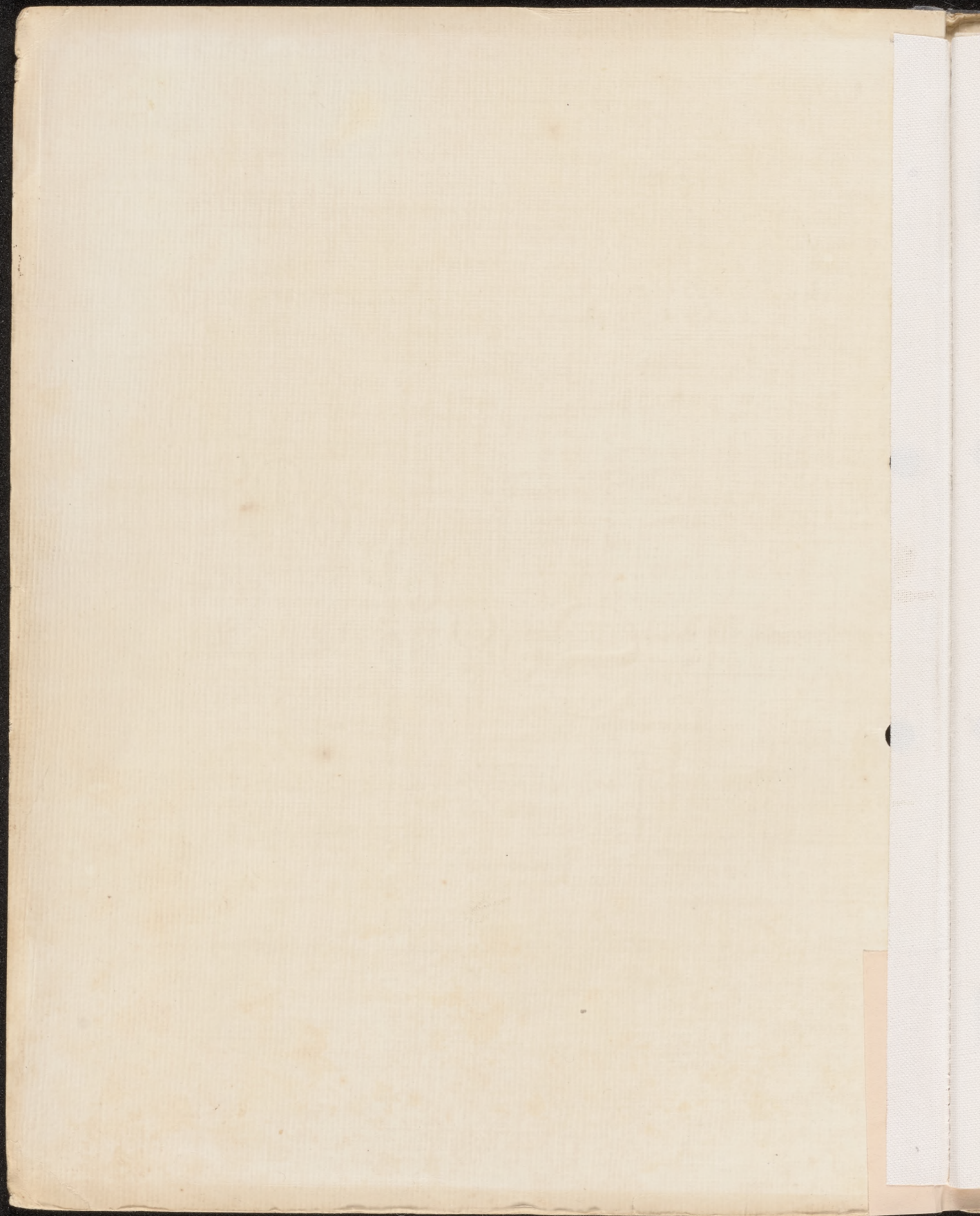
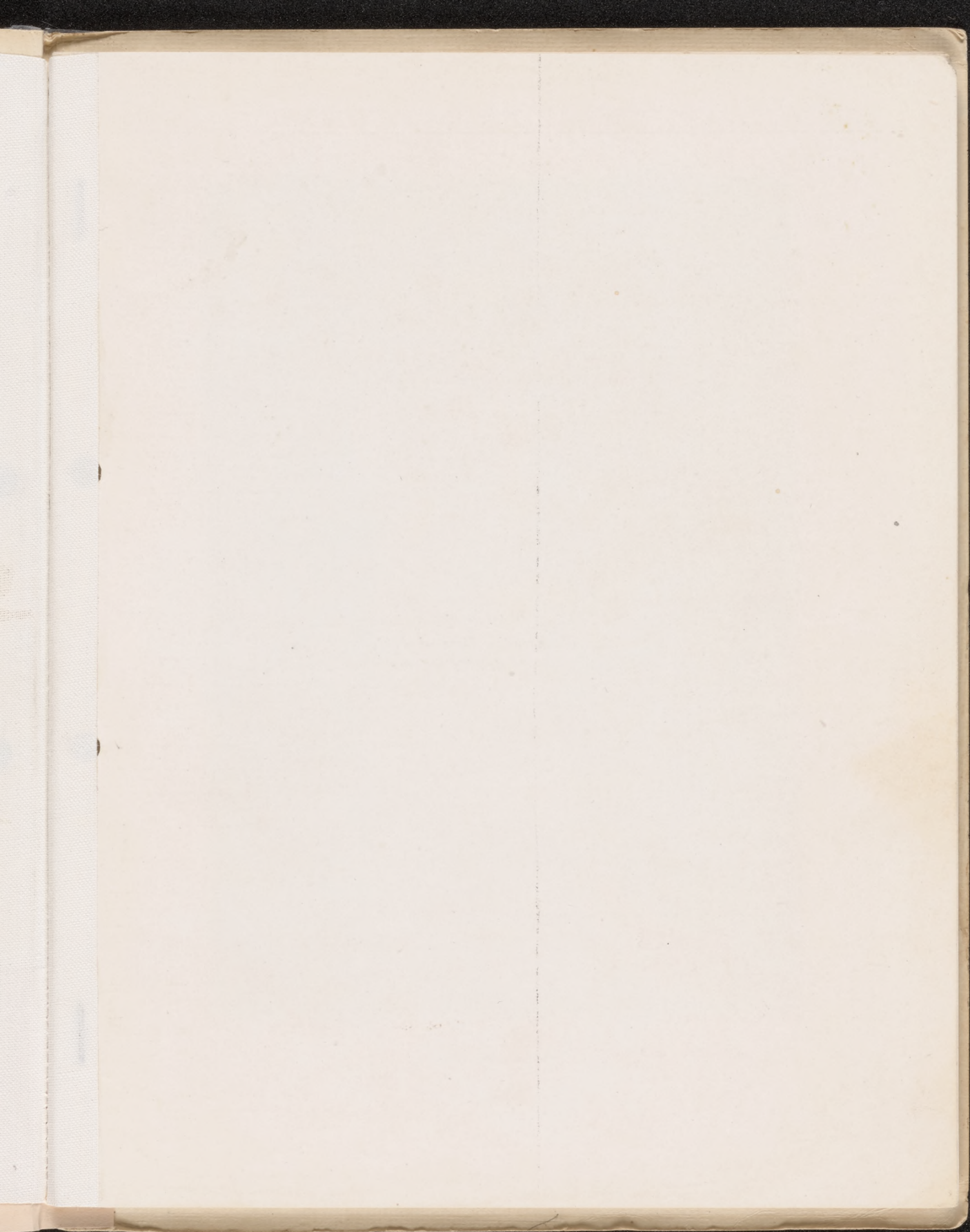




