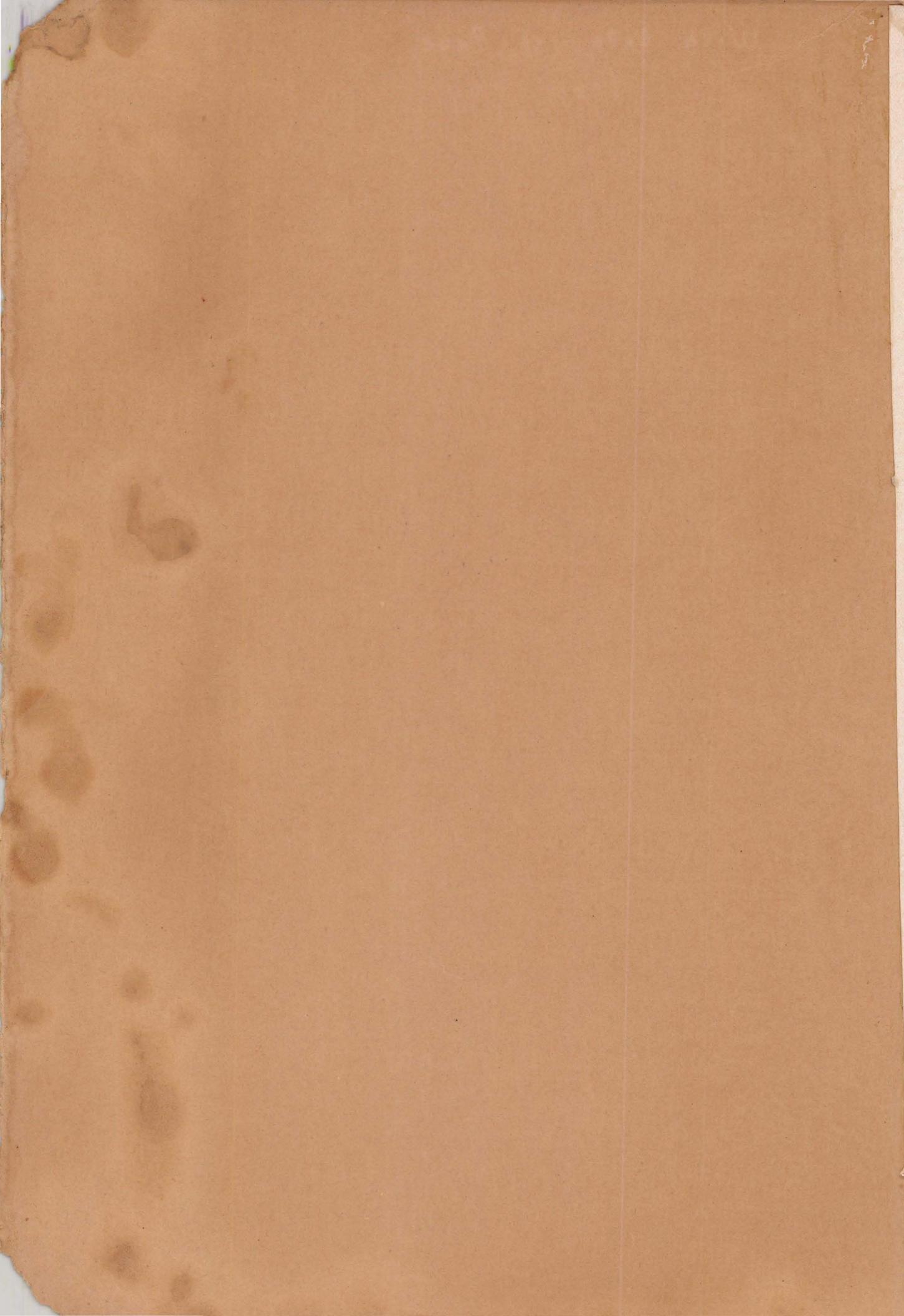


SPECTATOR



CLOVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE SPECTATOR

PUBLISHED BY THE

CLOVERDALE UNION

HIGH SCHOOL



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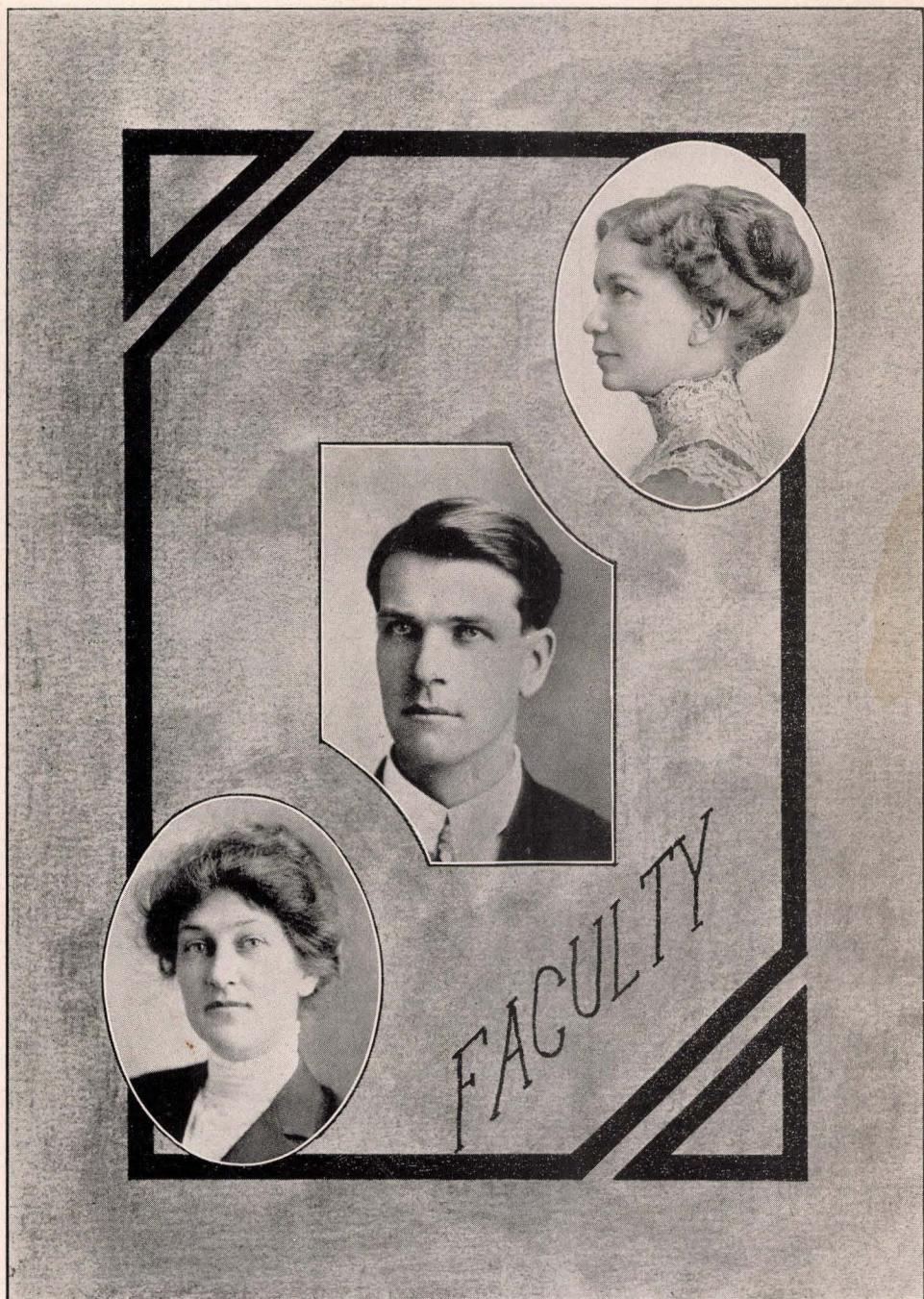


To Hanna Pierson

In appreciation of her sincere and untiring efforts
in our behalf, we, the staff of 1916,
affectionately dedicate this issue
of the Spectator

Commencement Program

PIANO DUET.....	FRANCES COFFEY PAULINE DEHAY
INVOCATION.....	REV. W. R. HASELDEN
ORGAN SOLO.....	ZELMA EELLS
VALEDICTORY.....	J. PALMER SEDGLEY
CHORUS	SCHOOL
ADDRESS, "Training For Citizenship".....	T. F. BROWNSCOMBE
VOCAL SOLO.....	LOIS McMICHAEL
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.....	F. A. WHITE
CLASS SONG	



HANNA PIERSON

FRANCIS A. WHITE
Principal

FLORA A. BAGLEY



Staff

HENRY BARNES	Editor
GOLDIE HALE	Assistant Editor
ERMINIE WIEDERSHEIM	Literary
PAULINE DEHAY	Alumni
HERON SEITS	Exchanges
LOIS McMICHAEL	O. V. L.
HELEN CARRIE	Dramatics
HAROLD THOMPSON	Athletics
GOLDIE HALE	Seniors
CHRISTINE LEA	Juniors
FRANCES COFFEY	Sophomores
GEORGE COOLEY	Freshmen
JOTY SEDGLEY	Joshes

BUSINESS STAFF.

MELVIN HALL	Manager
HAROLD THOMPSON	Assistant Manager

We Appreciate Your Help

In presenting this, the eighth annual edition of the Spectator, to our friends and acquaintances, we wish to take this space and opportunity to thank those who have contributed to its publication. We have tried to make this paper representative not only of the High School, but also of the community. We realize that its publication would not be possible, if it were not for the hearty support of the people of Cloverdale and its vicinity.

We, the members of the Spectator staff, wish, therefore, to make it known that we appreciate what the patrons of the school have done to help us.

Taxation and Education

In this edition of the Spectator we have devoted somewhat of space to the discussion of Cloverdale's need of a new school house. In this department we have endeavored to set forth the reasons which will appeal most strongly to the taxpayers. We have shown that the cost will not be so great as to be a burden. We have shown, also, that the welfare of the children of Cloverdale absolutely demands a new building for their school. We are confident that when our citizens become aware of the real nature of the situation they will rally, unanimously, to acquit themselves in the same admirable manner in which they meet their other obligations, realizing that there is no other way in which they can invest their money to bring so sure and so abundant returns.

Can the High School vindicate Itself?

It has always been a pet contention of people who oppose education that the high school is unnecessary. They argue that its curriculum is not such as to fit the graduate for making a living. They are unable to see the use of Latin, Geometry, Literature and many other subjects of like nature. Their assertion is, briefly, that unless a pupil intends to go to college for a professional course, the work taken in the high school leaves him high and dry with four years wasted.

We are willing to grant that the boys and girls who graduate from high school have neither exhausted the world's supply of wisdom nor reached that supposedly blissful state where there is no room for improvement, but we do maintain, nevertheless, that when a pupil has done thorough work and has completed one of the prescribed courses, he is capable of continuing his education without a teacher to assign his lessons. We contend, furthermore, that he has found out something of the wonderful store of wisdom to which he may go as long as he lives, for instruction and inspiration. His mind, also, has been trained so that it can grasp facts and handle situations in a manner that will not only increase many fold his efficiency as a producer and as a member of a free democracy, but will make it possible for him to choose and enjoy the good things that he finds about him.

In a few years when the influence of the steadily increasing number of graduates has made itself felt in the social and political life of the state and nation, the high school will be recognized as one of the strongest bulwarks of our commonwealth.

Class Roll

WILLIAM HENRY BARNES

HELEN E. CARRIE

WILLIAM AHERNS

GOLDIE I. HALE

J. PALMER SEDGLEY

Class Flower.....Cecil Breuner Rose

Class Colors.....Purple and White

CLASS MOTTO.

“Truth is the radius of liberty.”



WILLIAM AHRENS

Whose plain good sense,
Alive with kindling wit,
Can always find a handle
That will fit.

—Holmes.

HELEN CARRIE

Thy voice is like a fountain
Leaping up in clear sunshine;
Silver, silver, ever mounting,
Ever sinking,
Without thinking,
To that brimful heart of thine.

—Lowell.

HENRY BARNES

Patience and faith and toil he knows,
The close horizon round him grows
Broad with great possibilities,
—Bryant.

GOLDIE HALE

Her summer nature felt a need to
bless,
And a like longing to be blest again,
—Lowell.

J. PALMER SEDGLEY

Man am I grown, a man's work must
I do,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong,
follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?
—Tennyson.

