

SOPHOMORE





LELAND S. WOOLLEY

Associate in Science.

Idaho Tech, '18, President Sophomore Class '20. Soph-Senior Class Play '20. Wickiup Staff '20.

MARY E. WELKER

Associate in Commerce.

Mackay H. S. Secretary Freshmen Class '19. Wickiup Staff '19. Vice President Athenian Literary Society '19. Vice President Sophomore Class '20. President Athenian Literary Society '20. Soph-Senior Class Play '20. Wickiup Staff '20.



KATHRYN BETTY DUNBAR

Associate in Arts.

Idaho Tech '18. Treasurer Freshman Class '19. Theodore Turner prize in Humorous Reading '19. Secretary Sophomore Class '20. Soph-Senior Class Play '20. President Girls' Glee Club '20. Secretary-Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '20.



PAUL A. PHIPPS

Associate in Science.

El Reno H. S., Oklahoma '17. Treasurer Sophomore Class '20.

CLASS PROPHECY

On a lovely morning in early June, I stood on the deck of a big ocean liner. It was the last day of the journey, and I was impatient to again set foot in America.

"Just ten years ago today I graduated from the Tech. The time has passed quickly and yet, how many changes it must have wrought in the lives of the members of our class. Kathryn Dunbar's name is becoming familiar in France and England. She will soon be known as one of the greatest pianists in the world."

I was recalled from my reverie by the shouts of a group who had sighted land and then there was only confusion and excitement until all had left the ship and gone on their different ways.

It was but a short time after my arrival in New York that I visited Columbia University. Upon going through the English department, whom should I meet but Enid Frazier. After exclamations of surprise and greeting, she told me that she had just received her master's degree, and was to become professor of English in the University of Washington the following year.

"By the way," she exclaimed, after we had talked for some time, "just read this," and she handed me a copy of the Scientific American. I beheld a picture which I did not at first recognize, and an article, at the top of which were the words, "Another Important Scientific Discovery by Paul Phipps." I eagerly scanned it, and Enid said, "Oh, yes; he has attained great success. I have read a number of articles concerning his work."

After a long and memorable conversation, I departed, and not long afterwards, I was speeding westward to Pocatello.

I scarcely recognized the place. It was now a real city and on every side I found incredible changes. On my way from the depot, I was passing a large building which had not been there when I had last seen Pocatello. Suddenly I heard a voice saying, "Well, where did you come from?"

I turned, and there was Leland Woolley. Again there were exclamations and inquiries. "Oh, yes, this is my community hospital—opened it two years ago. You will have to visit it some of these days."

"Well, I'm glad there is at least one of us left in the home town," I said presently. "Since I arrived I have rediscovered all of the class but Mary Welker. Have you any idea of where she is?"

"Indeed I have; she is now instructor of commerce at the Tech. What do you think of that?"

We parted, agreeing to call upon Mary the following day. This we did and spent a memorable afternoon in recalling school days and classmates. We decided to get in touch with the other members and to have a reunion of the "Class of '20."

—LUCY TANEY.

CLASS POEM

After two long years we've passed the test
Of this old school that we hold dear;
The class of twenty has done its best,
And now of each you're going to hear.

Leland Woolley, the first on the roll,
Our dignified you can not surpass;
We're sure he'll go on, till he gains his goal,
And brings credit and honor unto his class.

To Enid Frazier we'll grant high place,
Her scholarship we'll all concede,
She'll be a victor in life's race
And gain esteem by word and deed.

A glance of understanding, a smile,
A cheerful greeting for all on her way;
Yet with firmness of character naught can defile
You must know Kathryn Dunbar's the one I portray.

Paul Phipps is one whose silence and reserve
Hide a study-loving nature and a mind
Whose pursuit of science will surely deserve
That fortune and the fates to him will be kind.

When we're looking for one who can do,
Who has life and the spirit to play the game;
Of this kind of students there are but few,
But ever 'midst these you'll find Mary Welker's name.

And now the time must come at last
We bid the Tech "Farewell," nor stay
For our golden school days here are past,
And we go forth on life's broad way.

—Lucy Taney.

The name of our poet we must not omit
For she is so modest, persevering and bright,
That the rest of the class can only see fit
To place Lucy Taney as our beacon light.