio.

And who do suppose was called the second John Barrymore of America by the New York Times in their write-up of the new play opening in New York? Why, no one but our old classmate, Elmer Henning. That boy always could act. And Art Schultz has crashed into the movies in Hollywood and is fast becoming the year's most popular talkie artist.

William Janecek is head of a large drug concern in New Orleans. Hilarian Bergman is sales-manager.

The University of Minnesota boasts of Philip Juran and Maurice Breitman as head of their Economics and Law department.

Like father, like son. Harold Ohmann has now succeeded his father as

head of the Ohmann Grocery Co.

Alice Olson and Abigail Murphy are president and vice-president of Woolworth Co. Lydia Mirwald is head of the lunch counter unit.

The New York Yankees are being guided in their 1945 pennant race by Joe Novotny and Stanley Ottinger.

Under Mildred Kachel, their National President, the Girl Reserves of America have more than doubled their ranks.

Dora Lechtman, Dorothy Mushkatin, Tillie Rein, and Ann Rosenblum, because of their exceptionally good work in the Humboldt High School library, are now at the head of the Congressional Library in Washington.

Stanford University considers itself very lucky to have secured Don Mortinson as its basketball coach.

Roger Marks is chief "ballyhoo" man in Ringling Brothers circus.

Helen Liedtke is dean of girls at Bryn Mawr, with Dorothy Marble as assistant.

Alex Reiswig and Ida Rosenblatt are speakers on a Chautauqua circuit.

Have you heard about the "Hot Mamas" Jazz orchestra? Well, Adele Rosenblum is directing it.

Leonard Rudie has opened up the Modernette Beauty Parlor for men. At last the poor men get a chance.

The Rothstein clothing store on Fifth Avenue, New York, is owned by Jacob and Nettie Rothstein.

Beatrice Palmer is head nurse at the Veteran's Hospital out at Fort Snelling.

Maybelle Peters has been recently married to a former Humboldt graduate and is spending her honeymoon in Italy.

Have you ever eaten in that quaint little cafeteria down on Fourth Street called "The Apple Pie"? Hugo Trapp and Norman Scherberth run that, in case you don't know it.

Milton Schroeder and Harriet Smith are touring the country as the leading man and lady of the Varsity Opera Co.

The New York Rangers hockey team have recently added Wylie Van and James Willis to their ranks.

Esto Van De Walker is dramatic

(Continued on page sixty-seven)

Whoopee



H, but this is awful," moaned Jerry Davis, as he leaned over his mathematics book, his head tied up tightly in a towel to prevent its bursting or falling off. "Gee, but this is terrible," he repeated and looked at himself in a mirror to see just how he did look with his head tied up. My, he certainly was worthy of pity!

Jerry Davis was a senior at the Lambert School for Boys. Jerry was very popular. He was good looking and a fine athlete. He had brains to use when he wanted to use them. But it really was a great deal more pleasant to go canoeing or play tennis or plan some prank to play on one of the professors, than to study. Jerry, therefore, had fooled away his time without consideration of the future. Then it had suddenly dawned on him, after he had received two D's and an E in mathematics, that he was going to graduate in June; and in order to graduate he really needed his credit in mathematics. Whereupon he determined that he should do or die; and, promptly going to his room, he tied up his head and startled pitying himself for being so overworked.

"Well, for the love of—!" gasped Philip, his roommate, standing in the door way and looking at Jerry. Jerry turned around and looked at him mournfully.

"What in the world has happened?" Philip demanded. "Tell me quick. Relieve the suspense or I die!" he ended dramatically.

"Well," Jerry groaned, "you see it's like this—"

"Like what? Out with it quick."

"I've decided to study!"

"Study! I knew it! I knew it! The worst has happened. He's actually come to that. Poor fellow. Does it hurt terribly?"

"Oh, can it. Can't you see I'm studying? And as for being cracked, what about yourself?"

Philip, looking down at his dripping clothes remarked, "Oh, I just fell into the creek. Some one tried to get

funny," and he proceeded to put on dry clothes.

"Say, Jerry, how about a game of tennis? You'll need a lot of ultra-violet rays if you are going to study. Really," Philip urged a few minutes later.

"Will you please have the graciousness to go out and look at the sign on the door and then stay out?"

"Oh, anything you say," and Philip departed haughtily.

Jerry watched him stroll across the lawn; and, a few minutes later, after banging shut his book, he was with him.

"Afraid of nervous prostration," he murmured in explanation.

June was approaching, and with it came plans for commencement. Everybody was looking at the approaching time with a little different view. Jerry was in a terrible state of uncertainty. Was he or was he not going to graduate? It all depended on that last mark in mathematics and the exam. What would his marks be? Would he graduate or would he not? It was terrible.

The time came nearer and nearer for the final report card. The cards would come out two days before the commencement exercises would take place. Meanwhile Jerry's marks in mathematics were fluttering around and his heart was keeping pace. Would he or would he not graduate? He was seen more frequently in his room, sometimes with as many as six towels around his head, as a precautionary act. Poor Jerry!

Then the morning of the mathematics examination came and Jerry was incapacitated for the rest of the day. Would he pass or wouldn't he?

The day that the reports were to be issued came also as all days had a habit of coming. Why should the sun shine so brightly when Jerry was in such doubt? Would he or would he not graduate?

A swarm of boys stood around him as he awaited anxiously the ringing of the bell that called him to his doom.

"Cheer up, Jerry. You'll pass."

"If you don't, we all go back to college with you again next year."

"Oh, you'll pull through. Old Eb-bie isn't hard hearted enough to flunk you."

The bell rang. The students filed in and took their seats. Would or would not Jerry Davis pass?

As the roll was called, each student went forward to receive his card. After a few minutes the teacher's voice boomed out.

"Jerry Davis." There was something ominous in the way that he had boomed out Jerry's name. Jerry walked up and, taking his card, walked back to his seat without even so much as a glance at his card. All eyes were on him and the thought in everyone's mind was "Would he or would he not pass?"

Slowly Jerry turned the edge of the card up, gave a glance, and then covered his face with his hands. He had failed!

A half hour later Jerry was again the center of a group of friends, all of them offering condolences.

"You should worry. Another term of fun back here at this old school."

"I almost wished I had flunked."

"You'll be on another football team. Cheer up, old boy."

"That old Professor Ebbie ought to be choked."

Just then Philip hurried up.

"Hear you've flunked?" he said.

"Your ears are healthy, then," Jerry said sarcastically.

"Let me see the card, may I?" Philip asked.

"Oh, shucks. I don't know where it is. One look was enough for me. I stuck it somewhere. What do you want to see it for anyhow? I saw a big red E and that's enough to tell me I flunked."

"Oh, let me see it anyhow," Philip demanded. Jerry, after several minutes of wearied searching, pulled out a wrinkled card and handed it dejectedly to Philip.

"I wish your looking at it could make me pass," he sighed.

"Why, you did pass," Phillip exclaimed excitedly.

"What?" shouted Jerry, grabbing the card and looking at it searchingly. There he saw a red E for his last

month's mark, but a C on his exam. His ears slowly adopted the color of the flannel cloth which is supposed to have healing qualities. Here he was receiving the sympathy of all of his friends, and he had passed! For a minute bewilderment and consternation filled his mind, but this was quickly drawn in a joyous expression of triumph.

"Whoopee!" he shouted.

Ruth Billing '29

Old Miser Mac Tavish

IT was long after midnight. How ever I got there I don't know. There I was all alone in the old house. No, I wasn't alone, either. I remembered that the ghost of old miser Mac Tavish haunted the house in the small hours of the night.