Γεωσοσοφοφην

Commencement
1912



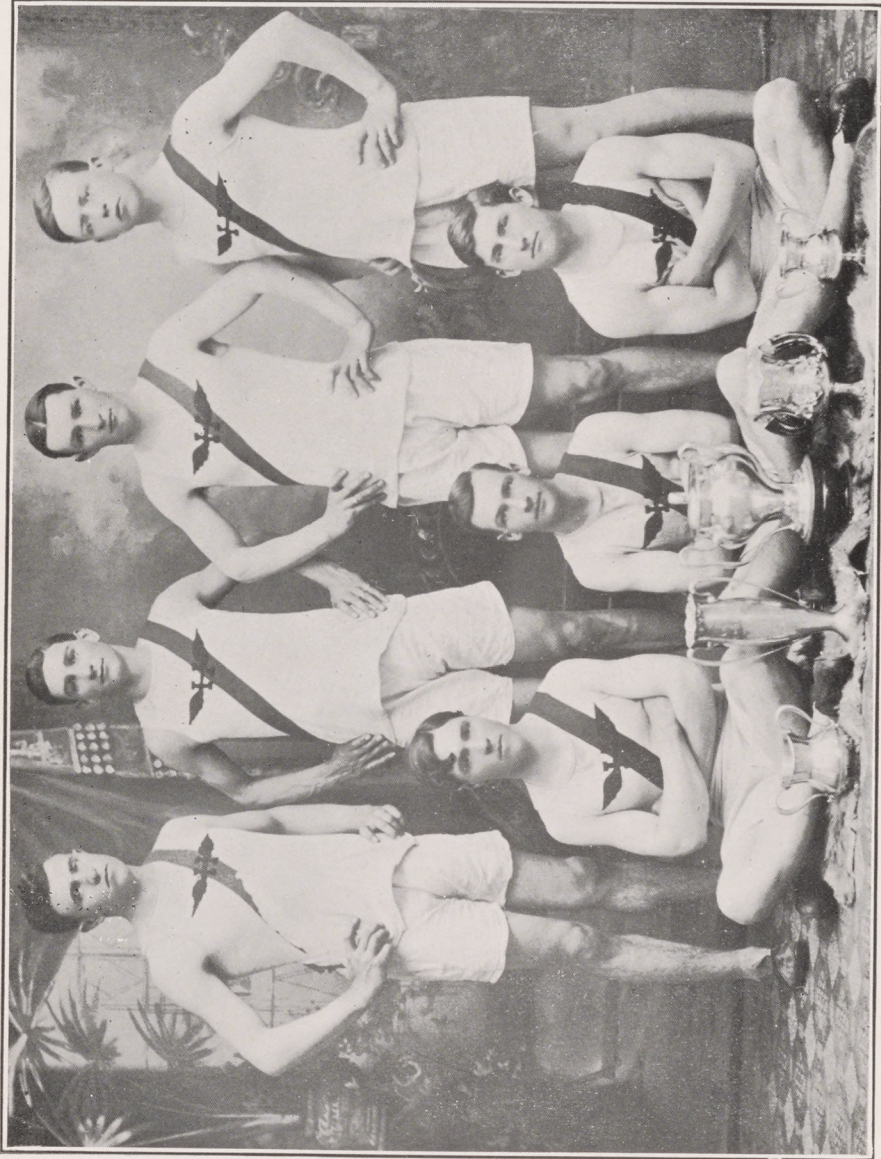


Dedication:

*To Mrs. Bert Haigh, in token of our love and
appreciation, do we, the Class of 1912,
affectionately dedicate this volume*



Mrs. Bert Haigh



Tealdesturg High School Track Team

Class Roll:

LITERARY

Bessie Helen Flewelling
Clara Lee Allen
Demetrio Jeffrey
Elizabeth Clare Allen
Florence Mildred Upson
Gretchen Hall
Hilda Christine Emmrich
Helen Marie Emmrich
Lena Mary Levendusky
Weaver Thomas Bagley
Zella Vivian Rine

COMMERCIAL

Beryl Marie Dewey
Ethel Gertrude Kruse
Edith Grace Warren
Violet Zilphia Yarbrough
Vernon Everet Chaney
Alvin Williard Morrison

Class Colors—Pink and Green

Class Flower—Pink Carnation

Class Motto—"Out of the Harbor, into the Sea."

