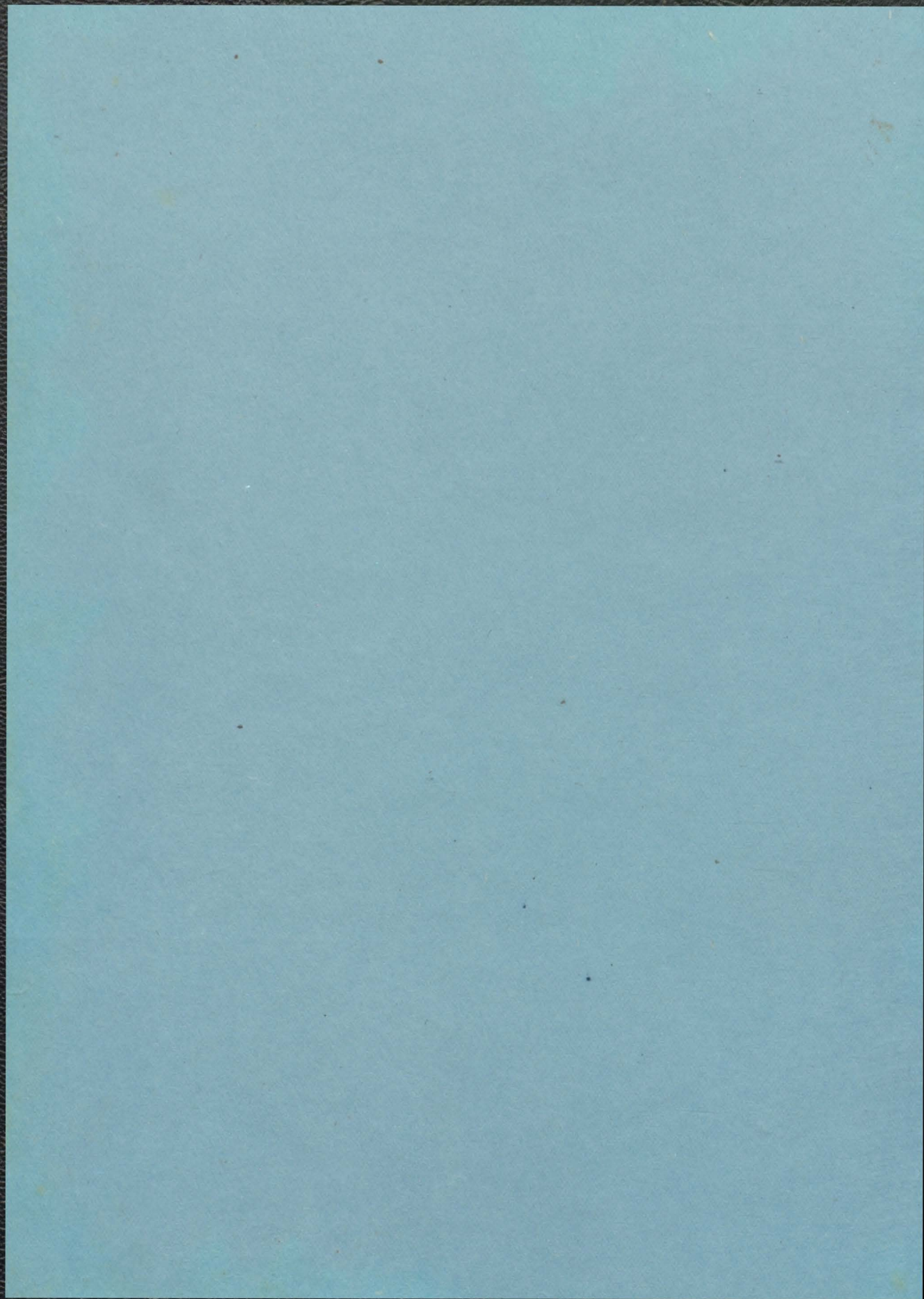
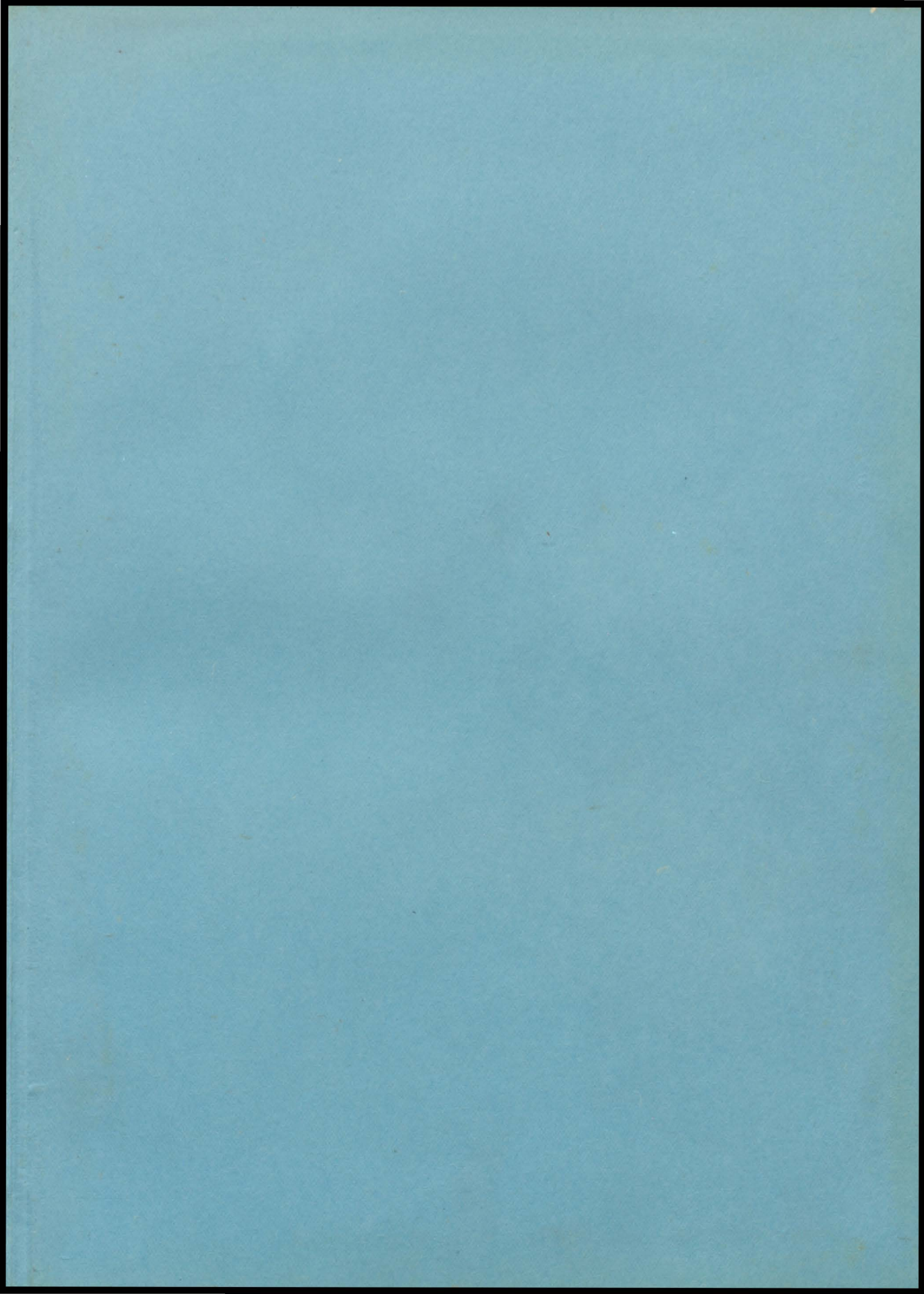


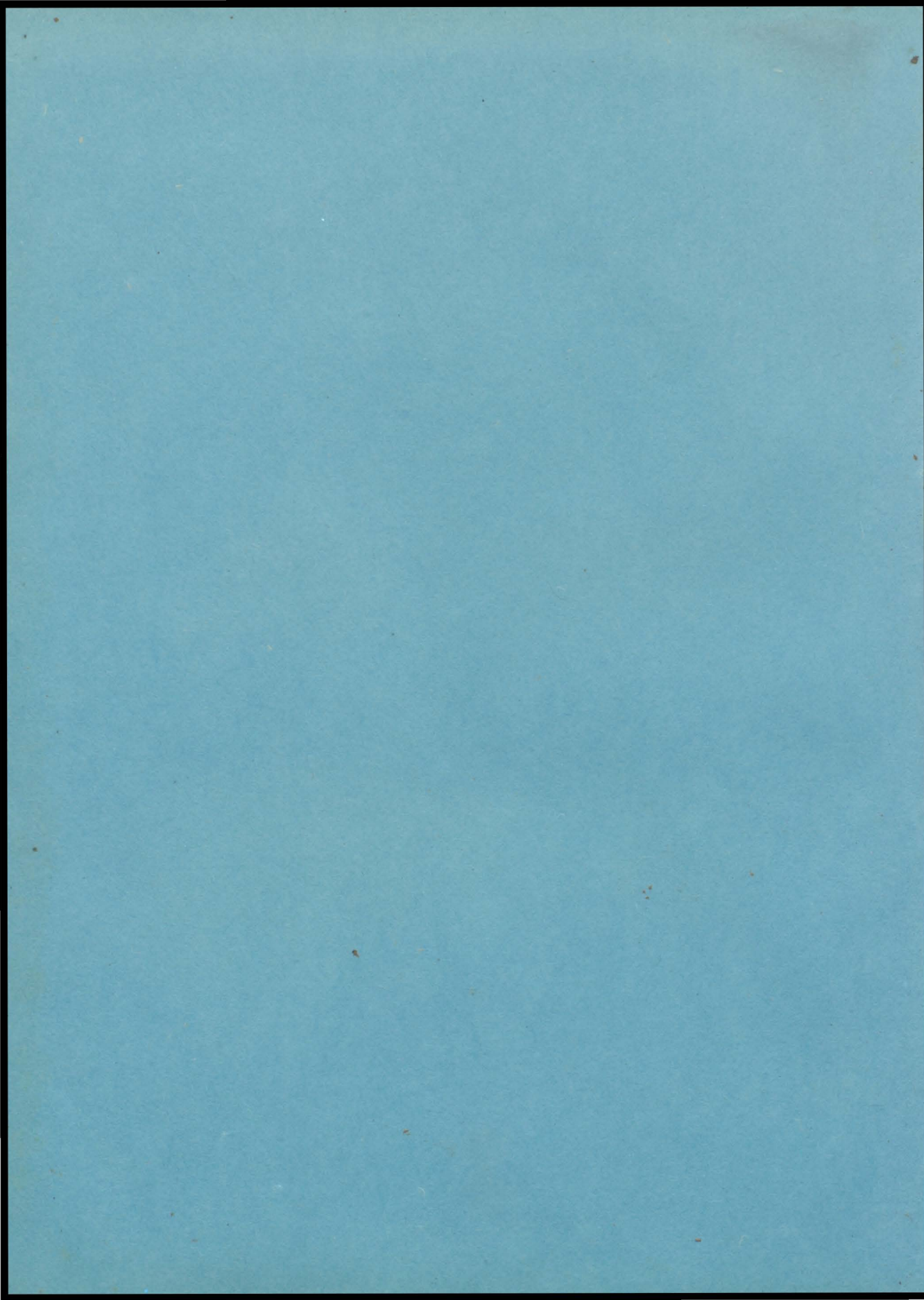


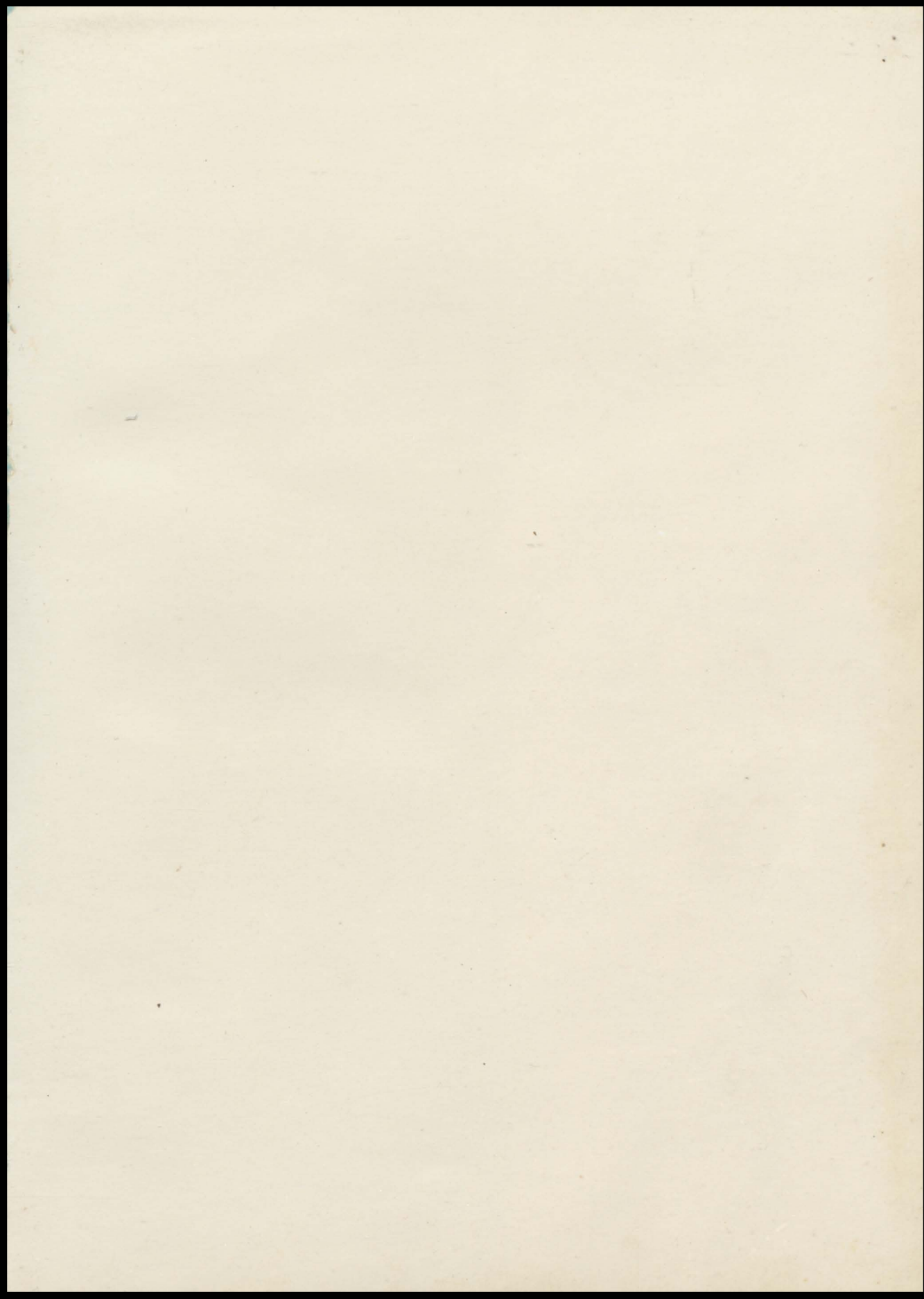
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HITCHCOCK MILITARY ACADEMY

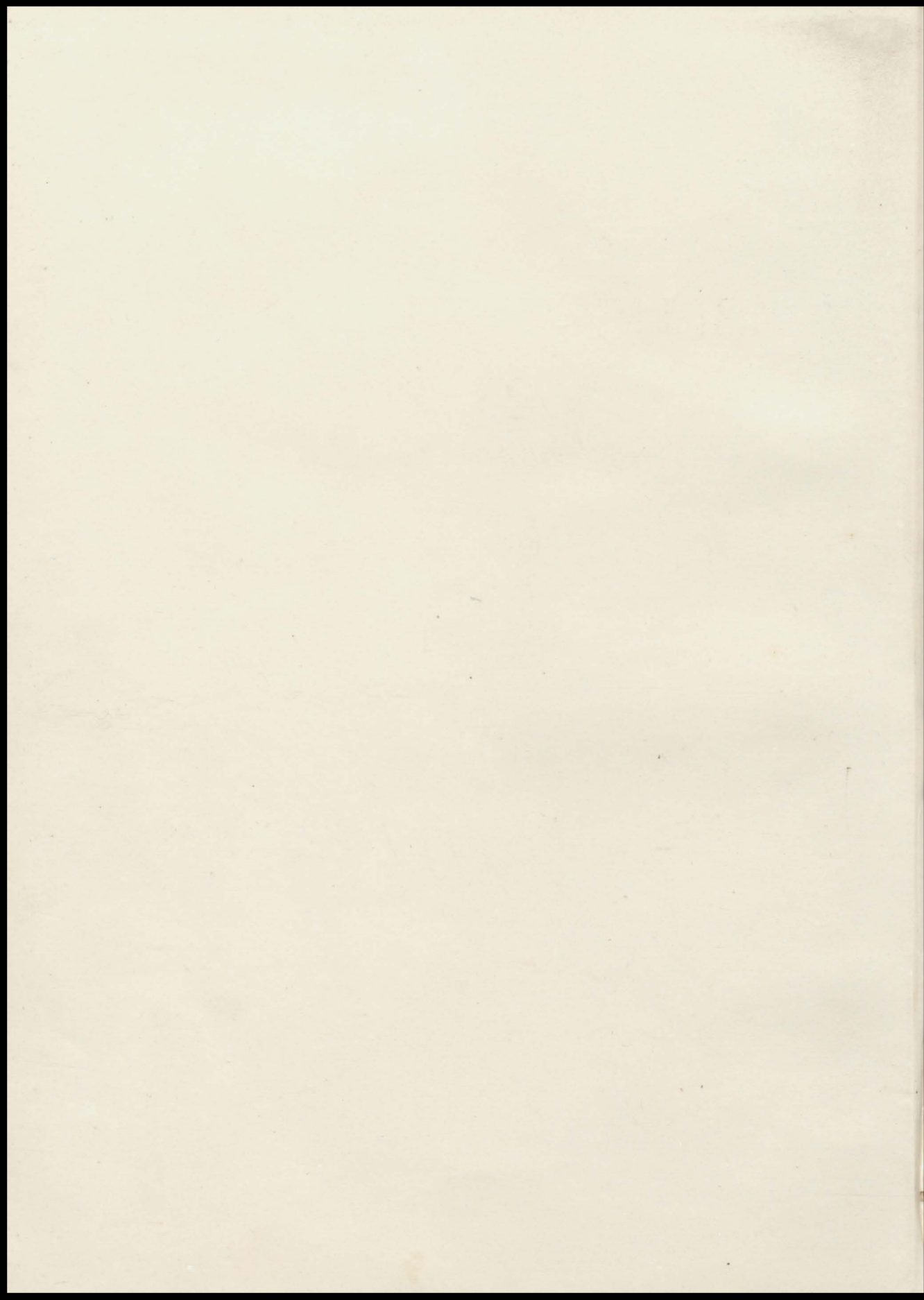
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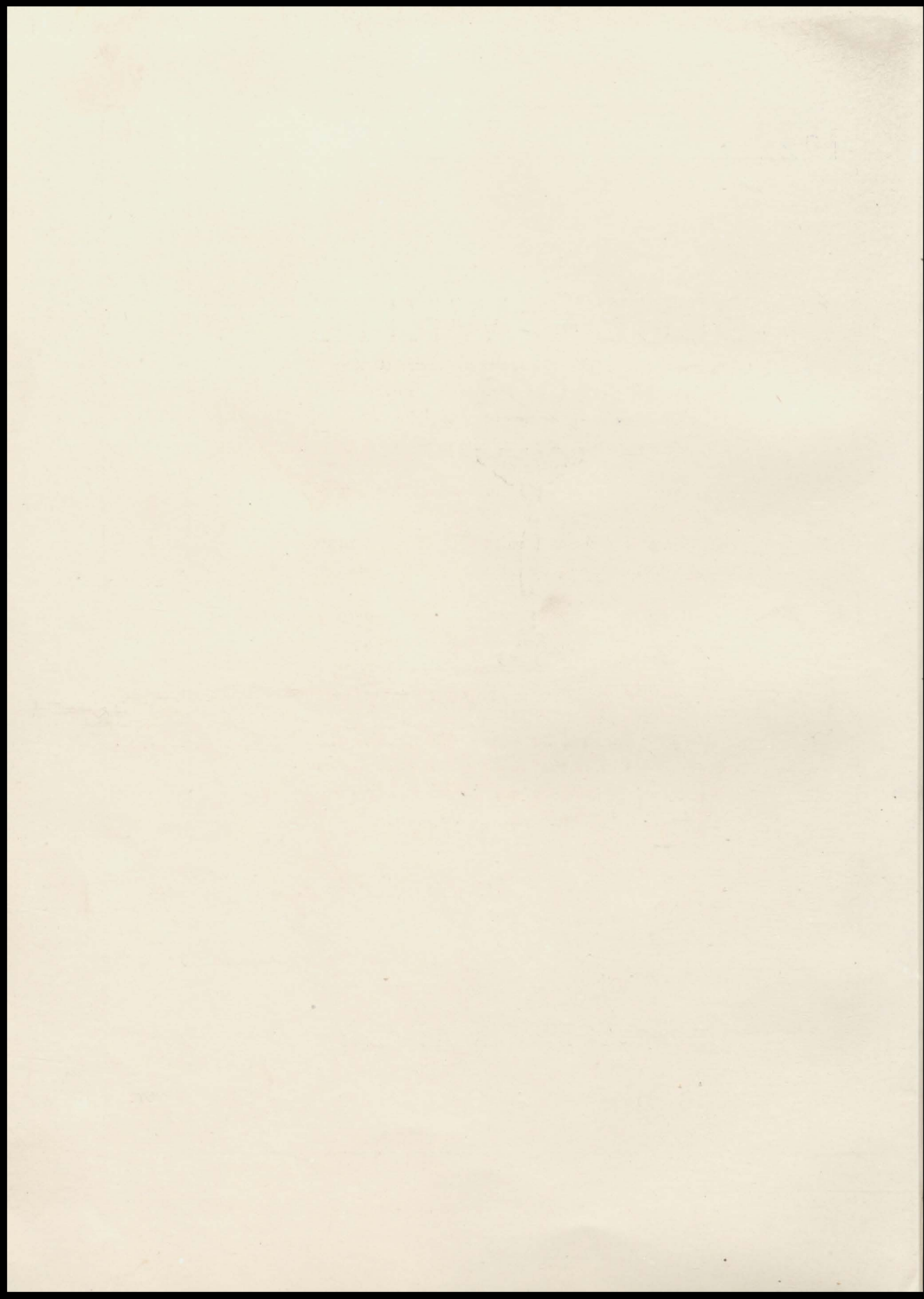
BLUE AND WHITE

1923



HITCHCOCK MILITARY ACADEMY

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Farewell, sweet hills, the roads to service beckon,
Beyond the hour of dawn, we cannot linger,
Fling back once more the cry of mellow bugles
To still our heartache in the flame of evening.

