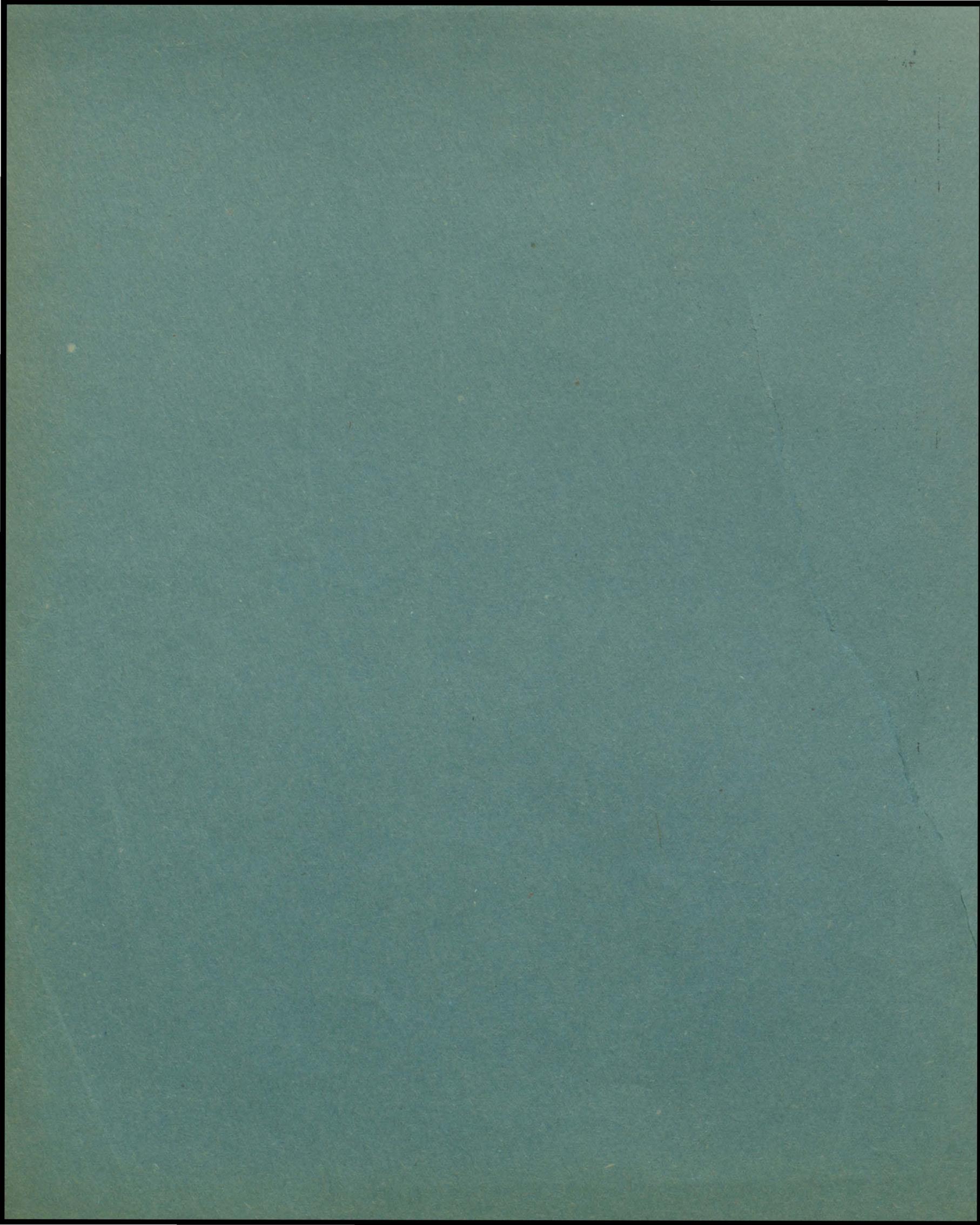
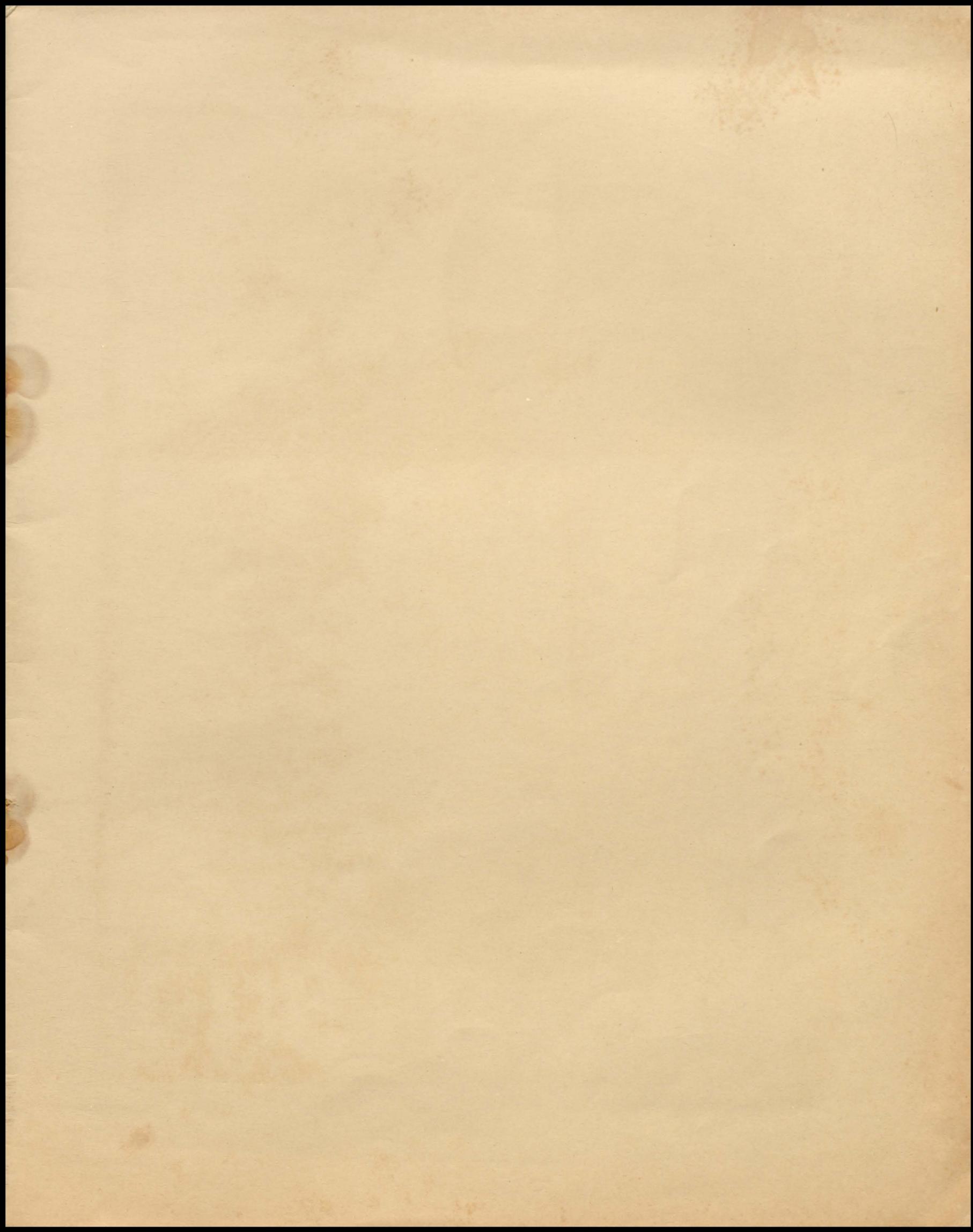