A Brief Record of the Work and Character of the Seniors==With Portraits

Mary Levendusky, the shining light of our class, has especially distinguished herself in mathematics though of every subject she has made a brilliant success. For the past two years in particular, she has shown great ability as a debater. In the editorial staff she has filled many important positions; during our Sophomore year she was editor of the Sophomore number, and assistant editor of the Junior number, while through the Senior year she was Exchange Editor. In the "Obstinate Family" she took an important part with splendid success. Thus she has proved herself abundantly capable of all she undertook. So well has her work been that she has soared to the place of highest honor—that of valedictorian.

Throughout her school career, Helen Emmrich has been loved and respected by all; by her teachers for the comfort she has ben to them by reason of her unusual ability and unfailing industry; by her class-mates because she has always been so capable and willing to bear her share of the hard work; and by the boys and girls alike because of her evenly-tempered disposition and her ever present love of fun. The hardest task was assigned to her—the editorship of the Sotoyoman — and that fruits of her labor have gone to prove that this trust was not misplaced.

As president — possessing strength and force characterizing the good executive; as a student — inclined to wander leisurely in search of the "Royal road to learning;" as a boy—a trifle careless and always on the alert for fun, and Weaver presents himself not as an ideal fortunately, but as an average boy with both faults and virtues. He was president during our Junior year and Senior also. He was Student Body President and manager for Boys' Athletics, as well as an actor in the commencement play.



Mary Levendusky



Helen Emmrich



Weaver Bagley

Mr. W. B. a

Gretchen Hall, our Basket Ball Manager, we are justly proud of. She was an efficient member of the Basket Ball Team in her Sophomore and Junior years. She never made herself conspicuous by her absence at our social functions; many would have been less enjoyable indeed had they lacked her genial presence. She is a dear, sweet girl liked by every one who knows her. We shall always remember our gentle and kind little Gretchen.

Elizabeth Allen, or "Bobby," our Texan maid—though hailing last year from Grants Pass, Oregon, has, during her two years with us, always been among the first in all class efforts. As "Lucy" in the "Obstinate Family," and "Katherine" in "Mr. Bob," she assisted greatly in procuring success for the two productions. The value of her literary work was early proven by her numerous contributions to "Ye Sotoyoman," and in recognition of her ability she occupied a position on the editorial staff.

Florence Upson, happy and gay and full of fun, has proved a faithful member of our class. She was vice-president during our Senior year as well as assistant editor of the commencement number of the Sotoyoman. In the "Obstinate Family," and in "Mr. Bob," she took leading parts so well that she has gained fame as an actress. As a school teacher she will surely be successful.

Tranquil and unruffled through all calamities, Zella Rine has been the dignified maiden of our class. Extremely practical, she has scornfully dubbed all youthful romance, "slosh." Though excellent in all her studies, she has especially distinguished herself in mathematics. We will ever remember with pleasure our grave and serious, yet gay little Zella. Truly "to know her was to love her."



Gretchen Hall



Florence Upson



Elizabeth Allen



Zella Rine

Next on the list is our "classy kid," Demetrio Jeffry. Though stubborn and wilfull, upon occasions he is nevertheless a jolly good fellow and ever ready for a good time. With splendid success he played the part of the butler in our plays, and on the track team he was a prominent member.

Ethel Kruse and Edith Warren, inseparable friends, and two of our commercial members, are both rather quiet and reserved, and studiously inclined. It was through this close application and earnest hard work that

Bessie Flewelling, our demure and coquetish little maid, came among us in our Junior year. More interested in other things than books, she often dreamily let the moments pass. Lessons were a bore, but music was her forte. During the two years with us she was on the Editorial Staff, where she gave much valuable assistance. Abounding in wit and brilliant repartee, she made many an hour one of mirth and merriment. We will not soon forget our Bessie.

they were enabled to leave school a few months before the term was really ended, and take positions of trust and responsibility as book-keepers and stenographers in Healdsburg. Here's to their future success.



Demetrio Jeffry



Bessie Flewelling



Ethel Kruse



Edith Warren

Beryl Dewey, sprightly in temper and conduct, is one of our commercial students. Exceedingly animated and gay, she has merrily laughed through many hours, even through one or two that should have been devoted to study. Though a member of our class but one year, she has entered so heartily into all of our plans and activities that we are indeed glad to number her with us.

Wiliard Morrison, more commonly known as "Pink," has been one of our loyal members during the four years of our sojourn at H. H. S. A very capable and willing boy invariably cheerful and smooth-tempered, he has on many occasions proven himself a valuable acquisition to our class.

Vernon Chaney, who has been one of our members only one year, has shown himself a most carefree and cheerful sort of lad, ready for fun in school and out. By his quick wit and jollity he has passed away many an otherwise weary hour.

Rather shy and very quiet, Clara Allen, may be likened unto the star which steadily throws out its faint beams regardless of the beautiful, but extremely erratic brilliancy of the comet. If all would follow her example and do their best always, not only at school but elsewhere as well, the world would be greatly benefited.



Beryl Dewey



Vernon Chaney



Willard Morrison



Clara Allen

For only one short year was it our privilege to count Violet Yarbrough one of our embers. Surely the loss of Junior class most certainly proved our gain. Quiet and attentive, she was during school hours, withal, so merry, light-hearted and gay during play-time, that she entered fully into the spirit which distinguished our class of '12. As "Mr. Bob," in our commencement play she has shown herself a most capital actress.

