

Humboldt Life

H 1924



The Career

By Dorothy Swift



TO M O R R O W ! Just think, Lucile dear," cried Mrs. Davis, "tomorrow you go to Chicago to study for a career in music. My dream has come true. I was denied a career, but you, dear, my little baby, shall have it!"

Lucile Davis was the youngest of the family. They were all musically inclined but Lucile had shown a distinct talent. Mrs. Davis was a lover of music, but because of family troubles and struggles she was unable to continue her studies. She resolved that if any of her children showed any talent they would be given the right of a career.

With this aim in mind, Mrs. Davis brought up little timid Lucile. It was impressed upon her mind that when she was eighteen she was to go away to study music. Lucille loved her music. The plans and talks of a career had always been something vague and far off to her. Now the time had come. She met it with no great thrill.

"Why was her mother so persistent?" she thought. "Why couldn't she stay home on the little farm with her mother and sisters? Why must she have a career?"

These questions she longed to ask, but never ventured to do so. Her mother would be bitterly disappointed if she expressed her desire to stay home. Her parents had saved for years to send her. The time had come. She must go.

Lucile in the big, dirty, over crowded city of Chicago felt lonely. She longed for the country again. For a year she studied hard at her music. At Christmas time she went home to visit.

"Lucile, Lucile, you play beautifully," cried her mother when she finished playing a selection. "Oh, if I could only have had the opportunity that you are having."

Lucile returned, and studied for another year. Her Professor was planning

his annual recitals. He had two recitals; one for the most exclusive and talented pianist, and the other was for the lower grade of pupils.

In spite of Lucile's two years of studies she still had no desire to become famous. Her mother hoped that she would be in the exclusive recital.

"I can not go on like this," she thought. "I am going to tell mother all. I don't want to be famous. I can't."

When Lucile returned home again she went with determination to tell them the truth.

Mrs. Davis was excited and pleased with Lucile's results. Her face fairly shone as she told the neighbors about her daughter. Lucile lost all courage. How could she be so mean as to even think of disappointing her mother.

"Good-bye, dear," cried Mrs. Davis at the station. "I just know you will be in the first class recital."

With these words burning in her ears, Lucile returned to the city. Her heart was filled with determination. It was a different determination with which she had gone.

"I'm going to win! I'm going to succeed! I'm going to be famous!"

The night of the great event arrived. The hall was crowded with people. Lucile was in the first class recital!

After the recital her Professor came running to her, saying excitedly, "Miss Davis, Oh, Miss Davis, you played wonderfully! Before you have had wonderful technique, but tonight ah, tonight you played with feeling. You played with your heart, your soul. Ah, Miss Davis, you lived in your selection. You have talent! Mr. Banoff, the great concert master of New York is wild over your playing. He wants to see you at once! You will be on the concert stage," he cried, excitedly, all in one breath.

Lucile's eyes filled with tears.

"Success!" she cried. "Oh, Mother, I have started my career!"

Gyped Again

When Mike and Murphy Met

By Norval Ham



PIKE MURPHEY stood on the corner and waited. To be exact, he waited impatiently and, it appeared, a bit hopelessly. He had been waiting for his "partner-in-crime" for fully fifteen minutes and felt rightfully outraged. Suddenly, his partner

appeared, swaggering down the avenue at a leisurely gait.

"Say, what da ya mean, stallin' around like dat; I've been here long enough to see three guys pulled in fer speedin, see?" snarled the lanky Mr. Murphey.

"Now listen, bo, just pipe down, get me? I was just back dere talkin' wit a swell jane I met at a dance and got a date wit her fer termorro night; and as fer gettin' pulled in, just watch out or they'll get you fer insanity and disturbin' the peace," came back Mike Cassidy, snapping his stubby fingers in Murphey's hatchet face. Mike seemed to have derived much satisfaction from his little speech, for he settled his neck more firmly into his collar, shifted his weight to one foot, and sneeringly grinned.

"Well, by rights, I oughta pop ya one on da chin for gettin' so flip wit yer superior, but I heard once dat ya should never argue wit a lunatic," snapped out Spike, as the pair strode along the avenue.

"Dat's funny, ya should just *try* an pop me; no, you're not da guy dat con do it,"

laughingly returned Mike, who had lately acquired a new red necktie, a roll of fifties, and a "wag" with women.

"I'm just givin' ya a little friendly advice, Mike," began Murphey, "Just keep away from those janes; remember the last one ya had. After investin' about thirty bucks in her, she sneaks off an marries 'Irish' Grogan, the hod-carrier. I'm warnin' ya, go easy."

"Say, ya can't tell *me* nuthin' about women, why look at the experience I've had," quoth Cassidy, swelling up with pride. "I know *just* how to handle women, none of 'em can fool Mike Cassidy."

The two knights of the pick and shovel conversed at length and then parted.

Two days later, they, by mutual consent, again met to "paint the town red." Mike looked like his life wasn't worth a plugged nickle, while the smiling Murphey appeared to have just purchased the high bridge.

"Well, Mike," shouted Murphey upon spying his crest-fallen friend, "how's tricks?"

"Not so good," returned Mike with a feeble grin, "da jane threw me down fer some 'handsome young chap,' at least, dat's what *she* called him."

"'Stoo bad, but I had a keen time last nite, was out wit Rose Grogan, da wash-woman's daughter," was the reply of Murphey.

A strange pallor cast itself over the visage of Mike and he stammered, "Wot Rose Grogan, Oh, ma gosh, it's *her*."

A superior grin spread over Murphey's features, and with an air of great lightness, he sarcastically sneered, "I told you so."

ALASKA

A Land of Romance

Miss Frances S. Ek

"There's a land where the mountains are
nameless,
Where the rivers run God knows where;
There are lives that are erring and aim-
less
And deaths that just hang by a hair."
Robert W. Service.

HAVE you seen the strange land? Many days and long weeks would be needed to travel its length. However, one may glimpse this land of mystery and silence by traversing its southeastern and western portions.

The scenes are ever interesting. First to claim one's attention are the busy, picturesque Alaskan cities. Here the new and the old are combined. Totem poles, first to be seen at Ketchikan, record the history, genealogy, and legend of old native tribes. The entire native population of Southeastern Alaska is divided into two great divisions, known as the Eagle or man's totem, and the Crow or woman's totem. The totem poles are highly revered because they carry the tribal emblem. The average white man can gain no satisfactory knowledge by approaching the natives. The old ones who know will not respond, and the young ones claim to know nothing about it. There also remains in these quaint towns an atmosphere of romance of the days of '98. Days when the lust of gold so filled men's souls that it was believed

"There's never a law of God or man
Runs north of fifty-three."

It is not an uncommon sight to see

row upon row of deserted shacks, once the homes of prospective gold-seekers. Shacks they are, having never seen paint or siding, being simply crude structures to serve as temporary dwellings. These men, lured on by Nature's golden treasures, had neither time or inclination to appreciate the hidden beauties of that strange land. The old forsaken Alaskan gambling houses and saloons are found on the main street of each and every town. They, too, seem to cast a spell of romance about one. For on sight of these places, come memories of the tales of the stirring times of one of the greatest gold stampedes the world has known.

Then, too, evidence of modern progress surprises the traveler. Anchorage, Seward, Juneau, and Wrangell can boast of certified high and grade schools, modern street, water, and electric systems, and baseball leagues. Yes, and Anchorage even boasts of an outdoor bathing beach. Luxurious automobiles are seen in many of the towns. Short auto trips are made possible

by modern, well-kept roads. Banks, Dry Goods Stores, Government Buildings, Curio Shops are rapidly taking the place of the old-time Alaskan tar-paper frame. The cities of Alaska have a wonderful future. Rich virgin copper is there in abundance. Coal and gold mines there are to supply world needs. And the surrounding waters filled with salmon help feed the populace.

Totems and Indians interest one, cities of romance make one ponder a while,



but most of all the scenic beauty of Alaska impresses and charms.

The mightiness of Alaskan scenery is filled with multiplied wonders. The charm of the glaciers is never ending. There are glaciers in that land that were old when Christ was a child. There are dead glaciers, live ones, little ones, big ones. Not a few attain a height of from 200 to 300 feet and extend miles in width. These stupendous pent-up masses of energy can be viewed with safety by the traveler. Some of the glaciers terminate on the ocean borders, others on interior rivers. Thunderous sounds can be heard at a distance at the breaking off of huge blocks of ice from the live glaciers. The dead ones are interesting, too, for, oh! how old they must be.

Numbers of the peaks, in fact, whole ranges are crowned with everlasting snow. Southeastern Alaska is all mountains. The mountain chains are never tiring to the eye for their aspect is altered by variations of color, size, and atmosphere. The average student of geography is surely familiar with such names as Mt. McKinley, Mounts Wrangell, St. Elias, and Fairweather. These stupendous mountain masses make one stand in awe. They are, truly, guards of the Northland. Low hanging clouds, characteristic of Alaska only, and known as the North Coast Mantle of Death, hide from view at times the lofty mountain tops and screen off the busy towns located at the foot-hills. Rivers and glacial streams can be heard tumbling down the mountain sides. Now and then a different sound can be distinguished. It is the splash of the large salmon as it ascends the falls to the river, leaps and

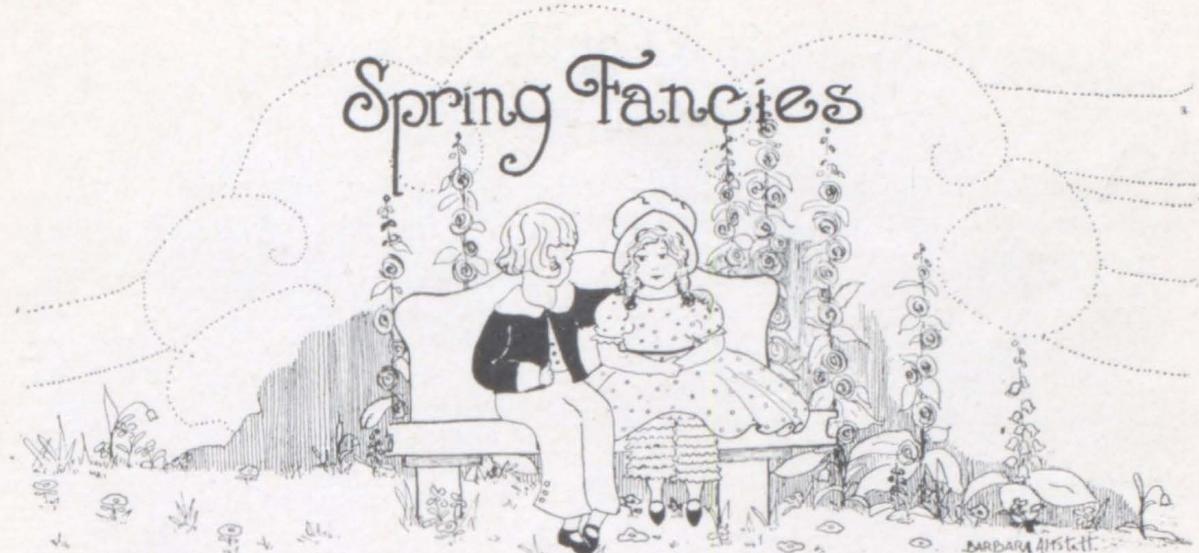
finds its way to the spawning banks. Mother Nature dresses up the fertile spots with masses of colorful flowers and luscious fruits. Hard to imagine, is it not, in a land principally noted for snow and ice? However, there is a greater variety of wild flowers in Alaska than there is in Florida. They exceed all size limits. Two pansies will fill an ordinary drinking glass. Delicious, big, sweet-tasting strawberries are grown in quantities. Vegetable crops include all products of the temperate zone in America. To Alaskans these fruits of the soil are no novelty, but to strangers they are a constant surprise.

