

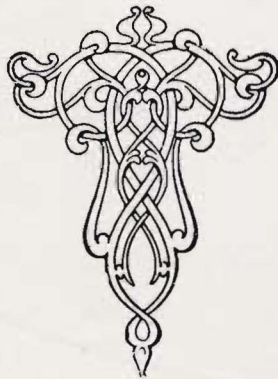


# REVIEW

ERM-NIA



# THE REVIEW



*EDITED BY THE*

January and June Classes of 1924  
*of Sacramento High School*





The Senior Class of 1924 dedicates  
this book to

Miss Sara C. Ashby  
and

Mr. R. M. Everett

in sincere appreciation of their devoted work for the  
public speaking and debating  
activities of the Sacramento High School





## Message

Four years ago you entered the High School. You were a group of boys and girls viewing with mingled feelings of delight and alarm the long, long time ahead of you. Four years to go! Those four years have gone. Now you can look back. Can so many things have taken place in the short, short time since you entered the High School? It doesn't seem possible.

For four years you have planned and you have executed your plans. You have worked and you have played. You have studied and you have grown. In all your efforts, whether it be work, study or play, the faculty have been with you. They have helped you, guided you, encouraged you, and upheld you. We have done our work. You are graduating, and leaving the High School to commence the more serious part of your lives. We shall remember you pleasantly and, as we bid you good-bye, we hope for each of you success and happiness in your chosen work.

JOHN F. DALE, *Principal*



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Mr. A. S. Loomer

Miss Gertrude Memmler  
Mrs. Elsie B. Parker  
Miss Margaret Patterson  
Miss Violet Shepard  
Miss Laura E. Taylor  
Mrs. Carolyn Timm



# GRADUATES



DOUGL

# Graduating Class

January, 1924





CLASS OFFICERS

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Review Editor  
WILLIAM GILMORE,  
Sergeant-at-Arms

CLAIRE NEVILLS,  
Vice President  
JOSEPHINE PFAENDLER,  
Secretary

KENT HOLLAND,  
President  
JACK QUICK,  
Treasurer





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LENORE WIREN  
WILLIAM GILMORE

GERTRUDE ANTONY  
VIRGINIA WILLIAMS  
MARIE MACOMBER

BERNICE DECKER  
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BETH REYNOLDS





AILEEN BROWN  
LEO SCOTT  
QUENTIN MARTINELLI

MILDRED BOLDEN  
ANNA GAA  
FLORENCE WEYBRIGHT

ELMER FLORANCE  
WILMA HALLER  
BLANCHE FOX



ALICE HALSTED  
GLADYS YOUNG  
HELEN GROLLA

ORVILLE HAMILTON  
EDGAR WHITAKER  
BELLE ST. VRAIN

FRANK TSURUDA  
HILDA MELLOR  
EMILIE WALTER





HESTER CRUIKSHANKS  
ISABEL SYUFY  
ETTA HORNSTEIN

WENDEL NICOLAUS  
MURIEL NEWELL  
JAMES NISHIMURA

JOSEPHINE PFAENDLER  
GEORGE SCRIBNER  
MARJORIE FORD





FRANCES NORTON  
DALE HUNTER  
KENT HOLLAND

CLAIRE NEVILLS  
HIDEO NAKAMOTO  
ALAMEDA HALL

JACK QUICK  
META PIMLEY  
DORIS DICKSON





GWENDOLYN HIGGINS

MORGAN WHITAKER

CLARA STURMER

JENNOSUKE FUKUI

# Graduating Class

June, 1924





DOROTHY BRANDENBURGER  
EDGAR LUCIO  
ELEANOR CAMPBELL

ROSSLYN THOMAS  
ELAINE ENNIS  
MAYNARD ROWLAND

DOROTHY VALENTINE  
JOE GORDON  
FLORENCE ABEGGLEN



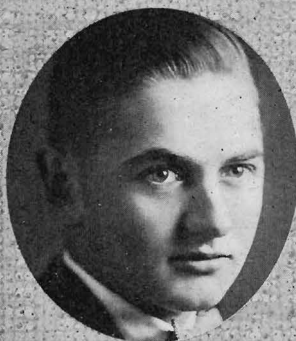


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GUSSIE GREENEWALD  
ELEANOR BIDDLE

MARGARET HENNEUSE  
LUCILE JOHNSTON  
RAOUL CHILDS

MILDRED TORRES  
ROBERT HARKNESS  
VIVIAN LANOTTI





HAROLD DAILY  
MILDRED THOMAS  
MARGARET KANE

GLADYS HENDRICKSEN  
ANDREWS FRENCH  
ANNE WILLIAMS

ARTHUR POST  
GRACE HAGERTY  
ORVIS ANDERSON



*Paul Sims*

ROBERT BYRNE  
ELIZABETH MEISS  
DIXON SMITH

HELENA STUESSY  
KENNETH McCLELLAND  
DAISY MILLER

DOROTHY BRADLEY  
MAY O'DOWNELL  
PAUL SIMS





DOROTHY FAGAN  
FRANCIS BICKFORD  
RUTH GOODING

CECIL DOWRICK  
AILEEN BYRNE  
JESSE CAVE

MINNA RAE LAFFERTY  
ISAKU KOBAYASHI  
ELIZABETH BROWN





*K. Curtright*



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PAULINE SHAW  
THELMA HINZE

GLADYS GREER  
VIRGINIA VOORHEIS  
ALARIC SHELDON

ELENORA KAEUPER  
FOSTER BROOKS  
HELEN CAVE





VIVIAN HASELWOOD  
RUTH LEAMON  
CHARLES PACKER

STEPHNEY DAVIES  
ANNA MUDGE  
MIRIAM THATCHER

GEORGE UHL  
ETHEL KING  
ELSIE FORSON



ROBERT PENDERGAST  
MARY GETTY  
BETH ANN HAYES

ORA JENKINS  
DOROTHY MEISTER  
VERNON HANSEN

JOSEPHINE MAC SWAIN  
HARVEY TOWNE  
MARION DRIVER





RAYMOND WHITTERS  
THELMA BRIETZKE  
JOHN MOLONEY

THAIS METCALFE  
WILLIAM HOWE  
MAY CHALMERS

MASAKI ICHINO  
DOROTHY RALPH  
CLARA JENSEN



KATHRYN AGNEW  
CLINTON LEE  
INEZ CHENU

JOHN HAFNER  
FLORENCE JOHNSON  
ROSS HOLMES

EDITH STEBBINS  
VIRGINIA BRUNO  
MARY GOULARD





*Bill Boden*

MARION VAN SANDT  
ELLIS GROFF  
WILLIAM BORCHERS

LESLIE EARLE  
LOUISE BOQUET  
DOROTHEA SEAWELL

DOROTHY GRAY  
MILDRED CURRIER  
WILLIAM BODEN



JAMES TREDINNICK  
GRACE DODDS  
BERTRAM GORDON

GLADYS HARRISON  
CARDEN RUTHERFORD  
HELEN POPE

FLOYD NASH  
EVELYN JOHNSON  
MARIAN HOLLINGSWORTH





*Waldron Haury*  
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GROVE DYE  
WALDRON HAURY  
MILDRED BUSH

ELIZABETH FARISS  
HELEN AULICK  
ANNA CALLAHAN

CLADYS LOWELL  
ARTHUR NIKAIIDO  
THELMA GREENWALT



*Chas. Merrick*

IRENE UTLEY  
VIOLA COX  
CHARLES MERRICK

HENRIETTA THEISS  
AGNES BYRNE  
DOROTHY DENNY

GEORGE BROWNING  
HAYWOOD MIDDLETON  
LOUISE LOMBARDI





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MARGARET OATES  
WILMERE JORDON

LAURA CARTWRIGHT  
LEWIS BUCKENHAM  
JOSEPH FINDLAY

RALPH RICHARDSON  
THELMA REID  
ELAINE THIELBAHR



ALEXANDER STEINKAMP  
ALVERNA MARTIN  
HUGH HAYDEN

CAROL FRANKS  
LAWRENCE JOHNSON  
RUTH STEAD

KIYOSHI OKAMOTO  
NELLIE SWEET  
MAE WALKER





PEYTON WILLIS  
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IRMA GLUYAS

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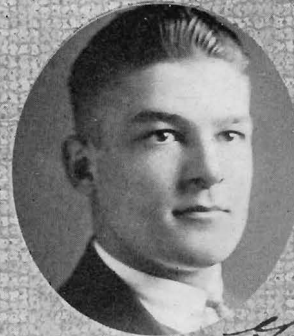
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*George F. Davis*

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HARRY McQUISTON  
EDITH WATTS

RAYMOND MURPHY  
THELMA HERSUM  
GEORGE DAVIS

SABEL SUNDHEIMER  
CARL KOCH  
DAGNEY JENSEN



ARTHUR ROTH  
ORIC COLYER

CLELLA FISHER

MILES FRISK  
FRED ROTH





DELLA ADAMS  
WILLA McDONALD

CARL HENCKNEN  
BERTRAM CHAPPELL

VIVIAN ELLIS  
LOLA MAC KENZIE

ENID FULLER  
MARGARET SCHILLING

## Sonnet

(With apologies to Milton)

When I consider how my time is spent  
E're half my studies for next class are done,  
And that one lesson which is death to shun,  
The very one to which my mind is lent,  
I ponder long, and with my head o're bent  
I rue the speed with which the time doth run,  
And pray that Fate, who plans for everyone,  
The certain end of all who bluff prevent.

But while that thought still lingers in my mind,  
A recollection comes that yesterday  
In registration room a notice read  
(And I begin to think that Fate is kind)  
Assembly called that period today.  
Then I proceed to read a book instead.

—Beth Ann Hayes, '24.



# CLASS HISTORY

State Summary

Class has been a unit  
of the most successful  
kind of a class

State Summary

Make the class a unit  
of the most successful  
kind of a class



## Class of January, 1924

Once again, Commencement! This time it is the class of January, 1924, that is saying good-bye to good old S. H. S. As we pause a little before departing, to recall the various activities in which we have participated, we find that we have a class history which rivals even the best of former classes. These four years have been both active and happy ones. Working at a disadvantage because we are a small class, we have been successful in all of our undertakings. The whole class has shown the proper spirit at all times, and it is hoped that the members will continue to do so in after life.

The main event of our freshman year was the first Big "S" Circus which was held at Main High December 3, 1920. Although we were new in the high school world, we grasped the spirit and enjoyed the show as much as any one could. The remainder of the year was more or less uneventful as the first year usually is, but that we have always had an abundance of pep has been proven.

As sophomores we arrived at the main building for a most successful initial semester. In fact, we were just in time to take part in the first Hy-Jinx presented in the spring of 1920. With the suggestion and aid of our advisors, this sophomore class presented "An Old Fashioned Garden" which was awarded second prize. Considering that we were the newest class in the school, it is well worthy of mention.

The following year our laurels increased. At the May Festival, held May 22, 1922, our class presented an "Old Fashioned Lancers Dance" which won the first prize of fifteen dollars. In accordance with our good record, our class took a very active part in the second "Big S Circus" staged April, 1922.

Last, but not least, comes our fourth year when we, as dignified seniors, are to receive our diplomas. As is generally the case, our senior year has been the most exciting one of all. To begin with, we showed excellent judgment in the selection of our presidents for both semesters. Muriel Newell brought us safely through our first semester as seniors, while Kent Holland has made our closing semester one of the best ever experienced by the class. Last June at the Tuesday Club house we gave the class of '23 one of the best Senior dances ever held. We emerged from the Hy-Jinx of last November once more victorious, tying for the second prize due to the originality of the stunt "Classics of To-day". We are doing our best to meet the old time problem of raising funds for the Review. We began by staging the Review Dance, December 7, which left the treasury in a somewhat better condition than it was previously. Some money has been raised by paper drives, but best of all we have the good old Senior play. 'Tis too good to be true! Miss Jones has selected "Seventeen" by Booth Tarkington, a very suitable play to insure unusual success.

Thus ends our four splendid years at S. H. S. They have been happy ones and the memories will be cherished forever. Good bye, Old School! We will not forget you, but seek to honor you at all times!

—Aileen Brown, January, 1924.



## Class of June, 1924

The Senior class was well represented in all three of the junior high schools. The majority of the class, however, went to Harkness. Each group in the junior high schools put on its' stunt in the circus of that year. The freshman classes that learned to know each other as rivals did not keep up that spirit of animosity. In our sophomore year no one could have hoped for more hearty co-operation than was shown by these former rivals. In 1922, the year of the Big S Circus, the class presented a Harem which was perhaps the best stunt in the circus.

About the only things that transpired in our junior year were pie and cake sales. These were given with great success. During the senior year, the class has been active. As senior "B's" the skit, "Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains," was performed as a stunt in the Hi Jinks. This stunt took second place. It must also be remembered that in January, we entertained the graduating class at a wonderful dance, which everyone enjoyed immensely.

The athletes of the class have starred in every year. In Harkness, we won the annual relay race. The second year saw our heroes represented on all three teams, and so it has been ever since our sophomore year. The space is entirely too inadequate to do justice to these noble youths. But let these heroes remember that their efforts will be appreciated by every individual member of the student body.

—Ralph H. Richardson, Secretary.

## English Blues

Monday, Monday, so blue and drear,  
Is the saddest day of all the year;  
Right up before the staring class,  
To make a speech if you want to pass.

Tuesday, Tuesday, is not so bright,  
For a composition each one must write;  
It's not so bad if you don't get scared,  
When you tell the teacher you're not prepared.

Wednesday, Wednesday, is harder still,  
Outline the "Idylls" if you will;  
If you do not know the allegoric parts  
You get a "five" for your remarks.

Thursday, Thursday, is always the same,  
To recite such verbs makes one insane;  
To correct wrong words we must not delay;  
For Thursday is "Century Handbook" day.

Friday, Friday, is the worst of all,  
One dies the death of an old rag doll;  
For this is the day for the weekly test,  
And you can't do much, though you do your best.

Now let me to you teachers say,  
You make us work too hard each day;  
If your list of work you would revise,  
There wouldn't be so many "fives".

And yet it seems to be just right,  
Our English we should learn to recite;  
For by and by some future day,  
We'll be the back-bone of the U. S. A.

—Beryl Mendenhall, '25.



# EDITORIALS.



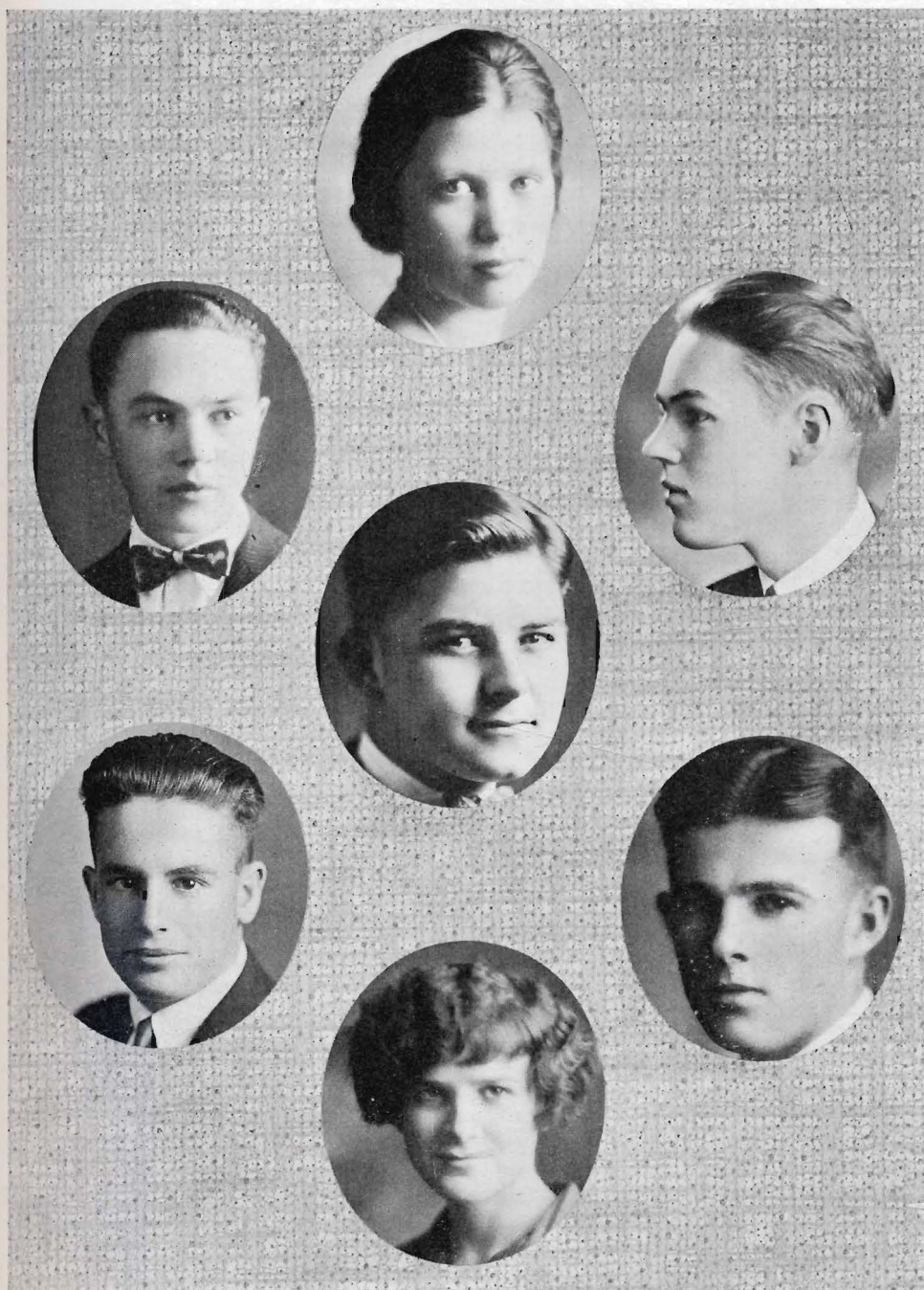


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CECIL DOWRICK

THE STAFF  
BETH ANN HAYES  
GROVE DYE  
DOROTHY BRANDENBURGER

BILL BODEN  
RALPH RICHARDSON

## Scholarship Standards

There has been a habit among many of the students, for several years that has been detrimental to the scholarship standards of the school. It is the job habit. The chief drawback to good scholarship is the job after school in the afternoon. We are not speaking of the job taken by the boy who really needs to earn the money, but of the job sought by the boy who is looking only for spending money. Nor is it our design to condemn work, for it has been proved that work at times is beneficial to the student; but when it gets to the place that outside work is considered more important than school, then it is time to stop and consider. School duties, with few exceptions, should be the paramount interest of every boy and girl until the high school course has been completed.

One of the basic reasons for low scholarship in this school is just this desire for work after school. It isn't long until the student realizes his earning capacity and the pleasure of having a little more spending money. What is the result? He gets work in the afternoon, has his program arranged so that he will get through school at one-thirty or two o'clock, and is not seen for the rest of the day. His interest becomes centered in his job and soon school becomes in his estimation a secondary consideration. He does not put forth the effort to make good grades and, as a consequence, his marks are poor. With several hundred such students the result is a low scholarship rating. About the only remedy for this would be more stringent rules for allowing students work after school.

—Ralph Richardson.

## Organizations

This year the organizations have become more diversified, grown larger, and have done more than ever before for the school. They have shown true school spirit. Two of them raised money for the library fund, several of them have put on plays, the debating societies furnished Sacramento's debaters, and most of the medals and cups we claim were taken by some organization for the school.

"Know thyself," we are told. When a student becomes interested in something he pushes ahead and becomes a leader in it. Soon he will find himself a leader in the school because he has the ability to direct others and knows what he is doing. So organizations make leaders by offering to every student an opportunity of finding himself in the doing of some special thing that interests him.

To a student who is interested in the work of some organization, school ceases to be a place of mere routine. He goes eagerly and with pleasure because to him it has become a place where he can work out all his ideas. So, organizations help the school; for interest makes for scholarship.

The preparation for life is made in school. The organizations cover to some extent every line of work. Activity in some organizations will lead a student to discovering what he should prepare for. In this way he gets the right start for life.

Hence we see the organizations help the student in school and afterwards in life, for which school is merely the preparation.

—Helen Cave.



## The Financial Situation

The method of raising money in this school should be the same year after year. When the 1924 class entered the school, the student body raised money for activities by charging exorbitant prices for the athletic contests, programs, and plays that were offered. The following year saw another method used, last term the underwriting plan was in vogue, and this term a direct assessment.

One high school that has a successful financial program, has come to the attention of the writer. This system works perhaps more simply than any other. At the beginning of the year every student, on registering pays, fifty cents to make him a member of the student body and to give him the right to vote. To be sure no student can be forced to pay such a fee, but sympathy certainly should be extended the student who cannot pay fifty cents a semester for student activities. This is one of many plans that might be introduced.

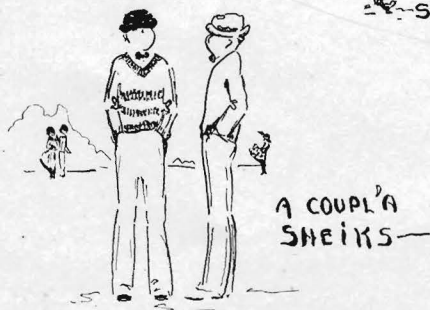
The chief difficulty is the seeming inability to stick to one plan until it has been perfected. By all means let us keep one method of raising money until it has been perfected and then we will not have to ask, "I wonder whether we can have this game or contest."

—Ralph Richardson.

## A Word of Thanks

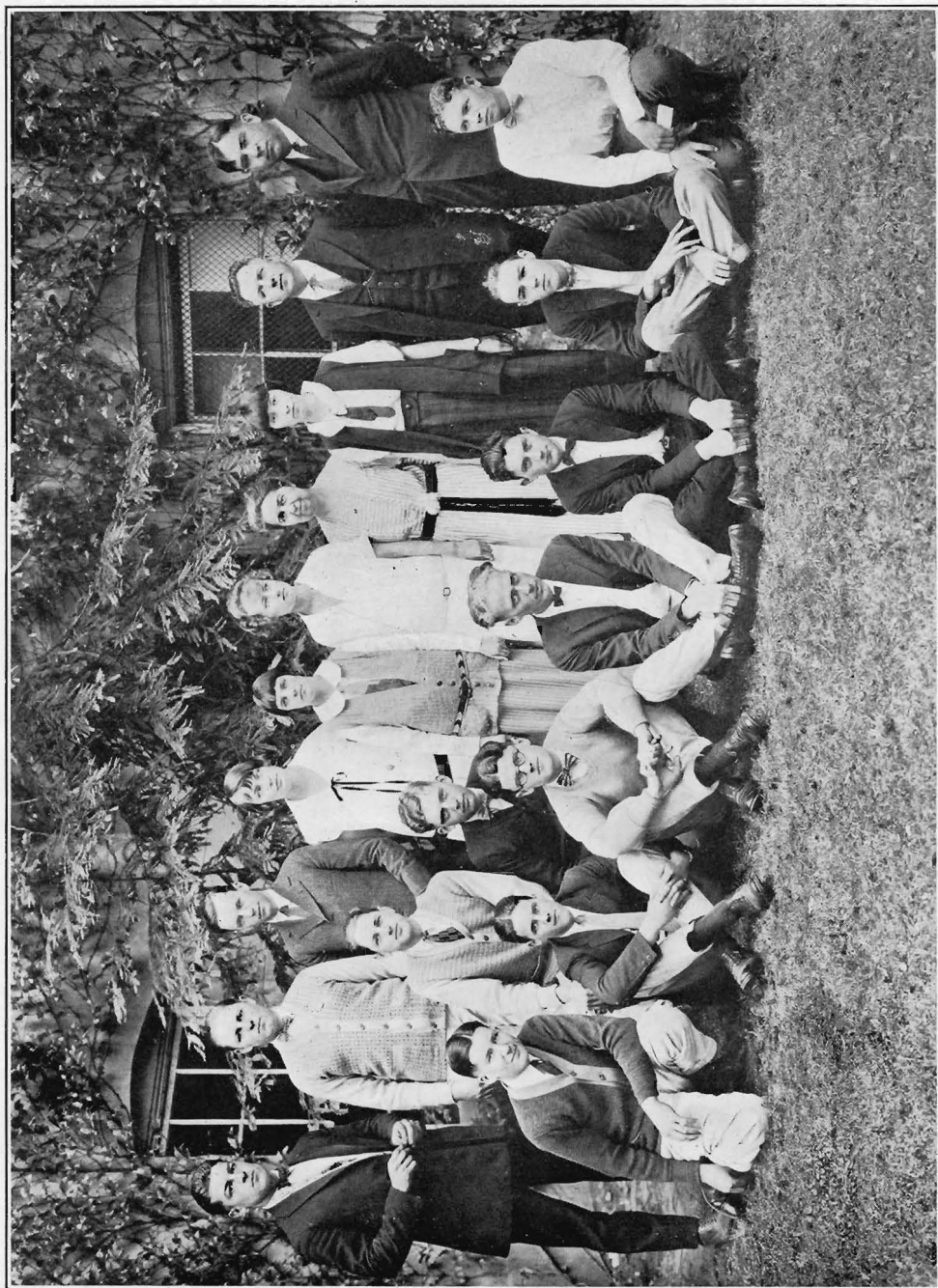
The Review Staff wishes to extend its thanks to Miss Ashby and the faculty of the English department, to Miss Jones and the drama class, to the Art teachers, to Mr. Pibble and his contest typing class—to all who have so kindly given their services in helping to make this book a success.

# SEEN AROUND SCHOOL





Student Body  
and  
Classes



STUDENT COUNCIL



## Student Council

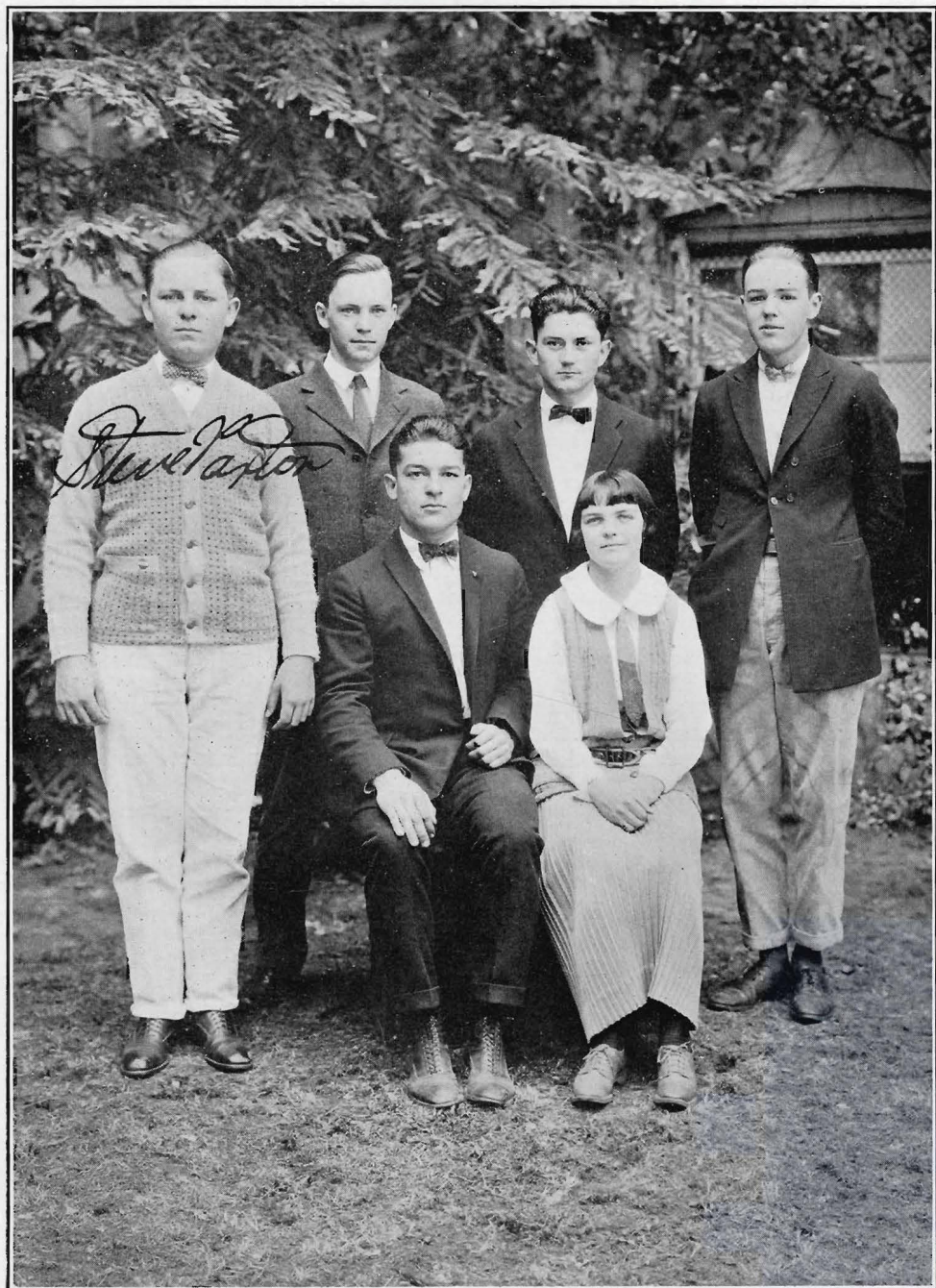
The student council for the Spring semester 1924 took office with a deficit in the student body funds of over \$500. With the hearty co-operation of the students and faculty the council succeeded in putting over an assessment which not only carried the school out of debt but left a surplus with which the next council will be able to start student activities at the new high school.

