

SPECTATOR

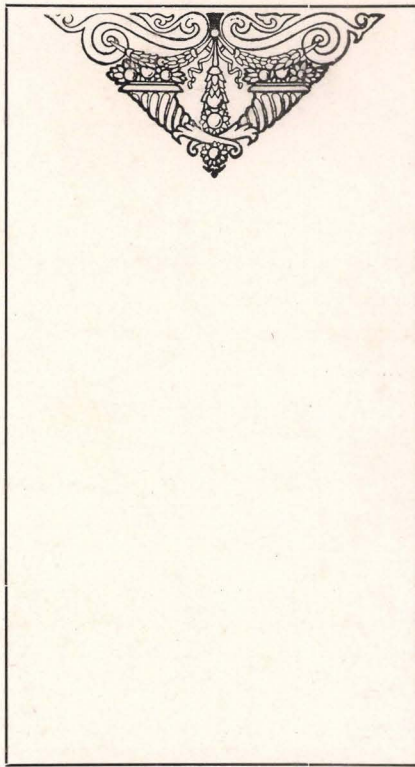


CLOVERDALE UNION
HIGH SCHOOL

To Elsie dear,
With much love
from Peggy.

The SPECTATOR

CLOVERDALE
HIGH SCHOOL

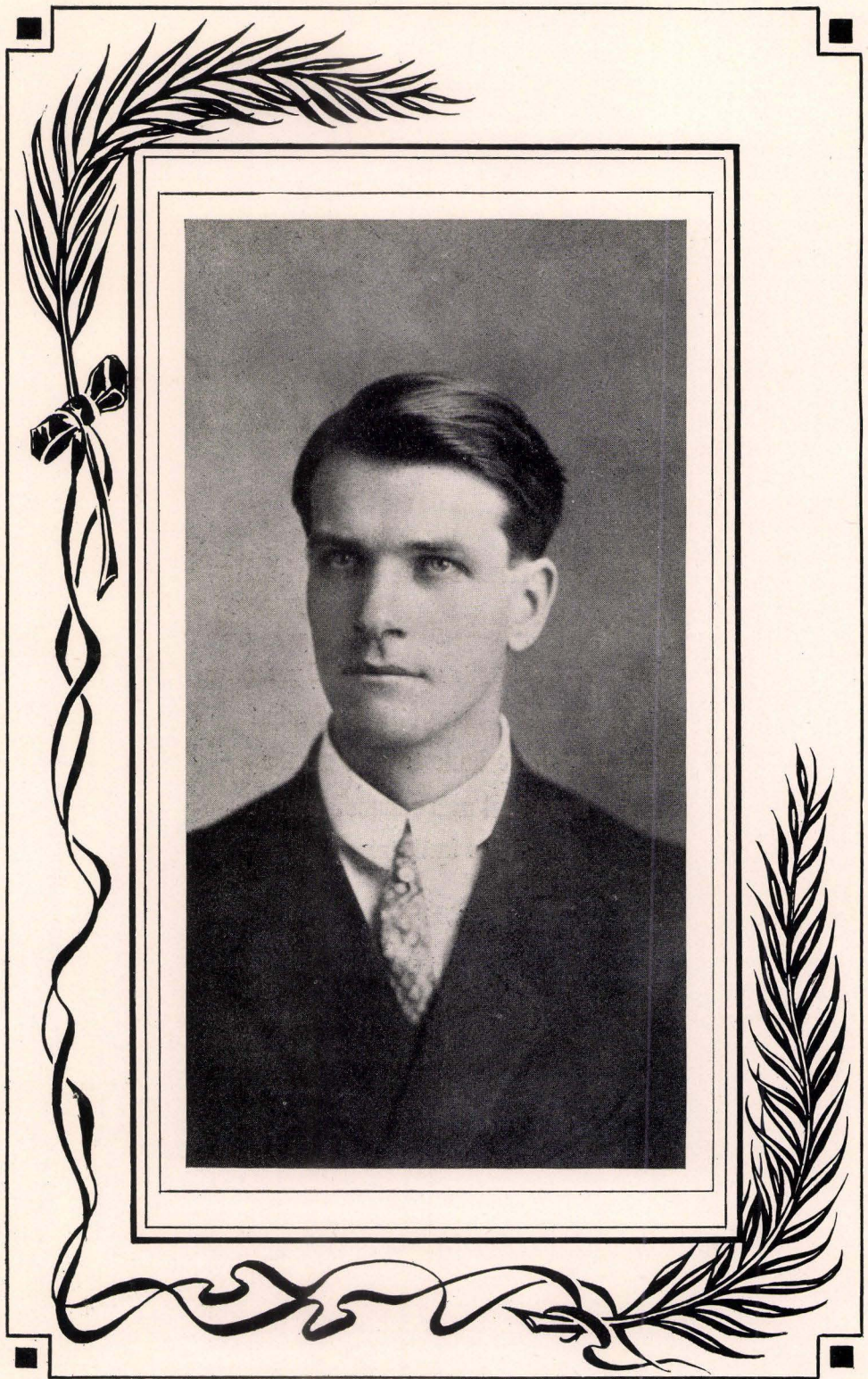


JUNE, 1917

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To the Trustees of our schools
and to all the Citizens of Cloverdale
we dedicate this issue of the Spectator
in grateful recognition of what
they have done to give us the
beautiful and commodious
new building



In Memoriam

Francis A. White, Our Beloved Principal, Who Passed Away
August 21, 1916.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him; thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

—Tennyson.



Commencement Program

Chorus, "Welcome".....HIGH SCHOOL

Invocation.....REV. W. R. HASELDEN

Organ Voluntary, March from "The Queen of Sheba"..Gounod
ROLLAND HARTER

Valedictory, "Happiness"ERMINIE WIEDERSHEIM

Vocal Solo, "Somewhere a Voice is Calling".....Tait
LOIS McMICHAEL

Address.....MR. DE WITT MONTGOMERY

Violin Solo, "Humoresque".....Dvorak
MR. M. GOLDMAN

Presentation of Diplomas.....

Class Song, "We Bid You Good-bye".....

"America".....SCHOOL AND AUDIENCE



Faculty



MISS WILCOX



MISS PIERSON, Principal



MR. HARTER



2 17 14 4 1 5 6 9 13 7 10
 11 8 3 18 12 16 15

Staff

1—Editor in Chief.....	MELVYN HALL
2—Assistant Editor.....	PAULINE DE HAY
3—Literary	LOIS McMICHAEL
4—Dramatics	HAROLD THOMPSON
5—O. V. L.	MERLE McCRAY
6—Alumni	CHRISTINE LEA
7—Athletics	THERON SEITS
8—School Notes.....	HAROLD MYERS
9—Joshes	HOMER CONNER
9—Staff Artist.....	HOMER CONNER
10—Social	ETHEL DANIELS
11—Exchanges	FRANCES COFFEY
12—Seniors	ERMINIE WIEDERSHEIM
13—Seniors	ROLLAND HARTER
14—Juniors	ELLIOT DONALD
15—Sophomores	OMA OSMON
16—Freshmen	WILLIAM SHIPLEY

BUSINESS STAFF.

17—Manager	GEORGE COOLEY
18—Assistant	RAYMOND ROBERTS



LOOKING FORWARD.

In this issue of the Spectator we are presenting for the last time the results of our best literary efforts as we have labored under old conditions. The new school house will probably have been completed when the next is published. We have always tried to put out the best book possible. The inspiration of our surroundings, however, has had little to do with whatever success we have attained. The lack of facilities has proved a great hindrance. This has been especially true in dramatics, music, art and the sciences. The new school house will offer far greater opportunities and we are anxious to attempt larger undertakings in these things.

A broad social activity is a much needed factor in all high schools. All mankind is socially inclined. Individuality is greatly developed by pleasant conversation and entertainment. It aids in understanding human nature and in the ability to make one's self understood. Too often the social life of an institution of learning is neglected. When social life is mentioned many think only of the frivolities and the lighter social activities such as the party or dance. We do not wish to be misunderstood for we mean those associations combining both pleasures and the serious work that teach us to recognize worth regardless of social standing.

The O. V. L. Society of our small school should be greatly commended for its work along this line. The Declamation contests, which we have held, rank high in giving benefit and pleasure not only to the school but to the general public. The participants derive a great deal of personal benefit for it develops their individuality.

The dramatic work, too, deserves mention for it supersedes all other activities undertaken by the school. With our stage and auditorium in the new building we shall be able to give a number of short dramas during the year and two or three more difficult and pretentious ones. This will give excellent training to the pupils.

In previous years the school has won honors in debates with neighboring high schools but this year, on account of the lack of a place to hold such an affair, it has been confined to interclass debates. Consequently, the students are eagerly looking forward to the time when the new school building shall be completed. If we have done so well while laboring under such difficulties, we shall surely be inspired to greater efforts with a splendid auditorium in which to deliver our dramatic productions and to hold our social activities.

It is not with a feeling of superiority or with selfish intentions that we shall undertake these new activities in which we intend to excel. We shall be but endeavoring to prove ourselves worthy of the trust which has been placed in us by the taxpayers of Cloverdale and to show our deep appreciation of what they have done for us.

The Seniors



HOMER F. GONNER - '17

HAROLD THOMPSON
ERMINIE WIEDERSHEIM

MELVYN HALL

PAULINE DE HAY
ROLLAND HARTER

The Seniors



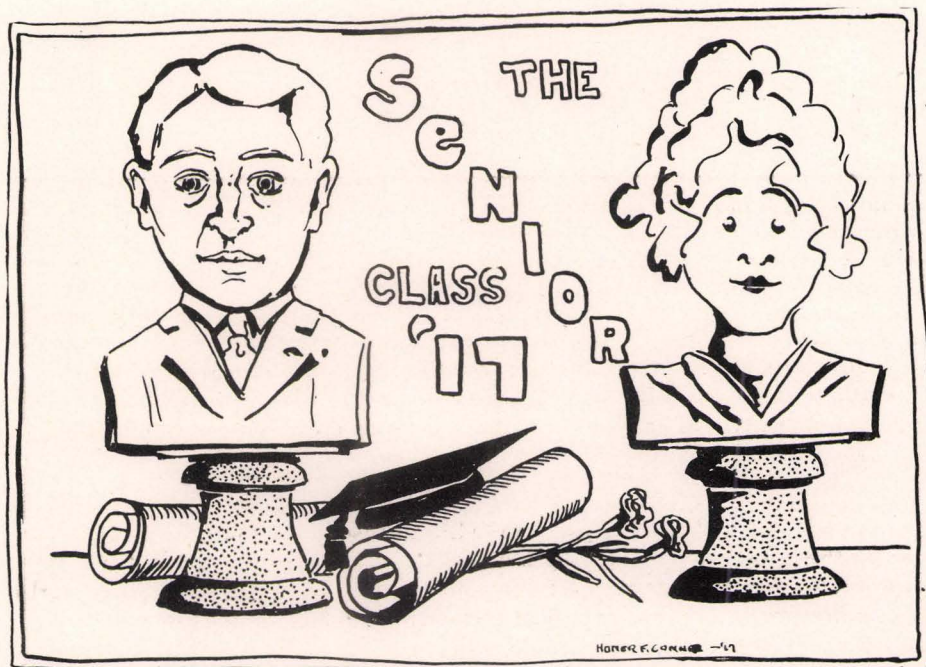
LOIS McMICHAEL

THERON SEITS

ETHEL DANIELS

RAYMOND ROBERTS

CHRISTINE LEA



It is interesting to study the feelings and hopes and fears which assail the minds of those who are about to enter upon some new experience in life. The interest is heightened when the attaining of this position has been the subject of their best efforts for a period of time.

There are ten of us about to graduate from high school. This work has constituted the largest part of our lives for some time past. When we left the grammar school we were released from some of the restrictions of childhood and placed more upon our own responsibility. We have had four years in which to learn how our lives and work should be governed and regulated by ourselves, that we may be successful and useful in the world. Mainly upon our own responsibility we have undertaken various enterprises and entered into contests of strength and intellect which have had a broadening influence on our lives. We have been thrown into contact with people. We have done the things which we would have done in private life, but we have had the influence of the high school to guide and direct us. The path of least resistance is not always the best way and we have learned to distinguish and discriminate.

It has been so willed that this certain ten should together reach the goal, together we come to the transition period. There is not one of us but feels thoughtful as we are brought to a sudden realization of that which only a short time ago seemed but a remote matter of the future. We are loath to break the close association of classmates, of teachers and of the old school life. The daily grind we will miss—and it is the missing that we fear.

As a class we are strongly united. The close tie of friendship which binds us together has existed with some of us since primary grades. We have, in most undertakings, labored and succeeded or failed together, having common joys or disappointments. We have interested ourselves in furthering the enthusiasm for a new schoolhouse, and we leave to the succeeding Senior class our heartiest congratulations that they will be the first to enjoy it.

We have chosen for our motto, "Laugh, Labor, and Love." This seems to express our attitude toward life. The colors of pink and green come from our flower, a pink carnation.

*this is great. Part of it is left out
much to my disappointment. Ermine, the
girl who gave it has had eloquent
lessons all her life. good. Ermine*

VALEDICTORY.

Happiness.

In this period of universal woe and suffering, when man is pitted against man, nation against nation, when chaos, gloom and desolation hold sway, it well behooves us to alleviate even in a slight degree a portion of the world's misery by cultivating the divine spirit of happiness. And what is this happiness which we all strive for with yearning hearts as the end and the aim of our existence? Aristotle says happiness is an activity of the soul in accordance with perfect virtue. This virtue is the mean between the two dangers of excess and defect, in that it aims at a mean in our emotions and actions.

Happiness is a combining missionary of every virtue of glory and sympathy to humanity. In my opinion, happiness comes only in doing good to others and making life less difficult for them.

There is only one sure way of attaining mortal happiness—nay, even eternal happiness—and it is this, a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of our fellow beings. He who diffuses the most happiness and mitigates the most distress during his short span of years on this earth is an inspiration to his own community, to his country and to the entire world. Byron expresses this sentiment most beautifully in his well-known lines,

"All who joy would win
Must share it. Happiness was born a twin."

There is a mistaken idea that wealth is a requisite for perfect happiness, but we are all well aware that a thousand and one things can occur in the fluctuation and busy scenes of life to bring sorrow and discontent to the dwellings of the rich as well as to those of the poor. True contentment depends not upon what we have but upon what we ourselves are—a tub was large enough for Diogenes, a world, too small for Alexander. There is a greater wealth than a princely income; it lies within us. It consists in a good constitution, a good digestion, a good heart, stout limbs, sound mind and a clear conscience toward God and our fellow creatures.

The only way to secure this greatest of all blessings, a clear conscience toward God and our fellow creatures, is an habitual interest for the welfare and happiness of others. A good deed is never lost, for with every good deed we win a friend and nothing can soothe and tranquilize our weary way as can the pure and sublime emotions of true, lasting and virtuous friendship, for it divides griefs and doubles joys.

The secret of beauty is health and the happiness that invariably follows in the wake of health. We can possess a happy visage only by having a happy heart. Time hardens our faces as does cold the face of the water. Let us, therefore, stimulate the spirit of true happiness, love and contentment, for "holy and beautiful is the smile of fathomless and perfect love."

Every defeat we experience in our future life should only spur us on to further combat, for we should come to the realization that though life is beset with trials, it has also its triumphs. The ways of All-seeing Providence are shrouded in mystery often beyond the range of human comprehension, but in every decree of the All-wise Creator lurks a hidden meaning. Every obstacle is only intended for an instrument that furnishes discipline necessary to our proper mental and moral development. Never allow your moral energies to weaken and stagnate, for then happiness is lost to you forever.

