



Scroll

# THE SCROLL

1919



Another year of the history of Boone High  
is now recorded — her activities and  
achievements, every phase of her life has  
been touched. May the coming year  
demand a greater and nobler volume to  
: : fitly record her progress : :





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The "Scroll" Staff wishes to express its appreciation to the following,  
who have so willingly assisted in the publication of this book :

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MR. L. L. MENDENHALL



MR. O. H. MENDENHALL

TO

MR. L. L. MENDENHALL

and

MR. O. H. MENDENHALL

In appreciation of the spirit they have imparted to  
the students of Boone High School—the  
spirit to win generously and lose graci-  
ously—we, the Class of 1919,

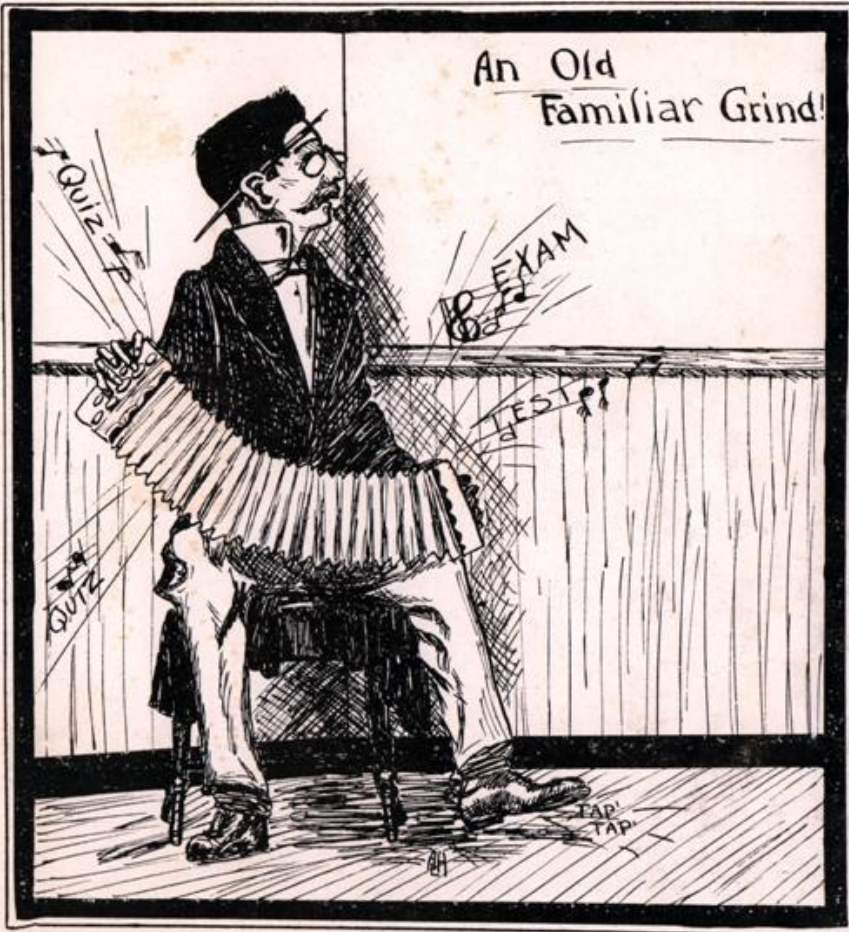
DEDICATE THIS BOOK

the seventh issue of  
"The Scroll"

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# FACULTY



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A man who *has* won our respect,  
admiration and honor.

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A man who *will* win our respect,  
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# SENIORS



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# SCROLL 1919

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## Seniors

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The time has come when we, the class of 1919, must bid farewell to old Boone High. Though all of us are looking anxiously and hopefully into the future; there is not one, who does not have some regret upon leaving the familiar associations that have grown so dear to us.

It seems such a short time ago when one strange day in 1915 we first entered the halls of Boone High and were conducted to the assembly room by Miss Rolston. In our mind's eye we can see the small but fearless freshy boys marched through the streets of our city, for High School initiation, and we have to smile when we remember how some of them stopped to lace up shoes and adjust clothing before going home. Never shall we forget how proud we were when our brave little Freshman Class Team beat the mighty Seniors in basketball!

During our Sophomore and Junior years we expanded and grew, and as time passed we became recognized as the class among classes. Honors of all kinds have been heaped upon us. Not only have we won the respect of the faculty, but also of those outside of school as has been shown by the gifts of the business men to our football team.

And now as we go to take our places in the world, we give into the keeping of the Underclassmen the honor and good name of our High School. Boone High is recognized as one of the leading schools in the state and, although we are too modest to say that all of Boone High's fame has rested upon us, yet we have had our part and have done our best.

# SCROLL 1919



## ROY ALBORG

"Shorty"

Scientific Course  
Class President  
Eutrophian  
Football, '17, '18, "B" Man  
Basketball, '18, '19, "B" Man  
Class Basketball, '17; Captain '18, '19  
Track, '17  
Glee Club  
Hi Y  
Class Play

Very particular about his looks, especially his hair. Always up to some trick. Manufactures a new slang expression every day. Can be depended upon to fight to the last in football and basketball. Loves to wander around the halls with—??

## HAROLD E. WILCOX

"Wilkey"

Commercial Course  
Class Vice President  
Eutrophian  
Class Track, '17, '18  
Hi Y

First Lieutenant, Co. "B"

A boy of high ambitions and many hobbies. Rather bashful around the girls. A perfect clown and as witty as you find 'em. Does not care for publicity.

## FRED SEILING

"Fritz"

Scientific Course  
Class Secretary  
Eutrophian  
Football, '17, '18, "B" Man  
Basketball, '17, '18, '19, "B" Man  
Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19  
Track, '17, '18, '19  
Class Track, '16, '17, '18, '19  
Hi Y

Sandwich Man

The pet of our class and he deserves it. Clever! Have you heard him laugh? Loving nature (you know.) A lucky catch for some college football team.

## HELEN L. ROCHO

Latin Course  
Class Reporter  
Eutrophian  
Scroll Staff  
Bumble "B"  
Mixed Quartette  
Glee Club, '15, '16, '17, '18

Helen is a girl who does things. She is capable, energetic, and makes a mighty good pal. She is one of the few girls who actually likes mathematics.

## HELEN CONDON

"Ted"

Latin Course  
Eutrophian President  
Scroll, Editor-in-Chief  
Bumble "B"  
Glee Club  
Class Basketball

"Ted" knows and likes everybody, everybody knows and likes "Ted." Friendly and always in a good humor. Probably has more friends than any one else in school.



# SCROLL BHS 1919

## ✓ RUSSELL JOHNSON

"Rusty"

Latin-Scientific Course  
Eutrophian  
Scroll, Business Manager  
Declamatory, '19  
Bumble "B"  
"Melting Pot"  
Mixed Quartette  
Double Quartette  
Captain, Co. "A"  
Hi Y  
Class Play

"Hey Rusty! Wait a minute." Always going some place. A lover of the joke and delights in teasing. Cordial and open-hearted. A real actor, and a budding orator.

## GENEVIEVE McCALL

Latin Course  
Moore, Vice President  
Scroll Staff  
Bumble "B", '15, '16  
Bumble "B", Editor, '17, '18, '19

Our Journalistic genius. A rare combination of beauty and wisdom. Partial to the name "Ted." Wishes she were taller, but "Napoleon was a small man," so they say.

## ✓ ARTHUR HIGBEE

"Art"

Scientific-History Course  
Moore, President  
Scroll Staff  
Bumble "B", '17, '18  
Football Squad  
Class Track, '18  
Declamatory, '18  
Orchestra  
Class Play

We can't say enough for Art. His mind ranges far above ours. Thinks deep thoughts. A designer in the highest sense of the word. Sure, and he's a good sport, too!

## FRANCES SUNSTROM

Commercial Course  
Eutrophian  
Scroll Staff  
Glee Club  
High School Treasurer  
Class Play

Modest as a violet. A sweet singer and a skilled typist—typed for the Scroll. Always in the General Office, except when we want her.

## ✓ FRED W. GOEPPINGER

"Gep"

Scientific Course  
Eutrophian  
Scroll Staff  
"Melting Pot"  
Double Quartette  
Glee Club  
Captain, Co. "B"  
Sandwich Man

Happy and industrious. Has a good head for business. A great man for jokes, new and old, mostly old. A first rate detail man and stickler for method. We wish you luck in your chosen profession of medicine.



# SCROLL 1919



LOIS WHEELER

"Toot"

Latin Course  
Eutrophian  
Scroll, Assistant Editor  
Bumble "B"  
Glee Club  
Orchestra  
Mixed Quartette

A demure miss with musical ability and a leaning toward the classical. An artist in her spare moments. A good pal and a loyal friend. Ask Helen.

✓ THEODORE OLSON

"Ted"

Scientific Course  
Moore  
Scroll Staff  
Declamatory, '19  
Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19  
Mixed Quartette  
Double Quartette  
Orchestra  
Class Play

The sort of fellow we all like. Inclined to argue. Our untemperamental musical genius. Likes to have his own way and knows how to get it. Something of a humorist, and an all around good scout.

OPAL WELIN

"Pal"

Commercial Course  
Moore  
Bumble "B"  
Class Basketball, '18, '19  
Glee Club  
Class Play

Yes, Opal is everyone's Pal. A modest Miss. The boys seem to think they are the only basket-shooters in the world. Not so! "Pal" has an eye for baskets like unto her famous brother.

VIOLA GRAYSON

"Dutch"

Normal Course  
Moore  
Glee Club

Well now, listen! A first rate "Chauffeuress." Ambition is to become a Red Cross Nurse, but we believe she will change her ambition rather than have another war.

✓ CLARENCE HULTEEN

"Hulty"

Commercial Course

"Still waters run deep." Inclined to be rather reserved. Likes a back seat in the class room. Talks little, but his opinions, when expressed, are respected.



# SCROLL 1919

## ✓ ROBERT MUNN

"Bob"

Scientific Course  
Scroll Staff  
Bumble "B"  
Glee Club  
Hi Y

Intellectual man of the class. Never studies! His chief delight is speeding the Chandler. Popular with the ladies—especially one. Some day he'll lay away his wild fancies and become manager of Munn's Department Store.

## RUTH OLNEY STARK

Scientific Course  
Eutrophian  
Glee Club  
Class Play

A quiet, unobtrusive girl is Ruth, but when people discover her, they will find her pretty face and winsome manners much to their liking.

## ✓ ELIZABETH THOMPSON

"Betty"

Scientific-Normal Training Course  
Eutrophian  
Glee Club, '15, '16, '17

The songster of the class. Highest ambition—to become a nurse. Don't all you boys get sick! Betty is very fond of folks who mind their own business. A better sport never lived.

## ✓ CLEO MAC KINNON

"Mac"

Commercial Course  
Eutrophian  
Hi Y  
Yell Leader  
Class Play

Especially active on Hallowe'en, at charivaris, and on the exterior of houses where parties are being given. Often displays a scented epistle from Fort Dodge. Is he a woman hater?

## ESTHER MARIE WESTBERG

"Scoop"

Commercial Course  
Eutrophian  
Basketball  
Glee Club

Everybody knows "Scoop," the best ever when it comes to a forward in basketball. Clever, full of pep, always anticipating a good time in the near future. May all of her anticipations be realized.



# SCROLL 1919



ROBERT HUTCHINSON

"Hutch"

Scientific Course  
Football, '17, '18, "B" Man

"Hutch" is a stone-wall in a football game. An authority in the Physics class and a business man in his spare time. Good natured to a fault and optimistic at all times.

