

# THE REVIEW



*EDITED BY THE*  
February and June Classes of 1925  
Sacramento High School



The Senior Classes of 1925 dedicate  
this Review to  
**Miss Fanny Alice Smyser**  
in sincere appreciation of the devoted  
and untiring work she has always  
done for the student body  
of the Sacramento  
High School

## Faculty

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 Lauretta M. Ferguson, Vice-Principal  
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 Henriette Andriot  
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 Essie White, Librarian  
 Frances White, Secretary  
 Hattie M. Frazee, Recorder  
 Laura Cartwright, Clerk



To the Graduates:

You, the graduating classes of 1925 are fortunate in that you have had your last high school year in our new building in which you have had increased opportunities for study, for recreation and for self expression. You have shown your appreciation of your good fortune and your gratitude to your school by almost uniformly setting a high standard of conduct and proving yourselves worthy of leadership; thus helping the school administration to establish new and higher ideals in the school. To show your gratitude in a material way, you have placed in the Library Court of the school a fish pond with shrubs and walks to make the court beautiful.

We, the faculty, have enjoyed your three years with us. We have been, of course, teachers and pupils, but we have been also friends. Although we do not like to see you go, we recognize that you must pass on to your place in life, and we stay to prepare the next classes for their life work. So we say good-bye and we wish you success and happiness.

JOHN F. DALE, Principal.



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EDWARD WILDE,  
Assistant Manager.



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RAYMOND SCHREIMAN

## The Big Sister Plan

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At the beginning of the fall semester this year, a plan was proposed to the senior girls, called the Big Sister plan, by which each senior girl helps some sophomore girl plan her program, acquaint her with the building and its rules and help her over the rough places during the semester.

There would be no limit to the possibilities of this plan were it to be put into practice. One can hardly estimate the amount of heart breaking, discouragement, hostile feeling, and wasted strength that would be saved. There are no difficulties because our high school training not only teaches us lessons from books, but it also teaches us how to mingle with others and give help, instead of constantly receiving it.

Let us hope that the incoming seniors will look with more favor on this plan than the outgoing ones have done; and that not only the girls but also the boys will realize that when treated in this friendly way, a sophomore is an asset to a school and not merely a person to be teased, criticized, laughed at, and tormented.

· MYRTLE LUGG.

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## School Gifts

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As each year draws to a close, the graduating class begins to think and plan what it will leave as its gift to the school. After thinking over the different things that would be appropriate, they suddenly realize that their gift would have meant more to them if they were going to remain in the school to enjoy it. If the gift had been made two or three years before, it would not then be merely something talked of by the class, but it would be something that had grown dear by association.

As the classes become larger and the associations more numerous, would it not be well to give the school your present before you leave the building? Why wait until you are ready to leave before thinking of your gift to the school? Why not give some token of your appreciation now while you may still enjoy it? There are always places where pictures, benches or other works of art can be put.

When time for graduation comes, you tell by words and deeds that you appreciate what the school has done for you. But would it not be well now to give some token of your appreciation?

ARNELL GILLET.

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## Organizations

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During the year the organizations have accomplished much in the way of promoting among the students a higher standard of scholarship, and have consequently created greater interest in the various school activities. The older organizations have grown in numbers and importance, while many new ones have been formed. The outstanding success of the Carnival, the music programs, the debates, and the plays, was made possible by their excellent co-operation. In all instances the school spirit they have shown is far above reproach.

The foundation for life is laid in school and year by year students are coming to realize that the organization offers them a splendid opportunity for getting the right kind of a start in life. Life is filled to the brim with things as interesting and as important as text-books, and it is the purpose of organizations to give the student a broader outlook upon the conditions of life, as well as to create interest in school work.

When a student takes an active part in the work with a group of students his school life ceases to be a monotonous schedule, for he has something definite for which to strive, something to accomplish. Work is not compulsory, but each member comes to realize that it is his duty to do his share of the work that is to be done; therefore, he sets about doing it because he is interested in it, not because it is a school requirement.

Today the world wants citizens who take an active interest in the affairs of the world and there is perhaps no better place to obtain a good training for this than in the work of the organizations.

RUTH CURL.

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## A Word of Thanks

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The Review staff wishes to express its appreciation of the helpful services given by the teachers of the English and Art departments, of the Drama and Typing classes, and of all those who so kindly aided us and helped to make the 1925 Review a success.





**Graduating Class**  
**February, 1925**



DOROTHEA LITTLE  
LOREN EGEBERG  
RUTH SKEELS

KENNETH HOWARD  
LOMA KELLOGG  
RICHARD LAWRENCE

HELEN HOWE  
LAWRENCE WILBUR  
ELMERNA BUSH

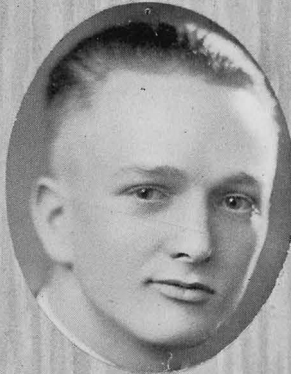
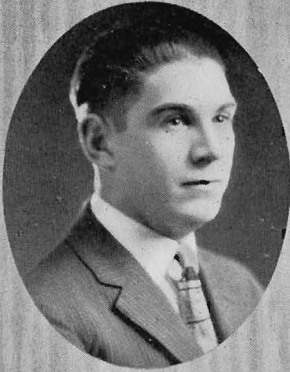




GLENN YOUNG  
DOROTHY MOSKOVITZ  
VIRGINIA BAUGH

DOROTHY RIPLEY  
JACK RADONICH  
DOROTHY FRANKS

ELWOOD ROSSI  
HERTHA JENSEN  
BEATRICE DARROW



ELWOOD WRIGHT  
MARTHA WRIGHT  
MARJORIE FARRELL

MARY WRIGHT  
FORREST HILL  
NINETTA DENTINO

SAMUEL GOTTFRIED  
LOUISE BOQUET  
THELMA BARON



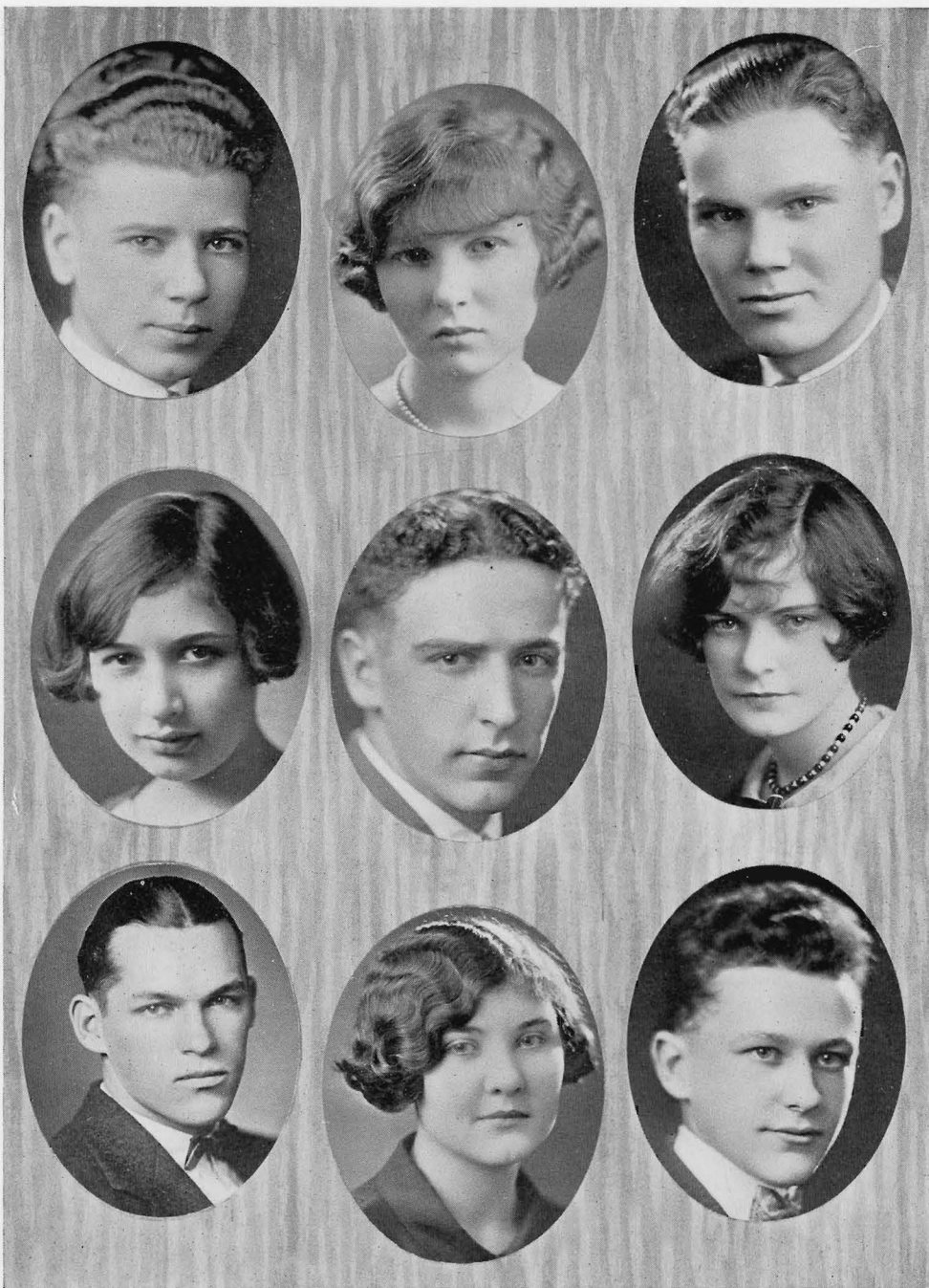


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MARGARET HUNN  
STEPHEN PAXTON

BARBARA BEACH  
GENEVIEVE WEISS  
OLIVE REYNOLDS

WILLIAM OUGH  
MARGARET MEYER  
HENRY NICHOLAUS

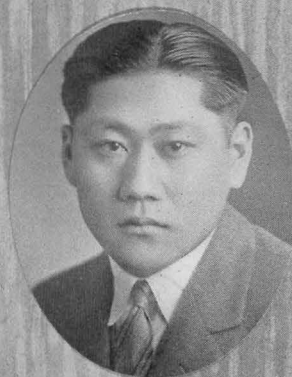
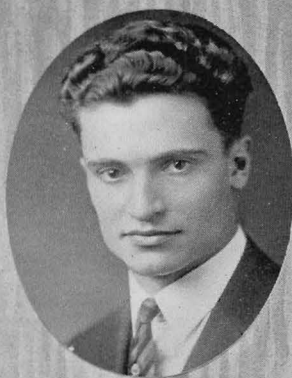
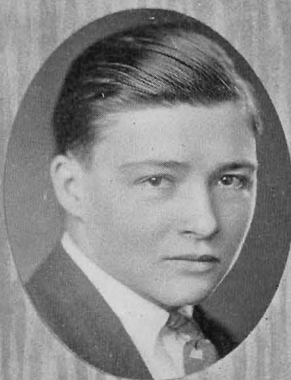




JACK FINGADO  
IDA LERNER  
LEO HARDING

BABETTE BAILEY  
WALKER LINDSAY  
GLADYS LAUFMAN

DWIGHT MILLER  
FRANCES SULLIVAN  
ROBERT TRIPLETT

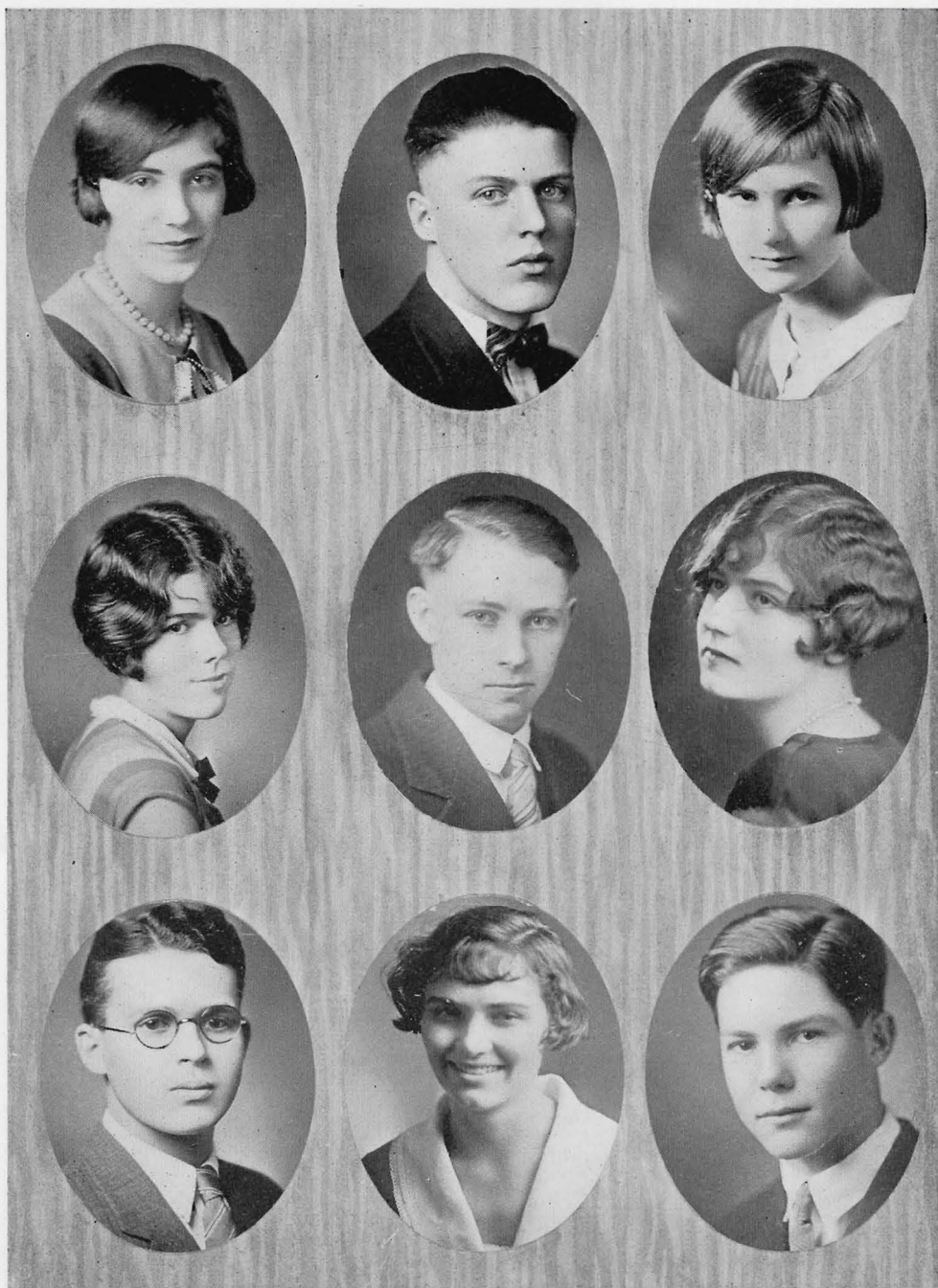


LAWRENCE WESSING  
MODELIA THOMAS  
NICHOLAS KOSHELL

NORMA PIERCE  
EARLE BAKER  
FLORENCE MILLS

BARTOLOMEO DANERI  
BESSIE TAKAO  
YOSHIAKI MATSUDA



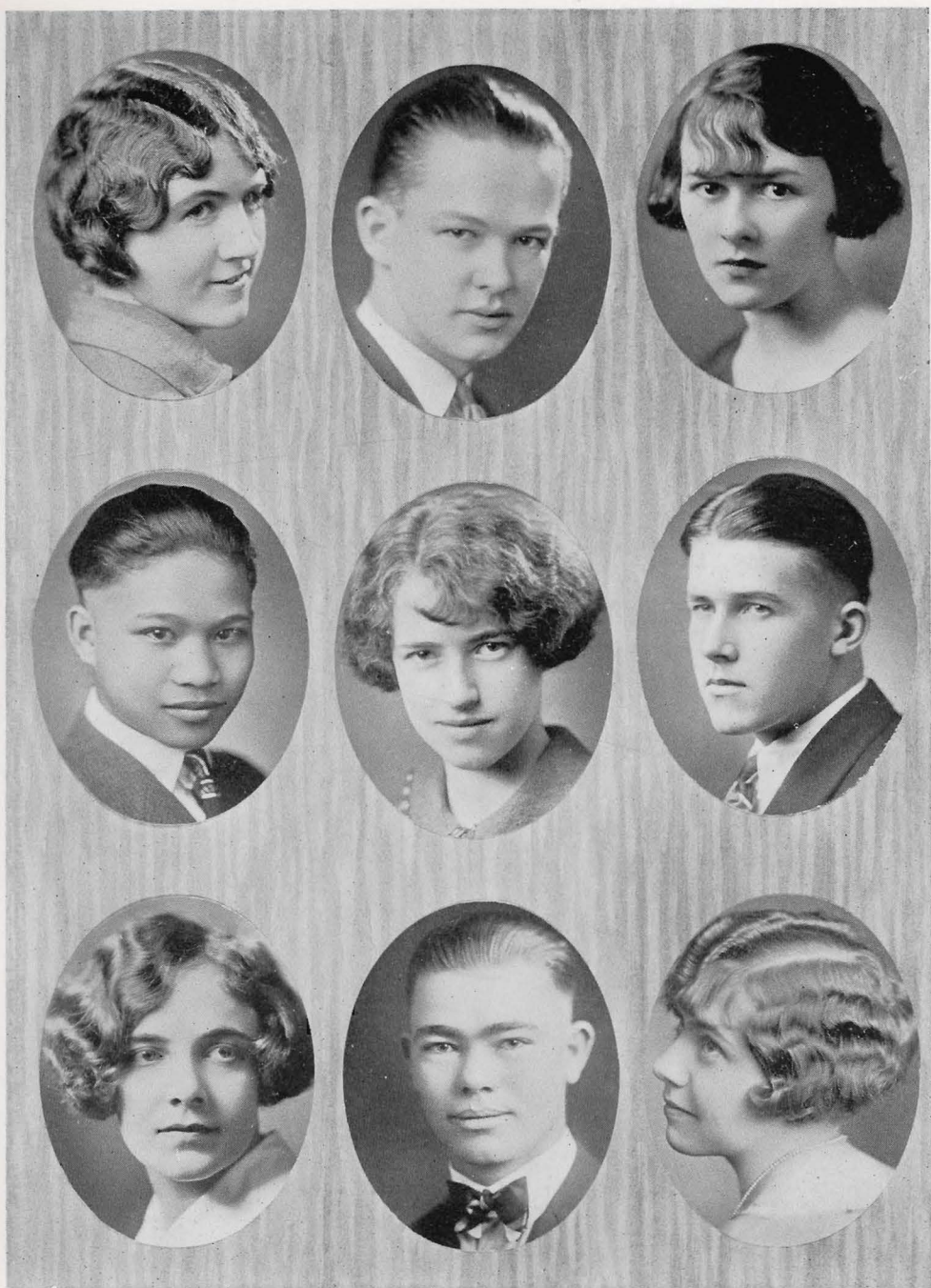


FLORENCE TONZI  
CLOVYS COURT  
HARRISON SLAWSON

KENNETH HARRIS  
EUGENE MILLIGAN  
HAZEL DUFFUS

DAISY KING  
HELEN BULLARD  
DENTON REES





GENEVIEVE THOMAS  
TYRUS CHAUN  
MARY NICOLAUS

MERLE PRESTON  
HELEN McCOLLISTER  
LLOYD BUCKLER

DOROTHY BRADLEY  
JERAULD FRITZ  
HILDA BECK

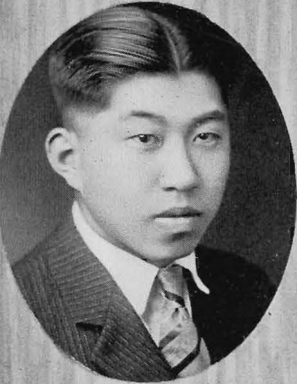


DOROTHY BROWN  
HAZEL WARREN  
RAYMOND LYON

WALLACE ALEXANDER  
ANNA WELLS  
RUTH GERBER

MARION DUTTON  
ELEANOR KATZENSTEIN  
ALMONTA KITCHEN





BERTRAM GORDON  
ICHIRO HAMATAKE

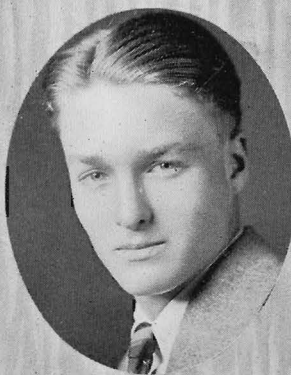
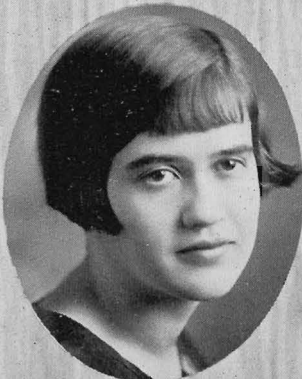
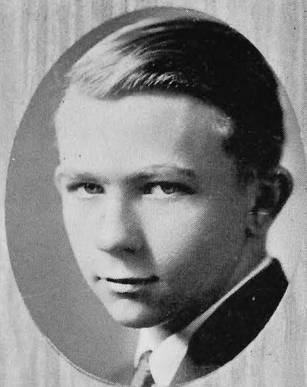
ETHEL STEWART  
MARGARET FEUDNER

LOUISE GRANT  
MARGARET LYON



# Graduating Class

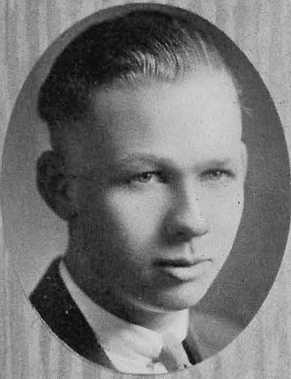
June, 1925



CLARK HUNGER  
UNDINA COTTRELL  
KATHRYN GARNER

LA VERNE CLOUD  
EVELYN COMPTON  
HUGH STRACHAN

ROBERT STAFFORD  
HELEN COLLINS  
HELEN STANGLAND



HAROLD SCHADEN  
RUBY COLE  
ATHA SHEPARD

MARIE LANDGREBE  
EDNA BUNDY  
BEN FRANTZ

CHARLES O'BRIEN  
MILDRED BROWN  
EDWINA RICE





WILBUR BREEDING  
ELEANOR DOSCH  
RUTH CURL

MAUD HOE  
DOROTHY SEIBEL  
MERRILL YOST

GENE LA CLAIR  
VIOLA LORENZ  
THELMA AZEVEDO



FORD MONROE  
MARGARET ANGWIN  
KATHRINE BULLOCK

MILDRED GOARD  
RAYMOND RENWICK  
ROBERT ZARICK

FRANK KING  
RUTH JOHNSON  
WANDA TRUMAN



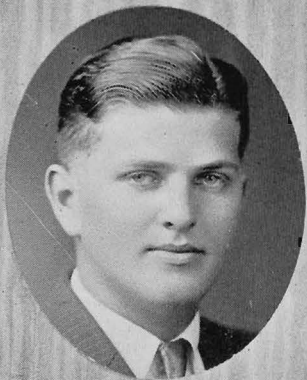
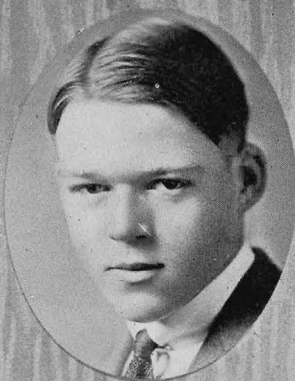
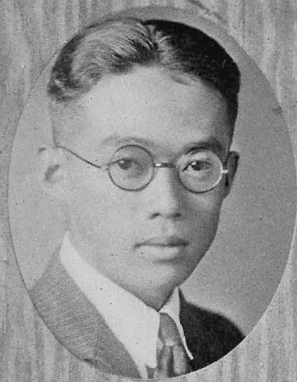


GEORGE HARDING  
VIRETTA HOSKINS  
ELEANOR IRVINE

ELIZABETH READ  
NETTIE HAWKS  
CHRISTOPHER SWETT

BURNETT POLHEMUS  
ROSE SALVETTI  
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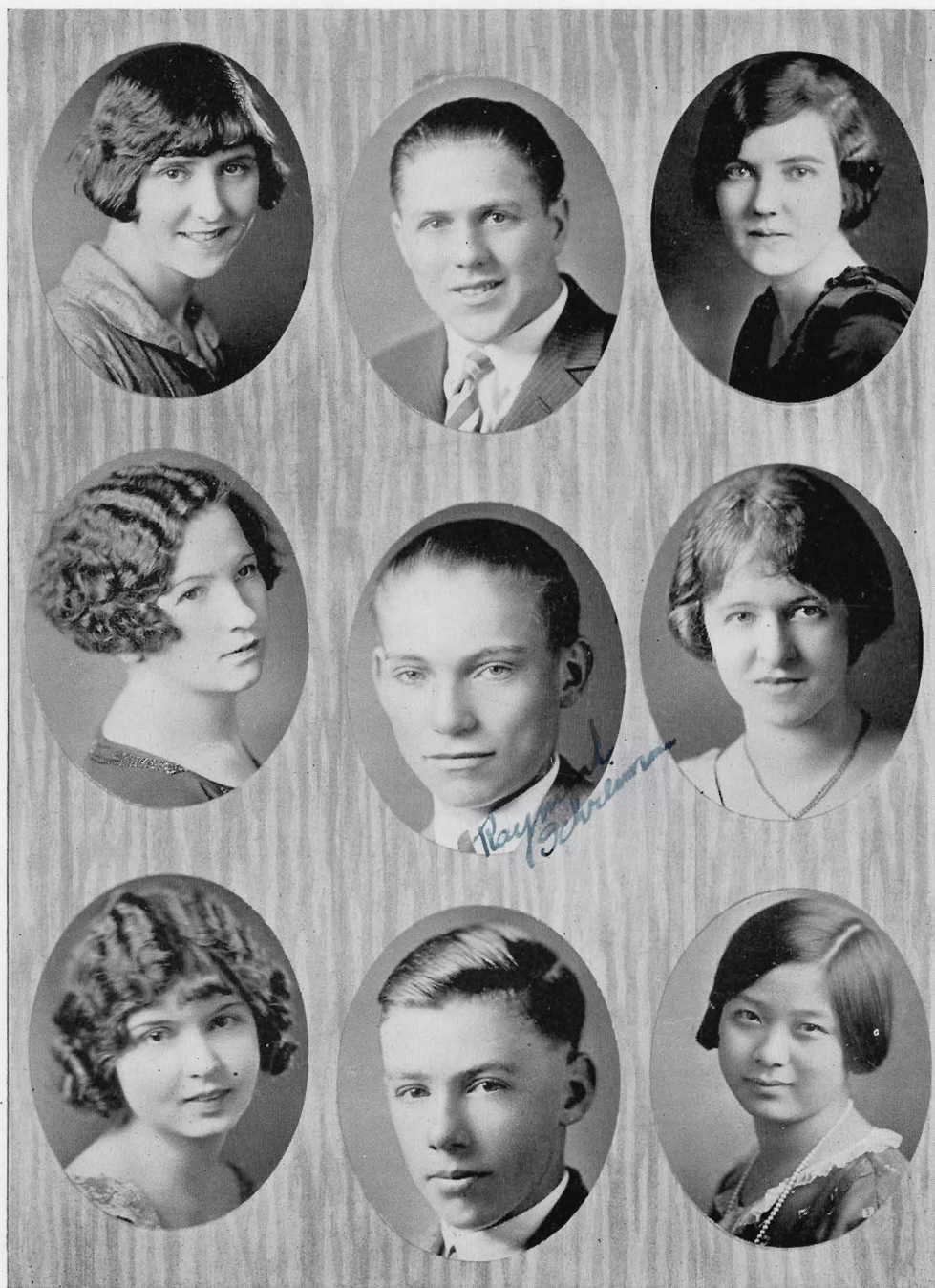




KAY MIYAKAWA  
JESSIE CLAYTON  
MARGARETTE PEACOCK

DORIS SHAW  
ROBERT ENNIS  
RICHARD ARBOGAST

PAUL KELLER  
HAZEL BISHOP  
WILMA DECKER



LOIS LITTLE  
HELEN ROBINSON  
FLORENCE HENDERSON

LLOYD DALLMAN  
RAYMOND SCHREIMAN  
EDWARD WILDE

ELSIE KASPER  
MAY PEACOCK  
NEE CHANG CHOCK





BERNARD DRESCHER  
ELSIE CAMPBELL  
RUTH LEGATE

DOROTHY REESE  
LAWRENCE HAHN  
JACK DRIVER

HOWARD BAXTER  
EMILY BARNES  
MARVINA LYNN





MINERVA INMAN  
JEANNETTE LARKIN  
FRANCES HUNT

HENRY HEISCH  
IRVINE DAVIS  
FRED BRUNNER

MURIEL FELLER  
EDITH GORDON  
MARY OYAMA



HARRY WRINKLE  
 IRENE TEPPER  
 GEORGE O'BRIEN

LUCILE WEBER  
 HATTIE HAAS  
 EFFIE POOLE

BOYD FISHER  
 ADELIA MAISCH  
 LEO GRANUCCI





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 ETHELWYN HARMSON  
 MARGARET HOOPER

JEAN de la BOURDONIER  
 RICHARD WORTH  
 RICHARD NORTON

VIOLA GILL  
 LOLA McKENZIE  
 MARCELLA MILLS



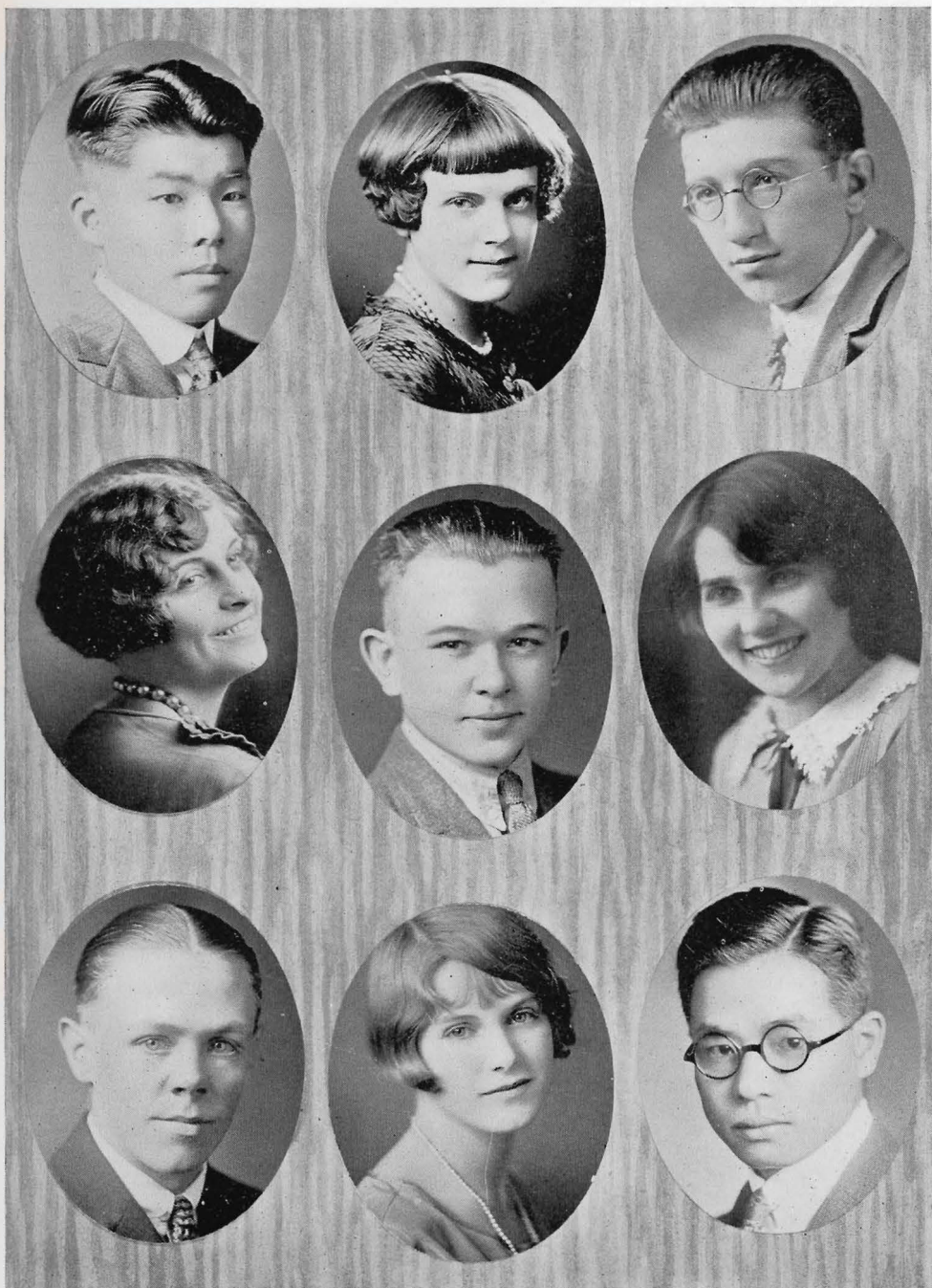


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LYDA MIX  
HELEN GOODWIN

ECHO WILLI  
MARJORIE SCHULTZ  
PHILIP BRADFORD

THOMAS YERBY  
HELENE WAHLANDER  
ZELDA WARREN





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FRANCES JAMES  
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NILAN NORRIS  
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VIRGINIA RICE  
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 VERNON MUSE

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 ALMA BRADOVICH  
 EVA PEARSON



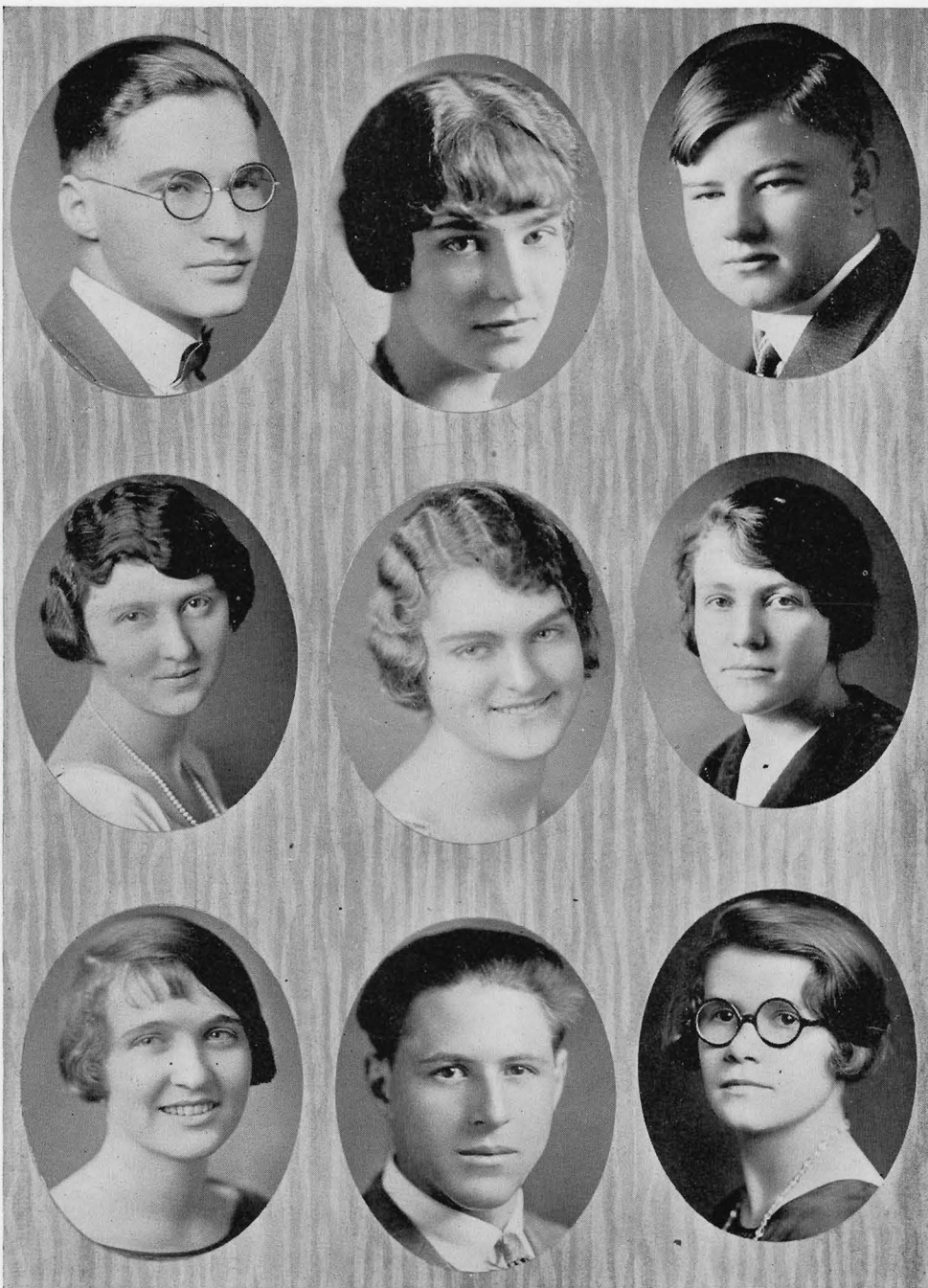


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LOIS BESKEEN  
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ELDER CECCHETTINI

ROBERT LUNG  
LEOLA BAKER  
GWYNETH COX





DINO PUCCI  
MARGARET LOW  
VERNA MILLER

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NELLIE VANCE  
VICTOR RADONICH

MARION MOORE  
DOROTHY BATEMAN  
BERNICE GAROUTTE





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ARNELL GILLET  
EDGAR SLAUSON

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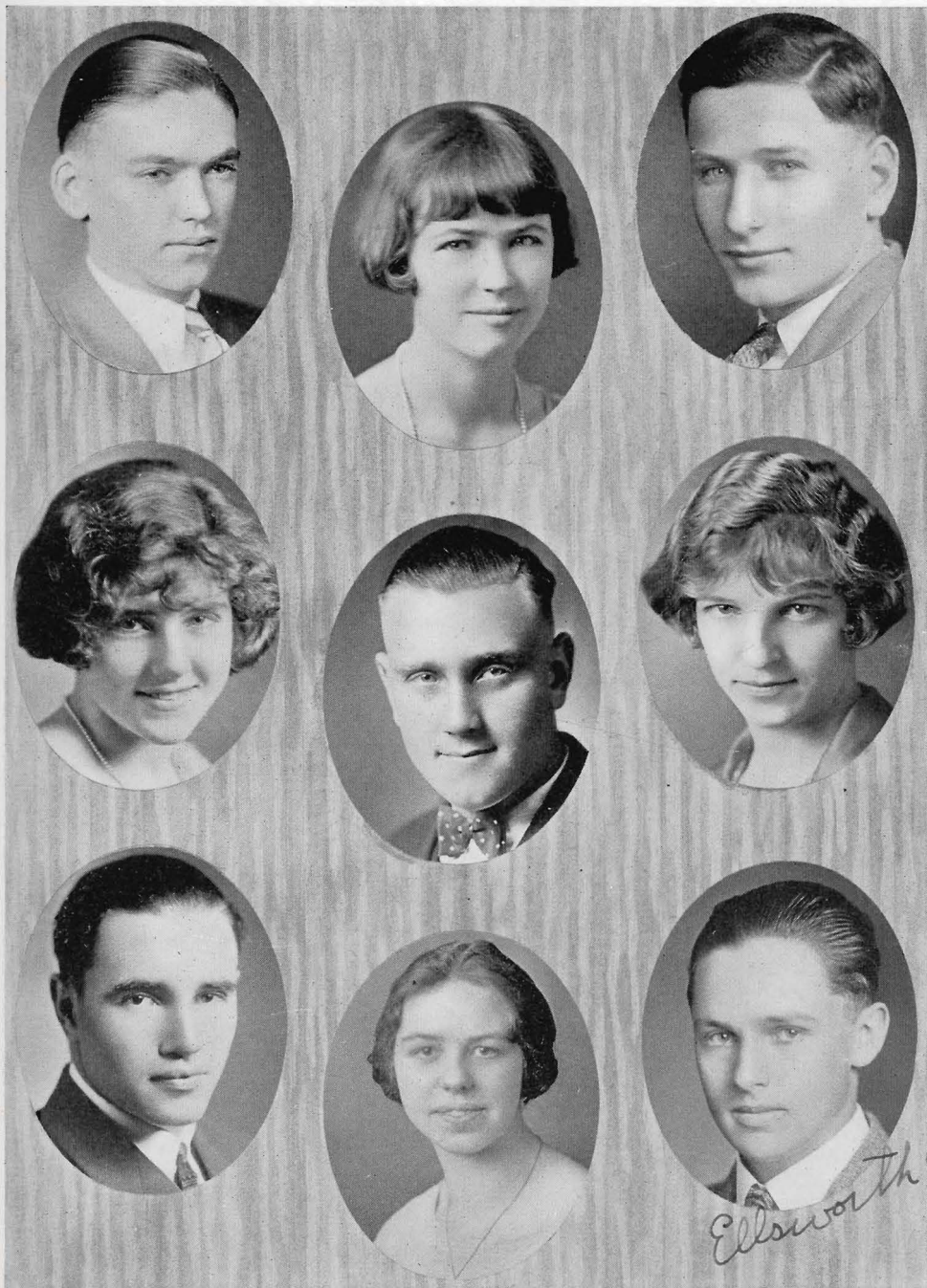


IVAN GERARDY  
EVELYN STEINKAMP  
GENEVIEVE BROWN

OLIVE OPDYLKE  
CAROLINE HANSEN  
ROBERT HAGUE

OWEN ORR  
LEORA CHASE  
HAZEL TATHAM



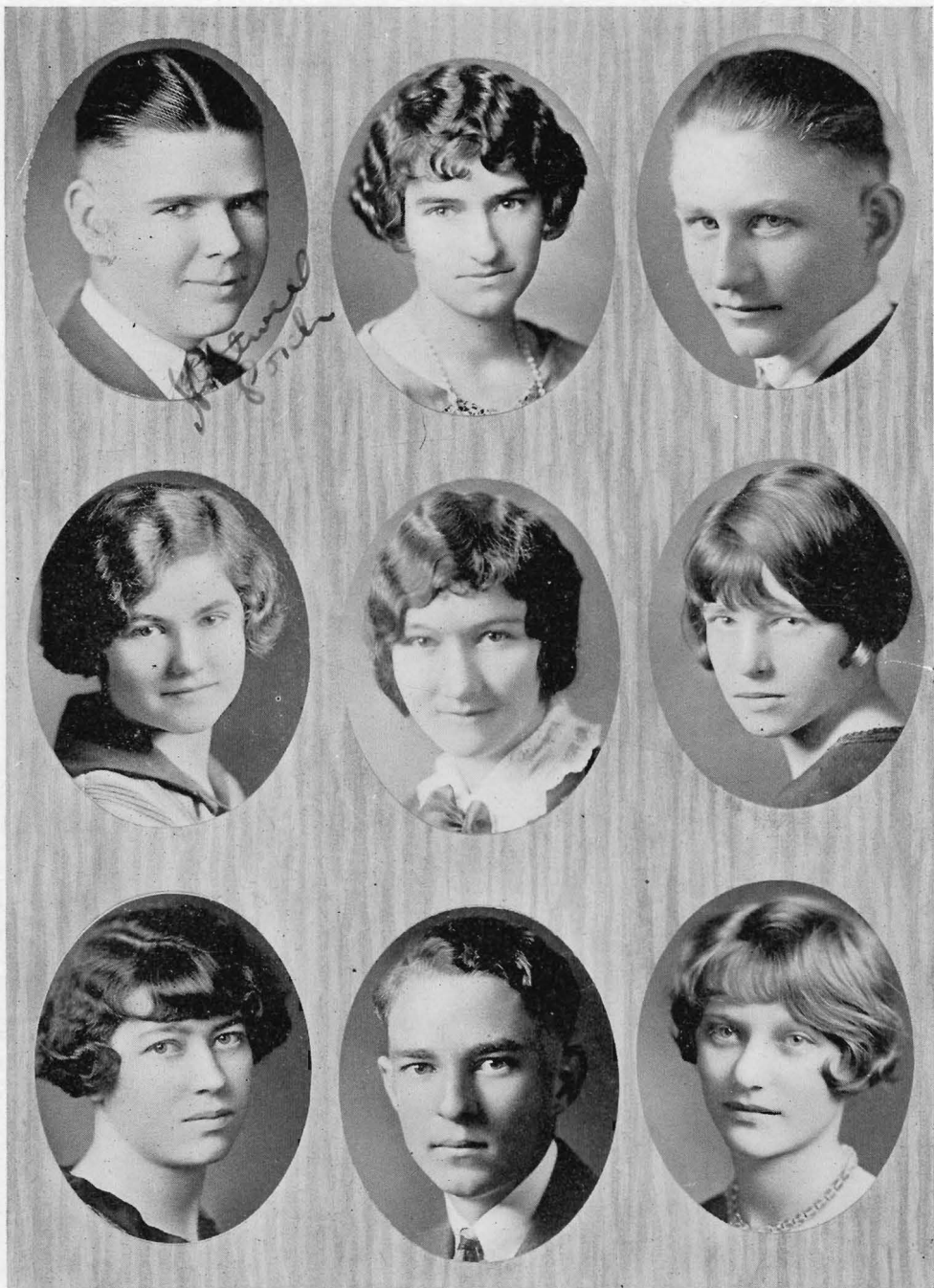


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WILEY CORNELISON

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THOMAS MECKFESSEL  
RUTH BIDDALL

SHIRLEY ABRAMSON  
PAULINE KNOTT  
ELLSWORTH BURT



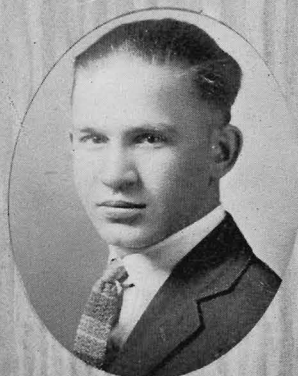


HARTWELL PORCH  
ERDA KROMER  
HAZEL McFALL

THELMA DE FIELD  
BERYAL MENDENHALL  
FRED ROBINSON

EDMUND PILZ  
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GEORGIA EHRHARDT

JACK WELSH  
JULIUS MOTRONI

HELEN COLE  
MABLE FONG  
LEO RATTO



# JUSTUS



Barbara Beach

## Just Us

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About this time every year the thoughts and interest of the Great General Public of the High School are centering around Commencement and the Graduates. Everyone, from the loftiest dweller of the inner sanctum down to the lowliest soph is trying to think of something to do for the seniors, trying to impress on his memory the images of those dear, soon-to-be-departed. One result of these fond efforts is the Review, that great and glorious production, consisting primarily of tributes to the seniors. Over half of the book is taken up with their photographs, but these pictures of the mere physiognomy do not satisfy that deeper longing to remember these friends as they are. The outward semblance is too often deceiving to serve as a memorial of personality. Therefore to meet this great demand, it was decided to establish as a permanent department of the Review, the "Just Us," that proved so successful before. This department need not always be interpreted in the same way, but it is to consist of a personal, intimate portrait of the graduating classes by which they may be remembered in their natural mood and not "on pose" for a camera.

