

Wallace Miller, captain and veteran player, was selected as guard, but he felt that his position as janitor in the dining-hall was more profitable.

Howard Balk, star guard, was very diligent in practice, but because of a below-grade slip he was prevented from playing.

Oliver Howard, who plays center, was so occupied with the "Ag" girls from his home town that he was unable to play.

Walter Luchau was forward, but he took up the job of playing at the dances, which he claimed was more profitable.

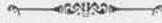
Robert Davids was a very promising center until a certain girl invaded his mind. The result was a below-grade slip which of course prevented his playing.

Ray Hogenson felt that "General Manager of Home Economics" was a more pleasant business than that of being a brilliant forward.

Ferdinand Nelson was never out for practice, altho he has the build and speed of a good forward. He enjoyed yell leading better, because he thus trained his voice for singing.

Ross Jacobson, new light-weight forward, showed great promise, and was feared by all other teams.

Altho the season is now well advanced, the Advanced Class still has great hopes of winning every game, providing the opposing teams are weak enough.



In Parting

As the members of the Class of 1924 leave the Northwest School, they take with them many pleasant memories of their four short years here, but they leave with the school something which will give pleasure to the students for years to come. The beautiful velvet stage drapery, a gift of the classes of 1923 and 1924, gives a gorgeous and stately background for every occasion for which the auditorium is used. The richness of the heavy material, the chameleon quality of its color tone, sensitive to every varying light, and the dignity of the lines and folds give our stage an appearance of which we can be justly proud. These two classes have helped to make our auditorium so attractive that it cannot be surpassed by any other school.

A brand new record has been set
By the class of twenty four;
By coming back to school again
To study one year more.

The girls of this class number twelve,
Plus twelve boys, smart ones too,
Who enter in most everything —
They're loyal and they're true.

And never do we miss our mark
When we have taken aim,
Tho some almost gave up on "Math"
They go there just the same.

We've won the cup in singing songs;
Of course, we're used to that,
As we've the talent of the school
And never do fall flat.

Our folks have taken part in plays;
Our speakers you have heard;
But on that advanced male quartette
The honors are conferred.

We've had our private parties, too,
On third floor Home Ec. Hall,
With Simley, our advisor, there,
Who loves us, one and all.

She fills us full of pep and vim,
We credit her for that,
Which leads us on to victory;
To her we tip our hat.

Our team makes all the baskets
When we a game do play,
But then the others needn't mind
They'll get a chance some day.

And since we've spent our time so well
We hope to gain success
By making use of what we've learned
Our future lives to bless.

And so with these our closing words
We wish you one and all
As happy years as we have had
When you come back next fall.