Shy, modest and studious is Hilda Emmrich. She has been faithful to her work and has not shirked one study—while to her class she has been loyal and true. She has won all our hearts by her gentle, her unassuming and pleasing manner.



Violet Yarbrough



Hilda Emmrich



Elsie Parrott

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Thursday Evening

June 20, 1912

—:♦:—

PROGRAM:

Part I.

Music Band
 Invocation Rev. L. J. Baker
 Salutatory Weaver Bagley

Class President

Violin Solo II *Trovatore* (Verdi) .. Demetrio Jeffry
 Valedictory, "Life's Opportunities, The Endless Line"
 Mary Levendusky

Presentation of Diplomas Dr. J. R. Swisher
 School Song High School

*Part II***"MR. BOB"***Cast of Characters*

Philip Royson Weaver Bagley
 Mr. Robert Brown, clerk of Basons .. Floyd Darby
 Jenkins, Miss Rebecca's butler Demetrio Jeffry
 Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady Helen Emmrich
 Katherine Rogers, her niece Elizabeth Allen
 Marian Bryant, Katherine's friend .. Violet Yarbrough
 Patty, Rebecca's maid Florence Upson

SYNOPSIS

Miss Rebecca Lake, a typical maiden lady, wishing to establish a home for destitute cats, calls in an architect to make the plans. She wishes his visit to be kept a secret. Her niece, Katherine, has invited a girl friend nicknamed "Bob" to visit, and Philip Miss Rebecca's nephew, believing that "Bob" is a man prepares for her accordingly. He is expecting Mr. Saunders, an old college chum of his, as well as a lawyer, Mr. Robert Brown, whom he does not know. When Mr. Brown arrives he is mistaken for

"Bob," for Mr. Saunders and for Mr. Brown, the architect, and he is not permitted to rectify his mistake. After the poor timid man has been surfeited with luncheons, scared with the prospect of a yacht race, and dosed with an emulsion, and after almost innumerable excruciatingly funny mistakes, the trouble is cleared up and all parties are pacified. Patty, a maid, who yearns to be a ballet dancer, and Jenkins, the butler of noble and dignified blood, carry out a leading part in the comedy.



In the Days to Be

“What poor short-sighted worms we be;

For we can't calculate with any sort of certainty

What is to be our fate.”

And it came to pass that the Tribe of Twelve adjourned into a far country. As they approached the mysterious land their hearts failed them for fear, for behold an ancient prophet appeared unto them saying, “Ye shall hear great things this day.” Anon they reached a muchly shaded stream whereupon great terror seized them for lo! the waters were of a dark hue and the noise thereof was terrible. The giant trees did shake and smite each other as if tossed by a mighty wind, yet the wondering throng felt not a breeze.

The chief who knew and understood these signs cried out in a loud voice, “Be not fearful, keep up thy courage,

for 'tis only the fulfillment of the sayings of the prophet. Follow me and ye shall see the cause of these things.

He led them to a mighty cave and behold there stood the seer which had appeared to them.

“Hail, thou Class of Twelve,” cried he, “Enter thou and a wise being shall reveal unto thee thy coming life.”

Trembling with amazement the group proceeded and within was seated an ancient witch stirring a seething caldron.

“Hail, thou honored of the earth, wouldst thou thy future know?”

They answered not a word, for so strange was the sight that each tongue clove to its roof. The wierd creature understood. At once she seized a bottle and poured into the kettle of darkness its contents. A dictionary was thrown therein; a box of sweets, a grasshopper. (A fort-

night past the some creature had wandered into the structure of learning and had caused much commotion therein.) Suddenly there followed a shower of manuels, volumes, pamphlets. These the class had perused industriously throughout their four years. Then black darkness fell over all and strange cries did echo through the cavern, but anon there blazed forth a glorious light about the caldron and all was bright as day.

"Behold and be silent!" spake forth the prophet. There appeared at a flourish of the wierd female's sceptre a beautiful milk-white heifer crowned with a wreath of fairest flowers.

"Gretchen fair," pealed a silvery voice, "Thy lot is a virtuous one. For a short time thou shalt spend thy worthy hours giving instruction to little children and shalt be much beloved by them. Then, long ere thy hair finds a gray tint or thy brow is traversed by furrows, shalt thou enter into a happy home. There shalt thou cause love and joy to reign until the end of thy days."

The fair white creature descended and at once a diminutive giraffe with the head of a dove cooed softly, "Hil, Hilda, Hil, Hil. A noble maid, most noble deeds shalt thou perform. Time shall find thee devoted to the care of the afflicted. In an institution for the dumb shalt thou bestow valuable instruction, accomplishing exploits of profound wisdom. Thy silent voice and gentle hand shall be known to all, thy name heralded throughout the world."

This gone, the amazed group hesitated, devoid of breath, for deep,

wierd sounds, did echo. Following a column of red smoke, there stretched forth a viper having the head of an eagle, and a slender form with the colors of the rainbow painted thereon. Profoundly it spoke: "To him who is called 'Pink' I say great things shall thou do. Thou shalt toil within the Post Department until thou holdest the very highest office. Then a fair wife wilt thou take and live in luxury until the end of thy days."

Slowly it faded away. A solemn owl boiled upward from which issued looks and sounds of profound wisdom, and he spake causing awe to pass over the assembly: "Mary, hear! Thou shalt do much important business. A great writer and orator of legal maunscripts shall be thy lot. Far and wide wilt thy travels be. Thou shalt impart sagacious and elevating knowledge. Thou shalt become Keeper of the Seal and recorder of lawful business for the far-famed ruler, His Majesty de la Rockefeller." One mighty wink and all was gone.