The moon was shining through broken, dusty windows revealing hideous figures in corners that were reaching out to grasp me. I dashed through the door out into the hallway. I stopped, turned to look back,—and there stood the ghost of miser Mac Tavish. It seemed to be a cloud-like substance that glided over the floor after me. His hands were continually counting money that dropped into its waist pouch with a steady thud of coins coming together.

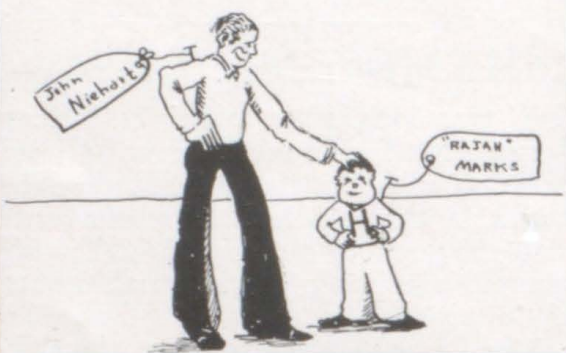
I ran down the basement stairway but could not escape from the cloudlike substance that pursued me. I stumbled through a doorway. Something light and clinging brushed against my cheek, seemingly holding me back. Cold, hairy hands reached out and clutched at my ankles, sending me crashing to the floor. I lay there, scarcely daring to breathe. A pair of wet, cold, clammy hands were slowly pressing against my throat. I couldn't breathe. Everything was fading away into darkness. From afar I heard a voice. It was half a shriek and half a sob. A maniac's voice, demanding my money. I couldn't talk. I was slowly being choked to death. I heard a bell pealing out into the night. My death knell—what a way to die.

Suddenly a great flood of light burst into the room causing the hands to disappear.

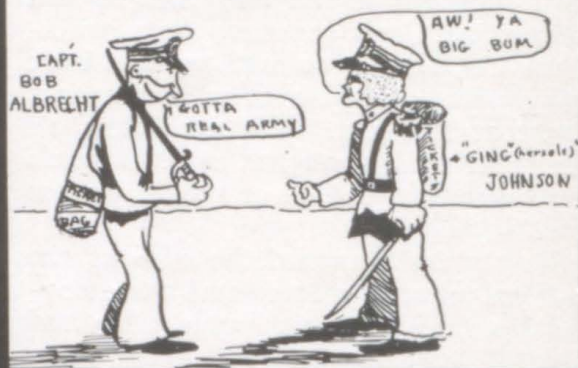
James Willis '29

OUR SENIORS

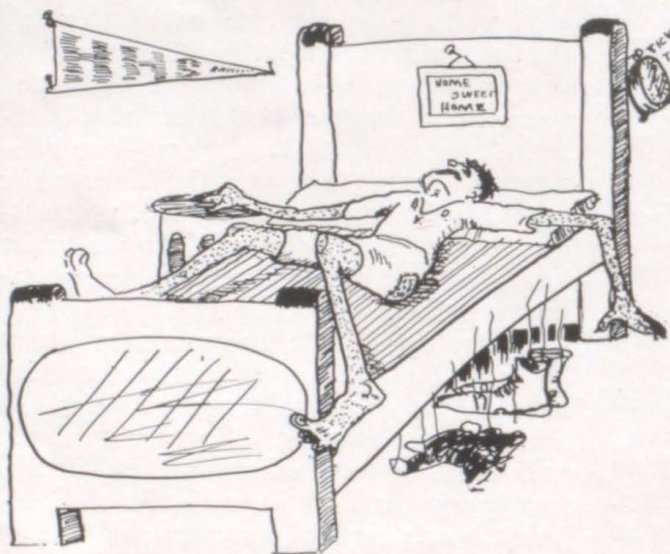
THEY GROW BIG AND SMALL



THEY LIKE TO SELL TICKETS



HERE WE HAVE A 'REWARD' OFFERED BY A FORMER SENIOR



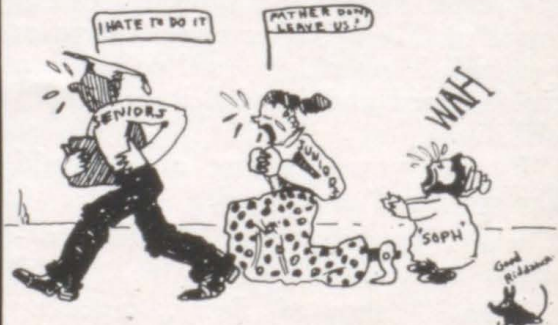
REWARD

I will give to anyone
\$00.25 for a plan to
show me how I
can sleep with my
brother LOUIE
when he lays like
this
Ray GreenGard
P.S. I'm a Six Footer Too

THEY DONT LIKE TO STUDY



AND NOW THEY'RE LEAVING US.



Bill Kuehn



TOP ROW—F. Haskell, J. Simos, H. Earney, L. Hauck, M. Woodruff, E. Jerabek, R. Marks, J. Griffin, S. Edgell, Mr. Wauchope.
FIRST ROW—R. Selle, D. Newcomb, E. Schmidt, B. Caron, E. Henslin, N. Cheely, M. Ott, L. Johnson, L. Aistatt, C. Steenberg, F. Sunness.

Student Council

ONE of the most important organizations in this school is the Student Council. Mr. Wauchope is the advisor of the club.

In each room a representative is elected by the students.

The officers of the Student Council are elected at the first meeting which is held at the beginning of the school year; home-room agents are also elected at that time.

The officers of the Student Council are: president, James Griffin; vice-president, Leo Hauck; secretary-treasurer, Roger Marks.

The chief function of the Student Council is to sponsor an assembly at the beginning of each term for the incoming Sophomores. At this assembly the Sophomores become acquainted with the various organizations of the school.

Elinor Henslin '29

The Library Club

THE Library Club was organized the latter part of November 1928. The twenty-five members hold a meeting every two weeks in the library. At the meetings different books are discussed.

In December some of the members attended a book exhibit which was held at the Saint Paul Public Library. This exhibit contained not only new and more colorful editions of old friends, but articles made by the children of foreign countries. This exhibit was especially interesting to smaller children, for there were the latest fairy tales all dressed up in new clothes. Dainty carved candle sticks, fans and ornamental jewelry made by Japanese students attracted Dorothy Mushkatin, Fanny Bach, and Mary Zuchert the most. Those who did not attend the exhibit missed something both educational and interesting.

The Library Club gave a New Year's party in honor of the members who were graduating in January.

The President, Betty Merman, has appointed the following committee to consider the buying of a picture for

the school library. They are Mary Zuchert, Fanny Bach, Ann Klaimon, and Sara Waldman. They are planning to buy a picture of Sir Galahad.

The officers of the organization are Betty Merman, president; Rose Dannovsky, vice president; Dorothy Mushkatin, secretary; Mollie Bercovitz, treasurer; Irene Turcotte, publicity officer. Miss Bastin is the advisor of the club.

Sara Waldman '29

A Road

A HAPPY road, a dancing road, a smiling road and gay,

A sunny road, a taunting road, that stretches far away.

A ragged road, a tempting road, 'neath boughs of maple trees.

A rocky road, a grilling road, that climbs the mountain sides,

A willing road, a threatening road, where creeks are deep and wide.

A winding road, a toilsome road,—yet where ever you may roam,

Let your feet tread on that road which brings you safely home!

Joe Novotny '29



TOP ROW—L. Berfelz, N. Rothstein, R. Ehlers, M. Henning, Miss Iddings, R. Billing, M. Kachel, F. Kleyman.
 SECOND ROW—F. Sunness, S. Waldman, B. Chase, I. Rosenblatt, F. Billing, M. Johnson, D. Wigham, I. Brack, D. Pribyl.
 FIRST ROW—R. Albrecht, A. Schultz, W. Janeczek, L. Mason, F. Rigos, M. Abramovich, B. Serbine, R. Marks.