Many of the activities of this administration were curtailed by the foot and mouth disease quarantine. All sports were for a time suspended. This seriously interfered with the plans laid by the officers. However, a successful program has been carried out. One of the big events of the semester was the boys' stag party held in the high school auditorium. This party is an annual event and was the most successful yet held. It was attended by over 400 boys. The entertainment consisted of singing, vaudeville numbers and boxing. The serving of refreshments brought the evening to a close. The council also sponsored the May Festival and the "June Bug" edition of the "X-Ray."

Practically all the legislative work of this council was confined to laying the plans for the student body government at the new high school. George Davis, president, carried out his campaign pledge to give the school a new constitution which would give the students the right of self-government. One of the best features of this constitution is that it affords representation for every person in the school. It provides for a small executive body and a large legislative body. A merit system which will do away with detention classes has also been incorporated in the constitution.

The school spirit has greatly increased during the past semester and it is the wish of the outgoing officers that the members of the student body should give their successors as much support and co-operation as has been extended to them.

—Stephen Paxton.



MAIN HIGH STUDENT BODY OFFICERS—SECOND TERM





## Senior A

The Senior A class started this term with a deficit in its treasury. We made many plans, none of which went through, to wipe out this debt. Finally the class voted a monthly assessment for the rest of the year. This money, together with the \$35.00 made from the concessions at the May Festival, cleared the debt and leaves us money enough for any other expenses of the year.

We feel that we have accomplished a lot this term in getting out of debt!

Jesse Cave .....	President
Margaret Kane .....	Vice-President
Ralph Richardson .....	Secretary-Treasurer

## Senior B

Although the Senior B's have not had a very busy semester this year, we hope to excel every other Senior A class next year. So far, our efforts have been devoted to procuring our class pins.

Margaret Meyer .....	President
Harrison Slawson .....	Vice-President
Frances Sullivan .....	Secretary-Treasurer

—Frances Sullivan, Secretary.

## Junior B

The officers who were elected for the Junior B class at the beginning of this term are:

Richard Paine.....	President
Margaret Gould.....	Vice-President
Kathryn Krebs.....	Secretary-Treasurer
Fay Erwin.....	Sergeant-at-arms



*Tom List*

## Junior A

President .....Tom List  
 Vice-President .....Genevieve Thomas  
 Sergeant-at-Arms .....Alvin Green  
 Secretary-Treasurer .....Beryl Mendenhall

When Juniors we at first became,  
 We stood at the foot of the ladder of fame.  
 Then our funds were exceedingly low;  
 For the incoming officers, 'twas a shocking blow.  
 We knew unless we got some pep,  
 We'd not go forward, but fall back a step;  
 So the Juniors got busy right away,  
 And made the plans for a Hi-Jinx play.  
 The play, "Desperate Desmond," took first place;  
 The players were needed again, since that was the case.  
 At the Scottish Rite Temple the following day,  
 The actors again put on the play.  
 Then at Modesto they did their best,  
 To entertain at the extemporaneous contest.  
 A Junior barn party was given then,  
 Too lively to describe with merely a pen.  
 When at last, the first semester was o'er,  
 Petitions for officers were in by the score;  
 'Twas quite a close and spirited race,  
 To put each one in his proper place.  
 For the track meet, the Juniors chose purple and gold,  
 And many a badge for that day was sold;  
 Out at the bleachers on one side,  
 Our colors flew both far and wide.  
 We then joined the other Junior class,  
 And had a grand party en masse.  
 During the whole long year we paid our dues,  
 And now we haven't got the blues;  
 For when this year is past, and we begin anew,  
 Then we'll be nifty Seniors through and through.

Beryl Mendenhall, Sec.-Treas.



## Sophomore A

The Sophomore A class, after a somewhat inconspicuous term as Sophomore B's, came forth and began to take an active part in school activities. At the beginning of the term the need of a constitution was felt and one was drawn up and presented to the class, and accepted. At the same time the following officers were elected to fill their offices under the new constitution:

Francis Pope .....	President
Katherine Gurnett .....	Vice-President
Gertrude Gluesing .....	Secretary-Treasurer
Jack Nelson .....	Sergeant-at-arms

During the term a class party was given at the David Lubin School. It was enjoyed by all who attended and gave promise that the class would before long be an important factor in school affairs.



## Sophomore B

It was an awe-stricken band who straggled up the imposing steps of Main Hi for the first time Monday morning, January 28th. We even wondered if those grand old letters, S. H. S. stood for "Soft Headed Sophomores." In spite of the earnest endeavors of our upper classmates we managed, in time, to find our proper places and become organized.

While our time has been short and our opportunities few we have great hopes for the future. The various registration rooms are showing good spirit, Miss Crowley's having organized a P. E. P. club whose slogan is, "Push, Everybody, Push," and whose aim is to boost their way right through to seniority. We also number in our midst William W. Sutliff, star miler for this season. We expect great things from "Billy" in the years to come. Altogether, we hope in our last year to make those letters, S. H. S. stand for—among other things—SNAPPY-HAPPY-SENIORS.

—Frances E. Adams, Secretary.

John Woollett .....	President
Manuel Lamb .....	Vice-President
Frances E. Adams .....	Secretary-Treasurer
Dudley James .....	Sergeant at Arms
Marvin Blackford .....	Yell Leader



*Fall term officers*

# STANFORD



*Eats for the soldiers*



*Dutch maidens*



*Spring term officers*



*Our essayist*



*Grecian dancers*



*Boosters*



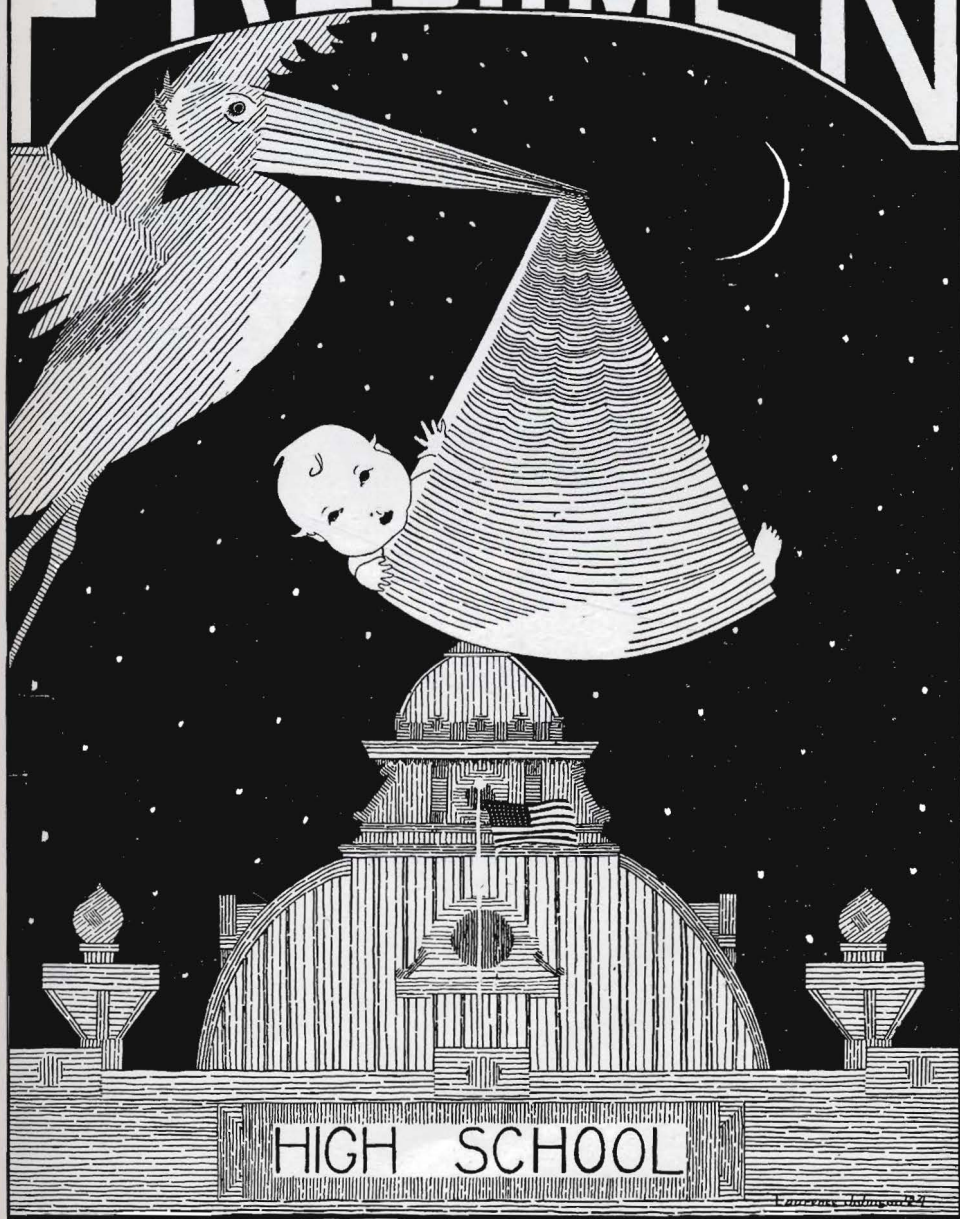
*Track team*



*Volleyball team*



# FRESHMEN



Lawrence Robinson '24



HARKNESS STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



## Harkness

Harkness Freshman High School has finished another interesting and happy year. In all our activities there has been marked success. During the year there have been some fine assemblies. Armistice Day and Thanksgiving were fittingly celebrated with speeches and songs given entirely by the students.

At Christmas we followed an old-time tradition and gave the Harkness Kindergarteners and first graders a Christmas tree. Woran Ford made a grand Santa Claus.

The second term opened with an assembly at which the candidates for student body offices made stump speeches. Next came the Lincoln and George Washington assemblies in which these men were fittingly honored. So, too, was Burbank on his birthday, at which time Arbor Day was also celebrated. And the P. T. A. Dance we all recall with much pleasure.

Our athletic season started out with a bang with fall baseball. There was a three game series arranged between the high and low Freshmen, in which the much despised low Frosh captured two games.

The soccer season then followed and in the Playground League which was formed, the Harkness Seals bowled over all opposition, and won the cup given by the playground department.

Our track meets have been very successful this year. The success is partly due to the great spirit shown by the students of Harkness. Our first victory was over Stanford. Harkness showed particular strength in the track events, while Stanford triumphed in the field. In the meet with San Juan the Harkness and Stanford teams were combined. The Sacramento team beat the San Juan team by a score of 66 to 15. In this meet the principal point-makers were Bacchi, Marino, Imazeki, Emigh and Gordon. Cameron, a low Freshman, took the only Sacramento place in the 440, winning second place. Eschelmann, another low Frosh "find" was our Samson, taking places in the field events.

The Spring baseball season is just starting. In the game between the high and low Freshmen, the latter team was swamped. Baseball is also starting in the Playground League, giving our stars a chance to "show their stuff".

This year the silver loving cup offered for the boys' and girls' relay race, around the Capitol block, was won by the high Freshmen.

Last of all, I will mention the Faculty. It is the personal opinion of the students of Harkness that there is no fairer or squarer set of teachers in the city. We like them all and it will be very hard for us to leave them.

### Officers

#### First Semester

John Woollett .....	President
Edith Harber.....	Commissioner of Entertainment
Russell Braddock.....	Commissioner of Discipline
Robert Carson.....	Yell Leader

#### Second Semester

Victor Burns .....	President
Clarice Harber.....	Commissioner of Entertainment
Eugene McGeorge.....	Review Editor
William Ginattasio.....	Yell Leader

—Eugene McGeorge, '27

Harkness Review Manager.



WATSON STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

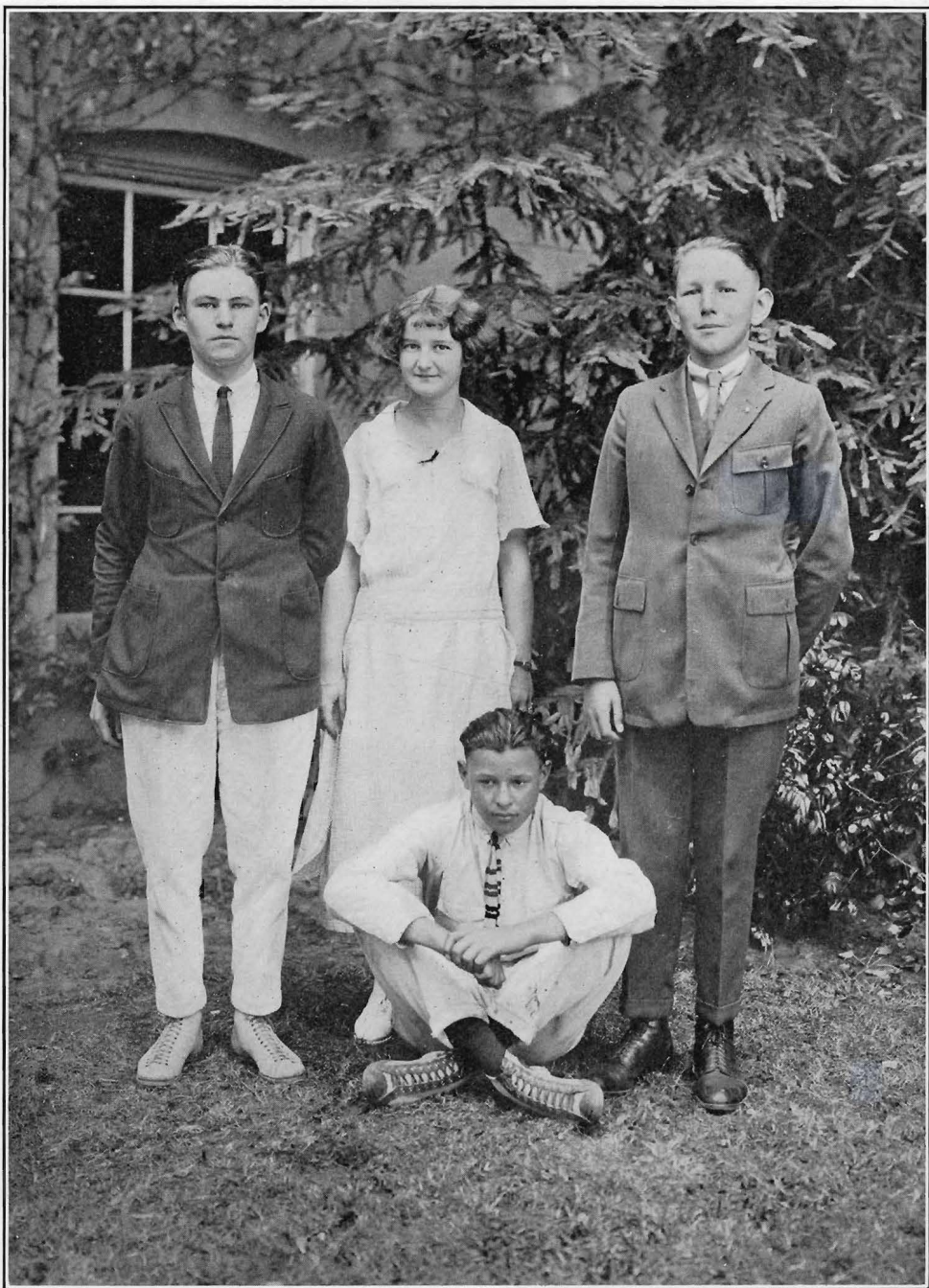


## Mary J. Watson School

The coming of The Reivew marks the opening and the closing of another chapter in the school life of our pupils. There's the breath of the morning about The Review. It always seems to say, "Out of Eternity this new day is born" and then, a whole future lies before. Mary Watson pupils welcome it for, through its pages, they look ahead to the time when they too, will be responsible for the success of The Review. This suggests school spirit, pure and simple, that undefined something that is in the air, that one can neither see nor hear but which under the influence of places and conditions thrills one and fills one with indescribable emotions, and that oft times makes one capable of noble deeds. Such spirit abounds at Mary Watson. One feels on entering that these old and friendly rooms invite the visit, the pupils therein often occupying the same seats that in another day had been occupied by either father or mother which fact is announced by the present day pupil in tones of unmistakable pride. On the walls there are many pencil sketches and commendable crayon drawings, work of pupils of the long ago, and they, too, have their gladsome message, but the "Lesson of the Tower" when all is said, is the one that leaves the lasting impression and helps in making the glorious school spirit which is ever present at Watson. Pupils on graduating have achieved the right to place their names upon the tower walls. This is looked upon as a sacred privilege and ranks in importance with the receiving of the long-looked-for diploma. As a consequence, there are rows upon rows of names. Studying them in the light of to-day we note, written in childish hand on that eventful day of the past, the names of many of our most successful business men—names, too, of both men and women prominent in political and social life in our own and other communities. Then in a class by themselves are the names of our boys who were quick to answer to our country's call, for the Watson "Service Flag" had many stars. The Gold Star Boy's Name is prominent, too, upon these same walls. Here, our pupils stand in reverent attention, and the meaning of "Love of Country" and "The Supreme Sacrifice" comes to them in deeper and fuller significance. Under influences such as these, the school spirit grows apace, and unconsciously. With our yell leader we join in the old familiar

Watson! Watson! Watson!  
Ready! Ready!  
Straight and Steady!  
Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah!  
Watson!

—Lizzie M. Griffen, Principal.



STANFORD STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



## I Shall Remember

When I have passed from out these halls  
With many others,  
I shall remember  
The small white statues  
Placed on either side,  
Protected each within  
An arched nave,  
And gazing with a placid toleration,  
On all that pass.  
I shall remember faces,  
All different, yet  
Most strangely all alike;  
The room of many books  
Far down the hall,  
In which a lady sits  
Behind a desk  
To pass out books;  
Encircled there about are  
Rare young wits  
Each trying to out-pun  
The others' pun.  
I shall remember art displays  
In that same room,  
Small Chinese paintings,  
Mysterious designs,  
All in a comforting harmonious tone;  
I shall remember passing from that room  
And hearing young male voices  
In glad song,  
That thrill with all the vigor  
Of their youth,  
And breathe with all the freshness  
Of the day. —Modelia Thomas, '25.

## A Modern Utopia

When the motor throbs beneath me,  
When the wheel is in my hand,  
I feel the joy of being free  
And off to the promised land.

To the land where pleasures are many  
And fears and cares are few,  
Where gas' tanks are never empty  
And tires are always new.

Where the speeder is certain of justice,  
Where blowouts are unknown,  
Oh, that is the motorist's paradise,  
Which will for all troubles atone,  
—Beth Ann Hayes, '24.

## Stanford

The first event of the year was our Hallowe'en dance. The decorations were most attractive with many goblins and witches. During Education Week our parents were entertained with a reception and refreshments. Our activities have not been confined, however, to pleasures for ourselves. On Armistice Day and Christmas large boxes filled with all sorts of good things to eat were sent to the wounded soldiers in Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco.

Soon after the second term opened "Better Speech Week" was observed with a good programme, the main feature of which was "The Trial of Everyman for Murdering Miss English Language."

Our Athletic Seasons have been unusually good. We combined with Harkness in the inter-class meet and Stanford made eight of the nine points won.

Our football team played San Juan's second team, the Christian Brother's College team and Sacramento High's second team. Harkness, our old time rival, failed to put up a team for us to lick.

### OFFICERS

#### First Term

William Sutliff .....President  
Robert Murray.....Commissioner of Discipline  
Ora Casey.....Commissioner of Entertainment

#### Second Term

Othur Snow .....President  
Ralph Moore.....Commissioner of Discipline  
Neva Johnson.....Commissioner of Entertainment

## A Dream

(Second Prize—Freshman)

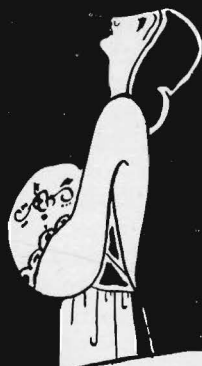
A lovely dream  
I had in May;  
Both youth and dream  
Have passed away.

My dream is gone;  
My youth is o'er;  
I miss them both,  
My youth the more.

A youthless life  
Still bright may seem;  
But what is life  
Without a dream?

—Silvia Dinelli, '27.





## The Joke

(First Prize—Play)

Time—1916.

Place—France.

Characters: Jerry, Tom and Dick. (Three soldiers.)

Scene: A dugout below the trenches. There is a table in the center of the room. Four or five chairs are scattered about and a bench stretches along the left hand wall. A lantern burns dimly on a box in the right hand corner. The only other light is a candle that burns in the center of the table, upon which Jerry rests his head on his folded arms. Tom and Dick are by the right hand corner pulling away lumber and dirt that fills the only entrance. The whole effect is one of ghostly shadows.

Dick: It's no use, Tom; we can't dig away all that dirt and wood with our naked hands.

Tom: My God, man we've got to. There isn't enough air left in here to keep all of us going very much longer.

Dick: Oh! how I hate those German beasts, all the suffering, the agony, pain that thousands have gone through because of those Germans, Germans—God, I hate that word!

Tom: Come Dick, remember, "All is fair in love and war."

Dick: Yes, I know, I've learned that from both love and war. Tom, I can't work this way any longer.

Tom: But, Dick, you must; we've got to get out of here.

Dick: We can't pull all this dirt and wood away. What's the use trying?

Tom: Dick, buck up; we've got to get out of here.

Dick: What for—just to be shot like a pig by some dirty German?

Tom: Oh! no! of course not. There's no fighting around here now—we could hear the firing if there were.

Dick: Hear shots, twenty feet down through solid earth?

Tom: Here, Dick, help me with this big log, I can't move it alone. (Dick and Tom pull at the log. It gives way suddenly sending both men to the floor. The opening is again filled with dirt and wood.)

Dick: (Getting up.) A lot of good that did. You can kill yourself pulling at that dirt; I won't.

Tom: (Getting up.) Dick, come on, try once more and maybe—

Dick: Tom—there's a limit. I can't work any more; and I don't give a damn if I do die down here, in this hole. What's the difference? We're buried anyway, and most likely forgotten. The only thing is we're not dead. (He goes over to the table and drawing a chair up he sits down, pulling a flask from his pocket.)

Tom: (Going over to the table.) Better save some of that stuff; we might need it.

Dick: (Shrugging his shoulders and taking a big drink.) Say, Tom, we're done for; there's no getting around it. Why try to keep up the cheery smile?

Tom: (Pulling a chair up to the table.) I guess you're right, Dick; we're done for, good and plenty. Give me a drink. (Tom drinks.)

Dick: (Shaking Jerry.) Jerry, Jerry, wake up—here's a drink.

Tom: (Setting flask down.) I guess he's all in; he sure worked the hardest of the three of us.

Dick: (Shaking him again.) Jerry, Jerry.



Jerry (Moving slightly, then raising his head slowly.) Helen, Helen, I—  
Dick: For God's sake, Jerry, take a drink. (He shoves flask over the table to Jerry.)

Tom: Buck up, old man.

Jerry: (Sitting up straight, with a weird look in his eyes.) It seemed to me that I saw Helen. Did you see her?

Tom: Of course not, Jerry. She's home—in America. Here, take a drink.

Jerry: Home—in America? I—I don't—

Dick: Jerry, for God's sake, take a drink; you give me the creeps.

Jerry: (Looking about.) Oh! you, Dick and Tom, the dugout—we're caught here—buried alive?

Dick: Yes, yes—and we can't get out.

Jerry: (Taking a drink.) The candle still burns; there is oxygen in here.

Tom: Yes, Jerry, there is still hope.

Dick: (In a loud quivering voice.) Hope! That candle is going out.

Tom: Quick, Dick, put out that lantern. It is using oxygen that means life to us. (Dick gets up and goes over to right hand corner of the room. Tom and Jerry watch him until he returns and sits down at the table again. The only light on the stage is the candle which sheds an unsteady glow on the faces of the three men who sit watching the candle with horror showing in their faces.)

Dick: That damn thing will go out in about ten minutes.

Tom: Dick!

Jerry: Yes, and when that candle goes out, our life goes out.

Dick: (Tearing at his collar.) Yes! See, it's flickering, flickering, flickering away our lives.

Tom: Stop, Dick. Why make it worse?

Jerry: (Laughing.) Worse? I've never heard of anything worse.

Dick: Look! It's going out, out! Oh! God—save us—save us!

Tom: (Bowing his head.) O, God, be merciful.

Dick: (Laughing shrilly.) Merciful? Joke—joke—life's a joke—a joke on all of us.

Jerry: That candle will go out in about two minutes.

Dick: My throat! My God, I can't breathe—I'm strangling—I'm choking.

Tom: Oh! God be merciful.

Dick: (Taking a revolver from his pocket.) Damn you, Tom, say that again, and I'll shoot you—I'll kill you.

Tom: Go ahead. I'd rather be shot than die gasping for breath. Go ahead! Shoot!

Dick: (Looking at the revolver.) No, I won't shoot. There's just two bullets in this gun—and there's three of us.

Jerry: (In horror.) No! No! Not that.

Dick: Then you'd rather strangle.

Tom: Jerry, Dick's right, just a shot and then no pain, no suffering—otherwise—

Dick: There's two bullets in this gun. Who's to be the one that's left—you Jerry?

Jerry: Oh! God no!—shoot me—shoot me first.

Tom: Wait—we'll draw straws. (He goes to the corner of the room.)

Dick: All right—the one that draws the shortest—lives on—until the oxygen gives out.

Tom: (Returning to the table.) Here are three sticks, all of different lengths. Who draws first?

Dick: I chose—and may God be merciful. (He draws and quickly covers his stick with his hand.)

Jerry: (Choosing.) And may God have mercy on me.

Tom: You have both drawn. The stick that you hold in your hand, tells whether or not you live on. Jerry, you have a wife, a little baby boy waiting for you at home. Dick, you have a lonely mother; she counts the days until you will return; you are all that she has. You both have your loved ones, I—I have none, I have no one. We three sit here—holding in our hands our fates. I have nothing to live for—you both have. I wonder which of us fate has chosen to draw the shortest piece, to be the one that lives on. (In a loud voice.) Lay your pieces down.

(They all lay their pieces down. Almost immediately the light flickers and goes out. The stage is in complete darkness.)

Tom: The candle—the oxygen, it's nearly gone. Shoot me—shoot me. I'm choking—choking. Who had the shortest piece?

Dick: (Laughing crazily.) You did, you did, you who have nothing to live for—you live. Who's got the pistol? Shoot—shoot for God's sake; shoot me. I had the longest.

Jerry: And I had the next longest. Where are you Dick, where are you?

Dick: Here—here—shoot here. My God, shoot—shoot over here—shoot at my voice. (There is a loud report, a crash as of a body falling.)