As We Take Our Leave

We cannot restrain certain feelings of sadness when we realize that we have come to the end of this trail and that here we must part. Our sorrow intermingles with joy, however, when we recall the happy years that we have spent here with our schoolmates. In 1912 when Cloverdale High opened her portals of knowledge to another Freshman class, we were among the eleven who entered. We began the ascending trail courageous and brave. We started well, indeed, for we were the recipients of many honors, both in scholarship and athletics. The close of this year found us fairly hopeful of becoming Seniors some day, but for various reasons only six returned to see what another year might bring.

During our Sophomore year we lost two of our number, Myrtle Reed and Cyril Browne, whose parents moved to other parts of the state. The whole school missed them, but to us, as a class, the loss was especially great. We were favored, however, by the arrival of Henry Barnes, who increased our number to five. Henry has proved a very desirable classmate, for whenever we need help in anything, be it to shine behind the footlights or to write a poem, we call on him and he rises to the occasion. This year was auspicious in many ways. Helen and Goldie were active in various athletic sports. They became quite skillful in both high and broad jumps while learning to evade the cunning mice that often visited the laboratory. Their greatest fame, however, came from the baseball team which they organized. Palmer and Willie both distinguished themselves by fine work in basket ball. In the early spring our history teacher, Miss Seidl, decided to follow Cupid's call into another sphere. She left many warm friends who join in sincere wishes for her happiness. Miss Bagley took her place and during the years that she has been with us we have found her a dear friend and a kind and willing teacher.

Our Junior year brought new responsibilities, and yet diversions were not forgotten. We cannot praise Willie Ahrens too highly for his excellent work in athletics. We feel honored to have him as a classmate. In the track meet at St. Helena he was the highest individual point winner, and in various other meets he did exceedingly well. Palmer was honored by being made president of the O. V. L. in which society we all held important positions. Henry and Palmer took active part in debating. Among the members of the Spectator staff the Juniors predominated.

We entered our work as Seniors with a realization that this year would be different in many ways from those that had preceded. Our participation in athletics diminished, but we became more active than ever in the literary society; Helen was made president, while Henry has the honor of being Editor in Chief of the Spectator, with all the other members of the class on his staff.

And now we have come to the end. As the climber, who, weary but triumphant, reaches the summit, then turns to view the rugged path, so we view ours. Hard work is forgotten and we see only the pleasures, the joys and the triumphs which we as a class have enjoyed.

We cannot adequately express our appreciation to our teachers for their sagacious, untiring aid through the four years of our school life. We realize that there were times when we have been troublesome, but we hope our future may be such that even they may be proud to think they had us for a class.

We have reached the end and surely the reward is worth the effort.

G. I. H.

Farewell

Schoolmates, the time for parting has arrived
And we must say the word that brings us pain.
The years that we have spent together here
Are not for naught; they all have served to bring
Our lives into a close relationship
As friends and comrades. We will ne'er forget
The ties that bind us to this town and school.
The path of life lies smooth before us now,
But each must carve the record of his deeds
As in a marble book,—and he who carves
The best will have the best reward for all
His toil. Let us resolve that we will strive
To work and serve, that our report may be
Filled with good deeds that to us honor bring.
From now, our paths will never be the same;
Then let us push into the future dim
Bidding to each Godspeed upon his way.

J. P. S.

Class Deed

THIS INDENTURE, made the seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and sixteen, between the graduating class of nineteen hundred and sixteen of the first part, and the pupils and faculty of Cloverdale High School of the second part,

WITNESSETH, That the said party of the first part does hereby assign to the Juniors of C. H. S. and their heirs forever the Senior seats described as row A, together with the appurtenances and all rights in and to said premises.

To the Faculty we bequeath a plain and simple little flower, "For-Get-Me-Not."

Individually, we lawfully deed these our last bequests.

I, Palmer Sedgley, do bequeath to anyone in need of canal boats, a pair of my number tens. To Henry Wiedersheim, I leave my reputation as the most brilliant pupil in school. My cold indifference to the opposite sex, I leave to Raymond Roberts (he needs it). My ability as a hiker, I donate to "Mike" Ludvig.

I, Henry Barnes, do bequeath to "Spots" Donald my auburn whiskers, knowing that they will harmonize with said heirs ruddy complexion. My deep regard for socialism I leave to Melvin Hall with a strong desire that he may further the cause and bring about the golden millennium. My Waterman non-writable fountain pen and Egyptian hieroglyphics I pass on to Theron Seits.

I, Helen Carrie, do bequeath my deep regard for the terpsichorean art to Zelma Eells. My pink hosiery I leave to Merle McCray, in case of another appearance of mice in the "Lab." My reputation as a Mary Pickford, I pass on to Grace Tyler. My vocabulary of four languages I deed to Lorraine Kruse, my dignity, to Francis Coffey.

I, William Ahrens, do hereby bequeath my ability to play solo to Mervin McPherson; my art of queening, to Oma Osman. My pugilistic abilities I bequeath to Jack Warren. My 220-yard dash record I deed to Homer Connor, hoping that he will maintain it against all speed breakers.

I, Goldie Hale, do bequeath my guardianship over a certain Sophomore boy to Miss Pierson with instructions that she keep a watchful eye on him lest he should again indulge in his favorite pastime of breaking hearts. To Erminie Wiedersheim I gladly give my unoccupied time, so that she may henceforth be spared from using so much midnight oil. To our modern Prescilla, Flora Otis, I do give and bequeath my love for mischief, giggles and sass. Lastly, Sylverine Jeffries will find in the secluded corner of the church steps, a Big Ben, with repeating alarm set at thirty seconds to one o'clock. This will enable her to enjoy the precious moments of friendly visiting to their last limit without being tardy at school.

In witness whereof, the said party of the first part to these presents has hereunto set their hands and seals, the day and year first above written.

J. PALMER SEDGLEY,

HELEN CARRIE,

GOLDIE HALE,

WILLIAM AHERNS,

HENRY BARNES,

In the presence of

GEO. IMRIE,

F. P. CONNER,

BRECK. ORNBAUN.

State of California, County of Sonoma, ss.

E. Melvin Hall, Notary Public.



McMICHAEL ROBERTS WIEDERSHEIM HALL DANIELS
THOMPSON DE HAY SEITS LEA

The Juniors

In August 1913, seventeen blooming lads and lassies, composing the largest class that has ever entered the portals of our High School, made their debut. Since then we have gained many honors in athletics, debating and dramatics, for it is from among us that the leaders in these activities have been chosen.

At the close of three years ten remain loyal and true to the Blue and Gold. We deeply regret the loss of those who, on account of various reasons, were unable to continue the course; yet we feel proud to think that we shall enter the Senior class with double the average number. Though we are not at all conceited, we have always been noted for our dignity and austere gravity which the lower classes might do well to imitate.

We are Seniors now, the leaders of our school, by right of age and experience. We sincerely hope that 1917 will mark one of the most successful and notable years in the history of C. H. S.



VADON CONNER WARREN
WIEDERSHEIM EELLS COFFEY KRUSE WISWELL McCRAY LUDWIG

Sophomore Class

It would perhaps be impossible to find a class that is a more perfect living refutation of "The Despondency of the Sophomores" than are we. We have so many delightful prospects in the near future that we cannot even force ourselves to put on the long face and gloomy mein that are supposed to belong to those who have reached their second year in high school. From the tops of our heads to our very toes, we fairly tingle with enthusiasm at the thought of our fine new school building and the share that we shall have in helping to build and furnish it. How we fairly want to shout for joy when we think of recitation rooms that are well lighted, scientifically ventilated and comfortably heated; that have pictures on the walls and growing flowers on convenient shelves. Then think, too, how we shall enjoy giving our class play on the fine stage of the new Assembly Hall! There are a thousand other things that this short space will not allow me to tell. Do you wonder, then, that we are happy and that we cheer so lustily for the loyal citizens of Cloverdale who are planning to give us all these grand things?



MACPHERSON TYLER OSMON AHRENS JEFFRIES ROUX
COOLEY EELLS OTIS DONALD

Freshmen Class

I.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the Freshman class of the present year.
On the twenty-third of August in nineteen fifteen,
Hardly a pupil but remembers how green
Were the class of 1919.

2.

We resolved at the first to climb to the top;
And no upper classmen could give us the stop.
From morning to noon, from noon to night,
We worked with a will, with all our might.
Though lessons were hard, and sometimes long,
We conquered them all with laughter and song.
The pranks that our classmates played us at first
Were received with a smile, whether better or worse.
Our friends, the Seniors, to commencement are coming;
Their record is fine, but *we're* still in the running.
And so, if we all will stay by the ship,
In three years more from C. H. S. we will skip.

G. V. C.

EGLER DR.

My Fortune

(Awarded First Prize.)

As my Senior year in high school had been a strenuous one, vacation brought a very acceptable chance for recreation. My family was especially desirous for me to get out into the hills and do whatever I pleased in the way of taking life easy. Since fishing has always been a source of great enjoyment to me, I planned to take a trip of that nature. I was anxious lest all the trout should be taken from the streams before I could get a chance to try my skill, so my apparatus was packed and I was ready to accept the first opportunity of getting to a favorable trout hole.

Consequently, when I heard of a chance of a ride to Cummisky creek, I did not delay. The gentleman was going to a neighboring town on business, and was glad to have my company as far as I wished to go. He would start early the next morning. That evening saw me busy rolling up blankets, buying bait, and ordering a good lunch put up in readiness for my departure. Having had previous experience I was sure to see that the cook at the hotel was tipped so as to make him able to measure my fisherman's appetite correctly. When the package was handed to me I felt satisfied that all would be well, for even the newspaper in which it was wrapped seemed to be eager to tell me of some surprise hidden within it.

We started from the hotel at seven o'clock, and it was not much later that I bade my friend goodbye, assuring him that I would meet him at the same spot on the following evening. He wished me luck and, with good-natured chaffing concerning the size of my lunch box, drove away.

The morning was fair and balmy, the kind that brings spring-fever to the working man in town but fills the angler with delight. Never have I seen the hills and dales as beautiful as they were then. The high peaks were covered with sunshine; the valleys were a deep blue at a distance; the entire scene radiated peace and joyous life. I could have spent the day happily enough in just enjoying the varied aspects of Nature at that wonderful season of the year.

But ambition was surging through my veins. I longed to catch some of the fish that I had heard about so often at the postoffice on summer evenings,—the kind that help to establish a reputation, if not of a fisherman, at least of a good fabricator.

To that end, I started up creek and, after secreting my lunch box and blankets, began to try my luck. All the rest of that beautiful day I spent

casting my line and pulling out the speckled beauties. My skill and good fortune combined had helped me pull in some of the finest specimens that I had ever seen. About five o'clock in the afternoon I began to experience the cravings of a raging appetite. Two biscuits that I had put into my pocket had been all that I could stop to eat for dinner, so I sought my small camp rather suddenly and hastened to prepare a hearty meal. With the dry wood so handy, a good fire was a matter of only a few minutes. The lunch box was freed from newspaper and string and I began a belated attack on the contents. Whoever has not experienced a good meal after an active day in the open air of the hills, has missed one of the joys of life. I stopped only when I remembered that what food was left must suffice for the morrow.

After preparing camp for the night and cleaning my mess of fish, I found that some little daylight was left me yet, for it was only seven o'clock. I was tired from the hard exertions of the day, so decided that I would rest by the fire until I became sleepy. The paper that had encompassed my lunch box was lying on the ground nearby, so I picked it up and perused its columns. In looking for the date of publication—that I might know how stale the news was—my eyes rested near the top of the last page in the left-hand corner on a short piece whose headlines read: "Search for Lost Heir Begun; Large Fortune Awaits Claimant." This looked somewhat interesting, so, after discovering that the paper was but little over a week old, I turned my attention to this short space of type:

"The search for one John R. Brownwell, sole heir of the vast estate of the late Robert Brownwell of San Francisco, was begun in earnest today. The detective agencies have been notified and, although previous efforts to locate the said party have been vain, it is believed that he will be found shortly."

John R. Brownwell! That was my own name. Could it be that I was the fortunate heir to an estate? The print ran together before my eyes and the paper shook in my hands. Doubt seized me and my common sense asked how such a thing could be. If I had ever heard of a relative by that name I might have believed it, but of this man I had never heard. On the other hand, what was to prevent its being true? Although my people had never told me of a rich relative, such things had happened before. I sought out the article and read it through a dozen times, digesting it by parts and trying to get the effect of each line. As it slowly dawned upon me that it must be true, my doubt gave way to delight and a strong feeling of exultation.

