



## Class Roll

Sterling H. Allred  
 Mary E. Bailey  
 Abraham Beckstead  
 Myrtle M. Bethel  
 Claude D. Bistline  
 Ida M. Bistline  
 Mamie H. Brew  
 William M. Burnett  
 Bessie M. Burnside  
 E. Ray Cathcart  
 Leslie E. Dodge  
 Lillie E. Edrington  
 Brady V. Faris  
 Sidonia Ferguson  
 Eva C. Harrison  
 Byron Henley  
 Max Henley  
 Maude Holzheimer  
 Blanche M. Jackett  
 Ida E. Jenkins  
 Robert J. Jones  
 R. Sterling Justice  
 Grace G. Kerr  
 Owen W. Kerr  
 Frances Kinney  
 Harry E. Kinney  
 Georgia M. Lamb  
 Grace H. Lamb  
 Zina Lish  
 Nellie Loveland  
 Benj. H. Lowrie

Ethel M. Mallory  
 Maza M. McManis  
 Jennie L. Morris  
 Frances A. Murray  
 Mary E. Nielson  
 Katherine P. Normington  
 Martin O'Brien  
 Harold E. Parsons  
 Clarence V. Perrin  
 Henry F. Peterson  
 Florence E. Pyeatt  
 Arthur Quinn  
 Lawrence B. Redford  
 Mae Reeves  
 Agnes C. Reilly  
 Frederick Ressler  
 Calvin Sellstrom  
 Ralph L. Shepard  
 M. Don Shortz  
 Katherine M. Steely  
 G. Ethel Thompson  
 Allan Trapp  
 Katie B. Tupper  
 Percy G. Turner  
 Grace Warner  
 Tobias H. Wedel  
 Clifford W. West  
 Pearl H. White  
 Chris. T. Woodall, Jr.  
 Homer W. Woodall

## The Sophomore Class Officers



Homer Woodall, Pres.  
Mary Ethel Nielson, Treas.

Katherine May Steele, Vice Pres.  
Myrtle M. Bethel, Secy.

# OUR TOMBSTONES



A young man while waiting for breakfast one morning in the spring of 1990, picked up the New York Herald, and his attention was at once attracted to an editorial stating that a great many graves had been robbed in that great metropolis of the West, Pocatello. He sprang to his feet, exclaiming at the same time that his grandfather, Max Henley, was buried there. He at once decided to go to Pocatello. Hastily eating his breakfast he made ready his fastest airship and started for Pocatello, arriving about noon. He stepped up to

me and asked the way to the cemetery. I told him I was on the way there myself and would be glad of company. We took the car at Center street and upon entering the cemetery the first thing we saw was a large marble monument with this inscription:

**LESLIE DODGE**, One of the leading lights of his country.

Going on, still in pursuit of the young gentleman's grandfather's grave, we read all as we went.

We continued to look around and found many of our old friends as follows:

## **LESLIE DODGE**

One of the leading lights of his country.

Going on, still in pursuit of the young gentleman's grandfather's grave, we read all as we went.

We continued to look around and found many of our old friends as follows:

## **CLARENCE PERRIN**

Here lieth Perrin, the Wise,

No more to flash his radiant eye,

For he is either 'way up high

Or else he's down where he can fry.

## **MARTIN O'BRIEN**

He was a true hearted son of Ould Ireland,  
For he was St. Patrick's great grandson;  
He has driven the snakes out of Pocatello's booze  
And Be Jabers it wasn't much fun.

## **CLIFFORD WEST**

Is now laid to rest.

## **SIDONIA FERGUSON**

She died a "widow woman,"

In a museum she did fare,

She died in complete happiness,

She was showing off her hair.

## **BYRON HENLEY**

He died an honorable judge

Just after eating of Mary's fudge.

## **ZINA LISH**

The only time she ever spoke in public was in expressing a wish to pose as a "Madonna."

## **GEORGIE LAMB**

She died teaching Short-hand,

And now she is at rest,  
Sh- shook and spanked the little kids

With feeling and with zest.

## **GRACE WARNER**

She was too good to live, therefore she is dead,

## **JENNIE MORRIS**

Time has sped this soul away,

Although she stayed here many a day;

Now she's gone where all is rest

For she's gone among the best.

