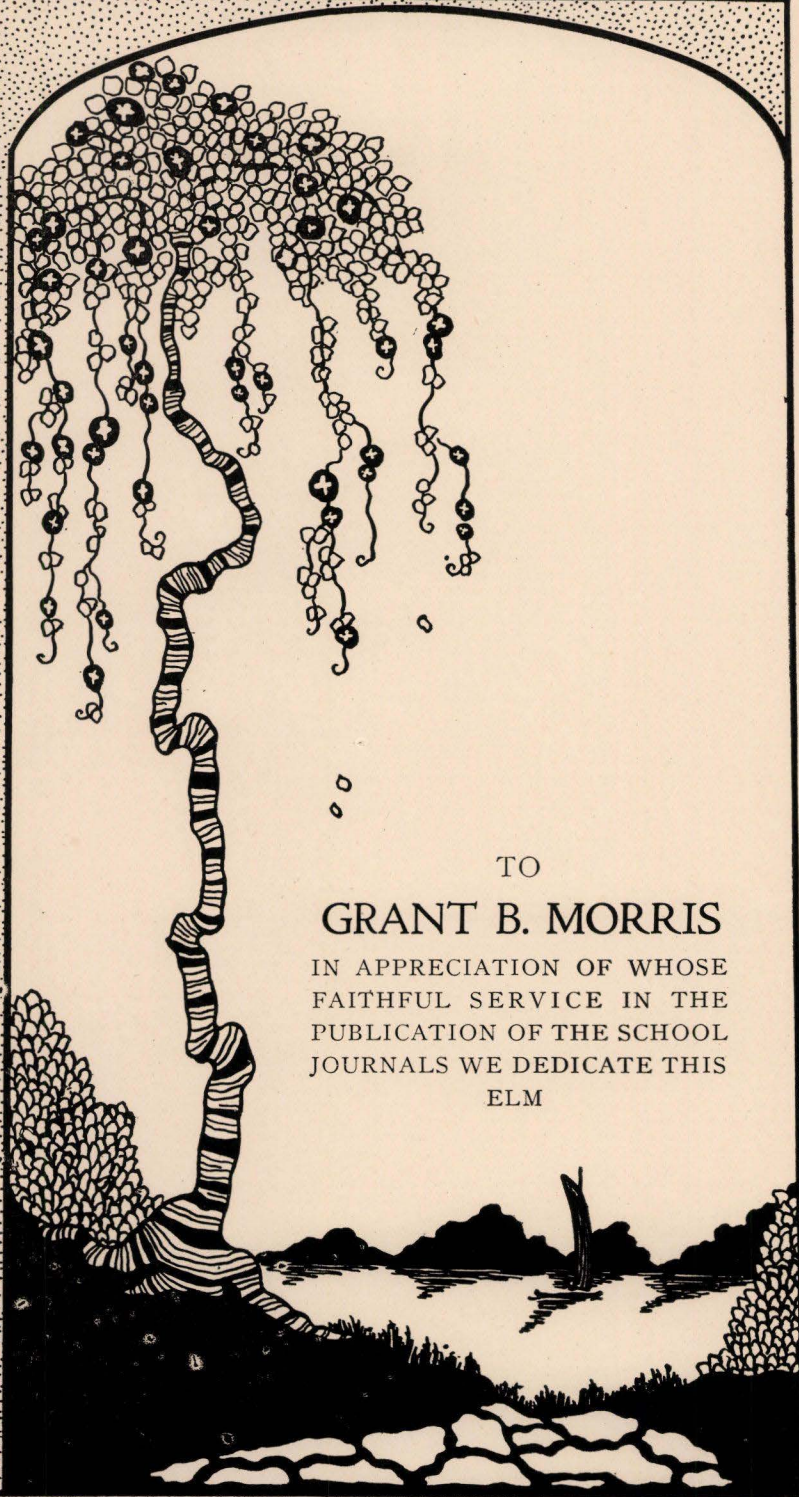




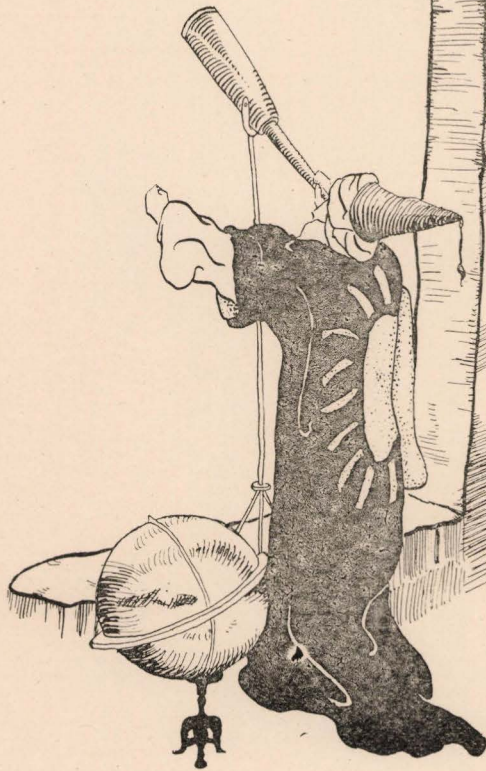
DEPARTMENT OF PRINTING
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AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

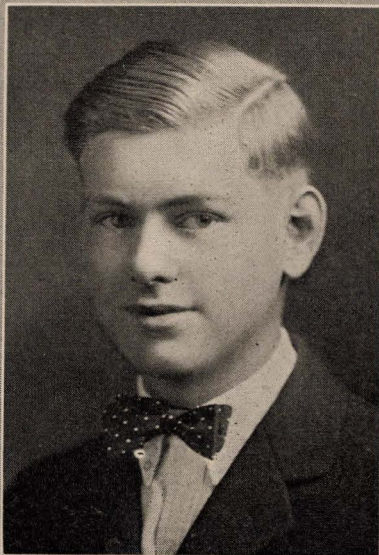
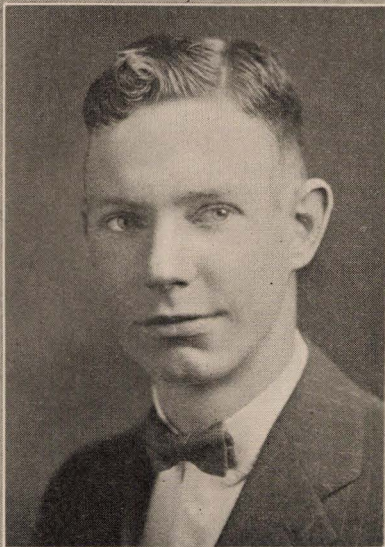
DEDICATION



TO
GRANT B. MORRIS
IN APPRECIATION OF WHOSE
FAITHFUL SERVICE IN THE
PUBLICATION OF THE SCHOOL
JOURNALS WE DEDICATE THIS
ELM

SENIORS





William Okker, Jr.
Anne Bouret

Mildred Adams
Clifford F. Weigle



Frances Sanford
Louise Wheaton Corbett
William Kenneth Flynn

Roger Ryan

Lester E. Empey, Jr.
Elvelyn Gilberts
Bertha Anne Pritchard



Robert Ames
Mary Silveira Caetano
Isador Abrams

Marguerite Anderson
Milton J. Bevilockway
Catherine Barghourn

Phillip E. Allen
Marion Anita Bewley
Robert Bourne



Frank M. Coturri
Mildred Eleanor Daudistel
Charles Otto Brose

Betty Lucille Chambers
Curtice Edwin Clark
Geneveive Gertrude Chevalier

Walter Edward Buckingham, Jr.
Madelyn Darcy
Joseph E. Damm



Paul Joseph Ford
Doris Gallegher
Raymond Louis Flanders

Lucille Favre
John Berkeley Hays, Jr.
Lena Furrer

Harry Foley
Helen Fletcher
Jack Elmer



Kathleen Clara Jones
 Anna Leibbrandt
 Harry Ellis Leslie

Wilfred D. Jones
 Wilson Jones
 Rose Lanza

Evelyn Kutzer
 Alice Jewel Laumeister
 Geoffrey Hughes



John Edward Lindsey
Constance Lenzen
Aline Alethia Lindsey

Eleanor McCloskey
John McGilvary
Cecil Gilbert Michie

A. Clarence Olson
Margaret Maguire
Lois Nicolaides



Louis R. sso
Don Phillips
Alice Pengelley

D'lys Frances Price
Frances Roberts
Joseph Regner

Gondolfo Prisinzano
Vernon Riddle
Edith Elizabeth Pederson



Barbara Stradling
Earle Shoub
Charlotte Secker

Frank Suenderman
Betsy Ross
Vincent Sheerin

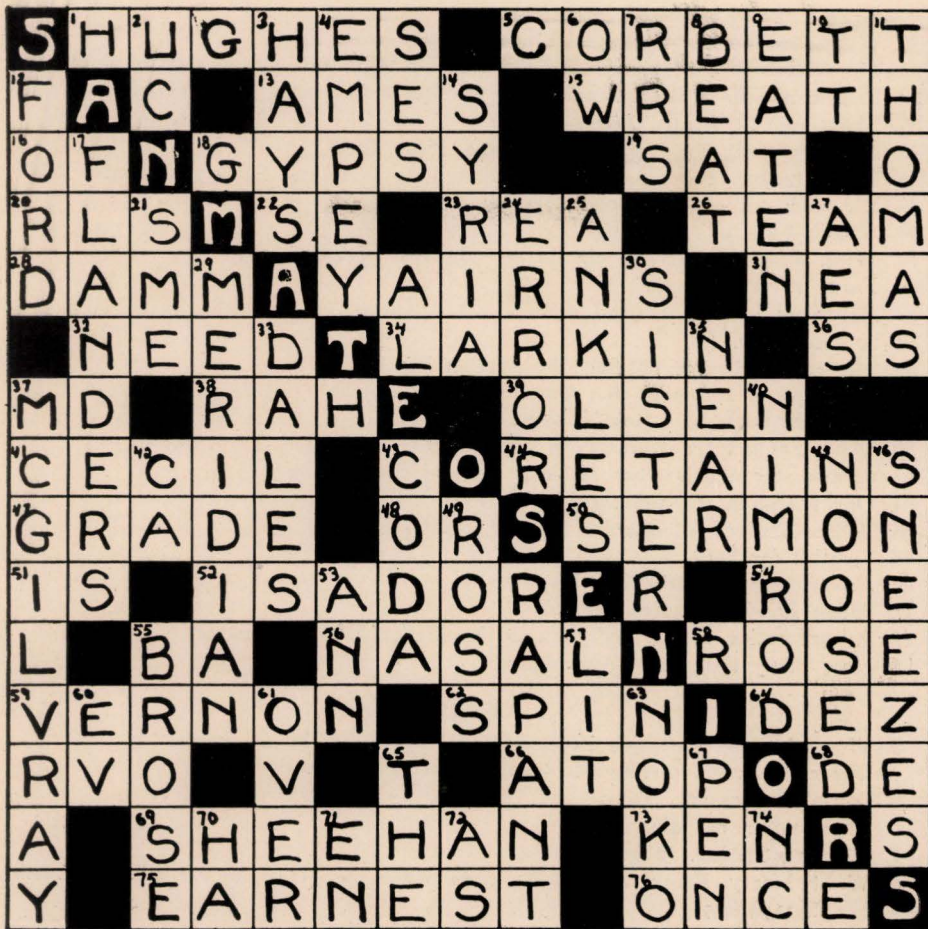
Margaret Sturrock
Ernest George Shoub
Alice Sheehan



James W. Trimmingham
 Mary P. Walton
 Thomas John Branson

Samuel Mitchell Trevitt

Estelle Van Winkle
 Mildred Ethel Woodbridge
 Emily Van Valin



HORIZONTAL

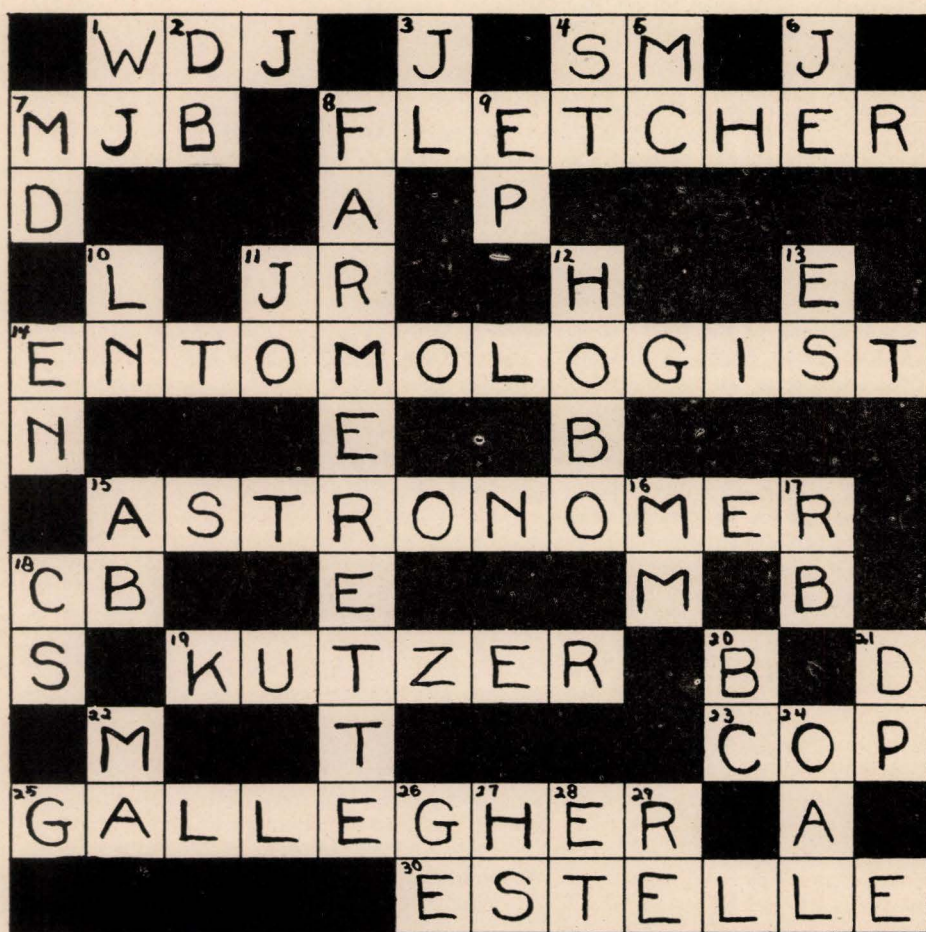
1. Legal adviser for the trombone league.
5. National organizer for the P. T. A.
13. Clarinetist to the mayor of Tegucigalpa.
15. What Frank Coturri will be awarded for the National Beauty Contest.
16. The mediaeval language that Lucille Favre will be the professor of (abbr.).
18. The decreed fate of Mildred Adams.
19. The day of the week that Kathleen Jones will marry a millionaire. (abbr.)
20. Initials of a famous author over whom Lucy O'Connell will be a triumphant rival.
22. The direction of Porky's Playground from the school.
23. 23 and D and good books equals culture.
26. James Trimmingham, Alice Pengelley, and Lena Furrer will be on a world famous debating—.
28. Expert accountant for the records of the Rally Committee.
31. The Teacher's Association that Walter Buckingham abolishes (initials.)
32. The condition that the Seniors are in when counting credits.
34. A street in San Francisco parallel to Van Ness Avenue.

36. What Philip Allen is captain of (abbr.)
37. The initials of the private secretary to Bolshevik Bohnet, Russian diplomat.
38. Prisinzano, the chief tie counter of the Royal Army of Hoboes (initials.)
39. The Court Jester to Queen Lomita.
41. An understudy for Rudolph Valentino (first name.)
44. What flunkers think San Quentin should do to Honor Society students.
47. We wish our —— were A.
48. A co-ordinating conjunction.
50. What Bertha Pritchard will do on "Benefits of Giggling".
51. Form of verb "to be".
52. A banker some day. (first name)
54. A small deer.
55. The college degree obtained by Marion Bewley.
56. The kind of specialist that Connie Lenzen will be.
58. The first name of a foreign bond expert.
59. The manufacturer of Riddlets, the all metal cut-downs. (first name)
62. 62 and ster equals what Mildred Woodbridge will be.
64. Our friend in the gym. (nickname)
66. Where Clifford Weigle will land in journalism.
68. Spanish for "of".
69. An interpreter at the Spanish Court.
73. Judge Landis' pet. (nickname)
75. A corporation lawyer for John D. Rockefeller III. (first name)
76. How many times do we graduate?