Jerry: Goodbye, Helen—and Bobby. (There is another loud report and crash.) Immediately afterward sounds of digging and tramping overheard by the entrance in the right hand corner. A voice is faintly heard. We're coming boys, stick it out a few minutes longer and we'll be with you.

Tom: (Laughing hoarsely.) Fate—fate—I live and I have nothing to live for. Fate—you're—you're a joke.

—Andrews French, '24.

## Raindrops

Sweet and peaceful pitter patter,  
Cool refreshing rain,  
Softly tap my window sill,  
Softly tap again.

Sweet and peaceful pitter patter,  
Soothe my aching brain,  
Softly kiss my eyelids pale,  
Softly kiss again.

Sweet and peaceful pitter patter,  
Soft melodious rain,  
Wake my weary heart-strings once,  
Wake them once again.

Sweet and peaceful pitter patter,  
Cool refreshing rain,  
Softly fall in window plants,  
Softly fall again.

—Nori Shiba, '27.



## Fable of the Cop in a Ford

(Junior—Prize Story)

Once upon a time there was a Certain Young Man who was in love with a Certain Young Lady who was also in love with him. For a time everything went smoothly. They would go out riding every Sunday in the Certain Young Man's little, old, cut-down Ford, for the Certain Young Man was not rich, but worked as a mechanic in a garage. But, as the course of true love never runs smoothly for long, soon a Certain Wicked Rival appeared on the scene. It had happened in the following manner.

The Certain Young Lady worked in a big department store, and every night she would go home on the bus. It chanced one night as she was waiting for the bus, that the Certain Wicked Rival came along in his Certain High-powered Sport Racer and offered her a ride home. You see the Certain Wicked Rival's father owned the store where the Certain Young Lady worked, and the Certain Wicked Rival had often seen her and talked to her there. Now the Certain Young Lady was very pretty, and like most pretty young ladies, she liked pretty things, and expensive things. So when the Certain Wicked Rival offered her a ride in his Certain High-powered Racer, she at once became dazzled by the glittering beauty, and accepted. It was not long before he happened by every night about closing time to take the Certain Young Lady home, and it was not very long until he began to come to take her out for a ride. Now the Certain Young Lady's mother was not very strong, and the Wicked Rival being very shrewd, asked "Mother" to come, too. Thus it was not very long until the Certain Young Lady was accepting, "for Mother's sake, so Mother could have a nice ride, too." The first thing the Certain Young Man knew he was taking his Sunday rides alone, and the Wicked Rival would pass him with a great honking of the horn, and stirring up of dust, and the Certain Young Lady would turn away her head, or look back and laugh.

Now of course, this all made the Certain Young Man very sad and he would spend many, many hours of thought, trying to think of some way to overthrow and disgrace his Wicked Rival, and win back the girl he loved.

One day, when he had almost despaired of ever getting what he most desired, a friend of his called him up on the telephone and said that he was going to have to be out of town the next Sunday, and asked the Certain Young Man to take his place on the road. Now the road he mentioned was the very road where the Wicked Rival was in the habit of taking the Certain Young Lady riding, when they would pass the Certain Young Man with a sneer and a scornful toot. The Certain Young Man, conceiving a plan for revenge, consented to help out his friend. Thereafter, every night he worked long and strenuously in the machine shop, for he was going to use, not his friend's motorcycle, but his own little, old Ford.

The next Sunday, the Wicked Rival and the Certain Young Lady were out riding, as usual, on their usual road, when they saw ahead of them, ambling along as usual, the Certain Young Man in his little old Ford. Now the Wicked Rival was feeling especially festive on this day, and, desiring to "show off" before the Certain Young Lady, he said boastfully, "Now watch me give him our dust!"

He pressed his foot down on the gas, and, with the usual scornful toot, went flying past the little old Ford. As he went on down the road, going faster and faster, he happened to glance back at the Ford. Why, it was no farther



## The Rivers of Thought

(First Prize Essay)

Thoughts are like water, flowing water, rushing, falling, clamoring, booming, idling, going, going, always going on and on.

There is the River of Diplomats' Thoughts, flowing gently, calmly, placidly on; then a little later falling with a roar and boom down to a pool, a bottomless pool far below, a pool so deep, whose water is so opaque, whose surface is so disturbed that the rays of sunlight shining through the water cannot be seen, a pool from which there is no outlet on the surface, the only one being hidden and subterranean.

Next there is the River of Warriors' Thoughts, a rushing flood of yellow water, carrying all before it, its bed broken with jagged rocks, that ever and anon obstruct the way of some giant of the forest; then with a crash the two meet and the mangled tree flows away on the mangling flood. Hurrying, rushing, forcing, tearing, rending, mangling, ruining, on goes the River of Mars.

Then the Rivers of Anarchists' Thoughts, rushing, hurrying, whirling, turning, with treacherous curves and treacherous currents, a fould, evil-smelling flood, of slimy sides and offensive appearance.

Next you come to the River of the Day Dreamers' Thoughts, a placid, beautiful stream, with meadows on its banks, and cattle munching contentedly in those beautiful meadows. The river itself is a marvel of beauty, here the water dark green, and there a much lighter shade, and over yonder, a beautiful blue. Then here you can see a sandy bottom; there the sun lights up the water but you can see no bottom at all. Farther down, this river flows within a lofty canyon and then you can see only the placid river, the canyon walls and God's blue sky.

There is the River of Creator's Thoughts, at first liltng along between banks of green, flowing peacefully on with here a swirl and there a ripple, going on its peaceful way. But then it enters shallower water, and turns and twists and laughs and murmurs, with little rushes and then a halt in some pools, and then on again through some miniature rapids, turning, bubbling, flowing over snags, ripples, and whirlpools. Then the river enters a majestic grove of oaks, which stand most beautifully straight and tall and dignified. Here the river narrows, and deepening, majestically flows on without a ripple to its placid bosom. Then this river turns and with a swirl vanishes, its course lost for most of us and with only the wise men to follow the rest of its course.

So, as far as the eye can see, there stretch the Rivers of Thoughts, some fine, some poor, some beautiful, some repulsive, but all coming from one great source, all different but yet all similar. And ever and anon streamlets enter the various rivers' courses and wind their ways together, the joining of the thoughts of the individualist with those of the common flood.

On go the Rivers of Thoughts, dancing, sparkling, murmuring, rippling, maybe entering a backwater or a pool, whose outlet is stopped with debris and only a trickle goes forth, maybe halted for a moment, but sooner or later, always going, always flowing on and on and on, from what place no one knows, to what place no one knows. "From the great deep they come, to the great deep they go."

—Beverly McAnear, '24.



## April on the Desert

(First Prize Poem)

Oh, 'tis springtime in the sagebrush;  
I can hear it calling me!  
The mountain wind is blowing  
o'er the desert wide and free;  
The meadow larks are carolling  
across the fleecy blue,  
For 'tis springtime in the sagebrush;  
can't you hear it calling you?  
The currant is a-flowering and  
the white moths flit about;  
The silver on the junipers and  
the "yellow-bells" are out.  
The chinook breeze seems bring-  
ing (across my memory's page),  
The smell of burning buck brush  
and the tangy scent of sage.  
The shearers drive their sheep at  
dusk apast the ranch house gate;  
A coyote in his canyon den barks  
sharply to his mate.  
The lights in little shanties, lying  
lonely, offer lease  
To those in busy cities—if they  
seek the trail to peace.

Oh, 'tis springtime in the sagebrush  
where the world is clean and fair!  
I'm wearying for desert days and  
bracing desert air.  
A winter in the mountains and  
a summer by the sea—  
But it's springtime in the sagebrush,  
and it's calling you and me!

—Olive Gallagher, '26.

## On Getting Your Hair Cut

"I shall." "I shall not." "I shall." "I shall not." Thus many a girl has contemplated for months and months. Long hair, the alleged crowning beauty of a woman, is hard to part with, and it takes long consideration before the scissors are actually applied.

Each night you stand before the mirror, and view yourself from the side, from the front, and from the back. You consider whether your nose is of the right shape, and whether your hair is of the right texture. Should you wear it straight, or curled, or should you wear it shingled?

You have already ruined the evening meal for several months by each night bringing up the subject of bobbed hair. "All the girls are having it done," you explain to your father. He is of the opinion, however, that his daughter does not have to be foolish and unladylike because the other girls are. Then you try to tell him that you are left out of your crowd because your hair is long, and you even mumble something about the last rose of summer. All this has little effect, however, and you realize that the same thing must be gone over again and again with more appealing thoughts added from time to time. At last mother enters her plea, not really because she sympathizes with you, but because she wants an evening of peace with her husband, and feels that the only way is to give you what you want. Somehow, though, when the actual consent comes, you just can't make yourself feel as joyous as you should. You feel that you should run and throw your arms around your dear old dad and try to thank him. Instead you sit and wonder whether you really should bob or not. Mother and dad seem to resent it so much that perhaps you should let them have their way after all.

The next day you go to school and tell the girls all about it, and try to get their opinions on the matter. As everyone agrees that it is a wonderful opportunity, you decide that that afternoon is as good a time as any. After spending a very wearisome day at school, you make your way down town in a rather doubtful frame of mind. When you reach the barber shop, you drop into the first chair, because your legs just won't hold you up any longer. Some one else is under-going the operation, and it does you good to watch the torture. The girl in the chair is feeling rather glum as her hair disappears. When it is all off, she smiles bravely and looks into the mirror. You really feel sorry for her as her expression slowly changes to one of deep and sad bereavement. You watch her go mournfully out, and then realize that it is your turn next. You stand for a moment undecided. There is the wide open door. You could easily walk out. You turn your back to the door with a stiff upper lip, but with a fluttering heart, and make your way blindly to the chair of execution. You close your eyes and try to swallow the emotions. You wonder if the axe sounded to Queen Mary as the scissors sound to you. It seems ages before the barber at last announces that he is through. You take the mirror blindly, not knowing what to expect, but prepared for the worst. At first you start, hardly recognizing yourself. Then you feel that you just must cry. This thing passes over, and then you begin to see yourself more clearly. It isn't as bad as you thought it would be. In fact you are rather inclined to like it. You pay the barber, hardly daring to look at him for fear he will laugh. You go out of the door with your hat feeling wobbly and your head dizzy. You soon find, however, that life with short hair is just as interesting as it was with long.



## The Pipe Organ

(Second Prize Poem)

Thou sittest silent in the gathering gloom,  
Thy gilded pipes gleaming dully in the half-light,  
Like the columns of the Athenian temple to thy muse  
Shining in the Grecian sunset.

Mahogany and ivory, thy keys and paneling,  
Are shadow and light, gleaming somberly in the fading day.  
Thou slumberest silently, awaiting one who knows the touch  
To bring from thy wooden throat a glorious ecstasy.

But when the Morn arrives, driving before him  
With his golden, many-lashed whip,  
His steeds of fire, trampling with brazen hooves  
The dull shadows of the night,  
Then shall thy beauty break upon us in full grandeur.  
The light falling through the stained and mullioned windows  
Shall o'erspread thy gilt, and ivory, and silver,  
With purple, royal and imperial.  
Scarlet and crimson and carmine, a splendid galaxy of red,  
Spread cloakwise across thy gleaming front,  
Shall make thee more regal than all the potentates of earth,  
Ingathered into one.

The other instruments of man,  
Wherewith he makes his music to the gods,  
Are quite incomparable to thy splendor,  
Their beauty being rather in their melody,  
Than in their outward elegance.  
And yet thy sumptuous and noble form is not thine only charm,  
For the music which thou makest is many times more beautiful  
Than all the other glorious songs of earth.  
Orpheus' lute, Apollo's harp, the reedy pipes of Pan,  
The music of the Gods and The Immortals,  
Alone approach thy harmonies.

When he comes that is skilled in making thee  
Out from thy multifold throats sing forth thy soul,  
Thou outpourest melody of such transcendent beauty,  
That all the dignity of thine outward seeming  
Fades into merest insignificance.  
Gilt turns to gold,  
Which flows forth, molten, from an hundred mouths.  
Thou pourest forth upon the air  
Such tones and chords of vibrant power,  
That all the Symphony of nature is thy songs encompassed,  
And all who hear thee are upborne upon that flood and tide of melody,  
High and far beyond the sordid things of earth.  
E'en death, in all that rush of beauty, is carried to a far and silent country,  
And we are comforted.  
Anger fadeth from the heart,  
Like dark clouds fleeing from the cleansing winds of heaven.  
Before this army of the god of melody and song,  
Sorrow and strife, wrath and bitterness of heart, fade and are gone,  
And we are at peace.

## The "Glide"

(Senior Prize Story)

"God, what a night," he muttered.

The rain beat in as he opened the door and entered. It wasn't home to Giles, just a place where two people lived—lived and shared their sorrows.

He took off his slick oil skin coat and sou'wester hat and drooped them upon a chair. The water ran from them, in little pools, to the floor. He wiped his wet hands and face, on the towel, that hung near, on a rack. He picked up his pipe and sat down in the chair, beside the fire. He glanced about, and then sat motionless, as if listening.

"Ruthie," he called, and waited.

"Ruthie."

"Yes, father," answered the girl. Her voice was calm and steady. She had stopped in the doorway of the adjoining room.

The old man took his pipe from his mouth and looked wonderingly at his daughter.

"Ruthie," his voice was hoarse and low, "you aint goin' in this storm."

"Yes," she answered. Her voice was gentle and soft, but there was something set, something determined, in it.

She pulled on the heavy mittens she had held in her hand. A heavy scarf was wrapped about her throat and across her chin. A cap was pulled down close to the dark eyes.

"The winds are blowing, north, east, south, and west, don't, girl, the night's mad."

His words fell to deafened ears. Her expression never flinched. The dark eyes seemed to be looking far away—beyond. A warning from God himself could not have held her back.

"Suppose, I didn't go," she breathed, "suppose he came, and I wasn't there. I promised I'd be waiting."

"Girl, you're living in dreams, the 'Glide' will never—"

"No, no," she murmured. "He promised he'd come back, and he will, and I'll be waiting—waiting, there—where we parted."

Her voice broke off in a whisper. The last words barely reached him. A lump swelled in his throat and he didn't answer. He looked from the blurred deep eyes to the fire before him. His hands clenched the arms of the chair.

Ruth closed the door and went out into the night. The wind screamed and howled as it tore past her. The sharp needle-like rain beat upon her face and body. She went on—for what wind, or rain, or sea, can hold a mortal back. The night was black and haunting. All that was visible was the white crest of the maddened waves, leaping, snatching, snarling, as they ran in upon the sand. They beat upon the rocks and moaned in agony.

Ruth went on, her eyes fixed, fixed on something she saw not.

At last she stumbled upon the wharf. She groped and felt her way to the edge. She stood waiting, watching, gazing out into nothingness—out into that black hell.

"He'd come," she murmured, "he'd come, he said he would."

Long past a year ago the "Glide" had left the wharf. It was scheduled to return within a fortnight. A fortnight had passed, and then a month—a year and the "Glide" had never returned. But Ruth waited—waited for the lad, who had gone on the "Glide".



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The old sea men shook their heads when days flew into months. Gone upon the rocks, they said. They shook their heads and that was all. The women, too, shook their heads and whispered. Old Giles' daughter had never been the same. Some even said she'd lost her mind. Every night they saw her go to the wharf and watch—watch, until the cold, gray, shadows of the dawn broke thru the west.

The brightness had gone from her eyes, the smile from her mouth, the gay laughter—all was gone that had been Ruth. Like a body without a soul, she stayed and hoped and prayed and waited. Even the madness of the storm had not kept her away.

The foaming sea lashed against the wharf. The white foam gnashed about her feet, like teeth of a hungry beast. As if angry at her defiance they crept higher and higher and then burst in thundering, pounding sounds against the pinnings.

Ruth's heart leaped.

Something big—blacker than the blackness about her, was coming towards her.

"The 'Glide'," she half panted.

For a brief half second the night seemed still and then there came a tremendous rushing, roaring, gushing sound—a crash, and she was swept from the wharf. Down into the blackness she went, down and down. The noises pounded against her head and then, gradually, one by one, they died away. She felt the water lap over her. It was quiet now, and still.

Just as the last breath of life was leaving her body some one lifted her from the waters:

A faint, far away voice reached her. It was coming closer and closer.

"Ruth, Ruth," it whispered.

The rescuer drew her close. She opened the dark eyse.

"I knew you'd come," she said, "I've been waiting." The eyes were bright and a smile crept round her mouth. "I knew, I knew, you'd come."

The wind was still, and the rain had ceased, and Giles still sat in his chair before the fire. He got up and put on the coat and hat. He went out. He looked towards the west. A faint light streak of silver was creeping thru the heavy sky. The sea was still as tho it had stood thus motionless for a thousand years. No wind stirred.

He walked down the shore. Something heavy was in his heart, the lump was still in his throat. It broke his heart to see her suffer.

Giles stopped and gazed before him. Something lay on the sand this side of the wharf. His heart bounded within him. "God," he whispered.

He knelt down on the sand and picked up the girl in his arms.

"Ruthie, Ruthie," he sobbed. "Oh God, my girl." Tears crept down the wrinkled old face. He kissed the purple lips that smiled.

—Grace Brown, '24.

### GOD

In the stillness of the morning,  
When the dawn is new and tender,  
In the quiet of the sunrise,  
When the purple shadows flee,  
I can hear the grasses rustle,  
As He passeth o'er the marshes.  
I can hear Him softly murmur  
In the wind-blown trees.

—Eleanor Katzenstein, '25.



## Tiger—Cat

(Sophomore—Prize Story)

He was long and lean and angular. His shoulder blades protruded unpleasantly. His head was thick, flat at the top, with cruel mouth, blunt nose and opaque owlsh eyes—the criminal type. His hair was sparse and patchy, grizzled in color. He was old Slyfoot, the alley cat.

True to his name, Slyfoot slid through the May twilight and dropped stealthily over the Riggs' back fence to the kitchen doorstep. Nose applied to crack, ears alert, his trained senses told him two things: the Riggs supper was ready awaiting the master's coming and Mom Riggs was in the living room with the evening paper.

With the ease of long practice he insinuated his paw into the crack resulting from constant contact of Johnnie Riggs' scuffer with the door-jamb and pulled. Here he showed his artistry in a pull hard enough, yet not too hard. Just four inches swung the Riggs back door silently; after that it squeaked. His broad head turned sideways, blunt nose inserted, he worked his head and shoulders thru, his gray body slipping snake-like after, his tail acting as buffer to the closing door. Slyfoot was inside.

You and I might not have approved of the Riggs kitchen: the dull green walls considerably spattered around the table, the worn linoleum, the rickety drainboard with odds and ends of vegetables piled beneath, the littered table resplendent in red and green oilcloth, almost new, albeit a trifle greasy. These things, and more, might have offended our esthetic senses. But not so Slyfoot; to him they spelt "grub". He drifted across the floor, leaped softly from chair to table and soused his nose in the butter.

It was payday in car shop number three where Pop Riggs served as under foreman. Pop was one of a long line of men who edged up slowly to the window of a bank that kept late hours on shop paydays. He presented his slip of blue paper, pocketed his quota of crisp bills and hurried out the door.

A man, slouching in apparent carelessness against an electrolier, watched Pop covertly as he swung aboard a street car. It was evident that Pop neither intended to deposit his money nor pay it out. The Riggs house was easy of access. The man smiled, straightened his spare figure and moved down the street.

He was long and lean and angular. His shoulder blades protruded unpleasantly. His head was thick, flat at the top with blunt nose, cruel mouth and opaque owlsh eyes—the criminal type. His hair was sparse and patchy, grizzled in color. He was Tiger Riola, erstwhile employee of car shop number three, lately fired by foreman Pop Riggs.

"You know that drated alley cat comes right in the house and steals," Mom Riggs complained at the supper table.

"How does he git in?" asked Pop with his mouth full of beans.

"Oh, you can't keep a door hooked where there's kids. Reckon he just claws it open. Anyhow I caught him on the table tonight. We'll have to lay for him someday. He aint no good; don't suppose he ever caught a rat."

After supper Pop produced his roll of bills and smoothed them out on the table.

"Put 'em away, Mom. You'll pay 'em about all out Monday but thank goodness, there's enough. We don't have luxuries but we're comfortable."

"Yes," Mom sighed, "but there aint none ahead. Scares me to think of what would happen if you missed a pay day "



"Don't cross no bridges," admonished Pop. "I aint lost one for a good many years."

At eight-thirty Pop Riggs was snoring. By nine the young Riggs had squabbled over the washbowl, wiped murky drops from chin and elbows and sought their various nests. By nine-thirty Mom was putting on the finishing touches.

"It's warm tonight, I'll leave this kitchen door open," she decided, feeling the hook on the screen. "That's solid; no cat'll get in there." She went into the bedroom to repose by the side of her slumbering spouse.

At ten-thirty a lean figure slid through the May night and dropped stealthily over the Riggs back fence to the kitchen doorstep. Tiger Riola listened intently.

"He'll fire me, will he!" Dark thoughts were racing through his brain. "He'll have a payday when I got nothin'. I'll fix him! I'll get his money and if he hollers I'll get him and his missus too."

A sharp knife slipped down the screen. Tiger's hand crept through the slit and found the hook. As the door swung outward it squeaked.

"Play ball," came from somewhere within, in Johnnie Riggs' sleep muffled tones. "Aw, Spike, go it!" And then the maternal voice, soothing, admonishing. Like a dark shadow Tiger was out in the alley skulking away.

Thirty minutes later he listened again at the door. All within was quiet with the quiet of deep sleep. This time he was prepared for the squeak. Thin as a sheet of paper he slipped through the door. Tiger was inside.

Carefully he edged along the wall, stopped; ripples were cascading along his spine. His alert senses told him there was a moving presence near him. His roving eyes pressed against the darkness and suddenly set; panic forced him to hold his muscles rigid. Focused upon him from across the room were two glaring demon eyes.

Perhaps sometime Tiger Riola had known that cat eyes gleam in the dark. If so the memory did not return to him now. Nerves strained, heart full of murder, his superstitious soul was obsessed with a mad fear of the supernatural.

The glowing disk shifted. Tiger's muscles flexed; he plunged for the door, tripped, fell headlong. Catching at the cross piece of the screen to save himself, he unwittingly held the door shut. Something struck him, something hard and wiry, something with strangely cold feet that passed over his face and left hot prickles in their wake; something that clawed up the screen in desperation.

Tiger struggled up, flung the door wide. Man and cat fled into the night. Bedlam reigned in the Riggs household.

"That durn cat, I reckon," bellowed Pop when he had found the light. Mom found the slit in the screen.

"It was a burglar," she said in hushed tones.

"A burglar," echoed Johnnie's awed voice from the middle door.

Pop Riggs swore as he shut the inner door and locked it.

Far down the alley Tiger was going west. He looked over his shoulder as though he feared pursuit.

"Scat!" he hissed between clenched teeth, "scat!"

Far up the alley, headed east, Slyfoot scatted.

—Frances Adams, '26.



# The Way of a Woman

(Second Prize Play)

Characters: Matilda Duncan, who understands mankind; Henry Duncan, always looking for a job; and their five children.

## Act I, Scene I

Setting: The living room of the Duncan home. It is very poorly furnished. The wall paper is old and faded. In one corner of the room is a stand on which lie a number of pieces of bric-a-brac. There is a cracked mirror on one wall. A cheap reading lamp is on a table place in the center of the room. A few chairs are pushed stiffly against the wall. When the curtain rises Mr. Duncan is sitting at the table reading a magazine with the aid of a smoking lamp. His wife is sitting near him darning an endless supply of stockings. Mr. Duncan looks up from his magazine and takes the pipe from his mouth: You know, Matildy, you're getting awfully sour-faced lately. It says here (pointing to magazine) that its due to your mental habits. You should cultivate happy thoughts.

Mrs. D: (who has done a hard day's work) Happy thoughts! Huh! What about?

Mr. D: Oh, I don't know. Jest happy thoughts. Keep saying to yourself, oh, I'm so happy, I'm so happy, and pretty soon your face will have a happy expression. (Looks into magazine.) Cultivate serenity. That's it!

Mrs. D: (snorting) Me?

Mr. D: Yep! Gosh, you don't look much like the pretty smilin' thing you was when I married you. My, you've changed a lot!

Mrs. D: (realizing that it was his fault that she has changed, gazes silently at her husband.)

Mr. D: Gee, those happy thoughts are sure great stuff! You've got to use concentration, though; think them risin' and retirin' and all day long.

Mrs. D: It'd be a great thing if you'd apply a little of that concentration to getting a job!

Mr. D: (reproachfully) Now, Matildy, you know I do try to get work.

Mrs. D: (jabbing a needle into a stocking) Oh, yes, you try all right, and hope all the time you're trying that you won't get any!

Mr. D: Matildy, see, you're getting sour again. Here, you better read this article; it might help you. Mr. D. lays magazine down near his wife, gets up and ambles lazily out of room. Mrs. D. continues sewing with now and then quick, sly glances at the magazine. She finally lays down her sewing and picks up the periodical, reads it through hurriedly. After a little while she gets up and walks over to the mirror, still holding the magazine. Looking at it and then in the mirror, she smiles. The result is not very flattering. She attempts it again, frowns, and leaves the room carrying the magazine with her.

Curtain.

## Scene II.

Time: Next morning.

Setting: The kitchen of the Duncan home. There is a wood stove on one side of the room with a heap of kindling near it. There are the usual kitchen furnishings in the room, all very shabby. When the curtain rises, Mr. Duncan is marching helplessly around the room with a kettle of water

in one hand and a frying pan in the other. His hair is uncombed and one of his suspenders is hanging down his back. Sam Duncan, about fourteen years old, enters the room. He stares wonderingly at his father.

Sam: What's the idea, pop? Where's maw?

Mr. D: (depositing both utensils on stove) Oh she's relaxing.

Sam: Relaxin'?

Mr. D: (crossly) Yes, relaxing. She won't get up and get breakfast even for her poor old husband. Says she is cultivatin' serenity of spirit.

Sam: Maw is?

Mr. D: Yep!

(The door opens and four children enter, all between the ages of two and ten. They clamor for something to eat and the smallest child begins to whimper.)

Sam: Oh, pop, that stuff in the frying pan is burnin'.

Mr. D: (dashes to the stove and lifts pan high in air) If you kids don't quit that yelling I'll tan the hide of everyone of you! (Mrs. D. enters the room. She sways slightly back and forth and pays no heed to the deafening cries of the children. Mr. D. in the act of setting the frying pan on the stove again, unheedingly touches hand to stove lid. He jumps back quickly and glares at his wife. She continues to smile.)

Mr. D: Say, what are you grinnin' at anyway?

Mrs. D: Oh, I'm thinking happy thoughts.

Mr. D: How long are yuh going to keep this up?

Mrs. D: (tranquilly) Now, Henry, I'm in silence; you mustn't talk to me.

Mr. D: (Angrily) I said, how long yuh going to keep this up?

Mrs. D: Oh, it says in the magazine that you wanted me to read, to do it whenever you are tired and overworked. I've been that way so long now I guess it'll take me a long time to get in harmony of spirit. Probably three or four months.

Mr. D: Three or four months?

Mrs. D: Yes.

Mr. D: Well, I'd like to know who is goin' to do all the cookin' and the washing?

Mrs. D: Why, you are, of course, Henry.

Mr. D: Me? (groans and collapses in chair.)

Curtain.

### Scene III

Time: Five hours later.

Setting: Same as in Scene I.

(As the curtain rises Mr. Duncan enters the room. Sam looks up from the book he is reading.)

Mr. D: Where's Matildy?

Sam: Upstairs. And, pop, I bet yuh can't guess what she went and done.

Mr. D: What? Out with it.

Sam: She went and spent all that money she was saving in her sock and bought a lily!

Mr. D: A lily?

Sam: Yep! Said she had to look at beauty.

Mr. D: Sufferin' cats!



(Mrs. D. comes slowly into the room. In one hand she carries a milk bottle containing a single lily. She has a fixed smile on her face and seems to see nothing but the flower. She places it on the table and sits down looking at it intently. Mr. D. sits down opposite his wife.)

Mr. D: Why do you stare at that flower all the time, Matildy?

Mrs. D: Oh, the book said to gaze at beauty and you would soon have a beautiful face.

Mr. D: (emphatically) But you are beautiful, Matildy. Honest you are!