Let us endeavor as we go out into the world to have every day distinguished by at least one act of love and devotion, for then, and only then, can we find peace and contentment. When the evening of life is slowly approaching, with what pleasure can our thoughts turn back upon a vista of years filled with joy and good works. "Memory is the only paradise out of which

we cannot be driven." There is a heaven within us all, if we only so realized. Every action, however mean or petty it may seem to our uncomprehensive vision, may be ennobled to a great purpose, especially that greatest and what should be most desired by man, the purpose of pleasing God. Every little effort to further the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves and brings us near our Creator. It will teach us that this world was given to us to enjoy. No matter what our station in life may be, we can find happiness if we but feel that everything that befalls us is a link in the chain that Providence is weaving for the inevitable triumph of good over evil; that everything is for our final uplift.

To reach this goal let us follow our class motto, "Love, labor and laugh," for we know that if Browning had never sung another note than that which echoed after Pippa passes jubilant, radiating with perfect happiness, an inspiration of joy and good to humanity, we should feel that he had given to the world a heritage of marvelous value for reducing into concrete form the lesson that must be learned by us before happiness is permanently attained:

"God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

Erminie Wiedersheim.

Melvin, Lois & I wrote this one day when we were so silly. You can tell.

CLASS WILL.

We, the terrific and illustrious class of 1917, C. U. H. S., having been pronounced by Drs. Donald and Billings, upon the reception of a \$2000.00 fee, to be of tolerably sound mind and bodily strong and robust, not unduly influenced by the non-feared Faculty, do make and publish this our last will and testament, declaring as our heirs and assigns forever the said Faculty, the Janitor, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen in the following manner:

The Faculty:

To Miss Pierson, we bequeath our love and sincere appreciation of her patience and the interest which she has shown in our welfare. We also give to her the duty of being the life and inspiration of the new school as she has been of that which we are leaving.

To Miss Wilcox, we leave our sober and dignified manner. For use in the Drawing class we have purchased for her three new Caproni casts. They are, "The Perishing Jellyfish," "Bust of Kaiser Wilhelm," and "A Cluster of Onions."

To Mr. Harter, we will a volume of "Little Women" by Louise Alcott, wherein he will find much food for thought and contemplation; also, he will find in the Palace of Fine Arts, concealed behind the bust of Caesar, a certain ragtime record, to be used under the direction of Miss Wilcox for his consolation in moments of loneliness.

To "Stella," the janitor, we leave a pink certificate for life membership to our Senior Boys' Pipe Club.

To the Junior Class, separately and collectively, we bequeath our painstakingly acquired and carefully maintained appreciation of Mr. Harter's jokes.

To the Sophomores, we leave a correspondence course in gracefulness and correct carriage.

To the Freshmen girls, we will the green burlap drapery in Room 111, that they may design a robe for Caesar.

I, Ethel Daniels, leave my powder puff to him who first answers the call of patriotism. Upon this may he pillow his weary head. My guardianship over a certain Junior boy I reluctantly relinquish to a well-known Freshman girl.

I, E. Melvyn Hall, with all good intentions, do bequeath unto Lyle DeHay my "taking way." He will find it of inestimable value in the acquiring of pencils, paper, pens, erasers, etc., so as to obviate the painful necessity

of buying them. To Esther Eells I leave my hand-carved desk, embellished with weird design, and all it contains of gum, and small pellets of deadly tin-foil.

I, Pauline DeHay, leave the school Encyclopedia to Elliot Donald, that he may never be without books to carry home. To Josephine Bassetti I leave my flirtatious manner, with the provision that she use it with discretion.

I, Rolland Harter, do bequeath to Henry Wiedersheim my dignity, with full instructions on how it should be used, which will be scattered through the Book of Facts in the northeast corner of Room 11. To Harry Ludwig I leave my studious nature, with an earnest plea that he use it in German II.

I, Christine Lea, leave to Zelma Eells my future prospects of being an old maid and hope that she will not overlook the opportunity. To Homer Conner I leave my fair complexion, and I hope that he will wear it becomingly.

I, Raymond D. Roberts, do bequeath to Grace Tyler my sweet disposition. To Martha Hibberd my ability to "raise a rough house"; but understand me now and forever, I bequeath to no one my walks over the hill after school.

I, Lois McMichael, will my appreciation of rhythm, especially that brand found in ragtime, to Flora Otis, also my natural aptness in Sciences which makes me the marvel of the Physics class, to Wyima Wiswell.

I, Theron James Seits, do bequeath to "Mack" my ability to "queen." To Lyle B. DeHay my old Caesar fully translated, hoping that he may achieve my ability as a Latin scholar. To "Doc" Myers I leave my bow ties, with instructions on how to manipulate them. To Marshall Lea I leave my safety razor and talcum powder, hoping that he may not forget to use it often. Finally, to the luckiest one in the Junior class I leave my seat in the O. V. L.

I, Erminie Wiedersheim, leave to Marjorie Carrie my "rebellious curls," with full instructions how they may be cared for and preserved to a good old age. To Zelma Black I leave my recently acquired knowledge of motors, and hope she may reap the benefits of my competent and careful instruction.

I, Harold E. Thompson, will to George V. H. Cooley my C. H. S. belt which, owing to high prices, is the only one in existence, with the request that he take good care of it so that it may be passed on as an heirloom and not lost to our Alma Mater. To Bill Shipley I bequeath my calmness in argument and serenity of temperament with my aversion to disorder and injustice, which he will need in directing the business of the O. V. L.

In witness whereof, we, the "Timorous Ten," have hereunto set our hands and seals this seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

In the presence of
FRED BRUSH,
FRED DANIELS,
FRED WHITAKER,

PAULINE DE HAY,
HAROLD E. THOMPSON,
CHRISTINE LEA,
ROLLAND D. HARTER,
ETHEL DANIELS,
MELVYN HALL,
LOIS McMICHAEL,
THERON J. SEITS,
ERMINIE WIEDERSHEIM,
RAYMOND D. ROBERTS.

State of California, County of Sonoma—ss.

George Brooke Warren, Notary Public

WE BID YOU GOOD-BYE.

I.

In the Valley of the Moon, where the Russian River flows,
Where the clover blossoms bloom, and the breeze so lightly blows,
With the hills on every side, stands the school to us so dear,
Where we gathered each school day—days of gladness, days of cheer.

CHORUS.

Cloverdale High! Cloverdale High!
Gladly we came to you, and sadly we leave;
Parting from school life doth make us all grieve.
Teachers and classmates, we bid each good-bye.

II.

Where the skies are brilliant blue, and the sun doth ever shine;
Where the redwoods, far and near, dwell among the oak and pine;
Where the fields of vineyards vie with our oranges for fame;
We, the class of seventeen, wish our school the fairest name.

III.

When our school days all are o'er, and our life's long work begun,
Then the future will unfold as each day's work is well done.
Then our memories of the years in this school so happily passed,
And the lessons learned therein, will be cherished to the last.

—Rolland Harter.

Rolland also composed the music for this song. He wrote it for the Pipe Organ.



The Spectator has been so fortunate as to secure the services of a reporter who can decipher accurately messages of events that may come to pass fifteen years from now. So far as we know, every other news agency has been limited in its accounts to events that occur, at the very most four or five days in the future, or to those that do not occur at all. We publish here a radio-telegram dated in nineteen hundred thirty-two.

Chicago, Ill., May 28, 1932.

Mr. Rolland Harter,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Mr. Harter:

You are to accompany Mr. E. M. Hall, our United Press Correspondent, as private wireless telegrapher to The Hague. Mr. Hall will leave on the Lightning Express from New York, June 1st, at one o'clock P. M. A radio-telegram informs him of your appointment.

Yours truly,

JAMES GRAY,

Manager of the United Press Bureau.

The privilege of going to The Hague as private wireless operator gave me great pleasure. The fact that I was to accompany one of my high school classmates whom I had not seen for fifteen years, added great anticipations. I was so eager to have the opportunity of talking with him about old times and finding out all I could of the other members of the class that the two intervening days dragged along all too slowly.

The appointed hour found me aboard the Lightning Express. This is no misnomer, for it certainly is the swiftest conveyance that this world has ever seen. A hermetically sealed car, containing its own light and air supply, is made to radiate an electric force that destroys all friction and nullifies air

pressure. In an hour after leaving New York it lands you on the other side of what may now well be termed the big pond.

As soon as I was settled and had taken some slight cognizance of my surroundings I looked around to find Melvyn. The first knowledge I had of his presence was a grip on the shoulder and a hearty handshake. "Hello, old fellow. How are you? Where have you been all the time? What have you been doing?"

He had changed a great deal since I last saw him. He was taller and looked more like a football athlete. His voice had taken on a deep bass tone. The curly locks of former days had been completely subdued and a severe pompadour installed in their stead. We sought a comfortable seat and began talking over the old school days and what had happened since. Nothing would do but I must tell my own story first, and since it could be made short, I complied.

After graduating I studied engineering and became an operator of a bi-plane, after which I enlisted in the army. I was then sent to France where I was placed in command of a flying squadron. After being there for some time, I was wounded and sent to a hospital. While recuperating I learned wireless telegraphy. I have been employed by the United Press Correspondence Bureau for some time.

Right now let me say, Melvyn, that you need not tell me about yourself, for yesterday I saw your name in big headlines in the National Eagle, and the interesting article which followed told some very fine things about you; how you went to the University of California and gained such a reputation as a comedian and impersonator that you received a flattering offer to act for the movies at five hundred dollars a week. This was certainly a temptation, but you still clung to the conviction that you could serve your country better with your pen, and so you took a position in a small newspaper office. A year later you became a reporter for The American Globe. Last summer you were appointed reporter of European affairs for the United Press Correspondence Bureau. About two weeks ago a letter came stating that you were to go to The Hague. This was a most delightful surprise, for your wife is a native of Belgium and is overjoyed at the opportunity of visiting once more the dear home land from which, as a little child, she had been forced to flee during the terrible world war of 1915-17. But all this is not news to you, so we will leave it until later.

"Do you know what has become of all our classmates?"

"Yes. Erminie has married one of the world's greatest inventors. Many people are indebted to his ingenuity for a mechanical contrivance which enables an automobile or flying machine to be controlled without having to keep the hands on the steering wheel. This is said to be a very great improvement, as it allows the driver the free use of his hands without endangering the lives of others. I heard that when he proposed to her, she told him that if he would invent something that would be of benefit to the world, within one year from that time, she would marry him. Its benefit to the world is doubted by some, but I am told that she regards it as the greatest thing ever thought of."

"By the way," said Melvyn, "whom do you think I saw in the city yesterday? I was registering in the Astor Hotel when I ran across Pauline. She is the same excepting that she has grown more dignified, and is a little more quiet; but her eyes are as fascinating as ever and she still looks young. She has just returned from Greece where she has been superintending extensive excavations to find the birthplace of Homer. While teaching Greek in Vas-sar College she became so enamoured of this wonderful poet that she spurned all the flattering offers of devoted suitors and decided to give her life to the work of erecting, in his native village, a monument to this bard of an-

tiquity. Her task is surely a sublime one, but is as difficult as it is sublime, for, to all appearances, she will have to dig up the greater part of that precious country before she finds the spot for which she is looking."

"How I wish that I could have met her, too. It would have been great to have talked over the fortunes of the rest of the class. I suppose she told you about some of them."

"Yes, she gave me quite a budget of news. Ethel went to France as a Red Cross nurse. She became so devoted to her profession that she declared she was wedded to it. Nevertheless, a few years later a brilliant young physician persuaded her to change her mind. She and her husband are now living in Chin-chau, China, where he is a medical missionary.

"Christine, too, is married. After a brilliant career in politics. Her husband, a former resident of Cloverdale, is one of the most successful merchants in Santa Rosa. Pauline says that she is not only a society leader, but that she is also very active in all civic improvement work, for which she is exceptionally well qualified. You have heard, I suppose, that she studied law and later, as special envoy from the United States, succeeded in so settling affairs in Mexico that there has been no uproar or strife for ten years."

"Alas, the unexpected will happen. Truth is stranger than fiction. What do you suppose has become of our Romeo and Juliet? Well, I must tell you. While Harold was preparing himself to become a civil engineer, Lois was attending a conservatory of music, hoping to become an opera singer. After making good in his work Harold received an appointment in the engineering department in the Canal Zone. He was now in a position to marry, but Lois, fascinated by her success, refused to give up her brilliant career. Vowing that he could marry no other, he sought consolation by entering the priesthood. Lois, afterwards repented of her decision, became a nun, and is now teaching music in a convent."

"That certainly would be a great plot for a novel, and oh, that reminds me, have you heard about Raymond? Inspired by his own happy experience, he has written a book called 'A Successful Courtship.' The royalty from the sales paid his expenses while he was studying dentistry at college, and enabled him to establish a fine office in San Francisco. But where is Theron Seits? Do you know anything about him?"

"Yes," replied Melvyn. "A year ago I had occasion to go to the United States of Russia. While there I heard of a great and influential man by the name of Theron Seits. I immediately searched him out, and found him to be our old O. V. L. President and tennis expert. At college he made a specialty of agriculture. He obtained a government position in his line of work, and through civil service was rapidly promoted. He has far excelled his famous countryman, Luther Burbank. The edible spineless cactus, he has so improved that it tastes like cream and sugar on luscious strawberries and at the same time is as digestible and nourishing as the Irish potato, the onion and the beefsteak, which were such staples of diet when we were young, before the war. Had it not been for his invention, a large part of the world's population would have starved to death; for, as you know, meat and potatoes became so expensive that only millionaires could afford to eat them. No general and no statesman, not even the great Woodrow Wilson himself, will be as famous in history as will this classmate of ours. But here we are at our destination. I will tell you more about him tomorrow.

While we had been chatting the little contrivance into which we had been shut for an hour had sped noiselessly on, annihilating space at the rate of a hundred miles a minute, and doing it as easily as you would raise your hand, because it had learned to master the laws of nature by obeying them.



CONNER MYERS WARREN WIEDERSHEIM
 DONALD EELLS McCRAY KRUSE COFFEY LUDVIG

THE JUNIORS.

We are eleven. Eleven what? We are eleven Juniors. This naturally leads to the conclusion that we are earnest and studious, which two qualities are always combined with honesty and sincerity. Thus we have our complete definition—eleven earnest, studious, honest and sincere Juniors.

We also have an ambition. We fondly hope that when the members of this class have separated to their several paths of life, wherever the class pin of 1918 is seen, it will designate an individual who is of some consequence in life and who is benefiting the country by his work. Let the emblem of the class of 1918 be a sure evidence of personal worth and public spirit.

To reach the conclusion that the class of 1918 will fulfill these hopes it is only necessary to examine our records. They show a quality of work entirely in keeping with our ideals and character. We have stated our definition of what a Junior ought to be and we have set ourselves to the task of living up to this ideal. That is the secret of our success.

"Aspiration makes all things possible. It unlocks the gates of joy. Singing accompanies soaring. Music, poetry and prophecy are at last placed in the hands of him whose aspirations flag not, whose spirit does not fail. Man attains in the measure he aspires. His longing to be is the gauge of what he can be."



COOLEY
EELLS

TYLER
OSMON

McPHERSON
OTIS

THE SOPHOMORES.