Latin Club

THE Latin Club is, as its name implies, one of Humboldt's language clubs. The club meets regularly every two weeks, holding its meetings under the supervision of Miss Iddings.

During its meetings the members hold many interesting discussions in regard to Roman habits and customs. In this way the members feel that they can better comprehend the language and its meanings. Sometimes slides or pictures are shown, sometimes reports are given on certain subjects, and again excerpts are taken from books pertaining to the Romans.

The club also has its social times. Last fall the members held a pow-wow at Happy Hollow, and everyone had a very good time.

The members are now working on a Roman play which they hope to give some time soon during an assembly.

The officers of the club are Dorothy Wigham, president; Leonard Mason, vice-president; and Ruth Billing, secretary-treasurer. Milton Schroeder was president until he left school in the spring.

Madeline Henning '30

A Toast on Education

HERE'S to Education,
 That children always shirk;
 And here's to Education
 That has caused us lots of work.

It's proved to be the greatest thing,
 In all man's own creation,
 And now it's a necessity;
 That "Thing" called Education.

It's used all day and all the night
 And it never will wear out;
 And if you take all you can get,
 You'll be famous without a doubt.

Wallace Sutherland '29

"Life" Staff

THE staff of "Life" wishes to thank sincerely and gratefully all those who in one way or another supported the magazine during the last year. All subscriptions and articles, poems, stories and cartoons were greatly appreciated. Without this support "Life" would have been a failure.

We ask that you again show your loyal spirit and support the publication during the coming year. With an almost completely new staff, it will be required of everyone to put forth his best efforts and make Humboldt "Life" one big, grand success.

Jeanette Freudenberg



TOP ROW—D. French, F. Hafiz, G. Bollinger, T. Kzaly, T. Hendrickson, A. Thorn, M. Brightbill, D. Carlson, F. Truhlar, L. Greengard, F. Mushick, G. Messenger.
 FOURTH ROW—R. Schlukebie, E. Schletty, S. Allie, L. Mortenson, B. Olson, M. Turpen, E. Levy, E. Neilon.
 THIRD ROW—R. Alpern, V. Boucher, B. Rupert, M. McAndrew, E. Perron, L. Berfelz, C. Pilgrim, H. Hammonnd.
 SECOND ROW—S. Waldeman, F. Metcalf, E. Skeels, T. Tavernier, E. Van De Walker, L. King, E. Stanton, B. Peterson, P. Halper, H. Mondyke.
 FIRST ROW—Marjorie Holmes, M. Ball, E. Wall, R. Young, M. Goin, N. Cheely, Miss Bigue, L. Johnson, M. Kodelka, E. Bomberg, B. Merman, J. Rom.

French Club

THE French Club is one of the most popular clubs in the school. The meetings, which are held every two weeks, are conducted in English. It is possible for anyone who has taken one or more terms of French to belong to this club. It is entirely a student organization.

The past year a very interesting plan has been adopted for carrying on the meetings. Every two weeks a different committee is appointed by the president

to look up material on French literature, art, and music, as voted by the members of the club. These topics, after being written, are collected by Marjorie Ball and kept by the French club.

The officers are Louis Greengard, president; Lillian Johnson, vice-president; Nola Cheely, secretary; Marjorie Ball, treasurer. The club advisor is Miss Blanche Bigue.

Nola Cheely '29

"Life" Staff



TOP ROW—J. Griffin, W. Petrowski, M. Peterson, G. Rice, W. Kuehn, R. Ehlers, D. Wigham, R. Billing, B. Fletcher.
 SECOND ROW—C. King, P. Steenberg, F. Sunness, F. Billing, J. Stuck, J. Freudenberg, M. Henning.
 FIRST ROW—M. Rose, S. Hirsch, F. King, M. Johnson, Mr. McKenny, V. Tompkins, L. Johnson, M. Ott, E. Ingerod.

Forty-seven



Civic League

WE, the students of the Humboldt High School, in order to form a more perfect union of those students who appreciate neat and clean surroundings, artistic and beautiful grounds, systematic and orderly habits among fellow associates, a courteous and orderly attitude one toward another, and a desire to do one's own share towards that end, rather than to delegate that obligation to another:

"To establish an atmosphere of refinement and culture at all times such as one expects of institutions of the type; insure such domestic tranquillity as will abolish such barbarous out-of-date practices commonly known as 'hazing';"

"To prohibit for the common defense against the tendency to do less than one's very best; to promote the general welfare; to improve the standards of both conduct and scholarship as a basis of good citizenship. To make secure the blessings of liberty and educational advantages made possible by the sacrifice and foresight of our forefathers to those students who are to follow us here in later years, do ordain and establish this organization to be known as the 'Humboldt Civic League.'"

Just one glance at the school grounds will tell you that the members of the Civic League have fulfilled the purpose which they set out to do when they drew up the constitution seven years ago. It is also interesting to note that Miss Plufka was the first treasurer of the organization.

The bird bath which was donated to us by Roy Glewwe, Oscar Anderson, and George Gardner last year will be installed this spring.

Some old fashioned rose bushes, which are now so difficult to obtain, have been secured from Mr. Peterson, who has exchanged plants with us, and for which we are very grateful. Shrubs have been supplied to replace the trees which were removed last fall.

The Civic League intends to enter the prize winning iris and also the prize winning peony.

We wish to thank the parents, teachers, students, and organizations who have helped the league in fulfilling its purpose.

The officers are as follows: President, James Wilkus; Vice-Pres., Clyde King; Second Vice-Pres., Wylie Van; Secretary, Roger Marks; Treasurer, Arthur Schultz; Photographers, Eleanor Henslin and Robert Edwards; Stenographers, Evelyn Schmidt and Ellen Ryan; Adviser, Miss Theresa B. Peyton.

Evelyn Ingerod '29

Commencement

THE sun dawns bright and clear
On the horizon of the earth;
So do new lives begin
With commencement's rebirth.

The noon-time of day approaches;
Our lives keep pace in time;
Our work is there before us;
Let's finish before even' time.

Evening soon is come,
And the end of the day is near;
May our lives be ever successful,
And the sunset bright and clear!

Ruth Billing '29.



TOP ROW—F. Dietzman, R. Bertsche, R. Alpern, G. Macauley, J. Hoover, D. Schroeder, G. Breitman, M. Hosking.
 FOURTH ROW—I. Waas, M. Kube, R. Macauley, E. Thrift, E. Geisinger, M. Cordes, A. Grosscup, D. Marthaler.
 THIRD ROW—U. Snavey, B. Olson, E. Bateman, M. Neagle, E. Schmidt, J. Freudenberg, C. Stoven, D. Peterson.
 SECOND ROW—R. Anderson, B. Fredericks, K. Ernst, N. Preston, C. Clancy, Miss Johnson, L. S. Kent, M. Englin, M. Hanna, B. Merman, E. Anderson.
 FIRST ROW—E. Piper, R. Franz, D. Barry, R. Clarkin, J. Cotter, E. Wentz, H. Busch, J. Kane, J. Guertin, J. Hable, E. Levy.

G. A. A.

THE Girls' Athletic Association recently held an election at which Emmy Lou Wentz was elected President; Jean Kane, Vice President; Mildred Englin, Secretary; and Josephine Hable, Treasurer. Catherine Ernst and Antoinette Grosscup were chosen as baseball and hike leaders.

Our basket-ball season ended with a tournament between the classes. The second Sophomores carried off the honors.