VERTICAL

2. The university of which Frances Roberts will be the art instructor. (abbr.)
3. The class's most distinguished gentleman of leisure.
4. Sousa's successor.
6. Exclamation of pain.
7. Railroad Station. (abbr.)
8. What Harry Foley will do to time when he is conductor of the Burlingame Symphony.
9. Genevieve Chevalier will be —— by a wild desire.
10. The twentieth letter of the alphabet doubled.
11. Who will win fame as composer of the popular ditty "Sunlight and Strawflowers". (first name)?
12. Who will be Beau Brummel, Jr.?
14. In what country will Anita Leibbrandt be exclusive owner of oil rights?
17. Future Standard Oil magnate.
21. San Mateo Elite of which Barbara Stradling will be leader. (initials)
24. Even "the Boss" can make one.
25. What do modern girls have that their grandmothers didn't?
27. Copper money.
29. What did Vincent Sheerin cross when he lost a day in his travels?
30. What Margaret Sturrock has promised to be to twenty men.
33. Into what will Emily Van Valin lead her Biology classes?
35. Preposition.
37. Famous architect of the Fifty-seven story building of the San Mateo High School.
40. What will Frank Suenderman be?
42. Symbol for Calcium.
43. The finale of a sonata movement.
45. What should be done to the person who criticizes this puzzle?
46. What a man does when he has a cold.
49. A designer of costumes and stage-settings for the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York.
53. Same as No. 15 vertical in other puzzle.

55. Male teacher of Domestic Science.
57. Past participle of light.
60. Same as 30 horizontal in other puzzle.
61. Preposition.
63. What the cut of each Senior in this book was made from.
65. Definite article.
67. With what weapon will Roger Ryan fight his way to fame?
68. Spanish preposition.
70. Exclamation of satisfaction.
72. Conjunction.
74. A state of the United States. (abbr.)



HORIZONTAL

1. Author of the latest reducing record "Twenty Twisting Twirls". (init.)
4. Our dear old Alma Mater. (in.t.)
7. Editor of "Milton's 57 Points on Plays". (init.)
8. Instructor of heliocoptry in a school of aeronautics.
11. Russian ballet dancer. (init.)
14. The future calling of Frances Sanford.

15. The lofty aspiration of Bill Okker.
18. Society editor of the Burlingame Busy Bee. (init.)
19. Coach of the Girls' All-American Football Team.
23. Polly Walton will ride a horse when she is a 23.
25. Editor of the "Searchlight on Congress".
30. Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Greater San Francisco.

VERTICAL

1. Raymond Navarro Second. (init.)
2. The fellow who tries to get by. (init.)
3. General of the White Horse Brigade. (init.)
4. Barker at a circus. (init.)
5. Teacher of physical education specializing in marbles. (init.)
6. Successor to Grantland Rice. (init.)
7. President of the Womens' Business League of America. (init.)
8. How did Alice Laumeister make her fortune?
9. Future hostess at the Ritz. (init.)
10. Favorite of the Greenwich Village Artists. (init.)
12. What was Curtice Clark knighted?
13. President of the Almond Growers' Association. (init.)
14. Director of the K. F. Q. H. players. (init.)
15. Leading lady of the K. F. Q. H. players. (init.)
16. A Red Cross Nurse in the South Sea Islands. (init.)
18. Chief chatterer of the Sports Magazine. (init.)
20. Peninsula Studio Star. (init.)
21. Secretary for the Board of Foreign Missionaries. (init.)
22. Cataloguing librarian at the Congressional Library. (init.)
24. Leader in the Anti-Main Street movement of 1950. (init.)
26. The initials on your radio tubes.
27. Best class in the school.
28. And—French or Latin.
29. Regarding.



"THET BURKHEAD LOOK"

I

THE BOY was a coward. His father, once his best adviser and companion in woodlore and guncraft, was hurt, puzzled, and, at last, scornful. That he, Ben Slade, the best shot and one-time ring-leader of the wildest clan in the hills, should have a son with a yellow spine was preposterous. Yet—it was true. The boy, christened Jesse, would not fight. Today he had come home crying, with bruised body and blackened eye—the victim of the school bully.

"An' did ye fight back this time?" Ben demanded.

"N-na-w," Jesse had replied tearfully, "he wuz too big fer me."

"Wa—all, ye little br-s-x-t-ps—" Old Ben stuttered, at loss for a suitable adjective. "Thet ain't no reason! Ef he uz ez big ez th' side uv a hill, ye cud a-fit 'em; cudn't ye? Wuz ye a-skeered?"

"N-naw, I—he—"

"Wa—all, why in thunderation—?"

"Paw, you leave th' child be. Thet Simms youngun air too big fer Jesse. Now, now, shet up, an' let th' child be, I tell ye."

Muttering, Old Ben left the dark, untidy room. Outside he sat down on the chopping block and addressed an old "pot-licker" hound. Behind him the cabin door opened softly, and other ears drank in his words.

"Spot, when th' ol' woman's thet way, she air jest like her ole pappy before 'er. He come frum down country, an' his folks were quality; an' when thet air Burkhead look come in his eyes, ever'body sartain shore watched ther step. An' I caint see fer th' life uv me whar Jesse gits his yaller streak. I never heerd tell of a Burkhead thet war a coward, an' hit air sartain he never got hit frum his pappy's side. Hit jest do beat all." And Ben shook his head and sighed. "I shore wish he war more like Matt; thar's a he-bear-cat fer ye."

The small, unnoticed figure in the doorway bit his lip savagely and closed the door. Old Ben had unwittingly "shot an arrow".

One night, Jesse's lessons prepared, Matt and he threw themselves, stomach-down, beside the great fireplace, and by its light and that of a smoky oil lamp, read together. Suddenly Matt turned to Jesse.

"Jess, we likes t' read purty good; don't us?"

"Waall, I shud hope t' snicker!" The younger boy looked with a lad's hero-worship into a pair of grey-green eyes. This elder brother of his was highly educated (for had he not been "clar through th' sixth reader"?). He was still more learned in methods of clan warfare or personal combat. Matt was short and small but well-built and strong. Lithe as a panther, quick as a snake, and with the mad, fierce courage of the weasel, he was half-feared and heartily envied by all the uplanders.

The hill folk said he was "quare" in his fighting. When possible, he never fought with gun or knife, though he excelled in the use of both. This strange firebrand in their midst used his bare fists by preference; when one of his slashing members met enemy's flesh, blood flowed as from a knife cut.

Secretly, Matt burned with shame and disappointment at his small brother's cowardice. Now, with an unreadable look in his eyes, he met Jesse's.

"We's read these yere books till we's pert nigh got 'em by heart; hain't we?"

"Yeah, we has."

"Blackbeauty air one o' them books what ye can read over an' over; an' 'Grace Trueman', an' 'Th' Little Baptist', an' 'Th' Orphants' Trials' is all good; but, Jess, how would ye like t' have a bran' new un t' read what ye ain't never seed before—a rale bully un?"

"Oh, my—I—I!" Jesse was speechless with the wonder of the possibility. Finally he managed, "Aw, but Matt, shorely they ain't no sech good unz ez these yere nowhar; be they? These is all th' books eny er us Slades is seed in all th' hills, 'ceptin' th'

Huly Bible, an' readers, an' th' blue-back speller an' sich. Do ye raly reckon they be eny more enywhar?"

"Shore, Jess; when I war down in th' level country, Mr. Bishop, he took me t' town one day an' me 'n' him went into a big brick called a library, an', Jesse, would ye believe hit? thet dern buildin' wuz plumb full er nothing' but books—jest shelfs an' shelfs **full** on 'em! An' they war **lendin'** 'em t' folks! Yes, siree, Bob Johnson! An thet warn't all, neither. Us went int' 'nother brick thet war jest ez full ez t' other'n, only these yere books uz newer uns, an' they solt books to jest **enybody**—common folks, an' while trash, an' niggers jest th' same ez quality!"

Jesse sat wide-eyed—silenced—afraid to believe. This could not be truth. Yet, the Slades never led.

"Now, Jess, boy, I's got a bargin t' make with ye."

Jesse's face lighted with timid hope. "I'm goin' down t' De Queen nex' week t' witness fer Jim Latimer' trial, an' ef ye'll do one thing fer me, I'll fetch ye back a jim-dandy, bran' new book. Will ye do hit?"

Jesse gasped. He opened his mouth to say "yes", but his face clouded and he hesitated.

Presently he asked: "What all d'ye want me t' do?"

"Jest this," replied Matt, looking at the boy intently. "Dale Cannon called ye 'sissy' an' 'teacher's pet' t'day at school; didn't he?"

"Yeah." Jesse hung his head.

"Wa—all, this here's what I want ye t' do. T'morrer, when ye git t' school, ye march right up t' Dale an' say, 'Ye called me a "teacher's pet" an' a "sissy" yestiddy; didn't ye? Wa—all, then, air ye goin' to take hit back? An' when he says 'Naw' ye jist let 'im have hit, tooth, fist, an' toe-nail. Will ye?"

Visions of a new, unread book tempted strongly, but equally vivid was a vision of Dale Cannon's leering visage with its snuff-stained mouth and the bully's hard, warty fists. Then he saw himself lying, bleeding and battered, on the school ground, with a howling, jeering mob of youngsters capering around him. He saw Dale standing by, sneering, boasting, and laughing by turns. He shuddered with anticipated humiliation.

"Wa—all?" prompted his brother.

"I—I'll try to, Matt."

"That's th' time, Jess, boy. Dale's jest a mite bigger'n you air, but, Law', thet don't make no difference. He cain't think er but one thing at a time, an' he don't know nothin' but t' throw t' other feller an' maul 'im. Now ye jest don't let him git ye down; keep on hittin' 'im jest ez hard ez ye kin an' perty soon he'll holler 'Calf-ropé'. Why, Law' didn'tche see th' little banty whop th' ol' Brown Leggern this enern? Shore ye did. Waall, thet air's th' way t' fight 'im. Only you all air more like Rhode Island Reds."

Well, it sounded fine, but—

II

"Whip Will's window!"

"Chip-out-o'-white-oak!"

"Don't-whip-poor-Will!"

That night birds were very close and Jesse awoke, wondering. Again the three gave their plaintive cries—half whistles.

"Thunder 'n' lightnin', them whipperwills air mighty nigh th' house! An' that air th' first time I ever heerd three on 'em give ther calls different all t' onct. Th' ones around yer gen'ally says 'Chip-outer-white-oak'; t'other two must be fum way down south sommers. This yer shorely must mean some kinder omen. I bet it's a sign sumpthin' air goin' t' happen."

Dawn came subtly over the hills; a few moments later the birds hushed their crying, and Jesse rose and donned his clothes—overalls and a shirt; nothing more.

If something was going to happen, the Fates had selected a good day. The air was crisp and cold and the sun soared up over the pine-crests into a cloudless sky. In the valleys a light mist stirred slowly and began to roll northward. All birddom

opened throats to the morning, and the clear air sparkled with music. A wren trilled from a brush pile; a mocking bird warbled from the straggling orchard; down in the hollow a jay yelled his joy to all the universe; far off in the cornfields a quail whistled; deep in the woods a dove cooed sadly; and atop the old "snake" fence a blue-bird sang praises to the dawn. Yellow-hammers, field-larks, song-sparrows, cardinals, robins bubbled and thrilled with melody.

Jesse ate his pancakes and sorghum molasses, strapped his books together, and started for school. The cool, dewy grass felt good to his bare feet, and the invigorating air made him heady.

"Jeeroshy! What a mornin'!" he exclaimed to himself. "This yer's a mornin' thet nobody but God Almighty, H'sself, hain't made. An' he shore done a good job on h't, too. This yere air have got a kick t't like Abe Nichol's cawn liquor, only hit don't taste so hellish ez whiskey does. An' look at thet blue sky; an' listen at th' birds—Why, they all air so happy 'pears like they air goin' t' bust they purty little throats a-singin'! An' th' dew sparklin' on ever' sprig an' leaf! Oh! Lord, h't's great t' be a-livin'!"

And forthwith Jesse sang with the birds, if not so melodiously, still, with the same soul-felt sense of joy and gratitude. H's words were homely but the song was rollicking and gay;

"She's ez tall ez ary pine,
She's ez slim ez er punkin-vine,

But she's a young thing an' cannot leave 'er mother!"

The trail he followed wound through a very fairy land of sound, smell and color. Birds flew everywhere; trees of twenty different varieties grew on every hand; wild berry-blossoms and wild flowers filled the air with incense and delighted the eye with rainbow-colors. The path wound atop a hill, and Jesse's eyes scanned a wide sweep of rolling country with here and there some mountaineer's cabin clinging to a cliff or nestling in a valley; then the trail dropped down, down into the long depression, through woods and meadows. At times the track ran beside a brook or creek or crossed the stream on a footlog. Often, beside some still pool, the boy inhaled the aroma of broad-padded water lilies. Frogs or turtles plunked into the water at his approach; the shallows were mud-rolled by craw-fish frightened at his shadow. Once a long, black water-snake twisted off into the darkness of the bank-shadows.

Just when Jesse was most deeply absorbed, the school bell tolled. He was nearer than he had realized, and fifteen minutes would elapse before "books took up".

With painful suddenness Jesse remembered what Matt had promised if—

Oh! How he hoped, deep in his heart, that Dale was absent. He hated himself for it, yet he could not rouse a desire to fight. Why couldn't all be friends? Why must boys be fighting, anyway? What good came of fighting? After it was over, nothing was gained on either side. True, he would be glad to conquer at will any boy in school, but even if he had the power, he would not abuse it as did the Simms and Cannon boys.

Jesse came out of the woods into the clearing of the school ground. It was as he expected; nevertheless he felt suddenly sick. There in front of the school house was Dale, winning marbles in a game of "keeps".

The outcast slipped past the ring unnoticed and went to put his books in his desk. The room seemed half-filled with chattering girls. Some of these regarded his reddened face with pity; others stared at him stonily, and not a few made remarks that cut deeply. Jesse scarcely knew which of the three types he hated most. But there was one—a slight figure with flaxen locks and eyes blue as wood-daisies—who gazed out the open window, pretending not to see his embarrassment. Jesse looked at her, and after that the sun shone a little brighter.

If the boy hated anyone, he hated himself most of all. If he were a brave fellow instead of a sneaking coward, he would walk out and defy the whole crowd of boys. And—perhaps if he did She would cheer him on. But no! Instead he slunk out of the door with fear and pain in his heart.

Now he wished himself a thousand miles distant, for the dreaded Dale had left the marble game and was approaching the steps. Oh! why was not he, Jesse, more like Matt? He knew now that the book from De Queen would not be his.

But what was this? Dale was smiling at him. "Hi, Jesse, ol' boy! Have some candy? Aw, come on; we uns air friends now; take a hunk."

Dale held out a dirty bag. In it were three pieces of "real store candy" all covered with cocoanut. It looked good, and Dale appeared sincere, but there must be some trick. Jesse hesitated, embarrassed, uncertain.

"Wa—all, take a piece; won't ye? Don't be askeered—hit air all right. Jest ask Emmett, here. Hain't it, Emmett?"

The boy addressed nodded. "Hit shore is, an' h't air good, too."

Jesse took a piece, sniffed it, tasted the cocoanut; everything appeared all right. But why weren't the boys begging Dale for the other two pieces? Oh, well, if Dale wanted to be friendly, well and very good; Jesse said "Thank ye", placed the cube of candy in his mouth, and bit into it.

Immediately the whole school, which had gathered to watch, burst into wild, long pent-up shrieks of laughter. Quick as a flash Jesse spat the stuff out, but it was too late. For a moment, nothing happened; then—a great, consuming fire raged in his mouth. It was not pepper, but something far worse—a piece of strong, caustic lye soap, disguised by the cocoanut cover.

In mental and physical agony, Jesse dashed for the pump but water did no good. The lye bit into his mouth cruelly, and a torturing blister rose on his tongue. The boys and many of the girls still yelled with glee; their victim was saved from tears only by the ringing of the last bell.

That evening when the boy faced his brother, it was with an aching heart. Old Slade snorted when he heard the story. Matt merely looked steadily at Jesse and said, "An' ye took that off'n him?" The lad, wild with grief and shame, dashed from the cabin and far into the woods to sob out his sorrow and loneliness to the pines.

At length, when the tears no longer flowed, Jesse lay still at the base of a tall forest giant, thinking, thinking. So nearly motionless was he that the Little Folk of the woods resumed their feuds and hunts and courtship.

Suddenly a buck rabbit appeared in the tiny glade where the boy lay. Its eyes popped wide with a sickening fear and its body trembled like a cottonwood leaf. The pitiful little creature stopped and hunched in a despairing heap among the dead pine needles. Its nostrils worked frantically, and its great, round, baby eyes rolled in a terrified search of the underbrush.

Then It arrived—from nowhere. It had made no sound; it had simply darted out of nothing into a long, brown Something—low, terrible, and lithe. The rabbit screamed like a child; there was a brief, thumping struggle and—silence; silence save for a horrible slobbering.

The boy moved. A small, sharp-nosed head jerked up from the quivering mass on the forest floor. Cruel, flashing eyes regarded him intently.

"Scat! ye danged weasel!" cried Jesse.