Here we have known glad toil and its achievement.
The priceless heritage of common feeling
Quickened the thrill of battle when we triumphed,
And, when we knew defeat, softened our brooding.

Here brilliant sunlight flashed upon the saber,
Soft silver rain nourished the rose and poppy,
Here on the frosty wind, with wild leaves flying,
The football, symbol of eager youth, went bounding.

Now we depart, our farewell bravely spoken,
Memory will store the parade of scenes so joyous,
And, if our hearts keep stout and true, a lifetime
Shall ever reflect these years of inspiration.

FRANKLIN CUMMINGS

FOREWORD

IT has been said that the real artist is never satisfied with his work, and if that be an accepted criterion we might very boldly make a claim to artistry. We give you the 1923 BLUE AND WHITE with hesitation because our dreams for it were more beautiful than even the enthusiasm of youth could hope to realize. We are confident, however, of one thing. Incomplete and faulty, though it may be, our volume is nevertheless an impartial record, designed for the pleasure of the entire cadet corps. We have sought to establish accuracy above all else, feeling that in a book of this kind, embodying as it does, a permanent record of our associations and friendships here, the great aim should be truth. In keeping with this motive, we mention both defeats and victories, both regret and happiness.

The limited time at our disposal, occasioned by the necessities of military routine, has made it impossible to carry out all our hopes for this volume, but if we have carried out a few of them well and have created something that gives pleasure and interest we shall feel that the task has borne fruit and brought reward.



To COLONEL S. P. VESTAL
whose record of splendid achievement has stirred our pride and whose
generous interest in the cadet corps has won our affection
this issue of the Blue and White is dedicated.

The Staff

WILLIAM D. PABST
Editor-in-Chief

ERIC E. HEUERMANN
Assistant to the Editor

J. H. CAVE
Sports Editor

B. E. RICHMOND
Literary Editor

J. GARTHWAITE
Circulation Manager

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L. T. JOY
Art Editor

WILLIAM WILKIE
Recorder

N. G. BOOTH W. L. DUNN
Asso. Adv. Mgrs.

E. D. HANSEN
Asst. Advertising Mgr.

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The Faculty



F. ALBERT JUCH
"Picarron"

FRENCH AND SPANISH, *Headmaster*
Graduate University of California, and San Diego Teachers'
College.
Tilicum Club.
Formerly taught in the San Francisco Night School.



ARTHUR L. WHEELER
"Popsy"

MATHEMATICS
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Chi Phi Fraternity, F. and A. M.
Formerly taught in Providence, Rhode Island; Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania; and Benicia, California.



GEORGE A. BROADFOOT
"Broadie"

COMMERCIAL AND ART SUBJECTS
Teacher's certificate from England.
Course at La Salle University, Chicago.
Formerly taught at All Saints and St. Cuthbert's Schools in
Southport, England, and in the Natal Government Serv-
ice, South Africa.
Treasurer, Radio Club

FRANKLIN CUMMINGS

"Speed"

HISTORY

Graduate University of California.

Chi Psi Fraternity.

Formerly taught in the American College, City of Mexico.

Director, Dramatic Club

Faculty Adviser, BLUE AND WHITE



H. G. PFANDER

ENGLISH

Graduate Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.

Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Formerly taught at Missouri Military Academy, Mexico, Missouri, and at the Telluride Association School, Deep Springs, California.

Supervisor, The Library



ROY Y. KOTEN

LATIN

Graduate Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Phi Alpha Tau Fraternity.

Formerly taught at Dwight Township High School, Dwight, Illinois, at Northwestern Academy, and at the Telluride Association School, Deep Springs, California.

Assistant Coach in Baseball



CLIFFORD C. BUNDS

SCIENCE

Graduate Stanford University.

Sigma Xi and Phi Beta Kappa Honor Fraternities, F. and A. M.

Formerly taught at Stanford University.

Director, Radio Club





MR. REX W. SHERER
President

1923

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White



seniors

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NEWTON G. BOOTH
"Newt"

Entered September, 1919
Private '19, '20, '21
Corporal '22
Color Sergeant '22
Sergeant Major '23
Rifle Team '21, '22, '23
Vice President Radio Club '23
Baseball '23
BLUE AND WHITE Staff

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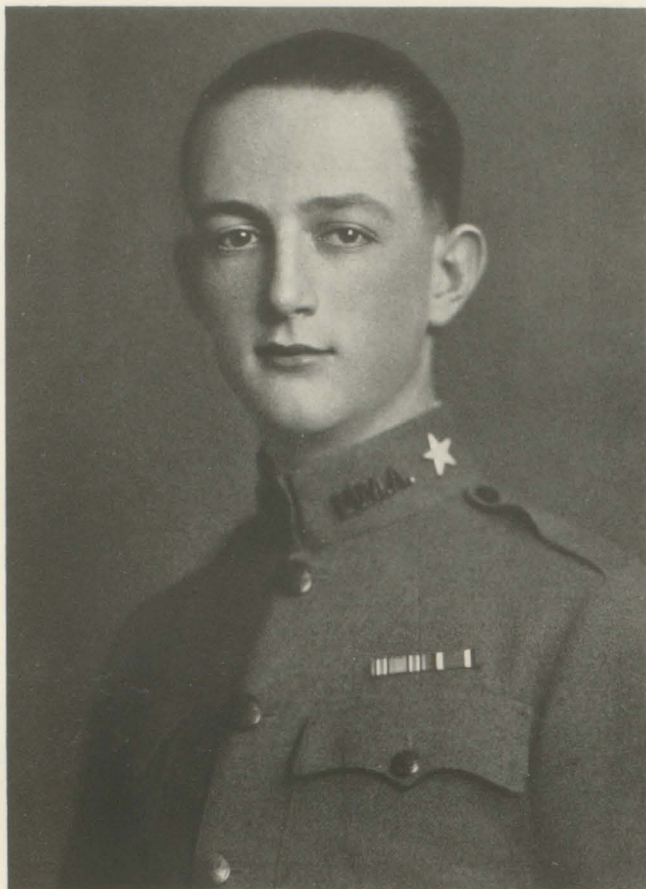
Blue &
White



JESSE H. CAVE
"Gus"

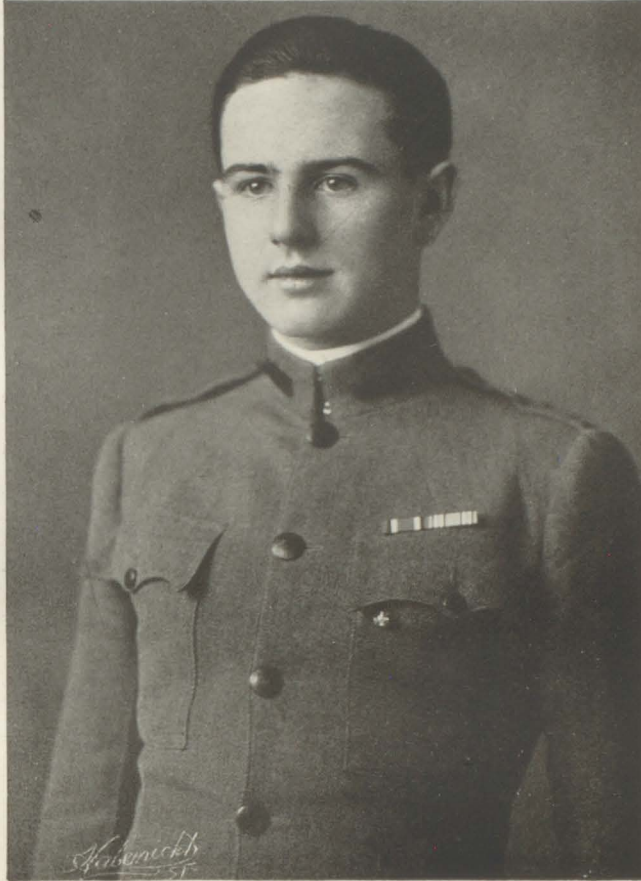
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Private '17, '18, '19, '20
Corporal '21
Sergeant '22
First Lieutenant and Adjutant '23
Dramatic Club '22, '23
Football '22
Baseball '22, '23
Captain Basketball '23
Rifle Team '23
Advertising Manager *Sentinel*
BLUE AND WHITE Staff
Block Letter Club

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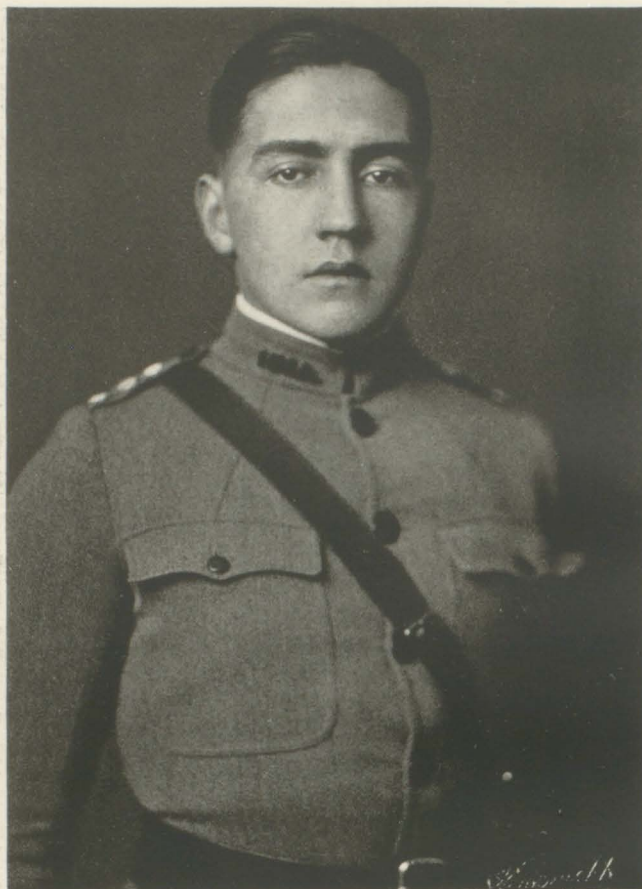
WILLIAM LEE DUNN
"Cousin"

Entered September, 1919
Private '19, '20, '21
Corporal '22
Sergeant '23
Dramatic Club '22, '23
BLUE AND WHITE Staff



GEORGE K. FONTAINE
"Ditto"

Entered September, 1919
Private '19, '20, '21
Corporal, Company B, '22
First Sergeant, Company B, '22, '23
Dramatic Club '22, '23
Football '22
President Radio Club '22, '23
Secretary-Treasurer Dramatic Club '23
Secretary-Treasurer Senior Class '22, '23
Library Staff '22
BLUE AND WHITE Staff
Block Letter Club



JOHN G. GARTHWAITE
"Wanni"

Entered September, 1917
Private '17, '18
Corporal '19
Sergeant '20
First Sergeant '21
Second Lieutenant, Company B, '21
First Lieutenant, Company C, '22
Captain, Company B, '23
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J. BENJAMIN GONZALES
"Gonzey"

Entered September, 1920
Private '20, '23
Corporal '21, '22
Dramatic Club '23
Rifle Team '22, '23
Football '21, '22
Basketball '22, '23
Baseball '21, '22, '23
Josh Editor BLUE AND WHITE
Block Letter Club



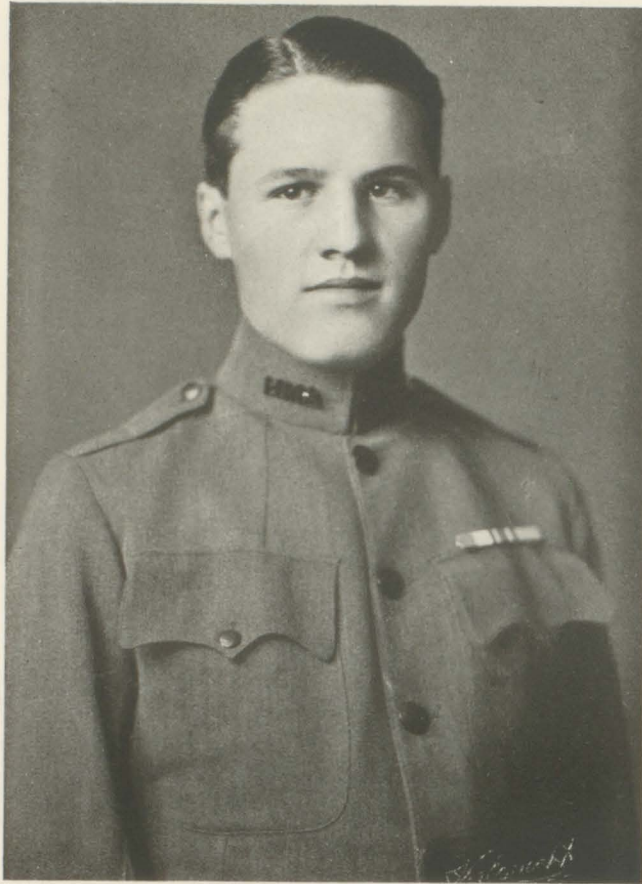
EINER D. HANSEN
"Swede"

Entered February, 1919
Private '19, '20, '21
Quarter Master Sergeant '22
First Lieutenant, Company A, '23
Dramatic Club
Rifle Team '23
Assistant Editor *Sentinel*
BLUE AND WHITE Staff
Football '20, '21, '22
Basketball '22, '23
Baseball '20, '21, '22, '23
Captain Baseball '23
Manager Basketball '23
Block Letter Club



ERIC E. HEUERMANN
"Dutch"

Entered September, 1917
Private '17, '18
Corporal and Chief Trumpeter '19, '20
Sergeant, Company A, '21, '22
Lieutenant '23
Captain, Company C, '23
Dramatic Club
President Senior Class '23
Editor-in-Chief *Sentinel*
Assistant Editor BLUE AND WHITE
Baseball '23
Manager Football '22
Block Letter Club



LIONEL T. JOY
"Cockey"

Entered September, 1921
First Private '21, '22, '23
Dramatic Club
Basketball '23
Art Editor BLUE AND WHITE
Leader Orchestra '22
Rifle Team '23



A. MARISON MULL, JR.
"Mule"

Entered September, 1917
Private '17, '18, '19, '20
Corporal, Company B, '21, '22
Sergeant Major '22
Second Lieutenant, Company C, '22, '23
Dramatic Club
Business Manager *Sentinel*
Secretary-Treasurer BLUE AND WHITE
Football '22
Baseball '22, '23
Basketball '23
Block Letter Club

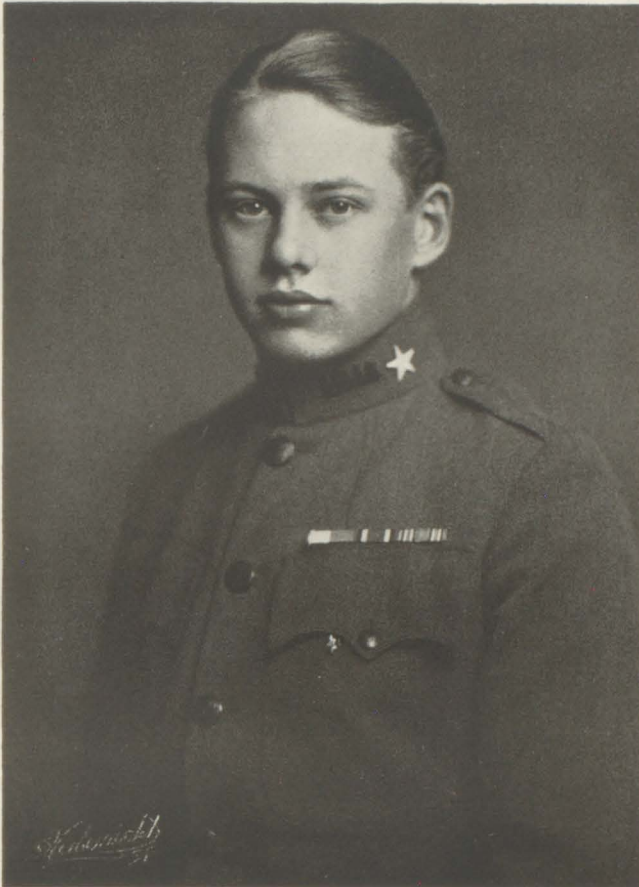


WILLIAM D. PABST
"Bill"

Entered February, 1920
Private '20, '21
Sergeant '22
Lieutenant '22
Captain, Company A, '23
President Dramatic Club '23
Captain Football '22
Baseball '21, '22
Manager Baseball '23
Rifle Team '22, '23
Vice President Senior Class
Editor-in-Chief BLUE AND WHITE
Block Letter Club

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REUEL F. PRAY
"Pog"

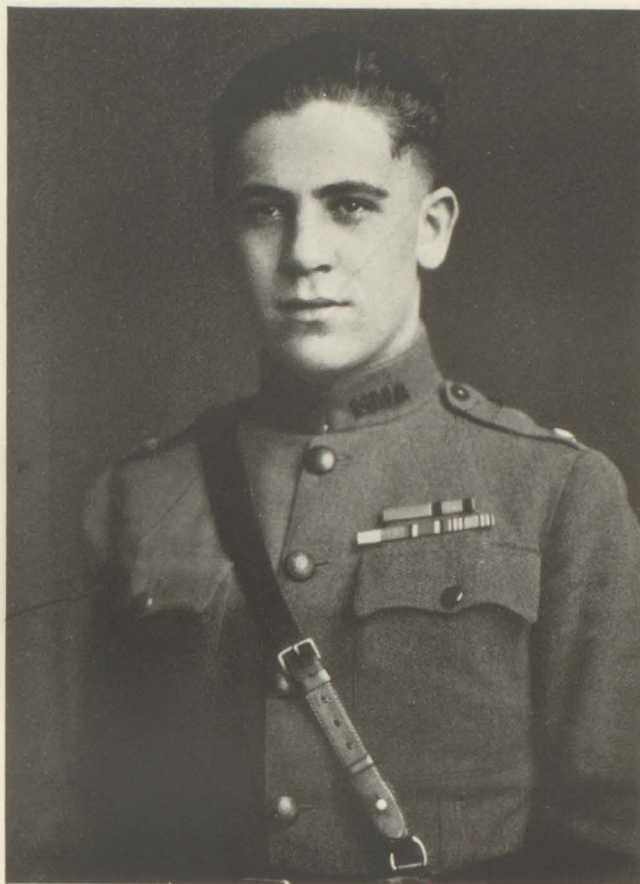
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Dramatic Club