Speaking of cameras, we all know that the best picture, the truest likeness, is caught when the subject is off guard. That is why (and we wish to herein apologize for the deceit, however pleasant it may have been) there was introduced throughout the school, and particularly among the graduates, certain seemingly inoffensive little articles, which however, acted as cameras, waiting to catch them unaware—need the character books be referred to further?

The success of their efforts you may judge for yourself, as we here present them as a memorial to the true natures of the graduates—"Just Us"—the classes of '25.



Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
Willard Sperry	Bill	Chubby	Eating	To be a tennis champion	Playing tennis
Florence Mills	Flo	Old-maidish	Not studying	To be a school teacher	Reading
Sam Gottfried	Sammy	Dark and beautiful	Neckties	To be an editor	Dancing
Mary Nicolaus	Mary Nic	Tubby	Absent-minded	To be an artist	Drawing
Dwight Miller	Pinkie	Jolly	Girls	To be a naval officer	Sleeping
Laura Bosworth	Skeezix	Short	Love for the gym.	To be a teacher	Gymnastics
Bertram Gordon	Bert	Like a professor	Cadets	To go to West Point	Digging ditches
Elsen Glide	Shucks	Swedish	Bashful	To be a cow-boy	Riding
Wilbert Wong	Bill	Just so	Dreaming	To be an artist	School
Ray Lyons	Slim	Lanky	Knowing it all	To be a reporter	Bluffing
Dorothy Franks	Dot	Ideal for a nurse	Blinking	To be a nurse	Folding bandages
Jack Fingado	Finn	Curly locks	Saying "ain't"	To become President of the United States	Eating
Marvin Beskeen	Buck	Chunky	Going out	To travel	Doing nothing
Robert Triplett	Bob	Perfection	Working too late	To be a United States chemist	Studying
Jack Radonich	Fat	Friendly	Flirting	To be a warden	Begging
Modelia Thomas	Delia	Sweet	Being late to school	To do social settlement work	Reading
Anna Wells	Annie	Blonde	Slang	To have a twenty-six room mansion	Trying to be dignified
Dorothy Ripley	Dot	Homey	Not getting home on time	To loaf	Studying
Daisy King	Dais	As good as could be expected	Forgetting to study	To struggle through college	Finding nothing to do
Forrest Hill	Hill	Manly	Afraid of girls	To be a lawyer	Overcoming shyness
Walter Schrot	Walt	Attractive	Fondness for girls	To attain success	Not working
Stephen Paxton	Steve	Tubby	Procrastination	To be a chamber of commerce secretary	Matador
Jerauld Fritz	Jerry	Sloppy	Laziness	To be an old man	Sleeping
Wallace Alexander	Wally	Good	Staying out late	To make his Ford go faster	Traveling salesman
Beatrice Darrow	Bee	Attractive	Absent minded	To be a great artist	Swimming
Frances Sullivan	Pat	Tall and lanky	Chewing gum	To be as short as Marian Frankland	Doing nothing
Margaret Feudner	Maggie	Cute	Always in wrong	To be a kindergarten teacher	Practicing the piano

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
Mary Wright	Twinny	Plain	Sleeping too late	To be a kindergarten teacher	Being Martha
Martha Wright	Twinny	Plain	Sleeping too late	To be a nurse	Being Mary
Olive Reynolds	Curly	Correct	Lack of studying	To be a stenographer	Reading
Dorothy Bradley	Dot	Demure	Too inquisitive	To be a school teacher	Sleeping
Norma Pierce	Norm	A typical "red head"	Quick temper	To be a pipe-organist	Dancing
Elwood Rossi	Steam-boat	Interesting	Falling in love	To be a traveling salesman	Sitting in front of the store
Kenneth Harris	Kenny	Attractive	Sarcasm	To be a dentist	Fishing
Hazel Warren	Haze	Tall and lanky	Eating	To be a second Helen Bullard	Writing letters to Stanford
Helen Bullard	Has none	Charming	Thinking of Stockton	To be as happy-go-lucky as Hazel Warren	Eating
Almonta Kitchen	Monty	Peculiar	Sleeping late	To be a civil engineer	Football
Helen Howe	Dixie	Coy	Clumsiness	To become a millionaire's wife and travel abroad	Wasting time at movies
Eleanor Katzenstein	El	Unusual	Temperamental	To be a literary success	Writing stories
Mary Dentino	Mar	Prim	Shyness	To be a farmer's wife	Horseback riding
Charles Merrick	Charlie	Fair	Forgetting chore duties	To be a farmer	Harvesting
Bartolomeo Daneri	Barto	Striking	Pacing the floor	To be an engineer	Writing about Italy
Leo Harding	Lee	Sheiky	Girls	To be in love	Bumming
Thelma Baron	Bama	Pleasant	Talking with hands	To be an artist	Loafing
Hazel Duffus	Hae	Always the same	Sarcasm	To get married	Joy-riding
Bernard Gallagher	Barney	Wide-awake	Eating	To be King of England	Scouting
Denton Reese	Cheese	A bright lad	Big feet	To be a champ golfer	Playing golf
Glenn Young	Bird	Slippery	Shop lifting	To be a cow puncher	Singing
Elmerna Bush	Merna	Rusty	Talking at the wrong time	To make other people behave	Amateur sculpturing
Bäbette Bailey	Babs	Adorably tiny	Too many	To be a second Paderewski	Loafing
Ruth Skeels	Red-head	Saucy	Prevaricating	To be a social worker	Loafing
Dorothy Brown	Dot	Classy	Disposition	To be successful	Dancing
Clovys Court	Red	Bashful	Laziness	To get a drawing in The Review	Drawing



Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
Barbara Beach	Barb	Just swell	Drawing in school books	To be a commercial artist	Drawing
Margaret Meyer	Marg	Shy	Talking about people	To go to a military ball having Paul White-man's band	Horseback riding
Marjory Farrell	Marj	Short and cute	Being saucy	To be a singer	Singing
Marion Dutton	Dutch	Flirtatious	Falling in love with Sophs	To be like Tillie the Toiler	Dancing
Dick Lawrence	Andy	Harmless	Slicing	To beat Howard at tennis	Helping the street cars
Margaret Hunn	Peggy	So sweet and pretty	Falling in love with some-one I can't have	To be thin willowly and cute	Loafing
Margaret Lyon	Marg	Pleasantly plump	Wearing my hair straight	To grow thin	Acting silly
Dorothy Moskovitz	Dot	Thin	One is as bad as the other	To get a little fatter	Doing nothing
Florence Tonzi	Flossie	Plump	Cutting reg.	To get out of Hi	Flirting
Louise Boquet	Porky	Dark and attractive	Talking too much	To get married	To be a musician
Hertha Jensen	Herdie	Sweet	Hating myself	To get out of high school	Getting dinner
Genevieve Weiss-Tanquary	Gen	Pretty	Being sarcastic	To be a journalist	Traveling in China
Lloyd Buckler	Buck	Tall and straight	Sleeping	To be a lawyer	Loafing
Virginia Baugh	Jimmy	Quiet	The way I drive a car	To make good in newspaper work	Swimming
Dorothea Little	Dort	Plain	Dieting	To be a stenographer	Doing nothing
Lawrence Wilbur	Laura	Dubious	Never doing things on time	To be a prizefighter	Golfing
Lawrence Wessing	Wess	Skimpy	Careless talking	To get an easy job	Washing the car
Genevieve Thomas	Gen	Demure	Too prim and proper	To be independent	Dancing
Eugene Milligan	Gene	Quiet	Working overtime	To burn out vacuum tubes	Working a radio
Louise Grant	Lou	Tiny	Getting home late	To be a school marm	Dancing
Jack Varcoe	Vaucoe	Alert	Going to movies	To be a handsome forest ranger	Fishing
Earle Baker	Snake	Snaky	Acquiring second-hand automobiles	To own a better machine than the one I have now	Climbing roofs
Ethel Stewart	Eth	Refined	Breaking dishes	To marry	Washing dishes

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
Edwin Berry	Ed	Wholesome	Slipping on skates	To become a millionaire	Skating
Tyrus Chan	Ty	Alive	Talking too much	To return to China	Studying
Ichiro Hamatake	Ich	Respectable	Too smart	To get through college	Working
Yoshiaki Matsuda	Yosh	Distinguished	Too quiet	To be a sword swallower	Practicing how
Ruth Gerber	Billie	Scrumgolious	Giving Helen Howe nervous prostration over this sketch	To travel	Killing time
Harrison Slawson	Tin	Heroic	My perfect dancing	To sell jazzy ties	Smoking a pipe
Madys Laufman	Glad	Dumb	Chewing gum	To be a high school teacher	Queenening
Edward Templeman	Ed	Slim	Length	To shrink	Bluffing the teacher
Shirley Abramson	Little Abe	Sawed-off	Bumming around	To be a zoo keeper	Playing solitaire
Evelyn Compton	Peggy	Perfect "36"	Dreaming	To be a detective	Reading advertisements
Hazel Bishop	Cricket	Bashful	Studying the dictionary	To be a turtle trainer	Writing
Undena Cottrell	Brick	Fifty-fifty	Giggling	To own a collie	Eating salted peanuts
Robert Jerauld	Bud	Stiff	Quietness	To be a bell hop	Butlering
Claude Peeler	Peel	Lanky	Seriousness	To be a clown in a circus	Bluffing
Samuel Schwab	Sam	Sparing	Too studious	Travel around the world	Studying
Soko Shiba	Socko	Athletic	Playing	To be a baseball manager	Jumping rope
Zelda Warren	Zeld	Charming	Talking	To be a singer	Singing
Beatrice Beckley	Bee	Fascinating	Talking	To get a "1" in gym	Dancing
Bernice Calloway	Bern	Staid	Giggling	To be a painter	Dreaming
Leora Chase	Lee	Light and small	Not studying	To graduate	Being good
James Davis	Jimmy	Jovial	Laughing	To be an author	Sleeping
Margaret Hooper	Maggie	Drawn-out	Curly hair	To be a bare-back rider	Gym
Helen Robinson	Slats	Roly-poly	Dieting	To be a chauffeur	Sneezing
Evelyn Steinkamp	Shrimp	Under-fed	Vamping eyes	To dance the horn-pipe	Gossiping
Lucille Weber	Dicky	Firy	Doing Math	To be a motorman	Verbal battles
Wilma Decker	Will	Vampish	Flunking	To have a good time	Cutting
Rosalie Dallman	Shorty	Wideish	Eating	To be a prima donna	Fancy diving
Ford Monroe	Sprouts	Spaghattish	Courting Mildred Goad	To be a radio broadcaster	Outrunning speed cops



Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
Viola Gill	Red	Interesting	Not having my hair bobbed	To get the moon	Trying to reach the moon
Elaine Polglase	Lleen	Fascinating	Talking in reg.	To graduate	Chewing gum
Florence Henderson	Flossie	The ballad type	Vamping	To be a movie actress	Doing English
Minnie Meredith	O'Min	Funny	Keeping quiet	To sleep	Worrying about studies
Minerva Inman	Min	Comfortable	Undecided	To swim Hellespont	Driving a car
Edwina Rice	Ed	Punk	Keeping quiet	To graduate from Hi	Reading
Erda Kromer	Erd	Small and dark	Too shy	To be able to do French	Studying
Eleanor Sherburn	Pete	Five feet and five inches and dark	Saucy	To be a good wife	Dancing
Adelia Maisch	Dee	Slender	Playing net ball	To graduate	Doing anything interesting
Olive Opdylke	Slats	Ask anyone who knows	Talking on telephone	To be superintendent of hospital ward	Hiking
Marcella Mills	Mars	Fair and medium sized	Afraid to speak up	To get over shyness	Reading
May Peacock	Tiny	Small	Too short	To get bigger	Doing stretching up exercises
Lucy Vincent	Lou	Blue-eyed brunette	One's as bad as the other	To graduate	Reciting in English 8
Wesley Baker	Wes	Marcelled	Curly lashes	To escape all finals	Keeping up appearances
Dorothy Bateman	Dot	Unassuming	Too quiet	To pass chemistry	Being good
Wilbur Breeding	Will	Dark	Tennis	To be a tennis champion	Doing physics
Helen Cole	Hellie	Clever	Cutting gym	To graduate	Dancing
Eleanor Dosch	El	Quiet	Too good	To graduate	Doing chemistry
Ivan Gerardy	Ivanhoe	Dutch	Carelessness	To do nothing	Acting
Matthew Jablonski	Matt	Neat	A liking for Math.	To be best dressed man in town	Doing Math.
Alice Mayeda	Al	Knee-high to a grass-hopper	Being quiet	To graduate	Talking to Mary in reg.
Vernon Muse	Vern	Tall and blonde	English	To be a lawyer	Reclining in the arms of Morpheus
Kenneth Howard	Kenny	Tall and handsome	Arguing	To beat Tilden	Playing tennis
Ida Lerner	Snooks	Happy	Tennis	To be a singer	Reading
Loma Kellogg	Pete	Saucy	Forgetting	To be a musician	Dancing
Richard Long	Dick	Athletic	Blushing	To be a cow-boy	Riding horses
Helen McCollister	Mac	Blonde	Slang	To be an artist	Swimming

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
Dorothy McKee	Dot	Cute but quiet	Too shy	To learn how to flirt	Looking for someone to teach me
Kay Miyakawa	Peanut	Striking	Forgetting to study	To be a lawyer	Eating and sleeping
Marvina Lynn	Sally	Can't be beat	Silliness	To marry a jeweler's son	Having a good time
Beverly Gibson	Bevo	Elongated	Size	To outsheik the Sheik	Practicing my chosen art
Ruth Legate	Legate	Cute	Talking	To be a private secretary	Reading
Charles Van Alstine	Charly my boy	Fine	Girls	To be a writer	Automobile riding
Mildred Brown	Mil	Wild	Me	To over-come my worst fault	Doing gym. work
Floyd Anderson	Peewee	Tiny	Bashfulness	To be a sheik	Studying a famous sheik's method
Georgia Ehrhardt	Georgie	Intriguing	My reserve	To graduate	Keeping quiet
Robert Ennis	Bob	Discouraging	Not studying	To be a baseball player	Playing baseball
Virginia Sellon	Polka Dot	Dumb	Eating	To have a hen-pecked husband	Athletics
Lawrence Wait	Shortie	Handsome	Laughing	To be a hobo	Swimming
Maxine Ehrman	Maxie	Dainty	Gentleness	To be a cave-woman	Reading
Robert Stafford	Bob	Attractive	Self-conscious	Not to be self-conscious	Getting in wrong
Margaret Low	Mag	Clever	Failing to do lessons	To be an old maid	Gabbing
Alice Basler	Al	Perfect	Too peaceful	To graduate	Saying nothing
Annalee Brown	Bobbie	Flirtatious	Studying	To get out of high school	Trying to
Elizabeth Beeman	Betty	Peppery	Getting sore when I'm called Red	To set fire to the town	Raising the dickens
Helen Goodwin	Tommy	Demure	Writing notes	To be a teacher	Teaching
Gertrude Clark	Gertie	Slender	Too modest	To be a school teacher	Playing hop-sotch
Marcella Lyons	Marc	Ten pounds too much	Studying	To be a private secretary	Cutting
La Verne Cloud	Vern	Small and dark	Too fond of dancing	To be the star of a musical	Dancing
Cecilia Hall	Diz	Irish	Flirting	To marry a fruit man	Being bossy
Marcile Evans	Mars	Mild	Being ticklish	To get married	Learning how to cook
Mabel Fong	Dumbell	Lilly Like	Trying to talk	To be a dancer	Reading



Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
Effie Poole	Ef	Neat and tidy	Chew gum too hard	To be a nurse	Eating
Dino Pucci	Dean	Husky	Loafing	To be a baker	Making dough
Dorothy Reese	Dot	Saintly	Not keeping up my appearance	To be a gym, teacher	Making resolutions
Christopher Lorraine Swett	Chris	Handsome	Bashfulness	To be a banditto	Eating jelly beans
Elsie Campbell	Ham	Good-looking	Crying	To keep from falling in love	Falling in love
Elder Cecchettini	Chick	Mild	Driving a Ford	To go to Atlantic City	Playing marbles
Doris Kinser	Shylocks	Cruel and sharp	Chumming with Sophs	To be a champ golfer	Driving a Dodge
Hugh Strachan	Bud	Dignified	My dignity	To be a senator	Sleeping
Robertta Meiss	Bobbie	Demure	Giggling	Trying to make honor roll	Combing hair
Jeannette Larkin	Tiny	The right size	Too shy	To grow tall	Being a studious student
Leo Granucci	Lee	Keen	Coming to school	To take Rudolph Valentino's place	Keeping myself looking keen
Rose Salvetti	Giggles	Fat and jolly	Eating candy	To be a private secretary	Trying to make the honor roll
Phil Bradford	Brad	Neat, tidy, etc.	Singing	To be a political boss	Playing jacks
Virginia Sturdavant	Ginger	Short and cute	Too studious	To be an opera singer	Reading
Burnett Polhemus	Polly	Very good looking	Eating pencils	To finish school	Talking
Verna Miller	Sis	Petite	Talking too much	To be an artist	Reading
Ed Pilz	Pills	Intellectual	Studying	To become President of U. S.	Working
Bernard Drescher	Bernie	Tall and handsome	Bragging	To be a second Julian Eltinge	Bragging
Frank King	Rosie	Grouchy	Studying	To be admiral of Swiss navy	Matching pennies
Don Davis	Don	Tall	Dumbness	To be bright	Loafing
George O'Brien	Gob	Intelligent	Proving appearances deceitful	To be able to ride a sawhorse	Sleeping
Brant Chaplin	Bus	Plain	Falling in love	To be a lawyer	Talking
Francis Moore	More or Less	Angelic	Flat pocket book	To eat oysters	Going to movies
Raymond Schreiman	Ray	Inviting	Eating	To be a hobo	Sleeping
Echo Willi	Echi Willo	Wishy-Washy	Quick temper	To graduate from Hi	Playing bridge
Lawrence Hahn	Good-looking	Tall and handsome	Too attractive to other fellow's girl	To find another sleeping Beauty	Looking for her

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
Lloyd Dallman Jessie Clayton Kathrine Bullock	Pug Reddy Cody	Oh, girls! Rusty Pleasant	Hunting ducks Hunting trouble Teasing	To be a sheik To be an authoress To graduate	Breaking hearts Killing time Going to football games
Lester Granger Vera Sherman Nettie Hawks	Sweet-one Red Babe	Tall Bright as a dollar Not too bad	Industrious Worrying over trifles Short dresses	To graduate To get rid of freckles To graduate from S.H.S.	Mindin' my business Day dreaming Keeping out of work
Clark Hunger	Hungry	Too good for words	Staying out late	To be a garbage collector	Sleeping
Marjorie Schultz	Marg	Peroxide blonde with freckles	Chewing gum	To be a school-marm	Dancing
Nellie Vance	Bill	Small but important	Bashfulness	To be a second Edna Wallace Hopper	Lookin' for "Sally"
Myrtle Lugg	Pickles	Uncertain	Talking faster than I think	To win a love set at tennis	Playing tennis
Florence Neelley	Ted	Just ordinary	Forgetting people's names	To be wife of a President	Swimming
Jean de la Bourdonie	Cold Molasses	Innocent as a lamb	Being alive	Absolutely none	Doing nothing
Celia Groff	Cele	Ordinary	Forgetting	Author	Tennis
Ashley Russell	Rusty	Dumb	Owning a Ford bug	To bask in the sunshine	Helping a retired father
Virginia Rice	Virg	Swell	Boys	To be in love	Breaking resolutions
Charles O'Brien	Excellency	Grand	Studying too hard	To eat forever	Eating
Edna Mae Bundy	Ed	Coquettish	Being myself	To be a court reporter	Dancing
Edward Wilde	Ed	Slim-Jimish	Not studying enough for ex's	To be a hobo	Camping
Helen Stangeland	Vim	Sparkling	Breaking engagements	To be a lawyer	Chewing gum
Francis Waldo Spear- man	Brownie	Harmless	Powdering nose	To swim backwards	Pearl-diving
Emily Barnes	Em	Inviting	Contradicting	To be a private secretary	Dancing
Howard Baxter	James Oliver	Very tall but not very wide	Foolishness	To be a cowboy	Reporting
Leola Baker	Smiles	Dumpling	Too easy going	To be a missionary	Grinning
Boyd Fisher	Bud	Just a nice little boy	Teasing	To be an organ grinder	Learning how to fulfill my ambition
Elsie Hoskin	Sally	Dark and wistful	Hot-tempered	To be a Latin teacher	Reading
Thomas Yerby	Tom	Long and lanky	High school student	To be a bride-groom	Studying to fulfill ambition



Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
Ruth Curl	Curly	Odd	Nose	To be brilliant	Playing tag
Leo Ratto	Sheik	Sawed-off	Playing cards	To be a millionaire	Rolling eyes
John Robinson	Jack	Pugilistic	Laziness	To see the sunrise	Sleeping
Margaret Godard	Billie	Charming	Talking in Reg.	To go to Cal.	Studying
Robert Hague	Bob	Quiet	Shyness	To be a lawyer	Studying
Ethelwynn Harmson	Ethie	Wise	Powdering nose	To graduate	Talking
Frances Hunt	Fran	Sweet	Talking	To be a nurse	Being secretary of organizations
Elsie Kasper	El	Medium	Chewing gum	To be a school-marm	Giggling
Leonard Landuk	Len	Always the same	Sleeping	To be a policeman	Eating
Viola Lorenz	Vi	Blonde	Too quiet	To be a teacher	Gym
Marcella Mills	Marc	Fair	Noisy	To graduate	Doing chem.
George Harding	Hard	Tall and slender	Hitting homers	To be a second Babe Ruth	Playing baseball
Nilan Norris	Pud	Porcupinish	Quiet	To be a 100 yard man	Chasing ads
Hartwell Porch	Porch	Just been scrubbed	Shyness	To be second Michael Angelo	Drawing
Fred Robinson	Freddie	Bashful	Being track captain	To run a mile in 4:25	Being class president
Arthur Seymour	Jack	Promising	Always late	To enter West Point	Teaching rookies how
Jack Welsh	Jack	Intelligent	Arguing	To be a man of the world	Running the X-Ray
Richard Worth	Dick	Curly headed	Over exertion	No one knows	Cutting class
Harry Wrinkle	Bobbie	Good looking	Keeping quiet	To be an editor	Orating
Robert Zarick	Robbie	Latin type	Athletics	To be a quarter-back	Manufacturing hot air
Benjamin Frantz	Ben	Sturdy	Walk	To be an actor	Growing mustaches
William Flanagan	Bill	Dignified	Talking	To graduate	Studying chem.
Lyda Mix	Spuddie	Foolish	I won't tell	I da wanna tell	Dancing
Julius Motroni	Julie	Small and dark	Showing up Valentino	To shine as a movie star	Neglecting to overcome worst fault
Irene Tepper	Shanty	Short but sweet	Flirting	To be somebody's stenog.	Hitting the keys
Lois Milligan	Louie	Tiny dizzy blonde	Gossiping	To be a champion hot-dog eater	Dancing
Wiley Cornelison	Pug	Dark	Laziness	To graduate	Asking questions
Helen Wahlander	Wally	Lanky	Forgetting	To be an artist	Drawing
Ruth Johnson	Roose	Tall, stout, dark	Being small	To be a singer	Dancing
Ted Slauson	Red	Unusual	Don't know when to stop	To be a pitcher	Sleeping
Wanda Truman	Hay	Short, thin, light	Slowness	To be a taxi driver	Dancing

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
Mary Oyama	Mar	Petite	Too little	To grow up	Memorizing the Civic's book
Edward Phipps	Ed	Oh, Boy!	You pick out the worst one	To become an alumnus	Kidding Mr. Kelso
Fern Stead	Fernie	Curly-headed brunette	Dancing	To be able to cook	Reading
Yasatuka Miyaoka	Tuka	Dark	Studying too hard	To be a dentist	Studying teeth
Schuniche Yabe	Snookie	Dignified	Being quiet	To be a poet	Writing poetry
Richard Arbogast	Dick	Sleek	Looking in a mirror	To be a movie star	Chewing gum
Lois Beskeen	Louie	Demure	Talking	To be a school teacher	Smiling sweetly
Robert Black	Bob	Brilliant	Too much energy	To get out Review	Slicking up
Fred Brunner	Butch	Dark	Too quiet	To be president of Swanston's Packing Co.	Going on field trips with Aggies
Francis Burke	Rank	Light	Studying too hard	To grow stout	Eating
Ellsworth Burt	Ipp	Healthy	Ignorance	To be an entomologist	Hunting bugs
Raymond Howard	Ray	Athletic	Cutting	Hooky-cop	Football
Paul Keller	Polly	Bright	Tennis	To go to college	Studying
Owen Orr	Farmer	Reddish	Growing weeds	To be an agriculturist	Hoeing
Arnell Gillett	Arnje	Striking	Reciting poetry	To get to Stanford	Being Editor
Preston Greene	Pres	Modest	Soberness	To be a motorcycle racer	Art
Thelma de Field	Sis	Studious	Arguing	To be a snake charmer	*Aesthetic dancing
Margaret O'Neill	Peggy	Cranky	Slowness	To own an old maid's boarding school	Bosising my brother
Harold Schaden	Hal	Blonde	Wearing garters	To be a human fly	Joshing Mr. Fishback
Viretta Hoskins	Vee	Dainty	Too quiet	To be an actress	Belonging to the G. A. A.
Claire Johnson	Skinny	Tall and thin	Flirting	To be a second Barbara La Marr	Not overcoming my worst fault
Richard Norton	Dick	Studious	Shyness	To be able to flirt	Learning how
Helen Blackwell	Blackie	Short	Teasing	To marry a movie star	Reading
Gene La Clair	Clair	French	Curly hair	To stop being shy	Farming
Roberta Walker	Robbie	Tall and light	Being too lively	To be a dancer	Teasing



Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
Thelma Azevedo Dorothy Seibel	Grandma Dot	Dumb and old-maidish Light and tiny	Slowness Talking	To be a school marm To be a high school teacher	Doing chemistry Fording
M. Albert Yost Kathryne Garner Frances James	Jim Kate Fran	Speedy Tall and thin Nice	Fooing myself Wiggling around Taking part in mock weddings	To find a girl like me To be like Miss Jones To be a stenographer	Talking Eating Acting
Alvin Wood Beryal Mendenhall Hattie Haas Merle Walther Margarette Peacock Ethel Middleton Ruby Cole Alma Bradovich Muriel Feller	Pug Babe Hat Fat Babe Chick Coal Al Buzz	Light complexioned Lean, long, lanky Fat Fair Pleasingly plump Attractive Pleasingly plump Blue eyes and light hair Literary	Making outlines Writing plays Eat too much Untidiness Like too many sweets Lazy Being good Talking in class Talking without thinking Giggling Talking Talking in class Talking over phone	To take life easy To love and be loved To be a fancy dancer To be a bun To be an actress To be an old maid To be a lady of leisure To be a school teacher To be a novelist	Playing ball Loafing Reading Eating Reading Dancing Swimming Dancing Wasting time
Thelma Maxwell Lois Little Bernice Garoutte Doris Shaw	Tommy Loly Bea Pegs	Natural Green-eyed and tall Husky Tall and skinny	thinking Giggling Talking Talking in class Talking over phone	To be a court reporter To be a millionaire Swim the Golden Gate To graduate in June	Reading Being a school-girl Dancing Struggling through High School Dancing Acting Having a good time
Atha' Shepherd Alice Renner Eva Pearson	Little Girl Jack Eve	Medium all 'round Good looking Medium, tall, dark	Vamping Eating candy Drawing	To get married To be popular To be a gum-chewing stenographer To be an interior decorator	Dancing Acting Having a good time
Carolyn Hansen	Sister Sue	Tall young thing	Cramming for ex's	To be an interior decorator	Drawing
Elizabeth Read Lola McKenzie Raymond Renwick	Betty Red Ray	Clinging vine One of our red-heads Musty	Hanging around Rose Hesitating Happy disposition	To get out of school To be a school teacher To solve mystery of women's minds To be a nurse To be a school teacher To be a movie star	Trying to pass in Latin Walking in the rain Cake-eating
Hazel McFall Geraldine Latham Theodore Labhard	Haz Jerry Angel Face	Sleepy Not very tall Small, high, fat, skinny guy	Drawling Too many to mention Too handsome	To be a nurse To be a school teacher To be a movie star	Hiking Fencing Matching pennies
Thelma Derr Hazel Tatham	Beans Baby Breath	Just so Tiny, little creampuff	Flirting with boys Dimples	To make my husband a good wife To be a dish-washer	Running around the track Loafing

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Worst Fault	Ambition	Favorite Occupation
John McKenna	Dusty	Pleasing	Conceited	To reach college	Waiting
Margaret Angwin	Honey	Dark raving beauty	Being mean	To find someone I really like	Going places
Tom Wardlaw	Pinky	Not so good	Playing tiddly winks	To win once in awhile	Playing "S. S."
Genevieve Brown	Jen	Fat and sassy	Drinking (water)	To be a tight rope walker	Walking a chalk line
Henry Heisch	Spike	Tall and lanky	Girls	To find the right one	Wondering if what she says is true
Earl Van Tassel	Van	You never can tell	Dancing	To be a heart breaker	Kidding
Helen Collins	Mickey	Plump	Not having clean gym middies	To graduate	Telling yarns
Dorothy McKain	Dotty	Child-like	Seldom punctual	To go to the Philip-pines	Eating
Robert Lung	Bob	Well-fed	Bashful	To be an electrical engineer	Base ball
Edith Gordon	Edie	One of many	Selling tickets	To be an editor	Journalism
Victor Radonich	Hank	Too fat	"Get the rebound"	To be an athlete	Coaching the "C" team
Flora Stock	Billie	Short and sweet	Talking back	School teacher	Swimming
Nee Chang Chock	Chicken	Short	Grinning	To be an old-maid school teacher	Studying
Dorothy Gorman	Dot	Tall and beautiful	Gum	To graduate	Eating
Gwyneth Cox	Coxy	A speck-wearer	Cutting up	To be a school marm	Acting crazy
Marie Landgrebe	Violet	Blonde petite(?)	Oh! Harold	To be a nurse	Trying to learn
Mildred Goard	Mil	A tall one	Dropping things	To quit worrying	Leading a Ford
Meta Rae Fowler	Barney	Unusual	Talking back	To be a stenographer	Stepping out
Ruth Biddall	Ruthie	Short and dark	Talking	To pass in geometry	Reading stories
Maude Hoe	Jimmy	Athletic	Teasing	To be a nurse	Taking gym.
Lillian Syufy	Lill	Blonde	Too fat	To get by	Dieting
Pauline Knott	Paul	Blonde	Getting my lessons	To graduate	Carrying books home
Eleanor Irvine	Irvie	Pleasing	Eating candy	To be in the Secret Service	Being lazy
Alice Wurster	Ollie	Short and fat	Eating candy	To be a nurse	Dancing
Garold Curo	Doc	Latin type	Loafing	To win a pie-eating contest	Playing Tiddly-winks
Florence Richards	Flo	Forbidding	Laughing	To find a perfect boy	Riding
Tom Meckfessel	Tiny	Small	Loafing	To be a star	Kidding
Lucile Joslin	Joke	Not very tiny	Lazy	To play a harp	Trying to remember
Jack Driver	Dong	Deceiving	Playing with machinery	To run a locomotive	Hunting



# SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



THE "CAF" STAFF



SCHOOL BUS ?



INCINERATOR



COME ON SEVEN!



FARMERETTES



BLOW HARD!



A PARLOR TACKLE!



NATIONAL PASTIME



HARD LABOR



HAIR LIP?

*F.V.S.*

## Don't Be Tardy

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In behind the tardy place  
Sits the judge of your strange case.  
"Have I had the three or more?"  
"Other office. You've had four."

Oh, cruel and heartless Miss Frazee,  
Why couldn't you be kind to me?  
Now I must go to another one,  
Probably ruthless Miss Ferguson,

Your case is over and you have lost;  
You must pay, with terrific cost.  
For five long evenings you must stay,  
While other fellows are on their way.

The moral is obvious. Don't be late,  
Because these folks will seal your fate.  
So if you don't like to stay after school,  
Have "Keep on Time" for a golden rule.

HOWARD BAXTER, '25.



# Class Activities

## 1924-1925

## Class Officers

### Sophomore B

Advisors—Mr. Bender, Mrs. Lillard, Mrs. Thomsen

President .....	Edgar Boyles
Vice-president .....	Ruth Nickles
Secretary .....	Marjorie McLennan
Treasurer .....	Harvey Johnson

### Sophomore A

Advisors—Mrs. Hermitage, Mrs. Ball, Mr. Pook, Mrs. Sim, Miss Riggs

President .....	Robert Stevens
Vice-president .....	Ralph Giffen
Secretary-treasurer .....	Evelyn Ross
Sergeant-at-arms .....	Ralph Moore

### Junior B

Advisors—Miss Crowley, Miss Seitz, Mr. Shadwick

President .....	Francis Adams
Vice-president .....	Alice Penner
Secretary-treasurer .....	Maecola Eastburn
Sergeant-at-arms .....	Russell Braddock

### Junior A

Advisors—Miss Godbolt, Miss Bell, Mr. Broecker

President .....	Francis Pope
Vice-president .....	Catherine Brown
Secretary-treasurer .....	Naomi Rau
Sergeant-at-arms .....	Sumner Perkins

### Senior B

Advisors—Miss Jones, Miss Rible, Mr. Everett

President .....	James Quick
Vice-president .....	Margaret Gould
Secretary-treasurer .....	Ina Boyd
Sergeant-at-arms .....	Henry Rodergerdts

### Senior A

Advisors—Mr. Williamson, Miss Ashby, Miss Macdonald

President .....	Fred Robinson
Vice-president .....	Beryl Mendenhall
Secretary-treasurer .....	Elsie Hoskins
Sergeant-at-arms .....	Wesley Baker



## February Class History 1925

The history of the class of February, 1925, is a varied one and its unrelated happenings have kept us alert and tremendously busy. We have always been told that our class was the most insignificant one to pass through the high school in many years; we have been criticized over and over again by both teachers and schoolmates alike, because our record was so eventless.

As we look back, are we proud of that record which, during our time in high school, has been held constantly before our minds until we hated the thought of it? Yes! In our loyal hearts we cherish it, we honor it, and we do take pride in it, because we made it.

Entering Harkness, Stanford, and Watson as freshmen, we were the usual flock of inexperienced, unsophisticated grammar school graduates, having fond memories of graduation ribbons and childish games. When we first wandered bewildered down the halls, stared and laughed at by the upper freshmen, we wondered if we would ever regain our lost senses. But we did; and we entered into the new spirit of an organized class with great rapidity.

At Harkness, the principal event of our low freshman year was our contribution to the pageant given at the State Fair grounds by the Parent-Teachers Association. Together with the always dominating upper freshmen, we carried out the nationality of Mexico in our booth. It was decorated to represent a Mexican hut, with palms and bamboo for a background, and oranges and bananas to give a tropical effect.

The most pretentious affair of the first six months at Stanford was a playlet, entitled, "Almost a Mormon." This was followed by a dance.