LEONE BOYD

"Lonesome"

Latin Course  
Eutrophian

"Lonesome" Leone! Who would have thought that? She says her greatest fault is that she is too bashful. Be that as it may, you should hear her YELL at a basketball game.

RUSSELL T. NELSON

"Rusty"

Scientific Course  
Eutrophian  
Football Squad, '17, '18  
Sandwich Man

Rather quiet, unless you know him personally. Always willing to do his bit in class room and in athletics. A woman hater. Wonder how he will make it when he gets out on that farm all alone?

BERNICE SPRAGUE

"Topsy"

Scientific Course  
Moore  
Glee Club

Lovable nature, loves her work, loves her play, loves Boone High School along with others. Greatest thing she ever did—move to Boone.

JOHN C. REID

"Jack"

Scientific Course  
Eutrophian  
Class Basketball  
Varsity Track

Inventor of the new punctuation mark, "ah." A rather "rapid" young man and a wearer of noisy neckwear. Shows a lot of endurance in the mile run.



# SCROLL 1919

## DE WITT NELSON

"Swede"

Scientific Course  
Eutrophian, Vice President  
Scroll Staff  
Football Squad, '17, '18  
Class Basketball, '16, '17, '18  
Class Track, '18  
Yell Leader, '19  
Hi Y  
Glee Club

Good natured, happy-go-lucky, and reckless. We hope he will settle down in time. Your friend through thick and thin. "Say, have you got anything to eat?"

## ✓ OPAL HANSON

"Pal"

Normal Training Course  
Glee Club  
Hi Y

Opal's ambition is to become a second Schumann-Heink. It is a question whether her retiring disposition will direct her to the realization of this ambition, but if perseverance is all that is needed, she's got it.

## ELMOREN L. MARTIN

"Mart"

Normal Training  
Eutrophian  
Glee Club, '15

"Mart" is an easy-going girl. Can stick up for herself. Never appears to worry. Works hard, gets along like the rest of us. A little hard to get acquainted with, but 'tis worth the effort.

## ✓ LESTER SHORT

"Shorty"

Scientific Course  
Captain, Co. "C"

One of these quiet fellows who makes a real impression when you come to know him. Has ambitions to become a professional man. We believe that his thirty-fifth milestone will find him at the top of the ladder.

## HANNAH CHARLOTTE WALLACE

"Bobby"

Scientific-Normal Training Course  
Eutrophian  
Class Basketball, '18, '19  
Glee Club

Hannah is another thoroughly good student. She is as jolly and good natured as can be and can always be depended upon. Has special leaning toward Domestic Science—that's where Hannah shines.



# SCROLL BHS 1919



## OTTILIA ANDERSON

Scientific Course  
Eutrophian  
Glee Club, '16, '17, '18, '19  
Orchestra, '18  
Class Play

Wise, capable, indeed! A shiner in the class room. Her ambition is to become a High School "marm," so we know that some High School has something good in store for it.

## WILLIAM R. JOHNSTONE

"Bill"

Scientific Course  
Eutrophian  
Scroll, Assistant Business Manager  
Athletic Council  
Football, '16, '17, '18, "B" Man  
Basketball, '16, '17, '18, 19, "B" Man  
Basketball Captain, '19

The cutest kid in our class. He's always happy unless he has a family quarrel (family consisting of two.) We'll be sorry for B. H. S.'s athletics when Bill leaves. Watch him at college!

## BERNICE IRENE JOHNSON

Normal Training  
Moore  
Glee Club

Here is another quiet Senior lass. She says her ambition is to become a teacher of grammar, but we are not so sure but that she would have better success with Domestic Science.

## AGNES A. RULE

"Ag"

Scientific Course  
Eutrophian  
Class Basketball  
Glee Club, '15, '16

A dandy girl! quiet but jolly. Always does the right thing at the right time. Great lover of basketball. Intends to be a school teacher some day.

## EDWIN DIKE

Scientific Course  
First Lieutenant, Co. "C"  
Class Play

A conscientious lad! Above the average in mental capacity. Shys whenever he sees one of the fairer sex. A man hoping to become a great architect. Keep at it "Eddie."



# SCROLL 1919

## DEAN DRISCOLL

Latin Course  
Eutrophian  
Double Quartette  
Glee Club  
Class Play

A handsome youth! Has seen a lot of the world (?). One minute merry, the next sad, wonder why? "I've been workin' on the Railroad all the livelong day"—only for awhile it was nights.

## HELEN TRIPP

"Tripp"

Commercial Course  
Eutrophian

Have you ever seen Helen Tripp? No—and you won't either. She is a girl who looks where she's going, and furthermore her path is always sunny.

## ✓ HAROLD C. PATTERSON

"Pat"

Scientific Course  
Athletic Council  
Football, '17, '18, "B" Man  
Captain Football, '18  
Basketball, '17, '18, '19, "B" Man  
Class Basketball, '17, '19

A basketball star and a plunging fullback in football. Popular with the ladies. Likes to make speeches at pep meetings? Also plays with the weights at track meets. Always singing.

## ROSCOE JONES

"Boscoe"

Commercial Course

An unusual member of the great Jones Association. If you want a thing done well, you are always safe in depending upon "Boscoe."

## RHODA CLAUSE

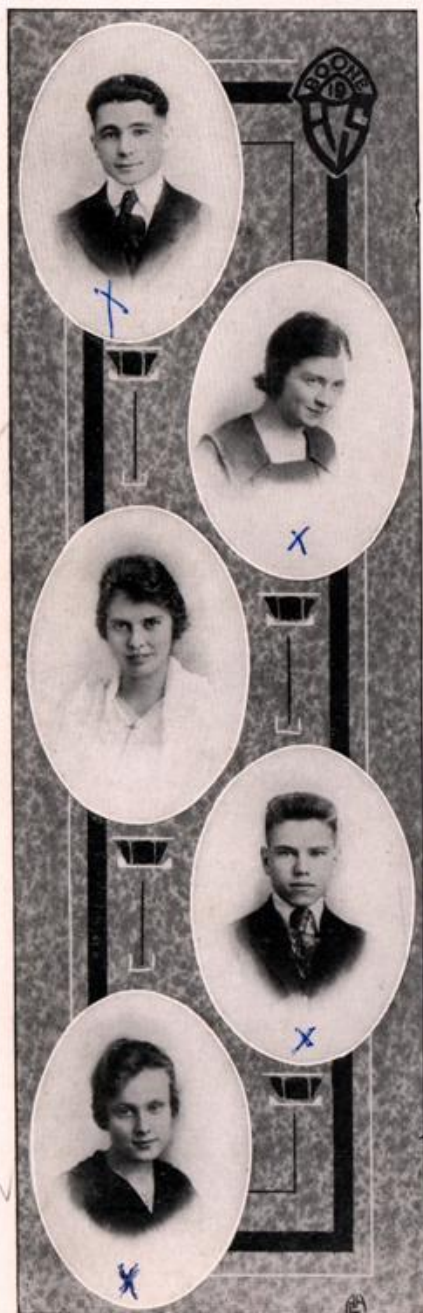
"Rode"

Scientific Course  
Moore  
Glee Club

Rhoda's chief concern is attending to her own business. Favorite expression, "Oh shucks," most frequently in French Class. Chief ambition is "To get out of High School."



# SCROLL 1919



✓ JAMES MENZIES

"Jim"

Commercial Course  
Eutrophian  
Football, '18, "B" Man  
Basketball, '18, '19  
Track, '17, '18, '19  
Class Basketball, '17, '18  
Glee Club, '16, '17, '18, '19  
Mixed Quartette  
Double Quartette  
Class Play

Jimmie—A small, but mighty man is he. He comes from where the heather blooms. The only fault that we can find is, that he is too popular with the girls.

MIRIAM DOUGLAS

"Doug"

Latin Course  
Moore  
Basketball

Blond, demure, especially fond of the terpsichorean art. A mighty good friend. Makes great efforts to overcome her timidity, but somehow that timidity is one of her most pleasing characteristics.

NELLIE NADINE GRAYSON "Puddin'"

Scientific Course  
Moore  
Basketball, '16, '17  
Glee Club, '15, '16, '17, '18

A constant patron of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. A good worker if there ever was one! Enjoys a good time as well as anybody and sometimes gets more fun out of an occasion than anybody else.

✓ REUBEN LANTZ

"Rube"

Commercial Course  
Eutrophian  
Football Squad, '17  
Sandwich Man

Cracks jokes with a real Southern drawl. Usually found in a smiling humor. Has a great deal of mechanical ability. Would make a good building contractor

✓ FERN BOYD

"Happy"

History Course  
Eutrophian

Always smiling, often out loud. Ambition, to be a good cook. If you see Alberta, you will be sure to see Fern. They are inseparable.



# SCROLL 1919

**RICHARD BOYD ABEL**

"Fud"

Scientific-History Course  
Moore  
Bumble "B," '17, '18

A regular "man about town." Usually found coaxing speed out of the Buick. Might have graduated last year, but decided to wait for us. Glad to have you with us, "Fud."

**CATHERINE A. ROBERTS**

"Bobby"

Normal Training  
Eutrophian  
Basketball  
Glee Club, '15, '16

Here is Agnes' twin sister, no, not twin sister, just chum. Quiet, but jolly, a lover of basketball, and a future school-marm. You see they are much alike.

**MARIE SAVEREID**

Scientific Course  
Eutrophian

The lass with the golden hair. A smooth and steadfast mind, "of gentle thoughts and calm desires." A hard worker who gets results.

**WILLARD G. YOUNG**

"Bill"

Commercial Course  
Eutrophian  
Track, '17, '18  
Glee Club

A good sport, a jolly fellow and a friendly rival of "Johnny" in the line of noisy neckwear. Rather fast too, notably in the half-mile run.

**RUSSELL M. McCARTNEY**

"Jake"

Scientific Course  
Eutrophian  
Football, '18, "B" Man  
Basketball, '18, '19, "B" Man  
Class Basketball, '17, '18, '19

As good natured as he is long. A scrappin' football center—for particulars see West High). Also stars in basketball. Loves French and talks it with both hands.



# SCROLL BHS 1919



MELVIN JOSEPHSON

"Mely"

Commercial Course

A builder of air castles, who uses practical methods of reaching the heights to which he aspires. Unassuming in public, but a leader among his particular friends.

ANGELINE NOLAND

"Peggy"

Scientific Course  
Eutrophian  
Glee Club, '15, '16

Her hair is not more sunny than her heart. Blest with good reason and sober sense. A modest and as true-hearted a girl as any in the class.

MARTHA A. GILTNER

"Chappie"

Normal Training Course  
Glee Club, '15, '16, '17

A friendly smile and a cheery whistle are indicators of her sunny disposition. There's nothing under the range of possibility that Martha wouldn't do for anyone. One of our singers.

EDWIN C. ANDERSON

"Ed"

Commercial Course

A man is not measured by inches. A young man of sterling character and true worth. He resorteth to little slang. His main question—"How doth the little busy 'Bee' improve each shining hour?"

JAMES ALBERT COX

"Jim"

History-Scientific Course  
Moore  
Declamatory, '18, '19  
Football, '15, '16, '17, '18, "B" Man  
Basketball, '16, '17, '18, '19  
Class Basketball, '16, '17, '18, '19  
Track, '16, '17, '18, '19

"None such other." Generous and good hearted to the extreme. Always wants to understand everything thoroughly—"There's only one method of meeting life's test—Just keep on a strivin' and hope for the best."