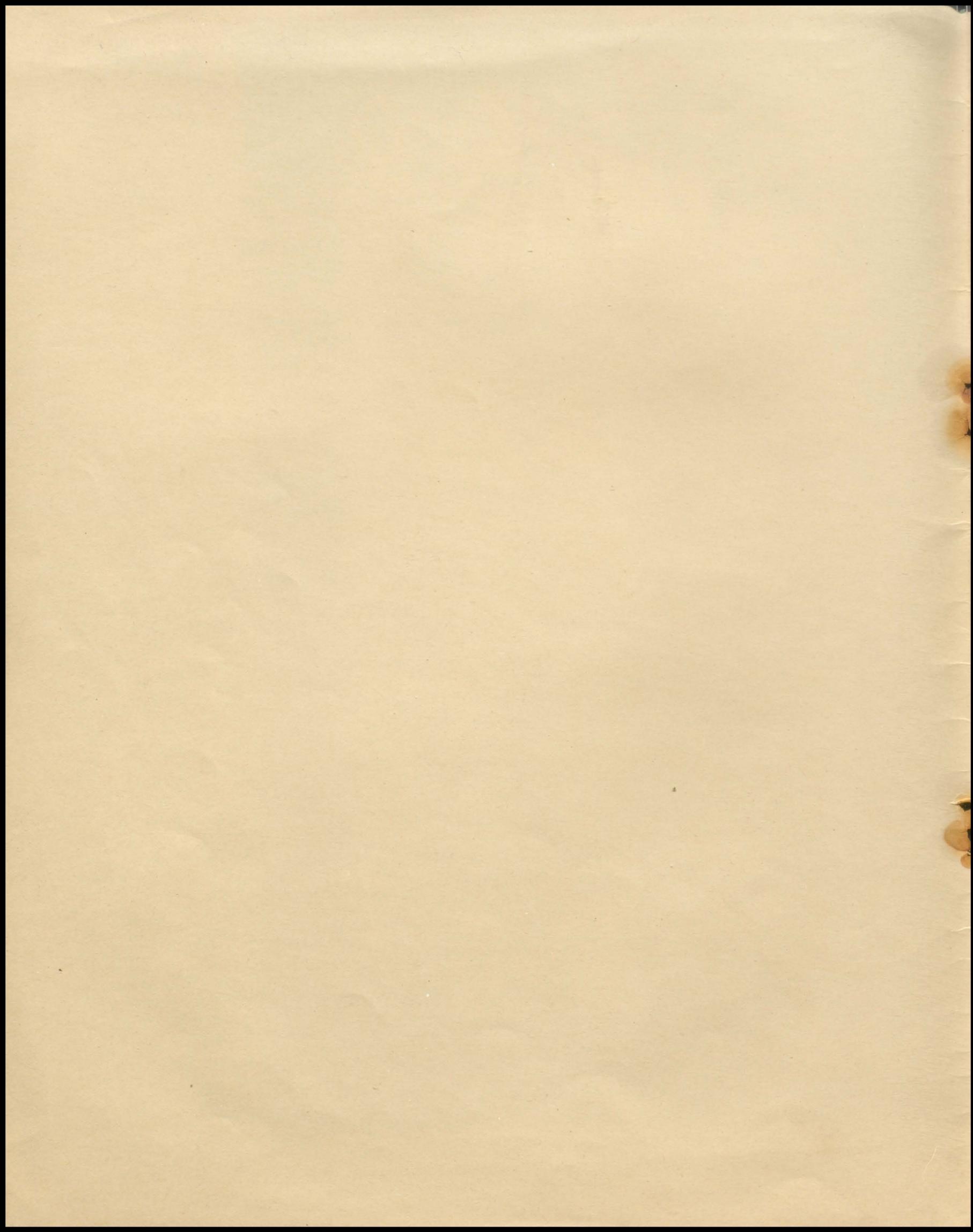


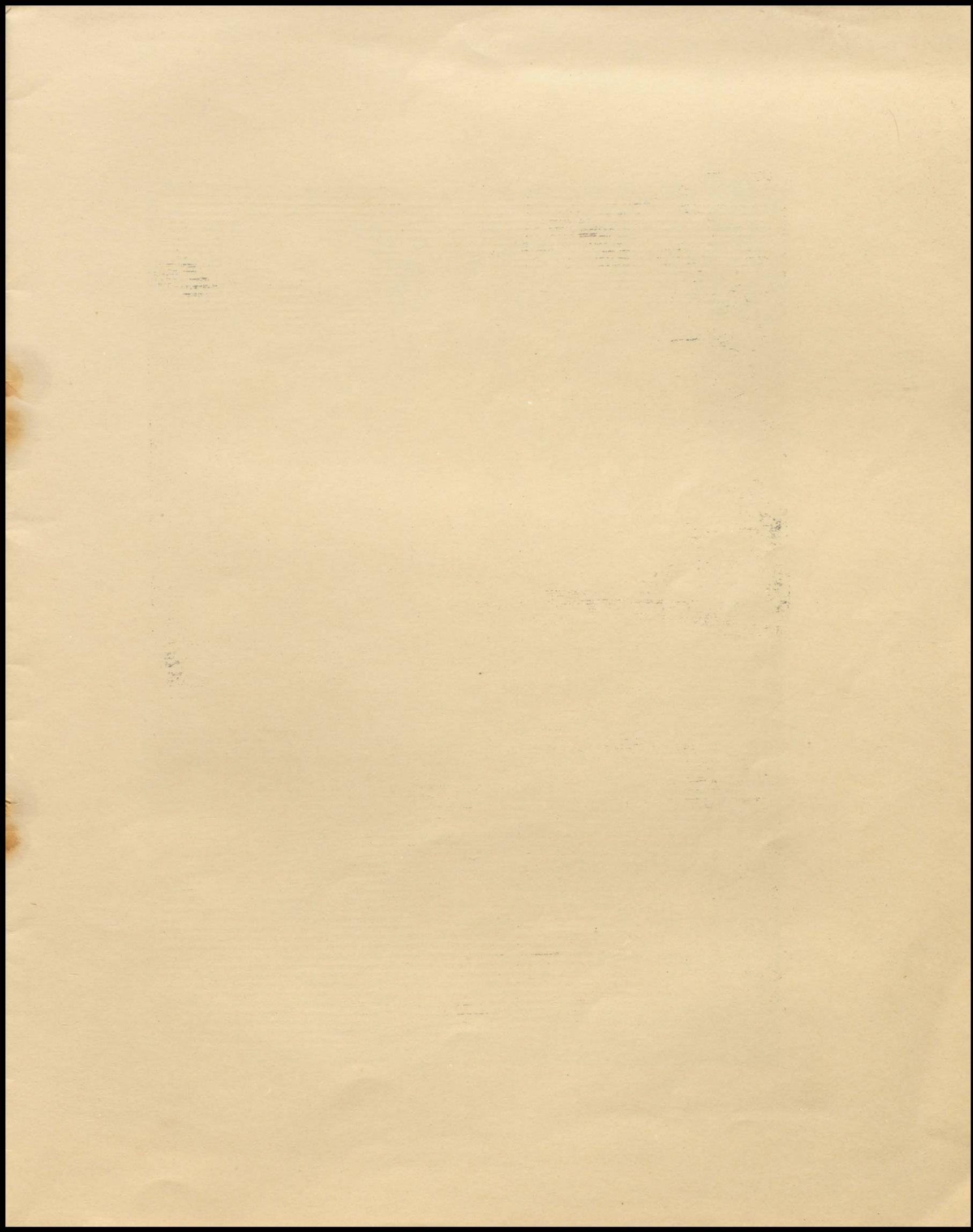
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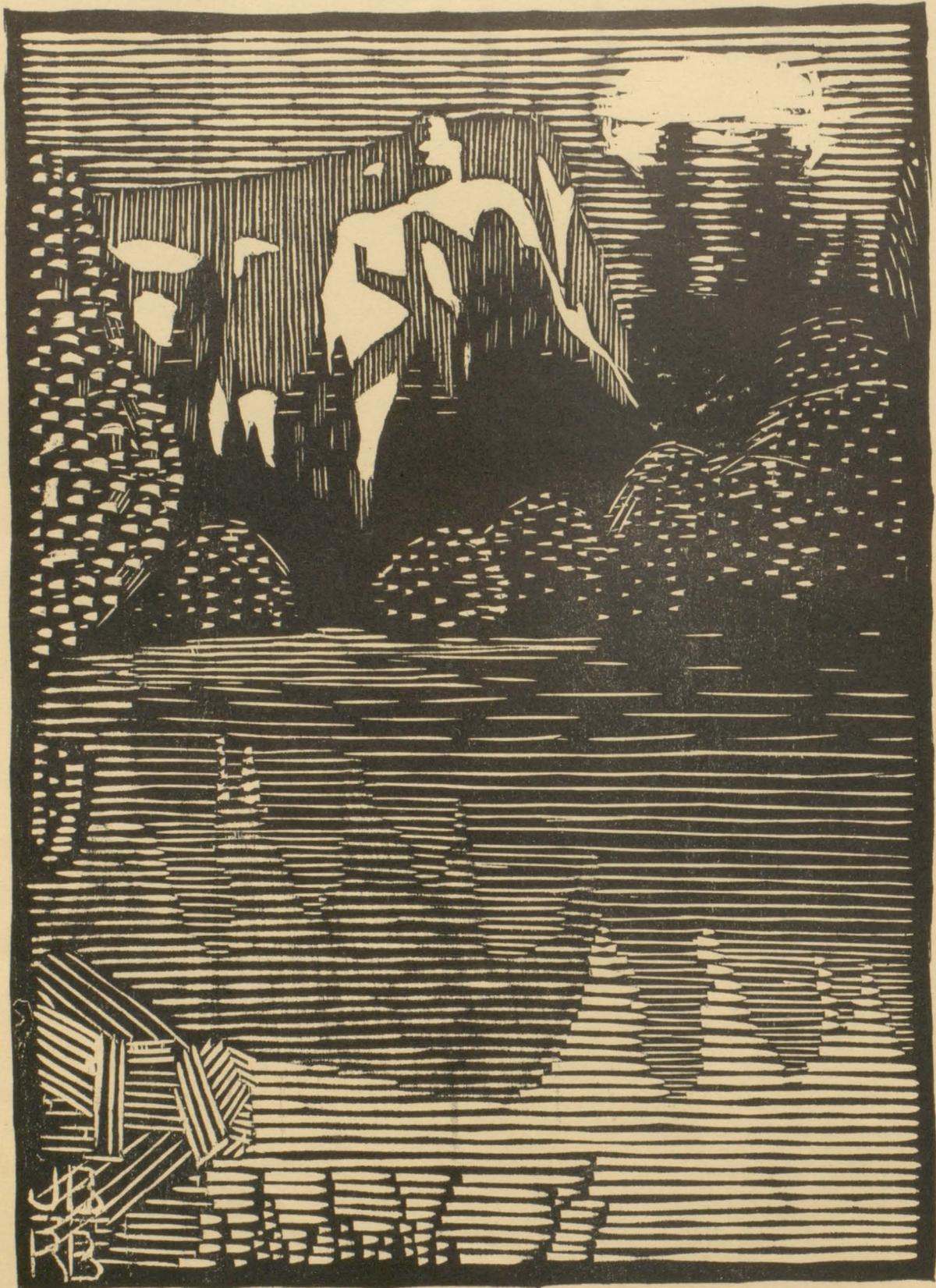
CUBTRACKS











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STAFF

Volume 3

Number 5

A quarterly magazine for students, parents, alumni, and faculty. Copyright, 1928 by the Associate Students of the University High School, Fifty-Eighth and Grove Streets, Oakland, California.

EDITORIAL

| | |
|--------------------------|------------|
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| Elizabeth Drury | Cub Tracks |
| Jack Leutzinger | Sports |
| Bill Maher | Cub Cracks |
| Robert E. Brownlee | Adviser |

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| Ruth Janson, Dorothea Janson, Pauline Schuster, Fred Seereiter, Bill Layne, Marian Manor, Philip Wood, Hildegard Brandt | Illustrations |
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PRINTED AT THE
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EDITORIALS

THE NEW SCHOOL DIRECTORY

A new school directory made its appearance shortly after the Easter vacation to replace the one issued a year ago which had become obsolete. The changes in the school population and the many changes in the students' residences necessitated the new issue.

If you have ever lost your notebook and in consequence didn't know what to do for that English course—whether it was two hundred pages in one book or three hundred in another—and you didn't want to read them both, you then and there realized the indispensable value of a directory.

In addition to the students' names the directory publishes the school songs, the yells, the constitution, class officers, honor plan, and many other useful items. A big dime's worth!

"PEGGY AND THE PIRATE"

With the production "Peggy and the Pirate," the music department again proved its ability to make a success of this annual event.

In spite of the rain the per-

formance was well attended. It was given in both the afternoon and the evening.

Money gained from the affair will be used to buy a new stereopticon and slides.

The operetta is of great value to the school. It gives the students of the music department a chance to use their knowledge to practical advantage, gives the audience the enjoyment of having such a performance, and earns, for the department, much needed equipment.

JOURNALISM CONTEST

Recognition has again crowned the efforts of University high. This time the journalism pupils have brought home the honors with a tie for first place in both the best editorial and the best feature story. This achievement was scored in a contest held between the six Oakland high schools.

"Happy Wildflowers," an editorial written by Amy Body, and an economics feature written by Don Doran were the winning contributions to the contest.

The decisions rendered on the work were given by men actively engaged in the field of journalism, and experts themselves.

These men were: Mr. R. H. Danforth, assistant managing editor of the Tribune, Mr. A. L. Clark, managing editor of The Fairway, and Mr. A. E. Anderson, feature writer of the Post-Enquirer.

CHANGES IN THE CONSTITUTION

Because of the confusion that arose at the last election over the qualifications of the president, the student council has revised that part of the constitution which deals with the eligibility of candidates. Other minor changes which have needed revision for some time were also made in an effort to bring the constitution up to date.

Hereafter, any candidate must have the required number of credits before he may even run for office. Another change brings the activities of the boys into closer relationship with athletics. The commissioner of boys' sports is commissioner of boys' affairs and ex-officio Boys' league president. To fix responsibility for a much needed work the clerk of the council is responsible for the keeping of school records.

SENIORS

Ever since our freshman days, we have planned on regarding our senior year as nothing extraordinary. No sentimentality for us, we decided. We would go out with dry eyes and free spirits. But now that the time has come, and we are about to leave the school that has seen so many of our cherished dreams come true and has been so kind to us in our failures, we are hard put to it to swallow the lumps in our throats. We don't want to. We are proud to be graduating, but regretful to leave behind those dearest associations that meant so much in our high school life. We revel in that tearful feeling that recurs to us ever so often as we think of the ties that are so soon to be severed.

Of one thing we are certain. Never in all our lives will we have such true and loyal friends as those we leave behind us in high school, both in the faculty and student body. Never will we have such kindly critics, nor such inspiring admiration. Accordingly we hope to carry on, as other classes have done before us so that University high school may be really proud of us, both as individuals and as a class.

DANCE DRAMA

The beauty of nature is interpreted by the girls of the school who enter into the spirit of the Dance drama, given each spring at Mosswood park.

This occasion is the work and expression of both students and teachers, and is one of the most beautiful and picturesque events on the whole school calendar.

VOCATIONAL DAY

University high held the third Vocational day of its history on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 28. While the immediate results are not so



obvious, the inevitable value which the student obtains makes the day of great benefit.

It is detrimental to the profession and the individual if a person enters the field for which he eventually finds he is ill-suited. Vocational day affords an opportunity for the student to meet those men who are prominent in their field, who have seen and met the obstacles in the pathway of success, and who know about what they are talking. If a student finds that he has had a desire to enter a field for which he is absolutely unfitted, there is nothing easier than to change his course while in high school.

For this reason alone, Vocational day should be a part of every school semester.

CUB TRACKS BOOK SHELF

One of the best examples of good literature written in the twentieth century is "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. This is no sweeping statement made by an amateur, but the deliberate opinion of some of the greatest critics who have read the book.

It is realistically written, and reads like some particularly fascinating page of history, replete with incredibly interesting personages. Indeed, all through it one feels the convincing germ of truth that makes a good book great.

The setting is in Peru near a suspension foot bridge of woven rushes, over which thousands cross. Then one day the bridge breaks with five people on it, and a watching priest determines that there is a reason for the death of these widely different human beings. With much care and trouble he amasses the material he seeks, the complete story of each person's life. He proves his point—that each life was a finished whole, each person had nothing more for which to live. The lives of these people make up the story.

FAREWELL

With the publication of this issue, we of the Cub Tracks staff have concluded our duties for the semester. We have enjoyed our work and have profited by the experience. With each edition our endeavor has been to please you. Sincerely wishing for the incoming staff the same pleasure and benefits, we take a reluctant departure.

Jobs and the Man

By Pauline Schuster



PHIL shivered again as another icy stream of water trickled off an awning into his already sodden collar, then pulled his hat farther down over his eyes, hunched his shoulders a fraction of an inch higher, and walked briskly on. He had no destination in mind; he was walking fast to keep warm. He reflected miserably that a park bench would be none too comfortable tonight—sometimes he was almost tempted to—Gee, it was wet!

Crash! He had run headon into an umbrella-laden, stoutish man stepping from a lighted doorway. With a muttered apology Phil stepped aside, then caught his breath as he saw who it was. "Sutton! And he didn't know me!—Can't really blame him, though." He glanced at the doorway. "He must have just left the club—Gee, I wonder how they all are in there. Not worrying about me, I'll bet!"

Six months. It wasn't really the age it seemed—but so much had happened during that time. Why, he had even been in jail—for vagrancy! He laughed, harshly, and splashed on.

He couldn't get his mind off that night. It had been raining then, too—light, April rain, contrasting ridiculously with this downpour! Uncle Joe, at the end of his patience, standing by the heavy black table and "lighting into them"—Larry and himself. Good old uncle had always been more or less strict

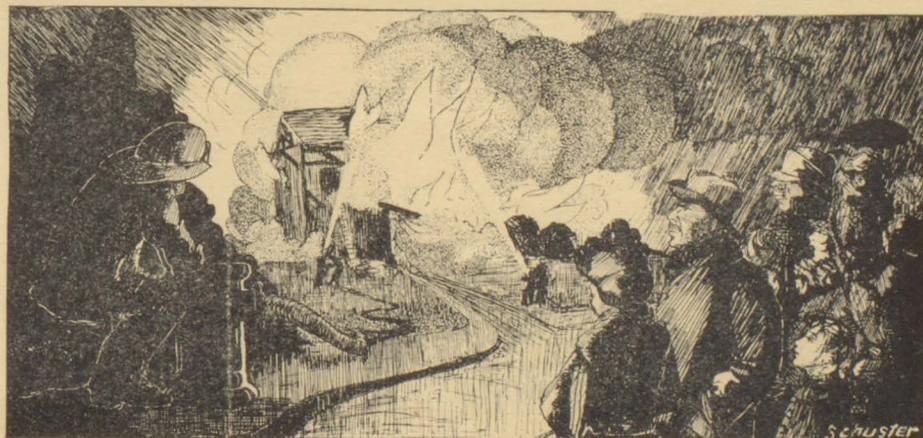
about the way they overran their allowances, but this time he had been really angry. "It's gone far enough!" Phil could hear again the odd quiver in his voice, and see the high color in his cheeks. "I'm disappointed in you both. I thought you were a man, Phillip, and you Lawrence—but it seems that I was mistaken." Phil and his cousin had suddenly felt ashamed; they had been going it strong lately. Their uncle had gone on, "I'm going to give you both a chance to prove I'm wrong. I'll pay whatever debts you owe now, then you can clear out and do what you want. You don't have to—" the toss of the head was a challenge, "but you have the chance. I want you to shift for yourselves, show what's in you. I've taken care of you since you were boys, and now you can pay me back, if you want it put that way."

It had been sudden and unexpected from mild Uncle Joe. But the next day he and Larry had "cleared out" to find work and to "stop fooling around." He hadn't seen Larry since, but

he was probably successful somewhere. He had always been lucky—and good-natured.

Phil's first job had not been a success. Sympathetic friends had, of course, offered him positions—many of them obviously manufactured for him—but in his defiant mood he had refused all of them. He had secured a taxi-job, and had enjoyed himself immensely, living in a cheap boarding house. But one day he had had to taxi two of his former girl-friends to a tea, and hadn't liked being paid by them. He had optimistically begun searching for something else, and finally had decided to "begin at the bottom" and become a factory hand during catsup season. Unfortunately his ambitions for the presidency of the firm had been early smothered up in catsup fumes, and he had quit just before chili season.

Los Angeles is a large city. Jobs, Phil had found, were scarce, but men were plentiful. After several weeks of hunting he had become accustomed to a park-bench-and-want-ad exist-



When he reached the sidewalk, Phil wondered at his own behavior. Was he ashamed to tell Larry of—the night in jail, for instance? And why had he had that feeling of disgust, when, obviously, Larry's six months had been more profitable than his own?

"I couldn't be a quitter, so I stayed." Phil remembered the other man's way of putting it. Quitter! Ugly word. "I was a quitter," he growled to himself, "so I, well—here I am." He walked on faster. "A fine sort I am, to talk. Quitter! Why if I wanted to, I could go back to the taxi job—or have a good sleep at the club—my dues are paid until January. Quitter! Quit—"

He had unconsciously followed a familiar street to the World office. As his feet automatically halted before the steps, he frowned. Then, acting on a sudden impulse, he hurried to the side door. Even as he turned the knob, the door was wrenched open, and Kent, the night editor, stood before him, dishevelled and excited.