The beast merely bared its teeth and hissed. Jesse sprang up and ran at it. The animal crouched till the boy was in kicking distance; then it whirled with a harsh snarl and disappeared.

"Pore little critter," murmured Jesse, regarding the small, furry mass on the ground; then, remembering, he threw himself again under the old pine.

The weasel tribe does not easily desert its prey. Before Jesse was aware of its presence, the sleek little destroyer was back. The boy looked up just as it was half-dragging, half-carrying the rabbit away. Suddenly it dropped its burden and whirled, facing the east. A grey, black-spotted form with unmistakable cat eyes, and pointed, tufted ears stood at the glade-edge, its eyes reflecting greenly the rays of the setting sun. Jesse knew it was a wild-cat.

Surely the weasel would retreat now before this intruder. But no, with a red glint in its eye the snake-like body shot forward. It may have been the dazzle of

daylight that did it, or it may have been the flame in the little demon's eye—the bob-cat spat fiercely at the weasel and melted into the shadows. Then the little brown one took up his kill and vanished.

Out of the silence of the woods whispered a Voice, saying: "O, Jesse, why do you, the bob-cat, flee, when, with a well-placed blow of your paw, you could vanquish Dale, the weasel?"

Then another voice, very human, broke the stillness singing:

"Oh! there was a young truant,
And they called him Lazy Bill;
He's fled long 'go, long 'go.
The last time I saw him, he ran behind the mill
For to run, sir, he wasn't ve—"

"Why, hello, sonny! How are you?" A pleasant-faced young man stepped out of the brush.

"Tol'able, thank ye," replied Jesse stiffly. He wished the stranger had not come.

"Why, old man, you've been crying! What's the trouble? Dad flogged you?"

"Naw." With downcast eyes.

"What's the matter then?"

"Nawthin'."

"Oh, come now. Yes, there is. Tell me. Let's be friends, and you can help me, and I'll try to help you."

"How kin I help ye?" asked Jesse doubtfully.

"Why, you can talk to me. That'll be lots of help. But come now; why have you been crying?"

Something about the young man drew the boy to him in spite of the latter's natural reserve, and before many minutes the stranger had heard the whole story of Jesse's school life, the promised book, and the unavenged episode of the candy.

A light of understanding twinkled in the young man's eyes.

"And you came out to the woods to fight it out alone, eh? How old are you, Jesse?"

"Ten, goin' on 'leven."

"How old were you when you started to school?"

"I war eight."

"Hm-m; rather late. Well, it was almost that bad with me. I know I sound like a lawyer, Jesse, but what did you do before you started to school? Did you have many playmates?"

"Naw." Jesse answered the last question first. "I jest worked in th' fields an' hunted an' run around in th' woods by m'self with Satan."

"With whom?"

"With Satan; he's my dog."

"Oh!" The man laughed. He had wondered for a moment if solitude had twisted the boy's thoughts. "Well, I think I see now, Jesse," he said presently. "Now, I'll bet that the first day you entered school, every young tough in attendance made it a point to tell you just how many different kinds of Gehenna he could knock out of you if you didn't jump when he yelled 'frog'. Didn't they, now?"

The boy nodded.

"And you believed them. Am I right?"

"Uh-huh." What manner of man was this, anyway? He seemed to see into everything.

"Well, Jesse, I've been there, too—would you believe it?—When I first went to school the brats did exactly the same thing to me. Why, I was afraid to breathe. And Jesse, "his voice softened to an infinitely sympathetic note, "School was just one long Hell for me, too."

Jesse gazed at the stranger's broad shoulders and long muscular arms. He asked incredulously, "Did the' bullys used to pick on you?"

"Why, yes," smiled the man, "I was no larger then than you. But I stopped them in time, and that's what you must do right now."

Jesse swallowed heavily. "Oh, I cain't, Mr.—"

"Merrill."

"Mr. Merrill, I cain't do hit." His eyes grew moist with shame and discouragement. "I've done tired too many times, an' I jest cain't. I reckon I'm a coward, thet's all."

"Oh, no, now. Don't ever think that. Listen. When you imagine yourself in a fight with one of the bullys, you just feel the pain of the blows and visualize yourself in the dust, bleeding, bruised—Don't you? I thought so. Jesse!" It was a command, stern, yet kind. "Stand in front of me. Now don't be angry at what I do, if you can help it. And don't run or cry. This is going to help you. I'm going to show you that blows received in a school-boy's fight are not one-thousandth as painful as you imagine."

Then the stranger shoved Jesse off his feet. The boy got up, hurt, surprised.

"What fer did ye do that?"

"Did that hurt?"

"Naw, but—"

Slap! The man's open palm struck Jesse smartly in the fact. The boy went white, then red with anger.

"Stop h't, gol-darn ye, er I'll—"

Slap! Thud! The palm dealt another quick blow, and a fist struck Jesse lightly yet solidly in the ribs. His face went white again.

"Come on!" Slap! "Fight back!" Thud! "You're mad!" Thump! "Prove it."

Suddenly Jesse swam in a red world. With a sob of anger he threw himself at the stranger, a whirling blurr of wiry arms and clinched fists. Then, just as suddenly, he was held powerless in a pair of strong hands.

"Bravo, Jess, old boy! Fought like a man! Now, now, don't you know it was in all friendliness. Now you go to school tomorrow and pick a fight with the ring-leader of all the toughs, and just wipe up the earth with him. If you can't get angry enough, have him slap you in the face. That'll fetch you."

III

The first notes of the old school bell floated through the cool, misty hills, and the small crowd of pupils began to gather.

Jesse Slade entered the school yard with a queer, aching emptiness in his chest. Dale was playing "whip over the river" with the other boys.

"Hey, Dale,"—Jesse tried to keep his voice steady, but something that was not quite fear, yet not ordinary excitement, made it quaver the least bit—"Dale, come hyer; I got sumptin' t' say t' ye."

Dale came, wondering, with the rest of the school at his heels.

"What d'ye want, nohow, teacher's pet?" he sneered.

"Ye jest come out hyer behind these yer 'simmon sprouts an' I'll show ye what, Dale Cannon."

A moment later they were hidden from the school room windows.

"Now then. Dale Cannon, day-befo' yestiddy ye called me a sissy an' a teacher's pet. Air ye goin' t' take hit back?"

"Naw, damn ye, I hain't. Ye air a sissy an' a teacher's pet."

Jesse took a deep breath and went on. "An' yestiddy ye fooled me with some soap candy. Air ye sorry ye did hit?"

"Naw, idjit, I hain't."

Jesse was trembling with fear now, but he clinched his fists till his nails cut his palms. Suddenly he was aware of a pair of sympathetic blue eyes regarding him from the tight-packed ring of pupils.

"Dale Cannon, slap me."

"Haw! Haw! Why ye pore fool, I shore will." Crack!

"An'—" He got no farther. A cyclone, a tornado, a windmill, and a battering ram, all poured into one, struck him with awful violence. And in the center of the blurr of slashing fists, two flashing eyes gleamed with what had for long years been known in the hills as "thet Burkhead look".

Three minutes later, a boy rose from the ground or, rather, from the body of another boy, and glared round at the circle of wide-eyed, awed faces. His own face covered with cuts and welts; his nose bled profusely, but his eyes glowed with a new light.

"All right, Emmett Simms, ye're next."

But Emmett Simms was gone.

IV

Far back in the hills nestles an old log cabin with the smoke gently upward, from its stick-and-mud chimney. If one passes by on a warm summer day, one may see an old, snow-haired man with a cob-pipe in his mouth, puffing contentedly away and thinking the thoughts of the hills. If one stops in to ask for a drink from the deep, cool well in the yard, the old gentleman may easily be drawn into conversation, and, invariably, be will lead up to the statement:

"Years air funny things, stranger. The changes they do bring about jest do beat all. Atter a man lives t' be ez old ez what I air, he don't put nothin' by 'em. Now look at thet youngest youngun o' mine; he—"

When the old man last addressed a "furiner" on the subject, "thet youngest youngun" was nowhere in sight, but the old man drawled on, and before the traveler left, he learned that the years had dealt with the old one's offspring in this wise:

Little Jesse Slade long since reached the day when the little log school could teach him no more. Tom Merrill, Jesse's "furiner" friend, contrived—also long since—to take the boy to the "flat country". There, not being able to get the boy's consent otherwise, he sent the mountain lad, now no longer a lad, through the "flat country's" best schools, on consideration that the boy repay him later.

But the old man, in his contented conversation, did not know that the restlessness of life had already brought Jesse again into trouble. Now the God of the Legion of the Pen found him in another forest glade, just beyond a lowland town. He was not crying, but he was thinking, deeply, sadly. Again he was being bullied, browbeaten, and again he believed that he had shown the yellow streak. But the war that waged in his heart was now far worse than that which had brought the tears to the eyes of the ten year old boy back in the hills.

A buck rabbit hopped into the glade; but no weasel came. Instead, the little rodent scurried away at the sound of a heavy foot-fall and a voice was heard singing:

"One dark rainy day, Bill thought he'd venture in;

Teacher set him on a task all alone.

But it wasn't very long till they heard a mighty din;

Out the wondow had Lazy Bill gone!"

A middle-aged man with a pleasant face stepped into the glade.

"Howdy, Jess, boy. How are you?"

"Mr. Merrill! You old scalywag! How long have you been in town?" Jesse had him by the hand, laughing and almost stuttering with joy.

"Just got in," answered Merrill. "Some one told me you had been seen heading for the tall and uncut, so I followed after. Say, what's the trouble? You look as if you'd lost your last and only friend on earth."

"Looks as if I were going to lose one of them for good," said Jesse ruefully.

"What!"

Jesse nodded. "Old pal, I'm being bullied again—I'm showing the yellow worse now than I did when I was a kid."

"Not in a fight, I'm sure."

"Not a physical one."

"Financial?"

"No, no, Mr. Merrill,"—Jesse could not suppress a bashful grin. "Do you remember that little matter I wrote you about a month ago? Well, she's down here, living with here aunt now, and—you know the rest."

Tom Merrill threw back his head and laughed loud and long.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Excuse me, pal, but I can't help it. I know just how you feel. But when I think of the different weaknesses of man, I think that the funniest. A six-foot, hundred ninety pound, rangy hulk of brains and brawn, trembling, showing, yellow, before a little slip of a girl with blue eyes and light hair! Oh! my Lord!"

And Mr. Merrill rocked off into another hearty laugh.

Presently he sobered. "Now, Jess, don't look at me like that. I sympathize with you. I know from experience that you're gripped with the awfulest fear of which a man's heart is capable. You can't decide whether it's you or the other fellow that's the lucky one. Jess,—would you believe it?—I once felt exactly as you do now."

A long talk ensued. Figuratively, Tom Merrill again shoved Jesse off his feet, slapped him and thumped him heavily in the ribs.

Next evening a "little slip of a girl with blue eyes and light hair" was—to use a mild figure of speech—literally swept off her feet by a whirling cyclone, a tornado of love; and out of the whirlwind irresistibly shone "thet Burkhead look".

The hills had outclassed the plains.

WILL DENSON, JR., '26.

"WAT YOU T'INK?"

AS I sit in the living room, meditating in the warm, pleasant glow of the fireplace, I am beset by many doubts, not merely vague generalities, but doubts of very decided type. I doubt, in short, that the world will ever come to much. You ask me what grounds have I for making such a statement; in fact, you privately consider me a sadly perverted dreamer; you further opine that I am judging from the teachings of the so-called Fatalist minority. Not so, however, Horatius! That does not prejudice my unrelated opinion of the matter. I base my belief on a different proof entirely.

Take, for instance, the ordinary family of five; take any week night—preferably, Friday. The Henry Clays (we'll call them that for the sake of brevity) are an aggregation of home-lovers; they include Pater Clay, of meek middle age; Mater Clay of effusive middle age; big sister, Hortense, of the "kolledge" age; twin sister, Susie, and twin brother, Willie, of about five years less than the voting requirements. This squad of frequenters of home and fireside are supported by the undying efforts of Pater Clay, who is in business in the "big city". On this Friday night, Mater Clay has to attend a lecture on "The Disadvantages of Old-school Etiquette, as Compared with the Modern System of Electro-therapeutics", or something of the sort. She routs dear Henry out of his morris chair, and condescendingly allows him to convey her in the family petroleum chariot to the Community House, where Mrs. Lavinia Kamstraw is giving the lecture. Upon his return to the Clay domiciliary edifice, Pater is greeted with the information that sister Hortense has gone with her educational chum to the local "opery" house to hear Mme. Hashimura Togo sing Japanese folk songs in English, accompanied on the harp by Mme. Minnie O'Shaughnessy.

Pater settles down to pipe and radio, but not for long, Horatius! He is soon roused from his reverie by Susie and Willie, who intend to be among those present at the Country Club, where the Junior Golf Club is holding forth with a hard times dance. Pater, from force of habit, reaches for his pocket, draws out the keys to the car and front door, and hands them to Willie. Willie waits. Pater remembers and hands him the wherewithal. The slamming of the door and the gnashing of gears follow in rapid sequence, and the Last of the Mohicans is gone. Pater eases his weary bulk into a more comfortable spot in the time-worn chair and begins his evening's entertainment by tuning in to station C. O. D., from which Dr. Harvey Gunwale is delivering masterful oratory on "The Influence of Radio on the Home."

Now, taking them as an example, Horatius, do you figure we are getting anywhere, or just always going somewhere? In the words of the sausage peddler, "What you tink?"

JOHN HIESTAND.

LADY LUCK PROTECTS A PROTEGE

LEISURELY puffing a five-cent cigar, Mike sauntered down Elm Street. He gloried in the extravagance of smoking a whole cigar instead of having to search the gutter for elusive remnants. It gave him a certain feeling of independence.

According to Mike, "The sun sure fades new clothes sump'in fierce. 'S nearly as bad at fadin' 'em as rain is at shrinkin' 'em." He industriously mopped his brow with a large, red bandana. "Whew, but it's hot!"

Mike carefully walked on the shady side of the street, hoping to give adequate protection to a gleaming new suit of black-and-tan stripe. To further enhance his shaven visage, he wore a flashing tie at least two inches wide, and a beautifully checkered cap.

"I'll tell th' world I'm settin' pretty now," he commented to his image reflected in the mirror of a chewing gum machine, as he fastidiously flicked a particle of dust from the lapel of his coat and straightened his tie. "Lady Luck sure has been trailin' me close fer th' las' two months. That job of washin' dishes jus' lasted long enough fer t' give me a good start,—new outfit, even a pair o' underwear, an' a classy wallet with forty smacks in it." And he gave his coat a final jerk.

Being satisfied with his personal appearance, Mike proceeded on his way. He intended to arrive down-town in time to get a good meal and then find a fifty cent lodging for the night; because, as he told himself, "Them there two-bit joints ain't safe if yu got anythin' worth bein' swiped. But I'm gonna try an' get more fer my money tonight than I d'd last night. Payin' double fer a room an' then not a thing in it worth be'n' borrowed!" Then, as he patted the bulging pocket of his coat, "But jus' fer th' policies sake, I took a nice li'l Bible. Someday I might find a guy what kin use it."

To keep in the shade he turned to the right at the next corner. From the shadow of a doorway floated a sweet voice. "Why, hello! Where have you be-e-e-n?"

Mike stopped and turned. Before he had time to recover from his astonishment, a bit of feminine humanity dashed from a doorway and threw her arms around his neck.

In enraptured tones she continued, "You darling uncle, how did you know that I was waiting here for you?"

After a second of silence, Mike sputtered as he unclasped the vise-like arms. "Hey! Wait a minute. I don't know yu'."

The girl shrank back, an air of injured innocence in both beautiful eyes. "You don't know me?" She became indignant. "You-you-you-you awful thing!" Finally, she sobbed, "To think that my own uncle would ever forget me. Oh, Good-bye!!!"

This outburst of feminine wrath was something new to Mike and as quickly as possible, he retreated down a side street.

"Gosh, what a she-devil that was! Hope I don't never meet up with her again."

Fearing that he might have lost his wallet in the mad rush down the street, he put his hand in his pocket to reassure himself of its presence, then his face pale, slowly withdrew it. The wallet was gone! Instead he clutched in his fingers a piece of stage money and a slip of paper. On the paper were scrawled the words, "I. O. U. Coo Coo."

Quickly he retraced his footsteps, searching with worried eye every bit of ground he had traversed. When he arrived at the familiar doorway, he stood and looked about dazedly. Suddenly a glimmer of understanding crossed his face. He shouted, "Hey! Miss er-er-er." But the young lady had gone her way.

"Gone! The only real money I ever had in m' life. I sure wasn't born t' be a success."

He slumped down on the curbstone and threw his arm around a fire hydrant for consolation. It may have been ten minutes; it may have been an hour; Mike didn't know and didn't care, when a smart tap on the shoulder aroused him from his meditations.

"Move along, now. Move along. This ain't no rest-room. Parkin' limit's fifteen minutes in this part o' town. Do you hear me? Git up, I say, before I lock y'up."

