



# FRESHMEN

10

# Freshman Class Officers



Leslie Houtz, Pres.

David Reese, Vice Pres.

Stella Justice, S. at A.

Gwendolynne Furey, Treas.

Bertha Hays, Sec.

## CLASS ROLL

Mary Albertsen  
George Allen  
Levis W. Ash  
Catherine Bassett  
Madge Bassett  
Lottie Broadhead  
Carl A. Bryan  
James J. Burns  
Fred H. Chase  
W. Guy Clendenin  
Peter Derham  
Earl K. Dodge  
Thenia Dodson  
Anna L. Ellis  
Mary E. Farnan  
Barbara M. Forrest  
Dow Franklin  
Gwendolynne I. Furey  
Joseph D. Gautier  
Genevieve Geo  
Ethel Gittins  
Leo Charles Golding  
George Griffith  
Maude F. Griffith

Perry Harrison  
Thos. E. Hartman  
John G. Harvey  
Bertha R. Hays  
J. Leo Hood  
Leroy R. Houde  
Leslie Houtz  
Myrtle Hyde  
Arthur G. Jacobsen  
Esta A. Jacobsen  
Susie Johnson  
Eliza M. Jones  
Estella G. Justice  
Enna Elizabeth Kearney  
Mary Keeney  
Don. J. Kenney  
Mrs. Erle Kelley  
Leo O. Kessinger  
Alvin D. Lundgren  
Leroy Mahoe  
Joseph A. Masero  
Ambrose H. McGuire  
Anna M. Mieslen  
Ethel C. Moore

Alden A. Nichols  
Harry Oliver  
Wray M. Peck  
Jessie H. Pierce  
Frank M. Porter  
Clarence E. Pyeatt  
David J. Reese  
Eva L. Roberts  
Carl Lester Roberts  
Leva Roberts  
Palmer D. Rogers  
Paul Shiskey  
Adele A. Smith  
J. Cecilia Smith  
Mark T. Sullivan  
Mamie Taylor  
Letitia Thomas  
Mabel D. Thompson  
Mary Warner  
Wm. Ernest Watts  
Myrtle V. West  
Earl C. White, Jr.  
Laura E. Williams  
Othmar A. Worrel

Ethel F. Hargraves

Forrest M. Young



## PAST AND PRESENT HISTORY OF '10'S CLASS



N 1905 and '06 is where I take up this class, it being its first year in the Academy of Idaho.

The class entered as Preparatory students, termed "Preps," the enrollment being Anna Bailey, Olivette Platt, Elmer Platt, Roy Houde, Clara Duolos, Joe Griffith, Will Hoop, Alvin Lungreen, John McGonigle, Ray Burbank, Spring Ransome, Hazel Ransome, Lee Collins, Brady Faris, Jess Mooney, Celia Short, Gus Cannon, Roy Maybe, George Smith, Paul Shisky, Della Smith, Arthur Jacobson, Nathan Barlow, Edwin Goldwater, Lottie Broadhead, Charles Broadhead and Gwendolyne Furey.

Many of these dropped out before the end of the term and others entered our class before the end.

The class gave their regular class programs, and when called on to appear in public they appeared.

One of the best programs rendered was a burlesque on the Senior class. Another interesting program was a one-scene play in which a number of the class took part.

Whether it was the lack of better judgment or the possessing of more ability, the "Preps." gave every program they should, but this year, as is to be expected, the 1911's class comes to hear our programs, whether class or assembly.

I leave them now for the short summer vacation, with a clear record and good reputation, thanks to Mr. Norton, who assisted us in all our enterprises.

The school year 1906 and 1907 started with an enrollment in 1910's class of 74, showing an increase of 47 students to our noble class. A number of these were of the old class of last year; while a large part of the students are new members. It is the largest class in school, not only in numbers, but in the intellectual line as well.



### Extracts from Catharine Bassett's Class Paper.

Did you ever?

Did you ever—

Hear Perrin making a speech,  
Or know that Howard Parsons is going to preach—

Or know that Byron thinks Mamie's a peach—

Or think of the length of Fred Chase's reach—

What! never!

That's strange.

Did you ever

Think that Earl Dodge studied at all,  
Or think of the depth of Arthur Gayle's gall.

Or see George Griffith making a call,

What! never!

That's strange.

Did you ever

Force a laugh at a teacher's pun,  
Or think that Captain Houde and Susie will be one—

Or think that Pat Harvey weighs a ton;  
Or realize what it means to be minus the mon—

What! never!

That's strange.

# OUR PICNIC



A stands for a Porey by theerdlufwypp  
A stands for Albertson, Allen, and Ann,  
The man named our president who cuts  
quite a dash.

B stands for a Porey by the name of  
Bun,  
Her opponent in basket ball hasn't much  
fun.

C stands for Clendenin, or all that is  
left,  
For in a game of football he was sadly  
bereft.