Mrs. D: (happily) Oh, Henry, am I? In one day, too. Think what I'll be in a few months.

Mr. D: (alarmed) Listen, Matilda, you couldn't be any more beautiful than you are now, really you couldn't. (A pause. Mrs. D. continues looking at flower. Henry swallows hard and then begins bravely) And if you'll quit all this silence and beauty stuff why I—I'll—I'll take a job that was offered me today!

Mrs. D: Oh, Henry, will you, and promise to keep it?

Mr. D: Yes, although I'm not a well, or a strong man, and not fit for such hard work, by-gosh I'll take this hard job if you'll only quit cultivatin' serenity.

Mrs. D: Well, as long as you think I'm good looking enough and you'll get a job, why I guess I'll do as you ask.

Mr. D: (wiping his forehead with handkerchief and gulping slightly) Thank the Lord!

Curtain.

—Thelma Greenwalt, '24.

## THE MAD RIVER

(First Prize—Freshmen)

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,  
 Mad river, O mad river?  
 Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour  
 Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er  
 This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?  
 Why all this fret and flurry?  
 Dost thou not know that what is best  
 In this too restless world is rest  
 From over-work and worry?

—Blanch Stoffer, '27.

## A Friendly Enemy

(Junior Story—Second Prize)

"Well, here we are, gang," said I, to a worthy body of gentlemen as they stood gazing on the scene before them. "This is sure a dandy place to spend a week's vacation. Why, I bet there's about a hundred million fish in that lake, and as for the forest—"

"Aw, forget it, 'Grasshopper'," said Bill McGraw, who, by virtue of his brawn, appetite, and brain, was the acknowledged leader of our crowd. "We've other things to think about. We had better float up to that row of shacks over there by the lake and secure lodging. It's too blamed cold to camp out, especially when a fellow's not used to it."

Of course, we all agreed with him since Bill was always right. And soon we were trudging over the hill to the row of buildings by the shore of Silver Lake.

We found the only person in the place to be a middle aged caretaker. He had a funny looking face but seemed to be a regular fellow. He said we were such a fine looking bunch of boys (to which we agreed) that he would let us have the big empty hotel for a whole week, free of charge. Naturally, we accepted, since we could thereby save all of our five hundred dollars to buy penny candy with.

As it was rather late when we were finally installed in our lodgings, we soon went to bed. Finnegan and I slept in room thirteen on the ground floor. Bill McGraw and Charley Norris slept in number thirty-seven, also on the ground floor. These were the rooms the caretaker had fixed up for us and strange to say were about a mile apart.

I slept like a dead man until about one o'clock in the morning when something brought me back to earth. I sat up in bed. A clammy feeling came over me. As I strained my eyes looking through the inky blackness of the room, the doorknob slowly turned, and the door slowly, slowly opened. My heart jumped out of me and I felt as if I had been in cold storage for ten years. The door was now nearly completely open when Finnegan saved the day by yelling, "Sit down, you prune, and stop pulling the covers off of me." The door then quickly closed, and I tried again to go to sleep and heal my shattered system.

The next morning I told the bunch all about it. Finnegan said that I was a liar, as did Charley Norris. But Bill McGraw, who had more brains than any of the gang, said that I might have seen the door open and that we had better all bunk together the next night for protection. We thought that was a bully idea. Bill was always right.

In the meantime, as the day had to be spent, we determined to search the hotel. We found that it had forty, vacant, dusty rooms, which probably had not been occupied since Moses died. The only entrances were the front doors and the parlor windows. All the other windows and doors were nailed shut. We all thought this remarkable, and it was the main topic for discussion during our fishing trip which followed.

That night, as before decided upon, we slept together but were not molested. As the door did not open the third night either, Bill and Charley concluded that I really must have "seen things" and went back to their rooms to sleep the following night.

The next morning Bill rushed excitedly into the breakfast room, loudly shouting: "Gosh, boys, the door of our bedroom opened last night. A tall dark figure tried to walk in but I threw a shoe at it. The noise woke Charley



and we both sat up in bed all night with our shoes in our hands. Tonight we're going to get the poor fish, whoever he may be, who's trying to spoil our vacation."

Thus urged we combined our brains, which weren't much, and worked out a simple, thorough scheme. We spent the day fishing, and prepared our evening meal at about seven o'clock. Finnegan and I went up into the attic and secured some boards to be made into clubs. When we returned, Bill, gazing at the magnitude of the planks, said that it was a man, not an elephant, that we were after. We turned off all of the lights at eleven o'clock and went to our respective posts. Bill and Charley hid behind the stairs in the hallway. Finnegan and I concealed ourselves behind the furniture in the parlor. Twelve o'clock came. The hotel was as silent as a tomb. It was uncanny. Soon a strike of the big hall clock told us that one o'clock had come and departed. Then, all at once, we heard a low, long silent hiss, our signal, from Bill and Charley in the hall. We slunk down beside them and all silently turned our eyes upon the huge, glass front door. A face peered in. A key was fitted in the lock. The doorknob turned and the door was silently opened. The intruder stepped in and closed the door slowly behind him. He turned his head to the right and left and then silently crept down the long dark hall. He approached the staircase. He was nearing us, and then he was next to us. Then the fire-works started. We all jumped on him at once, tied his hands and legs, carried him into the parlor and laid him upon a sofa. Bill turned on the light. Before us lay a fair-sized man with a mask and beard hiding his face. These were rudely jerked off by Bill, and we saw the homely face of our caretaker, our friend and our enemy. We poured ice water down his back until he confessed that his real name was Joe Williams, and that he was an ex-convict. He said that he had come to spend the evening with us and send us to that place where there are no snow balls. His well balanced little speech ended by the remark that we were pretty good boys, but our five hundred dollars was better.

"Some narrow escape, boys," said Bill. We agreed with him. Bill was always right.

—George O'Brien, '25.

### BOBS

Some bobs are long and curly,  
Others short and straight,  
Some are soft and fluffy,  
That girls put out for bait;  
Then, there's the boyish cut;  
That's very popular too,  
With bangs and ear tips showing,  
And hair of every hue.  
The latest now's the shingle,  
With its sorrows and its joys—  
I fear before they know it,  
The girls will all be boys.

—Marjorie Schultz, '25.

## Discoveries

When you stop to think of it, Columbus and his kind really don't have any monopoly on discovering things; from the time we human beings come "out of the everywhere into the here" we're discovering things. And more—we soon find that every other human being discovered the same things. It is the spice of life.

Weren't you surprised when you found that your eye lids blinked—periodically blinked!—and that you really couldn't keep them open indefinitely! For some time after this startling fact hove upon my seven-year-old horizon, I secretly watched other people's eye-lids, and—they all seemed to be afflicted with the same peculiarity. I don't yet see any reason for it: I must ask my Physics teacher.

Now, there are some things that we aren't given TIME to discover; our mothers tell us all about them before we're able to explore for ourselves. Before we can walk, we know that we must NEVER put our fingers on anything very hot; it will burn. Of course some of us try it out (I never did, so I don't know why), but then it isn't a discovery—it is just substantiation.

For some reason or accident, I was never impressed with the fact that white material left too long beneath a too hot iron will turn brown—in other words, will scorch. So when I was having a difficult but lovely time reaching the ironing board and pressing a handkerchief, this phenomenon happened. A perfectly clean, white handkerchief came forth from beneath a perfectly clean (but not white) iron—brown!—the strangest, most unexplainable brown I had ever, since 1906, encountered! To the wash-lady, however, my revolutionizing discovery was a matter of hard fact, and a thing to be spanked over. It was only by abundant tears that the deed was not reported to maternal headquarters. After this I thought to devote myself to the explored world; a spanking might not be averted the next time.

The process of growing up, though, just naturally THRUSTS discoveries upon us; they are not only the spice but the bread of life. And they are really MUCH better discoveries than such weighty affairs as finding an America! When we find the thrilling fact that our eyes blink, we have all the fun of knowing that everybody else found it out too!

—Virginia Voorheis, '24.

## A SONG OF APRIL

How can I write heroic poetry  
Of monks and ladies, knights and chivalry?  
Compose a playlet patterned from the Greek,  
Or yet a romance, thrilling as "The Shiek"?  
My heart is full of the witchery of spring;  
The swaying of the trees; the blossoming  
Of the whole glad earth; the blue and windy sky  
Blowing the gay cavalcade of cloudlets by;  
The pattern in a pool of a reflected tree—  
These are all the things that matter to me.  
Dusty heroes and long-dead kings—  
What are these to me while April sings.

—Dorothy Wilder, Post-graduate.



## On Wrapping a Package

Everyone has some particular task which he especially dreads, just as he has his hobby. My pet aversion is wrapping a package. It is a task which I put off until the last moment and then hurry through as quickly as possible. If the package is to be sent by parcel post, I dread the task more than ever, for I know that it must be wrapped and addressed so that it will reach its destination safely.

In the first place there is always the search for a piece of paper of suitable size and appearance—a simple act, say those who have never tried it, but let them reserve their opinion until the experience has been theirs. After looking at the package from all angles, I am sure that I know just the size needed, and I hurry off to obtain it. I remember that I put a piece that size on the shelf of my closet when I unwrapped the new shoes I bought last week. Yes, there it is just on top of that hat box way up there; a chair—then I can reach it—but can I? It is not as simple as that for just as I reach to take it, a sudden movement of the hat box sends it down behind everything on the shelf. I grasp wildly as it disappears but my efforts are futile. Carefully removing all that is in the way, I finally have the paper—only to find that it has been rendered unfit for use in the process of being located. At last I do find a piece which by clever management can be made to suffice, and I rush back to finish the deed as soon as possible.

My trials are not over yet, for no sooner do I get the paper around the package and mitered nicely at the corners than I realize that I have no string to secure it in place. I recall that I put the piece of string from that same package of shoes in a drawer of the kitchen table. But more worry; as soon as I take my hand from the package the ends fly up, and all my work has gone for naught. No matter now, I'll fix it when I get back with the string. Hurrying to the kitchen, I pull open the first drawer in sight—not there. Oh, of course, it should be in the right hand drawer where we keep all the string. It is not there, but soon I find it in the drawer with the cooking accessories wound neatly around a corkscrew. It is slightly soiled but will have to do. I return to the package.

By careful manipulation I again fold the paper neatly over the ends, and with one finger on each end of the package I try, thus handicapped, to tie the string securely in place. Just as I have wound the string around and am looking for another finger to hold the knot, something gives way and the string slips. Still trying to keep the package neatly wrapped, I struggle clumsily to regain the elusive string but in vain. I begin again, and by careful planning beforehand accomplish the end by the added use of my teeth. A long sigh escapes as I realize that the deed is done.

—Beth Ann Hayes, '24.

There was a man who fancied that,  
By driving good and fast,  
He'd get his car across the tracks  
Before the train came past.

He'd miss the engine by an inch,  
And make the train hands sore.  
There was a man who fancied that,  
There isn't any more.

—Clarence Meineke, '25.



# My Immigration to America

(Second Prize Essay)

Now I am sitting here near my little low table, even a little too low for me, in my solitary attic-room. Yes! When I have to concentrate on deep studies, I have to come up here, in the attic of this big house, to my bedroom and my study room, where I may get away from the telephone and door bells, for they ring much too often. I must get away from the delightful but distracting music of the phonograph and piano downstairs.

Now I am thinking of a time over three years ago, when I reached New York on the steamer "Giuseppi Verdi", after I had been twenty days on the ocean, as an emigrant from Italy and an immigrant to America. I remember that day very well; it was a cold, gloomy, snowy day, as cold and gloomy as my heart was, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1919, the day before Christmas. That day I was thinking of the beautiful sunshine I had left in Italy, of the beautiful Ligurian Shores, and the high hills and mountains formed by the Apennines, which make the Ligurian Region a mountainous territory. That day and for many days after that, my thoughts persisted in traveling far away across the Atlantic Ocean. I tried to get away from my visions of home, to forget them, to fight them, but they only came to me more abundantly. That day, if one would have looked at my face, he would have seen two wide, shining, grieving eyes, but nevertheless he would have seen a resolute and determined face.

Touching the soil of this great country, which, then, I did not know was so great, I realized that I had not any definite cause for coming to America, nor did I know what was going to be my future occupation. I wanted to look into the future, but I could not see anything clear before me; everything was dark and black like the intricate, black clouds chased in an unknown direction by an impetuous wind of a furious storm. Though I knew that my immediate destination was across the United States to a California ranch, I never had been a farmer, and I was not sure that I wanted to be one now.

In crossing the continent, the white drape of snow that I had left in New York seemed to follow me everywhere. It was on all the houses, on all the trees, on all the mountains, on all the lakes, and even on all the extensive plains. All seemed to be snow—nothing but a white, cold, frigid, boundless sheet of snow. In one of my most lonesome moments I could not help from exclaiming, "Oh! What a cold country is this." Yes, it was cold. It was a cold that I felt all over, a kind of cold that went way down in the deepest part of my heart. I had been told that California was much like my country that I had left behind in the old world; but, when I reached California, instead of what I expected, I found the atmosphere all full of a gray, thick, heavy fog, a fog so thick that one could hardly see three paces ahead of him, a fog as thick and heavy as my thoughts were. Oh! Cruel destiny! It seemed as if all the elements of nature had combined to make my misery, my gloom and loneliness still greater.

Finally, at the end of this long journey, I found myself alone among strange people, in a foreign country, unable to speak a single word of English. Then I saw the great task to be accomplished before me with all its crushing force. Then I learned what I had not learned before, that one must look, think, and struggle for his future.

A few years have gone by, and time has partially healed the deep wound that loneliness made in my heart. The fog and the black clouds have dis-



appeared, and the sunshine now makes its way through them; the multi-colored rainbow, symbol of peace, has appeared. Now my thoughts are light. I have made a definite plan, which is to get a good education, and someday to be a man worth while.

Sometimes I think how good it is for me to have been half way around the world, yes, half way around the world, from Genoa to Naples, from Naples across the Mediterranean Sea, through the Strait of Gibraltar, and on across the Atlantic Ocean, touching the Azore Isles, then over to the great Statue of Liberty, which stands before the eyes of the immigrant in a pose of solemnity, and over across the continent of America to this, now, cheerful California upon the shores of the Immense Pacific Ocean.

—Bartolomeo Daneri, '25.

## Study Hall

As I sit in the study hall gazing around  
On the faces about me all expressions are found.  
On one there's a look of the worst kind of bore  
And a dreamy longing for vacation once more.  
But still on some others one always can find  
A bright look of interest, an intelligent sign.  
I see in the corner a boy with a smile,  
Trying his best a sweet girl to beguile.  
While some, writing notes, are trying to feign  
An interest in study to save themselves pain.  
Now way in the back row I hear a soft laugh,  
Alas! they've not learned the whispering craft.  
Occasionally here and occasionally there,  
I see just a few, returning my stare;  
Though their lessons are many their minds are free  
For they care not at all for a "one" or a "three."  
Now and then, from my seat, I see just a few  
Reading a book, with no lessons to do.  
On each one's desk there are books all around.  
History, English and Math. may be found.  
Pencils and pens and still they muse,  
Though they have all the tools a student can use.  
Some industrious boy while taking a rest,  
Is carving the name of his club on the desk.  
At last the gong sounds, there's a rush for the door,  
Each goes to his fate, which is no doubt a four.

—Rosalie Dallman, '26.

## The Lover's Leap

(Senior Story—Second Prize)

The sun was slowly sinking in the western heavens as Metaca, an Indian warrior, of the clan of the Eagle, of the nation of the Mariposa, of the great league of the Hondenusaunee, paused on the crest of a high mountain and watched the colorful scene before him far to the west where was the land of the unknown. The sun sank farther and darkness began to gather over the vast forest. The night birds, aroused from their day dreaming, gave voice to their weird calls and the coyotes and wolves from the valleys below called together their packs to go forth in search of prey.

Metaca had journeyed far that day and was weary. On top of that mountain he pitched his camp and rested the night through. Early next morning he was up and on his way; he knew not where. He only knew that he was a wanderer, an outcast, the last of his tribe, and alone in the great American wilderness.

The Tahicopas were encamped in the beautiful Till Till valley far to the west of the eastern nations. They were a peaceful tribe and reigned over the vast and rich territory between the Tuolumne River and the Yosemite valley. Talame was a gentle Indian maiden living with her tribe. Her father was the chief of the tribe and she was the favorite because of her sunny smile, sweet disposition, and willingness to help in the wigwams with the children. She could run like a deer and shoot arrows as straight as any of the young warriors.

One day, a warrior of the Tahicopas came running into camp with startling news. While out hunting he had come upon the tracks of one who was strange to this western land. Easily had he discerned the difference between the foot-print of the stranger and that of his own. The warrior had trailed him and coming upon him encamped for a little rest, he had ample time to notice that he was a member of a distant tribe. Silently had the Tahicopa stolen upon him and silently had he withdrawn to report the discovery to the people of his tribe.

What was this stranger doing so far from home and alone? Surely that was a very queer thing. Excitement prevailed in the camp. Who was this stranger and what tidings might he bring?

Suddenly there appeared in the south a ring of smoke. All eyes were turned to the southward. The ring mounted higher and presently was followed by three more rings in a group. This signal was repeated twice, a peaceful sign which showed that a member of another tribe was at hand.

Two messengers were dispatched from the tribe and they sped into the south to investigate the signs. A series of rings were sent up from the camp to tell the new comer that a welcome awaited. The two warriors soon returned; with them was Metaca, the Wanderer and outcast of a fallen eastern nation. With head high and arms lifted in signs of peace Metaca strode boldly up to the chief of the Tahicopas. The sharp features of his face and the bright ornaments that adorned his attire made him a striking contrast to the warriors of the western tribe in their plain garments.

Metaca was welcomed and the chief ordered a feast for him since, as he came from a distant tribe, he must be weary and hungry. While the feast was being prepared, Kalou, the chief of the Tahicopas, called council that they might learn more of the stranger. It had been long since the Tahicopas had looked on others outside their tribe and all eyes were turned



on Metaca as he rose to speak. But there was one among them who listened more eagerly than the rest as Metaca told of the white men who had come into the east and were destroying the forests and building settlements. The eastern nations had vainly battled against them, and his own tribe had completely perished with the exception of himself. Talame's eyes were ever upon the young warrior. The words seemed to flow from his lips as the little brook ripples over the pebbles. She had never gazed upon a warrior quite so handsome. His skin was a shade lighter than usually found among Indians; he held himself erect and bore himself with the pride only one of his breeding could show. Talame had never known before what it meant to admire, but she admitted to herself that when she gazed at the gallant young warrior, holding those assembled about him spellbound, her heart leaped and when he turned his gaze in her direction her breath came quickly. Talame had never been in love before although she knew that several in the tribe longed to have her as a mate, among them a tall, sullen, and cruel looking warrior named Teeleek, who had loved Talame for many summers. But she had not returned his love.

Now it was different with Talame. This stranger, this handsome eastern warrior had come and made her heart leap and pound against her breast. Talame loved him although she had not seen him more than an hour.

Metaca was through, and the council chief rose to welcome and bid him stay as long as he chose. Metaca's eyes wandered around the circle of those gathered for the council. Surely this was a hospitable and peaceful tribe. Never had war and troubles menaced them much. His eyes stopped. The women all sat on one side of the ring and it was on this side that Metaca's eyes stopped. Close to the front sat one of the fairest Indian maidens he had ever seen. Talame's eyes fell and her face flushed through the fair tan skin. For a whole minute did Metaca gaze at her. He contrasted her with the many maidens he had seen in the eastern tribes. But no! This was the fairest of them all. Kalou, Talame's father, noticed and frowned. Teeleek, the mighty Tahicopa warrior, looked and scowled in his jealousy.

The feast was prepared and Metaca joined the others. The women of the tribe served; Talame too helped and it was by her hand that Metaca received food. She held forth his portion of the bear, deer and quail, prepared by a hand that none in the tribe could surpass. He took it and as he did so he touched her hand. Talame's heart stopped, only to go on in a wild and unsteady movement. Their eyes met and Metaca smiled, causing a deep flush to come over the face of the gentle maiden. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes; then Talame turned and went back to her work. Metaca had admired Talame but now he knew that he loved her.

The keen eyes of Teeleek had taken in all that had happened between the two and he was angry but he was wise and said nothing.

The sun sank and the stars came out. The feasting stopped and all sought their rest. But little sleep came to Teeleek that night while Metaca dreamed and was happy and Talame dreamed with a smile on her face.

The days passed and Metaca saw Talame only a few times and spoke with her but twice. Yet he knew of the love that was growing between them and planned to meet her secretly after the moon had risen and the camp was silent. After many efforts he succeeded and found that she had also loved him from the first meeting.

Teeleek had watched the growing intimacy between Talame and Metaca and with a lover's quick suspicion he ever dogged Metaca's trail like a foreboding shadow, and often Talame, in her happiness, knew that Teeleek's eyes were on her. Kalou and Teeleek held a consultation.

"Kalou," said Teeleek, "many summers have I loved Talame. I do not like this stranger. He is cunning and cares much for her."

"Teeleek, we have accepted him as a friend and I can do nothing. But he can not go too far for he knows the laws of this tribe."

"It is so, Kalou. Yet, I do not like it."

Again the two lovers met at their secret meeting place. It was against the laws of the tribe for any warrior or maiden to marry outside of it. Knowing this, they planned to steal silently away at midnight and go to some distant tribe where they could live together safely.

The night came on once more and all was peaceful and silent in the beautiful Till Till valley. The pines whispered softly to one another and looked down at the small shadow beneath them. Metaca awaited the hour when he would take the lovely Tahicopa maiden and fly to the northern tribes. The moon looked down and frowned but Metaca looked only for Talame. She came and together they sped into the north.

But alas! The sly and cunning Teeleek had stolen upon them; overheard their plans, and had run swiftly to arouse the camp. A cry rose behind them and Metaca and Talame paused.

Metaca spoke. "Talame, we are discovered. Now we flee for our lives." But Talame only looked and smiled and he knew that she was ready. They turned toward the north and sped like the fleetest of deers. Perhaps had Metaca been alone he might have run at that pace a long time and outraced those behind, but Talame, although a fleet runner, could not stand that pace long. Again they stopped. From behind came the whoops of the warriors hot in pursuit. Metaca again spoke.

"Talame, I would rather die than be caught now."

"Then fly for yourself, Metaca, I shall stay and face the wrath of my people."

"No, Talame. By the faith of my fallen nation, I have declared myself to you. Your fate is mine."

"Then I would not face my people. I would rather die with you."

They fled to a high cliff that overhung the beautiful Tuolumne river. Far below its rushing waters ran on to the sea. The two lovers looked. The mountains and the valley before them were marvelous in their spring attire.

"Talame," said Metaca, "we are about to leave a beautiful world, a world of joys, of sorrows and contentment."

"But yet, Metaca, "she softly whispered, "we go together."

"Yes," replied Metaca, "we go together."

The sound of pursuit became stronger and the pursuers scrambled to the top of the cliff. Metaca turned, bow in hand. The string was drawn. The shaft was in its place and pointed straight at the breast of the leading warrior. Metaca's arm relaxed. The arrow leaped forth and sped straight and true. Teeleek, the mighty Tahicopa warrior, fell face down toward his foe.

Then amidst a shower of arrows, Metaca and Talame once more vowed their love and embracing one another for the last time, leaped down the side of the cliff to destruction in the swirling waters of the river far below.

—Willis Goodwin, '25.



# Faculty



*Sweet Aroma*



*The New Sultan*



*Glad to meetcha*



*Tardy 3 times?*



*His Rusty Steed*



*Waiting 4 J.M.?*



*Dough, Ray, Me*



*Gym and Gynette*



*Did I Pass?*



*Per Usual*



*Where's my whistle?*



*Looks Fishy*



*Chemistry Shark*

*C. Downrick-'24*

# THE X-RAY

The Paper That's Different

VOL. X

SACRAMENTO HIGH SCHOOL

NO. 11

## X-RAY CIRCULATION LARGE ONE

At every issue of the X-Ray this semester 1,500 copies were printed. Of these approximately 1,000 were distributed at the high school. About 250 were sent to branch schools. The remaining papers were sent out to the exchanges.

The exchange list of the X-Ray numbers to 479. Of these 101 are California cities, Hawaii, 2, Philippine Islands, 1; British Columbia, 1. The remaining ones are scattered throughout the United States, many of them being in the East.

## MORE ATTENTION TO HIGH SPORTS

In the past year Sacramento has had more sports than ever before, more attention being given to the development of minor sports such as tennis, golf, and swimming. Although, due to certain unfortunate incidents, Sacramento did not go into the finals in track and football, sports in general have creditably held up the honor of the school.

The baseball team, State champions in '22, undefeated in a league series in '23, appear, as this goes to press, to be on the way to another championship. The track team of '23 took second place in the State meet and second place in the High School Interscholastic meet at Chicago last Spring. Coggeshall, who won first place in the high jump there, is now being seriously considered as a candidate for the American Olympic Team, one of the greatest honors that may be bestowed upon an athlete.

## WATCH FOR THE JUNE BUG

## THE MAKE-UP OF THE X-RAY

Once in a while a student, while he is busily engaged in consuming the articles in the X-Ray, stops to wonder how the paper is made up. Who does it, and how do they go about it to get the material, and all about it?

First of all, the articles are assigned to the various reporters of the journalism class, who must get the material, write it up, and have it O. K'd. before 11 o'clock Friday morning, when it is sent to the printers. On Monday and Tuesday the galley sheets are sent back from the printer, and the entire journalism class corrects them, checking on the errors of the linotypist. And then, Wednesday, and the X-Ray is out. Each person is given a bundle of papers to deliver to the registration classes and after the exchanges have been sent out to other schools, work is begun on next week's paper.

Of the twenty-four columns of the paper, about 40 per cent is devoted to news articles, and the rest of the space is given over to sports, editorials, jokes, societies, school in brief, student opinion, advertisements, faculty notes, gym notes, and branch high school news.

High schools from almost every state in the union are on the X-Ray exchange list and papers from these schools come into the journalism room every day, and are kept on file there for reference.

## 1924-25 CALENDAR

September 10  
School opens.  
November 24-28  
Institute and Thanksgiving.  
December 19-January 5  
Christmas  
April 6-10  
Easter  
June 26  
Vacation.

## X-RAY QUITE SHORT ON FUNDS

The X-Ray has been an institution in the Sacramento High School since 1916. There has always been trouble in securing sufficient funds to run the paper each semester, but the climax came in the Fall term of '23. The board of education allotted only two hundred and fifty dollars to the journalism department for the term of '23 and '24. This left approximately sixteen hundred and fifty dollars to be raised by advertising and subscriptions, as it costs ninety-five dollars an edition to put our paper on the press. The grand total for this term is nineteen hundred dollars. This is a staggering sum of money for the journalism classes to raise as all this sort of work must be done outside of school hours. The advertising is run on a strictly business basis; ads only being solicited where returns could be reasonably expected.

## THE PAPER FROM TYPE TO PRESS

The "dummy" is the first draft of the paper. It is merely four sheets of paper ruled in dimension as the regular edition. Upon this dummy are pasted all the articles that are to appear in the paper in their proper places and the news arranged as is seen best. The dummy made up, the heads for the articles are written on separate sheets of paper, both head and space on the paper are numbered correspondingly so that the man who sets the heads can easily determine their place in the paper. While the heads are being set up, the paper is being assembled in type. This is where the

(Continued on next page)



# THE X-RAY

The Honor Student's Digest

## STAFF

Editor-in-Chief .....	Willis Goodwin
Assistant Editors.....	Arnell Gillett, Leslie Earle
Editorials .....	Helen Troy
Sports .....	George Davis
Literary .....	Sam Gottfried
School-in-Brief and Jokes.....	William Canon
Exchanges.....	Glenetta Jones, Helene Cox
Typists.....	Willa McDonald, Jeanette Harnish
Circulation Manager.....	Dixon Smith
Advertising Manager.....	Jerauld Fritz
Faculty Adviser.....	Miss Fanny Smyser

## THE VALUE OF THE X-RAY

The X-Ray published weekly by the journalism class of the Sacramento high school is a newspaper alive with school spirit. Its purpose is to supply school news and editorial discussion to all members of the student body thereby keeping them informed on school activities and school plans. To accomplish its purpose a special effort is made to provide that news which will interest all students. The staff of the X-Ray considers it a pleasant duty to put "pep" into the everyday routine of the school so that life will be interesting to all.