The familiar flicker of a shiny badge evidently affected Mike more than mere words, for he climbed quickly to his feet.

"Aw right. Aw right. Can't y'see i'm hurry'n'?"

The bluecoat went in one direction; Mike went in the other. Mud was generously spattered over his new suit. No trace of polish was left on his shoes; the checkered cap covered only one half of his flaming mop of hair.

"Aint no chance o' me ever gettin' a better bed than a park bench or a worn-out mattress in a two-bit hotel. Lady Luck jus' teases me once in a while, then throws me down into the mud agin. I guess there ain't no use o' tryin' any more."

Finally, his aimless course brought him to the water-front. The setting sun laid a glittering road of burnished bronze across the troubled bay. It seemed to begin at the foot of Pier 7, where Mike stood facing sea-ward.

"There ain't nothin' but hell-on-earth fer me if I stay here. Looks like th' Devil knocked m' Guardian Angel fer a row o' banana peels when I was nothin' but a little shaver. My only chance o' gettin' t' Heaven is by way o' that golden road."

Mike saw his only opportunity to reach those famous portals of Saint Peter. What could this beautiful sun highway be but a glorious method of ending all mortal strife? True, the water was cold, but what is a mere cold plunge if it led to everlasting happiness? Fearing that a sudden splash might attract passersby who would interrupt his heaven-ward course, Mike decided to climb quietly down the rickety ladder at the end of the pier.

With his back to the beckoning beacon, he slowly descended the ladder. Swish-swash, swish-swash. The water slapped on the barnacled, moss-green piles. Echoes of the distant river traffic reverberated weirdly from the damp, gloomy recesses under Pier 7. One step more and the water would be licking at his feet.

Suddenly he stopped. One foot was dangling in the water. He muttered in a pleading tone of voice, "Lady Luck, ain't yu' gonna save me from this water? Ain't yu' seen your mistake yet? Do I have t' get both feet in th' water, before you'll up and save me?"

Mike looked in supplication about him. Would Lady Luck force him to this extreme step? His attention was attracted by a refrigerator car, standing on a siding off to the right of Pier 7. One of its doors stood open. "Shucks, I knew Lady Luck would repent. There she is with open arms invitin' me to leave this here hard luck town in a cool, private car. I bet she opened that car fer me."

Two steps at a time, Mike climbed the ladder. He ran across the pier to the siding and stopped at the open door. After looking carefully in all directions to make sure that no yardmen were in the vicinity, Mike hoisted himself into the cooling compartment of the refrigerator car and sat down between two cakes of ice.

"This is what I call real luxury. Nobody in this smotherin', stewin' town's got a cooler bedroom than I have now."

Hours later, Mike awoke with a jerk. "Holy smoke, it's cold. Dark, too." After a few minutes his eyes became accustomed to the dimly lighted interior of the cooling compartment. A thin shaft of light filtered down through a small, barred, double glass window in the roof of the compartment. Even the light seemed to enter reluctantly into this bitter, forbidding cell and then it reflected anxiously back and forth between the cakes of ice as though trying to escape. In this dim, ghastly light Mike could see nothing but ice piled high against the metal lined walls of the car. He suddenly realized his predicament. The heavy door had been shut and bolted! It was tight and sound proof, except for a tiny crack at the bottom.

Mike made frantic, unthinking efforts to escape. He tried to kick the door open. Then he sank to his knees and beat it with his fists until they were bruised and sore. He shivered violently from the combined efforts of terror and rage. In a mad craving for freedom and sunlight, he forgot the cold. Wildly he clawed at the lock, but without success. The door stayed shut.

Mike always had been adverse to work, and there was no doubt that this exertion was too much for his "frail constitution". Exhausted, he decided to try other methods.

"I guess I'd better set down in a corner an' figger this out." His teeth chattered, and he felt peculiarly numb. After seating himself, he continued. "O Lady Luck, why do yu tease me this way? I won't never agin doubt your power. Please rescue me from this freezing coffin." Thus he talked continuously.

Often his chatter became incoherent—just a series of mumblings. Finally, "Lady Luck's plum forgot me this time. I might as well sit here an' wait till I freeze to death. Gotta do sump'n. If I get under the winder I kin see t' read. Wonder if I got an' ol' newspaper?" He felt in all his pockets but found nothing except the unappreciated Bible. Mike had started to take it out of his pocket when he decided to look in one more place for a newspaper. Carefully he removed his left shoe and took a wad of paper out of the sole. He examined the paper and grumbled, "Shucks, there's luck fer yu. I even covered the hole in m' shoe with brown paper this time, 'stead o' newspaper." Then, as he drew the Bible from his pocket, "Looks like I'll have t' read this here Bible to pass th' time away, even if it ain't as interestin' as a newspaper'd be."

Mike took the "borrowed" Bible from his pocket. Opening it at random he started to read. Reading was hard for Mike. He had to mumble each word aloud to himself, while he moved his stubby finger back and forth across the page. The invigorating cold of an Alaskan winter would have been pleasant compared with the deadly chill of this hope-taking dungeon. By chance, he opened the Bible near the Book of Mark. Tediously, he finished this and started Luke. Mike was muttering words, words—words that had no meaning, his finger swinging its pendulum way across the page and back again. Suddenly the motion stopped. The wording of a certain verse had interested him immensely. Again and again he read it.

A sudden, brilliant idea seemed to have swamped him. Carefully, he tore that particular verse out of the Bible. Now he continued reading with what seemed to be a definite idea in mind. Line after line, page after page, his grimy finger traced back and forth. Unable to find what he wanted, he disgustedly slammed the Bible shut. Presently he opened it to start reading at another place, this time nearer the front. Thus he kept up his monotonous search, until finally he found another verse that appeared to satisfy him. This, too, he tore out. Mike then took these two strips of paper. Getting down upon his hands and knees, he inserted the torn bits in the crack under the door and pushed them as far out as possible.

In vain Mike waited for results. The cold was intense. All sense of feeling had gone from his legs and arms. Numbness gradually overpowered him.

It was wonderful sunshine that once more brought Mike back to consciousness. Near him he heard the raucous clang of an ambulance. A man's voice was saying, "When I saw these papers sticking out of that sealed door, I thought that it was orders some inspector had forgotten to paste on the door; but when I came over here and read them, I knew something was wrong. Listen to what they say, "Luke 11:7—The door is now shut." "Psalms 71:2—Incline thine ear and save me."

CLIFFORD E. WEIGLE, '25.

THE KING OF INDOOR SPORTS

THE moment I became aware of my literary genius I decided to buy a typewriter. There seemed to be something essential about it. Imagine a modern author writing in long hand—Impossible! So one fine day—or was it raining?—I went to an office where an agent proceeded to show me the machine before I had a chance to escape.

The machine came incased in a waterproof cover to protect it from rain, flying oil, and such things that it would naturally encounter in an office. The agent took off the cover in the manner of the head waiter disclosing "pheasant a canape," to a special guest.

"The visible typewriter," he announced, "has practically driven out any other kind. The Remmerwood is above all visible."

"I knew that," I said, "the moment I saw it." It was just as well, I thought, not to appear absolutely ignorant; and then, I couldn't see any well-founded defense of the invisible kind. One might place it somewhere and then forget where it was left, or put it on a chair. All in all—"The Remmerwood has a tabulator, a back spacer, a marginal release, a two-ribbon device, non-friction type bar, segment shift, automatic ribbon, reverse, and universal keyboard," he continued in the manner of a department store elevator boy announcing the contents of a floor.

"I presume," I said, just to show that I was acquainted with mechanics, "that it has a left hand drive?"

He went on—"The Remmerwood has a lighter touch than any other machine on the market. Notice the action." He ran off a few words at random. "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party. Try the action yourself."

I spread my legs firmly, looked fixedly at the "N" key and struck. Something went down, hit another thing, which hit another thing, which went up and collided with the ribbon thing which happened to be in the way, and I saw a gloriously anemic and half-nourished "B" appear on the paper.

"Pretty fine," I affirmed, nodding my head slowly, and pursing my lips; "never felt a nicer—action."

"The Remmerwood has the finest two color device on the market. Look at this," continued the agent. He played a short piece in a syncopated bass and I looked. Now the sentence was red. I began to suspect him of senatorial ambitions.

"Try it again."

"Now," I said, with teeth clenched and mind resolute—"now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

With the muscular forefinger of the right hand, I struck the letters one by one, bravely, impressively. Then I looked up. There in red appeared:

Now is teh 78mwf or al; gooof men to come- to the aif og their paryt?

I went out early the next morning and bought a fountain pen.

LINA FURRER, '25.

A SON OF THE DESERT

"Brother to a Prince and fellow to a beggar if he be found worthy."

THE following is to be taken or left. You may accept it, partly or completely. You may reject it, likewise. That rests with you. For the telling, no explanation is offered and no apology. For its authenticity, the same. Forced your belief may be. You are not required to strain it. If it savors of "Wee Willie Winkie", consider and decide to what extent.

The fact that several of the principals are not now alive in no wise affects the telling. Of the manner of their passing you are lucky to know that one, he whom I knew the least, died on the field of honor in the way of his fathers. The grandest figure of my personal experience quietly took to his bed and died like the gentleman he was. The third person in this chronicle still, I trust, moves in his wonted splendor among his people.

In a word, discount this as you may, yet remember "There are more things in heaven and earth—"

Reading this, you are asked to remember that I am the then "little boy".

He had lived in Broken Hill in the center of the Stony Desert, for more than two years. His family was living on Morgan Street in the Residential District on the outskirts of that busy mining town.

He was young at the time, between eight and nine years old and because of insatiable curiosity and much leisure he had become very familiar with the country for many miles around; familiar, too, with the people, white, black, brown and yellow.

It was a sultry, early summer morning. The incoming caravan of camels which had passed the door that morning differed, to the casual observer, not a whit from any of the many trains which had passed the same door on the many alternate days preceding.

To the boy, who had met every caravan for many months and was conversant with each driver and accustomed to the characteristics of the travelers over that route, that particular caravan, that particular morning offered food for speculation, wonder, and intense bewilderment.

He saw that four of the finest camels owned by the drivers were leading the caravan. He remembered that he had seen those four camels but three times before and then only because members of the nearby camp had taken wives. He knew further that no new wives were expected.

The boy saw also that the camels were more heavily laden than usual, and to his intense astonishment he saw that at the head of the cavalcade rode, not his old friend, the headman, but a large, bearded stranger. The chief rode behind him.

Greeting the caravan, the boy was hurt when the headman did not sweep him up to the saddle for his accustomed ride. In some perplexity he watched the camels, tied tail to nose, disappear in the direction of the Afghan Village.

With noon the boy saw that his way took him to the shantie where lived his best friend, who had lately returned from "somewhere on the other end of the island",—a mere six thousand miles. Only a few people knew him but I am proud of the intimate affection which existed between us. He was a mystery to many. He treated me as if I were a comrade-in-arms. What more could I ask than to know him as "The Old Squatter"? He divided his time between Western Australia and New South Wales.

I was convinced that my friend knew everything that could possibly be known. Bursting with eagerness I asked, "Old Squat, what is the excitement at the Afghan camp? Mahommed would not even speak to me this morning, and there was—"

"A stranger?" asked my friend.

"How did you know?" I contested.

"A large, bearded man?" he questioned.

I admitted that it was even so.

Knowing my man, I sat in silence and at length was rewarded.

"Geoff," said the old man, "often you have unknowingly helped me. I am going to do something for you which you will not appreciate until you are much older. We visit Mohammed this afternoon."

In the middle of the afternoon we left the town behind us and proceeded toward the Afghan Camp. I was burning with excitement. My friend was quiet, but, I fancied, as excited as I. We were unmindful of the intense heat.

We approached the village just as the sun began to set. We were greeted at a distance by a mob of dogs. They were of nondescript sizes and colors but of one breed. They were just dog with a leaning toward the hound.

In the rays of the setting sun, the familiar village seen through a mist of shimmering heat waves, seemed half unreal. We were on a level, gently slopping floor of sand. Dunes to the left and right rose to heights of a hundred feet. Beyond the village, more dunes—all of clear, white sand. Undulating ripples on the surface, with the heat waves dancing over them gave the impression of a dying sea. Beyond, in the far distance lay the Barrier Range and Gray Range.

The descending sun clearly showed the mountains and splashed the tops of the dunes with vivid red; in the middle of this vast sea was our destination. As we looked, the sun sank lower and lower. The mountains faded into the distance and disappeared. The bright red of the dunes changed slowly through pink to purple. The smoke from the chimneys became invisible, and, of a sudden, fell the night.

We crossed a dried creek bed and entered on the one street of the village, greeting well known little children. Contrary to my expectations I saw no change in the familiar atmosphere of the camp. Children wrestled, dogs scratched themselves or slept beneath our feet. In a doorway a villainous looking ruffian, with a heart of gold, whetted the blade of an already keen scimitar. A tinkling laugh floated to us from a canvas tent. The small, rough, unpainted, board shanties were the same as ever.

I followed the Old Squatter down the street to the largest building in the place. It was the house of Mohammed, the headman.

Having been a guest of Mohammed, I was not surprised at what I beheld when the door opened and we stepped over the threshold. Everywhere were rugs and tapestries. A rug, inches thick, covered the floor. Tapestries woven of gold cloth depicted strange places such as I had never seen. Gods with three heads, men in combat with fantastic dragons, buildings, bizarre and wonderful, I scarcely glanced at.

My friend and I were alone. After a time the Headman entered and spoke to my companion. There was a short conversation. I heard the Old Squatter say, "He stays here." Mohammed without ever glancing at me retired and almost immediately returned, ushering in with fear, love and pride, the big, bearded stranger of the caravan. The headman retired. Wearing a common, worn burnoose, the stranger moved with a tangible air that was nothing less than regal.

Instead of lessening, my astonishment doubled when I witnessed a demonstration of affection between the Old Squatter and the stranger.

I sat very still, being, I thought, forgotten. I was not long to remain so, for my companion turned to me and said,

"Geoff, stand and meet my friend."

I was introduced by name to the man, whose name meant absolutely nothing to me. "He was," he said, "very pleased to meet the sahib who was a friend of the Old Squatter."

The stranger clapped his hands, and the headman again appeared. Mohammed received what was evidently an order and again he withdrew. Food was then laid before us which showed me that I had not heretofore, as I had thought, sampled everything edible in the village.

We had what I knew was dog stew, soups, fowl, yams, unknown fruits, candies and pomegranates. Of the food, suffice it to know that there was a very sick little boy on Morgan Street for several days thereafter.

When the food was cleared away, the Squatter and the stranger began to talk. At first they talked in a language which was unintelligible to me, but which I know now was French. Upon occasion they lapsed into Hindustani and several times into English. I began to drowse.

From the guttural mutter I caught here a word, there a phrase and here another word. The name "Captain T" occurred again and again. The Old Squatter was anxious for news of the Captain. I nodded in a corner.

I started at the word, Wales; I knew what that mean, horses of course. Sikk, also, was familiar to me. The English words: troops, soldiers, regiments, cannon, pounds, I naturally understood. Lakks of ruppees was familiar, but Marathas, Hurnai, United India, Bombay, Calcutta and much more were empty sounds.

I am afraid I slept the greater part of the time. I did not know how I got home that night.

The next day I visited the Old Squatter. He was preparing to travel. In reply to my query he told me that he was going West for a time. "Geoff," he said as we sat before his door, "do not for a long time tell anyone what happened last night. Some day you will understand when you may tell."

"How did I get home last night?" I questioned.

"Mohammed's son took you home on his camel," he replied.

We were silent a space.

"Old Squat," I asked, "Is there going to be a fight?"

"Perhaps," he said; "perhaps; I hope not."

"Who was the strange, big man?" I asked and added, "He's gone now."

"Geoff, my boy," said the Old Squatter, "You will understand some day. You have seen history in the making. You dined last night with a Maharajah."

GEOFFREY HUGHES, '25.



ELM STAFF

EDITOR

FRANCES SANFORD

Seniors

Polly Walton
John Hays
Alice Sheehan

Literary

Margaret Sturrock
William Dill

Art

Lois Nicolaides

School Notes

Will Denson, Jr.
Curtice Clark

Athletics

Helen McLellan
Wayne Hunter

Cartoons

Tom Jones

Jokes

Florence Rehe
John Hiestand

Photographs

Francis Keithley
James Prickett

MANAGER

EDWARD STOLLERY

EDITORIAL

NO one knows more about the differences in the school life of today and that of the day of our parents, which we call yesterday, than our parents themselves. The logical thing to do to discover these contrasts was to let the parents speak for themselves. The results were interesting and exceedingly provocative of thought.

There were interviewed four parents: a professional man, Reverend B. D. Weigle; a business man and president of the High School Parent-Teacher's Association, Mr. William Taylor; a mother who is the Secretary of the High School Parent-Teachers' Association, Mrs. J. W. Reno; and a mother who is a very prominent club woman and citizen, Mrs. John L. McGinn.

