



# THE IRIS

1918



**FOR REFERENCE  
DO NOT TAKE  
FROM THIS ROOM**



Rue R. Clifford









## *DEDICATION*

To the people of South San Francisco who so generously provided for the establishment of the High School, and have furnished the beautiful school building, this annual is appreciatively dedicated



South San Francisco unified school district R 373.79469  
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South San Francisco High School:

# THE IRIS

yearbook, 1918

Written and Designed by the Students  
of the South San Francisco High School

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Nineteen Hundred Eighteen

VOLUME TWO



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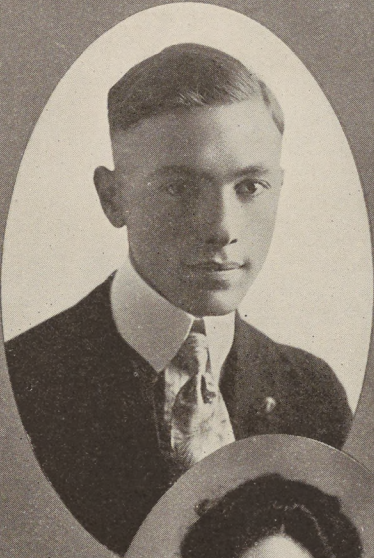
# SENIORS



## CLASS OFFICERS

Byrne McSweeney, President.  
James Smith, Vice-President.  
Claire Forster, Secretary.  
Mary Kauffmann, Treasurer.





**Thomas A. Becker**

"Mirth, with thee I mean  
to live." —Milton



**Mary L. Kauffmann**

"Let me have men around  
me who are fat."  
—Shakespeare



**Kenneth McIntyre**

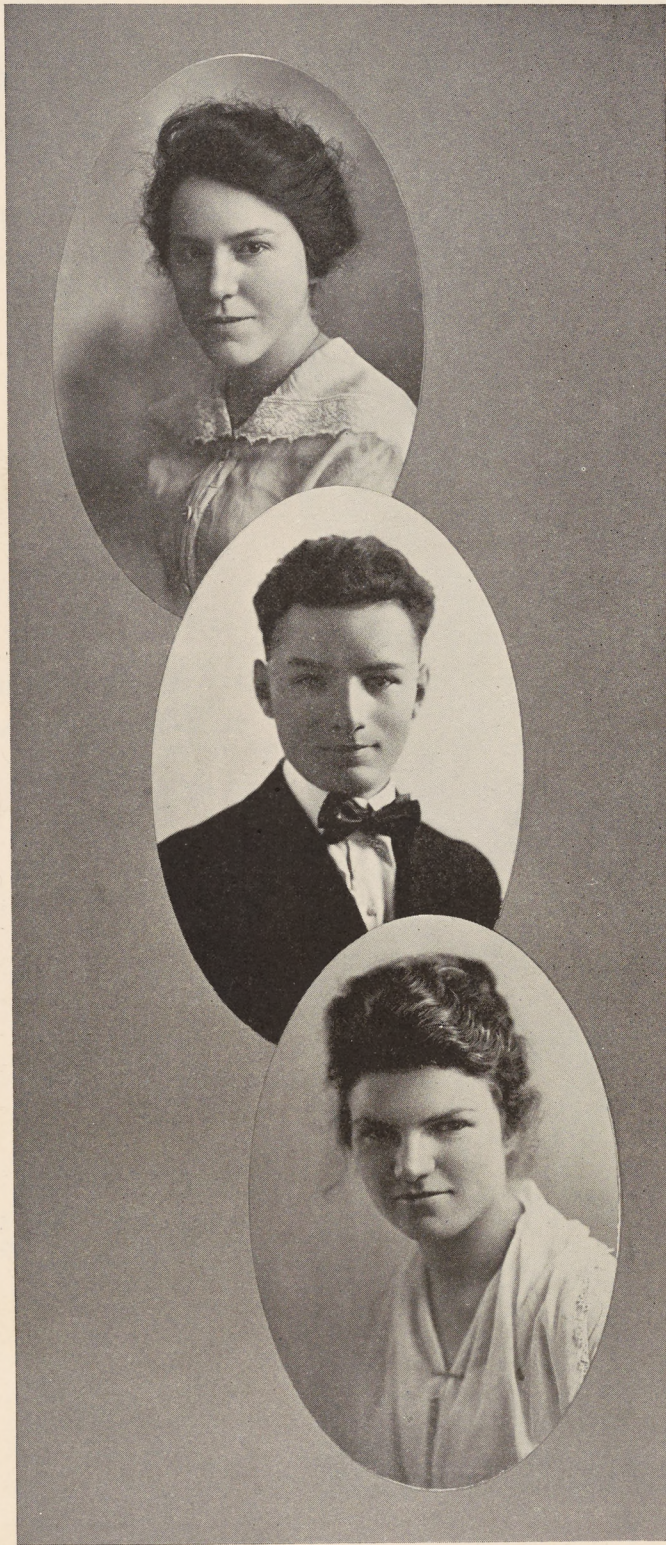
"Nature hath framed  
strange fellows in her  
time." —Shakespeare

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**Claire E. Forster**

"Himself to sing, and  
build the lofty rhyme."  
—Milton

**Byrne A. McSweeney**

"Thrice my love hath  
smiled on me."  
—Tennyson

**Myrtle M. Kiessling**

"And her sunny locks,  
hang on her temples like a  
golden fleece."  
—Shakespeare





**James J. Smith**

"The love he bore to  
learning was in fault."  
—Goldsmith



**Loretta McLean**

"Come, and trip it as you  
go, on the light fantastic  
toe."  
—Milton



**Angelo J. Scampini**

"Tho vanquished he could  
argue still."  
—Goldsmith



## Class History

How well I remember that day in August, 1914, when twelve of our former class returned to enroll in the little high school. Gladys Ryan, Mabel Golding, Gustine Dieu, Claire Forster, Mary Kauffmann, Angelina Varni, Myrtle Kiessling, Newton Fields, Ralph Woodman, Marcus Dowd, Byrne McSweeney and James Smith composed the merry group. Within a short time after enrollment Gladys Ryan left. Soon after we became the proud possessors of "cunning" little invitations to a Freshie party. Excitement reigned among the Freshies until the evening of the party, when all mysteries were solved. At one of our class meetings we chose gold and white for our class colors, and the California poppy became our class emblem. On the 30th of May we became extravagant and opened our bank, withdrew our numerous pennies (gold pieces to us) and went on a glorious hike to Crystal Springs Lake. Memorable was the day in the middle of June when we rose from the depth of scorned and misused Freshmen to the honorable position of jolly Sophomores.

The following August we entered the little building in the rear of the two grammar school buildings, lacking Gustine Dieu, Angelina Varni and Mabel Golding. Loretta McLean, a new member, was one of us, but for a short time only, as she soon returned to her home in Tacoma. We took part in no important events, as we were too busily occupied in setting an example for the insignificant Freshmen. In May, Newton Fields left for regions unknown.

From measly Sophomores, we blossomed into radiant Juniors, minus only Marcus Dowd. We took pleasure in our very important duty of pushing the terrified little Freshies about in baby carriages at the Freshie party. Mysterious literary proceedings took place among the Freshmen and Sophomores. Bound not to let them have the upper hand, we succeeded in publishing and revealing to the entire school our literary ability, a little gold and white book entitled "Junior Poems." About this time Ralph Woodman left school. On "Class Day" we gave a luncheon to the worthy Seniors. It was our last function in the little schoolhouse which had so far served as a high school.

As befits the dignity of Seniors, on August 13 we entered our new high school, which we had helped to secure during our Sophomore year. At this time Thomas Becker, Kenneth McIntyre and Angelo Scampini joined our merry group. The Seniors, always industrious, still had time to take part in two Student Body plays and plan one, given on the evening of "Class Day." Our last year closes with Senior Week, including "Class Day," when we make our class pilgrimage and are given a luncheon. Commencement Day is on June 13, and the Senior ball on June 14.

MYRTLE KIESSLING, '18.



# Class Europe

Name	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Chief Occupation	Ambition	Falling	Song	Cause of Death
Claire	Forster	Oh!	Flirting	To be a Cub Reporter	Weight	Over There	The Annual
Mary	Ma	Oh! Heavens	Getting Ads.	Fat Men	Her ankle	It Pays to Advertise	Getting Ads.
James	Microbe	It is, yeh	Chewing Gum	Join the Navy	Studying	Ragtime Sailor Boy	Smoke
Kenneth	Ignatz	Just Beats Me	Talking	Cartoonist	Girls	Some Sunday Morning	Curiosity
Loretta	Vampire	Stupid	Doing the Hula	To be a Dentist	Victims	Little Gray Home in the West	Motorcycling
Angelo	Scamp	For Xmas' sake and all its torments	Praising Cavalry	To straighten Russian affairs	Blondes	Il Trovatore	Arguing
Byrne	Sox	Oh! Boy	Debating	To have a Soldier Friend	Helen	These Wild, Wild Women	Heart trouble
Myrtle	?	Say, kid	Dancing	Captain of Industry	Soldiers	Don't Try to Steal the Sweetheart of a Soldier	High Life
Thomas	Mex	But—	Making Excuses	Bluffing	Maybelle	Just One Girl	Overwork



## Class Prophecy

I was working in my chemical laboratory trying to perfect an invention which I hoped would forever do away with the pangs of hunger, when I accidentally knocked over a bottle of sulphuric acid, spilling the contents over the powders upon which I was experimenting. There was a blinding flash, a terrific explosion, and then darkness and silence. The next thing I knew I seemed to be floating up through the air with such a soothing motion that I did not even open my eyes to look around me. At last the movement ceased with a gentle thud, and a voice said in my ear: "Welcome to our planet, oh, traveler. I have long watched with interest your work on earth, and wish to congratulate you on being the first to find your way into our sphere."

"Who? What? Where am I? What's the matter?" I demanded in bewilderment, looking around dazedly and striving in vain to pierce the heavy atmosphere which surrounded me. "Where are you? I don't see any one."

"Drink this," commanded the voice. "You, who came from that unenlightened planet, the earth, naturally could not accommodate yourself to the atmosphere up here. This will clear your vision."

I felt something being pressed to my lips, and, unable to resist the command, drank. Almost immediately my vision cleared, and I saw that I was standing before an immense building, and beside me stood a man of gigantic stature. I looked at him in astonishment, but before I could speak he said, waving his hand: "This is Mars, the most wonderful and least known of all the planets. I am he who directs the destinies of the people of your earth, and work out their lives according to chemical formulas and equations. Is there any one you would like to learn about in particular?"

