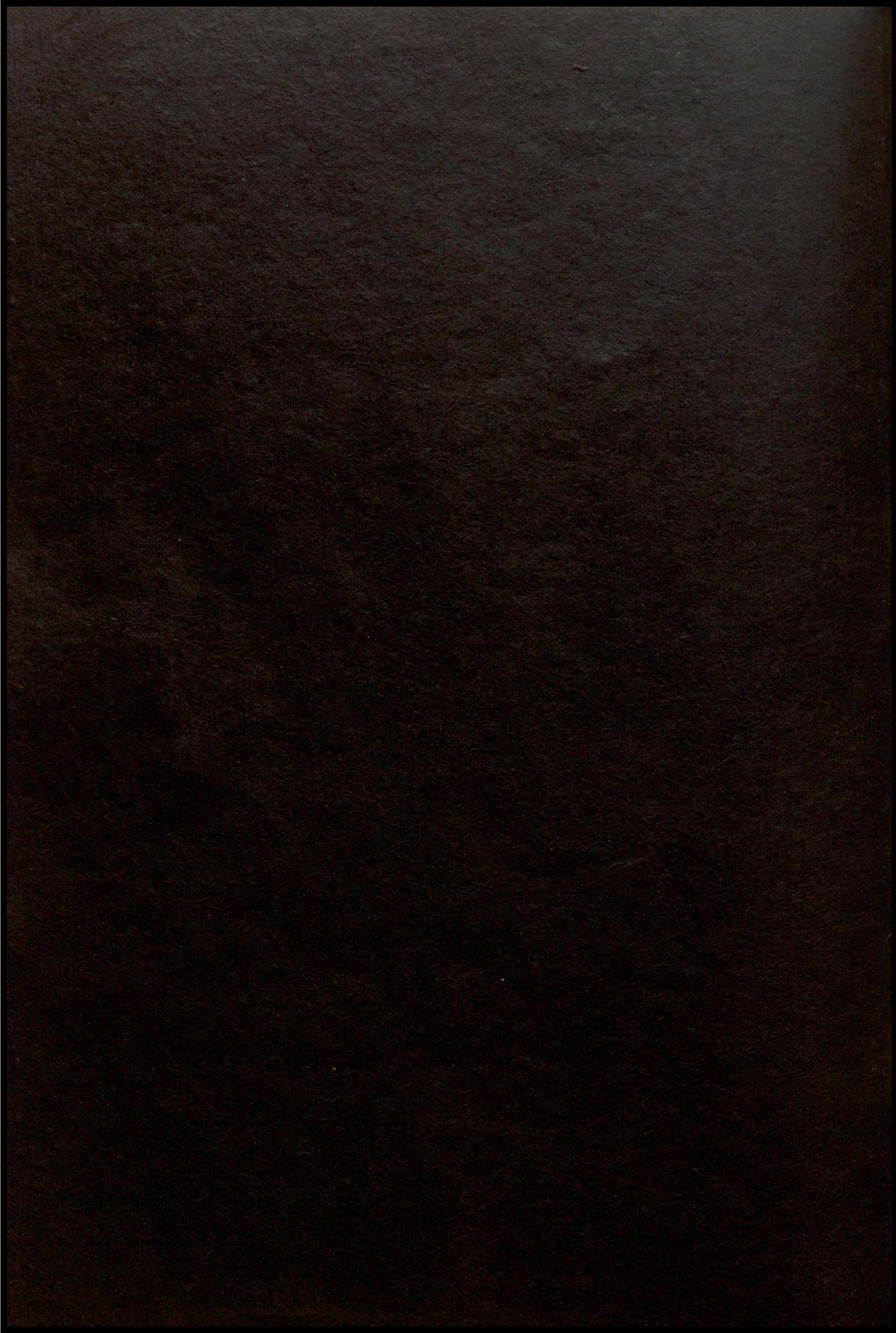


THE
ANNUAL



JUNE 1919



THE ANNUAL



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The Class of 1919
Humboldt High School
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HELEN STAPLES
OLIVE SNYDER
MARION SWIFT
ELIZABETH ENDRESS
MARCIA GOLDENBERG
ROBERT CLAYTON
EULALIA STONE
LENA LIPSCHULTZ



ELAINE BAYARD

She plays the fiddle with a master hand.

PIERRE BAYARD

The man who is inquisitive learns much.

GRACE BIENHOFF

Her conduct still right with her argument wrong.

BESSIE CAMPBELL

Her hair was of the fairy flax.

CELIA CHALEK

Laugh and the world laughs with you.

DOROTHY CHITTICK

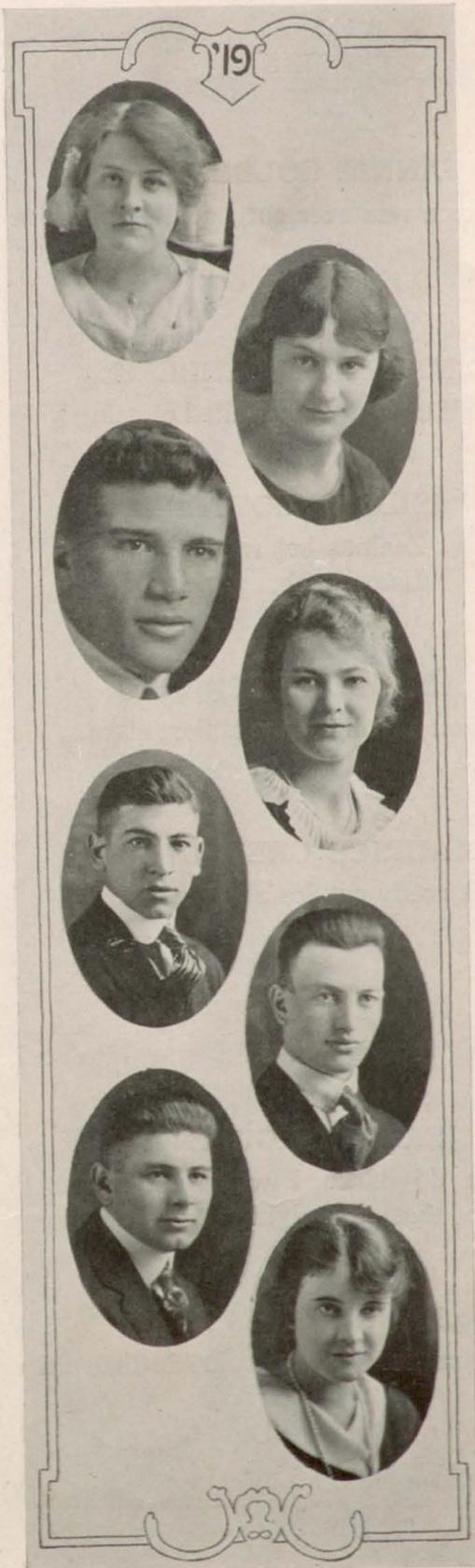
The limbs will quiver and move after the soul
is gone.

ADELAIDE CHOATE

Where the stream runs smoothest, the water is
deepest.

ROBERT CLAYTON

I know everything but myself.



EMMA DRAKE

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

ELIZABETH ENDRESS

The rude sea grew civil at her song.

SAM ETTINGER

Good health and good sense are two of life's
greatest blessings.

HILFRED EVANS

For never everything can be amiss when simple-
ness and duty tender it.

JOE FENDEL

From the crown of his head to the sole of his
foot he is all mirth.

LOUIS FINN

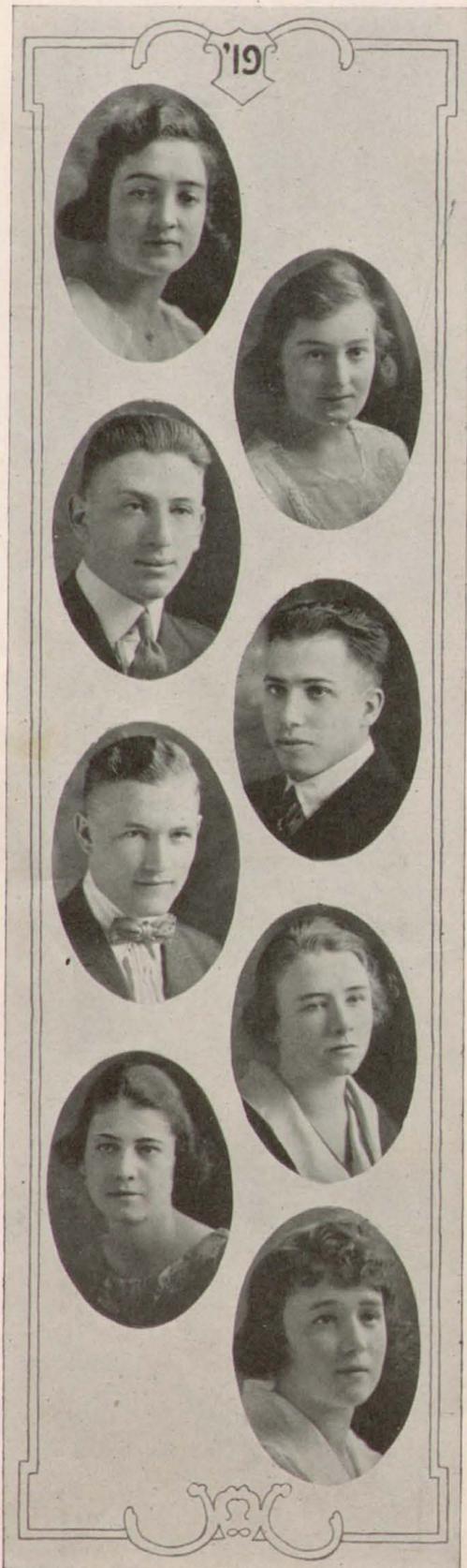
A flattering painter who made it his care to draw
men as they ought to be, not as they are.

HARRY FRYER

Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength!

ALICE GARLOUGH

She is the very pineapple of politeness.



FANNIE GOLDENBERG

Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low.

MARIA GOLDENBERG

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides.

ISIDORE GOTTLIEB

Zealous but modest.
Innocent though free.

ARNOLD GREENBERG

Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms.

MAURICE GREENSTEIN

A ready wit for all occasions.

RUTH GRONEWALD

The living voice is that which sways the soul.

JEANETTE GUERTIN

When you do dance I wish you a wave of
the sea, that you might ever do nothing but
that.

FANNIE HALPERN

A good reputation is more valuable than money.



GERTRUDE HARRISON

There is no fire without some smoke.

VERA HESSIAN

Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom
with mirth.

FRANCIS HYLAND

A daughter of the gods divinely tall.

NINA HOOKER

Wisdom is better than rubies.

EDWARD JOHNSON

Men of few words are the best men.

NATHAN KAPLAN

Slow but sure.

EDITH KNOPPE

Above the vulgar flight of common souls.

WILLIAM KAMINETZKY

The brain may devise laws for the blood. But a
hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.



FLORENCE LEHMANN
Mental gluttony is honorable.

VIVIAN LEHMANN
A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.

ROSE LENTZ
Every rose has its thorn.

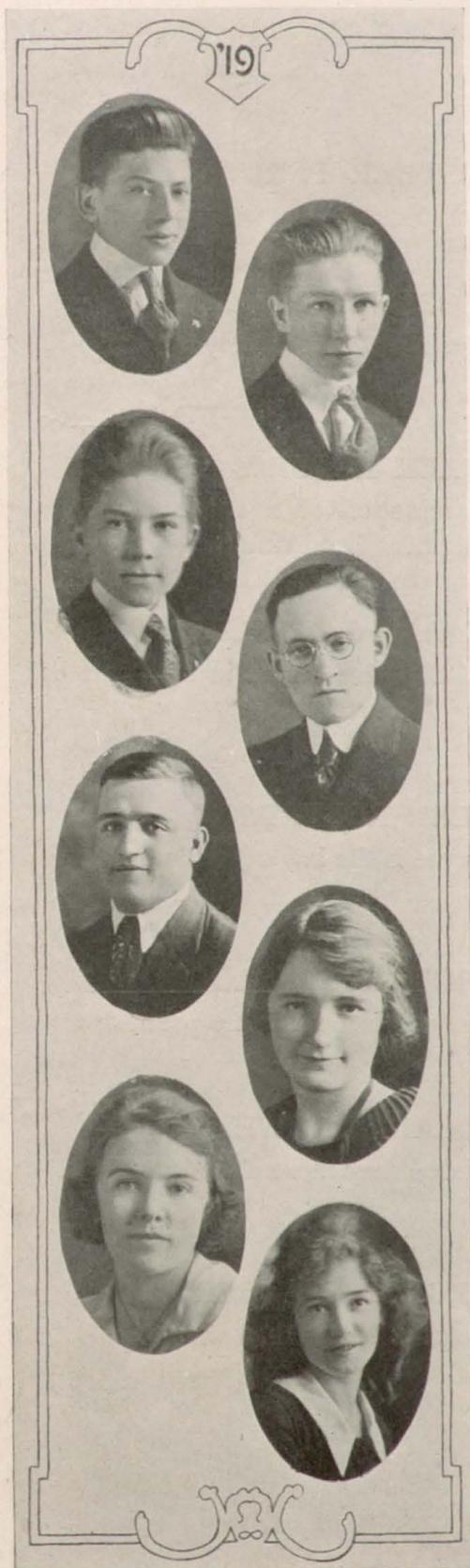
GLADYS LENZ
Let us have peace.

LENA LIPSHULTZ
Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her
paths are peace.

EVERETT MCGOWAN
The muscles of his brawny arms stand out like
iron bands.

VIOLET McGRATH
Minds are not ever craving for their food.

MARIE MACK
True to her studies as a needle to the pole or
as a dial to the sun.



ARTHUR MAGID

Exhausting thought and hiving wisdom with
each studious year.

LIONEL MESSENGER

A little nonsense now and then.

HARRY MICKELSON

Who to himself is law no law doth need.

CHARLES MILLER

Studious of ease and fond of humble things.

ARTHUR MOLEAN

I am Sir Oracle, when I open my lips let no
dog bark.

RUTH MOULDEN

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

KATHERINE NELSON

Red as a rose is she.

RUTH OSTLAND

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.



ESTHER PERLT

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

FLORENCE PERLT

Patience is a remedy for every sorrow.

JACK ROBBINS

Some to the fascination of a name surrender
judgment hoodwink'd.

WILLIAM ROESSLER

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of
courtesy.

HELEN ROBERTSON

In her tongue is the law of kindness.

MAURICE ROSENBLOOM

I would the gods had made me poetical.

GLADYS ROWE

That good diffused may more abundant grow.

MARGARET SADLER

Actions speak better than words.



WILLIAM SERBINE

Think not that thine word and thine alone must
be right.

CHARLES SIGNS

A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing.

DAVID SIMON

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and
confident tomorrows.

MIRIAM SIMON

Still water runs deep.

OLIVE SNYDER

Gentle of speech; beneficent of mind.

EVA SPRIESTERSBACH

Thoughts are mightier than strength of hand.

MAX STACKER

Knowledge is more than equivalent to force.

RALPH STACKER

Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall die.



HELEN STAPLES

She that was ever fair and ever proud
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud.

WILLIAM STASSEN

Blushing is the color of virtue.

ANNA STEINMETZ

I speak in a monstrous little voice.

EULALIA STONE

Infinite riches in a little room.

MARION SWIFT

The pen is mightier than the sword.

ANNETTA TATKIN

I am always in haste but never in a hurry.

JULIUS TENENBAUM

He was not merely a chip of the old block but
the old block itself.

LIBBIE TRUHLAR

The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.



GERTRUDE WELCH

She moves a goddess and she looks a queen.

MARY WHITNEY

With sunbeams always playing on her face.

RUTH WHITWELL

Joy rises in me like a summer's morn.

RUTH WILLIS

Silence brings consent.

BERNICE WINKEL

In her tongue is the law of kindness.

WILLIAM WRIGHT

For he lives twice who can at once employ
The present well and e'en the past enjoy.

Dedicated to the Class of 1919

It was not so many moons ago,
In a school not far away,
That some Seniors worked—as they sometimes must—
In the most engaging way.
And these Seniors lived with no other thought,
But that of Commencement Day.

They were so great, and they were so straight,
In that High School o'er the way.
They worked with a zeal which Seniors only feel,
Did these Seniors every day.
With a zeal that all the students in school
Were envying them, they say.

And that was the reason some days ago,
In the High School o'er the way,
"The Powers that Be" said the class must go,
They were far too wise to stay.
There was nothing more for them left to know,
They must leave on Commencement Day.

The students, not half so wise, of course,
Were envying them everyone,
And that is one reason (there may be more
But this was the way it begun)
"That the Powers that Be," moved with mighty force.
That their High School work was done.

But their wisdom is greater by far than theirs,
Who are so much older than they,
And neither the wise men toward whom they turned
Nor the wise men they meet, each day,
Can teach them a thing they've not already learned,
In that High School over the way.

For the moon never beams without bringing them dreams,
Of the wonderful students they are,
And the stars never rise but they think just how wise
They have been to have climbed up so far,
And so all the night time they dream in their pride
Of their greatness—such greatness as no class besides
Ever reached in its lifetime, they say,
In that High School over the way.

Florence Lehmann, '19.



July 1, 1935.

Dear Bessie:

I am glad to know that your claim in Montana has proved such a paying proposition. You asked me if I could give you any information regarding our classmates of 1919.

I kept in touch with a number of the class and through them have heard of the ventures of the other members.

I heard something good the other day, you remember Ralph Stacker, of the sylph-like form? well, he's making his fortune as the special feature of the Ballet Russe. Florence Lehmann is head of the Teacher's Federation now.