Then to add a touch of grandeur to it all, there is that brilliance of color in Alaska. The sky may be filmed with a surpassing splendor of the aurora borealis, ribboning the heavens so as to light up the northern night. From June 1 to August 1—north of 61°, the Midnight Sun helps to give the beauty of the night more splendor. An Alaskan sunset would be an inspiration to any painter. And there its beauty is shortly replaced by the magnificence of the rising moon. It scarcely seems the same moon as that which lights up our heavens. Nature in all its beauty holds forth in the Northland unmarred by the hand of man.

The Wonderland of America is the land of the midnight sun, the land of snow-capped mountains and living glaciers, of quaint and picturesque cities, of romantic Indians and curious Totem poles, of meadows gay with wild flowers, of the storehouse for Nature's golden treasures. It is indeed a strange land filled with contrast and charm.



Spring Fancies



Springtime

Deep in the heart of man
A spirit lies,
Which has dwelt there since this
world began
And since the skies.

A hunger for nature
Yes, for the rugged hills,
The greenness of the pasture,
And for the wild birds' trills.

Hailing the merry breezes
With a smile;
Wishing to sit by the brookside
Just a little while.

Shouting with glee when the spring-time
Approaches quite near
And summons to her in the meantime
Three months of the year.

Oh gentlest of breezes!
Oh pride of the rose!
Oh purest of graces!
Oh sweetest repose!

I, too, have that longing
Which all poets sing
For the dancing, the thronging,
The being, of Spring.

Chester R. Jones.

Friends

Oh, it's when a fellow's lonely
That his friends to him are dear.
It's then that he longs for only
A trifle of good cheer.

Then list; ye men of tomorrow,
Enjoy yourselves while ye may.
Right now is no time for sorrow,
So make some good friends today.

Chester R. Jones.

"Blossom Time"

After a long rest, Lady Spring is come,
With birds and flowers and warm, bright
sun;
With robin and blue-bird and dainty
May flower,
All waiting to greet us at every hour.

The tiny jewel-flecked lakes so blue,
Lying in the sun, seem to smile at you;
And the merry brook through the meadow winds,
Leaping and laughing at the joy it finds.
Everything casts off its bleak wintry
looks,
From the tired men in cities, to wild,
woodland nooks;
And when evening slowly steals over the
hills,
"The Spring has come," the hearts of
men thrills.

Lois Ludden.

It Would, if it Could, but it Can't

By Lois Ludden

BOB Miers had a great affliction—his nose. It was not a Roman nose, or an aquiline nose, or an eagle nose, or a nose with a tilt in it. It was simply a pug nose—a very, very pug nose to Bob's mind.

Bob had read a book of his sister's entitled "Beauty Hints to Young Women." One chapter was very interesting. It was entitled "Imperfections in Noses and How to Correct Them."

"If the nose is inclined to 'pug,' a simple method of correcting the imperfection is to massage the sides of the nose upward towards the lower part of the bridge."

"Pretty swell stuff," was Bob's compliment to the book he had hitherto scorned. "I'll start and mass-age my nose, and pretty soon no one'll know me."

So for a short time Bob massaged his nose. He treated it to twenty-five rubs in the morning and twenty-five rubs in the evening.

"Heck!" he said one night as he stood inspecting his nose in his mirror, "this ain't doing any good. Guess you're 'sposed to rub it all day each day in a month. You catch me doin' that. It turns up just as much as ever. Say, I got an idea!"

The rest of the family were in bed, so he quietly slipped downstairs and went into the kitchen. He turned on the light and then opened the back door. He fumbled around in the woodshed, and after

several minutes of labor, aided by "darn it" and "heck," he came into the kitchen with something in his hand.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Mrs. Miers was wakened by hearing a door slam. Then she heard some one prowling through the dining room, and parlor and then into the front hall.

She leaned over and woke Mr. Miers.

"There's a MAN downstairs in the hall. He's going t' come up here. Hurry on and scare him out."

"Hm-hmm. Awright," he mumbled sleepily. "Shut up, can't you? I'm hurryin' fast as I can. It's probably the cat playin' down there."

Nevertheless, in spite of Mr. Miers' appearance of bravery, he picked up a tennis racket, and attired in a pair of blue pajamas and a green flannel night cap, he made for the stairs.

In order to pluck up more courage, he switched on the hall light, and there stood the burglar, in the person of his son.

"Where you goin', Pa?" inquired Bob innocently. In one hand he held a piece of pie, in the other a doughnut.

"For Heaven's sake! What's amatter with your nose?"

"That? Oh! that's one of them new fangled pinch clothes pins. Say, Pa, is my nose turned down any yet?"

"You young scamp! Get right to bed or I'll—I'll—I'll—."

"Yes, Pa, I'm goin'," and Bob ducked into his room, and was soon in bed.

So Say We All

Ernie Kruel: "Lend me a two, old man, and I'll be everlastingly in debt."

Donald Amos: "Yes. That's just what I'm afraid of."

Bright!

Agnes Saegrov (in the department store): "I want a dress for around the house."

Broad-minded new clerk: "How big is your house?"

She Prefers Oatmeal

Mother: "Get up, Evelyn. It's the early bird that catches the worm."

Evelyn W. (sleepily): "Let them have them, Mother. I'm not hungry."

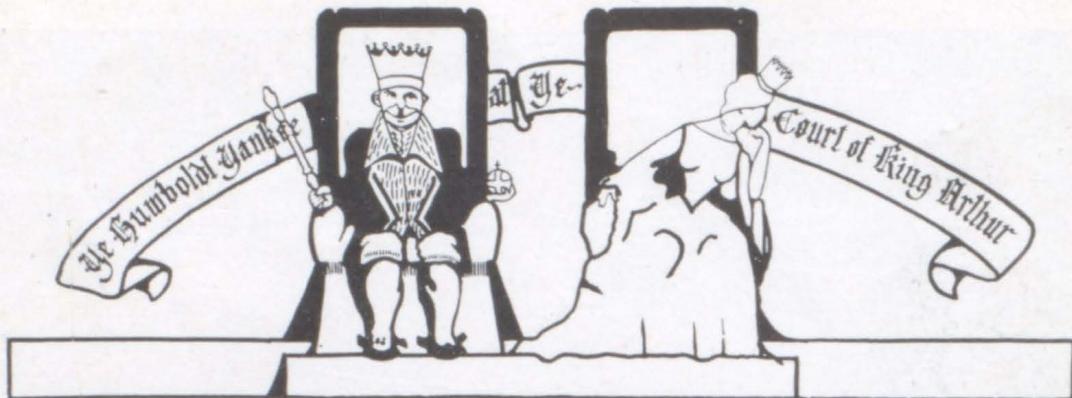
Help Yourselves

Bill Puffer: "Pa, Miss Stockwell says we're here to help others."

Mr. Puffer: "Of course, we are."

Bill: "Then what are the others here for?"





By Dorothy Swift

JT was a hot, sweltering, sticky night in June, and I sat on the Masonic Temple platform and nearly melted. It was graduation night. We had all received our diplomas, but that was only half of the exercises. Mr. Hartwell was giving a speech and, of course, Mr. Ferguson would not disappoint us. The air was heavily perfumed with the fragrance of wilted flowers. Everything about me seemed to look dim. I felt a jab in the ribs.

"Cut it out," I whispered hoarsely.

"Fair sir, will ye tilt with me?" questioned a familiar voice.

"What's the big idea of sticking me in the ribs? You've got a queer idea of jest, I must say."

"Thou art my prisoner. Thou must come with me."

Not caring for the looks of his spear, I went with him without any argument. "Say, who are you?" I asked.

"I am Sir Kay, the Seneschal; foster brother of King Arthur."

"Quit your kidding," said I, lifting up the shutter on his coal scuttle. "As I live, it's Vic Sloat. Well, who would have thought it?"

"Thou art mistaken. I am Sir Kay," he said coolly.

We rode on silently. As we came to the outskirts of the forest I saw a town in the distance.

"Hollywood?" asked I.

"Nay, Camelot."

We rode up to a magnificent palace. A page boy came out and helped Sir Kay get off his horse.

"Tell the King that Sir Kay hath a prisoner," said Vic, pointing to me.

"Hello, John Quehl! What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I am King Arthur's Page."

"Johnny, don't you remember me, your Humboldt classmate?"

"Nay, sir, I have not seen thee before."

All of this was certainly strange. I rubbed my eyes, and felt my pulse to see if I were normal.

"Say, whose house is this?"

"This is King Arthur's Palace," said he.

After going through many doors, and down long halls, and up broad stairways, Johnny and I finally arrived in the Court.

"Hello! Art," I greeted Peabody, who was occupying the throne. Art looked kind of surprised and said to a long-bearded fellow beside him, "Merlin, who canst this strange creature be who doth address me so familiarly?"

"Your Majesty, I fear he will bring a great curse upon us and we must cast him into the dungeon," said Merlin.

"See here," I butted in, "I protest. Why, Sammy Lechtman, what have I ever done to you?"

"Merlin," said Art, "he calleth thee strange names. Lechtman doth not sound English."

"Burtis, you remember me, don't you?" Burtis sat at the foot of the King's throne grinning at me.

"The grinning fool knoweth not his own mind," said Art, giving Burtis a kick.

"Verily I say unto this strange crea-

ture, he hath neither wrinkles on his brow nor brain, and his mind is as soft as a babe's," said the King's other fool.

"Oh, is that so?" said I, turning upon him indignantly. "Well, I might have known it was you, Edward Clark, smarting out with something."

I saw rather a harmless looking fellow, and going up to him I tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Pardon me, chap, but are you a member of this asylum, or are you just observing?"

"Marry sir, me doth not—"

"Oh, I reckon you are one of the patients," I said, peering into his face.

"Why, if it isn't La Vern Nye. How are you?"

The King very considerately told Johnny to give me something to eat before I was cast into the dungeon. Johnny gave me a place at the table with a lot of other men.

"Well, if it isn't the Humboldt bunch! There's Bill Schlick, Ernie Hadlich, John Jurgenson, John Mathes, Earl Longendyke, Lester Williams, and, say Johnny, how come they're all here?"

"They art Knights of the Round Table of King Arthur's Court."

"Knights!" said I. "How come they got so classy?"

"They receiveth this title for bravery."

"There now, leave it to Humboldt boys to bring home the bacon every time."

"They art in search of the Holy Grail," corrected Johnny.

"Oh, yes, of course, my mistake," said I. "Who's that guy over there with all the girls flocking around him? Let see, there is Lillian Payne, Agnes Saegrov, Dorothy McGrath, and can that be Emma Neihart, sure enough. Say, isn't that fellow Joe Armstrong?"



Merlin

"Nay, sir, that is Sir Launcelot. He hath just returned from a long journey and the ladies of the court cometh to greet him. Here cometh Sir Galahad. He is the youngest Knight of the Round Table."

I had heard a lot about Galahad and his great deeds, so I was anxious to see him. As he approached I saw that it was Donald Melby.

"I know him, Johnny! I know him well."

We were interrupted by a loud laugh that echoed throughout the castle.

"I bet my shoes that is Ernie Kruel," said I.

"That is Sir Dinadan, the Humorist," said Johnny. "He is the only one who doth laugh at his own jokes. 'There is to be a grand ball this evening,' continued Johnny.

"What for?" asked I.

"Lord De Coverly hath come all the way from France for the hand of the fair Princess, but alas he hath now fallen deeply in love with the youngest daughter."

"Where is this scandalous rascal?"

"He sitteth yonder with Queen Guenever."

"Well, if it isn't Norval Ham. Say, Peabody sure made no mistake in chosing Dorothy Ryan for his queen. 'Where's the flapper?'

"Pray, sir, I understand thee not."

"Where is the young lady De Coverly fell in love with?"

"She is yonder in conversation with Sir La Cote Maile Taile. He is the best dressed man in the court."

