

The
Scroll
1915

The Scroll

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY
BY THE
SENIOR CLASS
OF THE HIGH SCHOOL



Boone

-

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Iowa

1915

Climb steadily, brother, the mountain is steep,
And the journey is lonely and drear;
But soon the bright sun that is under a cloud
Will burst into radiance clear.
There is joy, there is hope, there is peace, there is rest,
For those who, in spite of the cost,
Endure all the hardships that wait by the way,
But he who stands still is lost.

There's no more of the bleak, bitter winter, my friend,
Than there is of the warm summer days;
There's no more of the sorrow and weeping and pain
Than of laughter to brighten life's ways.
For the winter has sunshine and beautiful hours
Full of merriment, pleasure and song—
All nature is striving to bless and to cheer,
And to make us both valiant and strong.

So climb with true patience in sunshine and cloud,
For after the darkness comes light;
And the crown of the toiler is richer with pearls
When he faces with courage the fight.
There is life, there is love, there is home, there is God,
For those who, in spite of the cost,
Climb up to the summit unheeding their scars!
But he who stands still is lost.

—Anon.

Lovers and friends of the red and green, we, the class of 1915, take pleasure in placing before you another number of the "Scroll", in which we have endeavored to record the events of this, the closing year of our high-school life. We trust that within its pages may be found the record of those incidents and happenings which will prove most interesting in after years and will serve to bring again to mind the familiar associations and pleasant days in the Boone High School

Introduction



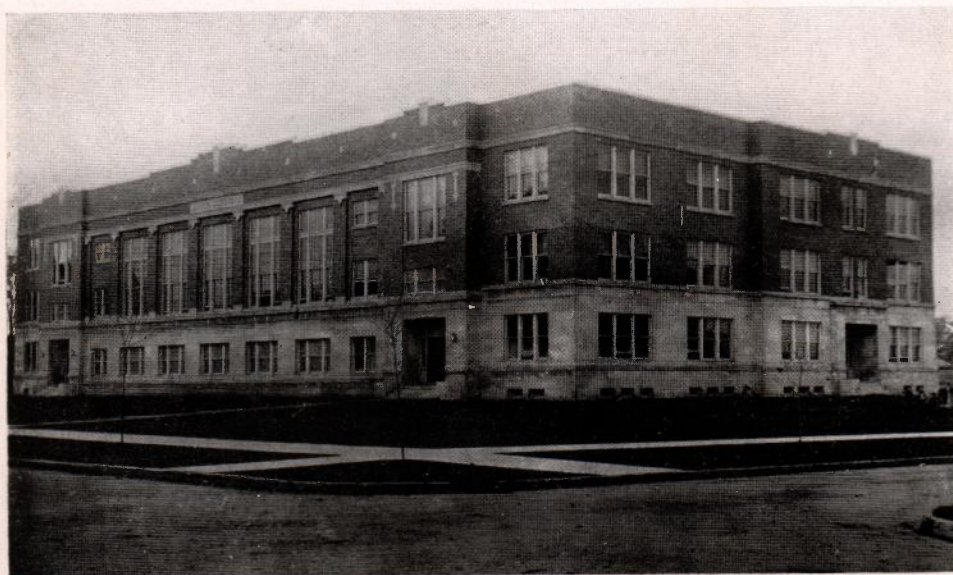
PRINCIPAL C. C. BALL

Dedication

To

C. C. Ball

through whom the Boone High School has attained so high a standing in scholarship and in athletic sportsmanship, we, the class of 1915, respectfully dedicate this book.



BOONE HIGH SCHOOL

Our Alma Mater

Goodbye, Old School, goodbye, the Senior Class
Must leave you now forever; go away
To take instruction in the sterner school
Of grim Experience—the school of Life
Where each and ev'ry one must learn to live.
No more within thy homely, hallowed halls
Will ring the '15 Seniors' merry laugh,
Nor in the corridors resound the tramp
Of feet forbidden walking to and fro.
Old School, we part; no more your buzzing bell
Will call us all together. No, alas,
We separate, each one to go his way;
A way unknown which only Time can show,
Joyous or sad, just as the Fates have willed.
Old School, four years within thy walls we've toiled;
Each day has brought some trifling trouble forth;
But still, for all of that, they're joyful years,
The closing years of glad and carefree youth.
And when we through thy doors no more shall pass
This youth gives place to man and womanhood,
And we go forth alone, whose deeds shall make
The future hist'ry of the changing world.
And for these deeds, though great or small they be,
'Tis you, Boone High, to whom the praise is due;
'Tis you who make us capable to fill
The place that we must fill in future years.
You'll miss us not—another class will take
The place that we have held within thy realm.
For us the parting's sad and hard to bear.
Goodbye, Old School, the '15 Seniors go.