Arnold Greenberg is doing chemical research work in Washington.

Adelaide Choate and Celia Chalek are the only women legislators this season. Their logical arguments have astounded their colleagues.

Eulalia Stone and Elizabeth Endress are appearing on the Chat circle. Eulalia gives readings and Elizabeth still sings. They say if it wasn't for their gray hair one would never know they were old maids.

Vivian Lehmann is life guard at Wildwood this summer. She always was a dandy at swimming, you know.

Julius Tennenbaum has given up socialism and has gone in for raising a large family so that he can conduct a successful revolution in his own immediate family.

Cyrus Zehnder is touring the country making speeches on that vital topic of how to cure bashfulness.

Harry Fryer is strong man in Ringling Bros. circus. He throws his chest out the window every performance.

Lionel Messenger is doing acrobatic stunts at the Orpheum this week. Ruth Gronewold who has succeeded Flandrau as dramatic critic says Lynx still shows his old time form.

Lena Lipschultz is private secretary to Maurice Greenstein, Congressman from this district. Maurice has been a diligent worker on the bill that put high schools back on the six period schedule.

Bob Clayton is playing first violin with the Symphony this season. William Kamin is giving a series of lectures on Socialism at the Auditorium.

Eva Priesterbach and Emma Drake are running a general merchandise store on the range and Francis Hiland is a Y. M. C. A. worker.

Nina Hooker took Miss Graves' suggestion and is now making her fortune writing short stories for popular magazines.

Louis Finn is county attorney. Miss Peyton would be proud of the star bluffer of our Commercial Law class.

Fifteen

Arthur Magid has just returned from the Orient where he obtained a certificate from the different universities to teach the languages of the Orient, including Hebrew and Syro-Chaldaic. He expects to teach in one of our Eastern colleges.

Florence and Esther Perlt are conducting a fashionable school for girls; on their faculty they have Grace Beinhoff, who teaches gymnastics, Olive Snyder, their best history teacher, and Margaret Sadler, who is head of the Domestic Science Department.

Ruth Ostlund and Bernice Winkel have just had their hair dressing establishment redecorated. The papering and painting were done by Ed. Johnson. Wm. Stassen is head electrician at the Gas Company.

Helen Robertson is keeping house for the Rev. William Roessler. She is very capable and helps him a great deal with his sermons they say.

Mariam Simon is doing settlement work and her brother David followed his father's footsteps and is Rabbi of the New Synagogue. Fannie Halpern is an accomplished organist.

Jacob Rabinowitz, of course, you know has changed his name to Jack Robbins. He has taken the place of Douglas Fairbanks in the movie world.

Sam Ettinger is running a first class Dancing Academy, assisted by Arthur Molean, who gives all objectionables the grand bounce.

Helen Staples is running a grocery store. She carries a large line of staple products.

Arthur Johnson is warden in the Nut House at St. Peter.

Arthur Jacobsen has patented a new device which will enable the crafty student to slide through high school without ever studying. All artful dodgers take notice.

Joe Fendel is a wealthy farmer. His farm is one of the best equipped in Southern Minnesota. He is still a "winner" with the ladies.

Both of the Goldenberg girls are married. They bored me stiff telling me what wonderful husbands they had. Isidore Gottlieb is broker in the Stacker Exchange. I suppose you know Pierre Bayard was working for Pinkerton's Detective Agency. Just now he is trying to find out who salvaged the lumber the Ark was built of. If you have any clues send them to Pierre.

Elaine is getting a lot of new clothes made which means orange blossoms. I don't know who the lucky man is but she used to believe in Signs.

Herbert Garlough is a confirmed bachelor, and his sister Alice keeps house for him. Another case of a flower born to waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Gertrude Welch has done very well. Her Exclusive Designing Shop enjoys a wide patronage.

Max Stacker has attracted much attention by his political articles.

Gertrude Harrison recently won a gold medal for modeling.

Katherine Nelson is social secretary for Ruth Whitwell who is a prominent philanthropic worker.

Annetta Tatkin and Libbie Truhler are at the Golden Rule. Annetta is buyer in the suits, while Libbie is head of the flower department.

William Serbine is judge of the Juvenile Court. John Martin follows the bright lights; he puts out the street lamps they say.

Rose Lentz is matron of an orphan asylum. Her strong voice and trusty right arm prove very useful in keeping her young charges in order.

Gladys Lenz is factory inspector.

Bill Wright got a berth with the White Sox this year, holding down third base.

Annetta Steinmetz has published a new concealable pony for Latin sufferers. Morris Rosenbloom has a clothing business and they say he sells good merchandise. Charlie Miller is his good buyer, and Morris pays his way to Hastings every year so that he can always have the latest styles on hand.

Charles Signs is now stage manager at the Gem.

Jeannette Guertin is teaching French on the Coast.

Everett McGowan has opened new training quarters on the site of Gibbons' old gymnasium.

Violet McGrath and Marie Mack are trained nurses.

Nathan Kaplan is running a machine shop.

Arthur Welleck has married a regular amazon. She makes him do the house work every morning before he leave for his office. Miss Peyton always said a woman would get the best of him some day.

Ruth Willis is private stenographer for Swift's.

Harry Mickelson has a first class barber shop. He gives close shaves to all his patrons.

Hilfred Evans is President of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs.

Gladys Rowe and Edith Knoppe are playing singles but not in a love game. They say it's because they were disappointed in love.

Dot Chittick and I have taken the biggest step in breaking conventionalities. We are partners in the management of the largest and most up-to-date club house for women in the Northwest. It includes dormitories, a fine restaurant, writing and rest rooms, swimming pool, and many other fine features. As you might guess, Dot and I are particularly interested in the pool room.

This concludes the review of the class. No doubt you are surprised at the things our classmates have taken up. Let me know when you are coming East and I will try to line up some of the old bunch.

Sincerely,

V. H.

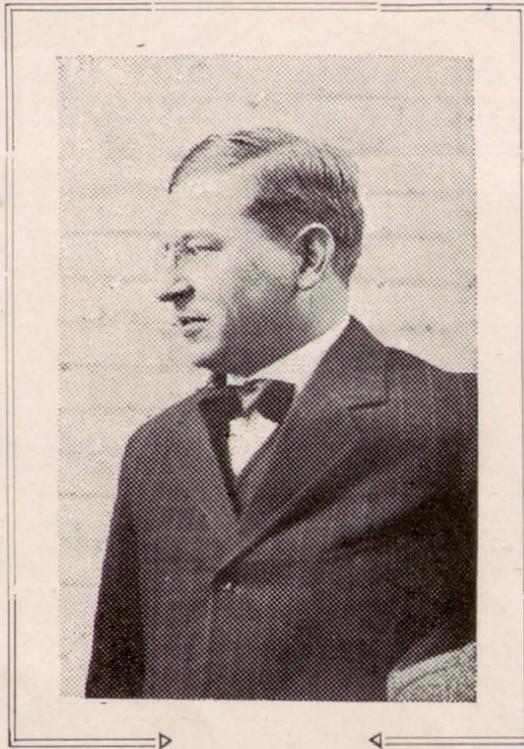
Can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
In the crown of his head what jewels are set?
Who crosses the bridge of his nose?
Can he use in shingling the roof of his mouth,
The nails on the ends of his toes?

Lives of Juniors oft remind us
That we once stood in their place,
And departing left behind us
Greener ones to fill the space.

Musical Directory

Bayard, Elaine.....	Elaine, My Elaine
Bayard, Pierre.....	Mammy's Lullaby
Beinhoff, Grace.....	Soupie, Soupie, Soupie Without Any Beans
Campbell, Bessie.....	The Campbells Are Coming
Chalek, Celia.....	Cecilia Waltz
Chittick, Dorothy.....	Jazz Baby
Choate, Adelaide.....	Sweet Adeline
Clayton, Robert.....	Rock-a-Bye Baby
Drake, Emma.....	On the Road to Home Sweet Home
Endress, Elizabeth.....	Sing Me That Song Once Again, Dear
Ettinger, Sam.....	Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose
Evans, Hilfred.....	My Little Sunshine
Fendel, Joseph.....	How're You Goin' to Keep 'Em Down On the Farm
Finn, Louis.....	Huckleberry Finn
Fryer, Harry.....	Pack Up Your Troubles and Smile
Garlough, Alice.....	What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes At Me For
Garlough, Herbert.....	That's the Way to Be a Butler Bye and Bye
Goldenberg, Fannie.....	Dear Heart
Goldenberg, Marcia.....	We Shall Meet Again
Gottlieb, Isidore.....	Jump, Jim Crow
Greenberg, Arnold.....	Dear Little Boy of Mine
Greenstein, Morris.....	My Little Gal (You Know I Love You)
Gronewold, Ruth.....	Along Came Ruth
Guertin, Jeanette.....	Oh Frenchie!
Halpern, Fannie.....	Smiles
Harrison, Gertrude.....	Keep the Home Fires Burning
Hessian, Vera.....	That's How You Can Tell They're Irish
Hiland, Francis.....	Somewhere a Voice Is Calling
Hooker, Nina.....	Are You From Heaven
Jacobson, Arthur.....	He's a Jolly Good Fellow
Johnson, Arthur.....	I'm Always Chasing—Rainbows
Johnson, Edward.....	Very Good Eddie
Kaplan, Nathan.....	Cutie, Who Tied Your Tie
Knoppe, Edith.....	So Long, Letty
Kominetsky, William.....	If You Ever Get Lonely
Lehmann, Florence.....	Liberty Bell
Lehmann, Vivian.....	Oh, You Beautiful Doll
Lentz, Rose.....	Mighty Like a Rose
Lenz, Gladys.....	An Old Fashioned Girl
Lipschultz, Lena.....	(Two Lips) Time In Holland
McGowan, Everett.....	We Won't Get Home Until Morning
McGrath, Violet.....	When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Mack, Marie.....Oui, Oui, Marie
 Magid, Arthur.....When I Leave the World Behind
 Martin, John.....When Johnny Comes Marching Home
 Messenger, Lionel.....You Can't Shake That Shimmy Here
 Mickelson, Harry.....He's Just Like You, Daddy
 Miller, Charles.....Down By the Old Mill Stream
 Molean, Arthur.....Oh, You Rookie
 Moulden, Ruth.....Sympathy
 Nelson, Katherine.....K-K-K-Katy
 Ostlund, Ruth.....Send Me a Curl
 Perlt, Esther }
 Perlt, Florence }.....Babes In the Woods
 Rabinovitz, Jake.....Ja-da
 Roessler, William.....You're So Pretty
 Robinson, Helen.....That's the Kind of a Baby for Me
 Row(e), Gladys.....My Birch Canoe
 Sadler, Margaret.....When You and I Were Young, Maggie
 Signs, Charles.....Charley Is My Darling
 Simon, David.....That's Where My Money Goes
 Simon, Mariam.....Sweet and Low
 Spriestersbach, Eva.....True Blue
 Stacker, Max.....Someday I'll Make You Glad
 Stacker, Ralph.....Oriental
 Staples, Helen.....O Hel, O Hel, O Helen (You're Divine)
 Stassen, William.....Going Up
 Steinmetz, Anna.....Pretty Baby
 Stone, Eulalia....."Rock" of Ages
 Swift, Marion.....Oh, How I Hate to Get Up In the Morning
 Tatkin, Annetta.....Annie Laurie
 Tenenbaum, Julius.....Long Boy
 Truhlar, Libbie.....I Want to Be an Old Fashioned Wife
 Welch, Gertrude.....Dear Eyes of Blue
 Welck, Arthur.....I'm Always Chasing Bubbles
 Whitney, Mary.....The Sunshine of Her Smile
 Whitwell, Ruth.....My Sweetie
 Willis, Ruth....."Mickey"
 Winkel, Bernice.....You're Some Pretty Doll
 Wright, William....."Kisses"
 Zehnder, Cyrus.....Who's Pretty Baby Are You



JOSEPH A. WAUCHOPE

Mr. Wauchope is leaving us for new worlds to conquer. He has certainly conquered Humboldt, heart and soul, by his fairness of purpose and geniality of manner. He was essentially a student's principal. He did not resort to forcible and boisterous methods, but he did all things in a quiet and unruffled manner. Mr. Wauchope's stay at Humboldt was a success; a delightful period that none of us will soon forget. Mr. Wauchope has won a place in the heart of every Humboldt student who has had the good fortune to know him.

Mr. Wauchope has been with us more than five years, and in these years he has done much that will leave an impress on our Humboldt atmosphere. "And is there any man or woman, tell me that," Ruth Sawyer gently says, "that has not the makings of one tale, at least, to leave behind?"

There are many tales that Mr. Wauchope is leaving with us, the Faculty, but chiefly there is the tale of cheer and brightness and goodfellowship. We recognized his executive ability, his appreciation of the value of good scholarship, his interest in each student as an individual, but we shall miss most his sympathetic friendliness and his willingness to forget over-night the many petty annoyances of the day and be ready again with a "Top of Morning" for everyone.

We rejoice with him, however, in the recognition that this new appointment brings with it, and, as he leaves for his new venture, we wish him much success and happiness, and all the luck that the good fairies bring.

Under- Classmen





The Junior Specials

"Meet Us At the Soda Fountain."

(Special for Today)

Hazel Paulson	}	Twin Peach
Vernice Paulson			
Freida Rom.....			The Latest Scream
Carl Roed.....			Bitter Sweet Nut
Pauline Huntress.....			Fresh Orange
Edith Keller.....			The Last Word
Harry Latts.....			Napoleon Special
Edna Swanson.....			Wild Cherry
Lillian Brocker.....			Junior Float
Helen Lehmann	}	Combination Happy Thought
Roy Johnson			
Zelda Bashefkin.....			Pistachio Nut
Evelyn Martin.....			Fruited Nut
Alice Bumgardner.....			Uwunda (U Wonder)
Elizabeth Quehl.....			Irene Castle

(Extra Fancy Sundaes)

Louise Peiper.....	Queen Louise
Lorna Jensen.....	Timidity Sundae
Dorothea Welleck.....	Passing Show
Alice Lorr.....	Old Fashioned
Tillie Simos.....	Maple "Shark"
Myra Goulet.....	"Billie" Sundae
Alice Labovitch.....	Oriental
Blanche Lavacot.....	Blanche Sweet
Genevieve Stassen.....	Heavenly Hash

(Favorite Sundaes)

Louis Busse.....	Cantaloupe (Can't elope)
Cecil Scheffer.....	Drum Battle Sundae
Burton Ogilvie.....	Elizabeth's Favorite
Lillian Martin.....	Bluebird
Luella Moulder.....	Bon Bon
Isidore Poborsky.....	Pavlowa
Elizabeth Blanford.....	Mary Pickford
Charles Messenger.....	Banana Split
Gertrude Hall.....	Hawaiian Beauty
Helen Eckles.....	Maiden's Blush
Louis Gold.....	Golden Fruit
Harold Metcalf.....	French "Dimanche"
Irene Ringius.....	Camouflage Sundae
John Reimers.....	Q. E. D. Sundae

(Miscellaneous)

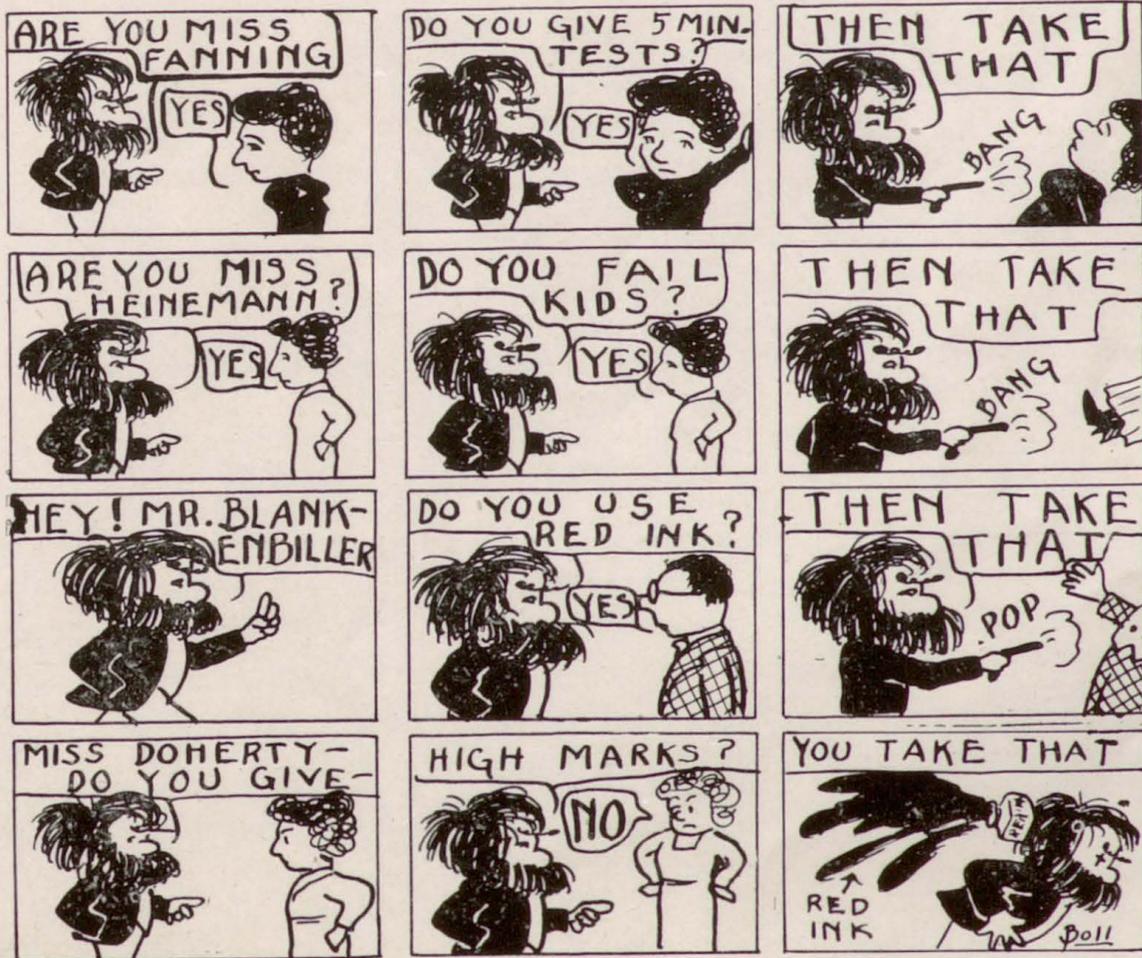
Laurel Ihfe.....	Waldorf Salad
Simon Rosenberg	Submarine
Elfrieda Webber.....	Cream Puff
Minnie Roiblatt.....	Angel Food A La Mode
Alberta Rose.....	Wild Irish Rose
Robert Lawton.....	Bromo Seltzer
Floyd McClellan.....	Hot Butter Scotch
Morris Yblonsky	Spaghetti
Dorothy Higby }	Cupid's Sandwich
Wesley Harkness }	
Gladys Haupt.....	Nut Salad