"My dear boy," said I, "you're mistaken; she's flirting. Well, if that isn't Etta Messenger. That Sir Cocktail is Mark Huntress all right. Johnny, it sure is good to see my classmates, but since they stuck on these titles they don't recognize me."

"Oh, I say, Johnny, is this a style show?"

"Nay, sir, they art ladies that wait



"She's flirting."

upon the Princess. They cometh always in the court before the Princess."

The first who entered was Lorraine Fales. She was gorgeously dressed. Her hair was done high upon her head. Next came Arleen Carter, followed by Dorothy Kellgren, Katherine Powers, Barbara Altstatt, Lucille Diedrich, and Ella May Nebel. I was not surprised to see the Princess was Marguerite Bergh. Her long curls hung over her shoulders like coils of gold.

"Is that Surretta Tetsche with Princess Marguerite?"

"She is the Princess' companion and goeth everywhere with her."

"Aren't those some of Humboldt's girls?" I asked, nodding toward a group of girls.

"They art ladies of the court."

"But Johnny," said I, "there's Evelyn Sapadin, Anna and Pearl Berman, Alice Lieberman, Anna Chase, Esther Kaufman, Lena Lurie, and May Rom. There's Lois Ludden and Kathryn Coyne together as usual. Kathryn is quite jolly, isn't she, Johnny? Who is that distressed looking person?"

"He is Gallio, who came all the way from Italy to paint the King's portrait."

"Poor boy," said I, "I do believe it's Garfield Ross!"

"There is to be a great tournament held at the sixth hour of the morn. Sir Gareth and Sir Sagramor, who taketh part, cometh down the stairway now."

"Is it Wallace Loveland and Henry Price?" I exclaimed. "I bet on Loveland. You know he always was in some kind of a scrap or other."

"The gentleman with them is Sir Modred. You will have to match your skill in lancing with him before long."

I felt rather chilly below the ankle when I saw that Sir Modred was Doug Tybering.

After I had finished my supper and was feeling pretty good, Johnny came running up to me and said, "A Damselle is in distress, and the Queen persuadeth the King to let thee go and help her instead of being cast into prison."

"Dorothy is very considerate, but really I'd rather let some of these overly enthusiastic Knights—"

"Oh, prithee sir, thou art not going to turn down this honor?"

"Well, we'll see about it in the morning. Where is this maiden?"

The distressed Damselle wept bitterly and I took hold of her chin, "Ina Sargent!"

"Nay, sir, Damoselle Ali-sande le Cartelaise," she sobbed.

"Ina, I mean Sandy, er Ali-sande, I don't know what's the matter, but we'll start at once."

Art presented me with a suit of iron and told me to wear it.

"Listen, Art," said I, "if it is all the same with you, I'd much rather wear handcuffs. They'd be cooler."

Art seemed to think it would protect me. Johnny helped me into my suit. We three traveled all night and the next afternoon we arrived at Queen Morgan Le Fay. It seems that Sandy's mistress was captured by the Queen and I was supposed to save her. Well, any way, we arrived at the palace and a page boy came out to meet us.

"Get a can opener and help me out of this suit," said I, to Ray Schmidt, the page, "then tell the Queen I'm here."

Ray showed us into the courtroom where there were a good many lords and ladies standing around. The first persons I saw were Cathrine Woodruff, Helen Brandt, Adeline Conlogue, Cora Kielstmeier, and Leona Conrad. They were all greatly excited listening to a court scandal that Evelyn Wiebel was telling them. It seems Gertrude Jordan had gone bare-back horse riding that very morning and now she was in deep disgrace.

I looked around for some more of my friends.

"Say, Ray, what's the matter with that fellow?"

"Pray, sir, I know not, but me thinks he is love sick."

"No doubt," said I, "leave it to Franklin Ludwig to be affected with such an ailment."



The Castle

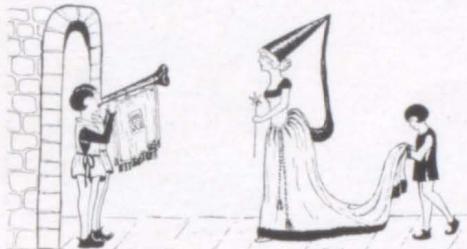
Juanita Reitz, who looked rather bored, was talking with Mildred Reeves, I supposed doings in the court were rather slow for them.

"Looks like Nathan Rosenburg and Sam Bongart aren't succeeding with their little flirtation with Elizabeth Boyle, eh, Johnny? Isn't that Albert Lewison playing on a harp or something? It looks like he was serenading Rose Gunther. There's Irene Stotz, Helene Ablan, and Frances Keller, do you suppose they recognize me? Say, Sandy, stop flirting!"

"Marry, sir, I only asked this fair sir if he knoweth what became of my mistress."

"Listen, Sandy, Earl Karnstedt gets fussed when the ladies talk to him. You mustn't do that."

The queen was announced by two little pages, Emery Englebretson and Arvid Rosen. They had the same dress parade as in Art's court. First came Frances Hadlich, then Marguerite Stoll, Claire



"Queenie"

Loveland, Adell Koza, and Harriet Lautenslager. By the time the style show was over I was pretty anxious to see the queen. My eyes nearly popped out of my head when I saw Marion Whaley come drifting in. Paul Albrecht carried her train.

She gave me a stony stare when I greeted her, but I didn't expect much more since she got the job of being queen. I asked her if the King was in and she points to a subdued looking fellow.

"Pickles," said I, "don't look so down-hearted. What's the matter?"

He didn't know what I was talking about, but he gave me a weak smile.

"Marion sure subdued you. Where's your pep?" said I, as I gave him a friendly jab.

Le Fay's son, who was announced as Sir Uwina le Blanchemain, came into the

court. I went up to him and shook him by the hand.

"Well, Don Amos," said I, "I haven't seen you for a long time."

He was very polite but looked at me as if something was mentally wrong.

Queenie and Ralph W i e b e l were having quite a chat. They seemed mighty chummy together. I looked around for Queenie's adviser but I guess she didn't need one. There was a tall fellow that grinned at me all the time.

"Say, Queenie, that fellow makes me nervous. He seems to think I am a great joke."

"He doth often have wise thoughts," said Queenie. "He is the court's clown."

I guessed it was Jim Lackey and I proved to be right.

Queenie introduced me to Sir Meliagraunce, and after we chatted awhile I recognized Sir Meliagraunce to be Don Larson.

Queenie called for her dancers to show me some spicy dancing. Cleopha Smith was the leading one, and Helen Gray, Georgiana Larson, Violet Schwartz, Mollie Lubov, Averine Kelly, Edith Smith, and Martha Betz, were the chorus girls. An evil spirit, who was Dick Stuck, played a very effective part in the dance.

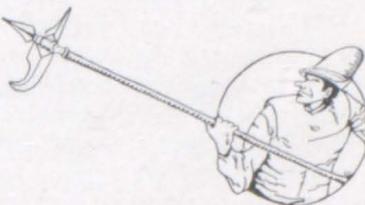
When the dance was over Queenie called for the musicians. Morris Strauss, Osmund Franz, Royce Pember, and Philip Mushkatin came in with stringed instruments and played a few familiar tunes. For some reason or other Queenie ordered them all to be hung after dinner. This sort of upset me to think of my classmates being hung, because you see I knew they really had the talent.

Esther Farsht came in with two goblets of wine.

"Wilt quaff with me?" asked Marion.

"Nay, Queenie," said I, "I'm a Yankee. By the way, may I see Sandy's mistress?"

At first, of course, she said no, but



The Executioner

then she changed her mind and ordered the guards to bring her in. Walter Bremer and George Plufka, the guards, brought in Frances Baker. I naturally wanted to know all the details of the crime she had committed. She had appeared in court with a flashy gown and had vamped Abe Lipshultz, a distinguished duke. Queenie didn't like that, so Frances was put into prison.

I started to tell Marion what a good sport Art was and she started to get into a frenzy and pulled out a long, narrow dagger.

"Nix on that stuff, Queenie?" said I. "That's kind of a dangerous plaything you've got there."

She gave me a sneering laugh and called for two guards to throw me into prison. Harold Carson and Ben Mayhugh escorted me down.

"Why, Frank Vowles," said I, "How come you're down here?"

"A great disaster hath fallen upon me," said Vowles. "I was talking to the queen and suddenly she ordered me to be cast into prison. I know not why."

"No doubt her Royal Highness was displeased," said I.

Robert Boyle and Joe Abromovitz were also in prison. It seems they sang for the queen and now they were to be hung the next day.

Sandy was all upset about my being sent to prison the first thing. She tells Queenie that Merlin said I might bring a curse upon them. Queenie wasn't going to take any chances so she decides to have me hung right away. She also

decided to hang Johnny to keep me company, so then they got us both ready.

"Me thinks me growth weary of this hanging. Why not execute them?" said Queenie.

I was hoping that the executioner would be a kind fellow, and who should walk in but Sam Bell. I tried to give Bell the high sign, but he ignored me.

"Your Majesty," says he, "methinks me mine ax hath a dull edge but it will be sharpened by the morrow morn." Queenie postponed the performance until sunrise the next morn.

I felt rather nervous that night and truly wished that tomorrow would never come. The next morning I was shown the execution block. There was quite a bit of delay and the block was getting rather hard. Sam was disagreeable because his ax, he thought, was not sharp enough. Sam was all ready to do the deed when a page boy came running in.

"The enemy are coming!" cried he.

"To arms! To arms!" said Queenie.

Sandy threw her arms around my neck and cried, "Oh, my brave Knight, thou sent a curse, the enemy art here."

"Say listen, Sandy," said I, "not so fast, honest, Gordon Russell is looking daggers at me and—"

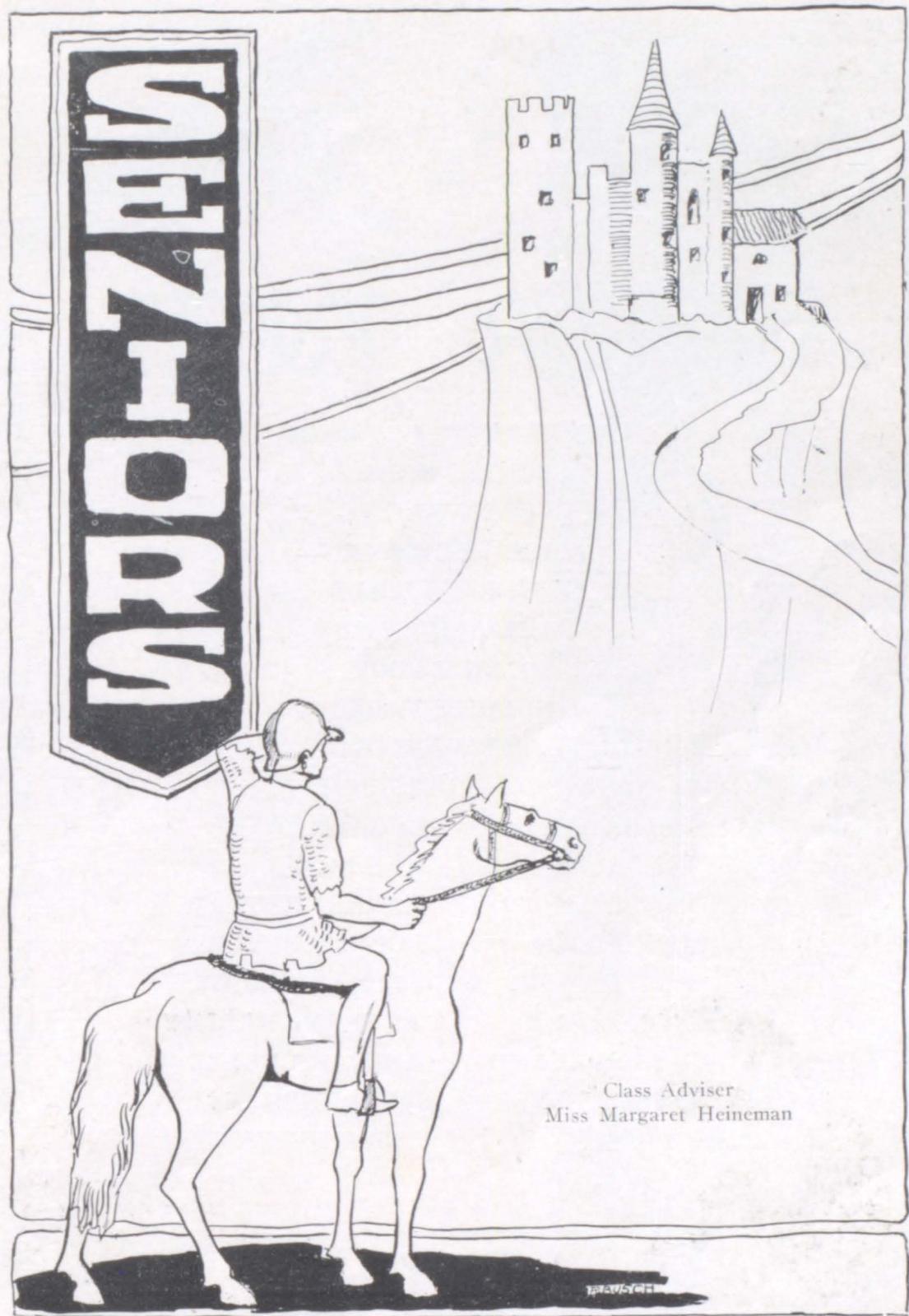
"Congratulation, old top," came a familiar voice.