My wonder and awe for this great man almost rendered me speechless, but I gradually collected my thoughts and stammered out: "Yes, yes; the class of 1918."

"Let's see," he mused. "You mean the class that graduated from the South San Francisco High School ten years ago? Yes, I remember. Quite a remarkable class. Come along with me."

He led me down a long hall to a room labeled "History of South San Francisco High School Graduates." All I could see upon entering were white curtains, labeled with different dates. One of these curtains he drew aside, disclosing nine large glass boxes, inside of which were figures, motionless and silent. He sprinkled a little sulphuric acid over each case, and then came to me and told me everything was ready.

"You see," he said, "these figures are made of a mixture which contains zinc and sulphuric acid works on them in such a way that they act according to the profession of their originals on earth."



The first case showed a circus ground, with a large central tent and numerous side shows. Strains of the latest popular airs came to my ears from the merry-go-round tent, and there was all the bustle and confusion usually attending a circus. Above the other sounds, however, rose a voice—a very familiar voice—which drew my attention to one of the smaller tents. I laughed in spite of myself, for there stood Kenneth with a megaphone, calling the attention of the people to the only living specimen of a two-legged grasshopper in existence, all for the sum of “ten cents—a dime.” It was with difficulty that the “Man of Maps” pulled me away and took me to the next case.

There I saw a large plain, on which Russian soldiers were passing in review before the commander-in-chief of the army and other high officials. Suddenly a voice rang out which made me jump. It was the voice of the commander, ordering the arrest of some private in the ranks who had failed to look him squarely in the eye as he passed by. I leaned forward cautiously and examined his features, almost afraid he would see me and order my arrest as well. I was not mistaken in my recognition of him, for though his features were somewhat changed and hidden by the heavy beard he wore, they were still the features of our friend Angelo.

The next case proved to contain a dentist’s office, and there a man was having a tooth filled by a lady dentist. She had all the qualifications of a well-driller, but the man clutched the arms of the chair and smilingly reassured her that it didn’t hurt a bit, and that he had never had a more gentle dentist. My former acquaintance with her ability to draw anything from a smile or a tooth to an avowal of everlasting devotion from one of the stronger sex and still make him feel honored above men was all that was necessary to explain the present occupation of Loretta.

It was with difficulty that I made out what the next case contained. It seemed to be a room, the walls of which were lined with chairs in which sat men and women of every description—tall, short, fat, thin, young and old, and all looking at each other nervously and apprehensively. At the far end of the room was a desk at which a very learned-looking man was busily engaged in answering questions and giving out addresses, names, etc., to various applicants. Above the desk hung a sign which said: “Matrimonial Bureau,” and without any difficulty whatever I recognized Byrne. I almost felt tempted to put in my own application, but my guide called to me and I moved on.

This scene proved to be a railroad station in a large city, with taxis and jitney buses drawn up in a long line before it and noisy cabmen calling for patronage. A train pulled into the station, and the passengers piled out and hastily made their way to the line of machines. A bunch of college men scrambled off one end of the train and rushed pell-mell for one of the waiting jitneys. Filled with curiosity as to the meaning of this mad rush, I watched them more intently, and saw something familiar in the manner in which the bus driver greeted them. The latter was a girl dressed in uniform, with yellow hair peeping out from under her cap. Just then she turned her face



in my direction, and sure enough, I saw it was Myrtle. I left them struggling for seats and went on to the next case.

There I saw a hot day in a quiet little town in Southern California. Few people were on the streets, but down the center of the road came a man leading a donkey and cart and calling "Hot tamales; hot tamale-es." He wore a large sombrero, which completely hid his face from my view. Just then a paper fluttered in the middle of the road and scared the donkey so that it refused to budge a single step. The man coaxed, urged and punished, but all in vain. A sudden shove knocked tamales out of the cart, and my mouth began to water, but still he refused to move. At last, in his strenuous efforts, his hat fell off and disclosed to my astonished gaze Tom, very much sunburned, to be sure, but looking just as I had seen him last.

I heard shouts of laughter from the next case, and hastily turned to see from whom they came. Several small children were playing on a lawn before a house, the two oldest of whom were in a mad scramble over the possession of a small article which proved to be a make-believe mustache. The largest one at last secured it and ran off, holding it to his upper lip and asking the rest of us if he didn't look like his father. It seemed to me that I had seen some one who looked like him before, but I didn't know where. I had never seen orphans in an asylum play together as happily as these did. The place almost looked like home. While I was watching them play a lady came to the door, whom I recognized at once, who told the children to come to supper, for daddy was home. I gasped. So these were Mary Kauffmann's children, and not orphans at all. I was so surprised that I stood and watched until all the children were inside the house and the door was shut.

The scene in the next box was a courtroom. A man was being tried for the dreadful crime of forgetting the anniversary of his wedding, and the fight waxed furious. I knew I should find Jimmy somewhere in the crowd, and thought at first he was the defendant; but I was mistaken. The poor fellow was trying to make some excuse for his wrongdoing, and gave as his plea that he was insane at the time, when the Prosecuting Attorney burst out scathingly: "You were, eh?" If I had heard that expression in Egypt I would have known that Jimmy was near by. Yes, Jimmy, who had always detested law, was the Prosecuting Attorney.

My guide seemed to be in a hurry, so I turned away, hoping to get one glimpse of myself as others saw me; but everything faded suddenly away, strange noises sounded in my ears, and finally I heard people talking. Some one said: "She's coming to," and I felt a hand on my forehead. I opened my eyes and looked around me. The man of Mars had vanished and I was lying in bed and a nurse was bending over me. I must have looked surprised, for the nurse said: "Something exploded in your laboratory and you were hurt, and you are in the hospital. Go to sleep now, for the doctor doesn't want you to talk." Then she left me, and, feeling strangely tired and worn out, I fell asleep.

CLAIRE E. FORSTER, '18.



## Class Will

We, the class of 1918, being of sound mind and body, do herewith bequeath and constitute this our last will and testament:

I. To the Student Body we bequeath the privilege of finishing the equipment of our stage.

II. To the Junior Class we bequeath the honor of publishing next year's "Iris."

III. To the Sophomore Class we bequeath our ability to live together in perfect harmony.

IV. To the Freshman Class we bequeath our dignity and uprightness of character.

V. To Mr. Britton we bequeath a new nursemaid, as the present one has outgrown the requirements of this position.

VI. To Miss Wilkinson we bequeath a Freshman to crank her machine, as this is beneath the dignity of a Senior.

VII. To Miss Ross we bequeath a Ford to expedite her frequent visits to the Taylors.

VIII. To Miss Eckmann we bequeath a chalk box for her to stand on while writing on the blackboard.

IX. To Miss Diggles we bequeath our interest in "Chinese Junk."

X. To Miss Clifford we award the custody of all future "Freshie" Classes and the position as coach of Freshman plays.

XI. To Charles Hein we will James' interest in the study of English.

XII. To Miss Diggles we leave Byrne's masterpiece, in hopes that she may find some one to finish it.

XIII. To Polita Turnbull we bequeath Loretta's dramatic talent.

XIV. To Charles Sands we leave Angelo's "Tammany Machine."

XV. To Carl Langer we give the position of policeman of "Lovers' Lane."

XVI. To John Alden we leave Angelo's love for Junior Girls.

XVII. To Edwin Brawn we leave Byrne's interest in the class of '21.

XVIII. To Josephine Pene we will Mary's liking for fat men and mustaches.

XIX. To Reese Lloyd we will Tom's popularity with the girls.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint Mr. G. E. Britton the said sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the class of 1918, do hereby set our hand and seal this 13th day of June, Anno Domini 1918.

THE CLASS OF 1918.



# Roll of Honor

Of S. S. F. H. S.

Arthur Woodman	-	-	-	-	-	1913-1914
Howard Reichardt	-	-	-	-	-	1913-1915
Reuben Smith	-	-	-	-	-	1913-1916



# The Lower Classes

## CLASS OF '19

August, 1917, we, the class of 1919, came back to school to begin our Junior year in the new building and to realize what school life really is. Our class was increased when Mr. C. Hein, formerly a student of Emerson High, Gary, Indiana, joined us. We have not made ourselves prominent this year as a class which starts "Things," but we have always come forward with the spirit of loyalty toward our high school by taking part in the different activities demanded of us. Shortly after school started we had the misfortune of losing three of our class, Miss Anna Fee, Mr. David Farrell and Mr. Herman Lauchere. Our Junior year is speedily coming to a close, and it has proved to be successful in studies and other activities. We, The Lucky Seven, hail the coming of our Senior year.

JOSHUA D. MAULE, '19.

## HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORES

On August 13, 1917, the classes were resumed at the new high school building. Nine of the class of '20 returned, no longer Freshmen, but Sophomores.

On August 23 a meeting was held and the class officers elected. The officers were as follows: Leo Graziani, president; Beatrice Eikerenkotter, vice-president; Margaret Carmody, secretary, and Josephine Pene, treasurer. Jerome Murray and Antoinette Gsell were selected to represent the Sophomores at the meeting of the executive committee. It was decided to charge 5 cents per month dues.

On August 27 a meeting was called for the purpose of getting a stunt to be given at the Freshie reception.

They decided to put phosphorus on a picture of a skeleton and put three cups of fiery liquid on a shelf. One was labeled Love, the second Riches and the third Success. A fee of ten pins was charged. The entrant was allowed his choice of the fiery liquids (composed chiefly of oil, vinegar, spices, mustard, catsup, chocolate, coffee—you can imagine the taste), and was given a thrilling talk about his future life, ending with a glimpse of the illuminated skeleton.

During the term Leo Graziani, Joe Garibaldi, Albert Dieu, Antoinette Gsell and Jerome Murray dropped out, leaving only four—Margaret Carmody, Beatrice Eikerenkotter, Josephine Pene and Carl Langer—to complete the term.

CARL LANGER, '20.

## FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

There were thirty-one members of the Freshman class at the beginning of the year, which makes us about half of the whole school membership. Of course, we were a dazzling green when we began, but we have finished up a brilliant red (our class color).



On September 15 the class was organized and came through the first semester with honors under the guidance of President Peter Scampini and his officers—Edith Broner, vice-president; Albert Becker, secretary, and Laura Wilson, treasurer. Among our accomplishments was the purchasing of a large picture, “Ben Hur’s Chariot Race,” which was presented to the Student Body at the Christmas tree on the last day of school. The “Freshie News,” the official organ, was published twice, giving vent to our antagonism toward the slow-pokey Sophomores and other classes in general; but none had the class spirit to answer.