Now I could really have those many different things that I had always looked upon as distant hopes so immeasurably far away in the dim future. A college education of the best sort; a splendid home; a high-powered automobile; time in abundance to spend in any way that suited my fancy; high position in the world of finance,—all passed in gorgeous array before my mind's eye. Castle upon castle I built, until, with a start, I came to a realization that the fire was almost out and that the damp dew of night was causing me to feel chilly. I quickly piled more wood upon the glowing coals and soon was rewarded with a bright blaze that lit up the open space and drove the shadows back into the recesses of the dark woods. I made sure that the precious news-

paper that had brought such joy to me was carefully placed in my coat pocket, and then lay down and wrapped my blankets close around me. Had I not been very tired from the long, hard sport of the day, I do not believe that I should have slept but, as it was, I dozed off almost immediately.

I woke early and found that another wonderful spring day had begun. The sun's first rays were tipping the tops of the redwood trees high above me. The grass was heavy with dew, and the birds were beginning their morning devotions.

After breakfast I again started up the creek, where the entire day was spent in fishing and pondering. I looked the case over from every possible angle, while my wits were actively laying more plans for the future.

As I had promised to meet my friend with the automobile at the road, I was forced, against my will, to leave off angling about three o'clock, in order to gather up my camping equipment, clean my fish, and arrive at the trysting place on time. When the appointed hour came, however, it found me waiting by the roadside a few minutes before my friend hove into view.

I tried to keep calm and not burst out with the news, but my face must have betrayed my secret for the first thing he asked was, "Well, Jonah, where was the luck—with you, or with the fish? You appear to be in high spirits, so I presume it must have been with you." I told him how many fish I had caught and then imparted my great piece of news. He listened in silence while I gave him all the reasons I had thought of why I was the sole lawful heir. When I had run out of breath, he said, "Well, what is your first move to get possession of the fortune?" This I could not exactly answer, but I thought that I would telegraph immediately to the detective agency. He gave me some good advice on what to do, then stopped the car in front of the telegraph office, where I was left to follow out the mysterious piece of news.

I confess that I was somewhat nervous and had quite a time getting the message worded. But I finally twisted the words so that they sounded fairly well and handed the slip through the wicket to the operator. Having no idea how long it would be before I could receive an answer, I went back up to the hotel and, after changing my clothes, had supper.

I was sitting in the lobby reading when the return message was brought. I took the yellow envelope and hastily tore off one end. I unfolded the sheet of paper and read:

"Rightful heir found several days ago. Newspaper misprinted the name. Estate meant for John R. Brownell, not Brownwell."

Like a puff of smoke my air castles vanished. My fond hopes and plans dissolved. I could hardly realize now that it was all a mistake of hasty judgment on my part, so thoroughly had I forced myself into believing that I could not possibly be other than the rightful heir. After hoping, thinking, and planning upon my good fortune for the better part of two whole days, how could I bear to have it all come to naught?

For an hour or more I sat there, going over each little detail of the event; then I left the lobby and wandered aimlessly up the street drinking in the cool night air. A spirit of depression had settled down upon me; I strove to shake it off and consider the affair as a sort of venture in which I had been the loser.

But no, try as I would, the thought of that power that comes with fortune still rankled in my brain. As I have said, my air castles vanished like a puff of smoke, but the fire of ambition that had caused them had not died out—it was still glowing within me.

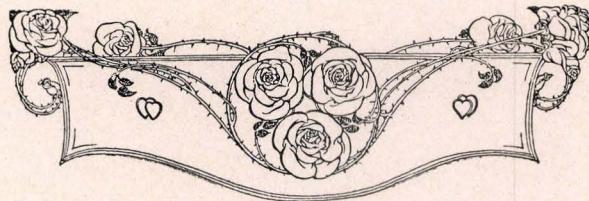
Suddenly a passage from an editorial came to me: "If you would have power, work for it. Do noble things, not dream them all day long." Ah, there was the keynote to my plans. Not in dreaming only, but in doing, was my opportunity. The future lay before me, to be filled according to the choice I should make. Why not attempt those things that I had dreamed?

By the time I returned to the hotel my resolve was taken. I would strive with all my might to fulfill those plans that spelled accomplishment. I had modified Kingsley's motto somewhat and accepted as my slogan, "Dreaming and doing." With those words before me I was ready to press on into the world's wide field of action, determined to win by hard labor all the good things that I had planned to procure with the fortune that had almost been mine.

J. P. S.

Springtime is coming, I hear in the trees
Sweet songs of love and joy;
Round the half finished nest the mother bird flits
Expectant, chirping and coy;
Her lord and master, strutting and bold,
With his plumes of crimson and breast of gold,
Flashes round in the sun's bright rays.
He sings to his mate and this is his lay:
"Lord of the copse and the hedge am I,
Tempest and danger I'll swiftly fly,
I'm the king of the hedge and the prince of the sky."

H. B.



Dad

(Second Prize.)

"Yes, Maria, in a minute. Just one more furrow and then I'll come." The weary day had almost drawn to a close and the rugged figure of the farmer as he walked behind the plow, was suggestive of weariness and utter fatigue. His strong, weather beaten countenance was seamed and lined with care, although around the firm lips there were signs of kindliness and joviality. The massive head was crowned with a shock of iron-gray hair.

The air was hot and sultry, for it was Indian Summer, and the tired man had found it unusually long and tedious, yet even as the twilight deepened and the purple hills became hardly discernible, he plodded on in order to finish the few remaining rows. While he walked their almost interminable length he soliloquized: "Yes, it's sure a fine young mare; just the thing for Maria to drive, but still Squire Goodwell has offered a neat little sum for her and Dan simply must have his quarterly allowance. It's been a long time since the lad has written, almost three weeks. It comes pretty hard to put him through college, but he shall have everything I missed in the way of education. My bones are getting pretty stiff."

Then the last furrow was commenced.

"That new Samson Tractor would be just the thing. I wonder if Dan realizes what it means? Still Dan is a good boy. How like his mother's, that expression out of the eyes! I miss the lad's mother these days. Poor Dan, it was hard luck for him to lose her when he was so young. Sister does her duty, but a boy needs a mother. The lad would not be what he is if it were not for the influence she exerted over him before she died."

"Yes, Maria, I'm coming," for again his sister's voice floated out across the evening air from the back porch of the little vine clad cottage nestled under the clump of whispering trees.

"Maria has certainly done her duty, she's been almost a second mother to Dan. I must not let her know how hard times are, or else she will worry."

As this everyday hero brought in his worn out team, another scene was taking place in the fraternity house of Harvard. A stalwart young man with an unmistakable air of determination was endeavoring to make his escape from a crowd of gay young students who were urging him to go with them and have a good time.

"Say, Dan, don't be a quitter," exclaimed one, evidently the ring-leader.

A flush mounted to Dan's forehead and he threw back his head proudly, despite the hurt, grieved look around his eyes.

"Ed, don't you dare to call me a quitter. I'm no cad, you don't know what you're saying. It's not out of love for study and work that I stay home every evening, but it is because I have a Dad at home who is working hard to put me through college. Everything I have I owe to the self-denial of my father; then is it fair that I should waste and squander his time and money when he is giving up everything for me?"

The room was still for a few moments; finally Ed said: "Shake hands old pal." And the gang filed out, a trifle subdued, for each one felt a respect and

reverence for this boy who had the moral strength to live up to his convictions.

When the boys left, Dan smiled ruefully and then settled down to work.

"Won't it be a treat to see Dad's face when I hand him back my allowances. Of course it's not such jolly fun to sit up writing reports for the 'Bulletin,' but it's worth it. Dear old Dad. I must drop him a line, it's been so long since I have written. However, if I give the valedictory that will be a compensation. Anyway, I will drop him and auntie a postal."

* * * * *

The evening of commencement had arrived, and a hush of expectancy filled the hall as the chaplain announced, "As is customary in most educational institutions the student with the highest percentage in his conduct and studies is given the honor of delivering the valedictory. Dan Magrew has earned this honor by reason of his unexampled record."

As he arose to begin his oration, a thundering applause shook the building to its very foundation, but Dan saw only his father, and all through his speech his eyes were riveted on the approving countenance of Dad. His father sat tense and breathless as Dan delivered his valedictory, for it seemed but a dream to him, this surprise of all surprises.

When the confident boyish voice finished there was a storm of applause such as the hall had never heard before. Ed proposed a yell and truly there was never a more hearty cheer than—

"Dan's no quitter—Rah, Rah, Rah for Dan Magrew."

After the closing address the fellows crowded around Dan and gave him such an ovation as had never before been given to a graduate. Dan begged to be allowed to leave, for despite all the honors heaped upon him, he was modest and shy. Immediately he went to his father and introduced him to the dean. The dean's voice was somewhat choked as he said:

"Mr. Magrew, I congratulate you on having the finest boy in the land." But Dan, looking at the beaming countenance of his father interrupted:

"Congratulate me, dear friend, on having the best Dad that ever was." As he said this he slipped a check into his father's hand amounting to the whole of the last year's allowance. "Father, forgive me for not writing oftener, but perhaps you would like a Samson Tractor—" Then Ed led another yell, but it was not for Dan Magrew, but for "Dad" Magrew and Dan joined in with all the voice that he could muster at this moment when all his strength was dissolved in the mingled emotions of pride and gratitude and love for "Dad."

ERMINIE.



The Myth of the Mistletoe

Many, many years ago there lived a very beautiful girl who was greatly favored by all the gods and goddesses. Her name was Mistletoe. Her home was near a wide-spreading forest. Here she lived with her mother, brother and sisters. Her mother was very cruel to her because she was so favored by the immortals.

One day as Mistletoe was wandering in the forest, Venus, in the disguise of her lover, presented her with a wonderful necklace of pearls. When Mistletoe reached home and told her mother of the beautiful gift, the mother became very angry. She knew that this was another act of the lovely goddess.

Poor little Mistletoe was driven from her home, never to return. In the lonely forest she was to make her living as best she could. She spent many weeks here with the flowers and birds. Finally she became very ill. She went about from tree to tree trying to find some food, but nothing seemed to benefit her. Too weak to wander farther, Mistletoe sat down under a tree. In a few moments she had fallen asleep.

Diana found the child. As she lay peacefully sleeping beneath the big, sheltering oak, she was indeed a picture of loveliness. Her dress was of green, the color of the trees; her hair, long and black; her sandals were of bark which she had cut from the trees. She felt the divine presence and stirred. When she awoke she beheld the goddess. "O Goddess Diana," she said, "I am too lonely and sick to live in this forest. Can you not help me?"

"Dear little Mistletoe," said Diana, "death is upon you, but I will help you." Saying this, she waved her hand. Mistletoe vanished. But up in the tree over head, grew a beautiful bunch of green leaves with white berries that looked like pearls. To this day the beautiful bunch of green leaves can be seen in the self-same tree under which Mistletoe fell asleep, and in everyone of its kind.

FLORA.

By the side of the stream the flowers have bloomed
Almost over night they have come;
Not with clamor and shout, or festive song
Or rattling of fife and drum,
But without a whisper they spread themselves
On the bright and shining earth;
The final stroke of the Master's brush,
Was made with the flowers' birth;
Snapdragon, foxglove, azalea and rose,
All radiant and gorgeous and bright,
Gleam and glitter in magic array,
In the wonderful ocean of light.

H. B.

With Brains, Not Bayonets

"WAR WITH MEXICO."

"Another massacre on border line, twenty-six people killed by Villa."

"The United States Senate decides to send soldiers into Mexico to capture Villa."

Such were the startling headlines that appeared in our papers in February. At first Carranza made a show of friendship by saying that the American army might go a certain distance into Mexico. Later, however, he claimed they had no chance of catching Villa, as he had crossed out of the territory open to the Americans. Carranza forbade the United States from going a step farther. President Wilson and his Cabinet and legislators deliberated over this question very seriously, but finally they decided to enter Mexico, regardless of the protest. Carranza, upon hearing this, immediately raised a large army to drive back our forces and all the warring factions of Mexico joined to fight us. This made us realize that the matter was no child's play. An expedition of twenty thousand men was sent out to capture Villa at all costs. They were high spirited and eager to show their mettle. In a few days they met an army of ten thousand Mexicans under Obregon, a lieutenant of Villa's. How different from what they expected! The Mexicans reduced their number by fifteen hundred in two days and for a whole week their advance was entirely checked by this small force. Reinforcements had to be sent to save them from annihilation, but even then the guerilla methods of some of the semi-barbarous natives threatened dire results for our army.