(Plain Sundaes)

Charles Winchell.....	Plain Nut
Harry Hervitz.....	Ping Pong
Clara Nelson	Tutti
Roy Nelson	Fruitti
Pearl Shaw.....	Pearl White
Rowena Chadbourne.....	Cupid's Sundae
Florence McPhillips.....	Smith's Peach
Lenore Burns.....	"Red" Raven
Dorothy Jackson.....	Dorothy Vernon
George Keuttner.....	Over the Waves
Margaret Knodt.....	Golden Moon
Edna Leudeman.....	Red Cross
George Sudeith.....	Biaplane Sundae (Buy a plain)
Helen Gibb's.....	Angel's Delight
Adelaide Whipple.....	Rainbow Whip
Josephine Glatzmaier.....	Brown Eyed Susan
Joyce Wauchope.....	Spring Dream
Edward Algren.....	Soul Kiss
Hazel Ballman.....	Woodland Fairy
Dorothy Pinkham.....	Peg O' My Heart
Edward Lewis }	Two In One Beauty
Pauline Whitney }	
Allen Solomon.....	Fruit Smash
Sam Bartnoff.....	Siberian Freeze
Clifford Bell.....	American Bell
Russel Brown	Sweet-Heart
Kenneth Hoppe.....	Ladies' Delight
Violet Guder.....	Modest Violet
Emma Beil.....	Heart's Desire
Margaret Coyne.....	One Dollar Special
Robert Smith.....	Kangaroo Delight
Florence Steube.....	Mint Julep
Mollie Smith.....	Grape Cooler
Gertrude Clifford.....	Chop Suey
Ray Jensen	Snowball

Senior Royal Family

King Roughneck	Jake Rabinovitz
Queen Ofthenut's	Ruth Gronewald
Princess Inahurry	Vera Hessian
Lord Nevermore	Bill Roessler
Lady Everbusy	Gertrude Welch
Lord Lostmytongue	Herbert Garlough
Baron of Basketball.....	Everett McGowan
Sir Sling-at the Slang.....	Bill Wright
Lady Sweetest-of-them-all.....	Vivian Lehmann
Lady Listenhow	Dot Chittick
King's Page	Julius Tannenbaum
The Lady Without the Title.....	Alice Garlough
The Royal Jester.....	Lynx Messenger





Alphabet of the Sophomore Class

A is for Adelaide, a girl very bright.
 B is for Bessie, who does things just right.
 C is for Cecil, who collects the class dues.
 D is for Donovan, his height he much rues.
 E is for Evelyn and Esther, a pair who in English would shine anywhere.
 F is for Frank, a lad with a smile, but seldom he works, it isn't worth while.
 G is for Grace, a sister to Ruth, a shark in geometry this is the truth.
 H is for Hadlick, the foot-ball star, tardiness always his record does mar.
 I is for Iddings, our careful adviser, in all this work we found no one wiser.
 J is for John, Jordon and James, who are loyal rooters at all the games.
 K is for Katherine, her last name is Franey,
 L is for Lenore and Leona Z., they're happy and jolly as girls can be.
 M is for Mildred M. and Margaret B. and Mabel B. and quiet Marie.
 N is for Norman Mears and his pal Ray, who are seen at Humboldt every day.
 O is for Estella Olson, bright and full of fun.
 P is for Perl and Petrowski, as well, they're very fine boys, you surely can tell.
 Q is for Quality, the Sophomore Class.
 R is for Robeck and Reisner too, to say much about them, would never do.
 S is for two girls named Swanson and Sweet, as jolly good pals they can not
 be beat.
 T is for many, both loyal and true, for Theisel and Truhler and Joe Thomes.
 U is for Us of classes the best, in the annals of Humboldt we'll outshine the rest.
 V is for Alleyne and Mildred Van Dyke, who are dandy good company at party
 or hike.
 W is for Whitefield and Whitney, name maidens quite clever, as students of
 friends they are the best ever.
 X is for excellent that is our class.
 Y stands for the years so happy and gay, which at Humboldt are speeding so
 quickly away.
 Z stands for Zender, a girl quiet and kind, and now if I stop I'm sure you won't
 mind.

The Soph.'s Flower Garden

William Priestersbach.....	"Sweet William"
Evelyn Karnstedt.....	"Tom Thumb" (Nasturtium)
Ralph Stein.....	"Prince's Feather" (Alyssum)
Lucille Seibel.....	"Blue Eyed Daisy"
Juanita Rose.....	"American Beauty"
Clair McMann.....	"Scarlet Poppy"
Edna Pickell } Pearl Levith }	"Sweet Peas"
Louis Kosanke.....	"Mikado" (Chrysanthemum)
Henry Kahnert.....	"Prince Henry" (Nasturtium)
Dorothy Jarvis.....	"Cottagemaid" (Alyssum)
Earl Englebretson.....	"Longfellow" (Daisy)

THE SOPH.'S FLOWER GARDEN—Continued

Geraldine Lorentz	"Forget-me-not"
Clifford Hubbard	"Sunflower"
Ed. Ernster	"Oriental Poppy"
Viola Hass	"Wood Violet"
Beryl Anderson	"Hollyhock"
Rose Finn	"Primrose"
Willard Ridley	"Johnnie Jump Up"
Dora Bachrach	"Apple Blossom"
Harold Nash	"Pride of the Garden" (Marigold)
Sigrid Carlson	"Morning Glory"
Sara Magid	"Candytuft"
Gerald Hoppe	} "Bachelor's Buttons"
Fred Stoll		
Verdun Grambling		
Helen Johnson	"Mignonette"
Joe Thomas	"Joseph's Coat" (Alyssum)
Ray Robertson	"Golden Ray" (Tickseed)
Clara Dominosky	"Geranium"
Walter Raschik	} "Foxgloves"
Adolph Sorenson		
June Ludwig	"Iris"
Art Hutchinson	"King Aster"
Zilpha Lautenslager	"Blue Eyed Daisy"
Helen Schletty	"Cosmos"
Josephine Choate	"Blood Root"
Flo. Keller	"Baby Doll Rose"
Aaron Giss	"Butterfly Bush"
Ruth Exely	} "Humboldt Bells" (Canterbury Bells)
Esther Nold		
Eleanor Markowitz		
Hyman Greenstein	"Mutual Friend"
David Berkus	"Phlox"
Helen Schmidt	"Lilac"
Merwin Dingle	"Fairy Blush Poppy"
Ethel Graves	"Jeanne d'Arc Tulip"
Lettie Muirhead	"Marguerite"
Anthony Aiken	"Modest Pansy"
Mildred McGowan	"Shamrock"
Joe Brodsky	} "Hardy Pinks"
David Brodsky		
Rufus Chadbourne	"Aster"
Walter Bollinger	"Scarlet Runner"
Isidore Brussels	"English Ivy"
Hazel Hendrickson	} "Lilies of the Valley"
Florence Haupt		
Clarence Gieske	} "Jack's in the Pulpit"
Raymond Marble		

MISCELLANOUS SOPHOMORES.

Daddy-Long-Legs	Ray Algren
Little Miss Rhyme.....	Florence Haupt
A Knight of the Powder Puff.....	Ralph Sharpe
Miss Bookworm	Eleanor Markowitz
Twin Gumchewers.....	Stanley Woodcock, Brant Dunham
Timidity	Juanita Rose
Chesterfield	Walter Raschick
Miss Giggle	Anna Lapidus
Sir Whisper	Wm. Priestersbach
Curly Locks	Anna Whitefield
Gentleman Leave-off-g	Merwin Dingle
A Master of Argumentation.....	Clarence Gieske
Simplicity	Loretta Rowbik
Gloom	William Broders
Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.....	Helen Johnson
Somebody's Flower	Grace Stein
Frisky	George Stoll
The Outliner	Dorothy Haxton

I WONDER WHY

Teachers don't believe you when you say you'll hand it in tomorrow?
We don't have at least one assembly a day?
They never forget to call the roll?
The tardy bell is always on time?
They always ask the question that you don't know?
You are invariably called on for the one problem you couldn't work?
They always call your bluff?
Miss How is never tardy?
Miss Fanning takes us to Stillwater?
The Seniors refused to give an S. J.?
We can't dance at recess?
Miss Newton never leaves her room during a test?
How Art Molean got ninety in his chemistry test?

Mr. Peterson: "Make a diagram of a cow."
Cy Ettinger: "What size shall I make it."
Mr. Peterson: "Oh, just use your own measurements."



FRESHMEN

F—resh in our reflections, and
R—esponsive to the core,
E—victed and maltreated
S—ince we entered through the door.
H—aving numbers great and knowledge small
M—alice toward none our call,
E—nding with our motto dear,
“N—o light of knowledge gleameth here.”

WASTED SYMPATHY

The snow was falling thick and fast, 'twas nice and warm inside:
A tiny lad stood all alone and pitifully cried
No cap had he, his coat was gone, his tiny feet were bare,
He quivered like an aspen leaf, and mournful was his stare.

The wind blew shrilly through the trees, the leafless branches shook,
The flaky snow soon hid the icy pavement of the brook—
Now, now! Don't cry, be not so sad, and I'll explain it all,
The little lad was nice and warm, he was not cold at all.

He was a Freshie, and it was “initiation day,”
And well you know that upper classmen dearly love to play.*
Small wonder that the poor boy was afflicted with the “blues;”
A Junior had his hat and coat, a Senior had his shoes.

Arthur Magid.

My simple self be quiet,
My heart I do implore,
Cease that beat and trepidation,
Beat as in the days of yore.
My knees, please stop that tremble
And teeth that chatter, too,
Or else my cool benignant self
Will surely split in two.
I walk along the corridor
And slowly tread my way
And wish to reach that friendly door
And there in safety stay.
So slowly and with cunning
I almost reach salvation
When from a senior proud and strong
There comes an invitation,
Right to the fountain I was led
And there—initiation.

Thirty-one



DR. W. J. LITTLE

We are going to have a new principal at Humboldt—Dr. W. J. Little. He is a jolly looking fellow, but I warn you—take no chances with him. Remember he is a doctor and take my advice, do not try to get out of school with that old bluff of being sick for Dr. Little has some very fearful weapons with which to test the truth of your statement.

Dr. Little came to St. Paul in 1902. He taught Chemistry at M. A. H. S. until last January, with the exception of the spring term of 1916, when he was acting principal at M. A. H. S.

He is now principal at Johnson High School. Reports indicate that he is very well liked there.

We wish Dr. Little success and assure him of our help in keeping Humboldt High the best in the city.

B. Ogilvie.



Faculty

Mr. Wauchope—"My" teachers: At the suggestion of the Class of 1919 this meeting has been called to consider the welfare of the faculty of Humboldt. It is a firm conviction that the rights of the teachers have been trampled upon. It was therefore resolved that in order to protect the sweet dispositions of our teachers and to insure them against a physical and mental breakdown, this meeting be called to ask for a statement of your grievances."

Faculty in chorus: "Fine! Fine! Splendid! That's the idea!"

Mrs. Ryan—May I interrupt to ask for several war tanks with which to override obstreperous seniors?

Miss Regan—I would suggest that dainties be served daily for the over-worked office force and more lemon pie be made for the students.

Mr. Ralston—I would like a dozen or more stern teachers to act as K. P. so as to maintain perfect order in the gymnasium.

Miss Ely—I think that the faculty should be provided with rubber heels.

Miss Whaley—Don't you all feel that the students work too hard?

Miss Bigue—I would like a visiting period after each class.

Miss Peyton—Teachers should encourage the students by giving them high marks.

Mr. Boyer—In order to retain the respect of the students, teachers should be subdued and dignified.

Miss Newton—Mr. Wauchope, can't we rule that no excuse be issued during enrollment period?

Miss Iddings—I feel strongly, that teachers as well as the Department of Education, should be provided with machines.

Interruption here by the women teachers who ask to have the windows closed.

Miss Foerster—Let's have a Junior-Senior every month.

Miss Fanning—I'm not sufficiently popular with the boys. I wonder why they don't like me?

Miss Heineman—All saucy Freshmen should be sent immediately to the office for further punishment.

Mr. Powles—I wish I could teach a class of girls, for they have a special aptitude for scientific knowledge.

Miss McEwen—I should like to teach Freshmen only, the bigger students look down upon me.

Interruption here. Mr. Nash and Mr. Blankenbiller insist on having the windows opened.

Miss Fladoes and Mr. Kilbourne in chorus—I should like to see Humboldt made a school for "Boys only."

Miss Graves—Mr. Wauchope, I've a confession to make. I've been taking life too easy. I'm going to reform and do more for Humboldt hereafter.

Miss Sanderson—I move that we run a dummy between here and the cottage.

Miss Hickock—Only plays which are first censored by the entire faculty should be staged.

Miss Donahue—Seems to me it would be a good idea to have more Junior Informals.

Mr. Blankenbiller—If the teachers used more witty remarks in their classes they would become more popular with the students.

Miss Doyle—I should like to see more secret clubs at Humboldt to arouse the curiosity of the students.

Mr. Maitrejean—I should like to suggest that more teachers assume my quiet demeanor.

Miss Simpson—May I have a pair of roller skates so that I can get around the assembly hall more speedily?

Miss Hoffman—I wish the teachers would not keep up with the styles, as the tight skirts impede my progress in the Assembly Hall.

Miss Doherty—Mr. Wauchope, I'm lonesome for my Freshmen. Can't I have all Freshmen classes next semester?

Miss Chapin—An elevator between the assembly hall and library room would be a great improvement.

Mr. Nash—It is a pity that girls should be deprived of Shop.

Mr. Peterson—I am heartily in favor of all these suggestions and I now move that we adjourn.

Mr. Wauchope—All in favor—

No reply heard, as all teachers rush madly for the door.

“HOW TO TORTURE YOUR TEACHER.”

Chew gum in class.

When writing a test say, “We never had that.”

Hang on to a desk while reciting.

When called on to recite say, “I didn't have time.”

During recitation study the assignment of another teacher.

Fail to turn in your record-card at 2:55, on report-card day.

Try to be funny.

Monkey with your inkwell.

Talk so that you can't be understood.

Say, “I was in the office”; “I lost my yellow slip”; “I'm not prepared.”

Sharpen a pencil during class.

Dash into classroom the last possible second.

“Drum” on your desk.

Stay at home on day of test.

Faculty faithfuls—“Hulda” and “Billie.”

The Fire Department—JAW.

Junior rushing excitedly into room 9: “I've got a splinter in my hand.”

Miss D.: “What has the little boy been doing? Stroking his head?”

Miss Lowry's Memorial

There hangs in one of the halls of Humbolt High a memorial to Miss Ethelwyn Lowry—a beautiful oil landscape of “A Misty Morning on the Pacific Coast”; one of her own paintings. The picture was chosen by a vote of the student body. The choice is a fitting one for Miss Lowry loved the sea and chose to spend her summers in a little cottage on the Oregon Coast. She was keenly alive to all that was beautiful and deeply sensitive to all the moods of nature; more than this, she was intensely interested in her fellow beings and was loved by all who knew her. The boys and girls of Humboldt all loved her because they knew that their teacher loved them and took a deep interest in the everyday life of each one. Miss Lowry was a wonderful inspiration to her students and taught them to see the beauties of the world about them.

The exhibition of her works at the Public Library, after her death, showed a remarkable genius in various kinds of art. There were landscapes and seascapes, in water and oils; character sketches of various nationalities, here and in Europe; life studies in, plaster casts, and wood carvings, the latter being her best work and indicating a deep interest in young people.

A great human kindness and sympathy was the principal trait of her character. Miss Lowry will live always not only in her paintings and sculpture, but in the memories of her students. She was sincere, lovely, and good. We have lost a great teacher and friend.

JOYCE WAUCHOPE.



IDEALISM

Idealism! What a simple word, and yet how high sounding! What thoughts, emotions, ambitions, hopes, cluster around the word idealism! It is, in fact, more than a mere word. It is the nucleus around which our entire civilization is built. It is the constant aspiring to an ideal that constitutes most of our real progress. What was it but idealism that prompted America to give so freely of its resources that the stigma of "money-love" has been forever removed from the American people? It was idealism that steadied President Wilson in his resolve to safeguard the democracy which the world had bought at so costly a price; it was idealism that imbued our Commander-in-chief with sufficient courage to weather the storm of battle and dissension until his goal was attained.