## **ALLAN TRAPP**

Although surely not a coon,

His melodies would charm the moon,

It is hard to tell where he did go;

'Tis likely where the hot winds blow.

## **FRANCES KINNEY**

All her life she twisted and wiggled;

How she laughed and how she giggled,

She was tickled, don't you know,

That is why she giggled so.

## **STERLING JUSTICE**

A face like an angel,

A neck like a giraffe,

And this isn't half

A foot like a rhino.

**KATHERINE NORMINGTON**

Her way was blithe and graceful,  
Her eyes were a pretty blue,  
And she was rather sporty,  
And could make God-Good eyes at you.

**FRANCES MURRAY**

She died for the want of breath.

**CALVIN SELSTROM**

His last steak's done,  
His fire raked out,  
Dished for the worms himself  
Lies honest Red.

**KATIE TUPPER**

As the leaves fade  
So, even this little flower,

**BRADY FARIS**

He is with her in Heaven.

**IDA JENKINS.**

She died of a broken heart because  
Of the death of her pet canary bird.

**GRACE KERR.**

While on earth she played at "Dodge,"  
But now she's in her Heavenly lodge.

**MAMIE BREW**

For all that she has wandered far,  
At last she reached her double bar  
(And she couldn't play it)

**CHRIS. WOODALL**

Read the description of any hero,  
And you have him.

**WILL BURNETT**

Here lies Billy, age just seven,  
Killed by lightning sent from Heaven,  
His age was not exactly seven,  
But we put that in to rhyme with Heaven.

**MRS. CARL SWENSON**

(nee Myrtle Bethel.)  
Erected to her loving memory by her last husband and thirteen children.

**EVA HARRISON**

She was married to a duke,  
But now she is a spook.

**HANZ KINNEY**

Some men were born to greatness,  
With luck their lives begin;  
And some achieve distinction;  
But "Hanz" he just got in.

**BEN LOWRIE**

(Died Oct. 19, 1906)  
From injuries received in a brutal game of football with Albion.  
(Skidoo Bugs)

**GRACE LAMB**

As sweet as an apple dumpling,  
As delicious as a pie;  
But Oh! my boy, to win her  
You must jump so very high.

**PEARL WHITE**

Very fond of walking,  
also talking;  
Did you ever know why she went home for dinner,  
When as a shade you meet her,  
And when you come to greet her ask her why.

**MAE REEVES**

Little, but Oh! My!

**FLORENCE FYEATT**

Erected to her loving memory by Bungling Circus, where she was known as the fat lady.

**HAROLD PARSONS**

A world-known inventor,

**MARY BAILEY**

A pale and haggard student  
Such as teachers write about.

**KATHERINE STEELEY**

She fooled some of the people all of the time,  
And all of the people some of the time;  
But she couldn't fool all the people all of the time.  
So she died.

**MARY NIELSON**

Mary had a little head  
And it was always scheming,  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
There wasn't any dreaming.

**ARTHUR QUINN**

Yes, 'tis true he passed away,  
Dead game sports can't always stay.

**ETHEL MALLORY**

Her body filled this hole up.

**MORA McMANIS.**

Her life was brave and daring;  
But she gave it up for Perrin.

**LILLIE EDRINGTON**

A poetess she must have been  
For her name sounds so poetic.

**OWEN KERR**

A rare specimen, look him up in the encyclopedia.

**IDA BISTLINE**

Born in eighteen something or another,  
And died in Nineteen another thing.

**STERLING ALDRED**

He died a bachelor  
Because no girl he would adore.

We had come to the farthest end of the graveyard by this time and the only grave I could see was marked in a very peculiar way. A pop bottle stuck out of a small swamp, with a candle in the neck of it. A note was attached to the candle and on it was written, "Yours in a puddle, Polowog Bess;" this was the grave of the well known Bess Burnside. We turned away from this grave wondering how we could have missed that one of the young man's grandfather, Max Henley, when we found a grave

close by that had been opened. The small slab showed it to be his grandfather's. As we stood there dumbfounded, some one touched my stranger-friend on the shoulder and handed him a message which informed him that the body of Max Henley had been

recovered—that the robbers found it too tough to eat. With a sigh of relief we turned away and slowly, regretfully wended our way from this horrible place.

NELLE LOVELAND, '09.