In the second semester Raymond Spangler was president, Myrtle Vaccari secretary and Edith Broner and Laura Wilson were re-elected to their respective offices. The biggest thing we have ever done happened on May 17, when we presented the comedy, “A College Town,” the proceeds of which were to help pay for the curtain for the stage. The cast included:

Jimmie Cavindish .....	Frank Silva
Tad Cheseldine .....	Reese Lloyd
Leviticus .....	Raymond Spangler
Major Kilpepper .....	Paul Forster.
Prof. Senacharrib Popp .....	John Alden
Miss “Jim” Channing .....	Edith Broner
Marporie Haviland .....	Helen Dunbaugh
Mrs. “Ma” Baggsby .....	Helen Schmidt
Mrs. Cleopatra Popp .....	Myrtle Vaccari

The entire class took part.

Three editions of the “Freshie News” appeared in this semester. The first edition was edited by Leo Murray; the second edition was a contest between the boys and girls of our class to ascertain which faction had the greater literary ability. Edith Broner edited the girls’ paper and Raymond Spangler the boys’.

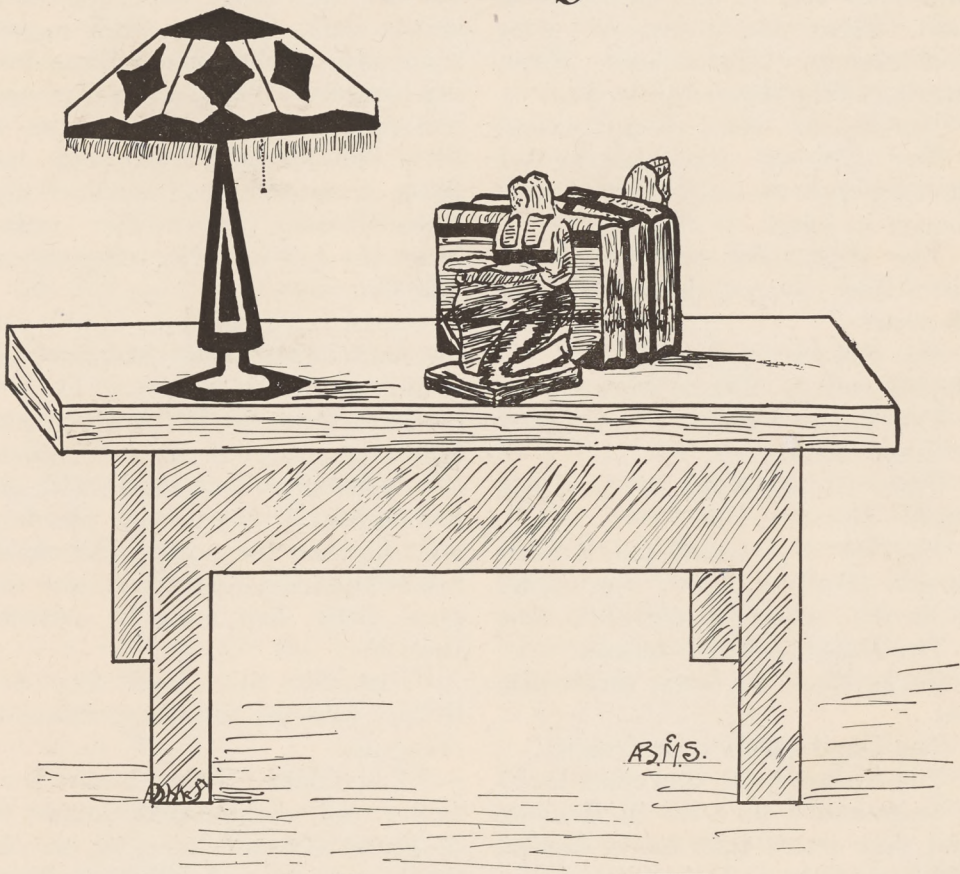
All through the year athletics took a prominent part in our class activities. The boys’ basket-ball team trimmed the grammar school four successive times. Their line-up was as follows: Frank Silva and Reese Lloyd, guards; John Gardner, center, and Bruno Raffaelli and Leo Murray, forwards. The girls’ team, Myra Smith and Myrtle Vaccari, forwards; Helen Schmidt, center; Julia Sabel, side center, and Helen Dunbaugh and Anna White, guards, beat the grammar school girls twice. They are teams that we are proud of.

The class of ’21 will soon be Sophomores, and we look forward to another industrious, happy year.

RAYMOND SPANGLER, ’21.



## Literary



### THE KAISER IN HADES

Characters: Shades of the Kaiser and other infamous personages, the Devil, Charon, etc.

Scene: The Underworld.

#### Scene I.

Charon—Who is this that approaches so confidently and arrogantly?

The Kaiser—It is I, William of Hohenzollern, sometime Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia.

Charon—This is no place for you. Try somewhere else.

The Kaiser—I was rejected in Heaven, so I came hither by the advice of St. Peter, who told me that the climate was more agree-

able to one who had been raising Hades on earth.

Charon—If you want to cross, swim; I am particular about the company I keep.

The Kaiser—Have a heart. I am afraid of U-boats.

Charon—Good-by.

#### Scene II.

A group of shades are waiting on the opposite bank, and are notified of the Kaiser's arrival by Charon. Meanwhile the Kaiser hesitates a while and then plunges into the Styx.

The Kaiser—I wonder if my old friend Von Tirpitz will recognize me?

The Devil (as Kaiser nears



shore)—Welcome, Friend! I have been waiting for you, and have long conserved coal in expectation of a visit. Here are a few of your predecessors. (Introduces Nero, Alarie, Atilla, Jesse James, etc.)

The Kaiser—Ach! What pikers!

The Shades (in chorus)—I thought that we only allowed gentlemen in here.

The Devil—But where can he go? They won't have him in Heaven?

The Shades (vehemently)—We should worry. Throw him out.

The Kaiser—Think of my poor wife and family.

The Shades—None of that sob stuff. This way out.

The Devil—I guess you'll have to go. (Sadly.) And I was going to have so much fun with him, too.

The Kaiser.—But I refuse.

Nero—Come on, boys; throw him out.

The Devil—Pull your freight.

The Kaiser (with downcast look)—They won't take me in Heaven, and they won't take me in Hades. I'll have to go to Daly City.

KENNETH McINTYRE, '18.

### HIS FATHER.

Though no sun could be seen in the heavens, the heat was so intense that no one dared venture forth. Mrs. Cox, the superintendent's young wife, swung lazily in the hammock and wished for the cool weather of her home town. Since Jack had become superintendent it made life easier. No one in the camp was astir; most of the people slept from 10 to 4 simply because it was too hot to do anything else.

Far off in the distance Mrs. Cox heard the barking of dogs, and,

looking up, she saw two figures approaching. They neither hurried, nor did they dally, but came at a steady gait. As they drew nearer she could see that one of these daring persons—daring since they had courage to face the heat—was a little boy about 8 years old; the other a middle-aged man. They came directly toward her house. Must she put up with company on this hot day?

“Good day, ma'am. Could you tell me where I could find the boss of this gang?”

“I can't exactly tell you where to find him now, but my husband is the superintendent and will be home about 5. If you wish you may wait here on the porch. It's much cooler than the dusty road, and the poor little boy must be awfully tired.”

“I'm not tired and I'm not little,” said the little boy, straightening up.

“You dear little boy; your father and mother surely ought to be proud of you. Come, sit here in the hammock, and I'll have Mary get you a glass of nice cool lemonade. I like to see a plucky little man like you.”

“Thank you, ma'aam. I'll hunt up the boss and leave Jimmie-Boy with you if he won't be too much bother for you.”

“Not at all. Please, do let him stay, for I have fallen quite in love with him.”

The man left Jimmie-Boy with Mrs. Cox and went down the trail toward the “General Store.” Here a group of men on the porch were engaged in conversation with a man taller than the rest in the group.

As Mr. Jim (for such he called himself) advanced, the men turned



from Ike, the center of the group, to look at him. Mr. Jim was noticeably taller and broader than Ike, and the men's conversation changed from Ike to Mr. Jim. Now Ike could not stand to have any one about who attracted more attention than he, so he stepped up to Mr. Jim and said in a deep, gruff voice: "How'd' y' do, stranger. Looking for any one?"

Mr. Jim paid no attention to him, but went on into the store, not showing the slightest interest in Ike, although he was deeply curious to know who he was. For an excuse, Mr. Jim bought some candy for Jimmie-Boy. The fact that his question was ignored made Ike very angry, and so he went into the store after Jim and demanded his name.

"I'm looking for the boss, and I take it that you're not him. But to satisfy your curiosity, I'm known as Mr. Jim."

"Damn smart!" snapped Ike. Ike was a "bully," and there was not a man in the mining camp whom he could not beat up—if he took the notion. He was out for new prey, because one of the men on the porch had jeeringly said: "There's one you can't lick, Ike."

Jim said nothing, but left the store and hurried again to the superintendent's home. The superintendent withdrew with him to his den. Mrs. Cox had put Jimmie-Boy to bed and had dinner prepared for her husband and Mr. Jim. Next morning Mr. Jim went to work in the mine, and that evening he rented a small one-room shack about a half mile from the camp and the nearest shac. Within a week he had been promoted to boss of his gang.

For a month all went well. But

one night Jimmie-Boy insisted on having some candy, and so Mr. Jim went into camp to get some supplies he needed and the candy. Entering the store, he was greeted with the loud rumble of miners' talk. Buying his supplies, he turned to leave, but found Ike, flushed with drink, facing him with a silly grin on his face.

"Come play a hand with me."

"I haven't time. The boy wants me at home."

"The boy! I notice you never say your boy. Who in the devil is he? He doesn't look like you, but he looks familiar." He staggered to the soda fountain for another of the "same old thing." (Since the State had been voted dry, the miners had found Grizzly Mike's soda fountain a source of good whisky. Grizzly Mike succeeded in running a blind pig.) Jim turned to go.

"Hey, you answer me, or else I'll knock your block off." Drink had got the best of Ike, and Jim refused to humor him.

"Come, start this game, Ike," yelled an onlooker. "I'll bet he can beat you at poker."

"How much will you bet?" yelled Ike, forgetful, perhaps, that his audience could have heard him easily enough without shouting. Nothing could then suffice until Mr. Jim consented to play.

For three hours they played, first one the winner, then the other. Finally Mr. Jim was "broke." Ike wanted him to borrow money to play, and even offered an "I. O. U.," but Mr. Jim refused. Ike spied a locket hanging from Jim's coat pocket and pulled it out.