Heat—crimson, choking heat, smothering him, filling his lungs, eyes, head,—sudden jets of scalding steam—pain—a burst of white light, then darkness.

When he awoke Phil found himself in a neat, white room, and a comfortable bed. His arms and shoulders were band-

aged, and his right leg was strapped in some kind of a contraption that made it uncomfortable to move. How steepy he was! He remembered vaguely being carried—and this didn't smell like a hospital—



Phil Turner, still bandaged, but able to sit up, was telling his uncle of the events of the last half-year. "—And after I left Larry that night four weeks ago," he was saying, "I found myself in front of the World office. I went in, and Kent, the—oh, you know him?—caught my arm and told me to rush to Park boulevard, that there was a fire. I didn't stop to argue. I don't see yet where the night men were, but grabbed a notebook and ran. I was sure re-

lieved to find it wasn't our house!"

"But how did you happen to be—"

"I'm coming to that. You see, the fire was centered at the back of the house and no one was allowed there. I sneaked in the back yard, seeing a chance for a good story, and a good deal of excitement. I was writing, after it had calmed down a bit, and I guess a piece of that old wooden veranda fell on me. I don't see yet how. I was too far away, I thought. I lay there ages, it seemed.—Say, how did I get here?"

His uncle smiled. "When they found you," he said, "one of the men indentified you as a World reporter—and found Kent. Kent telephoned me, and I had you brought—"

"But how did Kent know my name?"

"Boy," Uncle Joe was obviously enjoying himself, "boy, did you ever think of anyone but yourself when you were on the World's salary? Did you ever think once who the editor might be—or the owner? I'll bet you don't even know where the owner's office is!"

"Of course I do! It's across from—what are you laughing at—Uncle Joe! Do you mean—?"

"Just that. I've owned nearly all the stock in the World for fifteen years—and once in a while I visit my office."



Prize Contest Results

Do you remember our prize contest in the last issue? The one about the hula girl, the monkey, and all that other paraphernalia? Well, after wading through countless manuscripts, and nearly giving ourselves eyeritis, we finally came to the conclusion that Virginia Slaughter's play was most deserving of the prize. It was unanimously agreed upon, and after you've read it you'll know why. All our efforts at planning a stiff prize contest were put to naught. Virginia got the specifications all in—even the kyack, and went

us one better, since she wrote it up in play form.

In case you've forgotten the contest, or were one of the vast minority who did not compete, we'll refresh your memory with a set of the rules. The story had to include:

1. A hula dancer with a pet monkey.
2. An intrepid young Eskimo, dressed in a kyack or whatever they call those koverall things that Eskimo's wear.
3. A box car, perferably one of the Great Northern Railway company's, painted red. The

number of the car is 257098.

4. A bean shooter capable of delivering 592 rounds per minute. This bean shooter is gas-operated, water cooled, and belted.

5. All of this must take place on a cake of ice floating somewhere in the Antartic Ocean.

So now you see with what Virginia had to contend. We are printing the winning effort below. And, by the way, lest you forget the nature of this far-famed prize, we will add that it is a year's subscription to Cub Tracks.

Ugh, and How!

By Virginia Slaughter

Place—the middle of the Antartic ocean.

Time—6 o'clock in the morning.

Setting—a cake of ice floating in the ocean. On it is a red toy box car with Great Northern railway printed in white letters on the side and numbered 257098, and a bean shooter, gas operated, water cooled, and belted.

Characters—

Nola, a hula dancer.

Winkums, her pet monkey.

Ugloo, an intrepid young eskimo dressed in a kyack.

Archie, the villain.

Jasper, the hero.

Cecil.

Nola (Unthinkingly braiding her grass skirt)—A pretty mess you got us into! (Gathering Winkuens in her arms) — Is

Mama's honey baby tired and cold? Here, play with your ittie

bittie box car. (Gives him the car.)

Ugloo—Ugh!

Jasper (Struggling manfully with the bean-shooter)—It won't work. Not a bean will it shoot. The water in it is frozen and the belt's come off. Oh dear! (He continues working on it.)

Ugloo—Ugh!

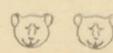
Archie (Peering around)—What ho! Jolly good cruise. (Thoughtfully gazes at the entire group which is now showing signs of utter despair.) Has something gone—ah—haywire so to speak?

Ugloo—Ugh!

Cecil (With ferocious look in his eye)—Shut up. Can't you see I'm thinking? Do you realize where we are?

Archie (Grinning broadly)—




Cub Tracks


Of course. Let's see. We're about—oh well, somewhere at least.

Ugloo—Ugh!

Nola (Noticing for the first time her skirt and letting out a frightful shriek)—My skirt! Oh (Turning to Cecil) just look what you've done. Whatever shall I do! The next time I come on any wild goose chase with you and ruin all my clothes—

Archie—Titter, titter.

Nola—I'll sue you for damages. (Gathering *Winkums* in her arms) Mama's own darling will catch his death of cold. Nasty old ice. (Daintily picks her way to the other side.)

Ugloo—Ugh!

Jasper—Huzzah. A bean! Gimme a bean. It works! (Rapidly shoves in beans handed to him by Cecil. The engine chugs and then begins discharging beans into the air at the rate of 592 a minute. Cecil and Jasper begin hugging each other and dancing around in a circle.)

Archie—Clever, clever boys. (Looking off stage) I see something. Shoot at it, I say. Shoot at it! (*Jasper* turns the bean-shooter around and aims it at the object. He lets a volley fly. They all wait expect-

antly. A loud noise is heard as the beans hit the object. Immediately wild yells are heard.)

Voice—So there you are.



What did you think you were doing, taking a cruise around the bay on your summer yacht? We left you on the bank to film that comedy. What do you mean by coming away and leaving all your equipment?

Nola (Sobbingly)—The horrid, mean, old thing. And my *Winkums* is hungry, too.

Cecil—You see sir, we were just about to—that is, the film had just started—

Nola—Yes! I was about to do my dance and Archie was wait-

ing to come on when—

Jasper—The ice! It—

Archie—Yes, it broke—

Cecil—Away!

Archie (Glancing admiringly at Cecil)—Jolly bad time, eh what?

Nola—And we've been drifting for ages, and I ruined my skirt, and my *Winkums*—

Jasper—And the comedy turned into tragedy. It would have been so funny too, to have had different things from all over the earth—a hula dancer and an eskimo and a monkey and a bean-shooter, and filmed at the South Pole, and there was such a wonderful hero part for me and—

Archie—Magnificent villain part for me.

Cecil—And I would have made a name for myself with Realistic Hollycoal pictures corporation.

Nola—But I ruined my skirt and *Winkums*—

Voice—For heaven's sake shut up and get aboard the ship. We'll let a rope down to you when we reach you. We stopped and got the camera you left behind in your haste. Get ready there! The next time we go to film another realistic comedy we won't!

Chorus—I should say not!

Ugloo—Ugh!!

Curtain



When Left is Right

By Clarence Schrader



HEINE Schultz was big; not only big, but husky. There was also a certain gracefulness in the way he carried his 200 pounds of muscle that made me bless Providence for sending a born shot-putter in my time of need.

This was my third year as track coach at the University of Halford, and I had yet to win a conference title. Always, it was the lack of capable discus-throwers and shot-putters that had kept me from getting better than a second place, but in Heine I saw a prospect who might bring in those much needed points.

The first day of practice I took him in hand in order to find out if my dreams were destined to come true.

"Heine," I questioned, "have you ever put the shot before?"

"No sir," he answered, "but I have always wanted to try throwing one of those little iron balls."

Now a sixteen pound shot may not be so big, but it is no marble, as Heine soon found out. However, the 35 feet, 6 inches he tossed it was not so bad for a first day's performance. I went to bed that night dreaming of silver cups and a higher salary.

But my luck was too good to continue. After three weeks of practice, for the life of him Heine could not put the shot more than 39 feet. I kept at him day in and day out, teaching him form, and showing him how

to get all of his body weight behind his arm. But it was of no avail. There was a certain awkwardness in the way his right arm went away from his shoulder, which we could not remedy. I had given up all hope of ever doing anything with Heine when, a week before the conference meet, he showed some improvement by bringing his distance up to 42 feet, 9 inches. A heave of that length will not take first place in a meet where the record is 48 feet, 10 inches. But it will take a third or even a second place if the competition isn't too strong. There were but two other shot-putters in the conference who I figured would beat Heine's work. They were Hanson, a big Swede from Norwood, our traditional rival, and Mason from Coffin, both of whom could do from 47 to 48 feet consistently.

There were eight colleges in our conference. I estimated that if we could get 35 points, we could just win, as Norwood was good for 30 points. I had a sure winner in both the 100 and 220, as well as the record holder in the low hurdle event. A good high jumper and several second and third place men gave me a well rounded squad in everything except my old nemesis—the shot-put. However, I figured if Heine could just come through with a third place, barring any startling upsets, we would win.

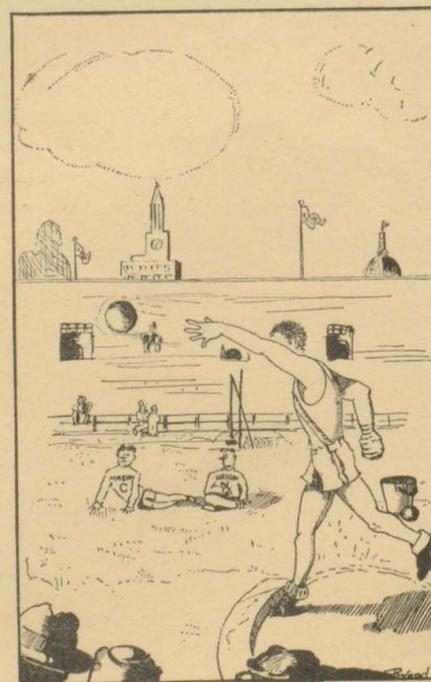
The day of the meet dawned clear and bright. It was just warm enough to loosen muscles, but not too hot to make a person

lazy. I was as nervous as a hen with her first chicks at feeding time, and kept running back and forth taping ankles, rubbing legs, and keeping my men from getting lost.

At last the meet started. I won't give you a detailed account of it except to say, with a few exceptions, it ran true to dope.

My hurdler knocked over too many hurdles and was disqualified, but I got a first place in the mile which I hadn't counted on, when Norwood's star miler pulled up with a strained ligament, and one of my boys beat a Coffin man to the tape by a scant two feet.

When the shot-put was finally called, Norwood was pressing close, with yours truly two points to the good. Barring accidents, a third place would cinch the meet for us.



🐻 🐻 🐻 Cub Tracks 🐻 🐻 🐻

Hanson putted first with a magnificent heave of 48 feet. Poor Heine was next, but as he threw the iron ball it twisted his wrist and, with a cry of pain, he dropped the shot, just missing his toes.

Inwardly I was cussing the fates as I saw my third place as well as the meet flying away. I took Heine over to one side and began to tape his hand, when I heard a voice behind me say, "Mister Coach, I—"

I was too busy to be bothered, so I chased him away without listening to what he had to say. He was little, fat, and stubby; an old German uncle if there ever was one.

Just then a wild heave from the ring came sailing over my way, nearly taking my foot off. Heine reached down, picked up

the shot in his good left hand, took a short step and heaved. Afterward I measured that



little toss—but never mind. Let's go on. To my utter enjoyment the ball flew out a good distance past the circle. It was Heine's turn again, so I marched him up to the ring, put a shot in his hand and told him to go to it. And how he went! His second heave with his left hand went 48 feet 6 inches and his last throw tied the record.

As every one was congratulating Heinie, and I couldn't get within ten feet of the hero, I turned to see the same little fellow whom I had chased away. He was Heine's uncle.

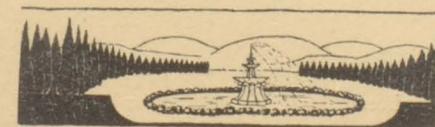
"Dummkopf," he said. "I was telling you ven you send me away. It was schust like I told Fritz (Heine's father). You should nefer make der right hand of der left hand boy."

GARDEN OF SPRINGTIME

My garden of the Springtime is
here again this year
All filled to overflowing with
its friendliness and
cheer.
The faces of the daffodils lean
primly gold, and grin,
The hungry tulips open wide to
let the sunshine in,
And militant the hollyhocks
stand etched against
the sky
To guard the realms of fancy
when dull logic passes
by.
The violets in purple hues wear
peace upon their face
I hear them whisper to them-

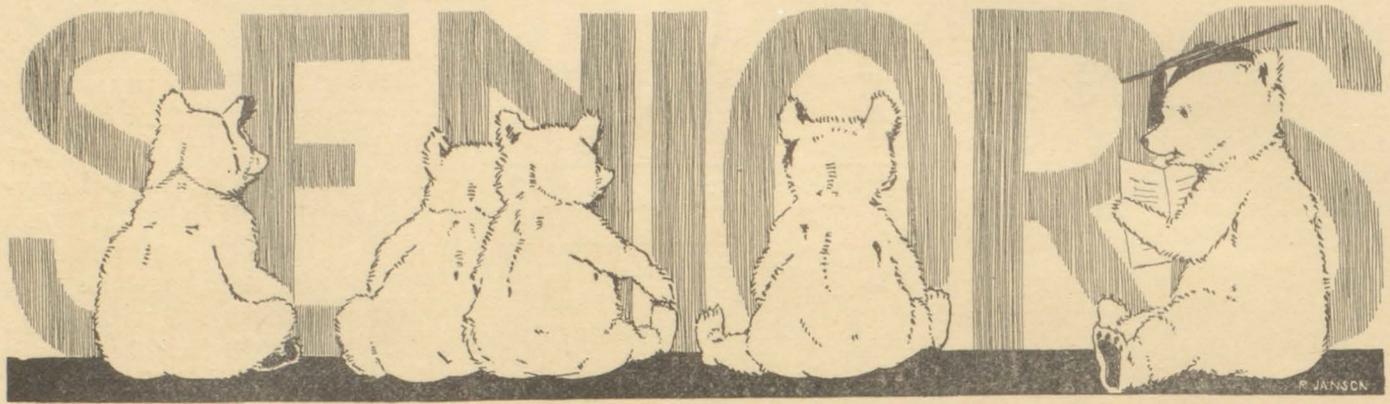
selves, "Oh, what a
lovely place!"
The wide-eyed daisies poke
about across the stretch
of lawn
And from their casements to-
ward the east, like
Moslems, greet the
dawn.
The rose upon the trellis hangs
so pensive and serene
And drops her modest lashes
like a fair unchosen
queen.
I call them all by treasured
names, my daffodil,
my rose

and space here on the
ground,
We love each other; in our
hearts full happiness
is found.
And even if we fade away when
sunny days are gone,
We know that we shall meet
somewhere; and hap-
piness live on;
We know we'll come again next
year with wonder in
our eyes,"
And knowing this my heart is
full and glad in new
surprise.
—Virginia Slaughter



And they have just been telling
me—oh, what do you
suppose?
"Though separate we in color





SENIORS

As another commencement day approaches, one more class passes out into the world, leaving behind certain names and certain accomplishments made noteworthy by the part of these students in the shaping of school history.