The jolly half dozen of 1919 may seem a small class, but we can prove that quantity does not always count. Our records show a higher per cent of "excellent" marks on the grade cards than can be found in the records of any other class in school and that is saying a whole lot, as our entire school is a model.

We entered our sophomore year willing to work hard. Now we have succeeded in proving the truth of the old saying, "Where there is a will there is a way." Two members of the class became very much interested in the Gallic Wars of Caesar and have enjoyed all his triumphs. When hardest they smiled the broadest and never for a moment despaired. Another member has an ambition to become a stenographer and is working industriously on her shorthand and typing lessons. All the members of the jolly six are excellent students in history. It is certain that if we have anything to say history will not repeat itself, for we will understand conditions clearly and thus be able to turn the tide of events in the right direction. In electrical engineering, also, we show skill. One of our members is busily working away at a very much improved automobile, which he will put on the market soon.

Book learning is not the only important factor in school life. We realized this at the beginning of the term, with the result that the two boys began playing tennis for outdoor exercise. Now we pride ourselves on having the champion tennis player and future captain of the team as one of our number. He has already distinguished himself in the tournaments at Petaluma, Geyserville and Hopland.

We can boast of many more accomplishments, but since the page is too small for even a bare list of them we will leave them for you to discover in the work that we shall do next year.



HIBBERD McCRAY LEA DE HAY SHIPLEY DONALD
BLACK CAREY BASSETTI MURRAY

THE FRESHMEN.

**Rah! Rah! Rah! Who Be Us?
The Freshman Class of C. H. S.**

On the twenty-eighth of August, nineteen-sixteen, the "Freshman class" came with faltering but determined steps to Cloverdale Union High School. The class consisted of six girls and five boys.

After a few days, however, we became accustomed to the new routine, and it was not long before we felt quite at home in our new and exalted positions.

We soon became acquainted with the upper classmen, but, as it seemed to us, they always remained "Upper Classmen," never for an instant mingling with us. They were ever reminding us of our inferiority, and continually refreshing our minds with this fact that we might expect to "get ours."

The yearly O. V. L. initiation took place all too soon for us. It was carried on with all the pomp, ceremony and "frivolity" generally attributed to that order. When this was over a school song was sung by all in unison, and we departed for our homes.

About this time a new member, Mrs. Streeter, joined the class, making our number twelve. A few weeks later Mrs. Streeter and Murvin Orr left the class, reducing our number to ten. Raymond Lea then joined the class, and made our original number, eleven.

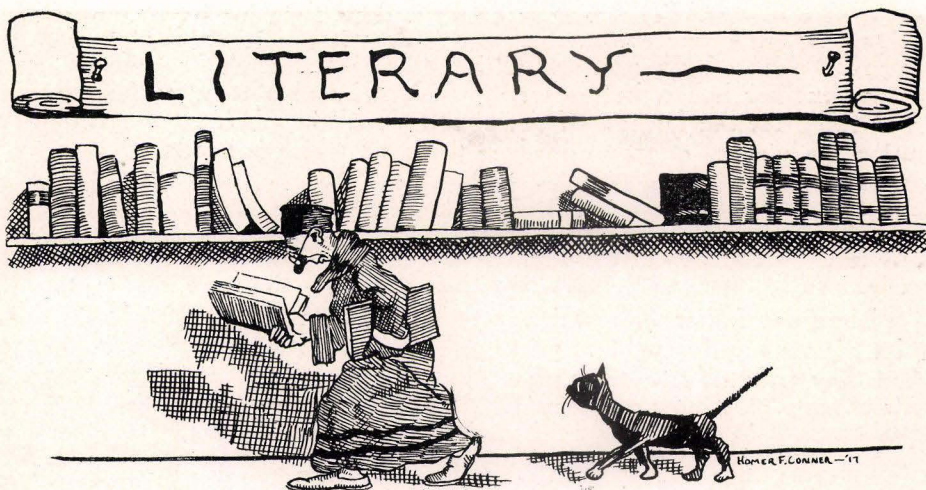
On the afternoon of March twenty-third, a meeting of the Freshman class was called for the purpose of electing officers. The officers elected were:

William Shipley	President
Marjorie Carrie	Vice-President
Zelma Black	Secretary and Treasurer

Several of the boys were tennis enthusiasts and have turned out on the court for practice. We hope to be able to make the team next year.

The term is now drawing to a close, and we all agree our first year in C. H. S. has been a pleasant and profitable one.

W. H. S.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE HERO.

The oldest form of heroism, and the one chosen by Carlyle in his first lecture of "Heroes and Hero Worship," is the hero as Divinity. In this lecture he shows that although paganism was a bewildering jungle of delusions, falsehoods and absurdities, yet it possessed some truths. These people, children in the wisdom of the world that they were, conceived the idea that there is a Greatest Man; that he is discoverable, and that once discovered we ought to treat him with an obedience which knows no bounds. This is the truth of paganism. Their chief error is in their choice of heroes. The primitive nations were simple, open as children, yet with the depth and strength of men. They must find some solution for the great mystery of Time, some explanation of the miracles of Nature. Their solution was that the world was created and controlled by many gods and goddesses, who expected the people to worship them and offer up sacrifices.

When the nations had learned a little more of the truth their heroes were no longer the heathen gods, but the prophets, who delivered divine messages or who endeavored to interpret the divine will. The one whom the advancing world next chose as hero was the poet, presenting his ideas in new, harmonious and beautiful forms and teaching great truths and lessons. This beautiful presentation of his ideas appeal to the people and they easily learn the truths he has written. The priest, especially consecrated to the service of God and considered as the medium through whom worship, prayer and sacrifices are to be offered, seems naturally to be the one who should hold the place of hero as soon as the people come to a realization of spiritual life. The Man of Letters was one of the chief heroes of the nineteenth century. The whole world followed his teachings. He has performed a duty for us which is ever honorable, ever high. The last form of heroism which Carlyle has chosen is the hero as the King, the Able-man. When the Ablest Man in any country is raised to the supreme place and loyally revered and obeyed that country has a perfect government.

But the hero of today is not confined to any of these types. With the advancement of the world the standard of heroism has been raised. The hero of today is the citizen; not every citizen, but the one who discharges his duty faithfully and loyally.

The farmer, who patiently and diligently follows his plow, uncomplaining of heat or fatigue, deserves a place among the greatest of the earth. He surely shows heroism when he patiently endures the trials and hardships of his daily life. Just now he is playing one of the most important parts in

the world's history. The destiny of all nations is in his hands. Germany declares that the war cannot be won against her unless the United States can provide food for herself and all her allies. Germany's declaration in this is true, but her belief that America will not be able to play the part will prove false, for the farmers of our country, realizing their responsibility, are putting forth every effort to produce the food which is needed.

Surely the young men, who, realizing the dangers, leave their homes to dedicate to their country their lives which are just opening before them, deserve the name of heroes. And what can the mothers, wives, and sisters of these men be called? These women who willingly surrender their sons, husbands, and brothers to the good of their country—they are heroes, too.

The poor father who patiently toils from morning until night, in order to let his sons and daughters go to college, is he not a hero? His children when they are ready to enter college are old enough to be of great help to their parents. But how many real fathers are willing to send their sons and daughters out into the world when there is any possible way to give them a higher education? Very few. They wish to do their part toward preparing the coming heroes for their great part in the world's work. They wish to raise the standard of the Hero of Tomorrow above that of the Hero of Today.

Every mother who faithfully and patiently cares for her children, who earnestly puts her whole heart into their proper training, who tries to mold their characters into strong, courageous, self-sacrificing and truth-seeking men and women—the Heroes of Tomorrow—what is she herself but a hero?

I believe that every self-sacrificing, truth-seeking citizen, who, knowing what is right, unfalteringly follows it and faithfully does his part toward the betterment and advancement of the world, is a hero as great as any whose name embellishes the pages of history.

Zelma.

THE HERO AS THE ORGANIZER OF OUR INDUSTRIES.

As the ages have passed the Prophet, the Poet and the Priest have each held the place of hero. Hero worship, whether it is called by that name or by some other, has always been the standard by which the progress of a nation has been measured. The type of hero that the nation reveres always depends upon the ideals which a nation holds. And all progress and the ideals a nation holds and the struggle toward those ideals is what underlies all its activities.

The influence of the Prophet and Priest sheds itself upon us from the distant past. The Poet still lives, although in our pursuance of the practical we are less inclined than formerly to listen to his sentiments and songs, yet so long as civilization exists we shall value our poets and be moved to nobler things by their music.

The world has at last been freed from its dependence on kings and will no longer support the burden of a foolish and needless monarchy. But the statesman will always be a necessity. His duties have, however, changed. He is not statesman alone; he must also be the servant of the people and interpreter of their wishes. The world has been advancing toward the recognition of the individual. It is now nearer this goal than ever.

The working man has always been the backbone of the world's progress. If his work is done faithfully, there is prosperity; if not, there is chaos. Yet he has never been fully recognized or recompensed. This is largely because, as a class, he and his fellows do not stand together and cannot gain their rights except under the guidance and rule of some capable leader.

This leader, then, the man who so plans and organizes the world's industrial forces as to make it possible for the producer to work to the greatest

advantage and to give the best results; who leads and directs the great mass of laborers; who stands firmly for what he knows is right and for that only, is the man who is worthy of the title of Hero.

Labor is everywhere the dominant power. Then is it startling to assert that the man who organizes the workers, who unites them and obtains a coherent statement of their demands, who judges as fairly as he can what their rights are, and stands for what his judgment dictates, who directs the nation's forces and so plans for the masses as to give them the greatest opportunity to enjoy life—is it unfair to assert that he is the hero? If not he, then who is?
Elliott.

THE HERO AS PRESIDENT.

A hero is a man distinguished for valor, fortitude, or bold enterprise; anyone regarded as having displayed great courage or exceptionally noble or manly qualities, who has done deeds showing him to possess such qualities. Heroes are the leaders of men. They are modelers, patterns, and, in a wide sense, the creators of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain. Therefore, the hero of today is the Able Man, the Man who Can. Some are inclined to look for heroes exclusively in high society, or among those who have had the advantage of a college education. But heroism may exist in the heart of the commonest workingman. Can anyone estimate the good a farmer can do, for instance? With the love for his country and the national welfare in view he can accomplish inestimable good. He cannot only produce from his farm, supplies and food products for his fellowman, but also by his enthusiasm he can inspire hundreds of others to bend their energies in the same direction for the same purpose. Has he not proved himself a hero by exerting a beneficent influence in behalf of the nation in such a crisis as this when every man's assistance is solicited and greatly needed?

There are heroes also among the capitalists. Notice, for instance, Mr. A. C. Bedford, President of the Standard Oil Company, the world's greatest business organization. He deserves credit for the masterful manner in which he handled the Standard Oil dissolution in 1911. This was done without disturbance to a great industry, and yet increasing the welfare of hundreds of thousands of our citizens.

Among the inventors there are two heroes who stand pre-eminent: Thomas A. Edison and Marconi. What wonderful assistance their inventions have already proved. The army and navy no longer go at their work blindly since wireless telegraphy has been invented, for they are able to keep in touch with the whole world. Thomas A. Edison is now working eighteen hours a day in order to perfect inventions which will be of inestimable value to our country. Are not these men heroes?

But who is the hero of heroes? It can be no other than President Woodrow Wilson. He has put forth all his strength, energy and power of mind to guide our nation thus far through this stormy crisis, with a wise and loving hand, restraining the impetuous leaders who would have rushed the nation into war. He dealt with the situation step by step. Planning ahead with his great foresight, he mapped out a course of action. He considered well and calculated the steps necessary to carry the nation successfully and honorably along a path of right, resorting to might only when unavoidable. Now that our President has seen fit to declare war, the nation as a whole is unanimous in its endorsement of the stand which he has taken. Never in history was such unity of thought known. This is entirely due to the wisdom and influence of our President. Vive le President, our hero.

Pauline.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

"Yes, mother, I must finish this row," said a cheery voice from under a big pink sunbonnet, "then I will do your errand as I go to the store for a hoe. I forgot to tell the boys to get it for me."

She soon finished transplanting a long row of lettuce, and skipped gaily down the street on her errand.

It was now late in the spring. Commencement was drawing near. The boys were joining the Boy Scouts and Agricultural Clubs, but the girls had thought little of their share in helping the nation in its peril. Most of them were planning visits with relatives or trips to San Francisco and Berkeley. There were a few exceptions to this, among them one in particular. She had declined all invitations to spend the summer away from home. She bought few new clothes this spring and did not take part in many of the festivities. The girls all noticed this, and wondered what could be the trouble. One afternoon she surprised them by calling a meeting. They were all very curious to know what she wanted, so all flocked to the appointed place directly after school.

"I have asked you to meet here this afternoon to see how many of you would like to join an Agriculture Club," she said. "I thought we might be able to help in this time of need." Only three girls joined with her, but these four worked diligently. They called another meeting soon and six joined, so they now had a club of ten. They each had three kinds of vegetables to grow, so among them they raised lettuce, beans, corn, potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, peas, radishes and onions.

Our little friend with the pink sunbonnet, who was the leader of the club, was to raise lettuce, beans and peas.

"Here, mother, is your package. See my new hoe, that is to chop out those old, rebellious weeds; and, mother, I got two packages of late peas, so I will have my hands full." Saying this, she ran to the garden and hoed away for two hours.

She and her friends worked faithfully. At last summer came and their crops were bearing abundantly.

Now came the time for canning. At first the mothers helped in this, but the girls soon learned the trick, so they could do it alone. They found that they had so much produce to take care of that they held another meeting and called for volunteer assistants.

No fruit or berries had been raised by either the boys or the girls' club, but lettuce and a few other vegetables that could not be canned were turned into the stores in exchange for strawberries and such things.

The boys' Agricultural Club brought in vegetables. The girls canned one hundred quarts each, making about five thousand five hundred quarts in all.

When harvest was over, a new plan was hit upon. Each was to keep fifty quarts of canned vegetables and fruit for home use, but the remainder was to be sold at a bazaar. All were delighted and entered into the preparations with enthusiasm.

The bazaar turned out to be a great success. They cleared over one thousand dollars, which was turned in to the leader of the club, and then given to the Red Cross Society.

In addition to all this, their credit account showed a few more items: broken finger nails and calloused hands, to be sure, but—"Beautiful hands are they that do deeds that are noble, good and true." And, furthermore, they now needed no powder or rouge, because the sunshine, fresh air and outdoor work had given them rosy cheeks. They also had clearer brains, brighter eyes and nerves that were more sound, all from constant work and sunshine. They had been so enthusiastic over their work that they had no time to worry; and so they had really grown very beautiful. Their association

with their boy friends in this useful enterprise had given them a thousand times more pleasure than they had ever found at the dances and parties. It had given them a chance, also, to find out who were the really manly and worthy fellows.

This hard but wholesome work had really been a blessing in disguise.
Flora.

PATSY WINKLES.

"When is mother coming home?" asked Patsy one morning as she rushed into the library where her father sat reading.

"I hope soon. We may get a letter today," said Daddy.

"Daddy, do you know that tomorrow I will be nine years old, and mother told me I should have a lovely present, and now she is not here to give it to me?"

Tears began to fill her eyes, but her father, lifting her upon his knee, said: "This is not like my Patsy Winkles. What is mother going to give you?"

"Oh! I have no idea what it was going to be," said Patsy. "You know she always gets something to surprise me. Last year it was this ring and the year before my necklace. I cannot think what it will be this year."