"Put that up!" So the game continued, Mr. Jim offering the locket. Mr. Jim lost, and Ike treat-



ed. Finally Ike was broke. He wanted Mike to give him credit, but Mike refused, and Ike, crazy for drink, offered the locket for one. Mr. Jim seized the locket.

"No, Ike; you're not going to take a drink on the locket."

"Who says not? Didn't I win it?"

"I don't care. You'll do it only over my dead body."

"Take your coat off!" Already Ike had his removed. Jim also took his off, and the fight was on. Grizzly Mike took it upon himself to referee from a safe distance behind the counter. For a full half hour, that seemed an age, they struggled together. The ruffian grip of Ike, unknown to Jim, was what won the fight for Ike. He gave Mr. Jim a push which sent him back against the counter. As Mr. Jim sank to the floor, he hit his head against the corner of the counter, cutting a big gash in it.

Next morning Jimmie-Boy tried to awaken Daddy Jim, but was unable to do so. The queerest thing about it was that he was all bandaged. A light knock at the door sent Jimmie-Boy flying to open it. There on the threshold stood another bandaged man.

"How's Mr. Jim?"

"He's asleep."

"I'll wait here on the step. Let me know when he wakes up."

"Yes, sir," and Jimmie-Boy reentered the house. The voices must have disturbed Mr. Jim, for he was now awake.

"Daddy Jim, are you all right? There's a man out there who wants to see you."

"Show him in."

Jimmie-Boy hastened to the door and let Ike in. "Jimmie-Boy, go

out, and I'll call you when I want you."

Ike meanwhile looked about anxiously.

"So sorry, Jim; I never recognized you. How came you to have that locket with Mollie's picture in it?"

"She gave it to me when she died."

"She's dead?"

"Yes, for four years, Ike."

"Four years! And I never heard? I thought she had forgotten me."

"But she said you deserted her."

"She thought that. I didn't, though."

"You left her?"

"Yes; but I had to."

"You left no explanation."

"I left a note. Didn't she get it?"

"She never let on."

"Bet it wasn't delivered. I didn't desert her. I loved her! Will you believe me?"

"Yes; tell me your story. I've heard hers."

"Well, I got a telegram telling me to come out West, as there was a chance to get a good job in the mine, with more money in it. The only train I could get to take me there in time left in five minutes, so I sent a message to Mollie and left. I came here—and had a good position. For two years I never gave up hope, but wrote home every week. She never answered, so I——"

"She never received them."

"I grew tired of working for myself and worrying how she was getting on and if the baby was any trouble, so I took to drink. This is what has happened to me."

"I'm sorry, Ike; but she died exactly two months after you left.



The poor girl came to me heart-broken and asked me to care for her son. I promised to do so, and I also promised to hunt you up, and, if you were worth it, to turn Jimmie-Boy over to you."

"Will you?"

"In exactly one month if you get down to work and show me you can support him."

"I'll do it. Does the boy know?"

"Yes, part of it. I'll tell him now. Call him in."

Ike went out and told Jimmie-Boy that he was wanted inside, and Jimmie-Boy came on the run.

"Jimmie-Boy," said Mr. Jim, "this is your father, the man we started out to find."

With a leap Jimmie-Boy was in his father's arms.

MYRTLE KIESSLING, '18.





## Arthur Woodman's Letter

We have received a letter from one of our boys who has joined the colors. This letter will be of interest to those who have been his schoolmates, as well as to his many friends in town. The high school has placed his star in the honor flag, confident that the loyalty he has ever displayed for his school he will show to his flag.

“CAMP KEARNY, Cal., May 5, 1918.

“Dear Friends:

“I don't know how much success I'm going to have in telling you something that will be in any way interesting about being in the army, for the simple reason that I haven't been lucky enough to see any service in France yet. But if camp life will be of any interest to you it ought to be easy, for I have seen quite a bit of that. It has been quite interesting as well as tiresome at times, but when we stop to figure out what it is for, we are quite contented with the conditions and surroundings.

“When the Grizzlies started recruiting in San Francisco, it was understood that as soon as they put in four months of intensive training they would go to France. I had fully intended to join the navy, but the idea of seeing early service in Europe caught my eye, and so, instead of being a sailor, I'm wearing the olive drab. The nine months we've spent in camp have gone by like a whirlwind, and we sure have learned a great deal.

“Right from the start we have had one round of pleasure in the incidents that are bound to happen nearly every day. I remember the first morning at Tanforan, when we were awakened by reveille blown on a slide trombone. Another time during the first week fire call sounded and we grabbed our mess kits, thinking that it was time to eat. Mess call is one of the first bugle calls that a soldier learns, and we never make a mistake now.

“One thing that we had at Tanforan that I sure miss down here was the pleasure of being able to leave camp every night. Also the pleasure of missing the last bus or car and knowing that it was a case of either climb that high board fence or go to the guardhouse. I had a low spot picked out in that fence that I used quite often the last month we spent in camp there. At that, though, it isn't so bad, for we have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons off and all day Sunday.

“There sure was a lot of excitement when we got the orders to move to Camp Kearny. If the sentiment down here is the same in proportion when we get orders to leave for France, there will sure be a lot of noise around San Diego. One day our hopes will be at their very highest over some rumor about going East, and the very next day they will be at their very lowest over a rumor that we're going to the border.

“I will never forget the first day we went out on the range for target practice with the three-inch guns. I was put on one of the

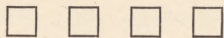


gun crews, and had the pleasure of sitting on the trail to weight it down when the gun was fired. When one of the guns goes off it recoils about forty-five inches, and the first time I saw it I thought it was about six feet. Believe me, it is no fun to see that breach come flying back at you, especially when you are a recruit. After we had fired for a while with the four-inch guns, the others seemed like popguns, for they are about twice the size of the three-inch. The Grizzlies are supposed to have heavy field artillery drawn by motor trucks, and they will be composed of sixteen six-inch guns. We are real anxious to get there to put in some drilling on them, but they probably won't be issued to us until we get to France.

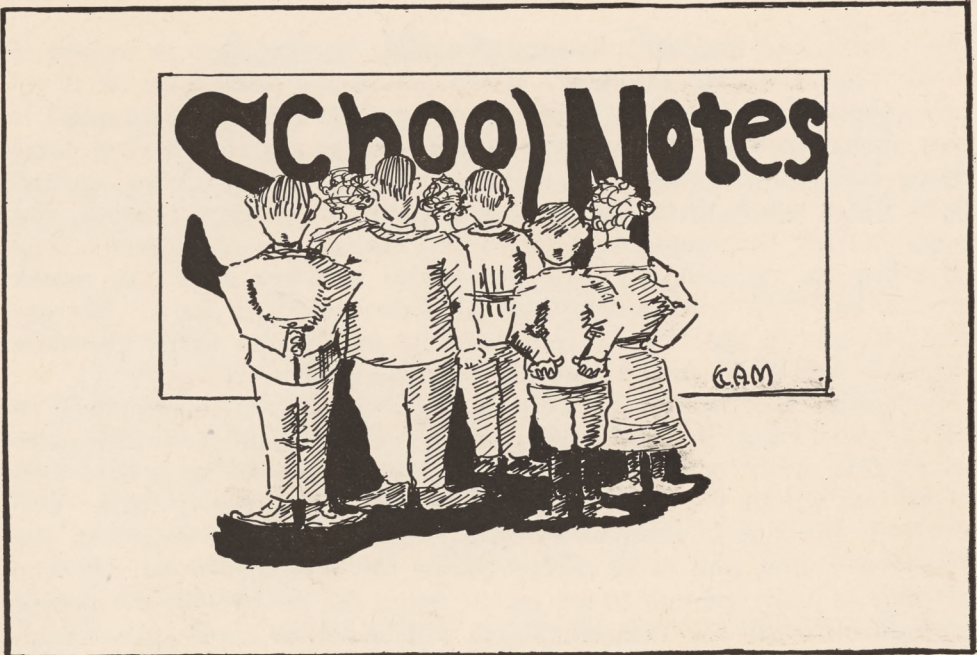
"Camp Kearny is certainly a great place, and is supposed to be the best camp in the United States. The climate conditions are wonderful, and it is set on high ground, where everything is dry. Out of all last winter we did not miss more than five days of drill. The Fortieth Division is composed entirely of the National Guard of the Western States, and is in perfect shape for service abroad. If the division is lucky enough to get on the firing line in France, the people of California and the Western States will have just cause to be proud of the boys that are representing them. Sometimes we feel as though we are a Home Guard outfit, like the Naval Militia, and that we will never get to France; but I really think that in due course of time we will get the chance to do our bit.

"Hoping this proves of some interest to my former schoolmates and friends, and wishing all of them the best of luck in their undertakings, I am, sincerely,

"PRIVATE ARTHUR R. WOODMAN,  
"Battery B, 144th Field Artillery, Camp Kearny."







### STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Angelo Scampini, '18	.....	President
Joseph Mahoney, '19	.....	Vice-President
Thomas Becker, '18	.....	Secretary
Joshua Maule, '19	.....	Treasurer
James Smith, '18	.....	Business Manager
Margaret Carmody, '20	.....	Girls' Business Manager
Joseph Mahoney, '19	.....	P. A. L. Delegate
Rue Clifford	.....	Faculty P. A. L. Delegate

The last week of school is known as Senior week, and includes "Class Day," Commencement and the Senior

**Senior Week, 1917.** ball. Last year's class being the first to graduate, we celebrated these events for the first time.

On Class Day (Wednesday) we made pilgrimages to the different rooms, where a student from one of the classes held in that room made a speech. Each class was to have a stunt, and some of them were very good. An example of this was that of the Sophomores; they were dressed like Red Cross nurses and doctors, and had a stretcher on which lay a man. They proceeded to operate on this dummy and drew out shoes and many other things. The instruments they used were knives, saws and firecrackers. After the operation they took their man out in the yard, put firecrackers in him, and blew him up.

This was but one of the many stunts the classes performed. We paid a visit to the new high school, and then returned to the one we occupied, where we entertained the Seniors at lunch. The room and tables were decorated with the class and school colors. The Seniors



and faculty were seated around one table, while the other classes were grouped around the remaining ones. The color scheme was red, white and blue. In the afternoon the German class entertained the school by producing a play, "Der Schimmel."

Thursday was spent in decorating Metropolitan Hall, where the Commencement exercises were held in the evening. Again the color scheme was used. The "Iris" was sold at a booth decorated in blue and white. Miss Florence Brawn delivered the valedictory, and a very interesting speech was delivered by Mr. Harry Kendall Bassett. It was with genuine sorrow that we learned of Mr. Bassett's death two weeks later. The exercises were closed by the presentation of the diplomas by Mr. G. E. Britton. The girls received many beautiful bouquets of flowers from their numerous friends.