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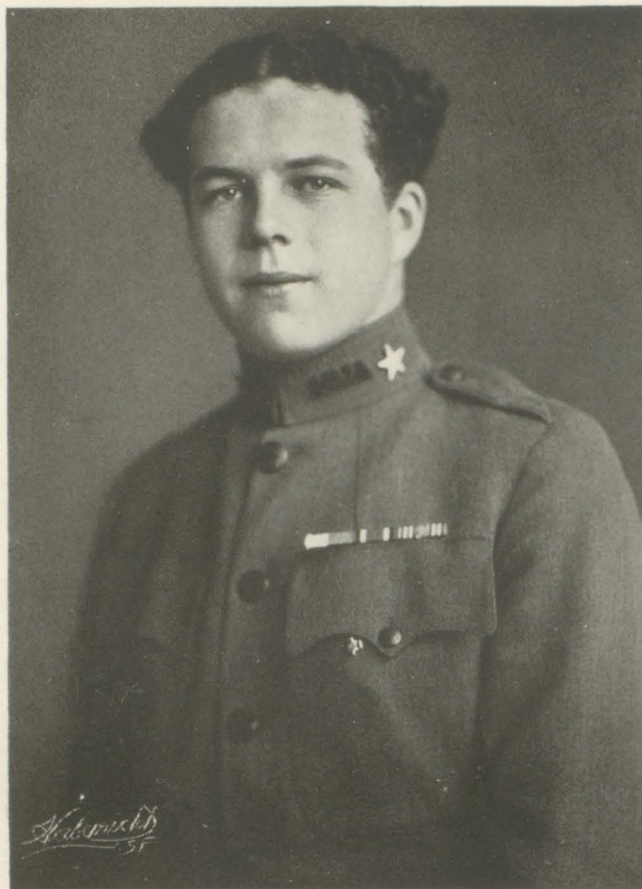
BURNELL E. RICHMOND
"Burn"

Entered February, 1922
Private '22
Sergeant, Company A, '22, '23
Swimming Team '22
Literary Editor BLUE AND WHITE



RICHARDSON M. SHELDON
"Dick"

Entered 1918
Private '19, '20
Corporal '21, '22
Lieutenant '23
Football '22
BLUE AND WHITE Staff
Block Letter Club
Dramatic Club

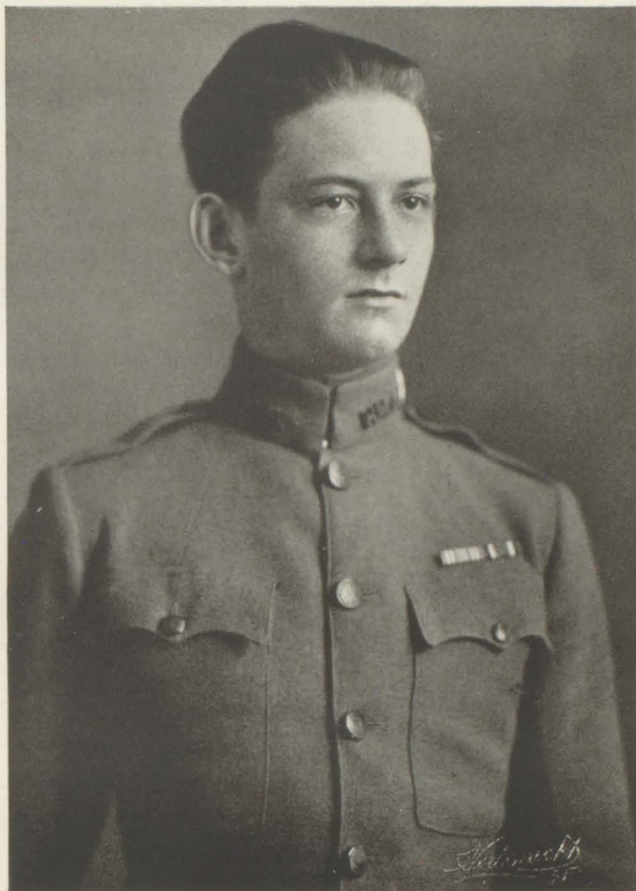


MARSHALL STEPHENSON
"Curly"

Entered September, 1918
Private '18, '20, '21
Corporal and Chief Trumpeter '19
First Sergeant, Company A, '22, '23
Dramatic Club
Football '22
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WILLIAM F. WILKIE
"Bill"

Entered September, 1919
Private '19, '20, '21, '22, '23
BLUE AND WHITE Staff

Last Will and Testament of the Class of '23

WE, THE Class of 1923 of Hitchcock Military Academy, having decided to leave the poor unfortunates who did not honor themselves by membership in said class, do bequeath to them the following cherished advice and other useless apparatus; and being of unsound mind, do hereby affix our signature to this momentous document and declare it to be our last will and testament:

To those dear children who presume to call themselves a class, namely the Class of 1924, we leave one-tenth of our mature and worldly wisdom to take them along the remainder of their journey to graduation day.

I, "Newt" Booth, leave my famous knees to O'Brien, may they straighten him out in the world. My way with the ladies I bestow upon "Sheik" Wheeler.

I, Jesse Hawkins Cave, leave Miller B. and the Myers brothers to uphold the Sacramento River country. May they do it as well as Archie and I have.

I, Lee Dunn, intrust to Tom Lee my newly acquired ability of hitting the polo ball, holding on to the saddle, and staying on the horse (all this at one time), I am sure he will be able to put these qualities to good advantage.

I, George Kingdon Fontaine, leave my pole-vaulting ability to Applegate. My mastery over blue-eyed blondes to Fiorani.

I, John Garthwaite, leave my quiet, meek, personality to Krebs. My commanding manner among the frosh to anyone in the Junior Class who has ambition enough to find it.

I, Benjamin Gonzales, confer upon Lemus my surplus pep. My punctuality I bequeath to Craig.

I, Einer D. Hansen leave to Whitney Young my appreciation of my own humor, and my beautiful operatic voice to Carl Burnham.

I, Eric Elbert Heuermann, will to Dick Hyde my fast delivery and spitball. My likeness to Ramon Navarro to McCaskey S.

I, Lionel Titinius Joy, leave to the Junior Class as a whole my complexion, may they preserve it as I have. My only suggestion is to use lemon cream.

I, Archibald Marison Mull, Jr., more familiarly known as "The Ladies' Favorite," leave to Izzy Copeland my own idea of my essentiality to the corps.

I, William Dorsey Pabst, leave my "line" to John Miller. My inherited sense of rhythm to Si Collins.

I, Reuel F. Pray, leave none of my numerous accomplishments as I am taking all three of them with me.

I, Burnell E. Richmond, leave to Bloom my own opinion of my devilishness. My mathculine voithe to Keegan.

I, Marshall Beckam Stephenson, leave to Coman one-half of my permanently waved hair. The other half I sold to Frohlich for five shekels.

I, Richardson Mark Sheldon, leave to Rowell my wicked wiggle, and to Applegate I leave my room in the officers' quarters.

I, William F. Wilkie, at a loss to know upon whom to bequeath my brilliancy, announce that it will be sold at auction to the highest bidder.

The Class of '23 in 1943 A.D.

How I happen to be in Cuba at this time is a long story. When I first left the United States—Oh, well—I'm here so there's that. This afternoon I am going to see, for the first time, a bull-fight. From what I have heard it is to be quite the camel's hump. Two P. M. and here I am sitting on the hardest board that was ever built. I feel that bull-fights are only enjoyed by the governor and his guests whom I see in a canopied box across the arena. With my American-made field glasses I took in the surrounding spectators finally letting my gaze fall on the governor—hello! what a familiar face—well, if it wasn't old Gonzy, honorable I. Benjamin Gonzales, the governor of Cubania. I concentrated, anyway, I should have at least a "howdy" from the Guv. No luck, so back to the bull and the brave matadores. Here they are, all handsome fellows being led by One Thrust Gtorchas, the idol of all bull-fight enthusiasts. I played my glasses on him and beneath his curling mustachio I recognized my old classmate of Earle Liedermann and Lionel Strongfort fame, Juan Guadalupe Garthwaite. He disposed of the bulls in a short time and I lost all interest in the arena. I began to feel inventive and wondered how much profit could be made for the sale of boomerang hats for the more enthusiastic fans who, when they threw their hats in the ring could get them back to throw over again.

There were many beautiful señoritas present and I was very glad that I had my field glasses with me because that enabled me to get close-ups of the world famous Cubanian beauties. There were two of them in the section next to mine. They were about the most beautiful I had seen since my arrival in Havania. They were escorted by one man and both seemed deeply engrossed in him. As another bull-fighter bit the dust (another good man gone wrong) they gave part of their attention to the arena and gave me a chance to see their escort. Who was it but Lionel Tarentianers Joy, another member of that venerable class of '23 from H. M. A. I decided to try my luck at getting an introduction to the dames. As I approached them he recognized me and excused himself from the two members of the gentler sex and came over to me hurriedly. All he said was, "My name is now Tarlton, Richard Tarlton." Then the great light came to me. My old classmate was the Richard Tarlton, idol of the beautiful women of three continents, and also president of the Palmolive Soap Corporation, a living example of his soap's merits, for just gaze upon his complexion, not a bit different than when he was the Sheik of Marin County, when we were all back at H. M. A.

He introduced me to the girls and one of them was the daughter of

the owner of the greatest circus in the world. She said that that very afternoon a new addition to the side-shows of the circus was to arrive, Floozee Oompah, the wild man from Freedonia, the wildest wild man that ever wilded, also one of the snappiest hulu dancers that ever huled. As we approached Floozee's tent I heard a high falsetto voice chanting the following:

Not much style, not much speed;
But boy, he shakes a wicked weed.

Helena, for that was her name, invited me in to see Floozee. From the entrance of the tent I saw what I thought to be a walking palm tree but on closer inspection I saw that it was the wild man. There seemed to be something familiar about his shape and the way he chewed up spikes made me certain that Floozee Oompah was none other than our own Curly Stephenson. Just then I heard a crash and I looked up just in time to see a tent pole come flying down. Suddenly all went black

I am in my propellerless, wingless, bagless flying machine, speeding at the terrific speed of one thousand miles per minute. I am nearing the great city of Berlin, the so-called capital of Germany. I have just landed on the roof of the house of the president of the Republic of Germany. I had just come through the skylight and was walking into the president's chamber when I heard the following:

"We, the delegation from the conquering general of all Europe, have come to see the ex-President, Eric Von Heuermann, about his execution. About what time would it be convenient for him to face the firing squad?" Then the president replied, "The least you can do is to give me my choice of deaths." "It shall be done," said the delegate from the conquering general. "Fine," said Von Heuermann, "I wish to die of old age." I then looked through the portière to confirm my belief. Surely enough, my suspicions were well founded and the delegate was none other than Archibald Marison Mull Junior, Esquire. I then looked over to the president, who was munching a pretzel and gulping down steins of beer, laughing hilariously over his coup d'état over the Scandinavian delegate. "Foiled," said the delegate as he unwrapped a four-bit cigar. "I must report to my general immediately," he said. As he walked out I went up to the roof for after that experience I needed the fresh air and relaxation. I was doomed for more adventure for here on the roof I met a little fellow who was wielding a mean saw in an effort to saw down the tall flag-pole that made the building a landmark. Naturally I was inquisitive and ventured to find out the object of his destruction. The little fellow looked up; his lips were quivering as if he were mumbling some poetry under his breath; no,

I heard, "dit daa dit dit daa," where had I heard that before? Sure enough, it was George Kingdon Fontaine. He told me he had a bet with the president that he could not vault over the Rhine. This cleared me up on my curiosity about the pole. George was full of talk and information. I soon found out that many of my classmates from H. M. A. were still on the earth and George gave me many addresses. I was bursting with impatience to meet the old gang. My little airshooter took me quickly to the forests of Santa Frisco where I inquired about and found, counting some sort of bug on a pine tree, "Pog" Pray. We gossiped for a while and talked over old times. Sssss s sss st—Something, it must have been a bullet went by me like a shot. I noticed "Pog" nearly in a fit of laughter. He said that I should not be afraid of that—that it was only an old friend of mine having a little fun. I thought if he is having fun I would hate to stay here till he gets to feeling real gay. By this time the joy-maker was in full sight coming toward us. I was all for taking the air, but "Pog" insisted that I stay and join in the fun. "Hy thare," came a voice from in back of me, "Hev ye hed some esparagee yet?" Oh, asparagrass. I didn't look but I felt that Jesse Cave was attacking from the rear. Who else in the world owned asparagrass ranches at this time? Didn't everyone know how J. H. Cave had bought up the markèt for the next century? Whack!! A mere trifle for my shoulder to hold the blow of old Jess. It was like an old class meeting—I nearly heard Dutch say, "The meeting will come to order. Whoopee, stranger, welcome." That voice! I knew it, yes, Newton Booth, with a pack of rifles, came to greet me. He told me between fits of laughter and nearly swallowing his plug that he was having the greatest time shooting small objects from peoples' clothing. Poor fellow, I never thought he would stick by his old weapons like this. It was a sad parting, but I had to be on my way, so I took off for Truckee where I was sure I could meet "Cig" Wilkie. On my way over I picked up a race in another air-flivver. We hit the high clouds and finally both landed at the drome in Truckee. I went over to see who my fast friend was. I introduced myself and he told me he was W. D. Pabst, the well-known loafer of the skies. "Not Bill from H. M. A.?" I said. "Dot's I'm," he bellowed. Well, I was taken back at least four notches when he told me that since he had published a well-known book he was living on the proceeds. A hum and he was off again into the sky. That was short and snappy, thought I. Some loud cheering came to my ears and to my amazement I saw a parade of college boys coming my way. They were carrying a fellow on their shoulders. I heard, "Hurrah for the coach." I supposed it must be the local college having a big time after some game. They were so indebted to their coach I was

interested in seeing the great gentleman. You're right. William Wilkie had succeeded in putting out a winning team. I was too overcome to wait and have a talk with "Cig" so I went on my way. Before I could get a good start, I saw the surrounding landscape being decorated with hand bills. My curiosity being aroused, I landed and saw that the "big noise" was about a lecture to be given by an eminent psychologist in the great Hansenian Institute established to encourage higher education. It listened well so I decided then and there that I would take in this elevating event. While I was wending my way toward the Institute I heard various remarks about what a wonderful orator this psychologist was. I stood in line to buy my ticket and after a long tedious wait I finally came into view of the box office and the immense placards that adorned the whole front of the building. What a blow when I observed the illustrious countenance of the one and only "Swede" Hansen. Enough, I was again on my way. I dropped in at Paris to see some friends who inveigled me to take in the opera. I was a bit bored as I glanced through the program. Only one singer of any fame at all, Peter Gussel. I had heard of him and thought that I might be interested a little bit in hearing him. He did not appear in the first act much to my disappointment. My friends told me that the great Peter was really an American, named Richmond, who had made his fame in Europe under the tutelage of Will King. They described him to me. Ah, death. It was with no false pretenses that I took ill and had to be taken from the opera house.

After that terrible blow I needed complete relaxation so I reserved passage on a boat through the Mediterranean. I left on a beautiful day and was already feeling better when a fresh little bell-hop approached me and had the nerve to address me, "Hello Sloppy," Dick Sheldon, et tu Dick.

As the wild waves slapped my little ears I heard Dick's voice calling, "Guy overboard astern. Ho, he, ha-ha-ha!"

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1923

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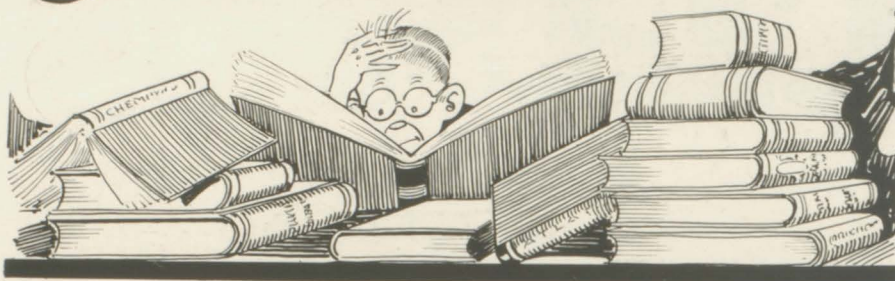
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classes



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JUNIORS



Class of 1924

THE class of 1924 has grave responsibilities awaiting it. It is to receive for safe-keeping during the coming year the precious traditions and untarnished glory of old Hitchcock. It is to follow in the wake of two of the ablest senior classes that the Academy has ever graduated, and the task ahead is not an easy one. But if courage and enthusiasm are of avail, we are already well equipped.

We feel that our record up to date is a commendable one. In every field we have won laurels—in scholarship, in athletics, in military drill, in dramatics. We will not venture to say that we have in our ranks so formidable an array of talent as the two preceding classes, but we are confident that no class in the annals of Hitchcock has had greater perseverance, and it is perseverance that wins the uphill fight.

While every member of the class is a loyal and eager worker for the undying fame of Hitchcock, our space permits us to mention only the few whose achievements are most marked. In athletics, Dick Hyde has starred both in football and basketball, and has been chosen to captain our next Varsity football team. Krebs, O'Brien and Wheeler are contenders in the various lines of athletic endeavor. Van Dalsem is one of the most able dance managers that has ever arranged a cadet hop at Hitchcock. Rolly Hilmer and Jeff Lyons have won dramatic renown and have been starred in productions of the Dramatic Club. Joe Winterburn served successfully as vice president of the Dramatic Club during the past year, and has also achieved a reputation as a writer. He was the *Sentinel's* most constant contributor and one of his stories has been given a prominent place in this BLUE AND WHITE. "Fat" Alpers is gifted both at dramatics and on the piano.



WINTERBURN

Vice President

GRAHAM

LUTTRELL

HYDE

HOWARD

KREBS

WHEELER

President

HILMER R.

LYONS

APPLEGATE

COPELAND I

FIORANI

O'BRIEN

Secretary

PARKER

FROHLICH

SOPHOMORES



WE ARE said to be a noisy and boisterous class, but we reply that it is best to have excess life and pep. Already we have turned some of it to good account, and we can be counted upon to do a few things that will add lustre to Hitchcock's name when we are upper-classmen.

All of our surplus spirits don't find expression in clamor and uproar, as a brief statement of our achievements will show. In military, we have a sergeant and two corporals, Frank Rusconi, Lionel King and Tommy Lee, respectively. In football, Paul Myers has won his laurels on the first team and has been elected manager for the coming year, while Novales and King both made the second team and eight other Sophomores the third. Those on the third team were Ascher, N. Copeland, Keating, Robbins, R. Rose, Smith, Tognazzini and Zobel. Myers and King both were mainstays on the basketball team.

In the spring, baseball attracted a large percentage of the class. Myers made the first team here, too, and M. Joy was honored with him. French played on the second team, and Ascher, Robbins and Tognazzini on the third. King and Lee both made the rifle team.

The class furnished several dramatic stars for the three one-act play, given in March. Leading parts were taken by Betts, Cofer, Heap, Smiths Tognazzini and Zobel. We are represented, therefore, in every big school activity, and feel just a little proud of our record. In closing, we wish to bid the Seniors a regretful farewell. We have enjoyed their tutoring and their friendship and wish for them all kinds of good luck and success.



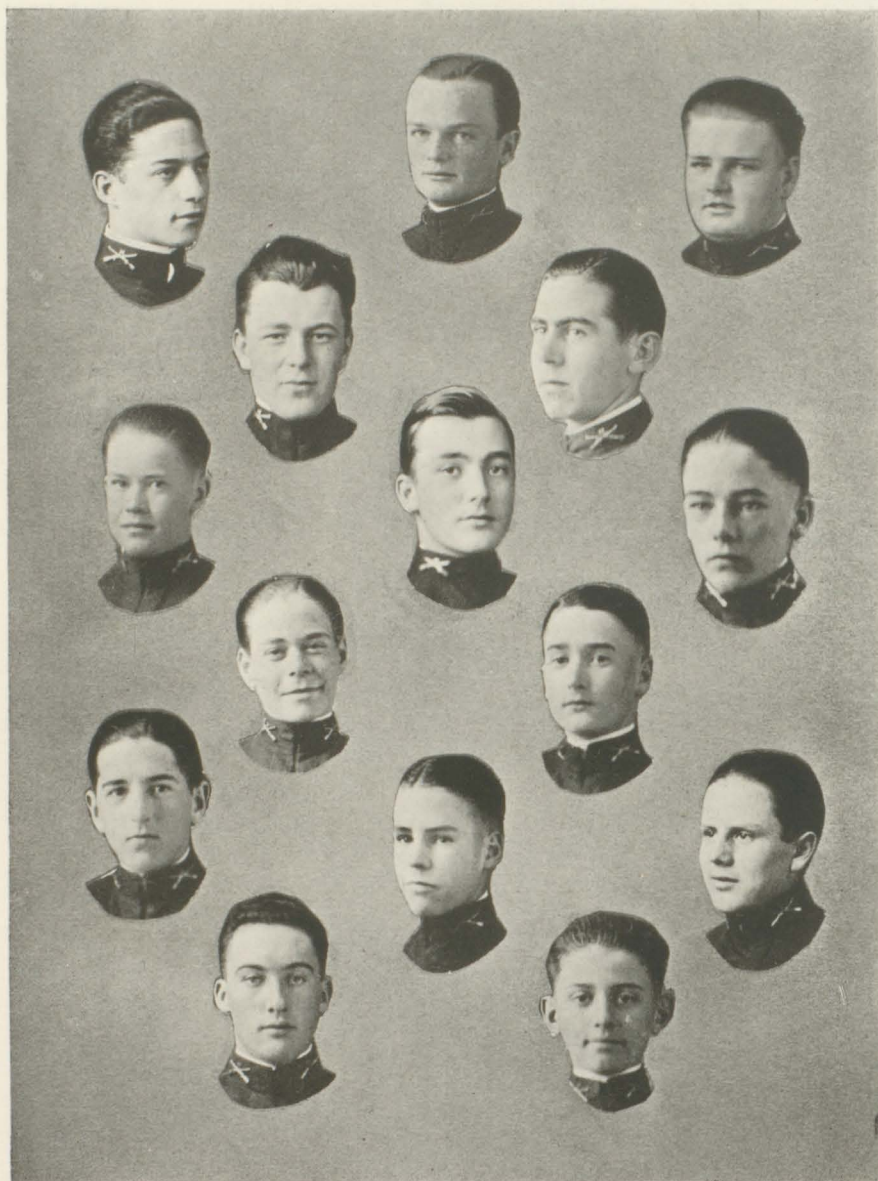
SMITH
Vice President
MYERS, P.
CHEDA

BEARDSLY
TOGNAZZINI

KING L.
President
ZOBEL
ASCHER

ORRISCH
HEAP

RUSCONI F.
Secretary
KEEGAN
KELLEY



NOVALES
FRENCH
JOY, M.