James Crowe was a wealthy and prominent mining man of Denver, where he lived in a magnificent home with his wife and only child, a daughter, named Patricia. She was so named because she was born on St. Patrick's day, but they always called her Patsy for short.

She was a beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed, light-hearted child. When anything greatly pleased her she had such a merry twinkle in her eyes that one day a friend, who was calling, christened her Patsy Winkles, and by that name she was known for miles around.

Patsy's mother had been away for some time visiting her sister, who was very ill. When the postman came that afternoon he brought a neatly addressed letter, written in her mother's handwriting, directed to Miss Patsy Crowe. How eagerly she tore open the envelope to see if her present was within! But it contained only a short letter, saying that she would be at home on the next day's train and would bring her, as a birthday present, little Rosalie.

She flew to her father as fast as her little legs could carry her, exclaiming, "Daddy, daddy, mother is coming home tomorrow and says she has my present, Rosalie, with her. What do you suppose it is? I'll bet it is a doll."

"Well, Patsy, you will have to wait and see. You may go with me to the train and find out."

When the train came, very much to Patsy's surprise she saw her mother, not carrying a bundle, but leading a little girl of about six years with black curls hanging over her shoulders, black eyes that shone like stars, and smiles that made sunshine all around her. Her mother had died and Mrs. Crowe had taken her to live with them.

"Here, Patsy, is your birthday present, Rosalie."

A look of disappointment flashed over Patsy's face. She did not think a girl was a good birthday present. Rosalie had such a pleasant smile that Patsy made up with her, and said, "Oh mother! I thought Rosalie was a doll, but it is a girl instead."

"Yes, Patsy, I thought you would rather have a real girl than a doll for your birthday. I want you to be the best of friends forever."

Patsy took Rosalie's hand and helped her into their auto. They soon grew quite friendly.

Patsy and Rosalie were the very best of chums ever after, and Patsy was sure she had much more fun with a real girl than she would have had with a doll.

M. F. H.

GRANDMOTHER'S MACHINE AND GWENDOLEN'S.

"Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment."

One of these homes was a large red brick house surrounded by firs and hemlocks which shaded its spacious verandas. To the west were large fields of flax and to the south were orchards and cornfields. Here lived Dr. McFarland, a wealthy country physician, with his wife and seven children. Alice, the eldest, was just sixteen when she returned from the boarding school, which in these days was called an academy. The following year she received her certificate, and taught school in a nearby village.

One winter her friend Susie came to visit at the McFarland home. She was very fond of Edward Templeton, the son of a Methodist minister. His father was an old friend of the McFarlands, and often brought his family there to spend an evening. Alice was always a shy little creature, and would often go up to her own room when they had company.

Susie had a delightful visit. She spent her time in visiting school with Alice, and going sleigh riding and ice skating. Every Friday night, in a village about ten miles away, they had singing school. This was the chief amusement of the time and every one attended.

One night Alice and Susie went to singing school in the McFarland sleigh. Susie had dressed very carefully that evening, as she knew Edward would be there; but Alice never let such things enter her head. What was Susie's chagrin when she had to go home in the family sleigh with Alice's brother, while Alice went home with Edward. After this they were often together, making it a point to see each other at church and at the singing school. In the spring of 1863 they were married and lived at her old home for a few years.

One day when Alice was sitting by the open window sewing on a pair of white linen trousers for her husband (for in those days men always wore white), she sighed:

"Oh, if I only had a machine, how much work it would save me."

She worked on. A few days later when her husband came in from town he carried a large box.

"What is this?" she asked. "I did not order any large package from the store."

But he only smiled and commenced taking the nails out of the box for her.

Then he said, "Now lift up the cover and see."

She did so, and to her surprise found a sewing machine.

The kind that we have now with electric motors?

Oh, no!

But just a very small machine, which she set on the table and worked by hand. Of course, this was a great deal of work, and her arm became very tired, but how much more quickly she made the clothes. She was generous and very often the neighbors came in to use it.

* * * * *

Gwendolen Brookwell lived in a handsome home on West Street. In fact, it was the most beautiful home in the little town. It was surrounded by large oak trees, and in the front there were spacious green lawns. At the east side of the house was a tennis court, where many of the young folks gathered every afternoon after school. The interior of the house was very luxuriously furnished. On the upper floor was a large hall with polished floors. Often Gwendolen's friends would drop in for a dance.

Gwendolen was quite a horsewoman. In the morning bright and early she would be seen off for a ride before school. She was the envy of all the girls, for her horse was the finest that money could buy. Her favorite ride was across the river to her father's orange grove. When school was out that summer she went to visit her cousin, Gladys Clark. Now, Gladys lived in a much larger place than Gwendolen, and there were no places to go for horseback rides, but she had a roadster, and they took many lovely rides in it. Of course Gwendolen made up her mind to have one, too.

After she returned home she kept putting off asking her father for a machine. One morning she was seated at the piano when he came into the room. As her birthday was only two weeks off, he said:

"Well Gwendolen, what are you going to want for your birthday?"

"Oh, Daddy," she cried, "can I have what I most want?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Oh, a machine. You know, Gladys has one, and so have all my other friends."

"Well Gwendolen," he said, "I will not promise for sure."

On the morning of her birthday, she awoke bright and early. She decided to go for her morning ride, as usual. She dressed very quickly and hastened down stairs. There on the driveway stood her machine.

It was the joy of her heart, as was grandmother's little machine fifty years ago. And she can run it with great skill, too. Will this make her despise the daily round of work that falls to the lot of the homekeeper? Let us hope, rather, that it will only add another accomplishment without lessening her devotion to the homely duties that made such capable and lovable women of the daughters of our pioneers.

Jorraine

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

Joseph Richardson was a lad of seventeen, exceptionally bright and of a mechanical turn of mind. When he was only a Junior in the college of Science and Mechanics he astonished every one in his skill and genius as an inventor. He was far ahead of his time and even before he had graduated from High School he had turned topsy-turvy some of the established theories of physics and formulated better ones. Now he knew more than any book or professor in the college.

On top of all of this he was in love and desperately so. She was very fair, and also seventeen years of age.

When he had graduated from college he went to request her hand. She referred him to "Father." Father was a rich, retired banker of the shrewd, precise type, taking nothing for granted.

This potentate stared at him for a few minutes, and then asked:

"What do you wish to become?"

"My ambition is to be an inventor."

The old man laughed at the idea. "Inventors are the scum of the earth," he said. "Yet you are of very reputed genius for that kind of thing and if you had an equipped laboratory you might solve many problems."

Finally the old man proposed that he would build Joe a modern laboratory to his own taste, on condition that he would find the principle of an antigravity machine; that he would find the means and have executed the watering of the Sahara, and stop the war. Then he might have his daughter.

Joe said he would try, for he needed the laboratory.

Two years passed and the war was waging as fiercely as ever, only the warring nations were using machinery instead of men for doing the fighting.

All this time Joe had been sweating over the antigravity machine. The chief energy was what he called the Helium ray, also the Lavender ray, which would eat into the heart of a mountain a hundred miles distant.

One evening Joe finished the two rays, placed them in two separate cylinders in a huge steel safe. The next morning he hurried to his laboratory and entered. He was appalled. The steel door of the safe had been cut through by the acetylene flame and the cylinders were missing.

All Joe's hope vanished and he sat down and wept. A few hours later found him staring helplessly and with a vacant look at the rows of chemicals. Just then his wireless telephone rang, and he mechanically answered. The clear, sonorous voice of a person who called himself "Pax" filled the room.

"You have undoubtedly missed your two rays. It is I who have taken them. Am sending you \$100,000 for the two minerals. If I can do anything for you let me know."

Hope once more filled Joe's heart and in a few minutes he was conversing with Pax.

"When you have perfected a machine for using the Helium ray get me a sample of the moon, flood the Sahara by means of the Lavender ray, and end the war and I renounce all claims to the rays."

"With pleasure," answered the calm, composed voice.

Six months later the Arabs were astonished at a huge ring-shaped machine which shot over their heads and came to astop at the southern edge of the desert. A few days later the Sahara was a vast lake, some hundreds of feet deep in places. The machine had disappeared, leaving caravans floating on the artificial lake, which was fed by the tropical rains of the southern jungles.

Joe's name was in all the papers and he was loudly lauded. One event followed another. Pax threatened through Joe's Lavender ray to shift the axis of the earth if the warring nations did not make peace. They complied, realizing that Pax meant business. Again Joe was borne upon the shoulder of fame.

And at last the mystery of space was pried open. Pax equipped his antigravity machine and sailed for the moon. He returned safely, having made the trip in less than ten hours.

We need not mention the hubbub of public excitement which followed. Joe was the King Bee of the public eye, and was married two hours after the specimen of the moon had been locked in "Father's" museum.

Pax disappeared as mysteriously and quietly as he had entered, and nothing was heard of him or his machine or laboratory until Professor Benjamin Hacker and two daring aviators found his machine in Virginia, and brought it to Washington. Pax and his laboratory had been wiped off the face of the earth by an explosion, but the machine had been left unharmed. The wonderful things done with this machine are revealed by Arthur Train in his "Moon Maker."

E. D.

THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN.

"For yesterday is but a dream
And tomorrow is only a vision.
But today well lived,
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!"

HUNTING AND FISHING NEAR CLOVERDALE.

The country surrounding Cloverdale for a radius of ten miles is a veritable Paradise to the sportsman and nature lover. The beautiful Russian River flows to the east of the town. This stream itself is not so famous for fishing, but its tributaries are. One of the largest of these branches is Sulphur Creek, which flows into Russian River directly east of town. Here one finds excellent trout, especially late in the season. The famous Squaw Creek heads way up in the mountains north of Cloverdale. It is a little hard to get at on account of having steep, rocky banks, which are difficult, if not almost impossible, to descend, so that you must search for the places where you can get down to their waters. This stream affords the finest fishing any one could wish and any angler can land his limit of "speckled beauties" in a very short time. Following Russian River north for about seven or eight miles we find Pieta Creek, which has its source some eight or ten miles back in the mountains. It is an exceptionally good trout stream, probably because it is very hard to get to, although its waters are fished by many people and always yield limit baskets.

Two more fine trout streams are to be found about fifteen miles west of Cloverdale, and can be easily reached by auto in an hour's time. About seven or eight miles of the trip is over the recently constructed California State Highway, which brings you into Mendocino County. Leaving this, we take the coast road and travel for about four miles until we come to Dry Creek, in Dry Creek Valley. This stream has its source near here, and, although not very large, is considered very good. Going on for about four or five miles more we come to Rancheria Creek, a very beautiful stream. It is one of the main branches of the Navarro River, which flows into the ocean and is an excellent stream for trout fishing. It is sought by many anglers, because it is very easy to fish. This stream is quite wide in places, and not so deep, which fact enables one to wade in easily, thus enjoying the fishing more.

Now let us turn our attention to the game to be found near Cloverdale. In the hills around Dry Creek and Rancheria Creek, which I have just mentioned, fine deer hunting can be had. In less than an hour deer can also be scared up within a mile or so west of Cloverdale. It is no uncommon thing to hear the echo of some hunter's rifle right near town during the deer season. In the vicinity of Pieta and Squaw creeks fine deer hunting can be had, and many go there to search for the wily bucks. Deer, however, are not our only game, although they are the most important. Our foothills are quite heavily timbered in places with oak, redwood and pepperwood, while along the streams grow many cottonwoods, alders and hazel brush. In these places the gray squirrel makes his home. Along in the fall many of them can be seen. Mountain quail can be found in the foothills, but are very shy, so that it requires much patience to get a shot at them. Farther down toward the valley, and especially along Russian River, excellent sport can be had hunting valley quail. From early morn until late in the evening their call can be heard. In California this is the king of our game birds. Recently a bill was passed prohibiting shooting of valley quail for two years. Such a measure will do more than anything else to help them in gaining a strong foothold in California again.

In the early fall great sport can be had in hunting doves, as they are quite numerous wherever there are grain and hay fields. They also stay along the Russian River and other streams, especially in the heat of the day. When winter comes many ducks can be found, but as the river is very wide and swift they are hard to get. In the pastures and marshes very good snipe hunting can be had, and a morning spent shooting these swift little flyers is a great sport.

T. J. S.

MY PETS.

Pets are not always an unalloyed joy. On the contrary, my experience has shown me that there is a great deal of pain mingled with the pleasure of possessing them. I can speak with authority on this subject, for I have had during my lifetime quite a few of them, both animate and inanimate. Away as far back as my memory goes the first one was a boy doll dressed in a Buster Brown suit, a facsimile of the suit I wore. I withstood many a teasing from other boys, and always watched him with an eagle eye, as a mother her son. I cherished him fondly until one day he had the misfortune to fall into a tub of water. Sister and I almost dove in after him in our frantic efforts to save his life. He floated around until grandfather came to the rescue and placed him in an oven to dry. In our childish thoughtlessness he was forgotten, and when we returned he had melted away like so much sweetness, and was to be seen no more on this terrestrial globe.

I then took a Teddy Bear to console me. Every night whilst he lay on my pillow I confided to him the joys and sorrows of the day, and we counted over the spankings I had received. Teddy kept first place in my affection until I arrived at an important stage, the ripe age of six. Even then Teddy might be found under my pillow, instead of on top of it. I still loved him, but didn't consider it manly to show such a feeling. Age has brought its changes; now I am not ashamed to show my love even for a chicken.

I was seven when I had my first donkey. We were soon on very familiar terms; he even more than I. After a few decided liberties with his heels he was disposed of, and I looked around for a new pet. It was summertime and turtles were the rage. Many a weary hour I sat by the river bank waiting for them to come up on their log. When I spied one, I dove into the water and swam until I was almost underneath. I then came to the surface and grabbed it. By boring a hole in its shell and inserting a wire to keep it from getting a spell of absent mindedness it could be restrained from wandering away.

At last I had so many of these docile creatures that, figuratively speaking, they almost cleared the ranch of flies. No one objected to their voracious appetite for this dish which they so much relished. But, useful though they were, my heart soon turned from them.

It was the good fortune of their successors to keep a more lasting hold on my affections. I am still very fond of my shaggy goats. I believe the saddest hour I ever spent was when I heard that the cruel train had run over five of my beloved animals. One reason why I prize them so highly is that I had to sacrifice a cherished wish in order to obtain them. This is how it happened: When I began to want long trousers I teased until my father said that I could have either the goats or a pair of long corduroy trousers. I chose the former and was thus compelled to wear, for another year, the apparel that marked me as a young lad. But that year passed, and now I have both my goats and my long trousers. Since I have almost reached the advanced age of fifteen, I have also adopted another pet that needs more care and affection than all the others together. Sometimes it is a nightmare; at other times a dream. You will agree with me when I tell you it is my pompadour.

H.W.

"Patriotism consists not in waving a flag, but in striving that our country shall be righteous as well as strong."—James Bryce.



ON THE WAY TO FRANCE.

Five o'clock P. M.,
Friday, May fourth.

Dear Friends: Everything going fine except the train. It is very shaky, as we are now among the mountains. The trip is wonderful. Everybody is happy, although the good-byes this morning were touching. I greatly appreciate the sendoff that the Cloverdale schools gave me, but it left a lump in my throat. Love to all.

Chas.

Wyoming, Saturday eve.

I shall try to scribble a note while the train is bouncing me about in its mad race down the eastern plateau of the Rockies. Wonderful, oh how wonderful, it all is! The trip up the Sacramento was beautiful. Grain fields predominate, with here and there the hay cut and in shocks. Then as we came into the foothills, great orchards appeared in all their grandeur. I thought I had seen fruit trees before, but these orchards were magnificent.