The point that they all agreed on was that yesterday the main objective of the high schools was preparation for college. If the boys and girls did not intend to go to college, they left school and went to work. Therefore such classical studies as the Ancient Languages, History, Literature, and Mathematics dominated the high school courses. "Our teachers," one of our critics said, "were university men and women well versed in the 'Humanities'." In those days the cultural element, then, had the deepest effect on the studies; whereas, nowadays, it seems that the political, economic, and practical interests determine to a large extent even the required courses of the schools.

The cultural element of the courses of yesterday was imposed for the purpose of mental discipline, and it is naturally opposed to the strong practical element in the schools of today. Technical courses, commercial courses, and the manual arts make up a large part of the school curricula of today.

This leads perhaps, our parents tell us, to a greater business and practical efficiency, but it renders our individuality almost nil. To quote again from the same critic, "The schools are too largely standardized and pupils become like cogs in a huge machine. There is a greater need of developing the spirit of individual initiative on the part of the pupils."

Another point that the parents agreed on unanimously was that athletic and social activities both inside and outside of school played no such part in their day as it does in ours. They admit that athletics are good, even desirable, but they do not admit that athletics should become of such consequence in the system that they even at times take precedence over our studies. They also admit, however, that athletics keep us in better physical condition. One other point that one of our parents conceded was that better sanitation existed in the schools of today.

However, as opposed to the physical advantages gained by the increase in our athletic and hygienic systems, we have the increased number of social and other activities both outside and inside the school. They say that there is bound to be an increase of "nerves" and a drain on the reserve energy of the young people of today.

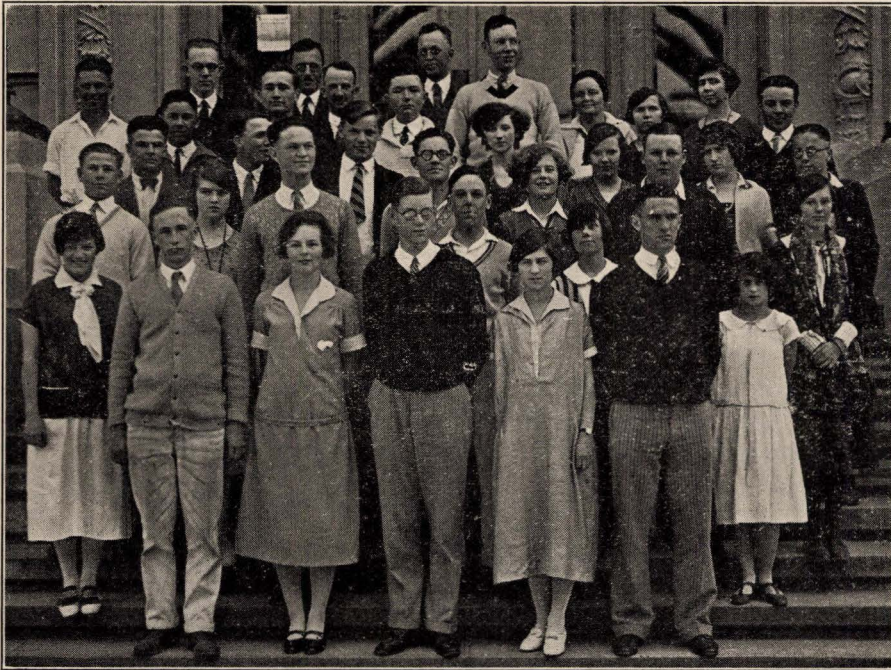
Then our parents spoke of the relations between the faculty and the students. There is no doubt that there has been a change and a striking one at that. Instead of the "pal" spirit between the teachers and the students, they tell us, there was more respect for the elders and our parents say that, as a consequence, the benefit of stricter discipline was derived.

But perhaps of all these, the charge of a loss in culture and individuality is the one for which most of us should find an individual remedy, with the "nerves" and the wasted energy running a close second. None of us can control or effect most of these things in any way but individually.

Perhaps we don't all realize that our parents really do think about our school life as compared to theirs, or perhaps some of us realize it too much, but if these opinions are really the consensus of the thoughts of our parents, we had better start in to think hard.

These criticisms were offered in a friendly spirit and deserve our open minded consideration. We may vehemently disagree with them, but if they do provoke some few of us to thought, and start us on the way to the attainment of a better and more rational sense of balance, we may feel that we owe a hearty vote of thanks to our parents.





THE EXECUTIVE BOARD

THE most important work done by the Executive Board during the year 1924-25 was the complete revision of the Constitution of the Associated Students.

A change in the method of awarding the Block "S. M." stands out as the major alteration to be incorporated in the new constitution. The requirement that a student play in three or more league games has been abolished, leaving only one definite requirement; namely, that a student play on a team winning the Peninsula Athletic League. There is a Block Committee consisting of the Athletics Manager, Coach, Captain, Principal, and President of the Associated Students, which shall recommend to the Executive Board the awarding of the Block "S. M." to those students fulfilling requirements and deemed worthy of the same."

To facilitate the handling of Associated Student affairs in the two buildings there will be two Vice Presidents. The office of the Debating Manager has been abolished. Provision has been made for two new standing committees, the Rally Committee, and the Ticket and Gatekeeping Committee. Five hundred copies of the ratified constitutions were printed for future reference.

Throughout the year, the Board has met once a week. The meetings were marked by much active discussion and all business was efficiently transacted.

CLIFFORD WEIGLE.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

1924—1925

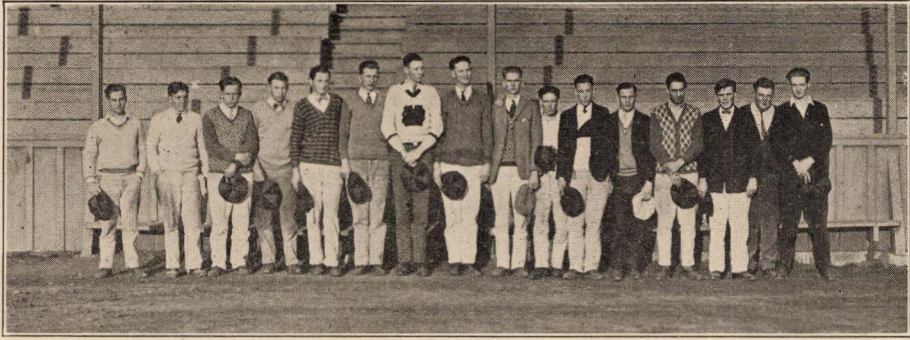
Clifford Weigle	President
Roger Ryan	Vice President
Louise Corbett	President A. G. S.
Anne Bouret	Secretary
John Ferns	Treasurer
John Noyes	Auditor
Frances Sanford	Elm Editor
Edward Stollery	Business Manager Elm
Kenneth Flynn	Boys' Athletics Manager
Bertha Prichard	Girls' Athletics Manager
Florence Rehe	Dramatics Manager
Dorothy Hampton	Debating Manager
Lester Empey	Band and Orchestra Manager

FACULTY MEMBERS

Mr. H. F. Bohnet	Miss Charlie Wilson
Mr. John Parlett	Miss Helen Cummings

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Burlingame		San Mateo
Carrol Tyler	I-B	Ruth Feasey
Bernie Warren	II-A	George Fortier
Thomas Prichard	II-B	Bill Toepke
Dixon Bogue	II-A	Helen Oie
Gene Hurd	III-B	Morene T. Hull
Eileen Walshe	III-A	Margaret McLellan
John Eldridge	IV-B	Winthrop Coates
Sam Trevitt	IV-A	Vincent Sheerin



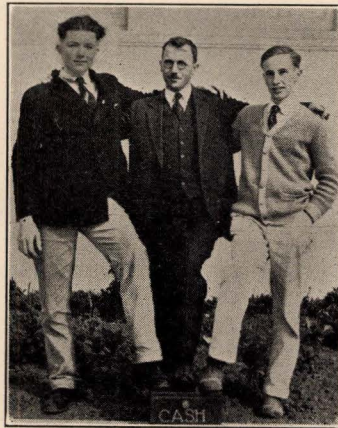
THE RALLY COMMITTEE

BESIDES the accomplishment connected with athletic events the Rally Committee did everything possible to create events or to aid any undertakings in the school.

The largest fete, this semester, that the Rally Committee fostered and put over in the regular R. C. style was the Boy's Jinx. The feature of the program was a six scene skit, portraying the average Senior putting one over on his dad. And the eats were better than ever, for Noah was the caterer.

The Rally Committee loses by graduation the Chairman, Bill Okker and the following members: John Hays, San Mateo Chairman, John McGilvray, Bud Hiestand, Jack Elmer, Curtice Clark, Charles Gracier.

May the Rally Committee's founder and faculty adviser, "Skipper" Sanderson, have as good success next year as he had this year. W. O. '25.



THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

HAVE you got a requisition? No? Well then, we won't pay the bill."

That is the greeting accorded any foolhardy person who ventures into the den of the Finance Committee without one of those pestilential inventions called "requisitions."

However, such drastic measures with those pestilential requisitions seem to be quite successful in the safe guarding of the finances of the Associated Students as the Finance Committee has very capably handled the funds of the Associated Students during the past year. The members of this committee are: John Eldridge, Chairman, John Ferns, Treasurer of the Associated Students, and last but certainly not least, Mr. S. A. Francis, faculty adviser.



President	Louise Corbett
First Vice President	Anna Frahm
Second Vice President	Alice Duffy
Third Vice President	Dorothy Swaey
Secretary	Evelyn Gilberts
Secretary	Madeline Oliver
Girls' Athletic Manager	Bertha Prichard

Burlingame Chairman	Department	San Mateo Chairman
Alice Duffy	Social Service	Dorothy Swaey
Genevieve Chevalier	School Activities	Peggy McGaughy
Louise Corbett	Assembly	Anna Frahm
Alice Laumeister	Hospitality	Ida Sagesser
Margaret Sturrock	Personal Efficiency	Morene Turner-Hull
Doris Galleher	Publicity	Leone Harvey

A. G. S.

THERE is a saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," but the Associated Girl Students of S. M. U. H. S. refuse to acknowledge its truth. This has been a great exploring year for the organization. Last year was spent in getting accustomed to the division of the school in two buildings, but this year was spent pioneering.

Perhaps the biggest step into the untried pathways was the adoption of the Point System which is now in effect in this school for the girls. In order to regulate the amount of work one girl can undertake to do at one time this system was adopted by the A. G. S. Cabinet. It is not an honor system, nor a system for any other reward, but it is solely for the purpose of allowing more girls to take part in the activities of school life which otherwise would be given to a few girls whose ability to act under the strain of responsibility had already been tested.

The system is carried out by the students themselves with a card index of every girl's record. Two girls at each school are appointed on the Point System committee to keep the records of each girl's activities. A certain number of points are given to each girl for each office she holds, or for any committee, team or club to which she belongs. The number of points allotted to each office is determined by the actual time and work required of the position. When a girl has reached the limit of points that is set, she is asked to refuse any other appointment or election.

Another step was the furnishing of the A. G. S. rooms. At each school an empty room was given to the girls for the use of their organization. These rooms have been tastefully decorated and furnished through the efforts of the girls. Rugs, draperies, pictures, chairs and tables have been placed in them and the floors have been painted by the art classes to harmonize.

To secure the necessary money for the purpose, the girls sold candy, soda-water, pop-corn, peanuts and pompoms at the football games. Sandwich sales were held by each of the classes and the proceeds were used for the decoration of the rooms. The art students made hat boxes and sold them to add to the fund, as well as doing the painting and art work in the rooms.

Entirely new and different looking rooms greeted the girls when these rooms that had been closed for many weeks were at last finished and opened for use.

In addition to these new ventures the girls have been carrying on the usual little noted work which this organization has always done. Freshmen girls were welcomed at the beginning of each semester. Welfare drives, Red Cross drives, jam for the Base Hospital, cakes for Letterman Hospital, and the sale of pencils and stamps for the prevention of tuberculosis were all successfully arranged by the Social Service department.

The Hospitality department has ushered at concerts, the Christmas plays and graduation, and has given four teas for the mothers of the freshmen, sophomore, junior and senior girls. The A. G. S. had charge of the ticket sale and advertising for the Annual Band and Orchestra Concert which proved very successful.

On May 8 the girls had a joint assembly in honor of Mothers' Day for the girls and their mothers. Mrs. Parker Maddox spoke, and a fashion revue "The High-School Girl's Wardrobe" was included in the delightful program arranged by the girls. This assembly brought to a very successful closing the affairs of the term as all the mothers could come at the same time to meet all of the teachers and the other mothers.

DORIS GALLEHER.



HONOR SOCIETY

DURING the fall semester of 1924-25, eighty-seven students qualified for membership in the Honor Society. To do this they were required to make at least three A-final grades, two of which were in solids, and no grade lower than B in their remaining studies.

Members graduating in January were: Clyde Dibble, Frank Copley, Helene Von Damm, Dorothy Fowler, Marie Rehe, George Boden, Elizabeth Mack, and Emma Prince.

The first five of these students have the honor of becoming members of the California Scholarship Federation. To Clyde Dibble and to Frank Copley goes the added honor of having been members of our Honor Society every semester that they were in high school.

The other members are: Richard Bannerot, Barbara Blech, Lillian Bunker, Anna Burnett, William Corbett, Frank Coturri, Dorothy De Vries, Harrison Doane, Eleanor Edwards, John Eldridge, Lester Empey, Carol Gard, Zollett Gattis, Dorothy Hampton, Mina Hughes, Emma Horn, John Hoover, Ruth Hokamp, Carola Hokamp, Burgess Karmel, Helen Kimball, Leonard Linden, Hamilton Lawrence, Robert Maccoun, Margaret MacIntyre, Mildred McCann, Elinor McCloskey, Olive Mott, Alyce Nantz, Ruth Odell, Raymond Perin, Elizabeth Phillips, George Sandidge, Frances Sanford, Helen Jean Storer, Margaret Sturrock, William Taylor, James Trimmingham, Valerie Turner, Helen Warren, Ruth Vincent, Lois Webber, Alice Wolcott, Leslie Canning, Constance Dannenbaum, Madelyn Darcy, William Dill, Will Denson, Ardis Eckhardt, Pauline Eubanks, Anna Frahm, Annie Fitzgerald, Lucile Favre, Frances Graves, Edward Howe, Morene Hull, Isola Latta, Anita Leibbrandt, Alice Catherine Lloyd, Mary Maccoun, Florence Manildi, Lester McElwain, Peggy McGaughey, John McHugh, Ward Merner, Robert Morris, Catherine Mulkey, Ellen O'Brien, Marie O'Brien, Helen Oie, Robert Paine, Alvin Ray, Joseph Regner, Jr., Jule Routbart, Bert Sable, Delbert Schneider, Dorothy Swaey, Marcella Webber.