GLADYS LAVINE BLOMGREN "Snooky"

Normal Training Course  
Glee Club

Surely a damsel, winsome, wise and witty. Golden curly locks indeed! Hobby: Auto riding. Why? Timidity is her worst fault.





UNDERGRADUATES

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# SCROLLS 1919

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## Juniors

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And there were three arches along the way of B. H. S., and into those a troop of merry children approached fearlessly and care-free.

The first arch was simple and unpretentious in design. And these happy children whiled away many pleasant hours in its shadow. Then, lo! They emerged into the sun and traveled toward the second arch, going more slowly this time and a deeper feeling of fellowship drew them closer together.

The second arch was elaborate in design, but unsubstantial in construction, the foundations hollow, and crumbling easily. For a time they lingered beneath this arch—Sophomores. But they thought themselves superior and knew not their real worth in life. So they dwelt in vague unrest, thinking only of the frivolous side of things and desirous not of changing their ways. 'Twas with a sigh that they rose up turning their faces toward the third arch, older and wiser, perhaps.

Timidly then, not quite so confident in themselves, they approached the third arch wherein they now dwell.

This arch is simple and classic in design, symbolizing all that's good and true, built upon the firm foundation of true fellowship and loyalty, unto each other, built up after two years together. And herein they dwell peacefully, content with things as they are, desirous of no other place.

And lo! After a time they will take up their burdens and approach the fourth and last arch, seriously, this time, and thoughtfully in little groups of twos and threes. And they will climb the steps and pass beneath those massive, dignified columns, leaders—Seniors!

For a long year they will dwell here, striving to do their best, and to prepare themselves to meet the challenge of the Future.

And then they will go out from under the protection of the arch and start down the long, long trail, some to take the upper paths through the light and a few to go down through the Valley in the shadows.

But many years hence the lower and upper paths will lead them back beside the way of the four arches and here they will gather, not so care-free, as when they first approached them, but old and bent with the cares of a full life, well spent; wise with the wisdom experience alone can teach and they will pledge everlasting love and loyalty to B. H. S., and the class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty.



# SCROLL 1919



## JUNIOR OFFICERS

President ..... George James  
 Vice President ..... Louise Abel  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... Ione Johnson

### Class 5

Ahlin, Paul  
 ✓ Anderson, George  
 ✓ Anderson, Josephine  
 Capps, Irene  
 Chambers, Paul  
 Clark, Verna  
 Conrad, Mary  
 ✓ Cooper, Willard  
 ✓ Crowe, James  
 ✓ Croxen, George  
 ✓ Curry, Pauline  
 ✓ Erickson, Roy  
 ✓ Fitch, Gall  
 ✓ Flint, Eugene  
 Forsberg, Hannah  
 Friedley, Sadie Belle  
 Gorey, Basal  
 Handschin, Ruth  
 Henning, Marie  
 Herman, Louise  
 Jay, Clara  
 Johnson, Faye  
 Jones, Harold  
 Lantz, Adolph  
 Livingston, Helen  
 Manny, Alma  
 Moran, Dayle  
 Norton, Thomas  
 Olson, Paul  
 Osgood, Herbert  
 Partridge, Robert  
 ✓ Peters, Catherine  
 ✓ Peterson, Elizabeth  
 ✓ Rinehart, Ruby

Rittgers, Forest  
 Schroeder, Clarence  
 Silliman, LaMont  
 Smith, Wilbur  
 Strine, Dorothy  
 Stumbo, Faye  
 Stumbo, Nellie  
 Temple, Cora  
 Thorson, Florence  
 Tong, Lyle  
 Trougher, Charles  
 Wigg, Grace  
 Wiley, Harold  
 Zimbeck, Dorothy

### Class 6

✓ Allison, Edna  
 ✓ Anstrom, Donald  
 Baker, Grace  
 ✓ Beckett, Mildred  
 ✓ Canfield, Lucy  
 Colton, Lucille  
 ✓ Cordell, Ivaloo  
 ✓ Crouse, Dolly  
 Diehl, Forrest  
 Ehlers, Marjorie  
 Ehman, Julius  
 Frew, Ellen  
 Goeppinger, Katherine  
 Grant, Gow  
 Hannum, Amy  
 Hardie, Ethel  
 Hiatt, Ruth  
 Hott, Marjorie  
 Hutson, Franklin

Hutson, George  
 Irwin, Faye  
 ✓ James, George  
 ✓ James, Verda  
 ✓ Jennings, Beatrice  
 ✓ Johnson, Ione  
 ✓ Jones, Ruby  
 ✓ Kemmerer, Leroy  
 ✓ Kirk, Harry  
 Lane, Ruth  
 ✓ Lindbloom, Ethel  
 ✓ Lithgow, Marlon  
 ✓ Lynch, Winifred  
 McGee, Hulda  
 ✓ McGehee, Leslie  
 Meehan, George  
 Meyer, Grace  
 Mungerson, Merrill  
 ✓ Myers, Walter  
 Nelson, Florence  
 Nelson, Mayme  
 Nelson, Thelma  
 Nordberg, Martin  
 North, Vera  
 Otis, Warren  
 Parks, Madge  
 Patterson, Margaret  
 ✓ Perrine, Sara  
 Peterson, Irene  
 Peterson, Minnie  
 Prosperi, Yolandi  
 Reichenbach, Marjorie  
 Reynolds, Loretta  
 Robertson, Dean  
 Shaler, Doris  
 Snyder, Edward

Standley, Blanche  
 Thorson, Mia  
 Tidd, Wallace  
 Wahl, Mary  
 ✓ Wheeler, Charles  
 ✓ Williams, Sheldon  
 ✓ Willis, Veneta

### Class 7

Abel, Louise  
 Anderson, Alma  
 Bergstrom, Hildegard  
 ✓ Canfield, Ruth  
 ✓ Crum, Arthur  
 ✓ Davis, Thelma  
 ✓ Eckstein, Lucille  
 ✓ Garrett, Nelson  
 ✓ Goodykoontz, Elizabeth  
 ✓ Hannum, Arthur  
 ✓ Henry, Lulu  
 ✓ Herman, Paul  
 ✓ Hile, Ruth  
 ✓ Holm, Emma  
 ✓ Holmes, Leah  
 Houghton, Claude  
 ✓ Johnson, Frances  
 ✓ Lamb, Ray  
 ✓ Paxton, Ralph  
 Reid, Jeanette  
 Seymour, Alvan  
 ✓ Thompson, Loran  
 Vagt, Marie  
 Wells, Jerome  
 ✓ Wester, Joel

## Sophomores

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"Yea-a-a-a-a Skinnay! C'mon over—got something to ask you. Did you ever hear about that dandy class they've got in High School? They call it the Soph-o-more or something like that. What! You never heard of it? Well, that's funny! But they're such a nice, well mannered class, always minding their own business, and not putting on much show, so perhaps you wouldn't notice them if you're just looking for flashy stuff. But they surely are s-o-m-e bunch; lively and peppy and jolly, 'n everything. Guess they're just about the best agoing."

"And say! D' you know, their girls' team won the class championship in Basketball—and the boys' pretty nearly did. Next year both of them will cop the bacon."

"Their colors are green and white. Don't they sound pretty? And just think! Won't miles and miles and miles of those streamers hanging around look fine at a class party? Bet your neck I'll go if they have one, even if it's just to look at 'em floating there."

"And 'y know, it didn't snow enough this winter to have their "Annual" bob party. Wasn't that too bad? Every time a little snow-flake fluttered down from the gray sky, a Sophomore would look up and wink at another Sophomore a couple of seats away, and their hearts would go 'flip-flop' because then maybe they'd have a bob party. But shoot! Every time it melted!"

"That class surely is the happiest, jolliest old class that ever was—always singing and whistling, with never a frown or a scowl on a single face. One day I heard a Sophomore in the hall humming something like this:—It went to the tune of 'Smiles,' that glad song, and surely was appropriate."

"Here's the class that's always happy,  
Here's the class that's never blue,  
Here's the class that's bright and peppy,  
When there's anything to do;  
And this class is sound and steady,  
Loyal, also, to the core,  
And 'tis called (perhaps you've guessed it)  
Sure 'tis called the SOPHOMORE."



# SCROLL BHS 1919



## SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

President ..... Martha Crary  
 Vice President ..... Bernice Myers  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... Olive Hewitt

### Class 3

Ades, Fern  
 Ahrens, Erwin  
 Anderson, Leonard  
 ✓ Atkinson, Glen  
 Anderson, Herbert  
 Beach, Clyde  
 Billmire, Margaret  
 Blomgren, Clara  
 Case, Susie  
 Clarke, Grace  
 Creveling, Beatrice  
 Curran, Joseph  
 ✓ Davis, Harold  
 ✓ Dubois, Gerald  
 Duby, Frank  
 Dutton, Florence  
 Fitzgerald, Errol  
 Garrison, Bennie  
 Godwin, Willard  
 Greene, Kenneth  
 Hall, Bessie  
 Hanson, Leone  
 Harris, Nina  
 Hiles, Frances  
 Holt, Marvel  
 Huffman, Lawrence  
 Hulteen, Lawrence  
 ✓ Josephson, Benjamin  
 Kintzley, Scott  
 Langworthy, Lucene  
 Lankford, Louise  
 Lockard, Myers  
 Lund, Elmer  
 Manny, Arnold

✓ Marsh, John  
 ✓ McFarland, Ethel  
 McLeod, Isabel  
 ✓ Moore, Clyde  
 Mowery, Harold  
 Nelson, Clara  
 Nolan, Irma  
 Ohge, Edwin  
 Peterson, Edna  
 ✓ Peterson, Gladys  
 ✓ Pratt, Russell  
 ✓ Parker, Isaac  
 Ray, Eldon  
 Richmond, Ralph  
 Rogers, Edward  
 ✓ Shaler, Wesley  
 Smith, Ray  
 Stotts, Marie  
 Stensland, Arthur  
 Waterman, Opal  
 Wenzel, John  
 Williams, Judith  
 Williams, Lorena  
 ✓ Rogan, Violet

### Class 4

Allen, Frank  
 ✓ Benson, Marshall  
 Boyd, Elsie  
 Braklow, Louise  
 Briley, Opal  
 Burrell, Don  
 Buzzell, Caroline  
 Collister, Hazel  
 Carlison, Eldon

Case, William  
 ✓ Clark, Ethel  
 Clark, John  
 Cooper, Virginia  
 Crary, Martha  
 ✓ Crooks, Hoyt  
 Crouse, Marie  
 Daniels, Geneva  
 Dolk, Olive  
 Eckstein, Walter  
 Ehlers, Ruth  
 Erickson, Donald  
 Erickson, Violet  
 Foes, Edward  
 Frederick, Emery  
 Giltner, Vava  
 Gorey, Grace  
 Grayson, Alice  
 ✓ Groff, Elene  
 Hall, John  
 ✓ Haller, Harry  
 Harris, Martha  
 Harvey, Lawrence  
 Hauge, Esther  
 ✓ Held, Sherman  
 Henning, Adolph  
 Higbee, Margaret  
 Ingersoll, Helen  
 Johnson, Agnes  
 Johnson, James  
 ✓ Jons, Roland  
 Landon, Florence  
 Lindahl, Judith  
 Linebaugh, Frances  
 Luetjen, Hilda

Lundquist, Elmer  
 McCall, Helen  
 McGrath, Rose  
 Madden, Ray  
 Meehan, Ruth  
 Meyers, Bernice  
 Moats, Vivian  
 ✓ Morgan, George  
 Myers, Hazel  
 Nelson, Myron  
 Noland, Homer  
 O'Connell, John  
 Parks, Dorcas  
 Pearson, Lillian  
 Perry, Allen  
 Peters, Emmett  
 ✓ Pollard, Theodore  
 Potter, Eletha  
 Roberts, Vesta  
 Rule, Margaret  
 Seymour, Martha  
 Shrader, Ava  
 Smith, Dora  
 Sparks, Dorothea  
 Stephenson, Mary  
 Stolte, Alta  
 Todd, Metta  
 ✓ Turnell, Judith  
 Webb, Dolly  
 Wheeler, Loran  
 Yerkes, Jetta  
 Rhea, Harold  
 Hewitt, Olive  
 Curran, William  
 Harvey, Eloise

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# SCROLLS 1919

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## Freshmen

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From the Grammar School across the way,  
We Freshmen came to you one day,  
To Boone High's docks in a ship of state,  
We sailed right in—not a minute late.