Besides supplying school news to the students the X-ray serves as a medium whereby the journalism students receive training in newspaper work. Special effort is made to have the X-ray conform to the rules of Journalism which are necessary for a good paper.

It can be seen that the X-ray serves a two-fold purpose: supplies a laboratory of learning for journalism students and supplies school news.

Because the X-Ray exists for the betterment of the school, students should remember when asked to subscribe to the paper next semester that it is their duty to support it, for the paper plays such a large part in the life of the high school. The X-Ray exists for Sacramento High, for school spirit and for school news.

## THE PAPER FROM TYPE TO PRESS

(Continued from page 1)

dummy makes its prominence. From the dummy is given the definite impression of how the paper is to appear. According to it the type is set in two frames, each frame holding the type for two pages of the paper, the front and sport page together and the two inside pages together. When the heads have been set up and everything is in its proper place, a "stone-proof" is made for inspection before going to press. This stone proof is made by taking two large dampened pieces of paper and after inking the type, placing the paper upon it and with the use of a block of wood and a hammer,

the first print of the paper is roughly imprinted. From this all final corrections are made and after the "O. K." is given the paper goes to press and about three-fourths of an hour later the first division of them are at the school. The paper comes to the school unfolded. The duty of the Journalism classes on Wednesday morning is to fold them and get them ready for the Circulation Manager who sees that they are arranged in groups according to the advisory sections and the number each section receives, and at registration each individual subscribing gets their paper to enjoy.

## LAST SEMESTER'S STAFF

At the beginning of last semester it was very doubtful whether there would be an X-Ray published. But Miss Smyser appointed a staff and they immediately started to get subscriptions and solicit advertisements so that they were able to get the first paper of the year out. And with \$250 from the Board of Education were able to promise ten issues to the students.

The staff was as follows: Editor, Fred Offenbach; Assistant Editor, Eleanor Katzenstein; Advertising Manager, William Koch; Circulation Manager, Andrews French; Sports, Ray Lyons; School-in-Brief, Bernice Decker; Exchanges, Della Adams; Jokes, Jack Radonich, and Literary, Etta Hornstein.

The ten numbers of the X-Ray pledged by the staff when they were soliciting subscriptions were all issued by May 7, 1924.

## EXCHANGES

Wichita High School, Wichita, Kan., has a "Six Foot Club." Only boys over six feet are allowed to join.

The Honor Society students of Pomona High, Pomona, Calif., are to be exempted from taking final exams at the end of this semester.

Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane, Wash.—A \$26,000 pipe organ has recently been installed in the auditorium. All of this money was raised by the student body and class pledges within a period of three years.

In the Highland Park High School, Chicago, moving pictures are shown during the fifth and sixth periods to relieve congestion in the halls during lunch periods. The films are of an educational value.

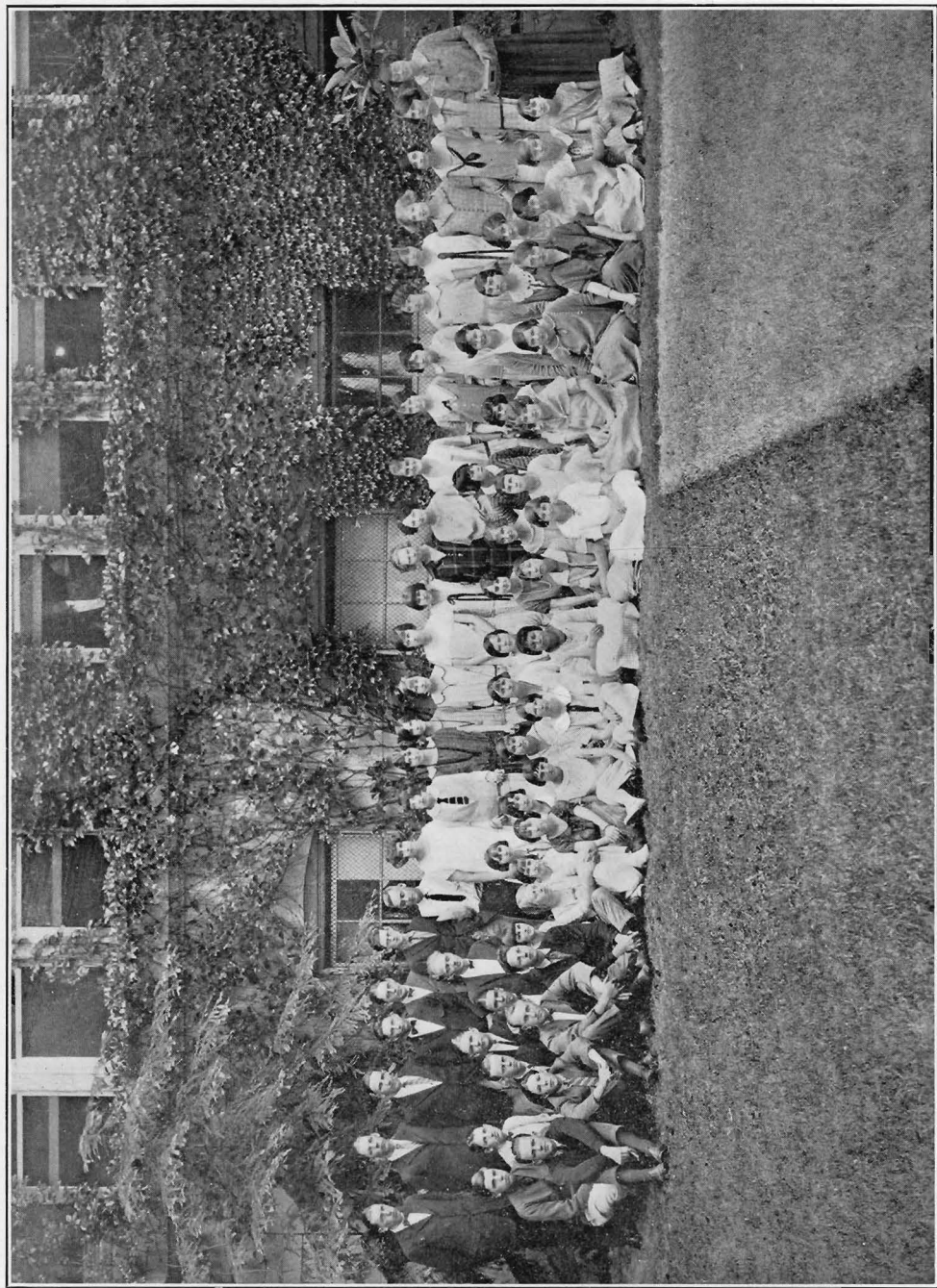
The Students of Dubuque High, Dubuque, Iowa, have an Author's Club, with a membership of fifty. The club is to sponsor an issue of the American Poetry Magazine. A pageant, "Idyls of the King," will also be written by the members.





X-RAY STAFF





BOYS' AND GIRLS' GLEE CLUBS





ORCHESTRA AND BAND



## History of the Drama

The fall class in dramatics was made up of thirteen pupils—eleven girls and two boys. The fortunate—or unfortunate—boys were Lawrence Aske and Lawrence Wilbur. As thirteen was an unlucky number, and as we did not have enough members of the supersex to do anything in the line of plays, Ellis Groff, Wendel Nicolaus, and George Uhl were elected as honorary members. With their help two little playlets were presented during the month of October. The first play was "The Ghost Story," by Booth Tarkington. The cast was as follows:

George .....	Wendel Nicolaus
Anne .....	Wilmere Jordan
Mary .....	Ruth Born
Lennie Cole.....	Bernice Decker
Grace .....	Grace Dodds
Bob .....	Lawrence Aske
Lynn .....	Owen Holmes
Tom .....	Lawrence Wilbur
Dick .....	Bert Gordon
Other Friends.....	
	Minna Rac Lafferty
	Gladys Harrison
	Ruth Craig

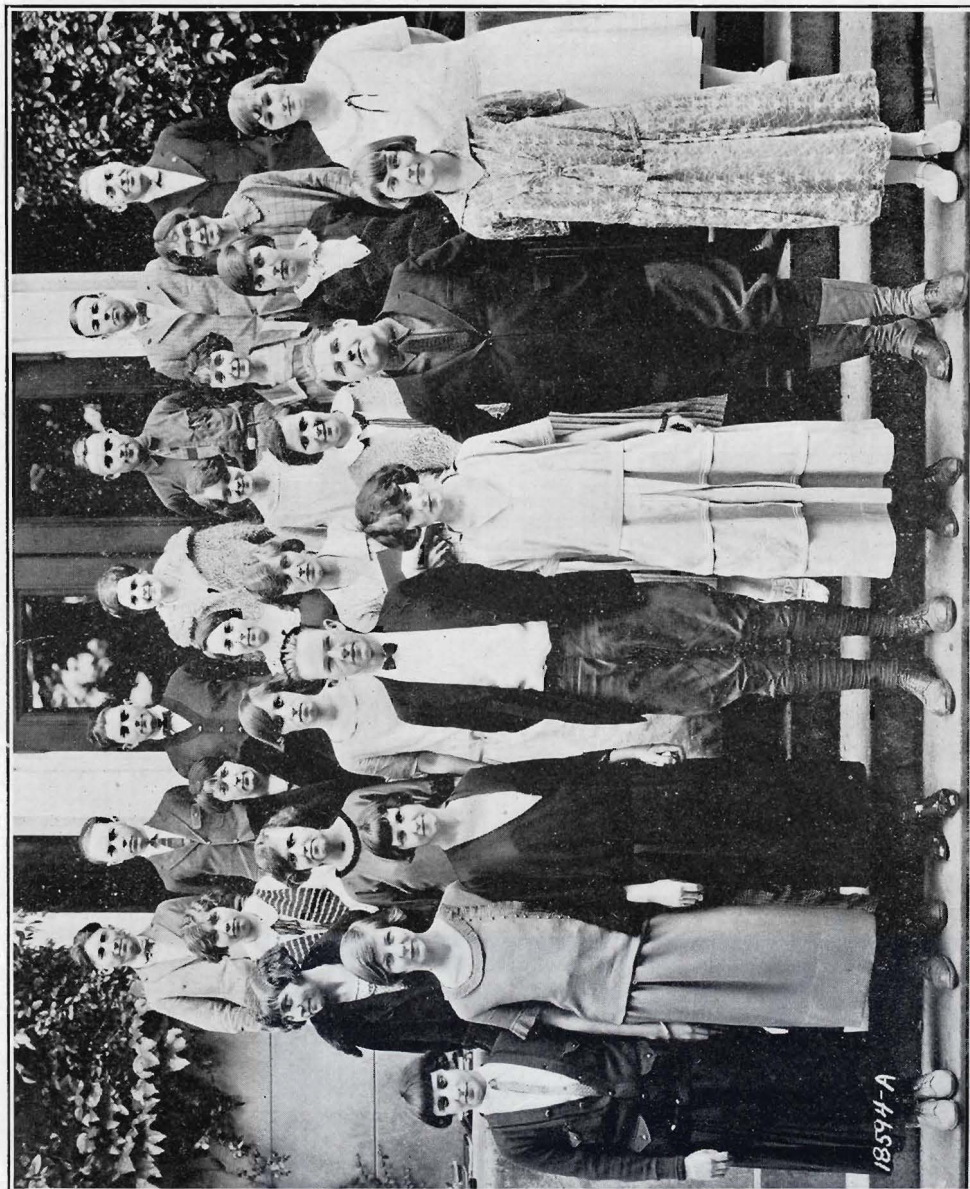
The second play was "His Soul," by Elenor Craine. The cast was as follows:

The Artist .....	Ellis Groff
His Soul .....	Miriam Thatcher
Betty, the artist's wife.....	Dorothea Seawell
Bob, the friend.....	George Uhl

These two little plays were given three times and over two hundred dollars was cleared for the Review fund.

In February six of the girls of the class gave a play, "Just Women," at the Unitarian Church for the Teachers' Federation.

Then came the big event of the year—the annual Senior Play. This time it was Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen", presented at the State Theatre on February 29th. Everyone knows of the book, "Seventeen," and everyone who went knows how good the play was.



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DRAMA CLASS



The cast, an exceedingly good one, was made up of the following:

Willie Baxter.....	George Uhl
Lola Pratt.....	Gladys Greer
Jane Baxter .....	Gussie Greenewald
Mr. Baxter .....	Wendel Nicolaus
Mrs. Baxter .....	Grace Dodds
Joe Bullit.....	Lawrence Aske
Johnny Watson.....	Ellis Groff
George Cooper.....	Peyton Willis
May Parcher.....	Bernice Decker
Mr. Parcher.....	Kent Holland
Genesis .....	Lawrence Wilbur
Ethel Boke.....	Gladys Young
Willie Banks .....	Harold Daily
Mary Brooks.....	Gladys Harrison

According to reports, it was a great success; and four hundred seventy-five dollars was cleared for the Review fund. Every one of the actors lived his part, and the hit of the evening was Gussie Greenewald—as Jane Baxter with her “bread, butter, applesauce, ’n’ sugar”!

At the beginning of the spring quarter five more boys took up the subject. Two plays are going to be presented for Memorial Day. “Attuned,” by Alice Gerstenberg, is a play with but one character—Grace, the wife, which will be enacted by Grace Dodds. The second play is the hospital scene of Mary Raymond Shipman Andrew’s delightful story, “The Perfect Tribute.”

Carter, the southern soldier.....	Merle Preston
Lincoln .....	Glenn Young
Warry, Carter’s brother.....	Anna Wells

Drama this year has been very successful. The students have supported the plays enthusiastically. Each year Drama occupies a more prominent place in school.

—Gladys Young, ’24.



CADET OFFICERS



# Cadets

## FOREWORD

The aim of H. S. Military training is to develop the youth of America into patriotic, physically sound, and disciplined citizens.

It is hard to popularize military training because it is the nature of the American, who is non-combative, to look unfavorably upon anything that seems to restrict personal liberty or seems to tend to suppress individuality. Military training, however, does neither of these things. It simply develops loyal obedience which is as necessary in civil life as in military life.

High School Military training, then, helps to make for better and more efficient citizenship.

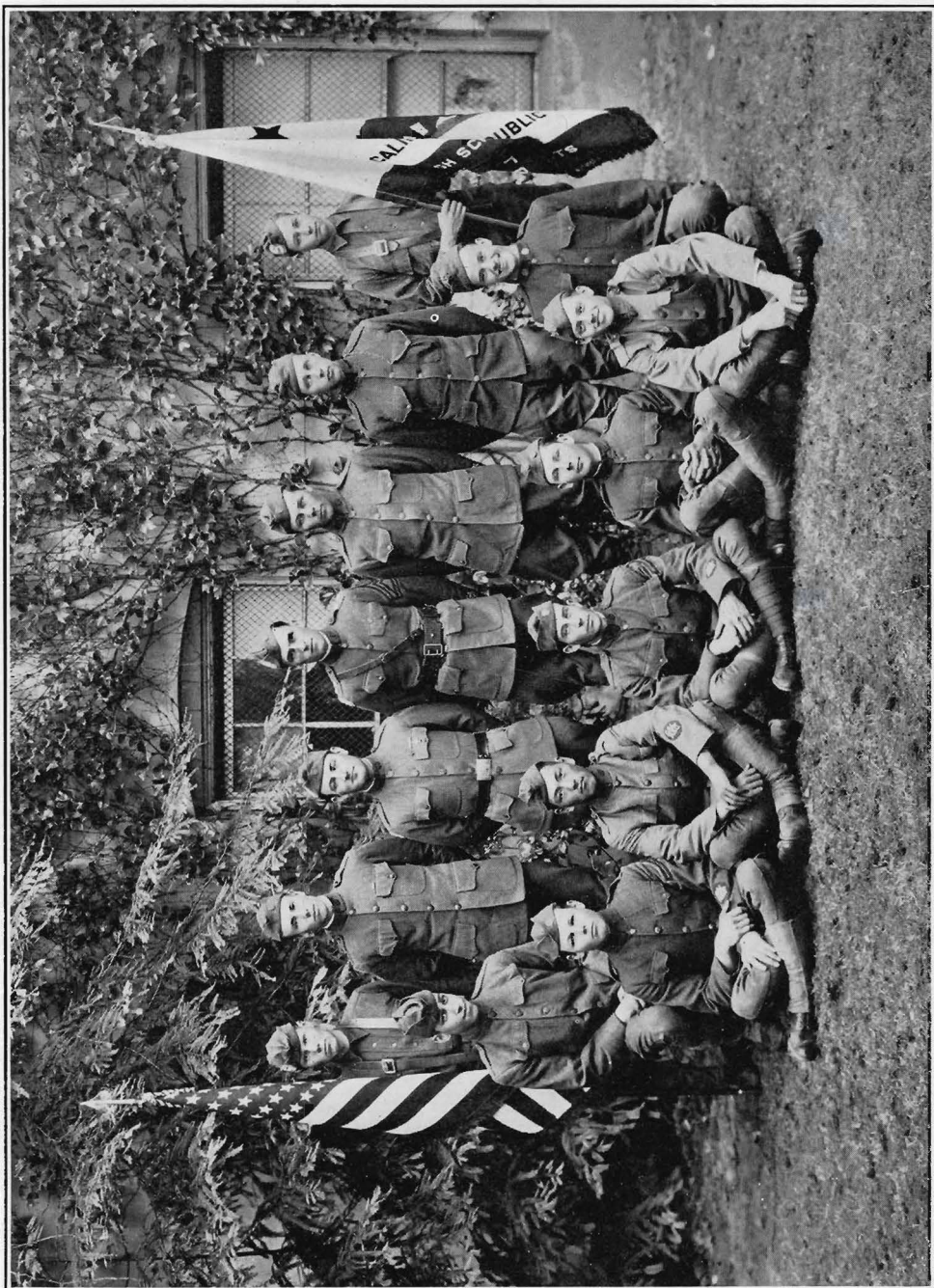
—E. de Hermida, Major of Cavalry, O. R. C.

Through the able methods of instruction in military training, much benefit has been derived from the cadet work during the last year. Each individual was given separate instruction as well as the companies as a whole. Intensive training in close order drill, target practice, and physical exercises was given.

The military department has distinguished itself in several ways during the year. Two rifle teams, composed of ten boys each, fired the Ninth Corps Area R. O. T. C. match, the National Intercollegiate match, and the Hearst Trophy match. Sacramento had a large quota at the C. M. T. Camp held at Del Monte last summer. The thirty-five boys that attended showed themselves well in the various branches of cavalry, infantry, artillery, and engineers in which they were enrolled. All those attending such camps are given the preference of rank in cadet work. In order to be an officer or hold an officer's position, it is now compulsory to attend one or more of these camps. An encampment was held at Modesto in the fall of 1923 with the annual convention of the California High School Cadet Association, now the California Legion, held in conjunction with it. The delegates at the convention voted that the next meeting of the California Legion would be held in Sacramento in the fall of 1924; hence the President and Secretary were elected from this city. A fourth important event of the year was a competition of the six companies of the high school held in March, 1924. A large number of cups and medals were awarded. With the many other numerous activities in the cadets, it can be well said that the past year has been the most successful in the history of the Sacramento High School Cadets.

The R. O. T. C. inspector paid the school a visit on May 13, 1924, and gave the school rating in general efficiency and training. It is hoped that this rating will be most favorable for the establishment of the new R. O. T. C. unit here. The success of the year has been due to the earnest and endless work of Major de Hermida and his assistant, Sergeant Gorman.

—Willis Goodwin, Captain, 19th Company H. S. C.



RIFLE TEAM



## Interscholastic Typewriter Contest

Two typewriting contest teams entered these competitions, representing the Sacramento High School. Both teams proved themselves capable of doing far above average work. To do good work under contest conditions, the student must possess the ability to co-ordinate rapidly and accurately under pressure. The official returns of the two contests that we entered indicate that the training of our teams, under the guidance of Mr. Pribble, was such as to enable them to pit their wit and skill against others with very favorable results. Many of the highest honors were won by our teams.

The California State School Typewriting Contest was held in San Francisco on April 12th. There were nearly 50 schools and 192 typists entered. To date, this is the world's largest contest on basis of number of contestants. Practically every part of the State was well represented. All contests, except the one minute championships, were fifteen minutes in length. Both speed and accuracy sections were penalized ten words for every error. The accuracy was on a percentage basis, after deduction of penalty for errors. Two former records were broken: One by Selma High School in second year speed, the average of their team being three words per minute higher than any previous California record. Their average was 76 net words per minute. The other record was for first year accuracy, established by Elsie Larsen, writing for the Sacramento High School. Her record was 49 words per minute without error.

In the classification for students of not more than one year's training, Sacramento won first and second honors for accuracy through the records of Elsie Larsen and Marie Brunner. Miss Brunner's record was 43 words per minute with one error. In this same classification, Clarence Goulard won second honors for speed, writing 60 net words per minute for the fifteen minutes. The winner of first place, a Berkeley High School student, was only one word per minute above this record.

In the second year contest, the team—Ruth Legate, Adelia Maisch, and Muriel Newell—took second honors for speed, the average rate of writing being 68 net words. Selma High School ranked first for team speed and Berkeley High School third. Ruth Legate also ranked third as an individual.

### Sacramento Valley Typewriting Contest

This was the largest sectional contest ever held, being surpassed in numbers only by the California state contest. There were 180 contestants representing 24 schools. Sacramento High School was represented by 42 typists. Our team was exceedingly fortunate in the great number of high places won. There were nine first places in the various classifications; Sacramento won seven of them. There were seven cups: Sacramento won six. Four records were broken, indicating two facts, namely, that Sacramento High entered some phenomenal writers and that contests in any locality for a period of years will raise standards.

In the first year speed classification, Rosa Huffington won first honors, netting 60 words per minute. This record has been beaten only once in six years. Louise Turpen won second place, writing 55 net words per minute. Both were from the Sacramento High School. Dixon Union High School, Roseville Union High School, and Marysville Union High School won third, fourth and fifth places in the order named.

For accuracy, first year classification, Louise Turpen, Sacramento High, won first, breaking Elsie Larsen's record, established in the State Contest,





CONTEST TYPING TEAMS



by 6 words per minute. Miss Turpen's record, the highest ever made in California by a pupil with less than a year's training, was 55 words per minute absolutely without error. Marysville Union High School was second; Thelma Smith, 49 words per minute perfect. Miss Smith tied the former highest record. Third and fourth places were taken respectively by Glenn County High Schools of Willows and Pierce Joint Union High School of College City. Elsie Larsen won fifth place for Sacramento, writing 44 net words per minute with 4 errors.

The first year One Minute Championship was won by Dorothy Ryon, also of Sacramento, writing 82 net words in the minute.

Ruth Legate, Sacramento, easily won the second year speed, writing 76 net words per minute or 9 words higher than her nearest competitor, John Sperbeck of Marysville. Third place was taken by Adelia Maisch of Sacramento and fourth and fifth places by Sutter Creek Union High School and Marysville Union High School respectively.

Dollie Childers won first honors in second year accuracy, breaking all previous records for Sacramento Valley schools. Her record was 59 words per minute without error. The best previous record was made in 1923 by Henrietta Samuels of Willows, writing 58 words per minute with no errors in the fifteen minutes. Louise Turpen won second, writing a perfect 55 words per minute. Marysville High School won third for accuracy. Fourth and fifth were taken by the Glenn County High School, Willows.

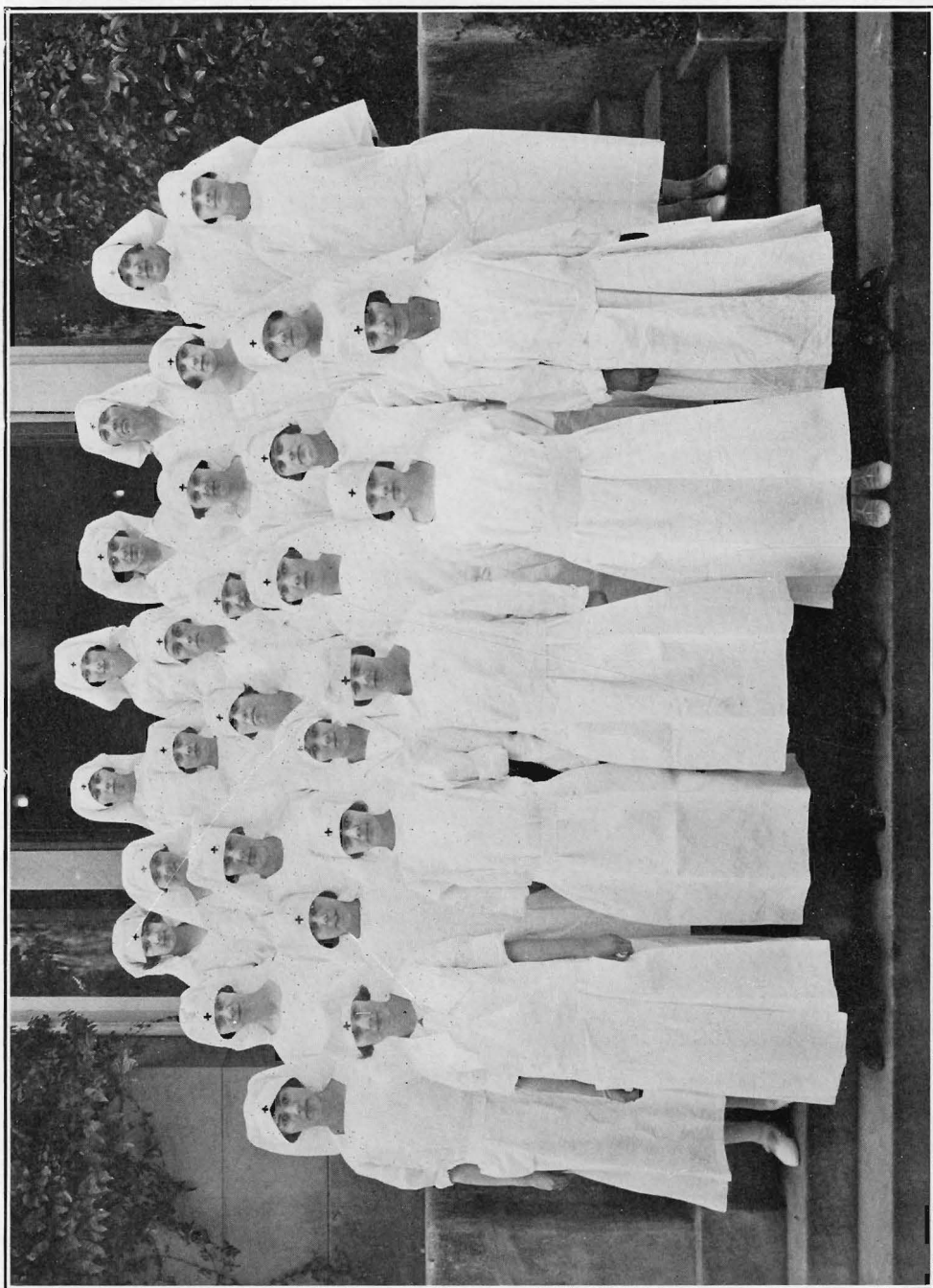
The best second year accuracy record ever made in California was made in May 1923 by Ethel King, Sacramento High School, 65 words per minute without error. This still stands as a world's record for student accuracy.

The second year One Minute Championship was won by Ruth Thompson of the Sutter Creek Union High School, writing 96 words in the minute without error.

In the unlimited classification, Florence Abegglen broke all previous California records, writing 92 net words per minute for fifteen. Her nearest competitor was 16 words beneath her record. In performing this feat, she was qualified as an expert typist. Second place was taken by Ruth Legate of Sacramento and third place by Charlotte Alderman of Marysville.

The first place in unlimited accuracy was taken by Marysville, the second place being taken by Florence Abegglen of Sacramento. It is unusual for the winner of such a high speed place to also qualify in accuracy, but this Florence succeeded in doing. The third accuracy place was won by Marysville.

Florence Abegglen also distinguished herself by breaking all previous California records for the one minute, her record being 112 words in the minute without error. The highest ever made heretofore was 110 net words.