"Oh no," says I, "it isn't true. Sandy just—"

"Isn't true! Why, boy, you've got your diploma. You're a full fledged graduate!"

Dorothy Swift.





Class Adviser
Miss Margaret Heineman



HONOR ROLL

LOIS LUDDEN, *Valedictorian*

SAM LECHTMAN, *Salutatorian*

EVELYN WEIBEL

ALICE LEIBERMAN

LESTER WILLIAMS

PAUL ALBRECHT

MOLLIE LUBOV

LORRAINE FALES

FRANCES KELLER

LUCILLE DEIDRICH

ANNA BERMAN

LILLIAN PAYNE

HELEN ABLAN

MAY ROM

JOHN MATHES

MARION WHALEY

PEARL BERMAN

ROBERT BOYLE

KATHYRN COYNE

LEONA CONRAD

ESTHER FARSHTE

AUVERNE KELLEY

CLAIRE LOVELAND

ABE LIPSCHULTZ

ELIZABETH BOYLE

BEN MAYHUGH

IRENE STOTZ

EMMA NEIHART

W. BOLLINGER

HELENE MARIAN ABLAN, "Curly"
S. O. S. Club; Civic League; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Honor Roll.

As merry and free as the waves in her hair.

JOSEPH ABRAMOVITZ, "Beebles"
Social Club; Dramatic Club; Civic League; Spanish Club; Basketball '23, '24; Assemblies.
He shoots a mean basket.

PAUL R. ALBRECHT, "Skelly"
Social Club; Latin Club; Basketball '23, '24; Dramatic Club; Booster Club; Hi-Y Boys; Sec. Senior Class; Assemblies; Humboldt "Life" Staff; Twin City Press Association; Honor Roll.
You know basketball? Well, that's me.

BARBARA ALICE ALSTATT, "Beano"
Home Economics Club; Booster Club.
She is always a good sport.

DONALD AMOS, "Don"
Dramatic Club; Civic League; Social Club; Radio Club; "Daddy Long Legs"; "Clarence"; Assemblies.
A good little man.

JOSEPH LAURENCE ARMSTRONG, "Larry"
Pres. Senior Class; Radio Club; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Hi-Y Boys; Stage Force; Basketball '24; Baseball '24; Class Basketball '21, '22, '23.
Descendant of "Peck's Bad Boy."

FRANCES CECILE BAKER, "Fran"
Dramatic Club; Civic League; Social Club; Booster Club; Spanish Club; "Pirates of Penzance"; "Clarence."
You will find kindness in every heart.

SAM BELL, "Bell"
Dramatic Club; Civic League; Football '23; Basketball '24; Assemblies.
I'm forever blowing bubbles.

MARGUERITE RUTH BERGH, "Marj"
Dramatic Club; Social Club; "Pirates of Penzance."
There is sunshine in her hair.

ANNA G. BERMAN, "Annie"
S. O. S. Club; Civic League; Spanish Club; Honor Roll.
Her daily food is laughter.





PEARL BERMAN, "Shortie"
Spanish Club; S. O. S. Club; Civic League; Hi-Y Girls;
Honor Roll.

As rare and charming as the gem of her name.

MARTHA ANNA BETZ, "Betzie"
"A Menonite Maid."

SAM BONGART, "Samie"
Latin Club; Civic League; Class Basketball '23.
A great talker, who believes everything he says.

ELIZABETH FLORA BOYLE, "Lib"
Civic League; Style Show; Honor Roll.
*Her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her as wise and good as she is fair.*

ROBERT WILLIAM BOYLE, "Bob"
Senior Vaudeville; "Pirates of Penzance"; Drawing
Club; Swimming Team; Booster Club; Hi-Y Boys;
Class Basketball '22, '23; Honor Roll.
*"My voice I have lost with haloing and singing of
anthems."*

HELEN MARIE BRANDT, "Nellie"
French Club; Pep Club; Booster Club.
Modest and shy as a nun is she.

WALTER JULIUS BREMER, "Wallie"
Civic League; Booster Club; Dramatic Club.
"My mind to me a kingdom is."

HAROLD JOHN CARLSON, "Carl"
Dramatic Club; Booster Club; Civic League.
"A voice that grips like an Arctic frost."

ARLEEN EUGENIA CARTER, "Bobby"
S. O. S. Club.
She is honest and bright and her teacher's delight.

ANNA CHASE, "Annie"
S. O. S. Club; Spanish Club; Civic League; Hi-Y Girls.
Oh, I am weary of the way up the hill to school.

EDWARD C. CLARK, "Eddie"
Dramatic Club; Civic League; Booster Club.
Who'll take my place when I'm gone?

ADELINE T. CONLOGUE, "Connie"
Booster Club; Civic League; Dramatic Club.
*A is for Adeline, who as a friend has fame,
C is for Conlogue, that girl's last name.*

LEONA ROSALIE CONRAD, "Le"
S. O. S. Club; Dramatic Club; Civic League; Booster
Club; Orchestra; Honor Roll.
*From under her nimble fingers come wondrous
melodies.*

KATHRYN ELIZABETH COYNE, "Katy"
Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Civic League; Editor
Humboldt "Life"; Annual Staff '23; Staff "Humboldt
Strife"; "Daddy Long Legs"; Properties "Clarence";
Twin City Press Association; Assemblies; Honor Roll.
*Wit is one of the outstanding qualities of a charming
personality.*

LUCILE DIEDRICH, "Hon"
S. O. S. Club; Civic League; Booster Club; Spanish
Club; Honor Roll.
Everybody's friend.

C. EMERY ENGELBRETSON, "Shorty"
Civic League.
Press on to prosperity.

LORRAINE FALES, "Larrie"
Latina Societas; S. O. S. Club; Civic League Treasurer;
Booster Club; Treasurer of Sophomore, Junior,
Senior Classes; Honor Roll.
A shy little mouse.

ESTHER IONE FARSHTE, "Eddie"
S. O. S. Club; Dramatic Club; Orchestra; Honor Roll.
An agreeable friend and a good student.

OSMUND ROLF FRANZ, "Ozzie."
Civic League; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Orchestra.
He is always in haste, but never in a hurry.

HELEN BLANCHE GRAY, "Nell"
Social Club; Dramatic Club; Latina Societas; Hi-Y
Girls; "Patience"; "Pinafore"; "Pirates of Penzance."
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired.





ROSELLA GLADYS GUNTHER, "Rosie"
Dramatic Club; Civic League; S. O. S. Club; Orchestra.
As sweet as the candy she sells.

ERNEST HADLICH, JR., "Sonny"
Sec. Civic League; "Dirty-Thirty"; Rah, Rah Boys;
Pres. Civic League '23; Booster Club; Student Manager,
Football; Dramatic Club; Football '21, '22, '23;
Staff "Humboldt Life"; Twin City Press Association.
"The wisdom of many and the wit of one."

FRANCES DOLORES HADLICH, "Fannie"
Pep Club; Booster Club; Latina Societas; Civic League;
Hi-Y Girls; Style Show.
"Exceedingly wise, fair spoken and persuading."

GEORGE NORVAL HAM, JR., "Ham"
Social Club; Civic League; Staff "Humboldt Life";
Staff "Humboldt Strife"; Dramatic Club; Twin City
Press Association.
Worry and I shall never meet.

MARK EVERETT HUNTRESS, "Buck"
Dramatic Club; Pep Club; Booster Club; Latina Societas;
Biology Bugs; Class Basketball; Assemblies.
"Sleep"—favorite song.

GERTRUDE M. JORDAN, "Gert"
Civic League.
She strips a mean gear.

JOHN W. JURGENSEN, "Jack"
Civic League; Booster Club.

"The force of his own merit makes his way."

EARL ALEXANDER KARNSTEDT, "Karnie"
Booster Club; Pep Club; Dramatic Club; Civic League;
Dirty-Thirty; Football '21, '22, '23.
*Those about him, from him shall read the perfect ways
of honor.*

ESTHER L. KAUFMAN, "Merry"
S. O. S. Club; Civic League; Spanish Club; Hi-Y
Girls; Assemblies.
She hath a right cheery grin.

FRANCES KELLER, "Fanny"
Latina Societas; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Civic
League; Assemblies; Honor Roll.
"She was born under a rhyming planet."

AUVERNE M. KELLEY, "Speedie"
Dramatic Club; Booster Club; Staff "Annual" '23; Assemblies; Honor Roll.
A merry, mischievous Miss.

DOROTHY E. KELLGREN, "Kelly"
Dramatic Club; Civic League; Social Club; "Daddy Long Legs"; Assemblies.
"All tongues speak well of her."

CORA CAROLINE KEILSMEIER, "Korea"
Civic League; Dramatic Club.
A friendly heart and plenty of friends.

ADELL KOZA, "Cozy"
Dramatic Club; Civic League; Home Economics Club;
Assemblies.
Good things come in small packages.

ERNEST GUSTAV KREUL, "Gusty Ernie"
Dramatic Club; Hockey '21, '22, '23; Baseball '22, '23, '24; Football '22; "Clarence"; Assemblies.
"His deep, rumbling bass is a familiar sound at Humboldt."

HARRIET LAUTENSLAGER, "Hattie"
S. O. S. Club; Booster Club; Civic League.
"Just to be myself."

GLADYS GEORGIANA LARSEN, "Georgie"
Booster Club; S. O. S. Club; Hi-Y Girls; Social Club.
You can tell she is French—by her eyes.