Now tennis is starting in full swing. A tennis tournament will be one of the big events of the season. Two days a week will also be used for baseball practice to prepare for an inter-class tournament at the end of the season.

Emmy Lou Wentz '30

Stamp Club

HUMBOLDT'S baby organization, the STAMP CLUB, presents its accomplishments for the approval of the Student body of Humboldt High School. This club was organized a year ago.

The members wish to thank Mr. Wauchope, principal of the school, for the kind encouragement he has always been ready to give. When the members were discouraged to the point of despair, it was none other than our principal who took a hand and helped restore confidence in the club.

The club has subscribed to

MEKEEL'S, a weekly stamp magazine, which comes to the school library for the use of those interested in the club. From this magazine the members constantly gather more knowledge about stamps.

On March 11, at the invitation of the Stamp Club, Charles Moos, City Postmaster, spoke to the Student body of Humboldt High School on the subject "The Future of Airmail." To make possible the visit, seventh period was kindly omitted by Mr. Wauchope. It may interest the students to know that Mr. L. R. S. Ferguson, City Commissioner of Education, received a letter from Mr. Moos stating that the latter's reception at Humboldt High School was one of the most pleasing he ever experienced.

On April 1, the students of Humboldt were surprised to see a picturesque stamp exhibit on the student council bulletin board. This exhibit, the first the Stamp Club ever displayed, included miscellaneous stamp sets. A few United States sets, stamps from Epirus, Liberia, Salvador, Australia, Bavaria, Mozambique, Fiume, Nyassa, Somalis Coast, and Obock comprised the contents of the display.

The members also wish to thank Miss Bastin, librarian, for her services as club advisor.

The officers of the club are Harry Belinsky, president; Irving Waldman, vice-president; Melvin Abramovitch, secretary-treasurer.

Irving Waldman '30



TOP ROW—C. Bisciglia, H. Burnside, B. Fletcher, L. Greengard, E. Henning, D. Marschinke.
SECOND ROW—G. Meyer, A. Karnstedt, W. Sutherland, J. Griffin, Miss Fanning, D. Becker, W. Kellgren, G. Flynn.
FIRST ROW—E. Jerabek, A. Thorne, L. Hauck, S. Edgell, R. Winchell, C. King, J. Stuck.

Rolly Hollerz

THIRTEEN members! Unlucky? I guess not. Nobody knows why there are just thirteen members, but we imagine it's just a defiance to the hoodoo jinx. But there you are; look 'em over and form your opinion. There are "Bob," "Jim," "Art," "Gunzel," "Southy," "Kelly," "Eddy," "John," "Elmer," "Louie," "Lee," "Clyde," and "Don," designating them by their nicknames. Miss Fanning is the advisor of this group which was organized some years ago to further athletics and pep up the school spirit. The club has, as a rule, consisted of thirteen members; but, because of the fact that ten of the members will graduate this June, something has been done that was never done before. Ten Junior members were voted into the club to fill the vacancies which will occur. These members share our table with us at noon and in other ways acquaint themselves with the senior members.

"Well, here's looking at you! Rap, Rap, Rap-Clap, Clap Clap—Chow!"

Out of the thirteen members ten were in the operetta and the other three played in the orchestra. Six of them were awarded letters in football; and two in hockey. The president, vice-president, and one of the sergeants-at-arms of the Student Council are Rolly Hollerz, as are the president and vice-president of the Senior class. The president of the Sophomore class is a Junior Rolly-Hollerz. Three out of the five boys in the cast of the "Patsy" are Rolly-Hollerzs.

Fifty

Pictures

WHITE, fluttering sails against a bright blue sky,

Grey, fleecy clouds that silently float by,—

A picture of sincere repose and calm,
Like some sweet anthem or a whispered psalm.

Faint, far off hills against a rosy morn,
Gay twitters from the birds to me are borne,—

A picture of sheer joy and sweet content,

All nature's creatures are on pleasure bent.

A flaming fireside with a happy pair
Of grey-haired people sweetly resting there,

Dreaming sweet dreams of that bright long ago,—

Paints the picture of peace as the fire burns low.

Jeanette Freudenberg '30.

In Miss Peyton's Economic Class.

Art Karnstedt: "Miss Peyton, may I speak to Wilbur Bortz about some stage fixtures?"

Miss Peyton: "Why, is Wilbur an electrician?"

Art: "Yes, a real good one."

Evelyn Stanton: "Oh, that accounts for the way he shocks us."



TOP ROW—V. Stassen, M. Goin, N. Cheely, I. Hauer, M. Kodelka, V. Boucher.
FIRST ROW—M. Johnson, V. Tompkins, Miss Plufka, L. Brick, L. Johnson.

Nezod

EVERYONE knows the members of the Nezod Club by their pep and by their new pins. Every member has a small silver insignia. The club is a girls' social organization and helps in assemblies and programs.

Violet Tompkins is president, and Lillian Johnson is secretary-treasurer. Miss Leone Plufka is advisor.

The members and their hobbies are:
Mildred Kodelka

—*Letting her hair grow.*
Margaret Johnson.....*Writing Receipts.*
Nola Cheely.....*Fixing her "pug."*
Margaret Goin.....*Doing the Racoon*
Violet Stassen.....*Going to S. S. Paul*
Violet Boucher.....*Swimming with Lois*
Dorothy Wigham.....*Playing tennis*
Lois Brick.....*Swimming with Vi*
Violet Tompkins.....*Going to marathons*
Lillian Johnson.....*Making posters*
Isabel Hauer.....*Going to school.*
Leone Plufka

—*"Trying to express myself."*

Violet Tompkins '29

Office Force

THERE is an office force here at Humboldt, in case you didn't know it, and it is for the purpose of helping our executives carry on their work more easily. There are one or two students each period of the day to help with this work.

The first period of each morning, we find Miss Foerster busy with the attendance, and Sylvia Hirsch and Caroline Steenberg helping. Invariably they are sent to get attendance cards from teach-

ers, who are so engrossed in their little "Cherubs" that they fail to send in their cards. The girls also have charge of the mail.

Second period, we discover Helen Liedkte typing furiously. Helen is very competent, and as you all know, is the valedictorian.

Third period, Ellen Ryan and Ida Rosenblatt are seen busy at work. Official class lists must be typed and, realizing this, they work hard.

The two "Violets," Violet Perron and Violet Boucher, occupy the office fourth period.

The helpers in the office fifth period are Evelyn Schmidt and Eleanor Weiss. Both are very competent, and we all may be sure that they will secure good positions.

Then comes Home-Room period, when Wylie Van does his best to keep Miss How in good humor.

After lunch, sixth period, Loraine Hug and Melva Comstock, being revived a little, try dutifully to do their best in keeping their work up to date.

Seventh period, Violet Perron again comes to the office, but she is helped by Robert Albrecht. Violet sometimes feels abused because, as she says, "Mr. Wauchope always gives me all the dictation."

At the end of each period the office workers leave with either a sigh of regret or a sigh of relief, according to the amount of work that has been assigned to them; but at any rate, they like their work and would not miss it for anything.

Melva Comstock '29



TOP ROW—W. Kastner, S. Edgell, C. Felton, D. Becker, S. Berkovitz, Miss Burns, P. McDonald, A. Rapohl, E. Happe, F. Clark, B. Lacy, H. Burnside.
FIRST ROW—E. Berkovitz, S. Chernoff, F. Christopherson, E. Thomas, C. Basciglia, M. Jordon, N. Waher, J. Kesting, L. Mason, D. Kuras, E. Schmidt, E. Schultz, M. Turpen, M. Abramovich, W. Sutherland.