D stands for Dodge, who torments the  
girls,  
Writes on their collars and pulls at  
their curls.

E stands for Esta, the raven-haired  
maud,  
And who for Ed, Gooding puts the rest  
in the shade.

F stands for Frank, who's a "Porter,"  
they say,  
And at making eyes he's the champ of  
the day.

G stands for gentle Genevieve Gee,  
Who watches her son Arthur, so lov-  
ingly.

H stands for Houde, captain of football  
and fun,  
Who doesn't eat much but dearly loves  
a Bun.

K stands for Kissenger, a suspicious  
sounding name,  
Tho all the girls will tell you that he  
is not to blame.

Maybe M stands for Misslen and maybe  
for Mayben,  
And maybe for Mayme, who's Byron's  
own baby.

O stands for Oliver who has a broken  
shoulder blade,  
On whom a mash Bertha Hays has made,  
Q stands for Gen's own Arthur Quinn,  
Who loves his mother as she loves him.

R stands for Reese, a youth not tall,  
Who's very persistent when playing  
football.

S stands for Sullivan, the Mack who ran  
away,  
Who went as far as Blackfoot, but didn't  
go to stay.

T stands for Taylor, a jolly little girl,  
Who has set Byron Henley's heart in a  
whirl.

Now your names have all been sung,  
I'll close by praising Forrest Young.

The above shows the character of a  
few of our class. Of course, it does  
not explain their good points, but sim-  
ply tells you some little things about a  
few of them.

Now it's history I'll close,  
For 't would be absurd to propose  
To tell all the good things that were  
done.

By this noble class of sense and fun;  
Who always answered when called upon  
Or laughed in scorn when given Con,  
When given a heavy load to haul  
They acted—thanks to Mr. Steendahl,  
Who helped us in our class work well.  
Our regard for him we cannot tell.



WAY, away to our picnic.

Don't you wish you were  
going, too? Happiness  
danced in every eye as we

left the A. of L. on that bright May  
day. In jolly pairs we tramped down  
the railroad track looking more like

a line of gypsies than a crowd of stu-  
dents, for we were loaded down with

frying pans, buckets and boxes of  
goodies. "We look like we have just

escaped from the foolish house in  
Blackfoot," said one, in skirts. But

what could you expect of a picnic  
party? Silks and satins? The only

uncommon noise heard along the  
track was the rattling of our camping

utensils until we reached a steep  
climb, where each must help himself

and his partner. Here one might have  
seen a sight equaled only by Wolfe

and his men climbing to the heights  
of Abraham or Hannibal crossing the

Alps. Straight up was the signal of  
our leaders—two stalwart married

men of the faculty. We finally  
reached the reservoir of the O. S. L.,

where we tried to get a drink. So  
close had the reservoir been built in

that it reminded one of drinking cider  
through a rye straw from the bung

hole of a large barrel. Mr. Cheney  
went at it like one who had received

an early training in the art. After  
this interesting experience we started

down, pell-mell, and ran squarely into  
a wire fence, bristling with barbs.

All of the party managed to get un-  
der, but one, whose cognomen was  
Nona. She, with her hearty laugh,  
said, "Watch me go over." Well,  
she partly made her word good, for  
she got her feet over, but as is the  
custom of barbed-wire fences, it held  
Nona fast in its arms. Perseverance  
and determination along with a girl's  
pleading, usually wins, and here was

no exception, although she looked worse for the wear. Over the fence, we came to the pumping station, where our girl with the "barbed" experience showed her woman's curiosity by asking the engineer countless questions concerning the things she saw. After becoming better acquainted with the man in charge she asked him the use of a green lantern sitting by. He in the quick wit of a son from the Emerald Isle, said: "Faith, ma'am, we use that to flag frogs from our front porch on St. Patrick's day." This seemed satisfactory to our questioner, and we pitched camp for dinner. All dishes were garnished with water cress, which was found in abundance along the little stream. All ate with a voracious appetite and being in the pink of condition, no doctor was called that night. Suffice to say that there was no need for washing dishes, for they were all licked clean.

Next in order came our experience

with the little "three-wheeler." Here Byron and Susie were the stars. It would seem that Byron was trying to extort some secret from Susie, which she so tenaciously refused to impart that he put her on the rack and when the wheels quit turning she was pulled in two. At least, her skirt was, but it is not certain whether Susie told the secret. Say, girls, my advice is, if you have a secret keep away from Carl. Some of the girls imagined themselves on their honeymoon while riding on the little "three-wheeler," but if honeymoons are like this I will be an old maid, no matter how much I want to get married.

This ended our hairbreadth escapes and we set out for home looking very much like "ruined-on-fowls." We are all very much alive yet and hope to have many more such good times, and wish here to extend our hearty thanks to our good-natured chaperons.

SUSIE JOHNSON.