BETTS
COPELAND, N.
WHITEMAN

LEE
FRITCHI
KEATING

COTER
ROBBINS
ROSE, W.

ALPERS
ROWELL
TRUEMAN

FRESHMEN



WE HAVE very little to say about ourselves, because we are only Freshmen. And yet even the brief span of one year in high school has instilled flaming ambition and glowing pride. We are eager to add laurels to the name of Hitchcock and we feel that we have made a beginning in this field. One of the first causes for our achievements has been the generous and helping attitude of the upperclassmen. We couldn't have hoped for fairer treatment, and our gratitude finds expression in our record of striving.

In football, Fielding made his block H on the first team; Young, Joe Miller and Kilgore made the second team, and quite a formidable array made the third, namely Zeke Miller, Tito Bianchi, Jack Comyn, Hickman, Embury, Rosenberg, McCoy, Collins and Heineman. The Freshman basketball team—Zeke Miller, Joe Miller, Fielding, Tito Bianchi and Jack Comyn—held the interclass championship. Later in the season Fielding won his English H on the first team.

When Coach Renwick called for baseball recruits, the two Millers, Hickman, Tito Bianchi, Jack Comyn, McCoy and Kilgore turned out. A great many more turned out for the second and third teams.

Seniors, you are about to leave us, and we feel only regret in bidding farewell to fellows who have done so much for Hitchcock. You have shown us the way to succeed, and we shall try to follow in your footsteps. The Class of 1926 wishes you good luck and great happiness.



MILLER, J.
Vice President
McCOY
BLACKMAN

MILLER, B.
VALDES

FIELDING
President
COMAN
ROSE, R.

HERZOG
McCASKEY, S. F.

COMYN, J.
Secretary
HEINEMANN
YOUNG



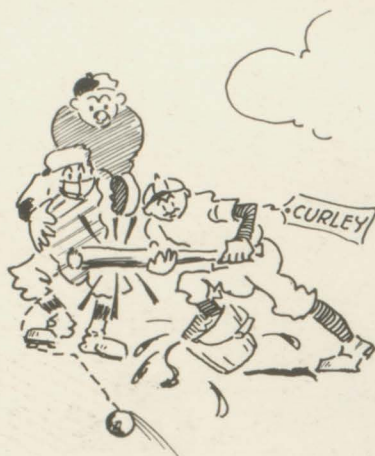
BIANCHI, T.
BERENDSEN
KILGORE

STITT
BROWN

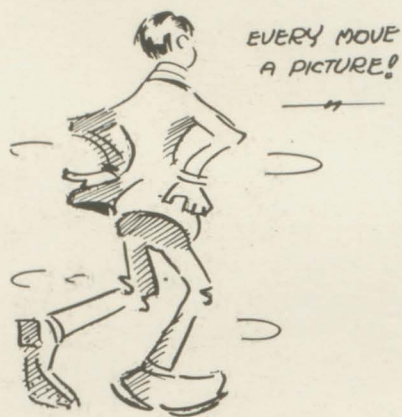
HICKMAN
COLLINS

BAUM
LEMUS

CAIN
ROSENBERG
EMBURY



The "Round-house" Out !!



'Prof' Cummings in action!!



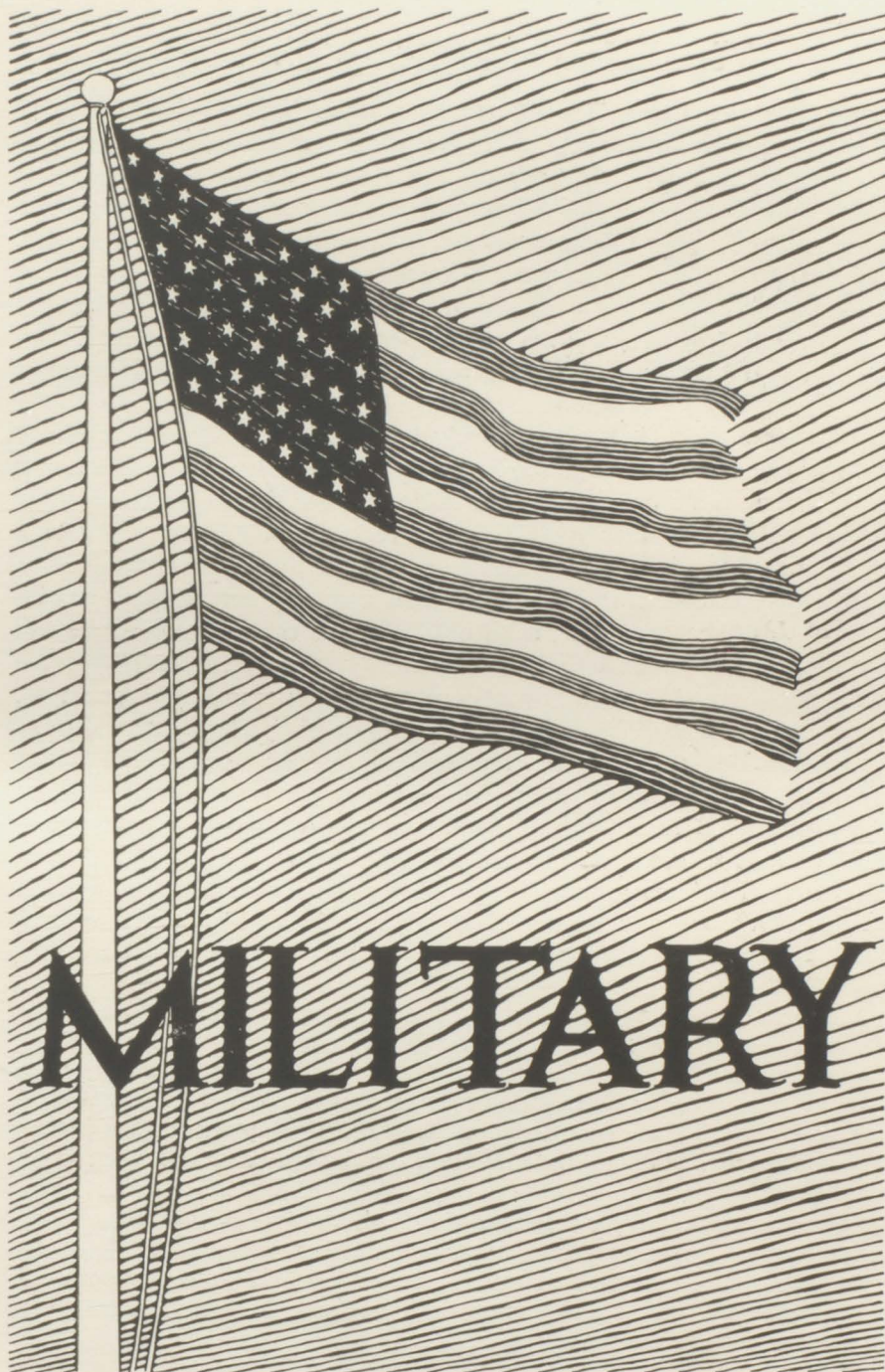
The fashion artist's inspiration!



When Joy and "Dutch" yodel!!

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White



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The Value of Military Training



MILITARY training is an invaluable asset to boys and young men because of the formative influence it exercises in the shaping of character at this early period. Habits and manners inculcated at this time are more likely to stay. Character is formed during the time they are in the grades and in high school. The type of men they will make is evident from the kind of boys they are during their elementary training. If a boy is prone to do things by halves or to get by with the

least possible effort, it is a safe conclusion that he will follow that course until he has learned through the hard school of experience that it does not pay. On the other hand if a boy is conscientious and thorough in everything he does in the time of his youth he will invariably grow up to be the same type of man. If a boy is taught to be neat in his appearance, obedient to instructions, courteous in his address, alert mentally and physically when he is in this formative stage, it naturally follows that these qualities will become as second nature to him. Therefore, we must conclude that the fundamental training of the boy is the most important purpose of education.

It is a common conception that military training robs an individual of his individuality and initiative. In some cases this may be true but it does not apply in the case of a cadet system where the aim is to train all members to be leaders. Because an officer must possess a strong personality and must be able to act upon his own initiative it naturally follows that in order to qualify "subordinates" to fill higher offices we must develop these qualities. Of course all members of the organization do not become officers, but it is this competition that develops in a boy the very qualities that it is commonly conceded are destroyed.

The method of government at Hitchcock is to appeal through a military system to what is best and loftiest in the cadet, to his honor, his veracity, his candor, to loyalty rather than to fear, to self-respect rather than to love for popularity or promotion or any material reward. "What is right and true" is the first thing to be considered. This system unites liberty with obedience, courage with restraint and good conduct with good scholarship.

There is no military virtue that is not also a civic virtue. Obedience, order, neatness, poise, presence of mind, initiative, courage—all these will make a man a better citizen. Having been good soldiers in their youth our cadets will make better college men, more energetic business men and will be more conscientious in the professions.

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COMPANY A

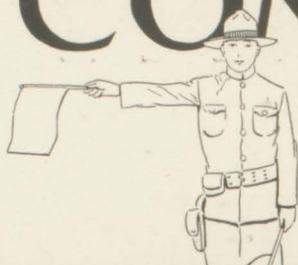


COMPANY "A" is composed of the larger cadets of the battalion. Under the able leadership of Captain Pabst and Lieutenant Hansen the non-commissioned officers have built up an admirable company organization. The men in the company have learned that to attain the degree of efficiency sought after, they must not be mere cogs in the wheel but that they must have a certain amount of initiative and individual interest in the work. Coöperation with the officers in every way has built a strong foundation from which a strong organization has developed.

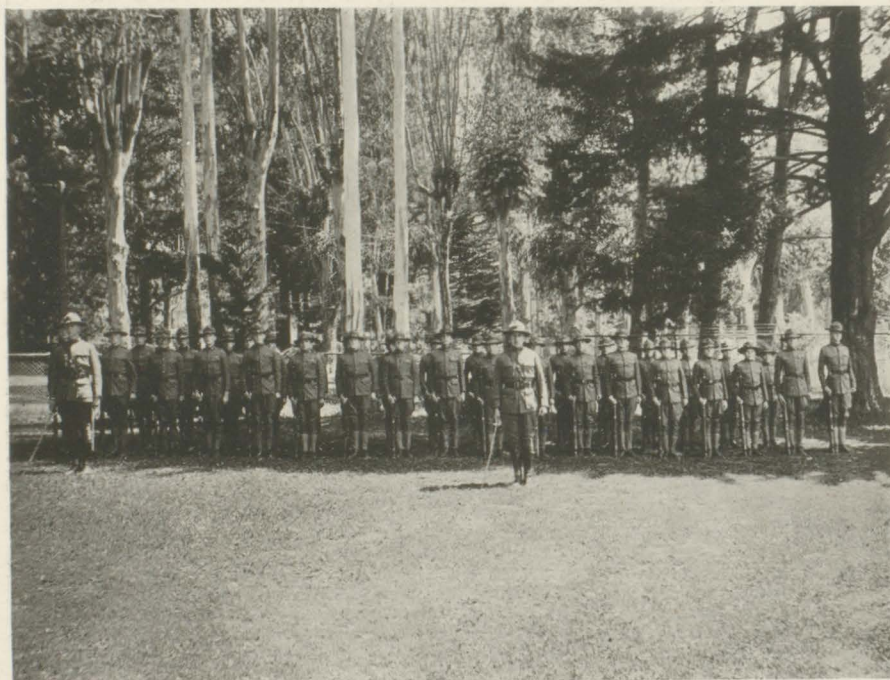


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COMPANY B



THE happy medium in size and age is represented in "B" Company. Company "B" on the drill field presents a fine view of evenly matched men working together. This year's company is following the traditional spirit of team work and snap of former "B" Companies and promises to give the world a jar or the great showdown on Field Day. "B" Company's work throughout the year has been regular and commendable. Lieutenant Sheldon was lost to the battalion owing to sickness and Captain Garthwaite and Lieutenant Cave are at the helm of the color company of the battalion.



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COMPANY "C" is composed of the smallest boys in the corps. Small but efficient. "C" Company works and works hard. Its men have done their best to make their company what it is, namely a company of small cadets whose size does nothing to hinder them from putting on as good a drill as the larger men. "C" Company has surprised all before and they look as if they have that idea in mind this year. The officers, Captain Heuermann and Lieutenant Mull have been leading their men through the year in fine form, so watch out for Company "C" on Field Day.



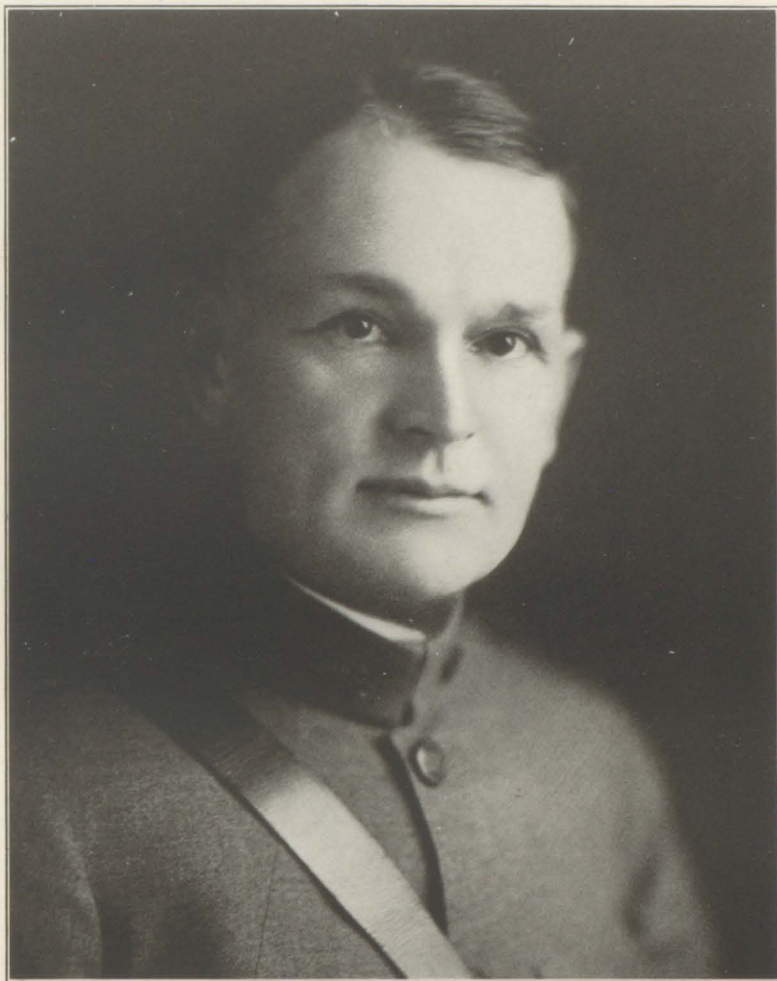
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COLONEL S. P. VESTAL
U. S. A.

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MAJOR GEO. H. WHITE
Commandant

*page
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LIEUT. E. P. SCHOUTEN
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT

Government Inspection

TO A person unfamiliar with military technicalities the review held on Thursday, February 15, before Major Jordan, U. S. A., was an admirable exhibition. There is always something especially thrilling in a thing of this sort, whether it unconsciously harkens back to the Great War or stirs our inherent pride in The Flag. However, that may be, this inspection was a success.

In general appearance the battalion was unexcelled; there was a uniformity and symmetry in rank and file that was very fine. In execution of movements, we state frankly that all appeared exact, punctual and well-ordered; lines were straight, deportment military, and every man instantly responsive to command—all had an appearance of finish and smoothness.

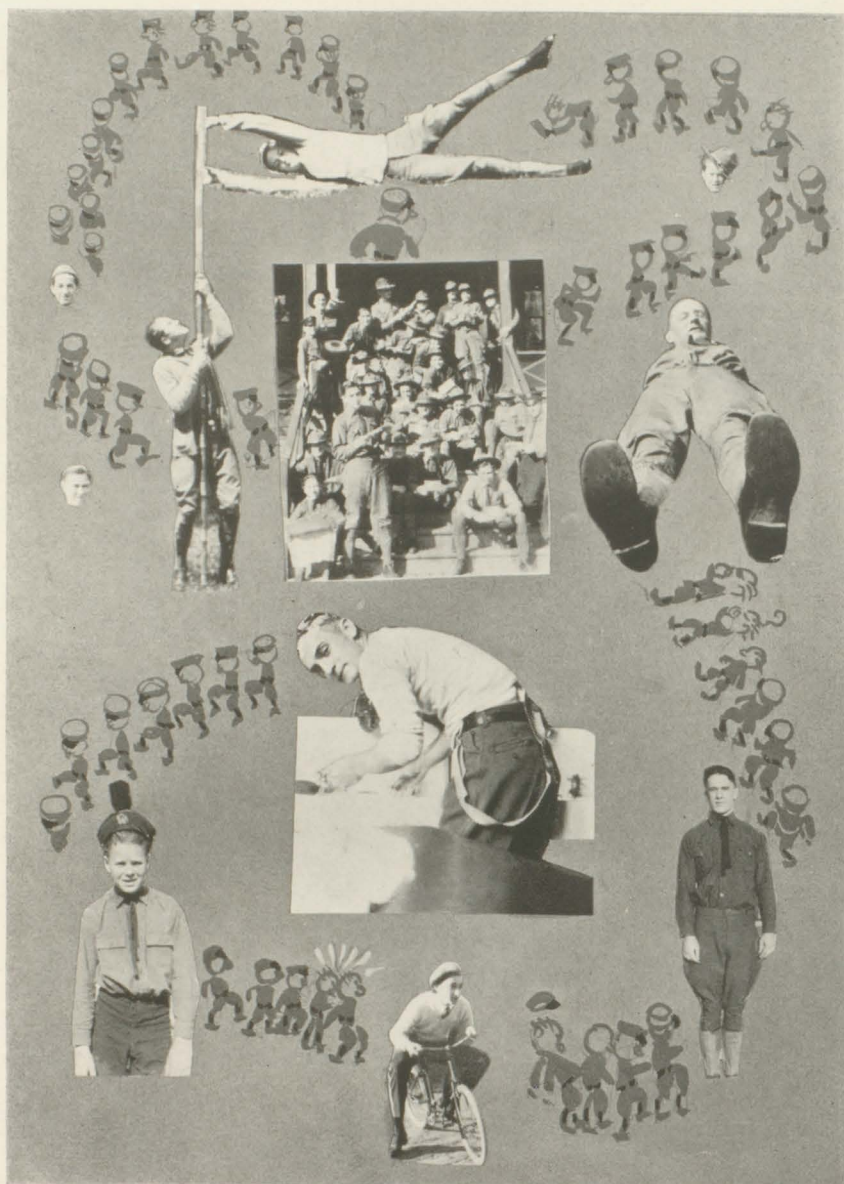
Our inspection is always an ordeal; it exposes the man unable to control his mind under examination—a thing that may be a life lesson to many who discovered themselves at a complete loss to grasp mentally the quick succession of changing movements and commands. For those who lost their head this should be a great sermon, for those who did well a matter of congratulation.

The day was beautiful, Major Jordan's criticism and compliments, sound and sincere, the battalion in excellent form; in fact, to a mere spectator, the day was a success. Much praise is due to Major Schouten for the excellent showing when we consider the tremendous handicaps that have beset him.

Technically speaking the inspection was what an inspection should be, in so much as it pointed out to us our weaknesses, and knowing our shortcomings we are better able to correct them. The splendid teamwork and coöperation of all men in ranks with their officers was very noticeable.