The Orchestra

OUR orchestra, composed of twenty-nine members, has accomplished a great deal since the beginning of the term. Non-musical students may think that it is easy to play in an orchestra; but they are mistaken, for to read music intelligently is a difficult task. The members of the orchestra must listen to each other and play in time as well as in tune. The violin

section must bow together and pay strict attention to the director.

The Humboldt orchestra played for "The Patsy," and "What Happened to Jones," which was given at the Commercial Club. They have also played for many assemblies at Humboldt. The organization always plays for all the operettas. Miss Burns is the director.

Edna Berkovitz '30

The Patsy

THE PATSY" or "The Love Lesson," a three act play by Barry Conners, was presented April 17 and 18 at Humboldt High School. The play, which is of modern art and which contained a great deal of clean humor, appealed to the responding audience.

The scenery was like that of any modern home, and the characters were dressed very attractively.

Patsy is a young girl, very small but extremely sweet and cunning. Grace,

her sister, is very sophisticated and tries to make one think she is the beauty of the family. Mrs. Harrington is the social-fiend type, and tries to get into the best of society. Mr. Harrington is the hen-pecked husband, but at the end he gets his way. Tony Anderson is the philosophical man. Patsy loves him, unknown to himself. He finds out at last that his love is reciprocated. Billy Caldwell, of the higher social class, is engaged to Grace.



TOP ROW—Paul McDonald, E. Henning, W. Sutherland, B. Fletcher, R. Albrecht.
FIRST ROW—Miss Plufka, H. Gould, E. Van De Walker, M. Ball, I. Rosenblatt.



TOP ROW—A. Olson, L. Hug, E. Ryan, F. Wegofsky, A. Rosenblum, V. Perron, L. Mirwald, R. Billing.
SECOND ROW—B. Caron, M. Berkovitz, R. Goldberg, L. Plummer, R. Abramofsky, B. Smith, H. Liedtke,
D. Marble, M. Comstock.
FIRST ROW—M. Zuckert, P. Berkus, M. Peters, E. Ingerod, B. Palmer, E. Weiss, E. Schmidt, F. Paul,
M. Lundberg, M. Rose.

S. O. S. Club

THE "Sharks of Shorthand" club is most useful club at Humboldt. It includes some of the brightest, in fact the brightest pupil in Humboldt, the valedictorian, Helen Liedtke.

Not long ago the S. O. S. club sent two representatives, Evelyn Schmidt and our president, Marion Lundberg, with two substitutes, Melva Comstock and Helen Liedtke to the District Contest; and a "Shark of Shorthand" won. This made it possible for Evelyn Schmidt, the winner, to enter the State Contest at the University Farm School.

In March, members of the S. O. S. Club participated in the annual O. G. A. Contest and Humboldt was very well represented.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," seems to be a strong belief of our club, for we certainly have our share of good times. For example, at Christmas time the members gave a party at which we had everything from a Christmas tree and gifts, to a prize for the winner of "Marching Through Jerusalem."

So, if you are studying shorthand IV or are a Senior taking that subject don't miss the opportunity of joining our famous club.

Dorothy Marble '29

Cloud Pictures

I LOVE the skies when they are blue
With white clouds piled up high,
In them the strangest things I see
Like pictures drifting by.

Sometimes I see a boat with sails,
Sometimes I see a tree;
And then again I see a face
Which smiles right down on me.

I love these pictures that I see
Up in the sky each day,
But I am always saddest when
My pictures drift away.

Dorothy Schroeder '31

Friendship

GOLD cannot buy it,
Poverty tries it,
Joy increases it,
Sorrow but deepens it,
Virtue enables it,
Purity crowns it,
Age only strengthens it,
Time only lengthens it,
Yet, Death cannot end it—
Friendship!

Dorothy Schroeder '31.

Home Room Agents: Margaret Brightbill, 101; Susan Belden, 102; Helen Farnham, 103; Norman Sommers, 104; Mildred Posawad, 105; Fern Hansen, 106; Antoinette Smith, 201; Harold Ohman, 202; Eleanor Schletty, 203; Mildred Ott, 204; Mildred Kodelka, 205; Evelyn Ingerod, 206; Ruth Baumgart, 207; John Shomion, 208; Grace Peterson, 209; Violet Stassen, 210; Ellen Ryan, 301; Allan Carnes, 302; Wallace Sutherland, 304; Helen Gould, 305; Clyde King, 306; Lucille Alstatt, 307.



TOP ROW—C. Haberkorn, G. Diederich.

THIRD ROW—F. Haskell, W. Hughes, A. Bewell, Miss Hoffman, M. Gleuwe, S. Miller.

SECOND ROW—D. Becker, F. Sunness, H. Smith, P. Berkus, N. Rothstein, S. Hirsch, R. Young.

FIRST ROW—D. Pribyl, F. Rigos, R. Billing, F. Billing, G. Ball, L. Mason, A. Rosenblum, I. Rosenblatt.

The History Club

THE History Club was organized the past year by a group of students interested in history and current events. The club was formed early in the fall, and a constitutional committee was immediately appointed. After a constitution had been accepted, officers were elected; David Pribyl, president; Sylvia Hirsch, vice president; Ruth Young, secretary; and Marjorie Ball, treasurer.

The object of the club is to study interesting and important current happenings throughout the world. The League of Nations was a topic for discussion at several of the meetings. Three of the members entered the national League of Nations contest. They were Florence Billing, Leonard Mason, and Frank Rigos. The first prize in this contest is a trip to Europe.

Following the discussion of the League, the members decided to have each meeting devoted to a certain topic, with everyone participating in a general discussion.

The club had a very delightful party one afternoon in February. Some very exciting games were played and refreshments were served.

New officers were elected at the beginning of the second term. They are George Ball, president; Florence Billing, vice president; Ruth Billing, secretary; and Leonard Mason, treasurer.

Miss Hoffman is the advisor of the History Club.

Ruth Billing '29

Evening Prayer

ALMIGHTY GOD,
Maker of all things,
In Thee we have faith,
In Thee we trust.
Heavenly Father,
The angels sing
Of Thy great works
To we, who are dust.
And for the dawn
Of Thy great Son,
We love Thee more,
O Mighty One!

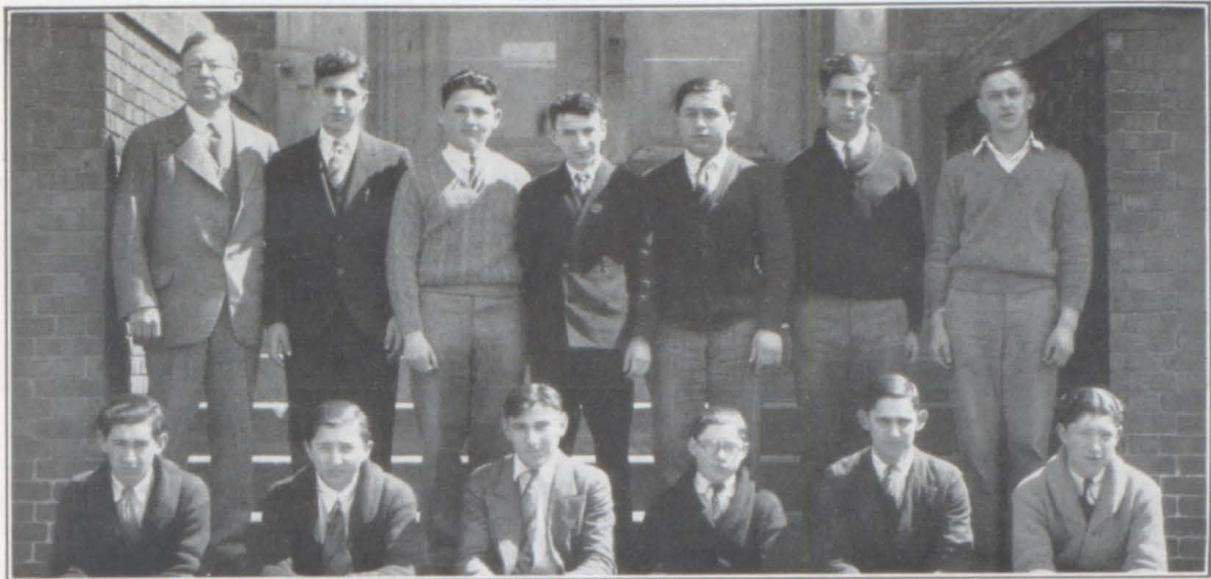
Muriel Turpen '29

Ward Conklin to Miss Hoffman:
"How I do de—test a D test!"