It was at this moment, when bullets and bayonets, cannon and shell, were showing themselves entirely inadequate, that the brains of the nations began working night and day to invent some way to counteract the success of this savage warfare of our opponents.

In less than a month an eccentric scientist, Harold Smith, perfected a machine called a "Gravitation Nullifier." Smith was appointed lieutenant under Brown and was given the best aeroplane in existence to use in operating his new invention.

When a hostile army was sighted the aeroplane sailed over the whole length and sprinkled small metal balls by the handfuls. Then the Gravitation Nullifier sailed back and turned on the electrical generators. In a few moments a surprising thing happened—the opposing army, cannon, small arms, and everything else were floating around in the air so that any light gust of wind could blow them over trees or houses. The secret was that gravity is an electrical effect and that Smith had discovered a way to stop the electricity from flowing. The substance that finally accomplished this is "RADIATE," a mineral that resembles pure silver. It was discovered near the north pole, where it is found only in small quantities.

With this invention the Americans quickly dispersed all opposition. When they thought they had won, however, they were alarmed by a report that the Mexicans had been secretly building a large navy and had just sent it out from Vera Cruz. The American navy, only a third as large, could not hope to be successful. Smith's invention was called upon to dispel the advancing ships, but

he explained that it would not work over the ocean as the water short-circuited the metal balls.

This was the time to use his second invention, the "Scarlet Ray," discovered by a German, but bought and perfected by himself. Whenever it was turned on and pointed at a gun, magazine, pistol or the like, it immediately exploded the powder. It could be adjusted so as to penetrate either short or long distances, through iron, wood or any other material. He mounted one on the bow of the flagship and turned it on each of the Mexican ships in succession. He now adjusted it so that it would not blow up the magazine, which would destroy the ship, but only the guns and firearms so that the ship was made helpless. The whole navy quickly surrendered and then the remnant of the main army that held the capital did likewise, and our army marched triumphantly into Mexico City.

Harold Smith was raised to second in command of the American army and his two inventions were bought by the government for one million dollars so that they could be used only for defensive purposes.

Mexico was now thoroughly whipped and surrendered a few months later. All the disturbers of the peace had been captured. This freed her from their bad influence and she established a government modeled after that of the United States. Since she has the richest gold, silver and petroleum mines in the world, her future progress is assured. Nothing is ever heard now of revolution or assassinations. Mexico is on the road to prosperity.

G. A. W.

Orphan Annie

"Oh, look, Mabel, isn't it lovely?"

Nancy, a dark-eyed, sad-faced girl, was showing a picture to bright, dimpled little Mabel.

"Look at the trees! Wouldn't you love to climb in one of them? Just think, maybe we can wade in a creek like this one."

The children in the Orphan's Home were going to spend a month in the country and all were excited over the prospect.

Nancy skipped over to help some of the smaller ones dress. Like her namesake, Orphan Annie, she mothered all the little children, told them stories and sang to them. That is why the matron had given her this name, but because she lived in the twentieth century and in the bustling city of San Francisco, the more pretentious sounding form of Nancy was substituted for the familiar Annie.

Nancy had an especial love for three-year-old Mabel, whom she petted and coddled as if it had been her own little sister.

The neat blue and white gingham had been slipped over her head and buttoned; Mabel heard the honk of an automobile and climbed upon a chair to see if it was coming for her. The next instant she uttered a scream of pain for she had slipped and fallen to the floor. Her ankle was sprained. The trip to the country was now an impossibility. She must stay here within these stifling walls—a prospect that made her cry bitterly.

Nancy went at once to Miss Arlington and begged to be allowed to remain with her little friend.

"I think that it would be best for you to go with the rest of the children," replied Miss Arlington. "I feel that this trip to the country is just what you need. It will put some color into your cheeks and help you to feel more like running and romping as a child should do."

"But I don't want to go without Mabel. She will be so lonesome here without any of the other children and I think she'll be lonely without me. She never likes any one to put her to bed or to comb her hair but me, and I really want to stay with her." Nancy paused for want of breath.

Miss Arlington knew the child well and realized that if she was set upon staying she would not be happy if forced to go.

Nancy kept up a brave appearance until she saw the automobiles filled with happy, laughing children; then the tears came to her eyes and she almost wished she had gone with them. A minute later, however, when she went into the room where Mabel was crying with pain and disappointment she was glad she had stayed.

It was hers to make Mabel forget grief and suffering. She told the best stories and sang the jolliest songs until lunch time. Then her weary little charge could hardly keep the blue eyes open until the meal was over. At one o'clock she was sleeping soundly.

Nancy went to get one of her story books and saw the picture she had shown Mabel that morning.

"And I never saw a creek," she sobbed to herself, "not wild flowers nor—" She did not finish her sentence but took her book and went back to where Mabel was sleeping. The book she had brought was "Freckles." When she came to the part where Freckles learned of his mother and knew that she did not love him, Nancy stopped to wonder about her own mother.

"Maybe she was really like Freckles thought his was. Maybe she didn't want me and just left me where some one would find me," she said to herself. But she must have wanted me. I don't think my mother would be that way."

She put her book down and pondered seriously.

"I wonder if she's alive. Maybe she is and is poor and has to work hard. I wish I could find her and help her. Poor little Mabel, she hasn't any mother, either."

Thinking of Mabel made her want to do something for her, so she ran out to pick a bunch of sweet peas.

A few minutes after Nancy left the room, the matron entered followed by a beautiful, refined looking woman. They went over to where Mabel was and Mrs. McBride leaned over the sleeping child.

"Poor little thing," she said, "such a baby to be without a mother."

Mabel soon awoke and Mrs. McBride decided that she wanted to adopt her.

The matron called Nancy to tell Mabel good-bye. When she entered the room her eyes met those of Mrs. McBride. There was something about her plain, sad face that drew the stranger to her and when she looked into the kind, gentle eyes of the beautiful woman, the old pang of longing for mother love returned more strongly than ever.

After a few minutes Mrs. McBride stooped and kissed Nancy good-bye, then, leading little Mabel by the hand, she stepped into the waiting automobile.

Nancy went upstairs and lay down on her little white cot and sobbed herself to sleep. She so longed for a friend like this beautiful lady.

All the way home Mrs. McBride thought of Nancy. At the dinner table that night Mr. McBride made much over little Mabel, but Mrs. McBride seemed almost to forget the child's presence. She lay awake for a long time that night. Nancy's sad, beautiful brown eyes were ever before her, and when at last she went to sleep she dreamed of Nancy.

The next morning at the breakfast table she told her husband about it. They were to start for their beautiful summer home the following day and she told him that she could not leave the city without seeing again this little girl who had taken such a hold upon her. Mr. McBride laughingly told his wife to go ahead and adopt the whole orphanage if she wished to do so.

In less than an hour they were once more on their way to the stern looking brick house that still sheltered Nancy.

When she again saw the child she knew that she could never be happy unless she took this little girl as her own. She thought of the home and of the advantages she could give her. As she was thinking she remembered her husband's words that morning and knew how he would enjoy hearing the sound of the two children's voices at their play. In less than five minutes she told Miss Arlington that she wished to take Nancy as her own little daughter.

Nancy was too happy for words.

Miss Arlington brought Nancy's baby clothes and a little dress fell upon the floor. Mrs. McBride picked it up, and as she glanced at it the color left her face. She knew she had seen that dress before. She looked on the inside and there, as she had expected, were the initials N. McB. in fine embroidery. She knew the little skirts in an instant.

She caught Nancy in her arms.

"Oh, my baby," she cried, "My own baby, Nelda. Thank God I have found my baby!!" She held her close while she told the matron her story.

A little while before the San Francisco earthquake she had been called to Seattle by the death of her father. Her husband accompanied her, but, as their baby girl was not well, they thought it best to leave her at home in the care of her nurse. When they heard of the earthquake they hurried back only to find their beautiful home in ruins and no trace of their baby girl. Every effort was made to find her, but at last they gave up the search, thinking that the baby must have perished in the fire.

ZELMA.



Our New School House

The members of the staff, wishing to present to you a matter in which they knew you were very much interested, voted to offer a prize for the best essay on this subject, submitted by a pupil of the high school. The judges voted a tie for the prize between the two essays that immediately follow, but found also some other articles so unique that they advised printing them in the Spectator. We, accordingly, submit them to you.

The Good Example Set By Our Pioneers

The little redwood school house served its purpose in the early days. But the village of Cloverdale was growing and the hopeful citizens thought that they could support a more pretentious structure. They were ready to do their utmost. The new school house was built and dedicated with joyful ceremonies. We of the later generation can imagine those sturdy, progressive pioneers, for they were pioneers, rejoicing in their hearts over the growth of their town. They foresaw a great future for the prosperous little city. The building of a new school house always awakens these forward looking thoughts. Little did those men think that as the town grew the most influential and important institution of the community would receive less and less attention until it came to be noticeable only for its neglect.

It is not our wish to disparage the work of the faculty or the teachers; that is above reproach. The soul of the institution is struggling valiantly. This struggle is for the betterment of the community, for it is training in ways of righteousness and truth the guardians of future civilization. Everywhere, in every community, the people are beginning to awaken to the fact that this is a work of the utmost importance and, what is more, they realize that without their co-operation the institution to which is intrusted the molding of these pillars of future society can accomplish comparatively little. The spirit may be there, the indomitable courage may not be lacking, ability in plenty is to be had, but without tools the sculptors are quite helpless.

Everywhere we see the schools prospering because they are running in co-operation with the community which supports them. Each school is a wheel in the great mechanism of national education which is turning out the real members of society, the members that will rule the future because of their fitness. Now, if one knife in a factory is dull, if one gear lacks a sufficient number of teeth, if one belt slips, when the finished product emerges from the mass of machinery it is going to be deficient. This deficiency may not be discovered until a large number of articles have been ruined. These, not being a hundred per cent value, are thrown aside or sold for a pittance. The fault in the machinery can be traced to one man whose duty it was to keep his particular part of the whole in first class order. That man is going to receive the condemnation of those to whom he is responsible. Now, each community is a

man, it is responsible to society for the condition of its wheel in the great mill of education. Supposing you neglect your part of the machinery, the article may leave it only half as good as it should be and will finally emerge ruined. Are you ready to assume this responsibility? Are you eager for condemnation? You cannot expect the machinery always to run without attention. This is the position you are assuming; this the responsibility which you cannot evade and maintain your place in the respect of the world.

The little redwood school house met the needs of its time. But the leaders of that day could realize the importance of the part that instrument of education was to play in the advance of the town and they were quick to recognize the importance of a change and, what is more, the time when such a change was necessary. For a long time the present school house has been falling into a condition which, as well as being detrimental to the appearances of the community, is a menace to the health of the pupils. A great deal is judged by appearances and we wish to rank high in the opinion of those who pass judgment on us. We wish to attract people to our town.

The present school house is not a comfortable place to study in. There is no systemized order of ventilation; the heating system is not efficient and, furthermore, it is in such a condition that when working it is a constant annoyance, by the noises it makes, to anyone attempting to study.

It may seem that at present it would be impossible to erect a building which would be within the means of the community and yet would meet all of these requirements. But with a little planning I think that this could be accomplished to the satisfaction of everyone. We cannot hope in our present state of finances to segregate the grammar school from the high. By certain arrangements of the building it would be possible to eliminate many of the disadvantages arising from this connection. We must have an auditorium in which the school entertainments can be given, singing classes conducted and in which both schools can assemble. This large room could be the upper story of the middle section of the structure. The lower rooms of this section could be used by the high school for drawing classes, typing and other studies not so easily disturbed. On either side, respectively, could be conducted the high and grammar schools effectively divided by this middle section.

The first thing about which a possible resident inquires when he is considering settling in a town, is the school and the environment in which his children would be reared. A good school is one of the greatest assets that a town can possess. It will attract desirable families where the absence of it keeps them away. A better school would have a great influence on the social life of the town. If we were better equipped for such purposes, the dramatic talent of the school could be trained and utilized in the production of many entertainments. Even with its great lack of advantages the high school has been remarkably successful in this line. Dramatics is a part of high school education as well as the other subjects taken. At the present time neither the school nor the town offers any place in which entertainments of this sort can be given.

So let us provide a well warmed and ventilated building for our school and let us have it arranged to the best advantage. In doing this we shall be providing an institution to which we can point with pride and to which strangers will be desirous of sending their children.

E. MELVIN HALL.

Can We Afford to Neglect This Matter?

There are in California, as well as in every state, countless small towns whose populations hover around the one thousand mark. They are situated in small valleys in the mountains, where it is impossible to become a large city or even to develop into an active commercial center, and yet they must exist to supply the farmers and the few inhabitants of the vicinity with their daily necessities.