The combination of the review and inspection was unexpected and naturally confusing, but this does not account for the lack of information concerning the nomenclature of the piece. In this respect we will profit by our experience and be prepared next time.

We can justly be proud of our personal appearance, and the compliments that we have received should be an inspiration to keep up the good work and try to improve.



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OR- GA- NI- ZA- TI- ON- S



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HENRY ROGERS
PresidentHERBERT KRAFT WALTON
SecretaryARTHUR LATNO
Treasurer

Alumni Association

AGATHERING of the Alumni and the graduation class of the Academy met on May 29th last year at the Hotel Rafael and resulted in an Alumni Association being formed. There were thirty-two present at the banquet which was given in honor of the graduating class of '22, which was the 45th graduating class of the Academy. The table was very appropriately set in the form of an "H" and was beautifully decorated with white sweet peas and the blue bachelor buttons, thus carrying out the school colors. Pennants and trophies, important among the latter being the Hastings cup, which Hitchcock so successfully captured from Tamalpais last year, added to the beauty of the room.

Immediately following the dinner a meeting was held at which important questions were discussed and elections held for officers for the ensuing year. The results of these elections were as follows: Henry Rogers '19, president; Linwood Stow '20 and Paul Fassoth '22, vice presidents; Herbert Kraft Walton '16, secretary; Arthur Latno '17, treasurer; and Mr. Rex W. Sherer and Major G. H. White, advisory board.

It is the intention of the association to hold a banquet and meeting every year on the night of field day and it will be at these that the graduation class will be welcomed into the association, new officers elected and important matters of the coming year brought up. It is also the hope of the association that they will be able every year to present the Academy with a cup to be given the cadet who has shown the best school spirit during the past year—a cup similar to those presented by them for the last two years.

As Hitchcock is the oldest school of its kind on the Pacific Coast, ending its 46th year this June, it is hoped by those who were present at

last year's banquet that an Alumni Association will be formed that will be strong and a help to the Academy and that will keep up forever the friendships started at the school. Too often the friendships made while a student at Hitchcock drift all too rapidly apart after graduation. It is the hope of the Association that, through their annual banquets, old friendships will be renewed and new friendships made. Therefore it is hoped that every graduate and all who are to graduate from the Academy will give the Association their firm support, for the happy days and never-to-be-equalled friends that have been known and made while at Hitchcock are too good to be lost or forgotten. And it is the one aim of the Association to help keep up these friendships and the love of our Alma Mater. Give it, therefore, every alumnus and all you who are to graduate, all the support that you can.

The Block Letter Club

THE Block Letter Club was established as a permanent organization at the beginning of the school year of 1921. At its first meeting Coach Harry Renwick was elected Honorary President and Mr. and Mrs. Rex W. Sherer were made honorary members. The club's membership has been rapidly increasing since its formation, and many new members have been received this year. Most of the influential cadets of the Academy are members and it is the ambition of every athlete at Hitchcock to be a member of this club. A block letter in either football or baseball entitles a cadet to a place in the club.

The active members of the Block Letter Club are as follows:

BUNDS	HANSEN	PABST
CAVE	HEUERMANN	RENWICK
FIELDING	HYDE	SHELDON
FONTAINE	JUCH	A. SHERER
GARTHWAITE	MULL	R. SHERER
GONZALES	P. MYERS	STEPHENSON
	O'BRIEN	

The Radio Club

DURING the past year the activities of the radio club have been progressing rapidly. Although there are not many real bugs, the club has a lot of enthusiastic members who spend a lot of time with their sets and working in the club room. There are two meetings a week in the evenings. One of these meetings is devoted to code practice and the other to any interesting thing that has turned up of late. During this year some of the most interesting meetings were held while Mr. Bunds, the director, was waiting for a call from Chicago. Mr. Bunds also lectures on the theory of radiotelegraphy. The radio club is not only for the pleasure of the members and cadets but its object is to spread the real knowledge of radio and to eliminate the real amateurs. We have a few licensed operators now who have their own numbers and calls. George Fontaine, the president of the club, is the most active member of the club. Fontaine is not an extremist and his efforts for the club do not vary. Pearce is also a bug but we have been unable to find out whether it was radio that caused it.

The actual sending and receiving set has not been changed since last year when it was first installed. The receiver is a Kennedy Long Wave Regenerative Receiver with a two step amplifier and magnovox. The transmitter is a regular I K. W. spark set which is the highest power set allowed by the Government to amateurs. Some pretty fair distance records have been made with this set. It is very interesting to work with the sending set and whenever it is in service the radio room becomes very popular to cadets desiring to see how "it works."

Probably the most universal use of the radio in the school is to get the returns from the ball games and other outside events that are broadcasted. Of course, the concerts are appreciated and are popular but when the world series reports were coming in early in the year the concerts were a bother. Fontaine has been very generous when there is something on the air that he thinks will interest the cadets. He has rigged up an extension from his set to a magnovox that he has installed at the end of Johnson Hall. The Academy is indebted to Mr. Bunds, the director, Mr. Broadfoot, secretary and treasurer, and George Fontaine for their work on the radio in the school and the offering of the various sets for general amusement.



THE RADIO ROOM

*This room is one of the favorite meeting places for the club members.
It is open to the cadets at all times.*

The Rifle Club

THERE has always been very much interest in the Academy when the time comes to shoot the different matches. From the rifle club the team is chosen and under the supervision of Colonel Vestal assisted by Major Schouten some very fine scores have been made. The indoor gallery is a fifty-foot range for twenty-two calibre rifles. The founding of the rifle club was necessary so that Hitchcock could become a member of the N. R. A. (National Rifle Association). The club must have officers and be governed by the laws of the N. R. A. The officers of the club this year are: Pabst, president, Booth, vice president and Major Schouten, secretary and treasurer. The only real work falls upon the secretary.

THE RIFLE TEAM

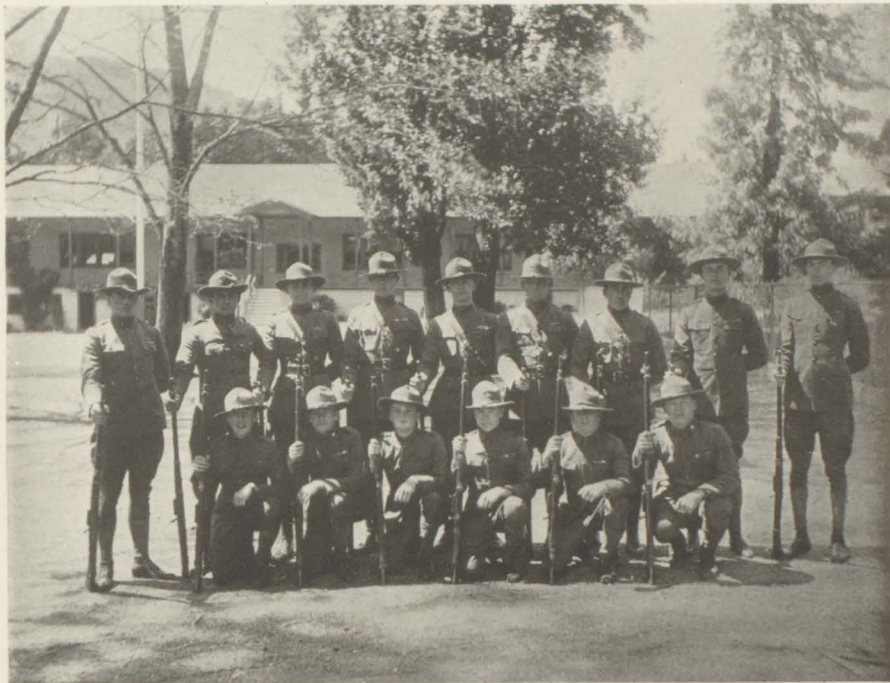
The rifle team has met with only one disappointment this year, that was the beating received from M. T. M. A. There is an annual match held between the two schools for possession of the Hasting's trophy. This trophy is put up for three years. The team taking the majority of the matches retains the cup. Last year the Hitchcock team won for their third time and now have that trophy in their possession for good. The fight is now on for the new trophy with "Tam" one leg ahead of us. Hitchcock contends in the national match and if the team can come anywhere near to the record of last year's team, which came second in the U. S. they will have something to talk about.

ON THE RANGE

A few minutes' walk from the Academy there is a 200-yard out-door range. The modern Springfield rifles are used on this range. It is possible for the cadets to win a marksman medal or a sharpshooter's on this range because Colonel Vestal oversees all shooting and the regulations of the army shoots are adhered to. This year some very good scores have been made on the range. As the BLUE AND WHITE goes to press so far, four cadets have made sharpshooter's medals and others have won the marksman's badge. To get the sharpshooter's reward a score of 195 must be made. A score of 175 entitles one to the marksman's badge.

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White*



THE RIFLE TEAM

The Library

STAFF



Supervisor

MR. H. G. PFANDER

Librarians

Cofer
Graham
Fontaine
Hilmer, R.
Wheeler

Clerks

Comyn, J.
Bianchi, T.

Asst. Clerks

Cain
Hickman
McCaskey, F.
Howard

THE Library finds itself at the end of its very successful second year. It has grown in two years to a good-sized and efficient school library of one thousand volumes. These books are catalogued and taken care of with the use of the Dewey decimal triple-catalog system, which insures thorough accounting for every book.

The purpose of the Library is for the recreation and the advantages of immediate reference for those desiring it. A cadet wishing to do reference work for his history class or to read a book by a noted author may go to the library, get this book and do his work without the loss of time that would occur if he had no library in school to go to. It is a help to the teacher and an advantage for the student.

The Library is ambitious and is going to grow constantly. Gifts are always welcome and will be greatly appreciated. Parents might contribute books and dedicate them to the memory of their sons' days at Hitchcock. Nothing could be a more lasting or a more expressive tribute than a gift of books to our Library.

Through the untiring efforts of Mr. H. G. Pfander, the supervisor, the Library has developed during the last year in many ways. The staff is organized to do efficient work and under Mr. Pfander's able direction keeps the organization in good working form. Through the efforts of good supervision and generous contribution, we now have a live, smooth-running organization in the Library.

GEORGE F. WHEELER, 2nd.



Three One-Act Plays

THE cadets of the Academy will long entertain happy memories of the three one-act plays presented by the Dramatic Club on Saturday evening, the tenth of March. It was a fitting tribute to the efforts of the director and the cast that the gymnasium should have been filled as it has never been filled before. Some of the guests came from as far as Berkeley and San Francisco. Their generous enthusiasm throughout the evening convinced us that they voted the long trip worth while.

The Dramatic Club adopted the idea current among Little Theater organizations in choosing three one-act plays for presentation, and by careful judgment in selection offered for approval a program which was admirably balanced, containing, as it did, a melodrama, a tragic comedy, and a light comedy.

"Miss Civilization" by Richard Harding Davis, kept the audience in tantalizing suspense as they watched the courageous heroine keep three burglars at bay until the arrival of the police. The second play on the program was entitled "Before Dawn" and was written for the Dramatic Club by its director, Mr. Franklin Cummings. The scene, which was laid in a prison cell, where a condemned man awaited the hour of death, was very impressive, and the theme very moving. The program closed with

Lady Gregory's delightful comedy, "Spreading the News." The portrayal of Irish village types was both convincing and artistic, and the humorous situations of the play kept the house in gales of mirth.

Perhaps the most notable achievement of the performance was the excellent lighting effect, made possible by the ingenuity of George Fontaine, who also created the sets and handled the properties. Without desiring to boast we comment on the dispatch with which the scenes were shifted between acts and feel that a word of praise for Fontaine and his stage craftsmen is not amiss.

The three plays served to keep alive our Hitchcock spirit, which is apt to wane a bit when football is over, baseball not yet begun and the next dance a couple of months off. They served as an admirable means of expression for cadets who have dramatic talent, and they won no little fame for the Academy if we may judge by the size and enthusiasm of the audience. Our gratitude is gladly given to all who were responsible for the success of so vivid and beautiful an occasion.





Miss Civilization

By Richard Harding Davis

“MISS CIVILIZATION” captured the interest of the audience at the start. The action of the play takes place at a Long Island country home at midnight, when Alice Gardner engages three burglars in an ethical discussion until the police appear on the scene.

Roland Hilmer looked both beautiful and aristocratic as Alice Gardner and was becomingly costumed in a green silk dressing-gown. In the rôle of Joe Hatch, the master crook, William Pabst did a convincing bit of acting, and Eric Heuermann brought down the house in his glorious interpretation of Reddy, the toughest of the burglars, who drank some benzine by mistake and raided the Gardners' pantry. William O'Brien did some good character work as Harry, the third burglar, and Alpine Alpers made a splendid Captain of Police in the rescue scene at the end.



Before Dawn

By Franklin Cummings

THE scene is laid in a prison cell shortly before the break of day, which is to mean death for an innocent man, convicted of murder. The gamut of emotions which seize upon a man, who has only one hour to live, give the play vitality, and the weird atmosphere of the surroundings, with the pale dawn slowly filtering through the barred window and casting shadows on the gloomy walls, grips the audience most effectively. The sadness of the picture is relieved in the last moment when the condemned man is given his freedom.

In the difficult rôle of the condemned man, Stanley Van Dalsem distinguished himself, winning widespread praise for his rare ability in expressing despair, pathos and agony which wrings the heart. Larry Heap gave deep feeling to the lines of the prison warden, and Lee Dunn made a most reverential priest.

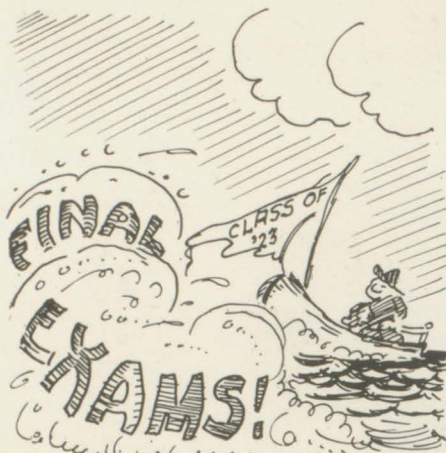


Spreading the News

By Lady Gregory

THE most ambitious undertaking of the Dramatic Club found expression in this whimsical study of Irish village characters. By an unfortunate twist of gossip, Bartley Fallon is suspected of murdering "Red Jack" Smith. A deaf old apple woman keeps the news rolling and all of the visitors to the county fair rush about in an excited state. When both the murderer and the murdered man appear on the scene, the perplexed magistrate puts them both in jail and the audience carries away the age-old moral that gossip, although it may have amusing angles, is in the long run, a great evil.

Joe Winterburn, as the black-gloved, shrill-voiced Mrs. Fallon, delighted everybody and received a nice bit of applause. Jack Cofer made of the old apple woman a picturesque and lovable character, and Franklin Lyons, in the rôle of the forlorn, hen-pecked Bartley Fallon, displayed real ability. Julie Smith and Robert Coman were the magistrate and the policeman, while the village characters guilty of spreading the news were interpreted by Christian Zobel, Donald Graham, George Luttrell and Elton Tognazzini. William Betts had the part of "Red Jack" Smith, whom everybody thought was murdered.



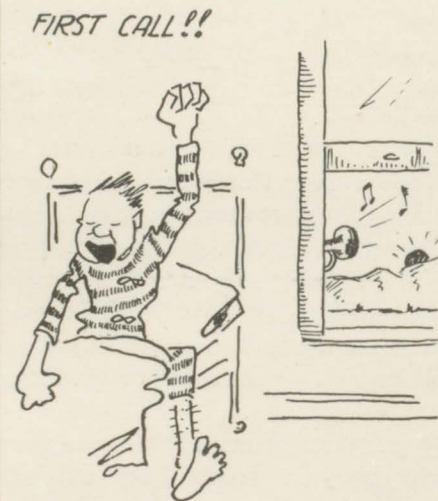
No Port in sight!!



Lookin' for THE speck o' dust!!



When each foot weigh a ton!!



Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!!

Publications



The Blue and White

THE BLUE AND WHITE is the oldest publication of the school. The first volume was published within a few years after the founding of the Academy. The first issues were very small, as were the classes that put them out.

The BLUE AND WHITE is published every year by the Senior Class. It is a record of the events of the school year. It is the aim of each Senior Class to publish an annual that will surpass that of the class before them. Each year the grade of material used in the book seems to get better, as more time is spent in editing the book each year. It was feared a few years ago that the time taken by the cadets to get together the material for publication was interfering with their studies and other occupations at school, but the splendid coöperation of the President, the Commandant, and the faculty has lessened the burden of the staff.

This year, we, the staff of the BLUE AND WHITE, wish to thank Mr. Cummings, our faculty adviser, for his unceasing efforts for the BLUE AND WHITE. Mr. Little we thank for his interest and help in our art work, also Mr. Baire and Mr. Hunicke.

Mr. Keast of H. S. Crocker Co., our printers, has been very helpful to us with his suggestions and coöperation. Of course, the BLUE AND WHITE staff has worked consistently, endeavoring to put out an annual that will be treasured by all the cadets. The book is an accurate record of the events and activities. They are illustrated with photographs and explained by articles written mostly by the coaches and masters connected with the activity.

The principles of the BLUE AND WHITE are to put interest, spirit and real pep into school life.

The Sentinel

THE HITCHCOCK SENTINEL is published from time to time during the academic year by the officers of the cadet corps and is designed to give expression to the various interests which affect student life. Each issue is awaited with pleasure, because of the informal nature of the contents and the faithful record of events given. Many cadets enter subscriptions for their parents, who seem to enjoy the published bulletin of school happenings.

The Sentinel offers an admirable opportunity for creative effort on the part of the cadet personnel. The editors encourage individual expression of taste in the matter of contributions, and students are urged to turn in stories, poems, jokes and articles. The result is a publication, which is truly representative of school life and which reflects the most worthy efforts of the Academy's literary aspirants.

It has been left to the editor of the paper to determine its policy and plan its make-up. Under wise direction *The Sentinel* has been noted for sanity, literary excellence, and originality during a period of several years. The one criticism seems to be the infrequency of the issues, and this is accounted for by the limited time at the disposal of the cadet officers.

Captain Heuermann has been editor of *The Sentinel* during the past year and has instilled into the paper the character and atmosphere of a real metropolitan newspaper. Sports, social happenings, military orders, faculty interviews, dramatic reviews, humorous jibes have each had their own columns, and a novelty feature has been introduced in a special section for Last Minute News.

An original phase of the past year's program was the publication of a Faculty Number in the early spring. Mr. Cummings served as editor for this issue; Mr. Pfander handled the dramatic reviews; Mr. Juch contributed some "wit and humor," and Warren Kraft wrote an article on life at Stanford University.

The business end of *The Sentinel* has been ably handled by Lieutenants Cave and Mull, who attended to gathering the "ads" and distributing the copies. Captain Heuermann directed the editorial policy, and Mr. Franklin Cummings served as adviser and critic.

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Literary



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The Leaden Image

By J. C. Winterburn, '24

IKAY STRANG was puzzled, sorely puzzled, for it was certainly a most extraordinary case. Mme. Nichole had just called him on the phone, and without waiting to finish his lunch, he hailed a passing taxi and hastened to the scene of the tragedy. The Nichole residence was in a state of panic when he arrived. The maid and the butler were in the custody of the police, the chauffeur was being interviewed by the coroner, the second girl had mysteriously disappeared, and Mme. Nichole herself was engaging the attentions of the physician in a frantic attack of hysteria. Upon the detective's arrival, however, she quieted down enough to tell her story between flows of emotions.

André, her husband, was dead—scalded to death, so the doctor said, yet there was not enough evidence for the police to work on. The butler was suspected, and the maid implicated, but nothing was definite. One thing, only, was ascertained, Monsieur Nichole had not died a natural death. Suicide was improbable, so the only remaining theory was murder. An autopsy revealed no signs of poisoning in the stomach, and nowhere had the body been pierced by an injection, but without a doubt, death had been caused through the mysterious action of the blood. The marks on the body were burns, so it was the combined opinion of the doctor and the coroner, that Monsieur Nichole must have been killed by scalding water containing some potent drug or chemical.

Strang was silent for some time before he asked, "May I see the body, please, doctor?"

The doctor looked inquiringly at the coroner.

"Certainly, sir," replied the latter without a moment's hesitation, "I warrant you it is a ghastly sight, but if seeing the body will help you any, why come along. Be so kind as to step this way, please." As the two turned to go, Mme. Nichole again burst into horrible hysterical laughter that reverberated through one great room after another, as if to break the death-like silence that had settled over the household.

"Queer woman, that," said the coroner as he and Strang started up the stairway, "I can't make her out."

"So?" asked Strang, "what's the matter with her?"

"Oh, nothing you can lay your finger on, but she acts so oddly, not at all like most women would in a case of this sort."

"But you will have to admit, old man, that cases like this are few and

far between," answered the detective with a laugh, "it's enough to make anyone act oddly."