As we entered the mountains the scenery became more rough. There were great peaks; deep, rugged canyons with silver streams gushing among the boulders away below us, and above and around us the snow. We got off at several stations and had snow battles. You remember how Shasta looked; here were hundreds of Shastas. Then there were the mountain lakes covered over with snow and ice. These are surely nature's beauty spots. Donner lake, in spite of its tragic history, is one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen.

We passed through miles and miles of snowsheds. Last night we stopped several minutes at Reno, but I didn't get a divorce. Beyond this was the desert, and then the great Utah and Salt Lake Basin. This is all a vast desert, barren as you can imagine, with nothing in sight but sand and sage brush. The mirage which has led so many to death was quite evident. Though the desert is repelling, still it is enchanting with all its tragedies and mysteries.

As we approached Salt Lake we saw vast areas of salt crystals and slime, which the water, evaporating for ages, has left as sparkling monuments of nature's work. The lake itself is beautiful in its vast expanse. I imagine it to be at least fifty miles wide. As we crossed the wind was blowing, whipping up great waves of the deep blue water and churning it into the whitest foam. The lake is surrounded by great snow-covered mountains, which give the picture a magnificent frame.

In Wyoming we have come to a great deal of snow on the high plateaus. It snowed on us for a while. This state surely has scenery all its own. There are tall pyramids of solid rock which rival the pyramids of Egypt, and these are natural. The rock formation will be better described by my camera.

Sunday morning.

We are now in Nebraska. Last night we passed through Wyoming and dipped into Colorado for about fifteen miles. Now we are among the great prairies with the fields of wheat and corn. Big cattle ranches also appear now and then. The country is so entirely different from California. Even the small towns that we pass through are not like ours in their general make up. We shall be in Omaha late this evening.

Near Chicago,

Monday, 7:30 A. M.

We are still leaving California behind at the rate of a mile a minute. We crossed Iowa last night and the Mississippi river this morning. Illinois and Iowa are great farming countries. Everything looks prosperous. We shall be in Chicago in an hour and a half. Patton and I sat out on the observation platform till twelve o'clock last night watching the scenery by moonlight. We have only two hours in Chicago.

New York, May 11th.

Just a line while we are waiting to go to an afternoon reception in the Woolworth building. I am having a hard time to persuade myself that I am not dreaming. There is so much to tell you that I don't know where to begin. We had a fine two hours' visit in Chicago, then we started on the last stretch through Indiana, Ohio, New York and New Jersey, landing in New York City at six o'clock in the afternoon on Tuesday. On Thursday morning we paraded with Joffre. The streets were crowded and it was a wonderful success. We had lunch at Sherry's on Fifth Avenue. In the evening we were the guests of Miss Jane Cowl, the noted actress, at a theatre party. After the play was over she presented each one of us with a picture of herself.

This morning we went down to the Battery and Stock Exchange where we had quite a new experience watching high finance. This afternoon we were at a tea at the Ritz-Carlton, where we met a number of noted persons. This evening we have been enjoying a banquet at the Waldorf given by the alumni of the University of California. About five hundred were present. The special speakers were ex-President Roosevelt, Edward Malone and several others of wonderful fame. We are having grand times and learning that life is in some ways so small, but in others so infinite in its opportunities.

I can't help wondering what our trip will mean from now on, but we believe we are not cowards. We are not afraid to fight for the right at all costs.

Best regards to all my friends,

CHAS.



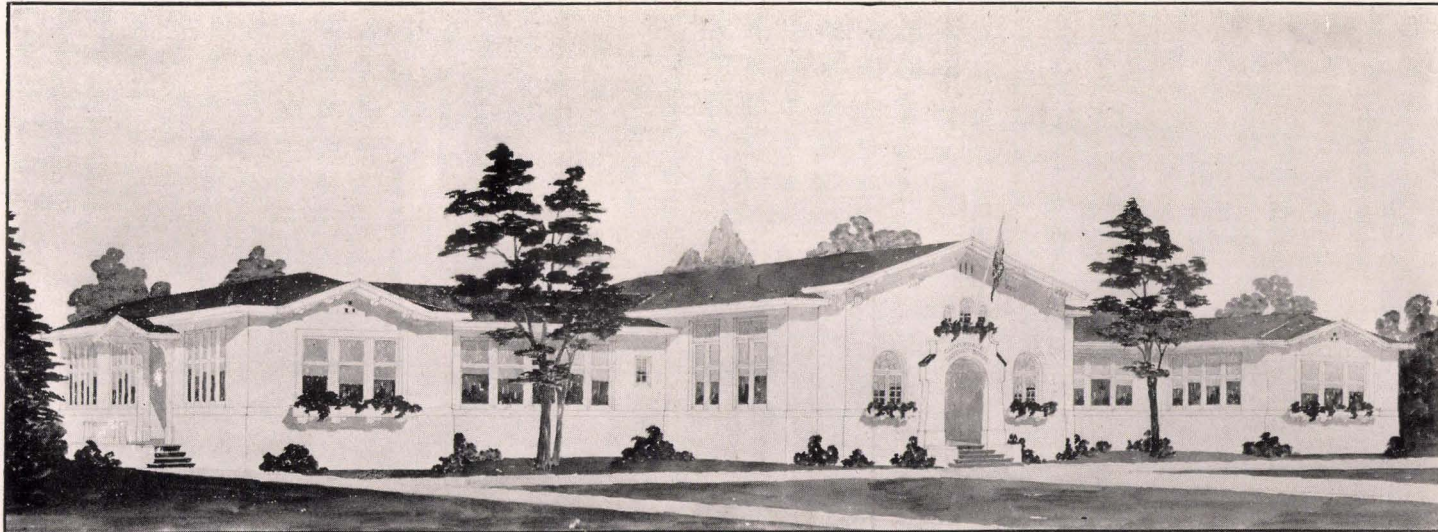
TO THE RED CROSS BOYS.

"Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring goal
Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
Along whose course the flying axles burn
Of spirits bravely pitched, earth's manlier brood;
Long as below we cannot find
The mood that stills the inexorable mind;
So long this faith to some ideal Good,
Under whatever mortal name it masks,
Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood
That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,
Feeling its challenged pulses leap,
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
And set in danger's van, has all the boon it asks,
Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
A virtue round whose forehead inwreath
Laurels that with a living passion breathe."

—Lowell.

"GOD GIVE US MEN."

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large profession and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.



OUR CLOVERDALE.

Tune: "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms"

Our Cloverdale's banner waves bright in the air
 And we love her fair colors so true;
 From the star and the flower we've taken the gold,
 From heaven's high dome, the deep blue.
 To this standard we rally whatever betide,
 To its symbols of power and of truth,
 For it rouses within us the will to aspire
 And lends joy to the days of our youth.

Our Cloverdale High School, fond memories bind
 Thy sons and thy daughters to thee,
 For the Truth thou hast taught us to love and revere
 From all doubt and all fear sets us free;
 In the power of its might we shall valiantly work
 For the right and the good and the true,
 While as victors we meet and we conquer each task,
 'Neath our banner, the gold and blue.

THE NEW GRAMMAR AND UNION HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

Not many years ago any contractor would attempt to plan and build a schoolhouse. It is, however, becoming recognized that school architecture is a special field, to be limited to the expert who has made a study of the needs of such buildings.

Fortunately the architect whose plans were adopted was Mr. Ernest L. Norberg of San Francisco, one of the few men in California who has made a thorough study of this question. His plan was particularly adapted to the needs of a combined Grammar and High School, allowing, as it does, practically a separation of the high school from the grammar grades, while offering each the advantages of the auditorium and gymnasium, and lessening the total expense of supervision, heating and janitorship.

A most pleasing and useful type of architecture has been developed in California, exemplified in the old missions and in many public buildings of the present day. Perhaps the California Building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be remembered as a familiar example. Our schoolhouse is to be of this Mission style, as the cut shows, of one story only, a frame structure upon a reinforced concrete base of six feet, all covered with stucco plaster.

After the summer of 1917, as you come up West Street, you will see the front of the new building, about one hundred and eighty feet wide, occupying nearly the entire width of the grounds. The central part, projecting toward the front, is the most prominent, for it is the combined auditorium and gymnasium, forty by sixty-four feet, equipped with a gallery, cloakrooms, and a stage with the necessary fittings and dressing rooms.

To the left and south of this is the Grammar School section of four standard class rooms and a combined library and teachers' room. The corner room is the specially planned primary room. An arcade corridor runs along the wing and is open to the court and playground in the rear.

The north part is the High School section, consisting of a laboratory for physics and chemistry, two recitation rooms, one fitted for commercial work; a drawing room, an office, a storeroom, and an assembly hall capable of seating sixty pupils. An arcade corridor runs along the north side of the wing.

You notice the trees and swings to the front on the playground, and the shrubbery and lawn to each side of the auditorium, but you cannot see the space between the rear wings with its tennis court and the playground farther back. You are consequently tempted to wander back through the corridors and arcades.

You find the school plant modern in every way. Each room is of standard size, properly lighted, heated and ventilated. Excepting the drawing room, all rooms have an easterly or southerly exposure. The building is properly arranged and fitted for school purposes, including dramatic work and gymnasium exercises. It is also arranged so that it can be used as a civic center, for school receptions and parties, programs, plays, concerts, and public meetings for business and social purposes. The school may really become the center of civic life of Cloverdale.

The picture of the new school building as seen by the thousands of autoists passing through the little valley in which Cloverdale lies surrounded by hills, near the Russian River, will serve as one of the best remembrances and advertisements of northern Sonoma county and of Cloverdale.



DECLAMATION CONTESTS.

The activities of the Society have been somewhat more varied than in previous years. Aside from the usual programs and the Citrus Fair exhibit, members have taken part in three Declamation Contests. These were held, the first at Geyserville, the second at Cloverdale, and the last at Hopland. A joint program was presented at all three towns, each school having three representatives, of whom one gave a dramatic selection; one an oratorical and one a humorous. Our share in the entertainment at Geyserville was "Her First Appearance," by Erminie Wiedersheim; "Bijah and the Circus," by Marjorie Carrie; "To the Young Men of Italy," by George Cooley; Piano Solo, by Rolland Harter. At Cloverdale, the program was carried out as successfully as at Geyserville. The speakers were Lois McMichael, in a scene from "As You Like It"; Melvin Hall, "The Bashful Man"; Harold Thompson, "The Present Crisis"; Chorus, Society; Pauline DeHay, Piano Solo; Quartet—Lois McMichael, Rolland Harter, Esther Eells and George Cooley. At Hopland we gave "The Old Minstrel," by Zelma Eells; "A Tribute to Lincoln," by Edmond Donald; "Proposing Under Difficulties," by Henry Wiedersheim and a Vocal Solo by Lois McMichael.

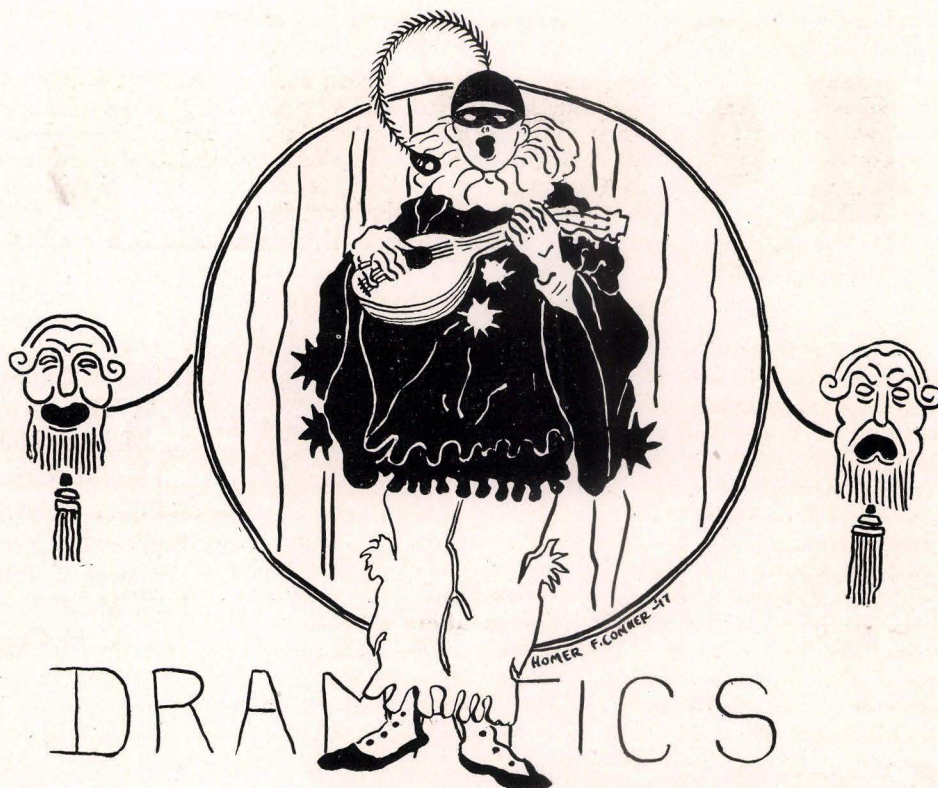
These were not contests in the strict sense of the word, for there were no judges. The old system of declaring one school victor and the other vanquished tends to make antagonists of the contestants. This would be defeating the purpose of the programs, which was rather to further a friendly interest between the schools. Considering this aim, as well as the value of the programs, they were highly successful.

REGULAR MEETINGS.

The regular semi-monthly meetings have been arranged this year with the view of making them of more purely literary and educational value, as well as interesting and entertaining. Some one subject was chosen and the entire program was concerned with this. For instance, the program on "The Hawaiian Islands" consisted of instructive discussions of the islands, the people, their customs, beliefs and habitations. Selections of Hawaiian music were given. The same idea was carried out concerning important events and inventions. Parliamentary practice has been a part of the work of the Society and the members have received some benefit from extemporaneous speaking.

CITRUS FAIR EXHIBIT.

Our exhibit at the Citrus Fair this year drew fourth prize. It was a garden swing suspended from rustic posts over a lawn of grass dotted with violets. Ivy was gracefully twined about the posts. The ropes were covered with the olive, while the seat itself was worked in oranges and lemons. In the seat was a pillow of lemons, with our monogram in olives, and a small book entirely in olives. In its entirety the exhibit presented a very artistic appearance.



In schools where the attendance is large enough it is possible for different groups to occupy themselves solely with some particular activity. Where specialization is possible in this way a greater degree of perfection can be attained. One group working together with but a single purpose can accomplish much. They can devote all of their leisure time to this work and give it their undivided attention. This is, of course, impossible in the small school. Everybody has to take part in every activity in which the school may be represented and this is a handicap to work in any particular line. What is lost in this special line is, however, more than made up by the broad and varied experience that the pupil has in all kinds of school activities.

Next year we hope to use our new auditorium to great advantage. With our good stage and spacious audience hall we shall find the work in dramatics immeasurably facilitated. We can then hope to give a short play every month. This will give an amount of practice that will render the annual play a far less laborious task than it is now. We expect then to be able to undertake some of the more difficult classical dramas, as well as the modern plays.

"JANE."

As we have no auditorium in our schoolhouse, and as there is at present no place suitable in town, the giving of our play was made possible only through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McCray, who allowed us the use of their clubhouse, and various public spirited citizens about town who contributed their machines for the transportation of the crowds over the hill. We are especially indebted to Mrs. Arthur McCray for her work in

coaching, also. The success of our undertaking is due largely to her and to the enthusiastic support given us by our townspeople.