The class of June 1928 has produced many fine persons. Among them are those who have held student body, club, Boys' league, Girls' league, and senior class offices; worked on publications; won contests; participated in athletics; been honor students; been stage managers; or served on the honor board.

The members of the class who have acted as student body officers are the following: Robert Elliott and Lester Jacobs, presidents; Corinne Baptista and

Marian Bullock, commissioners of girls' affairs; Richard Bolt and Joshua Holland, commissioners of publicity; Les-cobs; yell leader; Clarence Schrader and Bill Layne, commissioners of special events; Rose Truxell, commissioner of social affairs; Douglas Sinclair, commissioner of boys' sports; Jack Leutzinger, chief justice; and Marian Bullock, Helen Jackson, and June Raycraft, clerks.

The seniors have been well represented in the clubs. Those who have served as presidents are Melvin Anderson and Jack Hammer, Rifle and Saber; Ed Atkinson, Radio; Agnes Bischoff and Elsie Cain, Service; Virginia Bland and Virginia Slaughter, Senior Latin; Miriam Schwantes, Spanish; Richard Bolt, Stamp; Kathryn Brock and Raul Magana,

French; Nan Body and Kathryn Brock, Senior Rainbow; Emil Fischer and Jack Steinbach, Senior Boys' Glee; Edith Gene Gaines, Senior G.A.A.; Clarence Gordon, Dramatic; Jack Howatt, Junior Chamber of Commerce; Lester Jacobs, Block "U" society; Ancil Johnson, Mechanical Drawing; Frank Louderback, W. B.; and Virginia Slaughter, Press.

The following students have held staff offices on Cub Tracks: Rose Truxell, editor; Jack Leutzinger, sport editor; and Ina Hayes and Virginia Slaughter, business managers. On the U-N-I staff is found Virginia Bland, Fred Gatter, Joshua Holland, Dave Lyon, Douglas Manke, Otis Miller, Pauline Schuster, Virginia Slaughter, and Rose Truxell, editors; Jack Leutzinger and



Otis Miller
Treasurer

Esther Hunt
Vice-President

Douglas Sinclair
President

Virginia Slaughter
Secretary

Lester Jacobs
Yell Leader


 Cub Tracks
 



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|--------------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Dorothy Abrams | Melvin Anderson | Zelma Atkins | Ed Atkinson | Corinne Baptista | Elmore Barnes |
| Gladys Bastin | Dorothea Batham | Agnes Bischoff | Joanna Binneweg | Virginia Bland | Fred Blankenship |
| Nan Body | Richard Bolt | Alice Bone | Joan Boulton | Hildegard Brandt | Kathryn Brock |
| Michael Brogliatti | Marian Bullock | Edith Bunker | Elsie Cain | Mildred Carter | Willetta Charlton |
| Edith Christensen | Roger Coffee | James Cummings | Dudley Deane | Fred Dietz | Milton Dressler |


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|-----------------|-----------------|---------------|------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Elizabeth Drury | Robert Elliott | Emil Fischer | Meredyth Fleming | Irene Franklin | Edith Gene Gaines |
| Fred Gatter | Agnes Gee | Ruth Giacobbi | Clarence Gordon | Miriam Gregory | Ruth Griffiths |
| Jack Hammer | Clarence Hansen | Garn Haycock | Ina Hayes | Eleanor Heisner | Joshua Holland |
| Jack Howatt | Oliver Howland | Helen Jackson | Ancil Johnson | Julia Joy | Evelyn Kahrs |
| Myrle Kelleher | Albert Kelly | Bill Layne | Jane Lee | Jack Leutzinger | Frank Louderback |


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|-------------------|-------------------|----------------|-------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Alice Lucas | Mary Frances Lutz | Dave Lyon | Lois McHenry | Florence McManus | Raul Magana |
| Bill Maher | Evelyn Major | Austin Mallett | Frank Mancebo | Douglas Manke | Betty Martin |
| Mary Janet Martin | Julia Mason | Erwin Mayer | Frank Michels | Margaret Miller | Marian Miller |
| Myrtle Murphy | Lenis Netherland | Bill O'Hare | Margaret O'Reilly | Mary Ellen Price | Pauline Prouty |
| Laura Ranta | June Raycraft | Henry Reed | Murray Richards | Helen Richardson | Doris Ricker |


 Cub Tracks
 



Bruce Roberts
 Ed Scudder
 Elaine Sulliger
 Jean Van Ness

Florence Schmitz
 Mildred Shadoan
 Elizabeth Swartz
 Etta Vanselus
 William Wilson

Clarence Schrader
 Jack Steinbach
 Beatrice Thompson
 Walton Van Winkle
 Eleanor Wright

Pauline Schuster
 Leroy Stevens
 Marion Truckey
 Ed Waring

Miriam Schwantes
 Winifred Stibbens
 Rose Truxell
 Hubert Waterhouse
 Barbara Wyse

Frances Scott
 Malcolm Storm
 Pauline Turner
 Naomi Watson

Cub Tracks

Dave Lyon, sport editors; and Esther Hunt, business manager. Of the above who have received Quill and Scroll emblems are: Pauline Schuster, Meredyth Fleming, Rose Truxell, Virginia Slaughter, Esther Hunt, Dave Lyon, Joshua Holland, and Otis Miller. Fred Gatter was the editor of the University high school directory, and Meredyth Fleming was his assistant.

In the field of athletics the class of June 1928 has had many stars. Among these are Elmore Barnes, Emil Fischer, Lester Jacobs, Bill Maher, William O'Hare, Clarence Schrader, Douglas Sinclair, Ed Scudder, and William Wilson, football; Jack Howatt, Bill Maher, Douglas Sinclair, and Ed Scudder, baseball; Oliver Howland, Bill Maher, Clarence Schrader, Douglas Sinclair, Malcolm Storm, and Ed Scudder, basketball; Jack Steinbach, Fred Blankenship, Milton Dressler, Emil Fischer, Dave Lyon, Jack Leutzinger, Malcolm Storm, and Ed Waring, track; Dudley Deane and Ed Scudder, swimming; and Jack Steinbach and Clarence Schrader, tennis.

The honor students are Marian Bullock, Virginia Bland, Fred Dietz, Joshua Holland, Fred Gatter, Esther Hunt, Nan Body, Bill Layne, Pauline Schuster, Helen Jackson, Ancil Johnson, Evelyn Major, Kathryn Brock, Douglas Manke, Doris Ricker, Virginia Slaughter, Winifred Stibbens, Jack Hammer, Robert Elliott, and Rose Truxell. On the honor board are Rose Truxell, chairman; and Jack Hammer and Robert Elliott, members.

In the Shakespeare contest the successful thespians were

Ina Hayes, 1926, and Rauf Magana, 1928.

The stage managers the class has produced are Lercy Stevens and Robert Elliott.

Those who have held offices in the Boys' league are Jack Steinbach, president; and Jack Leutzinger, secretary-treasurer.

Girls' league offices have been held by Marian Bullock and Corinne Baptista, presidents; Evelyn Major, vice-president; Kathryn Brock and Esther Hunt, secretaries; and June Raycraft and Pauline Schuster, treasurers.

The low senior class officers were Jack Leutzinger, president; June Raycraft, vice-president; Ed Scudder, secretary; and Jack Steinbach, treasurer.

High senior class officers are Douglas Sinclair, president; Esther Hunt, vice-president; Virginia Slaughter, secretary; and Otis Miller, treasurer.

No class has ever left and taken in it so many leaders as are found in this class of June 1928. Of the 125 who are graduating, 45 are known to have held important offices or rendered some noteworthy service to the school in spite of the fact that the list is not yet complete.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

As the summer vacation approaches, the members of the class of June, 1928, realize that their days at University high are numbered. Only a high senior can appreciate what this means—the breaking off of friendships with students and teachers, the anticipation of a college career or a job, and the nearing of the realization of long made plans.

We as a class have been fairly prominent in school affairs, and

are proud of the things we have done, or tried to do; things which, though they may be forgotten in a few years, are satisfying and important to us now. We know that we, too, shall be forgotten, that other classes and other personalities will take our places; but we shall never forget these activities, these "little triumphs," and the participation in school affairs that make us proud to be members of this compact, genuine, and inspiring community that is University high school.

—Douglas Sinclair

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE TO HIGH SENIORS

To those of us who are to remain in the University high school after you are gone, the year 1927-1928 has been just another year. Of course it has had its high spots and its low spots, each with its influence on our lives. To you, however, it has been a year of outstanding importance. It has marked for you the completion of your high school course, and the reaching of the goal toward which you have been striving.

Some of you will go to institutions of higher learning, there to begin a new educational experience. Others will undertake at once the more practical labors of a vocation or a home. In either case we hope that the work which you have done here will be of material benefit to you in your new field. Remember that your education is not complete and that if you are to get the best from life, you must always continue to grow.

We who are left behind wish you "Good-bye and good luck."

—F.H. Boren

SPORTS

SPRING SPORTS

The sport calendar for the spring is the busiest time of the year for athletes, coaches, and fans. Five sports, four major and one minor, make up the list for Cub participants. Basketball is over and, although not a success from the standpoint of games won, Coach McKenzie developed a fine team. The other sports in the order of their appearance are track, baseball, tennis, and golf.

Track and baseball at the time of this writing, each under a different coach, have fair prospects. Baseball was welcomed with a wealth of material, some of which have several years more of play. Track was somewhat lost as to experienced men, but did better than was first expected.

Tennis and golf followed baseball and track on the calendar, and both after extensive play-off tournaments found their ranking men. Tennis, through the ineligibility of its captain and number one man, had to elect a new leader. The foursome, which survived the golfing tournament in the school, is made up of green material, but in a few seasons should develop some real players.

TENNIS

An elimination tournament, covering three weeks' time, sufficed to eliminate the lesser lights of the tennis squad to such a degree that the first eight men were selected by Coach Harry Hindman.

Al Ashman succeeded in defeating his veteran rival, Jack Steinbach, for the number 1 position, forcing his opponent into the second place. Charles Pretti at number 3, and with Don Doran as number 4 make up the first doubles team, while Murray Richards and Milt Berry, number 5 and 6 respectively, will be the second doubles pair. Bill Shadoan and Clarence Schrader have the position of utility men.

CUBS TIE ISLANDERS

The season's first set of matches were played with Alameda, resulting in a split. Steinbach won his singles match with ease, 6-3, 6-3, but Ashman lost his singles contest, and was unsuccessful with Steinbach in the doubles. Pretti and Shadoan, second doubles team that day, were victorious, defeating their Islander opponents, 7-5, 6-2.

CUBS WIN THREE FROM TIGERS

Starting O.A.L. tennis with the proverbial rush, University took three out of four matches from their first opponents, the Fremont Tigers. Al Ashman was the only Cub netman to lose his match, but Steinbach, came through in his singles, while Pretti and Doran, Shadoan and Berry won their doubles. The scores of Steinbach's encounter were 6-4 and 6-2, which shows that his adversary did not give him much trouble. "Bud" Pretti and Don Doran beat the first Tiger double team by the count of 6-3, 6-1. The Cub second pair won after a hard fight by the scores of 1-6, 6-0, 8-6.

UNIVERSITY TAKES ONE

Piedmont high followed Alameda on the tennis shed with three victories to one defeat against the Cubs. "Moose" Steinbach was the only Blue and Gold player to win his matches. A hard fought set resulted in him winning by the scores of 10-8, 7-5 from his Highland adversary. Al Ashman took a drubbing in the other single match as did the two double teams.

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*University 1—California
Fresh 7*

In the opening baseball game of the 1928 season, the Cubs took on the University of California freshmen and were beaten by the score of 7 to 1 in seven innings of play. Earl Kinna and Joe Jadrich were the only Blue and Gold men able to connect for safties, Kinna with two singles and Jadrich with a triple.

"Little Joe" Arata did the twirling for University with Kinna behind the bat. The pair worked well and looked to be the coming first string battery men.

University 4—Berkeley 3

The first victory of the season for the national pastimers, although a rather hollow one, came when the Cubs beat the Yellowjackets' second team by the score of 4 to 3. The Bees used a first string pitcher but he was unable to turn in a win.

Poor fielding was the only blemish in the Cubs' performance, but the beautiful tossing of Powles overcame this fault. Scudder and Bareilles did most of the stick work for the Blue and Gold.

University 5—San Leandro 5

In a game that was postponed from the previous week, University was held to a 5 to 5 tie score by the San Leandro Cherry-pickers. Ed Scudder and Joe Arata were on the mound for the Blue and Gold. Scudder started the game but was later relieved by Arata who went the rest of the route.

The only time when the San Leandrans became dangerous was when they scored four runs

in the fifth stanza off Ed Scudder. Willie Muzio and Walt Bradbury were the big guns of the Cubs' offense with three hits each. Errors again nearly brought University's downfall.

University 2—Richmond 1

With Joe Arata pitching airtight ball and the infield working like a well oiled machine, University continued its winning streak by defeating the Richmond Oilers to the tune of 2 to 1. Weido Lancione, the pocket sized center fielder, as well as playing a fine game in the outfield, collected two of the Cubs' three hits.

The game was rather late in starting, as both teams went to the opponent's field, although the game was scheduled at Richmond. "Mac" finally did get his team back to Bushrod in time to win another contest.

University 5—Concordia 1

With "Lefty" Powles' floaters working to perfection, the Cubs breezed through to their third win of the season over the Concordia college lads by the score of 5 to 1. With two double plays and the hitting of Doug Sinclair featuring the game, the Blue and Gold displayed the best form of the present season.

It looks as though Coach McKenzie will not find it hard when he wants a pitcher for the games, as Scudder, Arata, and Powles have all proved that they are ready for fast and heavy work. Another pleasant feature of this victory was the fact that Concordia had won seven straight games before meeting the Cubs.

University 3—Berkeley 10

Showing their poorest form of the season so far, University practically defeated themselves in a game with the Berkeley high Yellowjackets, by the score of 10 to 3.

The twirlers of both teams pitched good ball, since none of the runs scored were earned. Errors, bone-head plays, and wild throws were the cause of every run scored, and marred an otherwise good ball game. Powles and Bareilles did the battery work for University, while Peacock hurled for the Red and Yellow.