"I grant you that," was the reply, "but all joking aside, I don't think the woman is straight."

"What do you mean 'straight'?"

The coroner looked cautiously around. They were on the second landing, alone. "Listen," he said, "the second girl didn't just mysteriously disappear. Mme. Nichole discharged her with a huge sum if she would keep out of sight. Never mind, now, how I found out, but it is a fact, nevertheless. Wouldn't you say that was a little odd?"

"Odd!" exclaimed Strang impatiently, "I should say it was odd. You are sure you can depend on your source of information?"

"As sure as I stand here before you, and what is more, I think we will have little trouble in locating the girl."

"If that is the case," said Strang, "we've gone far enough. The body will keep, but the girl may light out any minute, and besides, time is valuable."

"Don't be in too great a hurry," replied the coroner, "the girl is safe for the time being, and, 'If the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the mountain.' But come, we may be overheard here."

The two continued on up two more flights of stairs in silence, Strang pondering over what the coroner had just said. If the girl really could be found, the case would very probably be cleared right up, but oh! that eternal "if."

By this time they had reached a door at the end of the hall on the top floor of the building, the coroner opened it, and stepping back, allowed Strang to enter first. There on the floor, in the center of a large room lay André Nichole, his bare arms, legs and head just one blistering scald. The eyes were dilated and were staring fixedly at the ceiling; his mouth was drawn at the corners, and his tongue, which was swollen to almost twice its normal size, had turned a dull black. Strang shivered. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "what a fiendish piece of work!"

The coroner was silent for a moment, and then advanced to lift the body to a couch. Strang jumped forward and grasped his arm.

"Don't," he cried, "there's no telling what caused that rash. Don't under any circumstances touch it." The coroner looked startled. "It may not be that serious," Strang assured him, "but better be safe than sorry. Hand me that blanket there. I've seen enough. I can't stand the stare of those eyes. Wait a minute," he added as the coroner was about to cover

the corpse, "look there." The coroner looked where Strang indicated by the toe of his shoe. There was a sharp protrusion from the back of the neck of the prone figure. There was little doubt but that the spinal column was broken.

"What a hell-hound that poor man's murderer must be," murmured the coroner as Strang covered the body, "he evidently wasn't satisfied with disfiguring the body, but he must break its neck in the bargain." Strang said nothing, but he was silently making an inventory of the room. Nichole had evidently used it as a gymnasium, for the room was devoid of furnishings, save for such athletic appliances as are used for physical development, even to a trapeze at the far end of the room. There were several large windows in the room, but by far the most light was admitted through an immense skylight. Strang jotted down these things in his note book and then left the room, followed by the coroner.

That evening Strang was sitting in his library reading of a most extraordinary theft of .065 grams of radium from the London University, when Butler, the coroner, phoned. "Man!" he cried, "you're right. We're too late!"

"What are you talking about?" asked the puzzled detective.

"The girl—Nichole's second girl—is gone!"

"Oh," replied Strang calmly, "that's all right, I expected it. If you will phone Mme. Nichole, you will find the chauffeur gone, too. They've eloped, but I have attended to all that; they won't get far."

"Damitall, anyway," replied the chagrined Butler, "why don't you let a person know what you are doing once in a while?"

"Well, you see, it is like this," answered Strang, chuckling to himself, "a coroner's and a detective's business don't mix. They're like oil and water. You attend to your end, and I will attend to mine, and I think we will get along nobly."

Butler banged down the phone, and Strang, taking his paper, again settled himself to read.

Christine Antonivitch, a brilliant and talented young Russian, studying to become a Roentgenologist, had stolen radium valued at nine hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars, from the London University, and had disappeared. This had happened seven months previous, but the information had been withheld from the press by the regents of the university. All efforts were now being employed to recover the stolen treasure, but so far no trace had been found of the girl. It is believed that she was the agent for some radical Bolsheviks, and that she was no longer in the British Empire.

"That will be a nice little job for some secret-service agency in the old country," thought Strang to himself, "but right now I have troubles enough of my own."

The next morning while the detective was finishing his breakfast, the doorbell rang, and the valet admitted two men and a woman. The woman was Lucille La Rue, the Nichole's runaway second girl; the younger of the two men was the missing chauffeur, and the other a plain clothes man from District 71, who had located the two at Fort Worth, and had brought them back by automobile. The girl was nervous and excited. She evidently knew something, and dreaded being questioned. The chauffeur was indignant.

"Indeed, sir," he sputtered before Strang had a chance to say a word, "will you kindly explain this outrageous imposition. It's a pity decent, respectable people can't leave an accursed employment without being interfered with by the police."

"It is a pity," agreed Strang, "but unfortunately human nature is so complex and flexible that it requires constant supervision at a time like this. Now please be seated, and tell me why you were so inane foolish as to leave a house where the least unusual happening would cause suspicion?"

"Do you mean to insinuate, sir?"

"I insinuate nothing more than you wish to imply. I merely want bare facts and a reasonable explanation of your hasty departure. You don't realize that you are playing with fire." Strang paused here and looked at Lucille. She had turned deathly pale and was trembling from head to foot. He smiled, and continued, "the murder of André Nichole was the most diabolical atrocity I have ever come in contact with, and the culprit must, and will hang!" Lucille gasped, reeled, and clutched feebly at her husband's coat. "Young lady," demanded the detective, "why did Mme. Nichole discharge you on May 26?" Again the girl gasped, and swallowed hard. "I, er-she um, eet was nozzing but ze one personal affair, monsieur," she said in very broken English.

"That didn't answer my question. Why were you discharged?"

"Eet was because I make break one of ze vase, monsieur."

"Do ladies often discharge maids with ten thousand dollars for breaking vases?" demanded the detective, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang.

"Oh Mon Dieu! Marvin, make heem stop!" she cried, appealing to her husband. "She deed not give me ten, she gieve me only five!"

"What?" demanded her husband, "did the old lady slip you some coin for throwing your job?"

"Oui, mon cher," she sobbed, "eet was because I lofe you I deed heem. I know you need some money when we make marry."

"Was there another man, you hussy?"

"Oui, for her, but not for me. She make lofe to him one day, an' I come een. I was vera much supprise an' drop ze coffee zat she tell me to bring for heem. She tell me not to say something, an' she gieve me big monies. First I say no, but later I say yes, if she let me go, because I lofe you so much, Marvin, I sink you need ze monies." Here the poor girl burst into sobs and wept convulsively on the lapels of her husband's coat. He was only human, and the tears of the woman he loved had the desired effect.

"It's all right, dear," he said, "I know you meant to do what was right, but we must return the money. That's called black-mailing in America. You see," he added, turning to Strang, "she has only been in the United States six weeks and everything is strange to her."

"I understand," said Strang, who realized the girl had told everything she knew, "I am sure everything will turn out all right, but until the mystery is cleared up, I will ask you to remain in Chicago; your evidence may prove valuable. That will be all."

Strang returned to the library, and Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Fellingsworth went on their way, the hilarity of their honeymoon considerably diminished.

Strang was elated. He had taken a wild chance, and the girl had confessed, actually implicating Mme. Nichole, herself. Returns were coming in fast, and things were looking brighter.

At two o'clock that afternoon Strang again called at the Nichole mansion. Mme. Nichole was quite possessed, and her sorrow, if counterfeited, was superbly acted. Strang was blunt, however, and came right to the point. "Mme. Nichole," he asked, "why did you discharge Lucille La Rue on the 26th of May?"

She looked surprised, but came right back with her reply, "She broke one of my vases," she said, "and I never keep careless servants."

"Yes, but why did you pay her five thousand dollars to keep out of sight?"

"Oh, great heavens!" she cried, "has the little fool talked?"

"I know everything, but I want your version, for, as you probably realize, madame, your conduct has been rather involved."

"Well, to be frank with you, I will tell you everything confidentially, but I want you to know right now that Pierre does not know any more about this murder than I do. I admit there is circumstantial evidence against us, but I think you will be broad enough to see both sides. I was

infatuated by Pierre Rene, who first came here on official business with my husband. André was considerably older than I, and I was caught off my guard by the magnetism of Rene's youth. He called frequently, too often for my own good, and before either of us were aware of it, we were carrying on at a scandalous rate. André was in the British secret service, and had been working for months on this radium theft case, which necessitated his being away for several days at frequent intervals. At any rate we quarrelled over some slight matter on one of his departures, and we separated, each feeling that we had been wronged. I repented, however, soon after he had left, and when Pierre arrived, I told him it was necessary for us never to see one another again. He went away wondering at my strange and sudden change of mind. The night before last, André returned. I tried to make amends and I think he had really forgiven me, but that evening he was still a little frosty. In the morning he went to his gymnasium about ten, and said we would go to the golf links in the afternoon. I kissed him as he left the room, and I knew our quarrel was over."

Her voice grew thick here, and she could hardly speak above a whisper.

"But, oh! how much worse it would have been," she continued, "if we had parted with a misunderstanding between us. I never saw him again. The butler discovered him when he went to his room at noon. I realize now, when it is too late, what a good husband André had been, and what a selfish, selfish wife I had been."

The strain under which she had been talking was beginning to tell upon her. Her self-control gave way, and she wept passionately.

At this moment the butler rushed into the room, a sight to behold. One eye was black, his clothes were torn, his hair ruffled, and there was a slight trace of blood on his face.

"Pardon, mam," he began, "but please, mam, I think the new maid, Jane Benson, is goin' blighty, mam!"

"Either that, or you have," she said dryly, "tell me, what is wrong?"

The butler had not time to reply, before a wild commotion was heard in the direction of the kitchen, and a moment later the Chinese cook went tearing down the hall at full speed, with the infuriated Jane Benson close upon his heels, wildly brandishing a wicked-looking butcher knife over her head. "You will, will you?" she screamed after the flying Chinaman, as she paused on the doorstep for lack of breath. "Come back here, you Mongolian vermin, and I'll fix you." She glanced down at her hands. "Chink blook!" she said huskily, "Blah!"

"Jane!"

The maid looked up with surprise, and realized that Mme. Nichole had

witnessed the whole display. "Just a friendly little argument, mam," said Jane, making a courtesy, "I believe in treatin' 'em rough."

"So it would seem," replied Mme. Nichole coldly. "How do you account for this?" she asked, indicating the disheveled condition of the butler, "did you do that?"

Miss Benson was silent.

"She's the strongest woman I ever ran across, mam," said the butler, "and I have eleven sisters all older than myself."

"Hey, Misse Nichol!" exclaimed a decidedly Oriental voice, "she no lady, she ally samie one man. Her hair, she fall off in the kitchen. Me ketch 'em an' putty in pocket. You take 'em off her bonnet. You sabbe too."

Miss Benson turned and threw the butcher knife with all her might. The knife struck the unfortunate Wong, and severed fingers from the left hand. A volley of Chinese oaths went up, and at the same time Strang grappled with the effeminate gladiator. It was a tough struggle, but he soon had the voluptuous maid securely tied. Then he removed her cap. Sure enough, her wig was gone, and a decidedly masculine head shone forth in all its pristine glory.

The detective was greatly excited. He left his captive in charge of the butler and rushed off to the maid's room. He returned shortly with a package of papers in one hand, and a leaden statue of Bismarck in the other.

"Mme. Nichole," he exclaimed delightedly, "we have made a double discovery. Behold at your feet the time honored Christine Antonivitch. Here are her passports, and here above all, is her means of transporting her, or rather his, treasure," and he held forth the statue. "As you know, lead is the only metal that is not affected by radium. This image is hollow, and inside it contains nine hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars worth of radium."

The captive groaned.

"Behold, also," continued the detective, "the murderer of your husband."

Madame Nichole gasped.

"Your husband, madame, was killed with this radium. You will remember that in Monsieur Nichole's gymnasium there is an immense skylight. I investigated the roof, and there I found a mirror focused so that the sun's rays would shine on the trapeze in the gymnasium from ten to ten-thirty every morning. This man sought employment in your household for inside information. He found that Monsieur took his exercises every morning between ten and eleven, so yesterday morning Miss Antonivitch, here,

alias Jane Benson, placed the radium in a tube between the mirror and the skylight. Around ten o'clock Monsieur was swinging on the trapeze. Radium is conducted on rays of light like electricity is on copper wire, and as soon as the rays of light focused by the mirror fell on Monsieur's body, he was instantly killed."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the excited woman, "but this fiend must have gone to the gymnasium later, and broken André's neck to be sure he was dead."

"No," replied the detective, "the broken neck was purely accidental. Monsieur was swinging on the trapeze, life suddenly departed, and as his muscles relaxed, his body was thrown across the room. The fall broke the spine."

"But why should anyone wish André's death?" questioned the miserable woman.

"Did you not say that you husband was trying to recover this lost radium for the British secret service?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, this man is a radical Russian leader. This radium would have been invaluable to some of their plots. Monsieur Nichole was in their way, so to stop further investigation, this man resorted to this fearful method."

By this time the police had arrived, and pandemonium gained the upper hand. Mme. Nichole retired to her own room after the day's excitement, and the murderer was taken to Sing Sing prison pending a trial in England for robbery, and murder of the first degree in America.

Strang went home, leisurely, that afternoon, and after dinner taking his paper in hand, he settled himself to read.

THE END

Alma Mater

Over the hills where bugles softly blow,
Ever our hearts with tenderness shall go
Back to old Hitchcock, radiant in the sun,
Vivid with memories of work and fun.
Hitchcock, your glory stirs our happy tears,
We pledge our love through all the coming years.

Where sinks the sun above the flaming pool,
Where quivering trees are stirred by breezes cool,
Where birds above on eager wing do soar,
Lies dear old Hitchcock, place that we adore,
Let us whose hearts with love for her do burn
Each year to our beloved shrine return.

CHORUS

Pledge our love for Hitchcock, hold her banner high,
Let her fame be bounded by the starry sky,
Sing aloud her praises, sing them with a will,
Till the angels claim us, and hearts are still,
And hearts are still.

—FRANKLIN CUMMINGS.

By the Wayside

By Benjamin Gonzales, '23

I AM now about to tell you the story of my life, or rather my youth, which, you will certainly agree with me after you hear it, is of an extraordinary character and of rare happenings.

I was born in Santa Fé, a different city from the Santa Fé of today. My father owned an artistic store of antiques on the street of El Papa, which furnished him with considerable business. His family consisted of only two sons, Arturo and myself. We were twins, alike both in faces and dispositions, but Arturo, being of a more adventurous spirit and having a passion for the sea, soon became a sailor. I, the elder by some fifteen minutes, fell into the antique business as assistant to my father. My father, because he had descended from generations of men who had dealt with art, had an almost uncanny power of instantly knowing the value of anything no matter how skilfully forged. This power I also possessed to a certain extent. So things went on till I had reached my twenty-second year.

Then one day my whole life was changed. In the street of El Capitan I met a girl. Now, I had met this girl many times before. She lived on a street close to my house, and her name was Julia Gallardo. She was of Genoese parentage, blonde and very beautiful. Yet, though I knew her, it seemed to me that till that day I had never met her before. Though I had been aware of her beauty, it had never given me more than a passing thought. But today she looked at me differently. Just one glance of her dark vivacious eyes and her beauty fell on me like an avalanche, and I was gone. I said nothing to her that day. Next day I met her again, and again her eyes told me what I scarcely dared to believe.

I was new to the business of love. I did not know what to do. My education had not included the guitar, and thus I could not rely upon the usual procedure of lovers in old Spain—the guitar beneath *la reja*. Alone with her in some country place I could no doubt have brought things to a conclusion very quickly, but I was there in Santa Fé and there was nothing left for me but to call at the house where she lived, or tell her of my love while we were walking along some lonely street—in cold blood. Anything seemed easier than that, and so I let things drift, and then suddenly she left Santa Fé.

She had only gone away for a month's vacation, but her leaving nearly killed me. Every place where I had seen her became for me a place of torture. At night, under the full moon, I would stand on the street opposite

her house torn between sorrows and hopes. I would not trouble you with the madness of my love, only I wish to show how steadily the fate was forged that was so soon to destroy me.

Love had so completely made a wreck of me that I was no more than a shell of a man. I had no head for business nor eye for art. I quarreled with my father, who could not make out what was wrong with me, and lost five hundred pesos on a bronze deal with a trader from Barcelona. If things had gone like this for much longer, I no doubt would have left Santa Fé, my home and my business. But one day I suddenly recovered. Julia had returned to Santa Fé and seemed to set all the bells ringing and the whole town *en fiesta*. I met her in the street, and I no longer delayed. I told her of my love while she listened with head averted and downcast eyes. She remained silent. I took her hands in mine and drew her nearer. She did not resist me. With my hand I gently raised her chin and read in her dark eyes her answer. She was mine.

After that I was a new man. My prospects were good, and there was no opposition from Julia's parents, a thing to be thankful for in Spain. We would meet in the evenings and stroll to the outside of the town, always in the same direction, towards a beautiful grove which was a veritable lovers' walk. Here we would sit on a fallen tree-trunk which we had made our own, and talk of the future and of the hundred nothings that make up the conversation of lovers.

We were betrothed in the summer, and meanwhile came Carnival. In those old days Carnival was a more joyous affair even than now. It was the last evening of Carnival, and I was due to meet Julia at a selected spot near the aqueduct. She had chosen an Italian costume, and as for myself I had chosen the simple attire of a toreador in full regalia. Now mark how things began to happen in my life. My father, who had not been well for some time, remained at home that day. Knowing of his ill health and wishing to be in touch with him without returning home, I had given him the places where I could be found at certain hours.

Now it happened that the clock at my father's house was slow. There were many robbers about that year, and I had left my watch at home rather than trust it among the crowds of the Carnival, and as a result when I reached the place of meeting it was past the hour and I was late. My eyes searched for Julia, but I saw no sign of her. Then I knew. I had offended her. She had come and not finding me she had gone away. Anger and bitterness filled my heart. I knew for a fact that Julia, for all her soft ways and looks, had a temper as sharp as steel. I stood looking about me filled with this thought and the anger of a disappointed man.

People were passing, all talking, all laughing, and with an air of festivity and enjoyment that increased my anger and irritation. I crossed the street and entered a near-by saloon. Here I took a seat and called for a drink. I did not notice a dark, slim man seated at a table near by. I drank heavily and in those days a very little wine was enough to get me going. In ten minutes I had passed from anger to despair, and then to recklessness. I forgot all about Julia.

Some time later I found myself speaking to the dark, thin man, who seemed to know me by name. He was an art dealer from Madrid, and had several things to dispose of at marvelously low prices. He had with him a cross of pure gold, studded with small stones, a pair of earrings, and a long dagger with a silver hilt. I paid the price required for the articles, placing them in my belt, and then left the tavern.

The spirit of the Carnival had set Santa Fé mad that evening. All sorts of people could be seen everywhere, all dressed in fiesta clothes and gay of mind. Suddenly, as the crowd parted slightly before me, I saw Julia. She was with another man. Their backs were towards me and I could see that they were enjoying themselves heartily. He wore a costume somewhat similar to mine. He had one arm around her slender waist. Instantly I was seized with a blinding jealousy. To utterly destroy that man was my overpowering desire. The dagger in my belt jumped into my hand. A moment more and it would have been plunged into his heart. But that moment did not come. A horse, running loose and probably frightened by the crowd, came racing down the street. The crowd swayed and rushed back, carrying me with it and separating me from my revenge. Julia and her companion were nowhere to be seen. They had been swallowed up by the crowd.

You can imagine my position, my heart bitter with rage and jealousy, a dagger in my hand, jostled by laughing fools and carried from here to there by the surging of the crowd against my will. My will was strong, however, and it enabled me to get a grip on myself. I returned the dagger to my belt, and calmly said to myself, "Wait." I let myself drift with the crowd.

Then I had my reward. Suddenly I came upon Julia and her lover. I was cooler now. I could wait my time and do my business without running the risk of the executioner. I followed them along the street of El Papa. They never turned once, so interested were they in one another. Then they entered the street where she lived, and right before her door they parted, she going into her house, and he turning down the street, walking swiftly, gay and whistling. I let him get fifty paces ahead and then slipped after him.

While watching them part I had come to a conclusion. That man and that woman must die, but the man must die first. Meanwhile I followed cautiously but steadily, until we came to El Dorado Street. It was here I did the deed. The street was deserted and the lamps so far between that it was dark. I seized him by the shoulder. I was mad with jealousy, hatred and alcohol. He struggled with me and something stung me in the left shoulder as we fought. It was a knife he had drawn. It dropped to the pavement as I drove my dagger through his heart.

He fell and lay at my feet, a white heap. I dragged the body to the entrance of a patio and propped it up, half-sitting, in a doorway.

I had now to deal with Julia. I went directly to her house. She had not retired yet and after a moment's wait she came down. She looked at me in surprise.

"Why have you come back?" she asked.

I laughed out loud and looked at her without saying a word. Then she drew back frightened, but I saw at once that her fear was not of guilt but of concern that I had been drinking or that I had gone crazy.

"What was his name?" I said, flashing fire.

"Whose name?" she answered.