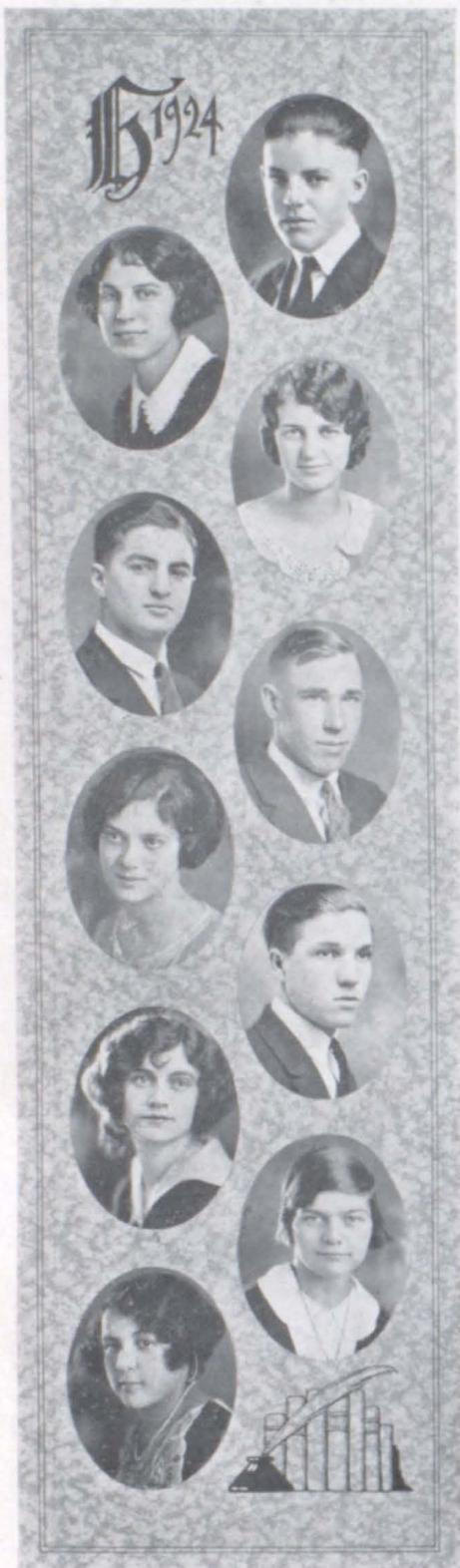
JAMES H. LACKEY, "Jim"
Pres. Senior Class; Civic League; Booster Club; Pep Club; Football '21, '22.
"There's a twinkle in his eye and a ring to his laugh."

DONALD A. LARSON, "Don"
Civic League; Booster Club; Pres. Social Club; Football '23; Basketball '23.
Active and attractive.

SAM LECHTMAN, "Leggedy"
Civic League; Latina Societas; S. O. S. Club; Junior Vaudeville '22; Assemblies; Honor Roll.
"What is brawn compared to brain?"

ALICE LEIBERMAN, "Al"
S. O. S. Club; Spanish Club; Booster Club; Civic League; Honor Roll.
"Merit is modest."





ALBERT MELVIN LEWISON, "Al"
Radio Club; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Civic League.

"I have heard of the man and good words went with his name."

LEONA LINDALL, "Le"
Civic League; Booster Club.

You never know what to expect from her.

PEARL JOSEPHINE LINDALL, "Linnie"
Civic League; Booster Club; Assembly.
The kind of a girl you like for a friend.

ABE LIPSCHULTZ, "Abie"
Pres. S. O. S. Club; Dramatic Club; Assemblies;
Honor Roll.
Witty and wise.

EARL R. LONGENDYKE, "Babe Ruth"
Latina Societas; Booster Club; Civic League; Baseball
'22, '23, '24.

Favorite occupation: "Blushin' er—Bluffin."

MABEL CLAIRE LOVELAND, "Clarisa"
Civic League Pres.; Latina Societas; Dramatic Club;
S. O. S. Club; Booster Club; Honor Roll.
Loving and calm, not easily excited.

WALLACE W. LOVELAND, "Wallie"
Latina Societas; Radio Club; Dramatic Club; Football
'22, '23; Hockey '23; Swimming Team; Baseball '24;
Assemblies.

"I'm always thinking of you, Marjie."

MOLLIE LUBOV, "Moll"
Spanish Club; Dramatic Club; S. O. S. Club; Civic League;
"Daddy Long Legs"; Publicity Committee;
Assemblies; Honor Roll.

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

LOIS WILLISTON LUDDEN, "Lo"
Booster Club; Civic League; Dramatic Club; Editor
"Humboldt Life"; Staff "Humboldt Strife"; Properties
"Daddy Long Legs"; Properties "Clarence"; Twin City
Press Association; Assemblies; Honor Roll.

To know her is to love her.

LENA C. LURIE, "Len"
S. O. S. Club; Spanish Club; Civic League; Hi-Y Girls.
One who is agreeable, plump, and rosy.

DOROTHY GEORGIA McGRATH, "Loudy"
S. O. S. Club; Civic League; Booster Club.
"The world's for fun and pleasure."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MAYHUGH, "Ben"
Dramatic Club; Booster Club; Civic League; Latina
Societas; Radio Club; Pep Club; Honor Roll.
"Youth verging into manhood grows thoughtful."

JOHN ANTHONY MATHES, "Jack"
Civic League; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Hi-Y
Boys; Honor Roll.
"Actions speak louder than words."

BURTIS MEARS, "Jackie"
Radio Club; Booster Club; Civic League; Dramatic
Club; "Clarence"; Cheer Leader '24; Assemblies.
"Fun for all, all for fun."

DONALD C. MELBYE, "Don"
S. O. S. Club; Civic League.
"Quality, not quantity."

ETTA ALYCE MESSENGER, "Speed"
S. O. S. Club; Civic League; Social Club; Hi-Y Girls;
Booster Club; Assemblies.
Her daily drink is pleasure.

PHILIP MUSHKATIN, "Phil"
Civic League; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Orchestra.
He wields a wicked violin bow.

ELLA MAY NEBEL, "Blonde"
Hi-Y Girls; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Social Club;
Civic League.
One who is very small, very sweet and very blonde.

EMMA DOROTHY NEIHART, "Sis"
Sec. and Treas. S. O. S. Club; Social Club; Dramatic
Club; Societas Latina; "Patience"; "Humboldt Life";
Staff "Humboldt Strife"; "Daddy Long Legs"; Pub-
licity Committee; Twin City Press Association; Honor
Roll.
Oh, what a gift of speech she has."

LaVERN NYE, "Skinny"
"Long, lean, and likeable."





LILLIAN FLORENCE PAYNE, "Lillie"
Publicity Committee; Spanish Club; S. O. S. Club;
Civic League; Social Club; Honor Roll.

"As pure and sweet as her name suggests."

ARTHUR F. PEABODY, "Art"
Booster Club; Civic League; Dramatic Club; "Clar-
ence"; Assemblies.

*"To succeed Tom Meighan he may try,
In the years to come, by and bye."*

ROYCE M. PEMBER, "Roy"
Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Dirty-Thirty; Civic
League; Social Club; Hi-Y Boys; Basketball '24; Foot-
ball '23; "Pirates of Penzance"; Assemblies.

The hush of spacious prairies stills his soul.

ROBERT ELIAS PICKELL, "Bob"
Dramatic Club; Civic League; Booster Club; Football
'22, '23, '24; Basketball '23; Assemblies.

*One who would have been brightest member of the class
if some one hadn't got ahead of him.*

GEORGE HENRY PLUFKA, "GowJ"
Civic League; Booster Club.
"No duty could overtake him."

KATHERINE ROSEMARY POWERS, "Kitty"
Latina Societas; Civic League; Dramatic Club; Booster
Club.

Her charms are as powerful as her name.

HENRY A. PRICE, "Hank"
Civic League; Booster Club.

He works as the spirit moves him.

JOHN ELMER QUEHL, "Jawn"
S. O. S. Club; Dramatic Club; Civic League; Booster
Club; Dirty-Thirty; Hi-Y Boys.

"Take him for all in all he will make a man."

MILDRED DRUSILLA REEVES, "Millie"
Pres. Home Economics Class; Vice-Pres. Home Eco-
nomics; Civic League; S. O. S. Club; Dramatic Club;
Booster Club.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

JUANITA FRANCES REITZ, "Wanna-eat"
Staff "Humboldt Life"; S. O. S. Club; Civic League;
Dramatic Club; Staff "Humboldt Strife"; Twin City
Press Association.

*"Tell me, pretty maiden, are there more at home like
you?"*

MAY ROM, "Mae"
"Spring Has Come"; S. O. S. Club, Pres. and Vice-Pres.; Civic League; Dramatic Club; "Annual" '23; Staff "Humboldt Life"; "Daddy Long Legs"; Publicity Committee (Chairman); Booster Club; Assemblies; French Club; Honor Roll; Twin City Press Association.
"As merry as the day is long."

ARVID HARTLAND ROSEN, "Rosie"
Booster Club; Civic League; Dramatic Club; Latina Societas.
"He's current gold indeed."

NATHAN ROSENBERG, "Nat"
S. O. S. Club; Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Civic League.
Nowhere is there so busy a man as he, and yet he seems busier than he is.

GARFIELD WILLIAM ROSS, "Garry"
Junior Circus '23; Dramatic Club; "Clarence"; "Pirates of Penzance"; Staff "Humboldt Life"; Staff "Humboldt Strife"; Twin City Press Association; Assemblies.
"As cartoonist he puts McManus in the shade."

GORDON ADALBERT RUSSELL
Booster Club; Civic League; Latina Societas; Dramatic Club; Staff "Annual" '23; Staff "Humboldt Life"; Staff "Humboldt Strife"; Twin City Press Association.
"And still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew."

DOROTHY HELEN RYAN, "Irish"
S. O. S. Club; Civic League; Social Club; Staff "Annual" '23; Picture Committee.
"The ideal Irish type."

AGNES CHARLOTTE SAEGROV, "Buzz"
Civic League; S. O. S. Club; Booster Club; Staff "Annual" '23.
"Chatter, chatter, chatter all day long."

EVELYN SAPADIN, "Eve"
S. O. S. Club; Spanish Club; Civic League; Hi-Y Girls.
"A girl who makes friends and high marks in every class."

INA SARGENT, "Red"
Social Club; Dramatic Club; Hi-Y Girls; "Patience"; "Pirates of Penzance."
"A small girl for such radiant hair."

WILLIAM ALFRED SCHLICK, "Bill"
Civic League; Booster Club; Latin Club; Dramatic Club; "Dirty-Thirty"; Relay Races.
"He would walk miles for a Violet."





RAYMOND EARL SCHMIDT, "Ray"
Civic League; Booster Club; Radio Club; Pep Club;
Freshmen, Sophomore Class Pres.; "Pirates of Penz-
ance"; Assemblies.

"A particularly popular peppy person."

VIOLET ADELLA SCHWARTZ, "Tiny"
S. O. S. Club; Latin Club.
"Small and sweet."

VICTOR SLOAT, "Vic"
Civic League; Booster Club; Hi-Y Boys; Student Man-
ager; Baseball '22, '23, '24; Hockey '22, '23, '24; Football
'22, '23, '24; Assemblies.

"He quotes Shakespeare like a man."

EDITH SMITH, "Smithie"
S. O. S. Club; French Club; Civic League; Booster
Club.
*"A common name but a most uncommon girl who
bears it."*

MARY CLEOPHA SMITH, "Cleo"
S. O. S. Club; Social Club; Latin Club; Hi-Y Girls;
Staff "Annual" '23.
"She is as peppy as her last name is common."

MARGUERITE CAROLINE STOLL, "Marge"
S. O. S. Club; Civic League; Staff "Annual" '23.
"A rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun."

IRENE M. STOTZ, "Buddy"
Dramatic Club; S. O. S. Club; Latin Club; Booster
Club; Staff "Humboldt Life"; Staff "Humboldt Strife";
Twin City Press Association; Honor Roll.
"She greets us with a dimpled smile."

MAURICE L. STRAUSS, "Maury"
Civic League; Booster Club; "Dirty-Thirty"; Dramatic
Club; Basketball '24.
"A nice boy who dotes on the study of English eight."

RICHARD F. STUCK, "Dick"
Booster Club; Civic League; Swimming Team; "Dirty-
Thirty."
*"And to his eyes there was but one beloved face on
earth."*

DOROTHY GRACE SWIFT, "Dot"
Booster Club; S. O. S. Club; Staff "Humboldt Life";
Staff "Humboldt Strife"; Twin City Press Association.
"We are rich in having such a jewel."