Suddenly there sprang upward from the midst of the gruel an ancient ram. "Weaver," he cried, "thou art a leader among men, so shalt thou henceforth be. Thou shalt be a rich and prosperous tiller of the soil, and shalt produce lofty writings on the science of agriculture. Thy corn shall grow to the height of Atlas. Thine estate shall be the home where many rural acheivements shall be wrought, and thy knowledge be far-famed." It then plunged into the mixture and was seen no more.

"Beryl," resounded a voice in deep, melodious tones, re-echoing in the

walls of the cave. With astonishment all beheld a glorious peacock. "Gay maiden," quoth he, "wondering throngs of people shalt thou entertain with thy marvelous stunts. In only famous theatres shalt thou perform with songs and dances and thy name shall be placed upon the pages of all noted material which cometh from printing presses."

It vanished. A gorgeous butterfly upward flew and a voice like murmuring waters spoke: "Bessie, a music teacher wilt thou be. Also in drawing, painting, embroidery and other feminine arts shalt thou be proficient. Thou shalt receive musical instruction in a far country from a famous master. Fair creature, thy charms shalt prove irresistible and thou, like others of thy sex, shalt enter into the state of matrimony." It then fluttered into space and was gone.

A buzz was heard as of many flying insects, and presently there flowed into sight a swarm of busy bees. Anon the queen called out: "What an industrious, sober little lass. Ethel, thou wilt be employed in a large firm in a great city, and most successful will thy labor be. Thy sphere will be changed to that of an able homekeeper. There thou wilt be surrounded by luxury, and aeroplanes will be thy common conveyance."

Then the insect buzzed madly away. Next came a horse with ears of a donkey, the nose of an owl and the tail of an angora cat, leaping from the depths. "Demetrio, great art thou in the eyes of men, still greater in the eyes of women (?). At twenty-five thou shalt be unable to resist the

charms of a beautiful blue-eyed lass and shalt woo and win her. Thou shalt traverse many continents and many shall be pleased with the noise of thy violin." Smoke then arose in great volumes and enveloped the creature from sight.

Upward by degrees in a cloud of soft smoke there floated a fluffy white duckling whose head was that of a mocking-bird. "Maiden Zella," pealed forth sweet notes, "none shall ever hear such music as that which thou shalt produce. Even he, who has been taught fair melodies by great teachers, shall not cause such glorious sounds to flow as thine. Thy musical vibrations shall be like those of Orpheus himself, for mighty kings shall be moved to tears or laughter at thy pleasure."

It then faded away and a snow white kitten bearing a pen and manuscript in its paws was lighted on a golden cloud. In a deliberate tone it spoke: "Thou lily maid, Helen, well hast thou performed thy school duties. Already the foundation of thy future is laid. A great writer shalt thou be. Thy friends shall be numberless as the sands of the sea. Thou wilt sacrifice a home life to thy career. The days of thy pilgrimage on the earth shall be four score, and many destitute cats will find shelter under thy roof." With a low soft purr the snow y object departed.

A silvery sound of mild breezes murmured forth. The fleece-like mist parted and a lamb was gently heard to bleat: "Clara, for thee shall ever be quiet happiness. In time thou shalt be beckoned to a most peaceful

home, where thou shalt shine the bright star of serene glory. Thy home shall be ever open to all wayfarers and wanderers."

The group listened with intense interest to the soothing melodies which gushed forth. There arose a nightingale draped in silvery mist. "Florence, dark-eyed lass, a pedagoguess shalt thou be for a time. Then thou wilt give forth notes of melting sweetness from thy throat. Thy name shall be linked with that of Jenny Lind. Thou shalt inherit a vast fortune. Beware of youths with dark ringlets, beware, beware, beware!" And the apparition vanished.

Then came low murmurings of lonely sweetness like lost winds in summer grasses. Slowly there ascended upon a sunset cloud an antelope with the head of a silky haired goat. "Elizabeth," it cried, "thou shalt attempt the art of caring for the ill, but long ere thy progress has advanced wilt thou succumb to the allurings of one of the opposite sex, whereupon thou shalt enter into a quiet life. Thy verses shall be far-famed, placed beside Tennyson and Shakespeare they shall be. Thy Mother Goose Gems shall be renowned. Take care of the machine—the machine thou ridest in." It passed from sight.

A cheerful silence fell. Then came the ringing of silver bells and anon there fluttered upward a golden canary, and in its claws was an orange blossom. Softly it piped, "Violet, fair maid, sweet and happy is thy lot. Not long hence a most noble position wilt thou hold in a cottage where thou shalt reign supreme. Worthy asso-

ciation wilt thou give thy beloved one, and sweetness wilt thou bestow on all who enter thy door."

Rural echoes resounded through the space and the mists resolved themselves into a chanticleer. He flopped his wings and loudly crowed: "Behold, great and virtuous shall Vernon be. A most learned instructor of profound theology shalt thou be. Thy eloquence shall move many hearts. Thy fame and name shall be lifted high. By the most desolate paupers shalt thou be beloved and esteemed, by every one held in awe." It gave a lusty crow and vanished into oblivion.

For a moment following notes of mingled joy and sorrow pealed out. Then a shining black raven with breast and wings of gold darted upward. "Edith," it chirped, "what shall be for thee, lass? Ah, thou shalt become greatly accomplished in business. The foremost office of a great gigantic corporation shalt thou hold which shall grow up in the city of Healdsburg; many shall marvel at the proceedings of thy wisdom. Thou, too, shalt be persuaded into a partnership with one. Great happiness awaits thee." A note of echoing song and the wondrous bird was gone.

Then came many mingled sounds as if all the earth had burst into fair song. Presently there came a gleaming flash of lightning and lo the prophet, caldron, witch—all were no more. Thereupon the Lost Tribe did find itself, and so passed out breathing long breaths of sunshine they entered upon a glorious life.