I laughed again and said, "Where did you pick him up?"

"Who? What are you talking about?"

This enraged me.

"Who? Why, the man who left you at this door not an hour ago."

"I have met no one this evening but yourself," she answered calmly.

Somehow I felt that she thought she spoke the truth, yet I had seen what I had seen with my own eyes.

"But, my God!" I cried, "I did not meet you there. I was late for the appointment and you were gone."

I saw that she believed me either drunk or crazy. I found myself doubting my own mind. Was I mad? Had all this been a dream? I stood there wondering. Then I thought of the man in the patio with the dagger in his heart. I turned and rushed out of the house without another word. I felt half crazed, and I did not know what to do.

Then I found myself at my own door. The house was in darkness. I turned the key in the lock and entered. I heard my father's voice calling to know if it was me. He was lying on his bed in his room.

"Ah, it is you," he said. "Where is Arturo?"

"What do you mean? Arturo is at sea." But even as I said the words a fear like the hand of death seized my heart.

"Arturo returned today," said my father. "I told him he would find

you near the aqueduct at six o'clock, where you were due to meet Julia."

The monstrosity of what I had done suddenly staggered me. My words came in short gasps.

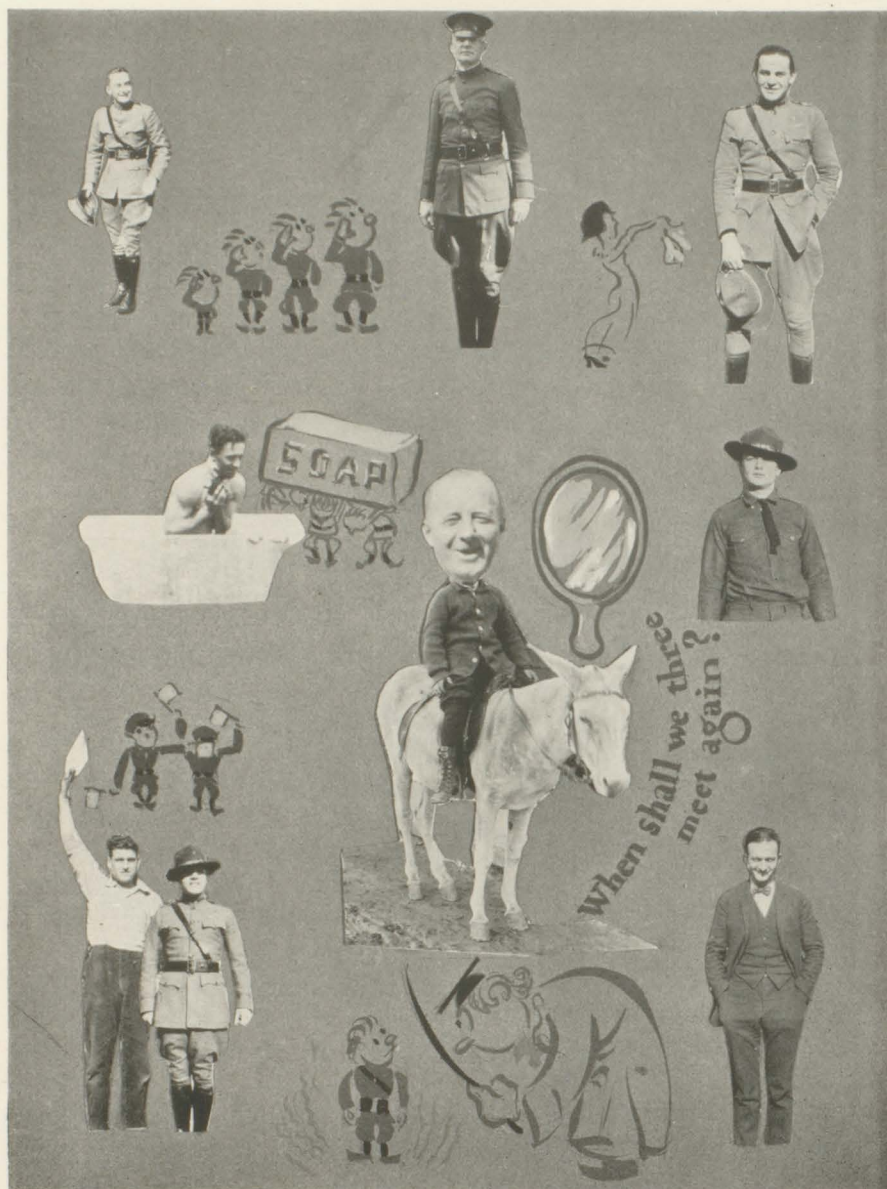
"I was late. Arturo got there before me. Julia mistook him for me. He did not undeceive her. He took her to her house afterwards. He did not know that I was following him. I was mad with rage . . ."

My father suddenly, as if struck by a bullet, leaped out of his bed. "What are you saying?" he cried. "Where is Arturo?"

"Dead!" I replied, "with my dagger through his heart."

Yes, that is the whole story. The pity of it was so great that they did nothing to me after I had told them the whole affair just as I have told it to you. In June I married Julia and we went to live in Barcelona. And—so I have gone through this world with a shadow always over me.





1923

Blue &
White



Athletics

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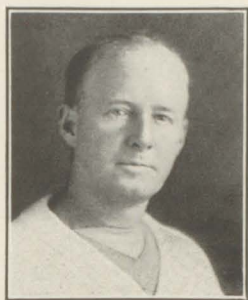


THE SQUAD



THE TEAM

FOOTBALL

THE Hitchcock Military Academy Kangaroo's football team had a very successful year for 1922. They won seven out of nine games, scoring 124 points to their opponent's 57. We had three veterans, Capt. Pabst, Gonzales and Garthwaite left from the championship team of 1921 and the team was built around these three stars. Our "Big Game" with Potter was, as usual, a victory for the Kangaroos. Potter never had a look in and never will beat the fighting Blue and

White team as long as the H. M. A. spirit lasts. Although we graduate men from this year's team, Hitchcock will have a wonder team for 1923. The players will be young and inexperienced but the old fight will be there as in former Hitchcock teams. The 1922 team was all stars, Capt. Bill Pabst at quarter was a wonder because of his coolness under fire and ability to size up the weaknesses in the opposing team. It is doubtful if Hitchcock ever had a more competent field general. He has speed, is a sure tackler, and works his team to the limit of its possibilities. In the Potter game his presence of mind enabled the team to forge to the front, never to be headed.

Gonzales at half was a star. Whenever he was sent through the line he did damage. He is a good receiver of passes, a fast man with the ball and particularly elusive in his turning. Fighting every minute with speed to burn, Garthwaite at fullback was an invaluable man. Although an injured hand kept him on the sidelines for a few weeks he made a good comeback and finished up the season like a veteran warrior. He not only runs the ends to a good advantage but hits the line with tremendous force and is hard to tackle. Dick Sheldon, half, also had a good year. He was one of the fastest men on the team and was a valuable man on the receiving end of passes and a bear in the interference. Norman Pierce

was a good fill-in man in the backfield. He had the weight and made the other fellows feel him.

On the line, Heuermann at center was the mainstay. His passing was indispensable to the team. "Dutch" is as sound as the rock of Gibraltar on the defensive and never lays the job to the guards. He is the greatest center we have had at Hitchcock for a long while. It will be hard work to develop a man who will fill Heuermann's shoes and do his work as well as he did. We felt his absence in the Richmond game when he was on crutches with an infected foot. Hyde, left tackle, and captain-elect is a hard-hitting tackle who will surely carry his team to many victories next year. I don't believe I have ever worried about having a man to jump into Hyde's place; I have had perfect confidence in his consistency and support to the team. Myers, the manager elect, played a clean, straight, hard game all season at right guard and certainly deserves a lot of credit for his work. He will surely be an important cog in the scoring machine next year. I don't have to say very much about "Swede" Hansen's playing during 1922. His record in 1920 and '21 have led up to his greatest season. The fighting swede put some bad dents in every team we came up against. In our Potter game he played the backfield for a quarter and made the boys sit up and take notice. Mull, the ladies favorite, alias No. 24, handled the left-guard position with creditable skill. In cahoots with "Dutch" at center many an opposing guard bit the dust. Mull held his own throughout the year and he will be missed in the line. Stephenson did his stuff well at right end. "Curley" showed that what he lacked in speed he could make up for in many other ways. He was deft at getting down under punts which very often meant a lot toward a victory. Cave, left end, was a sore spot for the other teams. I don't recall at any time during the season when Cave wasn't on his toes and ready to "eat 'em up." Cave was a good receiver of passes and made the boys know he was around.

Fielding, Fontaine, O'Brien and Dow were good subs who made their block "H's."

The second team deserves honorable mention for much credit is due them for developing the first team. It is a great advantage for a team to be able to practice against some opposition instead of the old style rush practice.

HARRY RENWICK

The Season's Game

Cogswell High 0—H. M. A. 6

This was our first game. It was played after only seven days of practice. The team returned to school early and we were able to start the school spirit off with a bang by staging a game three days after the opening of school. The team only used a few plays but played consistently and came out on the long end of a pretty short score.

Galileo High 0—H. M. A. 19

The score against Galileo told a different story than did our 115—0 score of last year. It was, nevertheless a good contest with plenty of scrap to the final play.

William Warren School 6—H. M. A. 19

Although we scored on the kickoff and it looked as if we were going to have a walkaway, the Warren boys buckled down to a good game. This game was not without its thrills and tricks. The kangaroos were showing much improvement both on offensive and defensive.

Santa Rosa High 6—H. M. A. 20

This game was the best contested battle up to this time of the season. The Santa Rosa fellows were down to get us but the tables were turned when the team showed it was at the peak of condition. The teamwork was fastly being improved and this game was featured by many long runs for H. M. A.

Petaluma High 6—H. M. A. 6

After a four-hour delay in Petaluma we met the high school team on their grounds. It was a slow game with the big Petaluma fellows. It was not until the second half that either team scored. The game was one long fight. It was hard for us to take this tie as we were making toward their goal at an average of five yards a play when the final whistle blew.

Stanford 2d Freshmen 0—H. M. A. 19

The team journeyed to Palo Alto on the Friday evening before the game and were comfortably lodged at the different fraternity houses. This was a big surprise for many Hitchcock followers who did not look

for such a clean-cut victory. Hitchcock speed and team work won the game.

Hitchcock was outweighed but their superior knowledge of the fine points of the game showed to advantage.

Richmond 14—H. M. A. 0

This game caught the Academy team badly off form. Many substitutes started the game and some of the boys who played should have been in bed. Richmond was out to get revenge for their defeat of the year before and they certainly got it. This was by far the poorest played game of the season for Hitchcock.

Haywards 19—H. M. A. 12

Fighting against a superior weight team we made a great start and looked all over winners until the visitors discovered that our line was light and the presence of substitutes caused a weakness which resulted in scores for Haywards. This game was a bit of a surprise for Hitchcock and put us hard at work preparing for Potter.

Potter 6—H. M. A. 13

The annual game with Potter brought out the banner crowd of the season. The campus presented a regular Field Day appearance and with such a crowd of rooters for both teams we had to win. Potter played a muchly improved game over the early season form. The outstanding feature of this game was the penalties inflicted upon Hitchcock. In view of the fact that our boys were set back 105 yards the game was a bit easier than the score shows. Hitchcock presented a new series of plays, made necessary by leaks. The new stuff worked perfectly and the many penalties were offset by many long runs and substantial line bucks. This game brought a good season to a fitting finish.



BASKETBALL has never aroused the spirit and enthusiasm at Hitchcock that is instilled in the cadets during the football and baseball seasons. In 1922 the basketball team played only our usual scheduled game with the Potter High School of San Francisco. It was evident in that game that the lack of experience was a great drawback, so this year's team scheduled three preliminary games to the final Potter scrap and at the end of a very short season put up a very good game against our old rivals. Even though we finished on the short end of a 26-11 score the game was a tough fight and showed what a few weeks of conscientious work and training would do to make up a team that would at least uphold our reputation as being a school that did things right, with fight and spirit.

Warren Kraft, an old graduate of Hitchcock, now a Stanford man, coached the basketball team. Under Mr. Kraft's training the players improved greatly throughout the season. Many had not played before, but they made up for their lack of skill with spirit and stubbornness. The season was not a great success as far as winning games was concerned. The efforts of this year's squad has stirred up the interest of the cadets, and this year leaves the remnant of a team to build on next year.

The squad met many reverses. Dow, one of our most skillful forwards, left school in the middle of the season. Hansen and L. Joy, both playing guard, took sick the week before the Potter game, giving us only a few days to fill their places.

Gonzales and Myers showed plenty of talent at shooting baskets. Mull played consistently during the season, and though not scoring many baskets, kept the opponents from running up much larger scores. Cave, the captain, showed, perhaps, the greatest knowledge of the game and did not

fail to put it to use. Our coach, Mr. Kraft, states that another year's playing would have made stars out of some of the men.

White's Prep. 24—H. M. A. 15

This was the first game and they found us playing a ragged game. There was good individual playing but team-work was lacking.

Galileo High 14—H. M. A. 13

Lady luck was far away this evening and we drew the short stick. The boys showed up well and were to be praised for their great improvement from the previous week.

Sacred Heart College 20—H. M. A. 14

These boys had a bit the edge on us and succeeded in taking the lead and holding it. This game was played in San Francisco and the few tales of the spectators said it was a bitter contest with good work by both teams. The team had not yet won a game but there was still the sport of the game in the feelings of the players.

Potter 26—H. M. A. 11

We don't like to talk about our Potter games that we don't come out of with the larger scores but we are now forced to taste bitter defeat at the hands of our rivals. They may now feel that they have had revenge for our slaughtering them in football. Of course as the BLUE AND WHITE goes to press H. M. A. has not yet met Potter on the diamond but whatever the outcome of the annual struggle may be we intend that good sportsmanship comes first, then—eat 'em up.

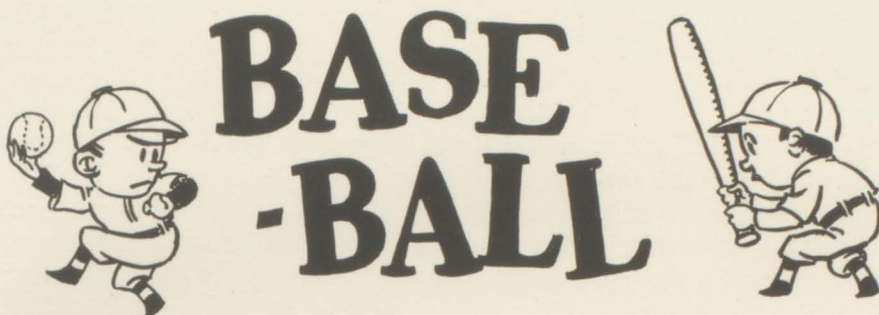
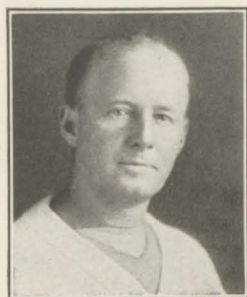
The men who made their English "H" were:

CAVE.....	Center
MULL.....	Guard
MYERS.....	Forward
GONZALES.....	Forward
HYDE.....	Guard

Substitutes

Fielding for Hyde.
King, L., for Fielding.
Kelly, D., for King, L.

BASE -BALL

The baseball team of 1923 has completely surprised everyone in the school and those who are outside and follow our athletic events. All the success of the team of 1923 is due to the efforts of Coach Renwick. The early material for the team was very weak, Renwick took hold of the squad with a determination to make a winning team. He has succeeded in developing a group that have won seven out of ten games. As the BLUE AND WHITE goes to press there is yet

one game to be played with the Potter Preparatory School of San Francisco.

Early in the season the team lacked everything, all the men were new in their positions; it was a job for the coach to make the team. The first three games were defeats which turned out to be good experience. The next seven games were clean victories, every one. Probably the greatest drawback to the team at the first few games was the necessity of using a green pitcher. The loss of Ditzler who was the twirler for the 1922 team and also for the championship team of 1921 which had eight games won out of eight played. Baseball has always had a good place at Hitchcock and the teams show some good ball playing during the short season. The 1923 team worked together well and finally have got the desired results, a team that can use team-work. There are no shining stars on the team but every game is marked by good hitting, clever base running and exceptional fielding. There were very few veterans on the '23 team. Myers who caught was a new cadet this year, his hard work and willingness won him his position on the first squad. Myers is also a football man, the manager for next year's team. Pabst held the mound in most of the games, he was an outfielder for three years before making the step into the infield. His

progress was not expected but a long arm was needed and needed badly so Bill tried pitching and we will say he has made a success of it. Joy M. held down the initial sack. Joy is a good southpaw, long, lanky, fast—well, he is a typical first baseman. "Curley" Stephenson, "nearly" a veteran from many Hitchcock ball teams was substitute first sacker. "Curley" woke up late in the season and decided he should like to be a second Babe Ruth, so, in the first game he played at Piedmont with the second team, he neatly played their pitcher for three hits. It will be a long time before his home run of that game will be forgotten. After his hitting fame became known Stephenson played in more first team games and made his block letter. Jesse Cave, better known as "Gus" played a pretty game at second base. He was lead-off man and realized many runs for Hitchcock during the season. We will especially remember the last half of the eleventh inning in our game with Richmond High when Cave put the ball on the roof of the drawing room and scored Mull who was waiting patiently on third base with none down to score the winning run. Ben Gonzales, short-stop. Gonzales made his name in many games. He figured in many exciting plays and was a very valuable man all round. Joe Miller our freshman, third baseman, put the skids under a lot of old veterans and showed he was the man for his position. Joe plays a cool game and is not the kind of a fellow who speaks to his glove when the ball does not "stick" properly. In the outfield Mull played left field. He covered his territory and now and then a little more than was his. Mull was made famous by his peculiar dive after catching the ball outside the foul line. Garthwaite guarded the center garden with a deft eye and nothing was out of his reach. Right field was the most fought for field. Hansen, Booth and Heuermann did their stuff in right and all admirably. "Dutch" Heuermann did not get in the first Potter game but it is probable that he will make his letter in the second game.

The second baseball team was the maker of the first. Frequent games were played, with the first team battery playing for the second string men. Bitter rivalry rose up before the end of the season and the games began to be more hotly contested. Then the fun began. Many times did the younger fellows come close to beating the first team.

All the success of the base ball teams, in fact all the teams except the junior teams, is owed to Coach Renwick, "Gunner." Harry Renwick has always given his best to develop good teams and all that is necessary for the fellows to do to get one is to "work with the coach."

The Baseball Season

St. Ignatius 8—H. M. A. 1

Poor hitting branded Hitchcock in this game. The infield did not function like a real organization.

Galileo 6—H. M. A. 5

This was a better score than the first game. The team was showing up much better.

Santa Rosa 7—H. M. A. 6

The worst part about this game was that it was the second game of the double-header, the first being Galileo who defeated us 6—5 and then to lose another by the same margin.

Cogswell 4—H. M. A. 5

Our first victory of the season was a great encouragement. Better playing all round won this game for us.

Petaluma 2—H. M. A. 3

This mid-week game was not a full game. The time seemed to take a big step and the game was called in the first of the seventh. The hitting by the team as a whole seemed to be very much improved over the previous games.

Whites 8—H. M. A. 9

Whites put up a much better game than we expected. Hitchcock's hitting was poor this day and only the breaks of the day gave us this game. Garthwaite pitched this game and with the exception of one inning held the visitors well within his control.

Richmond 5—H. M. A. 6

Our victory over Richmond satisfied our revenge for the defeat we suffered last year at their hands. Hitchcock took the lead with three runs in the first few innings and it held until the seventh when Richmond rallied and took a one run lead. Garthwaite stole home in the last of the ninth with two down and tied the score. Two more innings realized our victory; Mull scoring the winning run on Cave's hit.

San Rafael 3—H. M. A. 12

The local high school arrived on hand to squelch us and hang our cherished scalp at their belt, but Hitchcock was playing real ball this day and good hitting accompanied by some excellent base running left the high school boys in the lurch with 3 runs that they didn't know what to do with.

Potter 2—H. M. A. 11

Starting out like last year Hitchcock defeated Potter by a good score. In 1922 Potter suffered a 17-1 defeat at our hands but this year their fielding was improved and after a hard struggle they were able to hold us to 11 runs. The game was not particularly exciting, the Potter fellows were hitting very poorly and 14 took the bench on strikeouts.



THE TEAM

Junior Athletics



The Junior Athletics serve a very real need at Hitchcock in developing promising material for future service. Under the direction of Major Schouten, the younger and smaller boys go out for daily practice in the major sports and stage real games with similar teams from rival schools. Several valuable results obtain, and both the boy and the Academy benefit. The boy who struggles for a place on the third team learns the fundamentals of the game, acquires a sense of fair play and sportsmanship and falls heir to the Hitchcock spirit by competing with the first and second teams in service to the school. The Academy early learns where its athletic ability may be found and it reaps a splendid harvest of loyalty, pluck and courage by inculcating in the boys, early in their career, the ideals of the school and the glory of her traditions.