I have said that such towns cannot hope to become large cities, but that does not mean that they should deteriorate or lose any of their progressiveness. They should focus their ambitious thoughts on their own sphere. Why hope for the impossible? Then when they find enlargement hopeless they should strive to become the best small town in that section of the state.

But what are the qualities that constitute a good town? In a small place, where commercial greatness cannot be attained, the most important feature is the school. A place that has an active and progressive school organization possesses one of the most essential requisites for an advancing community. Much in that same line is the organization of social centers, which might be connected with the school or with Young Men's Christian Associations and similar lodges and societies. Then there are the municipal requirements, a conscientious legislative body, and an efficient executive force, not to omit the necessities of good water, sewer and lighting systems. These things, together with the climate and surroundings of the town, make it what it is.

In Cloverdale we have the majority of these, but of the more vital features, such as the school building and social developments, we are almost destitute. We lack the very things that are absolutely necessary to advancement and thus we keep away many desirable citizens and eventually destroy all hope of being a progressive, modern town, our only justifiable ideal.

We advertise the value of the products of our fertile land by the Citrus Fair. The purpose of this is to attract the people to the town so that they may see the fine points of the country as well as of the city. But when the people visit the town and see that it lacks one of the essential functions, especially if it be the school organization, the conscientious person, who always looks into such details before choosing his family's residence, would notice the folly of such management. Thus his visit would not arouse any thoughts of buying property, simply because it would be absurd to take his family away from a town with all the modern advantages for an education to a place almost destitute of even the necessities. In this way the noted fair loses its real meaning and becomes merely a money making proposition for the momentary gain of a few paltry dollars. Then, at the close, the crowds leave and the town assumes an almost monotonous dullness aside from the slight influx of summer visitors. Such a condition should be changed. The citizens should strive to build up their town in up to the minute style, then when they bring people into it they can show their achievements and the people will be interested and contemplate investing in property, instead of just coming in for a day and leaving without even a good word to speak in its behalf.

But, you say, a new school house and municipal buildings will cost a great deal of money. Out taxes will be increased.

It is natural for people to want to accumulate and save money, but some of us go to the extreme and the idea that is uppermost in our minds is to take in all the money we can without spending any. We are forcing that hateful, "mercantile theory" of colonial times upon ourselves. When any local improvement is mentioned certain short-sighted but influential factions declare that their expenses and taxes are so high that they cannot possibly afford to give more to any purpose. They have kept this up so long that very needy things are wanting and still they deceive themselves into thinking that they cannot afford even the utmost necessities.

Of course, the financial problem of any undertaking is a most important feature, but there are several ways in which the paying of hard money for the object may be evaded. For instance, in the matter of a new school house, the grammar school district of Cloverdale could build a good, substantial building with the agreement of taking the high school as a tenant, for approximately \$500 per year. This sum would be borne by the union high school district and would thus not be a burden on any one. In this way not only would the people get a much needed improvement from which there could be derived an unlimited amount of good, but at the same time they would invest in a proposition that all sagacious business men would recommend.

Many of us do not realize the disadvantage under which the children are working because of the inadequacy of the school building. If we would visit other schools and become thoroughly acquainted with modern structures of this kind and then come home and compare them with our school, we would pass through a short period of confused thought and come out of our dream only to find ourselves standing on the barren ledges and jagged cliffs of true facts. If we could then stop a moment and think of the possibilities we would realize that we have a field of boundless room for improvement.

The really difficult part of such a problem is to get the movement started. But isn't there one progressive man among us? Let that one keep the matter a subject of conversation, discuss all sides of it and when we arrive at a decision of what we want, explain it to the public and report it to some committee which has the power to act. After the first movement is started and completed with success, others will follow with surprising rapidity and ease, for when there is something we all want and need there is always a way to get it.

Let us so act that when the golden name of Cloverdale is spoken we shall enjoy the indescribable pleasure of thinking of our town with a thriving population, numbers of comfortable homes, an active school organization, both literary and athletic, various societies and clubs and all the developments of the modern and progressive town. This is the keynote to the happiness of any people.

"FACTA PROBANT."

HAROLD E. THOMPSON.

Our New School House

"O dear, I do wish those old radiators would go to work. The lazy things just sit there and let us freeze to death."

Agnes had just come home from school, and was warming her hands by the fire. Gertrude, who lived in a near by town, was spending the week with her. After talking for a short while, Agnes started to study. She had a long English lesson to prepare for the next day. She was to write an essay, and was trying to think of a topic.

"Oh I know," said Gertrude, "write on 'Why We Need a New School House.' You could write a whole book on that."

"That's just what I want," said Agnes. "I'll say we need a study-hall."

"And an auditorium," said Gertrude, "where every Friday night you could have music, dancing, moving pictures, and all sorts of games, just like we do at our school. I think yours is the funniest school I ever saw. Why, you haven't even got a telephone."

"And," continued Agnes, "we want a place where the rats are not quite so bold as to stare at you during recitations. We could have an attractive lawn and flowers, too. Who can take as much interest in his lessons when housed in an old shack a half century old, as he could in a modern and in an up-to-date building? Our poor school is so old that a slight wind storm would blow it over. Just think, we even have to use the office as a class-room, and are compelled to study in the same room where others are reciting. I'll write a long essay, and perhaps it will be published in our school paper. Then if we don't get a new school house, it won't be my fault."

"Now, you must stop talking, Agnes, and go to work," said Gertrude, "or you won't have time to write your essay."

* * * Cloverdale now has a \$20,000 school building. Many claim that Agnes' essay, mentioned above, was the cause. It was written in a very enthusiastic and effective style, and was not only published in the school paper, but in the two town papers as well. The citizens of the community were, no doubt, impressed. The town awoke, and decided to delay no longer in erecting a new school building.

E. E.

The Gold Nugget

One day as I was reading in my library in New York, a headline of one of the city newspapers caught my eye. The following is the clipping from the paper:

GREAT INTEREST IN CONTEST FOR MILLIONARIES.

New York, Feb. 20, 1916.—About two months ago some of our wealthiest citizens decided to form a colony and move out to California. There were about twenty in number, and altogether, represented a capital of two hundred million dollars. Each city in California has tried very hard to get the colony to settle in its locality, and well they might, for it is an excellent opportunity for a town to secure people like these for its citizens.

The millionaire colony decided to have the cities with a population of 1,000 to 10,000 enter the contest, to see which one could give them the best and most healthful place to live in.

Over two hundred towns sent representatives to this city on February 19th. Each representative had literature describing the advantages of his town. Many had photographs.

On the evening of the 19th the choice of locations lay between Pasadena and Cloverdale. The committee in charge of selecting a location for the colony was evenly divided between Pasadena and Cloverdale.

The Pasadena representative made a long speech which was given praise by the committee. Then the Cloverdale man got up and described all of the beautiful country surrounding Cloverdale, and told of the many building sites, and of the climatic conditions. After he sat down, the committee was as much divided as ever.

Suddenly the Cloverdale man arose and said he had a photograph that he had neglected to show—the picture of Cloverdale's fine new school house, an ideal school house in every respect.

This put a different face on the matter. All of the millionaires had children. When they saw the picture of the fine school, and heard of how it was run, they all cast their votes for Cloverdale. One tried to argue that the tax rate resulting from the cost of the school would take a few dollars out of their pockets, but he was immediately expelled from the colony and branded as a knocker.

Cloverdale by means of her school house got just two hundred million dollars worth of capital invested in her town. We congratulate this thriving little Western town.

G. V. C.

Ode to the Radiators

I.

'Twas in the dead of winter, when we missed our old air-tight;
The mercury at once did freeze, within old fahrenheit.

2.

It took a week, a solid week, to get a pound of steam;
So every day, by cold benumbed, they sent us home by team.

3.

On each ensuing morning, with weak, rheumatic knees,
They'd hasten to the drug store and their cry was, "Cough drops, please."

4.

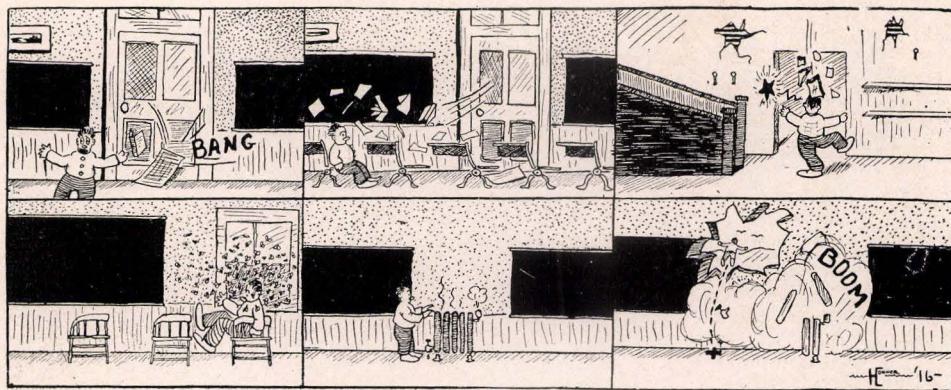
But they are faithful, never fear, they'll freeze or do or die,
They sure admired those radiators that stood in Cloverdale High.

5.

Like the rumbling of artillery, like the hiss of flying shell,
With a sound like Busy Berthas, they drown both voice and bell.

6.

They are burnished bright as virgin gold,
But art did ne'er relieve the cold.



Why We Need a New School House

(1) Jonny, the carefully nurtured little ruff-neck of delicate constitution, arrives at C. U. H. S. in a tranquil state of mind. He opens the door with the innocent intention of entering the room but with just the wee slightest bit "trop de zele." The sheet of tin which serves as a pane of glass falls with an awful clang and poor Jonny's delicate balance is completely upset. A careful observer may note the corner of Jonny's heart protruding from his mouth. Gentle Jonny's next period is in the Laboratory. Here he toasts his aristocratic shins at the high-tempered Laboratory stove.

(2) His temperature has increased quite perceptibly when we again find him seated placidly in Room 1 enjoying the weather. But alas! an awful cold is coming on apace. The draft has penetrated his bones and soon will fill him full of illness.

(3) Cruel world! He crosses the hall, being unaware of the treacherous plaster. It smites him severely on the bean, to Jonny's great discomfiture.

(4) In Room 111 the hungry co-eds have partaken of lunch and all manner of winged insects have gathered to glean the dainty crumbs that are left. Jonny arrives at the psychological moment and is half devoured before he escapes.

(5) Now let us look into the future. Some day Jonny will be seeking warmth at one of these screeching, banging, clanking, demon radiators. There will be a mighty blast and then—Jonny will be measured for a golden harp.

E. M. H.

ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1893.

Jessie Wood is living in Berkeley.
Charlie Cheeks is a musician at Seattle.
Mrs. Eastlick (Grace Wilcox) is living in Fort Jones, Siskiyou County.
Jean Smith is teaching in Berkeley.
Oscar Tyler, deceased.

CLASS OF 1894.

Elizabeth Menihan is at home.
Mrs. Bishop (Lizzie Caughey) is living in Eureka.
Selene Menihan is teaching in Cloverdale Grammar School.

CLASS OF 1895.

Fidelia Furbur is at Seward, Alaska.
Mrs. Ray Hill (Clara Mason) is living at Prescott, Arizona.
Russell Cameron is living in Healdsburg.
Mrs. Whittworth (Belle Wood) is living in Berkeley.
Frank Yordi, deceased.

CLASS OF 1896.

Charlie Cooley is living at Yorkville.
Mrs. A. T. Baum (Elizabeth Markell) is living in San Francisco.
Mrs. Drucks (Ada Williams) is living in Oakland.

CLASS OF 1897.

Edna Elden is living in Wood, Kern County.
Mamie Menihan is teaching in Oakland.
Albert Kleiser is practicing dentistry in Bakersfield.
William Fubur is living in Cloverdale.
Mrs. Cyril Seidle (Beatrice Hagemayer) is living on a ranch near Lincoln,
Placer County.

CLASS OF 1898.

William Caldwell is living in Cloverdale.
Mrs. Murry (Sallie Crigler) is living on a ranch near Cloverdale.
Mrs. Wieland (Augusta Menke) is living in Oakland.
Arthur Cooley is living in San Francisco.
Mrs. Hiatt (Effie Shelford) is living in Healdsburg.

CLASS OF 1900.

Mrs. Bowers (Amy McCausland) is living in Santa Rosa.
Jessie Bentley is teaching in the Cloverdale Grammar School.
Mrs. Roberts (Alice Caldwell) is living in San Diego.