Friday evening was the Senior ball, to which invitations had been issued a few weeks previous. The programs carried the class color scheme. Punch was made by the Seniors and sold at a small price, the funds going to the Red Cross. Everybody enjoyed themselves and looked forward to the coming of the next Senior ball.

Some time during September the Upper Classmen entertained the Freshies at the Freshie Reception. Each class had a certain concession to offer as an attraction. The Seniors had the Dayton Flood, the Juniors sold kisses, Charles Hein having charge of that concession. Many of the Freshie girls were afraid to go in for a kiss, but after going in once they wanted to go in again. The Sophs offered the Freshies wisdom, health, and wealth if they would drink a certain potion of vinegar, pepper and goodness knows what else mixed together. After partaking of all of these different things they gathered together in the gym and green ribbons were tied around their necks. Later they had a dance in the auditorium, and departed for home.

In October a circus was held by the students. Half of the money was to be appropriated for the Soldiers' Library Fund at Camp Fremont. During the afternoon before the circus a parade of students marched through the principal streets of South San Francisco, just as any circus in San Francisco would, to advertise the affair. Clowns of all descriptions, and cages of "wild animals" were in the parade. That night there was a crowd large enough to swamp Barnum & Bailey's tents. Among the sideshows were the Minstrels, Siamese Twins, the Dayton Flood, an extra large, overgrown Snake, the Horse Show, Twentieth Century Medical Operations, Cinderella, and other shows that make a circus a success. Of the receipts twenty-five dollars was given to the Fund.

In November the girls held their annual "Gym Jinx" in the High School auditorium. The first thing on the programme was a basket-ball game between the Freshies and the upper classmen. The game ended in favor of the latter. Then various ridiculous performances were rendered by several girls,

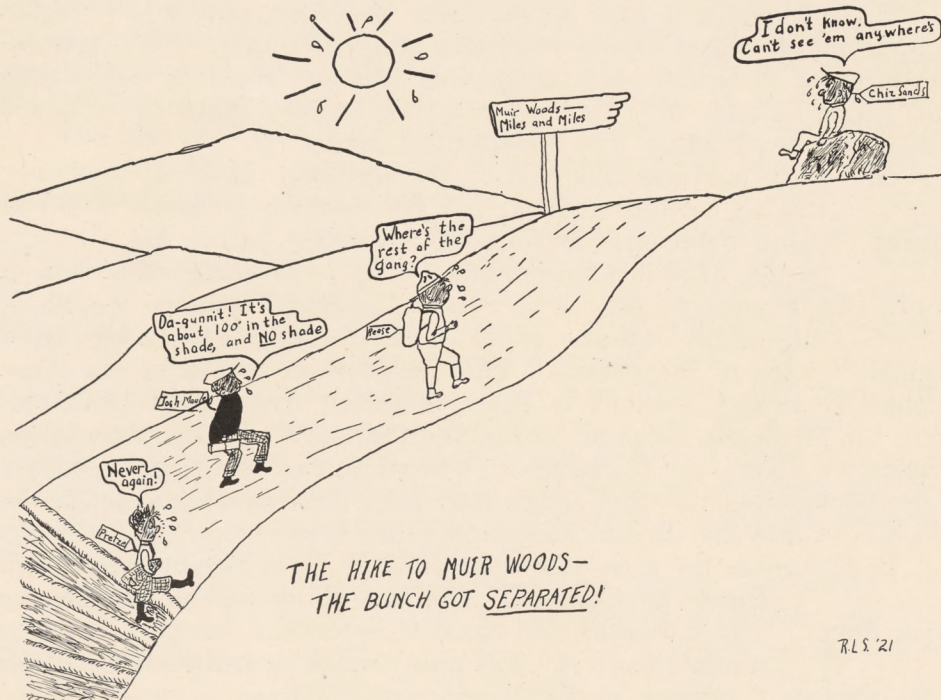


after which a delicious dinner was served. All proceeded to the auditorium, and a merry hour was spent in dancing. The party broke up early in the evening, but nevertheless all pronounced it a successful affair.

The annual Christmas party was held on the Friday before Christmas. Presents for the tree, which had already been trimmed, were brought by the students, each of whom had the name of a pupil or teacher. Some of the presents were laughable hits on the weaknesses of the victims. The annual Orpheum Circuit presented an unusual bill. McIntyre, McSweeney and Spangler produced a skit. The Freshman class gave a stunt. Miss Clifford sang some Italian songs, accompanied by the ukulele.

A farewell luncheon was given to Miss M. L. Smith on the first of February by the German and Spanish classes combined. Miss Smith had not been in good health for some time. Accordingly she handed in her resignation, which was accepted, and the trustees chose Miss V. Ross, a capable German and Spanish teacher, to fill her position. Speeches were made at the luncheon by the students and faculty, all of whom expressed their deep regrets at having Miss Smith leave them.

A dance was held in the auditorium on St. Valentine's Eve. The auditorium was decorated with hearts. Streamers were arranged from all corners of the room and were joined in the middle, from which hung a large heart. Music was furnished by Professor Cappelli's orchestra.



R.L.S. '21



Ice cream and punch were served. The dance was attended by a large crowd, which pronounced it a very delightful affair.

A hike to Muir Woods was given by the students in April. Promptly at 8:03 a. m. the party left the S. P. depot. They

**The Hike** arrived without a mishap at the ferry in San Francisco, and there they had to wait three-quarters of an hour more than was anticipated. Mill Valley was reached about eleven, and after getting together, they started on the hike to the woods one by one or in groups. The party finally collected for luncheon, to which each one did ample justice. Games were played, and, as the hour was growing late, they started for home. It was reported that "Fat" Mahoney reduced so much that he had to wear suspenders and belts to keep his clothes on. The party reached home in much the same condition that they arrived in Muir Woods. The first bunch at 7:15 and so on, each train bringing a few more. Another hike has been planned, but the place has not been definitely decided upon.

Miss M. E. Diggles, our drawing teacher, with the aid of the Sophomore and Junior classes, gave the Senior class a studio

**Studio Party** party in the drawing room on Wednesday afternoon, May 15. Japanese lanterns and garlands and bouquets of flowers transformed the room into a Japanese tea garden. The class and school colors were carried out in the decorations.

The table set for the Seniors had a beautiful centerpiece of blue, white and gold flowers, with gold and blue candles set among them, the whole resembling a large birthday cake.

The teachers and other pupils were seated at tables on one side of the room.

Ice cream, cake and candy were served, the color scheme being carried out here also. After that the afternoon was spent in dancing, and all departed, tired but happy.

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## P. I. A.


The first regular meeting of the P. A. L. and the C. I. F. was held in October, 1917, at the San Mateo Union High School. Mr. R. N. Faulkner presided. South San Francisco High School had two delegates present. The reading of the minutes of the last meeting was followed by the treasurer's report. The election of officers for 1917-1918 followed, resulting in the election of the following men: President, R. N. Faulkner, and Secretary, Mr. Mercer.

The boys' basket-ball series was arranged, South San Francisco to play four of the six games on the home court.

It was reported that there was to be no girls' basket-ball series in the fall, but, instead, several schools were to arrange girls' baseball games.

South San Francisco High did not enter the baseball series this year.





# ATHLETICS

Our new high school, with its gymnasium equipment, gave us a better training in athletics than we ever had before. The Student Body equipped the gymnasium.

The basket-ball season began early, with interclass games. They were hotly contested, especially those in which the Freshmen took part. The Seniors won the championship and received their class numerals.

Howard Reichardt, who had been one of our pupils for two years, coached the team one night each week. We certainly appreciate what he has done for us, and any success that we had was due to his untiring efforts.

Before the P. A. L. series began in December, we played practice games with St. James Alumni, Halfmoon Bay and San Mateo Alumni.





The team which represented our high school in the P. A. L. were:

James Smith (Captain), forward .....	'18
Joseph Mahoney, center .....	'19
Albert Becker, forward .....	'21
Angelo Scampini, guard .....	'18
Byrne McSweeney, guard .....	'18
Chas. Hein, sub .....	'19
Leo Graziani, sub .....	'20

All of the games but one were played on our court.

#### San Jose December 15.

On December 15, 1917, San Jose sent her unlimited team to play us. After two minutes of play Angelo Scampini, our best guard, was severely injured in a collision, and Leo Graziana was brought in. This was a big loss to us. We were defeated by a score of 20-2. Scampini was out the rest of the season.

We practiced hard during vacation, and were ready for Los Gatos on January 7, but we lost again by the score of 72-18.

The next game was played with San Mateo. They started out with the 130-pound team, but before the second half was over their unlimited team was on the court. The best that San Mateo could do was to beat us by a score of 40-25.

The Campbell game was our only victory. It was a very exciting game, and the score was tied until just before the final whistle blew, when some one threw a lucky goal, which made the score 40-39.

The Palo Alto game was the last game, and it was played on the Stanford court. Bad playing on our part lost us the game.

Considering that we were playing against unlimited teams all the time, our team made a wonderful improvement over last year's playing. The Student Body awarded the six boys blocks for their efforts. Those who wear the block are: James Smith, '18; Angelo Scampini, '18; Byrne McSweeney, '18; Joseph Mahoney, '19; Charles Hein, '19, and Albert Becker, '21.

#### Baseball.

We were unable to enter the P. A. L. baseball series, but have held several practice games, one with Mission High School, which we lost by the score of 20-10.

Early in March we played San Mateo High, and lost by the score of 6-1. Batteries for both games played were Mahoney and McSweeney.

Line-up:

Leo Murray, '21 .....	Center field
Albert Becker, '21 .....	Shortstop
Frank Silva, '21 .....	Third base
Charles Hein, '19 .....	Right field
Joshua Maule, '19 .....	Second base
Joe Mahoney, '19 .....	Pitcher
Byrne McSweeney, '18 .....	Catcher
Tom Becker, '18 .....	First base
Jerome Murray, '20 .....	Left field

AMBROSE BYRNE McSWEENEY, '18.



## Girls' Athletics

It was certainly a great disappointment to the girls' team when they heard there were to be no P. A. L. games this year. The team was far better able to meet its adversaries than it had been in former years. However, they practiced with just as much "pep," because they were determined to play other teams even if there were to be no league games.