HOME-NURSING CLASS



## Home Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick

The course in Home Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick was made a part of the curriculum in 1919. This course is taught by a registered graduate nurse.

The one semester devoted to the course not only makes it possible to give very thorough instruction in elementary nursing procedure but it also lays a foundation for the maintenance of high health standards and for the teaching of proper habits of body and of mind. Further, the course imparts sound knowledge as to the means of protecting the individual and the family from preventable diseases. Such knowledge should be an important factor in eliminating great economic waste through avoidable illness, and should also promote an intelligent cooperation between patient and physician in the enforcement of public health measures since preventable diseases cannot be controlled with a law, a health officer, and a placard, but only by cooperation of the people through education.

The course supplements the education of the girl with a knowledge of the fundamental principles of home-making, and rouses in her a sense of responsibility to the community in which she lives. It awakens her interest in the value of a pure milk and water supply, enlists her cooperation with Health Boards in preventing the spread of communicable and preventable diseases, teaches her that the high death rate among infants is due to ignorant mothers, and helps her to realize that the children of the nation are more important than our sky-scrapers and monuments or our great industrial plants and ships.

—Mildred Currier, '24.



DOUBLE S SOCIETY



## The Double "S" Society

To promote school spirit and to improve the writing and speaking ability of the members is the aim of the Double "S" Society.

Last term Ralph Richardson in the name of this society presented the school with a very beautiful United States flag. Also three teams of Double S members headed by Aileen Brown, Ralph Richardson, and Mildred Currier aided in the Underwriter's Campaign. Aileen Brown's team won in the competition and was presented with the shield that now hangs above the door of room 32A. A Christmas party was given and Kenneth Curtright made a wonderful Santa Claus.

The officers of the term were: Aileen Brown, president; Dorothea Wilder, 1st vice-president; Virginia Voorhies, 2nd vice-president; Ralph Richardson, secretary-treasurer; Kenneth Curtright, sergeant-at-arms.

The term opened with a Valentine party given at the little clubhouse on Sixteenth and C Streets. The feature of the afternoon was a Valentine box to which all contributed. The next entertainment was for the parents of the members. This took the form of a delightful playlet, "The Knave of Hearts," which was repeated as an entertainment at the Central California Oratorical Contest in Sacramento on May 2. Plans are now under way for a third affair the nature of which has not yet been revealed. It is certain, however, that it will be a fitting climax for a very enjoyable term.

The officers for this term are: Ralph Richardson, president, Dorothea Wilder, 1st vice-president; Kenneth Howard, 2nd vice-president; Margaret Meyer, secretary-treasurer; Paul Sims, sergeant-at-arms.

—Margaret Meyer, Secretary, '25.



"VOCATORS"



## The Vocators

Under the guidance of Mr. E. C. Overholtzer, the Vocation Class this past year has successfully accomplished its purpose. Its main object is to give senior students a better idea of their own opportunities and for what each individual is best fitted.

Every Thursday an interesting and worth-while trip has been taken for the purpose of surveying some of Sacramento's occupations. Many speakers addressed the Vocators at various times.

This class and the alumni held a banquet at the Chamber of Commerce which was a very entertaining and novel affair. It also had the pleasure of attending one of the weekly luncheons of the Rotary Club.

Tag day marked a salesmanship competition between the Vocators and the Double "S" Society in which the former outsold the latter by a very high score.

The following are those enrolled:

### Fall Term

Ida Banta  
Thelma Baron  
George Browning, President  
Robert Bryne  
Inez Chenu  
Ed Clements  
Hester Crukshank  
Dorothy Doyle  
Leslie Earle  
William Flanagan  
Juanita Frazier  
Enid Fuller  
Jennette Geiger  
Leona Gould  
Helen Greer  
Alice Halstead

Beaumont Harris  
Thelma Hersum  
Etta Hornstein  
William Hunger  
Ida Luston  
Quentin Martinelli, Sgt. at Arms  
Martyn Mason  
Ed Norris, Treas.  
Charles Packer  
Virgil Schneider  
Josephine Pfaendler, Secretary  
Nellie Sweet  
Clifford Thebaut  
Genevieve Weiss, Vice-President  
Morgan Whitaker  
Irma Gluyas

### Spring Class

Kathryn Agnew, Vice-President  
Aldace Appleton  
Helen Aulick  
Anna Callahan  
Richard Clemens, Sgt. at Arms  
Harold Daily, Secretary  
Joseph Findlay  
George Fitzgerald  
Willis Goodwin  
Joe Gordon  
Mary Goulard  
Louise Grant  
Alvin Green, Treasurer  
Gladys Greer

Helen Greer  
Ellis Groff  
Thelma Heinz  
Lawrence Johnson, President  
Helen King  
Ruth Leamon  
Clinton Lee  
Harry McQuiston  
Charles Merrick  
Pauline Richmond  
Maynard Rowland  
Elsie Sherwood  
Robert Triplett  
Charles Van Alstein

## The Forensic

Miss Ashby's Public Speaking class of 1923 reorganized the Forensic Society and carried it through a very profitable year. Its purpose was to give its members practice in the arts of oratory, debating, and parliamentary law.

Meetings were held once a week. Programs were given on social problems, biographies, current events in the countries of the world, art, school problems, and other favorite topics, alternately with programs on parliamentary practice.

Two parties were given at which there were toasts and much jollification.

One of the chief activities of the Forensic was a debate with its rival, the Agora, on the Soldier's Bonus Bill. Ruth Leamon and Thelma Hinze represented the Agora on the affirmative and Dorothy Gray and Dorothy Brandenburger represented the Forensic on the negative. The decision was unanimous for the Forensic.

The president of the society was Gladie Young.

The members were: Dorothy Gray, George Scribner, Gladie Young, Dorothy Brandenburger, Walter de Mara, and Anna Mudge.

—Dorothy Brandenburger, '24.

## Agora Society

The Agora Society has been organized for some time and a great many of the debaters and public speakers of the Sacramento High School were members of this society.

The purpose of this organization is to create interest in public speaking and debating.

The Agora meets every Friday afternoon and after the regular business is transacted, a program, which consists of either parliamentary practice, extemporaneous talks or debates, is given by the members.

The officers are as follows:

President .....	Ruth Leamon
Vice-President .....	Thelma Hinze
Secretary .....	Elaine Ennis
Sergeant-at-Arms .....	Carl Koch

### Members

Andrew Dreifus  
Erna Franck  
Thelma Hinze  
Gladys Jensen

Margaret Kane  
Carl Koch  
Ruth Leamon  
Fred Offenbach

Charles Packer  
Thelma Reid  
George Uhl  
Morgan Whitaker

—Elaine Ennis, '24, Secretary.



# ORGANIZATIONS





FORUM DEBATING SOCIETY



## Forum Debating Society

Living up to its long established reputation as the senior debating society of the Sacramento High School, the Forum has, as usual, been represented this year in all league debates, interscholastic contests, and sophomore debates.

Special mention should be given Ruth Leamon, for representing us in the Oratorical contest, and to Eleanor Katzenstein in the Extemporaneous contest, of the Central California Debating League.

Debates and speeches constitute the majority of the programs of the society with an occasional dash of parliamentary law, and on initiation nights, the little red school house fairly rings with the laughter of the members, mingled with the groans of the neophytes.

This month the Forum will stage her seventh birthday party, and there will be a cake bearing seven wax candles—significant of seven illuminated years of public speaking and debating.

The Officers were:

### Fall Term

George Uhl .....	President
Dorothy Gray .....	Vice-president
Dorothy Brandenburger .....	Secretary
Ruth Leamon .....	Treasurer
William Boden .....	Sergeant-at-arms

### Spring Term

George Uhl .....	President
Dorothy Brandenburger .....	Vice-president
Eleanor Katzenstein .....	Secretary
Glenetta Jones .....	Treasurer
Willis Goodwin .....	Sergeant-at-arms

The members are:

William Boden	Willis Goodwin	Beryl Mendenhall
Dorothy Brandenburger	Helen Greer	John McKenna
Katherine Brown	Gladys Greer	Stanley Nagler
George Browning	Beth Ann Hayes	Walter Pierce
Lloyd Buckler	Edith Harbr	Arthur Post
Jesse Cave	William Howe	Thelma Ried
Brant Chapman	Thelma Hinze	Eleanor Ryan
Kenneth Curtright	Waldron Haury	Gladys Statts
George Davis	Wayne Jensen	Arthur Seymour
Thelma De Field	Glennetta Jones	Patricia Stanton
Elaine Ennis	Eleanor Katzenstein	Dixon Smith
Ben Frantz	Carl Koch	Genevieve Thomas
Arnell Gillett	Ruth Leamon	Rosslyn Thomas
Dorothy Gray	Walker Lindsay	George Uhl
Ellis Groff	Anna Mudge	Harriet Woollett
Katherine Gurnett		

—Eleanor Katzenstein, '24, Secretary.



ROSTRA DEBATING SOCIETY



## The Rostra

On April 11, 1922, the Rostra debating society was organized by members of the public speaking class. The society grew and thrived until now it has just completed a most successful year. It had two of its members on the first league debate of the season, two on the second, and three on the third. Clarence Glacken made the first Sophomore team, and Frances Adams and Velma Evans the second. This shows that there is deep rivalry between the Rostra and the Forum in debating.

The society holds two meetings a month. After the business meeting a debate or extemporaneous speeches are given as entertainment for the evening. The society has never had to postpone a meeting because of failure to prepare a program. This shows that the Rostra members take a great interest in debating and public speaking.

Mr. Everett, our advisor, has aided us greatly through his hard work and faithful attendance to make our society one of the best debating societies in the school.

The officers of last semester were:

Kenneth Howard .....	President
Beverly McAnear .....	Vice-President
Frances Hunt .....	Secretary
Al Blumberg .....	Treasurer
Stephen Paxton.....	Sergeant at Arms

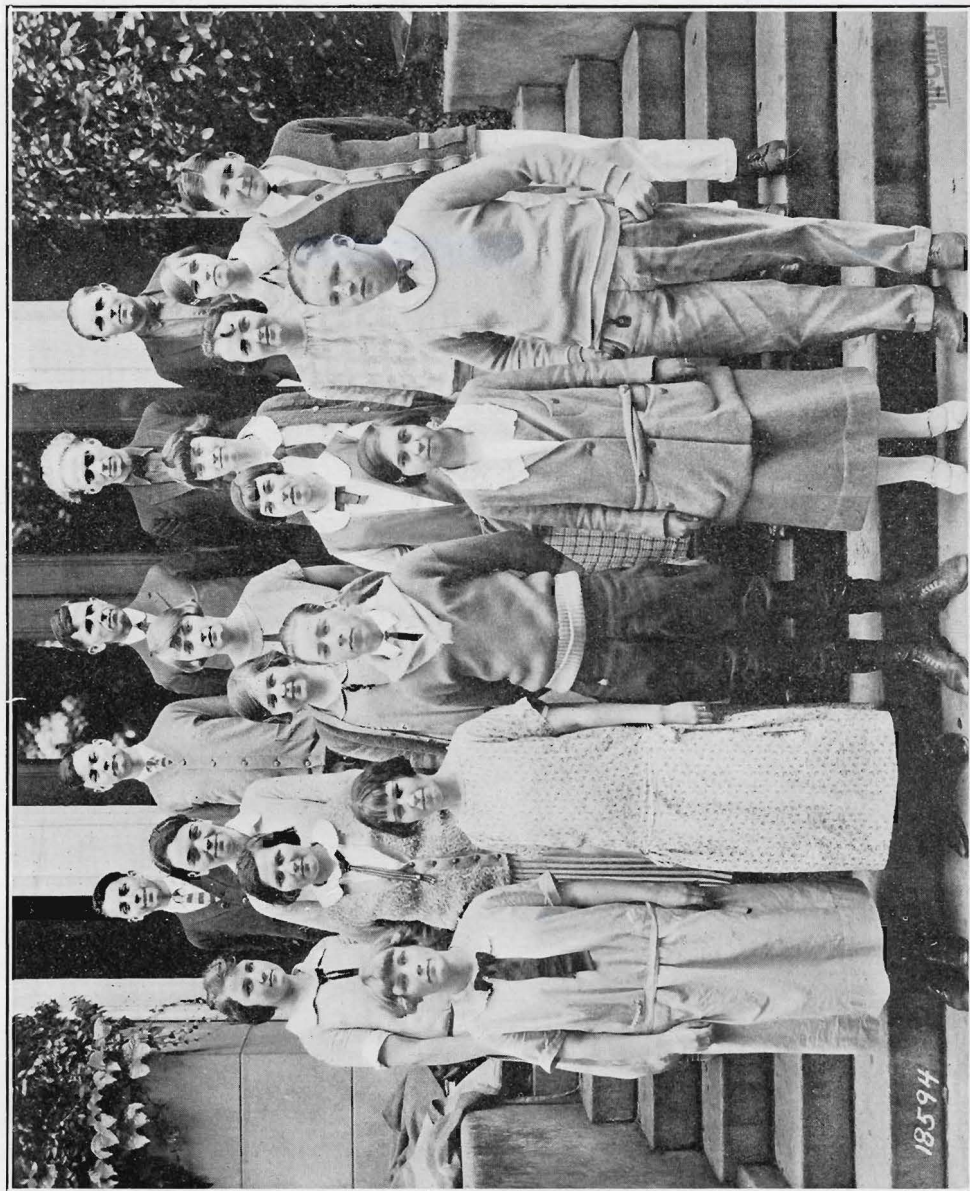
The officers of this Semester are:

Stephen Paxton .....	President
Foster Brooks .....	Vice-President
Frances Hunt .....	Secretary
Hugh Strachan .....	Treasurer
Phil Bradford.....	Sergeant at Arms

The members are:

Frances Adams	Frances Hunt	Karl Pauer
Foster Brooks	Mary Howe	Dorset Phillips
Phil Bradford	Kenneth Howard	Stephen Paxton
Elizabeth Brown	Ora Jenkins	Denton Rees
Thelma Brietzke	Dorothy Kimberlin	Havon Skemp
Fred Brunner	Tom List	Ray Schreiman
Viola Cox	Richard Lillard	Thora Shaver
Susan Cole	Beverly McAnear	Elsie Sherwood
Velma Evans	Maynard Male	Hugh Strachan
Lorna Finch	Jack Nelson	Kathryn Williams
Clarence Glacken	Eleanor Nyrop	Jeanne Wilburton
Alene Greer	Peter Ough	Edith Watts

—Frances Hunt, Secretary, '25.



DEBATING TEAMS

18594



## Debating

The year 1923-1924 has been one of the most earnest and busiest public speaking years in the Sacramento High School. The two societies, the Rostra and the Forum, have vied with each other to win the most laurels in the arts of debating and oratory.

Sacramento received the greatest number of judge's decisions in the first fall League debate. The question was, "Resolved, that the United States should adhere to the World Court with the Harding-Hughes Reservations." The affirmative team, upheld by Frances Hunt and Dorothy Gray, debating with Placerville, won by a decision of 3-0, while the negative team, upheld by Gladys Young and Beverly McAnear, lost to Stockton by a decision of 2-1,

The next debate, "Resolved, that Congress should pass an Adjusted Compensation Act for World War Veterans," was as earnest and exciting though not quite so successful for Sacramento. The affirmative team, composed of Catherine Brown, the first Sophomore to have made a League debate, and Stephen Paxton, lost to Oakdale by a vote of 3-0. The negative team, consisting of Dorothy Gray and Tom List, fared somewhat better in losing to Woodland by a close vote of 2-1.

The next and last debate, "Resolved, that Congress should pass the McNary-Houghton Bill," met with varying fortune. After the question had been changed several times, the affirmative, upheld by Ora Jenkins and Phil Bradford, lost to Modesto by a decision of 3-0; and the negative team, composed of Arnell Gillett and Kenneth Howard, after having its debate canceled with Manteca, finally went to Placerville, May 9. The decision was in our favor by a vote of 2-1.

The Sophomores are to be congratulated in their faithful work on the Sophomore debates; which work brings them no League laurels.

The first Sophomore debate with Stockton, "Resolved that the Office of Vice-President should be abolished," was fairly successful, for while Georgia Finnerty and Clarence Glacken of the affirmative lost by a vote of 2-1, the negative team, which consisted of Eleanor Ryan and Catherine Brown, won 3-0.

The second team is now at work on the question: "Resolved, that Congress should grant Mussel Shoals to Henry Ford in accordance with the McKenzie Bill." The affirmative team consists of William Harr and Velma Evans, who meet Woodland here on May 23. The negative team, upheld by Frances Adams and Gladys Stoats, debates at Stockton again.

In the League extemporaneous contest, of the fall term, Sacramento was represented by Eleanor Katzenstein; and in the recent oratorical contest by Ruth Leamon.

Thus closes another year of public speaking in the Sacramento High School. Many thanks to those who have worked faithfully in making the year as successful as it was; and good luck to those who have the courage and ability to be the workers and pilgrims of next year.

—Dorothy Gray, '24.





MATHEMATICS HONOR SOCIETY



## Mathematics Honor Society

The Mathematics Honor Society has been more active this year than for several years. Due to the efforts of Muriel Newell the fall semester and Dixon Smith the past semester we have had very interesting meetings and some enjoyable parties as well.

An initiation was held in January and another will be held in June. There are always many students who look forward to becoming members of our perfect circle.

The requirements for membership of this society are two and a half years of recommended work in mathematics. As this subject is considered one of the most difficult, much credit is due those who become members.

Following are the present officers of the society:

Dixon Smith .....	President
Rosslyn Thomas .....	Vice-President
Margaret Henneuse .....	Secretary
Beth Ann Hayes .....	Treasurer
Peter Ough .....	Sergeant-at-arms
Ellis Groff .....	Master-of-ceremonies

### Active Members

Ida Banta	Margaret Henneuse	Muriel Newell
William Boden	Kent Holland	James Nishimura
William Borchers	James Holmes	Burnett Polhemus
Tyrus Chan	Ross Holmes	Dixon Smith
Allison Bliss	William Howe	Raymond Schreiman
Aileen Brown	Kenneth Howard	Bessie Takao
Russel Carpenter	Lucile Johnston	Rosslyn Thomas
Grove Dye	Isaku Kobayashi	Robert Triplett
Blanche Fox	Carl Koch	Lucile Weber
Celia Groff	Dorothy McKain	Peyton Willis
Ellis Groff	Florence Mills	Lenore Wiren
Vernon Hansen	Francis Moore	Dale Hunter
Robert Harkness	Medford Nelson	Peter Ough
Beth Ann Hayes		

Margaret Henneuse, '24,  
Secretary.



SOCIETAS HONORIS



## Societas Honoris

Societas Honoris linguae nobilis Romae antiquae Secundae Scholae Sacramentanae nuper constituta est. Ei qui linguae Latinae studio operam dant et qui designationes Universitati idoneas acceperunt sunt digni qui deligantur.

Societas curam studiumque huius linguae iuvare et sic agendo tantum incunditatis quantum accipi potest, deducere, atque intrantes qui Latino studium dant ut ad metam altiorem se dirigant exhortari cupit.

Magistratus Societatis Honoris sunt:

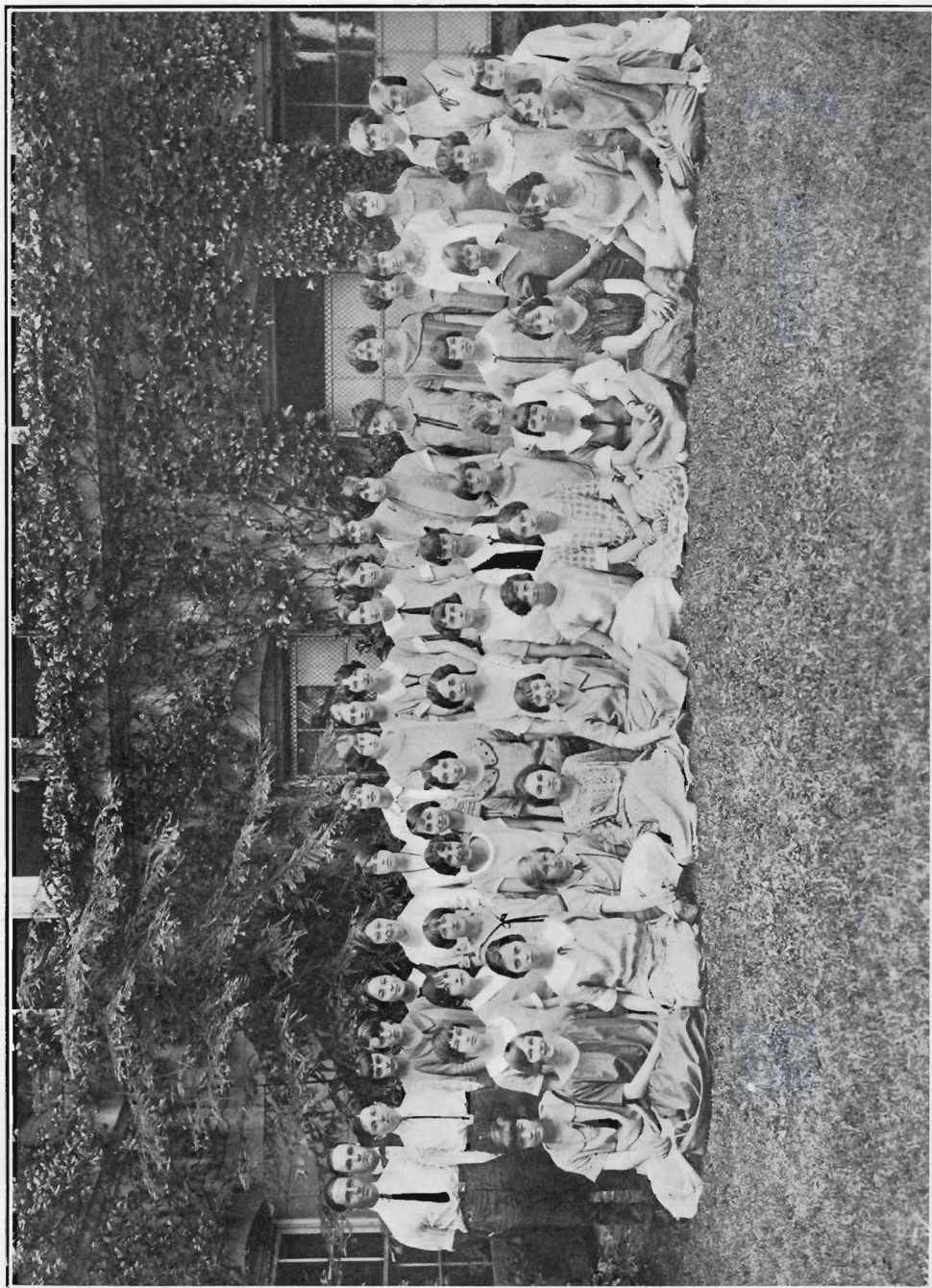
William Howe .....	Praesidens
Clarence Glacken .....	Propraesidens
Doris Bugby .....	Scriptor-Quaestor
Forest Hill .....	Censor

Erant octo et triginta socii initio societatis constituendae, qui erant:

Edith Anderson	Marian Grubb	Charles O'Brien
Babette Bailey	Wilma Haller	George O'Brien
Roberta Brayton	Edith Harber	Eleanor Rodgerson
Doris Bugby	Ruby Harris	Helen Schreiner
Helen Bullard	Llewellyn Hatfield	Thora Shaver
Susan Cole	Julia Hayden	Isabel Sundheimer
Helen Davison	Forest Hill	Bessie Takao
Jean de la Bourdonier	William Howe	Akiko Taketa
Eleanor Dosch	Jeanette Johnston	Virginia Voorheis
Lona Dosch	Hazel McFall	Merle Walther
George Fagan	Helen Meads	Andrew Yuke
Donald Fish	Esther Miwa	Daniel Yuke
Clarence Glacken	Gladys Nash	

una cum duabus sponsoribus quae sunt, Domina May Seitz et Domina Evelyn Macdonald.

Societas nostra principium egregium mirabileque effecit ac nos omnes ante oculos nostros posthac beneficium praeclarissimum illustrissimumque prospicimus, atque, speramus hoc anno postero hanc Societatem Honoris bene constitutam esse ad felicitatem ac beneficia aeterna nos sentituros esse.



LE CERCLE FRANCAIS



## Le Cercle Francais

Sous la direction de Mlle. Andriot et de Mme. Mudge, Le Cercle Francais fut organisé l'hiver passé. Le but du cercle est d'encourager les élèves à parler français et à se perfectionner dans cette langue.

La réunion du cercle a lieu le troisième jeudi de chaque mois et la séance commence à sept heures. On adopta une constitution et les officiers suivants furent élus :

Présidente .....	Margaret Henneuse
Vice- Présidente .....	Anna Mudge
Secrétaire-Tresorière .....	Wanda Truman
Reporter .....	Geraldine Latham

Les membres sont les élèves de la troisième et de la quatrième année, et aussi les meilleurs élèves de la deuxième année.

Les étudiants ont donné la représentation de plusieurs scènes du Voyage de M. Perrichon et ont appris aussi des chansons françaises.

—Margaret Oates, '24.



EL CIRCULO CASTELLANO



## El Circulo Castellano

Aquí se introduce El Circulo Castellano que tiene por objeto: El aprender, hablar, y pronunciar bien, el tener facilidad en hacerse entender, y aumentar valiosamente el caudal de los conocimientos en el estudio de la lengua castellana.

Hoy día existen diez y ocho repúblicas que suman muchos millones de habitantes que hablan el noble y sonoro idioma castellano.

Hay una importancia comercial que es indiscutible; no existe idioma alguno con un porvenir tan inmenso.

La literatura contemporanea española es una de las primeras del mundo, y se considera como una de las más brillantes y progresivas.

En los seis meses de la existencia del Circulo Castellano hemos tenido muchas sesiones y tertulias. Algunos programas literarios han sido celebrados también, con dos farsas "La Broma" y "El Criado Astuto."

Los oficiales y-socios del "Circulo Castellano" son:—

La Señorita Dorothy Ralph.....	Presidente
La Señorita Viola Cox.....	Vice-Presidente
El Señor George Browning.....	Secretario-Tesoro
El Señor Arthur Roth.....	Macero Del Rey

### Los Socios:

Dorothy Ralph	Arthur Roth	Aileen Byrne
Modelia Thomas	Vernon Hansen	Rosslyn Thomas
Alverna Martin	Dorothy Valentine	George Browning
Anna Gaa	Edna Bundy	Viola Cox
Effie Poole	Robert Tripplett	Jean de la Bourdonnier
Henrietta Theiss	Norton Swett	

### Los Socios Honorarios:

La Señorita Woodin	La Señora Sahlberg
La Señorita Arnot	El Señor de Hermida
La Señora Hutchinson	

—Viola Cox, Secretario pro tem.

EAR



NANA MOMA CLUB



## Nana Moma

Nana Moma, an Indian term meaning nature, is the name given to the Natural History Club formed this semester by students interested in Physiology, Biography, Botany and Zoology. The organization is a chapter of the International Association of High School Natural History Clubs, and is sponsored by two Science teachers, Miss Guthrie and Miss Wilkins.

The objects of this organization are: the co-operation with the International Association for furthering interest in Natural History, the exchange of notes and observations, the exchange of specimens with other chapters, and the collection of museum material for the school. Much of the material for these purposes is obtained on field trips.

An excellent opportunity is offered to members interested in certain subjects to exchange notes on these subjects with members of the Association in all parts of the world. For example, at present some members are interested in keeping records of bird migrations along the coast from Alaska southward, and others are interested in adding to their collections of insects, insects from other states and countries.

The chapter's constitution provides for scholarship requirements in the sciences for membership. The club pin is a complicated one with symbols representing each of the four branches of science with which it deals.

It is the intention of the officers and sponsors of the chapter to have scientific men and women from the outside give talks of interest before the chapter. The first of these programs, which was open to the public, was the showing of a film on birds, animals, and fish by Dr. Bryant of the State Fish and Game Commission.