Idealism is not a tangible substance; we can only faintly comprehend it. It is a gift such as life, health and happiness, and being an abstract quality, it is beyond the reach of human abuse. It cannot be bought, sold, exchanged, or stolen; thank God for that. We do not give much thought to it and yet it is omnipresent. We deem it insignificant and yet it is an important part of our lives. We all possess more or less of idealism for it is that which constitutes the difference between man and beast.

What is the true meaning of idealism? In defining it we experience the usual difficulties that accompany any attempt to define the abstract. Having no specific properties, it has not specific meaning. Idealism is a state of absolute perfection, a condition that cannot be improved upon. Now may we ask, "Can mere man, with his innumerable defects and limitations, ever hope to attain the ideal?" And yet the history of human progress is a constant aspiring towards an ideal state. Idealism is the target towards which all human endeavor aims, and although we can never quite hit the mark, let us approach the ideal as near as possible.

SUCCESS

"Success," said a well-known authority, "is what you in your own heart and mind term success. The point of view in this case is narrowed to one observer only. the one who can see what others cannot see. Success is not something superficial; it is deeply imbedded in the mind, and is interwoven with its innermost thoughts. And who, better than the individual himself, can explore with any degree of success the unfathomable depths of the heart? Who, except the person concerned can distinguish between success and failure, and who, except the per-

son concerned, can know whether he has attained his goal, or has gone down to defeat, with his hope and faith as irrecoverably shattered as the "Humpty Dumpty" of our childhood?

Let us take for example the man who had spent the better part of his life in accumulating money. The stern struggle with the business world had robbed him of his youth, his strength, and his happiness. It had left its indelible imprint upon the man. And what is wealth, if there is no health or happiness? Such is the inevitable end of the man who sets money as his objective in life and gives little thought or attention to the blessings which money cannot buy.

Though, the world at large insists upon terming successful any man who had accumulated wealth, the man concerned well knows that he is a failure. All through his life he had pursued the delusive phantom of wealth, and he keenly feels the absence of something vague, yet none the less important, and he realizes that money is not everything.

On money-making lay not so much stress,
For wealth is not a true sign of success.

Arthur Magid.

COULD YOU IMAGINE

A better friend of the Seniors—and of the school than Miss Graves?
Miss Doyle frowning?
Arthur Magid without a book?
Robert Clayton in long pants?
Arnold Greenberg saying, "I don't know" in Chemistry?
Alice Horsnell quiet and subdued?
Helen Lehmann without a yellow slip?
Celia Chalek without her giggle?
Herbert Garlough minus his dignity?
Edith Bayard dancing with George Sudeith?
Marion Swift on time?
Ralph Stacker a mere shadow?
A "Sub" in Mrs. Ryan's place?
Miss How happy in a girls' seminary?
Ruth Whitwell separated from Edith Knopp?
Isidore Gottlieb in short pants?
Donivan Curtiss in long pants?
Art Molean with his hair parted in the middle?
Miss McEwen a foot shorter?
Tom Waters without a "wad."
Harry Fryer carrying a cane?
Joe Fendel crabby?
Julius Tenenbaum in a dress suit?
Jake Rabinovitz refusing a sandwich?
Hilfred Evans saying, "Don't bother me."
Dot Chittick playing at a funeral?
Vera Hessian passing the plate?
Alice Labovitch with straight hair?
Fannie Halpern with blond braids?
William Stassen in love?



MY KINGDOM FOR A KEY

The shrill ring of the "Fire bell" jars on your ears as breathless and perspiring you stagger into Humboldt. You gasp for breath for one brief instant and gallop madly to your locker; exhausted, you sink to your knees—not to rest—but to fasten an unruly shoe lace. Your wraps are off in a flash, and your hand is soon searching for your locker key.

Your countenance assumes a ghastly expression as your hand gropes wildly in the dark recesses of your pocket. The awful truth dawns upon you, but you weakly attempt to evade the issue. "It cannot be so," you declare emphatically as you rummage hurriedly through your other pockets. You remove a comb, three pencils, a pack of old papers, and a piece of stale candy, in quick succession, but no key.

As the vain search progresses, you become more and more excited. Your loosely tied lunch has already begun to undo itself. The sky seems to tumble about your ears, as your dazed mind recalls that the hard learned Latin lesson and the carefully prepared Algebra problems are lying within the narrow confines of the closed locker. So near and yet so far!

Suddenly a ray of hope scatters the heavy gloom and your heart leaps for joy. Does not the office contain a duplicate key? With a subdued whoop of joy you head for the office; but you quickly come to a dead stop. You have suddenly remembered that you possess no duplicate key. How sorry you are that you have not supplied the office with one. The way of the transgressor is always hard.

The peals of the tardy bell arouse you to immediate action. You stuff your large lunch into a small pocket, hang your wraps upon the handle of the closed locker, and rush frantically to your first period.

"Hand in your papers," commands the Algebra teacher in a firm tone. You plead your case vigorously and gaze at the teacher with a look of injured innocence, but the teacher smiles knowingly, and seems to enjoy your discomfiture immensely.

And the key? It may be peacefully reclining on the dining table where you had unconsciously placed it the night before, or perhaps a curious eye has spied it on the way to school. Who can tell?

Arthur Magid.

THE TWINS

"Oh, Ann! I wish I were going tonight."

"Where?" Ann asked dreamily.

"To the dance, of course," Jane replied impatiently.

"Well, why don't you?"

"I suppose I can go alone," Jane said sarcastically.

"Oh, dear, my mind was miles away. What were we talking about?"

"A trip to the moon, of course."

"Now please don't be cross," Ann said coaxingly, as she put her arm around Jane.

"Oh, I'm not cross," smiled Jane, as she patted Ann's arm lovingly.

"Do you really want to go very—very—much?"

Jane nodded thoughtfully.

"Didn't Teddy ask you," queried Ann.

"No. Why should he?" Jane tried to speak lightly. Ann smiled knowingly.

"Listen, honey, I don't care much about going. Fred wants me to go skating tonight, and—"

"Oh, Ann! I wouldn't think of going in your place. Do you think I am that selfish?"

"Now, Janey, listen to reason. You know that I would much rather go skating with Fred than dancing with Teddy. Teddy's so fat and funny, anyhow," she giggled.

"Well, I don't think he is. He's getting thinner every day."

"At least, allow me to finish. I presume you know that we're twins? Also, you must know that when we are dressed alike no one can tell us apart. Now, Janey dear, please be reasonable. I do so want to go skating with Fred."

"Well, then why did you accept Teddy's invitation?"

"Because I didn't know Fred was going to ask me to go skating with him. Oh, dear, but won't it be funny if Teddy finds out that it is you and not I? I can just see the blank expression on his face." Ann was convulsed with laughter.

"He won't find out because I won't go," said Jane with a determined air.

"Please, Janey, for my sake." Ann looked pleadingly at her sister. "You know Fred will be cross for a whole week if I don't go with him."

"Do you really want me to go?" Jane was weakening.

"Please."

"Well, mebbe."

"Oh, you are a darling! I'll 'phone Fred right away." Ann danced merrily out of the room.

"It seems strange," murmured Jane, as she sat looking thoughtfully out of the window.

It was strange. Teddy and Jane had been very good friends for a long time. Jane had naturally expected him to ask her to go to the dance, but instead he had asked Ann.

When Teddy arrived that evening Jane greeted him pleasantly, forgetting that she was supposed to be Ann.

On the way to the dance, Ted asked in an embarrassed way, "Oh—oh, how's—er—a—Jane?"

Jane looked puzzled. Then she smiled.

"Oh, Jane is feeling fine tonight."

"Will she be at the dance?" Teddy asked hurriedly.

"I think so."

Ted looked up quickly.

"If she doesn't change her mind," Jane added.

"Oh," Ted said rather vaguely.

When they reached the hall Jane went into the dressing room to remove her wraps, or rather, Ann's. Outwardly she was Ann. As Ann, the girls greeted her. She was getting rather used to it.

When she rejoined Teddy the dancing had begun. As he was anxious to get on the floor they immediately commenced dancing to the strain of, "How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down On the Farm."

Throughout the first half of the evening Jane enjoyed herself immensely, but later, as they were resting, she was plied with questions. "Where's Jane?" "Isn't Jane here?" "What has happened to Jane?"

"Oh, dear, I do wish they'd let me alone. I'm perfectly miserable," she groaned to herself. But she answered their questions lightly.

Always, when comparisons had been made between Jane and Ann by their friends, only one difference was noticeable. On Jane's forehead was a mark, that had been there "ever since she could remember." However, for the dance, she had arranged her hair so that this was covered. But her hair was often unruly, and at times could not be forced to remain in place.

While Jane was dancing a "perfectly heavenly" waltz with Jack Larson, they glided past Teddy, who was puffing rather strenuously. Just as he looked up and smiled at Jane a lock of her hair fell to one side, and the "one noticeable difference" was evident. Teddy started in surprise. His partner gazed inquiringly at him. He murmured something unintelligible as he solemnly resolved to make sure.

After the waltz Teddy located Jane, who was chatting merrily with that "everlasting Larson."

Ted speedily joined them. "I believe I have the next dance," he said.

Jane nodded.

As soon as possible Teddy dragged her away.

"Jane," he said in the voice of a judge, "will you kindly tell me something?"

Jane blushed. "Why—a—" she began.

"Did I ask you or did I ask Ann?"

Jane laughed uneasily. "What makes you think I'm Jane?"

"I don't think, I know," he said looking sharply at her forehead. "But whom did I ask? That's what I want to know."

"Ann," Jane said almost inaudibly.

Then, as she explained, Teddy grinned from "ear to ear." When she finished she kept her eyes on the floor.

Teddy remained silent for a minute. Then he sighed with satisfaction.

"Well, Janey," he said, "I thought I was asking you instead of Ann. And by the time that I had discovered my mistake, it was too late to withdraw. Now, if you are satisfied, I'm supremely happy."

He waited. She glanced up. And oh, what a smile!

Presently the strains of "Hindustan" reached them, and they merrily joined the rest of the dancers.

Helen Eckles, '20.

ON BEING A SCRUB

Have you ever been thrown to the ground by a swiftly passing vehicle? Or perhaps you have fallen off the porch-roof in an attempt to perform some of the wonderful things you saw the night before at the "movie" around the corner. If you have experienced either of these sensations you can readily picture the trials and tribulations of being a "scrub."

To every member of the second team there comes, at some time or other, the thought that the first team has a contract with some undertaker to give him as much business as possible. The "scrubs," however, knowing all the plots and plans of the first team, at times become expert at keeping out of harm's way.

Another thing that bothers the second team men is their inability to obey orders. The coach, seeing that the first team needs practice on the defense, usually yells to the poor tackle on the scrub team to get in and "break things up." The innocent tackle, eager to do his best, rushes wildly forward and finds himself a few seconds later firmly deposited on the ground, his attempt a failure. Still it cannot be called a complete failure, for his orders were "to break things up" and he is sure that several of his own bones are broken.

The end of the football season is as welcome to the "scrubs" as a convention is to a small town. Their trials and hardships are ended for at least another year, and even though they do not share in the glory, their hearts are filled with joy. They have done something for the old school.

Roy Nelson, '20.

A LUCKY SHOT

Captain Johnson was actually worrying. Here was an important message for Captain Arnold, and just at the critical moment all means of communication had been cut off. After a long consultation with the lieutenants, he decided that the best man of Company B should be sent with the message. Immediately a blithe private was brought before the Captain.

"Private O'Brien, I believe?" said the Captain.

"Yes, sir."

Private O'Brien was made acquainted with his task. Then Captain Johnson said slowly, "You have a very dangerous expedition before you, my man. Do you think you can undertake it?"

"Yes, I know I can, Captain. I am not afraid."

In a very few minutes Private Bud O'Brien had started on his dangerous journey. He knew no fear. All his thoughts were on the task that he must perform. Before him lay the long stretch of devastated land; to the north, the campfires of the Germans were gleaming. If he could but get safely across this stretch of land all would be well.

He had travelled about a half-mile when a sudden "Stop, or I fire!" sent his horse on a gallop. Then a shot, and a shrill cry could be heard when the bullet pierced Bud's leg. Still the private clung to his horse. On, on, he urged him. The pain was harder to bear now, for the blood was flowing freely from the wound.

Soon he saw the American Camp, and, as he drew nigh, he saw the Captain sitting near the tent. He had done his duty. He fell from his horse, faint from the loss of blood.

When he regained consciousness he was lying on a cot in the Red Cross Hospital. A nurse was bending over him. A look of recognition spread over Bud's face.

"Margaret, you here?" he gasped.

"Yes, Bud. I'm here."

"How'd I get here? Oh—the papers! Where are they? Are they gone?" he cried excitedly.

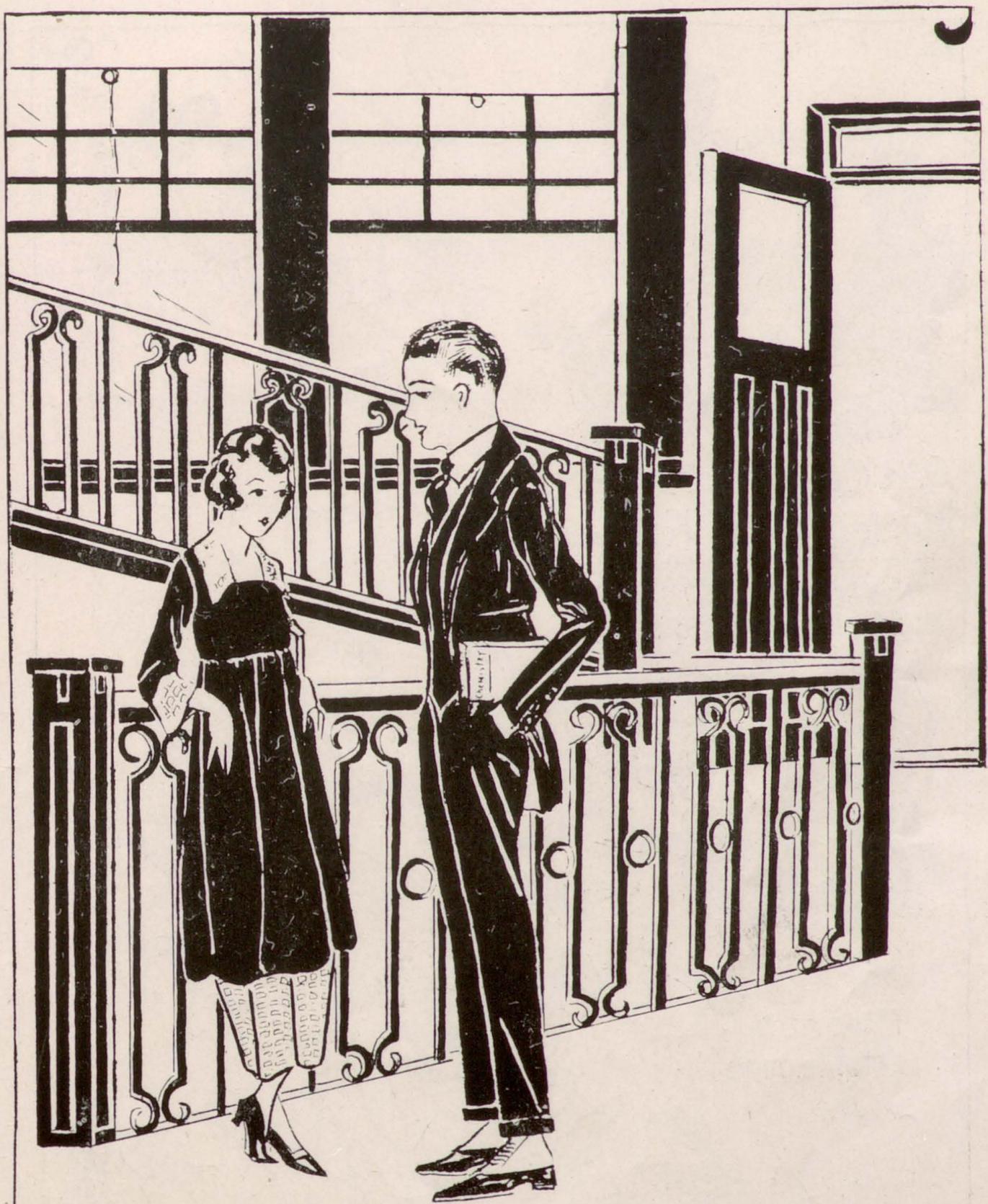
"Lie down, Bud. The papers are here. Captain Arnold has them. A noble thing you did, Bud. But how did you get here?"

"How'd I get here? I'm sure I can't tell. I guess it's too good to be true. Gee, but my leg hurts. But say, I didn't know you were in France, Margaret."