University 1—Oakland 4

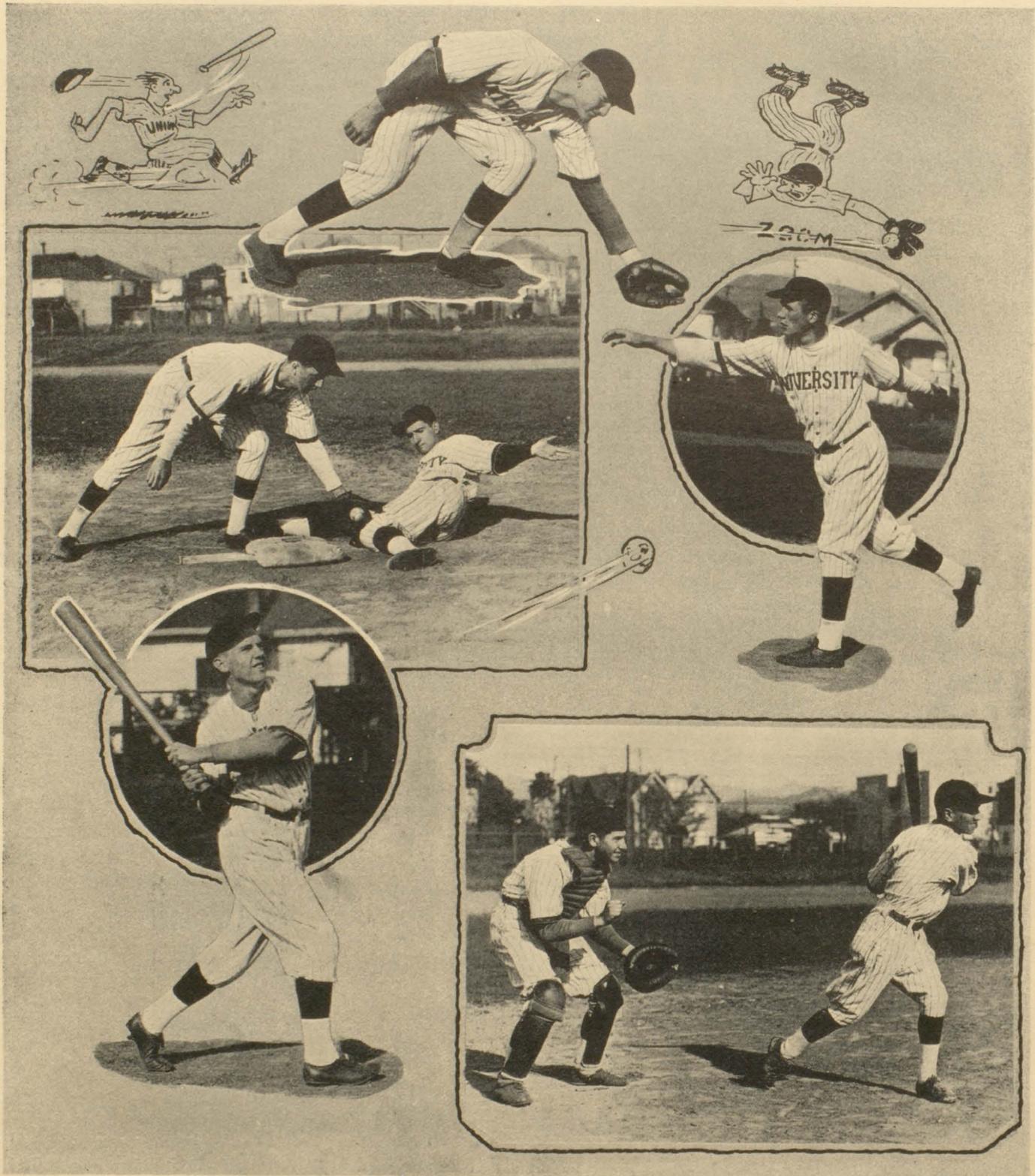
Disappointing defeat marked the opening of the Cubs' O.A.L. baseball season, when they fell before the onslaught of the Oakland high Wildcats at Bay View park. Fine pitching on the part of Birchland, Oakland twirler, plus an unfortunate tendency toward sloppy play afield were the main factors which made up the Cub defeat.

Captain George Powles pitched a game every bit as good as Birchland's, allowing five hits, as against six for his opponent, and collected two for himself. Muzio, Jadrich, Bradbury, and Sinclair were the other Blue and Gold men to break into the league batting averages during the initial contest.

University 5—Alumni 6

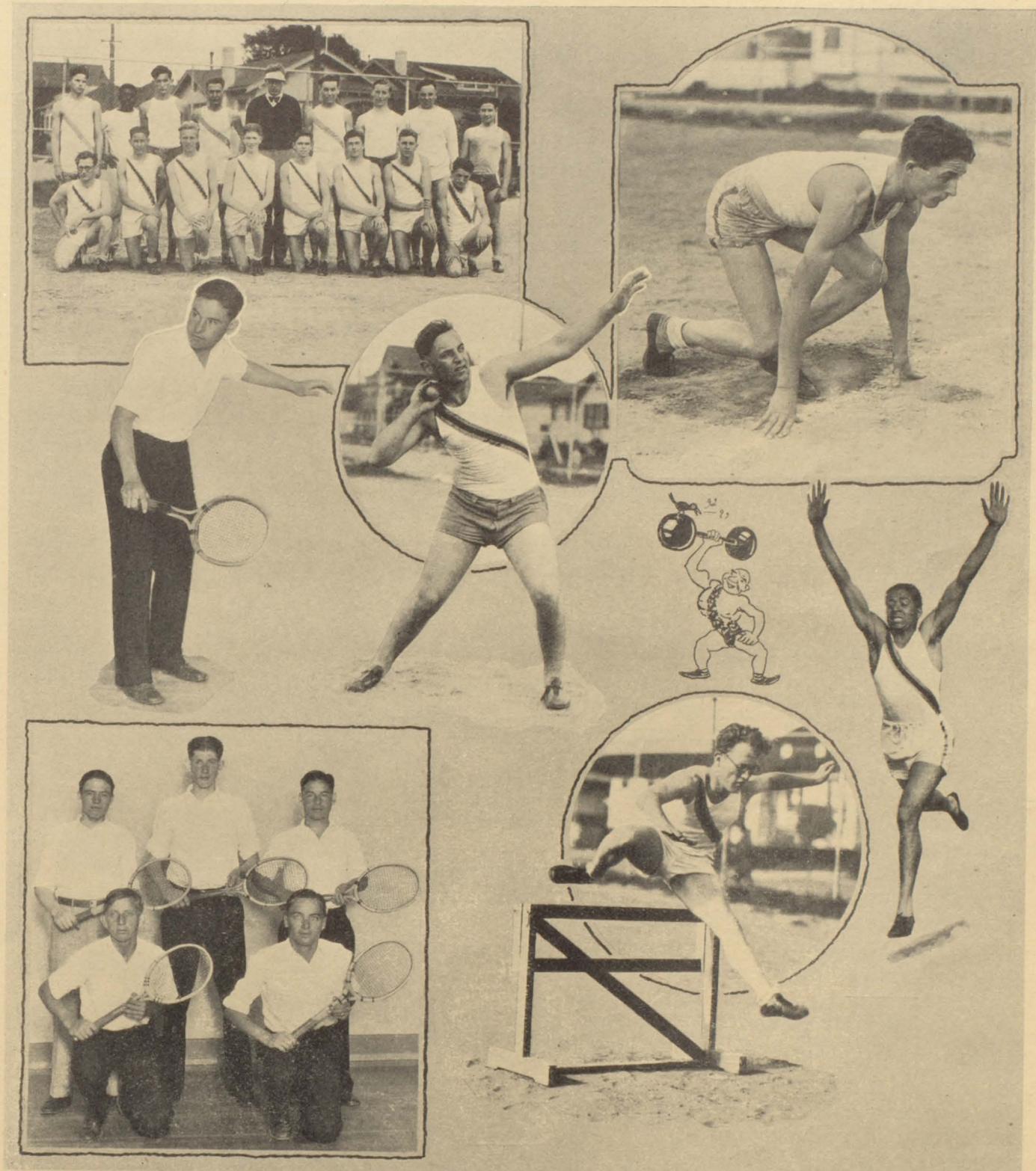
Taking on a picked alumni ball team for practice between the first and second O.A.L. games, the University nine lost by the score of 6 to 5 to the old timers. The game was featured by the work of some of the former stars, including Al Read,

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Walt Bradbury, (upper center) flashy third-sacker on Coach McKenzie's ball team. Joe Jadrich, (top left) nips Joe Arata at second base Ed Scudder, (top right) fast ball artist. Captain Powles (lower left) connects for a base-hit. Barielles (lower right) hits one with Lurie behind the bat.

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Coach Lyman (upper left) with his first track squad. Al Sabatte, (upper right) star 100 and 200 man gets set. Jack Steinbach (center left) number one man on the 1928 tennis team. Muzio, (center) University's strong man. Varsity tennis team on lower left. Vaughn, (lower center) who placed third in the O.A.L. low hurdle race. Kermit Thompson, (lower right) who equalled the league 440 record to place second in the O.A.L. meet. His time was 52.5 seconds.

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who let the Cub batsmen down to five hits. Gordon Powles, Frank Trower, Harry Butler, and Grif Squires of the alumni all played great games both on the field and at bat. Powles led the hitters of both teams with a single, a home run, and a walk in three trips to the plate.

Ed Scudder did the mound work for the varsity with Muzio and Barrielles taking turns at receiving. Ed pitched a steady game, allowing but six scattered hits.

University 7—Roosevelt 6

A triple, a walk, and a home run in the final frame of the Cub-Teddie affair with two out, turned defeat into the first O.A.L. victory for the Blue and Gold by the score of 7 to 6. It was Doug Sinclair who played the role of hero with his four base hit after Muzio had walked.

Although seven miscues were made on the part of the Cubs, they showed that their strength lay in their offense, as they averaged a hit an inning. Scudder, who started on the mound for University, was changed to the outfield in favor of Joe Arata and together they let Roosevelt down to four hits. Sinclair and Lancione led the Cub hitters with two bingles each.

Seniors 66, Juniors 33, Frosh 1

For the first time in several years an inter-class track meet was held under the direction of Coach Lyman in order to uncover new material for the Cub varsity cinder squad. The seniors were easily victorious with the juniors second and the Frosh third. The sophomore class failed to score any points. Although no unusual times were

clocked up, the meet was a success and should be looked forward to as a regular spring event.

The following, in order of their finish, are the track and field men who placed:

Shot-put—Muzio (S), Davis (S), Murdock (J). Distance 41 feet 1 inch.

Pole vault—Bear (S), Shadoan (F), Gibson (S), Lackey (S), Vaughn (S), and Davis (S), all tied for third. Height, 10 feet 6 inches.

Discus—Storm (S), Davis (S), Lyon (S). Distance, 94 feet 6 inches.

Broad-jump — Libby (S), Sabatte (J), Storm (S). Distance, 18 feet 9 inches.

High-jump—Murdock (J), Brown (J), Sabatte (J), Height, 5 feet 1 inch.

100 yard dash—Fischer (S), Libby (S), Leutzinger (S). Time, 0:10.4.

220 yard dash — Sabatte (J), Thompson (J), Storm (S). Time, 0:24.1.

Mile run — Kolkman (S), Doran (S) tied for first; Beaver (S). Time, 5:35.0.

120 yard low hurdles — Vaughn (S), Sabatte (J), Fischer (S). Time, 0:15 flat.

440 yard dash — Thompson (J), Sabatte (J), Leutzinger (S). Time, 0:56 flat.

880 yard run—Waring (S), Vollmer (J), Storm (S). Time, 2:13.4.

Relay — Won by Seniors. Time, 1:37.6.

Richmond 74, University 35 1-2, San Leandro 1

Scoring 35 1-2 points in the first practice meet of the season and taking second place to the Richmond Oilers, the Cubs

beat out the cinder teams of Oakland and San Leandro the Thursday and Friday preceding vacation. University's only first place came when Captain Gibson copped the low hurdle race. It was in good time considering that he had been unable to practice for several weeks.

Thursday was the day for the field events and Friday for the track events. The following is a summary of the meet. The names after each event are listed in the order of place taken.

Shot-put—Schaefer (R), Muzio (U), Carson (R), Murdock (U). Distance, 42 feet 8 inches.

Discus—Carson (R), Schaefer (R), Muzio (U), Lyon (U). Distance, 103 feet 9 inches.

Pole-vault—Heeger (R), Baumgartener (R), Jackson (R), Long (R), all tied for first place. Height, 10 feet.

High-jump—Snelling (R), Murdock (U), Brown (U), and Cosgrove (O), tied for third. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

Broad-jump—Malin (R), Stombs (O), Curtis (O), Spencer (O). Distance, 19 feet 6 1-2 inches.

100 yard dash—Alimonte (R), Fringle (O), Fisher (U), Dutro (S.L.). Time, 10:30.

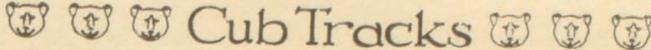
220 yard dash—Fringle (O), Thompson (U), Arnold (R), Fitzpatrick (O). Time, 24 flat.

440 yard dash—Scarsella (R), Thompson (U), Mason (O), Ford (R). Time, 53.3.

880 yard run—Van Flat (R), Waring (U), Vollmer (U), Fisher (R). Time, 2:36:4.

Mile run—Fenix (R), McDouglas (O), Dalton (R), Greene (R). Time, 5.5.

80 yard high hurdles—Bracco (R), Jackson (R), Cosgrove


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(O), Borne (U). Time, 11 flat.

120 low hurdles—Gibson (U), Armason (O), Vaughn (U), Jackson (R). Time, 15.3.

*Fremont 49, University 44,
Oakland 33, Mission 23*

For the first time during the present track season, the Cub cinder squad showed that they had the scoring power which is the main factor in winning meets. Times and distances of the Blue and Gold performers were rather disappointing although a few pleasant surprises were sprung in some events. University chalked up five first places in the meet; namely, those of Muzio in the shot, Thompson in the 440 yard dash, Vaughn in the 120 yard low sticks, Gibson in the 80 yard high barriers, and the relay.

The summary for the meet is as follows:

Shot put—Muzio (U), Shaler (O), Briley (F), and Clark (M). Distance, 41 feet, 4 inches.

Pole vault — Loyko (F), Bear (U), Heath (O), and Ryder (O). Height, 10 feet.

Broad jump—McCown (F), Foss (F), Henry (M), and Spencer (O). Distance, 21 feet, 6 3-4 inches.

High jump—Wisner (F), Brown (U), Lambert (M), Murdock (U), and Driggs (O), tied for third. Height, 6 feet.