Swimming

THE swimming team had only two veterans back from last year's team. In the city conference the boys gave their opponents hard opposition, but the other teams were a little stronger. A handicap for the team was the lack of a swimming pool for practicing.

The lettermen of 1929 are as follows: Capt. H. Boyle, Leo Hauck, L. Greengard, O. Simmons, M. Breitman, Geo. Ball, and L. Graves.



TOP ROW—Mr. Wauchope, S. Miller, M. Breitman, M. Lipfield, F. Kleyman, S. Komer, H. Katzovitz.
FIRST ROW—H. Belinsky, M. Kleyman, S. Chase, L. Ehrlich, A. Silverstein, R. Statland.

Chess Club

THE Chess Club was formed in September 1927, under the supervision of Mr. Wauchope. At present there are twelve members and all take great interest in the game. Chess is played in the library early in the morning before school opens and in the afternoon when classes are at a close.

The officers for this term are Sam Chase, president; Maurice Kleyman, secretary-treasurer; and Louis Ehrich, sergeant-at-arms.

Before members actually began to

play chess, the history of the game was discussed.

The names of various "pieces" tell us that the game of chess must have been created during medieval times, and from the positions which the kings, queens, bishops, knights, castles, and soldiers assume on the board, we learn how the royalty was protected.

Chess is an educational game and helps to develop the mind. All the members are now receiving higher marks in their studies. Two of the five graduates are on the honor roll.



Mr. Peterson, L. Greengard, O. Simmons, G. Ball, G. Diedrich, H. Boyle, A. Pfieffer, L. Graves, M. Breitman, D. Diamond.



TOP ROW—L. De Werf, F. Billing, R. Billing, L. Kent, P. Steenberg, M. Turpen, E. Sommer.
 THIRD ROW—H. Petherbridge, J. Kane, R. Franz, Miss Graves, E. Anderson, L. Hug, M. Botten, H. Mondike.
 SECOND ROW—M. Reberk, D. Barry, R. Clarkin, B. Fredrick, I. Rosenblatt, H. Bertsche, B. Merman, D. McMann, N. Rothstein.
 FIRST ROW—M. Henning, P. Davis, A. Neihart, V. Nafus, B. Smith, R. Anderson, M. Kachel, V. Laustrup, R. Bertsche, C. Clancy, A. Rosenblum.

The Girl Reserves

THE past year has been a very successful and enjoyable one for the Girl Reserves of Humboldt. The following officers were elected at the beginning of the year: Velma Nafus, president; Bernice Smith, vice-president; Helen Bertsche, secretary; and Mildred Kachel, treasurer. In February, Velma Nafus resigned, and Ruth Franz was elected to fill the vacancy. Miss Graves is the faculty advisor whose assistance has been invaluable. Vera Laustrup was the Inter-club council delegate. The following people served on the various committees:

The Social committee: Mildred Kachel, Lucy Mae Kent, Adelle Rosenblum, and Ida Rosenblatt.

The Membership committee: Bernice Smith, Helen Bertsche, Vera Laustrup, and Nettie Rothstein.

Service committee: Helen Bertsche, Elizabeth Anderson, Pearl Steenberg, and Catherine Clancy.

Program committee: Ruth Franz, Della Kuehn, Muriel Turpen, Florence Billing, and Bernice Smith.

Publicity committee: Ruth Billing and Madeline Henning.

Last fall the members from the previous year gave a tea party in honor of the many new members of the Sophomore class. On another occasion the club hiked to Happy Hollow where they had a very enjoyable time.

In November all the clubs in the city had a "Hard Time Party" at the Y. W. C. A. Each club was required to entertain the others with a stunt. The Humboldt Girl Reserves gave a

playlet called the "Sweet Family," a very humorous scene of family life.

Just before Christmas the girls went to various hospitals and institutions to sing carols.

Miss Graves gave a very interesting talk on "China." She showed us many of the oddities which she collected during her trip in the Orient. The kimono, beads, and other various trinkets very unlike our own were very beautiful. She told about the customs of the Chinese.

In February there was another joint Girl Reserves Party. All the girls wore colonial costumes. The Humboldt club gave a "Schottische."

A doughnut sale was held during March. The proceeds of the sale are used to assist in sending some girl to Lake Okibogi, Iowa, for the summer vacation.

In April the Humboldt club had a roller skating party at the Y. W. C. A.

With all the forms of entertainment the Girl Reserves have had a truly enjoyable year.

Pearl Steenberg '29

Nutty

I'M crazy about the teams of ours—
 I'm daffy about the merry hours—
 I'm wild about the friends I've met—
 I'm goofy about the marks I get—
 I'm bugs about my teachers too—
 I'm even loony over you.
 I guess you think I'm coo-coo, but—
 I'm just a Humboldt High School nut.

Betty Rubert



TOP ROW—M. Geiger, W. Van, W. Petrowski, (student manager), J. Willis, A. Schultz.
FIRST ROW—J. Grogan, C. King, S. Edgell.

Hockey

ALTHOUGH the hockey team did not win the Championship, they gave their opponents tough opposition. Twice they were defeated by one goal at the hands of Mechanics, and Central beat them by two goals. Both games were won against Johnson by large scores.

Wylie Van, Humboldt's star defense man, made the "All City Team," but this was nothing new to him for he made it the year before. Capt. Clyde King and Marvin Geiger were placed on the second team.

The lettermen of 1929 are as follows: Capt. Clyde King, Wylie Van, Forest Strathern, John Grogan, Clarence Courtney Mason Carlton, Art Schultz, James Willis, Marvin Gieger, and Southwell Edgell.

Basketball

HUMBOLDT had better success in basketball this year than for several years. Although not winning the Championship the boys have the fight and gave all the teams hard games. Two games were lost by one point, while the others were lost by small scores.

Capt. Bob Edwards was placed on the second "All City Team" and was beaten out of a position on the first team by just one vote. M. Mortenson, H. Earney, and H. Merman were also placed on different all city second teams.

The lettermen of 1929 are as follows: Bob Edwards (C), Arver Thorne, M. Mortenson, H. Earney, H. Merman, Joe Lipschultz, Robert Lacy, Robert Albrecht, and H. Burnside.



TOP ROW—J. Lipschultz, Mr. Wachter, R. Lacy, W. Canniff, H. Burnside, R. Albrecht.
FIRST ROW—R. Edwards, H. Merman, M. Mortenson, H. Earney, A. Thorne.

"Ernie"

Fifty-seven

Golf

THE golf team of 1929 is going to make a serious bid for the golf title by the return of four veterans of last year. They are: Wylie Van, James Willis, G. Haberkorn, and W. Petrowski. Last year the team placed second in the race having been defeated by Johnson.