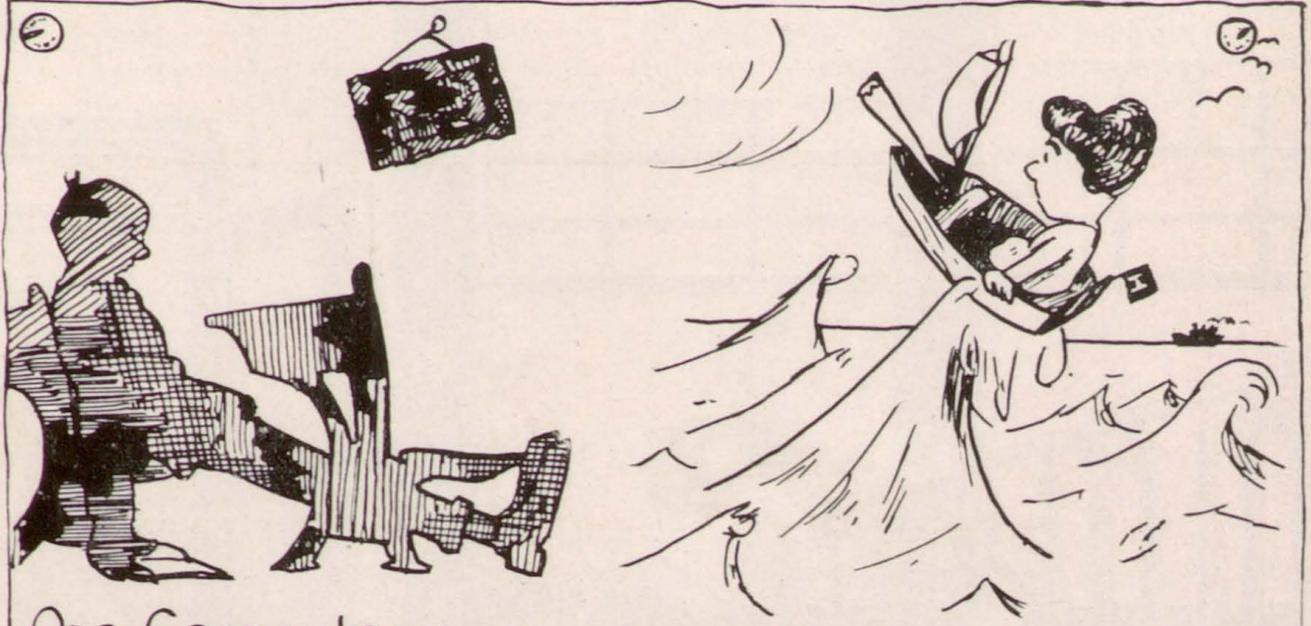
"Yes, Bud, I followed."

A smile played upon Bud's lips. He was serenely happy now. The girl to whom he had been engaged for over a year was with him. What more could he want? Humming softly "I Don't Want To Get Well," he fell into a deep slumber.

Hazel Ballmann, '20.



INDOOR SPORTS
AT
HUMBOLDT

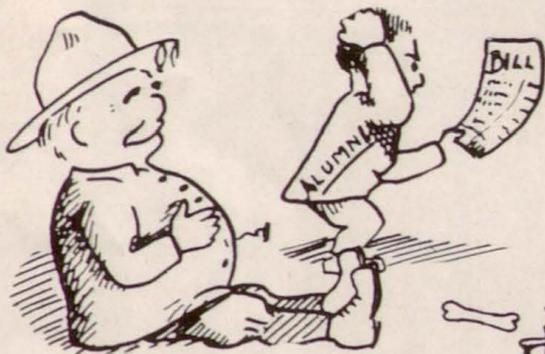


ONE GRAND IDEA —
 "KAMOFLAGED KLASSES"

MISS WADDEN
 IS COMIN' BACK

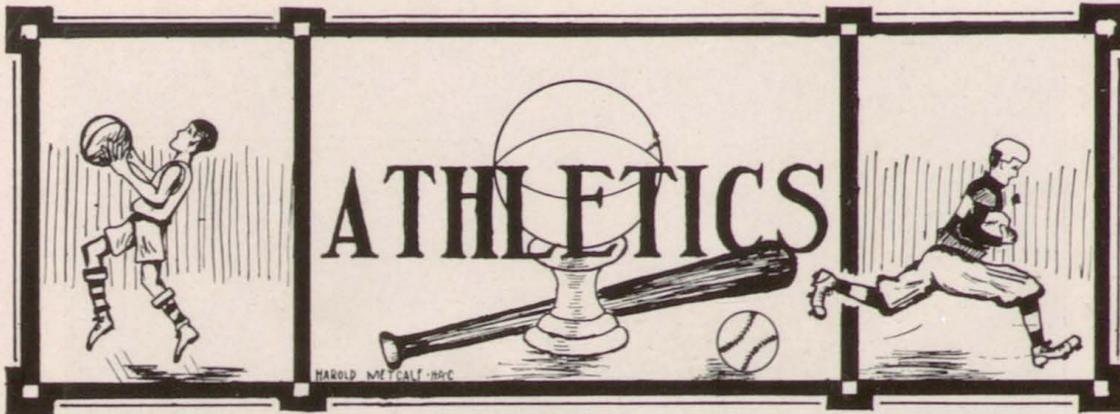
THE CLASS OF '18 GAVE
 OUR SOLDIERS A BIG FEED

CUBIST
 ART
 AT
 HUMBOLDT



MASSED
 ATHLETICS





MECHANICS.

Once again we worked the trick of defeating our friend, the enemy, Mechanic Arts, in a walkaway game. The score was 24 to 0. It is a shame for a bunch of Riverviewers to walk away with most everything, including many football games but that is the way that life goes and it is not all pure luck but good playing from every point of view.

We started at the beginning of the game by taking the ball to the Trainers' 25-yard line and then through the clumsiness of our opponents, Fryer made a touchdown that started us well on our way to victory. Of course, every time that Fryer does something great, Joe Fendel has to go one better; but this time he did only just as well because he grabbed the ball on a kickoff and made the second touchdown of the day.

As was to be expected, the trainers resented this treatment and in the second half put up a pretty stiff fight. One at a time they made their downs and carried the coveted oval to our 25-yard line, only to be stopped by our stonewall defense.

In the last quarter, we made our final dash for a touchdown and led by husky Art Molean, who made two dashes, one for thirty yards, ended with a touchdown by Ettinger.

With this victory to our credit, we were leading the other high schools of the city with a 1000% average as we had won one game and lost none.

McMann, Hadelick.....	L. E.....	O'Neil
Ogilvie	L. T.....	Carroll
Martin, Poborsky	L. G.....	Paper
Signs	C.....	Wagner
Bagnasacal	R. G.....	Guttersen
Fendel	R. T.....	Schmidt
Finn, Solomon	R. E.....	Ryan
McGowan	Q. B.....	Anderson
Molean	L. H.....	Nordstrum
Ettinger	R. H.....	Berry
Fryer	F. B.....	Nelson



CENTRAL.

With a crowd of about 1,200 rooters in the grandstand, Humboldt was defeated 14 to 6 in the hardest fought battle that ever took place between the city high schools.

This game was a case of the better team losing as was stated by the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Although our players averaged up better than those of our opponents, our team was outgeneraled in the pinches and in this manner, Central managed to defeat us, but not before they found out what our fellows could do. The general standings of the two teams can be seen through the fact that Humboldt gained 268 yards in scrimmage while Central only gained 200.

The first march by our players started early in the first half when the ball was taken on our opponent's fumble and carried to the 43-yard line. Fryer made 5 yards, McGowan added 3 more and then Fryer added another 7, taking the ball to the 25-yard line. Here McGowan failed in his generalship and the ball was lost.

Shortly afterwards, Fryer, Molean, and McGowan carried the ball to the 8-yard line but here the ball was missed by Finn on a pass over the goal.

The first score of the game was made in the third quarter by Central.

Immediately after, McMann nailed a pass and carried the ball to the 3-yard line where Fryer plunged through, scoring our first points, McGowan missed the goal.

The last score of the game was made by Central when Gall plunged through our tired defense and scored the six points that were needed to defeat us.

HUMBOLDT, 49; JOHNSON, 0.

Things looked very promising for our wonderful football players when they defeated Johnson, 49 to 0. This was the second city game of the year and in both games we kept our opponents away from our goal and prevented them from scoring.

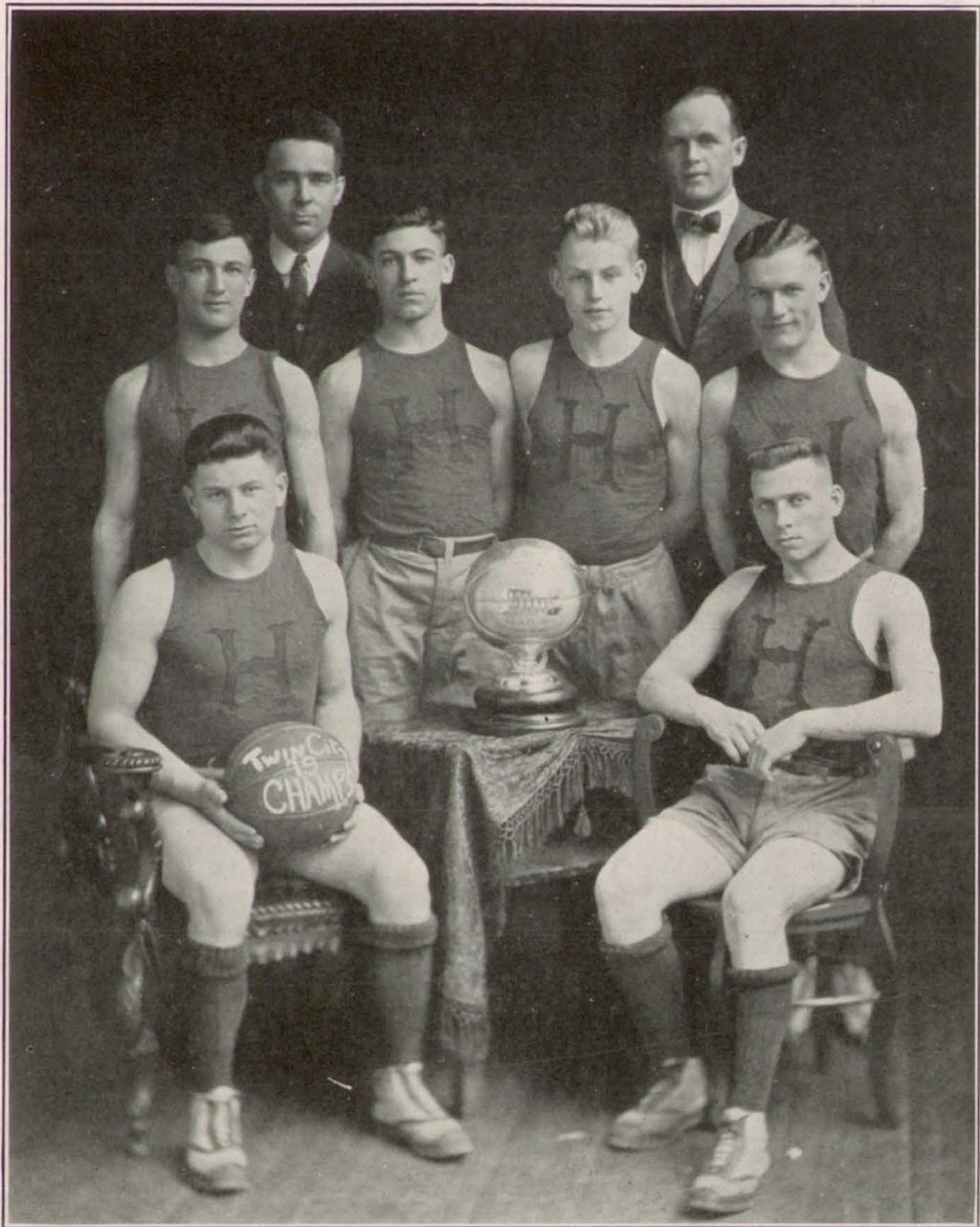
The East Siders were a game team and played for all they were worth, even after they could see that they were hopelessly beaten. Some of the players had never played with the Johnson team.

Our heavy backfield, Ettinger, Molean, Fryer and McGowan were the main reasons why our opponents did not make any gains. A good many end runs were tried by Ettinger and Molean and most of our points were scored in this manner.

In the last quarter, Kucheman of Johnson grabbed the ball and started down the field for a touchdown but he was far too slow for our speedy players who downed him before he had gone fifty yards.



Ettinger, Catcher; Greenstein, Pitcher; Porborsky, Pitcher; Smith, 1st Base; McGowan, 2nd Base; McMann, 3rd Base; Herwitz, Short Stop; Messenger, Solomon, Wright, Brodsky, Johnson, Outfield.



BASKETBALL, CENTRAL.

With the same "pep" that is usually possessed by all of our athletic teams, our basketball team defeated the Central High quint in the first city game of the season, 32 to 10.

The first five minutes of the game was a period of close guarding on the part of both teams. Our first point was made when Sam Ettinger made a basket on a free throw after which our team kept running up points until it was certain that Central could not defeat us, no matter how hard they worked in the time that they had left. Central did not show any team work and its only basket cleverly made was shot by Strout from the middle of the floor.

In the second half of the game Central took a noticeable spurt and made the game more even. Although the entire team played in great style, the individual stars on Humboldt's team were Sam Ettinger and Greenstein.

The lineup:

Fendel	L. F.....	Strout
Greenstein	R. F.....	Harding
S. Ettinger.....	C.....	Kelly
Cy Ettinger.....	L. G.....	French
Fryer	R. G.....	Kimball

BASKETBALL, MECHANICS.

In the second City League game, we defeated Mechanic Arts, 21 to 7 and thereby managed to keep our one thousand per cent average.

Although the shooting of our team seemed to be off color we ran away with the Trainers in the first half but in the second period of the game they stiffened and made 5 points.

The playing of Sam Ettinger was the feature of the game.

BASKETBALL, JOHNSON.

By defeating Johnson, 32 to 13, we came through the first half of the basketball season with a 1000% average. It was expected by all of the other high schools that we would defeat Johnson but still they were the only school that gave us a real stiff game.

In the first half we ran up a score of 22 to 3 which was very discouraging for our opponents. Sam Ettinger and Maurice Greenstein were the individual stars, the latter caging eight field goals. Humboldt was naturally picked for the lead in the second lap of the contest.

BASKETBALL, CENTRAL, SECOND GAME.

Outclassed in every department of the game, Central was defeated by a far larger score than that of the first game, 45 to 6.

It took four minutes for our players to get warmed up and during those four minutes many a person thought that this game was going to be a real game but they were sadly disappointed. The game developed into basket shooting practice for our players and poor Central was completely swamped.

Sam Ettinger and Maurice Greenstein, individual stars for the umpty-leventh time, took great delight in teasing Central's guards.

BASKETBALL, MECHANICS, SECOND GAME.

Maintaining our 1000% average, we defeated Mechanic Arts in by far the toughest battle of the league. The score was 26 to 13 in favor of Humboldt.

Although we had many more tricks to play than the Trainers, they were not to be easily beaten and played with all that was in them, keeping us from running up a large score.

Sam Ettinger started the game by making the first basket for Humboldt which was closely followed by one made by Fryer. The first half ended 10 to 1.

Sam Ettinger and Fryer again started the second half by making two sensational baskets. Sam Ettinger, Fryer and Greenstein were the individual stars in this game.

BASKETBALL, JOHNSON, SECOND GAME.

In the tenth game, Humboldt finished strong in the City League by defeating Johnson 33 to 13 and thereby winning the city championship.

Johnson started out strong in the first part of the game by running the score up to 5 to 0 in their favor, but Coach Kilbourne put in Sam Ettinger, out on

account of a weak wrist. Then the entire team worked in shipshape fashion thereby eliminating the possibility of individual work.

By defeating South high, 21 to 12 on the St. Thomas floor, Humboldt copped the district title and thereby won the right to go to Northfield and play for the state championship.

In the first two minutes of the game, Humboldt was ill at ease when our opponents scored two field baskets, but things soon took a decided change and the score remained 7 to 6 in our favor some time. We again spurred and made the score 15 to 7 at the end of the first half.

In the second half both teams played a strong defensive game. Four personal fouls put Cy Ettinger out of the game, McGowan took his place. Sam Ettinger and Joe Fendel starred.

NORTHFIELD.

In the fastest game of the tournament at Northfield, Humboldt was defeated by a scrappy crowd of lumberjacks, Chisholm by name, with a score of 25 to 15.

In the first four minutes of the game, Chisholm ran away with us and it was seven minutes before Greenstein managed to cage a basket. The first half ended 13 to 8 in favor of our opponents.

The second half was similar to the first as Chisholm was more used to a large floor than we were. The feature of the second half was when McGowan dribbled the ball the length of the floor and then caged a basket.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Miss Peyton became anti-suffragist!?!?

Dot Chittick took lunch at home!?!?

Ralph Stacker reduced!?!?

Kenneth Hoppe got to his classes on time!?!?

Joe Fendel or Vera Hessian became dumb?!?!?

The fifth-period lunch room force worked noiselessly!?!?

Cyrus Zender attended school five days in one week?!?!?

Miss Fanning stopped giving five minute tests?!?!?!?

Arthur Magid got a red mark?!?!?

Someone painted "Hulda" a deep green?!?!?

Jake Rabinovitz got first prize in the spelling contest?!?!?

There were too much material for "Life"?!?!?

Esther Longfield did not get a red mark every month!!!!

Clair McMann graduated within five years!?!?

We got soup instead of hot water in the lunch room?

Art Johnson developed a chest?

If Ruth Moulden lost her temper?

Harry Michleson said, "I don't know," just once?

Miss Whaley and Miss Simpson forgot to smile when they met you in the hall?

Organizations



OUR ORCHESTRA.

H. A. C.

Humboldt had for a long time been in need of an advertising medium, when in the fall of 1917, the artistic talents of the school conceived the idea of forming an advertising club, through which the student body could be informed of the various school activities.