Our practicing season opened with a number of interclass games, in which the Seniors were victorious. The high school team played a number of games with a faculty team, which the girls did not find easy to defeat. A large Freshman class this year divided into two teams, the Blues and the Reds. Although the Freshies did justice to their name at first, they soon worked up a good team by the efforts of our teacher, Miss Clifford, and played the Seniors for the interclass championship.

Our most important games of this year were with San Mateo and Redwood City High Schools. Our first game at San Mateo ended in our defeat, the score being 54-4. This, however, did not discourage the girls, and when a return game was played, the first on our new court, we gained our first victory by a score of 21-14. We also played Redwood City on our home grounds and won our second game, the score being 32-11. We had hoped for a return game, but received none. This ended our games with secondary schools for the season, and we were very much satisfied with the results.

The line-up for these games were as follows:

Forwards—Claire Forster, Margaret Carmody; guards—Polita Turnbull, Loretta McLean; centers—Mary Kauffmann (captain), Beatrice Eikerenkotter and Sylvia Doak; substitutes—Helen Schmidt, Anna White, Helen Dunbaugh, Julia Sabel.

As a reward for their hard work the team was awarded blocks by the Student Body. These were received with much enthusiasm on the part of the girls.

Those who received the blocks were: Mary Kauffmann, Loretta McLean, Claire Forster, Sylvia Doak, Polita Turnbull, Beatrice Eikerenkotter and Margaret Carmody.

MARGARET CARMODY, '20.



Wearers of the

# S. S. F.

James Smith .....	'18
Byrne McSweeney .....	'18
Joseph Mahoney .....	'19
Angelo Scampini .....	'18
Charles Hein .....	'19
Albert Becker .....	'21
Mary Kauffmann .....	'18
Loretta McLean .....	'18
Margaret Carmody .....	'20
Beatrice Eikerenkotter .....	'20
Polita Turnbull .....	'19
Sylvia Doak .....	'19
Claire Forster .....	'18







# DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Domestic science, a course consisting of sewing and cooking, was one of the new subjects that was offered in our new building this year. The class numbered ten, all girls, of course, under the direction of Miss Eckmann. The first few weeks were spent in unpacking dishes and cooking utensils, after which we settled down to real work.

In November we took a trip to the Art Palace in San Francisco, where we spent the day examining the wonderful rugs, tapestries, cloths, etc., and compared them with our modern weaves. We were also guests at one art exhibit that was given that day.

During the year we have given a number of luncheons. At the first one our guest of honor was Miss Smith, who was leaving. One of the girls acted as hostess, others were guests and the rest cooked and served the meal. A second luncheon was given, with Mr. Britton as guest of honor.

Our most important dinner was given to the Trustees and their wives—Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Conrad, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dowd and Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Britton. The table was prettily decorated with the school flower, the iris, and poppies and smilax, the color scheme of lavender, yellow and green prevailing.

The last few weeks we have been cooking "Hoover" dishes, and since Hoover wants us to use potatoes instead of wheat, we had a "Potato Drive." It was not a very large exhibit, but every one worked hard to make it a success. It was held in the school dining room, which was decorated with American flags and those of the Allies. Large posters showing the value of potatoes covered the walls, and potato soldiers kept guard over the exhibit. Our object was to show the public how to prepare certain dishes.

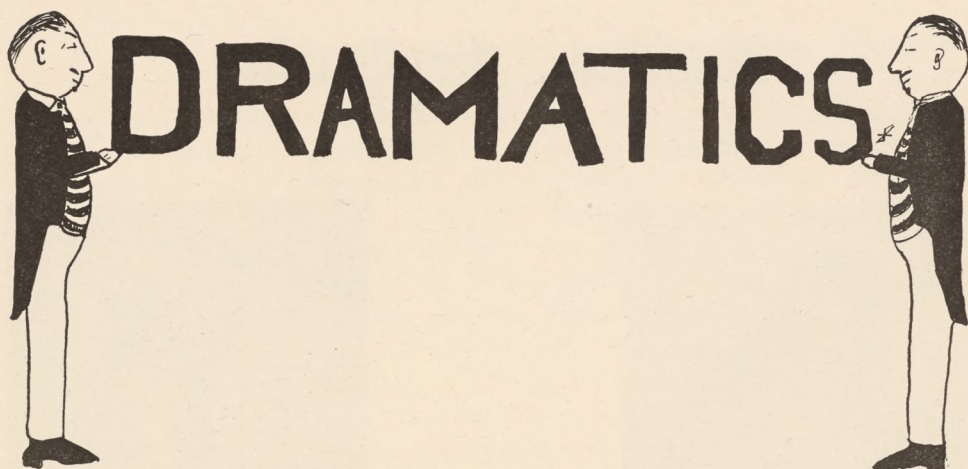
Some of the dishes cooked were: Potato cones, potato meat pie, potato bread, potato soup, stuffed potatoes, cake, etc. The visitors were given samples of the various dishes, and also received recipes, which the typing department furnished. Many people attended the exhibit, and we hope they will make use of the recipes. Let them do as our teacher said: "Give them potatoes twice a day, when they don't know it, and once a day when they do know it."

## Help Win the War.

Our sewing department has accomplished many things. We have been taught to draft patterns, patch and darn. Now the girls are making dresses. We also took up the study of textiles. This study includes fibers, spinning and weaving and the history of domestic art.

MARGARET CARMODY, '20.





This has been a year in which dramatics have taken an unusually important place. Being in our new building and having a stage of our own on which to produce our work, we felt that we were in a position to accomplish more than in the past. Also our new stage needed many fittings, so it was determined to put on a play in the first semester to pay for the necessary things. A drop curtain and valance were installed and have since been paid for from the proceeds of our activities during the year.

The first undertaking was "Esmeralda," a four-act comedy.

The story leads from a humble farm house in South Carolina to giddy and fashionable Paris.

A poor farmer, becoming suddenly rich through the discovery of iron on his land, takes his daughter, Esmeralda, and his wife to Europe and leaves Dave (Esmeralda's sweetheart) behind, broken-hearted. He follows them to Paris, only to find Esmeralda being wedded by a Marquis, much to her mother's delight.

Through the efforts of Nora and Kate Desmond, Esmeralda's friends, the two lovers are brought together and the Marquis is dismissed. Mrs. Rogers is reconciled, however, by finding that the iron, supposedly on their farm, is really on Dave Hardy's, and the curtain falls on a happily united family. The parts were taken by students having experience in former years, and the play was well received.

The characters were:

Mr. Rogers .....	Angelo Scampini, '18
Mrs. Rogers .....	Mary Kauffmann, '18
David Hardy .....	Byrne McSweeney, '18
Jack Desmond .....	Joe Mahoney, '19
Nora Desmond .....	Loretta McLean, '18
Kate Desmond .....	Beatrice Eikerenkotter, '20
Mr. Estabrook .....	James Smith, '18
Marquis .....	Thomas Becker, '18
Maid .....	Anna Fee, '19
Esmeralda .....	Sylvia Doak, '19



# "Fanchon, the Cricket"





Shortly afterward we chose for our annual school play "Fanchon, the Cricket." It was a five-act comedy of French life in the seventeenth century. After much hard work on the part of Miss Wilkinson and the students, the cast presented it in the High School Auditorium on April 6th to an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. It is the story of an orphan girl, who, though despised and scorned, becomes so kind and noble that she wins the love of the hero. The play will be remembered, perhaps, for the fine acting of the leading characters. They were Angelo Scampini, Loretta McLean, Myrtle Kiessling and Kenneth McIntyre.

The cast is as follows:

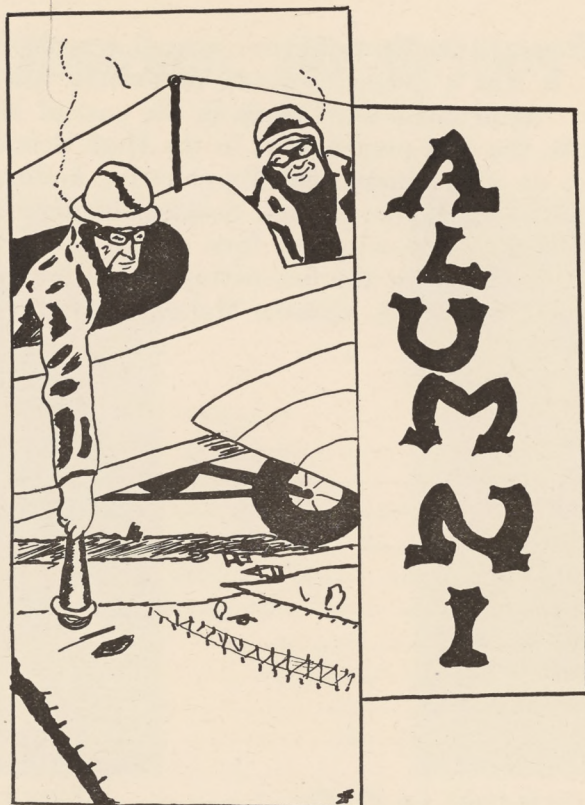
Fanchon .....	Loretta McLean, '18
Landry Barbeau .....	Angelo Scampini, '18
Didier Barbeau, his twin .....	Kenneth McIntyre, '18
Fadet, the witch .....	Myrtle Kiessling, '18
Father Barbeaud .....	Joe Mahoney, '19
Mother Barbeaud .....	Mary Kauffmann, '18
Madeline .....	Sylvia Doak, '19
Father Cailliard .....	Charles Hein, '19
Pierre, a peasant lad .....	Frank Silva, '21
Collin, a peasant lad .....	Joshua Maule, '19
Etienee .....	Joshua Maule, 19
Susette } .....	Margaret Carmody, '20
Mariette } Girls from La Priche.....	Josephene Pene, '20
Anotinette } .....	Polita Turnbull, '19

The Freshmen also decided to try their luck at dramatics, and chose for their vehicle "A College Town." The whole class took part in the play and showed that they will be able to uphold the honor of the school in the dramatic line in the coming year.

LORETTA McLEAN, 18.







Reuben Smith, '16, has enlisted in the University of California Ambulance Corps, and when last heard of was in Allentown, Pa.

Arthur Woodman, ex-'17, is with the Grizzlies at Camp Kearny. His address is Battery B, 144th Field Artillery, Camp Kearny.

Howard Reichardt, ex-'17, has joined the Ordnance Department, and has been sent to Camp Hancock, Georgia. His address is Company D, 3d Reg., Ordnance Department.

Helen Carmody, '17, is attending San Francisco Normal.

Irene Mercks, ex-'19, was married to Wm. G. Doyle, stationed at Camp Lewis.