Character Builders

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Cedar at Ninth

For Humboldt Athletics

THE Security State Bank of St. Paul mailed a check for \$10.00 to the Athletic Council "as a contribution to further the interest of athletics for Humboldt High School." This gift was very much appreciated. Although Humboldt is the smallest high school in point of attendance, it has to meet the other high schools on equal footing as far as equipment goes. For this reason, the donation was very acceptable.

Baseball

DUE to lack of funds and support of the student bodies the four Senior High Schools have given up baseball. Baseball is an expensive game; and when a team hasn't sufficient support, it cannot play.

Humboldt plans to have interclass baseball between the Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores. These teams are being supported by the players.



Thomas F. Kennedy
Vice President

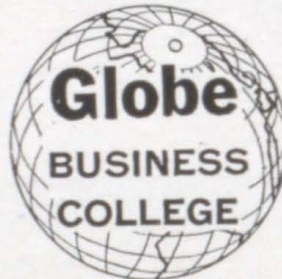
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Billing and Tabulating
Filing and Indexing
Bookkeeping Machine
Adding Machine

GRADUATES SECURE POSITIONS

(Continued from page 33)

kind heaven for her blessings."

Eve was completely nonplussed, but she did not forget that Joe was sprinkling the lawn behind her and Jane most likely staring out of her front window across the street. Signor Antonio was most gracious. He sat beside her and talked rapidly in his peculiar English.

"Eet ees a mos' perfect place to find you in, Mees Janis. Ees eet here you write your magnificent poetry?" Light began to dawn on Eve.

Jane was walking down the street oh, quite disinterestedly. Joe's sprinkling sounded nearer the fence. Eve smiled graciously on her admirer.

"Yes, it is here I spend most of my time." Surely that was no lie, thought Eve.

"I read that leetle one poem about the sweet peas. Oh, Mees, that was devine, mos' charmeeng. I cry over eet. I seet in my weendow and cry all nigh'. Eet make me so-o sad. Oh, Mees Janis, you have a won'erful gift of genius. I see in your leetle blue eyes the reflection of the soul of poetry."

"I'm glad you liked it," murmured Eve, a trifle uncomfortable.

"But tell me, you look so yo'ng to write so much! Yes you have start' very early."

"Oh," he arose excitedly. "Eet poetry," Eve lied.

"But why deed you write that 'Poet's Lament?' Eet was so-o sad, too, I could never un-erstan' your meaning qui-ite. Won't you explain?"

"I-I believe I've forgotten the one you refer too."

"Oh," he arose excitedly. "Eet went like thees!"

"Speak not—whisper not;
Winds sighing by;"

Signor Antonio's voice rose to a high pitch and sank. Throwing his arms up to the sky he repeated the lines of the poem with extravagant expression. His voice rose to a shrillness that

(Continued on page sixty)



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(Continued from page fifty-nine)

could not be hid. Eve's ears grew red. She could hear Joe's snicker behind her. Jane was staring from the sidewalk. Mother's scared face appeared at an upstairs window.

"Please," began Eve, "You'll wake Charlotte." But Antonio Bacleova was not to be stopped. He completed the poem to his own satisfaction and then reseated himself and mopped his beaming countenance. He smiled happily, but Eve was anything but happy.

"Mr. Bacleova, please, I think I had better tell you."

"Yes, Mees, but firs' you mus' explain the poem."

"Yes, but listen. A—a my name's Eve Janis all right—"

"And a bee-ueatiful name eet ees!"

"Yes, but, I guess it's a mistake. I'm Eve Janis, but I never wrote a line of poetry in my life!"

Antonio the divine arose in white rage. "I have been treeked!" he screamed. "I have been fool' by a girrl! I weell keell you! Deceiver! Liar!" Thoroughly terrified, Eve turned and fled to the other end of the garden.

"Come ba-ack! I weell keel you, I will cut you' thro-oat!"

Reaching the fence, Eve turned around to meet the enraged cyclone that came screaming down at her. She had a momentary recollection of a red face, white teeth far apart, a curled back tongue, and staring eyeballs. Then everything became all wet. Signor Antonia gasped and blinked. Joe's aim was good, and the water was wet. Antonio Bacleova turned and fled.

"And now," Joe informed the hysterical girl who was clinging to his arm across the fence, "if you want me to wash your name off your sidewalk with my hose, I'll do it." And he did.

Florence Billing '30

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Johnny Blake

JOHNNY Blake stuttered—in fact he had stuttered all his life and was likely to keep on stuttering the rest of it. He was a lad with bright blue eyes, curly hair, and a brilliant mind; but the moment he opened his mouth everyone sighed and prepared to listen for fifteen minutes only to hear that it was a nice day if it wouldn't rain. Everyone liked Johnny and he had many friends. He was always patient and good-natured about the way everyone teased him.

There had been a terrific storm; and a bridge which hadn't been very firm, had fallen. As yet there was no way to cross the river except by boat. Johnny had a bicycle, and one sunny afternoon he decided to take a ride out to see the fallen bridge. He was coming back when he met a car going in the direction of the bridge. The driver stopped the car and called to Johnny; so, of course, he stopped too.

"Say we lost our way to Freeport, and could you direct us to it?"

"Ce-C-C-Certainly," replied Johnny. "Y-Y-You t-t-take t-t-this r-road un-un-until y-y-you c-come t-to t-the f-f-first c-c-crossing, a-and

t-then y-y-you t-t-turn t-t-to t-t-the left." Johnny went on to explain, in his endless way, just what road to take and when and where to take it. Finally he said:

"B-B-But I h-h-have s-s-something t-t-to s-s-say. Y-Y-You s-s-see—" At this point the tourist impatiently interrupted him.

"Oh, of course I see. Thanks a lot," and he was off. Johnny became excited and called to him.

"D-D-Danger a-a-ahead," By the time Johnny had finished saying this the car had gone. He decided to follow the car; but as hard as he tried, the car kept gaining on him and finally was out of sight. Nevertheless, Johnny kept following, and at last he saw the car. It was parked just at the edge of the river.

"Oh m-m-misteh, I-I-I w-w-wanted to t-t-tell y-y-you, b-b-but y-y-you hurried a-a-away, and I d-d-didn't g-g-get a chance to t-t-tell y-y-you. Th-Th-The br-br-bridge is d-d-down."

"So I notice," dryly replied the driver.
Grace Peterson '29

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(Continued from page twenty-nine)
in the tournament tomorrow will be the one I'll go with."

After shaking hands, Ted went west on Mount Rose Avenue, and Speed went east.

Seven hundred enthusiastic students turned out for the finals of the tennis tournament. The last contest of the day was between Ted and Speed.

The first set was a hard one. Speed served his act surely and swiftly, but Ted was too level headed; and in the return, he placed them just where he wanted them. If Speed was on the serving line, he shot net balls and if Speed played net, Ted sent over "loft-ers."

Ted won the first set 6-4.

Speed calmed down in the second set and beat Ted 9-7.

In the third set, both boys steadied their shots to sure, swift, well-placed balls. The count was 3-2, Speed's favor. Ted jumped up to return a serve, and when his foot again touched ground, he turned his ankle. His idea of fairness would not permit him to ask for time out; so he played on, missing the balls that were out of his reach, but returning with accuracy the ones he could reach.

At first Speed could not understand Ted's inability to return the balls. When it dawned upon him that Ted's ankle had given out, the balls went over the net slower and within Ted's reach. He never could explain that impulse.

The set ended 6-4, Ted's favor. Speed walked up and congratulated him with a heavy heart, but with a cheerful smile.

Ted received the trophy and congratulations heaped upon him, self-consciously, and his eyes continuously sought Speed's white-clad figure.

At last they were in the dressing room; and the moment Speed had dreaded had arrived.