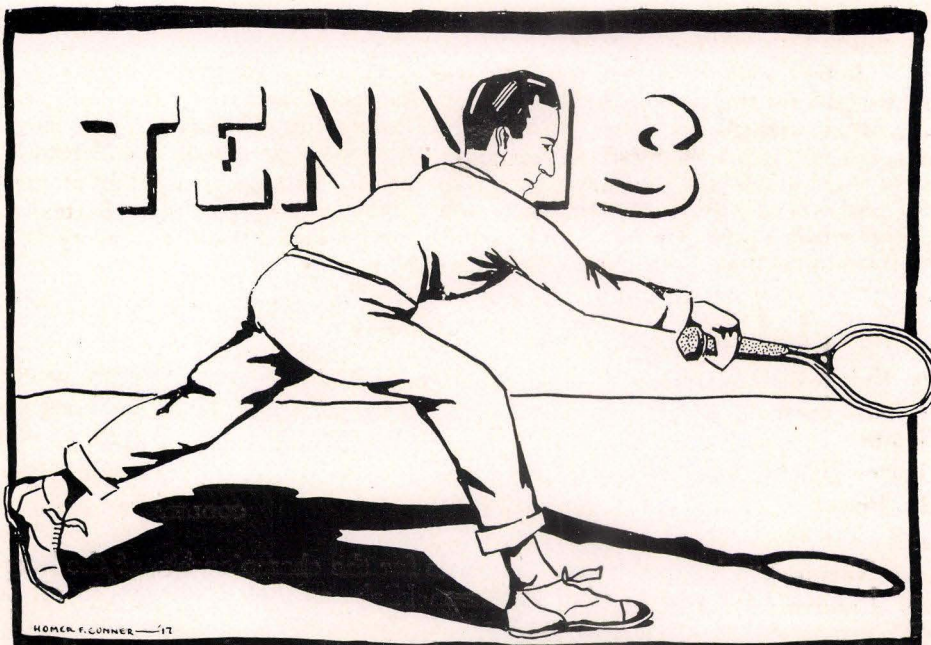
"Jane," a comedy in three acts, was selected for presentation this year. Since it was for the benefit of our school paper, the "Spectator," the committee thought it wise to let every class be represented in the cast. They chose, consequently, four Seniors, two Juniors, one Sophomore and one Freshman to do the honors of the school on this occasion. Though a number of them had had no previous experience in acting they carried out their parts with a skill which shows a great deal of ability and which certainly is a credit to the coaching that they have had.

Cast of Characters.

Mr. Kershaw	George Cooley
William Tipson	Harold Thompson
Claude	Melvyn Hall
Charles Shackleton	Harold Myers
Mr. Pixton	William Shipley
Jane	Pauline De Hay
Lucy Norton	Frances Coffey
Mrs. Chadwick	Lois McMichael
Mrs. Pixton	Mrs. A. McCray



This picture was taken on the steps of Prescott's home. You remember that sweet mansion with the wonderful garden, in town



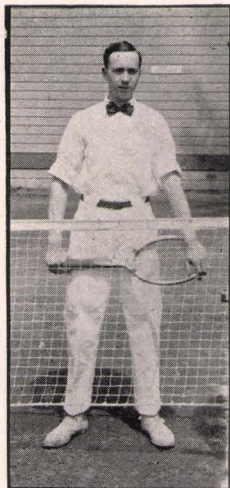
TENNIS.

In the past two years a new division of athletics has sprung up in C. H. S. Tennis has been entered into with great interest by nearly every one. A new court was made early in the spring of last year and all took to the game with great enthusiasm. In the fall of 1916 a tennis team was picked, consisting of Harold E. Thompson, George V. Cooley and Theron J. Seits, who signed up in the Northwestern division of the C. I. F. League.

The first match was scheduled to come off on our court with Santa Rosa High, but owing to a default on the part of that school we secured the match. We were next put in line with Petaluma High. We journeyed to that city on the 27th of October and had a match with them. They had a much finer team than we and consequently we lost. The first singles match was played by Cooley, who lost 1—6, 2—6. The second singles match was played by Thompson, who lost 2—6, 3—6. Seits and Thompson then played the doubles and also lost, 0—6, 1—6, 3—6. We had learned a great deal about the game of tennis from the Petaluma boys, so we went home and practiced harder.

On the 18th of November we challenged the Geyserville Union High School to a match and they accepted. We played on their court and succeeded in winning. Cooley won his singles match 6-4, 6-1, while Seits and Thompson carried off the honors in the doubles by a score of 4-6, 6-4, 6-0, Geyserville securing the first set.

The rainy season set in and tennis was dropped until March, 1917, when, we improved our court. On the last day of that month the first match of the season was scheduled with Hopland High, on our court. Some time before that Thompson withdrew from the team, much to our regret, leaving Cooley and Seits to play the Hopland boys. The first singles match was played by Seits who lost 6-8, 7-5, 4-6, Hopland securing two sets out of three played. The second singles was easily won by Cooley, the score being 6-1, 6-0. The doubles were then played, Cloverdale winning three sets out of four played; the score being 6-4, 5-7, 6-3, 6-1. This victory then scheduled us to play Ukiah High, but that school defaulted, giving us the match.



SEITS

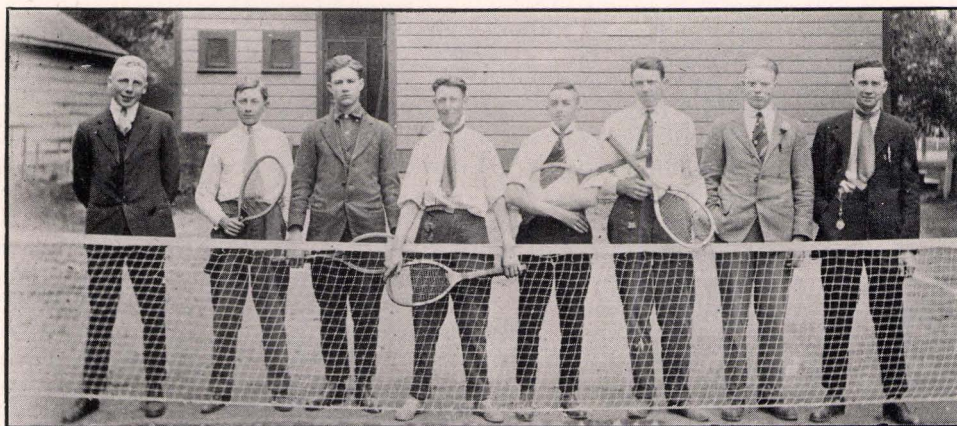


COOLEY

This put us in the line for the finals for the championship of the league and booked us again to play Petaluma High, as they had won in all the previous matches. We accordingly went to Petaluma on the 5th of May and played a second time with them. The result was the same as the first match but the score was far different and we felt that we had made a very good showing. The first singles match was played by Seits, who lost to his opponent 5-7, 4-6. Cooley then played the second singles and lost 4-6, 2-6.

This ended our tennis playing for the season and we felt that we had been very successful. The Hopland boys have asked us to play them a return match on their court. We hope we may be able to do so some time in the future.

Besides those players who represented C. H. S. in all the tennis matches this season, there were a large number in the school who played for their own pleasure. We hope these fellows will continue to play and help to develop a team that C. H. S. will be proud of. These players have shown strong school spirit in connection with athletics, and if they keep this spirit up they are bound to win fame for the Blue and Gold.



COOLEY SHIPLEY DONALD LUDVIG DONALD SEITS
DE HAY McPHERSON

ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1893.

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

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 on a ranch near Cloverdale.
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 Furbur is living in Cloverdale.
Mrs. Cyril Seidle (Beatrice Hagmayer) 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 at Healdsburg.

CLASS OF 1903.

Mrs. Woodward (Margaret Menihan) is living in Cloverdale.
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 has a position in the Bank of Cloverdale.

CLASS OF 1906.

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

CLASS OF 1907.

F. 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 Elliott) 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 at Pine Mountain.

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 in Cloverdale.

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 bookkeeper at Warren's Garage.
Ruth Belcher is teaching in Winters.

CLASS OF 1914.

Lucile Brush is attending the San Francisco Normal.
Charles Grant is in the Ambulance Corps in France.
John Cooley is at the Presidio Training Camp.
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 San Francisco.

CLASS OF 1916.

Helen Carrie is attending the San Francisco Normal.
Goldie Hale is attending the Heald's Business College.
Henry Barnes is ranching near Hardwick.
Will Ahrens has a chicken ranch at Penn Grove.
Joty Sedgley is attending the University of California.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.



CHARLES H. GRANT



JOHN L. COOLEY



ANGENETTA BEASLEY



PALMER SEDGLEY



PHILLIPP PRELL

Cloverdale High School has good reason to be proud of her alumni. All of our readers, we are sure, would enjoy an account of some of the important things that have been accomplished by these young people who go out each year to take their places in the larger spheres of activity. But space is limited. And yet we cannot forbear to give this special mention to the five who are this year representing us at the University of California. It is

rare that a high school can boast of having the attendance at the University one-seventh as great as the average attendance at home. We have that good fortune. But it is not the number that gives us the greatest cause for rejoicing. Each one of them has made a record that is highly creditable. Of this, the meager outline which is here possible can give only the slightest hint. All of them stand very high in scholarship. The University examiner tells us that their average ranks them somewhat above the students from many of the large schools. They are taking difficult courses, too; courses that call for both talent and hard work. They have to their credit, also, an unusually large number of accomplishments and special honors in many different lines of activity.

Phillipp Prell has succeeded in managing the Faculty Club so well that the Board of Directors has especially commended him and given him a substantial raise in salary.

Palmer Sedgley, besides doing the work of an expert accountant, passed during his first half year the Junior requirements in German—a thing which is seldom done until the second year. He passed the same requirements in English, and gave, while a Freshman, the best speech delivered in a class where the other members were Juniors and Seniors. As the year closes, he also finishes the mathematics required for the Junior certificate. This is certainly an unusual record for the first year.

We can readily see that Charles Grant has won a high place in the esteem of the students and professors. On so important a commission as that entrusted to the Red Cross, they send none but young men who are strong, capable, versatile and able to surmount all kinds of difficulties cheerfully and successfully.

Miss Nettie Beasley receives this year, with honors, her diploma from the College of Letters and Sciences. The Senior record in the Blue and Gold gives a little idea of some of her accomplishments. It says: Le Cercle Francais; Parliamentary Society; Partheneia choruses, two years; Junior farce choruses; extravaganza chorus and costuming committees; Y. W. C. A. Social and Membership committees.

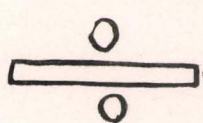
John Cooley, who now has an appointment as lieutenant in the coast artillery, has the distinction of having been department manager of the Blue and Gold for this year and also manager of the Junior farce. He holds, moreover, a State of California scholarship, with memberships in Tau Beta Pi, the engineering scholarship society, and in the Winged Helmet, the Junior honor society.

CLOVERDALE.

This vine-draped land, this verdant vale,
This seat of splendor, blessed plot
Of Paradise; this Valley of the Moon.
This garden, planned by Nature for herself
Against dark famine and the hand of want;
This Heaven,—smiled on by Fortune and the saints,
This Eden filled with sunshine, fruit and flowers;
This playground of the gods, its tinkling brooklets
Lending music to the air;
This precious stone set in a golden realm,
This lovely little world, this shrine of God,
This all, our own beloved Cloverdale.

W. H. M.

SCHOOL



NOTES

"Amos, dust off the guillotine!!"

So spake his royal highness on the night of January 29th, as he heard the joyous shouts of the multitude and the pealing of bells (there will be a peeling of bills shortly), for he knew only too well that 129 "Noes" were to go to their doom and that the school bonds had carried.

We are going to have a new school house! and, oh joy! we will be rid of those hideous, clanking, banging, vicious radiators for ever and anon.

Next came the celebration. Our "village smithy" fired off anvils while C. H. S. boys formed a serpentine in the streets, yelling:

"Strawberry shortcake,
Huckleberry pie,
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y."

The Exposition Band turned out in full regalia (?) and the entire populace danced on the "trottoirs" to the tune of "A Castle in the Air," only it was a school house and not a castle this time.

Strange to say some of the over-zealous ones wore weird-looking bandages around their throats the next day and spoke in an exaggerated whisper.

Mrs. C. B. Shaw delighted us with one of her splendid little talks one afternoon late in April. We were invited to participate in a Wildflower Show given by the Parent-Teachers' Association. All of the members of the Student Body responded with enthusiasm and we decided on an exhibit of ferns. Several of our promising young sports(men) armed with breech-loaders and munition in plenty journeyed into the wilds to bring down the wily ferns. Some of the braves fell by the wayside, but taking all in all a wonderful collection was brought back and arranged very artistically.

We were entertained throughout the term with ten and twenty-minute speeches by the following prominent citizens:

Dr. Shipley gave us a talk on "Fresh Air and Health."

Mr. M. Goldman and Dr. Shipley called on us toward the latter part of January to help the local business men's association to circulate handbills regarding the coming school election.

Mr. C. L. Sedgely pleased us with well chosen remarks on high school life, and gave us some good advice which was taken very much to heart. Among other things Mr. Sedgely mentioned the fact that the attitude of the townspeople toward the high school is much influenced by the demeanor of the students.

Chas. Grant, a former C. H. S. boy, and his friend, Mr. Oakes, delighted us with some splendid remarks on debating, public speaking and oratory.

J. Palmer Sedgely, Phil Prell and Miss Nettie Beasley delivered some

clever declamations and amused us with stories of U. C. life and college life in general.

One Friday afternoon in November the Student Body was entertained by a Hawaiian O. V. L. program, in which members of the faculty as well as many students participated. At the close of the program we were delighted by vocal selections to the accompaniment of ukuleles.

"Your turn has come!" uttered the terrible Blue Beard of the school, the President of the O. V. L. Society, one Friday afternoon in September. He was enthroned on a huge dais at the far end of the Lab and he grinned with fiendish glee as the Freshies were thrown in an agony of despair at his august (?) feet. On this day the new-comers were to be initiated into the mystic secrets of the order. The Lab was a veritable inferno. The piercing shrieks of the wounded blended with the hyena-like cacklings of the Seniors. Suffocating gases floated about, settling like avenging furies on the innocent ones and causing them unspeakable pain and discomfiture. Some of the Freshies were treated to electric shocks, others rooted peanuts up and down the room while several of the boys appeared looking like umbrellas suddenly caught in the wind. They were actually turned inside out! The new member of the faculty took her medicine very graciously and entertained us with a catchy little college song. The babes, after having been tortured unceasingly, were allowed to participate in a marriage ceremony on the school grounds behind the study hall. When we had quite satisfied ourselves of their ability to endure all torture with fortitude, the poor little ones were given the privilege of taking the oath which conferred upon them the full rights of members.

The boys have been denied admission into Room III during recreation periods. We are told that this is for our own good and in order to observe safety, avoid accidents and avert catastrophes, for the air is always heavily laden with powder, so that explosions are likely to occur at any moment, especially when some of our "shining lights" are present. Then, too, it was rumored that "sparking" was not uncommon in that vicinity during the noon hour. Powder and sparks (electric or otherwise) never did go hand in hand, even if we can't say that much for some of the Juniors and Freshmen who bring their lunches.