The officers for this semester are:

Ralph Annereau .....	President
Earl Lagomarsino .....	Vice-President
Leola Baker .....	Secretary
Walter Kar .....	Treasurer
Daisy Miller .....	Curator Secretary
Dorothy Brandenburger .....	Geographer
Clarence Glacken.....	X-Ray Reporter

The Charter members of Nana Moma are:

Ralph Annereau	Helen Szasz	Elaine Thielbahr
<u>Earl Lagomarsino</u>	Laura Bosworth	Karl Jarvis
Leola Baker	Clarence Goulard	Anna Wells
Walter Kar	Arthur Turney	Catherine Brown
Daisy Miller	May Taketa	Llewellyn Hatfield
Dorothy Brandenburger	Richard Lillard	George Fagan
Clarence Glacken	Elaine Ennis	
Rhae Hawes	Oscar Kistle	

—Leola Baker, Secretary.



AGRICULTURAL JUDGING TEAM



## Agriculture

Agriculture is a comparatively new course in the Sacramento High School. Three years ago Mr. Jenkins with a group of six or seven boys introduced what is now a live, growing department. Now we have four classes and about fifty students.

The two first year classes under the direction of Mr. Jenkins make a study of general agriculture, plant propagation, and landscape gardening. Besides doing the regular class work these boys do practical work in gardening and plant work on the agricultural grounds at the new high school. Many flower plant sales have been held by these classes with great success. Plants that are grown by the classes in their practical work are sold to people interested in beautifying their home grounds.

The second year class studies animal husbandry under Mr. Brewer. This course deals with everything concerning farm animals. Many field trips are taken in this course to different ranches to learn something about the practical side of the work.

A livestock judging team has been organized in this class which has taken many honors. This team consisting of Tom Yerby, Anthony Spencer, Edward Court, and Gene La Claire, won four cups at the Davis Farm Picnic last year and received fifth place at the California State Fair in 1923, with 54 schools entered.

In the Sacramento County Judging Contest for this year, Sacramento High School ranked first.

The third year class takes up the study of Horticulture. This line of work is one in which most of our boys choose their future occupation, as California is a fruit state and therefore there is a great future in this line.

A fruit judging team consisting of Tom Yerby, Gene La Claire, and Frank King were chosen from this class to represent the school at a fruit judging contest held at Berkeley on November 24, 1923. Although this team did not take any honors they received high mention.

In order to bring all these classes closer together and get them better acquainted, the S. H. S. A. C. was organized in the fall of 1922. Under the able direction of Ed Court and Anthony Spencer, our presidents for 1922 and 1923, and Ellsworth Burt and Ellis Joseph for this year, the club has held a number of social events, lectures, and business meetings.

—Ellsworth Burt, '25, Secretary.

# Football

## Shaded S

QUENTIN MARTINELLI (c)

WILLIAM GILMORE (Mgr.)

## Plain

GEORGE DAVIS  
JOHN McKENNA  
NICK BICAN  
FRANCIS POPE  
FRANCIS SPEARMIN  
JESSE CAVE  
LEWIS BENNETT  
JACK RADONICH  
VICTOR RADONICH

LAWRENCE WILBUR  
JOHN HAFNER  
WILLIAM ANATER  
HAROLD REDDING  
GEORGE GEBHARDT  
PAUL SIMS  
MAYNARD ROWLAND  
GLENN YOUNG

# Basketball

## Shaded S

JOHN McKENNA (c)

JACK RADONICH (Mgr.)

## Plain

JOE GORDON  
HENRY McKENNA  
HOWARD BAXTER

LOUIS PEIXOTO  
GEORGE ROONEY  
CLARENCE MEINEKE

# Baseball

## Shaded S

PAUL SIMS (c)

STEPHEN PAXTON (Mgr.)

## Plain

CECIL DOWRICK  
MILTON THOMAS  
GEORGE HARDING  
LYNN MATTISON  
BERTRAM CHAPPELL  
LEONARD BACKER

FAY ERWIN  
KAY MIYAKAWA  
TOM WARDLAW  
ELWOOD WRIGHT  
NICK BICAN  
WALLACE ALEXANDER

# Debating Honors

## Pearls

BEVERLY McANEAR

ELEANOR KATZENSTEIN  
GLADIE YOUNG

## Pin and Pearls

FRANCES HUNT  
KATHERINE BROWN  
KENNETH HOWARD  
TOM LIST

PHIL BRADFORD  
ARNELL GILLET  
ORA JENKINS  
STEPHEN PAXTON

## Pin and Ruby

RUTH LEAMON

DOROTHY GRAY



## The Game

The series were just even up  
Each team had won a game.  
Since Lodi won the first contest  
We had to save "Sac's" name.

The second game was sure hard fought,  
Each team was full of pep;  
The final score was ten and nine  
And "Sac" was out of debt.

The day the final game was due  
The sun arose quite hot.  
Lodi said, "We'll win this game,"  
And "Sac" replied, "You'll not."

Lodi started off the game  
With three hits and a score;  
Parker in the dugout vowed,  
"That man shall pitch no more."

Went Cecil to the rescue.  
Still Lodi made their runs,  
For "Sac" the balls did handle like  
So many red hot buns.

But then as we came near the sixth  
Great Ito came to bat,  
He looked the pitcher in the eye  
And gave the ball a swat.

Next our captain Glick came up,  
Third base was playing in,  
Dale missed the ball two mighty swings  
Then drove it straight at him.

The Lodi man with lots of grace  
Stooped down to grab the sphere,  
He straightened up, looked in his glove—  
"My gosh, it isn't here."

Backer smote the ball so hard  
It hit the short stop's knee;  
When finally it came to earth  
The scorer tallied three.

Sims then took a mighty swing  
And knocked the ball three feet,  
The catcher was so darned surprised  
The throw to first he beat.

Merritt hit the ball a smack,  
He ended up at third;  
The fielder saw it up so high  
He thought it was a bird.

"Marty" followed with a hit;  
It seemed the game was o'er,  
But Lodi took its turn at bat;  
Their scorer added four.

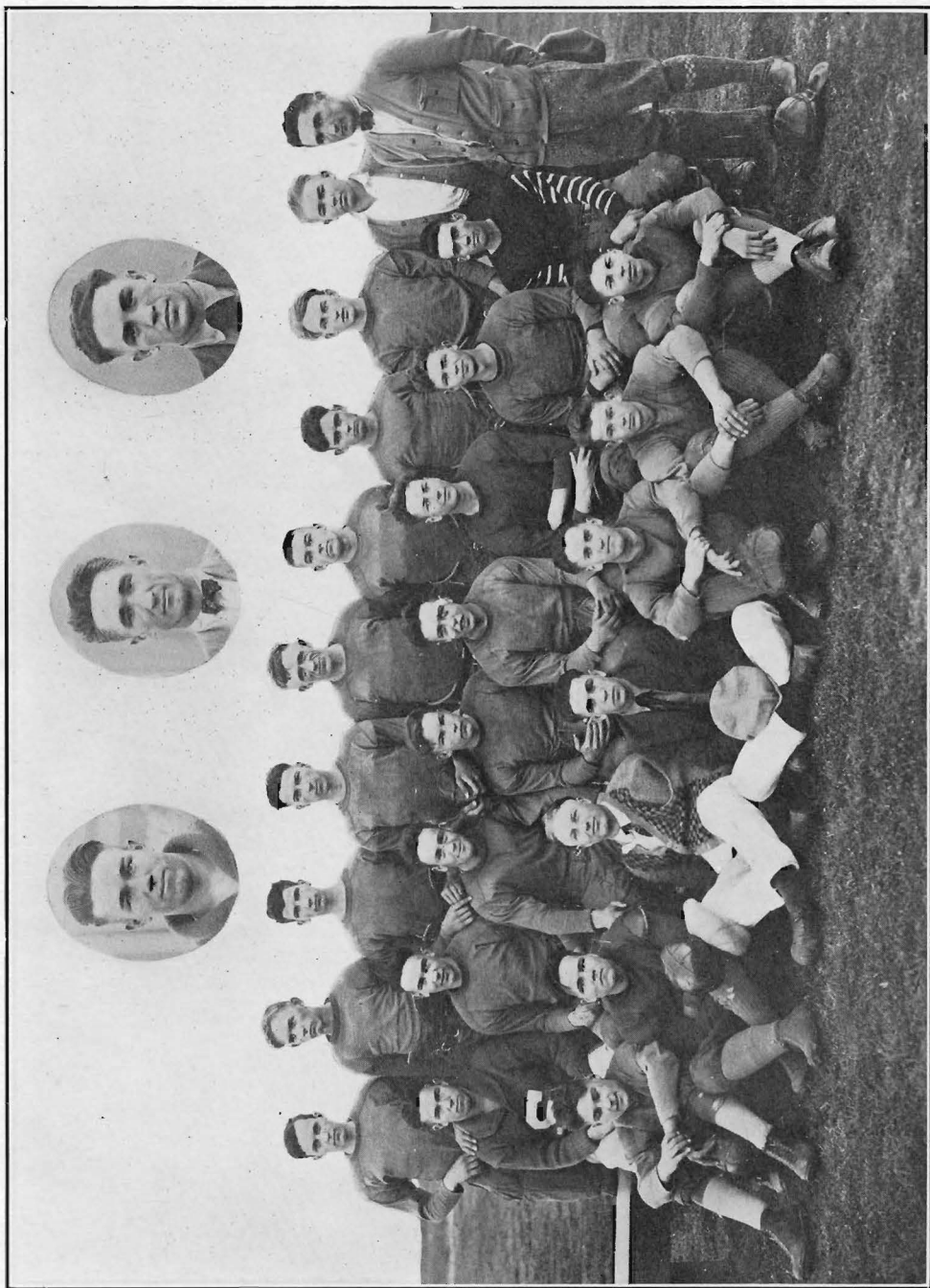
The score was then just nine to nine,  
The inning was the last;  
"Sac" then pulled the hit and run  
That put their flag half mast.

Captain Glick got round to third,  
Nick gave the hit and run;  
Sargenti pitched, Dale started home,  
Nick bunted, it was done.

The game was o'er, our arms were sore.  
Who cared, since we had won?  
And Lodi slowly homeward went  
As downward sank the sun.

—Paul Sims, Jr., '24.





FOOTBALL TEAM



The outlook for a successful football year in 1923 was very good at the beginning of the season, when about 40 candidates turned out to try for the team. In addition to the usual methods of practice the squad had the added advantage of weekly scrimmages with the Sacramento Junior College, in which it gave very good accounts of itself.

Throughout the practice season our hopes ran high. The team did not lose a single practice game. Possibly it was the continued repetition of the score that was our undoing, for we seemed unable to down our opponents by any but a 6 to 0 score. The first practice game was with the Aggies' second team, resulting in a win by the local team; score 6-0. In the second practice game, with San Rafael our team again came out ahead. The score was 6 to 0. For the third consecutive time we won by a 6 to 0 score, this time in a hotly contested battle with the Oakland High School.

We made a start for the championship when, after a game full of thrills, with the Modesto High School, the score again read for our fourth consecutive time, 6 to 0, in Sacramento's favor. About 50 people from Sacramento were on hand to witness the cross-buck on which Captain Martinelli made the sole score, in the third quarter.

After a practice game with Marysville, a one-sided affair in which Sacramento got the breaks, the team again came off the field the victors. The single score of Marysville, made in the last quarter after our first team had been replaced by substitutes, made the score 46 to 6.

With a team crippled by the loss of several players, and on what seemed to be an off day for our team, we lost for the first time in five years, a game to our old rivals, Stockton. The 3 to 0 win of Stockton was due to the completion, on his fifth attempt, of a drop-kick by Bava, substitute fullback.

The game with Woodland, one of the best of the season, throughout which clean playing prevailed, was witnessed by approximately 800 Sacramentans, making the largest rooting section that has ever been to an out of town game. Sacramento took the ball when the Woodland center lifted it from the ground and started a drive for the goal. The score was made on a forward pass; extra point was made in the same way, giving the game to Sacramento by a 7 to 0 score. This game, however, was later ruled out on account of the referee's decision.

For the remainder of the season Sacramento did not win a game. Sacramento went to Grass Valley fully confident of returning victorious, but Grass Valley sprang the unexpected by taking the game by a 17 to 7 score. With the loss of this game our chances for the title were completely gone and we seemed to lose heart, for the game with Turlock was lost by a 21 to 7 score. We had hopes of staging a come-back before the Lodi game, when our team in a new formation went on the field with new hope. But our hopes were blasted. Lodi, by a 26 to 0 score, took the game and thus became undisputed champions of this section of the C. I. F. —Dale Hunter, '24.





CHAMPIONSHIP BASEBALL TEAM, 1923



## 1923

The prospects for a second championship baseball club were fairly bright at the beginning of last season. Four regulars and some others who were better than the regulars of most high school clubs were left to build the team on. They were Merritt, Martinelli, Sims, Glick (c), Dowrick, Ito, Chamberlain, Maleville and Kimball. With the addition of Backer, Bican and Harding from Harkness, a very formidable team was lined up. Dale Glick was elected to captain the team, and, since Coach Parker was busy with other sports, Walter Mails agreed to coach the outfit and baseball got under way. Our very competent manager, Jack Westlake, lined up a long string of practice games, and under the expert guidance of Mr. Mails the team was soon playing in championship form. Out of a total of twenty-nine practice games Sacramento won twenty-two and lost seven.

To open the C. I. F. schedule Sacramento journeyed to Stockton and decisively defeated their nine 13-1. It may have been that the easy victory over Stockton caused our team to be over confident. Whatever the cause, Lodi defeated us at Woodbridge the following Saturday by the close score of 9-8. Both teams played ragged baseball, five errors in the last inning being directly responsible for our defeat.

Sacramento easily took Woodland into camp in a two game series, and since Stockton forfeited their second game it was up to Sacramento and Lodi to fight it out.

Our return game with the "Tokays" was held at Moreing Field, with competent umpires and no crowd on the diamond. The game was fast, and featured by heavy and consistent hitting by both teams. The final score was 9-7 in Sacramento's favor so that it was necessary to play a third game to decide the winner of this sub-league. The coaches flipped a half-dollar to decide where the third game would be staged and Sacramento won.

The final contest was just as close and hard fought as the other two had been. Both teams played good ball, but Sacramento hit the harder and came out on the long end of a 9-8 score, thus winning the right to play Manteca, champions of the southern sub-league of Northern California. This game was held at Manteca, and although Sacramento won 14-3, the game was not as one-sided as the score would imply.

Since, in the meantime, Marysville had defeated all comers and had won all the northern sectional championships, it was necessary for Sacramento to play them for the title of Northern California. Although Marysville had a fast team and put up a strong fight, Sacramento finally won 3 to 2 and thus completed a very exciting and successful season.

San Diego, winners down in the southern end of the State, challenged





1924 BASEBALL TEAM



us to play for the championship of California, but since school had already closed it was impossible for us to accept the challenge.

The lineup of the team throughout the season was as follows: Ito C.F., Backer 3B., Merritt 2B., Sims S.S., Maleville 1B., Glick (c) L.F., Bican R.F., Martinelli C, Kimball or Dowrick P.

Eight members of the squad were eligible for the present team. They were Dowrick, Backer, Sims, Bican, Harding, Chappell, Wright and Thomas.

—Paul Sims, Jr., '24.

## 1924

As usual, there was a large turn out for baseball this year, and as usual the crowd steadily dwindled, but there are still enough men for two teams with extras. Baseball did not start as early this year as last and as a result there were not so many practice games. However, most of the fellows played in some branch of the winter league so that they were in good condition to start the season.

To start things right Sacramento defeated the Nippon Stars in two close games, and then won three out of four games with a team from Southside Park. A three game series with the California Aggies resulted in three victories for the high school. The Capital Telephone Co. also met defeat at our hands. To close the practice season and also prevent over confidence, Joe Sims, former captain and for three years second baseman for the school, organized an alumni team and trounced us 10-5.

Sacramento opened the C. I. F. at Woodland, defeating their team 9-4. The second game was with Stockton. The Stockton team came to Sacramento in high spirits, but went home with the short end of a 9-6 score. Woodland next payed us a visit and brought their uniforms along, but after six and a half innings they went back to Yolo with the score 11-2 against them. Sacramento's latest game, if it might be called such, was down at Stockton and resulted in a 23-2 victory for us.

At present there are two league games yet to be played, both with Lodi. Lodi has a very strong nine; the same team that has given Sacramento such a scare the last two years. They have easily defeated both Stockton and Woodland and when they hook up with the Purple and White the games should be worth seeing.

Cecil Dowrick, last year's regular pitcher, was unable to pitch during the first part of this season as he injured his shoulder in the last year's Lodi series. However, a number of treatments by a baseball specialist worked wonders, and Cecil is now in better form than ever.

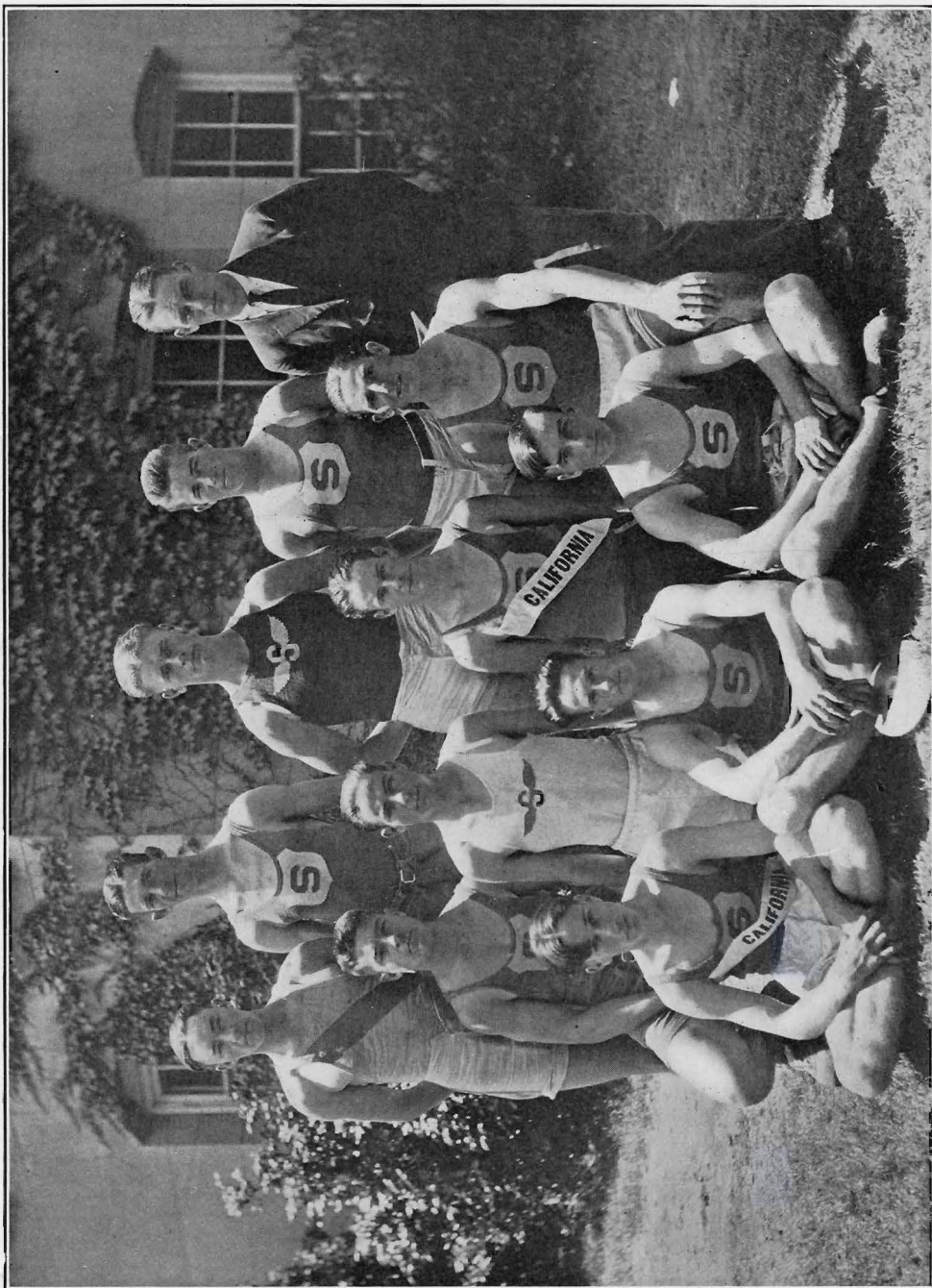
The line-up is as follows: Kay Miakawa 2B., Tom Wardlaw C.F., Paul Sims S.S., Leonard Backer 3B., Nick Bican 1B., George Harding L.F., Lynn Mattison R.F., Fay Erwin C., Cecil Dowrick P.

Alexander, Chappell, Wright, Anater, Thomas and Rutherford are practically as good as the regulars, so that the team has nothing to worry about in the way of relief players.

Steve Paxton has proved a very capable manager as he has had considerable experience in public speaking and advertising.

—Paul Sims, Jr., '24.





TRACK TEAM, 1923

## Track 1923

Track reached the highest point last year that it has ever attained in the history of this school. The team was composed of Lockhart (c), Coggeshell, Pollock, Davis, Steinkamp, Miller, Thompson, Capra, Glick, Dorrick and Maleville.

Sacramento took second place in both the sectional meet at Modesto and the northern sectional meet at Dixon.

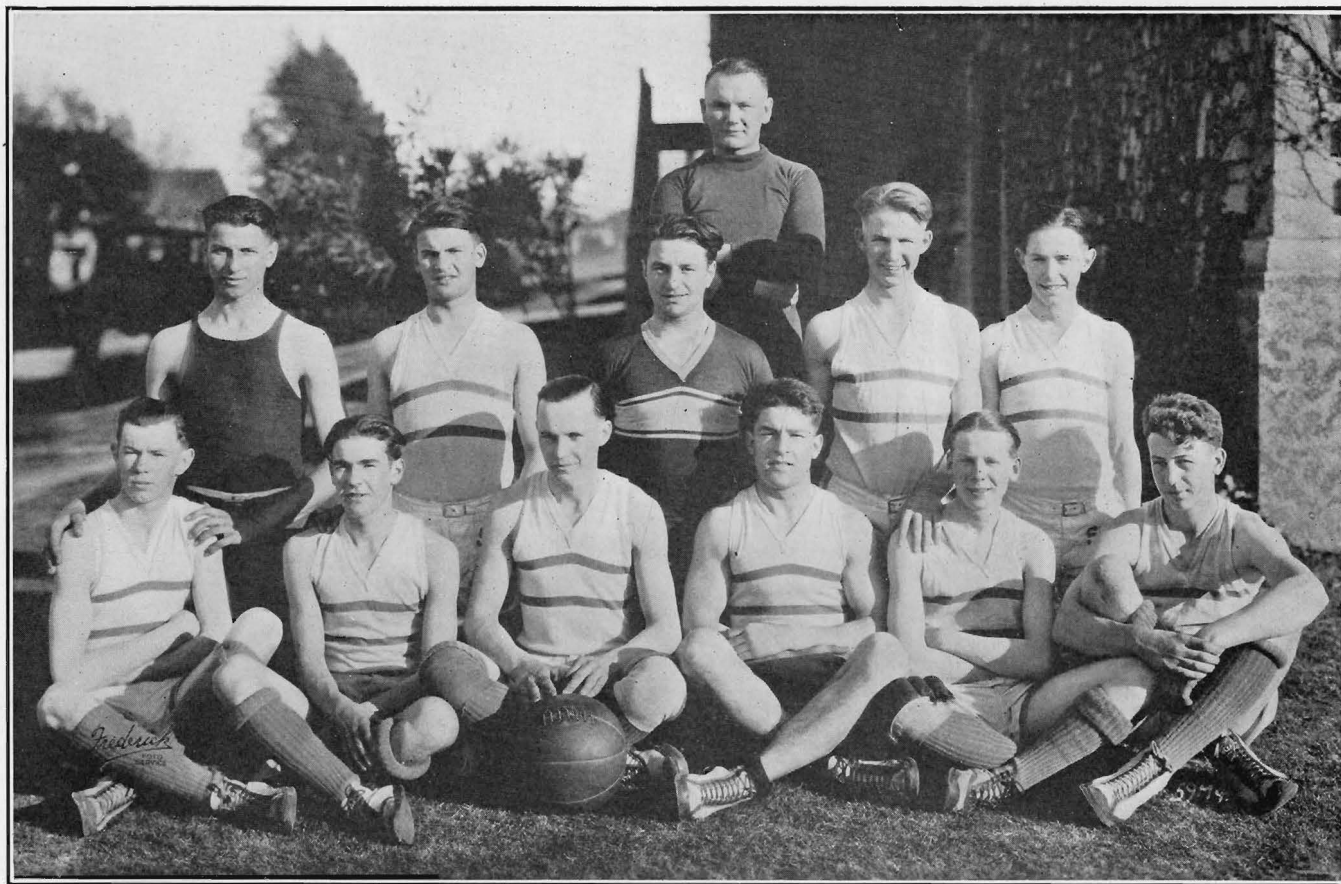
In the state meet at Los Angeles Lockhart won both the mile and half mile while Coggeshell won the high jump, thus winning second place for Sacramento. Hollywood won the meet.

The national prep. school meet took place at Chicago, and our team, composed of Captain Earl Lockhart, Henry Coggeshell, and Kenneth Pollock, brought back second honors. Lockhart won the half mile, Coggeshell won the high jump and Pollock took second in the quarter mile.

Lockhart broke the California state record for the half mile and the school mile record in 1:59 and 4:31  $\frac{3}{5}$  respectively. Coggeshell broke the high jump record with a leap of six feet, while Pollock broke the quarter mile record with the fast time of 51 seconds flat.

—Paul Sims, Jr., '24.





BASKETBALL TEAM

## Basketball, 1924

Basketball did not loom very brightly at the start of the season, due to the fact that there was not a single veteran left from our preceding year's team. However, we soon found that among us were several men who had played on first class quintets in other schools, so that, in reality, we did have some veteran basketballers. Besides these we had some very good talent of our own, and as a fitting climax we had Mr. Lamar to coach the squad.

The first few weeks were devoted entirely to learning the fundamentals of the game—passing, shooting baskets, dribbling and guarding. After the individual work had been mastered and enough team work had been developed so that the five functioned somewhat as it should, the squad went through a long list of practice games.

The opening game of the C. I. F. schedule was with our old rivals, Woodland. The team was in fine condition and everything pointed towards a victory when, alas! at the last minute it was found that several of the class A players were ineligible, due to poor scholarship. This made it necessary for some class B players to be transferred to the first squad, and Woodland won the game, 20-19. However, Sacramento staged a comeback and the following week defeated Woodland on her own court 15-7. This made another game necessary. It was played at the local "Y," and Sacramento out-classed the Yolo stars all the way, winning by the decisive count of 28-11.

By virtue of their victory from Woodland Sacramento played Galt for the right to meet Stockton in the sectional final. Both teams were primed for the event, and, though handicapped by a very slippery floor, they played some high class basketball, Galt winning out, 16-15. This defeat eliminated Sacramento from the C. I. F.

In the meantime Biggs had won the hoop title of Northern California. After defeating our glorious faculty team 33-25, our cagers journeyed to Biggs and showed their class by defeating the Northerners 34-12.

Jack Radonich was the able manager of the basketball team and deserves great credit for his work.

Sacramento won eight out of a total of fourteen games played this season. Following is a list of the players and games:

Regulars—Henry McKenna F, Joe Gordon F, Clarence Meineke C, John McHenna (c) G, Louis Peixoto G.

Reserves—Rooney, Thebaut, Baxter, Davis, Cobleigh.



### Games

S. H. S.....	33	San Juan .....	15
S. H. S.....	19	Stockton .....	24
S. H. S.....	24	Alumni .....	19
S. H. S.....	18	Sac. J. C.....	19
S. H. S.....	11	Calif. Aggies .....	19
S. H. S.....	13	Lodi . .....	23
S. H. S.....	19	Woodland . .....	20
S. H. S.....	18	Sac. J. C.....	16
S. H. S.....	15	Woodland . .....	7
S. H. S.....	28	Woodland . .....	11
S. H. S.....	28	Sac. J. C.....	12
S. H. S.....	15	Galt . .....	16
S. H. S.....	33	Faculty . .....	25
S. H. S.....	34	Biggs . .....	12
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total S. H. S.....	298	Opponents . . .	228

The class B and C teams did not get very far this season. Woodland eliminated the former in two straight contests, and the latter never got in the C. I. F. due to poor scholarship of a majority of the players.