—Scoop.



MISS. CRUIKSHANK
ENGLISH



MISS. PORTNER
COMMERCIAL



MISS. BALL
GERMAN



MR. DICKENSHEETS
HISTORY



SUPT. E. C. MEREDITH



MR. DAEHLER
MANUAL TRAINING



MISS. HEAPS
ENGLISH



MISS. ROWE
DOM. SCIENCE



MISS. CALHOUN
NORMAL TRAINING



MISS. HARKER
GEOMETRY



MISS. ROLSTON
ALGEBRA



MISS. WINKLER
COMMERCIAL



MR. EASTER
SCIENCE



MR. GUDMUNDSON
COMMERCIAL



MISS. BOIES
ENGLISH



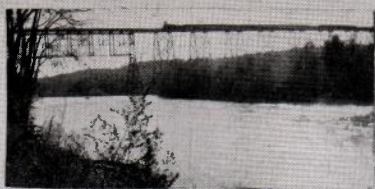
MISS. HAND
LATIN



MISS. HARTMAN
MUSIC



YOU ARE	YOU ARE RECOGNIZED BY	YOUR SPECIALTY IS	YOUR WORST FAULT IS	WHAT YOU SAY IS
MR. MEREDITH	Every member of the faculty	Upholding the standard of Boone High	We're afraid to say	"How's that? How's that?"
MR. BALL	Your bicycle	Canning evil-doers	Your specialty	"We are waiting for about half a dozen."
MISS CRUIKSHANK	Every student of the High School	Reciting encyclopediæ verbatim	Note-books	Above criticism
MISS ROLSTON	Your business-like manner	Handling Freshmen	Keeping order	"What I was about to say is this."
MISS BALL	A diamond ring	Hemming table-linen	The language you speak	"Bitte, auf Deutsch."
MISS HAND	Your size	Julius Caesar	We promised not to tell	"Now is that clear?"
MR. GUDMUNDSON	Ellen Ruth	Bossing school ma'ams	Bawling people out in classes	"Get busy!"
MR. EASTER	The ladies	Going joy-riding with lady members of the faculty	Running a Ford	Too deep to be understood
MISS WINKLER	Golden hair	Wink—ing	Giving lectures	"Now, take this."
MISS PORTNER	Your pep	Rooting	Hasn't any	"Any questions, people?"
MISS HARKER	Your walk	Harvard Law Students	Too numerous to mention	"I'm afraid—"
MISS HEAPS	Your grin	Yale literature	Singing in music period	"Well, I don't know."
MISS BOIES	Needs no introduction	Eutrophian programs	Sending people to the office	"Put your gum in the waste-basket."
MISS CALHOUN	Your quiet manner	Keeping order in lower halls	Haven't had time to discover it	Inaudible
MISS ROWE	Your ton of voice	Savory Soup	Giving advice	"W-e-e-l-l-l-l."
MISS JONES	Ability to talk	Bugs	Fear of photographers	"I beg your pardons."
MR. DICKENSHEETS	Your mustache	Bawling out	Raising whiskers	"I believe we can say this."
MISS HARTMAN	The Floral Co.	Do-ra-mi	Whistling	"Look up here!"
MR. DAEHLAR	Your resounding voice	Knocking (nails)	Love for poetry	"Bo-o-ys! Bo-o-ys!"