Mildred Robinson, ex-'20, is teaching music and attending high school in Los Angeles.

Herman Lauchere, ex-'19, is clerking at the Peninsula drug store.

Leo Graziani, ex-'20, is employed by the Bank of Italy.

Florence Brawn, '17, is working at Schaw-Batcher's.

Walter Money, '15, is employed by the Pacific Coast Steel Company.

Annie Kavanagh Winkler, ex-'17, became the wife of Dr. Winkler in April and is now living in Redwood City.

Emma Johnson, '17, has been doing practice teaching for several months at the State Normal in San Francisco.

Mary Mangini, ex-'19, is now Mrs. Louis Galli.

David Farrell, ex-'19, is employed at the Pacific Coast Steel Works.

Ralph Woodman, ex-'18, is working for the Western Meat Company.



## Debating

The pupils of this school have manifested great interest in debating. Recognizing public speaking as an essential part in every high school pupil's career because of its educational value, our high school has encouraged it as much as possible.

At the beginning of the school year a group of students met and formed the Adelphia Debating Society. An elaborate programme of private and public debates was drawn up. But the organization suffered misfortune from the start.

A change in schedule deprived us of the study period we had used for meetings at the beginning of the year, and the club disbanded.

A few of the former members continued active in debate, and on November 13, 1917, a public debate was held at the high school. Loretta McLean presided. The topic was:

“Resolved, That the Philippines be granted their independence at the coming peace conference.”

The affirmative was ably supported by Angelo Scampini and Charles Sands, while the negative was firmly maintained by Mary Kauffmann and Claire Forster. Before a packed auditorium the affirmative had to submit to defeat, so able was the defense of the negative.

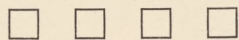
The judges were Messrs. A. P. Scott, J. W. Coleberd and A. B. McSweeney.

A challenge was then delivered by the boys' team to the girls, but due to the illness of one of the girls it could not be accepted.

For a similar reason a debate arranged to take place on May 3, 1918, with Sequoia Union High School had to be forfeited.

But the spirit is still alive, and we hope that debating will play a more active part in the coming years.

ANGELO SCAMPINI, '18.



### ALUMNI (Continued).

Newton Fields, ex-'18, and Marcus Dowd, ex-'18, are working at the Schaw-Batcher Shipyards.

Mabel Golding, ex-'18, is a Senior at Mission High School.

Angelina Varni, ex-'18, is a milliner at Marks Brothers, San Francisco.

Gustine Dieu, ex-'18, gave up her nurse's training and at present is a telephone operator in South San Francisco.

Eva Kavanagh, ex-'20, is training as a nurse in St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco.

Jerome Murray, ex-'20, is working at Schaw-Batcher's.



# Editorials

## THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief .....	Claire E. Forster, '18
Business Manager .....	Mary L. Kauffmann, '18
Assistant Business Manager .....	Kenneth McIntyre, '18

## Associate Editors

Literary and Josh .....	Kenneth McIntyre, '18
High School Activities .....	Charles Sands, '19
Dramatics .....	Loretta McLean, '18
Debating .....	Angelo Scampini, '18
Girls' Athletics .....	Margaret Carmody, '20
Boys' Athletics .....	Byrne McSweeney, '18
Art .....	Myrtle Kiessling, '18





## Our Part

To say that the schools have no part in this world war is a great mistake, for in more ways than one the outcome of this war depends very largely on the school children. "Saving" is the keynote to the success of the Allies in this great struggle, and it is here that the children's part comes in. The War Department has asked every one to save food, in order that more may be shipped abroad, and has also asked each one to save his money and invest it for the Government, so that our boys in France and in the cantonments in this country may be cared for properly.

That school children might help in this money-lending plan, the Government decided to issue Thrift Stamps, and the wonderful results of this idea may be illustrated by the Freshman Class, which bought over five hundred (\$500) dollars worth of Thrift Stamps in three months. If every school makes as good a showing in proportion as ours has, the importance of the schools is unquestioned.

There are other ways in which they may help as well as this, such as working for the Red Cross and for patriotic Leagues. Cooking classes do their share by illustrating various ways of using different foods which have been recommended by the Government, and so helping to save the materials needed "over there." We are glad to say that our "Potato Day" drive reached at least seventy families through their representatives who attended our exhibit.

## School Spirit

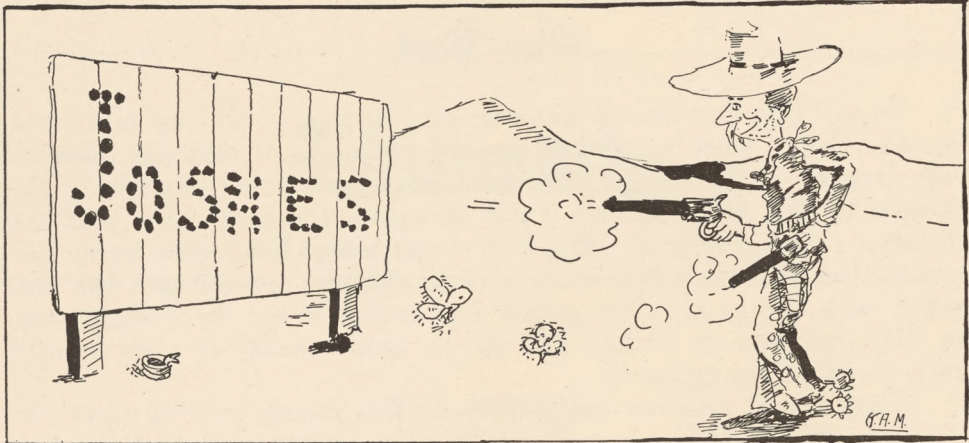
School spirit and school loyalty are synonymous. No school can live without them. No matter how one feels toward a fellow pupil, he should never allow that feeling to interfere with his taking a most active part in any of the school activities. More than this, one should not speak slightly of his school before others, for anything said against it reflects back on himself.

The school is what we have made it, and whatever happens we should remember it is our high school, and, as such, should receive our greatest loyalty and support.

## The Class of '21

The class of '21 showed excellent spirit when they drew the funds from their class treasury and presented the Study Body with a copy of "The Chariot Race." Aside from its historical setting, this picture should be carefully treasured by the school as an instance of thoughtfulness and school spirit displayed by the lower classmen. Not only in this has the class shown its enthusiasm, but in its activities as well. They have published the "Freshie News," they have defeated the three upper classes in the contest for the purchase of Thrift Stamps, and have put on a play, "A College Town," part of the proceeds of which were given to the Student Body to help pay for the stage curtain.





“Tobacco,” said Mr. Britton, “makes a man idiotic and paralytic. I know this from experience.”

Heard in the Hall—“If I plant pussy willows, can I get cat-tails from 'em?”

Raymond—If I gave you three dogs and Charles here gave you two more, how many would you have?

Reese—Six.

Raymond—How's that?

Reese—I got one home.

Miss Clifford asked the Senior class to write an essay on London. She was surprised to read the following on Loretta's paper: “The people of London are noted for their stupidity.”

Miss Clifford—How did you get that idea?

Loretta—It says in the textbook, “The population of London is very dense.”

Bruno had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long, beautiful day fishing. On his way home he met Pete, who accosted him with the usual question: “Catch anything?” At this Bruno, in all the consciousness of guilt, quickly responded: “Ain't been home yet.”

Loretta—My cheeks are burning.  
Joshua—No wonder I'm smelling burnt paint.

#### In Second Year English.

“Our bread was such as captives' tears

Have moistened many a thousand years.”

Miss Clifford—Mr. Graziani, please explain these two lines.

Leo—The bread was stale.

The Spanish tongue is not hard, you know;

After a month I could command it;

I find some difficulty, though,

Getting my teacher to understand it.

Teacher—Can you spell “fur?”

John Alden—Yes, ma'am—f-u-r.

Teacher—That's right. Now can you tell me what “fur” is?

John Alden—Yes; “fur” is an awful long way.

“What is it that has horns that we should be very careful of?” said Miss Diggles.

Charles Hein—Automobiles.

All good boys love their sisters,

But so good I've grown

That I love the other boy's sisters

About as well as my own.—Ex.



Joshua (to Beatrice)—What is the difference between an apple and a girl?

Bea.—I don't know.

Joshua—An apple you have to squeeze before you get cider, and a girl you have to get side her before you can squeeze.

Miss Wilkinson—A bullet is driven from a gun by the gas which is generated by an exploding powder.

Angelo—Pardon me. I always thought a bullet was lead, not driven.

#### At Miss Smith's Luncheon.

Byrne—Give me some patriotic mustard.

Loretta—Some what?

Byrne—Patriotic mustard.

Loretta—What is that?

Byrne—Prepared.—Ex.

#### Domestic Science.

Sylvia—I've lost a diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.

Beatrice—Yes; here's your thimble.

Miss Eckmann—What is a sandwich?

Loretta—An unsuccessful attempt to make both ends meet.

Miss Eckmann—Beatrice, what is a chafing dish?

Beatrice—A frying pan that has broken into society.

#### Minus Parts.

Despairing Student—I shall develop brain fever if I work on this problem any longer.

Disgusted Instructor—Humph! An angleworm could as easily have water on the knee.—Ex.

“Anna, tell me the name of the

line bordering the Tropic Zone?” asked Mr. Britton.

“Can't sir,” replied Anna.

“Correct. Sit down.”

Albert—Caesar must have been a very strong man.

Edith—Why?

Albert—The book says he pitched his tent across the river.

Miss Clifford—Reese, who was it that prompted you then? I heard some one whisper the date to you!

Reese—I expect it was history repeating itself.

“It's no use,” sighed John Alden. “I certainly can never learn to spell.”

“Why not?” asked Alma.

“How the dickens can I learn to spell when the teacher changes the words every day?”

The history class was studying an important period of history, and it was Polita's turn to recite.

Miss Clifford—Polita, who was the King at this time?

Polita—Louis, the cross-eyed.

“Why, Polita, where did you learn that?”

Polita—Right here in the book. It is printed “Louis XI.”

John G.—I was advised to read something deep.

Raymond—Why don't you try “Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea?”

Charles H.—Can a person be punished for something he hasn't done?

Miss W.—Why, of course not.

Charles H.—Well, I haven't done my geometry.

Sylvia—Can you spell horse?

Beatrice—I could if I wanted to, but what's the use of spelling anything so out of style?



“What is the plural of man?”  
asked Miss Eickmann, in biology.

“Men,” said Myrtle.

“And the plural of child?”

“Twins.”