Remember that first day? Well' maybe you don't.  
Shall we ever forget it?—I guess we won't!  
That "Freshies are green," was all we heard,  
When we had great need of some kind word.

Everyone knows how we sailed ahead,  
In our trusty ship, and what was said  
By the whole, big school when they saw the rest  
Of the Freshman Class, who had passed the test.

See the president who steers our ship,  
And she steers it with firm and steady grip,  
And the boy who lets not a penny pass,  
From out of the hoard of the Freshman Class.

Here in Boone High we at last found a home,  
Wise upper-classmen now leave us alone.  
To them we are grateful for letting us stay,  
For guiding examples—for showing the way.

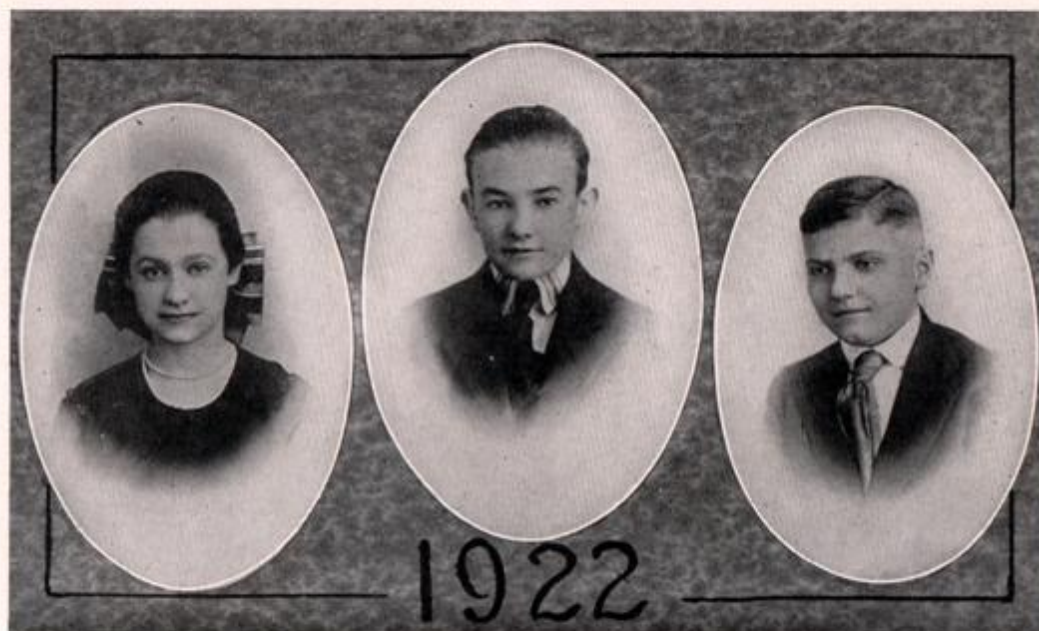
Make way, Sophomores, we're coming on fast!  
The Freshmen will soon have you far out-classed,  
For we're sailing over the High School sea,  
And upper classmen bound to be.

Anyway we hope that you know,  
Our Freshman Class is quite sure to grow,  
And this is our motto,—sink or swim,  
In the class room, study hall, even gym.

Now Seniors good and Seniors true,  
It's time to say goodbye to you,  
But please give a great big cheer some day,  
For THIS Freshman Class—Hip! Hip! Hooray!



# SCROLL 1919



## FRESHMEN OFFICERS

President.....Dorothy Driscoll  
 Vice President.....Willis Lamb  
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Thomas Lynch

### Class 1

Adamson, Wilmer  
 Arringdale, Dorothea  
 Benson, John  
 Boston, Hazel  
 Bricker, Farr  
 Bushman, Anna  
 Clark, Fern  
 Clark, Florence  
 Cooper, Marion  
 Cray, Byron  
 Dake, Vincent  
 Davis, Martha  
 Driver, Faye  
 Elliott, Helen  
 Engstrom, Elmer  
 Flockhart, Ada  
 Forsberg, Crystal  
 Fowler, Marvin  
 Fitch, Lois  
 Grabau, Edwin  
 Haleen, Esther  
 Haleen, Rosa  
 Haleen, Ruth  
 Hartman, Clara  
 Herman, John  
 Higbee, Kenneth  
 Hott, Alfred  
 Hull, Thirza  
 Jensen, Robert  
 Johnson, Robert  
 Johnson, Marvin  
 Johnson, Ruth  
 Jones, Kenneth  
 Kendall, Arthur  
 Kern, Olive  
 Lamb, Harris  
 Lamb, Willis  
 Lebo, Katherine  
 Lidell, Marie  
 Lidell, Mildred  
 Low, Luvearn  
 McMahon, Charles  
 McIntyre, Marion  
 Matson, Raymond  
 Meehan, Martin

Modeland, Lloyd  
 Moore, Catherine  
 Myers, Ralph  
 Partridge, Helen  
 Paxton, Clarence  
 Pepples, Mabel  
 Potter, Winifred  
 Price, Doris  
 Pugsley, Pearl  
 Rhoads, Jane  
 Relher, Harriett  
 Roche, Ruth  
 Russell, Sylvia  
 Sandellus, Harold  
 Schultz, Audrey  
 Schroeder, Edward  
 Seifert, Frederick  
 Short, Ruth  
 Steffy, Florence  
 Smith, Georgia  
 Thompson, Margaret  
 Thompson, Marie  
 Thorson, Edward  
 Thorson, Viola  
 Warner, Florence  
 Washington, Mary  
 Waterman, Donald  
 Wellne, Ethel  
 Wilson, Agnes  
 Wilson, Evelyn  
 Young, Ellsworth

### Class 2.

Abel, Elizabeth  
 Anderson, Walter  
 Anderson, Viola  
 Balcer, Marguerite  
 Bear, Madeline  
 Beckett, Susie  
 Behrens, Luella  
 Beiter, Dean  
 Bell, Esther  
 Berry, Audley  
 Blsbee, Gladys  
 Boehmer, Edward  
 Bowman, Irene  
 Brehm, John

Brooks, Hazel  
 Brown, Fred  
 Bushore, Ira  
 Caldwell, Vera  
 Canfield, Sara  
 Cline, DeEtta  
 Cole, Howard  
 Cray, Homer  
 Cross, Harold  
 Deering, Albert  
 DeHaven, Cecil  
 Dodge, Hazel  
 Driscoll, Dorothy  
 Duckworth, Mary  
 Ehlers, Jeanette  
 Emerson, Earl  
 Franklin, Hazel  
 Garrison, Gladys  
 Goltzy, Lucille  
 Goodykoontz, Mary  
 Grabau, Arthur  
 Grant, Ralph  
 Grant, Wilbur  
 Gray, Harold  
 Hanson, Ruth  
 Hange, Ruth  
 Herman, Fritz  
 Hagberg, Harold  
 Hegdahl, Oscar  
 Helgren, Ellen  
 Hile, Frances  
 Hinebaugh, Eleanor  
 Holt, Ora  
 Hoyer, Mabel  
 Hughes, Arnold  
 Hutchinson, Hazel  
 Ingalls, Tommy  
 Johnson, Adeline  
 Johnson, Hesley  
 Jones, Robert  
 Kirk, Ralph  
 Knudson, Nina  
 Koppenhaver, Glen  
 Landon, Mary  
 Lindahl, Bernice  
 Lindbloom, Jeanette  
 Livingston, Morgan

Lowery, Mary  
 Lundquist, Leonard  
 Lynch, Thomas  
 McCambridge, Gaylord  
 McCaskey, Opal  
 McCollum, Isabel  
 McIlvain, Kenneth  
 McIntosh, Lucille  
 McMechan, James  
 Maynard, Verna  
 Moser, Edna Mae  
 Nelson, Ruth  
 Noland, Bessie  
 Ohge, Christine  
 Olson, Mabel  
 Peterson, Elizabeth  
 Phipps, Ada  
 Pratt, Harry  
 Randolph, Eskel  
 Pendarvis, Foster  
 Reid, Vera  
 Richards, Verna  
 Robertson, Tom  
 Samberg, Ula  
 Sargent, August  
 Sayre, Jay  
 Schandemeier, Joseph  
 Schroeder, Harry  
 Shrader, Lisle  
 Silliman, Lorenzo  
 Smith, Bessie  
 Snider, Louise  
 Steele, Katherine  
 Swattosh, Bessie  
 Taylor, Bernice  
 Tengarden, Violet  
 Temple, Florence  
 Thede, Lettie  
 Wearth, Clarence  
 Webb, Daisy  
 Welsh, Cleve  
 West, Margaret  
 Westberg, Lloyd  
 Wiley, Julia  
 Williams, Martha  
 Wysong, Lois  
 Zimmerman, Trumand

# SCROLL 1919



## Our Service Flag

As our great country turns again to the duties and pursuits of peace the grim realities of war are changed to memories, vivid memories that lie in the back of our minds to be called up before us, by some word, some relic, or some monument to our heroes. The honors of the war will fade and be forgotten, but the memory of the heroism of our boys will remain and take on added glory as the years pass.

And so it is, that, as we see our service flags from day to day, we are constantly reminded of the spirit of patriotism and sacrifice which impelled the boys represented by those stars to offer all, that they had, to their country. The first and smaller of the flags holds a place in our hearts as a tribute to the fifty-nine boys who offered themselves during the first year of the war. The second and larger flag represents all those who entered the service of their country. There are 259 blue stars which stand for the boys in the fighting forces of the nation. There are three red crosses which tell us that three of our girls entered the service on a work of mercy. And there are three gold stars—Reevie White, Raymond Stephny and Paul Bass sacrificed their lives in the great cause of democracy. May these flags be a constant reminder of the spirit of our noble boys, spurring us onward to nobler things and to an emulation of their ideals, their devotion, and their sacrifice!



# SCROLL BHS 1919



## Military Training

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The spirit of war seemed everywhere. Wherever one looked a khaki-clad figure was sure to be seen. It was this spirit of preparedness which soon inspired the school board to take action. Therefore in the fall of 1918 it was decided that military training should be established as a part of Boone High School's activities. All able-bodied boys, except those participating in athletics were required to take this training.