Games were staged this past year in football with teams from Mill Valley and Ross, and in baseball with the third team representatives of Tamalpais Union, San Rafael, Mill Valley and Piedmont. In football the Hitchcock team was undefeated, and in baseball, four out of six games were won, the two lost games going to Mill Valley and Piedmont. Each of these schools was defeated in a return game, however. Because of the great number of contenders for the third team, it is impossible to mention all, but the following may be considered representative. Beginning with Embury, who was always on his toes throughout both seasons, we go down a list which includes Burnham, Collins, Foran, Hersch, Hines, Lyons, Robbins, Smith and Tognazzini. All luck to these boys on the second and first teams, which they are now ready to try for.

As a reward for their persistent efforts, those cadets who played in a majority of the third team games in either football or baseball were awarded the third team letter which is a circle "H." This emblem is very much prized by the wearers for it is something that had to be worked for.

Those who are entitled to circle "H's" are: Applegate, Luttrell, Robbins, Ascher, Espy, Foran, Freeman, Hines, Heineman, Lyons, Myers, T., Embury, Friedburger, Copeland, N., Miller, B., McCoy, Hickman and others.

*Blue &
White*

1923

1923

Blue &
White



JOKES

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1925

Mother and son were at the circus.

"Mother, ain't that elephant big as hell?"

"Why sonny, haven't I told you time and time again not to say ain't."

◇ ◇ ◇

First Drunk: Lesh go shwimming.

Second Drunk: The tide ain't come in yet.

First Drunk: Well then lesh shwim out and meet it.

◇ ◇ ◇

Pat: Pwhat was that last card Oi delt ye, Mike?

Mike: A spade.

Pat: Oi knew it was; Oi saw ye spit on yer hand 'fore you picked it up.

◇ ◇ ◇

Customer: Bowl of oyster soup, two scrambled eggs, coffee, and brown bread.

Waiter (an ex-soldier): Marines in the mud, two squads, deploy them, cup of reveille and colored shock troops.

◇ ◇ ◇

Joy L.: Dearest, I've lost all my money.

The Girl: How careless of you! The next thing you know you'll be losing me!

◇ ◇ ◇

Mr. Pfander: What figure of speech is "I love my teacher"?

Senior: I guess it's sarcasm.

◇ ◇ ◇

Swede: Dearest, I must marry you.

The Dame: Have you seen father?

Swede: Often, honey, but I love you just the same.

◇ ◇ ◇

Voice (from dark parlor): My, but your nose is cold!

Helpful Brother (to irate father who is suspicious): Gee, Pop, I bet Rover is in the parlor again.

◇ ◇ ◇

Barber: Do you want a hair cut?

Dutch: No, I want them all cut.

Barber: Any particular way sir?

Dutch: Yes, off.

Captain Pabst: What, have you forgotten your pencil again, Collins?
What would you think of a soldier without a gun?

Cy Collins: I'd think he was an officer.

◇ ◇ ◇

Cleo: When Bill danced with me last night he kept letting his hand
slip down my back.

Louy: I hope you rebuked him.

Cleo: I did, I told him to keep it up.

◇ ◇ ◇

The young man led from a heart
The maid from a diamond played,
The old man came down with a club,
And the sexton used a spade.

◇ ◇ ◇

Sea Captain (to one of the passengers leaning over the ship's rail):
S'matter m'lad? Weak stomach?

Passenger (nervously): Hell, ain't I puttin' it as far as the rest of 'em?

◇ ◇ ◇

Where is old Petroleum?

Kerosene him last week, but he ain't benzine since.

◇ ◇ ◇

He took her rowing on the lake,
She vowed she'd go no more—
I asked her why—her answer came:
"He only hugged the shore."

◇ ◇ ◇

Swede: Why didn't you salute me?

Heap: Because I didn't see you.

Swede: Well, why didn't you see me?

Heap: Because I woulda had to salute you.

◇ ◇ ◇

Joy L.: What would you do if I gave you a hundred dollars?

Wilkie: I'd count it.

◇ ◇ ◇

He: This tunnel cost millions of dollars.

She: An entire waste of money as far as you are concerned, isn't it?

Prof. Pfander: I am going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?

Nearly every student raised his hand.

Prof. Pfander: Good. You are the very group I wish to speak to. There is no twenty-fifth chapter.

◇ ◇ ◇

WEATHER EFFECTS

The cloud-burst's wrath in deluge flow
Can't keep us from the movie show
Let one rain drop the window smirch—
"Oh, it's too wet to go to church!"

◇ ◇ ◇

This is sure the cow's hips, he remarked, as he bit into the steak.

◇ ◇ ◇

Mr. Cummings: Parker, who defeated the Normans?

Parker (roused from day-dream): Dunno. I don't follow none o' them bush-league teams.

◇ ◇ ◇

Sam (on outside looking in): See heah, niggah, is you in fo' life?

Rastus (on inside looking out): Not me, I ain'; just fum now on.

◇ ◇ ◇

Curley: Would you accept a pet monkey?

Young Thing: Oh, you will have to ask father. This is so sudden!

◇ ◇ ◇

Rusconi: Gee, girlie, but she's a beaut! enthusiastically pointing at his new car.

The Girl: Why do you allude to the car as a "she"?

Rusconi: Because it has beautiful curves, is not altogether trustworthy, and keeps its owner broke.

◇ ◇ ◇

Cave: I say, Curley, are you asleep?

Curley: We-ell, what is it?

Cave: Why I thought if you happened to be awake, maybe you could lend me a couple of dollars to go to the dance tonight.

Curley: What the hell are you bothering me for, can't you see I'm fast asleep?

'23: I didn't know Miss Fussem was an athlete.

'24: She isn't, old chap.

'23: Well, someone told me she won a loving cup.

'24: Yes, at a party, my dear fellow.

◇ ◇ ◇

SO WOULD WE

Judge: Ten days or ten dollars—take your choice.

Wheeler: I'll take the money, your honor.

◇ ◇ ◇

Curley: Dearest, my love for you is like a babbling brook.

She: Oh! Dam it.

◇ ◇ ◇

Harold: That soprano had a large repertoire.

Maggie: Ain't it the truth now, and since you speak of it her dress only made it look worse.

◇ ◇ ◇

Professor: What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?

Senior: Why, er-r-r—

Professor: Correct. Now tell me what is the unit of electric power?

Senior: The what, sir?

Professor: That will do, very good.

◇ ◇ ◇

Gus: Say, Pop, are we descendents of monkeys?

Pop: Why gracious no, our folks came from Wales.

◇ ◇ ◇

'24: Where are you going?

'23: To the deaf, dumb and blind asylum.

'24: What for?

'23: A couple of chaperons.

◇ ◇ ◇

This is the story of Johnny McGuire,
Who ran through the town with his trousers on fire,
He went to the doctor's and fainted with fright
When the doctor told him that his end was in sight.

◇ ◇ ◇

The Girl: What's wrong with the car? It squeaks dreadfully.

Alpers: Can't be helped; there's pig iron in the axles.

Wheeler: Pa!
Popsey: For goodness sake, what is it now?
Wheeler: This book is called Shakespeare's works.
Popsey: Well?
Wheeler: Well you told me they was plays.

◇ ◇ ◇

She: Don't you know why I refused you?
Pog: I can't think.
She: You guessed it.

◇ ◇ ◇

She: What did Wilbur do when Agnes wouldn't kiss him on the river last night?
He: Paddled her back.
She: The rough thing.

◇ ◇ ◇

Student (to surgeon): What did you operate on that man for?
Surgeon: Two hundred and fifty dollars.
Student: Yes, but I mean what did the man have?
Surgeon: Two hundred and fifty dollars.

◇ ◇ ◇

Richmond (browsing in book store): Last Days of Pompeii—what did he die of?
Bookseller: Oh, I dunno, some sort of eruption.

◇ ◇ ◇

FORCE OF HABIT

'24: Why was Dr. Howitt so severely reprimanded by the librarian?
'25: They caught him absent-mindedly removing the appendix from the book he was reading.

◇ ◇ ◇

Bill: What shall we do tonight?
Dutch: I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the movies; tails we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study.

◇ ◇ ◇

Prof. Cummings (proudly): The students were so entranced this morning that they remained in my lecture room all through the lunch hour.
Prof. Koten: Why didn't you wake them up?

The reason the freshmen are not allowed to do any queening around the campus is because they are not supposed to know the manual of arms.

◇ ◇ ◇

Critic: The picture of the horse is good, but where is the wagon?

Artist: Oh, the horse will draw that.

◇ ◇ ◇

Dodo: Did you ever hear of a person killed by a deadly glance?

Dada: No, but I know of a guy that got a broken arm due to an empty stair.

◇ ◇ ◇

Captain Pabst (dressing the front rank of his company): Say there, O'Brien, get your feet in, can't you see they are too far out?

O'Brien: Excuse me sir, but they are not mine, they're Kelly's in the rear rank.

◇ ◇ ◇

He: You live in the house next door, don't you?

She: Yes.

He: I haven't seen much of you.

She: No, I live on the other side of the house.

◇ ◇ ◇

A certain young man wrote the following letter to a prominent business firm ordering a razor:

"Dear Sirs: Please find enclosed \$0.50 for one of your razors as advertised, and oblige.

J. J.

"P. S.—I forgot to enclose the \$0.50 but no doubt a firm of five years' high standing will send the razor anyway."

A few days later he received the following letter:

"Dear Sir: Your most valued order received and will say in reply that we are sending the razor as you requested and hope that it will prove satisfactory.

W.& W.

"P. S.—We forgot to enclose the razor but no doubt a man with your cheek will have no need for it."

◇ ◇ ◇

Colored Lady: See hea, young geneman, I's want these hea stockins changed.

Obliging Salesman: Why, didn't they come up to your expectations?

Colored Lady: Come up to ma expectations! Why, they hardly come up to ma knees.

The Dame: And why did you name your new motorboat after me?
Lee: Well, er-r, you see, she's not much to look at but she's awful fast.

◇ ◇ ◇

Customer: May I have a spoon?
Pretty Waitress: Not with me, I'm too busy.

◇ ◇ ◇

Mr. Bunds: Who knows how iron was discovered?
Van: Yes sir, I know.
Mr. Bunds: Well, tell the class what you know.
Van: Please, sir, they smelt it.

◇ ◇ ◇

Mr. Cummings (eloquently): Now take my grandmother, for instance.
She died without having a sing'e gray hair on her head.
Dunn (somewhat bored): Zatso! Was she bald?

◇ ◇ ◇

Tito: When I was a baby I swallowed a needle and three months later
it grew out of my elbow.
Toti: That's nothing. Last week I swallowed a tack and now I have a
nail on my big toe.

◇ ◇ ◇

He: When I look into your eyes, when I see you smile, like the sun
after the rain, when I see the love light deep in those limpid pools of
loveliness. . . .
She: Uh-huh!
He: When I am near you, intoxicated with the subtlest of sachets,
I wonder . . . I wonder . . .
She: Yes, yes, go on!
He: I wonder . . . if you could lend me a couple of dollars.

◇ ◇ ◇

May: Would you wear a rented bathing suit?
June: It depends where the rent was.

◇ ◇ ◇

Mary had a red canoe
And in it room for only two;
If what I know was what you knew,
Then you'd learn how to paddle too.

'23: How can you tell the difference between a prof and a student?

'26: Well, I would hate to express my opinion. What is it?

'23: Well, if there were only two in a lecture room and one of them was asleep, the other one would be the professor.

♦ ♦ ♦

Father: The next time that young fool comes around here I'll sit on him.

Daughter: Oh! papa, leave that to me.

♦ ♦ ♦

Mull: What was that noise I heard in your room last night?

Dunn: Oh! that was me falling asleep.

♦ ♦ ♦

Fielding: What do you like most about her?

Heap: My arms.

♦ ♦ ♦

Policeman: You are under arrest.

Cross-eyed-man: What for?

Policeman: You look crooked.

♦ ♦ ♦

Fontaine (boastfully): You ought to hear my radio. I got Mexico last night.

Mr. Cummings: Huh! that's nothing. I opened the window last night and got Chili.

♦ ♦ ♦

Frosh: Hawaii?

Soph: I Hayti tell you.

Frosh: Aw, Guam.

♦ ♦ ♦

Girl (in tears): Why come to the game drunk?

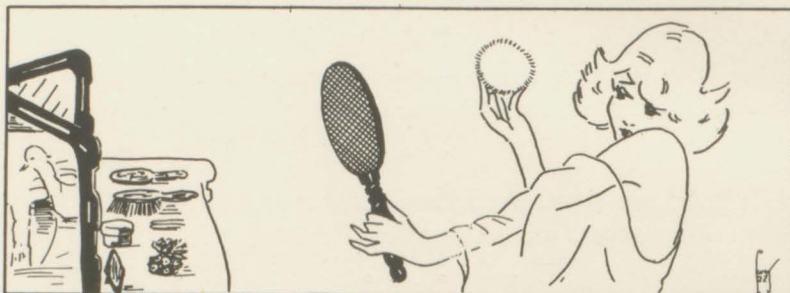
Brute: 'S econcmical. See two games for one ticket.

♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Wheeler: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

S. B. V. D.: There! That's why we all flunked.

Drunk: Lou' kout, lou' kout, you'll catch fire.
Drunker: Wassa matter you?
Drunk: Don go breathing ova here when I got this match lit.



INSPECTION

She: Papa always gives me a book for my birthday.
He: What a fine library you must have!

♦ ♦ ♦

Dick: Pog always appears to be in low spirits.
Heap: That's because he takes prohibition seriously!

♦ ♦ ♦

'19: Why did you get thrown out of the glee club?
'20: For singing.

♦ ♦ ♦

He (peevd): You were talking to Harold yesterday.
She: No, I wasn't; he merely kissed me. I don't know him well enough to speak.

♦ ♦ ♦

Farmer (to stranded autoist): How'd you get the puncture?
Autoist: Ran over a chicken with pin feathers.

♦ ♦ ♦

He: Honey, would you love me just the same if I told you I had sold the Stutz?
She: You didn't, did you?
He: No.
She: Certainly, I would, darling.

He (passionately): You promised to love me. Now you turn me down. You said you always wanted to be with me in everything. Ha! I'm going to drown my sorrows with liquor.

She: Of course I want to be with you in everything.

◇ ◇ ◇

Traveler: I often wondered why the English were such tea-hounds.

Friend: Yes!

Traveler: Yeah, but I know now, I had some of their coffee.

◇ ◇ ◇

Heap: I love the good, the true, the beautiful, the innocent—

The Girl: Oh! this is rather sudden, but I think father will consent.

◇ ◇ ◇

'22: He's a great ladies' man, isn't he?

'23: Yes, he makes love to eight girls a week approximately.

'22: What do you mean, approximately?

'23: Oh! roughly.

◇ ◇ ◇

1900 A. D.

Zeke: How come you get into the Orpheus every Saturday night without paying a cent?

Miller: Oh, I simply walk in backwards and they think I'm coming out.

◇ ◇ ◇

He: How do you like my mustache?

She: Well . . . between you and me . . .

◇ ◇ ◇

TER'BLE

Speed: I see they have discovered King Tut's bones.

Cummings: And did they pinch him for gambling?

Crowded trolley car. (Young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare.)

Young Man: Pardon me, miss, but may I not pay your fare?

Young Lady: Sir?!! (several seconds of groping).

Young Man: I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?

Young Lady: Why, I don't even know you, and anyway I'll have this purse open in a minute. (Continued groping.)

Young Man: I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my er-r-r suspenders three times!

◇ ◇ ◇

Handsome: I hear you and your girl had an awful fight.

Harry: Yeh, she said I was all the world to her one night.

Handsome: Yes, go on.

Harry: And I asked her to get off the earth a minute while I rested my knee.

◇ ◇ ◇

Jess: What did you give your best girl for her birthday?

Curls: A smoking jacket.

◇ ◇ ◇

'23: Did you ever understand a woman?

'24: Once.

'23: How come?

'24: She said "No."

◇ ◇ ◇

1st Jun.: Did you get the second question in algebra?

2d Jun.: No.

1st Jun.: How far were you from the right answer?

2d Jun.: Five seats.

◇ ◇ ◇

A girl—a dance—a jealous friend

A stolen car—a plan to end

The love affair—a kidnaped girl

The hero's head in a whirl.

A gun—a cab—a frenzied chase

A shot—a scream—a low-down place

A cop—a fight—the villain fell

The boy—the girl—now go to . . .

Another movie.

He: Where are you going to attend school this fall? At the University?
She: No. I'm tired of dancing.

◇ ◇ ◇

Dumb: The boss offered me an interest in the business today.
Less Dumb: Did he!
Dumb: Yes, he said if I didn't take an interest, he'd fire me.

◇ ◇ ◇

Curley: Say, can I borrow your hat?
Gus: Sure, but why the formality?
Curley: Oh, I can't find it.

◇ ◇ ◇

Faculty Adviser: Always love your teachers.
Senior: I tried that once but she got mad.

◇ ◇ ◇

Judge: If the waiter was polite to you and brought you what you ordered, why did you knock him down before you went out?

Pray: You see, Judge, he was my Captain when I was in Hitchcock and

Judge: Dismissed.

◇ ◇ ◇

Cig.: Going to have dinner anywhere tonight?
She (eagerly): Why, no, not that I know of.
Cig.: Gee, you'll be awfully hungry by morning!

◇ ◇ ◇

I rose and gave to her my seat
I could not let her stand—
She made me think of mother, with
That strap held in her hand.

WHO?

With a bottle or two of rare old wine,
And a maiden of features and form divine;
On a night just made for love and laughter—
Say, who gives a damn for the morning after!

◇ ◇ ◇

Tito: Gosh, I'm embarrassed. I gotta patch in the seat of my pants.
Toti: Don't let that bother you. Think how you would feel if the patch
wasn't there.

◇ ◇ ◇

Baby (crying): Papa, I wanna a drink.
Papa: Shut up you little idiot; so do I but I don't go around crying
about it.

◇ ◇ ◇

Mother was unpacking son John's suitcase and found a pawn ticket
hanging upon his coat.

John, what is this tag doing on your coat?

Son John: Oh, I was at a dance, mother, and checked my coat.

A moment later she came upon the trousers similarly tagged. With a
puzzled look she inquired:

John, what sort of a dance was that?

◇ ◇ ◇

And what makes the deuces wild?
Oh, they are so far away from the Queens.

◇ ◇ ◇

Oh, I say, what's worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?
Easy; a centipede with chilblains.

◇ ◇ ◇

ZATSO!!

A street car's just like a woman—
I think that you'll not find me wrong—
Let this one go and you'll find out
There'll be another one along.
In the wee small hours of the morning,
When midnight has long been past—
There's not so many running around;
Oh, no; but they go twice as fast.

◇ ◇ ◇

Sergeant to colored sentry: If anything moves, you shoot.
Sentry: Yes, suh, an' if anything shoots, ah moves.

THINGS WE NEVER HEAR AROUND HERE

Oh, please George, kiss me, just once.

No, no, I will not, Rose, and if you don't take your arms from about my neck, I won't go with you again and besides I'll tell your mother about you.

♦ ♦ ♦

"Shoot at will," barked the officer.

But at the command, Will was nowhere to be seen.

♦ ♦ ♦

Speed Cummings: Booth, why are you looking at your watch so often?

Booth: I was afraid you would not have time to finish your interesting lecture.

♦ ♦ ♦

Beginner's Luck—Twins.

♦ ♦ ♦

Wichmond: Thay, Thwede, they tell me that prohibition wath quite a thurprise to you. Ith that tho?

Thwede: No, it just took my breath away.

♦ ♦ ♦

Curls: Miss Oldun can't take a joke, can she?

Gus: I wouldn't risk proposing to her if I were you, she might.

♦ ♦ ♦

Prof.: Give me a good example of coincidence.

Frosh: My father and mother were married the same day.

♦ ♦ ♦

Judge: Did you know that street was one-way traffic?

Lee: Sure, Judge, and I was only going one way.

♦ ♦ ♦

Her: How would you like to go on our honeymoon in an aeroplane?

Him: Not me—I'd hate to miss the tunnels.

♦ ♦ ♦

Edna: Bugs must be a pretty wild girl.

Ruth: Howzat?

Edna: Her father says he can hardly keep her in clothes.

♦ ♦ ♦

Whenever I see a pretty ankle I always think of bad weather.

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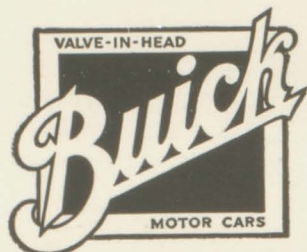


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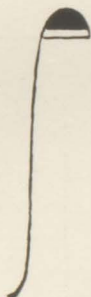
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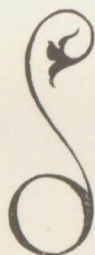
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THE GANG

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