"Whad you do it for, kid?" Ted asked gruffly. "Nobody'll ever realize what you sacrificed, least of all Nancy, 'cause the only thing she knows about tennis is that it contains love in some manner, shape, or form."

"Doggone it! I don't know why I did it!" Speed laughed. He quickly

(Continued on page 63)

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FLOWERS

—FROM—

Holm & Olson



(Continued from page 62)

changed the subject. "Who under the sun should I ask to go to the prom with me?"

But Ted had gone to search for Nancy.

On the way home he said, "Nan, you'll never realize what Speed did; so I'm going to tell you. He literally gave me that last set. I don't know why, but I have an idea. I want you to decide in favor of me, but still I want you to get the low-down on every angle of the question. Don't mention to Speed what I have said. And say, by the way, it might interest you to know that Speed and I are going to be the best of friends henceforth and forever more."

"I certainly am glad to hear that, Ted, because I'm afraid—well, gee! I wish I could go to the prom with both of you boys. Anyway, I'll let you know what I've decided later, Ted. Godnight."

That night Nancy called Speed on the phone.

"Hello, Speed. Yes, this is Nan. I want to congratulate you, Speed, because you certainly played a wonderful game. And—well—Speed, is your invite still open for the prom? I'm glad, Speed. I do want to go with you. No, I didn't say the winner. I said I would go with the one who played the best game. Why surely, I mean it."

A few days later, a Wednesday—formerly Ted's day—Ted saw Speed and Nancy walking down the street together.

"I didn't think I would feel so rotten," he said, grimly. And then because he was Ted Clayton, popular and young, he stuck his hands in his pockets and lustily whistled "It's Over, All Over."

Minerva Rose '30

Golling
Photographer

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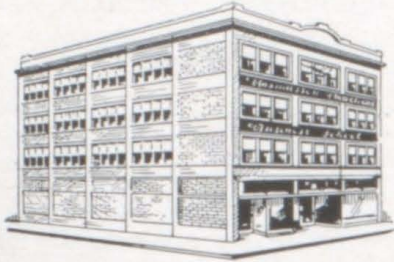
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Alumni Notes



Edna Tubbesing, '28, is a stenographer at the Electric Refrigerator Company.

Harvey Jorgenson, '28, is working at Swift and Company.

Lloyd Berkus, '26, is now a junior partner of the B. B. Candy Company.

Edward Gujer, '26, is a clerk at the Great Northern Railway.

Among the Humboldt alumni now attending the University of Minnesota are William Green, '25; Jacob Katz, '27; Morris Levensohn, '28; Albert Pallis, '27; Israel Kaplan, '26; Allan Bomberg, '28; Irvin Clausen, '28; Evelyn Metcalf, '28; and Burtis Mears, '24.

John Weidemann, '28, is now working at Swift and Company.

Ethel Niehart, '28, is doing stenographic work at H. C. Boyeson Company.

Hyman Goldberg, '27, is employed in the U. S. Mail Order Company.

Floyd Brady, '26, is working at the St. Paul Fire Marine Insurance Company.

Fern Rom, '28, is working at Schunemann and Mannheimer's.

Bertha Nelson, '28, is working at Sundkvist's.

George Hagney, '26, is now working at the St. Paul Daily News.

Elwood Brown, '26, is working in the Northern Pacific Railroad office.

Eleanor Johnston, Elma and Thelma Turpen are attending Crowley Teachers' Training School.

Franklin Steinmetz, '23, is now architect and superintendent of construction for the Consolidated Lumber Company, and also serves as auditor for ten of their Wisconsin yards.

Harluf Peterson, '26, is the assistant pharmacist at the Concord Drug Company.

William Binder, '26, is now attending St. Thomas College.

Donald Melbye, '24, has moved to Seattle to work.

Clarence Ryder, '26, is attending the Busch School of Dramatic Art in Chicago.

Glenna Gray, '29, is working at the Historical Society Building in St. Paul.

Gerold Posawad, '28, is attending the Rasmussen Business School.

Waldo Kellgren, '25, is working in Mount Carrol, Ill.

William Dannovsky, '23, is manager of the Hosiery Department at the Golden Rule.

Vernon Larson, '25, is taking up forestry and aviation at the U. of Washington.

Seymour Simon, '25, is attending Macalester College.

Joseph Armstrong, '24, is working for the Walter L. Lacy Company in Louisville, Kentucky.

Robert McCoy, '28, is working at Swifts in So. St. Paul.

Ann Kaplan, '26, is teaching at the Irving School, Minneapolis.

Eileen Hagney, '27, is working at the Cherokee Heights Bakery.

Lucille Sladek, '25, is attending the Mills School of Art.

Raymond Staples, '28, is working at the City Loan Company.

Harry Griswold, '27, is attending the U. of Wisconsin.

Dorothy Lawler, '27, is a stenographer in the office of Swift & Company.

Lillian Burnside, '27, works for the Aetna Insurance Company.

Ethel Brandt, '28, is now working at the Minnesota Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Irvin Nerenberg, '29, is working at Lipschultz Brothers Seat Covers Co.

Edith Goldberg, '29, is stenographer for U. S. Salvage Company.

Robert Mears, '28, is working at Buckbee Mears Company.

Jack Diamond, '29, is now a stenographic clerk at the Department of Parks Playgrounds, and Public Buildings of St. Paul.

Agnes A. Richardson, '18, and Arthur Kosanke, were married at Christ Episcopal Church, April 6.

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SAINT PAUL

(Continued from page forty-one)

teacher at the University of Wisconsin.

The bridge of San Luis Rey has just been reconstructed by Frederick Smith. This was considered an outstanding achievement in the engineering world.

Paris has taken a back seat as designer of women's gowns, now that Ned Van Wambeke has come to the fore as creator of new fashions.

Harvey West is teacher of jazzology at St. Peter.

Nathan Levinsohn and Irvin Nerenberg have completed a chemical process by which it is possible to painlessly extract the odor from garlic and onions.

John D. Rockefeller has been fortunate in securing the services of Virginia Smith as private secretary.

Evelyn Ingerod is traveling abroad as companion to Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, social leader of the Four Hundred.

John Shomion and Norman Sommers are electricians in the Midway Garage.

The Arthur Casey Players have gained for their company the services of such eminent players as Goldie Weisburd Jack Simos, Fern Wegofsky, Sara Waldman, and Sam Rubenstein.

Bob Albrecht is a celebrated Lutheran preacher, noted for his eloquence and profoundness of thought. He is also good at extracting the shekels.

Mary Zuckert and Marion Lundberg are chief secretaries to Edsell Ford.

Christine Sorenson and Forest Strathern are touring the Keith-Albee Orpheum Circuit as refined "hoofers".

The corps of Forest Rangers have been bolstered up by the enlistment of Laurence Walker and Marcus Woodruff.

Virginia Hurless has emerged victorious from the National Flat Foot Marathon Dance which was held in Beanville, Mass. Dorothy Wackerfuss came in second.

As soon as Willard finished reading the copy, boys rushed the material down to the stenographers to be typed. It seemed as if Florence had preferred Humboldt typists, for the office force was composed of Molly Berkovitz, Bernice Caron, Melva Comstock, Rose Goldberg, Charlotte Hanson, Lucille Plummer, Bernice Silverman,

Flora Paul, Dorothy Truhlar, and Eleanor Weiss. After being typed it was hurried to the press room where we found Joseph Gillespie, Wallace Kolberg, and Arnold Silverstein, also Raymond Carleton and Wilfred Canniff as the printers.

A short time afterwards it was being sold on the street and it created such a sensation that the circulation of the Daily Screech increased from a hundred to six hundred thousand copies.

Due to the experience gained in writing the prophecy, Rhea Ehlers and Dorothy Wigham became eminent writers.

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