Accordingly, the Humboldt Advertising Club was organized with the purpose of narrowing the gap between school and student. One morning an excited throng gazed with wonder-filled eyes at several artistic posters upon the "Bulletin Board." Had Humboldt enlisted the services of a display company! No. The beautiful posters were distinctly of Humboldt origin, for, in the lower right hand corner were seen familiar names—Harold Metcalf, Walter Bollinger.

The H. A. C. is of incalculable value to the school. Whether it be for the purpose of notifying the students of a class meeting or of obtaining publicity for a school play, the members of the H. A. C. have never failed to lend full hearted support.

The high-class posters accomplish a two-fold purpose. In addition to being a valuable information agency, the posters because of their cleverness and originality are also a source of enjoyment.

The 1919 officers are:

Harold Metcalf	President
Arnold Greenberg	Vice-President
Walter Bollinger	Head Artist

The brunt of the work this year has been born by Metcalf and Bollinger and they are well deserving of much praise. No task was either too little or too great for them to accomplish and they did everything of their own free will, without coaxing.

The unprecedented success of many Humboldt ventures are in a large measure due to the ceaseless and untiring efforts of the members of the H. A. C.

Arthur Magid.



S. O. S. CLUB.

This is not a call for help from a doomed ship, nor is it intended to ask you to save on sugar. It is merely the name applied to a large class of shorthand students who under the leadership of Mrs. Ryan have weathered the hardships of the beginner, and have reached the top.

Shorthand seems an impossibility until you are initiated and some time is required to learn it, but all the S. O. S. members know it is worth the effort.

However, we do not want to dwell on the broad subject of shorthand but to tell you of the Shorthand Club. There are about forty members of the S. O. S. Club, some of whose names we are going to tell you. Then you will surely agree with us that it is "a live club."

First of all there is a girl who is very well known to us as secretary of the Junior Class, Helen Eckles. She can take dictation so fast it makes one dizzy to watch her. Marguerite Coyne, Bessie Campbell, Lenore Burns and several other shining lights are members of the exclusive club, but we do not want to tell you any more for we know that the boys would all want to join and as the room is small we are afraid we could not accommodate them.

So, fellow students, if you see the following notice on the front page of a daily paper do not be surprised for it only goes to show that the S. O. S. is an important club.

"NOTICE."

To the public in general: When in need of competent stenographers, typists, copyholders, and filing clerks, call on the S. O. S. Club, and you will be given prompt and courteous attention. Our work is absolutely perfect in every detail.



THE SPANISH CLUB.

You say you didn't know there was a Spanish Club? Allow us to introduce ourselves. We are composed of the Spanish classes and have formed this club to promote interest in Spanish, incidently to enjoy ourselves. The officers of our club are:

- President.....Harry Herwitz
- Vice-President.....Aaron Lipschultz
- Secretary.....Mildred Van Dyke
- Treasurer.....Arthur Jacobsen

We meet every two weeks and a few of the members, who are chosen for that particular meeting, entertain the rest of the Club with a Spanish program. As we are a new organization we have little to tell you; but though our Club has not a history, it has a future.

TEACHERS, DO YOU KNOW THEM?

- "I lost my locker-key."
- "I didn't have time."
- "I had too many other lessons."
- "Some one copped my book."
- "I was in the office."
- "I wasn't here yesterday."
- "I knew it—I studied it, but I just can't think of it now."
- "I wrote my theme. It's four pages long, but I forgot it this morning."
- "I didn't know we should write it."
- "I wasn't talking, I just asked her for a pencil."
- "I knew it once, but I've forgotten it."
- "I know what it means, but I can't explain it."



C. H. C.

"There that C. H. C. sign is again!"

"What does it stand for? What is it?"

"John, do you know?"

"No. Ask Margaret."

"Do you know, Marg?"

"No—and can't find out either."

And thus the students of Humboldt questioned every time they saw the "C. H. C." sign. And now that the secret is out, it does not seem to be such a very hard thing to guess about, does it?

The Current History Class, because it reached so few who were interested in current events, organized a club of about thirty members who were interested in the topics of the day.

Wesley Harkness was elected chairman of the club. Under his direction many interesting programs were given; among them programs on the "League of Nations," "Non-Partisan League" and "Government Control of Railroads." The club made its first public appearance at a school assembly on April 14, 1919, when they presented a patriotic program in commemoration of the second anniversary of our entrance into the world war.

STUDENTS, DO YOU KNOW THEM?

"No pen and paper?!? What would you think of the carpenter who went to work without his tools?"

"I hate to give red marks: It hurts me as much as it does you."

"Assembly yesterday? Don't you know that you should always take the next five pages, anyway?"

"This lesson is abominable—take pencils and paper."

"This lesson is a failure. I have done the reciting."



LATINI SOCII.

Is Latin a dead language? If you think it is, ask the Latin IV Club. Their organization is a live and active one. At the first meeting, which was held February 7, the following officers were elected:

President..... Adelaide Ham
 Vice-President..... Grace Stein
 Secretary..... Hazel Hendrickson

Grace Stein, Estella Olson and Simon Tankenhoff were chosen for the program committee.

The club meets every other Friday. The programs thus far have proved very interesting. The following program was given on February 28:

Boyhood of Caesar..... Geraldine Lorentz
 Caesar's Personal Appearance..... Walter Bollinger
 Habits of the Gauls..... Estella Olson
 Death of Caesar..... Simon Poborsky
 Poem..... Sara Magid
 America..... Sung by all

As the members hope to do greater things in the future, the outlook of the club is bright. How could it be anything else with Miss Iddings as adviser?

COMEDIES, TRAGEDIES AND FAMOUS SAYINGS.

Harry Fryer's hair comb the day of the Senior party—Comedy.
 Robert Clayton's pole vaulting—Tragedy.
 "Whitey's" jumping—Comedy.
 Ralph Stacker's exhibition of the aesthetic dancing—Tragedy.
 Mr. Blankenbiller's singing—Tragedy.
 The wooden chairs in the gym—Tragedy.
 "Do not touch the apparatus!"—Miss Fladoes.
 "Only two dances." J. A. W.—Tragedy.
 "You'll have to listen to a woman some day."—Miss Peyton.
 "Now, Georgie, dear."—Miss Doherty.
 "Come and fight like a man."—Ralph Stacker.

Standard War Mixture

War—Entrance of the Freshmen.

Camouflage—Rouge-eyebrows of H. H. S. girls.

Submerged—Miss How when requisitions are called for, on short notice by the Department of Education.

Armed Neutrality—Ralph Sharpe is carrying on an armed neutrality against all Freshmen girls.

Shell Shock—The school is just recovering from shock. Art Molean is proving to be the Vernon Castle of St. Paul.

Triple Entente—Burton Ogilvie, Russ. Brown, Lynx Messenger have declared war on all vamps.

Strategy—After being in S. A. T. C. for three months, Sam Ettinger found that using strategy among the girls was very effective.

Wounded in Action—Fannie Halpern's foot when dancing with a certain Senior boy.

Secret Treaties—Those treaties made by the culprit and Mr. J. A. W. in the private office, where you promise to be good.

Shot at Sunrise—Ruth Gronewald shot at Carleton by a certain young man, but with a camera.

Gasmask—Boys, buy this device, invented by Clair McMann. The girls can't vamp you if you wear it.

Gassed—Dick Price will never look into mother's eyes. He is completely under the enemies' influence.

Rumors, Malicious and Disloyal—Charlie Signs is said to be having another flirtation.

War Registration—All young men between 14 and 18 must register at Fortress Humboldt to learn how to dance.

Kamerad—Charlie Winchell's favorite word now every time he sees a girl approach.

French 75s—Ask Bill Wright about these. A certain girl used them in his capture.

Gov't. Food Control—Jake Rabinovitz faints when he hears those three words.

Exemption—Harry Michelson, Basil Beaver, and Simon Rosenberg ask to be exempted from the attentions of all the girls.

Enemy Aliens—Defined at Humboldt as the boys from other schools who take the Humboldt girls away.

No Man's Land—The Teachers' Rest Room.

War Tax—A heavy war tax is being levied on all those touching gym apparatus at Humboldt.

Disarmament—Mildred Van Dyke is using those bewitching eyes of hers to disarm all the boys.

On Leave—Ed. Algren, Herbert Jones.

Honorable Discharge—Mr. Boyer.

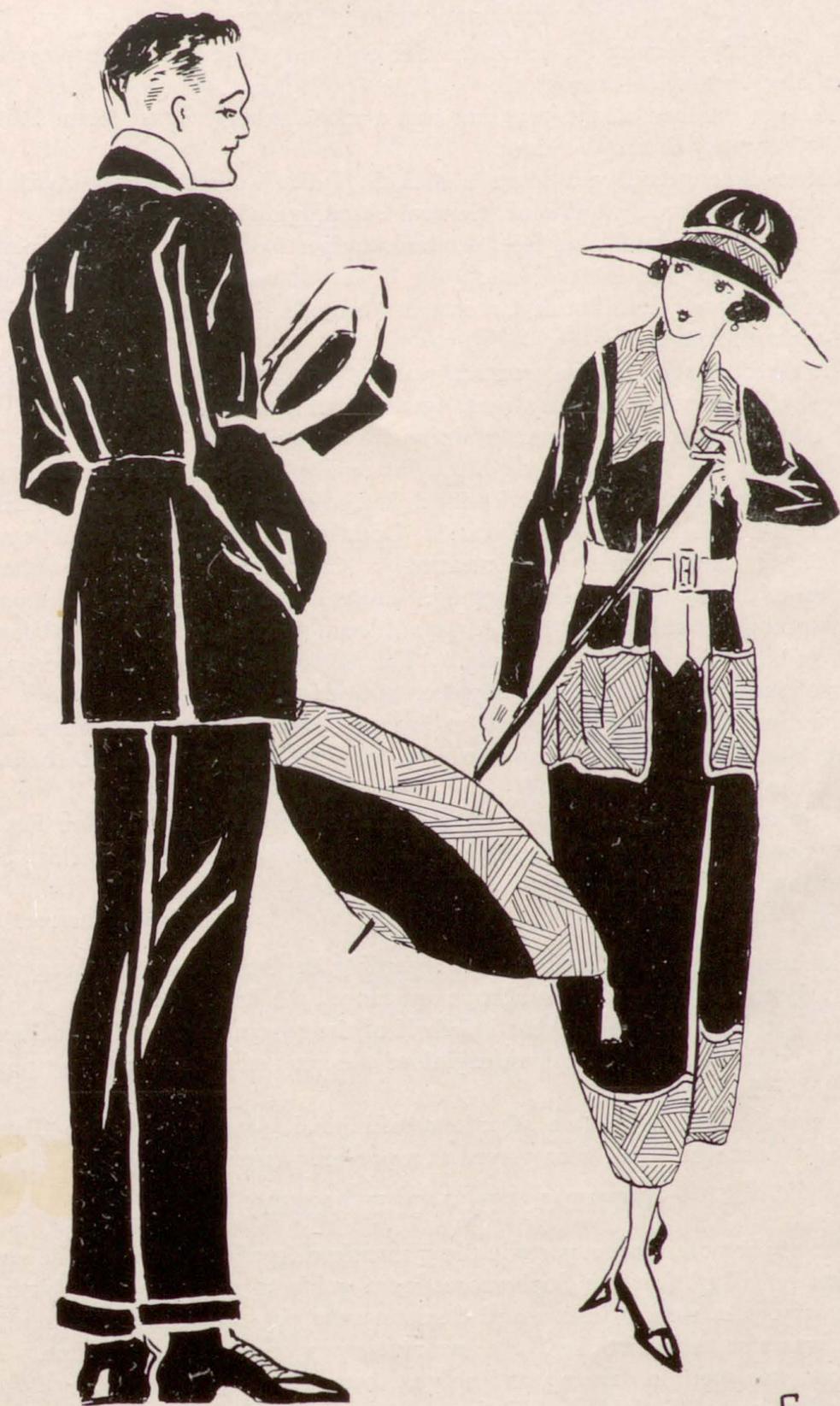
Rest Billets—H. H. S. as regarded by *some* students.

Identification Disks—Report cards.

Firing Squad—Mr. Wauchope and the Department of Education.

Draft—This alone is responsible for the attendance of many H. H. S. students.

Communique—Received from office and read in class by faculty.



E. Welch '19

SOCIAL NOTES

THE SENIOR VAUDEVILLE.

On Tuesday, March 18, 1919, the Senior Class staged a vaudeville which excelled any Vaudeville ever given.

The first number on the program was a monologue given by Wm. Wright entitled "Levensky at the Wedding."

Walter Bollinger gave a series of "Chalk Talks." Some of the characters he chalked were, President Wilson, General Pershing and Uncle Sam.

Kenneth Hoppe and Wm. Roessler took the parts of the hero and heroine in a little skit called "The Beach Nuts."

Sam Ettinger and Maurice Greenstein "brought down the house" with an Italian dialect dialogue.

The next number on the program was a "graceful" exhibition of aesthetic dancing by three of Humboldt's most famous girl dancers, Ralph Stacker, Joe Fendel and Harry Fryer. Fannie Halpern was at the piano.

A musical number entitled a "Little Bit of Pep" brought forth ukulele and mandolin players including the following: Carl Roeds, Lionel Messenger, Allen Solomen, Helen Lehmann, Vera Hessian, Dorothy Chittick and Elaine Bayard. Wm. Wright sang "Kisses" very pleasingly. Carl Roed, a rube, furnished a great deal of fun by his excellent jigging. Helen Lehmann then tripped daintily to the footlights and sang "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows." Cecil Warren played on his violin the "Siren's Song." This act was brought to a close by the singing of the "Gypsy Love Song" by the entire cast.

The Seniors not only afforded us unusual entertainment, but they made sufficient money to defray the expenses of a banquet in honor of the football and basketball teams.

The committee in charge was Vera Hessian, Dorothy Chittick, Joe Fendel, Morris Greenstein, Florence Lehmann, Bessie Campbell, Bill Roessler, Sam Ettinger, and Bill Wright.

Vivian Lehmann.

The suspense of the Seniors with regarding the honor roll was brought to an end March 28, when Mr. Wauchop announced the honor roll.

Mr. Betz spoke to the students in behalf of the government on Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds. Mr. Chapman explained the need of a thrifty, saving people in a substantial nation.

The orchestra played two selections. Elaine Bayard and Robert Clayton repeated a duet which had been played at a previous assembly.

THE SOPHOMORE PARTY.

The Sophomores gave a party in the gymnasium April 1. A few of the upper classmen remarked that the Sophomores were going to celebrate their birthday anniversary. As many Juniors and Seniors were present, I suppose they felt that it was also their birthday. At any rate every one had a good time. The afternoon was spent in dancing, and oh yes, there were eats and oodles of them. But as McGowan, Sudeith and Ettinger were among those present the "eats" did not last long.

ASSEMBLY.

On Friday, April 4, an assembly was called for the purpose of introducing community singing among the students. Mr. Norton, who led the singing, certainly was a "bear" at it. This was the peppiest assembly in which Humboldt students ever took part. The students were so filled with enthusiasm that they sang between periods and at recess.

Miss Roisner, an H. H. S. alumnae, was at the piano.

ASSEMBLY.

On April 14 the Current History Club made itself known by an assembly. It was planned under Miss Doyle's direction, by a committee of students with Vera Hessian as chairman. The co-operation of all the members made the program a great success.

Before the curtain went up Hilfred Evans explained what the object of the club was, and the nature of the assembly.

When the curtain was lifted, the different nations personified were seated at the peace table in Paris. The nations told us of their parts in the war, and, moreover, what they expected as a result of the conference, if a League of Nations were established.

The second scene showed how these oppressed countries had been influenced by the sentiments of liberty. Florence Lehmann as Liberty was appealing and she was represented as bringing light to a world darkened by war with its suffering and sorrow. All the countries were cleverly depicted, especially France, Belgium and Russia; the remarks of all were brief and clear. The musical accompaniment added much to the enjoyment of an excellent assembly.

NORTHFIELD.

Who said that Northfield was our Waterloo? Well, almost every one whom you met will tell you so but then, some day when our dreams come true, we'll show them all, what we can do, and then some.

On the morning of the 19th day of March, the advance guard of Humboldt's famous rooters set out, decorated with all their war paint, on the Chicago-Great Western train and were piloted safely to Northfield by "Pop" Messenger, the father of our well known comedian, Lynx Messenger.

The heavy artillery (meaning the team, of course), a part of the faculty and sixty-five loyal rooters followed on the afternoon train and were met at the Northfield station by the noisy advance guard who had managed to make themselves known around the town by their caveman methods of making an acquaintance.

There were ukuleles galore and most every one felt like singing as it was their first day in that town and they did not know what awaited them. We firmly believe that the only reason the nine-tenths of us did not get "run in" was because the police of the town feared that they did not have a big enough jail to hold us all. Everybody made himself acquainted with the town Wednesday evening and by midnight very few stragglers were seen wandering around the town in search of adventure.

And then at 11:30 A. M., Thursday, we met our Waterloo when we bucked up against Chisholm, a scrappy crowd of lumberjacks. Our fellows were all off color that morning and were defeated by a score of 25 to 15.

After our defeat, every one expected that we would return to St. Paul with our heads hanging and disgrace painted all over our faces, but they were sadly disappointed. Every one of our loyal rooters (except three who broke a bed in one of the hotels) stayed until the tournament was over and kept the town alive by rooting for the team that had defeated us.

Thanks to those who brought ukuleles with them, we were able to serenade almost any team that came on the floor and to get the popular approval of the fans who were watching the games. The only thing that we regretted was that when Carleton pulled off its circus we were not able to put a few of our comedians on the floor and show them what real comedy is.