Discus throw—Foss (F), Dodson (U), Lyon (U), and Bastaini (O). Distance, 88 feet, 8 inches.

100 yard dash — McCown (F), Sabatte (U), Pringle (O), and Fitzgerald (M). Time, 10:5.

220 yard dash — McCown (F), Pringle (O), Fitzgerald (M), and White (O). Time 13:7.

440 yard dash—Thompson (U), Gibson (U), Henry (M), and Vaughan (M). Time 55:0.

880 yard run — Donoghue (F), Erkkilla (M), Frazer (M), and Vollmer (U). Time, 2:14.0.

Mile run—Frazer (M), McDougal (O), Erkkilla (M), and Soares (F). Time, 4.54:2.

80 yard high hurdles—Gibson (U), Ewart (F), and Driggs (F). Time, 11:3.

120 yard low hurdles — Vaughn (U), Armstrong (O), Demachi (M), and Ewart (F). Time 14:3.

Relay—Won by University.

Sports Review

Down at Oakland high, they consider one victory to be a winning streak.

Hubert Caldwell, a former student at this school, has made a name for himself in the University of California sport world, of which University can be proud. Caldwell is rowing number seven on the varsity crew for the Blue and Gold.

The honor of captaining the California frosh baseball team went to Harry Butler, last year's short stop at this school. Butler had played a great game in the infield as well as being one of the leading sluggers.

Maybe the G.A.A. is taking up archery so that the girls may become more expert in aiming at people's hearts.

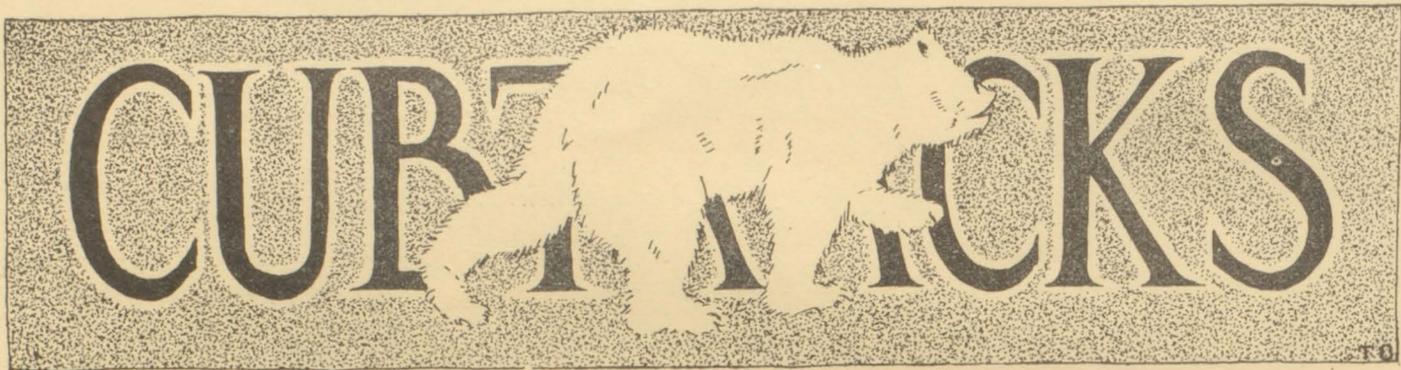
CLASSIFICATION TRACK

By virtue of winning only a few places in the finals of the annual classification track meet, University took a last position when the final score was counted. Coach Harry Hindman, in charge of the light-weight Cubs, picked his teams from the gym classes, so no extra practice was enjoyed by the athletes. McClymonds high, with a hord of young performers competing, took first place over the other schools. The score of the meet was as follows: McClymonds, 775 1-2; Fremont, 706; Roosevelt, 610; Oakland, 575; Technical, 470; and University, 431 1-2.

A good many of the Cubs won their first heats, but could not get going in the finals. Cornell, Borne, Wood, Skilling, G. Leutzinger, Bunyard, and Cleary were a few of the Blue and Gold men to take places in their heats and to fail to place high in the finals.

Next spring when the new St. Marys college is completed, track fans may hear from Eldridge "Speed" Bold, former Cub hurdler and sprinter. Although there is no facilities for track practice at the old institution, plans call for a good cinder track at Moraga. At this time Bold will be a sophomore.

Another former Cub athlete who has been making a name for himself in college track is Jim Allen, greatest athlete ever to graduate from this school. Allen is confining his efforts to the broad jump this spring and has a third place against the U.C.L.A. to his credit.



DRAMATIC NIGHT

For the first time there were four one-act plays presented on Dramatic night, Friday, May 4.

The first play on the program was "Dust of the Road." The cast of characters consisted of the tramp, Raul Magana; Peter Steele, Walton Bradbury; Prudence, Mildred Carter; an old woman, Flora Berman. This play wound around the thirty pieces of gold, similar to those given to Judas Iscariot.

The second play to be presented was the "Rational Princess." This play was based upon a fairy story. The following made up the list of characters: the king, Elaine Sulliger; the queen, Mary Allerton Fournier; the duchess, Alpha Cantua; Bettina, Florence Barcelona; Alladine, Mary Bradbury; Peplo, Jane McIntyre; Timonel, Julia Joy; a page, Hilda Isles.

"The Diabolical Circle" was the third production. This play depicted a great deal of mystery and superstition. The characters were: Betty, Miriam Gregory; Charles, Jack Hammer; Cotton, Russell Lang; Adonijah, Vladimer Aronovici.

The concluding play of the evening was the "Hand of Siva." The scene of this play

was in an Anglo Indian army. The whole atmosphere of the play was one of mystery. Those taking part were: Major Wellington, Lester Jacobs; Captain Ashby, Bill Maher; Captain Durst, Andrew Walstrom; Orderly, Bill O'Hare; Kodah, Kahn, Kenneth Tibbitts.

OPEN HOUSE NIGHT

Parents were welcomed to the school on Open House night Friday, March 2.

They assembled in the auditorium at 8:00 p. m., where Mr. Frank Boren, principal, gave the general directions for reaching the different departments and exhibits. All parts of the building were open for inspection.

The language department offered illustrations and costumes of foreign countries. The printing department put out a copy of Monday's U-N-I to show the parents the process of printing the daily paper.

BLOCK "U" DANCE

To the tune of good music, a large crowd with high spirits made merry in the gymnasium at the semi-annual Block "U" dance held on Friday, March 2.

This was the first dance spon-

sored by the club for four years. This was due to the lack of organization among the Block "U" wearers.

About two hundred couples attended the entertainment. They all agreed that it was due to Lester Jacobs, club president, and his committee, that the affair was such a success. The boys decided that they would give another dance toward the end of the term, for Block "U" members only. They adopted the following verse in reference to their success:

Regardless of the weather,
When a few of the boys get
together
With half of a boost and a
chance
They succeed with a Block
"U" dance.

STUDENT TEACHERS' ASSEMBLY

With an original program the student teachers entertained the student body, at this semi-annual affair, which was given during activities period, on Thursday, April 12.

Musical selections, by an eight piece orchestra, opened the program. This number proved to be one of the most popular. This was followed by a piano duet. "Maggie McCarty," a reading,




 Cub Tracks
 





Elmore Barnes, Joanna Binneweg (upper left), June Fitzgerald, Dorothy Keary, Louise Teass (upper right), Helen McCormick, Dick Bolt (center), leading characters (lower left)—from cast of the operetta "Peggy and the Pirate." Jean Husted (lower right) representing the U-N-I in the Kite day contest.


Cub Tracks


was given by Miss Keany. Two of the men from the physical education department presented a tumbling act. Miss Liberman of the junior high English department sang two solos. The program was concluded with an original selection played by the orchestra. Mr. Raleigh Borrell, who was introduced by Bob Elliot, presided over the assembly.

THE MUTTON BAKE

With an atmosphere of laughter and song, the semi-annual Mutton bake of the G.A.A. took place at John Hinkle park, on Wednesday, April 18.

A big game hunt proved to be the most interesting event on the program. This took the place of the previous treasure hunts.

For the small sum of thirty-five cents, the girls feasted on mutton chops, fruit salad, ice-

cream, buns, goblin, and other picnic dainties. An unexpected surprise came, for when the girls were assembled and ready to eat, it was found that there were no knives, forks, nor spoons. However, the girls quickly made substitutes and went on with the feast.

For the past few years the Mutton bake has been given at Montclair. This year the girls were all in favor of giving it at John Hinkle park, and will probably do so in the future.

PEGGY AND THE PIRATE

With an afternoon and an evening performance, the music department again entertained a large audience at their annual operetta, this year entitled "Peggy and the Pirate."

Colorful costumes, good music, and a large cast combined

to make it one of the most popular operettas ever given. Fun and frolic prevailed throughout the two acts.

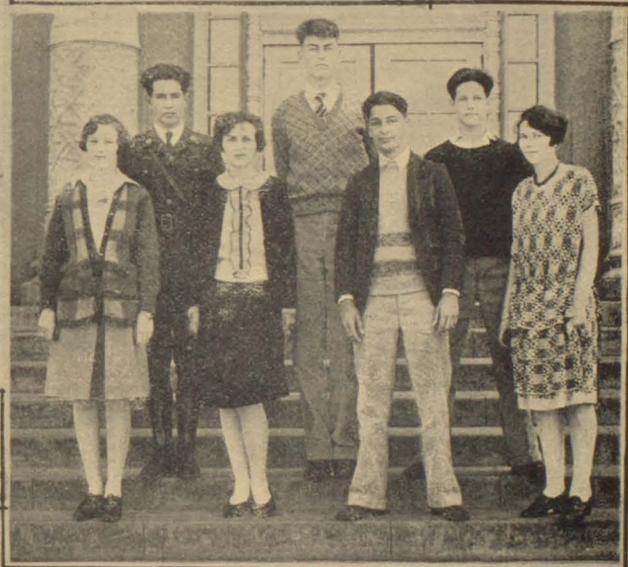
A hotel lobby was the scene of the first act. The chorus wore sport costumes and the songs and music contributed toward a modern effect. The second act took place on a desert isle. The boys were garbed in pirate costumes and the girls dressed as gypsies.

The following people made up the cast: Peggy Mayfield, Helen McCormick; Winnie Woodland, Barbara Pomroy; Bill Woodland, Dick Bolt; Don Hastings, Fred Blankenship; Jane Fisher, Virginia Bland; Mr. Mayfield, Wayne Finn; Mrs. Mayfield, Louise Gossler; G. W. Gassaway, Fred Dietz; J. P. McGinnis, Fulton Tooker; and Bingo Jones, Earl Sweetwyne.



The Faculty

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R.O.T.C. officers (upper left). Cast of "Dickon," a play given by the Junior Dramatic club (upper right and lower left.) Shakespeare contestants (lower right.)

What Do Activities Mean to the College Freshman

An interview with Miss Margaret Beattie, assistant dean of women at the University of California.

By Doris Ricker



The question which drew me to the assistant dean of women at the University of California is one which is uppermost in the mind of almost every high school student. Should a college freshman enter activities?

On the second floor of California Hall, the administrative building, I found the office marked "Dean of Women." About twenty minutes elapsed before I was introduced to Miss Margaret Beattie, the dean's assistant and also assistant professor of Public Health for three years at the University of California.

As I waited for Miss Beattie I was nervous, but when I came face to face with her, I found her to be young, and a person who would make anyone feel at ease. She seemed the type in whom any girl could confide.

Miss Beattie, being assistant adviser to women, is in a position which keeps her in constant, close touch with the young women of the University, and so is thoroughly conversant with this question of activities.

"I am very much in favor of having college freshmen, especially the girls, start in their activities as soon as they start college, provided they are temperate in their choice and do not take either more or less than they are capable of handling. In the first place, this offers a

golden opportunity to make many acquaintances, and several friends, and to gain good social experience. I believe this a distinct result of college, while gaining cultural and technical knowledge is neatly folded within this result. Secondly, the freshman who says, 'I'll get accustomed to university studying these first six months, and then go in for some activity,' is usually the one who does not become associated with any form of extracurricular activity. And this is simply because her rules for study in those first six months have become fixed and she is unable to change them. A student may best prepare herself for college activities by trying to follow in high school the activities which she thinks she may follow at the university. The method of allowing a student to concentrate on only one activity, as is employed at University high school, is an excellent idea to promote and centralize the high school students' activities in preparation for college group

work. By this process she chooses the thing which interests her most, and which she is most likely to follow in college."

Miss Beattie picked up a pencil and drew little "nothings" over the large orange blotter in front of her as she expressed her ideas on the best types of activities for a freshman. "Well, of course, that depends on the student. She should try to go into some activity that centers about subjects in which her interests lie. I think that a group or club in which athletics are a part of the work is the easiest one for making friends, for our friends are those with whom we play.

"And for those who do not like athletics there are numerous other group interests. For example, there is what is known as the 'Group System.' In this organization each student joins a group which interests her. The groups are organized by leaders, but the group as a whole decides what it will do. Each week the group has some sort of meeting, such as a luncheon, where the



business is carried on. A new plan has been originated and is being tried at present. It is that of choosing a leader really interested in the group, and training her, so that she may better lead the students. Such interests as languages, mathematics, science, and dramatics are represented in this group. For other students interested in journalism there is the 'Daily Californian,' the college paper, which offers a wide field of activities and an opportunity for friendly contacts. And for those whose interests lie in politically social life, there are a great many Associated Students committees. This committee work is a great benefit to one who would attain a higher student body office, for she cannot blossom out overnight as a college leader, but must grow to it gradually."

This time the buzz of the telephone interrupted us. I was about at the end of my resources for questions which might prolong a while longer this interesting conversation with a most interesting person. Ah, I got an inspiration. When Miss

Beattie turned from the telephone, I asked, "Is it easier for the boy freshman to make friends than the girl?"

As for every other question the delightful lady had an answer, so did she for this inquiry.

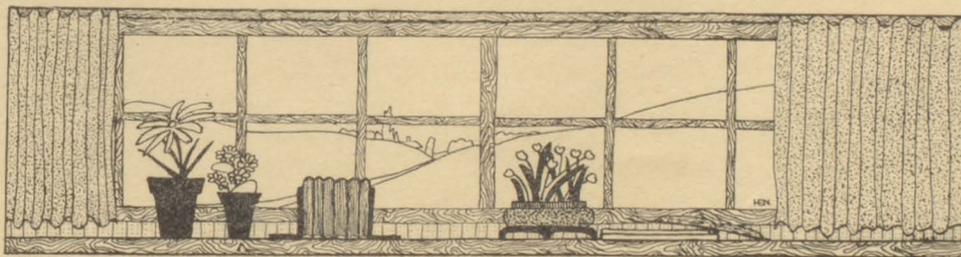


"We find it to be so. A boy takes the attitude of 'Hail fellow! Well met!' with his classmates, while a girl is not so likely to push herself forward

to friendship. It was in view of this fact that the Senior Advisory system for girls was started. It is the duty of this adviser to acquaint her freshman with the campus and to help her make contacts which will lead to friendly associations. Thus far we think this system has been a success, although some new girls do not like the idea. They think because they have reached college they are far enough along to need no further advice. These girls do not realize the opportunities for friendship they are missing by "turning down" the invitations of their senior adviser. My advice to every freshman girl is to accept the invitations of her senior adviser, and by so doing she will enjoy college a great deal more than she otherwise would."