The record of our high freshman year contains more events, showing that our shyness had worn off. At Harkness, two one-act plays were given, entitled, "Three Pills in a Bottle," and "The Wonder Hat." An item of equal interest in the eyes of the students was the small circus which was given when word was received from the Main High that the big "S" circus had been postponed until the following semester. It was not, however, a circus, as that word is commonly understood, being more precisely an entertainment.

In our sophomore year, we came together for the first time as a unified class, ready to contribute our interest, our spirit, and our finances to the benefit of the school. But whether due to inefficient training in the Junior High schools or to the general indifference of the members of the class, our interest which we had hoped would be appreciated by the upper classmen lagged, and our school spirit, chilled by the disregard, refused to make its appearance. The reins of government were placed, late in the semester, in the hands of Wally Alexander and Bill Howe. One extremely stirring event which aroused the school and brought our existence into the limelight happened during the first half of our second year, the election of our candidate for Queen of the May Festival after an exciting race between the senior choice and Dorothea Todd, our entrant. When the votes were finally counted and it was found that the representative of the lowly sophomore class had surpassed the senior maiden in popularity, the school was greatly astonished.

In our junior year, there was only one major event in which our class participated. This was the Hi-Jinx, and was held in the last half of the

year. Our stunt was entitled, "The Fashion Show." The boys took the part of the mannequins and were dressed in the latest fashion. It was due to their cleverness that the stunt was such a success.

Our senior year was naturally the most eventful of all. The first half was taken up principally with the purchasing of the class pins through President Margaret Meyer. In the second half, under the leadership of Forrest Hill, and with the splendid conditions of the new building to encourage us, we led the other classes in nearly all major events. At the carnival given last December, we had a booth containing such weird apparitions that our fame spread throughout the halls and attracted mobs of visitors. A tag sale, held in January, between our class and the low seniors, proved our membership to consist of better salesmen. The climax of our busy last six months together was the senior dance held January 31st, in conjunction with the senior B's. The funds raised from this concentration of our efforts went toward making the 1925 Review a worthy representative of our high school.

So we have left, the largest mid-season class that has ever been graduated from the Sacramento High School.

Helen Howe, '25

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## The February Class Memorial

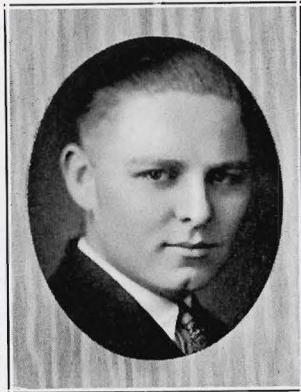
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As a token of the appreciation felt by the February graduates for the honor of being the first class to be graduated from the new High School, it was thought fitting that a suitable memorial, a more elaborate one than in former years, should be given to the school. Varied were the suggestions made, yet always with the idea of usefulness and beautification in mind. A fish pool to be placed in the inner court of the building was finally decided upon, but not in time to allow its construction and proffer before the date of graduation. Pond lilies, water grass, and the many active gold fish will always claim the interest of the entire student body and will heighten the attractiveness of the court itself. The plan, from its inception, had received the enthusiastic commendation of Mr. Dale and the teachers alike, and this enthusiasm ensures the proper care of the pool and its finny tribe.

The gift is a silent tribute of the respect and admiration held by the entire class for the patience and sympathy so often extended by the various teachers to those of us who had overstepped the bounds of discipline, incited by the thoughtlessness of youth. It is hoped that the pool's appealing beauty will tend to quiet any flurry that may result from similar acts of restlessness on the part of future graduates-to-be.

HELEN HOWE, '25.





STEVE PAXTON

## Commencement Exercises

### February Class 1925

The commencement exercises of the winter class of 1925, held February 5th, were the most thrilling, the most awe-inspiring, and the most successful of all past years in the eyes of the excited graduates and their proud parents.

The notable number of the evening was the address of Honorable Will C. Wood, State Superintendent of Public Instruction in California, whom Mr. Dale had been endeavoring to secure for several years to speak before a graduating class. In his counsel to the students, he emphasized the necessity for the continuation of a course in the higher schools of learning, since competition is keen in all professional and trade lines and only the man or woman with a well-trained mind can hope for ultimate success under such conditions.

Forrest Hill, as class president, presented to the school the gift that the class had left behind as a small remembrance of its existence and activities. The gift was accepted for the school by Mr. William A. Meyer, the President of the Sacramento Board of Education.

The formal oration representing the graduating class was given by Stephen Paxton and was entitled "Our Heritage." The speaker traced the innumerable influences upon the present younger generation from the founding of our nation by Europeans, through the settlement of the Pilgrims, through the settlement of the western territories by their descendents, down to our present democratic government. The most vital and most important influences were shown to be felt through the immigration of foreigners in our own present day. Excellent examples were cited, one being that of a member of our very community, David Lubin. The key-note of the entire oration is found in the speaker's last paragraph quoted:

"The pilgrim, the pioneer, and the immigrant have built the America we love; all three represent the spirit of adventure, courage, and faith in the future. We, their sons and daughters, should develop these qualities which our fathers so splendidly demonstrated, and build upon this heritage the greater America of the future—that new America in which the new will not rule the old, and the old will not rule the new, but justice and fraternity shall rule them both."

HELEN HOWE, 25.

## Class History - June 1925

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The class of June, 1925, has not spent an uneventful four years. In our freshman year, those of us who were at Harkness gave a play, "The Knave of Hearts," and took part in a small circus, together with the upper freshmen. Those who went to Stanford won first prize in the big "S" circus and also were represented in the May day festival.

We first met altogether as sophomores. As practically every class does who comes from the Junior High school, we found considerable difficulty in getting started, and several addresses by Mr. Dale were necessary before we finally elected officers.

During our entire sophomore year we did very little and it was not until we were juniors that we really began to take part in the social life of the school. The incoming officers found the treasury very low and one of their first acts was to originate a system whereby each member of the class was to pay five cents a month. This plan was put into effect and one of its first fruits was a barn dance. During that semester, our stunt, "Desperate Desmond," took first prize in the Hi-Jinx. The sketch was given twice again—once at the Scottish Rite Temple and once at the extemporaneous speaking contest, held at Modesto. The next semester we competed in the inter-class track meet. We also gave a dance, more formal than the one of the preceding semester.

In our senior year, in common with those senior classes who have gone before, we faced the problem of financing the Review. Although we had supported our class well, up to this point, we fell down on this and for a time things looked very black. The first method we used of raising money was a competitive tag sale, the competition being between our class and the senior A's. The contest was won by the latter. We still were considerably short of funds, so we gave a dance, again, in conjunction with the high seniors. The dance ended our first semester as seniors.

Our second semester began with a vaudeville show in which our class alone took part. Each registration put on a stunt and twenty-five cents admission was charged. The success of this last was much greater than that of the tag sale and dance, but we were still doubtful of our prospects for a Review. All our hopes turned toward the annual senior play as a means of succor. The play was produced under the able direction of Miss Jones and at last success came to us. We took in eight hundred and thirty-three dollars, clearing approximately five hundred dollars, which is a record for a senior play.

There is left now a dance which is to be held early in June and the Commencement exercises. Then at the close of these, on June 18, 1925, most of us will turn our backs forever on high school days and they will live again only in our memories.

Myrtle Lugg, '25





JACK SEYMOUR



HUGH STRACHAN

## Commencement June 1925

The commencement exercises will be held on June 18, 1925. On the football field, in the soft glow from the setting sun, the graduates will leave forever their high school days and will pass into a larger sphere of life.

The program will be simple, but its very simplicity will be impressive. The graduates will be seated on the bleachers on the west, and their friends on the east. Here, also, simplicity will be the key-note, the decorations being flags and greens.

Two orations will be given by our own members. One will be given by Arthur Seymour, who has been very active in school life. He has been president of the Agora, has won a league debate, and is now president of the Forum and captain of cadets. The theme of his speech will be: "The dreamers are the builders and the structures they build will endure throughout the ages, making them immortal."

The other oration will be delivered by the Student Body president, Hugh Strachan. He, too, has done much in school activities. Last semester he was boys' vice-president; he has been active in public speaking and debating and he has also been vice-president of the Agora. The theme he will develop is: "The world is now one neighborhood, with one mind regarding the value of peace, honor and industry, but it is too little controlled by its intellect and international understanding."

So we will graduate and will go out into the world. And whether we succeed or whether we fail will depend on the way we grasp the opportunities Fortune offers us.

MYRTLE LUGG, '25.

# Student Body

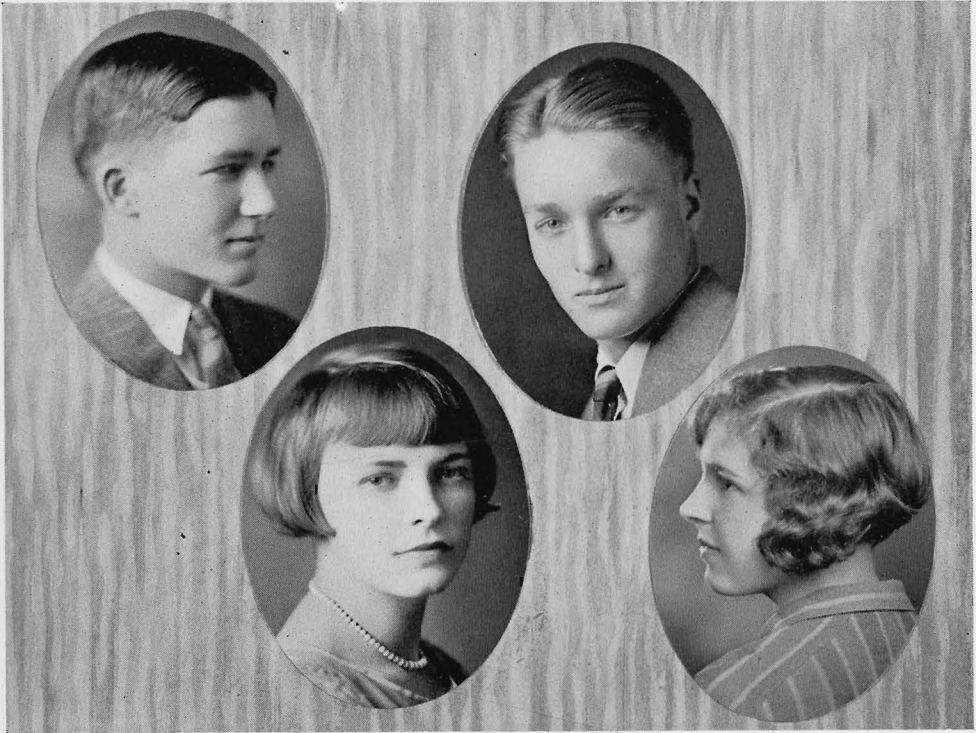
1924-1925





STUDENT COUNCIL





KENNETH HOWARD, President  
ARNELL GILLETT, Girls Vice President

HUGH STRACHAN, Boys Vice President  
HELEN COLE, Secretary

## The Student Council

The student body council during the fall term 1924-1925, which was organized under the new constitution, providing for a representative from each registration room, made a group of 85 councilmen. Working together, with the co-operation of the students at large, much was accomplished.

The school's financial problem was solved by a huge carnival, which was the first of its kind to be held at the new high school. The proceeds went toward the X-Ray and the football expenses.

Enthusiastic rallies and assemblies were held at intervals, which kept up the interest of the school activities.

Many speakers were heard by the students and also the privilege was given them of hearing well-known pianists.

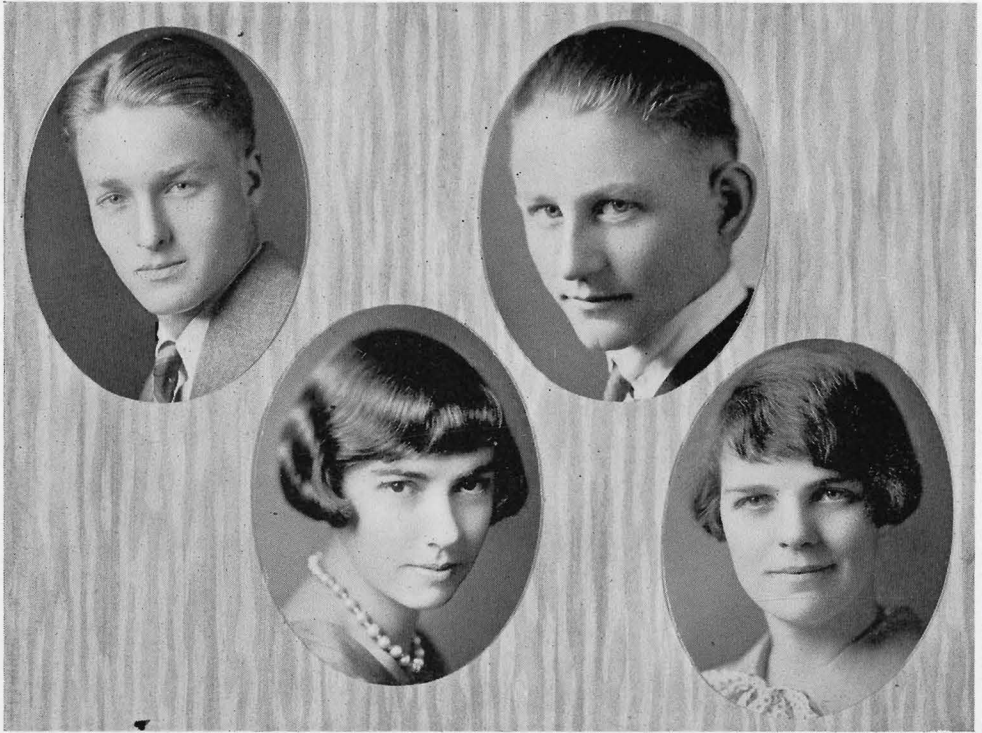
Much time and thought were spent on amending the by-laws of the new student body constitution.

The honor point and service point systems were put before the students at the close of the semester and the service point system met their approval, but was to have more time spent on it before going into effect.

Taking all in all, the semester was most successful for the student body council.

Helen Cole, '25, Secretary.





HUGH STRACHAN, President  
FLORENCE NEELLEY, Girls Vice President

EDMUND PILZ, Boys Vice President  
VIRGINIA SELLON, Secretary

## Student Body

The mid-year council started out with one big worry, namely, a debt of about five hundred dollars due on the X-Ray. The old council had already found a way to cancel this, so it was our duty to finish it; and we did. After discussing plan after plan, it was decided to have student body cards which would sell for one dollar (\$1.00) a piece. These would entitle the holder to the X-Ray, a discount on all athletic games and debates, and a small book which contained almost everything anyone would want to know about, from the year's calendar to the rules and regulations of the school. With the help of these cards, we are glad to say, we paid our debt.

About every five years the high schools of northern California have a large C. I. F. track meet for the purpose of deciding the northern California championship, and, this year it was held in Sacramento. Twenty-one schools were represented and a very large crowd attended. Medals were provided for the winners by the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce and cups were awarded to the winning teams. As this meet was backed by the student body, it proved very successful. It all helped to build up a wonderful reputation for good old S. H. S. both in the present and future.

All that the outgoing council representatives, student body officers, and seniors ask is that the student body keep up this wonderful enthusiasm and spirit, and make us a high school that is impossible to surpass next year.

VIRGINIA SELLON, '25, Secretary.



## The Carnival

Late last fall the student body found itself confronted with a depleted treasury—in fact, actually found itself in debt. A plan was needed by which sufficient means could be raised to clear up the debt and to carry on the activities of the ensuing year. A committee of Mr. Walsh, chairman, Arnell Gillett, Dolly Keenright, Florence Neelley, Milton Thomas, Orval Shreck, and Katherine Gurnett was appointed by the student body president to arrange for some plan of entertainment that would raise the needed money.

Many plans were suggested and from these was chosen the idea of a real, riotous carnival. Mr. Dale agreed to do his best to put the thing over. The students were pleased at the thought, when they thought about it, but the date set, December 5, was a long way off. Why bother about it so soon?

Many worked late and laboriously but not everyone realized just what an event it was until December 4, and then the students caught the spirit of the affair. The date had been postponed until December 13, and now that they had another week in which to redeem themselves they didn't mean to waste a minute of that time. All one could hear around school was talk of the carnival. Everyone wanted to do something to help; everyone talked of what he was doing or might do. Best of all, everyone got together and did his best to make the affair a huge success, everyone from a timid sophomore, who sold tickets to his family and neighbors, to Mr. Walsh who lost many a night of sleep and was often late to dinner because he was working for the carnival. Mr. Dale was caught up by the tide of enthusiasm and was delighted to find so much true school spirit and energetic cooperation.

Then came the task of attracting to our immense undertaking the interest of those outside of school. Most parents were too occupied with their own business to bother about what made their children so excited at school. It was but childish pleasure. However, when the parade marched up Kay street, almost the whole student body in full force with weird and colorful decorations, the sidewalks were crowded with curious people. What was the carnival? Where was it and when? Why, of course they would go if it was half as good as the parade.

The memorable affair was staged in the new Sacramento high school, but it would have been impossible to recognize that stately building on the night of December 13. The halls, a maze of color, lights, sawdust, confetti, and serpentine, crowded with merry-makers and joy seekers, made a good representation of the streets of a Spanish town at carnival time. The auditorium was transformed into a gorgeous French cabaret. Tables surrounded the sides where those who wanted a quiet time sat, were served with dainty cookies, and sipped soda-pop served under a fancy name. They could dance or watch others dance to entrancing music.

Helen Cole, the senior A candidate, was elected and crowned Queen of the Carnival. Everyone had voted as they first came into the building, by dropping their ticket into the box of their favorite candidate. The stage of the auditorium represented a royal throne room and, after an elaborate crowning, the Queen presented the winners of the point contest with their prizes. Thus ended the carnival.

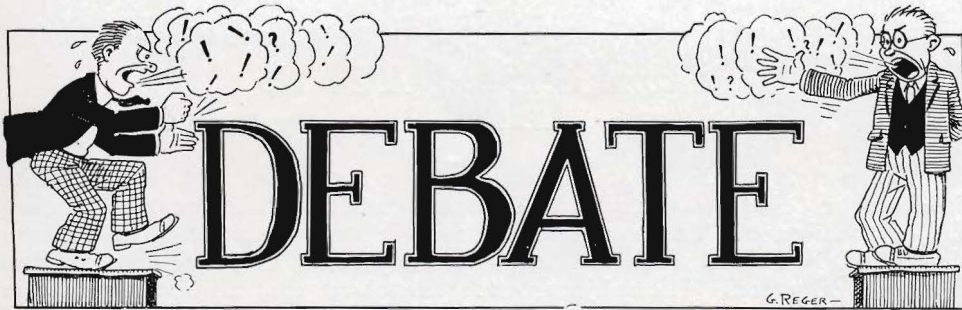
Long will that gay carnival live in the memories of those who had an active part in it, and in the memories of those whose privilege it was to attend.





DEBATING TEAMS 1924-25





### *First Semester 1924-25*

The 1924-25 debating season has been one of the most successful ones for some years. This was largely due to a new system of choosing the debating teams which was put into effect by Mr. Everett, the debating coach. Under the new system a squad of six is chosen at the first tryout. After the members of this squad have worked on the question for two weeks, a second trial is held and the four debaters that will represent the school in the final debate are selected. This system has resulted in keen competition for places and has improved the teams considerably.

During the season only one debate was lost, a fact that demonstrated the worth of the new system.

Gladys Staats, Velma Evans, William Harr, Catharine Brown, Frances Adams and Frances Hunt composed the squad chosen at the tryout for the debate on the subject: "Resolved, that the United States should recognize the present government of Russia without delay." The debate was held on November 13. Gladys Staats and Velma Evans, Sacramento's affirmative team, defeated Fresno by a 3 to 0 decision. Catharine Brown and Frances Adams, the negative team, lost to San Jose by a 2 to 1 decision.

The second league debate was held on February 20, the subject being: "Resolved, that the land and aerial forces of the United States should be doubled." The first squad chosen was composed of Arthur Seymour, Victor Burns, William Harr, Gladys Staats, Velma Evans and Patricia Stanton. Sacramento's affirmative team Arthur Seymour and Victor Burns, won from Madera High School by a 2 to 1 decision. The negative team, Gladys Staats and Velma Evans, won from Modesto High School by a 2 to 1 decision.

The first sophomore debate was a dual one with Placerville High School on the subject: "Resolved, that the death penalty should be abolished in California." Victor Burns and Mary Coleman, Carl Henige, Ralph Giffen, Ruth Woodard and Eugene McGeorge composed the first squad chosen. Victor Burns and Mary Coleman won a decision of 3 to 0 from Placerville's affirmative team and Ralph Giffen and Ruth Woodard won the negative decision by a 2 to 1 vote.

STEPHEN PAXTON, '25.

Debating Manager



## *Second Semester 1924-'25*

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The second semester of debating was as successful as the first. The third league debate, which was held on March 27 was the most interesting one of the season. The squad chosen for the debate consisted of William Harr, Ruth Woodard, Ralph Giffen, Frances Adams, Clarence Glacken and Eleanor Rodgerson. The subject was: "Resolved, that all bonds owned in the state of California unless excepted by federal statute, should be taxed." William Harr and Ruth Woodard, the affirmative team, won a 3 to 0 decision from Turlock High School, while Frances Adams and Clarence Glacken won a 2 to 1 decision from Placerville High School.

Victor Burns, Clarice Harber, Thomas Stanton, Milton White, Orval Schreck and Agnes Haug were chosen as the first squad to debate on the subject: "Resolved, that three-fourths of a jury should bring in a verdict in all criminal cases in California." Victor Burns and Clarice Harber, the affirmative team, won a decision of 3 to 0 from Escalon High School, while Milton White and Agnes Haug defeated Modesto High School by a 2 to 1 decision.

This year, at the annual extemporaneous speaking contest, Sacramento High School was represented by Catharine Brown who deserves much credit for her fine work.

Catharine Brown was selected at the tryout to represent Sacramento at the annual oratorical preliminary contest at Stockton where she tied for first place with Stockton. At Manteca, May 8, Edward Fong from Stockton took first place in the finals.

BRANT CHAPLIN, '25,  
Debating Manager



ORGANIZATIONS



COURT





FORUM DEBATING SOCIETY

## Forum Debating Society

In this, the eighth year since the organization of the Forum Debating Society, we have had the usual success, being represented in all but one league debate, all sophomore debates, and the Extemporaneous and Oratorical contests, the honor of the latter two events going to Catharine Brown, one of the ablest speakers of the school.

Forum has, however, retained her reputation as senior debating society of the school, particularly through the efforts of Georgia Finnerty and Ben Frantz who met a veteran Rostra team, namely, Stephen Paxton and Kenneth Howard, on the question: "Resolved, that Congress should have the power to annul the decisions of the Supreme Court by a two-thirds vote," winning by a two to one decision. This was the climax of competition between the two societies, which, it is hoped, will become an annual event.

Forum has initiated a new plan of entertainment during the past term. The meetings were divided into senior, junior and sophomore programs. Then the club as a whole voted on the best program. The sophomores carried away the first prize, having a most successful meeting, under Mary Coleman as chairman.

The Forum will close the school year with the usual annual banquet at which officers will be installed for the coming year.

Amid all these successes and accomplishments, Forum looks forward to a still more successful season next year, and with such talented underclassmen, and the willing and untiring guidance of Miss Ashby, our adviser, we may well expect such.

### OFFICERS FIRST SEMESTER.

President ..... John McKenna  
Vice-president ..... Genevieve Thomas  
Secretary ..... Katherine Gurnett  
Treasurer ..... Walter Laidlaw  
Sergeant-at-arms ..... Wayne Jensen

### OFFICERS SECOND SEMESTER.

President ..... Arthur Seymour  
Vice-president ..... Arnell Gillett  
Secretary ..... Dolly Keenright  
Treasurer ..... Walter Laidlaw  
Sergeant-at-arms ..... Edgar Slauson

### MEMBERS.

Howard Baxter  
Alice Bellmer  
Robert Black  
Betty Bradford  
Frank Brett  
Catharine Brown  
Brant Chaplin  
Mary Coleman  
Thelma DeField  
Georgia Finnerty  
Boyd Fisher  
Ben Frantz  
Ralph Giffin  
Arnell Gillett  
Benita Gillett  
Clarence Goulard

Celia Groff  
Katherine Gurnett  
Clarice Harber  
Edith Harber  
Agnes Haug  
Wayne Jensen  
Glenetta Jones  
Dolly Keenright  
Edmund Kelso  
Theodore Labhard  
Walter Laidlaw  
Jack Luce  
Helen Lyons  
Eugene McGeorge  
John McKenna  
Beryl Mendenhall

Wilfred Meyer  
Audrey Phillips  
Francis Pope  
Eleanor Rodgerson  
Eleanor Ryan  
Arthur Seymour  
William Shaw  
Orval Shreck  
Edgar Slauson  
Patricia Stanton  
Tom Stanton  
Gladys Staats  
Katherine Uhl  
Milton White  
Harriet Woollett

DOLLY KEENRIGHT, '26.

Secretary.





ROSTRA DEBATING SOCIETY

## The Rostra Debating Society

No one needs an introduction to the Rostra, which, although not the oldest, is one of the best societies in the school. The Rostra, having recently passed its third birthday, looks back with pardonable pride upon its past record. Under the able sponsorship of Mr. R. W. Everett the society has produced some of the best orators that have ever represented the Sacramento High school. During the year, under the administrations of Phil Bradford and Arundel Keane respectively, the Rostra has, as always before, been very active in student affairs. This is shown by the fact that approximately seventy-five percent of the active membership are members of the student council and several are on the board of control. Probably no year has been more productive than the two semesters just passed. Not only at the birthday party, initiation, installations of officers and other special occasions, but at all the regular meetings have programs of exceptional merit been enjoyed. So considering all these things it is no wonder that members of the Rostra look back with satisfaction upon the past year and look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the coming year.

### FIRST TERM OFFICERS.

President .....	Phil Bradford
Vice-president .....	Hugh Strachan
Secretary .....	Frances Hunt
Treasurer .....	Clarence Glacken
Sgt.-at-arms .....	Richard Lillard

### SECOND TERM OFFICERS.

President .....	Arundel Keane
Vice-president .....	Hugh Strachan
Secretary .....	Lorna Finch
Treasurer .....	Richard Lillard
Sgt.-at-arms .....	Ray Schreiman

### MEMBERS.

Eleanor Nyrop  
Helena Eastburn  
Jack Burke  
Hugh Strachan  
Phil Bradford  
Ray Schreiman  
Felix Wahrhaftig  
Victor Burns  
Elsie Carmody  
Carl Henige  
Frances Adams  
Josephine Burke  
Alice Aske  
Lorna Finch  
Mary Howe  
Maynard Male

Lewis Bennett  
Wells Harmon  
Miriam Carden  
Dorset Phillips  
Arundel Keane  
Erlon Perkins  
Helen Varrasso  
Marjorie McLennan  
Frances Hunt  
William Harr  
Florence Neelley  
Dorothy McKain  
Vahan Eghoian  
Dorothy Kimberlin  
Thora Shaver  
Kathryn Krebs

Velma Evans  
Richard Smith  
Robert Stevens  
John Stog  
John Norton  
Ralph Moore  
Margaret Vegors  
Ruth Woodard  
Howard Smith  
Charles O'Brien  
George O'Brien  
Richard Lillard  
Clarence Glacken  
Idella McNamara  
Curtis Kennedy  
Doris Rowe

LORNA FINCH, 26, Secretary.



EARL



MATHEMATICS HONOR SOCIETY

## Mathematics Honor Society

The Mathematics Honor Society in the past year has indeed lived up to the purpose for which it was formed, that of raising the standard of work done in the mathematics department by furnishing an incentive for the students to try to make recommending grades. That this purpose has been carried out is shown by the large number of members taken in at both the fall and the spring initiations. Of course, being strictly an honor society, our activities have been limited to the purely social, and our meetings, with their interesting programs, have been extremely enjoyable. During the first semester we were very busy preparing our stunt for the carnival. Our shooting gallery was a huge success. The officers for the present term are:

President .....	Ray Schreiman
Vice-president .....	Dorothy McKain
Secretary .....	Melva Offenbach
Treasurer .....	Lucille Weber
Sergeant-at-arms .....	Robert Black
Master of Ceremonies .....	Merle Peterson

The members are:

Edith Anderson	Ross Holmes	Edmund Pilz
Margaret Angiwin	<u>Earl Lagomarsino</u>	Burnett Polhemus
Francis Biddall	Dorothy McKane	Theodore de Polo
Robert Black	Florence Mills	Francis Pope
Bert Cobleigh	Vess Miner	Eleanor Rodgeron
Fay Erwin	Kay Miyakawa	Raymond Schreiman
Jack Fingado	Frances Moore	Patricia Stanton
Georgia Finnerty	Marion Moore	Frances Thompson
Alverna Givan	Melva Offenbach	Robert Triplett
Margaret Gould	Clarence Ough	Merle Walther
Vernon Graham	Richard Payne	Lucille Weber
Celia Groff	Sumner Perkins	Edward Wilde
Ruby Harris	Merle Peterson	

CELIA GROFF, '25.



*Handwritten signature in blue ink, possibly reading "J. H. ...".*



BLOCK S SOCIETY



## The Block S Society

The students of S. H. S. who have won the coveted Block S for winning a position on one or more of the following teams: football, baseball, or basketball, or placing in the interschool track meets, met in the gymnasium on Friday, March 6, 1925, and organized the Block S Society after several unsuccessful attempts at organization had been made in the past years. Phil Bradford, who was elected temporary chairman, appointed Kay Miyakawa and Nick Bican temporary secretary and sergeant-at-arms respectively. The following committees were also appointed: the committee on new yells and songs, Milton Thomas (chairman), Francis Pope, Tom Wardlaw, and Glenn Young; the committee on constitution, Fay Erwin (chairman), John McKenna, Robert Zarick, Tom Meckfessel, and Victor Radonich.

The constitution and the by-laws were adopted at the second meeting held on March 20, 1925. At the special meeting held on Friday, March 27, the regular officers were elected and installed. Much enthusiasm has been shown by the Block S wearers from the first meeting of the organization. The society, though of recent origin, is one of the most promising organizations in the school. It has already made many new yells, school hymns, and war songs, and is helping coach Parket put out a winning football team this coming fall by urging the students to go out for the spring football practice. This honorary society with the set of able officers and the most active students of Sacramento High School as its members can and will fulfill its purpose. The objects of the organization are: to promote school spirit, to uphold the honor of the Block S, and to promote the general athletic welfare of the school.

The students eligible to membership are those who have received a block S. The athletes who will receive a block S in June, 1925, will be initiated into the society early in the fall term.

The officers for the spring semester are:

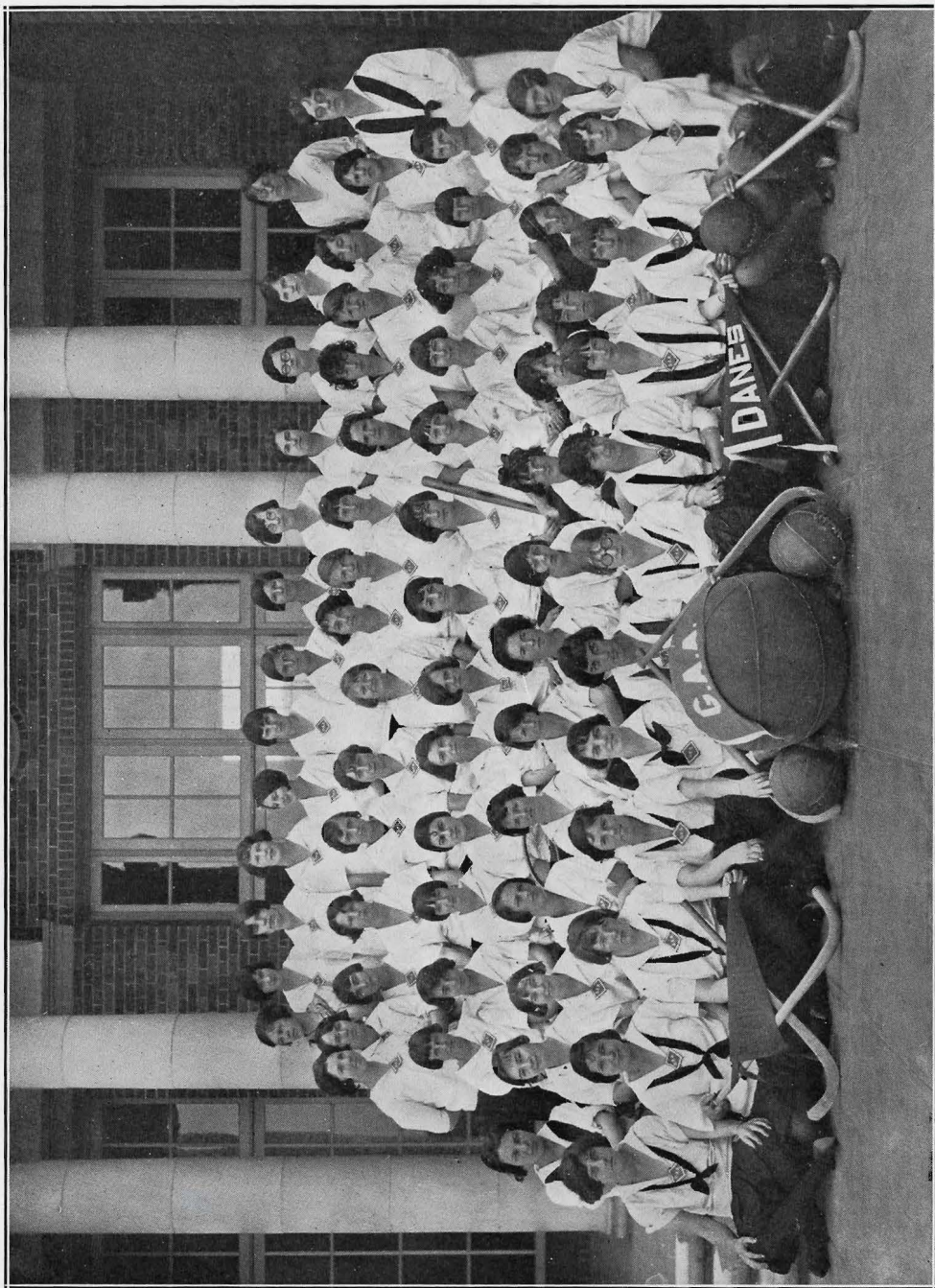
President .....	Phil Bradford
Vice-president .....	John McKenna
Secretary .....	Kay Miyakawa
Treasurer .....	Tom Meckfessel
Sgt.-at-arms .....	Nick Bican
X-Ray Reporter .....	Howard Baxter

The charter-members are:

Howard Baxter	Ted Slauson	Tom Meckfessel
Nick Bican	Earl Van Tassel	Clarence Meineke
Phil Bradford	Tom Wardlaw	Ed Nicolaus
Ed Clements	Robert Zarick	Francis Pope
George Harding	Wesley Baker	Victor Radonich
John McKenna	Leonard Backer	George Rooney
Kay Miyakawa	Louis Bennets	Francis Spearman
Paul Pease	Stanley Calvert	Milton Thomas
Ken Pollock	Vahan Eghoian	Glenn Young
Jack Radonich	Bernard Lettunich	

KAY MIYAKAWA, '25,  
Secretary.





GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

## Girl's Athletic Association

### Officers—First Term

President ..... Florence Richards  
 Vice-president ..... Hazel McFall  
 Secretary ..... Florence Neelley  
 Treasurer ..... Thelma Azevedo

### Officers—Second Term

President ..... Virginia Sellon  
 Vice-president ..... Viretta Hoskins  
 Secretary ..... Olive Opdyke  
 Treasurer ..... Elizabeth Shoemaker

This year has been successful,  
 For us in our new Gym.  
 With merry hearts, we near our goal  
 Of sportsmanship with vim.

Original stunts and programs,  
 Plays and games galore,  
 Good times for all, refreshments, too,  
 Our parties have in store.

At parties, games, at work or play  
 We have good competition.  
 Vikings, Danes, and Saxons, all  
 Vie for good position.

Soccer, and hockey, and basketball,  
 Tennis, and swimming, too,  
 And other sports comprise a list  
 Of things we play and do.

With Junior College we have games,  
 May Fetes we help, each one.  
 With Woodland G. A. A. each year  
 We meet for sports and fun.

Miss Bottsford, and Miss Wiley,  
 And Mrs. Fisk advise;  
 Miss Hosmer is the head of all,  
 Their leadership we prize.

We helped to make the Carnival  
 A booming big success;  
 With festive booth and pantomime  
 Of styles of sports in dress.

Athletes are we, our higher aim,  
 The goal which now we near  
 Is to develop all 'around girls  
 Happy and sincere.

Our friendships made, our spirit shown,  
 Our loyalty, and pep,  
 Our perseverance, and good luck,  
 Are growing step by step.

OLIVE OPDYKE, '25.





## Double S Society

Early in the fall semester a special meeting of the Modern Literature class was called, and the Double S Society was reorganized with six old members and our advisor, Miss Lawson. The purpose of the organization is to promote school spirit and to improve the writing and speaking ability of its members.

The Double S under the competent leadership of its officers held a busy but enjoyable fall session. The weekly programs, under the direction of Bob Black were interesting, amusing and varied, ranging from debates to weinie roasts. Always actively interested in student body affairs, the members particularly enjoyed discussions on school spirit and ways and means of bettering it. An illustration of this is the letter published in the X-Ray in which the club offered suggestions about the proper conduct of rallies.

The Society conducted a tag sale in competition with the Vocators to raise money to register the Football team in the C. I. F. We also entered a stunt in the Carnival. This was a picture gallery containing the pictures of all the school celebrities when they were young. The concession was very popular and a great success financially.

The crowning social event of the term was a Christmas party held at the Community Club House. The program included a Christmas tree and joke presents. Steve Paxton made a jolly and buxom Santa Claus.

This term's class got a good start by holding an entertainment in honor of Ruth Comfort Mitchell, the famous California novelist, at the home of Preston Greene. Mrs. Mitchell provided a good part of the program with her games and readings from her books. In return the members composed limericks, some good and some not so good.

Plans are now under way for an all day picnic to be held at Crystal Springs. It is also the intention of the society to close the year by presenting a gift to the school.

#### Officers for the Fall Term:

President ..... Margaret Meyer  
 1st. Vice-president.....Elmerna Bush  
 2nd. Vice-president.....Bob Black  
 Secretary-treasurer ..... Edward Wilde  
 Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Jack Driver

#### Officers for the Spring Term:

President ..... Preston Greene  
 1st. Vice-president.....Margaret Feudner  
 2nd. Vice-president.....Lawrence Hahn  
 Secretary-treasurer .....Bob Stafford

#### Members

Richard Payne  
 Lillian Syufy  
 Bob Black  
 Elmerna Bush  
 Margaret Feudner  
 Jerauld Fritz  
 Knowles Howe  
 Margaret Meyer  
 Florence Mills  
 Merle Peterson  
 Elizabeth Read  
 Bob Stafford

Tom Wardlaw  
 Edward Wilde  
 Virginia Canfield  
 Don Davis  
 Preston Greene  
 Alfred Labhard  
 Eleanor Nyrop  
 Winifred Strachan  
 Wallace Alexander  
 Helen Blackwell  
 Jack Driver  
 William Flanagan  
 Lawrence Hahn

Daisy King  
 Marcella Mills  
 Stephen Paxton  
 Dino Pucci  
 Denton Reese  
 Evelyn Steinkamp  
 Ruth Wilbur  
 Elsie Campbell  
 Bill Canon  
 Beverly Gibson  
 Earline Henderson  
 Stanley Nagler

ROBERT STAFFORD, '25.





## Le Cercle Francais

Le Cercle Francais is a club organized to give French students an opportunity to obtain fluency in speaking French and to promote interest in the French language. The club was organized in the Sacramento high school two years ago. Since then the interest, enthusiasm and membership have increased greatly.

The meetings are held the first Monday evening of each month at the Sutter High School or at the home of one of the members. The president calls the meetings to order and all business, discussions, or elections which follow are carried on in French. The minutes are then read in French by the secretary-treasurer. When all business is completed an enjoyable evening is spent listening to French programs, playing French games, and singing French songs.

The French Club helped in the High School carnival by selling dainty little boutonnieres. Ten of the girls dressed in the colorful costume of a French flower girl promenaded the halls with trays of these small bouquets. The crowd evidently liked them for long before the evening was over every one of the 700 bouquets had been sold.

Through the untiring efforts of Miss Andriot, the club's sponsor, the club has always been a success.

### OFFICERS

President .....	Rozan McDougal
Vice-president .....	Erda Kromer
Sect.-treas. ....	Helen Dobson
X-Ray Reporter .....	Vera Traganza
Sponsor .....	Miss Andriot





## The Spanish Club

### El Circulo Castellano

The Spanish Club began its activities this year with a large membership composed of students who were members last year and others who were admitted after having complied with certain requirements.

Our president, Jean de la Bourdonier, has worked hard and faithfully. It is due to his hard work, with the help of other members, that the part which the Spanish Club played in the Carnival was such a success.

At the meetings held at school, interesting programs were planned by the proper committees and topics were assigned to certain students to discuss at the meetings. At one meeting Miss Arnot gave a very entertaining talk on her trip through Spain.

Two initiations have been held which extended membership to a number of students interested in the study of Spanish. The club has been fortunate this year in having capable officers who have made a most successful year for "El Circulo Castellano."