CLASS OF 1901.

Mrs. Dittman (Zoe Levicy) is living in Berkeley.
Susan Elden is living in Portland, Oregon.
Mrs. Bruning (Annie Koester) is living in Penn Grove.

CLASS OF 1902.

Mrs. Dewey (Lillian Daniels) is living at Fulton.
Nellie Shelford is a milliner in Healdsburg.

CLASS OF 1903.

Mrs. Woodward (Margaret Menihan) is living in Berkeley.
Delia Elden is living in Berkeley.
Alice Porterfield is living in Berkeley.
Mrs. E. Lake (Susie Shelford) is living in San Jose.
Mrs. Yordi (Ethel Caldwell) is living in Cloverdale.

CLASS OF 1904.

Hiram Casey is a lawyer in San Francisco.

CLASS OF 1905.

Mrs. F. Gorman (Marion Chase) is living in New York.
Ada Thompson is living in Cloverdale.

CLASS OF 1906.

Mrs. McAbee (Ethel Lile) is living in Cloverdale.
Helen Chase is living in New York City.

CLASS OF 1907.

Edith Cooley is at home.

CLASS OF 1908.

Mrs. Imrie (Kate Cooley) is living in Cloverdale.
Markell Baer is private secretary for Judge Lawlor in the Supreme Court of
San Francisco.
Mrs. Chandler (Mattie Elliot) is living in San Jose.
Frank Sedgley is working for the Owl Drug Company in Los Angeles.
Mrs. Adams (Emily Seymour) is living at Morgan Hill, Santa Clara County.
Mrs. Spencer (Pearl Pruitt) is living in San Francisco.
Mrs. Van Tassel (Nora Pruitt) is living in San Francisco.

CLASS OF 1909.

Mrs. C. Smith (Hazel Shelford) is living in Roseville.

CLASS OF 1910.

Cecil Gowan is teaching near Philo.
Faye Northcott is living at Trinity.
Hazel Browne is teaching near Colfax.

CLASS OF 1911.

Emma Sedgley is teaching in the Cloverdale Grammar School.
Will McCabe is practicing dentistry in Oakland.
Herbert Belford is at home.
Isabel Grant is living in San Francisco.
Dan Sink is attending the Affiliated College of Medicine, U. C.

CLASS OF 1912.

Mrs. O'Dell (Florence Lile) is living in Lodi.
Frank Belford is living near Cloverdale.
Lloyd Browne is living on a ranch near Colfax.
John Sink is working in San Francisco.
W. T. Brush is employed at the Cloverdale mines.

CLASS OF 1913.

Mrs. Abshire (Maude Thompson) is living near Geyserville.
Mrs. Marion (Norma Hulbert) is living in Sebastopol.
Nettie Beasley is attending the University of California.
Gertrude Ludwig is at home.
Ruth Belcher is teaching in Winters.

CLASS OF 1914.

Lucile Brush is attending the San Francisco Normal.
Charles Grant is attending the University of California.
John Cooley is attending the University of California.
Phillip Prell is attending the University of California.
Zola Hotell (Mrs. Hansen) is living in Vallejo.

CLASS OF 1915.

Genevieve Phelan has a position in the Cloverdale Post Office.



O. V. L.

A Letter From Markell Baer.

At one of the recent meetings we were delightfully surprised and entertained by a letter from one of our former prominent members, Markell Baer, who now holds the responsible position of secretary to Judge Lawlor of the Supreme Court. It was very gratifying to the society and very encouraging to its members to hear him speak of the appreciation he felt for the training that the various activities in connection with the O. V. L. had given him and of the interest that he still has in everything pertaining to Cloverdale High School.

Debating.

Early in the year we inaugurated our work in debating by a try-out for the team that was to enter the contest for the championship of the Napa, Sonoma and Solano Counties Debating League. Joty Sedgley, Henry Barnes and Lois McMichael were the successful participants. Later we have had a number of excellent debates at our regular semi-monthly meetings. The class in U. S. history favored us by giving one of its debates at the session of April seventh, when Pauline De Hay and Helen Carrie, Henry Barnes and Harold Thompson discussed the question: "Resolved, That U. S. Grant was a better general than Robert E. Lee."

Citrus Fair.

The famous trophy cup, won by the debating teams of 1913 and 1914, was the model for our exhibit at the Citrus Fair. The base and the lettering were neatly worked in olives which contrasted excellently with the golden oranges that were skillfully constructed into an exact copy of the model but towering eight feet above its pedestal. Graceful streamers of smilax added the last touch that made the whole a real work of art.

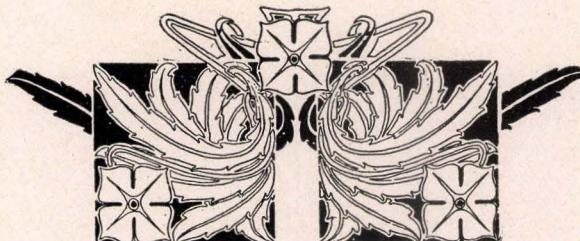
Social.

Our social activities opened with a reception to the Freshmen. The decorating committee conceived the novel idea of making the appearance of the hall conform to the occasion by having the color scheme all in a pleasing green. This effect was further carried out by pictures of babies upon the walls and by dolls and other reminders of the nursery, which dangled from lights and chandeliers.

The Freshmen as guests of honor, had the pleasure of seeing their schoolmates and friends enjoy a very delightful evening.

On the evening of the nineteenth of April, Mrs. D. W. Dineen entertained the High School at a Floral Transposition, given in honor of the birthday of her nephew, Theoran Seits.

Palmer Sedgley and Vilma Ur won the prizes given for the longest correct lists of flowers from the puzzles. Light refreshments and music added further to the enjoyment of the evening. Mrs. Dineen proved herself a charming hostess.



DRAMATICS

The outlook for dramatics this year was very gloomy. A fire had swept away the opera house where all former plays had been staged and there remained no suitable place in which to give a performance. The committee considered the plausibility of presenting an outdoor play, or of erecting a temporary stage in the pavilion, but various circumstances prevented the furtherance of these plans. We were about to give up the idea of a play, when Mrs. Arthur McCray came to the rescue by offering us the use of the audience hall in their Club House, which was eagerly accepted. That question being settled, the three-act comedy entitled "What Happened to Jones" was chosen and the cast was selected.



The play was presented before a large and appreciative audience on Thursday evening, May 4th. The citizens of the community generously accorded us their support by donating their cars for transporting the people to and from the Club House. Mr. E. A. Cooley, Mrs. Arthur McCray, and Mr. F. A. White were the only members of the caste who were not high school students, and much of our success was due to their help. Mrs. McCray transformed the stage into a pretty drawing room, and the effect was quite striking. A clever vaudeville sketch was enacted by a quartette between acts.

The performance proved a great success. The audience was kept in a perpetual laugh throughout the entire entertainment. The individual members of the cast received many compliments on the excellent portrayal of their parts.

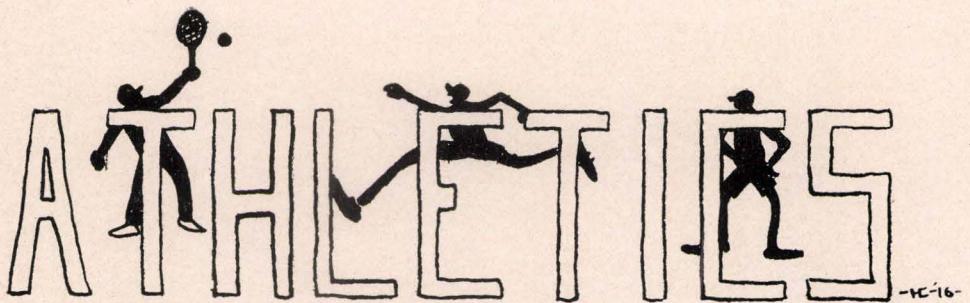
Our efforts having met with so favorable a reception in Cloverdale, arrangements were made with Geyserville High School to play in their town. The cast



autoed to Geyserville the following Monday and played to another packed house. From all reports the entertainment was as greatly appreciated in our neighboring town as it was in our own and we felt more than gratified in the success of our attempt.

Mrs. Seits extended an invitation to the members of the cast to come to her home, about three miles from Geyserville. The invitation was accepted and a bounteous repast was enjoyed through her hospitality.





The Value of Athletics

How much easier it is to study when we are not hampered by some physical ailment, when our bodies, and consequently our minds, are all alive from having participated in vigorous and health-giving exercise! Of what use is knowledge unless we have the physical strength and energy to carry out what we plan?

Theodore Roosevelt stated it well when he said, "Athletic sports, if followed correctly, are admirable for developing character." When an athlete is training for some event he finds that he must do hard work in order to accomplish the desired results. Here bluffing does not go—nothing but honesty, first to himself and then to others.

In the course of his training he learns, also, which things are injurious to his health and which are not, so that he may form his habits accordingly. He sees clearly demonstrated the harmful effects of liquor and tobacco. In a word, athletics spells preparedness against every source that tends toward the lowering of the ideal of manhood.

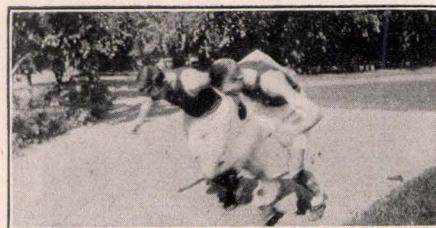
In the past, school athletics have been confined to the specialized training of a select few in teams of various sorts that represent the school at the athletic meets. Common sense, however, has convinced us that it is the masses and not the few, that need the benefits that can be derived from this branch of school activities and, consequently, we are beginning to urge athletic sports for every pupil. This requires larger school grounds but it pays a thousand fold in the improved health and mental activity of those who participate. Parents who are interested in the welfare of their children cannot afford to neglect to impress strongly upon them the value of this opportunity.

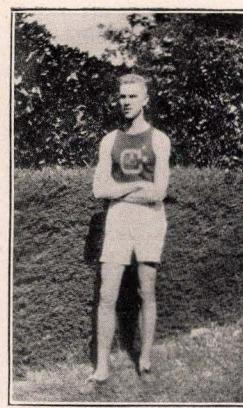
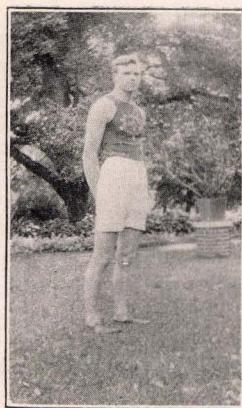
TENNIS.

The year 1916 marks the revival of tennis in C. H. S. It has found several enthusiasts and although we have entered no teams in any of the tournaments there have been some remarkable players developed. The game proves more fascinating every set that is played, and it is hoped in the future we shall have a team that will faithfully uphold the standard of Cloverdale.

TRACK.

Owing to the lack of facilities the track team did not take up its work with the same interest and vim that was so characteristic of it. The team was reduced to four members but they did admirably under existing conditions.





N. W. S. L. OF THE C. I. F.

At this meet held at Almonte on the Tamalpais High School grounds, October 16, 1915, Cloverdale was represented by Ahrens, Thompson, Vadon and Newman. Ahrens and Thompson figured prominently in the sprints and distances respectively, while Vadon and Newman acquitted themselves honorably in their events. The team registered fourteen points for Cloverdale, placing us sixth in the meet in which twelve teams were entered.

S. N. S. C. A. L. MEET.

One week after the meet at Almonte the team made a hundred-mile automobile trip to Suisun to attend the S. N. S. meet. Here we took last position when only four schools participated. Thompson was unable to run owing to the effects of the hard trip.

N. W. S. L. OF THE C. I. F.

The spring meet of the North Western Sub League of the C. I. F. was held at Santa Rosa April 29, 1916. Only Ahrens and Vadon made the trip as Thompson was busy with dramatics. The "team" had bad luck at this meet and only one point was scored.



SEITS COOLEY AHRENS WHITE THOMPSON SEDGLEY VADON



Pine Breezes, Eldorado County High School: You have a very well arranged and neat paper, and your stories and poems are excellent.

White and Gold, Siskiyou County High School: Your cover design is very pretty, and your short stories make your paper interesting. Your poem and the picture "Mount Shasta" are excellent. Come again.

The Aurora, Nome City High, Alaska: Welcome "Aurora," we are glad to receive a paper from so far away. Your pictures and stories are of intense interest and very well arranged. Your exchanges show that you are very popular. Remember us.