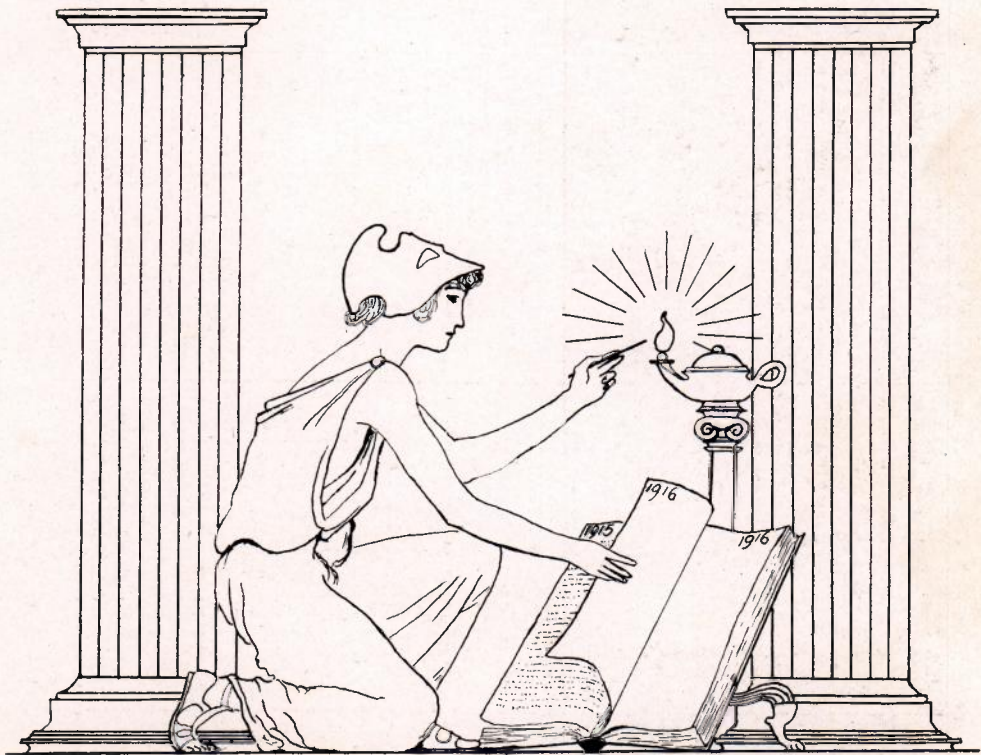
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SENIORS



FRIEDLEY



WALTER THOMPSON "WASHY"

Commercial Course

Class President
 Eutrophian Literary Society
 Bumble "B" Staff
 Annual Board
 "B" Club
 Football '13, '14
 Basketball '15
 Stenography Club
 Boys' Glee Club
 Class Play
"Nuff said, call it square."

HENRY FRIEDLEY "HANK"

Scientific Course

Debate '13, '14, '15
 Boys' Glee Club
 Class Play
 Annual Board
 Eutrophian Literary Society
 Stenography Club
 Class Vice-president
*"Demosthenes is dead, Cicero is dead,
 and I'm not feeling very well myself."*

LOIS MEREDITH

Latin Course

Valedictorian
 Moore Literary Society
 Annual Board
 Class Secretary
*"A merry heart doeth good like a
 medicine."*

LILLIAN GETTY

Latin Course

Second Honors
 Moore Literary Society
 Annual Board
 Class Treasurer
*"She does her own thinking and needs
 little advice."*

HATTIE WANE

"TINY"

Latin Course

Moore Literary Society

Class Reporter

"Of easy temper, naturally good."



OSCAR HOLMBERG

"SWEDE"

Commercial Course

Stenography Club

Bumble "B" Staff

Annual Board

Commercial Enterprise

"He has something to say, says it and stops when he is done."



HAROLD WELIN

"HOD"

Scientific Course

Moore Literary Society

"B" Club

Class Play

Football '13, '14

Basketball '14, '15

"Little—but O, my!"



LEWIS AMME

"Lou"

Commercial Course

Eutrophan Literary Society

Stenography Club

Football '12, '13, '14

Basketball '13

"B" Club

Class Play

"To football lore, what's Physics or Economics?"





LEE BOYD

"LEE JEREMIAH"

Scientific Course

Football '13, '14

Eutrophian Literary Society

High School Orchestra

Boys' Glee Club

Class Play

"A farmer's life for me."



CATHERINE DALE

"DALE"

Latin Course

Moore Literary Society

Class Play

"Content to let the world wag on as it will."



LLOYD GARRISON

Scientific Course

Moore Literary Society

"And what one twin does—"



EARL GARRISON

Scientific Course

Moore Literary Society

"—the other twin does also."

MARK SUNSTROM "SUNNY"

Scientific Course
Moore Literary Society
Annual Board
Bumble "B" Staff
Class Play

"Always a'grinnin' "

ARTHUR COMPTON "ART"

Scientific Course
Eutrophian Literary Society
"Truly the gods have made thee artistic."

MARIE MOSGROVE "SAMMY"

Normal Training
"With countenance demure and modest grace."

GEORGE STEVENS "JODY"

Latin Course
Moore Literary Society
Boys' Glee Club
"Be sure and have good eats."