I had marveled at the attitude of a woman, whose personality was such that she could gain the confidence of so many young women, so I said, "Your position must be a great responsibility."

"Ah yes, but the pleasure it gives is much greater than the responsibility."



The Big Fish

By Otis Miller



FOR nearly ten years, Al and I had worked the summer vacation arrangement together.

During our senior year at college, Al had noticed a story in the paper about the government's throwing open a tract in the high Sierra to homesteaders, and since anything free was especially acceptable, we went up and staked out eighty acres for ourselves on the shores of Gold Lake. We were told at the time that there were no mosquitoes, but that is something else again.

Since Al was an experienced fisherman of no mean ability, he always went up to our summer estate during July fishing season, while I, being a hunter, always went later in the season and roamed the woods for deer.

Thus it was one Saturday morning about a week after the fourth, that among my regular mail I found a letter canceled with a crosscut cork. My regular letter wasn't due for three or four days yet, so I fully expected to find that Al had broken a leg, or his neck. No such luck, however; in fact he had only seen a fish. "But," he wrote, "this was no ordinary fish." I remembered having heard that somewhere before. But to continue, this fish was at least three feet long (I became skeptical) and to date had gotten away with four hooks and two two double duty, heavy service leaders. Would I please get some number one hooks,

half a dozen would be enough, and some special stranded gut-leaders, tested with twenty-five pounds.

I got them and started them off to Gold Lake that night and awaited results. I got them also. They came in the form of a telegram, which arrived Thursday night. "Dear Bill: Send Robbins and Hicks brothers' super grade AA silk fish line, specially varnished. Al."

Well, I got that too and began to wonder if this wasn't a pretty good fish after all. It wasn't the first time Al had picked on one fish. In fact he usually found a new and bigger one each year, but never before had one fish mangled his equipment the way this one had.

Since for a week or more I had received no further plea for

supplies, I surmised that the big fish episode for this year was closed. As usual I was wrong, for the next letter brought the startling news that the beautiful three-foot rainbow had lost its appetite! Well, with four hooks and two leaders to chew on, I hardly blamed it. Accompanying the letter was a list of favorite fish delicacies to be tried on the eccentric trout.

I got these, as I had previous supplies, by asking for what I wanted and taking what I was given—I can't argue because I don't know anything about the intricacies of fish groceries. Anyway, I finally decided that no business of mine was more important than this temperamental fish, and I was going to be on deck when he was landed.

I arrived with the supplies, much the worse for wear, and as on previous occasions was entertained half the night by a raving lunatic who expounded the wonders and superior qualities of the newer, bigger, and better fish. Finally becoming sleepy, I told him to shut up, that no fish alive could keep me awake any longer. However, in the morning we both felt better and started off bright and early for the sacred pool.

We crept stealthily through a small clump of scrub pine at the lower end of the lake and stopped behind some bushes, which formed a screen at the edge of the water.

"Now just look through there," said Al, all excited, pulling the branches away a little, "and tell me what you see."

"Great jumpin' Jehosaphat!"



I cried, "I've seen fish, but this is a fresh-water whale!"

"Ain't he a beaut'!"

There basking in the sunlight, idled the prettiest specimen of trout I had ever seen. He was at least three feet long, as Al



had said, and just floated as though he owned the pool. Maybe he did. At any rate, he had about five dollars worth of Al's tackle, and possession is nine points of the law.

"Now watch," said my companion, as he gently but firmly cast a fuzzy fly over our protecting ledge. The line whistled, made a long easy curve, a little loop over, and the man-made insect lit gently on the water, but all in vain. It lit right in the middle of a circle of ripples, which, when cleared away, showed a fly, and nothing more.

"Now," said Al, "you know what I mean, I haven't fed him for two weeks. He'll starve to death pretty soon."

"Well," said I, "you're right.

This is no ordinary fish. Did you ever read Macbeth?"

"Talking to me about some fool novel at a time like this! You're a great help, all right!"

"Keep your shirt on," I replied, "and don't get in a heat. There was a guy in it who moved a forest and hid behind it. Get me?"

"Do I! Say boy, you got an idea!"

That afternoon we moseyed around again, cleverly concealed by shrubbery tied to our clothes. But, alas, Al held his pole sticking straight up, and the old boy got wise.

"Brother," says I, "we've got to think of a better idea."

"Yeh?" says Al, and sits down disgusted. "Well, go to it. You haven't been doin' that as long as I have. If there's any bait I haven't used on him, lead me to it."

"Quite so," remembering the many and varied varieties of pickled and carbonated minnows I had bought. "But this is not an ordinary fish. We've got to try a different system. Do you see that limb?" Pointing out a slender aspen branch which hung out over the pool.

"Yes, but it won't hold me, nor you either."

"No, but listen, the idea is, we saw off that limb, put reins on it, and string your strongest line through them, bait it, and tie the limb back on the tree. Then when the fish bites, we untie the limb and pull the whole shooting match ashore."

"Bill, you're a genius! We'll rig it tonight and catch that fish tomorrow."

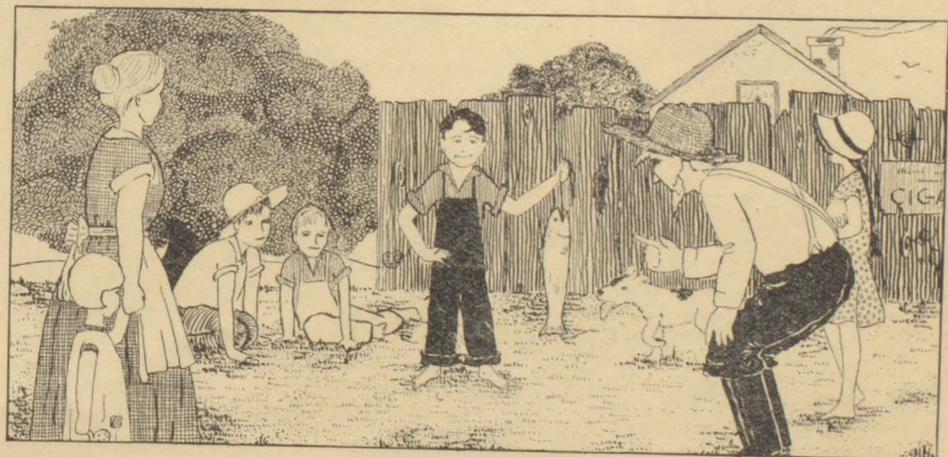
We stood behind the clump of bushes and waited for the sun to come up. Hanging beside us was the line which went up along the limb, and would drop down into the pool as soon as it was light enough to see if the fish were there.

There was evidence that the sun was coming up, as usual. It got pink in the east. It got pinker in the east, and pretty soon got red. For a fact, though, it was the slowest sunrise I ever watched: but finally, the first beams shot over the mountain and—there was the fish, right in his regular spot.

"Take it easy Al," I warned. "We don't want to scare him."

"You just look to that net, and use it when the time comes," he replied solemnly, but at the same time nervously untying the line.

(continued on page 155)



Trial Money

By Elaine Sulliger

Characters: Felicia—niece of the late Miss Alice Jordan.

*Robin) nephews of the late
George) Miss Alice Jordan.*

Mr. Trimball—Miss Alice Jordan's lawyer.

Scene: Parlor of Miss Jordan's home in New England. A stormy November afternoon.

Felicia—Robin, do stop fidgeting. That doesn't do any good.

Robin—Yes, I know. This old place gives me the creeps.

Felicia (glancing about) — Auntie certainly had horrible taste in furniture! I hope I don't get the house.

George (pompously) — A very fine old place. Real Georgian, the mantel piece.

Robin—And like all things Georgian, tiresome and dull.

Felicia—Robin!! (She sees George has not noticed the play on words.) It's true, though. I wish Mr. Trimball would come.

George—Really, you know, Aunt should have had this place fixed up. It creaks most inopportunistly. (At this moment a flash of lightning, followed by peals of thunder, illumines the dusky room.)

Felicia—Oh, I hate a storm! Robin, I'm scared!

Robin (nervously) — Nothing to be scared of. (He jumps at a loud crack.)

Felicia—Oh, Robin! No, you are not afraid!

(Unnoticed, Mr. Trimball has entered. He steps forward.)

George—What—Oh, it's Mr. Trimball. Excuse me, you rather startled me.

Robin (accusingly) — We've

been waiting over an hour, Mr. Trimball.

Mr. Trimball (fussily) — Yes, yes, I know. (He fumbles with his eyeglasses) — A—most—peculiar old lady, your late Aunt!

Felicia—I'm sure Auntie was always reasonable enough, although a bit sharp.

Robin—Sharp? Crabby, I'd call it! (The other two are shocked.)

Mr. Trimball—Very peculiar, very strange. Now if you want to hear the will—(The three are galvanized into attention.)

George—Oh, yes indeed, the will. (He tries to look as though reading wills were an ordinary affair.)

Mr. Trimball—Of course, if it is too late—

Robin—No, please do read it. We've been waiting so long.

Felicia—Really, Robin, one

would think you were down to your last penny.

Robin—You'd be surprised, old girl—I nearly am!

George (severely) — Are we going to hear the will, or are you going to talk?

Robin (meekly) — Just as you say, dear cousin. Anything to oblige.

Mr. Trimball. (looking from one to the other) — She has made a very unusual arrangement! (He picks up a sheaf of papers and sorts it slowly. He selects the topmost and, clearing his throat, reads—) "I, Alice Jordan, being of sound mind and body—"

George (pompously) — Might as well skip that, Mr. Trimball.

Felicia—I suppose she was of sound mind, although it's hard to believe.

Mr. Trimball (hastily) — Oh yes, yes. Alert up to the very last. A very remarkable person, your late Aunt. Very remarkable.

Robin—I'll tell you, just give us the results. Who gets which, you know.

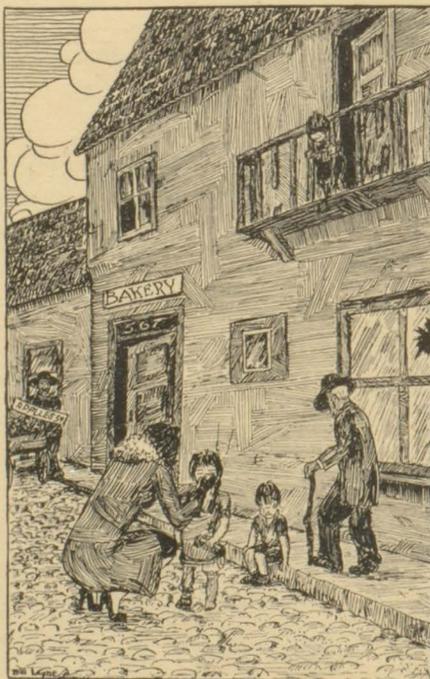
Felicia—I do believe that's all you're interested in!

Robin (looking her squarely in the eyes) — I suppose your motives are of the highest.

George—Come, come, no quarreling. It doesn't look well so soon after, you know.

Mr. Trimball—Well, if you wish the results only (He thumbs the pages.) I can give you a part of the will. You are not to inherit completely, any of you, for a year.

Felicia—Oh! And I needed




Cub Tracks


the money so badly!

Robin—This means a year more of starvation diet! An artist's life is no go!

George (*anxiously*) — Are you sure there's no way of contesting the will? I rather counted on the cash for a few speculations.

Mr. Trimball—Positively no. However, you each do get something now.

Felicia—How much? Can I go abroad on it?

Robin—I do hope it's enough to keep me till I land on my feet. No art without food, you know.

George—Perhaps it will tide me over. How much is it?

Mr. Trimball—You each get \$10,000. In a year you must spend all of it, every cent, and the person who returns to me by letter the most satisfactory account of his expenditures receives the bulk of your Aunt's fortune.

Robin—By the way, how much did she have? We never knew. I shouldn't think it was so much; she didn't spend a penny over \$4000 a year.

Mr. Trimball—Young man, you ask me a question I cannot answer for another year. I believe you will be rather surprised at the result.

George (*gloomily*) — After all, I'll bet the \$10,000 apiece is all we'll ever see. I don't fancy there is much more. Anyway, if there is, Aunt probably left it to the Society for Starving Starfish, and is taking the easiest way to let us down.

Trimball—No, I assure you that one of you will receive the entire fortune, including this house (*Felicia grimaces*) at the end of the year, providing you

live up to the conditions of the will.

George — But suppose we spend the money and then don't inherit?

Trimball—Your Aunt's will I might say, is a gamble. Take

George (*condescendingly*)— Yes, at least you'll each have \$10,000.

(*They all gaze at him in astonishment as the curtain falls.*)

Scene 2

(*When it rises again Felicia*



it or leave it. You may withdraw from the contest, as I might name it, if you so desire, in which case you will receive nothing.

Robin (*hastily*)—I'm sure none of us want to do that, eh Felicia?

Felicia—Decidedly no. I'm game for a chance.

Trimball—I feel certain you would agree that the will is most peculiar.

Felicia (*with feeling*)—And how!

George—Oh, I don't know. It really is a most effective way of telling the worthy from the—ah—unworthy.

Robin—I daresay we—Felicia and I—constitute the unworthies. Still, you're no benevolent society yourself. Number one usually gets the breaks when you're around.

Trimball—I take it, then, that you are agreed to conform to the conditions of the will?

Felicia—Yes—I guess so—

(*slowly*)
Robin—'S all right here!

and George are seated opposite each other, talking. The scene is the same and it is one year later.)

George—I hear Robin has been hitting the pace lately. Well, he's had his fling. True worth always wins.

Felicia—You're mighty sure you've got it. It's true about Robin. Did you know he'd gone to Paris? I got a letter in which he declared that he'd just about spent every cent of the \$10,000!

George—What I disapprove of is his going to the Latin quarter—helping all those undeserving artists!

Felicia—Personally, I am surprised at Robin! He actually seemed proud of the fact that he'd gone to all those wild artist's balls!

George—Of all the silliness, taking all those freak art courses. I'll bet he hasn't a penny left to show for his troubles.

Felicia—Yes, but we weren't supposed to have. (*Suspiciously*) George, I'll bet you man-

aged to hold on to some!