#### Officers—First Term

Pres.....Jean de la Bourdonier  
 Sec.-treas. ....Gene Huston  
 X-Ray Reporter .....Amy Slawson

#### Officers—Second Term

Pres. ....Gene Huston  
 Sec.....Estelle Cahaw and Effie Poole  
 Treasurer .....Jessie Clayton  
 X-Ray Reporter .....Amy Slawson





## Der Deutsche Klub

Der deutsche Klub wurde in letzten Semester unter der Führung von Frau Hutchinson organisiert. Der Zweck des Vereins ist Interesse für die Kunst, Musik, Literatur, und Sprache Deutschlands zu erwecken, sowohl wie freundliche Beziehungen unter allen Studenten der deutschen Sprache zu befördern.

Die Beamten des letzten Semesters waren:

Präsident .....Theodore Labhard  
Vice-präsident .....Charles O'Brien

Sekretar-schatzmeister ..Joseph Lembock

Die Beamten dieses Semesters sind:

Präsident ..... George O'Brien  
Vice-präsident .....Marguerite Brunner

Sekretar-schatzmeister ..Charles O'Brien

Die Mitglieder sind:

Max Bogner  
Marguerite Brunner  
Ruth Mary Casey  
Robert Ennis  
Alma Florian  
Adolph Hager

George Jensen  
Paul Keller  
Katherine Krebs  
Theodore Labhard  
Clarence Meinecke  
Charles O'Brien

George O'Brien  
Melva Offenbach  
Gladys Staats  
Jack Shuper  
Gertrude Winkleman  
Gerda Drosdow

CHARLES O'BRIEN, '25.



## Societas Honoris



Societas Honoris was one year old on the sixth of March. During this brief time it has done much to acquaint its members with the customs and ways of the ancient Romans. It has also taken an active part in school affairs, having run the "Beans Bo Bo" booth in the Carnival. It also sold lais in the halls at the same event.

The requirements for membership are two years of recommended Latin. Even with these strict requirements there are thirty-eight active members.

The officers of Societas Honoris are:

Praesidens .....	Doris Bugbey
Pro-praesidens .....	Patricia Stanton
Scriptor-Quaestor .....	Julia Hayden
Censor .....	Andrew Yuke

The Sponsors are Miss Evelyn Macdonald and Miss May Seitz.

The members are:

Ruth Ashen	Clarice Harber	May Taketa
Edith Anderson	Elsie Hoskins	Katharine Uhl
Jean de la Bourdonier	Elizabeth Huston	Alice Schmidt
Roberta Brayton	Sophia Hornstien	Patricia Stanton
Alice Bellmer	Julia Hayden	Andrew Yuke
Elizabeth Burckhardt	Esther Miwa	Daniel Yuke
Doris Bugbey	Hazel Orelli	Melba Cechettini
Susan Cole	Wilda Orr	Dorothy Christianson
Clair Kate	Eleanor Rodgeron	Charlotte Baughn
Thelma Chappell	Ruth Rickard	Victor Burns
Eleanor Dosch	Marian Grubbs	Muriel Feller
Katharine Geary	Helen Schreiner	
Edith Harber	Thora Shaver	





## The Music Club

With a membership of over five hundred students, the Music Association, one of the oldest organizations of the Sacramento High School, has every reason to be proud of the splendid things accomplished this year. The outstanding concerts were given by Guy Maier and Jeoffrey O'Hara.

Two former students of the Sacramento High School, Mr. Arthur Russell, tenor, and Miss Mildred Cason, violinist, have also given us concerts. Among our own students who have entertained us are: Elizabeth Schaumloeffel, Norman Walters, Jack Schuper, Gladys Buell, and Estelle Caen.

This organization has had the sincere co-operation of the Saturday Club, one of the foremost musical organizations in Sacramento, and of Sherman, Clay and Company. Miss Ellen Hughes, head of the musical department, has taken a great interest in the club and its undertakings.

This association is also maintaining a scholarship for the cello. The fortunate student will study with Miss Mary Lewis.

This year's officers are:

President .....	Estelle Caen
Vice-president .....	Dorothy Landsborough
Secretary .....	Claire Johnson
Treasurer .....	Suzanne Cole
X-Ray reporter .....	Melba Weida

—CLAIRE JOHNSON, '25.

Secretary.

## Program of Original Music

(Written by the Harmony Classes)

Wiley B. Allen Hall

May 22, 1925

Piano:  
The Waltz ..... Margaret Low  
May Dance ..... Frances Laugenbach  
Margaret Low

Voice: (three little songs for children)  
Lullaby (from given bass) ..... Melba Weida  
Snowflakes ..... Alice Basler  
Swinging ..... Dorothy Landsborough  
Mrs. Landsborough

Piano:  
Little Study ..... Alice Mayeda  
Alice Mayeda

Violin:  
Melody in A ..... Frances Laugenbach  
Norman Walters

Piano:  
FirstWaltz ..... Margaret O'Neil  
Margaret O'Neil

Voice:  
Norse Lullaby ..... Elizabeth Schameloeffel  
A Minor Poet ..... Patricia Stanton  
My Mother's Dress ..... Doris Bugby  
Sunshine ..... Helen Enos  
Mrs. Faustman

Piano:  
March of Spring ..... Eleanor Rodgerson  
Eleanor Rodgerson

Flute:  
Melody ..... Dorothy Landsborough  
Enid Bates

Piano:  
Two-voice fugue from theme by John Sebastian Bach .....  
Eleanor Campbell  
Eleanor Campbell

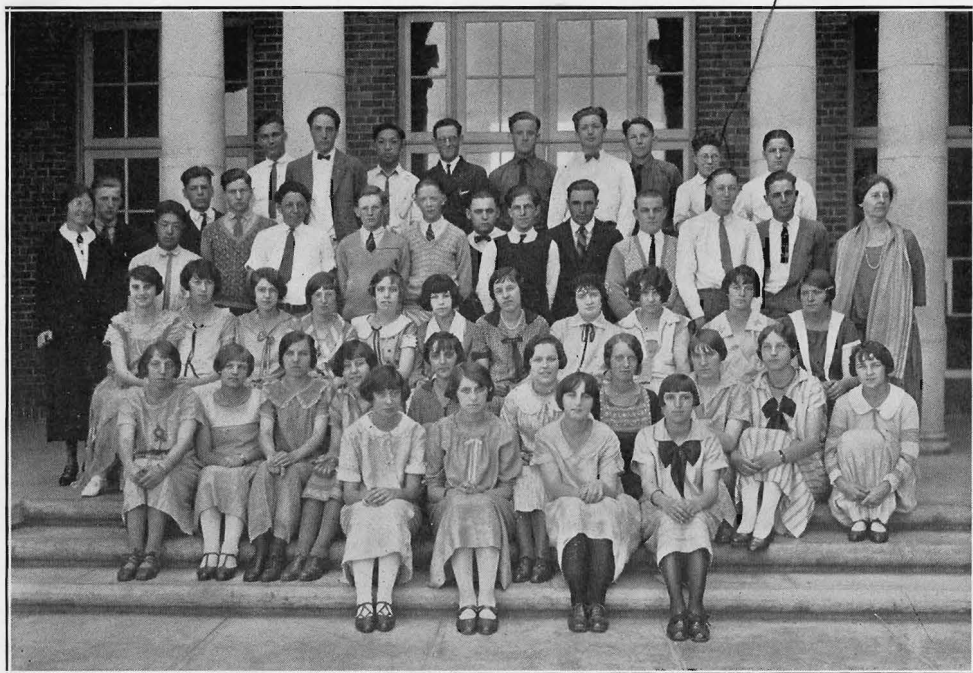
Hobgoblins March ..... Viretta Hoskins  
Viretta Hoskins

Violin:  
Nocturne (from given gass) ..... Mildred Cason  
Mildred Cason

Voice:  
Cradle Song ..... B. Faustman  
At Dawning ..... B. Faustman  
Mrs. Faustman



EARLY



## Nana Moma

Nana Moma, the Natural History Club, was formed a year ago by students of the biological sciences to create more interest in natural history.

The members of the club may exchange notes, observations, and specimens with other chapters of the International Association, of which this club is a member. The work of the organization is under the supervision of Miss Guthrie and Miss Wilkins.

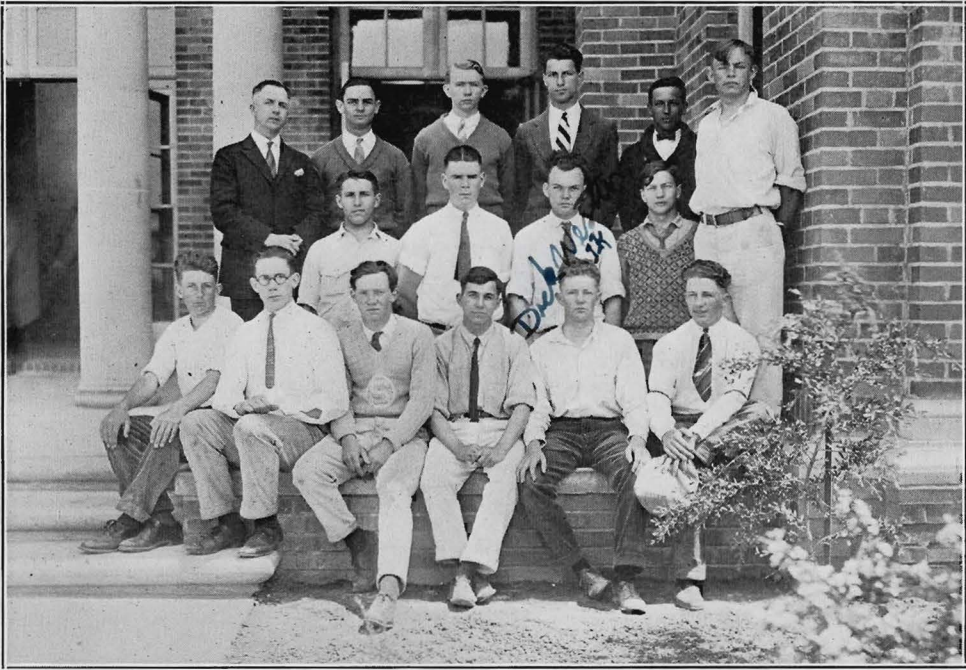
One semester of recommended work is required for membership in the club. At our meetings interesting entertainment is provided. Usually a science man or woman speaks.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so we manage to have a bit of fun on our field trips while gathering material for our work.

At present the members are busy collecting museum material for the school.

### Officers

President .....	Lawrence Martinelli
Vice-president.....	Carolyn Hansen
Secretary .....	Helen Harding
Treasurer .....	Harold Simms
Curator Secretary.....	Ina Boyd
Geographer .....	Christopher Swett
X-Ray Reporter .....	Doris Wright



## Circle S Society

The Circle S was organized during the spring semester, 1925, by the members of the second football team who received the Circle S. This is the first time this emblem has ever been awarded to students of the Sacramento High School.

The purpose of the Circle S Society is to promote athletics, sports, all school activities, and cement stronger the bonds of friendship and harmony among its members. Our membership consists of holders of the Circle S. When a member is awarded a Block S, he then becomes a member of the Block S Society. All managers and coaches of teams receiving the Circle S are honorary members.

This society promises to become one of the liveliest organizations in the school. Since it is so recently organized it is too soon to record any special contributions to our school life, but the future holds a good promise.

The charter members are:

Arundel Keane .....	President
Melvin Morse .....	Vice president
Conly Johnson .....	Secty.-treas.
Hartwell Porch .....	Paul David
Robert Stafford .....	Phil Warder
Richard Weston .....	X-Ray Reporter
Clarence Goulard .....	Leo Lane
Wallace Wiegand .....	
Jack Radonich .....	Coach
Francis Spearman .....	Coach
E. N. Shadwick .....	Sponsor





## The Agora

The Agora Public Speaking Society has been one of the foremost school clubs throughout a very eventful year.

Among the many interesting programs which took place, was a mock trial. Much professional ability was shown by the members who took part.

The Agora Society played a very important part in the carnival. It undertook a most difficult task in order to give the patrons something interesting and yet different from the usual routine of a carnival. This was successfully accomplished by creating "Slippery Gulch Jr." A doubt still remains as to which concession reaped the greatest harvest—"Slippery Gulch" or the "Country Grocery Store."

The competitive tag sale between the Forensic and the Agora societies was another event in which the Agora rose to the spirit of the time, although losing by a slight margin. At any rate, the Agora can claim as one of its members the leading salesman of the contest, Ted Labhard, who sold 101 tags.

The Forensic and Agora societies were the foremost sellers of the tickets for the senior play. Both societies worked diligently and through their concentrated efforts succeeded in establishing a record for the sale of senior play tickets. The combined sales receipts were \$833.00, the Agora winning the contest by an overwhelming majority.

The Agora and Forensic have planned a debate by which the Agora hopes to establish its supremacy beyond a doubt. The subject is: "Resolved, that the United States should join the World Court." The Agora has put all confidence in Arthur Seymour and Hugh Strachan to uphold the affirmative of the question against the Forensic team.

The success of the Agora during the past year could not have been hoped for without Miss Ashby's careful sponsorship.



## Forensic

The Forensic Society was reorganized early in February of this year by the members of Miss Ashby's Public Speaking Class. It is a continuance of the society of the same name that was first organized several years ago, and it has the same purpose as its predecessors; that of bettering and furthering public speaking.

A new constitution was framed and the first set of officers was Henry Heisch, President; Robert Stafford, Vice-president; Ed Slauson, Secretary-treasurer, and Jack Welsh, X-Ray Reporter. These officers served a term of eight weeks very successfully. The last set of officers was Robert Stafford, President; Dorothy Kimberlin, Vice-president; Ed Slauson, Secretary-treasurer; and Frank Brett, X-Ray Reporter. They, too, served a very successful term. Miss Ashby advised this group throughout the semester.

The society has enjoyed a very successful year. It has entertained itself with several debates, a mock trial, and talks of various kinds. The Forensic and the Agora contested their selling ability in two ticket sales and the honors were even, each society winning once.

The climax of the year was the annual debate between the Forensic and the Agora. The Forensic team was composed of Vernon Muse and Jack Welsh who debated the negative side of the question: "Resolved, that the United States should enter the World Court." This debate closed the year's work and it is expected that next year the Forensic Society will be even more successful than it has been in the past.

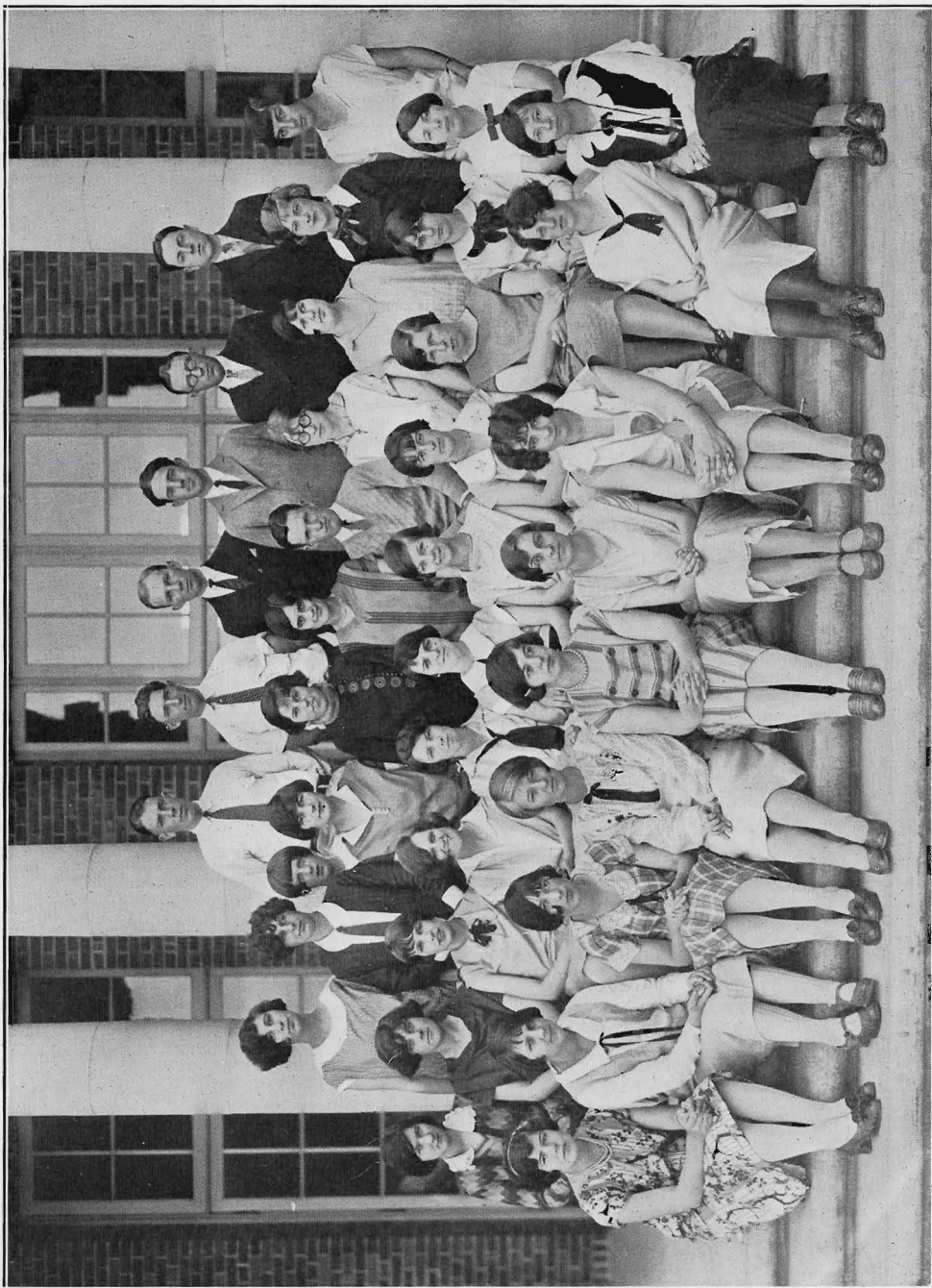
### Members

Ina Boyd  
Frank Brett  
Norman Cruikshanks  
Beverly Gibson

Arnell Gillett  
Henry Heisch  
Robert Ennis  
Dorothy Kimberlin

Vernon Muse  
Ed Slauson  
Robert Stafford  
Jack Welsh





DRAMA CLASS

## Drama

The most active year in the history of Drama in the Sacramento High School, has just ended. Our good record was started by the February senior drama classes who gave several one act plays. First of these was "The Robbery," a clever comedy. The cast has every reason to be proud of this production.

The cast:

John Upton.....	Lawrence Wilbur
Margaret Upton.....	Hazel Duffus
Edie .....	Anna Wells
Robert Hamilton.....	Glenn Young
Fielding .....	Merle Preston

"Where but in America," was given on the same day by this class. The play dealt with the modern servant problem.

The cast:

Mr. Espenhane.....	Andrews French
Mrs. Espenhane.....	Margaret Feudner
Hilda .....	Glenetta Jones

Booth Tarkington's play, "The Trysting Place," scored a huge success with the student body. Jean de la Bourdonier, although not a member of the class, was asked to take one of the leading parts, which Andrews French was forced to give up because of illness. Jean's acting was largely responsible for the success of the play.

The cast included:

Mrs. Curtis.....	Dorothy Ranlett
Lancelot Briggs.....	Jean de la Bourdonier
Mrs. Briggs.....	Ethel Stewart
Jessie Briggs.....	Hazel Bishop
Rupert Smith.....	Lawrence Wilbur
Mr. Ingoldsby.....	Merle Preston
Mysterious Voice.....	Glenn Young

The June senior class gave two plays during the first semester, "Who Defeated Doogan?" and "Trial of Fire."

At present five of the members are rehearsing, "The Ghost Hunters." This is a play written a year ago by Andrews French, a member of Miss Ashby's Constructive Composition class.

At the Memorial Day exercises other members of the class will present scenes from "The Ditch," by Mary R. S. Andrews.

It was through the efforts of the drama classes that Sacramentans had the pleasure of hearing, last November, the well known writer and dramatic reader, Marion Craig Wentworth, give a reading of her play, "The Singing Globe."

GLENETTA JONES, '26.





## Gladiators

The Gladiators was organized last term by Peter Ough with the help of Mr. Williamson. The aim of this organization is to promote school activities and encourage attendance at all contests and games in which the school participates. The membership is limited to thirty; half boys and half girls.

Since the Gladiators were members of other organizations, they could not give all their time to this club. For this reason the club has not functioned as well as had been hoped.

The members have attended all the games this term and many of the debates. The Gladiators was particularly well represented at the Oratorical contest at Manteca, where the members made up nearly half the number in the Sacramento section.

At the games the girls wear white dresses with purple ties. The boys wear white cords and white sweaters.

The officers are:

President .....	Virginia Sellon
Vice president .....	Dorothy Reese
Sec'y-treas. ....	Wanda Truman

The charter members are:

Peter Ough	Arnell Gillett	Willard Sperry
Jack Welsh	Lawrence Wessing	Virginia Sellon
Julia Hayden	Dick Lawrence	Wanda Truman
	Bernard Gallagher	

## Sons of Thor

The Sons of Thor is composed entirely of electrical students. The club was organized at the beginning of the 1924 fall term by the members of the electrical classes. Officers were chosen, who saw the club through a very successful half year. The officers selected were:

President .....	Wilbur Cleveland	Vice-president .....	Elmer Hanrahan
Secretary .....	Morris Shulman	Treasurer .....	Conrad Wegner
Drill-captain .....	Raymond Murphy	Parliamentarian .....	Winfred Baker
Historian .....	Joseph Fitzhenry		

On the thirteenth of November a "Dads' Night" was given. On this night each member brought his father as his guest. A design representing the club pin was worked out, and then each father spliced the wire that formed the circuit to light the design. The rest of the evening was taken up with singing, radio, and refreshments. Everyone had an enjoyable time.

The carnival offered a splendid opportunity for the club to prove its worth. All the hall decorating and lighting was done by this organization. As our share in the concessions we gave a "Gingham Girls' Revue." This was one of the main attractions and drew a large crowd. The lighting of the stage for the different plays was also left to this club, and with the aid of our instructor, Mr. Springall, the effects produced were all that could be desired.

At the beginning of the new semester the president and vice-president handed in their resignations, and at the next meeting, Lambert Sewell and Russell Thompson were chosen to fill these vacancies.

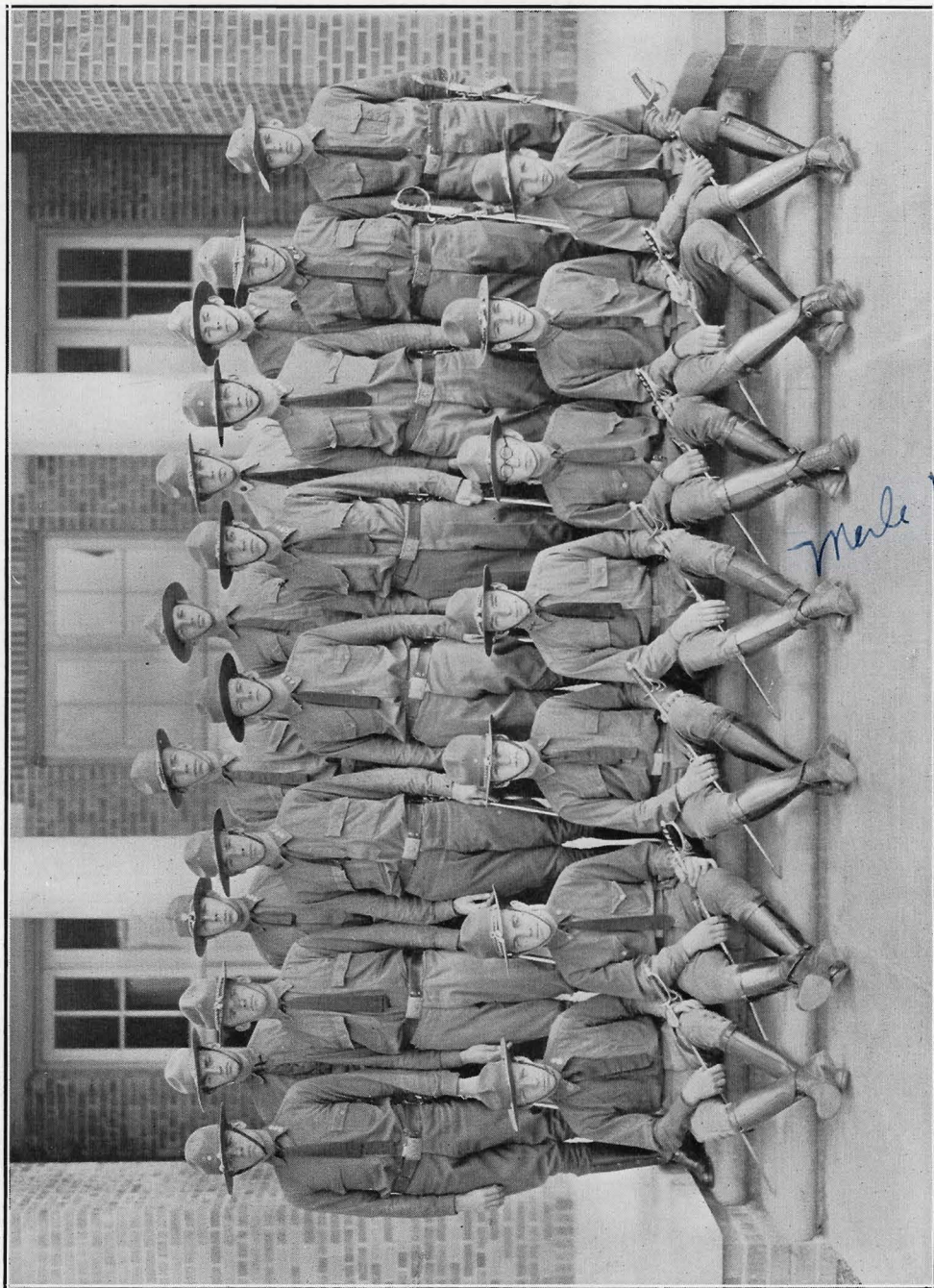
March 13th was charter night, and the twenty-five members signed the constitution, after subscribing to the oath, which was administered by Mr. Lundlee, president of the Sacramento Valley Electrical Society. Speeches were given by Mr. Curran of the P. G. & E., Mr. Cannon of the contractors, and Mr. Osmus of the electrical union. On May 13th we held our first initiation and nine candidates were admitted to the club.

The Sons of Thor was well represented on the track by Ray Gullian and Albert Culver. We tied for fourth place in the interclass meet with nine points.

A baseball team was formed in the spring, and we joined the Vocational Department League. Some very good talent was found and we expect to win the cup.

JOSEPH FITZHENRY, '26.





*Maile Petersen*

CADET OFFICERS



## Cadets

There has been no secretary of the cadets since I have been here as Commandant, so I will have to act in that capacity myself.

At the beginning of last year's term Sept. 10, 1924, the cadets were organized into six separate companies, known as the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 16th companies. These organizations were then officered by cadets who won their commissions by competitive examination; excepting that a few of the old officers in commission prior to Sept. 10, 1924, were placed where their commissions graded them in the new organizations. Similarly the noncommissioned officers were assigned to companies. This has been and will be, the policy of this corps-promotion by competitive examination for those who can pass the test.

It would not be of much interest to the readers of the Review to be bored with a schedule showing the method of instruction in the corps of cadets. Suffice it to say that the scheme is progressive as far as it goes. I mean by this that instruction is given to the squad, the platoon, and the company in the order named. This scheme fits in with the 7 periods per day in which the 7 companies drill, a seventh organization (17th Co.) having been added to the original six at the beginning of the present semester.

For the reason that no larger unit than a company can be turned out for drill under the present school schedule no officers above the rank of captain have been appointed. It is hoped that next term two battalions may be organized with a regimental formation once each month. This will provide for positions in the field grades (Colonel, Lieut. Colonel, and Majors) with the necessary staff officers for deserving cadets; and the instruction in general would be far better than at present.

The corps has been turned out as regiment two or three times in the eight months I have been Commandant, once Armistice Day, to parade in the city. At this parade the boys brought forth many complimentary comments on their marching and good appearance.

In the social activities of the school the cadet corps does its part as the target range and the Hawaiian dancing booth demonstrated at the Carnival recently held. When the corps has been called upon to aid the school in any way it has always responded cheerfully, and you can count upon them to continue to do so.

This spring the cadets attended the conference of the Legion of Cadets at Fresno, returning much elated over the prospects for betterment of all cadet high school organizations in the state of California. This Legion works for cadet improvement in the entire state, and does not confine its activities to any one particular organization. It meets annually and discusses cadet affairs. Our ten cadets at Fresno represented the largest number of visiting cadets in attendance at the Legion meeting.

C. C. SMITH, Commandant.

### COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

#### CAPTAINS:

1. Greene ..... 4th Co.
2. Frantz ..... 16th Co.
3. Seymour ..... 17th Co.
4. Roy ..... 3rd Co.
5. Thompson ..... 5th Co.
6. Crawford ..... 7th Co.
7. Vacancy ..... 6th Co.
8. Murphy ..... attached

#### 1ST LIEUTENANTS:

1. Payne ..... 6th Co.
2. Peterson ..... 4th Co.
3. Perez ..... 3rd Co.
4. Monroe ..... 16th Co.
5. Kaiser ..... 7th Co.
6. Gates ..... 5th Co.
7. Fallman ..... 17th Co.
8. Fingado ..... attached

#### 2ND LIEUTENANTS

1. Riley ..... 16th Co.
2. Pope ..... 4th Co.
3. Black ..... 3rd Co.
4. Heisch ..... 7th Co.
5. Swett ..... 17th Co.
6. Eberwine ..... 5th Co.
7. Sowles ..... 6th Co.





CONTEST TYPING TEAMS



## The Seventh Annual Sacramento Valley Typewriting Contest

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On April 18, 1925, one hundred fifty-seven typists, representing twenty-one high schools situated in the Sacramento Valley, competed for championship honors. This annual typewriting classic was staged in the auditorium of the Sacramento High School.

Six loving cups, each of which must be won for the third time to become the property of any school, were offered as school trophies; and twenty-nine medals, each carrying the design of Mercury, the wingfoot, delivering a type-written letter, were given to pupils making the highest speed and accuracy records in the different classifications.

In the contest for pupils of first year typewriting standing, Ruth Smith of Willows won the highest honors for speed, writing a net of sixty words per minute for the fifteen minute period. Second, third, fourth and fifth places were taken by Marysville, San Andreas, Sacramento, and Red Bluff. Sophia Hornstein was the Sacramento typist winning fourth honors. The first five accuracy places in this section were taken by Marysville, Willows, Turlock, Marysville, and Willows. The one minute was won by Turlock in this classification.

In the second year section of the contest, Rosa Huffington and Florence Richards won first and third speed places for Sacramento. Miss Huffington's record was seventy-four net words per minute. Second, fourth, and fifth places were taken by Roseville, Sutter Creek, and Turlock. Second, third and fifth accuracy places in the second year section were taken by Louise Turpen, Celia McKey, and Hattie Haas of Sacramento. First and fourth places were won by Willows, and Marysville. The one minute was won by Roseville.

The unlimited classification, which allows a four-year training period, was won by Florence Abegglen of Sacramento; second place by Ruth Legate of Sacramento and third place by Ruth Thompson of Sutter Creek. The first three accuracy places in this section were won by the same pupils and schools in the order named above. The one minute was taken by Fairfield.

The only trophy to become the permanent property of any school was the speed cup for second year pupils which was won by the Sacramento High School for the third consecutive time.

Sacramento High School won three of the six cups and ten of the twenty-nine medals.



## The Sixth Annual California State School Typewriting Contest

For the first time, the State Typewriting Contest was held in the auditorium of the Sacramento High School. There were 159 typists competing in the northern section of this event. There were 56 operators in the Southern Section at Santa Barbara. This event was open to both public and private schools. As a comparison of the interest manifested, two hundred and one of the competitors were high school students; fourteen were products of private institutions. In the sections open to high schools, four beautiful loving cups, each of which must be won for the third time to become the property of any school, were placed in jeopardy; sixteen medals were also offered to high school students.

The Sacramento High School was not fortunate in the winning of the section open to first year typewriting pupils, not being able to place in the winnings for either speed or accuracy. The first three places for speed in this class were won by Elk Grove, Berkeley, and Willows, the winning rate being sixty-five net words per minute. Berkeley High School also won first accuracy place in this division, writing for the fifteen minutes with only one error at the rate of fifty-six net words per minute.

The second year high school contest was a team event for speed; but an individual competition for accuracy. Sacramento High School won highest team honors with an average for the three writers of sixty-seven net words per minute. The members of the winning team were Rosa Huffington, Louise Turpen, and Edith Tarr. The Polytechnic High School of Los Angeles and the Elk Grove High School ranked second and third for team average, each writing with an average net of sixty-four words per minute.

The State Championship for accuracy in the second year classification was taken by Louise Turpen of the Sacramento High School, writing for the fifteen minutes at the rate of sixty-four net words per minute with only one error. Second and third accuracy honors were also taken by Sacramento students, Edith Tarr and Hattie Haas earning these places.

Of the four high school cups and the sixteen high school medals, the Sacramento High School won two cups and five medals.

J. N. Kimball of New York, International Manager of Typewriting Contests, stated that the California records were extremely high. This can be seen by a comparison of results covering a period of the last five years. During the first two state contests—four and five years ago respectively—it was unusual for any student to net as much as sixty words per minute. In this contest, in the second year, there were twenty-six writers who netted sixty words per minute or more and the highest record was eighty-one net words per minute, which rate breaks all previous records for a second year student in the State of California. In the first year high school section, there were six writers with more than sixty words per minute, whereas the first State High School championship was taken only five years ago at fifty-two net words per minute. Not only have the speed standards been raised but accuracy as well is on the incline. In our first contest for state honors an error per minute was considered good average work. Now one-third that number is considered a great many errors to make in the fifteen minute writing. This increase is directly traceable to the typewriting contest movement.

## The Art Club

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The art club is one of our newest organizations, having been formed at the beginning of the first semester of this year with the idea of promoting the appreciation of art and nature. At the first meeting approximately fifty members were enrolled. An election took place at which Preston Greene and Margaret Meyer became the president and vice-president, respectively. Miss Patten, because of her deep interest in the progress of art among the students, became the sponsor of the club.

The enthusiasm of the members was so great that they immediately arranged for programs to be given at the club meetings which were expected to be held regularly every two weeks. But due to the lack of time for the usual second registrations, the programs were unable to be held, as planned, much to the disappointment of the club members. The term closed with a firm desire of every member to make the coming semester of the art club a most illustrious one.

In the second semester, the club progressed rapidly under the guidance of Lewis Newbauer, president, and Charles Marshall, vice-president, and due to the recent death of John Sargent, one of America's foremost modern artists, the club has concentrated its efforts on adequately honoring this great man by a meeting dedicated especially to his life and works. Arnell Gillett spoke on Sargent's life. The subject which Glenetta Jones chose was "The Unveiling of the Mural Decorations" of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

During the middle of May, Miss Patten's room was hung with a collection of Graphic Art pictures by Pedro J. Lemos from the Stanford University. These prints have been arranged especially for schools and colleges with demonstration cards. This large collection of some of Lemos' works is now on a tour of the west and our Art Club is extremely fortunate in having these pictures to offer to our members.

It is hoped that with the splendid start of the club during this last year, it will progress rapidly in the future and become one of the leading organizations of the school.

Lewis Newbauer,  
President.



### Cast of "Clarence"



## Senior Play

The success of the 1925 senior play, "Clarence," was made possible by the fine coaching of Miss Maud Jones, the drama teacher, and a talented, hard-working cast.

Glenn Young, the star actor of the play, took the title role of Clarence. All were delighted with his interpretation of the poor, friendless soldier, who turned out to be an entomologist.

Kathryn Garner as Cora, the flighty and unmanageable young sister, was a real treat and called forth the highest praise. Her quarrels with Bobby seemed extremely real.

Bobby Wheeler was a scream with his cane and cream-colored spats. The acting of Harry Wrinkle in this part was so natural that the audience, at times, forgot they were attending an amateur production.

Ben Frantz's heavy, fatherly voice made the part of Mr. Wheeler stand out in the minds of the audience.

The part of Mrs. Wheeler was excellently portrayed by Florence Richards. At times green-dragons just filled the air.

The role of Mrs. Martyn, Mr. Wheeler's confidential secretary, was done by Helen Stangeland in a very business-like manner.

Everybody agreed that Marie Landgrebe, as Miss Pinney, made a winsome governess, even though she couldn't quite manage Cora.

John McKenna, as Hubert Stem, made a typical grass widower.

Cecilia Hall, in a delightful style, played the part of Della, the maid. "Ah, he's such an angel," she exclaimed in heart-rending tones.

Robert Jerauld played Dinwiddie, the butler, in a very natural and polished manner.

"Clarence" left nothing to be desired. It was the outstanding social success of the year. It financially outclassed all previous senior plays and made the Review possible. It was the pinnacle of success of the drama classes.

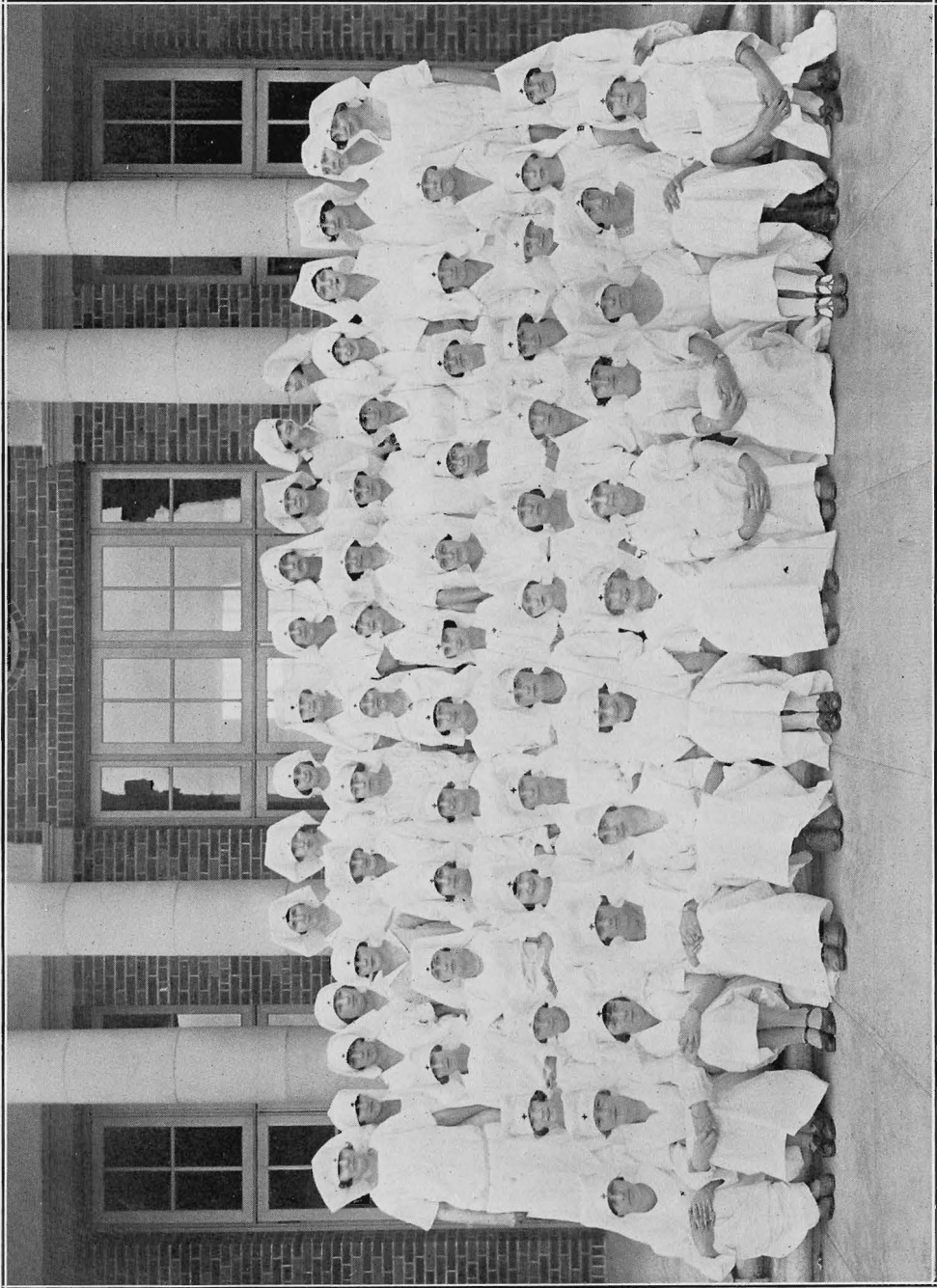
To an actor, the highest praise he can receive is that he "lives his part." This was the most frequently heard phrase at school after "Clarence."

The cast, who lived their parts, is as follows:

Clarence .....	Glenn Young
Violet Pinney.....	Marie Landgrebe
Cora Wheeler.....	Kathryn Garner
Bobby Wheeler.....	Harry Wrinkle
Hubert Stem.....	John McKenna
Mrs. Wheeler.....	Florence Richards
Mr. Wheeler.....	Ben Frantz
Mrs. Martyn.....	Helen Stangeland
Della .....	Cecilia Hall
Dinwiddie .....	Robert Jerauld

This play was produced by special arrangement with Samuel French of New York.