The Golden Bear, S. V. U. H. S.: Although a small paper, everything is neatly arranged. Your debating department is very good and we think you show school spirit through and through.

The Aurora, Anderson Union High: Your pictures are very good, but we would advise you to give more space to the literary department. You seem to have strong school spirit in connection with athletics.

The Argus, Tulare High School: Yours is a paper to be proud of and one we hope to see again in the future. Your cuts are excellent and your jokes take the prize. Call again.

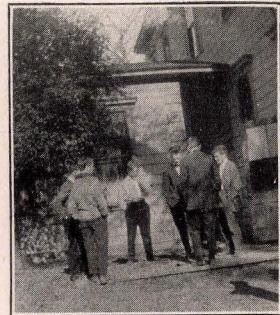
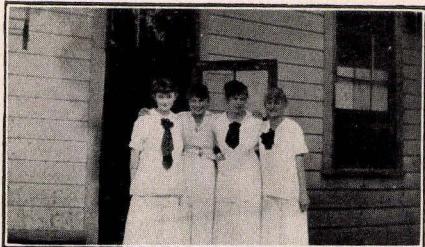
The Owl, Fresno High: The cover design is very appropriate and your literary and joke departments are excellent. The "Rhastrum" is certainly a fine thing.

The Far Darter, St. Helena Union High: Welcome, Far Darter, we feel as though we are well acquainted with you. Your literary department and cuts are excellent, but we have one criticism to make. Don't you think some other way of presenting your faculty would be better?

The Review, Sacramento High: We would suggest a slightly more decorative cover. Aside from that your paper is one of the best.

El Rodeo, Merced High: As far as we can see, your annual needs no adverse criticism. It is a paper of which you may well be proud. You show true school spirit. We hope to see you often.

The Mission, Mission High, San Francisco: Your literary department is excellent. Your large list of exchanges show that you are very popular. Call again.



Calendar

August

- 23—School opens. Scarcity of seats.
- 24—Fritz takes initial fall of the year.
- 27—Prof. demands classical music instead of rag—the girls respond with "America."
- 31—O. V. L. Meeting called to appoint Initiation Committees.

September

- 3—Initiation.
- 17—First program and election of officers. Helen becomes president.
- 28—Meeting called and committees appointed for Freshman Reception.

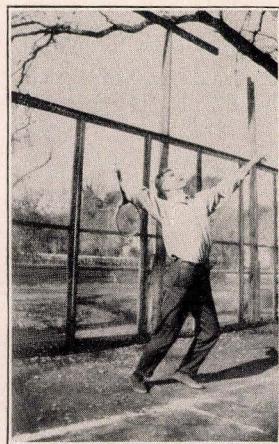


October

- 5—Dancing school at Humbert's Hall for the Freshmen.
- 8—Freshman Reception.
- 11—Prof. asks someone to bring a live mouse on which to experiment in Chemistry.
- 12—Helen wears pink stockings—(Example of preparedness!)
- 27—Homer makes his maiden voyage from recitation class to the Lab.
- 28—"Pay-as-you-break Fund" instituted in Chem.

November

- 2—Legal holiday and no school,—but Goldie goes just the same.
- 12—Debating Tryout. Wat, Lois, and Sedg chosen for team.
- 19—Nick recites.



December

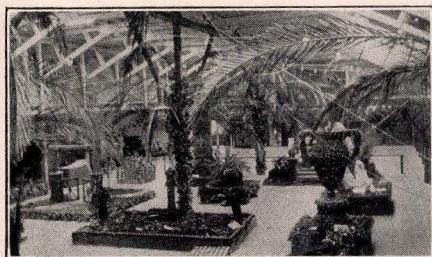
- 8—Trophy cup missing!! Everybody worried.
- 10—League Debate with Santa Rosa.
- 16—Cup found in Library cabinet. Who hid it?

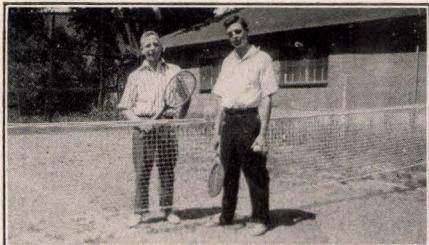
January

- 3—School starts after Christmas Vacation.
- 27—Snow battle,—High vs. Grammar School.

February

- 2—Miss Bagley's second anniversary as teacher at C. H. S. Also Ground Hog Day.
- 4—Election of officers. Hata becomes president. Oma and Raymond run for O. V. L. Reporters.
- 12—Boys start the frame work for citrus fair exhibit.
- 18-22—Citrus Fair.





February

25—Tennis Team organizes.
 28—Dramatic Committee chooses the comedy, "What Happened to Jones."
 30—Prof. Maria Sanford addresses the student body.

March

1—Baseball enthusiasts warm up in spring practice.
 5—Track team installs shower in the shop, and commences training.
 10—First practice for the play.
 29—Sedg gets a black eye while joy-riding.



April



4—Tennis court laid out in back of church, and first set of doubles played upon it.
 9—Erminie drives to school in her Chevrolet.
 10—O. V. L. program and debate between Helen, Pauline, Hata, and Wat.
 11-15—Institute Week.
 26—RIOT. Grammar School vs. Andy Warren.
 29—Track Meet. Nick captures the shot-put.



May

3—Wat and his mules convey chairs over to McCray's.
 4—"What Happened To Jones" presented at the Club House.
 5—Henricus laborat. Just before an ex in Latin.
 8—The caste presents the play at Geyserville. "Big eats" at Theron's.
 15—Junior picture taken for the Spectator—but this is where Madge was.



June

4—Baccalaureate Sermon.
 8—Graduation and farewell to Seniors.
 9—Senior Ball.

June, 1913—The present graduating class as Freshmen.

A Man Is Known By His Works

Criticisms of Some of the Latest Productions of Our Literary Celebrities Concerning Their Lives, Possessions, and Friends.

“The Confessions of Harry”

As clear as daylight and as open as a piece of Swiss cheese. His soul undoubtedly feels relieved.

“Captain Warren’s Wards”

According to him they were rather troublesome, but we’ll bet they could tell a story containing as much pathos as the history of Wiedersheim’s Chevrolet.

“Helen’s Ford”

This little history of happenings concerning that “Elizabeth” of Helen’s suggests to the sympathetic reader a flow of repressed profanity. Just one darn thing after another.

“Thompson’s Progress”

Hardly comparable with Pilgrim’s Progress. The Pilgrim left his wife behind him.

“Uncle William”

The author didn’t accuse him of being a hyphenated American at all, but the reader is never at a loss to know where that worthy’s sympathies lie.

“Esther”

We gather that she is a modern prototype of Queen Esther with an exceedingly gentle voice.

“Mr. Barnes of New York”

His biographer is careful to note that New York has been the birthplace of many such celebrities, Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane, for instance.

“Peg o’ My Heart”

A beautiful character, so entirely ascetic, and with a spirit that lifts us beyond the contemplation of mortal mistakes.

“The Damnation of Theoran”

A meek and humble character and, for the life of us, we can’t see why he feels that way about it.

“Merle’s Mistakes”

It is to be hoped the heroine will profit by them.

“Homer’s Odyssey”

There is no disputing that it is odd.

Chemical Analysis of the Elements

and

Constituents of C. U. H. S.

CHEMICAL NAME	SYMBOL	CHEMICAL AFFINITY	REMARKS
William Ahrens	General	Athletics	Hoch der Kaiser!
Ruth Pauline Marie De Hay	Peggy	Unknown at present	O, so coy!
James Theoran Seits	Serum	Tennis	The High School Mathewson (?)
Everett Melvin Hall	Curley	Nothing in particular	For flow of language, unsurpassed
Joty Palmer Sedgley	Ego	J. P. S.	For e'en tho vanquished he can argue still
Mary Christine Lea	Chris.	F—26	The marvel of Hist. IV.
William Henry Barnes	Wat.	Rubaiyat	Poet, statesman, lawyer, editor
Helen Elmore Carrie	Bridget	P. T. & T. Co.	Amphibious, ambidextrous, multivalent, allotropic
Frederick Vadon	Fritz	Goldie	Vive la France!
Raymond Dobin Roberts	Doc.	O Oma	One of the strongest cases of Chemical affinity known to the science
William Henry Wiedersheim	Heinie	Marbles	How they miss him in the nursery
Madge Dellenbaugh	Madgerino	Foreign Languages	Longus-a-um
Ethel Irene Daniels	Tess	“Spots” Donald	Do not confuse this element with “Ethyl” alcohol

Grace Tyler	Fat	Prof.	The pride of Preston
Harry Melville Ludwig	Mike	Merle	Opposites attract
Harold Eastman Thompson	Hata	Lois Mc.	S. O. S.
Oma Osmon	O Oma	Doc.	See poetic masterpiece on another page
George Van Horn Cooley	Woney	Dancing	Slow but exceedingly fine
Homer Conner	Con	Grace Tyler	Food stuffs or vice versa
	(very appropriate)		
Elliott David Donald	Spots	Work	He has the highest appreciation of his own jokes
George Andrew Warren	Andy	Femininity	To let
Wyima Wiswell	Weasel	General A.	The wild weasel of Preston
Zelma Eells	Zell	Music	Music hath charms to sooth the savage, melt a rock or split a cabbage
Emily Violet Roux	Betty	Alexander Valley	Personne a la maison
Merle McCray	Moil	Sanatogen	Not fat, but pleasantly plump
Frances Mary Coffey	Minnie	The Miller	So neat, so sweet, so cute and pretty, too
		"Of Dundee"	
Lorraine Alice Kruse	Blondy	"Hot" T	"Ay got cold fate"
Esther Eells	Ester	Heinie	She speaks in a kind of whispered yell
Lois McMichael	Michael	?	She'd like to take up Domestic Science
Flora Otis	Floradora	Everybody	A worthy example
Erminie Wiedersheim	Worminie	The boy poet of Gevserville	Sweets for the sweet



JOSHES

"Over the hill to Oma's
Or round the track to the same,
Is Raymond's daily passage
In sunshine, fog, or rain."

-HC-16-

\$500 REWARD

For the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who stole the Debating Trophy from Cloverdale High School. The said cup was found, after an absence of several days, in the bookcase in Room I. Photographs of the finger prints have been taken and it is hoped that some clue may be found that will help in bringing the thieves to justice.

We're very glad to see once more
Our silver cup in place,
For though 'twas but a short time gone,
It left a vacant space.

A vacant spot upon the shelf
Where we were wont to view it,
And still more vacant in our minds,
We couldn't think who'd do it.

But now it's back upon the shelf,
We hope 'twill stay there ever,
To spur us on when Duty calls
And cheer our hard endeavor.

Miss Bagley (after Flora Otis has recited well): "I think that when I went to school I must have been a student just like Flora."

(Adapted from Burns for the occasion):

O wauld the gods the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us.

HEARD IN CHEM.

Prof: "Every day we see some change taking place. For instance, a little water and air mixed in the leaves of a plant become starch or sugar; we eat that and change it into flesh and blood of the human body; after a while our bodies turn into dust,—and we turn into angels."

Prof. (after Wat has read results of his experiment): "That's good, Henry. Very well written—er—er—er that is it sounds good when you read it. I won't vouch for your writing though, having seen some before."

QUOTATIONS FROM HISTORY IV.

"The arrangement of the tariff duties by Congress is a case of you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."

"At most any of the meeting places down town you'll hear the wool tariff cussed and discussed."

(Any time from 11:10 to 11:50 a. m.):

"O, Will, put your feet on the floor! You make me nervous."

When pussy willows begin to sprout
Beside the river's brim,
When warm spring sunshine makes you feel
That you have lost your vim;
At this lovely season, when all you want
Is to lie on the grass and gaze
Far into the sky with the fleeting clouds
Aglow in the sunset haze;
It is then comes the call to the Spectator staff
To be up and at work with a will;
It is then that Ahrens takes pencil and brush
To show us his artist's skill,
And Palmer comes forth with a josh box crammed
Full of every kind of wit,
While Helen, so fluently, tells us how all
The actors have made a hit;
Then comes Goldie, a charming and brilliant lass,
With the deeds of the Seniors great,
Blithe Peggy Dehay, for the moment demure,
Records the alumni's fate,
And Hata, the sprinter, with figures and facts,
Shows to you our athletes' fame.
But of all on the staff Theron Seits is most sure
To make for himself a name.
When Erminie Wiedersheim speaks to you
And begs you a story to write,
Her sweet winning smile you can never resist,
So you promise to work with your might.
Henry Barnes is the man that looks after them all
In a wise and sagacious way;
But what were this but for Melvin Hall,
Who has the whole bill to pay?