Under the supervision of Mr. Fred Crary and Mr. Harry Petersen the training made rapid progress, and soon three well organized companies were ready. Response to the call for the companies, on the day of the cessation of hostilities, is but one example when the companies made their appearance on the streets of the city. Another memorable occasion in the history of the companies occurred when ex-President Taft visited our city, and the boys were reviewed by him.

On account of the approaching winter, the training was discontinued until spring. At that time it was resumed under the direction of Captain Ralph Patterson and Lieutenant Leslie Mackey, two of our returned soldiers, and Mr. Crary.

A twenty piece cadet band has been formed which will play during the drill period and for any parades that may be given. Considerable interest has been manifested in this organization and it is hoped that the High School as a whole will get behind it. The proceeds of one of the school's entertainments were given over for the use of the band.

As a whole, military training has been pronounced a success. It has helped to build up the physical qualities of the boys, it has instructed them along the lines of discipline, and it has placed Boone High on the level with other wide awake schools. The High School boy has obtained the respect of the citizens of Boone. They realize that the students of Boone High are not slackers but are willing to do their bit whenever they are called upon.



# SCROLLS 1919

## War Savings and Thrift Stamp Report

April 18, 1919

Class	Teacher	No. of Pupils	W. S. S. and Thrift Stamps	Liberty Bonds
Solid Geometry	Miss Rolston	24	\$1757.00	\$1300.00
English VI	Miss Cruikshank	18	843.00	800.00
Normal Arithmetic	Mr. Carlson	23	302.25	450.00
Manual Training	Mr. Daehler	10	310.25	200.00
English IV	Miss Heaps	28	326.00	400.00
Latin V	Miss Snyder	5	102.50	250.00
Botany	Miss Perry	28	335.70	950.00
Assembly	Miss Irvine	102	1887.25	1250.00
Stenography VI	Miss Niehoff	10	150.75	150.00
Home Economics VI	Miss Wolfe	12	140.00	250.00
Algebra II	Miss Fackler	23	326.00	650.00
Book-Keeping IV	Miss Furman	24	295.00	400.00
French VI	Miss Ruhsenberger	19	837.25	1550.00
Commercial Geography	Miss Barr	25	261.00	150.00
Algebra I	Miss Corneliussen	26	128.00	150.00
Latin I	Miss Maytag	26	555.00	650.00
History VI	Miss Rhodes	21	761.50	700.00
General Science II	Miss Fiedler	23	506.25	450.00
Physics VI	Miss Sheldon	15	79.25	350.00
English II	Miss Fehleisen	24	350.00	300.00
Commercial Arithmetic	Miss Crawford	25	117.25	100.00
	Faculty	25	2017.00	3650.00
Total		526	\$12388.25	\$15100.00

## Victory Drive Report

April 18, 1919

	BOYS	GIRLS
No. pledges paid in full.....	117	138
No. pledges partly paid.....	20	14
No. pledges unpaid.....	42	42
Total No. pledges made.....	179	194
Total amount paid on pledges .....	\$574.50	\$652.50
Amount remaining due.....	256.25	260.00
Total amount pledged.....	\$830.75	\$912.50

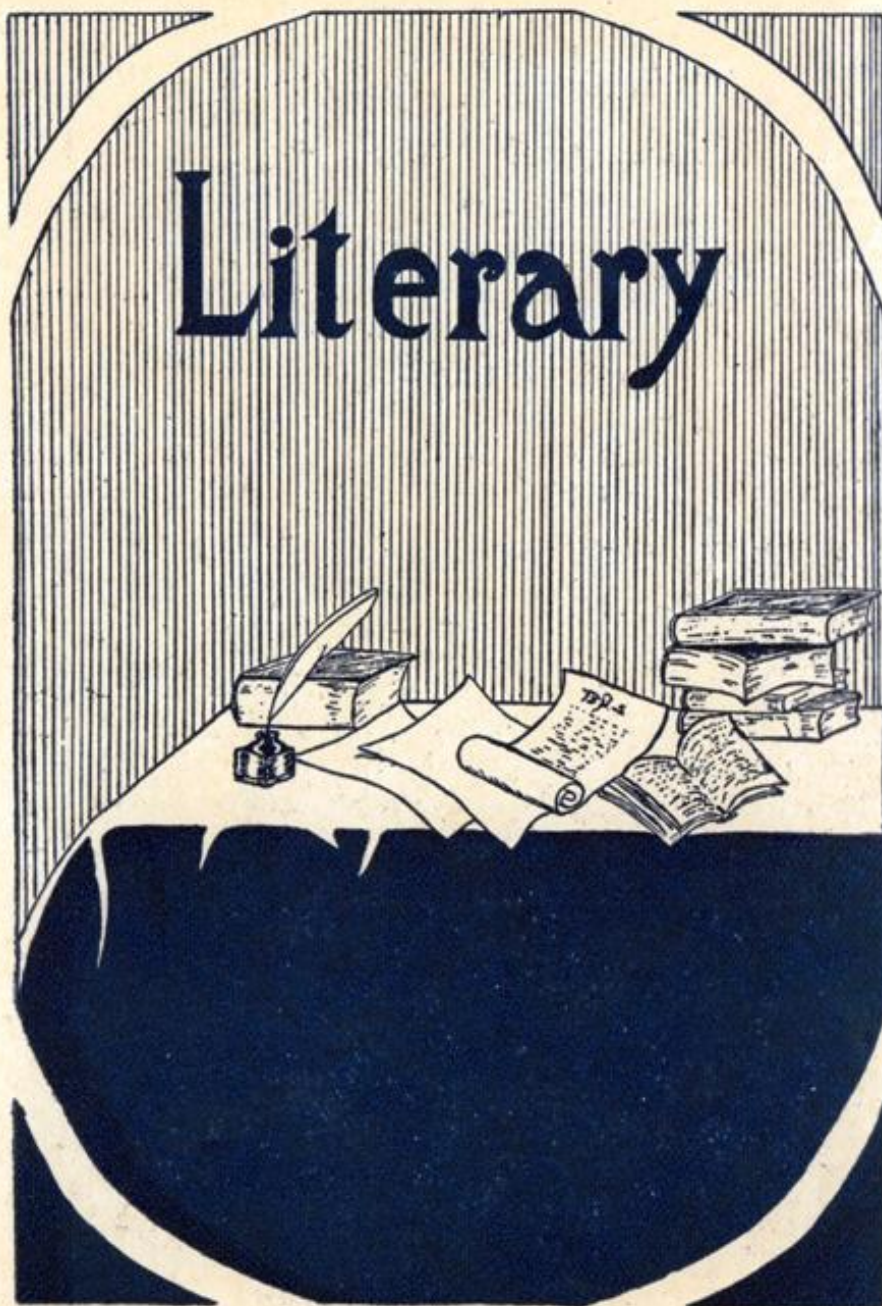
# SCROLL BHS 1919





BRITISH MUSEUM

# Literary



Lisa Wheeler-Joy



# SCROLLS 1919

## In Sunny France

Guard duty in Bordeaux and sneezing. What a life! Where was the glory of war portrayed so vividly on the brilliantly colored posters at home; where were the bursting shrapnel and booming cannon; the brave men falling on all sides; where were the tanks and whirring aeroplanes?—Where indeed?

These were the muttered reflections of a young soldier in olive drab as he paced stolidly along his section in his nightly vigil in southern France.

"Kerrrrrrrr-chew!" At this juncture he stopped, pulled out his handkerchief and scowled sullenly at the moon, "Dog-gone it anyhow, who ever heard of any one sneezing in Sunny France? Sunny France is right!"

"Some folks have all the luck. I never landed in France till the day after the armistice was signed and they stuck me down here." Rrrrrrrrrrr! he shivered and gritted his teeth, then resumed his steady plod, plod, plod up and down the line.

"Wish I had a warm bed with a nice little fire and some hot lema—lem—a—ka-a-a-a-a-chew!!!!"

"O-o-o-o-o-o!" There was a sudden shrill shriek from behind the bushes bordering the path, followed by a half hysterical laugh or sob.

Instantly the young soldier was all alert; he whipped his gun from his shoulder and demanded in a stern voice, "Halt! Who goes there?"

Into the glare of his searching flashlight crept a slight disheveled creature. Her hair was awry, her dress was torn, but in her eyes was a merry twinkle. She stood erect and snappily saluted him. Again he demanded, "Who are you?"

She replied in purest English, but with a faint French accent, "'Tis I, Marcelle Taverens, the daughter of Monsieur Taverens, mayor of the city," she gestured back toward the twinkling lights of Bordeaux.

"I come with a message to Le Capitaine, your commander, from my father; but I have forgotten the countersign he gave. I was hoping to slip through when you sneezed. Ah! It was so sudden, and I was so startled!!" she laughed a merry tinkling laugh.

"But take me to Le Capitaine now, will you not? The message, it is very important and he must receive it tonight." Coaxingly she slipped her arm through his.

In a daze he reported "Off guard" and led her to the captain. On the way she remembered, "But the sneeze, you must be chilly—why your teeth are chattering. M-m-m-m-m-m you should go to bed. I will speak to Le Capitaine about that also.

In truth his teeth were chattering; he was trembling all over.

"D-d-don't—know—wh-what's wrong," he muttered, as they came to the door of the captain's headquarters.

"La grippe!" she called back as she disappeared within the door. "You wait here till I come out again!"

In a few minutes she returned and the captain was with her.

"Goodness man! you're sick," was his only spoken comment as he felt the boy's head and scanned him quickly. "Get in this car with the young lady and she'll hustle you to a real, honest-to-goodness bed." (He signalled an official car near by.) "Her father asked for a soldier for a few days and though he didn't bargain for a sick one, the girl begged to have you. Hop in!"

A sick soldier he was indeed! For days and days after he tumbled into that nice soft bed, he was too fraught with fever to know of his surroundings.



## SCROLLS 1919

Pneumonia followed La Grippe and he battled fiercely for life. But finally he became convalescent, and such a jolly time as he did have then. It was springtime in France—buds were blossoming and birds were singing everywhere. Marcelle was a gay little soul, too. They talked and laughed and chattered away by the hour. But it was impossible in that lovely place and with such a dear as Marcelle always near, to talk only of trivial matters, and the inevitable happened.

"Marcelle, dearest," he murmured one day in the sunny garden. "I—I—love you. Won't you—wouldn't you like to go back to America with me?"

"Jack!" was her astonished response, "what would Daddy say?" but assent shone in her lovely eyes.

Evidently "Dad" was willing, for when the joyous news arrived from camp, "Sail for home in two days" he busied himself in securing permission for an extra passenger on board the hospital ship.

The first day out at sea a happy couple lay contentedly in the comfortable deck chairs. Hand in hand they gazed on the broad rolling waves, twinkling in the sunlight. It almost blinded them—Suddenly the boy felt a familiar tickling sensation in his nostrils.

"Kerrrrrrr chew!" he sneezed, loudly and blatantly. Then he grinned at Marcelle. "Sneezes are lucky, I've found."

—Martha Crary, '21.

### The Blind Hero

"Well," remarked the merriest of the group, "home in twenty-four hours."

All eyes turned toward the far corner of the car. What would home be for this armless, footless, blind boy? No one knew him. He never talked. Even had he been with them or known to them before, they would scarcely have recognized that scarred, marked face.

But tonight this boy wanted to talk, his clear voice broke in upon the group.

"Boys, I am not going home."

Instantly all drew nearer.

"Not going home?" gasped one.