ELIZABETH ALLEN.
ZELLA RINE,



A Scene in "Mr. Bob."

TO THE GRADUATES

Good luck to the hopeful graduate;
 Joyfully stepping to seek his fate,
 Where battles stern his soul await,
 Beyond the realm of the schoolhouse
 gate.

Remember when graft and greed as-
 sail,
 Great is truth and it will prevail,
 Courage and work can never fail;
 Hail to the untried warrior, Hail!

—W.

A MEDITATION

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief
 of youth,
 Stolen on his wing our four short hap-
 py years;
 It lies with us to shape our full career,
 For fate to us no preference ever show-
 eth.
 Live worthy lives; we ne'er can hide
 the truth,
 Recording angels e'er are hovering
 near.
 What they shall write doth not yet ap-
 pear.



A Scene in "Mr. Bob."

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the courtroom, speaking to an old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply, "I ain't done nothin' to be called names like that. I'se got a lawyer here—he does the defending."

"Then who are you?"

"I'se the gemmum what stole the chickens."

A young man who was reciting started to say, "Did he bid her adieu" but in stead he said "Diddy, biddy hiddy." Noticing his mistake, he repeated the line, saying, "Bibby, hiddy diddy."

A physician, upon opening the door of his consultation room, said: "Next patient, please, who has been waiting the longest."

A tailor, who had called to present his bill rose and said: "I have, doctor, I delivered your clothes three years ago."

"Please, pa," pleaded Bobby, "just one more."

"All right," answered the father closing his book.

"Well, say, pa," began Bobby, "who is going to bury the last man that dies?"

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of 1912, of the Healdsburg High School, in the City of Healdsburg, do make this sacred document our last will and testament to our survivors as stated hereafter.

I. To the Juniors, the successors of our illustrious name, do we leave our reputation of supreme dignity and importance; to the said class we likewise leave two rows of shinging thrones which are in the Assembly Hall on the western extremity of the aforesaid apartment, to be used as their exclusive property. Also we leave an earnest hope that the said Juniors shall not betray our trust; that they shall not be too liberal and generous to the lower classmen, thus preserving the dignity of Seniorhood; that they shall take only the special privileges given them and no more. Lastly, we do most solemnly desire that upon every picnic they shall invite the boys.

II. To the Sophomores we do leave a sober and serious warning to begin a year's thorough and deep consideration upon the subjects suggested in the manner following: Irving's "Life of Washington," Ashley's "Federal State," and Brice's "American Commonwealth,"—that when they shall have attained to that wise and august state of Seniorhood, they may not then be total ignoramuses upon these sources of most profound knowledge.

III. To the Freshmen we solemnly bequeath all such miscellaneous articles as may be left unclaimed by us. We graciously bestow on them our good wishes and sincerely hope that they may not neglect the proper chas-

tisement of their youthful comrades when such treatment becomes imperative.

IV. To the Faculty we leave a few sad tears for the grief we caused them to feel in their hearts upon a certain sunny afternoon.

V. To his gracious personage, Adolphus Wilkinson, we donate all brooms, feather dusters, mop cloths, and all like paraphernalia.

VI. To all of those, both girls and boys, interested in athletics, we do leave a grave charge that the work on the tennis court so diligently begun, may be successfully completed.

VII. To the Sotoyoman we leave an ardent hope that it shall attain a most brilliant and lofty reputation.

VIII. We hereby revoke all former wills made by us, and appoint the Student Body President of next year executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the above named Senior Class, hereunto set our hands and seals this 20th day of June, in the Year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and twelve.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

Florence Upson.

Gretchen Hall.

Demetrio Jeffry.

—:◇:—

Papa found it necessary to reprove his little girl for some of the day's misdeeds, and reprimanded her rather sharply. She kept silent while he talked until he stopped for breath, then said: "People say I'm just like you, papa."

Valedictory

By Mary Levendusky

Opportunity—the psychological moment, the favorable conjuncture which, if acted upon, paves the way toward higher things. Opportunity—the foundation of all the progress ever made in the history of mankind. There is nothing so noble and inspiring as opportunity seized and utilized, and nothing so pitiful as opportunity neglected, wasted, ignorantly spurned. People generally realize this in an indefinite way, but the realization is not sufficiently clear, for to them, an opportunity is a great and rare chance, which will, if they are “lucky,” come to them and change for the better their whole course of life. The usual idea, also, is that opportunities, especially today, are limited and not so frequent as formerly, now that so many great improvements have been accomplished; and then there is the even more prevalent idea that opportunity, once neglected NEVER returns. Both these ideas are largely false.

It is a true and trite saying, that “While there is life, there is hope.” It is equally as trite and truthful a saying that, “While there is life, there is opportunity.” Life today is teeming with splendid possibilities for everyone; not one great and solitary opportunity for each individual deciding all future happiness and misery, but hundreds, thousands, nay—an endless line, for us all! With the earliest awakening of life comes opportunity, nor does it cease to exist until Death appears and proves its temporary as-

endency over both Life and individual opportunity; for with every new generation, every day and year brings its own opportunities. They grow on one another. The more that pass, the more follow. **THE LINE IS ENDLESS!** The man who takes it upon himself to lead a young life to the pinnacle of past achievement, to spread out before the newly awakened mind all its wonders and glories, and says, solemnly, “Young man, all that is great is accomplished! There are no more great victories to be won! **THERE IS NOTHING MORE FOR YOU TO DO!**”—the man who thus discourages rising enthusiasm may not be a conscious liar, but he is, most certainly, a bad prophet and a pessimist of the worst kind. The present is the time of the earth’s finest, biggest and most inspiring opportunities. No such period of possibilities ever before awaited a people as exists today for us people of the 20th century; coming closer home, for us people of America, of the United States, and even more specifically, for us people of California.