“One beautiful autumn day,”  
said Miss Clifford, telling a story  
to the Freshman class, “Little Red  
Riding Hood was walking along  
the path in the woods, when she  
came to a sharp turn; and whom  
do you think she saw standing  
there, with a row of shining teeth  
gleaming at her?”

Up went John Alden’s hand.

Miss C.—Who was it, John?

John—Mister Roosevelt.

Miss D.—Now, Albert, tell me  
about the Mongolian race.

Albert—I wasn’t there; I went  
to a ball game.

Now we will take up the subject  
of natural history, and you may  
name in rotation some of the lower  
animals, starting with Joe.

Miss Clifford (Ancient History)  
—Why was the King’s foot taken  
for a standard length?

Albert—Because he was a ruler.

### Third Year English.

Miss C.—“And Sable stole of  
Cypress Lawn,  
Over the decent shoulders drawn.”

“Now explain the term Cypress  
Lawn.”

Chas. Hein—The cemetery.

Miss C.—Give me a sentence  
using I, Mr. Trkola.

Charles—I is—

Miss C.—No; you mean “I am.”

Charles—I am the ninth letter in  
the alphabet.

Caesar is dead,

And so is Cicero;

Where these two old gents have  
gone,

I wish their works would go.

Kenneth—Oh, Joe, tell me an-  
other bird that can’t fly besides the  
ostrich.

Joe M.—A jail bird.

Anna W.—My ancestors came  
over in the Mayflower.

Anna F.—It’s lucky they did;  
the immigration laws are a little  
stricter now.

Charles Hein (explaining Ga-  
reth’s meaning in the passage,  
“God wot, I love not yet,”)—“God  
knows, I haven’t got a girl.”

Freshmen version of “The Gods  
sealed their oaths by the River  
Styx”: “By the River STICKS the  
Gods concealed their oats.”

Joshua—Do you want to get next  
to something there’s a lot of  
money in?

Pete—Sure; how?

Joshua—Well, go down town and  
lean against the bank.

Mr. Britton—Do you know Lin-  
coln’s Gettysburg Address?

James Smith—I thought he lived  
at the White House.

Thomas—Why do fat men al-  
ways wear plaid vests?

Mary—Dunno, unless it’s to keep  
a check on their stomachs.

If a boy ten years old gets tired  
of holding his baby sister who  
weighs ten pounds in twelve min-  
utes, how many minutes will it  
take a boy twice that age to get  
tired holding some other fellow’s  
sister who weighs 120 pounds?

The knights of old wore armor,  
Which was bothersome, per-  
chance,

But I’ll bet they didn’t worry

’Bout creases in their pants.

—Penn. State Froth.



Miss Ross—What's that noise in the hall?

Helen—Oh, that's Al Becker's new tie.—Ex.

Raymond—Why does Charles Sands walk so slowly?

Carl—So he won't wrinkle his trousers.

Paul F.—How long will I have to wait before I get a shave?

Barber—Why, I should estimate about three years.—Ex.

Engineer—I want a Webster's largest size dictionary.

Librarian—We have none in now except the small ones.

Engineer—Naw; this is important; there's a leg missing on my dresser.—Chaparrel.

Kenneth (looking for a job)—How much do you pay here?

Prop.—Whatever you are worth.

Kenneth—I'll be darned if I'll work for that!—Ex.

O'Grady—An' why do you want to sell yer night shirt?

Finnegan—Sure, an' what good is it to me now whin I've lost me new job as night watchman an' slape in the daytoimes?—Ex.

She—What made the Tower of Pisa lean?

He—It was built in an age of famine.—Lampoon.

### JOSH.

There is a bright class named '18,  
The very best class ever seen;

They're up to all tricks,

And they run politics,

And are there when it comes to a queen.

There is Angelo, nicknamed "the scamp,"

Who sure loves to go on a tramp.

In play or debate

He's classed as first-rate,

And where Sylvia is he will camp.

Then there's Myrtle and Mary and Claire,

Of these we would bid you beware;

They are clever and bright

And will get there all right—

Just try to beat them if you dare.

There's Loretta, of footlights the star,

You can notice her glory afar;

As "The Cricket" she shone

In a way all her own.

May nothing her fame ever mar.

And there's Thomas and Jimmy and Byrne,

Who for glory and fame often yearn;

They can play basket-ball,

E'en though pushed to the wall,  
Of their prowess the future will learn.



ARTHUR WOODMAN  
WRITES BACK TO HIS SCHOOL-MATES.



## CLASS DAY PROGRAM

June 12, 1918.

### I.

Luncheon to the Seniors by the lower classmen.

### II.

Class pilgrimage in the afternoon.

The speakers are:

Thomas Becker—Physics.

Byrne McSweeney—History.

Kenneth McIntyre—Spanish

Angelo Scampini—Assembly Hall.

Myrtle Kiessling—Drawing.

Mary Kauffmann—Domestic Science

Loretta McLean—Biology.

Claire Forster—English.

### III.

Senior play, in the evening, "A Frat Initiation," a college sketch.  
Robert Hinton (Lord High Monk-de-Monk of Sigma Delta Fraternity) ..... Angelo Scampini  
Jack Leslie (a goat) ..... James Smith  
Molly Stuart (one of the best ever) ..... Mary Kauffmann  
Time—Present. Place—Drawing Room of Stuart Residence.

"Our Career," a comedetta in one act:

Bobby Cameron, author of the Junior farce ..... Kenneth McIntyre  
Dolly Dunn, a clever girl, fiancee of Bobby ..... Loretta McLean  
Stewart Dunn, Dolly's brother ..... Byrne McSweeney  
Mrs. Dunn ..... Claire Forster  
Mr. Chas. Reney, dramatic critic of the Berkeley Times ..... James Smith  
Mr. Pierre Delmarge, a French artist, of the Berkeley Times  
..... Angelo Scampini  
Vera Master, a college girl ..... Myrtle Kiessling  
Mildred Benson, a college girl ..... Claire Forster  
Percy Condon, a college boy ..... Thomas Becker  
Time—Present; 11 o'clock the morning after the Junior farce.  
Place—Reception Room of Mrs. Dunn's House in Berkeley.



## Appreciation

To Miss Rue Clifford, who so ably directed the preparation of our paper; to Mr. D. E. Curley, who aided in securing our advertising; to our advertisers, who made this publication possible, and to all those who have so willingly helped in the preparation of material, we extend our thanks and appreciation.



August 28. Myra gets Al's address.

## Prove Your Metal!

The whole United States turns to its young men and young women in the present crisis and expects you to assume the responsible positions left unfilled by our splendid brothers who have gone to fight.

Your parents have given you advantages not shared by all. Will you make good? Will you make them proud of you—and the world proud of you?

Of course, it is not fair to expect you to direct business without knowledge of business detail, but will your judgment cause you to do the right thing NOW?

### **SECURE YOUR BUSINESS TRAINING AS SOON AS YOU CAN GET IT**

Do not think of the small position; there are thousands who must and will do that. Take the time to prepare for the Big position. You are wanted now—you will be needed far more when you are ready.

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August 27. Myra makes eyes at Al.



September 16. Myra adopts "negligee."



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Quarters

September 17. Freshie Reception.



September 18. Byrne makes a date with a Freshie.

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Administrator  
**WELLAR A. STEAD**  
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August 27, 1918.

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California

September 25. Al "parks" in the study-hall.



September 30. Miss Eckmann burns the beans.

**BUY**

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**AND**

**WAR CERTIFICATES**

*Space donated by  
E. G. EKSTROM*

October 7. Kenneth falls downstairs.



October 14. Polita late for third time.

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October 20. Reese comes with a new hair cut. San Mateo girls up to play basket-ball. See the point?



October 22. Freshie Raffaelli takes to pacifiers.

**AT ROYAL THEATRE**

Thursday and Friday, June 20 and 21

**“TARZAN OF THE APES”**

See his combats with Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Apes and Gorillas. His struggle with the Giant Cannibal and many other features in this great animal picture.

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**KINDNESS OF**

**FRANKLIN K. SWART**

**District Attorney**

---

October 26. Byrne treats Mr. Britton's office to a shower-bath.



November 1. Mr. Britton makes a general cleanup.

---

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---

**J. W. COLEBERD**

Attorney at Law

---

**R. C. STICKLE**

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November 2. Chas. Sands buys motorcycle.



November 3. Disaster in Cooking Department.

**LIND'S MARKET**

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November 12. Freshie News! Great excitement.



November 21. Polita makes candy and excavates it with an ax.

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**COUNTY SURVEYOR**

SAN MATEO COUNTY

REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA

**P. P. CHAMBERLAIN**

Incumbent, Candidate for

**TREASURER**

San Mateo County

Primary Election August 27, 1918.

VOTE FOR

**ROBERT J. LETTS**

For County Recorder

Of the County of San Mateo

Primary Election August 27, 1918.

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December 2. Freshies take dancing lessons.



December 9. Byrne and Freshie exchange pins.

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## J. J. BULLOCK

Candidate for

## DISTRICT ATTORNEY

August Primary Election

January 3. Myrtle writes a letter.



January 7. Freshies find answer.

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ELECT  
**DON FUNGE**  
SHERIFF

March 13. Kenneth steps.



March 14. Chas. Hein falls for Loretta.

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March 15. Loretta goes to San Bruno.



March 16. Chas. H. says he doesn't care for girls.

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Most of the ills of the human family  
are due to the lack of proper care of the  
teeth during the period of childhood.

March 17. Chas. Sands trades his motorcycle for an Overland.



March 20. Byrne and Angelo patronize "Lover's Lane."

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**CLASS OF 1918**

South San Francisco High School

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April 1. Kenneth takes Loretta home from play practice.



April 5. Miss Ross plays "peek-a-boo."

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April 25. Polita on time.



May 3. Big Ben brings Miss Ross to school.

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May 6. Miss Clifford stalled at Altemonte Pass.



May 8. Chas. Hein not back yet.

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May 13. Cutting for cuts for the Annual.



May 14. Chas. Hein becomes a snake charmer.

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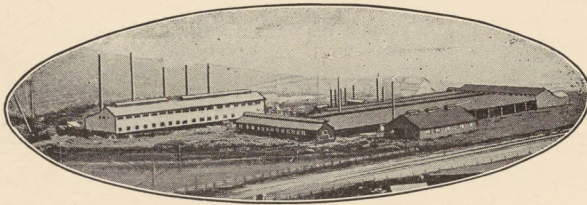
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**THOMAS C. DOAK, M. D.**

May 16. Girls fry potatoes.



May 15. Birnam Woods come to Dunsinane again.



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May 16. Miss Clifford fells a tree.