"No," slowly began the boy, "I am not. You see fellows, when I left home last June I left only a widowed mother. While I was at home I worked and supported her. When I joined the army she got nearly all my pay. When I was sent from the Marne to the hospital she was notified that I was dead, and dead to her I must always be."

A silence—a sigh from the boy.

"She will receive my insurance. It will keep her the rest of her life and I thank God for that. If I return she will have to work and she is far too old. I could never stand to have her work."

"But," broke in one of his listeners, "you'll receive insurance for the loss of your arms and feet."

"I've figured it all out these four months and, boys, as well as I'd like to be with her—I can't. I'm not going home," finished the boy.

Strange looks were upon the faces of his listeners. What could they say? What could they do? He must go home—yet where was his home? One turned as if to ask, but the pathetic look upon that pale sightless face stopped the question before it was asked.

For awhile the car was quiet. At last some one started to sing. All joined,



# SCROLLS 1919

but tonight there was a new voice, a tenor. One by one the others stopped singing and turned wonderingly at the boy. When the song was finished the others cheered and cheered until again that wonderful tenor arose. All evening he sang and smiled, if that scarred face could smile. His songs were not happy ones.

The next evening as the train pulled into a small town the merriest of the group came to the boy and begged him to go home with him for a few days.

"Friend," replied the boy, "you are the only friend I have, but I cannot go home with you. If I did I'd weaken and go home to my mother. That I cannot do. Dead I am to her and dead I must remain. I am glad you asked me. I shall never forget it."

The big soldier looked at the boy as a baby. How he longed to pick him up and carry him home with him. He opened his mouth to plead more, but the look on that drawn face arrested him again.

And so one by one the others left him. By the time he arrived at the hospital he was very weak. The doctor, on examining his wounds said they were healing alright, but he must be worried about something. He asked the nurse if any word had been sent to the boy's home. A sad look came upon the nurse's face as she told the doctor that Private Smith's father and mother were both dead and he had expressed his wish to join them.

"Well," remarked the doctor, "It's a shame. He may not live long, but we'll try to cheer his last days."

Time went on and still Private Smith did not recover. He gradually slipped into a state of sadness that could not be broken. One evening when all was quiet a yearning seemed to seize him. Oh, that he could see his mother again or even hear her voice! How happy they had been! He tried to dismiss these thoughts. Still came those haunting memories of the days when he could walk and see, the days when he and his mother had lived on their little farm. How it had pleased her when he helped her plant the little garden she loved! What delicious cakes she had made for him! The fun they had had when the old bunch had given a farewell moonlight picnic for him!

Suddenly his reverie ended and painful realities crowded upon him. A groan and then—

"Did you want something?" asked Nurse Green, the night nurse, kindly but not motherly. "Oh, if mother were only here," thought the boy.

Slowly, weakly he sat up, his voice in its sweet sadness arose, interpreting his feelings. For an hour Nurse Green tried to cheer him.

"What can we do? He must be cheered, I cannot do it."

"Perhaps," whispered the Matron, "Nurse Russell can cheer him.. She takes such an interest in the boys, because her own son was killed in action."

"Well, we might as well try. She can't make him worse, that's sure," returned Nurse Green, as she sped from the room.

As Nurse Russell made her way down the hall, a tenor voice seemed to rise to greet her. Was it? Could it be? Swiftly she came to the door. Yes, it was his voice! Her son! Head thrown back, sightless eyes fixed on the ceiling, he sat singing "That Wonderful Mother of Mine."

"My son, my son!" she murmured brokenly. Her arms were around him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now when Private Russell is not talking and singing to eager audiences, he is sitting on the wide veranda of his country home. Between songs he breathes deeply and sighs—

"How good it is to be home!"

—Fern Boyd, '19.



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# SCROLLS 1919

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## Thus Be It Ever

"Dave! Hey Dave!" Jim Dawson thrust his tousled red head and freckle besprinkled face unceremoniously into Dave's room. "Heard the great news? Haven't? Wait a second—I see Percy and Dick coming up here. They'll want to hear it!"

During this monologue, Stanley Davidson had wriggled out from under the cot where he had gone in pursuit of his best beloved "bulldog." He was a good-looking young chap, frank, cheery face and likeable brown eyes,—a typical American.

Percy and Dick soon came in, anxious to hear what Jim had to say.

"Listen, fellows, the Professor says—!"

"Oh! Deah! James, your hair really looks unlovely," this from Percy, who had delicately seated himself.

"Aw, shut up, Perc!"

"How uninteresting! Really lads—"

"Well, anyway, the Prof. says we'll be turned loose in two weeks."

Some minutes later Percival Farnsworth Van Dowling untangled himself from a conglomerated mass of arms and legs and straightened his rumpled attire.

"Really," he exclaimed, "you lads act as if Bedlam were turned loose on the campus."

"It's worse than Bedlam when the sons of old Harvard are turned loose for a long vacation, dear Percy. What are you going to do, Jim?" queried Dick.

"Sis and I are going to England."

"Sis? Great Heavens, man, have you got a sister?"

"A sister—, I should say I have—and some sister, too! Looks? Uh-huh, and knows how to use 'em. Been in a finishing school in the West, and she sure knows how to finish 'em. I'll bring her around some day and introduce her to the crowd. Perc, here, is more her style, though."

"Eh? Oh, deah! You boys know jolly well that I don't care about girls!"

"Oh, naturally. Don't bite him, Perc. And you, Dave—what are you going to do? You don't seem to rejoice."

"Well, really fellows, there isn't much to rejoice over. You see there is no one but Uncle Thomas, and—" here he made a grimace—"All the rest of you fellows have sisters, or mothers, but I—"

In the corner, Percy drew forth a various colored silk handkerchief, and an audible snuffle came from that direction—that is, until a large and bumpy pillow hit him with considerable force.

"Cut out the sob-sob stuff, Percy. Be a woman and brace up! You aren't a little girl any more. If I had an uncle made of money, and hadn't anything to do but be nice to him to get two-thirds of it, I wouldn't—"

"Telygram fer Stanley Davidson—Anybuddy seen David-son?"

"Here," yelled Stanley, running to the door. In a short time he reappeared carrying a yellow slip of paper in his hand and a bewildered expression on his face.

"What in thunder?—Read that," and he sank weakly into a chair while Percy rushed to him with a palm leaf fan and a glass of water.

With their heads bent close together, they read the message:

"Going to Europe, 3 months. Want to go. Sail Wednesday,  
16th, 3 P. M. Be here. Thomas Davison."

"And it's Tuesday, the 15th, 9:00 P. M., right now—" ended Jim, weakly.



# SCROLLS 1919

By this time, Stanley had recovered his wits and was madly throwing his belongings right and left.

"Y-you're not going?" stammered Percy.

"Going! You idiot, of course I'm going. Jim, will you and Dick go to the trunk room and get my steamer trunk. Percy, darling, run down and find out when the next train leaves for New York."

In a short time Jim and Dick came back, carrying the trunk. Percy came too, with a countenance not altogether calm, and his hair sadly mussed.

"Oh, deah, Stanley!" he sighed, "the next train left ten minutes ago, and the next won't get you to New York until too late?"

Stanley straightened with a jerk. "Think men! What shall I do?"

"I've got it!" exclaimed Jim, "Paul Granson is making a night flight to Boston, at 10:30. If you travel light he'll take you along with him."

"Fine! You run and fix it up for me, Jim. Don't let him go off without me."

\* \* \* \* \*

The big motor in the plane began to whirr, as Stanley leaped swiftly to the seat behind the pilot. In a few seconds the plane was many, many feet above ground, sailing swiftly towards Boston. Stanley had almost settled back in place, when a new thought struck his mind. Broke!!! Or, that is, almost!!! Five dollars, between him and New York. Well, maybe Granson would lend him some."

Suddenly Stanley realized that they were going down and the plane came to a rest in a meadow, not far distant from a farmhouse.

"Sorry," said Granson, briefly, "Had to make a forced landing. Something wrong. I can probably fix it up. You'll have to walk, I'm afraid, Dave. Sorry, but it can't be helped. Might get some help at that house. Good night and good luck, old man!"

"All right!" Stanley stopped, then decided not to—"Goodnight. Can I help any?"

"Thanks, no!"

When he reached the house, Dave knocked loudly on the door. No answer. He waited awhile and then he knocked again. Finally an old man stuck his head out of the window.

"What you want?" he demanded.

"I want someone to take me to a railway station."

An unintelligible grunt followed this remark. "Who be ye, and where are ye from?"

"Stanley Davidson, from Harvard," Stanley was getting impatient at the delay.

"Thet's all the sense ye young college fellers hev got."

Finally, "What'll you give me?"

"Two dollars."

"Nope," decisively.

"Three dollars."

"Nope," more decisively.

"Five," weakly gasped Stanley—his last five!!

"Yep!" Silence for a moment. "Hey! Simanthy, ye come help me hitch up Maude!"

Some time later the rickety spring wagon drove up beside the station. The train was just beginning to move. Stanley pulled out the precious "five spot" and handed it to the farmer, then he raced down the track, after the now fast moving train. He caught the last car and swung himself aboard.



## — SCROLLS 1919 —

He opened the door and sank into the nearest seat, scarcely glancing at the other occupant. For a few moments he sat there, mopping the perspiration from his brow, and gasping for breath. Finally he looked around.

"Phew!" That was all, but it was enough. Of course, she was young and beautiful—the stuff that dreams are made of. And she was all frilled up in some sort o' grey stuff that somehow went to a man's head—and when she looked around—"Phew" gasped the astounded Stanley again.

"Oh! Are—are—Say, are you Stanley Davidson?" she asked, suddenly. Stanley stared at her blankly, "Why, yes ma'am," he stammered.

"Just a moment," she laughed, and what a laugh, "and I'll explain. You see, I'm Jim Dawson's sister. I've heard Jim talk of you, and I've seen pictures of you that he has had, so often, that I couldn't help but know you. My name is Marion Dawson, if you please, sir!"

"I am pleased," exclaimed Stanley, and immediately made himself as pleasant as was possible for him to be.

Everything went well for a few minutes, then—

"Tickets, please!"

Stanley jumped, and turned to his companion—"Oh—er—really, beastly luck—er—college friend of mine beckoning—er—excuse me, I'll be back"—and Stanley rushed into the smoker.

There he found a man whom he had known in Harvard, and borrowed the price of a ticket to New York. He managed to wheedle a cigarette from the same person, and settled down to smoke, and wonder how he could explain to the girl. He didn't feel equal to the strain of appearing before her just then. Soon as he got cooled down a bit, though—but he dropped off to sleep, and when he awakened, she had left the train.

\* \* \* \* \*

At 2:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the sixteenth of May, young Stanley Davidson alighted at Union Station in New York. One half hour in which to reach the docks. A very rumpled Stanley, still having visions of Marian Dawson, and realizing how nearly correct Jim was when he announced that "she finishes 'em."

On account of this heaviness of head and lightness of brain, Stanley reached the pier at one minute after three o'clock. Just in time to see the gang plank swing up, and get a vision of Uncle Thomas wildly gesticulating and shouting. Stanley gave one wild leap and caught hold of the gang plank, and by dint of much effort climbed aboard.

"You young scoundrel, you???" heathen!" Uncle Tom greeted him hilariously.

"Why Unk,"—

"Why, indeed. To keep an old man in suspense until the last minute and then just as he heaves a sigh of relief on the hopes that you aren't coming, you come into view in a most ungentlemanly fashion—you (????!!!!) I disown you!"