DOUGLAS TRULS TYBERING, "Doug"
Civic League; Dramatic Club; Booster Club;
Assemblies.

*"If chance will have me king,
Why, chance may crown me."*

SURRETTA M. TETSCHE, "Ruth"
Dramatic Club; Civic League; Booster Club; "Pirates
of Penzance"; Assemblies.
"Have pleasures while you may."

CATHERINE E. WOODRUFF, "Katie"
S. O. S. Club; Civic League; Booster Club.
"She likes all, and all like her."

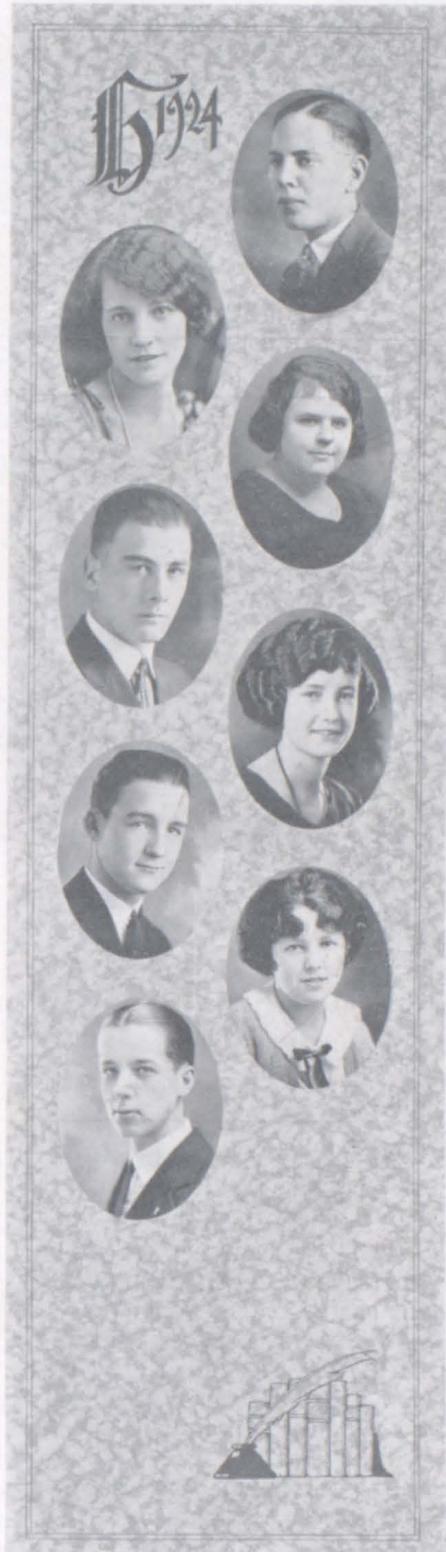
ALBERT FRANK VOWLES, "Ickey"
Radio Club; Booster Club; Pep Club; Dramatic Club;
Civic League; Rah Rah Boys; "Pirates of Penzance";
Staff "Humboldt Strife"; Staff "Humboldt Life"; Twin
City Press Association.
"I ain't nobody's darling?"

EVELYN MARJORIE WEIBEL, "Eve."
Civic League; Dramatic Club; Staff "Humboldt Life";
Staff "Humboldt Strife"; Twin City Press Association;
Assemblies; Honor Roll.
"Wisdom is better than Riches."

RALPH WEIBEL, "Irish"
Latin Club; Booster Club; Civic League; Social Club;
Hi-Y Boys; Staff "Annual" '21; Football '23.
*"A five-year special, who likes girls and praise and
foolishness."*

MARION KATHLEEN WHALEY, "Dolly"
S. O. S. Club; Dramatic Club; Social Club Sec.; "Daddy
Long Legs"; "Clarence"; Assemblies; Honor Roll.
"When Irish eyes are smiling."

LESTER MORRIS WILLIAMS, "Andy"
Latin Club; Civic League; Dramatic Club; Staff "An-
nual" '23; Staff "Humboldt Life"; Staff "Humboldt
Strife"; Twin City Press Association; Assemblies;
Honor Roll.
"A scholar, and a ripe and good one."



EDITORIALS



VOL. 1

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, MAY 27, 1924

NO. 4

Published Quarterly by the Students of the Humboldt High School

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The High School Diamond

High school is exactly like a baseball diamond. The home plate is the time the freshman enters on the first day.

The three bases are reached as he ends his freshman, sophomore, and junior years; and he gets back to home plate, making a home run, at the glorious end of his senior year.

The day the freshman enters, he sees nothing but the home run and the finish of the game; he does not think that he may never even get to first base, which is sometimes the case. By the end of the first year, when first base should be reached, some of the players will have fallen and dropped out of the game entirely. Others will have made three strikes and been put out; some of these may come back but the majority will never be seen on the field again. Still others will have walked to base on fouls; but these will have arrived too late to be with their old team, and so cannot be counted as having made home-runs. It will be found that only about two-thirds of those who started will have succeeded in reaching first base.

Once first base is reached, second and third are made with ease, as the first

base stretch is the most difficult. Of course, here and there a few drop out and quite a few try to steal bases; some do and some do not. As a general thing they do not.

When the players get to second base they realize that it is a great game and they really enter into the spirit of it, arriving at third without a great deal of difficulty.

Then the home-plate is ahead. They see that this is the greatest time of their lives and they do their best to come out on the field with flying colors. Many succeed in winning honors and it is these who realize that this, the game of Life, is the greatest of all; and that that game is the one played on the high school diamond.

Jean Lehmann.

The Long Trail

Almost a century ago bands of our forefathers slowly made journeys from the East to the West. They wanted to acquire homes and lands. By hard and tedious labor they made homes, built up communities, but ever remembered the long trail over which they had come and were still restless to be on the way toward a new life.

A longing for the trail still possesses us. We are at the beginning of the long trail toward success. It will take labor just as hard as that of our forefathers to make men of ourselves. Let us be true and brave. Let us be hard laboring and in all loyal to our cause. Let us be citizens of our country. And let us ever strive onward and upward on the long and endless trail into eternity.

C. R. J.

Loyalty

The Seniors in a few days will be saying farewell to the old school. The paths they will tread will be many, and will perhaps lead to distant parts. The last few days just before Commencement are always tinged a little with sadness. When we were Freshmen, we thought that graduating from the school would be "a grand and glorious feeling."

Now that we are graduating, we feel a trifle elated, but way down deep in our hearts we are sorry that we have to leave the old school behind. Perhaps there have been a few trials and tribulations, but they only went to make school more dear to us.

The other day I read a story of a Graduate from Yale who, when in China, remembered that there was to be a class reunion, and nothing could prevent him from attending it. It seemed as though the elements conspired against him to prevent his reaching New Haven, but he arrived there in time in spite of storms at sea, train delays due to storms, and the demands of business.

Such is the spirit that should be in the breast of every true Humboldtite. Attend the home-coming days even if you have to almost break your neck. It will be a grand sensation to meet the old gang again, and exchange reminiscences. As a parting word, always keep a warm spot in your heart for the old school.

F. V.

Good-bye, Seniors

Good bye, Senior Class of '24. May you always remember Humboldt with the same kindly feeling with which Humboldt will remember you.

You have grown and expanded with Humboldt and now that you are ready to leave, each to go your own way into the future, do not think that you will no longer be a part of us. For you will. The memory of you, class of '24, will rank high in the happy reminiscence of classes that have gone before you; and of those of us who will follow you.

You have now reached the climax toward which you were all working during these four happy years. It is the turning point in your lives and when you think back after many years, when you are successful men and women, you will probably say with pride, "It was at Humboldt that I received my start, it was my four years at Humboldt that made me what I am today!"

M. C.

"School Notes"

Seniors

The Kid Party, given for the freshmen April 4, was the main result of the senior meeting on March 20.

The bids for engraving announcements and cards were decided upon.

The Commencement Exercises will be held on June 4 at the Masonic Temple, instead of June 11, as was the original plan. The fact that school is closing early, made it necessary to change the day named on the announcements. The engravers furnished the class with cards announcing the change of date.

The seniors are flattered to know that all the bustle of the Junior Vaudeville and candy sale at the play is for their enjoyment at the J. S.

Evelyn Weibel, Reporter.

Juniors

The Junior-Senior Ball, given at the Masonic Temple May 29, was the culmination of the Junior class activities.

When the annual play was given, the Junior girls, headed by a committee of four, Verna Koplitz, Grace Lewis, Edith Sullwold, and Inga Nash, gave a candy sale which netted the class \$27.33. The dancing committee, Margaret Blanford, Irving Levenson, Doris Hadlich, Lucille Sladek, and Archie Halloran, started informal dancing in the "Gym" April 24. These dances were held every Thursday up to the J. S. for the benefit of those who wanted to learn to dance.

The vaudeville given May 5 at 2:15 in the assembly was taken care of by a committee composed of George Hagney, Earl Thayer, William Puffer, Ruth

Kuhn, and Verna Koplitz. The show had ten good acts, including solo dances, songs and humorous sketches. After the play every one repaired to the "Gym" and enjoyed an hour of dancing. The Junior class wishes to thank Miss Geary, adviser, Miss Stockwell, and Miss Donohue for the time and assistance they gave in putting the project across.

Verna Koplitz.

Sophomores

Spring fever has captured the Sophomores so that their usual happy spirit is gone and they sit listlessly in their seats, looking at the sun and wishing for a fish pole and the old swimming hole. Spring under the spell. As soon as the sickness leaves the Sophomores we hope to make things Hum at Humboldt.

Reporter Nellie M. Petrowski.

Freshmen

We are very grateful for the "kid party" which the Seniors gave for us, and we put on our best manners to show them how ideal we can be.

Final exams are things to be worried about and here's where we come in. But one thing we can always look forward to is vacation.

Soon the Second Freshmen will be dignified Sophomores and look on the new, incoming Freshmen with scorn. The First Freshmen will become Second Freshies and will think themselves quite great.

We all bid the Seniors a happy farewell and hope to take their place in a few years. *Reporter, Helen Mickelsen.*

Club Notes

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 attitude of 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 this type. To insure such domestic tranquillity as will abolish such barbarous out of date practices as those 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 forefather 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.'

This is the constitution of the Civic League. It is now nearing its third anniversary. Has it accomplished its purpose? Judge for yourselves. Look at the decorative and educational gardens surrounding our building. We are proud of their neat and beautiful appearance and of the choice plants provided by the students and Department of Education. Thanks are also due the Women's Civic League, and the Riverview Commercial Club, for the addition to our educational garden. The Civic League is sponsoring the purchase of the block behind the new addition, and from recent reports it will soon be ready for use as recreational grounds. This will be a great asset to the school. An Athletic Field project is pending also.

In order to carry on the good work of the Civic League years later, a cradle roll has been started and Master Joseph Wauchope Boxmeyer, Mr. Wauchope's grandson, heads the list.

Officers of the Club are:

Earnest Hadlich.....	President
Claire Loveland.....	Vice-President
Lucille Diedrich.....	Secretary
Lorraine Fales.....	Treasurer
Francis Hadlich.....	Official Photographer
Miss Theresa B. Peyton..	Faculty Adviser

G. A. A.

The activities of the G. A. A. change with the seasons. A short time ago they were skating and tobogganing but now come the summer sports, probably the most fascinating of the year. Golf, tennis and swimming replace the winter sports. Hiking, too, has a place on their program; on April 28 the club members hiked to Mendota.

Every Tuesday and Thursday the gymnasium is transformed into a tennis court where the game is learned and played.