HOME NURSING

## Home Nursing

In answer to the urgent request of many students for advanced work in nursing and health subjects a course in this work was offered in February of this year, and the response was most gratifying.

The course includes a study of First Aid, which is considered valuable; for with such knowledge a girl is able to aid the ill and injured in emergencies when professional aid is lacking. The purpose of the course is to give the elementary nursing procedure, to lay a foundation of general knowledge for the maintenance of high health standards, and to arouse in the girl a sense of responsibility for the welfare of the community. A study is being made of the methods that may be utilized for successful child management, for the development of desirable habits, and suggestions for overcoming undesirable habits; for it is realized that the health, happiness, and efficiency of men and women depend largely upon the type of habits they acquire from early training.

Visits were made to several hospitals and health clinics. The senior Home Nursing class, also organized in February by Mrs. Adams, has proved a very beneficial half-year subject for senior girls. A great deal has been accomplished in the study of First Aid, personal hygiene, and home care of the sick.

Two trips were made to the Sister's Hospital where the class was shown through the entire building by the nurses. A visit to the Health Center was also made and both trips were interesting as well as educational. Another trip is being planned to the Sacramento Hospital.

Members of the advanced class are:

Vera Avena	Kathryn Garner	Eleanor McCarthy
Emily Barnes	Helen Goodwin	Dorothy McKee
Alma Bradovich	Ruth Grell	Velda Metz
Annalee Brown	Mildred Hanford	Wilda Purlee
Katherine Bullock	Margaret Hooper	Alice Renner
Estelle Caen	Frances James	Edwina Rice
Rosalie Dallman	Dorothy Kaufer	Marjorie Schultz
Thelma Derr	Marie Landgrebe	Lucile Selleseth
Marjorie De Mille	Lois Little	Wanda Truman
Miriam Garden	Dorothy Masters	Harriette Woollett

Those of the Senior Nursing class are:

Thelma Azevedo	Nettie Hawks	Verna Miller
Dorothy Bolles	Frances Hunt	Lydia Mix
LaVerne Cloud	Lucile Joslin	Eleanor Nyrop
Evelyn Compton	Doris Kinser	Melva Offenbach
Ruth Curl	Frances Langenbach	Elvira Peterson
Annabelle Elliot	Hazel McFall	Effie Poole
Dorothy Gorman	Ethel Middleton	Alice Wurster





AGGIES' JUDGING TEAM

## Agriculture

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The agricultural department of the Sacramento High School has grown to such an extent that three new courses have been added this year. The department now offers six courses.

The first year class and the classes in poultry and landscape gardening are under the direction of Mr. Jenkins. An ornamental tree and shrubbery identification team composed of Arundel Keane, Howard Smith, Sam David, and Maynard Male represented the high school at Davis Picnic this year and received third place in the contest.

The second year, the animal husbandry class, under the direction of Mr. Brewer. A livestock judging team composed of Giltner Small, Floyd Gregg, and John Mehren, was organized from this group and took fifth place at the Davis Picnic this year, with fifty-five other schools entered. This team made second place in the dairy contest and third place in the sheep judging contest at the same picnic, and they were the high team in the Sacramento County judging meet.

The third year, the horticulture class, is under the direction of Mr. Brewer. A fruit judging team, consisting of Edmund Pilz, Irvin Davis, and Ralph Hudson, was chosen from this group to represent the high school in the fruit judging contest held this year at Berkeley.

The fourth year, the farm management class, was organized this year under the direction of Mr. Brewer. An orchard judging team, composed of Ellsworth Burt, Tom Yerby, and Gene La Clair, was chosen from this class to represent the high school in a tree judging contest held at Davis this year. This team received a cup for second high team, with twenty-eight other schools entered in the contest.

GENE LA CLAIR, '25.  
Secretary.



## Commercial Club

Just before the fall term was over a club of the commercial students of the Sacramento High School was formed. The purpose of the club is to promote interest in the business world, to encourage a social spirit among commercial students and to become conversant with modern, progressive business methods and systems.

At the first meeting so many students were interested that it was deemed advisable to form the club into two sections or bureaus, each bureau meeting separately once a month, and both bureaus meeting on the third Friday of each month for a general business meeting. The officers of the two bureaus preside alternately at the general meetings.

The officers of the accounting bureau are:

President .....	Christopher Swett
Vice-president .....	Louise Brant
Secretary .....	Lillian Loveless
Treasurer .....	Rose Rico
Sgt.-at-arms .....	John Stewart
Sponsor .....	Mr. Goldberg

The officers of the secretarial bureau are:

President .....	Rosa Huffington
Vice-president .....	Edna Bundy
Secretary .....	Gladys Mayfield
Treasurer .....	Undena Cottrell
Sgt.-at-arms .....	Louise Turpin
Sponsor .....	Mr. Shadwick

The club was organized so late that it has not had time to do much to promote commercial activities. However, we hope and expect it to become one of the most important ones in the school.

The boys on the Class B basketball team deserve some praise. Against the Los Angeles team Friday night.

# THE XRAY

THE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

G. A. A. (Cable) St. Patrick's Party in the gym Friday evening. Very successful evening. All girls are invited.

## CLASS A WINS BIG HOOP GAME

Faculty Led by Rudolph Loos Game After Hard Fought Battle

## WELL PLAYED GAME

Mr. Fiddich Leads Small Faculty Kicking Section in New York

Mr. Fiddich, the American basketball coach, was in the audience when the faculty team defeated the Los Angeles team Friday night.

The game was played in the gymnasium at the Los Angeles hotel. The faculty team was led by Mr. Fiddich.

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## TYPING PUPILS ARE AWARDED NEW EMBLEMS

Cause Sensation and Will Make More Competition Among Students

Students who are being awarded the new emblems are the typing pupils.

The new emblems are being awarded to the typing pupils.

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## ATHLETES FORM BLOCK "S" SOCIETY

Principal Endorses Club at Its Initial Meeting

## COURSES POPULAR GRADS

Attendance at Last Council Meeting Poor, English Varsity Leaders Named

The English Varsity leaders named for the last council meeting.

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## URGE NOMINEES FOR SERVICE SECRETARY

Attendance at Last Council Meeting Poor, English Varsity Leaders Named

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## CLUB NEEDED FOR SOME TIME

Chief Purpose Will Be To Promote Greater School Spirit

The chief purpose of the club will be to promote greater school spirit.

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## FIRST TREK OF SCOUTS

Scoutmaster Leads First Trek of Scouts

The scoutmaster led the first trek of the scouts.

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The scoutmaster led the first trek of the scouts.

## Local Cadets to Enter Rifle Meet

Cadets to Enter Rifle Meet

The cadets will enter the rifle meet.

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## Scoutmaster Debators Tied for Second in League

Scoutmaster Debators Tied for Second in League

The scoutmaster debators were tied for second in the league.

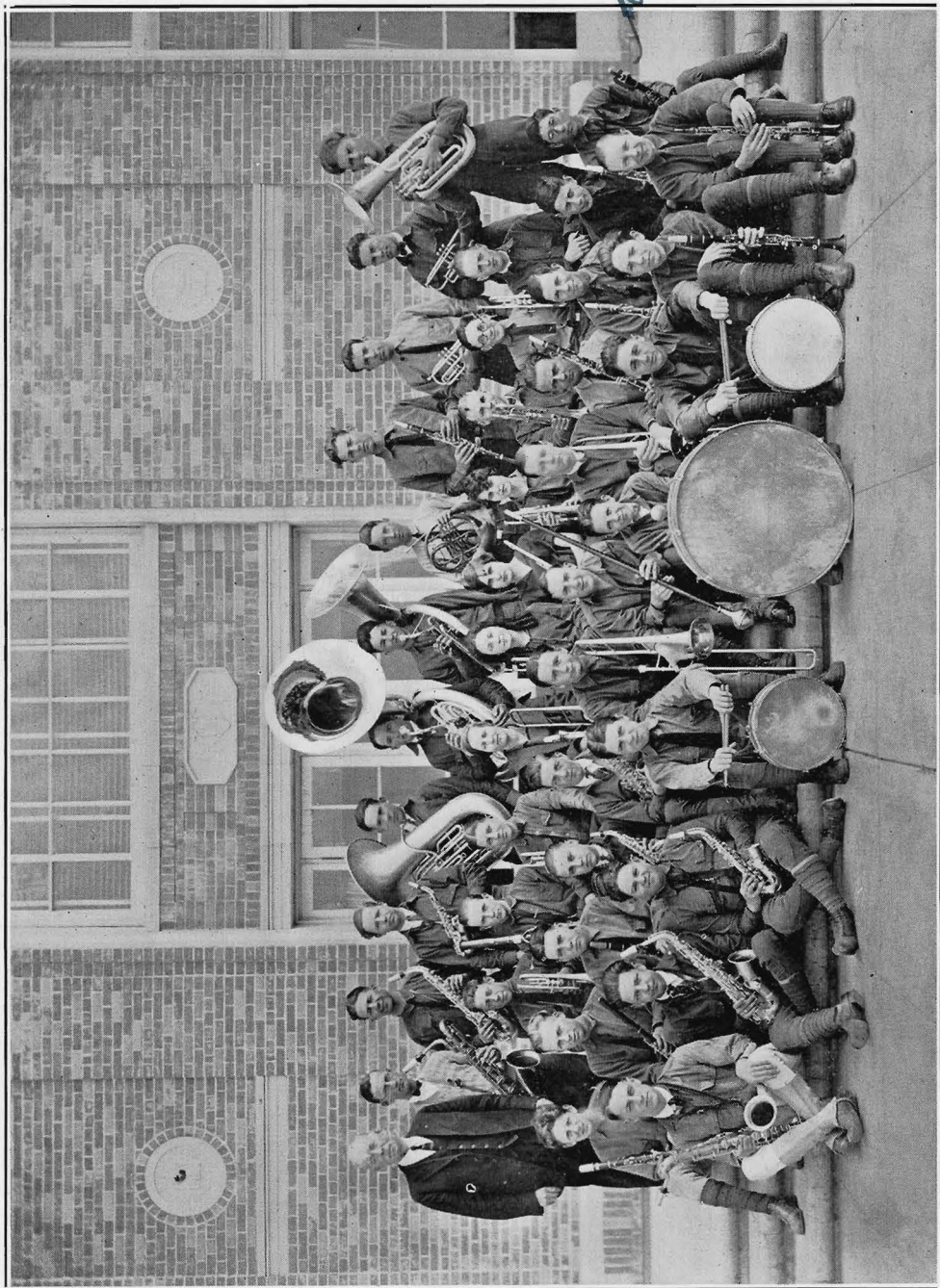
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*Reed Suckers.*

CADET BAND





BOYS' AND GIRLS' GLEE CLUBS





ORCHESTRA



# ELEMENTS OF



## HARMONY

THE DOMINANT



AND SUBDOMINANT

STAFF



ADDITIONAL



FEELING-SEEKING



AUXILIARY



DOMINANT OF



THE DOMINANT



MINOR CHORD



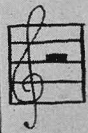
GRACE NOTES



MAJOR TRIAD



HALF REST



TIE



WHOLE REST

*J de la B*



## Spring

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Spring, the time when all is gay,  
Flowers blooming by the way;  
Birds are singing in their nests;  
Spring's the season we love best.

Spring to mother means still more;  
She must house clean as of yore.  
She must wash and sweep and clean,  
Till not a speck of dust is seen.

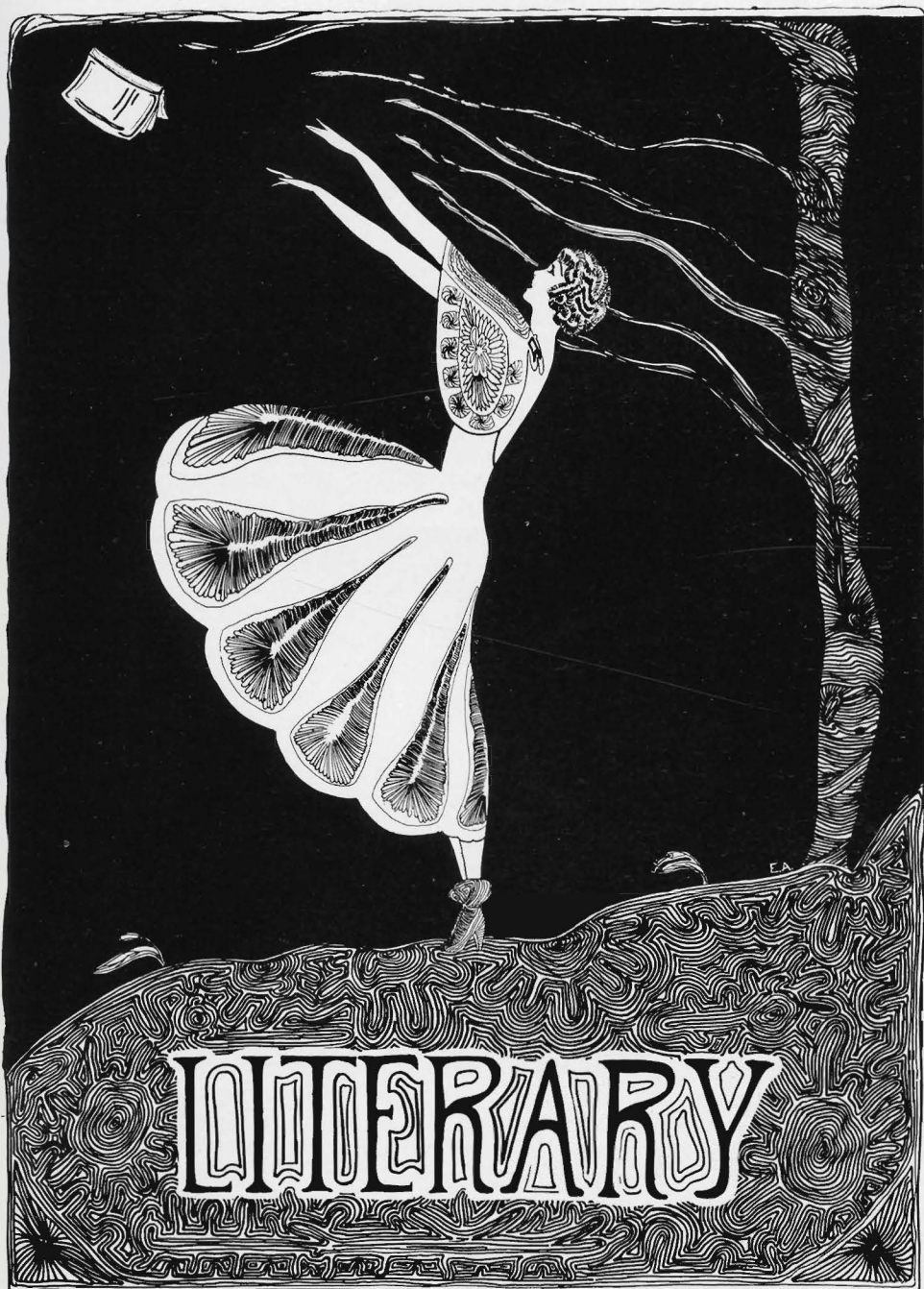
To father spring means not the same,  
For with spring comes the baseball game.  
He must witness every day  
The games in which his home team play.

To sister spring means styles and clothes;  
She must have the latest modes.  
Sister does not want just dresses;  
She wants outfits; they are precious.

To brother spring means one good time;  
Fishing and swimming suit him fine.  
Frogs and turtles are his fancy,  
To him more beautiful than "Nancy."

Thus comes spring in all its splendors,  
Which to us she gladly renders,  
Dost thou wonder now, my dear,  
Why spring's the best of all the year?

INEZ NICHOLLS, '26.





## The Keeper of the Drawbridge

(Senior—First Prize Story)

"And so the Great Man said, 'And greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend.'"

As he finished the story, the old man lovingly fondled the golden curls on the little head lying against his shoulder. They made a curious pair, sitting in the doorway of the little cabin on the drawbridge, the colorless little old man and the dull structure of the bridge forming a neutral background against which the bright, sunlit hair of the little boy stood out in startling contrast. The child was a cripple, with a sweet, serious face, the look of patient suffering making him seem oddly old and wise. The large dark eyes were gazing far down the river and the little forehead was puckered with thought as he pondered over the tale his grandfather had just told, and he had visions of noble men, filled with high resolve, laying down their lives in large bundles upon a counter, behind which stood their friends. As the old man watched him with loving intentness, he too was thinking of the past and his own life, which he had laid down, not once, but many times in unselfish subordination of his own will and interests to those of others. He had not always been the drab, monotonous figure of the present. He had had a personality, once colorful and striking, but the long years of suppression had dulled and greyed it, as they had his hair, until now he was just a colorless little old man, the keeper of a drawbridge. Perhaps it was this very colorlessness which drew him so forcibly to his little grandson. He loved the lad's bright, sunny disposition and quaint, original ideas, but most of all he loved his hair, gloriously golden and curling in ringlets all over his head. It was a symbol, representing all the brightness for which his soul had starved so long. He treasured it and gloated over it as a miser over his hoard.

The musing of the two was interrupted by three blasts of the whistle, deep and sonorous, of an approaching steamer. The old man raised his startled eyes, bewildered by the hasty transition back to the present.

"Law, sonny, here Grandpop's gone and forgot all about that extra boat that was coming through this mornin'. You stay right here, honey, while Grandpop opens the bridge and then we'll have another story."

He made the child comfortable and scurried out to his post. As the boat, a large river steamer hauling loaded barges, appeared around the bend of the river, the drawbridge swung out with ponderous dignity to let it pass. The old man stood waving to the crew. He was still a bit dreamy from his musing, but he performed his duties with the automatic precision of long practice. The boat passed and its engines were still pulsing through the air when a light tap-tap behind him startled the old man. He swung about, his arm still stretched out to grasp the levers, and it came in contact with a soft body. There was a startled exclamation, the clatter of a falling crutch, and the old man whirled just in time to see a tiny form disappearing over the end of the open bridge. He had a sickening sense of a small body hurling through space, and then a dull splash. For a single breathing space he stood transfixed, with staring eyes and gapping mouth. Then as the horror of it dawned upon him he began clutching with frantic hands to tear off his coat preparatory to plunging in after the boy. He could not imagine what had brought the child out on the bridge after his warning to stay in the cabin. It never occurred to him to doubt his ability to withstand the icy shock of the water of his strength to swim with the added burden of the child, to



safety. His whole mind was intent upon one thing, to get in after the boy and pull him out of that cold water.

But even as he stood with his arms half out of his coat there came the shrill scream of a locomotive. Number ten, passenger, on time! It was a through train, traveling at a high speed, and the unsuspecting engineer would round that last curve and, approaching the bridge unaware of the danger, would carry himself and the whole trainload of humanity to destruction. Again the old man stood immovable, frozen with horror. But again it was only for a fraction of a second, then, succeeding in freeing his arms of his coat he sprang instinctively back to his station. He would fix the gears and then plunge in after his boy, letting the bridge swing to by itself. It was the automatic response of the bridge keeper to place first the safety of those who trusted him to be on the job. He placed his hands on the levers, then stopped suddenly and groaned. That last switch that must be thrown after the bridge had closed! How could he manage to wait and close that and save his boy, too. At this thought he again ran to the side of the bridge and looking down saw a small blot of gold bob for a moment on the dark surface of the river, and then disappear. His sense reeled between the awful millstones that were crushing out his very life. His conscience, the call of duty on one hand and his love for his grandson on the other. Which ever way he turned lay a tragedy. Why was he permitted to live and endure such terrible agonies of choice? Choice, how he loathed the word. He glanced up at the mid-summer sky, but there was no relief there. The sun glaring in noon day fierceness, cast a hard metallic wave of heat over all creation. The old man groaned. Another signal from the approaching train set his mind in a frenzy. He felt an insane desire to run back and forth, back and forth, from one side of the bridge to the other, from his levers to the end from which his grandson had fallen. He felt desperate, like a caged animal, bound from action by the bars of his own indecision. He endured aeons of torture in those few seconds.

At the third whistle from the train he started, and then covered his face with hands that trembled violently. He could not shut out of his mind the picture of that little golden head on the dark surface of the river, but side by side with this rose another and equally horrible scene, the river filled with many heads, struggling, drowning. Into his ears came beating the refrain, one head or many, one head or many, one head or many. He was trembling all over. His panic rose as he realized with a start that the singing in his ears was coming from the rails, humming with the approach of the train. He was threatened again with that insanity, but looking down at the water he grew strangely calm. It was so quiet and peaceful down there. Why not throw himself down there with Sonny, away from all this agony of choice? There would still be that comfort, if he did, it would be with Sonny, Sonny who was life itself to him.

The pallor of death itself seemed to smite him as this last thought came to his mind. A voice echoed, through the singular calm that possessed him the last words of his story to Sonny. "And greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend." Sonny, his life; those passengers, his friends. What could be plainer? The old man turned with great weariness and plodded over to the levers. Quickly, with the automatic precision of long practice, he went through his duties, of long practice, even to the last switch, which was thrown just as the first of the train, with a triumphant shriek, thundered on to the bridge.

CELIA GROFF, '25.



## Joy of the Woods

(Sophomore—First Prize Poem)

I scorn the great cities, their toil and their care!  
 I'm a thing of the woods and as free as the air;  
 I live in the light of my Creator's smile.  
 I rejoice. Yes, rejoice and I sing all the while.  
 Yes, as free as the winds that go whistling by.  
 I dance and I sing on the mountain peak high;  
 I sing till sweet echo sings back in reply;  
 I dance on the hill and I dance in the dale;  
 I dance by the lake where the pond lilies sail;  
 I'm as free as the eagle that soars upon high;  
 I dance by the streamlet that flows through the vale;  
 I dance through the mist of the mountain's white veil.  
 I run and I leap and I laugh as I run,  
 For my laugh is of joy and sweet happiness spun.  
 Oh! it echoes and echoes and echoes afar,  
 And it comes back to me like a bright falling star;  
 It enters my breast where it echoes and sings,  
 And I laugh and I shout till the wood 'round me rings;  
 I play with the wild deer and they without fear  
 Follow my voice when I sing as I pass,  
 And race with me over the sweet smelling grass.  
 Oh! I sing with the thrush and I shout with the jay;  
 Oh! I join with the sparrows in chatter and play;  
 I run with the wolf pack, I thrill with the chase,  
 As the pack and the caribou join in life's race.  
 I ride on the tops of the white crested waves,  
 Or explore the dark regions of salt smelling caves.  
 I sit on the beach, I sit all alone,  
 And idly I watch the froth and the foam  
 Of the sea as it washes the white, sandy beach,  
 And the waves from as far as the lone eyes can reach.  
 I sit and I smile, for there's joy in the sea,  
 But Oh, for the mountains where joy is most free.

The sun sinks to rest in an ocean of gold,  
 And back to the mountains I turn as of old,  
 For I'm old as the ages yet young as the day,  
 And all God's creation doth laugh 'neath my sway.

Men think they know Joy as they sip the red wine,  
 But I reign supreme in the hemlock and pine.  
 Men think they know Joy when money's their god,  
 But the man who'd know Joy must know too the true God.  
 Oh, let men come back to the haunts of the wild;  
 I'll welcome them back as a mother her child.  
 I'll sing from the brook, the green trees and the grass;  
 I'll dance and I'll sing and I'll laugh when they pass;  
 I'll give them the gifts for which they all long,  
 For I am their dreams; I am sweet happiness;  
 I am Joy, laughing Joy, dancing Joy, I am Joy.

VIRGINIA HUGHES, '27.

## The Enchantment of Distance

(Senior—First Prize Essay)

The lure of distance led Columbus, Cortez, Drake, and many other famous explorers to set out in their frail crafts to see for themselves what was beyond that great stretch of sea, to test, in defiance of death, the great unknown waters.

What is it that beckons to men? What unseen force is there that urges and propels them to go forward; to see? Is it the adventure in man, human curiosity, or is it the soft haze that spreads over the landscape?

I myself believe it is the bluish haze that spreads itself like veiling over the sharp outline of cliffs and rocks. It softens the clear cut of the sky behind the trees. It gives enchantment to the white winding highway that crawls ever steadily on to the top of the hills, brushing out the cruelty of man's work in his blasting of the hillsides; letting the ever reaching step of civilization pour over each hill and valley, each rock and stone. It strikes at the very being of the tourist as he rounds a sudden curve in the great highway and sees the great cliffs and chasms. Far below, down thousands of feet of sharp, jagged stone, rises the soft purplish foliage of the pines, so luring, so beautiful through the veil that covers the landscape. The great wonders of the Grand Canyon, of Yellowstone Park, are all covered with this enchantment.

Who has not gone flower hunting in a field of poppies, buttercups, or bluebells? And who has not seen, a few yards ahead, a much prettier flower, or a much larger patch? And who has not been drawn on, only to find that the distance has but lent enchantment to the bobbing flower heads? And in the same way, we have climbed over thorns and rocks to reach the distant point, only to find that the picture is but an illusion. The veil is ripped aside, the cliffs and rocks are seen as they are, the trees as broken and dust covered. Is it not better to view the scene from afar, to let the veil remain? Was not Columbus's reward but a repetition of the torn haze in his finding of the wild unbroken shore? Was not the Pilgrim's reward hard work, cold, and starvation?

But the hardships of life must ever be faced to gain advancement, the veil must be torn. We who strive for position, wealth, fame, or education must face the difficulties. We must let the haze of our golden star be torn away, we must see the path, narrow, rocky, with many twists and turns, with many snags to catch and hurl us back. We must know and realize so that we can cope with our problems. If Columbus had been content to gaze across the sea, seeing only a beautiful picture, his name never would have gone down in history as the discoverer of America. To stand still, to never move forward, is to have the enchantment of distance ever before us. What shall we do? Shall we take enchantment or reality? Both are extremes: enchantment typifies the man who looks ahead but stands still, dreaming, gazing upon his golden star; reality typifies the man who hurls himself over hill and stone, forgetting friends, forgetting self, bent only upon grasping his golden star. What shall we do? Must we face either reality or enchantment? Or is there some way out, some way by which we may be safe? Is this not the only way, the only chance left, to take an equal amount of both, of dreaming and doing?

EDNA BISHOP, '26.



## "The Maiden's Prayer"

(Junior—First Prize Story)

Nellie May Gordon stood on the porch and smiled as resolutely as she waved, until the wagon-load of grain with her father and mother on the high spring-seat rattled around the turn of the road. Then she went slowly into the parlor. The parlor drew her because the blinds were drawn. It was dark and silent and she was suffering.

Crystal tears dewed the rose-pink of her cheeks as she dropped on the purple plush sofa. They gushed forth in a flood as she slid from the sofa to the floor, buried her face in a sofa-pillow and gave away to such a passion of weeping as she had not indulged in since she was seven, when she broke her best doll.

"Oh, oh," she sobbed aloud, "they don't understand, neither Pa nor Ma, and there isn't any way I can make them. It's the first thing I ever asked for and they act as if I had committed the unpardonable sin. Maybe I'm wicked, but I want a new dress more than I ever wanted anything before or ever will again, I do believe."

Stating her grievance out loud seemed to help so she droned on between catches of her breath.

"Pa and Ma don't know it is a wonderful thing for Dorothy Harris to ask me to her party. They don't know a thing about evening gowns and that every girl has one nowadays. Ma thinks I could wear my blue serge. It isn't just the good time but if I could only go to that party with a dress like other girls wear it would be my making in Harrisburg. It would mean all the difference in the world in my senior year at Hi. I wouldn't be just a little country freak that everyone passes by. I'd be one of Dorothy Harris' friends who had a good dress—. Oh, it's too cruel."

Nellie May was right. The clothes she had worn all of her sixteen years had been serviceable but certainly not stylish. To Mrs. Gordon waistlines and hems were as fixed as the boundaries of the state. Like the equator, waistlines girdled the center, and skirts were gathered very full thereon, hems were supposed to edge the ankles of the young, the exceeding young like Nellie May, and sleeves were for the purpose of covering up the arms.

Nellie May was not overly vain, but she could not help her growing rebellion. Her mirror told her that not a girl at Harrisburg Hi had a figure more lissom nor a face more fair; if only her clothes were not a laughing stock. Many an invitation had she either declined or avoided because she had nothing to wear that was suitable. But this was the climax.

This, her Junior year at high school had been a very successful one. She had carried off prizes in several school contests and her name headed the mid-year honor roll; but more thrilling than this, Dorothy Harris, the Judge's daughter and the belle of Harrisburg, had favored her several times with marked attention.

Nellie May felt the crowning moment of her life had come when she opened the dainty delicately scented envelope and found the invitation to Dorothy's May-day party. In a burst of enthusiasm and determination she accepted.

This was such a very special occasion that she could have a party dress. She must have a dress. Surely they could afford just one nice dress for her, if Pa and Ma could only be made to see the necessity. For once she would burst into eloquence and convince them, or she would appeal to Orvilla. Orvilla, her elder sister, was now attending Junior College in the city. She went back and forth each day on the electric and tutored in Harrisburg evenings



and Saturdays. Orvilla had always known the lack of modish clothes. She would be sympathetic.

On the way home from school on the evening before, Nellie May had seen her dress in Golden's window. It seemed a dispensation of Providence that Golden's should be having a sale of party dresses at this particular time. Sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents, even inexperienced Nellie May knew that was dirt cheap, and as she gazed longingly in the window she spied the one that twirled its ribbons around her heartstrings. It was black taffeta. Even though she struggled against the sin of vanity Nellie May could not help seeing her own flower-like face and golden curls rising from the low rounded neck. The sleeves were adorable shirred puffs. The waistline was low, and the perky little skirt was modishly short. The only dash of color was in the pockets, wide shirred pockets that ran halfway around on either side of the skirt, and heavily embroidered in gold, silver and green. From them floated the ensnaring ribbons, narrow streamers of silver. Would any other dress ever seem so completely hers, she wondered. With silver slippers it would be simply irresistible.

Filled with a desire to explain the situation and secure the dress before someone else did, Nellie May rushed home, but once in the familiar repressed home atmosphere, her courage suddenly ebbed. Dresses, especially fancy ones, foolish ones, her mother would say, seemed to fall in value.

She bolted her supper struggling for words to begin, but words did not come. When the dishes were done she saw with relief Orvilla beckoning her to her room. She would present her case to Orvilla first; but in Orvilla's room it was she and not Nellie May who did the talking. Nellie listened in dumb astonishment while Orvilla unfolded a tale exactly like her own.

Orvilla had been invited to a party on May-day night by an influential college friend. It meant a lot to Orvilla. There was a young man in the case, a dignity to which Nellie May had not attained, but Orvilla was afraid Pa and Ma would object. Since their main objection, she felt sure, would be clothes she had forestalled them by using the last cent of her own money to bring home material for an evening gown. She brought out the goods, charmeuse of the softest brightest shimmieriest blue.

For the second time that day Nellie May succumbed to vanity. She saw her own bright head bobbing above those gleaming folds. She shook herself. What was she coming to?

"Of course I haven't anything to wear with it, not even shoes, but maybe I can furbish my old white slippers," Orvilla was saying.

Nellie May went to her room without having said a word about her own predicament. All night her dreams revolved in cycles of black and blue. This, the following morning, was Saturday. Nellie May moved about the work in a daze of desperation. She did not lash her courage to the talking point until Pa had driven the load of grain, left from the spring sowing, up to the house and Ma was carrying out the lard pails of eggs. Then her words fairly spouted forth, hurling themselves at the two surprised, disapproving faces. She had a miserable sense that she was jumbling the importance of Dorothy's party and the desirability of the dress in Golden's window in a confused mass and when she paused for breath her mother spoke tersely:

"I'm surprised at you, Nellie May, lettin' yourself get all worked up over furbelows. The clothes you got are plenty good enough, and if they ain't then you better stay home."

Pa said not a word. And now Nellie May lay a sobbing heap by the sofa, her hopes shattered about her.

There was one resource left to her, a resource she had availed herself of



since earliest childhood. In common with the rest of humanity when over-taxed, she laid her burden on the mighty breast of the Infinite.

"Dear Lord," she prayed, "Send me a new dress. I beg of Thee, dear Lord, help me to get one. It is not wicked that I should desire one, dear Lord, for I have nothing nice to wear. Soften my mother's heart, oh Lord, or my father's or cause my aunt Nellie to send me one as she has done in the past. Or better still, oh Lord, I beseech Thee, help me to find a way to get one myself. Dear Lord, I thank Thee. Amen."

So absorbed was Nellie May in the fervor of her prayer that she failed to hear a light step in the hall or to see Orvilla pause in the doorway. When she arose, Orvilla was safely locked in her own room staring with unseeing eyes at a heap of luminous blue goods.

The younger girl, much refreshed and consoled, set out on her regular Saturday morning trip to old Mrs. Hinton's with a pound of butter and a pail of eggs. Granny Hinton, who was a semi-invalid, looked forward to these visits with the eagerness of a child.

It was a lovely late April morning. The willow buds were bursting out and the orchards showed powdery white and rose pink. As Nellie May came around the turn in the road she stopped short. Just ahead of her a big car slowed to the side of the grade, whirled impotently while a big man muttered and wrenched at the wheel. As Nellie drew near he stopped the racing engine.

"Hey, little girl!" he called. "Is there a house around here where I can get a car to pull me out?"

Nellie May shook her head. "No sir, but we live just around the turn and I will bring old Hero."

"What, one horse? He can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I think so. He's a terrific puller."

"He'd have to be, but I can't waste time. I have to reach town before the 10:15 goes through."

"Then I think we'd better try," Nellie May was firm. There aren't so many cars around here and everyone goes to town on Saturday's. I'll run and get Hero and if anyone comes along while I'm gone you can call on them."

No one came. It was only a matter of minutes until Nellie's practised hands had harnessed Hero and were driving him back down the road. The big man knotted the ends of the rope she tossed him to the car and climbed in shaking his head in derision. Nellie May chirruped to Hero; Hero "scratched gravel," and the car rolled up onto the grade.

Nellie's cheeks were pink and her eyes shining. "I told you he was a puller," she called as the man climbed out and untied the rope. He crossed the road and looked at her with admiration.

"You're all right," he said. "It does a person good these days to see a girl who isn't afraid to soil her hands with real labor. Take this and buy yourself a gew-gaw."

He was gone.

Nellie May unfolded the crinkling bill he had put in her hand. Ten dollars! That wasn't enough to buy the dress in Golden's window but it proved that Providence was with her and might send the other six twenty-five at any minute. She put old Hero back in the corral, rescued her bucket from the fence corner where she had stowed it and proceeded to Granny's.

She told the whole story as soon as she was seated in a big rocker opposite Granny. The little old lady was all excitement.

"You pull that old trunk out of the closet," she directed. "Now lay out the things until you come to a packet wrapped in tissue paper. Hand that to me."

Granny unfolded the paper and spread out to Nellie May's view a dress. It was an old, old fashioned dress of the period just following hoop skirts, of the softest grey-brown changeable silk that radiated gleams of silver and gold, purple and green as granny turned it in the sun-light. The lace at the bodice was like cobweb.

"They don't make silk like this nowadays," said granny, "and that is real lace. This was my Infair dress. I made it myself and it was my favorite dress in my trousseau. I never wore it more than half a dozen times. I was always saving it for something better till it was clear out of style and then I hated to rip it. Now it's going to make you a party dress. You bring me an up-to-date pattern from Harrisburg and I'll wager my fingers haven't lost their cunning."

Nellie May felt her enthusiasm rising when the full skirt was ripped off and pressed and she held it shimmering in the sun, and when the trunk had yielded up slippers that fit her perfectly; Granny's wedding slippers, soft white kid with immense buckles of cut steel.

The happy girl danced home. It was all arranged. She was to go to Granny's tomorrow evening and every evening that week on the pretense of reading to her. The home folks were not to know of the dress until she flashed it on their dazzled eyes. And she was to get all accessories in Harrisburg on Granny's account. The old lady insisted this was to be her treat and on no account was Nellie to break her ten dollars.

That was why she was happy. The Lord had answered her prayer and had also provided her with the means to atone for her sins of vanity. When the cat was out of the bag she meant to hand over the ten dollars, entire, to Orvilla to get what she needed to complete her party costume.

Supper that night at Gordon's was a silent affair. Each member of the family was so occupied with his own thoughts that he failed to note the pre-occupation of the others. To Nellie May's delight no objection was offered to her plan of going to Granny's. Indeed, her mother seemed to be glad to be rid of her.

The following Saturday dawned, a day for blooming flowers, singing birds and girls getting ready for parties. Nellie May brought the dress home from Granny's, finished to the last fastener. She slipped in the front way and spread it over the purple sofa. It seemed the fitting thing to do. Then she went to call her mother and Orvilla. They were looking out the dining room window.

"The mail's come," announced Mrs. Gordon. "Your Pa's gettin' it and there's a package."

The three of them watched Pa come up the trail. He handed the package and a letter to Nellie May.

"It's from Aunt Nellie," she breathed as she tore off the wrappings. She set the box on the table, lifted the lid and spread back the enfolding tissue. It lay revealed, a real evening gown of soft rose satin, slippers and stockings and a black plumey fan.

Nellie May opened the letter.

"Dear Namesake," she read, "It has just occurred to me that you are reaching the age when a girl values her party dresses above all else and as I chanced upon a bargain I am sending you one——"

Nellie May looked up, she was alone. The rest had disappeared as if by magic. Awesomely she lifted the dress. As she held it in front of her she saw that her first suspicion had been correct, it was far too large for her. The slippers also looked large. Evidently Aunt Nellie had over-estimated her petite niece. She turned as Orvilla entered the door holding before her a dainty



little dress of blue charmeuse with flecks of gold at the throat and shoulders, and an intricate gold ornament wrought by her own patient fingers.

"I made it for you, Nellie May," she said. "I heard you crying that day and I decided your party meant more to you than mine did to me, so I made it for you."

The satin dress slithered to the floor. Nellie May crushed the blue one between Orvilla and herself.

"Oh, you darling!" she cried. "You made it for me, and it's such a beauty! Of course I'll wear it and you'll wear this one from Aunt Nellie. Now not a word out of you. It's miles too big for me. It's yours forever, shoes and all. We'll both go and be so happy wearing each other's dresses. Granny Hinton will never need to know. Wait till I show you."

She dashed from the room to reappear in a moment with the dress that had once, in a different form, graced Granny's Infair. Their circle had been augmented. In the door to her room stood Ma and she was holding a dress before her. It was a very simple little dress of flowered dimity, but it represented great concessions from Ma. The neck was delicately rounded, the sleeves above the elbow, the waistline was long and the skirt modestly short, while knots of black ribbon lent it a festive touch.

Granny's dress joined Aunt Nellie's on the floor as Nellie May folded her mother, dimity and all, in her strong young arms.

"You seemed so set on a dress," murmured Ma embarrassedly, "that I just took my egg money and got the makin's of one you could wear all spring."

Nellie May's eyes beseeched Orvilla over Ma's shoulder.

"It was dear of you, Ma," she said bravely, "just so dear. And I am going to wear it to the party. It's such a sweet springlike dress."

Heavy steps crossed the porch. Pa clumped in the door and deposited a box on the table. He glanced sheepishly around at his women folks.

"Since you wuz so cut up about that dress business, Nellie May," he said gruffly. "I just got to figgerin' maybe Ma and me wuz a mite old fashioned with you, so since I got a very good figger for my grain I brung you some-thin'."

For the second time that morning Nellie May fumbled with string and paper. She gave a gasp of joy and astonishment when she lifted the last wrapping and beheld the dress of Golden's window just as perky here as it had been there with its silver streamers and gay embroidered pockets. The silver slippers were there too, and stockings as silvery as moonlight on the water.

"I reckon they'll fit," said Pa. "That girl at Golden's 'lowed she knowed your size and she said that wuz the dress you wuz hankerin' after."

Nellie May sank to the floor amid her finery sobbing with sheer happiness.

"Well, well," laughed Orvilla, "it's good you are young, Nellie, and have a lifetime to dress up in. You're certainly dress poor right now. Which one are you going to wear to the party?"

"I think," gurgled Nellie May, "if it's all the same to the rest of you, I'll wear Pa's."

FRANCES E. ADAMS, '27.

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## The Carnival

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Music and dancing and joy everywhere,  
Color and noise and frolic to spare;  
Figures from comic strips glide through the halls;  
Weird painted signs are hung on the walls.

Gay little French girls offer you flowers;  
Cabaret dancers wile away hours.  
Music of every kind welcomes you there,  
Spanish and minstrel and jazz band's loud blare.

Boys entertain in a gingham revue,  
Double S Rogue's gallery has us on view.  
Those who forgot to eat dinner find handy  
Pop-corn and soda-pop, ice-cream and candy.

Slippery Gulch Junior provides us a thrill.  
With games all for chance, and games all for skill,  
Canned goods and dry goods and cider galore,  
Prizes for all at that old country store.

Speaking of fun and of joy everywhere,  
Everyone knows to what I refer;  
Although the carnival long since is gone,  
Long in our memories will it live on.

GLENETTA JONES, '26.

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## Sometimes

(Third Prize—Junior Poem)

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Sometimes it's only the lilt of a song  
That brings you back to me;  
Sometimes down in the heart of a flower  
It is your face I see.  
Sometimes the smile of the lifting morn  
Is all your smiling too.  
Everything glad in the whole wide world,  
Seems just a touch of you.

DOROTHY WIGHTMAN, '26.



## Yes or No?

(Junior-First Prize Essay)

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Ardently as they may desire it, neither parents nor teachers can give a boy his education. It is a treasure he must dig out for himself, and the task is long and hard.