"Really, Unk, at Harvard—"

"Harvard! Bah! A place of fools and foolish men. Come, conduct yourself as becomes my nephew."

In his stateroom, Stanley grinned to himself. Uncle Thomas hadn't changed a particle, still, when there were two or three cool millions behind him,—well, he wasn't so bad. So Stanley decided, and then took himself up on deck to dream about a certain girl in a frilly grey dress, that sadly upset his peace of mind.



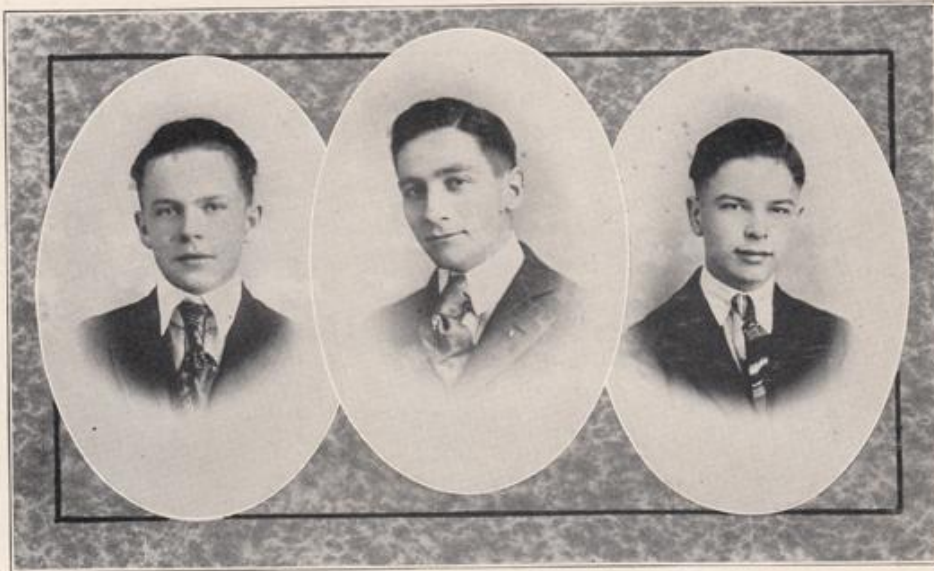


# ORGANIZATIONS





# SCROLLS 1919



## S. L. Moore Declamatory Contest

High School Auditorium

April 11, 1919.

Eight O'clock P. M.

### PROGRAMME

#### ORATORICAL

Why We Are at War With Germany.....Franklin K. Lane

THEODORE OLSON

Industrial Paradox .....DeWayne Silliman

LA MONT SILLIMAN

Meaning of America's Entrance Into the War.....David Lloyd George

RUSSELL JOHNSON

#### DRAMATIC

Michael Strogoff .....James Cox

The Fiddle Told.....Frances Johnson

The Story of Patsy .....Jetta Yerkes

#### HUMOROUS

Seventeen .....Allen Perry

Harvard-Yale Boat Race .....Alvan Seymour

Shoppin' With Ma .....Leslie McGehee

Presentation of Medals .....Supt. G. S. Wooten

#### JUDGES

Aimee White .....Panora

G. W. Hulbert .....I. S. C., Ames

Principal A. J. Steffy .....Ames





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# SCROLLS 1919

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## Bumble "B"

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### MANAGING STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....	Genevieve McCall	Advertising Manager.....	Robert Munn
Assistant Editor.....	Sadie Belle Friedley	Asst. Adv. Manager.....	George James
Business Manager.....	Boyd Abel	Faculty Adviser.....	Mary Cruikshank
Circulation.....	Russell Johnson		

### ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Literary.....	Arthur Higbee	Alumni.....	Genevieve Duffy
News.....	Sara Perrine	Organization.....	Lois Wheeler
Athletics.....	George Meehan	Jokes.....	Helen Condon
Exchange.....	Martha Crary	Art.....	Clarence Schroeder
Typist.....	Opal Wellin		

Only those things tried by time and found to be firmly established have ancestries and history. The Bumble "B" has both ancestry and history. Its Grandfather appeared in Boone High School in about 1898-99 and was known as "The High School Review." The life of "The High School Review" although short, was a credit to any school. The reason for a sudden demise is unknown, but from experience we can guess that a straightened exchequer had something to do with it.

About 1913, the immediate ancestor of the Bumble "B" appeared. This was an ambitious, five page publication mimeographed by an enterprising Stenography Club, from which it received its name, "The Commercial Enterprise." From this humble ancestry, sprang the following year, "The Bumble 'B'". Oscar Holmberg was Editor-in-Chief, and Clarence Pangborn, Business Manager. A contest decided the name by which the new paper was henceforth to be known. This new arrival was not such an infant as might have been expected; it consisted of eighteen pages, really a full grown, lusty paper, with an ambition worthy of its founders. In the May number, 1915, we find the following: "When we started our career as embryo magazine publishers we didn't have the slightest idea of how such a thing was to be 'did.' We have, however started something and it remains for the Staff of next year and the following years to enlarge and better the Bumble 'B' until it ranks as one of the best High School publications in the state."

Let us now see how the ambitious youth of 1914 has grown. From eighteen to twenty-nine pages, from a subscription of three hundred to four hundred; from an editorial staff of twelve to one of twenty-four; from a friendless beginner to one who sends a representative to all the leading colleges in the state, and is recognized by them, and which has an exchange list numbering forty, all good friends, from Massachusetts to Florida. But, by no means has the Bumble "B" lost ambition; still young and vigorous it puts its future into the hands of the Students of Boone High, confident that the faith of the founders, the support of the business men and the labor of the past four years will send it on to grow mightier with the school, to become more and more the center of interest and usefulness of Boone High and to carry the best in Boone High to the schools of the North and South, East and West.

# SCROLLS 1919

## The Moore Literary Society

### OFFICERS

President.....	Arthur Higbee
Vice President.....	Genevieve McCall
Secretary.....	Louise Abel
Treasurer.....	Theodore Olson
Reporter.....	Leah Holmes

### CRITICS

Miss Heaps

Miss Wolfe

Colors: Pale Green and Pink

Flower: Pink Rose

During the past year the Moores have been striving onward, with the same old patience. It seemed as if the "Flu" would hamper the Moore's program for this semester, but with that enviable spirit, the Moores strove for the place they so well deserve. There have been some excellent programs given this year, and an interested audience was always present to enjoy them. The Moore-Eutrophian party proved to be one of the most successful social functions of the year.

We have also managed to increase the size of our society, for many new, enthusiastic members have joined us.

The Moores are noted as ambitious and energetic workers, and this year has been unusually successful for them. Every year the Moores are well represented in the Declamatory contests. But, this year? We need but look and we find that "Ted" Olson, "Jim" Cox, Frances Johnson and LaMont Silliman have been rewarded with medals for their ability along this line.

Our society is proud of the large number of noble Seniors, who have done so much to make the Moore Literary Society, the organization it is today. They have always been loyal and faithful in every way. They are leaving the society in our hands and its future character depends upon us! And with a future shining so brilliantly before us we look to next year as a still more glorious time. The "Moores" shall be "launched" with the other competitors and shall win the race in literary activities in 1919-20. With an earnest feeling of regret we bid the Seniors farewell, and hope they will soon set sail on a long, happy and prosperous life.



# SCROLL BHS 1919



# SCROLL 1919

## The Eutrophian Literary Society

### OFFICERS

President.....	Helen Condon
Vice President.....	DeWitt Nelson
Secretary.....	Fred Goeppinger
Treasurer.....	Frances Sunstrom
Reporter.....	Fred Goeppinger

### CRITICS

Miss Snyder

Miss Ruhsenberger

Flower: Iris

Colors: Purple and White

The kettle of activities of Boone High School sputtered and fumed and suddenly through the seething mass was heard the echo of the name "Eutrophians." Then, through the hissing steam rose the genii of the kettle and bursting with jubilation, poured forth the story of the society. Events of the past year, long forgotten, were recalled.

The genii first told of the opening program of the year in which, after a prelude of music, a short playlet was produced for the members. Other programs of equal success followed until the big joint meeting held with their rivals, the Moores. This was a St. Patrick's Day program. The annual Moore-Eutrophian party was not forgotten, which was proclaimed such a success. Our prominence in every activity, as football and basketball was duly mentioned. A prophecy was made for the good times yet to be had at the picnic, and for the future of the society in years to come.

As the genii ceased to speak, a vapor arose from the kettle, enveloping them and when it sank again they were gone. The glowing embers of the fire died slowly away and silence reigned over all.



# SCROLL BHS 1919



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# SCROLLS 1919

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## The Empyrean Literary Society

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### OFFICERS

President.....	Scott Kintzley
Vice President.....	Wesley Shaler
Secretary.....	Virginia Cooper
Treasurer.....	Dolly Webb
Reporter.....	Martha Crary
Sergeant at Arms.....	Hoyt Crooks

### CRITICS

Miss Perry	Miss Irvine	Miss Fackler
Flower: Violet		Colors: Purple and Old Gold

Motto: Labor Omnia Vincit

A mighty twist and turn of the gigantic propeller; the whirr of the buzzing motor; then a slight shove forward from the rear and the monstrous biplane swung bumpily over the rocky fields; gradually gaining momentum, it sped like a huge winged gnat eluding some pursuer; then with a final rise and drop on the uneven surface it soared gracefully, from the lowly earth, up, up, up, into the heavenly blue of the skies.

One watching from the ground would gaze long and curiously at the handsome monster, now nearly lost to sight in the azure depths. The wings were a beautiful glistening gold, the body, royal purple; directly beneath the main portion of the plane a wonderful design was worked in the same colors, with a huge "E" in the center, signifying "Empyreans."

How truly does this biplane typify our society—the rough journey over the ground at the start stands for our beginning, and the accompanying trials and troubles; then the gradual rise of the plane from the earth signifies our growth and development during the two years which followed. Now, in the third year of our existence we are soaring high and free. Note our progress during this past year; our membership has been nearly tripled; we have three critics, instead of two, as was formerly the custom; we have had one party (at Hallowe'en) and are planning another party and a picnic; we have had several large open and closed programs, and business meetings too numerous to mention. Many of our members have disclosed remarkable ability in the art of piano and violin playing, and we have several good debaters, amateur actors and actresses and promising speakers.

With this hopeful year past our future indeed, looks brilliant. Long may our biplane soar and may the petrol tank never be empty!



# SCROLL BHS 1919



# SCROLL 1919

## The Alethean Literary Society

### OFFICERS

President.....	Olive Hewitt
Vice President.....	James Johnson
Secretary.....	Margaret Higbee
Treasurer.....	Ralph Grant
Reporter.....	Allan Perry
Sergeant at Arms.....	Fritz Herman

### CRITICS

Miss Schild

Miss Rolston

Flower: Pink Rose

Colors: Rose and Silver

Motto: Semper Fidelis

Again we appear in the "Scroll" a better and more successful society than ever. Our good ship started rather unsteadily on account of our many vacations, the cause of which was the "flu." But as we again took up our course of work with Miss Rolston's and Miss Schild's steadying hands on the helm, we proceeded rapidly and gaily on our year's voyage, picking up passengers until our capacity was reached. What a delightful voyage!

Our society has a number of talented speakers, as was proved by the fact that one took first, and another third place in the S. L. Moore Declamatory Contest. We have given two parties and numerous programs, open and closed. We felt highly honored to have been chosen by Mr. Thorpe to put on a special patriotic program before the Assembly, which was a great success.