Hi-Y Boys

The Hi-Y clubs of Humboldt and the other high schools met April 29 at the Y. M. C. A. for a supper. Professor Ecterbecker, a professor of psychology of Hamline University, addressed the group on "Vocational Guidance" and also gave illustrations on the blackboard. The boys were very much interested throughout the talk. He promised to come back later and give a series of tests.

Hi Y. Girls

The Hi-Y girls have chosen Miss Clara Iddings for their club adviser and are gratified that she accepted the office.

On April 8 the Humboldt Hi-Y Club held a joint meeting with the club from Mechanics. They sang camp songs and had a good social meeting.

Student Council

The Student Council, the newest organization at Humboldt, has had a successful season. The council was organized the first week in April, when one delegate from each enrollment class attended the meeting. Improvements to Humboldt, socially and materially, are discussed.

One thing especially interesting is that the council hopes to obtain an office for the "Humboldt Life" staff.

The officers of the council are:

George Hagney	President
Chester Jones	Vice-president
Verna Koplitz	Secretary-Treasurer
Principal J. A. Wauchope.....	Adviser

Home Economics Club

The students, faculty, and alumni of Humboldt have lately had a chance to enjoy the work of the Home Economics Club.

At the Senior-Freshman kid party the seventeen delicious cakes that the "kids" ate were made by the club. On Homecoming night the dinner was arranged, prepared, and served by the members of the club. It was hard work, but the reports heard indicate that the results were well praised.

"Grandpa's Club"

"The Amalgamated Order of Grandfathers" is a new club formed recently at Humboldt. The officers are Mr. Franklyn Nash, president; Mr. Tony Notehelfer, vice-president; and Mr. Joseph Wauchope, secretary and treasurer. The officers are planning elaborate initiation for new members. The only qualifications are that the member be a grandfather and a member of Humboldt's faculty. The dues are one new pink or blue rattle each month and a kiddie car or a doll every year. The dues will be used for birthday presents to the grandchildren.

S. O. S.

The S. O. S. Club has lately been busy with a great number of events. On April 7, the club held a meeting at which it was entertained by an interesting program. Those on the program were Claire Loveland and Lillian Payne in piano selections and May Rom gave a selected reading.

Four delegates from the S. O. S. Club represented Humboldt at a Shorthand and Type Contest conducted at South St. Paul on April 12. They were Marion Whaley, Lorraine Fales, and Lucile Diedrich for shorthand and Rose Gunther for type.

Another feature that the club has enjoyed were the talks by different business men of St. Paul.

Humboldt's Orchestra

At the fourth hour at Humboldt, sweet music enchants all its inmates, and has such an effect upon them that every one asks from whence it comes!

Ah! The fame that the Humboldt Orchestra has achieved during the past three years is known not only to the students of Humboldt but to most Radio Fans. Amidst the great excitement of the Annual Play "Clarence," on April 10, the orchestra was called to broadcast from the Athletic Club (WLAG). The selections played were "Carnations," "The Clock Store."

Every student who graduates from Humboldt has a lingering memory of the orchestra whose music led him to his happiest event of his school career.

Much of this credit is due to the unfailing efforts of Miss Grace Donohue.

"Clarence"

"Clarence" may well be considered one of the best appreciated and most profitable plays given at Humboldt.

One reason for its success was that it was presented three nights instead of the usual two nights. As is the custom, Thursday night was reserved for the alumni, when a supper was served by the Home Economics Club.

The dramatic department cleared \$325.97. The furniture for the last three acts was loaned by Boerg Furniture Company, the Baby Grand Piano by Dyer Bros., and the drapes and flowers by Schuneman & Evans.

Movies at Humboldt High

Flaming Youth.....	Julo Slattendale
Eyes of the Forest.....	O. D. Billing
The Man Who Came Back....	Ed. Yaeger
Fashion Row.....	Lucile Sladek
Why Girls Leave Home.....	Dick Yoerks
The White Sister.....	Mark Huntress
Little Lord Fauntleroy.....	Paul Albrecht
Woman Proof.....	Herbert Trapp
Tiger Rose.....	Frances Baker

Sign in Library: Only low talk allowed here.

Home-Coming Day

April 10, Homecoming Day at Humboldt, approximately one hundred and forty alumni and faculty met once again to talk over their school days.

The speakers of the evening, Commissioner L. R. S. Ferguson, Superintendent S. O. Hartwell, Mr. William Kahlert, and Mr. Einer Berg, were introduced by Principal J. A. Wauchope.

At the tables, prettily decorated with sweet peas and forget-me-nots, the delicious food prepared and served by the girls of the Home Economics Club was relished by the guests.

After the banquet, the alumni adjourned to the auditorium, to see the annual play, "Clarence," after which a four-piece orchestra furnished music for dancing in the gymnasium.

Athletic Assembly

The "Pill" was given a good send-off in the athletic assembly, April 28. Hot dog venders, ministers, doctors, soloists, and even Felix, the Cat, contributed their parts to a lively program.

The "ladies and gentlemen of the faculty as well as the rest of the common rabble" were informed on the latest methods of mistreating and razzing the umpire. This highly educating lecture was given by William Puffer.

A three-act skit, written by Paul Albrecht, also played its share in the entertainment.

Those on the program were: Paul Albrecht, Donald Amos, Ray Yaeger, Irving Levenson, George Hagnay, Edward Clark, William Puffer, and Selma Galbur. Francis Armstrong had charge of the entertainment.

At this assembly a new system of selling tickets for the baseball games was announced by Mr. Billing. Twelve students, under Victor Sloat, the Year of 1924, were given names of months. Each month has four weeks or students helping him to obtain pledges for buying tickets. The teams strive to see which can sell the most tickets.

Bob a la Shakespeare

To bob, or not to bob; that is the question.

Whether it is nobler on the head to suffer

The combs and pins of an outrageous style,

Or to take shears against a sea of troubles,

And by wise clipping, end them?—

To bob—and comb

No more; and by a bob to say we end

The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks

The mirror gives us—"Tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. To cut—to bob
To bob—perchance to shingle; ay, there's the rub

For thru that fatal cut what sights may come

When we have shingled off the last long hair

Must give us pause—puzzle the will
And make us rather bear those ills we have

Than cut for others that we know not of.
Thus vanity does make cowards of—
some of us.

Helene Ablan.

Justifiable Homicide

Dick Stuck: "If a man smashes a clock, can he be convicted for killing time?"

Archie: "Not if the clock struck first."

Trust Bill for That

Miss Whaley: "How would you punctuate this sentence? 'A five dollar bill blew down the street.'"

Bill Schlick: "I would make a dash after the bill."

Exchange

Let's Heat the School Better!

Miss How: "Burr, what's that 60 on your card?"

Burr Nash: "Dunno. Guess it's the temperature of the room."

Cleopha Smith doesn't want to leave school because Nolan is only a junior.

Leaves From a Senior's Note Book

Day By Day

- Apr. 18. Went to a dance last night. Didn't pull in till 1 A. M.
- Apr. 20. Started the new system of room privilege slips. What I need is a season ticket.
- Apr. 22. Wonder who the pippin is that sits across from me in study. Funny I never noticed her before.
- Apr. 24. In history Miss Geary asked Puffer who killed Caeser. Puffer said, "I don't know. You see, I only came to Humboldt last fall and I never met him."
- Apr. 26. The lawn is green in spite of the efforts of the Civic League.
- Apr. 29. Honor roll read. I was 103d. Mit me, boys.
- May 2. Dated up that pippin for the Orpheum. Near broke me tho.
- May 4. Earl Karnstedt was seen talking to a girl in the hall. He'll be Humboldt's sheik yet. Give him time, girls.
- May 9. What the best dressed men are wearing. Doc Romnes appears in his Dad's overalls.
- May 11. Asked HER to go to the J.-S. She consented. The world is mine.
- May 15. Now I'm in for it. Got to go to the informals to learn to dance. Never knew my feet were so clumsy. More like canoes.
- May 23. Went swimming for the first time this year. Brrrrr.
- May 26. Bought a new suit for the J.-S. Walked a flight.
- May 28. Exams start. "Woe is me," as Bill Shakespeare says.
- May 29. J.-S. Wow.
- June 4. Commencement. Well, it's all over with. Good-bye, Humboldt.
- June 6. Made everything. Hot Dawg.

And Captain of the Swimming Team?

"Stuck was almost drowned last night."

"No! How come?"

"The pillow slipped, the bed spread, and he fell into the spring."

—Witt

Secret Ambitions

Royce Pember: To be a minister.
Emma Neihart: To go to war.
Lois Ludden: To play a saxophone.
Victor Sloat: Charm snakes in a circus.

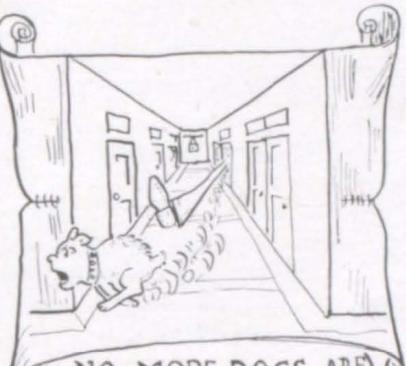
Earl Karnstedt: Fly to Mars.
Cora Kielsmeier: To go to a peppy school.
Auverne Kelly: Own a beauty parlor.
Dorothy Kellgren: Be a movie star.
Frank Vowles: Teach tricks to monkeys.
Bob Pickell: Be the champion featherweight.
Lester Williams: Grow stout.
Gertrude Jordan: To break broncos.
Robert Boyle: To sing in a choir.

Behind the Scenes

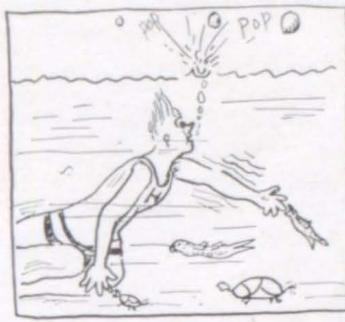
The average person who attends the plays and operettas at Humboldt rarely gives a thought about what might be happening behind the scenes. A person in the wings of the stage between acts would hear something like this:

"Get off my toe, ya big bum."
"Oh, Doris, is my rouge on straight?"
"Get out of my way before I step on yer neck."
"Oh, dear, I was so excited!"
"Hey, cut the chatter, where'd yer think yer at anyway?"
"Boys and girls, you must make less noise." (This from Miss Stockwell).
"Who swiped my pants?"
"It's time to begin. Get off the stage at once."
"Hey, wait a minute, I ain't ready."
"Say, cuckoo, who let you in?"
"Hey, you ham, throw off the house lights."
"All right, Mayhugh, pull the curtain."
"Wait a minute, I ain't ready."
"Well, show some speed then."
"All ready?"
"Let 'er go."
"Check."
Peace once more reigns when the curtain is raised.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

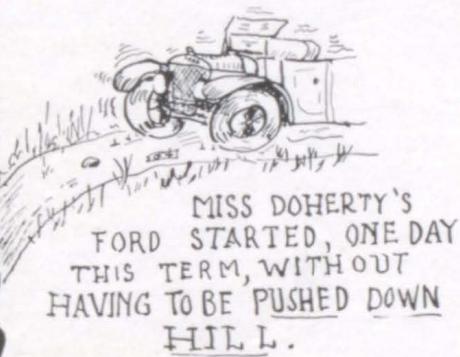


NO MORE DOGS ARE
ALLOWED IN HUMBOLDT
REQUESTED BY THE STUDENTS

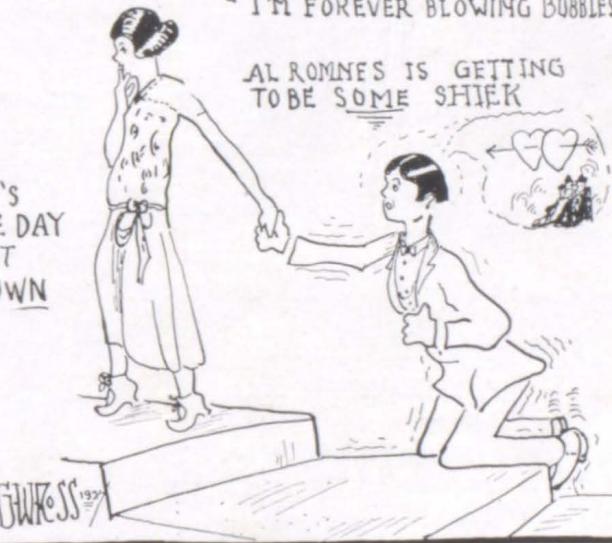


DICK STUCK WON
THE BUBBLE-BLOWING
CONTEST AT THE "Y."
-HE TOOK A BUBBLE HOME AS A
SOUVENIR-

HIS FAVORITE SONG IS-
"I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES."