EDWARD CAPPS

"Ed"

Commercial Course

Stenography Club

*"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine."*



VIRGIL WESTER

"VIRGIE"

Scientific Course

Annual Board

Class Play

Moore Literary Society

"I chatter, chatter, as I go."



LILLY CURRY

"CHRISTY"

Normal Training Course

Second Honors

Moore Literary Society

"It must be conclusively proven before she believes it."



RUDOLPH SWANSON

"RUDY"

Commercial Course

Stenography Club

Boys' Glee Club

"He could sing the savageness out of a bear."

PAUL McCREA

"SCOOP"

History Course

Moore Literary Society

Annual Board

Bumble "B" Staff

Basketball '15

Class Play

"Forgive my literary sins; the other kind don't matter."

VERA HANSON

"HANSON"

Scientific Course

Moore Literary Society

Girls' Glee Club

Annual Board

Class Play

"It is not well that man should be alone."

KENNETH VALENTINE

"VALLEY"

Commercial Course

Eutrophian Literary Society

Stenography Club

Boys' Glee Club

"B" Club

Basketball '14, '15

Football '12, '13, '14

Class Play

"Not because your hair is curly."

GERALD ANDERSON

Latin Course

Moore Literary Society

"A studious lad."





ALLAN HICKS

"SHORTY"

History Course

Annual Board
Bumble "B" Staff
Moore Literary Society
Debate '14, '15
"B" Club
Football '14
Basketball '15

"Where love increases, prudence diminishes."

WRIGHT WATERMAN

Scientific Course

"Beware, I may yet do something sensational."

LOIS CHILDS

Scientific Course

Eutrophian Literary Society

"A very proper maid."

RAY LAMB

"HAL"

Scientific Course
Commercial Course

Eutrophian Literary Society
Stenography Club
Football '13, '14
Class Play

"He bucked everything from a Marshalltown lineup to a Remington typewriter."

MARIE COOPER

"COOP"

Commercial Course

Stenography Club

Eutrophian Literary Society

Class Play

"Laugh and grow fat."

RUSSELL DIEHL

"RUSTY"

Latin Course

Moore Literary Society

"Wisdom often goes with fewest words."

CLYDE AMME

"SCHLITZ"

Scientific Course

Eutrophian Literary Society

"B" Club

Football '13, '14

Class Play

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

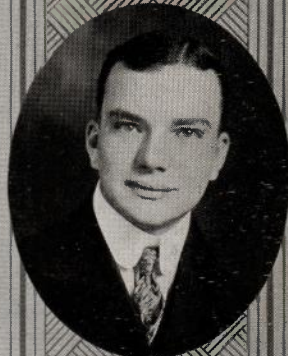
MARY BROWN

Normal Training Course

Moore Literary Society

Class Play

"And still her tongue ran on."





GERALD WHEELER

Commercial Course

Stenography Club

Class Play

"Is he deeply thinking, or only asleep?"



PAUL MOTT

Scientific Course

Eutrophian Literary Society

Stenography Club

Debate

"This gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker."



MARY BOYD

Normal Training Course

"Content to do her duty, and finding duty done its own reward."



WELLS MUNN

Scientific Course

Eutrophian Literary Society

Stenography Club

"He lives at peace with all mankind."

MACK WALDMAN

"MACK"

Commercial Course

Stenography Club

Moore Literary Society

Class Play

"I want what I want when I want it."



GOLDIE HARDEN

Commercial Course

Stenography Club

"Quiet and unassuming."



CLARENCE PANGBORN

"PANG"

Commercial Course

Stenography Club

"B" Club

Class Play

Bumble "B" Staff

Moore Literary Society

Boys' Glee Club

Football '13, '14

Basketball '15

"An energetic young gentleman."



ELIZABETH THOMAS

"BETTY"

Normal Training Course

Class Play

"That's none of your business."





SIEGFRIED SNELL

"Sig"

Scientific Course

Moore Literary Society

"A man who loves to laugh."



ETHEL GUSTAFSON

Normal Training Course

"Sunny hair and smiling face."



WILLIAM FLOCKHART

"Bill"

Scientific Course

"My activities have been in watching others act."