Every one returned to good old St. Paul Saturday morning with a keen appetite for mother's cooking and a good cold drink of St. Paul's (Northfield is a dry town)—H₂O. Oh! Yes, we almost forgot the average pocket book looking as though an elephant had stepped on it.

FOOTBALL ASSEMBLY.

On January 24, Mr. Wauchope called the students together for a football assembly. The coveted "H's" for football were given to the following: Russell Brown, Cy Ettinger, Louis Finn, Harry Fryer, Everett McGowan, Claire McMann, John Martin, Arthur Molean, Burton Ogilvie, Isidore Poborsky, Charles Signs, Joe Fendel, Allan Solomon, Maurice Rosenbloom, Walter Hadlick and George Sudeith. The team elected Claire McMann captain for next year. Sam Ettinger gave the students a lecture on "backing a team." Russell Brown gave a stirring talk on patriotism. Ruth Gronewold spoke in behalf of the French Orphans.

LINCOLN'S AND WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAYS.

Humboldt students gave an assembly in honor of Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays. Russell Brown gave Washington's Farewell Address. Helen Lehman gave "The Americans Come." Hildegard Hoppe entertained with her Pylophone. W. Roessler read, exceptionally well, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Max Kominsky read two letters: one by the Kaiser to a mother who had lost five sons in the present war; the other by Lincoln, addressed to a mother who had lost five sons in the Civil War. Esther Wigham danced "Columbia."

BASKET BALL ASSEMBLY.

The following boys received Basket Ball "H's" on March 7: Sam Ettinger, Cy Ettinger, Everett McGowan, Maurice Greenstein, Joe Fandel and Harry Fryer. Humboldt should be proud of these boys as city "Champs." This assembly also included remarks regarding our game with Minneapolis South High. Mr. Wauchope called unexpectedly on the boys for speeches and they responded exceptionally well. The hit of the assembly was the appearance of South High's goat obtained in advance by Lionel Messenger and Burton Ogilvie.

MUSICAL.

MARCH 7.

1. Massaniello Overture *Auber*
Orchestra.
2. Dance of the Robins.....Helen Hodgman
3. Minuet *Lully*
String Quartet
Cecil Warren 1st violin Joe Fendal, viola
Robert Clayton, 2nd violin Ralph Stacker, cello
4. Folk Dance.....Girls of Miss Fladoes' Classes
5. Piano Solo.....Alice Garlough
 1. Consolation by *Mendelssohn*
 2. Scherzo by *Mendelssohn*
6. Dance—The Fairy Piper.....Helen Hodgman
7. Nazareth *Gounod*
Orchestra
Solo part taken by Trombone and Cornet
8. Violin Duets.....Elaine Bayard and Robert Clayton
 1. Meditation *Bach-Gounod*
 2. Dreamy Moments..... *Ehrich*
9. Dance—DixieHelen Hodgman
10. Sylvia *Pizzicatti*
Orchestra
11. (a) Darkey LullabyGirls' Chorus
Arranged from Humoresque by *Dvorak*
(b) Amaryllis Girls' Chorus
Gavotte, Old French Air

Dramatic

MY FRIEND FROM INDIA.

The annual play this year was a modern comedy with a lively plot. It told the story of a family from Kansas City who had come to New York to break into society. The son, having been—er—out late the night before, finds he has brought home an unknown barber. The son persuades this man to pretend he is a theosophist, James Tweedle, just arriving from India. This leads to many amusing complications, especially when the real Mr. Tweedle arrives on the scene. The course of five love stories kept the audience in suspense.

This play provided a good opportunity for character portrayal. The barber hero was played exceptionally well by William Roessler. Vera Hessian, as Tillie, the Dutch maid, kept the audience in roars of laughter. Dorothy Chittick played, to perfection, the part of a society bud. Russell Brown's interpretation of the gay young son was very true to life. Much of the credit for the success of the play is due Miss Hickock, who spent a great deal of her time directing the cast.

CAST.

Augustus Keeneshaver, My Friend from India.....	<i>William Roessler</i>
Erastus Underholt.....	<i>Lionel Messenger</i>
Charlie Underholt, his son.....	<i>Russell Brown</i>
Tom Valentine, Charlie's friend.....	<i>Kenneth Hoppe</i>
James Tweedle, of Boston.....	<i>Herbert Garlough</i>
Jennings, the butler.....	<i>William Wright</i>
Bill Finnerty, a policeman.....	<i>Sam Ettinger</i>
Marian Hayste, Charlie's fiancée.....	<i>Dorothy Chittick</i>
Bernice Underholt, Erastus' daughter.....	<i>Ruth Whitwell</i>
Gertie Underholt, her sister.....	<i>Eulalia Stone</i>
Mrs. Arabella Beekman-Streete, Erastus' sister.....	<i>Ruth Gronewold</i>
Tillie, the maid.....	<i>Vera Hessian</i>

THE OPERETTA.

On January 20 and 21, the music department of the Humboldt High School presented the "Fire Prince," a comic operetta, by Stephen-Hadley. The crowded house pronounced the production a great success.

Russell Brown, the Fire Prince, did his customary good work. The roles of the two brothers, Alphonso and Enrico were taken by Carl Roed and Allan Solomon, who proved to be successful "Lords" of the house.

Grogno, King of Pantouflia, the funny old father of Alphonso, Enrico, and the Fire Prince, was characterized by our "A one" comedian, Lionel Messenger. The finished performance of William Roessler, as the Wiseman, can hardly be overpraised.

The part of the butler was taken by Herbert Garlough; that of William, head page, was taken by Max Kominsky. The other pages were Hymen Edelman, Hyman Applebaum, Oliver Haugen and Raymond Marble. The butler dance was especially well done.

Ruth Gronewold showed skill as a comedian in the part of Isadora, Queen of Pantouflia. The parts of Lady Molinda and Lady Kathlena were taken by Mildred Van Dyke and Dorothy Chittick, who were "perfect" ladies in their roles.

Emma Drake played, in a most dignified and imposing manner, the sedate role of the Duchess. Fannie Halpern as Theresa, did admirable work. William Wright as Don Roderigo, the Spanish Ambassador, sang beautifully?? in spite of his cold and many excuses. The role of Frederic, an officer, was played with much dignity by Burton Ogilvie.

Humboldt has two talented dancers,—Esther Wigham was the fairy dancer, and Mildred Greenberg was Dancing Dinah. The chorus and orchestra deserved much praise for their untiring and energetic efforts. The fairies, gypsies and flower girls danced prettily arranged dances.

The success of the Fire Prince was due in part to the co-operation of the electricians, stage force and business manager. The operetta was given under the direction of Miss Donohue. Miss Hickock and Miss Graves assisted.

PEP PERSONIFIED.

The Seniors were the "Pep" of the school at their party on February 26. It was the end of a perfect tie, sock, hair ribbon and apron day. "Cat and Mouse" was the first game played, and then followed "Farmer in the Dell" and other games for grown ups.

Dot Chittick in her green rags became a jazz orchestra and everybody swung his partner to the right and danced. Then came the most important feature of the day,—the eats. They can't be described but you are privileged to use your imagination. What is more, there was an unlimited amount of them.

JUNIOR-SENIOR.

On the evening of May second, the 1919 Junior-Senior of Humboldt was held at the Riverview Commercial Club. The hall was gayly decorated; the national colors predominated, but black and gold were also in evidence.

The grand march, which began at eight thirty was led by Burton Ogilvie, president of the Junior class, and Elizabeth Endress. The clever program card was designed by Vernice Paulson. There were fifteen dances; Peyer's orchestra played. During the favor dance, the seventh on the program, each girl had her choice of footballs, baseballs, suitcases, and baskets filled with candies.

Frappe was served during the evening.

Everyone went home wishing that Miss Foerster would give us many Junior-Seniors every year.



"DEGGY" GETTING NEXT TO THE FRESHMEN



QUARTETTE



GUESS?



"POP" MESSENGER



TH' LIL' OL' STONE CRUSHER



A SAILOR KNOT BY "GOB" LAWTON



"THE LINE-UP AS FOLLOWS—"



GURGLE.



"SMILES"



SASSY ARNOLD



MLLE. BLANCHE



"SUB. AFT, SIR.



THE INITIATION



YES SIR!



JUST BILL



POSIES



A HUG ALL 'ROUND.

THE
BLACKSMITH UNION
PROVES ITSELF AN
ACTIVE ORGANIZATION



IT WAS H-OT

SCHOOL
CLOSED
FOR THE
SUMMER

"THE
MELANCHOLY
DAYS HAVE
COME -"

? ? ?
? ? ?
? ? ?



CAESARME
PUGNAVIT
AN FUGIT?



NO I WENT
TO THE
ORPHEUM

THE
LATINI
SOCII
ORGANIZES



THE H.A.C
HAS BEEN LABORING
THIS YEAR

GETUM HEAD
SCALP
THIS
YEAR
(MINOPLIS" TOO)

WE HAD A
BEAR OF A
TEAM
IN
FOOTBALL



Boll
21



War Activities

While our boys went to France and offered their "all" in the great struggle for Democracy, we at home were merely asked to do our "bit."

Humboldt immediately responded by adopting five little French orphans: Henrietta, Roger, and Yvonne Souques, Eugene Stient and Georgette Luffin, who are cared for by the collection of a small sum from all patriotic students. One hundred eighty-eight dollars and ninety cents has been collected since last September. At present the balance on hand is sixty-eight dollars and ninety cents.

Every month upon receipt of the money, the mother sends a letter of thanks to the Humboldt students. The following letter is a typical one:

Paris, February 3, 1919.

Dear Benefactors:

Again it is with great pleasure that I write to thank you for the money order received, that is such a great help to me.

Living is very expensive, but your generosity permits me to give my little children care and very necessary things. Roger is wearing some new shoes that he needed very much and of which he is very proud. The children have been ill with the grippe, but are better at the present time.

They send their benefactors many caresses. We think of you all every day in our prayers.

I have returned to Paris and opened up my little shop that I had before the war. I hope all will be well now that our brave American brothers have helped make it safe for us. We cannot thank them enough for their brave hearts.

I received your letter and the picture of the Humboldt school. You must all be very happy in such a beautiful building.

It is such a great pleasure to hear from you. Pray, write again.

With the hope that you are all well and that the epidemic has spared you I send from the children a thousand kisses and I beg of you to receive my most sincere thanks and the assurances of my most distinguished consideration.

MME. YVONNE SOUQUES,

63 rue Beaudri Court.

When Miss Bigue tells us of the pleasure obtained from reading these letters we all grow envious of the French classes. However, we are somewhat consoled when we hear of the thousands of caresses sent to all of us; although, for some strange reason, Miss Bigue refuses to deliver them.

Besides the orphans adopted by the entire school, two others, Vauches Marcel and Maurice Tetu, were adopted by the enrollment classes of Miss Graves and Miss Iddings.

Although Humboldt's little French orphans were well taken care of during the school months, how to take care of them during vacation was a problem. Last year, forty-five dollars were collected by having a tag day; this year something different was desired. In order to meet this emergency, some of the girls put their heads together. Rintintin and Ninette were the result. They are the cunning yarn concoctions worn by every real "Humboldite." The sale of these dolls resulted in the enrichment of the treasury to the extent of thirty-seven dollars.

One of the most popular methods of helping Uncle Sam as well as of helping ourselves was that of buying thrift stamps. Thrift clubs were organized in all of the rooms, names chosen by each club and officers elected. Humboldt was the first high school in the city to gain 100 per cent membership. The

WAR MIXIONARY—(Cont.)

names of some of the clubs are "Over the Top," "B-der-B," "Sammy's Stamp Stickers," and "Jitney Grabbers." Everyone joined heartily in the purchase of the stamps and a lively competition resulted. Both years the "B-der-B" thrift club bought the largest number of stamps. Their purchases the first year amounted to nine hundred seventy dollars and forty-nine cents.

As each club was eager to know just how near the top it stood, weekly reports were posted on the bulletin board. The first year the number of stamps purchased by Humboldt amounted to eight thousand four hundred eighty-two dollars and thirty-nine cents.

As the collection of gold, silver and brass articles was requested by the Red Cross, one day was set aside as "gold and silver day," and another as "brass day." The mode of collection of the metals was a novel one. The orchestra played as the students marched onto the stage, deposited their contributions and marched off again.

While our boys were in the camps training for service "Over There," they needed amusement and recreation. In order to supply these, the call went out for books. Humboldt was quick to respond, and another day was set aside as "book day." The collection was large and varied. A glance at the titles of the books would lead one to believe that the soldiers might be afforded a great deal of amusement.

Fruit pits, nuts and tin foil also were collected; the fruit pits and nuts were used in the making of gas-masks. The teachers and Mr. Wauchope were greatly surprised at the discovery of the large number of nuts not already attending Humboldt.

Another war activity in which Humboldt enthusiastically engaged was knitting. Miss Iddings, who had charge of this work, spared no effort in making it a success. While the teachers and girls worked diligently, turning out one hundred twenty pairs of socks and twenty-five sweaters, some of the boys helped with this work.

In all of the war activities, Humboldt, from Mr. Wauchope down to the greenest of the Freshies, joined with a vim. The enthusiastic response to all requests was encouraging and now that peace is again appearing upon the horizon, everyone will be proud to know that he has successfully done not his bit, but his utmost.

ROUGH HOUSE DAY.

For the first time in the history of Humboldt the students "walked out" for the first four periods on March 10. Humboldt had won from South High and this meant Carleton for our boys. This was the cause of all the excitement and here is what we did.

With hands on each others shoulders we paraded through the halls giving the big "H" and little "H" n' everythin'. Finally after a lot of yelling and singing, all gathered in the study hall and there listened to speeches by Mr. Wauchope, Miss Graves, Dorothy Chittick and others. Mr. Wauchope complimented us on being able to have a good time without destroying property. Then it was announced that we would have a movie entertainment. To complete our "fun day" we were allowed to dance in the gymnasium after the seventh period.

Humboldt students certainly let out the pep that has been bottled up so long and if they would just keep it out, Humboldt would become even more noted as a live school.

Jokes

Mr. Kilbourne (coldly): "I hear you stood at the head of your class last month."

Halfback (faintly): "Yes, b-b-but—"

Mr. Kilbourne: "Don't neglect your training again, or it will go bad with you."

Mr. Powles (in Chemistry): "Have you ever seen invisible gas?"

Mr. Biggs: "Women are extravagant nowadays. Why, my wife asks me for money about twenty times a day."

Mr. Jiggs: "What does she do with all the money?"

Mr. Biggs: "I don't know. I haven't given her any yet."

Little lad to his mother: "Gee!, These are big oranges. I bet it wouldn't take many of them to make a dozen."

Teacher: "Name the tense of *has* in 'Your father has much money.'"

Little Girl: "Pre-tense."

"Don't you think her singing is heavenly," said the fond parent.

"Well, it's unearthly," was the reply.

"We're in a pickle," said a man in a crowd.

"A regular jam," said another.

"Heaven preserve us," exclaimed an old lady.

Mr. Ralston: "If you weren't an American what would you be?"

Roy Johnson: "I'd be ashamed of myself."

Mr. Powles (in Physics): "What is gravity?"

Adelaide: "Oh, that's what attracts someone to somebody."

Mr. Powles: "We all contain more or less sulphur."

Dot Chittick: "Do people who contain more sulphur make better matches?"

Miss McEwen: "Well, Roessler, who sits at the table with you."

Wm.: "I don't know? It's a girl."

Miss McEwen: "And you don't know her! Impossible."

Merwin Dingle: "Gee, I'm getting to be some fusser. That makes two notes I've passed this week."

Miss Sanderson: "How do you say, 'It hurts me?'"

Norman Mears: "Ouch!"

Art Molean: "I may not be any fussier, but I am just as good-looking as any of them."

An Englishman and a Frenchman at parting:

The Frenchman said, "Aur reservoir."

The Englishman said, "Aw tanks, tanks."

Jokes

Teacher: "Well, little boy, what could your name be?"

Ray Algren: "Woodrow Wilson, but it ain't."

Mr. Ralston (In Commercial Geography): "Every part of the pig is utilized except the squeal."

Raymond Marbel: "Some of the new phonograph records sound as if even the squeals were canned."

Joe Fendel: "I just found out that Columbus' bones have been discovered."

Sam Ettinger: "Good gracious! I never knew he was a gambler."

Russ Brown: "Sure I can act. My first audience gave me a poultry farm."

Miss Hickok: "You don't say!"

Russ Brown: "Sure! An egg at a time."

Mr. Peterson (In Farm Craft): "Now name something that represents strength."

Ed. Johnson: "Onions."

Miss Graves: "In what course do you propose to graduate?"

Art Johnson: "Why, in the course of time, I suppose."

Wm. Roessler: "I've lived on an apple a day for five weeks."

Ralph Stacker: "That's nothing. I've lived on earth for seventeen years."

Mr. Powles (In Physics): "What is the unit of Power?"

Chas. Winchell: "The what, sir?"

Mr. Powles: "Correct."

Mr. Wauchope: "Your son, madam, is suffering from constitutional inertia."

Lynx: "There, ma, you said I was just lazy."

Miss Doyle: "Why are you always behind in your studies?"

Ralph Sharpe: "Because if I were not behind, I could not pursue them."

War Mixture (cont.)

Rations—What we don't get in the lunch room.

Red Tape—The article which gets on the nerves of faculty toward end of semester.

R. P.—Mr. Ralston.

Reinforcements—Mr. Ralston is still hoping for some in the gym.

Rapid Fire—Irving Butwinick's experience at the different high schools.