# FRESHMAN LOVE



**A**NY fellow in love is to be pitied. But a freshman in love is the worst of all calamities. Especially so if said freshman is serving his first sentence in a city. Of course Jack didn't have a case, Oh, no. Don't think so for a minute. He simply couldn't resist her, that is all.

It began when he first came, and he was sized up by all the "Older Boys" and the fair co-eds. Somehow his feet were larger and took more room under the table than all the rest. Yes! even Bessie, who was six foot, but was a Soph., was less in the way than he was. Almost all had glanced sidelong at his red tie, and noted his sleek hair parted in the middle, which would persist in getting into his eyes.—But Marie, now Marie, well, she was different. She didn't laugh and she was a Soph. Pretty? Oh, no, she wasn't pretty; she was nice; she didn't laugh, and the other girls did. School started, so did many trials. School work wasn't so hard, but the other part, the girls. He was sure the behind-hand giggles were on account of him. How he wished he could show them that he wasn't all feet, and red necktie! But somehow, when anyone went out of the way to talk to him he grinned awfully, and had a sort of queer desire to hide somewhere. He often felt like bolting. But then there was Marie. No, he couldn't leave her. They had taken a long, long walk, and she said she admired large blue eyes. He had nice blue eyes, and was greatly pleased. Next week he started to clean his finger nails and he had two inches of his coat sleeves cut off. By Christmas he had taken her to two church socials and had treated to candy on a number of occasions. Oh, yes, everything was fine and his shoes seemed to stay out of sight more and more.

Spring came. Somehow when the grass gets green, and after one eats dinner the very best thing for one to do is to sit on the grass away from everybody—but Marie. He talks about the farm, and admires her hair, talks about what he is going to do when he grows up, in fact, a little of everything until the bell rings. Then he sees her between classes and he gives her a half-way smile and ducks up the stairs real fast, for he must be in class, yes, he must be there right away. Well, things progress. There is the picnic, and he pleases her by getting some very rare flowers—wild roses. He eats lunch with her, but that horrid Jones boy (he is homely, wears a seal ring and is a Soph) goes off for a walk with her. He always did hate the Jones boy, and he wonders why he doesn't hate him more now. He has to entertain a girl who grins like he does and says, "Yes, sir," real shyly. He feels better when Marie comes back and he starts home. He

walks slowly, so does she. He "fesses" up and says he is real jealous because she went with Jones. She is sorry, so awfully sorry. He forgives her, and finally tells her he watched her window last night until her light went out.

After the picnic they are better friends than ever and as commencement time approaches he grows sadder and sadder. He tries to be sadder, but somehow he just has to feel glad when she is around. Well, commencement is here and past; he is ready to go home and he reflects he has promised to write every day. He wishes he had not felt so bashful, and stood on one foot when he was introduced to her mother. But as a whole he is satisfied. He kissed her. Yes, sir, he did. He can feel his heart quicken even yet. And he blushes at the recollection; he is ashamed of blushing when there are so many around. He tries to look dignified. He tries to stand on one foot, and fails, stumbles and looks miserable. And the fellows guy him and say, he feels badly because he is leaving his girl, and he's not; no, sir, not a bit. He writes almost every day for a week or so, then somehow, he wonders why he liked her. Later as the summer grows warmer he wonders what he saw attractive about her, for she wore pink neck ribbons and her hair was black, and he liked light-haired girls.

Next year he is not going to be a fool and get a case. No, indeed, he is not, but he does just the same.

F. G., '07.





# HALLOWEEN PARTY '07





# Hallowe'en Party

**O**NE of the most delightful and interesting events of the year, was the Hallowe'en Party, given to the dormitory students by Miss Walker, Mrs. Faris, Professors Upjohn and Steendahl.

The party was held in the gymnasium, which was arranged and decorated very appropriately for the occasion. The tables were arranged to form a huge letter "A."

At eight o'clock the students commenced to arrive and soon the gymnasium was taxed to its utmost capacity. Each one there was given a card to match and soon the tables were filled with happy couples.

After playing progressive games for an hour, the winners were given the opportunity to try for the prize, Orville Faris winning the baby's rattle.

After the prizes were distributed, the crowd took part in different gymnasium games in which all participated.

At ten o'clock the party, headed

by Mrs. Faris and Miss Walker, adjourned to the dining hall, where an excellent spread had been prepared. After being seated, Professors Upjohn and Steendahl, adorned with big, white aprons, assisted the waiters in a very graceful and amusing manner. Each won applause and showed himself equal to the occasion.

The refreshments were served for an hour and then the chairs were pushed back, Professor Upjohn acting as toast master, after a neat opening speech calling upon different people to respond to the toasts. Orville Faris responded to "Our Girls," in a very able and pleasing talk.

Burkhart came next with some very good remarks about the faculty. Professor Steendahl next responded to "The Students," in a breezy and pleasing talk, after which the entire party joined in singing "The Star Spangled Banner." The good nights were then said and students and all voiced the sentiment that it was the happiest event of the year.

FRESHMAN '10.