VERA DORNAN

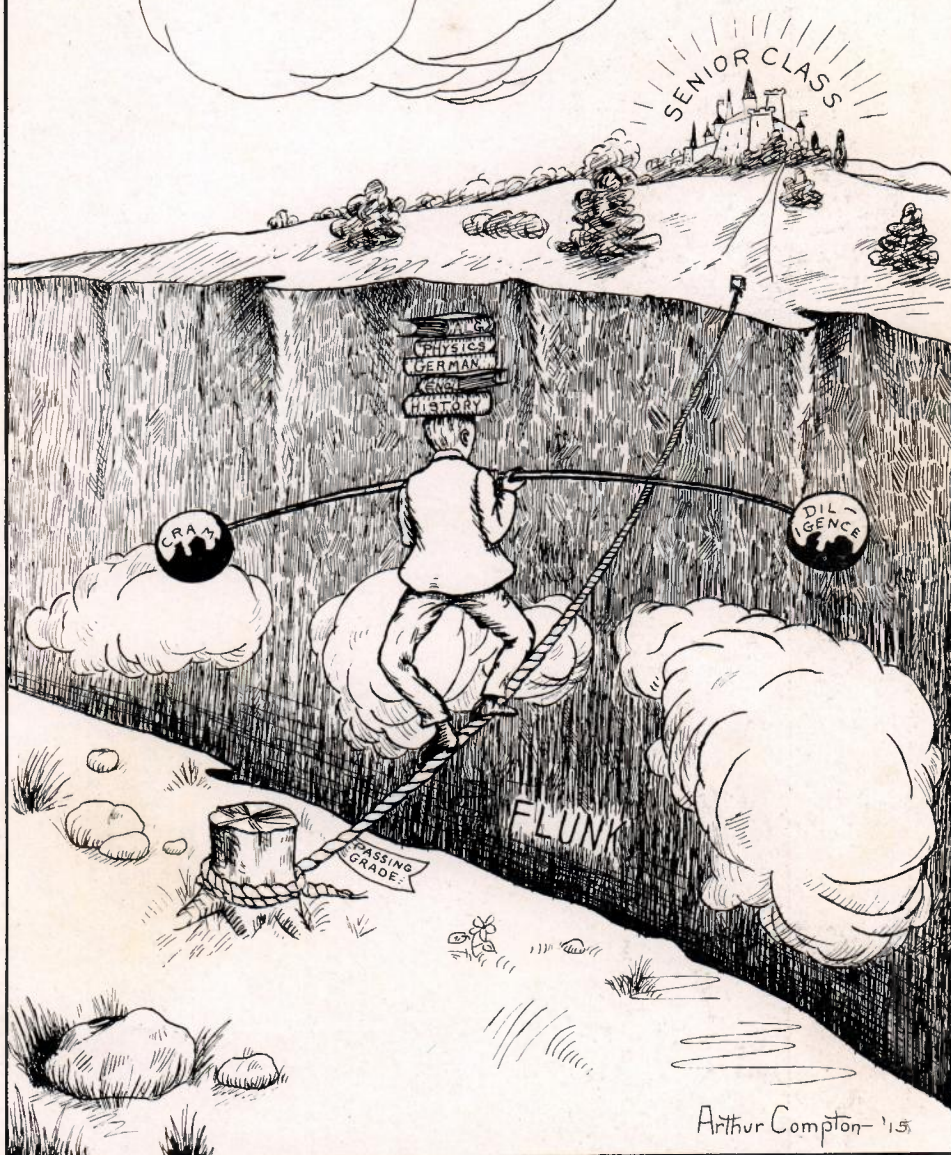
Commercial Course

Stenography Club

Eutrophian Literary Society

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."

THE UNDER-CLASSMAN



Junior Class



Juniors

President.....HARRIS MEREDITH

Vice-President.....EMMETT LA VALLE

Secretary.....RUTH CONDON

Treasurer.....GUY LAMB

Reporter.....ALICE CRARY

During the school year of 1914-15 the Junior Class proved themselves one of the snappiest and liveliest of classes. Their basketball team was the winner of the inter-class series, and they were the first to have their numerals engraved on the E. J. Marsh trophy cup. They were the first class in the history of the high school to get their pins and rings in their Junior year. The Junior Reception was the social event of the year and was deserving of the high place reserved for it. It was held on Friday, May 7, and the Juniors certainly deserve credit for the entertainment they provided.

Sophomore Class



The Sophomore

All unadorned by flower or tree
The High School building stands;
The Soph, a mighty boy is he,
With small and clean white hands,
And the fibres of his straining mind
Are strong as cotton strands..