Shortly after being notified of the foregoing occurrences a series of Ukulele concerts were initiated in Room III and since then the boys have kept at safe distances. We wonder if this was an exhibition of musical talent (?) or simply a ruse to secure undisturbed use of that wonderful mirror. We saw some of the boys use it, too, and there were some Seits (sights).

The declamation tryouts proved that we have some very good material for public speaking. The nine pupils who represented us in the three "contests" showed themselves well able to hold their own in friendly rivalry with our neighboring schools. The programs, held in turn at Geyserville, Cloverdale and Hopland, attracted large audiences of the foremost citizens. All expressed themselves as highly pleased with the excellent work of the participants. We have enjoyed, also, meeting the members from other high schools.

If you don't believe that our Seniors can make speeches just come to our one o'clock assembly some afternoon and be convinced. Interesting topics of the day have been treated with intelligence and skill by these ten members of the class of nineteen seventeen.

The Trustees have succeeded in selling the school bonds at a handsome premium, which will make it possible to use some of the money in furnishing the rooms with better equipment for work.

Hurrah for the new school house!

On Tuesday, May second, Professor Christie of the University of California, visited our school for the purpose of explaining the work of the Boys' Agricultural Club. He gave us a rousing talk on what we can do to help our country. We are all ready and anxious to buckle down to hard work to increase the nation's food supply.

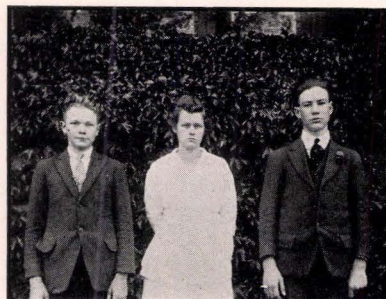
A large crowd went to the train to see Charles Grant off on his journey to France with the Red Cross Ambulance Corps of the University of California. Huge bouquets were presented to him and he was showered with rose leaves. We are all proud of Charley. While he was here in school we could always depend on him to take the lead in every worthy movement. He belonged to the track team and to our famous debaters. During his three years at Berkeley he has shown himself exceptionally capable and resourceful. With it all, he is so good natured and friendly that he is a great favorite everywhere. We know he will render excellent service in this difficult work to which he is to devote the next six months. As we wish him godspeed, we are looking forward to the time when we shall welcome him back again, with the cheers and applause that will show our appreciation of his loyalty to duty.

Rah! Rah! Who's all right? GRANT.

OUR SPEAKERS



AT GEYSERVILLE



AT HOPLAND



AT CLOVERDALE



FRESHMAN RECEPTION.

On the evening of October 20th the upper classmen gave a reception to the Freshmen. The Pavilion was transformed into a Japanese garden. To carry out the Japanese effect, tea and rice cakes were served. The upper classmen took special care to give the "Freshies" a good time.

SCHOOL PICNIC.

In October the Parent-Teachers' Association held a rally and picnic on the school grounds. Mrs. Tod, as president, gave a hearty welcome to all present and explained the purpose of the organization. Mrs. C. B. Shaw told us more in detail of the invaluable work to be done for the children by the systematic and judicious planning for their welfare. The parents, the teachers, and the State must co-operate intelligently and sympathetically to give the children every opportunity for the most complete development.

Our enthusiasm for the proposed new school house was aroused by a speech from Mr. E. A. Cooley who spoke of the plans submitted by various architects and showed us the water-color pictures of several different types of school houses. The occasion was especially auspicious since we had before our eyes the inadequate and delapidated old building as well as the school ground with its magnificent trees showing us the possibilities for one of the most beautiful school sites in the country.

Music was furnished by the different rooms of the grammar school and by Rolland Harter from the high school. After the program was over three hundred pupils and visitors enjoyed a social hour during which refreshments, furnished by the ladies of the association, were served in generous abundance.

SENIORS ENJOY A DINNER.

The Seniors enjoyed themselves immensely at a turkey dinner given by Miss Erminie Wiedersheim at her home. The soft glow of the lights and the pretty decorations were all pink and green, which are the Seniors' colors. After the dinner all assembled in the spacious living room and listened to sweet strains of music.

MRS. DINEEN A CHARMING HOSTESS.

Mrs. Dineen entertained the Seniors and Faculty at her home late in February. Card playing and snappy jokes took up the early part of the

evening. A delightful supper was served at midnight after which Hawaiian farewells were sung to the accompaniment of ukuleles.

MUSICAL.

A crowd of high school students gathered at the home of Miss Christine Lea where they were favored by several musical selections on the piano. Vocal solos, recitations and ukuleles added to the pleasure of the evening. Refreshments were served, and a jolly good time was enjoyed by all.

THERON SEITS, HOST.

Everyone has heard of wolf hunts, panther hunts and "dear" hunts, but to us a snake hunt was an entirely new thing. Nevertheless, we were going to attend a snake hunt on St. Patrick's night. Each of us arrived with a fluttering heart and an open mouth. The Irish jokes, which were first on the program, called forth much laughter but the first real excitement came with the snake hunt. Screams and shouts resounded from every corner of the house. When the snakes had all been wounded or killed, cake and ice cream was served. We all vote Theron an excellent host.

MISS WIEDERSHEIM, AT HOME.

One of the good times to be remembered this term was a delightful party at the home of Miss Erminie Wiedersheim. Dancing and musical selections were enjoyed and a supper was served.

SENIOR-JUNIOR PARTY.

On the evening of the ninth of April, Harold Myers entertained the Senior and Junior classes at an Easter party. Gaiety opened with an Easter egg hunt. Following this games were played, and one of the Junior boys amused us with chalk sketches. After a dainty repast we wended our way homeward, going over in our minds the good time we had enjoyed.

WILD-FLOWER SHOW.

Under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers' Association a most remarkable wild-flower show was given in the parlors of the Congregational Church on April 20th. One hundred and fourteen varieties were exhibited by the pupils of the grammar school. Patriotic bouquets were arranged by the girls of the fifth and sixth grades, while the boys of the seventh and eighth grades, as well as those of the third and fourth, submitted very ingenious designs of the American flag worked in flowers. The high school contributed several varieties of ferns. So great was the interest shown that a number of the business men asked to have the display open in the evening when they might enjoy it.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Theron Seits entertained the Senior, Junior and Sophomore boys at a Svag Party, April the 18th, which was his birthday. Card playing was the main feature of the evening. Punch was served and at midnight the birthday cake was partaken of with great zest and appreciation by the assembled epicureans.

FAREWELL TO CHARLES GRANT.

On Saturday evening, March 28th, Mrs. Jackson invited some of the high school to a farewell party for Charles Grant, who is soon to depart for France with the Red Cross Corps. After dancing and refreshments were enjoyed a few useful presents were presented by some of his friends. In thanking them Charles gave a short talk in which he explained the object of the Red Cross Corps and showed great enthusiasm for the work that they hope to do on the battlefield.

IN HONOR OF THE SENIORS.

A number of social events are being planned in honor of the Seniors. The farewell dance given to them by the O. V. L. Society will be held on June 8th in the Citrus Fair Pavilion.

MAY DAY.

The first day of May was a joyful occasion for young and old. Everyone joined in making the town circus a success. The pavilion was decorated in festive colors. In the center of the polished floor stood the Maypole around which the customary ceremonies took place.

One of our Sophomore girls, Oma Osmon, had been chosen queen. It would be superfluous to say that she made a delightful queen, for any one who knows her could hardly believe otherwise.

At two o'clock the opening ceremony took place. A stately march announced the coming of the Queen who was preceded by two little flower girls and the crown bearer. Two pages carried her filmy veil which fell gracefully over a gown of white. The shower bouquet of pink roses seemed only to reflect the glow of youthful health upon her cheeks.

After having been crowned by the Goddess of Liberty, Queen Oma, from her throne, bade all her subjects welcome. Twenty-four fairylike maidens paid her homage and then joined in the Maypole dance.

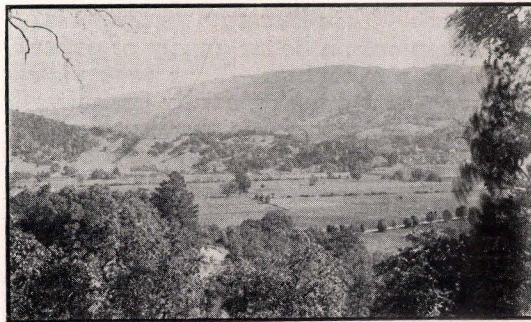
ANOTHER CELEBRATION.

On Friday evening, May 11th, there was pulled off a celebration in memory of the many days spent in the old school house. Though not so impromptu as the celebration on bond election day, yet it was as full of spirit. Everybody took part, pupils of all grades, teachers and townspeople.

Large bonfires were built on the playground. Frankfurters and marshmallows were roasted over the coals. Everybody sang "Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?" and joined merrily in the games and sports. Noted speakers, introduced by their shadows thrown on a screen, entertained us with brief talks. Songs, band music, noises of tin cans and horns, and the booming of the anvil, mingled in merry confusion. Everything was given and received in good spirit.

A grand march around the grounds and through the old building ended in the high school room, from which the desks had all been removed to give opportunity for the informal dancing, which was enjoyed for the rest of the evening. What a celebration we will have, though, when the new building is opened!

We're off to the Pavilion for another month's work. Here's our best for the progress of C. H. S.!



EXCHANGES



THE MISSION, San Francisco:—Your cover design is very neat, your contents good and well arranged. We would suggest an improvement in cartoons.

ILEX, Woodland:—You are an excellent paper. Your class prophecy is indeed novel, your cuts are good and your school notes full of "pep."

BREATH OF OCEAN, Fort Bragg:—Welcome, Breath of Ocean, your name fits you well and a neat little paper you are.

AZALEA, Sebastopol:—You have an especially neat cover design and your contents are excellent. Your "Scenes on the Campus" are great. You show strong ability in dramatics. Call again.

TOMAHAWK, Ferndale:—Your cover design is very attractive. Your dedication to the trustees shows your good friendship. Your class prophecy deserves praise, as does the rest of your paper. Call often.

L.-W.-L. LIFE, San Francisco:—Your cover design is very attractive, but your poems deserve the most praise. Let us see you again.

CHANTICLEER, Dixon:—Welcome, Chanticleer. We feel acquainted with you. You are interesting. Call again.

CARDINAL, Corning:—Your paper is good, but we might suggest an improvement in cuts and a more extensive exchange department.

THE SEARCHLIGHT, San Rafael:—You are a neat paper and well arranged. Don't spoil your cover by advertisements. You show good spirit in athletics.

EL RODEO, Merced:—Your literary department is splendid. We would suggest an improvement in cuts, a better quality of paper and more cartoons.

THE MONITOR, Trinity county:—Your poetry is excellent, your jokes clever and your literary department especially praiseworthy.

ARGUS, Tulare:—Your material is excellent from cover to cover, and we are delighted to exchange with you. Your departments are well defined, but perhaps your drawings could be improved.

TRIDENT, Santa Cruz:—Your paper is a fine example of High School work. Your jokes are good and your class prophecy especially noteworthy.

THE ENTERPRISE, Petaluma:—We are glad to see you, for we always find something quite original about you. "The Daily Egg" is especially clever. We might suggest a different arrangement of departments and not so frequent repetition of end cuts.

MODERN MIRACLES



FIRST LAST AND ONLY



THE LURE OF THE MASK.



BEHOLD!!



MONA LISA



I DOWN I CIGAR



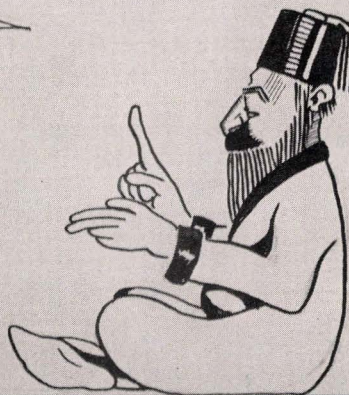
PIPE IT



BLISS

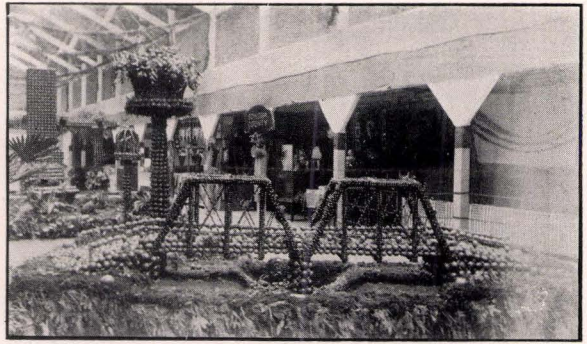


HOMER F. CONNER.





"OUR HEARTS ARE ALL WITH THEE"



A RUSTIC BRIDGE



OUR EXHIBIT TOOK FOURTH PRIZE

Snap Shots



INSIDE OUT



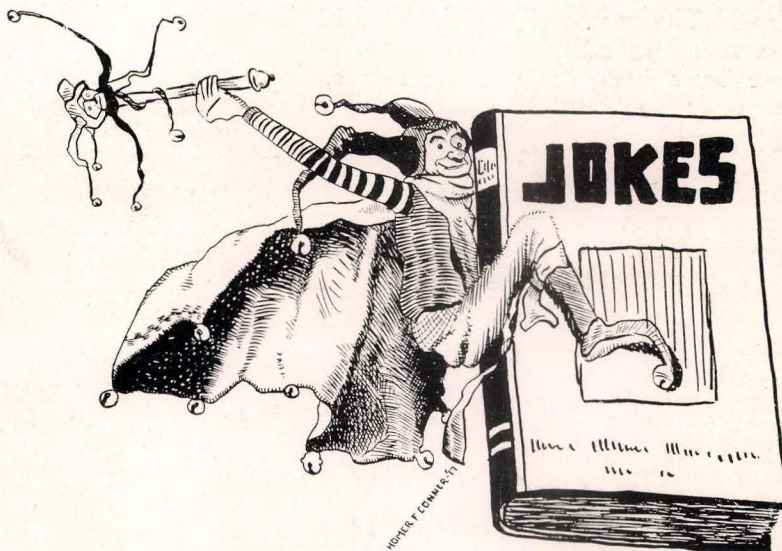
THE FRESHMEN GIRLS ARE GAME



THE FINAL TEST AT THE INITIATION



NOW SWEEP



PLEA.

In offering these jokes to the readers of the "Spectator" the Joke editor has tried to secure for the victims of this model greater smilage per gallon of ink. It contains a genuine, bona fide, screamline body—a scream in every line. These jokes were cracked especially for this paper and were written out in the English language in great suspense. On account of the war in Europe and the increased cost of sleeve-holders a strict censorship has been passed over this column. If your favorite joke is not found herein don't blame us.

SHE KNOWS.

Lorraine: "Do we have to remember dates?"

Miss Wilcox: "No; I don't believe in filling people up with dates."

IT'S A GIFT.

Merle (very hoarse): "I have a frog in my throat this morning."

Harry: "Give it to me and I'll go fishing."

A GOOD GUESS.

(Ethel sitting by the radiator).

Lorraine: "Phew, I smell rubber burning."

Christine: "It must be Ethel's neck."

MATTER OF CHOICE, NOT VALUE.

Miss Wilcox: "The king at this time could just as well have been impeached for receiving such bribes as Bacon."

THE BOY IS WISE.

Miss Pierson: "Has anybody a brush at home (for brushing oranges)?"

Harold Mires: "Yes, Lorraine has a Brush (Stanley)."