Opportunities, naturally, vary considerably according to circumstances, localities, and times. It is because of this that we of the 20th century are more fortunate than were those three or four centuries ago. This is chiefly because of the general education of today, for as Addison said, “Knowledge is indeed that which next to virtue truly and essentially raises one

man above another." Our widespread education of today is due to our great educational facilities; our splendid opportunities for research work, our numerous well equipped libraries; the low price of books—making them not a luxury, for the rich, but a necessity for the poor—the great educational value of modern traveling, now within the reach of all, as well as the newspaper, the telephone, the telegraph, and countless other benefits. All these advantages characterize our 20th century as the one time in the history of the world when the people, so long hitherto groping blindly toward greater scientific light, have the brightest prospects of coming completely into their own; and among the nations of the 20th century extending these priceless opportunities, the United States of America stands out as a Mecca for the hopeful aspirant of knowledge and power; for some countries have their unbreakable castes, others have their kings and lords, and still others, long and strongly established class distinctions. In America there is an equal opportunity for all. The very founding of our country characterized it from the first as the Land of Opportunity. The Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans came here because they realized that in the old, custom-bound countries there was no chance for the man of lowly and humble origin, religiously, socially, politically. We have no old traditions here, protecting the proud, assisting the arrogant, and grinding and crushing the people beneath their heels. When our forefathers came from over the seas, they found our wonderful

land with its primeval forests and its virginal soil, unstained as yet with the blood and carnage which characterize all Old World history, but still under the lofty sway of Nature, and they established amidst this unsullied purity, the one tradition: an equal chance for all. And as this great and good tradition has expanded and become more and more powerful, as the original states came to include the whole United States, it seems to have taken root most deeply in California, our Golden State, our State of great Promise. The many great blessings already derived from her are small and insignificant when compared to her wonderful resources as yet undeveloped. Then, finally, as a crowning glory, comes the opening up of even more amazing opportunities and wonderful possibilities in the rapidly approaching wedding of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The construction of this great waterway — the Panama Canal—is the most marvelous work of engineering ever undertaken. It is, most truly, THE wonder of the world, but even it is second in greatness and importance to the extent of the Opportunity it is bringing to our Golden State, in assisting this section of the country to take its rightful position as the new world center.

And as Nature has so abundantly showered upon us numerous opportunities for making good, she has also provided for us innumerable outlets for the exercising of our ability and power. She has made it possible that all the enthusiasm, the health, the strength, the time, the education, the confidence, and the ambition of the

young people, and all the wisdom and experience of our elders shall not be wasted or destroyed, but given plenty of chance to exert itself. With these opportunities we may be selfish, or nobly generous, just as we desire. We can grasp them all for purely personal gain; for the promotion of our pleasure, for the piling up of great riches, or—more worthy cause—for self-improvement, physical, mental and moral. If unselfishly inclined, the opportunities may be utilized as a means whereby we can help others: individuals in need of a kind word, a cheery smile, or sympathetic encouragement as they pass over the hard places in their lives; individuals by nature learners, who need the strong arm and the support of a lifter; or individuals who, through misfortunes of various natures, are in dire need—in want of some of this world's goods, today so unevenly distributed. For the man of greater strength and capability there exists an endless line of opportunities to benefit the world by assisting in the great developments needed and continually taking place. There is still need of men who can take up the work of art, of literature, and especially of science, for science as we know it today is still in its utmost infancy. For instance, the many uses to which electricity has been put are practically nothing to the infinitely greater powers as yet undiscovered. Even now, man does not know of what it is composed. The field of undiscovered science is vast—ininitely vast!

The great unsolved social and economical problems of today also offer a magnificent territory of opportunity

to the man unselfishly striving for better economic conditions. There is so much evil existing and thriving today in our fair land, minimizing its progress for good, and hampering the strength and intelligence of the races existing upon it. So long as there is graft and greed, underpaid service, child labor, social inequalities, ignorance, prejudice, a discontented working class, and all our terrible forms of slavery today, will any man DARE say "There is nothing to do today! The opportunities are all gone! All of greatness is achieved?" **THE LINE OF OPPORTUNITY IS ENDLESS!**

There exists, moreover, one tremendously great national opportunity, demanding the most earnest thought of our citizens, an opportunity which will, if seized, bring our country to the highest possible pinnacle of success, but an opportunity which will, if ignored, plunge our country into the blackest depths of disaster and oblivion. It is the great opportunity to prove that we, as a nation, are superior to the great empires of ancient and medieval times; the opportunity to prove our ability to take advantage of the lesson their fate teaches us, and to avoid a similar one. For all the great nations of olden times, Egypt, Islam, Rome and Greece, as well as Turkey and others of later times, had the same opportunities we possess today, had the same unsolved questions and problems to deal with, but because they chose to ignore them, because of the work and responsibility thereby entailed, and because they preferred to cultivate only personal pleasure and enjoyment, they fell from the lofty

heights once occupied, to the lowly depths now theirs. It is our great opportunity, as a nation, to take advantage of the lesson they teach and profit by their example. And oh, by all means let us profit, and not follow it!

The second accepted view of personal opportunity, as earlier mentioned, shows a picture of Opportunity passing slowly by, knocking once, but just once at every door, and then, if perchance unheard or ignored, turning her back forever more upon the hapless offender. It is with a picture similar to this that Shakespeare was inspired when he wrote:

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at its flood leads on to
Fortune.

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.”
and also John J. Ingalls, when he wrote of Opportunity:

“Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my foot-
steps wait.

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote and passing
by

Hovel and mart and palace—soon or
late,

I knock unbidden, once, at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise be-
fore

I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every
state

Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save Death. But those who doubt or
hesitate

Condemned to failure, penury and woe
Seek me in vain, and I return no
more!”