M. D.

U. S. HISTORY.

Prof: "Who was Grant, Willie?"

General: "Oh, he was a general, too."

Sedg (looking for chemistry text book): "I'm going back to read about ethyl sulphate."

Miss B.: "Why are you studying Latin, Raymond?"

Raymond: "Cause I flunked it last year."

Prof. (showing results of bringing ammonium hydroxid and hydrochloric acid together): "See, they smoke only when brought together. That shows the results of bad company."

Goldie (reporting her preparation for English): "I am just in the midst of the Inferno in Dante."

Miss P.: "Very well, but be sure to get out by tomorrow."

Prof.: "Will, who was the best man for President, Blaine or Cleveland?"

Nick: "Well, Cleveland was a pretty good fellow."

SPRING.

The beautiful spring has blossomed forth
From east to west and south to north.
The birds are singing in every tree,
The flowers are blooming on every lea;
And all is happy, free and bright—
The song birds sing from morn till night,
All is happy and free and bright,
Save the farmer, who lies awake at night
Wishing and praying for a gentle shower,
So he can plough his grape-vine bower.
But though that may come, and help his plow,
Yet something else will darken his brow.

—F. O.

Miss Bagley: "Henry Wiedersheim is coming into this class and the rest of you will have to work to keep up with him."

Sedg: "And a little child shall lead us."

AT THE SANTA ROSA DEBATE.

Hata: "Time Up!"

IF.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Have passed with ease, and given you the laugh;
If you can trust yourself when teachers mark you
So your report-card looks like one big F;
If you can cut, and not get caught in cutting;
Or run a bluff, and not get called for that;
Or being flunked out, don't resolve to study;
But if accused, look meek as any cat.

If you can bum through all your study hours
And yet draw down a good mark in an ex;
And know enough to bring the teacher flowers
When by your inattention you may vex;
If you can fill up every single minute
With sixty seconds worth of nothing done,
You'd best get wise, and change from funny capers
Or you'll regret it, without doubt, my son.

J. P. S.

Sedg (in Chem.): "I mixed carbon disulfid and sulfur and shook for five minutes."

Prof.: "A certain act of Congress gave the negroes a black eye."

Miss B.: "Now, corporal punishment is, for instance, my taking somebody across my knee and spanking him."

Spots: "That might be mental punishment, too."

Wat: "Yes, it might if the person's brains were—"

(This sentence was never finished.)

VERS LIBRE.
(With apologies to its devotees).

The drawing room of next year
Will have to lay in a supply of new chairs,
As the old ones seem fastly to disappear.
For every time Homer sits in one,
You can begin to see the ruin of the chair,
And everybody knows there is going to be some fun.

W. W.

Extract from Helen's history paper: "The Freeport Doctrine declared that all men were created free and equal and had to do with the Declaration of Independence."

Prof. (looking for jar cap): "Now where's my lid?"

"OH OMA."

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through sweet Preston's village passed
Raymond, with Oma by his side,
And ever when she spoke he sighed,
"OH OMA."

In many homes he saw the light
Of kitchen ranges burning bright,
And in his mind he saw a shape
Of Oma frying their own steak.
"OH OMA."

"O use not lard," young Raymond said,
"But always use Crisco instead,
For lard is dangerous, it might burn,
You'd look like heck done to a turn."
"OH OMA."

"We'll buy the bread already baked,
My ma will send the pies and cake;
Your hands the dishes shall not touch,
Because I love you, O, so much!"
"OH OMA."

H. L.

Prof.: "Christine, what was the Holy Alliance?"

Chris.: "I don't know what is meant by Holy."

Prof.: "Is that word foreign to your vocabulary?"

Miss B.: "Palmer, give a personal pronoun."

Palmer: "Ego."

ALGEBRA.

Prof.: "Now, Veral, if you added —4 and —1, how many would you have?"
Veral: "I wouldn't have any."

LATIN I.

Miss B.: "What is the Latin word for seven, Ethel?"

Melvin (whispers): "It's indeclinable."

Ethel (bluffing): "Indeclinus-a-um."

When the angel of records writes down in his book
The deeds that are done fair and well,
He must say a good word in his backward survey
For our genial janitor, Stell.

Till late in the evening from morning's first light,
He always has something to do,
From cleaning the dirt and the dust that we make
To fixing the old furnace flue.

We know he's up early each morn in the week,
For to school go as soon as you like,
But when you arrive you will find that the rooms
Smell already of Stell's "jimmy pipe."

Prof.: "The conference was held at Washington's home, Mount Vernon."

Class: "O, no. It was at Alexandria."

Prof.: "Was it? Well, that must have been where Washington got his mail."

THE NAUGHTY MUSE.

Poor me was to make a rhyme,
I could not make one for a dime,
I tried all day long
To make a ballad or a song,
About birds in the tree
And flowers on the lea;
Of the beautiful spring
And the bells that ring,
Of the heavens above
And the message of love,
Of river or pool,
And our dear old school,
Of the rake and the hoe—
And I wish you to know
That I did not shirk
But the Muse wouldn't work.

E. E.

Miss B.: "Now, Harold, what was the question you asked me last night?"

Miss Pierson (telling class that they may study in the drawing room): "This class may study in the Palace of Fine Arts."

FRESHMEN RHYMES.

On the first of May I went fishing—
I kept on wishing and wishing
That I would get fifty, the limit.
I caught fifty-four,
And could have caught more
But I looked up the stream
And uttered a scream,
For here was Game Warden Lea.
So I hid behind a big pine tree.
Then I started to run, thinking him I would shun;
But at me he made a bee-line,
And I got a ten-dollar fine.

Of the whole class Flora's the best;
We're hoping she will soon be as bad as the rest.

Let's all of us Freshies join in and coax
George Cooley to give us a rest on his jokes.

The Lady of the Lake, when written in prose,
Is not Mervyn's favorite, as every one knows.

Emily and Sylverine find many joys
In turning around to view the boys.

Sylverine, Sylverine,
Will she be seen
On the movie screen?

For your nerve,
Go to Merve.

Poor little Flo
Has no beau;
Emilie Roux
Has quite a few,
But she never says, "I'll divy with you."

Emilie Roux
She thought she knew,
But she found out she didn't
Before she got through.

STOLEN FRUIT SWEET—BUT

'Twas the first of spring, a glorious day,
This was what Peg heard Palmer say:
"We'll go up the hill, it won't be wrong,
We even might take our books along."
But Prof. was peeved, didn't see the fun,
We had an ex in history, an awful one.
"See me in the office for reprimand,
Offenses like this cannot lightly be scanned."

Prof.: "Ethel, which one do you think is right in this argument?"

Ethel (suddenly awakened): "I think Raymond is."

Prof.: "You're going to jump onto the band wagon and see how far it goes, are you?"

MY FIRST ATTEMPT.

With a heart throbbing full of emotion,
As it will when young spring time is here,
I got out my pen and my paper
To write of a maid, sweet and dear.
I finished a couple of stanzas,
But got sadly stuck on the third,
For in order to have rhyme and meter
I found I must coin a new word.
I took up the old dictionary
And I looked through its contents in vain,
For the word I had coined wasn't in it,
Though my verses now sounded quite sane.
By the time I had got that line straightened
My fountain pen ran out of ink,
So I fished out the fluid and dropper
And commenced working over the sink.
My fingers got covered with blackness,
My temper, with scarlet and blue,
And I wondered how Browning and Shelley
Could write of the soft summer's hue;
Or perhaps of some sweet little brooklet,
That babbled along on its way,
If their fingers were grimy and sticky
And they knew they'd not get any pay.
When I sat down again at the table
And commenced to revise that third verse.
I happened to gaze out the window,
And my thoughts took a turn for the worse.
For there, hand in hand with my rival,
Down the street strolling happily by,
Was the theme of my wonderful stanzas,
And I knew my discourse was a lie.
My being was one vast inferno.
Silent rage filled my soul to the brim,
And I shook as I thought what would happen
Could I just get my hands upon him.
In the grate went my beautiful poetry;
My lady had passed me the glove—
So I seized the old quill and constructed
A verse on "How Fickle Is Love."

J. P. S.

Miss B. (after George has recited brilliantly): "Now, George, that was good. What flashed through your mind when you heard that word?"

George: "Nothing flashed. I looked in the back of the book."

Prof. (discussing elections): "Of course a single man can claim his residence most anywhere. But a married man's residence is usually pretty well established."

EARLY IN THE TERM.

Miss B.: "Move your seat away from Raymond, Oma. Something is developing there."

Flora was right.

ECHOES ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS.

We all like long rides o'er the hill to McCray's,
And so we arranged for home talent plays.
Our stern, wise professor is now Mr. Jones,
The capers he plays make you ache to the bones.

And grave Henry Barnes is henceforth a Holder,
Though each day you see he grows bolder and bolder,
While Palmer, the Sedgley, plays a part that is hard,
But none else could ever be gay, young Richard.

"How I do dread to practice," says sweet little Frances,
"I wouldn't at all if 'twere not for the dances."
Then Helen joins in, "What a lot you would miss
If I should refuse to play spry, darling Ciss."

Dear Alvina is none but light hearted, Miss Lois,
A better old maid in this world you can't show us.
"I love practising better than lessons,"—Pauline,
"And the ride back and forth in the gliding machine."

But Lorraine has a grievance. "The late hours we keep
Are such that I simply can't get enough sleep."
Then comes Harold, the bishop, with mien reverential;
When he sees through the plot, won't they feel penitential?

There's Theron with war dance and grunting and paint—
He's an Indian, a fine one, by no means a saint.
Without Mr. Cooley there would just be no play,
But to cap the grand climax we've Mrs. McCray.

A. L. K.

Nick: "When both Houses of Congress meet together do they put some of the members up in the gallery? They wouldn't have room for all of them otherwise, would they?"

Prof.: "Oh, no. There's plenty of room. They don't all occupy two chairs like some members of this class."

(P. S. Nick gently slips his feet off the chair which they have been occupying.)

Goldie: "It said he was given his choice of being killed or marrying a squaw. Well, he wasn't killed."

YES INDEED.

Prof.: "Christine, what was the Missouri Compromise?"
Chris.: (after much gasping): "I don't know."
Prof.: "Really, now, that's quite surprising."

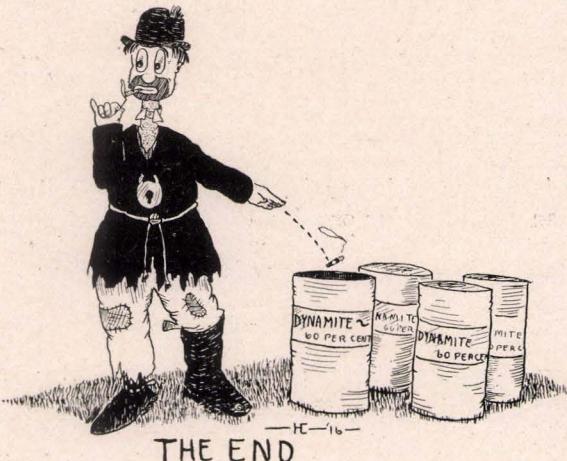
Sedg: "How can Mormons afford to support so many wives?"
Prof.: "I've often wondered that myself."

Miss Pierson (in Geometry): "The class may use the rest of the time reviewing sines and cosines."
Pupil: "I'm game."

Homer (as Harold Myers approaches): "Won't somebody give a two-cent stamp to help out this homeless Jew?"

Miss Bagley (to Spots, sternly): "Elliott, turn over."

Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you,
While beside the school I'm watching, with the Grammar kids in view;
Little boys are round me lying, filled with thoughts of one stroke more,
For well they know that on the morrow, someone's black eye will be sore.



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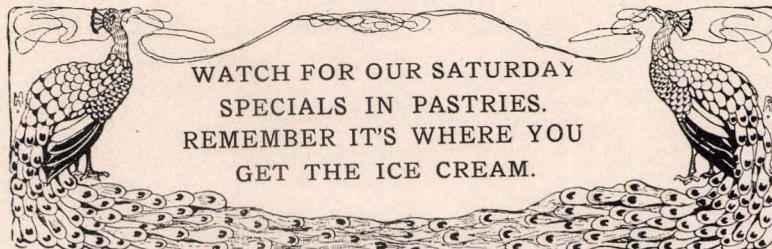
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