His hair is rough and short and red,
His face is far from tan,
His brow is light, yea, nearly white,
He learns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole school in the face,
For he thinks he is a man.

Writing, studying (?) cramming,
On through exams he goes,
Each hour sees some test begun,
The next one sees its close.
Something rewritten, something done
Has earned a night's repose.

Freshman Class



Love Sonnets of a Freshman Boy

When I first entered high school t'other day
I didn't think I'd like it, cause the way
The big boys treated all the Freshmen was
An awful shame. They picked on us because
We was just new and they'd been here awhile.
But since I passed her in the hall and she
Looked sort of glad and sort of smiled at me
I'll like to come each day and see her smile.
And I won't mind to come to school no more
But I will like to come here ev'ry day;
When she's around, to work will just be play
And won't take effort like it did before.
If she could be my teacher always, gee,
To work would be like eatin' pie to me.

She's sort of small and sort of fat and she
Must be as old as twenty-two or three—
And I'm fourteen, she's older lots than me,
But that don't make no difference, cause you see,
I'm gettin' older all the time and, well,
She won't get older now for quite a spell.
Her hair is dark, her eyes are dark, and they
Are always shinin' in a funny way
As though there was a smile a-lurkin' there.
When she is in the room I cannot work,
I get a funny feelin' in my chest,
My heart goes pitty-pat inside my vest,
And ev'ry time I breathe it seems to hurt.

She teaches English to the Freshmen One,
Her room is west upon the second floor,
And I am in her class in period four.
I always wish that class was never done
And all the other Freshmen would go home
And leave us there, just her and me alone.
And I would tell her of my love and she
Would sort of blush and shyly look at me,
And answer, "Yes," and I would grab her and
We'd be alone and I would hold her hand,
And she would say she'd love no other men,
But always love just me alone and then
We'd holler so that all the world would know
That she was just my girl and I her beau.

Last night when I was walkin' 'round why I
Seen her a-walkin' with that college guy,
And she had hold his arm and she would laugh
At funny things he'd say, the great big calf;
I wish that they had been a-walkin' where
It was all dark and a big robber would
Jump out from 'hind a tree and scare him good,
And he would run and leave her standing there,
And then the robber he would grab her tight,
And just then I would chance to come in sight,
And I'd be strong as twenty men or so
And when I hit that robber just one blow,
He'd run away and not come back and she
Would leave that college dub and come to me.

When I was in the park the other day
A-playin' 'round, I heard a Junior say
That she was just a big old grouch and that
She had a face she'd stolen from a cat.
That made me mad, I want to tell you, gee,
I up and hit him on the nose and he
Just whirled around and said, "You little brat."
The other fellows say 'twas sure some scrap.
And Mr. Ball he stopped us after bit
And took me in the office there and he
Just sat in that big chair and looked at me
All achin' from the places I'd been hit.
I'm canned a week beginning with today;
I'd like to know just what my dad will say.

In two more days my week will all be up.
I'm not a feelin' very well, you see,
Cause ever since my daddy lit on me
I'm takin' all my meals a-standin' up.
It seems like it was years and years to me
And all the world is full of gloom and, gee,
They ain't no sun and brightness any more,
Cause I ain't seen her once in all the while.
I never knew what sadness was before.
If I could never go to school again
And couldn't see her none, no more, why then,
I'd be so full of gloom and sorer, why,
I'd just go 'way alone somewhere and die.

I'm back in school today again, and say,
She never changed a bit while I's away.
And I went in her class today and she
Says, "Willie, you are back again, I see."
And then my heart starts bumpin' pitty-pat,
An' I says, "yes, I guess so," just like that.
I wonder if she really cares for me
Or just said that. I wonder now if she
Is toyin' with my heart like books you read,
A-goin' to break it just to see it bleed.
But I don't think that she could be so cruel,—
She's got a heart although she's teachin' school.
And so I guess, I'm pretty sure of it,—
She cares for me at least a little bit.

The blow has fell—I'm done with her at last;
The cards came out—I never even passed.
I'm through with her, you just can bet your life,
I wish she'd marry him and be his wife,
And he would make her sweep and scrub the floor,
And take in washin's and then work some more.
And when he'd come in nights, all tired and cross
From workin', he would beat her like a boss.
And make her shine his shoes and press his clothes,
And all the other meanness that he knows.
And then when she's alone and feelin' hurt,
She'd get to thinkin' how she done me dirt,
And she would sob and cry to think that she
Had taken him and might a-gotten me.