Harold Thompson: "Just think of it! Those Spanish hidalgos would go three thousand miles on a galleon."

Lorraine Kruse: "Nonsense. You can't believe half what you read about those foreign cars. Why I can only go thirty miles on a gallon in my Ford."

Stumbling Steve: "Dey say Mr. Rockefeller is so rich he never wears a suit of clothes more dan once."

Weary Willie: "Well, needer do we, only it's a longer once."

A SOFT ANSWER.

"You seem to be an able-bodied man. You ought to be strong enough to work."

"I know, mum, and you seem to be beautiful enough to go on the stage, but evidently you prefer to lead a simple life."

After that speech he got a square meal and no reference to the wood pile.

A man isn't necessarily a near genius just because he wears his hair long.

TENACITY.

"Speaking of having a tooth pulled," observed the philosopher, "that is one instance where a man is bound to stay and see the thing out."

Farmer (eyeing a large 5-cent sign on a Ford jitney bus): "That looks reasonable. I think I'll buy it."

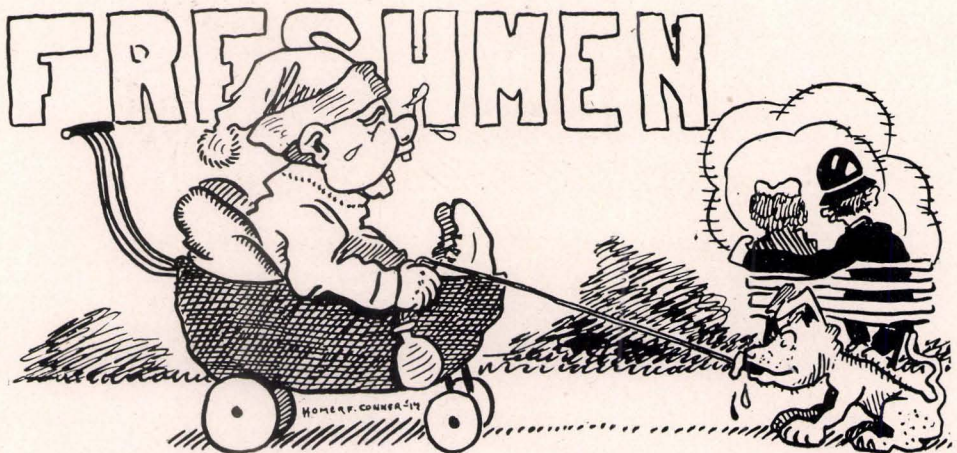
SEWED UP IN THE LINING OF HIS COAT PERHAPS.

(Scene in police court. Officer drags a rough-looking individual up to the desk.)

Sergeant: "What's the charge against this fellow?"

Officer: "Stealing a Ford, yer honor."

Sergeant: "Take the prisoner out and search him thoroughly."



SO ARE WE.

Esther: "What did I get in my last ex?"

Mr. Luke: "I did not get your paper corrected. I worked till ten o'clock correcting papers last night."

Pauline: "Gee, I'm glad somebody has to work at night besides me."

A DANIEL COMES TO JUDGMENT.

H. Thompson: "There was a guy in town here once that had a gifted whistle."

Mr. Harter: "I don't think they have all left town yet."

FOOLISH QUESTION NO. 109723.

"Deak" Myers: "Did they have any religion?"

Miss Wilcox: "No; they were Protestants."

ANOTHER SOUL MADE HAPPY.

Miss Wilcox (in History III): "Ah, Charles, he's the man I want."

—Taken down by H. William Mires.

SHE NEEDS IT.

Senior: "I'm going to wear an embroidered smile for graduation."

Lorraine (not having heard the above remark): "Oh, I want one, too."



PILGRIM FATHERS LANDING ON THE
PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Lyle (in History I): "What is an friar?"

Oma: "A young chicken, of course."

MISCONSTRUED, BUT——

Miss Pierson (to George W.): "I know you are too busy to join this Agricultural Club."

(One minute intermission. Laughter, blushes, etc. Erminie looks guilty.)

Miss Pierson (blushing): "Oh, I mean with the machine."

TO BE ACCURATE.

Raymond: "Do you think it would be foolish to marry a girl who is my intellectual inferior?"

Christine: "More than foolish—impossible."

AS IT IS NOWADAYS.

Mr. Harter (in Algebra II): "If a man gets four dollars for working eight hours a day what would he get if he worked ten hours a day?"

Jack Warren: "Ten hours a day? He'd get a call down from the union."

MISTAKEN FLATTERY.

Harold Mires: "Will you go to the dance with me?"

Ethel Daniels: "I'm sorry, I can't. But I'll introduce you to a handsome and clever girl whom you can take."

Harold Mires: "But I don't want a handsome and clever girl. I want you."

APPARENTLY HE DID.

In San Francisco there is a prominent lawyer who prides himself on his astuteness in questioning witnesses, especially Chinese. He is very near-sighted, so failed to note that the dress of this Chinaman was a finer texture than that worn by an ordinary coolie.

Instead of asking the usual questions as to age, occupation, etc., the following dialogue ensued:

Q. What is your name?

A. Sell Lung.

Q. Do you live in San Francisco?

A. Yes.

Q. You sabee God?

A. Mr. Attorney, if you mean do I understand the entity of the Creator, I will simply say that on Thursday evening next I shall address the State Ministerial Association upon the subject of the "Divinity of Christ," and shall be pleased if you will attend.

A PHILOSOPHER IN OUR MIDST.

Henry (in Algebra II): "I'm not worrying about the problems we are going to have later on. I am worrying what we are going to have today."

Mr. Harter: "Well, I guess you'll worry all the rest of the term then."

Spots: "On bended knee I press my suit."

Esther: "What's the matter, haven't you an ironing board?"

SO SAY WE ALL OF US.

Mr. Harter (in Physics): "Harold, have you ever blown over a bottle? (Laughter). Er-r-r-r I mean an empty bottle; if you haven't you've missed something. I think I'll have to get a little bottle and pass it 'round.'"

WANT "ADD" DEPARTMENT.

For Sale—A piano, by an old man with wonderfully carved legs.

Lost—A cane, by a young man with an ivory head. Inquire within.

Wanted—Four strong boys with pitchforks to hold back the tide, while we dig clams.
(Signed)

Al K. Hall,
Titus A. Drum.

To Trade—A small Ford runabout for a large yacht or small cruiser; boats must be in first-class condition and a speed of at least sixty knots. Inquire of M. T. Dome, City.

Agents Wanted—To sell our genuine 18 k. diamond ring; guaranteed by the Food and Drugs Act of June, 1906; send five cents for large and magnificent sample; send now. Mexican Diamond Co.

For Sale—Correspondence course in Queening; twenty-five complete lessons, beginning with "How to catch a girl," and ending with "How to pop the question"; first offer for \$1.57 takes it. Call or write,
Harold William Mires,
Cloverdale, Cal.

Learn—How to control your fellow beings with the power of will by reading my book on this question; I have had oodles of experience through the lecturing of freshmen boys after school hours on the "Elements of Ancient History." This book is worth three times the price asked; send now or later.
Miss M. E. Wilcox.



Jan. 1—New Year's Day. Did you know it?

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE EMPORIUM

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Feb. 13.—GREAT EXCITEMENT! Heinie demonstrates law of gravitation. The floor was hard, too.

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AT BEAULIEU'S

Feb. 16—Challenge received from Santa Rosa Hi to a debate.

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Feb. 19—Work started on Citrus Fair Exhibit.

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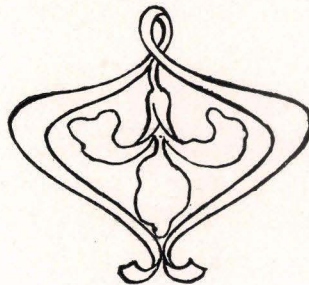
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Mar. 31—Tennis match between Hopland and C. H. S.

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HOLLOWAY BUILDING

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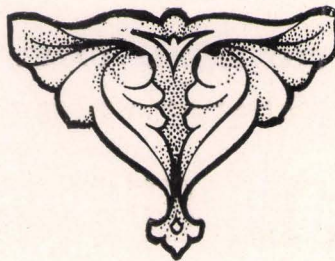
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Andrew Svetinich

U. S. HOTEL



CLOVERDALE

SONOMA COUNTY, CAL.

Apr. 6—D. E. D. makes a hit. "Every lass a queen."



To the Faculty, Students and Trustees of the Cloverdale Schools:

The management of the Orange City Hotel wish to extend best wishes for success and happiness in all their undertakings.

Everybody is invited to make the Hotel their home, where they can get a good bed and something good to eat at any hour.

Special attention paid to parties and banquets by appointment.

Hot and cold water in all rooms, with or without private baths.

Rooms, 50c to \$1.50; Meals, 35c and up.

Rates by week or month.

Special Dinners every Sunday and Holidays.

P. A. BRION,
Owner and Proprietor.

DR. W. M. BILLINGS

DENTIST

Hours—9 A. M. to 12 M.; 1 to 4.30 P. M.

Office—CARICO BLDG., WEST STREET, CLOVERDALE, CAL.
Phone 282

R. F. Green, Manager

F. H. Mason, Millman

CLOVERDALE LUMBER YARD AND PLANING MILL

LAKE STREET

CLOVERDALE, CALIF.

Phone, Cloverdale 403

RED BUD DAIRY

R. S. BURROUGH, Proprietor

Phone 90F11

PURE MILK

Tuberculin Tested Cows

One Pint a Day.....	\$1.25
One Quart a Day.....	2.50
One Quart and one Pint a Day.....	3.50
Two Quarts a Day.....	4.50
One Gallon a Day.....	7.50

Whipping Cream, Pint 25c.

Coffee Cream, 5c Quarter Pint.

Butter sold from the wagon. Extra Milk and Cream at the Bakery.

CLOVERDALE GARAGE

FORD AND STUDEBAKER CARS.

Apr. 23—We journeyed to Hopland to the third Declamation Program.

BEAULIEU'S

Ice Cream Parlor and Candy Store

Our Iceless Fountain is Up-to-Date in Every Particular.
Every Drink is Ice Cold.

WE CARRY A NICE LINE OF SATIONERY.

We now have in our store the only up-to-date Chocolate Refrigerator in town. Therefore when you buy our Chocolates you will always find them in as good condition as when they left the factory. You avoid getting Chocolates which have become soft from the summer's heat.

OUR AIM IS TO SERVE OUR PATRONS WITH THE BEST.

EMPLOYERS OF HELP ATTENTION!

Protect Yourself by Taking Out Liability Insurance With

DUNN & HUMBERT

REAL ESTATE

INSURANCE

NOTARY WORK

May 2—C. H. S. turns out to bid Charlie Grant "au revoir."

E. A. COOLEY

FURNITURE

CARPETS

WALL PAPER

SONORA PHONOGRAPHS

Phone 132

PROF. H. LUDDERS

**Teacher of Piano
Pupils Visited**

**Instructor of Cloverdale Band
FIRST-CLASS PIANO TUNING**

At Residence of Mrs. M. D. Smith

MAIN STREET

CLOVERDALE, CALIF.

COMPLIMENTS OF

U. S. POOL ROOM

B. DAVIS, Proprietor

May 6—Plans for farewell celebration for the old schoolhouse next Friday night. Mr. Harter tells us under what conditions the moon will shine. Can you guess? We learn that we are in for the "wurst" (weenie).

Postoffice Box 38

Full Weights, Prompt Service

KERRISON BROS

The Price Makers

HAY, GRAIN, FLOUR, FEED, POTATOES, SULPHUR and WOOD

HAYWARD BARN

LAKE AND MAIN STREETS

CLOVERDALE, CAL.

Phone 1002

THE B. & B. GARAGE

CLOVERDALE, CAL.

Jack W. Schmitz

Phone 612

A. CARBONI

TAILOR

WESTON BUILDING

WEST STREET, CLOVERDALE

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Ladies' and Gents' Suits Made to Order.

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing.

Best of Workmanship Guaranteed.

JOHN K. MORRIS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office and Residence

WEST AND THIRD STREETS

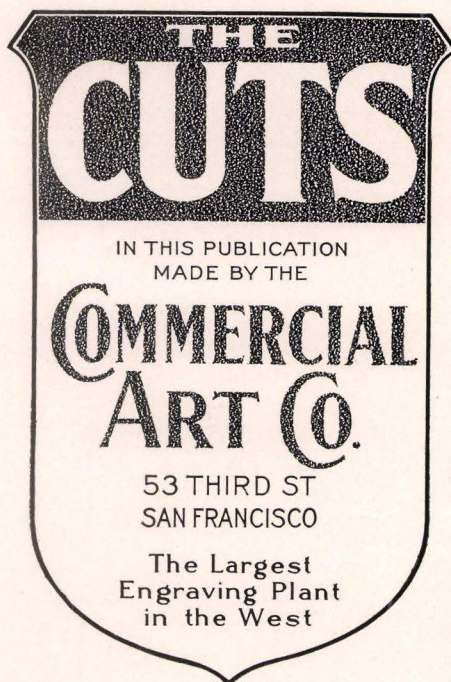
CLOVERDALE, CAL.

Office Phone 982

May 9—H. H. and M. W. talk business (?). Plans for Friday eve., maybe. Miss W. doesn't hear the bell for class.

Baum's
Assorted  Chocolates
San Francisco

For Sale at
E. B. THOMPSON'S
BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY
CLOVERDALE



May 11—BIG BLOWOUT AND BONFIRE! Farewell to the old schoolhouse and the radiators.

**For More than a Half Century the
Accomplishments as Well as the Hopes of
this Establishment Have Spelled
“PROGRESS”**

Each year our stocks, in size, quality and assortment have been better, which explains why this continues to be the biggest business of its kind in this entire county.

ROSENBERG & BUSH, INC.

Established in 1865

HEALDSBURG, CAL.

**Cloverdale Free Ice
Delivery**

J. E. Berndtson



CLOVERDALE

CALIFORNIA

Phone 852

May 14—We start to school in the Pavilion. Everyone brings his lunch. Oh, that dance floor!

LEDFORD BROTHERS' AUTO STAGE

CLOVERDALE

NAVARRO

GREENWOOD

ALDER GLEN MINERAL WATER

A. SERRES, Proprietor

Three Miles North of Town

DR. W. C. SHIPLEY

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office—CARICO BUILDING

Office Phone 23

CLOVERDALE, CAL.

Residence Phone 362

HULBERT'S VILLAGE REPAIR SHOP

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS

June 7—Commencement Exercises. Good-bye and good luck to the Seniors. Jackie weeps because he can't sit with Erminie.

J. P. Wilson

Robt. E. Flynn

GROCERIES and FEEDS HARDWARE, PAINTS and OIL

If It's Quality, Price and Service

1000 to 1

It's

WILSON and FLYNN

Telephone 89

HERMANN RIETHER

PHOTOGRAPHER

125 WEST STREET

HEALDSBURG, CAL.

O. P. FLECKNER

Dealer in

SHINGLES, SHAKES,
STAKES, POSTS

And All Kinds of SPLIT STUFF For Sale.

TAN BARK Bought and Sold.

SOUTH STREET on Healdsburg Road

CLOVERDALE

June 8—Senior Ball. Ingersolls passed out to the Freshies. The Seniors went home only too soon.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST

And ALWAYS FIRST in

QUALITY
PRICE
SERVICE

GEORGE CAVALLI

Quality Merchandise

Moderately Priced

CLOVERDALE, CALIFORNIA