Bayonet—A red ink pen.

S. A. T. C.—Sleep all through classes.

Canteen—The Domestic Science room for tired teachers.

Field Punishment No. 1—No dancing at recess.

Intelligence Department—Miss Chapin.

Iron Rations—What we get in our lunch room.

Liquid Fire—Teacher's sarcasm.

Observation Post—Mr. Wauchope's position at the steps at 8:29 A. M.

On the Mat—When sent to the office.

Runner—Commonly seen in stockings.

Suicide Club—Students who don't get black marks.

Gory Fields of France—Report cards of the new honor roll now on bulletin board.

Peace—Commencement.

Devastated—Gym. baskets.



"STOP"
-AND LOOK, GIRLS!



YE ED.



ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

HARD TIMES



MACKEV



OUR EDITOR
OFF THE JOB.



"PITTS"



DUPAIN

McGINNIS:-
"OH-OH!
POCAHONTAS
SAVE ME."



SPEED DEMON



ROMEO
AND
JULIET



THE CHAMPIONS



OUR BUNCH AT CARLETON



IT'S A "RUFF"
GAME, SIGNS.



RIDING THE RAIL



"THE DANCE
THEY DO -"



THE VANGUARD.
-CARLETON-



"CHEER! CHEER! -"



"LONE SOME (?) LUKE!"



MISS WHALEY, "COME PLAY WITH ME." — MISS DOYLE, "NO, FLY WITH ME."



MISS GRAVES, "NO! WASH WITH ME."



THE FACULTY HANG-OUT



"GIDDAP MAUDE"



THE BLACK AND GOLD

A FISH STORY



WAITING,



THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF LONG AGO



AUNT JEMIMA



IN THE OL' SWIMMIN' HOLE

PAGE

MISSING

PAGE

MISSING

Service-Flag List (cont.)

Douglas Richardson
John Rudie
Sidney Schneider
George Smith

1916

Leonard Berry
Ellis Bovaird
Robert Calton
Michael Cohen
Roy Cohen
Robert Cree
Irving Egan
Edward Endress
Bernard Fandel
Cyril Gobeil
Downing Godfrey
Philip Halper
Gaius Harmon
Harold Henly
Arthur Hessler
Douglas Horsnell
Nathan Johnson
Louis Kadas
Emmet Kusche
Herbert Dufahl
James Finson
Carl Jones
Edwin Jones
Robert Lawton
Laurence Leitner
Leo McGrath

Bernard Knopp
Harry LaRocca
Clarence Luedemann
Henry Olson
Lloyd Peabody
Rudolph Perl
Max Whitefield
Harold Wittich

1917

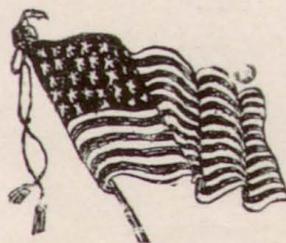
Harold Bosshardt
Murlen Bosshardt
Willmert Bosshardt
William Carroll
Arthur Erickson
Russell Johnson
Hans Luft
Jerry Lundale
Edward Lunney
Karl Pieper
Leonard Plufka
Harry Rosenblatt
Leland Schoenleben
Abe Simovage
Eugene Stiff
William Brown
Louis Carnis
Albert Warren
Leon Blehart
Howard Hennesey
Eugene Jellison
Harry Hoff

1918

Elmer Algren
Cecil Brussel
George Dahlin
Bert Dechter
Wilbur Korfhage
Henry Marcus
Fred Nelson
Clarence Ott
Haines Sabena
Edward Shoemaker
Eugene Simon
Lewis Soloman
Benjamin Stassen
Wilfrid Stassen
Himan Tenenbaum
Albert Tousley

Undergraduates

Edward Algren
Sam Ettinger
Herbert Jones
Kenneth Horsnell
Lloyd Stransky
Robert Muirhead
Norbert Schultze
Lloyd Stulman
Mr. Sprague
Mr. Peoples
Miss Wadden
Agnes Horsnell



Austin, Texas.

Hail from the land of cactus and gunfighters, of chaparral and horned toads, of bad cowboys and good biology teachers, of strange constellations and rich southern accents, of pecans and greasers—the home of the possum and abode of the buzzard, where the aramadillo stalks the hot tamale and the century plant supplants the heating plant; the land of perpetual sunshine (I merely quote this last); steamfitters and paradise of icemen; I hail thee Texas.

Yes, Miss Fanning, I'm here and have been for very nearly a month. As you probably remember reading, the air cadets who were in the process of training when the war broke off, have been given the opportunity of continuing and completing their training if they so desired. I so desired.

They abandoned all of the ground schools, however, except the one here at Austin, and sent me here from the old school at Urbana, Illinois, so in Austin, then, the scene is set with the action occurring mostly in the old Blind Institute which is now the "School of Military Aeronautics" and our hero all dolled up in one of Unk's lil O. D. affairs with a most beauteous white hat-band to distinguish him as one of those dashing young cadets. So far, about the only dashing I have done has been to dash from one darn class to another darn class in rapid sequence, but when we are off duty we certainly are the social lions (if you can conceive of a social lion with 15c in his pocket).

All joking aside, the folks here are awfully good to us. We can have anything we wish in the town. Swell orchestras and church choirs come over to school to provide us with music and amusement on weekday evenings, when we are held at barracks. During our periods of freedom they invariably have a series of dances and dinners and picnics to which we are invited as guests of honor. In fact it has brought home to me the hospitality of the South as I have never witnessed it before excepting only at your ranch at Birchwood. (Ah me! What visions of strawberry jam and juvenile turtles and domesticated fire-flies the name doth conjure!) We are invited to the best of homes for Sunday dinners and are taken as guests to the best shows the town affords, and these Southern girls—ooo, la la! I'm all for 'em. They are not possessed of strong prejudices against the S. M. A. cadets either. This fact has been woven into verse by the last graduating class, thusly:

"K—K—K—Kay—det, jolly old Cadet,
You're the only g—g—g—guy the girls adore;
And when the m—moon shines
Over the prairie,
We'll go riding in your J—J—J—Jny.

But why speak of the trivial moments of amusement? Sing rather of the long hours at engine blocks, figuring out what in the d— makes the "Liberty 12" revolve, and what to do if it coughs, and whether its pulse is normal and its temperature correct, and where to operate in case of digestive disturbance. Also, since the Liberty Motor departs entirely from old conventionalities its specifications call for new cuss words in starting and more elaborate prayers in case it starts to "miss" in a nasty position.

And now I'll have to draw my letter to a close for the studies are urgent. I must ask of you that you give my friends at Humboldt my best regards for owing to the work here, I cannot write to them separately.

I'll probably be home this summer. Your sincere friend and pupil,

GAY.

Brest, France, April 24th, 1919.

Dear Miss How :

Please bear in mind that I come to this Frog machine with the best of intentions of writing you a pleasant letter. The weather has been remarkably decent for the last week and I feel that I can write a half way decent letter. I received your letter only tonight and am answering it before it starts to rain.

This is a wonderful land of sunshine??? Most of the fellows over here have homesickness, a very common malady closely related to faminitis, caused by boat whistles, lack of pies, cake and ice cream. It is usually accompanied by a slight hoarseness of the voice, caused by trying to make oneself understood in a French cafeteria and from trying to tell the conductor which street you want to get off at. Last, but not least, there is a slight weakness of the eyes from trying to find the ham in an order of ham and eggs and vainly looking for the chicken in the soup and the pork in the beans. Oh! this is a cruel country! Another wide spreading epidemic which is causing great concern in the medical world is the increasing number of nervous breakdowns. Investigation of this matter revealed that the victims had been trying to figure out who won the war and just what the Peace Conference means. I have not paid any attention to it so am still enjoying the best of health.

Was sorry to learn that Humboldt lost at Carleton.

I saw Charlie Chaplin in Shoulder Arms the other night and almost died laughing. You really cannot enjoy that picture unless you have been in the army.

The C. O. gave me a bunch of keys and a big broom the other day and told me I could have the honor of sweeping off the docks and locking up the camp when everyone else had gone. It was only a dream, but you never can tell.

Well, I'll be home some day and in the meantime I'll have to stop until this machine cools down so that I can address the envelope. Hoping to hear from you soon and trusting this will find you well, I'll "partez" to the mail box.

ED. SHOEMAKER.

What would happen if

Arthur Magid would not recite in Commercial Geography?

Pauline Huntress would stop curling her locks?

Mildred and Alleyne Van Dyke would come to school on the same day?

I told on Harry Fryer and Fannie Halpern?

Lionel Messenger and Dusty Roeds did not try to act funny?

Mollie Truhlar failed to please Miss Doherty?

Brandt were not so beany in Bookkeeping?

Dusty Roed's were never sprinkled?

The seventh period English class would wake up?

William Wright were William Roessler?

There were nothing left in the lunch room after recess for Fatty Stacker?

George Stoll(ed) on the way to school?

Rashick got a new laugh?

"Hulda" failed to run?

Beaver made a nest of Marble and Gage(ed) a high Price.

The Bell would ring with a Sharpe Dingle.

If all the girls died, what would Winchell do? (die, too)

Mr. Ralston left the gym at recess?

Mr. Wauchope did not wear a vest? (Into which to slip his fingers.)

Miss Iddings would assign a short lesson in Latin V.

What would happen if

If Burton didn't dance all recess with Elizabeth?
Wesley Harkness didn't argue every question that was brought up?
The Alumni did not always call on Miss Fanning first?
Clarence Gieski did not try to argue?
Mr. Blankenbiller would stop singing, "I'm so beany?"
Warren Deidrich would keep still in Latin class?
There were fewer crushes at H. H. S.
Mr. Boyer "gave up" his museum?
Roy Wilson did not "explain" for Louis Gold?
There were a large attendance at a baseball game?
The Freshman Jazz Band became a permanent institution?
The Juniors had a Hike?
Walter Rashick stopped asking his mamma for a penny?
Donivan Curtis did not chew gum?
Clifford Hubbard would report for 7th period?
Raymond Marble would grow?
Miss Peyton did not give weekly tests?
Miss Hoffman would forget to ask you for your absence slip?
Miss How would give you a yellow slip without an excuse?

G. G. G.'S.

Ten little girls formed a club;
They named it G. G. G.
Of course the initials are well known,
But the name is a mystery.
These ten bright girls went out to dine,
Mildred over-ate and died leaving nine.
Nine of the girls went to the Hip to skate;
Ruth fell, cracked her head and then there were eight.
Grace, the angelic, went to heaven,
After she left there were then seven.
Catherine fell in love and got into a mix
For out of a movie only came six.
To be a great dancer, Gladys did strive,
She went on the stage and then there were five.
During the circle two-step Jo fell on the floor,
She cracked her knee, then there were four.
While driving her father's "car" Vi ran into a tree,
This terrible catastrophe only left three.
A handsome gentleman came Elizabeth to woo,
She got married, then there were two.
Luella sold candy to soldiers in the sun,
She got struck (with what?), then there was one.
Elaine was left and all can tell
That she is the greatest violinist ever beheld.

Ruth Willis.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1919

We, the class of one nine one nine, of Humboldt High School, City of Saint Paul, County of Ramsey, State of Minnesota, one of the United States of America, of the Western Hemisphere, of the World, being in our sane and rightful mind, do hereby bequeath our lawful possessions to those we think will be benefited thereby.

To the entire student body and the faculty we extend our sincerest wishes for their prosperity and happiness and for the growth and prosperity of our beloved Humboldt.

Class Will

(10 Ultimo)

Elaine Bayard and Robert Clayton bequeath their duet playing ability to Cecil Warren and Bonita Gage.

Grace Bienhoff bestows her happy-go-lucky nature upon Helen Gibbs.

Bessie Campbell leaves Louise Pieper to the tender care of Edith Keller.

Dorothy Chittick leaves her ability to "tickle the ivories" to Florence Olson.

Emma Drake bestows her position of private secretary to Miss Peyton upon Mollie Smith.

Elizabeth Endress entrusts her ability to make herself heard to the care of Clara Domnosky.

Hilfred Evans and Fannie Halpern leave their "sunny smiles" to Mr. Ralston.

Louis Finn wills his ability in cartoon-making to Walter Bollinger.

Herbert Garlough leaves his dignity to James Hiland.

William Serbine, Isidore Gottlieb, Max Stacker and Cyrus Zehnder leave their "oratorical powers" to Lawretta Roeback.

Fannie and Marcia Goldenberg leave their sisterly love to the Whitney sisters.

Arnold Greenberg leaves his "stand in" with Mr. Powles to Charles Winchel. (He needs one of the faculty.)

Gertrude Harrison bestows her knowledge of the presidents and their dates, with love and best wishes, upon Laurel Ihfe.

Frances Hiland leaves her gentle voice to Hazel Ballman.

Nina Hooker leaves her lengthy recitations in English to Floyd McLellan.

William Wright leaves his ability to argue with Miss Graves to Robert Smith.

Arthur Jacobson leaves his job of "chief collector of Botany treasures," for Miss Fanning to Edward Kesting.

William Kaminetzky leaves his ability to talk fluently on facts outside the text book to Alleyne Van Dyke.

Florence Lehmann and Arthur Magid leave their distinctive places on the Honor Roll to Clifford Hubbard and Tillie Signs.

Rose Lentz bequeaths her retiring nature to Alice Horsnell.

Ruth Willis and Violet McGrath bestow their "speed in type" upon Adelaide Whipple.

Lionel Messenger and Vera Hessian leave their original and entertaining natures to Harold Metcalf and Carl Roed.

Harry Fryer, Sam Ettinger, Joe Fendel, Morris Greenstein and Everett McGowan bestow their ability to "put the ball into the basket" to next year's basketball team.

Ruth Gronewold leaves her "art of expression" to Marjorie Swenson.

Harry Mickleson, our youthful prodigy, leaves his brains to Helen Eckles.

K-K-K-Katy Nelson leaves her soulful expression of her big eyes to her sister Anna.

Helen Roberts leaves her art of piling junk in a locker to Carol Rapue.

Maurice Rosenbloom and Pierre Bayard leave their coal black hair to Max Kominsky.

Charles Signs leaves the prodigious sum left over by the Senior Class to Roy Johnson with the instructions that the class of 1920 use their money as wisely as has the class of 1919.

Charles Miller bequeaths his clear enunciation to Florence Keller.

Olive Snyder and Bernice Winkel bequeath their husky voices to Margaret Knodt and Cephus Russ respectively.

Alice Garlough leaves her power of vamping to Juanita Rose.

Jeanette Guertin leaves her eyebrows (what is left of them) to the Van Dyke girls.

Adelaide Choate leaves her love of canoeing to Miss Donahue.

Marion Swift leaves her ability to get there on time (?) to Walter Hadlich.

Gladys Lenz bequeaths her ability to remain inconspicuous to Elfreda Weber.

David Simon leaves his dark and villainous type of beauty to Edward Knoppe.

Esther Perlit bequeaths her ability to have a good time with the bunch to Mabel Blume.

Vivian Lehmann leaves her book, "Men, and How to Manage Them," to her sister

Ruth Moulden leaves her membership in the S. O. S. to Mollie Truhler.

Lena Lipshultz bequeaths her perfect hair comb to Grace Stein.

Marie Mack leaves her perfect conduct to Alice Lohr.

Eva Spriestersbach bequeaths her boisterous nature to Evelyn Karnstadt.

Celia Chalek leaves the art of remaining calm to Lucile Sybil.

Anna Steinmetz, with great sorrow, bequeaths Edna Pierce to the class of 1920 with instructions to treat her kindly.

Arthur Johnson leaves his book on "How to Study in Class" to George Sudieth but warns him not to use it too much for it is nearly worn out.

Arthur Molean leaves his art of graceful dancing to Ken Hoppe.

William Roessler leaves his ability to please the ladies to Allan Solomon.

Margaret Sadler leaves her "stand in" with Mrs. Ryan to Josephine Choate.

Florence Perlit leaves her love of gymnastics to Mildred Greenberg.

Edith Knoppe leaves her blond curls to Sarah Magid.

Gladys Rowe leaves her art of posing to Dorothy Belle Higby.

Nathan Kaplan bequeaths his ability to delight Miss Fanning by talking intelligently on important subjects to Gertrude Hall.

John Martin bestows his power to render impassioned orals fervently to Dorothy Haxton.

Helen Staples leaves her Mary Jane outfit of the Senior party to Mary Chapple.

Eulalia Stone and William Stassen leave their superfluous heights to Walter Schwandt and William Ridley.

Annetta Tatkin and Ruth Ostlund bequeath their curls to Edith Bayard and Grace Brown.

Julius Tennenbaum leaves his ability to remember dates to Freda Rom.

Libbie Truhler leaves her recipe for making side puffs to Florence McPhillips.

Gertrude Welch bestows her artistic ability upon Vernice Paulson.

Arthur Welck leaves his long conversations with Miss Graves on the subject of marks to Louis Gold.

Ruth Whitwell leaves Russell Brown to the tender care of Helen Lehman.

Mary Whitney leaves her art of talking intelligently to Dorothy Welck.

Jake Rabinowitz leaves his keen wit to Burton Ogilvie.

Mariam Simon leaves her 100's in all subjects to Hazel Paulson.

Ralph Stacker bequeaths his ability to get ads to Harry Latts.

We, the class of one nine one nine, do hereby bequeath all our love for dear old Humboldt to the classes that follow us.

We hereby appoint Mr. Wauchope to see that this will is faithfully executed.

CLASS 1919.

Witnesses :

Fay M. Newton,

Anne Doyle.



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