The same old school, the same old teachers and textbooks, the never-ending grind day after day, month after month, year after year, with his boy-nature longing all the time for freedom and adventure, for the open sky and great outdoors, make the student grow tired of the work at school and urge his perplexed and distressed parents to let him leave school and go into business.

Besides, never before had the boy such a chance to make money. He will say to himself, "Why should I keep on grinding over dry textbooks, shut up in school every day like a convict in a penitentiary, when Jack, Tom, and Jimmy, no older than I am have left Greek and Chemistry, and the school-room tyranny behind them and are out in the world leading a man's life and getting a man's pay?"

If the other fellows keep on leaving school, and the chances to make money keep on calling; if he quits studying and keeps on begging, his parents will probably give way and permit him to leave school. So the decision is really up to him. It is probably the most important decision he will ever be called upon to make. There are two roads, one of which he must take. The first mile or two of the untrained, uneducated road is very attractive at the present time, offering liberty, novelty, and ready money; the first stages of the education road are the same old grind: tedious, rocky, uphill, and unattractive.

Yet he must remember that it is the whole long road, through forty, fifty, or even sixty years he is now choosing, not the first few miles alone. His boyhood's choice decides his manhood's destiny. Therefore, he should decide the question like a man, not like a boy. The child looks to the present, the man studies the future also. With the child, present gratification is always the controlling motive; the now and the here, however shallow and short-lived, always prevail with him over the long future. Before exchanging trained brains and educated manhood for a brief boyhood period of money-making, he should ponder over these facts.

If he leaves school and enters business now, it is almost certain that his high school work will never be resumed or completed.

With this decision he loses his opportunity of college training and of entering any of the great professions. Without a high school training he cannot enter any college or university. The doors of these great schools are swung shut in his face.

He practically throws away his chance of gaining influence, prominence, and leadership in the fierce competition of twentieth century American life, which is too complex for the untrained to understand, far less to lead.

He will also serve his country best by training himself for the great work of the next generation. In that era of ferment and reconstruction it will need trained men far more than it now needs the services of untrained boys.

The President, the secretaries of the army and navy, great educators, and business leaders urge boys to carry on their school and college work for the sake of their country's future.

These are a few of the many reasons why he should resolutely say "No" to the call of temporary money-making and make a man's choice for a man's future. As the soldier endures the monotonous drudgery of trench-training for the sake of future victory, he should be enough of a soldier to undergo the drudgery of school studies for the sake of his own future success and leadership, fired by the certainty that never before in the world's history has education been so sure to pay rich dividends as during his lifetime.

ANDREW YUKE, '26.

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## Common Procedure

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"Aw, let the darned old study go!  
It's me for a moving picture show."  
So off I went with a right good will  
With Fred to see an "All Comedy Bill."

That night I lay with wakeful eye  
And saw my teachers trooping by;  
Mrs. Mudge with reproving glance,  
And Mrs. Sim with an eye askance.

Miss Arnot with one awful stare,  
"Ud no puede aprender?"  
And Mr. Anderson, saints alive!  
I thought I saw him write a five.

So bright and early in the morn,  
"Twixt sleep and apprehension torn,  
I pulled myself from bed and dressed,  
Then got my lessons with a zest.

GEORGIA PATTERSON, '26.



## The Pool of The Spirit

(Sophomore—First Prize Story)

Late in the Spring of 18—, the United States Government sent Inspector Rutherford to China, to fill out some reports. His wife and little daughter, Patricia, accompanied him on the long journey to the Orient.

In the same year occurred the terrible Chee-Lee famine, so it happened that just about eight months after the friends of the Rutherfords had bade them farewell, they read this notice in a New York daily:

"Hanchow, November 17—Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Victor Rutherford died from an attack of the plague, caused by the famine. About two hours later his wife, Mrs. Barbara Rutherford succumbed to the same disease. This has proved to be a very sad case, especially as their little daughter, Patricia, disappeared early this morning after being admitted to the room in which her beloved father and mother were lying. The child probably became so frightened that she ran from the house and became lost. The search has been carried on all day, but without result. There are absolutely no clues to aid the searchers in their work."

The pale, sickly gleams of the moon glimmered faintly upon the dark waters of the Pool of the Spirit, deep, isolated spot of China's Grand Canal. This was the mystic body of water in which so many innocent baby girls had lost their lives in the vain attempt to save the country from the ravages of famine.

The nearly abandoned path that wound along the bank of the canal was striped here and there with long, narrow plots of dew-covered grass, which gleamed and glistened like some shiny-scaled snake.

All this had a very terrifying effect on poor little Patricia as her tiny, tired feet carried her along. Her baby brain was numbed with sorrow, caused by the things she could not comprehend. Suddenly her foot caught on a branch, and she fell, not in the path, but into the canal!

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy! Save me!" cried the poor baby. Daddy probably heard, but he could not answer. Instead, a terrible crashing was heard in the bushes, and some object finally broke its way to the canal and plunged in. The drenched little one was soon standing safe and sound on the ground once more. She looked up and saw what seemed to be a very terrible looking person, but which was in reality only a kindhearted Chinese fisherman. Chop Lee, as the fisherman was called, smiled down at the child, who stopped crying almost instantly. Her bright eyes remained fixed upon the long black cue which hung over his shoulder. She reached upward and clasped his wrinkled hand, and Chop Lee, immensely pleased, stooped and picked Patricia up in his arms.

Chop Lee carried the little girl home to his wife, who immediately fell in love with Patricia, and decided to keep her and bring her up as her own daughter if no one appeared to claim her. Days passed and as no one came for her, the kindly old couple changed her name to Hope Lee. She soon forgot all about her past life, and adopted the customs and language of her Chinese playmates.

Years passed. Hope was now a tall slender girl of eighteen, whose fair complexion contrasted with her curly brown hair dressed in straight Oriental fashion; but curly locks would escape now and then. Her feet, which had



suffered long years in wooden casts, were as tiny as any of her playmates, and these with her Oriental dress gave her the quaint Oriental look that her eyes and skin belied. Such things as silly love affairs were unknown to her. However, one cannot escape forever. One day an American boat sailed down that old canal, which had always seemed to have such a terrifying effect on Hope. The boat stopped not far from Hope's house, and one of the younger officers came on shore to find how far it was to Hanchow.

"Sir, you are nearly there," Hope courteously replied to his question. "Only continue a little farther, past the Pool of the Spirit, and you can see Hanchow's walls."

"The Pool of the Spirit!" mused Emerson Scott. "How interesting."

Hope obligingly told him all she knew about the pool, but she did not tell him of her connection with it, for she had forgotten it long ago. Now she was merely Hope Lee, the Chinese fisherman's daughter.

They soon became quite well acquainted, for captain Scott could speak Chinese fairly well. The captain, who was, by the way, a tall, blond young man, handsome enough to be the hero of any novel, became quite interested in Hope Lee. He came several times to see her, which displeased the Lee family greatly, for they had planned that she was to marry the Hon. Hop Sop. Therefore, they told the captain as soon as possible, that they could get along all right without the pleasure of his presence quite so often.

Emerson Scott wrote to Hope once, but receiving no reply to his letter, gave up writing. Nevertheless, the neighbors noticed a certain handsome young man, who fairly haunted the region surrounding the Lee home, trying to catch a glimpse of Hope. She, of course, almost forgot all about him, or thought she did, for the next day her mother fell sick, and in a few days died. Just before dying she gave a letter to Hope, telling her not to read it until the wane of the next full moon.

After the death of her mother, poor Hope became very discontented and oh, how she longed for the sympathizing voice of Emerson Scott.

"Ai-ah, ai-ah," moaned poor Hope. "I can't stand the loneliness any longer. I shall go for a walk along the old canal, and that may soothe me. Ai-ah, ai-ah! How I miss my dear mother and good captain Scott."

The moonlight was reflected on the dark gloomy waters of the Pool of the Spirit. The nearly abandoned path that wound along the bank of the canal, was striped here and there with long, narrow strips of dew-covered grass which gleamed and glistened like some shiny-scaled snake.

Down the path came Hope Lee, her tiny, tired feet carrying her, oh, so slowly. She paused and gazed into the dark depths of the Pool of the Spirit. How heavy her heart felt! Alas! what was the use of continuing this life of loneliness and sorrow. The pool looked dark, but restful. How nice it would be to go to sleep forever, and forget her sudden change from extreme happiness to sorrow. Hope crept nearer to the pool until she was on the very edge, and the bank was crumbling beneath her feet. She put her hands to her breast to utter a dying prayer to her heathen god. Under her hands she felt the folds of her mother's last letter to her. Surely she should read it before she plunged into the pool, so she stepped farther away from the edge of the bank, into the brighter beams of the moon, and read:

"Dearest Daughter—Alas! I have no right to call you daughter, for when you were a tiny girl, my husband found you near the pool and I raised you as my own, but, dear, we found a beautiful necklace clasped around your neck with the name, "Patricia Rutherford," engraved on it. A girl of that name had disappeared from Hanchow not long before, and you



are that girl. Your real parents were well-to-do American people. You may find out more at Hanchow.

Now, dear Hope, good-bye forever. From your Used-to-be Mother."

Her dark eyes filled with tears of happiness as she dropped down upon the soft bank. How glad, and still, how sorry, was Patricia, as we must call her now. Sorry, because the woman she had loved so well was not her mother, and glad because she was as good a person as any other American. Now no American family would be ashamed to receive her into their home. Then she wondered what made her think of such things. The reaction of her time of worry, sorrow and loneliness came back upon her in full force, and her tired body relaxed and she fell fast asleep. Her sleep was dreamless, except for some picture that appeared in her dreams, smiling down at her with out-stretched arms—the picture of Emerson Scott. As she gazed once on his fair young face, her red-lips curled softly in a smile, revealing a dimple in each smooth cheek. She awoke with a start as his face faded from her vision, but her thoughts still clung to her recent dream of Emerson Scott. Needless to say, dreams sometimes come true.

ELIZABETH KEEHNER, '27.

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## Anything But Spring

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Why can't the pesky poet  
When he has to take a fling,  
Try to write his verses bravely  
About anything but spring?

Why not write about the autumn,  
Or the cold that winters bring,  
And forget the fault of sighing  
About the happiness of spring?

He could sing his song of courtship,  
The wedding, bride, and ring  
Without raving through the stanzas  
About spooning in the spring.

He could write a lovely poem  
Without mentioning a thing  
Of the hopelessness of rhyming,  
About anything but spring.

MURIEL HUNT, '26.

# Three's a Crowd

(Senior—First Prize Play)

Place: Any home.

Time: Eight o'clock in the evening.

## CHARACTERS.

Claire Blossom.....A modern young girl of nineteen.

Mrs. Blossom.....Claire's mother.

Suitors to Claire	{	Ray Stewart.....	Dark, handsome fellow of twenty-one.
		Clifford Hum.....	Nice appearing chap, twenty and full of flattery.
		Daniel Gates.....	Twenty-one, extremely thoughtful.
		Max Field.....	Tall fellow at twenty-three and a multi-millionaire.

(Interior of living room moderately, but comfortably furnished. A piano on the right back. A library table on the left with table lamp and numerous magazines scattered over the top. A pair of shoes are under the table. Two chairs are arranged around the table. A door at back leading to street, another at left leading to bedroom adjoining. A davenport with many pillows to right front with a piano lamp behind it. Pictures are hung artistically on the wall. The lamps are lit. Bedroom door is open and sounds of rapid opening and closing of dresser drawers are heard. Mrs. Blossom, a woman of forty years with snow white hair, is seated on davenport reading evening paper.)

Mrs. Blossom—I see where Gerry Albright is married.

Claire—(from bedroom) Oh, I'm not at all surprised. She's been going with Bob for ages. Good night! When I get married it'll be quick and short! No four year engagement for me!

Mrs. Blossom—(looking up from paper) But you can't talk yet, miss! Here's Ray, Max, and Clifford, to say nothing of Daniel, who have been ready for your answer for over a year. They'll hang on for eternities. You know that! What's four years to those boys in a case like yours?

Claire—(appearing at the door in stocking feet and tying her sash. She is a tall brunette) Well, I know, but when you're crazy about three and are uncertain about the fourth, what are you going to do? (Goes to library table, gets shoes and goes over to davenport.)

Mrs. Blossom—It's not a question of infatuation. You must love him. Which one of the four do you love?

Claire—(thoughtfully) All of them. (She sits down and puts on shoes.)

Mrs. Blossom—Nonsense! You can't love more than one.

Claire—(struggling with shoes) In this case it's different, though. I couldn't live without Max's loving eyes, Ray's good nature, Cliff's sweet kisses, (she casts her eyes upward in ecstasy) and Dan's thoughtfulness.

Mrs. Blossom—(intently studying her daughter) If you had to see one every day for the rest of your life, which one would you choose?

Claire—(turning and facing her mother) Cliff would be the nicest to look at across the breakfast table every morning. (Meditatively) Ray would be the gentlest to the children—

Mrs. Blossom—(shocked) Claire!

Claire—That's all right, mother. I've thought this out a hundred times before. I'm awfully anxious to have a big wedding and all the thrill and



entertainment that goes with it! (Continuing her thoughts) I'm not at all sure about Max's coming home every night, but he'd be sure to send me flowers or bring me a box of candy the next day—and oh! he's so adorable when he apologizes. (Hesitates)

Mrs. Blossom—(nods her head) You're so vivacious yourself, you wouldn't want a jazz instrument around you all the time.

Claire—(rising) How do you like my new shoes? (displaying them)

Mrs. Blossom—Very nice. What did you pay for them?

Claire—Only sixteen. They were on sale. (She goes to library table and hunts for magazine) Have you seen the last installment of the story we were reading?

Mrs. Blossom—Yes, it's right there. I can't understand your ideas about these boys. (She picks up knitting that is on the other side of her and starts knitting) Maybe you're not in love with any of them.

Claire—(glancing through magazine) I don't know exactly what I'm going to do. All of them are coming tonight for a little while and they are coming at different times. I tried not to get them mixed too much. I suppose each one will want me to go out, too; just my luck. (Sits down in a chair by table and prepares to read.)

Mrs. Blossom—I've a scheme, Claire. You can't go on like this. You'd better find out which one loves you the most and how much you care for him.

Claire—(turning quickly) Why, what a silly question! They all do. They've told me so dozens of times.

Mrs. Blossom—Yes, I know, but the idea is to put them to the test. Tonight when they come, look your worst and say that you have decided not to go out for a single week; just going to stay home for a change. Find out which ones are willing to spend a quiet evening with you alone, or which ones are taking you out because you are such a good sport and a good dancer.

Claire—Mother, how ridiculous!

Mrs. Blossom—(shrugging her shoulders) It's the only way that I can see. You'll go on indefinitely this way.

Claire—(after brief meditation) Well, it would be fun at that. I'd like to know myself which one would stay here and talk without another couple in to play cards or dance.

Mrs. Blossom—(delighted that Claire has at last found something different to try) Fine! Let's begin right away. Go in and comb your hair the other way and change your dress.

Claire—(protesting) But, Mother, I look like a scare-crow that way. It's awful!

Mrs. Blossom—(laughing) I know. It's just what we want! (She hurries Claire into the bedroom. As she reaches bedroom door the doorbell rings. She opens door and Max Field bounds in with box of candy under his arm. He is tall and extravagantly dressed. He carries gloves and cane.)

Max—(removing his hat and handing Mrs. Blossom box of candy) Hello, folks! Where's Claire? (looking around the room) Getting all primped up, heh? (seeing bedroom door closed, he goes out to it and knocks) Hurry, honey! Got just fifteen minutes before the eight twenty boat leaves.

Claire—(from bedroom) Hello, Max. I'm not dancing to-night. Don't feel a bit like stepping out.

(Mrs. Blossom takes Max's hat, cane and gloves, and lays them on the chair near door. She puts candy on the table, goes to davenport, gets paper and goes to chair by table and resumes her reading.)



Max—(astonished) What! Don't you want to dance? Everybody's going. I've got Edith and Jim out in the car now.

Claire—Awful sorry, Max, but really I don't feel a speck like going out. Can't you stay here?

Max—(pauses) Well, no not to-night. You see Edith and Jim are waiting and we were to meet the rest of the party there. We've reserved a table for eight already.

Claire—(opens the door and stands before him. She is a changed girl. Her hair is severely combed straight back from her face. Her dress is a last year's model.) You had better get Rhoda then. Don't let me spoil the party.

Max—(very much surprised at Claire's appearance) You're not feeling well? (Sympathetically) I'm so sorry. How about tomorrow night then?

Claire—(going to davenport and lying down) Maybe. (Max starts toward door) I'm awfully sorry I can't go to-night.

Max—(sweetly) All right; see you tomorrow. (Puts on things and goes out) Good night.

Mrs. Blossom—(gives candy to Claire who puts it behind one of the pillows) That's one off the list. Now for the next. (She takes chair and resumes knitting.)

Claire—(with a sigh) And his eyes are gone forever! (A knock on the door and before either one can move Ray comes into the room with a box under his arm.)

Ray—(closing door and coming over to Claire) How's the girl to-night? (Hands her the box) See? Your Ray didn't forget his baby; was passing Wilson's and saw these boxes of glace-fruit in the window. Reminded me of your favorite dish. (Noticing Mrs. Blossom) Good evening, Mrs. Blossom. My, it's a glorious night out!

Mrs. Blossom—Good evening, Ray. Yes, it is a glorious night out.

Claire—(taking box) Thanks so much. I do love it so. Won't you sit down? (Makes room for him on the couch)

Ray—(declining the invitation and consulting his watch.) I borrowed Harry's car to run over here. Thought you might like to take a drive. It's a great night.

Claire—(shaking her head) Not to-night, Ray. I don't feel like moving. I'm going to be all alone to-night. Won't you stay and talk?

(The door bell rings a short code and Cliff enters, carrying a bouquet. He starts slightly as he sees Ray. Goes to Claire.)

Cliff—(handing her bouquet) Hello, Claire. What's the trouble? Don't you feel well? (Regards her attire)

Ray—I must take the car back and see if Harry wants it. As long as you're not going to be alone—(Looks straight at Clifford)

Claire—(rising) I'm so sorry, Ray. You'll come back won't you?

Ray—(takes hat and opens door. Looks at Clifford) Perhaps! Good-night. (He goes)

Claire—(unwraps bouquet and buries her face in it). They're beautiful, Cliff. I love roses, too! (She goes to piano and puts them in vase) I'm so glad you came to-night. I'm all alone.

Cliff—(looking at door where Ray disappeared) All alone? Thank you! Maybe I'd better leave before Ray returns. (Starts to go.)

Claire—(holding him back) No, no, Cliff! You silly! Of course I didn't mean it that way. I want you to stay and talk to me. Ray won't be back very likely.



Cliff—(scrutinizing her hair) I don't like your hair fixed that way at all. Of course it's beautiful any way, but—

Claire—Well, can't you stand it for one night? I don't like it myself.

Cliff—You're not going to be busy to-night, are you?

Claire—No. I just stayed home to see you.

Cliff—I had arranged to go out. Can't you come with me?

Claire—No, I can't. I'd much rather stay here and talk.

Cliff—(doubtfully) Hum—Maybe waiting for Ray?

Claire—Oh, no, Cliff! I'm not waiting for Ray. I don't feel well enough to go out; that's all.

Cliff—(rising to go) I must go and—(the telephone rings in other room.)

(Mrs. Blossom goes to answer it)—see Ralph. (Mrs. Blossom comes to door) Ray wants to speak to you, Claire.

Cliff—(suspecting Claire of hiding something) He'll be over and you won't be all alone. Good evening. (He exits)

Claire—(going to bedroom) Good night.

(Mrs. Blossom goes to door with Cliff.)

Mrs. Blossom—Come again won't you, Cliff?

Cliff—(from outside) Yes, thank you. Good night.

(Mrs. Blossom takes bouquet from top of piano and arranges it artistically on table under lamp.)

Claire—(entering) Ray's coming back, Mother! Isn't that wonderful?

Mrs. Blossom—What about Daniel?

Claire—(thinking) Why Daniel, the poor dear, of course! (Doorbell rings) Mother! Dear Dan. I hope he stays!

Mrs. Blossom—(going to door) Sit quiet. Things will be all right.

(Daniel stands without. He is tall and fair)

Daniel—(entering) Good evening, Mrs. Blossom.

Mrs. Blossom—How do you do, Daniel. Come right in!

Daniel—(removing his overcoat. He sees Claire lying on the davenport) Why Claire, what's happened? (Rushing over to her)

Claire—(rising up) Oh, nothing much. I didn't care to dress up.

Daniel—(worried) Is there anything I can do?

Claire—(making room for him on the davenport beside her) Won't you sit down? (Mrs. Blossom leaves the room, leaving the bedroom door ajar.)

Daniel—Do you feel able to go out to-night?

Claire—(very anxiously) Oh, you're not going away, are you?

Daniel—If you would rather stay home, no.

Claire—(very anxious and concerned) Don't stay on my account. I'm all right alone.

Daniel—(pulling a small white envelope out of his pocket. He takes two tickets out of it) I just stopped in and bought two tickets for the play to-night, but if you'd rather stay home we'll talk. (He tears the tickets in half and lets them slip to the floor. Claire catches her breath.) You don't mind, do you?

Claire—No, of course not! Oh, Dan! (She turns her head away.)

Daniel—(putting his arm around her) Claire! Please give me your answer. I can't wait a moment longer.

(A knock on the front door. Both Daniel and Claire jump slightly apart. Ray enters.)

Ray—(putting hat on chair) Back again! (He notices Daniel in particular) Good evening, Dan. (To Claire) I thought as you were going to be all alone (pauses and looks at Daniel) I would come back and we'd spend

the evening here at home. (Turns in pretense of taking his hat) As you have company I won't bother you further.

Claire—(jumping up) Oh, please stay, Ray. We can play cards. You were awful thoughtful to come back.

Ray—(goes to davenport without further coaxing) Well, I'll stay for a few minutes. (Daniel eyes him uneasily.)

Claire—You boys just wait here. I'm going to change my dress. I feel like a beggar. (She goes to bedroom and closes the door.)

Ray—(to Daniel) I hope she makes a lightning change. (He takes out a cigarette, lights it, and settles himself comfortably.)

### CURTAIN

## *Scene II - One Hour Later*

(Curtain rises on same scene. Daniel is seated comfortably at one end of the davenport reading a book. Ray is sitting up impatiently at the extreme end from Daniel. He is smoking a cigarette. There are magazines and the evening paper scattered untidily around his feet. He smokes nervously, then consults his watch.)

Ray—(wiping his forehead) Whew! I'm not going to wait here all night. (Gets up and paces the floor)

Daniel—(lowering his book) Don't be impatient. She'll be here in a minute now. Perhaps her mother had a dress to fit. (He continues reading)

Ray—(lighting another cigarette) That's what you have said for the last thirty minutes. Here it is nine-thirty and I have to get that car back. Listen, Dan. You can entertain her for to-night, can't you?

Dan—(sits up in surprise, delighted) Oh, yes! (calmly) I'll wait. You go on and take the car back.

Ray—(takes hat) Tell her I'm terribly sorry and will see her tomorrow. So long ol' chap. (Goes out)

Claire—(entering in same clothes) Has he really gone?

Daniel—(jumping up in surprise) Claire! What's been keeping you? (Looking at her dress) and you didn't change your dress?

Claire—(sitting down on Davenport) No. You see when Ray came back to spend a quiet evening, I thought right then that two's company, three's a crowd. And knowing how Ray hates to wait for anyone—

Daniel—(getting excited) You don't mean—

Claire—(assuringly) That one more would be one too many.

Daniel—And to think I would have been fifteen minutes later if I'd stopped to eat supper.

Claire—(pulling both boxes of candy from behind the pillows and unwrapping them) Here! (She sticks a cream into his mouth and she goes to the bouquet, picks a rose and puts it in his buttonhole and pats it tenderly). There! We're all set for the wedding. (Feeds him another cream).

Daniel—(chewing and gulping) But—where did you get all this, and these? (Points to the roses).

Claire—(sitting down beside him again and putting another cream in his mouth) Why—they're all for you, dear. (She leans over and gives him a kiss).

—CURTAIN—

—Elmerna Bush, '25



## The Ruined Temple

Bamboos swaying softly  
 'Neath a summer moon;  
 Still and calm and quiet,  
 Peaceful night in June.

Lonely temple lying,  
 Kissed by ivory beams;  
 Cold and mystic, silent,  
 Seen as if in dreams.

Ruined courtyards empty,  
 Ruined Buddhas sit  
 Staring down from altars  
 Marked with holy writ.

Tearful 'mid the silence,  
 A thing of other years;  
 Awful, yet majestic  
 Filled with unnamed fears.

Symbol of the years gone by,  
 Wrapt in silence deep;  
 Open to the moonbeams  
 Your lonely vigils keep.

RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN, '27.

## The Breeze

### (Second Prize—Junior Poem)

Over a summer garden,  
 A little breeze one day  
 Came lifting the rose leaf petals,  
 And bending the grass in play.

It swept over nodding lilies,  
 And down the garden way  
 The hollyhocks swayed as with laughter,  
 When it touched their faces gay.

And then as the shadows gathered,  
 And the stars came out overhead,  
 The little breeze, tired of playing,  
 Went sleepily home to bed.

DOROTHY CHRISTIANSEN, '26.

## Ear Wiggling as an Indoor Sport

(Junior—Second Prize Essay)

I am a confirmed ear wiggler. I wiggle my ears at meals, at parties, at school, and everywhere. I wiggle them all day long and my brother maintains that I wiggle them in my sleep. My family has given me up as hopeless, and my friends are tired of trying to cure me of the habit.

Some people consider ear wiggling a silly, useless thing, but it is not. One of its many uses is to amuse children. My friends know that I have some strange power over children, and this power is based on my ear wiggling. When I enter a roomful of strange children I sit down quietly until they get used to me. I then wiggle one ear and start them snickering. This breaks the ice and I can start wiggling both ears and make them appear to be turning cartwheels. This establishes me in their minds as a funny fellow, and inside of ten minutes they are all showing off their own tricks and having a grand time.

Ear wiggling is very useful as a means of passing away the time. While I was at the hospital last year I used to drum on the head of my bed until my room mate would threaten to crown me with a pillow. Finally, in my desperation, I hit on the idea of drumming silently by wiggling my ears. This solved the problem, and afterwards I would lie for hours drumming to myself. I really think that this discovery was all that kept me from going crazy.

Another of ear wiggling's many good points is the ease with which one can amuse the class without the teacher knowing it. I can be leaning over my book apparently studying very hard, but, in reality, be wiggling the ear on the side away from the teacher. Even those magnificent, lordly creatures, the seniors, have enough of the child in them to be amused by it, especially since the teacher can not figure out what the matter is.

Ear wiggling is also useful as a defense against insects in the summer. If a fly lights on my ear or in its immediate vicinity, I can shake it off without using my hands. All I have to do is to give my ear a twitch and the fly is catapulted into space. This is very useful when one's hands are full of bundles. My ears are so well trained that they perform this office even when I am asleep, thus protecting my slumbers from being rudely broken.

If everyone is taught to keep time to music by wiggling his ears another great blessing will descend on the people. Is there anyone who has not been irritated by the person in the seat behind him at the concert who kept time to the music by drumming on his seat or by tapping the floor? If my plan is followed, all this will be done away with and the people who feel that they simply must drum can do it silently.

My years of ear wiggling have not been entirely happy for I have had to endure many persecutions and trials. I have been sent from the table for wiggling my ears at my father while he scolded me. He thought me impertinent when I was merely showing that I agreed with him. I have been sent out of the room for wiggling my ears while reciting. I was doing it unconsciously but the teacher would not believe me. These things hurt my feelings, but the crowning insult that almost made me waver in my devotion to ear wiggling came only a week ago while I was attending a meeting at church. The speaker was dull, and I was enjoying myself wiggling my ears at the girls across the aisle. Suddenly the speaker stopped, fixed me with



an angry stare, and said, "If that boy in the third row will stop advertising the fact that he looks like a donkey, I will continue my talk." That was bad enough, but it was pleasant compared to what happened when I got home that night.

Despite all these persecutions I will never give up the practice. Who knows but what some day others beside myself will recognize it as the greatest indoor sport of all time and will hold ear wiggling contests? Anyone can see how much my years of training would give me. I can almost see the headlines in the papers when I win the championship, Old Man of Ninety-eight Years Wins Ear-Wiggling Contest. Takes All Honors for Speed, Endurance, and Graceful Style. And yet some people consider my ear-wiggling a waste of time.

KARL JARVIS, '26.

*Karl Jarvis '26*

## Sunrise

All is swathed in darkness;  
Then comes a tinge of gray;  
A bird moves in the brush  
To announce the coming day.

Softly a ruby color  
Has appeared beyond the blue,  
And the snow upon the mountain  
Takes on a crimson hue.

Then quietly and softly  
The sun peeps o'er its height,  
Turning the snow on the mountain  
To dazzling diamonds bright.

The colors interwoven,  
The ruby and the blue,  
Turn all this world to sunshine  
With their rainbow tinted hue.

GENEVIEVE CARR, '26.

## You Never Can Tell

(Junior—Second Prize Story)

Jack Manning, the star pitcher of the Sacramento High School Baseball Team, first saw the girl after the first half of the eighth inning of the game with Lodi, for the sectional championship. After his first glance, and while he was putting on his sweater, he continued to stare, as though, for the first time in all his life, he had come face to face with Beauty.

The girl was sitting in the grandstand and seemed to be very much interested in the progress of the game. While the players were coming in from the field for their turn at the bat, she was still gazing at the diamond, but presently she turned her head and spoke to the boy at her side. Jack recognized the boy. It was Robert Day, his pal. The sight of Bob comforted him, and as the girl looked up and met his eyes, Jack's thoughts of the business in hand were replaced by an intense desire to make her acquaintance.

After his side was retired, the score stood three to nothing in his favor. Jack was so much gladdened by the fact that this girl was there to see him pitch that he retired the opposing batters with great ease by the strike-out route, thus ending the game.

Paying little heed to the cheering, he dashed for the clubhouse.

"Say, coach," said Jack, when he and the coach were alone, "who's that girl with Bob Day?"

"Girl! Holy Smoke! Why ask me? I don't know a tenth as many girls as you do. Why, I was just wondering——"

He stopped as a tall, handsome figure entered, followed by a girl. Jack sprang to his feet and stared.

"Speed," shouted Bob, "that was the best exhibition of pitching I've ever seen. Striking out twenty batters! Whew! Some record! You've surely got a lot of stuff in that arm of yours." He glanced back over his shoulder. "Lois, come over here and meet the best pitcher in the world! She's my cousin, 'Speed,' and a darned good girl at that."

Jack, mumbling incoherencies, stood fervently clutching a small hand and gazing down into a piquant, flowerlike face.

"I'm glad to know you, Jack," said Lois. "You have plenty of 'stuff' and good control, but I think you let the batters know what kind of ball you intend to throw."

"Listen to her!" roared Bob proudly. "Better listen, 'Speed'; there's not much she doesn't know about the game."

"I'm listening," smiled Jack.

"Sorry to stop the fun," said the coach, "but Jack's due for a rub-down this minute. Time later for all the talk you'll need."

"Let's beat it, then," chuckled Bob. "Come over and see us some time, Jack."

"I will," said he.

No one observed that upon the rugged brow of Dan Moors, the coach, there had been born a faint but obstinate frown.

The frown was there a month later when coach Dan, idly looking over his team on the diamond, held Tom Martin, the first string catcher, in serious converse.

"Twelve years I've been coaching high school boys in athletics," said Dan, "and I've never seen any good out of a fellow mixing base-ball with a girl."



"This girl's certainly got him stepping lively; but it won't hurt him, coach. She's a very nice girl and I hope to kiss a pig if he isn't a better pitcher now than before."

"Oh, now! But you can't tell about girls. One minute butter won't melt in their mouths, and the next, they're up in the air about nothing. Tom, I'm scared about Jack. He has a temper, as you well know, and if I'm a judge, the little lady's got hers, too. If they were to quarrel——"

"Coach, you've been crossed in love or something. You leave him alone. That girl's a good thing for him. Bakersfield won't get a run off him when we play her for the championship of northern California."

"Well, you mind what I say," grunted Dan. "Our chances at the championship hang on the girl. I know 'Speed' Manning."

To tell the truth, coach Moors did have lots to worry about. The past few weeks had made a great change in Jack. Formerly a taciturn, unsmiling youth, he had of late all the symptoms of one who has just discovered all the jolliness of life. From the date of his victory over Lodi to the day of his meeting with Bakersfield, the home of Bob Day had known him as a constant visitor. Lois had him going. He had never met anyone like her before. She was one in a million. He entered upon his period of training with a whole-souled enthusiasm that rejoiced even coach Moors' stony heart. The fact that Lois had not been blinded by his achievements and persisted in pointing out his faults only served to spur him to greater efforts.

Even the coach was well content, when two weeks later he accompanied Jack to the diamond to pitch against Bakersfield.

Before he went up to the mound there hove into view the tall figure of Bob Day.

"How's the old arm today, old top?" asked Bob.

"Same as usual," replied Jack. "Where's Lois?"

"She'll be here afterwards. Said she couldn't stand the sight of seeing you slammed to all corners of the lot."

"Slammed to all corners of the lot!" the other snorted. "I'll show her how I get slammed! I hope she'll come, though," he added less buoyantly.

Just as he was about to go to the pitcher's mound, a batboy approached him and slipped something into his hand.

"A girl sent it," said the boy.

The youthful pitcher's face lit up with a great smile and he looked at coach Moors.

"What is it," asked the latter, peering suspiciously, "a four-leaf clover?"

"For luck," replied Jack, and then he slipped it into his glove. "Watch me, coach, and pray for Bakersfield."

One hour and thirty-five minutes later, Bakersfield, on the short end of the score, five to nothing, proved the forecast of this truth.

Near the clubhouse Jack found Lois.

"Oh, Jack, did you win?" she cried as he approached her.

"Yes, we won, Lois," he replied. "Thanks to this," he added, as the four-leaf clover fell to the floor. There was that look in his eyes as he glanced at her, before which even coach Moors, who had come up, felt vaguely abashed.

When the two had left, Tom Martin came up to the coach with a beaming countenance.

"What do you think of it, eh? This is that girl's doings, believe me."

"Maybe," said coach Moors gruffly.

"We're going to play Los Angeles for the state's championship and I'll bet we'll win."

About five days after, while Tom was watching some of the boys prac-

ting on the diamond, a faintly astonished frown came over his face. He walked over to the coach.

"Coach," he asked, "what's wrong with 'Speed'?"

"So you've finally noticed it?" asked the coach.

"What is it," inquired Tom anxiously, "indigestion?"

"Indigestion, my eyesight!" snapped back coach Moors. "It's the girl!"

"Lois? What happened?"

"It's just as I feared," said the coach, in gloomy triumph. "You can't tell a thing about a woman. Every day after the seventh period she would come over and watch him practice. She came yesterday, as you know. After she had gone, I noticed that he looked as if he had the blues. I asked him what the trouble was, but he didn't say anything, except that he didn't want me to mention the girl's name to him again. They quarrelled, I guess."

"What did they quarrel about?" asked Tom.

"How in the devil do I know? I wasn't there at the time. You can't be sure what a girl will quarrel about. You can only be sure they'll quarrel about something."

As time wore on Jack continued to follow his training rules, but a blind man could see that his heart wasn't in it. He became more silent and gloomy than ever. He developed a habit of staring into space and seemed to have lost all interest in baseball. His pitching was as good or even better than before, but there was no life in his actions. His eyes were clear with health, but there was no keenness in them. Coach Moors was visibly worried and spent his spare time cursing all womankind.

Tom Martin grew worried, also.

"I'm scared stiff, coach," he declared. "Here's the big game only a few days off, and look at him."

"You said a mouthful. He has as much chance of fanning out those Los Angeles' batters as I have. Heck, to think that a fellow could be so set upon a girl!"

They sat silently for a while. Suddenly Tom slapped his knees.

"By George, I'll try it."

"What?" asked the coach eagerly.

"I'm going to see Lois and make her see reason. At least I can't make things worse."

As Tom was in the same registration section as Bob, he had an opportunity to talk it over with him.

"It's no use," said Bob. "I've tried, but she won't listen."

"What did they quarrel over, anyway, Bob?"

A faint but undeniable grin dawned on Bob's handsome face.

"Red necktie."

"Quit your kidding, Bob. This is serious."

"I said red necktie and I mean red necktie." She wanted him to wear a red one and he refused. One thing led to another and away they went, words flying faster than bats in the world series."

"Well, I'll speak to her," said Tom. "Where can I find her?"

"She usually eats her lunch in room 12; you might find her there."

After registration he went to room 12 and there he found her. She listened to his plea, but came out frankly and said she wasn't the least bit interested in Jack Manning's affairs.

"Lois," said Tom, as he was about to leave her, "be sensible. Can't I carry back a kind word for Jack?"

"Not from me," she said emphatically.

That ended it.

Saturday afternoon saw a great crowd packing the grandstands of



Moreing Field for the game between Sacramento Hi and Los Angeles Hi. "A Homeric Encounter," the sports editor of "The Bee" called it.

The last few days had seen no change in Jack's condition. He was as gloomy as ever.

While the coach was directing the practice, his thoughts turned to Jack. He looked over the diamond but could not find him. Finally he discovered him in the rear of the dugout.

"For the love of Mike, Jack, get out and warm up. Try and forget your troubles till you've done the job. Remember, this is for your school's sake. Brace up, will you, and——"

"All right, all right," interrupted Jack, testily, and started to practice with one of the catchers.

After he had warmed up about ten minutes, the umpire's voice rang out: "Play ball!"

Tom, the catcher, signaled for an outdrop. Placing his foot on the box, Jack delivered the ball.

The batter swung and the bat met the ball. Away it sailed toward left field for a single.

The next batter duplicated this feat.

"Darn it," said coach Moors, watching him. "This is certainly bad. To think that this was brought about by a girl——!"

He started violently, spun around and poked the batboy in the ribs.

"I've got it, by George! You skip over there and find me a four-leaf clover. If you can't find one, get a three-leaf one. He won't know the difference. I'll tear one in half. Hurry!"

The boy departed. When he returned the bags were full. But by some unknown luck, the next three batters were retired by some snappy work in the infield.

As Jack sat in the dugout, coach Moors approached and gave to him the four-leaf clover.

"Now," said the coach, "let's see you do better work next inning."

"Lois—Lois sent it?" asked the victim of Cupid.

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world she did," replied the coach. "You're going to try to do better work after this, aren't you?"

"Guess I'll have to," was all he said.

After the first inning, not a single opportunity had the other players to show what they could do. Every batter who faced Jack was turned back by the strike-out route. Never before had Sacramento witnessed such a remarkable feat. But if Jack was in good form, so was the pitcher from Los Angeles. Although he did not fan many batters and the Sacramento boys managed to hit the ball, he did keep the hits scattered, so that in the last half of the ninth inning the score remained nothing to nothing.

It was after two outs that Jack walked up to the plate. One could perceive from his eyes that he was determined to do something. What it was, he himself did not know. He knew, however, that if he did not do anything then and there, they would have to play extra innings to decide the contest.

As he stood firmly on the ground, about one-and-one-half feet away from the home plate, facing the pitcher, his hands tightly gripping the small end of the bat on his shoulder, his thoughts were on something deeper than that of a four-leaf clover.

The pitcher threw the ball.

Jack struck with all his might.

Crack! He hit it!

"Run!" Thousands of voices roared the word.

Jack obeyed. Running as fast as he was able, he reached first.

"Keep on going," screamed the coach.

On to second charged Jack, while the ball was bounding away out into left field with two men pursuing it. As he went over second, Jack's legs became entangled, and he fell down, sending up a perfect cloud of dust. He was up in a second, and, with legs and arms working furiously, eyes bulging, teeth set, and hair standing, he tore along to third.

The coach at third saw one of the fielders pick up the ball, but as he knew the man would not be able to throw it home, he urged him to go home.

The fielder sent the ball whistling to short; the short-stop caught it, whirled, sent it shooting home. The catcher was waiting for it, and it was plain enough that Jack stood little show of scoring. The shortstop's throw was high, causing the catcher to stand erect. Had it been a low throw, Jack would not have stood a chance, unless the catcher had muffed it. Now there was a chance in a hundred.

"Slide, Jack, slide!" shouted Tom, and Jack made a headlong plunge for the plate.

He got there! There was no doubt of it, for the catcher was unable to get the ball and get down in time to tag him out.

"Safe home!" declared the umpire.

There was a roar. Then the crowd came charging from the grandstand and bleachers into the diamond and cheered with delight.

Although his protest was great, Jack was not able to stop the happy crowd from carrying him around the field.

The face of coach Moors, hurrying away from the diamond, wore an expression curiously compounded with delirious joy and grave apprehension. As he reached the clubhouse, the batboy spoke to him.

"Well, we won."

"Yes," said the coach, "we won, but it was your four-leaf clover that did the trick." He sighed. "But I'm afraid we'll have a rough time when Jack hears of it."

"My four-leaf clover?" The batboy's jaw dropped. "What do you mean, coach? I didn't——"

There was a brief, tense silence. Then coach Moors gripped him by the shoulders. "Didn't— didn't that four-leaf clover come from you?"

"Sure, I gave it to you, but a girl gave it to me to give to him. You didn't expect me to find a four-leaf clover in a minute, did you?"