George (mysteriously)—You'd be surprised!

Enter Robin

Felicia—Well, Robin! What's happened to you this year? I've heard all manner of wild tales!

Robin—Yes, I guess you have. Oh, boy, but I've had a gorgeous time! Gee, Flick, did you know that I had a picture hung last week? Yes, in the Pennsylvania Art gallery! I've got commissions for a year to come!

George—Yes, but what about Aunt's money? You seem to have forgotten that!

Robin (laughing)—Aunt's money! Say I had forgotten all about it! The only reason I turned up today was to congratulate the lucky man. (*George bows.*) But I do owe a lot to Aunt Alice. Without that money I'd never have gotten a start.

Felicia (disapprovingly)—Well, I'm glad you've succeeded so well!

Robin—Thanks. Now give an account of yourself, Flick. What did you squander the sheckels on?

Felicia—Well, you know, I thought it over, and it seemed best of some sort of philanthropic work, so (*distastefully*) for a whole year I've done nothing but social service work on the East side. It was terrible at first, but I've rather gotten innured to it. I've a steady job now, but it's all off if I inherit Aunt's "millyuns." If I ever have to wipe another dirty nose I'll go crazy!

George—Yes, but—surely you derived some personal benefit from the money.

Felicia—Not I. Not that I

didn't want to, but—oh well, I thought that Auntie would have considered the other way more deserving, frankly speaking. Don't worry. I'm not that big hearted. What was left of the 10,000 I distributed among her



pet charities. That's my record. (*To George*) What's yours?

George (high-handedly)—While I reasoned somewhat as you did, Felicia, I remembered Aunt's acute business acumen (*the others wince*) and by safe and modest speculations I amassed quite a fortune. I have "spent" it however, for it is not now in my possession. It lies in trust (*with single pride in his voice*) for my first born!

Felicia—Good heavens. Dear old George. I knew you wouldn't let it get away from you.

Robin—Well, of all the immaculate galls!

George (defensively)—Well, may I ask if what you did with yours is any better, Robin? At least my idea is sensible and practical.

Felicia—And just like you.

(*As before, a year ago, Mr. Trimball has entered silently. He stands a moment regarding them, then steps forward.*)

Mr. Trimball—I see you are all here. (*He thumbs the papers in his hand.*) I have in my hand the three letters you wrote me at the close of the year, telling me of the way in which you spent your money. They were interesting, very interesting.

Felicia—Hardly a work of art, mine. I was too busy to write a real letter.

George—I trust I made my motives clear? Such ideas are often confusing and a little obscure on paper.

Mr. Trimball (wryly)—Yes, quite clear, I think. Three very interesting human documents. Exceptional, I might say. Quite a psychological revelation.

Felicia (to Robin, aside)—I do wish he'd stop talking like we were insects under a microscope! He needn't be so high hat. He gets a big fee as trustee. Look at George, bursting with curiosity.

Robin—Ssh—I want to find out just how much I lost out by.

Felicia—Well, all I can say is that I hope George doesn't get it. He's too overstuffed with ego to live.

Mr. Trimball—I am sure you will all agree with me when I say that your Aunt was a woman who wished. (*he coughs delicately*)

Robin—Who wished to get the most out of her money. Yes, we'll agree.

Felicia—Frankness is an uncertain virtue, Robin. What the other fellow doesn't know never hurts him. (*Trimball glances at her sharply.*)

Mr. Trimball—While I would not have said it in just that way,

you are right in some part. Your aunt wished the most worthy of her relatives to receive her estate. When she appointed me executor, I realized the storm of protest my decision might provoke, and the responsibility I was incurring.

George (impatiently)—What did you decide? Which one—?

Mr. Trimball (interrupting)—Just a minute. There is a word of explanation due you first. Your aunt, as you may have known, grew up with her father, already a middle-aged man when she was born. Her childhood was repressed, her girlhood a dreary one. She had no friends; her father disliked young people. When he did finally die, she was too set, too old—

Felicia—Really, I can't see what this has to do—

Mr. Trimball (not paying any attention)—She had lost the habit of being young, the ability to play. Consequently she was never kindly in her attitude toward your generation. She could not understand them. But in her will she made a final and brave effort. She tried to put herself in the place of each of you. What would she have done, she thought, had she been given \$10,000 at your age? She found but one answer. (*During his speech the others have been listening in amazement. Their faces have undergone swift changes of surprise, hope, and disappointment.*)

George—Why, we never dreamed—

Mr. Trimball—Then your Aunt came to me and made known her wishes. I promised solemnly to carry them out. Here are the results. (*He holds out the letters.*) In them I find

the reactions she hoped to get from each of you. George, I find, has been characteristically prudent, Felicia unusually intuitive, and Robin rather reckless. From you I must make my choice.



George—Yes, but who?

Felicia—Yes, who?

Robin—So she wasn't really so bad after all! I never thought it of the old girl! Actually human underneath.

Mr. Trimball—I have decided, although little was left for me after reading your letters.

Felicia—Here's to the lucky man. May he be a she!

George—A most peculiar attitude for Aunt to take! Still, I believe her to have had some sense.

Robin—I'm relieved to find that she had less than I thought.

Mr. Trimball—Your aunt found that with \$10,000 at her disposal she would have chosen to do exactly what one of you did! You may be rather surprised, by the way, at the size of the estate she left. It is valued at something like eleven hundred thousand dollars!

Robin—Bully for Aunt! That would keep the whole Latin quarter in charcoals until the millenium.

Mr. Trimball (smiling)—

I daresay. I suppose you would like to furnish them! At any rate, your Aunt came to the conclusion that (*He breaks off and wipes his spectacles slowly, rather enjoying the suspense he creates.*) that at one time in her life she longed most of all for a good time! That at your age she would have given anything for a "Fling." And so—

All—And so—

Mr. Trimball—The money goes to the one who seems to have most enjoyed his trial money—to Robin, who not only had a good time, but made a success of himself in so doing.

Curtain

GIRLS' CELEBRATION

Breakfasting on coffee, butter-horns, and fruit, and dancing between bites to the tune of Jim Belding's orchestra, the student body began the celebration sponsored by the Girls' league on April 26 at 7:45 o'clock. The students who had purchased their twenty-five cent tickets were admitted to the south court where they were offered a choice of either coffee or chocolate, peaches or pineapple, and butterhorns for their breakfast.

"A Sisterly Scheme," a comedy adapted by Miss Caroline Power from the short story, was presented during activities period in the auditorium.

For the price of a penny a person for each dance, a penny "jig" was held after school in the library. For two cents more the dancers quenched their thirst with the punch served in the court.

SENIOR KIDS' PARTY

Hair ribbons and pig tails, rompers and short socks were entertainingly in evidence at the senior kids' party which was held in the gymnasium on February 18. Balloons popped in the air, and jacks rattled on the floor. Later, a program was offered in the form of a junior high school assembly. After some rollicking dances, animal cookies, ice cream, and punch refreshed the weary fun-makers.

MAY DAY DANCE

To clear up the debt of the class and to raise money to add to the sum allotted for the senior gift, the high seniors gave a May day dance in the gymnasium. An admission of ten cents was charged, and from the large turnout of the student body sufficient money was received to enlarge the treasury by an unexpected amount.

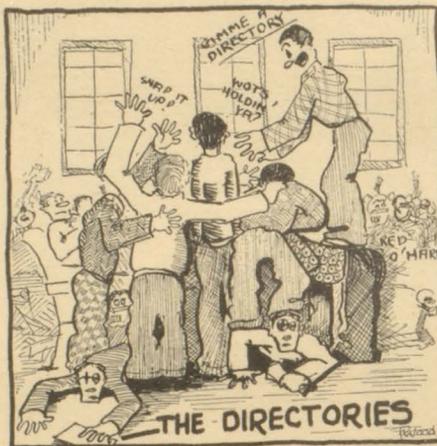
SENIOR MOTHERS' TEA

Windmills and tulips provided the atmosphere for the senior Mothers' tea which was held in the library after school on May 9. A musical program was given, carrying out the Dutch idea. Evelyn Major had charge of the tea and was aided by various committees appointed under her. This tea is given each semester by the graduating class for the mothers of the members. This is to provide a time and place for the mothers to meet each other.

SENIOR LUNCHEON

Although following the established traditions marked for the senior luncheon, some original turns in the matter of theme,

favours, and stunts have been planned for the one which will be given June 1 by the graduating class. As this is the last social gathering of the high seniors before the formal meeting at the commencement exercises



in the evening, it will not be sad, but will furnish happy memories for the class.

FORUM MEETINGS

Two forums were held by the social studies department during March and April, and both were interesting in their results.

At the first one, held March 7, Herbert Hoover was elected president after his qualifications had been discussed. Others nominated were Borah, Coolidge, Hughes, Longworth, Smith, Lowden, Willis, and Dawes. Douglas Sinclair presided over the meeting.

The second forum was held on April 25, and the general subject was "Crime." Pauline Turner acted as chairman, and the talks were limited to two minutes in length. Informal meetings were held during the preceding week to further student knowledge of the question.

(continued from page 150)

A wiggling caterpillar slowly progressed from the limb to the surface of the water. It landed about eight inches in front of the mighty rainbow's nose and sank gently to his level.

We and our caterpillar might just as well have been in Timbuctoo for all the notice he gave it. We waited for at least five minutes, then looked at each other.

There was a whistling and a crackling of the made to order limb, and I looked up just in time to see the end of our line, which Al had forgotten to tie, disappear into the wave chopped waters.

We went every day for the rest of the week but the old boy didn't show up. Al thought he was just scared; I thought he had indigestion. Who wouldn't with fifty feet of fish line and a number one hook in him?

Saturday pulled around, and I was elected to go to town for mail and newspapers, an all day trip.

As I arrived in the village before the mail train, I decided to waste the time getting a much needed shave. While in the barber shop, I picked up a copy of the local paper.

On the front page was the picture of a small boy and a large fish. Accompanying it was the following article:

"The largest rainbow trout caught in this region for three seasons was brought in Monday by Johnnie Williams of Mohawk. The fish measured thirty and one-half inches from tip to tail and weighed twenty pounds. When caught, the fish was trailing fifty feet of fish line."

CUB CRACKS

A HE-MAN'S PRAYER

Dear Lord, please let her be a
blond;

May she of no one else be fond.
May she be clinging, very thin,
And have a dimple in her chin.
No gold-digger, but such a
sport

As street cars holds in good
report;

A quiet girl who sayeth naught
In chatterings of scrambled
thought.

For such a one my heart doth
pine.

Let no one take her, Lord, she's
mine.

Yes I No Her

Lloyd: Do you know Phyl-
lis, too?

Elvon: Yea, we used to be
the same age.

Another Case of Too Bad

Ain't it aggravatin'
Don't it get your goat
When the teacher doesn't call
for
The assignment that you wrote?



Oh! My Eyes

Otis: What's the matter with
a near-sighted man?

Jack: He can't see far
enough.



When Mama Was a Girl

When mama was a little girl,
I'm sure you couldn't find
Another child for miles about
Who was so quick to mind.
She always did what she was told
Exactly when she should.
Her mama never said to her,
"Now daughter do be good."

She never let her studies go,
Nor ever sat up late.
She always ate her vegetables,
And always cleaned her plate.
Her hands were never dirty;
Her hair was full of curl.
Surely mama was a perfect
child,

When mama was a girl.

I often try to be like her,
And act as good as she.
But such an angel child I know
That I could never be!
With trying always to do right
My head is in a whirl.
For doing right has grown so
dull

Since Mama was a girl.

—Marian Bullock

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER

Dear Lord, please let him be a
blond;

May he of no one else be fond;
A handsome lad and very tall,
A star in base and basketball,
May he have coin and love to
sport

In clothes and cars, you know
the sort;

And, Lord, when him I give the
gate

May others quickly compensate.

Hogan: Why does a small
cavity feel so large to my
tongue?

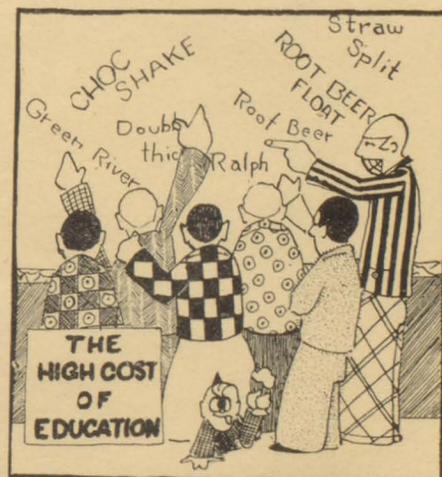
Doctor: Just the natural
tendency of your tongue to ex-
aggerate, I guess.

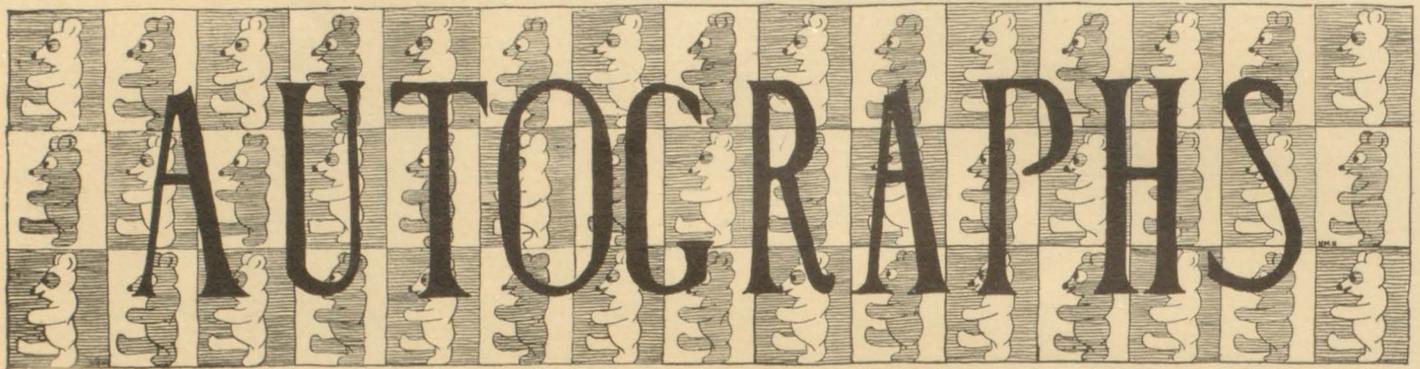
Foxle Baxels

The Untruthful one begs to
suggest that the Daily U-N-I
run a column on fish and game.
The column, of course, will be
edited by Bass and Fowle.

Laugh-House Fables

Miss Harford: No, don't
blame the reporter. I made
the mistake myself.





AUTOGRAPHS