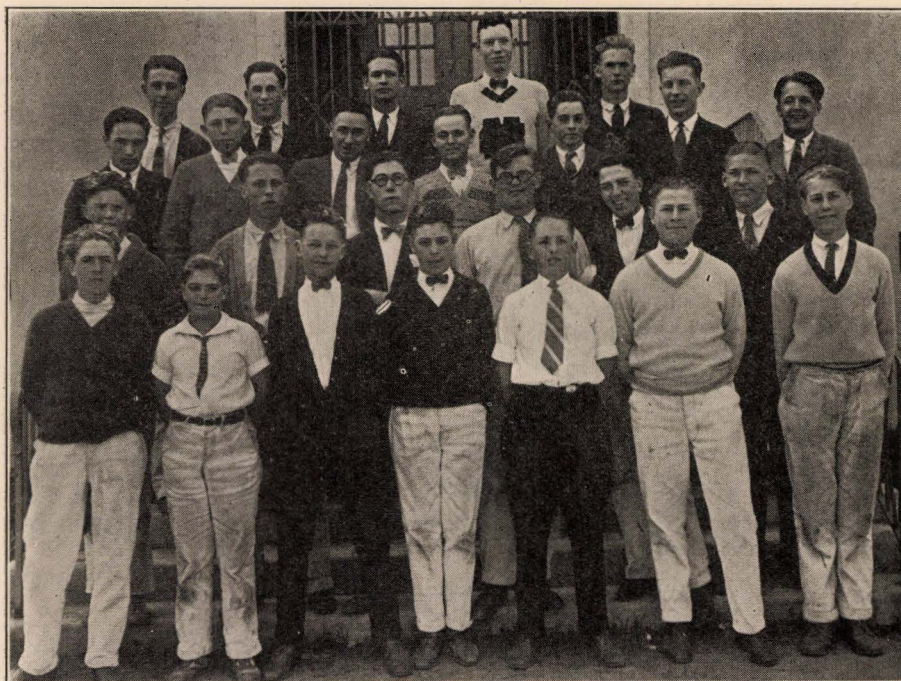
GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Ethel Allen
 Eloise Aten
 Marion Barr
 Jacqueline Blanton
 Margaret Blodget
 Mildred Bramlett
 Barbara Button
 Claire Bouret
 Doreen Cannon
 Betty Chambers
 Marie Cheney
 Evelyn Clinch
 Dorothy Cole
 Vera Crary
 Genevieve Childs
 Mary Dakin
 Mildred Daley
 Alice Day
 Jacqueline Davis
 Rosemary DeBenedetti
 Becky Jane Delovage
 Ard's Eckhardt
 Eleanor Edwards
 Beulah Elfving
 Grace Epting
 Katherine Feary
 Isabelle Florin
 Frances Glascock

Muriel Goodell
 Mary Grogert
 June Grantley
 Isabel Hall
 Dorothy Hanni
 Betty Hart
 Gertrude Hinze
 Virginia Hole
 Emma Horn
 Doris Horner
 Enid Ireland
 Catherine Jones
 Virginia Jones
 Nellie Ledwith
 Estelle Levitt
 Margaret Maguire
 Anne Maxwell
 Mildred McCann
 Ida McGilvray
 Dayna Moore
 Francies Parker
 Dorothy Payse
 Pauline Pike
 Dorothy Pinnock
 Florence Reading
 Audrey Regan
 Bertha Regner
 Fannie Regner

Marion Bewley, accompanist

Alice Roberts
 Florine Robison
 Lucille Roe
 Eileen Russell
 Frances Sanford
 Isobel Sanford
 Dorothy Snyder
 Ida Jellineck
 Alice Smith
 Ruth Stubbe
 Barbara Stradling
 Adeline Sullivan
 Beulah Struening
 Starr Scott
 Josephine Swisher
 Grace Lenzen
 Peggy Smoot
 Florence Glazer
 Helen Taggart
 Valeria Turner
 Carroll Tyler
 Grace Valien
 Eileen Walshe
 Doris West
 Jean Williamson
 Dorothy Wood
 Elizabeth Wright
 Helene Zwick



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Kenneth Allen
 George Anderson
 Milton Bevilockway
 William Bode
 Charles Brace
 Richard Burrows
 Harrison Doane
 Ben Dreyfus
 Raymond Flanders
 Charles Gracier

John Hiestand
 Wilson Jones
 Francis Keithley
 Hamilton Lawrence
 Harry Leslie
 Raymond Messini
 Stanley Nielsen
 William Okker
 Clarence Olson

George Thom
 Madison Thom
 Ted Pinther
 Dan Trevitt
 Sam Trevitt
 Henry Wieser
 Dick Bogue
 Roller Hoag
 Curtice Clark
 Marion Bewley, accompanist



ORCHESTRA

Violins—Otto Reichardt, Gandolfo Prisinzano, John Ferns, John Linden, Albert Bragg, Dorothy Hampton, Madeline Oliver, Florence Downs, John McHugh, Marian Ford, Francis Matt, James Hunter, Frank Small, Beth Bristow, Edgar Arnold, Montague Canning, Murray Stark, Dallas Brown, Frank Turner.

Cello—Delbert Schneider, Harry Foley.

Bass—John Noyes.

Flute—Jean Feldheym.

Clarinets—Robert Ames, Helen Warren.

Oboe—Clarence Olsen.

Saxophones—Cecil Michie, Wayne Hunter.

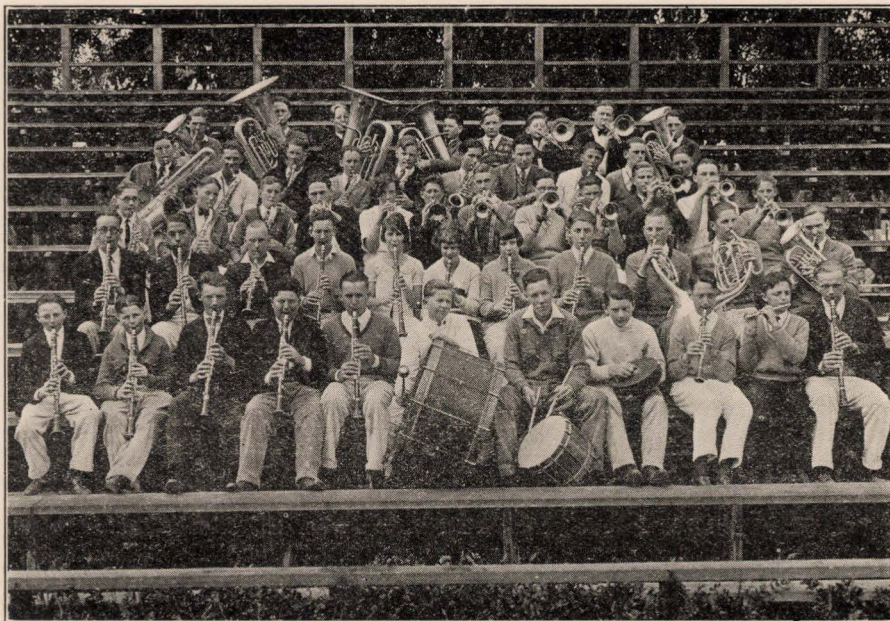
French Horn—Lester Hicks, Herbert Downs.

Trombone—Geoffrey Hughes.

Tympani—Harold Moulin.

Drums—George Dado.

Pianists—Francis Sanford, Helen Coonan, Ethel Allen, Helen Kimball, Ellen O'Brien, Jules Routbart.



BAND

Clarinets—Ralph Marshall, Helen Storer, Robert Ames, Helen Warren, Ann Carter, William Klose, Grove Stark, Charles Brose, Harry Leslie, Earl Shoub, Earnest Shoub, Billy Eddy, Burrell Karmel, George Andrews, Wayne Hunter, Emmet Hayes, Woodward Burkhardt, Robert Kanewske, Ray Callaghan.

Soprano Saxophone—Leonard Linden.

Alto Saxophones—Eri Richardson, Gerald Kabatchnick, Paul Gardner, Hale Warn, Milton Eisele.

Tenor Saxophones—Ted Best, Gene Hurd, Lucien Crusoe, Harold Glazier, Raymond Flanders, Wilfred Jones, Arthur Marshall.

Bass Saxophone—Wilbur Haven.

Basses—George Dado, John Noyes.

Drums—Clinton Webster, John Whiting, Curtice Clark.

Cornets—Joseph Regnier, John Morrison, Leroy Welch, Fred Trevitt, Louis Kreiss, Leslie Canning, Jack Galleher, Lester Empey.

Piccolo—John Hoover

French Horn—Willard Van Doren.

Baritones—Dan Trevitt, Sam Trevitt.

Trombones—Geoffrey Hughes, John Kreidler, Charles Daly, Stanley Gates, Arnold Torres.

OPERETTA

FOR the annual operetta this year, a musical comedy, "The Lass of Limerick Town", in two acts, by Arthur A. Penn, was chosen. The cast was selected by Miss Carter from the boys' and girls' glee clubs, and, with the help of Miss Presler, dramatic coach, and Miss Young, dancing coach, was trained with an admirable degree of success.

The plot: Sir Charles Worthington had promised his friend, McCoy, when the latter lay dying, that his son, Pomeroy, should marry McCoy's daughter, Rose, when the son came of age. Shortly before the action begins, Rose, as the elder of two nieces had been left a fortune by a rich uncle in America. Rose has a cousin, Betty. The two live together in Limerick Town, Ireland. Both were born on the same day, but Rose is a few hours elder, and thus inherits the rich uncle's money, while Betty is left with nothing but her looks.

Pomeroy is sent by his father to win the hand of Rose. He has seen neither of the cousins, but has a strong sense of duty. Besides, his family needs the money. Rose strongly suspects his motives, and arranges to change places with Betty, thinking thus to trap the young man by making him woo the wrong girl and show up the hollowness of his affection. But Pomeroy has quite made up his mind that this is just what the cousins will do. He appears, determined to woo the one who seems to be the one without funds. He therefore addresses his attentions to Rose (masquerading as Betty), although from the moment of his arrival Pomeroy actually falls in love with the real Betty, who is now apparently Rose and rich. Rose secures a letter from Sir Charles to his son, and its contents so anger her that she spurns Pomeroy's advances, accuses him of merely seeking money, and says, that being his object, he had better lose no time in trying for "her cousin Rose"—meaning, of course, Betty. Pomeroy, delighted, takes her advice and finally wins Betty.

His real attachment has made him forget his suspicions that the girls have changed places, and when he remembers, he is in despair, wondering how he can marry in the face of his father's opposition. Sir Charles and wife arrive, and are amazed and angry at the turn of affairs. They denounce Pomeroy and prepare to return home.

A deadlock ensues. It is broken by the arrival of Ezra Q. Hicks, an eccentric New England retired farmer. By his Diary, which he has kept religiously for sixty years, he proves that it is Betty and not Rose who is the elder of the cousins, by reason on international time differences, one having been born in Ireland and the other in America. Thus all ends happily.

The cast:

Sir Charles Worthington	Harrison Doane
Lady Worthington	Catherine Jones
Capt. Pomeroy Worthington	Raymond Flanders
Betty McCoy	Mildred McCann
Rose McCoy	Grace Christy
Judge Hooley	Charles Gracier
Justin O'Flynn	Dan Trevitt
Mrs. O'Flynn	Jean Williamson
Ezra Q. Hick	John Hiestand
Pat	Sam Trevitt
Mike	Kenneth Allen
Molly	Barbara Stradling
Mr. Smith	Francis Keithley
Mr. Partington	Wilson Jones
Chorus of Villagers, Guests, etc.	Glee Clubs

BAND AND ORCHESTRA CONCERT

THE love of good music is a sign of refinement, of advanced civilization. The character and spirit of a school may be measured largely by the type of music played or sung by its musical department and the different organizations connected therewith. So may the San Mateo Union High School be judged, and favorably. Its musical tastes and accomplishments are extraordinarily fine for a high school.

Annually or semi-annually the musical department presents a program called "the Band and Orchestra Concert", although the glee clubs, quartets, etc. enter into it. This year, under the direction and instruction of Mr. Young, Mr. Brose, and Miss Carter, a concert was put on which was, perhaps, the best ever presented by the students of this school. The organizations taking part in the program were the band and orchestra, the boys' and girls' glee clubs, a stringed quartet, and a vocal male quartet. Jule Routbart gave several encores selections at the piano. The concert was well attended and heartily enjoyed by even the most fastidious critics in the audience, and the encores were numerous.

The Three Cities' high school has talented pupils in almost every field of music and bright futures beckon to a few of them at least.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

EACH year the appetite of the S. M. U. H. S. grows larger, and each year a bigger batch of sweet, tender little scrublets are drawn into its maw, there to be ground between merciless teacher-molars and worked upon by the enzymes of education. Naturally, upon entering into this strange new citizen factory, they experience a sensation of nervousness which lasts for some time. So, for fear the innocents will remain in perpetual awe of the haughty, though really warm-hearted upperclassmen, the latter give the former a big party called the Freshman or "Scrub" Reception.

This year, as usual, the startled little wild things were herded into the San Mateo Gymnasium and there placed in the care of experienced and capable hands. These individuals proceeded to quiet them by the best known methods of wild animal taming—first, kind words and soothing music, then play.

The setting was exceedingly pacifying and homelike, with decorations suggestive of the freshman's classics, "Alice in Wonderland", "The Wizard of Oz", and others. The little strangers were almost reassured.

The kind words were spoken by no less a celebrity than the president of the student body, himself. Instead of the stern, august personage they had expected, he proved to be a quiet-spoken, thoughtful individual with glasses and a name that sounded suspiciously like "Wiggle".

Next, "charms for the savage beast" were played by the school Band. Some of the scrublets almost mustered enough courage to pat one of their feet.

And the play presented by the students of the dramatics classes proved equally subtle in persuading them to forget themselves.

By the time the dancing started, the freshmen felt almost like—well, maybe not human beings, but anyway, nearly like fully acclimated "scrubs". Before the dance was over, little Willie discovered that that pretty upperclass girl was not nearly so aloof as he had thought, and cute little Mary actually had four dances with that big, brave, handsome Sophomore she had gazed at from afar in the upper hall the day before.

Finally, at sharply five minutes to twelve o'clock—for they had stayed up a frightfully long time for children of their tender years—the dance was over, and they all ran home to tell mother about the wonderful time they had enjoyed.

SENIOR PLAY

SHERWOOD," by Alfred Noyes, was the vehicle in which the graduating Seniors helped to bring a little bit of the days of chivalry to Burlingame.

"Sherwood," as produced on the evening of June ninth, consisted of nine scenes divided into four acts.

In blank verse, the play fancifully portrayed the lives and loves of Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and their followers. Bluff Coeur-de-Lion once more strode through his kingdom. Blondel, still vaunt courier to the King, searched, singing, throughout the world for Lion Heart. Twanging bows and winding bugles again resounded through the leafy lanes of Sherwood Forest. The King's deer again were stalked by merry men in Lincoln green.

The cruel schemes of Prince John and the intrigues of Queen Elinor were thwarted by the love and self sacrifice of Shadow-of-a-Leaf, fragile, beautiful child of the Forest.

This beautiful play was a tremendous undertaking and would have been impossible but for the able director who worked so hard and long on its production. The Senior Class is truly grateful to Miss Presler who brought Sherwood Forest back from the past and gave it to them on the high school stage.

The Seniors believe that they have given to their friends who saw the performance, a glimpse of those stirring days of life and love in the greenwood. And now they feel that they can say with Shadow-of-Leaf in his despair,

"Just three sweet breaths and then the song is flown."

The cast follows:

Shadow-of-a-Leaf	Anne Bouret
Robin Hood.....	Geoffrey Hughes
Maid Marian	Betty Chambers
Queen Elinor	Margaret Sturrock
Prince John	Sam Trevitt
Fitzwalter	Frank Coturri
King Richard	John McGilvray
Blondel	Raymond Flanders
Sheriff	Clarence Olson
Barov	Clifford Weigle
Little John	William Okker
Friar Tuck	Curtice Clark
Widow Scarlet	Margaret Maguire
Blind Man	Clifford Weigle
Prioress	Polly Walton
Novice	Louise Corbett
Maskers	Frances Sanford, Mildred Woodbridge, Paul Ford
Retainers	John Hays, Robert Bourne
Followers	Vernon Riddle, James Trimmingham
	G. H. '25.

FACULTY PLAY

DO YOU believe in fairies? We certainly do. Only fairies could transform our faculty into the characters of "Dear Brutus."

Lob, the eccentric old Englishman, impersonated by Mr. Parlett, was just as surprised as we were when, one by one, his guests disappeared into the imaginary woods on Midsummer's Eve. All except Miss Gertrude Cook in the character of Mrs. Coade, a lovably innocent old lady, go into the woods to be given their second chance. Mr. Moore as Mr. Purdy, who has been philandering with saucy Joanna, Miss Maple, much to the indignation of his wife, Miss Wolhaupter, is ardently moving his real wife in preference to Joanna, to whom he is married in the wood. George Kertell, instead of



being Lob's pilfering butler, finds himself possessed of an ill-earned fortune and a dot.ng wife, the formerly aloof Lady Caroline, who is in reality Miss Ledeme.

Mr. Yoder skips lightly about as Mr. Coade, the same happily inconsequential little man.

The tragedy of the wood lies in the pitiful figure of Mrs. Dearth, whose second chance finds her a starving outcast, and in the few minutes of happiness which come to Mr. Dearth, now a successful artist and father of a captivating daughter, Margaret. Miss Collopy is Mrs. Dearth; Miss Presler, Margaret; and Mr. McConville, Mr. Dearth.

The setting was done in impressionistic style, emphasizing light and shadow. Especially delightful was the wood scene with its vague suggestion of distances.

THE HI

ONE of the most valuable assets that any school can have is a reliable, well-established, and firmly financed newspaper; and we consider ourselves fortunate in possessing such a publication.

In its twelfth year of activity, the "Hi" has attained a reputation among Northern California's school papers that has placed it near the top of the high school journalistic art. There are few schools, indeed, in Northern California that are fortunate enough to possess three linotype machines; and its success, of course, is largely due to the printing department.

The staff is composed of students from the journalism class, who are especially seeking experience along newspaper lines.

The sport page has increased in volume and in quality until it is a fair representation of the athletics of the school, as well as a credit to the newspaper itself. A regular editorial page is conducted in the interests of the students. To make the work more practical, true newspaper style is demanded throughout the publication.

Melvin Christy and John Hiestand have displayed their ability in the way they have measured up to the standard required for an editor. Ted Stollery and Vernon Riddle have given able assistance as associate editors. Katherine Stuart and Florence Rehe are responsible for the well worked out circulation system.