But the coach had turned away and flung open the door of the clubhouse. On the threshold he halted. The room held two figures. One was Lois; the other wore a base-ball uniform. Their attitude suggested a somewhat touching belief that they were the only two people in the whole wide world.

For a brief period coach Moors stood and gazed. Then Tom arrived. The coach carefully backed into the passage, closed the door and took Tom by the arm.

"Come away," he whispered; "that's no place for us. Keep the boys out, too. Darned if that doesn't beat everything! You can't tell about a woman, and that's the truth!"

ANDREW YUKE, '26.



## Recollections of Childhood Days

(Senior—Second Prize Essay)

As an elderly woman of seventy years you can often tell your grandchildren what a nice little girl you were. You tell them that you went to Sunday School every Sunday, retired at eight o'clock every night, cleaned your teeth four times a day, got up at five o'clock every morning and helped your mother in every way possible. You forget, however, to add several interesting incidents that amuse you whenever you think of them.

Your eyes begin to twinkle with merriment as you think of the time you ran away with your aunt's false teeth. You remember how you ran up a hill, when your aunt was following right after you, reasoning that she couldn't see the teeth because your hands were behind you.

You do not feel quite so gay when you remember the time when you slid under the bed instead of responding to your mother's call. You decide that a sainted devil must have taken possession of you. You remember how your mother thought that you were lost and sent word to all of your other relations, who gathered in a great mourning ring and searched the hillsides for miles about. All of this time, although very uncomfortable, you remained under the bed, laughing at the unfortunate people.

You remember how, on another occasion, your uncle told you not to play with your pet chicken because it might have germs on it. It didn't take you long to think of a way to dispose of the germs after your uncle had explained that germs were dirt. You rushed into the kitchen when no one else was about, placed the chicken under the faucet, and proceeded to alternate between showers of Dutch cleanser and showers of water. You remember how funny the chicken looked afterwards running around featherless.

You laugh when you think of the fights that you and your cousin used to have. You remember how, on one occasion, after you had slapped her face until it was quite red and she had pulled out your hair until she couldn't find any more to pull out, you both decided it was time to stop. You saved the remains of your hair and showed it to your mother when she returned, and you and your cousin decided that this was a new ground for war; so the battle was renewed.

You remember how on one hot day you put your doll to bed and decided to take a walk. When you returned and ran to see if she was still asleep, you were horrified when you looked at her because she had grown a black mustache. Your uncle, when he saw your amazement, laughed and concealed with difficulty the paint brush in his hand.

On another occasion you took your doll to the doctor and asked him if he could replace her eye. You remember how he said in a comforting voice that this would not be a serious operation. You hated to have the doll taken from your sight, but he soon returned and handed it to you with a bean placed where the eye once was.

You are made to think of the present instead of the past when your grandson asks you if you ever skipped school. Your sympathy for childhood days compels you to confess that you had stayed away one afternoon to go to a party. You continue to tell a few of the tricks that you used to play on other folks. You discover that the children love you all the more, and consider you one of them.

FLORA STOCK, '25.

## Dreams

(First Prize—Junior Poem)

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Without dreams we are only mortals,  
Treading a barren earth,  
And leaving behind us just sadness  
Instead of gladness and mirth.

With dreams we're a people enchanted,  
Leading a wondrous life,  
Helping and healing and guiding,  
Triumphant in every strife.

Through dreams we reach those portals,  
Where Heaven and earth divide;  
Through the streams of life we have struggled  
With the hand of love as our guide.

For the dreamer is also a worker,  
For he makes his dreams come true;  
No matter how rough the path is  
His will, his work, will do.

GENEVIEVE CARR, 26.



## The Long and Short of It

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It all started on the football field at Johnstown. Johnstown's team averaged one hundred and forty-five pounds to the man. This was before the day of our present brilliant flashy open forward passing game, and the heavier team usually won—won by sheer strength, pushing the ball down the field for touchdown after touchdown. However, Johnstown, though just a one-horse town, was blessed by a young football coach who, after serving his apprenticeship in Johnstown, later cut himself a wide niche in the Hall of Football Fame.

Now this coach realized that we had no chance if he tried to make his team play straight football. Being a wise coach he took one man, Dinky Roberts by name, and built a team around him. Dink was surely Dinky. In his uniform he had to jump to make the needle on the scale go up to a hundred and thirty. His specialty was receiving forward passes and running broken fields. He was a nine and three-fifths man and his change of pace had fooled many an opposing tackler. His remarkable runs from the five, ten, and fifteen yard lines had won more games for Johnstown than you could count on the fingers of both hands.

Then one bright June day, Dink graduated. His loss was mourned all over the high school. The day of his graduation, Dink was called to his coach's office. He knocked at the door and a voice answered, "Come in." Dink went in and took the chair the coach nodded at. "Dink," said the coach, "have you made up your mind what you are going to do now?"

"No, sir, I haven't," Dink replied.

"I thought as much," said the coach. "Are you going to college?"

"Yes sir, I am."

"Which college?"

"I haven't quite decided," said Dink, "but I think I'll go to California."

"Fine," cried the coach delightedly. "That is just what I wanted you to do. Smith, the coach there, is a personal friend of mine. You know he taught me all I know. He wrote me the other day and asked me if I was going to send him any football material. I wrote back and said I was going to try to send you. Now if you go, I will give you a letter of introduction before you leave. You needn't feel funny about accepting it for Smith is a square man and besides he knows a football player when he sees one. I am just giving you this letter so that he will give you a chance at the beginning of the season. Remember your specialty is running broken fields and if you never get into a game you might never get a chance to show your stuff."

Dink thanked him as best he could and went away more determined than ever to go to California. He talked it over with his folks that evening and, after the exercises, asked the coach for the letter.

The next fall he bought his ticket and boarded the train. All ready for college! All ready for California! All ready for football! Upon arriving at the college he went first to register and as soon as this was done he hunted up coach Smith and presented his letter. Dink was not used to reading on trains and besides he had eaten too much fruit and candy and cookies. This, combined with the closeness and motion of the train, made him rather bilious and pale faced. Smith, when he heard that a boy with a letter was outside, called him in. He took the letter and read it. He leaned back in his chair and looked at Dink. "So you're what Joe built a team around. It must have

been some team. Why, you little sallow faced runt, who ever told you you could play foot-ball?"

Dink went away with his chin on his chest. He was not a quitter, but his rebuff by Smith had been a terrible blow. When he arrived at California he had wanted to rush up to everyone he saw and yell, "I'm Dinky Roberts, the wonderful player. I've got a letter to coach Smith!" Everything had been bright and sunshiny as only a Berkeley day can be. Now the fog seemed to be drifting in. The sun had hidden itself behind one of those fleecy white clouds that a little while before Dink had thought so beautiful. Now even the cloud was grey. Dink wanted to crawl under the nearest bush and cry.

Not being, as I said, a quitter, he did nothing of the kind. Instead he went to his rooms and laid out his plans for the semester. These plans included foot-ball. Every day he went out for practice. Now in a college the size of California, everyone who goes out for foot-ball makes a team. Maybe not the first, nor the second, nor the third, nor even the seventh or eighth, but nevertheless everyone makes some team. Dinky landed on the sixth. On the sixth squad with him was another no-good, John Davis. He was everything Dink was not. He stood six feet-three. He weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds. Judging by appearance alone he should have been the best player in college. But, he was so slow he could hardly move out of his own way. Add this to the fact that he had no foot-ball brains whatever and you have a first-class foot-ball dub, John Davis.

A strange friendship sprang up between these two. They roomed together. They arranged their classes so that they could be together. Other students laughed at them as they walked on the campus. They were called Mutt and Jeff. However, no one said anything to their faces, for slow as were his feet, there was no slowness about John's hands. They were as large as hams, but they could almost catch a bird on the wing. As for a foot-ball, he never fumbled one in his life. When the center saw those hands stretched out it was like snapping the ball into a wash-tub. And when John caught the ball, he held it. This, though, was all he could do. He had no foot-ball head at all. Therefore, he stayed on the sixth team. Dinky's story was different. He early demonstrated that he had the best foot-ball head of any man on the whole squad. His running was remarkable and early in his college career he made the place he deserved. That was quarterback on the first team. Coach Smith, after every game that California played, came to Dink and apologized for that first day. Dink laughed, for he now knew Smith as one of the finest men and the best coach in the west. Smith had often explained how it happened. "Dink," he would begin, "I can't tell you how sorry I am. I was just plain onery that day. I had just finished reading a letter saying that I had made a mistake in my income tax, my son was sick, I had quarreled with my wife, and you were about the fifteenth green freshman who was going to do me the honor of playing on my team."

As usual Dink only laughed and said, "That's all right, coach, I've forgotten all about it."

However, although to the casual observer everything seemed all right, the coaching staff of California was mightily worried. The next year most of the team would graduate. It was true that most of the other colleges were in the same fix. There was but one exception and that was Stanford. California had beaten them for four consecutive years but it looked now as though Stanford was going to stage the "come back" that she had three times unsuccessfully tried to make. California had no chance. All of the leading critics agreed on this point and even Smith shook his head when questioned as to their chances the next season.



It required Dink to conceive the idea. Perhaps it was his love for Jack, or perhaps it was his foot-ball sense that inspired it, but that is neither here nor there! The fact remains that he had the idea. He came rushing to the coach one afternoon and told him all about it. Smith was inclined to be skeptical at first but at last he consented to look into the plans. He called one of his assistant coaches into the office.

"Joe," he said, "what do you know about Jack Davis?"

"Nothing, except that he has the largest hands on the biggest dub I ever saw," replied Joe.

"Can he hang onto a ball?"

"Well, as I remember, I have never seen him fumble."

"Just send him to me, will you?"

John came running over to the coach.

"Take that foot-ball down about thirty yards and throw it to me," directed Smith.

John trotted down the field and then passed the ball. It came straight as an arrow and as swift as a locomotive, but it wobbled instead of sailing with the true spiral flight that denotes the practiced passer.

"Try that over again," said Smith and threw back the ball. John tried it over, not once but for the rest of the evening.

"When you dress," said Smith that night after practice, "come to my office, I want to see you."

The interview that night was brief but to the point. The next afternoon Jack did not report to his squad as usual, though he had dressed with the other boys and was in the shower room with them after practice. His absence was not noticed until this began to happen regularly. Nevertheless he would answer no questions and an air of mystery that no one could penetrate hung about him.

Foot-ball ended in a week or so and spring practice began in a couple of months. Jack acted as mysteriously as ever. People began to talk, but no one seemed able to get any reliable information. Things kept up this way until June when foot-ball and spring practice were forgotten with the coming summer vacation. Next fall, however, Jack Davis was placed on the first squad! When news of this first came out nobody would believe it. His past record was hunted up. He was besieged by curious people seeking information. He answered no questions, but referred everyone to Smith. Smith was as uncommunicative as he was, however, for he referred everyone to Jack. People wondered and wondered but could see no reason for Jack Davis, dub, being on the first squad. In practice he showed no brilliancy. As a foot-ball player he was nil. Then coach Smith started secret practice. Even at that he let only two teams in on the secret. These were sworn to secrecy and the plot thickened.

Secret practice went on. Game after game was won by California. Game after game was won by Stanford. It became more and more evident that Stanford had the edge, for though both had won all games, Stanford had won hers with ease while California had had to fight and fight hard.

Through it all Jack sat on the side lines. The newspapers got hold of the story and he got big Sunday write-ups. He began to be known as Smith's ace-in-the-hole. Nobody seemed to know just what he could do. Some writers were scornful, some dubious, some enthusiastic. Secret practice went on.

Toward the end of the season, everyone but the members of the team had forgotten all about it. At last the day of the game dawned. Excitement was in the air. People were betting wild on the results of the game. Ticket scalping was going on right and left. Two-thirty arrived and the great California stadium was packed. Bleachers had been built to accom-

modate the overflow but Tight-wad Hill was black with people. The opening whistle blew. The game started. Spectators sat on the edge of their seats, tense with excitement.

Neither side seemed able to score. The heavier Cardinals time after time were within scoring distance but were always held for downs. California would take the ball and Dixon would punt it out of danger. Time after time Dixon did this and time after time he was cheered by the stands. The third quarter ended with a nothing to nothing score. Then it happened. Dixon was pulled from under a tangled mass of players with a twisted right ankle. The captain called for time out. Smith sent in another man. The stands groaned. But who was this new man? The spectators stared. Who was it but Jack! Jack, the dub! Jack the Giant! Jack the bonehead was going to take Dixon's place. Their Jimmy Dixon! What could Smith be thinking of?

All eyes were on Davis. They failed to notice Dink, who was apparently assisting Dixon from the field. Suddenly the whistle blew, time was called, and without any signal the ball was snapped into the huge paws of Jack Davis. Jack dropped back about ten yards, he seemed to be waiting for something. Then they saw Dink with his head down racing for the Stanford goal! Jack drew back his arm and the ball shot in a beautiful, perfect, sixty yard arc straight into the waiting arms of Dink Roberts, who by this time was behind the Cardinal lines.

It was the only touch-down of the game and Jack Davis and Dink Roberts went down in history as two of the greatest foot-ball heroes of California.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR, '25.

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## The Same Old Story

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The sky was black,  
The thunder roared  
The rain came down  
Right in my Ford.

The rain has stopped;  
But all is wet,  
And my old Ford  
I'm cranking yet.

EMILY RAY, '26.



## This Cruel World

(Junior—Third Prize Essay)

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You come in the door of the class-room sprightly enough. It is a fine morning. You have just had a fine breakfast. Everything is fine; nothing to worry about. And to make your good humor all the more complete, just as you cross the threshold, the tardy bell rings. You close the door with a joyful laugh, and turn to grin at your classmates for having outwitted the bell. But there is no response. A heavy silence reigns in the room, like the one that must hang in an undertaker's establishment. What can be the meaning of everybody's set and mournful face, turned straight and unwinkingly ahead? Why are those scowls and pouts? Then you look at the center of interest—the teacher. She is writing slowly on the board. You do not comprehend the awful fact for a moment, until your eye encounters a column of question-marks. An examination! Great Heavens! You haven't prepared for it. Why didn't the teacher tell you about it? Oh, that's right, she had said something about a test last week, but it had completely slipped your mind.

The teacher's voice awakes you from your reverie, "Take your seat, Robert. You had better start right away. You'll need all the time you have." You take your seat which is situated inconveniently near the front of the room. The standard questions are then asked: The importance of this test as concerns your mark; whether you can use pencil; whether you can use both sides of the paper, et cetera.

Your face, which had fallen as soon as you discovered that there was to be a test, becomes more and more elongated as the questions unroll themselves on the board in all their glorious unanswerableness. Heaving a sigh of resignation, you begin. You write your heading at the top of the paper with great care and not sparing any space. Then you look up at the first question. You seem to have some trouble for you read it over twice, partly aloud. Well, that one looks easy, but no harm in seeing how your neighbor has started his. You crane your head to the left, but see only a blank sheet save for a heading neatly and roomily written at the top. Above the paper is a pair of mutely appealing eyes with the same question in them as in yours. Oh, that's right; you had forgotten that your neighbor on the left was pretty dumb and always looking for help. You turn to the seat at your right, which is occupied by a member of the more studious sex. You get a glimpse of her paper and see that it is almost full, but finding that you can make neither head nor tail of it, you turn disgustedly away. Her answers are probably all wrong, anyway.

Well, you think, let's go on to the second one. This does not seem to please you, for your gaze travels on down the formidable line. When you have come about midway, you slump down in your seat and give up. However, seeing that no one seems to be watching you, you straighten up. You will make a stab at the abomination, anyhow. Noticing the teacher's eye on you, you hurriedly write down the numbers from one to ten, leaving a plentiful space after each one. Apparently you figure that your answers will be lengthy, for you get up and secure an extra piece of paper. You write down a few words for the first question, but then pass on to the next and the next. You flit to and fro, dropping a sentence here and a paragraph there. You then view your handiwork at arm's length, and decide that there is too little

writing and too much blank space. You knit your brows and concentrate intently on what this or that is. You write a few more sentences, and mutter aloud your surmise as to what must be the matter with the bell. (This process is repeated about eleven times, and seemingly is a good system, as your paper finally appears to be covered with hieroglyphics. The period slowly draws to a close, as periods will, and you have not quite finished. Of course the bell rings just as you have an inspiration, and this you mournfully communicate to the teacher as you hand her the paper.

Whew! Some test! But such is life.

MAX BOGNER, '26.

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## My Vacation

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I read about the mountains,  
Scenery sublime and great,  
Of purling streams and fountains,  
Trout with greed insatiate.  
I read of long vacations  
Spent in shadows of the peak,  
But I'll make no preparation,  
For I'll only have a week.

I read about the ocean,  
Wavelets breaking bright and blue;  
Read of storm king's wild commotion,  
Cliffs and crags of rugged view.  
But I only read and ponder,  
For I'll only have a week,  
So I'll dig some worms and wander  
Along our good old creek.

LOIS RITCHEY, '27.



# STATION 5 HS



RECITATIONS ARE GETTIN' DULL—LET'S HAVE A STUDY PERIOD

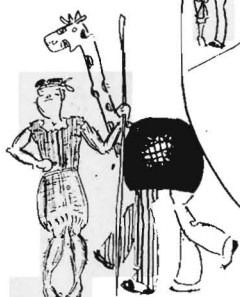


THE IDEAL CLASS

WATER SHUT?



MEMBER THE CLEAN GYM SUIT?

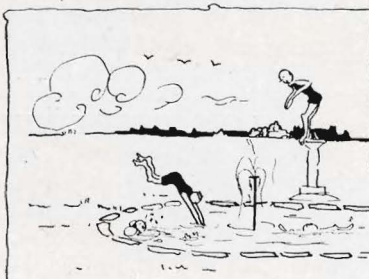


BEN AND ?? IN PARADE



Why o why o why?

MISFITS



PUTTING THE SENIOR GIFTS TO GOOD USE.



ANY WEDNESDAY

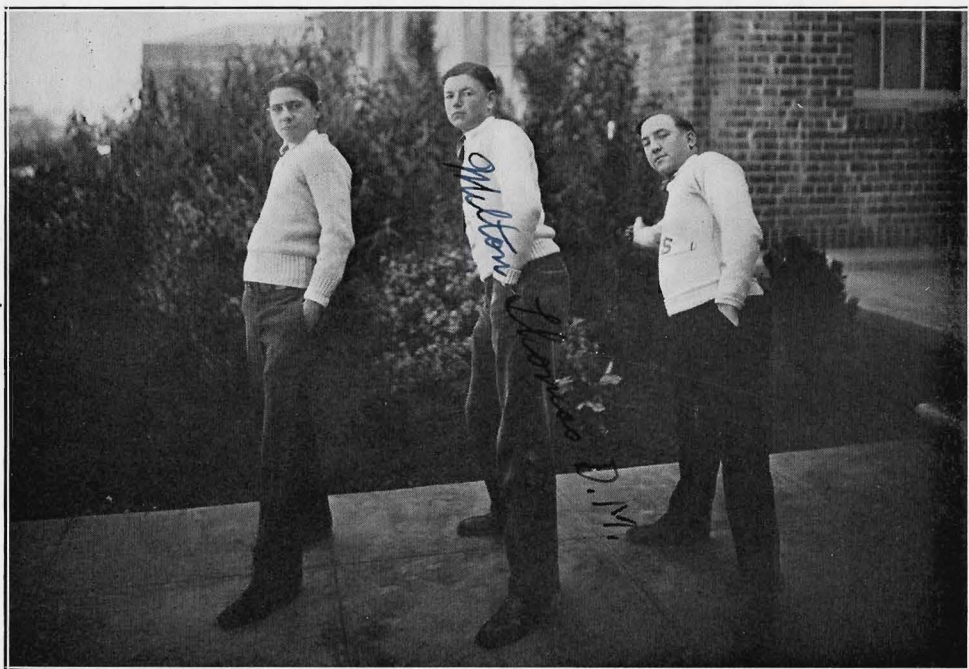
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Feb 25

IT HAPPENED THERE WERE TWO EARLY BIRDS





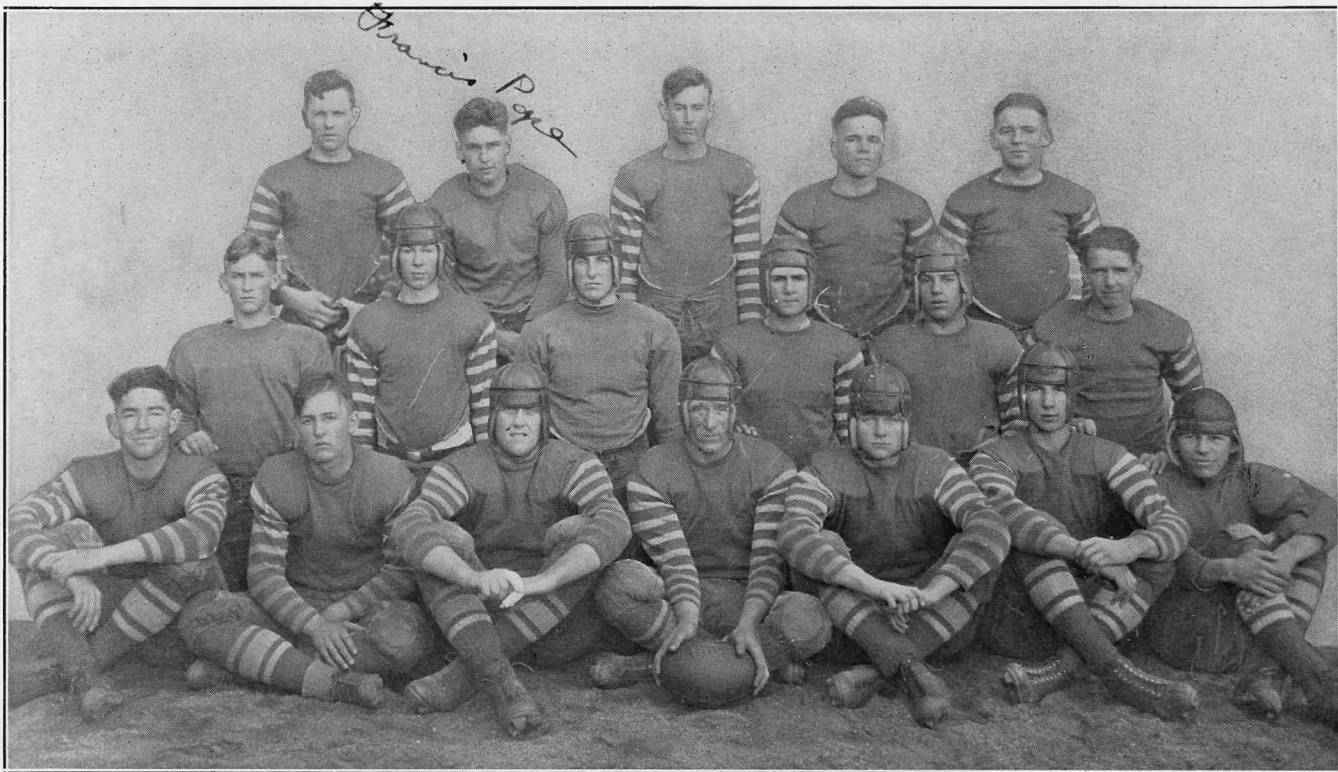




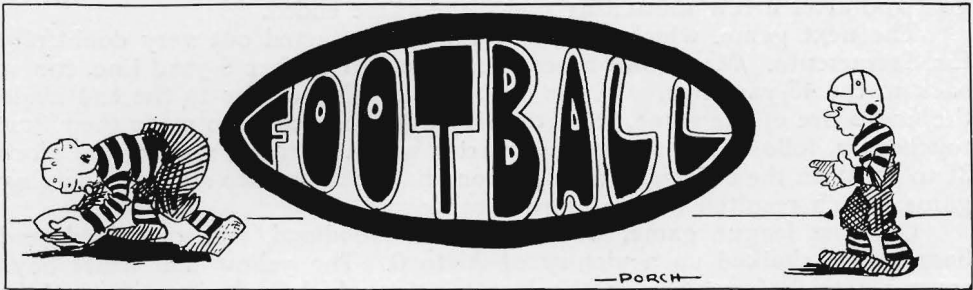
YELL LEADERS

<b>BLOCK S</b>		
<b>Football</b>		
ROBERT ZARICK (C)	GLENN YOUNG (M)	
<b>PLAIN S</b>		
EDWARD NICOLAUS	EDWARD CLEMENTS	LOUIS BENNETTS
GEORGE ROONEY	CLARENCE MEINEKE	EDGAR SLAUSON
JOHN McKENNA	NICK BICAN	BERNARD LETTUNICH
VAHAN EGAHIAN	VICTOR RADONICH	NORMAN TUFT
EARL VAN TASSEL	STANLEY CALVERT	FRANCIS POPE
JAY ELY		
<b>Basketball</b>		
<b>SHADED S</b>		
JOHN McKENNA (C)	FRANCIS SPEARMAN	
<b>PLAIN S</b>		
GEORGE ROONEY	KNOWLES HOWE	LOUIS PEXIOTO
GILTNER SMALL	EDGAR SLAUSON	ROBERT ZARICK
<b>Track</b>		
<b>SHADED S</b>		
FRED ROBINSON (C)	JACK ARMSTRONG (M)	
<b>PLAIN S</b>		
ROBERT HANDSACKER	CLARENCE SKINNER	TONG BACCHI
COLBY EMIGH	ALFRED OLMSTEAD	CLIFFORD HALSTEAD
JOHN McKENNA	IRVIN WAGNER	RAYMOND GULLION
THOMAS MECKFESSEL		
<b>Baseball</b>		
<b>SHADED S</b>		
LEONARD BACKER (C)	MILTON THOMAS (M)	
<b>PLAIN S</b>		
NICK BICAN	KAY MIYAKAWA	JOHN HANDSACKER
FAY ERWIN	THOMAS WARDLAW	CLARENCE OUGH
MILTON FENNER	GEORGE HARDING	TED SMITH
<b>CIRCLE S</b>		
<b>Football</b>		
<b>SHADED S</b>		
ARUNDEL KEANE (C)	FRANCIS SPEARMAN and JACK RADONICH (Coaches)	
<b>PLAIN S</b>		
MELVIN MORSE	HARTWELL PORCH	PEARSON KELLOGG
ROBERT STAFFORD	ALDEN GARCIA	WALLACE WEIGAND
HALE GIFFEN	LEO LANE	PAUL DAVID
RALPH GIMLETT	CONLY JOHNSON	WILLIAM BUSH
CLARENCE GOULARD	DICK WESTON	
<b>Basketball</b>		
<b>SHADED S</b>		
<b>Class B</b>		
CLIFFORD THEBAUT (Coach)	VICTOR RADONICH (Coach)	
EGBERG GOLDSMITH (C)	MERALL SILVA (C)	
<b>PLAIN S</b>		
MELVIN RATTO	EARL BOWKER	CLARENCE JOHNSON
LESTER LARSEN	GEORGE FLAHIVE	JACK LOVELL
ELGIN JACKSON	RAY SILVA	JACK ARMSTRONG
ROBERT MECKFESSEL	LESLIE BALALA	FRANCIS WILSON
LOWELL RICHARDSON	OSCAR OSWALD	
<b>Class A Second Team</b>		
<b>SHADED S</b>		
HARRISON GILBERT (C)	JACK RADONICH (Coach)	
<b>PLAIN S</b>		
FRANK BRETT	FLOYD GREGG	LOUIS WRIGHT
GEORGE GILBERT	JAMES TARVERSI	LOUIS BENNETTS
VAHAN EGOHIAN		
<b>Debating and Public Speaking Pins</b>		
<b>PIN AND PEARL</b>		
VICTOR BURNS	WM. HARR	RUTH WOODARD
CLARENCE GLACKEN	ARTHUR SEYMOUR	
<b>PIN AND TWO PEARLS</b>		
FRANCES ADAMS	VELMA EVANS	GLADYS STAATS
<b>PEARL AND TWO RUBIES</b>		
CATHARINE BROWN		





FOOTBALL TEAM 1924



The football season of 1924, under Capt. Zarick, was a successful one. Our victory over Woodland was, alone, enough to make our season a success. The spirit shown in this game was the type that should be shown in all our athletic games, for it was the old-time Sacramento High spirit of good sportsmanship.

The prospects looked rather desolate at the first of the season. The squad dwindled continually and the fellows did not seem able to get into their regular stride. However, after the San Mateo game, in which we received an overwhelming defeat to the tune of 32 to 0, the team began to wake up and to realize what it was all about. Perhaps one reason for the trimming we received was that our team, which was practically a green one, had to their credit only two weeks of practice, while San Mateo had a veteran team which had practiced six weeks.

From then on the football prospects looked brighter. The next two games, one of which was played with our old time rival, Willows, and the other with Richmond, were both victories that put our team into first class condition for our first league game. This first league game was at Turlock, and the Sacramento team hung up a 13 to 12 victory. The game was a tight one and hard fighting throughout made it exciting.

In our next game the loss of a few of our best mainstays and the idiosyncrasies of Dame Luck chalked up a defeat for Sacramento. This second game of the league, which was with Stockton, was a see-saw affair until Stockton recovered a blocked punt on our 10-yard line. Then, with a fake criss-cross, which caught our team napping, they put the ball over the line for their lone touchdown of the game. In the fourth quarter Sacramento took the ball from the center of the field to the 3-yard line in a series of line bucks, during which our best backfield man, Van Tassel, was subjected to a pile-up in which he received a broken collar bone. The game was delayed for five minutes, during which time Stockton rallied her team so that when the game recommenced Sacramento, who had lost her best player, was unable to put the ball over the line and the game ended shortly afterwards.

Grass Valley was the next team on our schedule and we chalked up a victory of 47 to 0. The game was one-sided from the start and served as a good practice game for Sacramento.

The next game, which was with Lodi, and in which we received a 13 to 6 defeat, was a lop-sided affair throughout the first half, Lodi scoring 6 points to our none. In the third quarter Sacramento woke up and played real football, which resulted in our lone touchdown. With the score 6 to 6 and only two minutes to go, Lodi's first backfield man broke through the line



on a delayed criss-cross and ran 16 yards for a touchdown. They tried for goal and after a few unexciting plays, the game ended.

The next game, which was with Modesto, started out very doubtfully for Sacramento. Modesto, on receiving the ball on her 5-yard line, ran it back to the 45-yard line. On the next play a delayed pass to the end made the first score of the game. Shortly afterwards Sacramento made their first touchdown, followed in the second quarter with two more, making the score 21 to 6. With the beginning of the second half, Sacramento started a passing game, which resulted in two more touchdowns.

Our last league game, with our rival, Woodland, was one-sided, and Sacramento chalked up a victory of 26 to 0. The yellow and white boys sprung a trick formation in the last quarter which looked as if it might enable them to score, but the boys in purple and white proved themselves equal to this emergency and Woodland found herself without a score.

Coach Parker was assisted by Glenn Young, who was a very able manager and helped the team in every way possible.

## First Team Schedule

### Practice Games

Sacramento .....	0	San Mateo .....	32
Sacramento .....	12	Willows .....	6
Sacramento .....	13	Richmond .....	6
Sacramento .....	32	Brothers College .....	0

### League Games

Sacramento .....	13	Stockton .....	6
Sacramento .....	0	Grass Valley .....	0
Sacramento .....	47	Lodi .....	13
Sacramento .....	6	Modesto .....	6
Sacramento .....	34	Woodland .....	0
Sacramento .....	26	Total—Sacramento .....	183
Turlock .....	12	Total—Opponents .....	81

John McKenna, '25

## Second Team

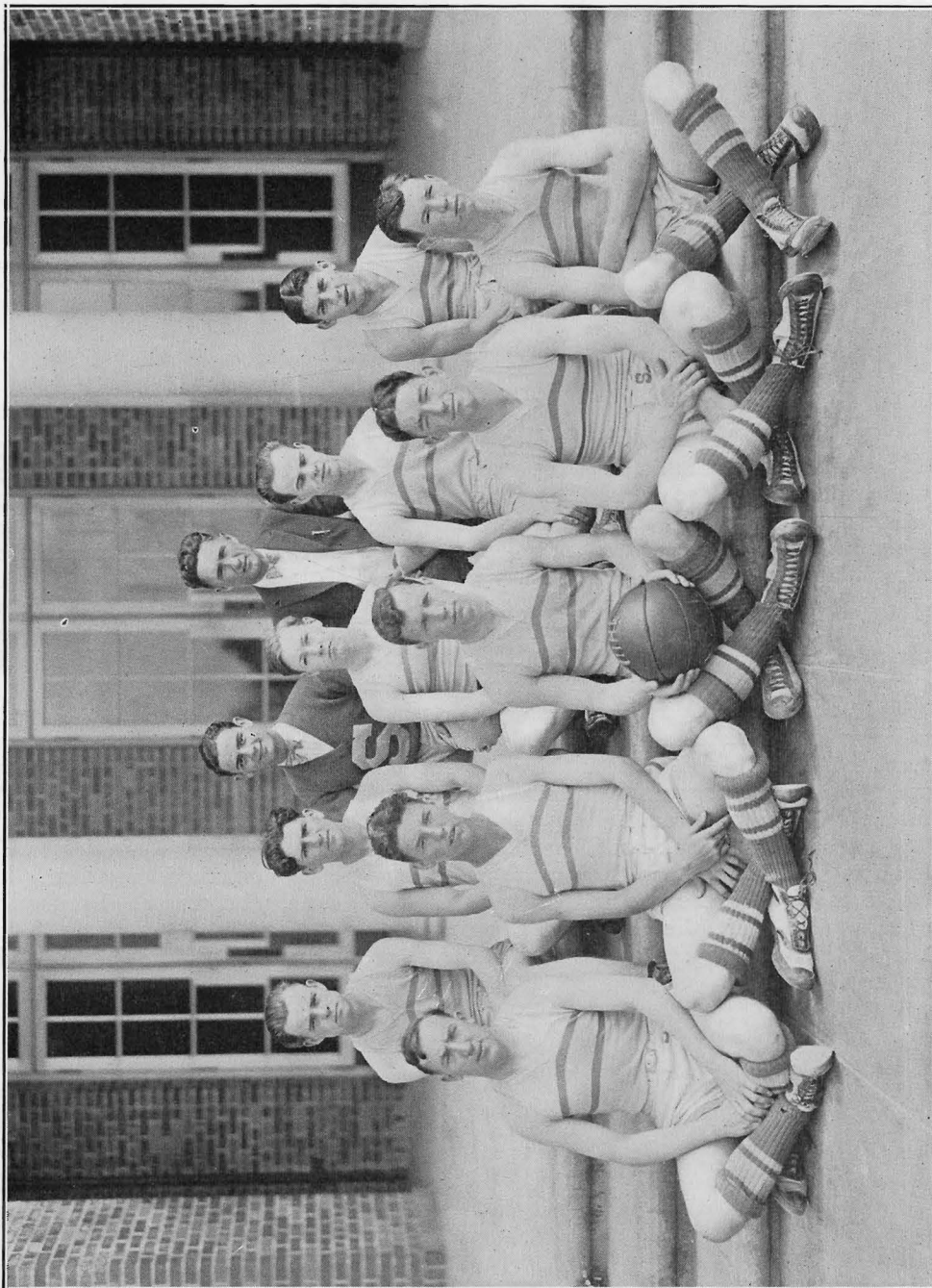
This year there was sufficient material for a second team, something this school has not had for two years. The failure at the start of the season was probably due to lack of experience, but gradually the team began to work as a unit, with each player giving all he could toward making the team a success. The first three games were lost, but the team won the remainder of the games on the schedule.

In some cases this "Class B," or second team, had to face the best team the towns had, while they themselves were too small or inexperienced to play on Sacramento's first team. But the boys put up a good fight and captured a good percentage of victories for the season.

The season was finished up with a victory from the Brother's College, which was in itself a commendable feat. The first team beat them by a score of 34 to 0 and the "B" team defeated them 24 to 7. Thus one may see that the once green and inexperienced bunch of seconds had developed into a real football team.

These facts speak well for the student coaches, Jack Radonich and Francis Spearman, since they made up the signals and coached the team. It was because of these two and Captain "Koke" Keane, who was the backbone of the team, that the season was so successful. Captain Keane helped to keep the squad together and also offered suggestions regarding plays and players.





CLASS A BASKETBALL—1925

## Class A Basketball

Prospects for a winning combination were first visualized when fifty boys, among them five letter men, reported for the initial work out on January fifth. There was, with the exception of three players, the same team that held Stockton to a 15-20 score and Galt to a 15-16 score the previous year.

Because of the fine teams in the league and in order to play at home, Sacramento dropped out and played the winner of the four other schools. This game was played on February 28th.

Coach Parker undertook the task of creating a team with the available material. He did this with considerable success. Francis Spearman was appointed manager for 1925; and Jack Radonich was selected to help coach Parker by coaching the second team.

George Rooney, the only forward from last year's team, was one of the outstanding players and it is due largely to his consistent shooting that we turned in the victories we did.

Louis Peixoto, guard from last year's team, was always reliable in keeping our opponents from scoring on short shots. He could also be depended upon to tally any foul throws he was given.

John McKenna, captain and running guard of last year's team, filled in at both positions again this year. McKenna was a good defensive player, but was weak on the offensive.

Knowles Howe, a class B player last year, made the first team this season. Howe was a dead eye, at times, on long shots and accounted for quite a number of points.

Giltner Small, a sophomore, was an addition to the team. Small proved himself very capable of filling in at center or forward. It was due to Small's stellar shooting in the Stockton game that we were able to make the score we did.

Edgar Slauson was also a new player. Slauson developed from a green candidate to a well-polished basketball player; and when the first game of the season was over it could be seen that "Red" was going to be one of the high lights of the team. Slauson accounted for several points and ably defended the center position.

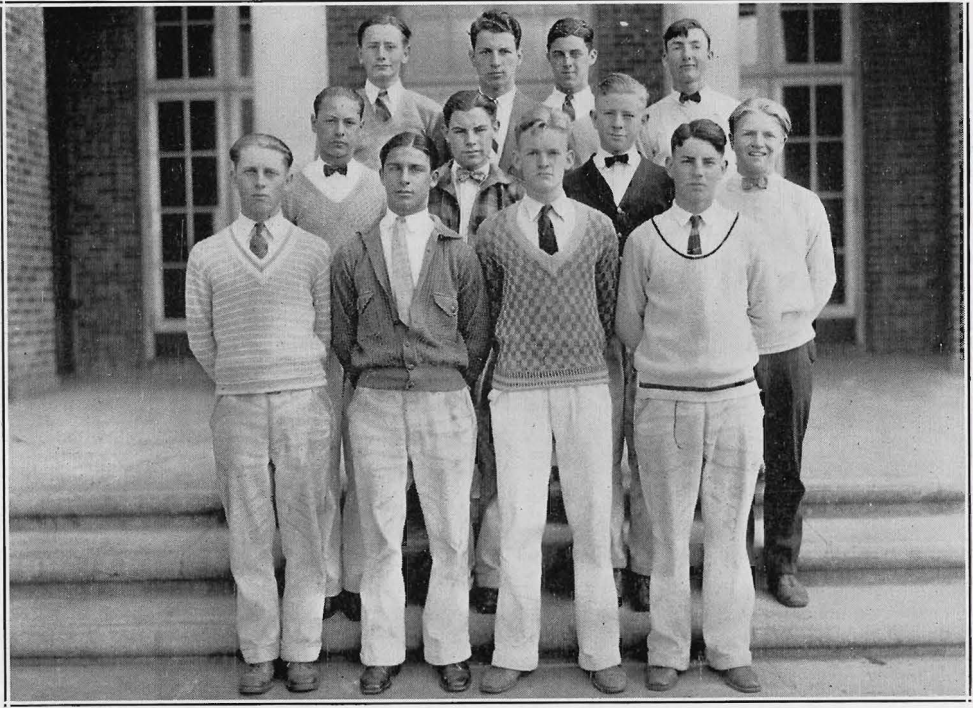
Owing to our having only one league game, we compiled a practice schedule and were playing from two to three games a week. This heavy schedule taxed our men but helped put them in condition for the Stockton game. Out of approximately fifteen games we won ten, a creditable average.

After the Stockton game which we lost 34-19 our season was officially over, but the faculty desired a game. This game was an excellent exhibition of star playing and the spectators were constantly in an uproar over the antics of the faculty men. The game was won by the students, 28 to 16.

This season has seen the addition of one more year towards establishing a feeling of co-operation between the student body and the basketball teams. Next year should see Sacramento on top when the season ends.

JOHN McKENNA, '25.