MISS DOHERTY'S
FORD STARTED, ONE DAY
THIS TERM, WITHOUT
HAVING TO BE PUSHED DOWN
HILL.



GARRETT 1927



Personals



The Girl Reserves from Humboldt give an opera, "The Janitoruem," at the Y. W. C. A., May 2. This was a take-off on operas, with Verna Koplitz and Ruth Langholtz as Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and Marcel Andersen as the Janitor. The rest of the girls in the club made up the chorus.

Chester Jones, a new student, from New Hampton, Iowa, was the Humboldt contestant in the Oratorical contest between the city high schools held March 28 at Central high. Places awarded were as follows: Mechanics, first; Central, second; St. Thomas, third; Humboldt, fourth.

Harriet Lautenslager entertained the D. C. C. April 8. The same club was entertained at the home of Reeva Ott, April 22.

Dorothy Ryan entertained the C. C. C. April 1, and Verna Koplitz, April 15.

The "golden birthday" of Lois Ludden was held at her home April 17. The guests, Kathryn Coyne, Helen Horsnell, Evelyn Wiebel, Caroline Zemke, Marie Licha, Adeline and Bernadette Conlogue, had a very good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Boxmeyer (nee Joyce Wauchope) are parents of a baby boy, born on April 20 and named after his grandfather, Prin. J. A. Wauchope.

Mrs. Miller substituted for Miss Fanning while Miss Fanning was in the hospital, from April 10 to April 25.

The school is still wondering why Burris Mears, Donald Amos, and Art Pea-

body came to school April 23 dressed in khaki.

A party was given April 29 at the home of Glenna McMannis. Among those present were Louise Gieske, Marcella Grassinger, Ruth Tracy, Fern Cutts, Julia Kastner, Manville Oren, Richard Yoerks, and Lloyd Grassinger.

Lenore Bell gave a party for Louise Hammerbacker, April 5. Among the many guests were Lillian Hajek, Ruth Tracy, Julia Kastner, Louise Gieske, Elizabeth Wallner, Fern Cutts, Marcella Grassinger, Richard Yoerks, Manville Oren, and Lloyd Grassinger.

Agnes Saegrav entertained Frances Hadlich and Ernest Kruel at her home, April 24.

Miss Margaret McCandless visited her home in Sheldon, Iowa, during Easter vacation.

Miss Gertrude Chapin lived in a cabin without a telephone or electric lights at Marine on the St. Croix during her vacation.

The Star club gave a "Vodvil" at the Neighborhood House April 5. After the show, which was a great success, dancing was enjoyed by the younger people.

Surretta Tetsche, Marguerite Bergh, and Pauline Hennessey, gave a dancing party at the Hennessey home, for twenty-eight young people, April 26.

What next? First "Doc" Romnes wears great big hob-nailed shoes and then overalls!

Alumni Notes

Helen Lehmann, '20, beside being the organizer and director of Pillsbury orchestra, Minneapolis, has appeared as soprano soloist on many occasions. At the University of Minnesota Miss Lehmann is a member of the Women's Glee Club, the University choir, the Music Club, Sigma Alpha Iota, Music Sorority, Minerva Literary Society, Zeta Eta Sorority, the Y. W. C. A., and the Women's Self Government Association.

Walter Bollinger, '21, is employed in the color separation department of Buckbee Mears & Company. He attends the Minneapolis School of Art during his evenings.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Raymer (nee Hattie Christopherson, '15) are the parents of a daughter born January 20, 1924.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Richardson, '15, have moved to Rochester, Minn., where Mr. Richardson is Branch Manager of the Holland Furnace Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mample (nee Ethel Christopherson, '13) and family have gone to New York, where Mr. Mample has received a position with the Western Union, and where they plan to remain for two years.

Evelyn Martin, '20, is a comptometer operator in the main office at Montgomery Ward.

Claude Burnham, '98, is Vice-President of the Burlington Railway Company at Chicago.

Florence Olson, '23, who is studying music at St. Agatha's Conservatory, has appeared in several recitals.

Extract from the letter from Clarence H. Luedeman, now of Chicago, Ill.: "Am glad that 'Humboldt Life' is again before the public. I hope that the publication will be stronger and better than ever. As for myself, well, here it is! I

am engaged as structural engineer for Holabird and Roche, Architects and Engineers. This firm specializes in office buildings and hotels, and is known nationally in the design of skyscrapers. My latest effort has been directed toward the design and construction of the Tribune Tower, a 35-foot structure.

"Best wishes for the magazine and the school."

Ray Honsa, '21, is assisting his father in his printing concern, the E. W. Honsa Printing Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Connor (nee Alice Benson, '15) are the parents of a baby girl born in February. Mr. and Mrs. Connor are living in South Dakota.

The engagement of Eunice Watson, '18, to Lyman Franz was announced recently. Miss Watson is personal stenographer for the assistant-general auditor at the Northern Pacific.

Lavinia Geiger, Elsie Thysell, Mabel Berg, and Isabel Martin, all of '22, are stenographers at the Minnesota Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Harold Nash, '21, is employed at the Quick Service Battery Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Stassen (nee Florence Clayton) both of '18 are the parents of a son born April 4, 1924.

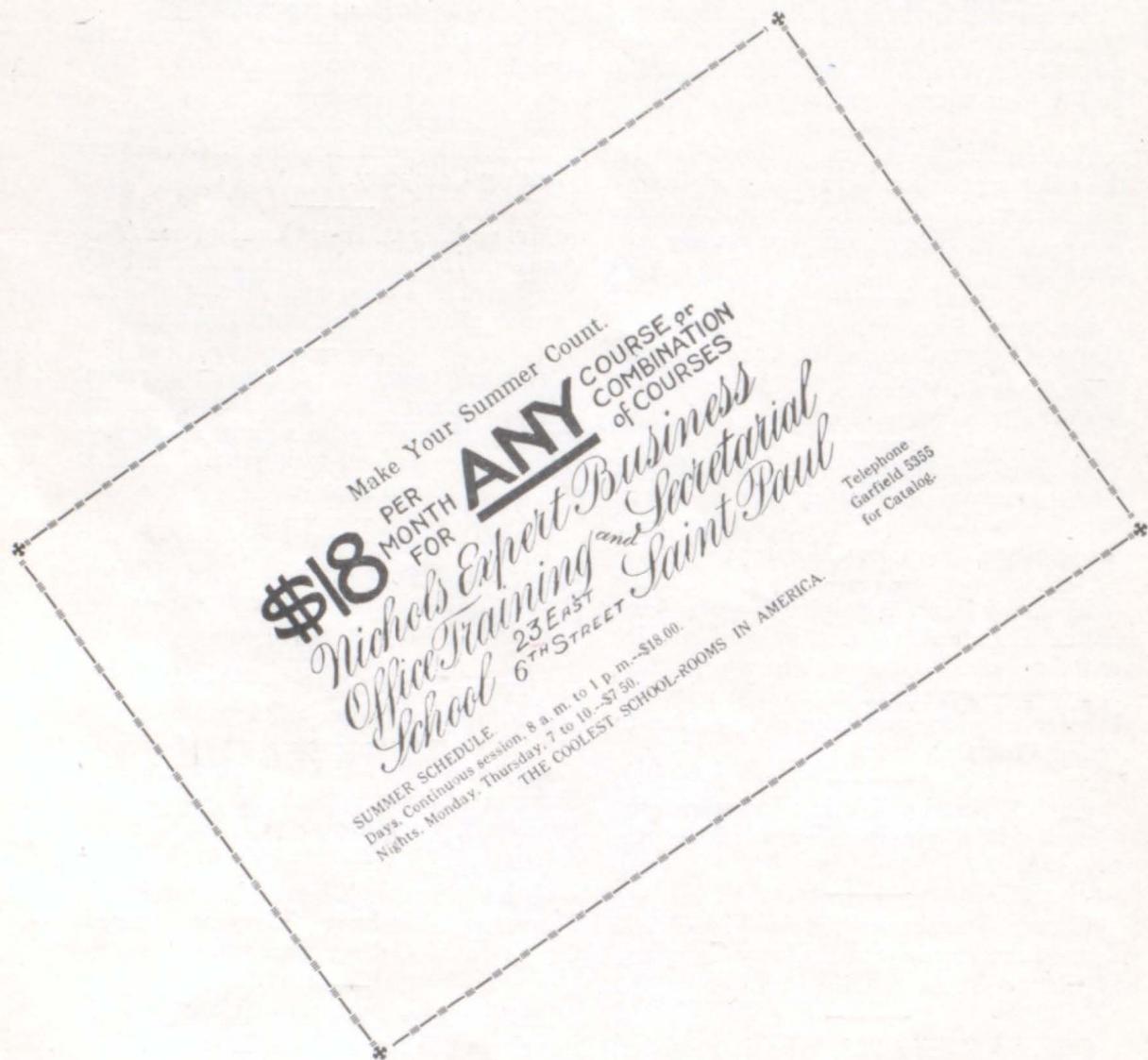
Gerald Hoppe, '21, beside working at Crane and Ordway Company, attends the St. Paul College of Law.

Arthur Lux, '22, is a chemist at the Northern Malleable Iron Company.

Cafeteria Blues

Mr. Wauchope stepped up to the cashier's desk. Claire Loveland, glancing at his tray, rang up thirty-eight cents, then casually observed: "Looks like rain."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Wauchope, "but I asked for coffee."



Billing's Rest Room

May 6, 1924.

Dear Marg:

Ha Ha! you needn't rave about your school being so swell. Why, our school's got yours beat by the length of a rattle snake. Why? Well, besides getting that new part of the school with a couple of gymns and showers and a new library, we're going to get out early. You bet! The sixth of June we bid the dear old work house good-by.

And say, it sure was easy to dodge lessons around here for awhile. There was a machine outside that dug up the ground —noise, why five cat and dog fights all going on at once wouldn't equal it. 'Sides, no classes were held in the cottages, and so the chorus classes were sent to study. That worried your little Frankie terribly as I love to warble.

All the girls are going crazy. Their mothers say they need five weeks to get them dressed for Commencement. Now, they're all running around like cats that's lost their kittens. "What kinda dress you going to get, Canton crepe or linen or crepe de chine or what?" An every one tells them something and in the end they'll just go ahead and suit themselves.

We were going to have school on Saturdays so the teachers wouldn't get paid for doing nothing. But so many kids got excused that they had to give up the idea. No sense in having the teachers teach empty seats. You can bet I am glad. That's the only day in the week I get a chance to pound the ear 'til ten o'clock. You know me.

Well, in the future just remember that your school ain't the only good one. Say do you ever see Charlie? If you do, tell him to write to me. You do, too.

Lovingly,

Frankie.

Did He Return It?

Marvin Hunsaker: "May I have the 'Life of Caesar?'"

Miss McCandless: "No. Brutus took it." —Exchange

"Chop Suey Blues"

Miss Geary: "Harry, where is Shanghai?"

Harry Griswold: "On Sixth and Wabasha."

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