Our voyage has been so successful and so full of interesting things that we took no notice of the swiftly passing time. Before we were ready, the request was made for this review of our year's work which, as you will agree, has been all that one could ask.



# SCROLL BHS 1919



# SCROLL 1919

## Music



Miss Thelin

### Double Quartette

James Menzies  
Marion Lithgow  
Dean Driscoll  
George Meehan  
Theodore Olson  
Raymond Zimmerman  
Arthur Higbee  
Joel Wester

### Mixed Quartette

George Meehan  
James Menzies  
Louise Abel  
Leah Holmes  
Lois Wheeler  
Helen Rocho  
Theodore Olson  
Raymond Zimmerman

The aim of a music course in our schools is to train its students to become intelligent listeners, to inspire love of good music, to point out the way for those whose talents warrant a public career, and to induce musical interpretation.

### Boys' Glee Club

Anstrom, Donald, Accompanist

Cox, James  
Diehl, Forrest  
Driscoll, Dean  
Higbee, Arthur  
Herman, Paul  
Hutson, George  
Hutson, Franklin  
Lithgow, Marion  
Meehan, George  
Menzies, James  
Norton, Thomas  
Olson, Theodore  
Perry, Allen  
Ray, Eldon  
Ritzgers, Forrest  
Seymour, Alvan  
Munn, Robert  
Paxton, Ralph  
Young, Willard  
Wester, Joel  
Zimmerman, Raymond

### Girls' Glee Club

#### Class B

Ades, Fern  
Anderson, Esther  
Abel, Elizabeth  
Anderson, Viola  
Allison, Edna  
Bear, Madeline  
Briley, Opal  
Bowman, Irene

Bloomgren, Clara  
Balcer, Marguerite  
Blumire, Margaret  
Cline, DeEtta  
Canfield, Sarah  
Clark, Grace  
Collister, Hazel  
Davis, Martha  
Duckworth, Mary  
Forsberg, Hannah  
Franklin, Hazel  
Hauge, Esther  
Hauge, Ruth  
Holt, Marvel  
Holt, Ora  
Hiles, Frances  
Haleen, Rosa  
Hewitt, Olive  
Helgren, Ellen  
Lebo, Katherine  
Landals, Georgiana  
Lindblom, Jeanette  
Lankford, Louise  
McCollum, Isabel  
McCaskey, Opal  
Nelson, Clara  
Nelson, Florence  
Olson, Mabel  
Peterson, Irene  
Peterson, Elizabeth  
Roberts, Vesta  
Rocho, Ruth  
Swattosh, Bessie  
Steele, Katherine  
Smith, Bessie  
Stotts, Marie  
Samberg, Ula  
Seymour, Martha  
Stephenson, Mary

Turnell, Judith  
Taylor, Bernice  
Wilson, Agnes  
Waterman, Opal  
Manny, Alma

### Girls' Glee Club

#### Class A

Abel, Louise  
Braklow, Louise  
Canfield, Ruth  
Douglass, Miriam  
Dolk, Olive  
Dutton, Florence  
Ericson, Violet  
Fitch, Lois  
Grayson, Viola  
Grayson, Nellie  
Holmes, Leah  
Haudschin, Ruth  
Hiatt, Ruth  
Jennings, Beatrice  
Jay, Clara  
Johnson, Lone  
Moats, Vivian  
McGee, Hulda  
Olson, Ottilla  
Peterson, Elizabeth  
Peterson, Minnie  
Rinehart, Ruby  
Stanley, Blanche  
Strine, Dorothy  
Thorsen, Florence  
Wallace, Hannah  
Westberg, Esther  
Webb, Dolly  
Zimbeck, Dorothy



# SCROLL BHS 1919



## Orchestra

### PERSONNEL

#### Violins:

Harry Haller  
Arthur Higbee  
Nelson Garrett  
Lois Wheeler  
Eldon Carlson  
Thor Gustafson  
Ralph Paxton

#### Cornets:

Theodore Olson  
Gail Fitch  
Bernice Meyers  
George Meehan

#### Clarinet:

Harry Kruse

#### Saxophones:

Frank Duby  
Thomas Norton  
E. A. Meyerman

#### 'Cello:

Ambrose Donaldson

#### Trombone:

G. E. Thorpe  
Everett Casey

#### Bass:

Roy Johnson

#### Piano:

Eskil Randolph

#### Director:

Harold E. Carlson

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Top Row: Edwin Dike   Reuben Lantz   Fred Goeppinger   Cleo MacKinnon   Theodore Olson   Roy Alborg   Russell Nelson  
Bottom Row: Russel Johnson   Ruth Stark   Frances Sunstrom   Opal Welin   Ottilie Anderson   Arthur Higbee



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# SCROLL BOYS 1919

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## The Football Parties

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At the close of the season of 1918 several parties were given in honor of our undefeated gridiron warriors. The first was a turkey dinner given by Fred Seiling for the thirteen men who went to Mason City. Our boys went up against a stiff proposition at that game, but as usual they came out victorious. Moran and McCartney starred for the home team. The after dinner hours were spent in conversation, music and a general good time.

Rev. Fintel honored the boys by a banquet and stunt-fest at his home. The entire squad and several fans were present. After the dinner several splendid toasts were made, following which the first and second teams were pitted against each other in various contests. The seconds were easily the victors and completely overwhelmed the firsts. Swede Nelson for the seconds and Moran for the firsts took the stellar roles.

On Monday, January 6, Mr. E. O. Montgomery gave the boys a wonderful spread at Richardson's tea room. The tables were prettily decorated with green and red carnations. From the reports, the boys spent a most enjoyable evening. Mr. Houghton acted as toast-master and several inspiring toasts were given. One of the most pleasant surprises of the evening was the presence of our long-lost "Mendy," who bribed the conductor and engineer to get him there. The evening came to a close with several yells and nine 'rahs for Mr. Montgomery, who proved himself to be a most genial host.

# SCROLLS 1919

## Bumble "B" Dinner

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The Bumble "B" Staff had a dinner at George James', January 16, 1919.

When dinner was announced the guests found their places by miniature Bumble "B" place cards. Each tiny volume was bound in red and tied with green which constituted the color scheme throughout the house.

During the serving of a delightful three course dinner the members of the Staff chatted and joked to their heart's content. Secretly every person present was thinking how it paid to be on the Staff.

An informal social evening followed the dinner.

## Moore-Eutrophian Party

On February 15, the Moore and Eutrophian Literary Societies gave a joint party in the High School "Gym". About one hundred and twenty-five were present, including the members of the school board, their wives, and the Alumni members.

After a grand march played by the High School Orchestra and led by Principal and Mrs. G. E. Thorpe the following program was enjoyed:

Solo.....	Theodore Olson
Solo.....	Anna Mae Heaps
Duet.....	Elizabeth Thompson, Helen Rocho
Violin Solo.....	Nelson Garrett
Highland Fling.....	Anna Mae Heaps

The gymnasium was decorated throughout with the color scheme of red and white with the use of red hearts, red and white streamers and colored lights. Tables were arranged at one end of the room, forming an "M" and "E", which were decorated with red and white runners and red candles. At each place were hearts bearing the toast program.

The guests then found places at the tables, having secured partners by matching comic valentines. Dainty refreshments were served by the Domestic Science Girls.

Following refreshments Toastmaster Arthur Higbee opened the toast program, his subject being "The Call to Arms." He then announced the following speeches:

Assembling Forces.....	Mr. H. A. Houghton
Attention.....	Principal Thorpe
Right About Face.....	James Cox
Forward March.....	Helen Condon
Taps.....	Mr. Mendenhall

At the close of the toast program the guests began to depart, all seeming to have had a good time

## Faculty Dinner

A dinner was given by the Faculty of Boone High School, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Meredith, February 25, 1919.

The guests assembled in the general office and were entertained by a comedy in which Miss Ruhsenberger, Mr. Carlson and Mr. Thorpe took part. It was called "The Tragedy of Food."

After the excitement had subsided the guests were ushered into the Domestic Science dining room where Miss Wolfe, assisted by several Domestic Science girls served a very tempting four course dinner. The following toast program was presented after dinner:

Toastmaster.....	Ferdinand Daehler
The Tackle.....	L. L. Mendenhall
The Bait.....	G. E. Thorpe
The Fisherman.....	H. E. Carlson
The Big Catch.....	Mrs. Meredith

After this program the guests retired to the reception room and Mr. and Mrs. Meredith were presented with a reading lamp, as a token of appreciation of the faculty for the splendid services of Supt. Meredith while in Boone. A social time followed, bringing to a close a very delightful evening.



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# SCROLLS 1919

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## Alethean-Empyrean Party

Did the Aletheans and Empyreans have a party? Well, I guess, yes!—Thursday, April 17, in the "Gym." And that's not all! They had the "snappiest ever" basketball game. Who won? The Empyreans, by two points, the score being 17 to 15. Some game and some rooters!

A most intricate grand march, led by Supt. and Mrs. Wooten started the party. Through hall and balcony they marched, not knowing whither they would be led next. Of course someone had to flash off the lights as the party wended their way up from the Manual Training Department.

While the committee prepared the refreshments, games were enjoyed by the company. When the refreshments were served the guests seated themselves in a circle around the gymnasium. Following the "eats" they went home as enthusiastic as they came.

## Scroll Staff Spread

Hello, Folks! I am "Lizzie," the dress form, in Miss Wolfe's sewing room. I have been the silent witness of several parties, but I owe it to you, to tell what happened April 8th. At noon two suspicious looking characters called and locked some big packages in the pantry. Now, I am not a bit curious, but I just wondered. That night the whole crowd came in and they spread a long table and put all kinds of good things on it. When all was ready the "ring-leaders" arrived, and how they did it. Weiners, salads, cakes,—'n everything, disappeared before the hungry band. They had music, too, (that is what they called it,) but it was awful. Then they cleaned up, being very careful to remove all traces of pickle juice, powder puffs, etc. The last order from their "ring-leader" was: "Meet me upstairs as soon as you are through, and we will finish the job." Now what they did upstairs, I do not know, but—

## Junior-Senior Reception

The High School was a scene of gay festivity on Friday night, April 25, 1919, for the Junior-Senior reception was being held in the gymnasium. Upon entering the guests were received by members of the Faculty and thence ushered to the main part of the "Gym," here, under a canopy of blue and yellow streamers, the Senior class colors, the program of the evening was held. The grand march was first, led by Supt. and Mrs. Wooten and played by the High School Orchestra. After the grand march the guests retired to the opposite corners of the room, where frappe was served.

After this the program opened with a piano solo by Elizabeth Goodykoontz. Alvan Seymour gave a humorous reading, and according to custom, the guests heard from the vice president of the Juniors, Louise Abel, in the absence of the president, George James. In response to her address of welcome, Roy Alborg, president of the Seniors, expressed appreciation in behalf of the Senior class.

The main number of the program was the conversational ball. Each boy and girl was handed a program, bearing various topics which were to be taken by different people each time, and while the orchestra played, the topic corresponding to the number, was to be discussed. This proved a most delightful way to pass the time.

When the topic "eats" was announced, the guests went to the balcony where there were tables prettily decorated in the class colors. Here refreshments were served by Freshmen boys and girls. When it came to the topic, "Good night," the guests began to depart, each declaring the class of '20 royal entertainers.



HOME ECONOMICS

COOK

WOLVES

METHODS

Chief Cook

Chums

me Ruby Lee m.

Pay of Pancake Brigade

Sewing Press