## Class B Basketball

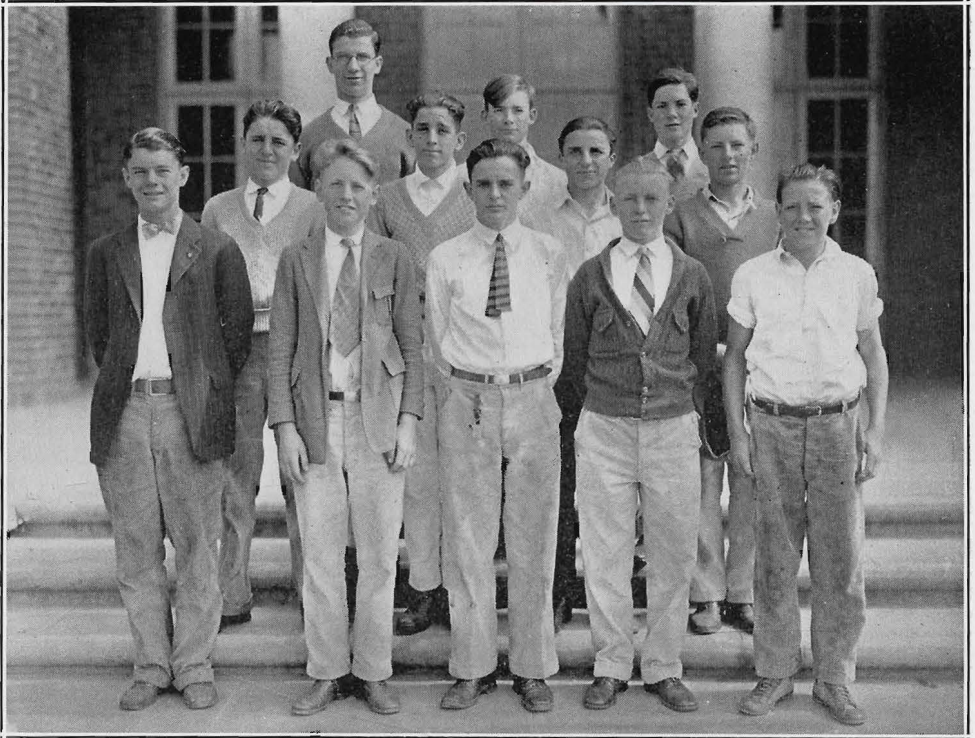
Clifford Thebaut, letterman and veteran of four years, was placed in charge of the class B team. Due both to the boys he coached and his own hard work Thebaut turned out a well-balanced team. By winning two out of three games from Woodland, the "B's" won this section of the C. I. F.

Lincoln who had won the championship in the Placer-Nevada league defeated Sacramento, thereby winning the central section and eliminating Sacramento from further C. I. F. competition.

Captain Egberg Goldsmith was the pivot of the team, all the plays centering around him. He was also high point man of the season and did his share of defensive playing.

L. Larsen and E. Jackson were the regular forwards with Bowkar to fill in when needed. These three men chalked up a creditable number of points for the season.

M. Ratto and R. Meckfessel were the guards with Richardson as a substitute. Ratto's shooting was sensational and more than once pulled the team out of the hole. Meckfessel and Richardson were exceptionally good standing guards for class B players and it was due to their work that the score of their opponents was so low.



## Basketball Class C

Victor Radonich was re-elected coach for the class "C" team for this season. Vic was practically green in regard to basketball technique, but, due to hard work and an indomitable spirit, he succeeded in turning out a splendid "C" team. Sacramento's Midgets defeated the Woodland Midgets in two out of three games and, by virtue of these victories, won the championship of this section. Placer-Union of Auburn, having won in the Placer-Nevada section, came to Sacramento to play the "C" team for the championship of the central section of California. This game proved to be one of the most exciting of the season and two extra periods of five minutes each were needed to decide the game. Placer-Union's running guard took a long shot at the basket, and, while the ball was in mid-air, the whistle blew, ending the second period; also the game. The long shot proved to be an accurate one and secured two points for Auburn, which won the game. This was the Midgets' first defeat, having won twelve straight games.

The team's victories were due largely to Captain M. Silva and George Flahive, the flashy forward. Roy Silva, Oscar Oswald, Clarence Johnson, Leslie Balala, Jack Lovell, Jack Armstrong, and Francis Wilson were the remainder of the squad who provided the opportunities for the two stars and also prevented their opponents from scoring, which is always necessary to win a game. The squad was a large one and not every member secured a chance to play. The other players who were not brilliant, but good, are Carl Jester, Aaron Forman, Frank Didion, Tom Kane, and Kutty McBride. The nucleus of this year's "C" team will probably be excellent material for the larger teams next year.





BASEBALL TEAM—1925



At the start of the baseball season the Purple and White nine was an unknown quantity. It is true that we had a veteran infield and two veterans in the outfield, but the pitchers had to be developed and a team can't win a great many games without them. Handsacker was the first man to show ability and soon after two others were discovered, Smith and Slauson. With practically a veteran team behind them they soon developed into good hurlers.

The practice season was very successful, the team winning from the "Aggies" once and taking many local clubs down the line, notably the "Brothers' College" team.

The Purple and White played their first league game on April 14 at Oak Park in Stockton where they handed the "Tarzens" a 14-2 beating.

Lefty Handsacker, pitching for the local nine, let the Stockton aggregation down with four bingles while his teammates were gathering eighteen safeties.

In the first few innings it looked like anybody's ball game. In the second inning Stockton scored two runs but in the third Sacramento began to hit and they scored four runs. From then on it was more or less a field day for the boys.

Harding with four for six was the star slugger of the day with Capt. Backer and Wardlaw close seconds with three for six. Erwin handled everything behind the bat in big league style.

The box score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Sacramento .....	0	0	4	5	2	0	1	1	1	14	18	3
Stockton .....	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	5

Batteries: Sacramento; Handsacker and Erwin; Stockton; Lamasney and Berg; Umpire, Weatherby.

The Lodi "Flames" were the next victims of the Purple and White ball tossers. On April 25 at Lodi they defeated the "Flames" to the tune of 13 to 6. For the first four innings it was a sweet game, first one team leading and then the other.

Handsacker started but it was soon evident that he wasn't right so Smith went in and he held them, blanking them from the fourth. Sargenti, for Lodi, went the entire distance but was hit pretty hard. The hitting was on pretty even terms but the errors made by the "Flames" cost them the game.



Capt. Backer and Tommy Wardlaw were the sluggers, each getting three for five. "Peanut" Miyakawa looked nice in the field.

The box score :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Sacramento .....	1	3	0	1	4	3	0	1	0—13	13	3	
Lodi .....	0	3	1	2	0	0	0	0	0—6	12	8	

Batteries: Sacramento; Handsacker, Smith and Erwin; Lodi; Sargenti and Martin, Wakefield; Umpire, Weatherby.

The first game at home was celebrated by licking Stockton 6-0, and incidently we copped the sectional honors with it. It all happened at Nippon field on May 2.

Smith was coach Parker's selection and he certainly pitched nice ball. Handsacker went in in the fifth but got in a tight hole in the seventh and Smith was called back and finished the game, working himself out of this hole with ease.

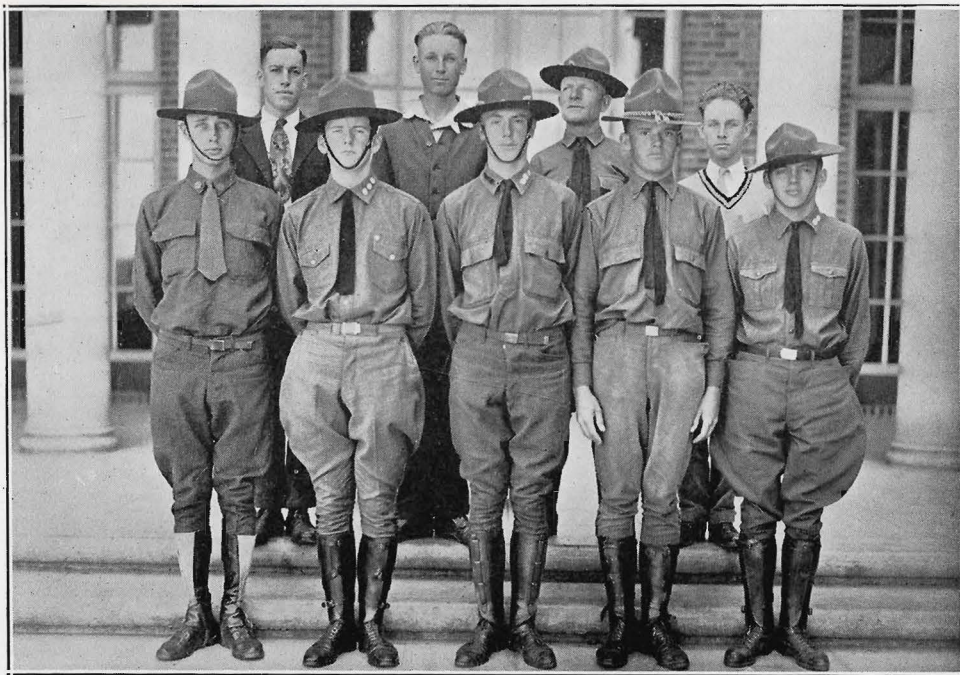
Sacramento did all their scoring in the first four innings off the slants of Lamasney. Poggiozzi went in in the fifth and he had the local batters helpless. Smith and Wardlaw were the hitting stars for the day, each getting three for four while the entire team looked fine in the field.

The box score :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Stockton .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	8	1	
Sacramento .....	1	2	1	2	0	0	0	0	0—6	14	1	

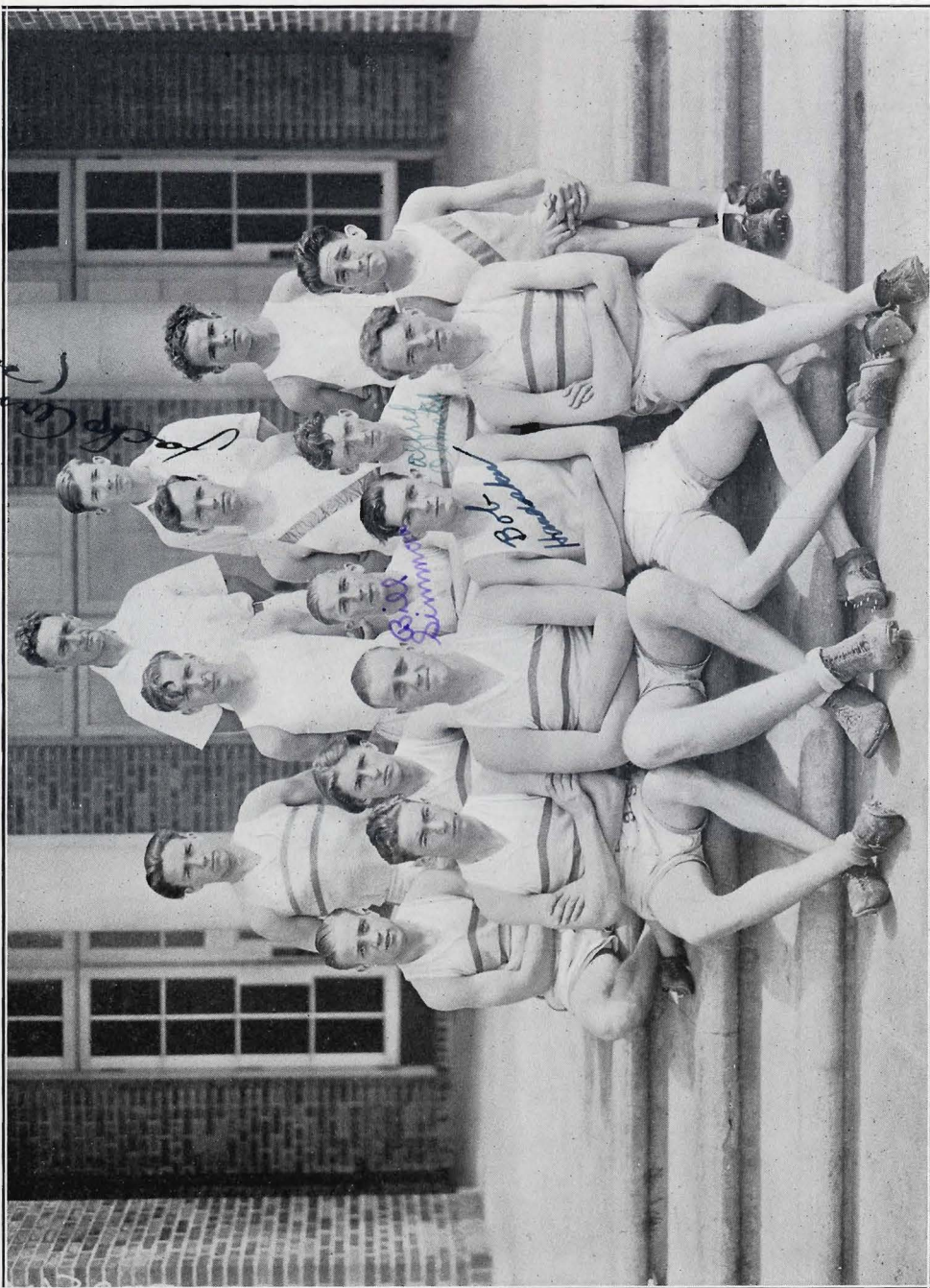
Batteries: Stockton; Lamasney, Poggiozzi and Berg; Sacramento; Smith, Handsacker and Erwin; Umpire, Weatherby.





RIFLE TEAM





TRACK TEAM 1925



This year's track team was the first we have had in two years that really achieved something in the athletic field. Captain Fred Robinson and Thomas Meckfessel were the chief point men and they succeeded in qualifying for the state track meet at Stanford University.

The first C. I. F. meet was at Davis. This was for the central section and the winners of the first two places of each event qualified for the northern California meet at Sacramento. Sacramento came in third at Davis and captured fourth place in the meet here. Taking fourth was quite remarkable, as Sacramento had only three men entered, as compared to the other schools' five or more entries. The two men who qualified in this meet were sent to Stanford to compete in the state meet, and although we did not score any points, we made a remarkable showing. Robinson took fifth place in the mile, which was won in four minutes and thirty-five seconds, and he ran it in four minutes and thirty-eight, showing that he has a bright future. Robinson also placed fifth in the 880 yards, this time being two minutes and two-fifths of a second, while the official time was one minute and fifty-nine seconds. Meckfessel took seventh in both the shot-put and discus, in which he bettered his previous marks, although he could not place in the first four.

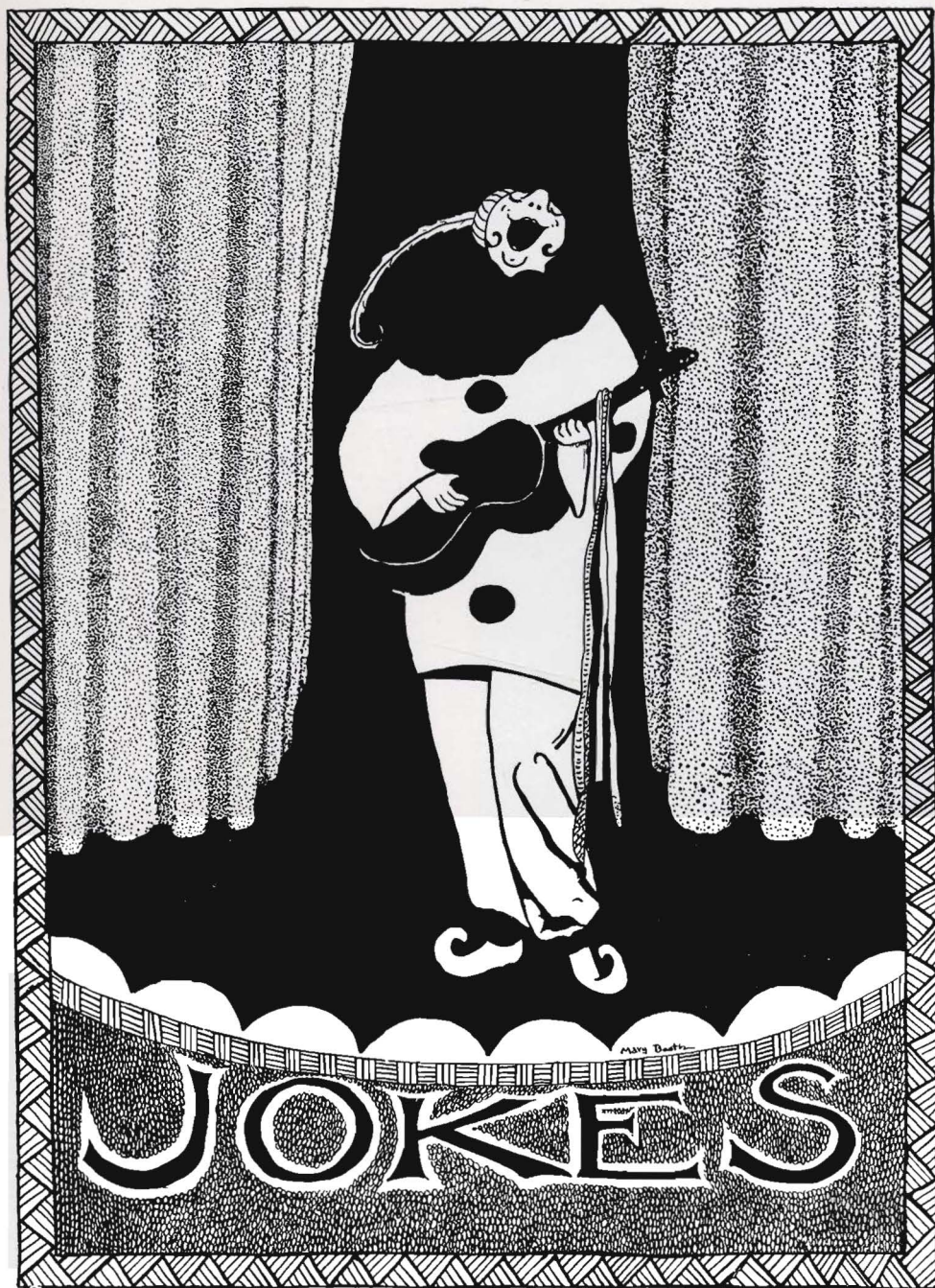
All in all, our season was very successful and coach Walsh is looking forward to a winning team next year. The members of the team who competed in the different events are as follows:

- 100 yards—I. Wagner, C. Emigh, A. Olmstead.
- 220 yards—C. Emigh, A. Olmstead.
- 440 yards—Robert Handsacker.
- 880 yards—Fred Robinson (c), C. Halstead.
- Mile—Fred Robinson (c), C. Halstead.
- 220 yards L. H.—Ray Gullion, Culver.
- High jump—C. Skinner, J. McKenna, Walker.
- Broad jump—T. Bacchi, Culver, J. McKenna.
- Pole vault—T. Bacchi.
- Shot-put—T. Meckfessel, J. McKenna, R. Meckfessel.
- Discus—T. Meckfessel, R. Meckfessel.
- 880 yds. relay—A. Olmstead, Wagner, C. Emigh, Handsacker.

Jack Armstrong was a very capable manager and assisted the coach in every way possible.

This season coach Walsh reaped the benefits of concentrated hard work put forth last year in building up a team. Now he has a group of fellows who uphold Sacramento with credit and who will probably place in the state meet next year.





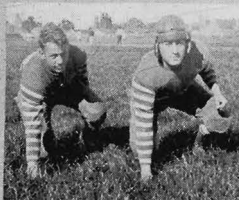




WHAT'S THIS?



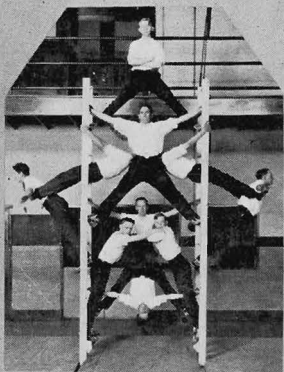
NOW NELLIE -



THE DUTCH AM HERE



THE GINGHAM GIRLS



"YIMNASTS"

*Eds.*

Country Cousin — (after prolonged inspection of building operations) "I don't see the sense of putting statues on the tops of your buildings."

City Ditto — "Statues! Those aren't statues, they're brick-layers." \* \* \*

"You say you come from Detroit," said the doctor to a fellow passenger. "That's where they make automobiles, isn't it?"

"Sure," replied the American with some resentment, "but we make other things in Detroit, too."

"Yes, I know," retorted the doctor, "I've ridden in 'em."

\* \* \*

The lion and the lamb had just lain down together.

"As for me," remarked the lion, "I should like to be called at seven-thirty in the morning."

"Don't bother to call me," said the lamb, "I shall probably get up when the lion does."

\* \* \*

### As Advertised

Big Meckfessel—(on vacation) "Look here, the rain is simply pouring through the roof in my bedroom."

Summer hotel proprietor—"Absolutely according to our prospectus, sir. Running water in every room."

\* \* \*

Hugh Strachan was trying to make a speech at a luncheon club, but was continually disturbed until at last he said, "Mr. Chairman, I have been on my feet nearly ten minutes, but there is so much noise and interruption I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Cheer up, my boy," called a voice from the back of the room, "you're not missing much."



Dorothy R.—“I wonder how old Mrs. Jones is?”

Virginia R.—“Quite old, I imagine. They say she used to teach Caesar.”

\* \* \*

### Met His Match

George — “I hear you’ve lost your parrot that used to swear so terribly.”

Marvina — “Yes, poor thing, we found him dead on the golf links.”

\* \* \*

Lawrence W. was going through an asylum for the first time. Seeing a man fishing over a flower bed and wishing to be affable he asked, “How many have you caught?”

“You’re the ninth,” was the reply.

\* \* \*

Prof.—“Now take the ant for instance. It works day and nights. Then, what is its reward?”

Celia G.—“It gets stepped on.”

\* \* \*

Marvin B. — “Don’t you think that’s a good looking pin I gave Melvie?”

Dot C. — “Yes, it’s one of the handsomest ones she has.”

\* \* \*

E. Nyrop — “Oooh, those hot dogs smell good.”

E. Clecak — “Just a minute and I’ll drive you closer to the stand.”

\* \* \*

John McKenna — (haughtily) “I can go with any girl I please.”

Dot Reese — “Too bad you can’t please any of them.”

\* \* \*

Lila Rita — “They took Virgil out of the game for unnecessary roughness.”

Virginia — “How like Virgil. Many’s the time I’ve sent him home for the same reason.”



- FRED -



CASH ?



- FRANCIS -



SPANISH ?



WHAT'S THIS ?



LOVE ?



WHERE'S THE BUGS ?



THE LIGHT FANTASTIC



MIGHTY ?

*Handwritten signature or initials.*



WELL-WELL-WELL!



JEAN



STRIKE ONE!



GILDA GRAY?



SOUPY?



BILL



HOW'S THE WATER



"CHAMPS"

Alice Dalton—"Is this the Bureau of Information?"

Clerk—"Yes, what do you want?"

Alice—"Is my hat on straight?"

\* \* \*

Virginia C.—(accused of flirting) "You have nothing on me."

Bill J.—"You forget my pin."

\* \* \*

Miss Hughes, (to shrieking chorus class) "Come, come! You are singing an invitation to summer—begging it to come—not daring it."

\* \* \*

Virginia Sellon—"Have you noticed the latest thing in men's clothes?"

Boyd Fisher—"Yes, women."

\* \* \*

Miss Jones—"Give me a good example of 'coincidence.'"

Christopher Swett—"My father and mother were married on the same day."

\* \* \*

Miss Smyser—"What is the penalty for bigamy?"

Ford Monroe—"Two mothers-in-law."

\* \* \*

Mr. Dale—"Laura, I fear you are ignoring our efficiency system."

Laura Cartwright—"Maybe so, Mr. Dale, but somebody has to get the work done."

\* \* \*

Melba Weida—"They tell me you love music."

Leo Ralto—"Yes, but never mind; keep on playing."

\* \* \*

Margaret Low—"I think Ted L. has a kind face."

Roberta W.—"Yes, a funny kind."



# SOME — NEW — HITS



"THAT OLD GANG OF MINE"



"SOMEBODY LOVE ME"



"ALL ALONE"



"THE FLAPPER WIFE"



"JAZZMANIA"



"TEA FOR TWO"



"THE SHIEK"

*F.S.*



THE DUTCHMAN



BIG MUNN!



FIRST AND-



HOW NATURAL !?



SENIORS!



?!?



SO THIS IS ART

"My honey always sticks to me," said the bee as he worked away in the hive.

\* \* \*

Here's to the flag of Marcelle—long may it wave!

\* \* \*

Grocer (trying to get house manager) "Hello, who is speaking?"

Sweet Young Thing — "Oh, don't tell me; let me guess."

\* \* \*

Ben Frantz—"What do you do in drama?"

Harry Wrinkle—"I'm the stage coach. What do you do?"

B. F.—"I am the fast male."

\* \* \*

Mr. Broecker—"Ray, who sits in back of you?"

"I do," said Ray R., as he picked up his books and calmly took the next seat back.

\* \* \*

Virginia Rice—"Dorothy slipped on her veranda last night."

Virgil Schneider—"Well, did it fit her?"

\* \* \*

Mr. Fishback — "Ed, your figures are terrible. Look at that eight, any one would take it for a three."

Ed Wilde—"But it is a three, sir."

Mr. F.—"A three? I could have sworn it was an eight."

\* \* \*

Ray Howard — "I'll bring my clarinet next time I call, you like music don't you, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth Shoemaker—"Yes; I do. But come just the same."



# FACULTY



"OBIE"



ANY OF THEM



CLARENCE



AHEM!



MR. AND MRS.



WATCHA DOIN?



LOOK WOTS HERE!

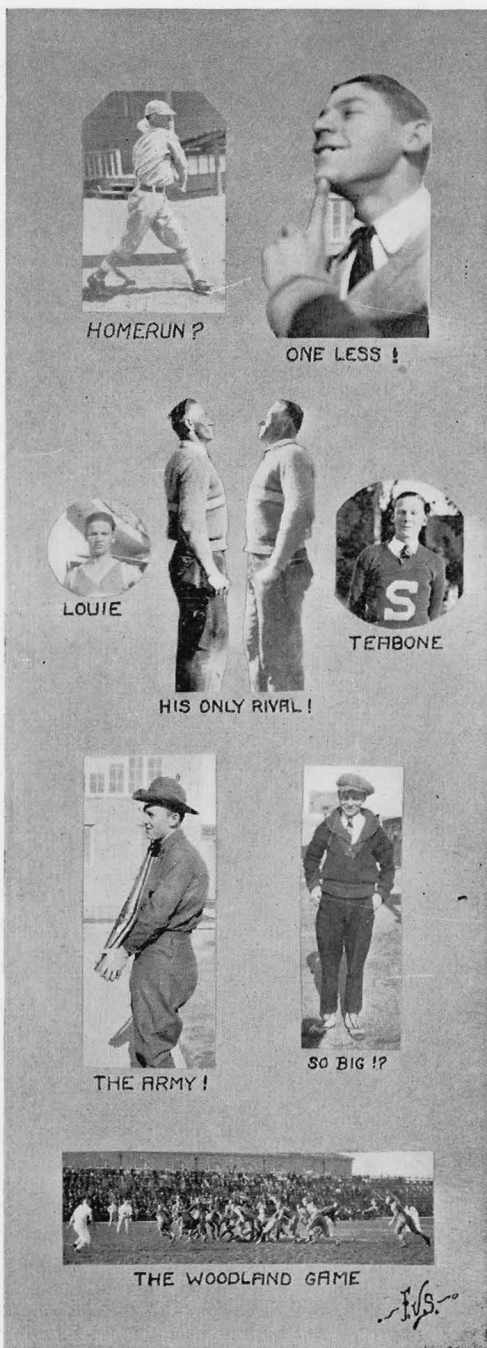


GYM?



POSING?

—EVS.—



Mother—"How do you know he was following you?"

Nettie Hawks—"Because he kept looking back to see if I was coming."

\* \* \*

Mr. Stoner (in chem) "When two bodies come together violently they generate heat."

Joe Harbinson—"Not always; I hit a fellow once and he knocked me cold."

\* \* \*

Bernice Calloway—"I found a button in my salad."

Helen Stangeland—"Came off the dressing, I suppose."

\* \* \*

Dorothy Gorman—"Captain, it sounds as if the ship were sinking."

English Captain—"Ave no fear, madam. It is only the crew taking their afternoon tea."

\* \* \*

Mr. Bender—"Do you know why I flunked you?"

Francis Spearman—"I have no idea."

Mr. Bender—"That's why, my lad."

\* \* \*

Ben Frantz—"I am trying to grow a mustache, and I am wondering what color it will be when it comes out."

Undena Cottrell—"At the rate it is growing, I should say it will be gray."

\* \* \*

"I beg your pardon," said the convict as the governor passed the cell.



Red Slauson — "What! going fishing with a mouse for bait?"

John McKenna — "Yeh, I'm going after catfish."

\* \* \*

Say Evelyn, I don't like your hair straight.

Well, you needn't think you can rule the waves around here.

\* \* \*

Why are the western prairies flat?

Because the sun sets on them.

\* \* \*

His hands in his jeans,  
His gaze afar;  
His best girl fell  
For his rival's car.

\* \* \*

Butcher — "Here, get a hustle on, Jimmy. Break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops, and put Mr. Everett's ribs in the basket."

"All right, as soon as I finish sawing off Mr. Dale's leg."

\* \* \*

Curtis Kennedy — "What gives more milk than a cow?"

Milton Thomas — "I don't know."

Curtis Kennedy — "A dairy of course, sap."

\* \* \*

Glenn Young — "What's the definition for an apricot?"

Clarence Meineke — "Don't know."

Glenn Young — "A sport model prune."

\* \* \*

Lady — "Are you the great animal painter?"

Artist — "Yes, did you wish to sit for a portrait?"



OH-HENRY!



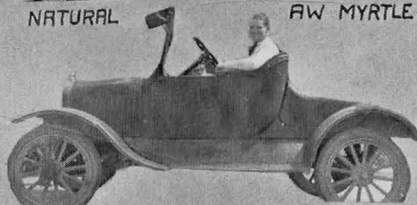
NATURAL



OH!



AW MYRTLE!



THE BENEDICT



2ND CHILDHOOD



THE FLEET!



BEDTIME OR SCHOOLTIME?

-E.S.-



"How did you get that wonderful hair, Milo?"

"Sleeping in a waffle iron when I was a kid."

\* \* \*

Marie Landgrebe — "Whew! That was a long exam."

Harold Schaden—"Finish?"

Marie Landgrebe — "No, Spanish."

\* \* \*

What's the use of learning .

An ancient history date,

When you can make a modern one  
With her at half-past eight?

\* \* \*

Miss Smyser — "What do you know about the Mayflower compact?"

Margaret Godard—"Nothing, I use Djer Kiss."

\* \* \*

Jack Radonich — "Pearls come from oysters."

Eleanor Nyrop — "Yes, diamonds come from fish."

\* \* \*

Brant Chaplin (before dinner)—  
"I understand that I am to sit on your right hand."

Winifred Strachan—"Really? I was hoping to eat with it. Try a chair instead."

\* \* \*

Mr. Stoner—"Can any person in this class tell me what steel wool is?"

Hartwell Porch—"Sure. Steel wool is shearings from hydraulic rams."



"Shall I brain him?" cried the hazer,

And the victim's courage fled.  
 "You can't; it is a freshman;  
 Just hit him on the head."

\* \* \*

Earl Van Tassel—"I see that Moses was a toreador."

Lambert Sewell—"How do you figure?"

Earl Van Tassel—Well, wasn't he in the bulrushes?"

\* \* \*

Everyone has a small bump of curiosity.

And what does it lead to?

Well, in this case it leads to the turning upsidedown of the Review.

\* \* \*

Senior—"Look here; this picture makes me look like a monkey."

At Hartsook's—"You should have thought about that before you had the picture taken."

\* \* \*

Henry Heisch—"Do you know our new minister is simply wonderful. He brings home to you things that you never saw before."

Jack Welsh—"That's nothing. We have a laundryman that does the same thing."



-TOMMY-



GOLD DUST TWINS



CHECKS !



BATTERIES !



THE GRASS VALLEY GAME



OH CLARENCE! HOW COULD YOU ?

*Handwritten signature or initials.*



BASHFULL?



LEGGO!?



HA-HA-HA-HA!?



DAYS - OF - '49



ACTION!?



- TOM -

*1930*

So beautiful she seemed to me I  
wished that we might wed;  
Her neck a pillar of ivory — but  
alas! so was her head.

\* \* \*

Harold Schaden — "I'd like a  
dozen eggs."

Boyd Fisher — "I haven't a doz-  
en. I have only ten."

Harold Schaden — "Well, are  
they fresh?"

Boyd Fisher — "They're so fresh  
the hen didn't have time to finish  
the dozen."

\* \* \*

Florence Neelley — "Are you  
taking good care of your cold?"

Arnell Gillett — "You bet I am;  
I've had it six weeks, and it's as  
good as new."

\* \* \*

Mr. Williamson — "How many  
wars has England fought with  
Spain?"

Kathryn Garner — "Six."

Mr. Williamson — "Enumerate  
them."

Kathryn Garner — "One, two,  
three, four, five, six."

\* \* \*

Miss Ashby — "What is your aim  
in writing?"

Myrtle Lugg — "The bottom of  
the page."

\* \* \*

Elsie Campbell — "My cheeks  
are on fire."

Ray Renwick — "I thought I  
smelt paint burning."



Thelma D. — "Brant, you mustn't drive so fast!"

Brant C. — "Why not?"

T. D. — "The motor cop who has been following us won't like it."

\* \* \*

Jack S. (tenderly) — "How sweet it would be to live alone with you in yonder lighthouse."

Dorothy B. (abstractedly) — "Yes and do lighthousekeeping."

\* \* \*

Bill Collector — "Is your mother at home, young man?"

Boyd Fisher — "Nobody's home but the gold fish and they're traveling around the globe."

\* \* \*

To prove: That a piece of paper equals a lazy dog.

Proof: Piece of paper equals ink-lined plane. Inclined plane equals a slope up. Slow pup equals a lazy dog.

\* \* \*

Celia Groff — "Ted, what did Milton write after his wife's death?"

Ted Slauson — "Paradise Regained."

\* \* \*

Mr. Stoner — "What is an icicle?"

Bob Stafford — "A stiff piece of water."

\* \* \*

Farmer Brown — "How's yer son, Josh, makin' out at college?"

Neighbor Green — "Tolerable well, thank ye. Reckon he must be workin' in some furrin exchange bank or other in his spare time."

Farmer Brown — "That so?"

Neighbor Green — "Yes, he write hum he was puttin' in a lot of time at the Pole vault."



ON OUR WAY? THE MILER?



LET'S GO GANG!



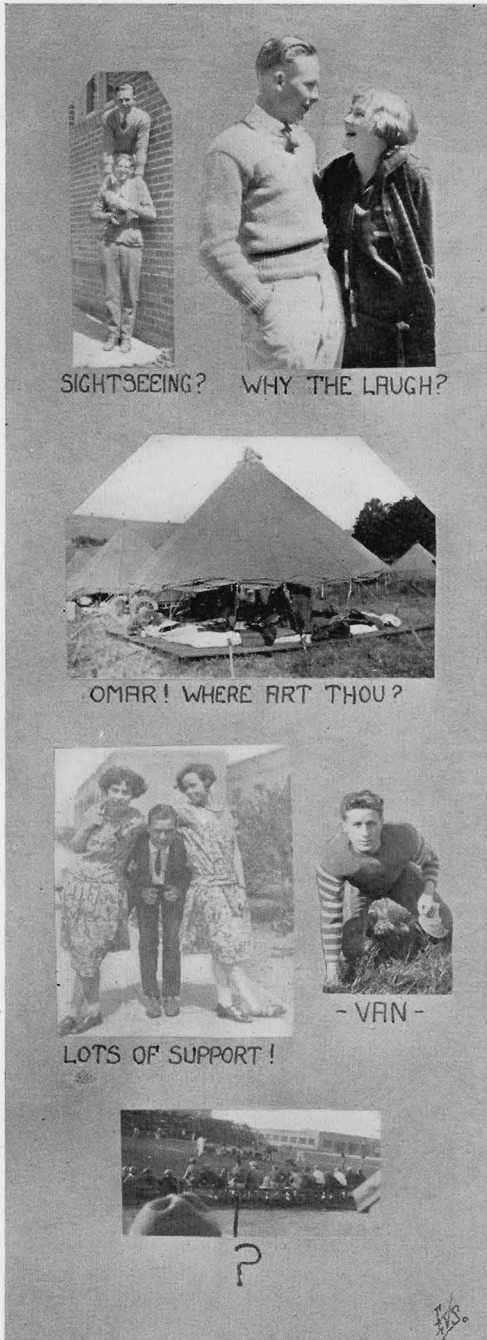
ONE-TWO-THREE



WRONGSIDE UP



LEFTY



### Physics.

Water is the most useful thing in the world, for without it nobody could learn to swim, and therefore everybody would drown.

\* \* \*

Celia Groff—"Why do you sit down onevery joke I hand in?"

Ray Schreiman—"I wouldn't if they had a point."

\* \* \*

Miss Hughes — "Where was Caruso born?"

Margaret Low—"On the high 'C's.'"

\* \* \*

Jack Welsh—"I have an idea."

John McKenna—"Well, treat it gently, as its in a strange place."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Beck—"What is the principal part of speech?"

Bob Bruener—"The tongue."

\* \* \*

Miss Godbolt—"What are the different ages in history?"

Howard Baxter — "The stone ages, bronze age, and iron age."

Miss Godbolt—"What age are we living in?"

Howard Baxter — "The hard-boiled age."

\* \* \*

"It's good of you to ask me to dance."

"Don't mention it, its a charity dance."

\* \* \*

Miss Guthrie (in biology) — "How would you feel if you should accidentally drink a glass of gold paint?"

Christopher — "Guilty, Ma'm, guilty,



Alfred Geddes "A" 26

Jing Ong L.X.

# Autographs

Maynard Male  
Dick Lillard 26  
Vincent Cooper (H.K.)  
Theron Martin (S.S. C.B.)  
Ruth Cone "Φ" &  
Howard A. Seymour 26  
Glenn McNeely  
Lena E. Etton.  
Eugene Johnson  
Gladys G. Pollock 27?  
Karl Jarvis "26"  
Harold Wells "26"  
Dale W. Burdick "D.M."  
John Woollett 27 H.K.  
Royal E. Brooke "A"  
Dick Weston (S) I.K.  
Walter M. Laidlaw II  
Jerome Brooks  
Jack O'Keill '26'  
Alick Jurgens "Eta"

Calvin Craft  
Wes. Baker.  
Frederic McTinkley "T"  
Melba L. Weida "G.D."  
John Wilson  
Bill Wagner '26  
Alex Walker "H"  
Alfred Oliver '26' ?  
Felix Wahrhaftig '26' (K)  
William Maakestad "26"  
"Mack"  
Jack Armstrong  
Ed Wapm by 26 (A)  
Depolo T. M.H. 26  
Liselotte von Luedow  
Edith Anderson @ 26  
Ruby Harris @ 26  
Gladys Nash "D" '26  
Mabel W. Walther  
Dick Lillard 26  
Anita Umado '26

# Auotgraphs

Harmon Row '26

Clarence Goulard '26

Clarence Glacken '26

Land du Bone

Muriel Hunt '26

Janice Davies "Theta" '26

Elaine Ballinger '26

Carmelity Bump '26

Elie Russell 1926.

Gladys Hunt '26

Mervin Bonn  
'DM'

Helene Remick 'M'

Velda J. Doty

Virginia Goff

Beans

here lies  
Harold  
Simms  
1926



Alva Barton

Janje Abe

Harold Franks -26-

Elbert Marsh '26.

Tom T. Saraki (1-4, 1 1/2 2 1/4)

Howard M. Fujimura

Reed sucker



## Autographs

Grace W. Hutchinson - ¡Que viva mil años!

Elizabeth O. Sims -

L. M. Rible

A. Smith, Commandant.

Mrs. E. Meyer Anderson V?

Abbie Woodin

Edith A. Wilkins \*

Esther L. Guthrie - \*

Edwina Booth.

49-1 Marion Butterford · L.M. Rible  
B.M. Fishback  $x^2 + y^2 = z^2$

Abbie Woodin


Nelli Gabeck

Dorothy Reynolds Keck  
H. Wiley "Gym"



# Autographs

Florahy Borchard '27

 Helen Lyons

Alice Reemer

Aylen Roney '27"

Beth Ann Luman KT.

Marian Frankland

Evelyn Porter

Thelma Bernice Chappeell "27"

Elizabeth Hurston

Dorothy Masters "K.T."

Silma Syfy '27

Josephine Hanlon "K.T."

Inna Burton '27"

Laura Platt

Georgia Gilpin - O.K.?

Pauline Lee '27'

Evelyn L. Rice '27

Mary Wohlberg '27

Mabel Ranson

Mary Constance '27

Louise Fisher

Betty Bradford '27

Mildred Dyckeman '27'27

Esther Davis '27

Sophia Hornstein

## Autographs

Charlotte Pepper '28"  
Gladys Baughly  
Shirley Hornstein



(You know that smart girl)

Dorothy Flammer.

Lila Jiminez

Mary Wood + not '26

Howard A. Seymour '42

Penwick = "A E I R E I S T A X I =

Matsuye Higashino

Esther Barkwell

Marian Briggs '27

Harold Curo

Carolyn Elliott

William Blewett

Reg-Span Shark '27. 23.

Dorothy Fernald '26

Ben Cuddy '26

Stella Park '27 (?)

Thelma Britt - '27 (?) G.P.

Marie Eastburn?

Viola Loreng '25-

"Lottie" Healey

Ralph Maass

Dorothy Waters '26

Jeannette Senna

Hester Bollen


Neva Johnson '27

Virginia

Harriet Valley G.P.  
Carolyn Elliott '27




## Autographs

Helena Westlake 

Edna Dutra '27

Louise Brand '27

 <sup>Clarice</sup>  
Bathoney  
'27 ??

Genevieve Meiss(?)

Norma Sagoni '26

Eula George

Juanita Stophur

Ed. Clements.

Nellie Blackwood '27?

Beatrice Landgrebe "T.N.I."

Idella Hansen "M"

Emma Gralla '27