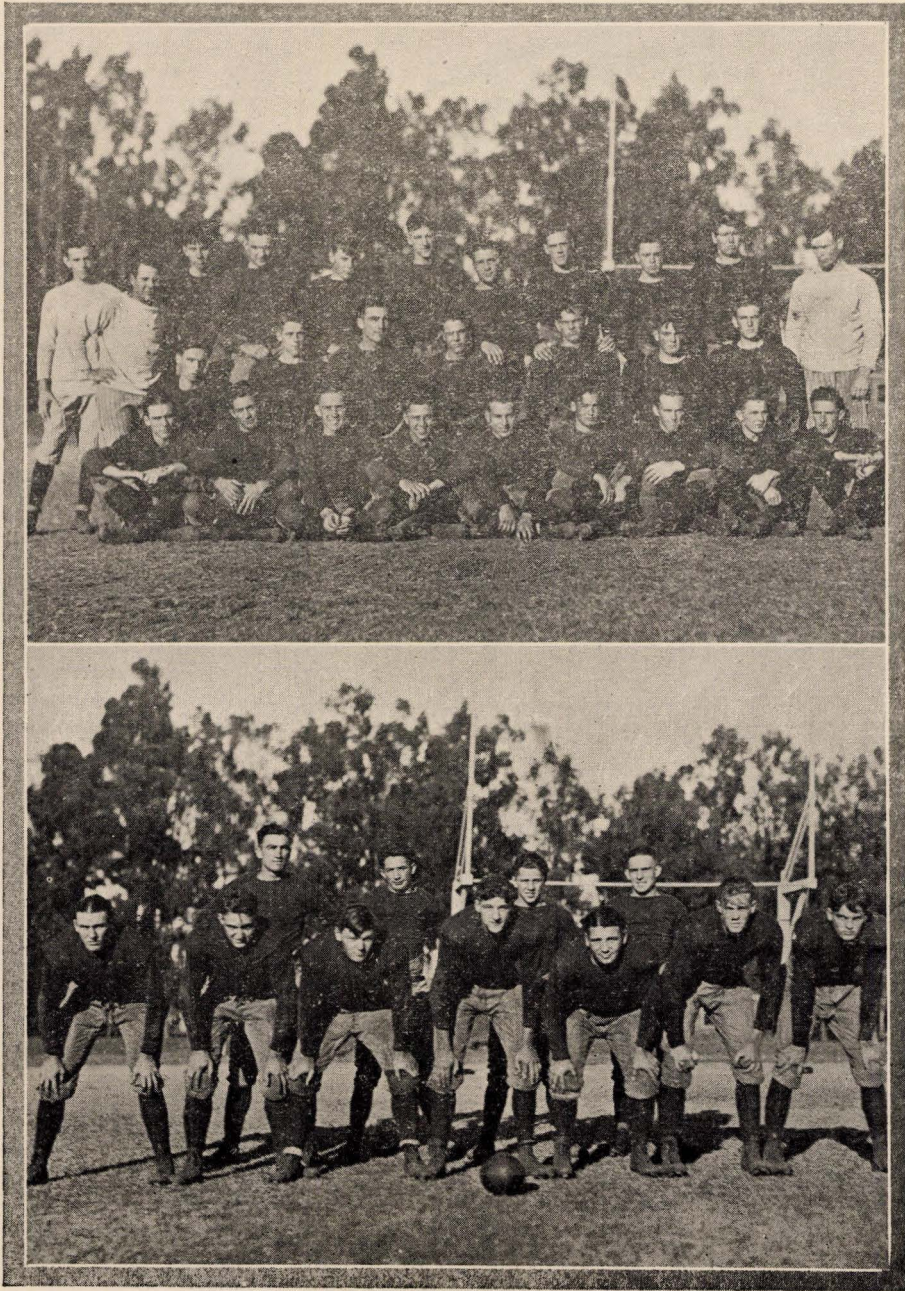
The school is unanimous in its endorsement of the work accomplished this year by the San Mateo Hi.

JUNIOR DANCE

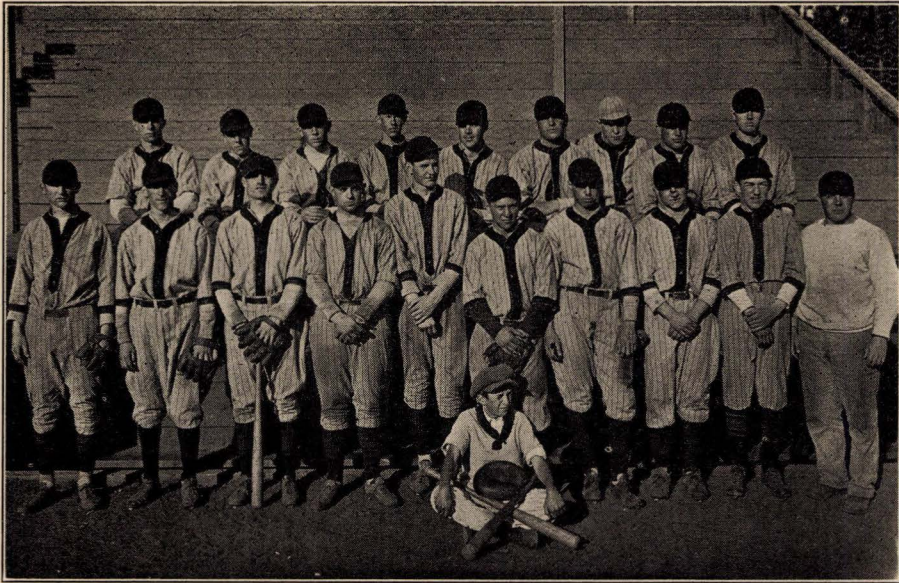
AGAIN, on May 18th, the old gym opened its doors to welcome the Juniors and their friends, the Seniors, to a dance, but it was a gym transformed into a colorful ballroom of magenta and blue by Miss Ledeme's art classes. Thanks are due to the patrons and patronesses, who so graciously served, Messrs. and Mesdames Reno, Haven, McLellan and Taylor, and to the committee, Florence Rehe, chairman, Jean Williams, Ray Callaghan, June Grantley, and Ted Best.



ATHLETICS







BASEBALL

UNLIMITEDS

CAPTAIN "Rick" Petronave and Coach Winterburn led the unlimited team through a partially successful season. The team had a hard time getting in practice on account of rain, and the season, scheduled to open on February 7, did not open until February 18.

The first practice game of the season was played against the Stanford Frosh. San Mateo lost in a hard fought game by a score of 6 to 3. John Brown had a couple of bad innings to start off with, but after the second, not a Babe crossed the plate.

The Frosh game was the only practice game that San Mateo did not win. In the second game, Ted Best held Cogswell to two hits and no runs, while his playmates were putting over eight runs. "Artie" Marshall pitched a one hit, no run game against Mission three days later, February 28. San Mateo scored three times.

San Mateo had to go ten innings on March 7 to win from Lowell by a score of 3 to 2. This was the best practice game of the season. The next game, played four days later with Commerce was a walk-away for the home squad. Commerce was defeated 11 to 1.

After lagging behind for most of the game, San Mateo came from behind in the tenth to win from St. Ignatius on March 14. The last practice game of the season was another cinch for San Mateo, with Potter going down before a 13 to 4 score.

Palo Alto helped San Mateo open the league on March 21 on the home lot. In a hectic game, featured by heavy hitting, many errors, and general loose playing by both teams, San Mateo lost 15 to 11. The score was tied three times during the course of the game, and each time a lead of at least three runs was overcome to do the knotting.

After losing the first game of the season, things looked pretty dark for the team. Redwood, however, proved to be an easy game, and San Mateo won, March 27, by a score of 14 to 4. As the game was played after school, it lasted only seven innings. Redwood got most of its runs in the last inning, when three successive hits, one a homer, put three runs across the plate. In the second inning of the game, San Mateo pulled a triple play, Marshall to Silva to Chanteloup.



All hopes for the league died with the San Jose game. After thirteen innings of tight baseball playing, San Jose nicked Marshall for three hits in a row, ending the game. Except for the thirteenth inning. Marshall pitched a great game, going all the way, and keeping the hits well scattered. Six errors behind him, together with the fact that Silva, first string first sacker, and Buckingham, varsity right fielder, were both out of the game, made Marshall's fine game all the more praiseworthy. As the game had been postponed because of rain, it was played only two days prior to the concluding game of the season with Santa Clara.

Santa Clara was beaten 17 to 9 in a game that was largely a slugfest. Three pitchers, Best, Marshall and Chanteloup were used by San Mateo. The game was played April 17 at Santa Clara.

130 Pound Team

THE 130's are still going strong when this is written. The chief feature of the lightweight's is the wonderful pitching of Al Johnson, freshman. The first and only league game to date, played with Palo Alto, was won by a large score. San Mateo's fly-chasers crossed the fourth bag eleven times, while Palo Alto was able to score only once.

Winterburn will have to build up his unlimiteds next season from the present 130 pound team. Vacancies at second base, shortstop and two fielding positions will have to be filled. The pitching staff will be the least of the coach's worries as Marshall, Johnson, Callaghan and Brown will all be back on duty.

JACK ELMER.



130 Pound Team—Forwards: John Weir; Wilham Provence; Center: Amad.s Chante-loupe; Guards: Harry Raymond, Henry Hinze

BASKETBALL

130 POUND TEAM

SAN MATEO again upheld her reputation in basketball when she again won the P. A. L. in Class B. (130-lb)

Coach Faulkner's call for candidates brought forth a large squad of enthusiastic aspirants. After giving the squad a few fundamentals he put them through a stiff practice schedule to gain the necessary experience.

After completing the practice schedule San Mateo started on the road to the P. A. L. Championship. In the P. A. L. schedule San Mateo met defeat first at the hands of Palo Alto and second at Sequoia. These defeats did not hinder the boys, as they played two games with each school and so had another chance to defeat both Palo Alto and Sequoia, a feat which they accomplished.

South City, winner of B Division, realizing the uselessness of playing against the strong San Mateo machine forfeited the championship series, thereby giving San Mateo the P. A. L. Championship.

With the Peninsula Athletic League Championship safe in their hands, the boys went into the North Coast Section of the C. I. F. They journeyed down to Pacific Grove to play Pacific Grove High. Although leading the Pacific Grove team throughout the game, the team was defeated by a long shot from back of center in the last quarter minute of play.

The following are the scores:

First Round

San Mateo	18	Campbell	8
San Mateo	11	Palo Alto	12
San Mateo	29	San Jose	11
San Mateo	25	Santa Clara	16
San Mateo	12	Sequoia	10

Second Round

San Mateo	20	Campbell	17
San Mateo	18	Palo Alto	16
San Mateo	18	Santa Clara	5
San Mateo	17	San Jose	10
San Mateo	13	Sequoia	20
San Mateo	10	Pacific Grove	11

THE UNLIMITEDS

The Unlimiteds because of the lack of experienced material were unable to make much of a showing. The experience they received this year under Coach McFadden will stand them in good stead this coming season.



Unlimited Team—Forwards: Clifford Trucht, George Anderson; Centers: Tilden Willey, Jack Ford; Guards: George Clemens, Medeo Pedretti.





SOCCER

THE past soccer season has been the most successful since the opening game of the P. A. L. Soccer League four years ago.

Defeated for the championship of the League, the orange and black took a page from the annals of peninsula high school soccer and in an exciting game on the home field tied a coastside team for the championship.

All the credit for the excellent showing of the San Mateo team must go to Coach Francis. He began practice with a very few veterans and a large squad of eager but inexperienced recruits. He turned out a team which, as was demonstrated in the Half Moon Bay game, played a brand of soccer of which he could well be proud.

The surprise of the season was the discovery of an excellent goalie in the person of "Olie" Olson. Time and again a heroic stop stemmed a winning streak and turned the tide of seeming defeat into one of victory.

The squad and line-up:

Forwards: J. Lawson, W. Buckingham, J. Aloise, C. Flaterty, R. Ryan, T. Jones, E. Lester, L. Reynolds, H. Toephe, R. Bourne, J. Trimmingham; Halfbacks: W. Jones, Jack Debenedetti, G. Hughes; Fullbacks: L. Epting, J. Fena, A. Andresen, J. Millet; Goalkeeper: C. Olson.



TRACK

BRICK Mitchell was confronted with the difficult task of making a track team this year which had as a nucleus only two veterans. The sign-up for track was encouraging, but any enthusiasm over our chances for a winning team was short-lived because after about two weeks a great number of the fellows had passed in their spikes. Evidently they had expected to be champions immediately and did not realize that it took time and continuous effort. Paavo Murmi did not develop into the greatest of all runners in a day. It took years.

In the P. A. L. track meet Captain Roger Ryan won the 440 yard dash in 52 and one-fifth seconds. This broke the former record of 53 and three-fifths seconds. No other places were made by San Mateo but Reynolds, Bryant, and Gilmour ran well. These three are lower classmen and they should all place next year.



THE NET MEN

THE opening of the tennis season found two letter men back with the rackets, Bunny Mausser and Bill Okker. A tournament was held the first week in April to decide who should be the six men to constitute the team. Thirty-six title-holders, stars and aspiring geniuses sent in their entries, each with the one idea that the men who would reach the semi-finals would represent the unconquerable Orange and Black in the League, and in the State Tournament at Berkeley, if successful in the former.

The results of the eliminating process were entirely satisfactory to our coach, Mr. Bashor. The competition was fast and doubtful in many cases; only the men with real tennis ability survived. The team was composed of the following: Bill Okker, Bunny Mausser, Williard Johnston, John McCamley, James Prickett and Hamilton Lawrence.

Mausser and Okker chose to play the doubles as they had conquered the P. A. L. the previous year. These two men make a splendid doubles team; once they are at the net they are unbeatable. It is an accomplishment to lob a ball over the six feet six inches of Bill without its meeting with a deadly smash, while there is nothing too hot for Bunny to handle on the volley.

The chances of winning the P. A. L., May 9, both in singles and doubles are splendid, while those of winning the C. I. F., May 16, in doubles are exceedingly bright.



VOLLEY BALL

THE 1925 volley ball season reminds us of the story of the automobile salesman. He very enthusiastically exclaimed to his wife of his success. "I almost sold a car today." "That's splendid," came the reply of the encouraging wife. "How near did you come?" "Oh, the man who was going to buy said 'No' instead of 'Yes'." So it was with our volley ball team. We almost won the league but after each game when asked if we had won, we had to say "No" instead of "Yes". But we did enjoy four very hard fought games, losing two to Sequoia and two to South San Francisco. Next year we are going to put our mental determination to play better volley ball on the same level as our physical determination reached this year and look forward to an interesting season.

The girls who made up the team this year are: Eileen Russell (Captain), Florence Reading (Manager), Alice Duffy, Emrose Findley, Anita Leibbrandt, Anna Frahm, Ruth Wilson, Grace Epting, Violet Myers, Doris Gallagher, Elnor Orman, Kathleen Glynn, and June Grantley.



BASEBALL

BASEBALL is great fun," was the thought of the many who turned out for the interclass games. These players not only showed spirit, but also good material for the coming years. The scores of the games were as follows:

Freshmen—7; Sophomores—6; Juniors—12; Seniors—10.

Final: Juniors—5; Freshmen—2.

Remembering the victory of last year, added interest was stimulated among the recruits. Therefore eighty-five reported at the opening of the season. Many of the veterans of last year returned, hoping to gain rightful ownership of the cup awarded to the winner of the girls' baseball league by a Mr. Flannigan of San Jose. In order to keep this cup a school must win the G. P. A. L. for three years. San Mateo has won the championship for the past two years and with the support of the school hopes to get the cup for good this year. Last year Spalding also awarded a cup to the winner of the northern section and have said they intend to do it again this year.

After working with a squad of eighty-five for a few weeks, it was necessary to cut it to eighteen. Then the real work of the season began. Everything seemed fine until one day the catcher and captain, Margaret McLellan, was hurt. This will probably keep her out of the game for the entire season. Injuries to other players followed. This decided weakened the strength of the team. However, the prospects are still fair. The rain has also interfered. It has made the season very slow. Games have had to be postponed. Practices have been made impossible. Although the team has had a few misfortunes its outlook is more promising since a temporary captain, Dorothy De Vries, has been elected.

Only a few games have been played and those up to date are:

Practice games—Sequoia 4, San Mateo 8; Richmond 5, San Mateo 10; San Francisco State Teachers College 2, San Mateo 6.

League games—Halfmoon Bay forfeited to San Mateo; Jefferson 0, San Mateo 20.

Katherine Barghorn, Manager; Marion Ilse, Assistant Manager.



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

DUE to the fact that there is no tennis coach this semester, no definite team was chosen, though the ten girls who came out for tennis showed good ability. These girls have worked faithfully under the supervision of their captain, Bertha Prichard. By means of an impromptu tournament the following positions were determined:

Bertha Prichard	Captain
Constance Dannenbaum	Manager
Bertha Prichard	First Singles
Florence Rehe	Second Singles
Frances Roberts, Constance Lenzen	First Doubles
Frances Sanford, Frances Prichard	Second Doubles

FIELD AND TRACK

THE Field and Track season is a season to which to look forward. The Elm goes to print before our team is chosen. However, a very enthusiastic squad is now working and we are practicing hard for the league meet which is to be held on May 23rd at Sequoia High. This year the hurdle race is eliminated from the list of events. Another change in events is that the basketball throw which formerly was an individual competitive event is now an event for a team of four.