The personnel of the class B and C squads were as follows:

Class B: Knowles Howe, George Gilbert, Harrison Gilbert, Earl O'Brien, Orland Smith.

Class C: Reed Cook, Egbert Goldsmith, Jack Armstrong, Jack Lack, Jack Briggs, Walter Laidlaw, Earl Knight.

Basketball should be a big success next year as six of this seasons class A squad are eligible for at least one more season. Those who will be with S. H. S. next season are: Capt. John McKenna, Meineke, Peixoto, Baxter, Rooney, Cobleigh.

—Paul Sims, Jr., '24.

## Minor Sports

### Handball

Handball has attracted considerable attention the past two years, due largely to the tournaments planned and refereed by Samuel Gottfried. This season's tournament was won by Leonard Backer, with Nick Koshell second, and Carden Rutherford third. Carden was last year's champion. The popularity of the sport was shown by the fact that over eighty players entered the tournament.

There are to be six good courts at the new high school and the tournaments will be supervised by the Physical Education department, which will award prizes to the winners. Furthermore, a team will be picked to meet the champions of other schools, so that handball in the future should be even more popular than at present.

### Swimming

In 1923, a swimming team, organized by George Gebhardt, competed in two meets. Considering the fact that the swimmers had no place to practice, they did very well.

Sacramento received second honors in the C. I. F. meet at Stockton, due largely to Lack's diving, and then participated in an exhibition meet with the California Aggies at Davis.

The personnel of the team was as follows:

Harold Merritt, Eugene Thompson, "Stick" Lack, Harold Redding, George Gebhardt; Ray Doughty, Coach.

As yet nothing has been done about swimming this year.

### Boxing

Sacramento has no boxing team, but it has a boxing class. Regularly the "pugs" sojourn to the gym and unmercifully throw gloves at one another. Coach Parker is in charge of the boxers and under his directions some very fast bouts are staged. At times Mr. Parker himself dons the gloves and demonstrates the art of putting an opponent to sleep.

The boxing class consists of:

Lashly, Bardin, Phillips, Gilmore, Hawthorne, Dawlman, McKinly, Kar, Wortz, Ray, Vocthe, Bangia, Poklimus, Fefley, Gerald, Greene, Hansik, Depoli, Redding.

—Paul Sims, '24.





TENNIS TEAM

## Tennis

The tennis team of the high school has not been in the limelight lately for several reasons. Chiefly because, although at least fifty boys in the school play the game regularly, there has not been enough enthusiasm to create keen competition.

Nevertheless, there has been some activity. Last year a team picked by Willard Sperry, the manager, played three preliminary matches and then sent a representative to Stockton to participate in the C. I. F. tournament. All of the practice contests were lost, none of them being of sufficient interest to be given in detail. Two of these matches were with Davis and the third with Stockton, the team that took part being composed of Willard Sperry, Wendel Nicolaus, Ed Nicolaus, Kenneth Howard, Adolph Hager and John Hafner.

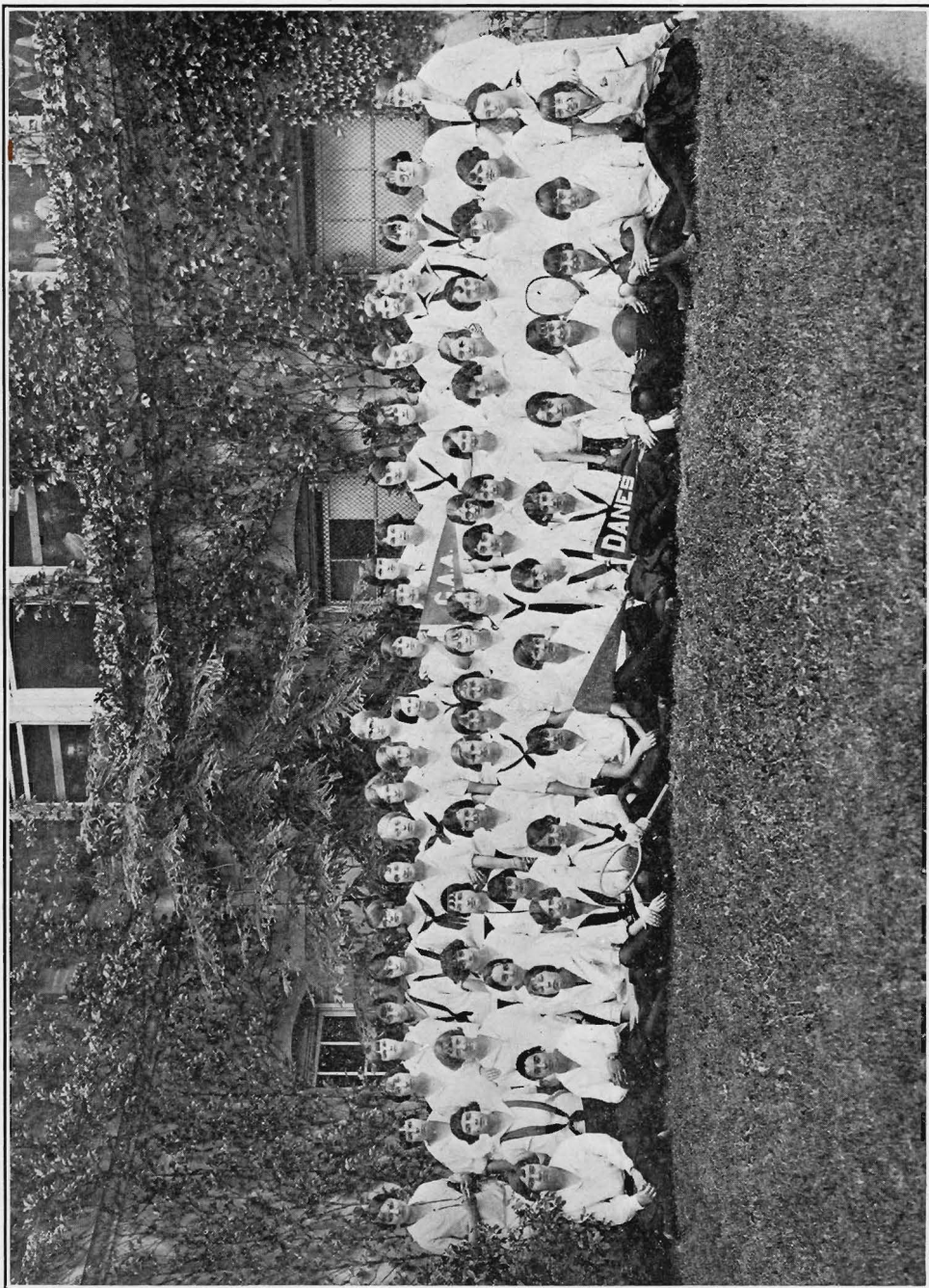
Sacramento's representative in the C. I. F. tournament at Stockton was Wendel Nicolaus. In his first match he was successful and defeated Harry McKee, Stockton's representative. However, victory was shortlived, as he was defeated in his next match.

The chief reason more matches were not played was lack of interest. Although only a small sum of money was allowed the tennis team, they probably could have had more, had they showed sufficient interest in the game.

Better things are hoped for this year. There will be two experienced men on the team, Ed Nicolaus and Adolph Hager. The first days of spring practice brought out some hard competition, especially for the last three places. Also, for the first time in several years, at least part of the time of a physical training instructor has been devoted to tennis. With these things taken into consideration it seems not only possible, but probable that the Sacramento high school tennis team will have a successful season.

—Kenneth Howard, '25.





G. A. A.

## Girl's Athletic Association

The Girl's Athletic Association aims to develop all-around girls, a spirit of class and school loyalty, democracy and sportsmanship. To attain these ends two types of activities are enjoyed, athletic and social. Sports such as volleyball, netball, basketball, baseball and swimming have received enthusiastic support from the members and we are anticipating with pleasure hockey and soccer when we move to our new building and athletic field. Our social activities consist of hikes, and parties in the Gym. This last year we have enjoyed the privilege of using the American River Boy Scout Lodge as an objective for some of our hikes.

In order to maintain interest and a spirit of friendly competition our membership has been divided into two groups which have been named Vikings and Danes. These two groups vie with each other in size of membership, in number of members present in activities, in original stunts at parties, and for honors in all sports.

Besides this group competition we have a point system in which individual girls through participation in activities work for points, 300 of which entitle her to a G. A. A. pin and 500 give her a school letter for her sweater. Girls winning these honors are awarded them at the final student body assembly of the semester.

An additional good time has come to our girls this year through an invitation from Woodland High School girls to visit them on some Saturday in May for the purpose of entering into a Playday program. We will enter teams in volley ball, basket ball and relay races and take part in a posture parade. We are anticipating much pleasure and resultant good will between our schools from our visit.

The organization is greatly indebted to the three advisors, Miss Hosmer, Miss Bottsford, and Miss Furuset for its successful season.

The officers of this year are as follows: Viola Cox, president; Ida Banta, vice-president; Marian Hollingsworth, secretary; Elizabeth Brown, treasurer. Mildred Currier, leader of Vikings; Edith Watts, leader of Danes; Elizabeth Clifford, X-Ray Reporter.

—Marian Hollingsworth, '24, Secretary.



AN ODE TO  
EDGAR W. LUCIO de MENDOZA

**O**UR BRAVE AND NOBLE HERO COMES,  
WITH THE SCREECH OF FIFES AND  
THE BEAT OF DRUMS,  
THE WHISTLES BLOW-THE BELL'S ALL RING,  
IN HONOR OF THE "CREAM DUFF KING!"

MAKEWAY! MAKEWAY! THE BRAVE  
COPS CRY,

"WHAT A LOVELY SHEIK", THE MAIDENS SIGH.  
THUS EDGAR KEPT DREAMING AS SWEET  
AS YOU PLEASE

TILL THE COVERS ROLLED OFF AND HE  
STARTED TO FREEZE.

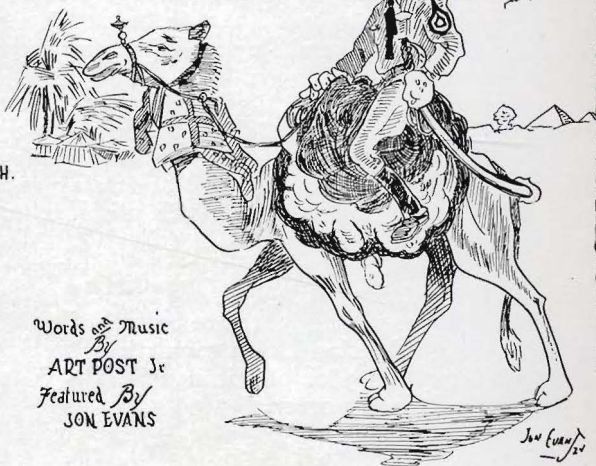
THEN ALMOST IMMEDIATELY HE HEARD A  
DOOR SLAM,

AND THE COOK SWEETLY HOLLERED—  
"GET YOUR HOTCAKES AND HAM!"

FROM HIS BED HE AROSE - SCRAMBLED  
INTO HIS CLOTHES —

AND THUS HE AWOKE FROM A DAINTY  
REPOSE.

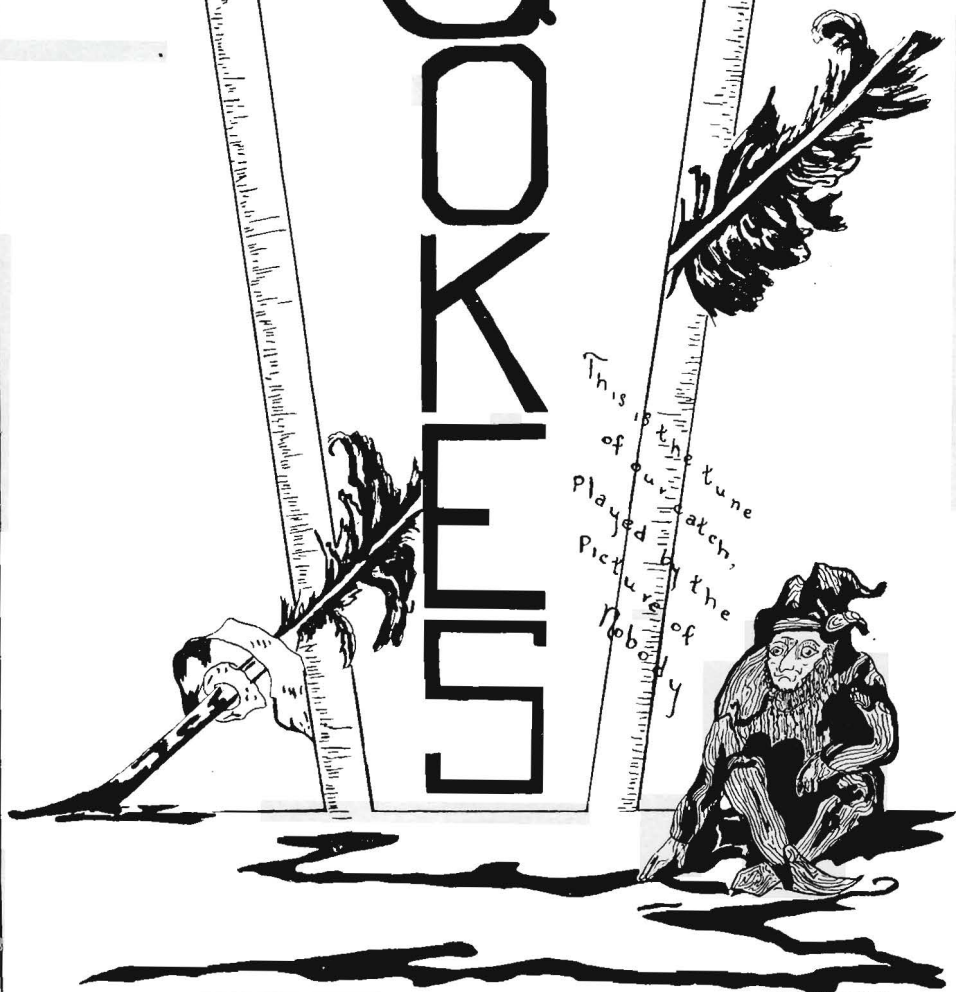
"WHAT A LOVELY SHEIK",  
THE MAIDENS SIGH.



Words <sup>and</sup> Music  
By  
ART POST Jr  
Featured By  
JON EVANS

# SEEK

This is the tune  
of our catch,  
played by the  
Picture of  
nobility







*A Flying Leap*



*Past sport*



*Hole in one*



*All tired out*



*Feet-uring?*



*Raving*



*Prexy*



*Hercules*



*Graceful*



*Bill*



*We won*

# Perfect Form



*Also ran*



*Climbing the Alps*



*Sharpshooters*



*Agora*



*Lonesome*

*C. Downrick - '24*

Army Surgeon: "How are you this morning, my man?"

Patient: "Fine, but my breathing troubles me."

Army Surgeon: "Well, I'll see if I can stop that tomorrow."



Dick Payne "Go for a joy ride?"

Bill Howe: "No, a jaw ride, took Gladie along."

Jack Seymour: "What is it that has 1,000 legs and can not walk?"

Daven Morey: "Dunno."

Jack: "500 pairs of pants."

Dick Long: "Young ladies should not make love before twenty."

Jack Moloney: "That is entirely too large an audience."

Miss Lawson: "Who can explain this expression which Brutus uses: 'Away, away, slight man?'"

Wesley Baker: "Aw, gw'an and beat it, yuh little shrimp."

Bill Howe: (Reading Virgil): "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck—and that's as far as I got."

Miss Seitz: "Well, I should say that that was about far enough."

Small Boy: "Daddy, do you know any great women rulers besides Catherine II of Russia and Queen Elizabeth?"

Dad: "Yes, your mother."

"Doc" McDonald (after forty minutes conversation): "Hello, Central! Can't I get a better line?"

Central (who has heard most of it): "What's the matter with the one you have?"

Something tells me I'm going to be sick on this voyage.

What makes you think so?

Oh, I've got a little inside information.

Doris Meyer (having difficulty drawing her frog in Physiology): "Oh! Aren't my legs shaped funny!"



Wife: "What's the matter, dear? You look worried."

Husband: "The books down at the office won't balance."

Wife: "Can't you buy some new books, dear?"



*Wooden Soldiers*



*Leap Year*

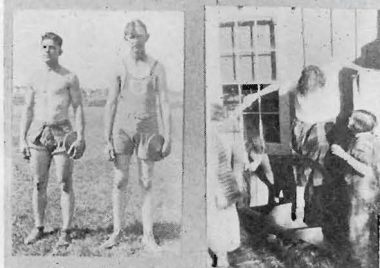
*Milk fed babies*



*Seen any time*



*Zouave drill*



*Samsons*



*Descendants*

Norman Tuft (going by the graveyard on his way to the Riverside Baths): "That's the deadeast place in town. No life there at all."

"What yo' got in that little black bag?"

"Them's my instruments, I'm a veterinary."

"Quit yo' kidden, man! Yo' ain't never been in no wah."

Cole: "Whar you from, stranger?"

Black: "Australia."

Cole: "Well, yo' sho does talk English fluidly fur a forner."

Sam Cross: "Why do you like swimming?"

Elwood Maleville: "It's such a clean sport."

"It's not the interest, it's the principle of the thing," he said as she drew his last cent from the First National.

"Doctor," asked Dorothy Brown, "will I be able to play the piano when my broken finger is better?"

"Yes," responded the physician.

"That's queer, I never could before."

Mrs. Joseph: "I'm sorry to say Ellis doesn't meet with any success."

"What is his work?"

"He's trying to cross onions with violets so as to get an onion taste and a violet smell."

Ruth Skeels: "My, oh My! What a crowd! Why you can hardly move."

Dwight Miller: "Yes, and it will be worse after they eat."

Taken from Ruth Leamon's examination paper (Question: What would you do for a snake bite?): "Put a turnkey above the wound and immediately insult a doctor."

The teacher was asking questions. She said:  
 "Now, pupils, how many months have twenty-eight days?"  
 All of them, teacher," replied the boy on the front seat.



*Three domes*



*Move over*



*We two*



*Tucked in*



*Deep*



*Shakey*

A hungry French-Canadian walked into the cafe at Breezy Point Lodge the day we returned from hunting and wanted eggs for breakfast. He had forgotten the English word, so he got around it this way:

"Vaiterre, vat is zat walking in the yard?"

"A rooster."

"Ah, and vat you call ze rooster's wife?"

"The hen, sir."

"And vat you call ze children of ze rooster and hees wife?"

"Chickens, sir."

"And vat you call ze chickens before they are ze children?"

"Eggs, sir."

"Bring me two."

When Jerome came home from school after his first day, his mother asked him: "Jerry, you're the biggest boy in your class, aren't you, dear?"

"No, mamma, but I've got the biggest feet."

"\_\_\_\_\_ and the dagger was found hidden in his chest."

Stephen Paxton: "Hope chest or tool chest?"

"Faith," said Bill Howe, "Is the capacity of believing what you know can't happen."

Old Colored Mammy: "Ise wants a ticket for Florence."

Ticket Agent (after ten minutes of weary thumbing over of railroad guides): "Where in the world is Florence?"

Old Colored Mammy: "Settin' over dar on de bench."

Babette Bailey to Beth Ann Hayes: "The Senior pins are so good looking, but what on earth is the teakettle in the middle for?"



George Davis: "I wonder if the lecturer meant anything by it."

George Uhl: "By what?"

George Davis: "He advertised a lecture on 'Fools', and when I bought a ticket it was marked, 'Admit one.'"



*Fore Steps to heaven*



*Burglars*



*Bookworm*



*Roofing*



*Double S ?*



*Ora Tary*

### 'Nuf Ced

Little words of wisdom,  
Little words of bluff,  
Makes the teacher tell us,  
"Sit down, that's enough."

Hugh Hayden (about to take first lesson in horsemanship at R. O. T. C. camp): "Sergeant, please pick me out a nice gentle horse."

Stable Sergeant: "D'je ever ride a horse before?"

Hugh: "No."

Sergeant: "Ah! Here's just the animal for you. He's never been ridden before, so you both can start out together."

Taken from Kenneth Curtright's composition: "The guests were sent home and a coroner came to interview the body."

Miss McGrew: "Was John Smith interested in Virginia or Carolina?"

"Dwight Miller: "I thought he was interested in Pocahontas."

Harrison Slawson: "How long before she'll make her appearance?"

Mrs. Skeels: "She's upstairs making it now."

Rodda Colclough: "He wrote me that when he graduates he will settle down and marry the sweetest girl in the world."

Helen Cole: "How horrid of him when he is already in love with you."

"These woolen blankets make me itch,  
But I try to sleep the best I can,  
Cause there ain't no sheets around the  
house,  
Since father joined the Ku Klux Klan!"

"Billie," said mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

A few minutes later Billie returned, and reported: "Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."



*Strike 1*



*Caught*



*Mountain deer*



*Duck Soup*



*Mgr.*



*Cutting!*

### Only Once

The auto, traveling at a tremendous speed, was just about to turn a very dangerous corner.

"Do people lose their lives here frequently?" asked the nervous passenger.

"Not more than once!" said the driver, as he took a firmer grip of the wheel.

Marvin Blackford: "She said I was the goal of her desires."

George Harger: "What makes you so sad then?"

Marvin: "Her father kicked the goal."

"What time am it, Sam?"

"My timepiece says two o'clock."

"What? Ah reads quartah ob eight."

"Well, niggah, ain't dat two?"

Superintendent: "It is our custom to let a prisoner work at the same trade in here as he did outside. Now what is your trade? Shoemaker, blacksmith, or—"

Prisoner: "Please, sir, I was a traveling salesman!"

"Do you know why the Scotch have their sense of humor?"

"Sure. It's a gift."

Young Son: "Father, what is the difference between a taxidermist and a taxicab?"

Father: "No difference, my son; they bith skin you."

It was during the impaneling of a jury. "You are a property-holder?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor."

"Married or single?"

"I have been married for five years, your honor."

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

"Not for five years, your honor."



A little girl of five was entertaining the callers while her mother was getting ready. One of the ladies remarked to the other, with a significant nod, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No," said the child quickly, "but awful s-m-a-r-t."



*3 must-get-theirs*



*Slicker*



*Flapper*



*Convict*



*Wild man Uhl.*



*Spades-trumps*



*Hippodrome?*

### Boy Was That Much Ahead

"Which is the way to Ottawa, my lad?"

"I don't know."

"Which is the way to Topeka, then?"

"I don't know."

"Well, can you tell me how to get to Wichita, then?"

"I don't know."

By this time the drummer was quite impatient and said to the boy:

"Say, you don't know very much, do you?" To which the lad retorted:

"No! But I ain't lost!"

"What is the name of that handsome prisoner?" asked the impressionable young woman.

"No. 2206, miss," replied the guard.

"How funny! But of course that is not his real name."

"Oh, no, miss; that's just his pen name."

"Do the English understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London and the Earl has cabled me to come across."

A kindly looking old gentleman was stopped by a very little girl carrying a parcel—

"Please, sir," she said politely, "is this the second turning to the left?"

A road sign reads: "Drive slow, you might meet a fool." A better sign in some instances would be: "Drive slow; two fools might meet."

Willie (to his father, who had recently married a second time): "There's a shop in the High Street just like you, daddy."

● Father: "Shop like me? What do you mean?"

Willie (getting near to the door): "Why, it's under entirely new management."



# AUTOGRAPHS

NEVER LEAVE ME

Willard Kersh  
 Ralph F. Amereau  
 Harley R. Barenton  
 Geo. F. Miller  
 Joseph E. Perez  
 Erene Houston  
 Mildred Joard  
 August Meister  
 Walter Karr '25  
 Lawrence Martinelli  
 George Gilbert  
 Lawrence Wilbur '25  
 Francis Jack Nelson D.M.  
 Russell Thompson  
 Mary Elizabeth Palmer '24  
 Muriel Trussel  
 Howard A. Seymour '26  
 Bill Yates  
 Theron Martin  
 Bruce Stephens  
 Ervey Pine '26?  
 Harry W. Lashley '26'

Tom Oliveri  
 Vincent Cooper '26?  
 Jerome Brooks  
 John Bisi  
 Gladys Ranfurn '25  
 Fanny Lewis '27?  
 Edith Lehoultet '27'

Clara  
 Gladys  
 John  
 Gladys  
 Fanny  
 Edith

Clara Hb.  
 Ted Labhard '26-27  
 Dominic Lazzarini  
 Wilbur L. Longshore '26  
 Jack E. LaC '26  
 Jack M. Lee '26  
 Eddie Ryan  
 Burton Linn "Never"  
 Donald B. Haddock  
 George Rife '25?  
 Chas. A. Bare  
 Hon. Richard Leland '28=  
 Alice Brudrich '26" D.B.  
 Marion McGuff '26"



# AUTOGRAPHS

W. W.

— L.

George O'Brien

Alfred L. Bosworth.

# AUTOGRAPHS

L. P. Beach.  
Alpha B. Crowley (4)  
H. M. Rible

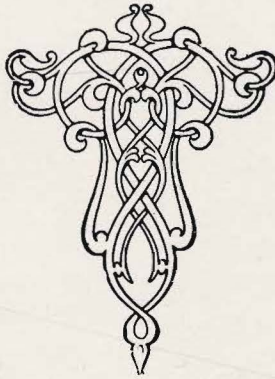
Edith A. Wilkins.

Edward Gorman  
Mr. Sgt. U.S.A.



Edwina Booth

# THE REVIEW



*Anna H. Carlson*  
*Mabel E. Bontz*  
*Esther Rosaura Huett*  
*Margaret Griffith*  
*Helen Wiley "Syon"*  
*Lilla T. Best*  
*Lizzie M. Griffin*

EDITED BY THE

January and June Classes of 1924

of Sacramento High School

# AUTOGRAPHS

Helen Björnsen '27

Helen Aldrich '27

Blanch Stoffer.

Dorothy Borchard '27

Evelyn Ortle

'27 - Helen Westlake - '27

Margaret Cox - '27?

Margaret Cropley - '27?

Esther Barkwell - '27?

Alice Bellmer

Margaret Harrison '27

Nellie Blackwood

Alice Cohen '27

Margaret Ball

Vilda Barqu *Yell Leader*

Charlotte Rep-per '27"

Helen Lyons - G.P. '27, '26

Juanita Stopher '27

Elinor Bartlett '27

Myrdene McTee (?)

Helen M. Herbert '27(?)

Marquillite Mose

Helen Ormer '27(?)

Evelyn Culverson (2-?)?



# AUTOGRAPHS

Gladys Boothby '27.  
 Evelyn Carlisle '27  
 Elsie Carmody '27.  
 Sophia Hornstein '27  
 Mildred Spitzer  
 Evelyn Hall '27(?)  
 Mary Brunner.  
 Marian Wong '27  
 Thelma "Rusty" Griffith "100"  
 Florence Healey '27  
 Phillis Price !!!  
 Daisy Bell Allright Jimmie  
 Virginia Bierbauer '27  
 Rosalie Stakholz '27  
 Eleanor Gilmore  
 Dorothy Crocker "27" Maybe.  
 Doris Benson "27" 1/2?  
 Laura Platt ('24 - '27)  
 Helen Mowell ('27)  
 Ada Gardner  
 Marguerite Douglas '27  
 Bernice Kuechler  
 Rose Luning

Bessie Glenn  
 Maybelle Baker 100000  
 Helen [unclear]  
 Thelma Chappell. '27  
 Betty Bowden '27: 1/2  
 Dorothy McFee  
 Edwina Willi. 6/18/24  
 Pauline Lee "27"  
 Elizabeth Huston '27 (Phys.)  
 Lucille Steppan '27  
 Lucile Adams '27?  
 Lila Jiminez  
 Lula Thall '27?  
 Thelma Ellis '26?  
 Shirley Hornstein 1949  
 Mildred Dyckman 1936  
 Evelyn L. Pass "never"  
 Emma F. Eades.  
 Blanch Chilson "Earl"  
 Violet [unclear]  
 Dorothy Schneider  
 Virginia Dangler '27