CONSTANCE McLEOD, Mgr.



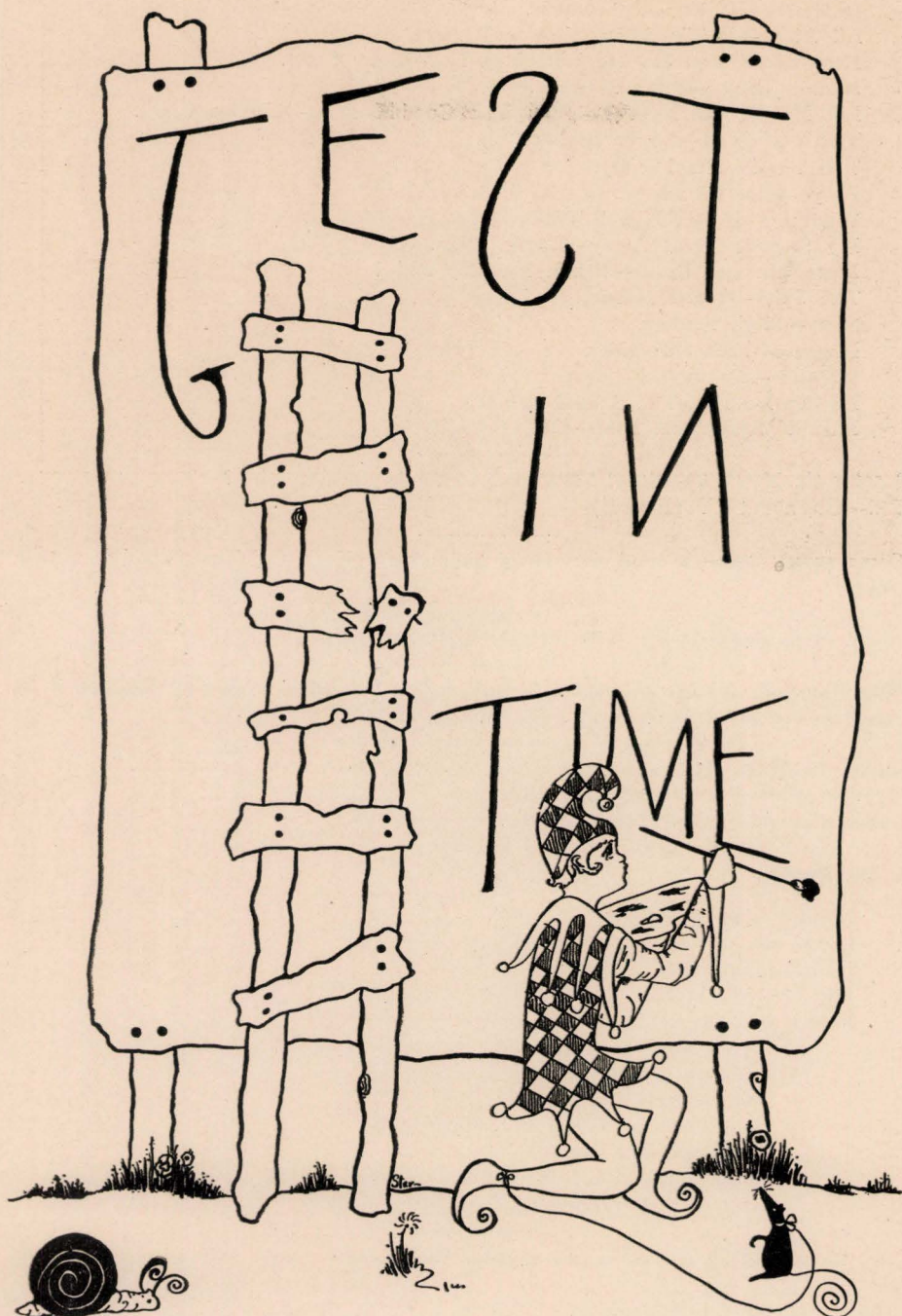
UNLIMITED BASKETBALL TEAM



125 POUND BASKETBALL TEAM



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM



Latest Song Hits—

Give Me a June Night—Kenneth and Marian.
Me and the Boy Friend—Kathryn Stewart.
It Had to Be You—Bill Okker.
All Alone—Phillip Allen.
How Come You Do Me Like You Do?—Starr Scott.
Meanest Blues—Susie Maguire.
Let Me Be the First To Kiss You Good-Morning—Curtice Clark.
That's My Gal—Lester Empey.
Too Tired—The Faculty.
Lazy—John Brown.
What'll I do?—Milton Bevilockway.
My Sweetie Went Away—Roger Ryan.
Moonlight and Roses—Frank Kiethley and ?
The Shiek—Ward Merner.
Sleep—High Seniors.
Bygones—Lois Nicolaides.
Maytime—Football Fellows.
Doodle Do Do—The School Babies.
Moanin' Saxophone Blues—Mr. Gene Brose.

Louise (in Maxwell)—Stop! What do you think you are doing?
Bill—Oh, about 45. (Foxed!)

Some smart studes around the school claim that "Keep Off The Grass" is a two-foot rule.

Some of us flunked, and some of us didn't——pass.

Tom Johnson—Napoleon said there was no such word as "can't". I wonder if he ever tried to scratch a match on a cake of soap?

Judge Faulkner—Have you ever really been in love?
Charlie Winterburn—That's my business!
Judge Faulkner—Well, how's business?

Signs On Fords—

A tin you love to touch.
I also ran.
Leap in—limp out.
The first Musketeer.
Ride it and weep.
Drive slow—man at work.
Another gnash.
Four wheels—no brakes.
So I took the \$50.00 and bought this.
Capacity—four mamas.
Don't laugh. You'll be old and crippled someday yourself.
Last of the Fordhegans.

Mr. Rankin—Th's gas is deadly poison. What steps would you take if it should escape?

Charles Gracier—Long ones!

Barbara Stradling—My dear, you should see my new squirrel!
Marian Bewley—What's his name?

Roy Welch was shaving outside in the open air while camping.

Coicles—Do you always shave outside?

Roy Welch—Well, of course! Do you think I'm fur-lined?

Lecturer—What has anyone ever done to save our forests?

Oscar Olsen—I shot a woodpecker once.

Hiestand—Why don't you drown your sorrow, old man?

Empey—Aw—she can swim.

Dear Mr. Wurlitzer:

After playing your drums for sixteen years, I find that I cannot beat them.

Very respectfully yours,
Curtice Clark.

Geography teacher—What state is San Bruno in?

Joe Millet—Awful!

Michie—If I go to the movies, I'll have to cut two classes.

Stollery—That's all right. You can make up the sleep any time.

Under this sod

Lies Joe-ada-Feen.

Bricklayer's hod

Bounced off his bean.

Mr. Hevey—Name an island possession of the United States.

Bearclaw—Huh! Why—a—

Mr. Hevey—Correct.

Tilly—What kind of shoes do you think I ought to wear with these golf hose?

Hope—Hip boots.

Ted Anderson (in co-op)—I don't like the ring of this half dollar.

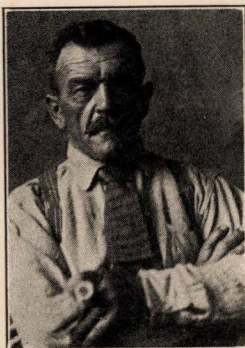
John Ferns—What do you want for four bits—a peal of church bells?

A dance, a data,

Perchance out lata,

A classa, a quizza,

No passa, gee whizza.



"Bud" Hiestand—Hurrah! I got five dollars for my first newspaper story!

Mr. Moore—Who from?

"Bud"—The express company! They lost the story!

Harry Pinkham—I had a funny dream last night.

Jimmie Lawson—What about?

Harry Pinkham—I dreamt I was eating shredded wheat.

Jimmie Lawson—What's funny about that?

Harry Pinkham—When I woke up the mattress was gone.

Mr. Faulkner (in Parliamentary Law Class)—Order! Order!

Millie Adams (waking up)—Ham and eggs!

One thing we must say about a flivver—it rattles before it strikes.

Faculty Yell—

Raw, raw, raw,

Jaw, jaw, jaw,

We'll flunk 'em all,

Haw, haw, haw!

"Rick"—Gimme a hot dog!

Waiter—Yep! Ten cents.

"Rick"—Only got a nickel. Make it a pup!

Polly W.—Margaret Sturrock is a nice girl, but too loquacious.

Margaret Maguire—Yeh, and besides that, she talks too much.

Scrub—Do they ring three bells for assembly?

Wilson Jones—Naw! One bell three times.

Mr. Frances (in Algebra)—What does LXXX mean?

Ray Callaghan—Love and kisses.

Little boy—Look, Ma! The circus is in town! There goes one of the clowns!

Ma—Hush, darling! That's not a clown; that's a high school boy!

Lois—You know, I didn't accept him the first time he proposed.

Hope—I guess you didn't. You weren't there.

Catherine Jones—I have a cold in my head.

Connie Lenzen—Well, that's something.

Gen—Here's the dime I borrowed from you last week.

Edith—I'd forgotten all about it.

Gen—Why didn't you say so before!

Beth Bristow—Did I ever tell you the one about the guide who showed his visitors two skulls; one of Cleopatra when she was a girl, and the other when she was a woman?

Dilys Price—No, what is it?

Miss Wilson (showing the class a picture of an ape)—No, this is not a picture of anyone in the class!



Philip Allen (to Frosh who has just stepped on his foot)—Say, do you think my feet are made for an idiot to walk on?

Scrub (after giving him the once over)—Well, it looks like it.

Eloise (gazing at Vincent's window specialties)—My, that candy looks good!

Curtice—Yeh! Let's stop and look at it for awhile.

Mr. Moore—I've got a letter here and I don't know whether it's from my tailor or my lawyer. They're both named Brown.

Mr. Sanderson—Read it!

Mr. Moore (reading)—"I have begun your suit. Ready to be tried on Thursday. Brown."

Betty Chambers (sick in bed)—Doctor, you didn't ask to see if my tongue was coated.

Doctor—I already know it isn't. Grass doesn't grow on a race track.

Mr. Bohnet—What's the difference between the jingle of an American dollar and a Chinese yen?

Frances Glascock—One is the chink of a coin; the other is the coin of a Chink.

Mrs. Burnett—Who can tell me what Shylock was?

Ted Anderson (sitting in a draught)—Ah choo!

Mrs. Burnett—Correct.

Miss Adella Cook (explaining hard chemistry problem)—Now watch the board and I'll go through it once again.

Miss Wilson (in Biology)—When do the leaves begin to turn?

Emrose Findlay—The night before the ex.

We have heard that "Silence is Golden". Our High Senior boys must have pretty thin plates.

Coturri (to pal in cell 99)—What were you put in for, Sam?

Treavitt—Life.

Coturri—I don't mean how soon, but how come?

Treavitt—Oh, I knocked a guy so cold he fell on a cake of ice and burned himself to death.

Al Tassi—You know more than I do.

Moylan—Of course I do!

Al Tassi—Yeh! You know me and I know you.

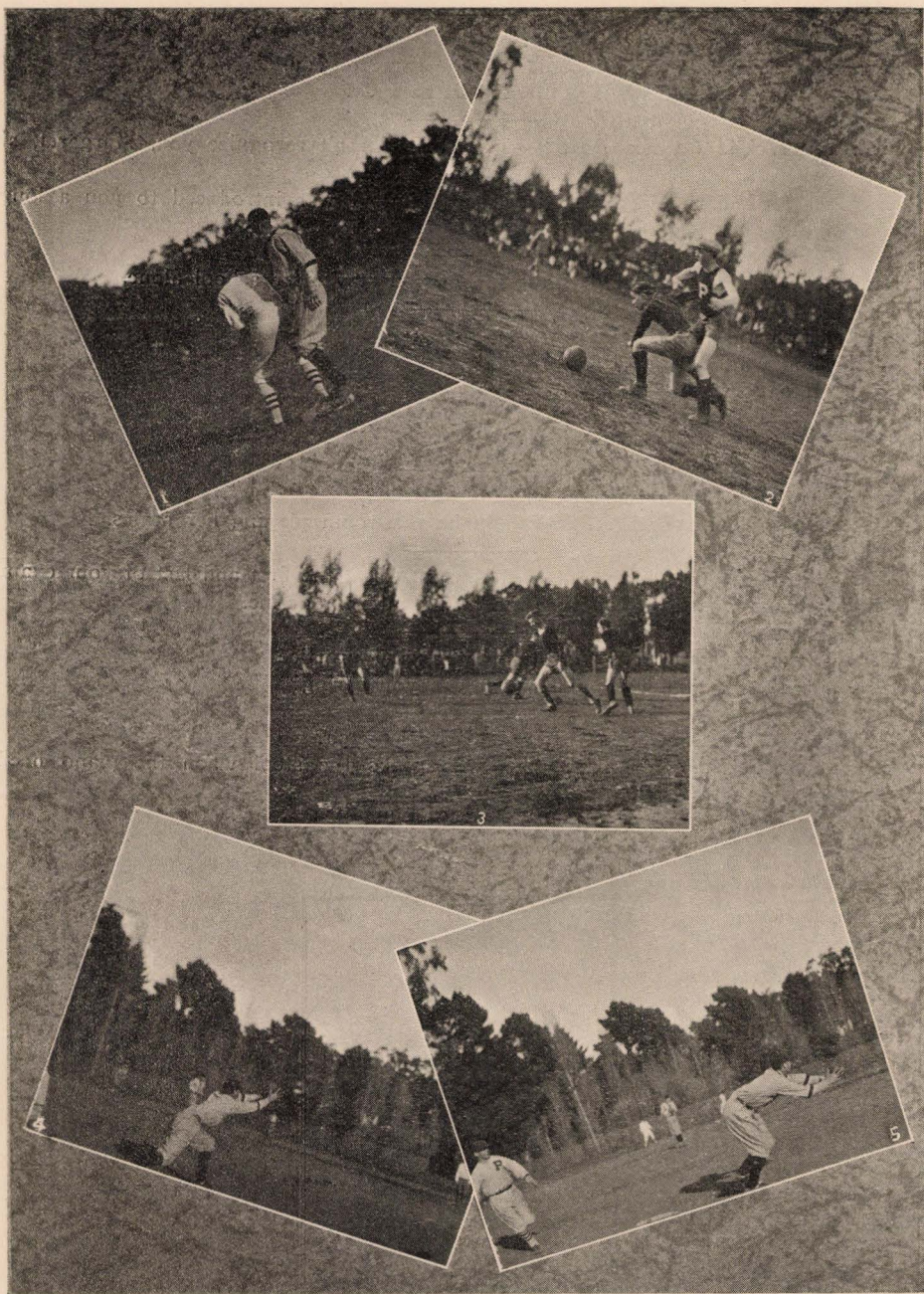
Miss Retterath—Why did you hang that picture?

Vernon Christy—I couldn't find the person who painted it.

Scrub (in History)—The dark ages were so dark that the men went to knight school.

Kind old man—How did you lose all your teeth, little girl?

Bernie—Shifting gears on a lollypop.



Don Phillips—Good morning, Judge. How are you?
Judge—Fine, \$25.

Clarence Olsen (to girl at information desk)—Hello, kiddo! What'd'e know?

Wilson Jones—You dance divinely.

Constance Lenzen—I wish I could say the same of you.

Wilson Jones—You could, if you could lie as I do.

President Weigle (at Ex. Board)—The chair doesn't recognize you, Margaret, sit down.

Margaret McLellan—Why, you stuck up thing! I was introduced to you a long, long time ago!

Laugh and the class laughs with you, but you stay after school alone.

The Shiek's Lament—

If money talks,
And that's no lie—
It always says to me,
"Goodbye!"

Mr. Brose—Do I hear music?

Mr. Young—Yes! It's that little fish in he nex room playing her scales.

Miss Gilman—Why did you put quotation marks at the first and last of your exam?

Jim Prickett—Oh, I was quoting the fellow in front of me.

Gene—What do you think? I'm out for Spring practice.

Helen—Oh, isn't that lovely! How far can you spring?

Callaghan—What kind of a fellow is George Lynch?

Gates—Oh, he's one of those guys who grabs the stool when the piano needs moving.



22 Dec 26

27th
Benjamin E. "Lew" 27

Autographs

Caroly Bari
Alemani

Doc Morrison
Alemani

Your friend
and once we,
were rivals -
Morrison

Mildred Bramlett

Myrta Rager

Dick B. Virginia
Hartley Jackson
Jones.

Art Jones
F.E. Haseltine.

Bruce H. Rankin

W. M. McCall
W. M. McCall

22 Dec 26

Mr. P. R. R. R.