These two selections are great, it is true, and productions of great men, but with all due respect to their greatness, it cannot be too emphatically stated that the idea is wrong. Opportunity is co-existent with Life, which is the greatest opportunity ever given to anyone. And though up to our day and age it has been the idea that every man had but one chance, we with all our benefits and advantages coming from our greater state of enlightenment, know better. Opportunities come to each man, not once, but as often as he is willing to go out and take advantage of them. Great things are, it is true, oft times attained by waiting, but it is by intelligent waiting, when the waiter is willing and ready to meet Fortune half way or more than half way. The man who stands beside the highway of life, waiting, not for something he is expecting and thoroughly prepared to receive, but for something which accident may throw in his lap, will never be overtaken by Fortune, for when Fortune does pass his way, she will pass without any recognition of him, The great things in life are, as a rule, so humbly garbed that unless we penetrate their disguise we do not recognize them until they have passed, and are a long way off; then we discern their majesty. No one will ever know when his great moments have arrived. When they come, a man acts instinctively, and does not realize until afterwards that it was an opportunity. Then, since a man acting instinctively does what he has always been accustomed to do, it is the preparation that counts, the ability to go out and seize

opportunities, and instead of awaiting the arrival of some extraordinary chance, that 100 to one will never come, possessing the power and the willingness to grasp all the commonest, most insignificant opportunities, and skillfully mold them himself into something great. Nature—wise, beneficent Nature—sees that no man gets morally, intellectually or spiritually rich by sitting still and letting things pour into his lap. Opportunities, as a rule, come to men and women in exact proportion to their ability to handle them. Malibran one evening passed beneath the window where Ole Bull sat playing and heard the music which so influenced her and which lead to the beginning of the violinist's great career. "Ah," you say, "that was a lucky chance and in no way due to Ole Bull's efforts." Yes, Chance did, it is true, bring Malibran under the boy's window, but at that point she stepped quickly and quietly back. For had not the young musician been accustomed to practice faithfully each evening, what would there have been to detain the footsteps of his great opportunity? Or, suppose he had not always done his best, and had not always thrown his whole soul into the rendition of his practice pieces, would Malibran then have heard in the boy's playing the sweet, overpowering work of the master? Ole Bull in reality created his own opportunity, and had Chance not placed the good Malibran in the boy's way, he would most probably have made another way for himself.

It is the smaller opportunities that pave the way for the bigger ones. Fitting ourselves by the smaller ones makes it possible for us to recognize and utilize the larger ones. The man who says, "I can't," is usually right. It is he who is capable and determined who makes his way so quickly and apparently so easily. Success is the harvest of Industry, Foresight and Ambition. sown in the field of Opportunity. Walter Malone had the right idea when he was inspired to say:

"They do me wrong who say I come no more,
 When once I knock and fail to find you in;
 For every day I stand outside your door.
 And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.
 Wail not for precious chances passed away,
 Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
 Each night I seal the records of the day.
 At sunrise, every soul is born again!
 Laugh like a boy at splendours that have sped.
 To vanished joys be blind, and deaf, and dumb;
 My judgments seal the dead past of the dead,
 But never bind a moment yet to come.
 Though in despair, wring not your hands and weep!
 I lend my arm to all who say, 'I can,'
 No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
 But he might rise and be again a
 MAN!"



E.A. '12

CLASS SONG 1912

W. Broughton

Moderato M. = 60

OH CLASS OF '12 OF HEALDSBURG HIGH WHEN STUDY DAYS ARE DONE WE'LL BACKWARD LOOK WITH
 JOY & PRIDE RE-CALL THE DAYS OF WORK & FUN AT TIMES WHEN WORK WAS DREARY LONG OUR
 CEASE-LESS TOIL HAS NOW TIME PASSES QUICKLY BY THE HOURS THAT FLY BRING AN END TO THE ACADEMIC
 DAY YET DAYS MAY GO AND YEARS MAY PASS WE WILL NEVER FORGET THE DEAR OLD CLASS

ritard.

A True Indian Story

Many years ago a young man and his fair bride were going on their honeymoon. In the early days the railroads were not as close together as now, consequently the youthful couple, who lived many miles from a station, were making their way thither on horseback. Though the Indians were very hostile in that part of the country, they bravely set forth, fearing not the Indians' sudden treachery.

They had ridden several miles through the dark and lonesome woods when they heard the hideous war-whoop. In an instant from all directions came the Indians in wicked glee, many of them on horseback. The lovers spurred on their horses and rode in frantic haste while the Indians came close in hot pursuit. In a few moments they were completely surrounded by their yelling and howling foes, while arrows flew hither and thither madly about them. In their hurry to capture the bride the Indians paid little attention to the husband, who with a short struggle succeeded in escaping. Swift as an arrow an old Indian chief bore the weeping bride away. She begged piteously for release but in vain. Then when she saw that her husband had escaped, she grew calm for surely he would rescue her.

For two hours they rode on and on. At last they reached the camp. Worn out and exhausted, they took her into a teepee and placed her on some furs and rugs where she rested comfortably.

Meanwhile the distracted husband was making his way toward home as

fast as he could on foot. All night he staggered on but did not reach home. He was becoming more exhausted with every step, and stumbling over a log he fell in a swoon. In the morning he regained consciousness, and once more resolutely resumed his journey. He reached his home on the afternoon of that day, the alarm was given and in a moment the news spread over the town. A large posse of men on horseback, armed with guns, began a long and fruitless search for the Indians. The husband frantic with sorrow sent out another party who likewise searched for days, and who like the others, came back without a trace of the missing bride and her captors.

When the bride awoke early the next morning an Indian woman came into her tent with some Indian girl's clothing, hurriedly put them on her and bade the white girl follow her, for the camp was to seek a new home. For days and days they traveled farther and farther away from their former abode, and finally arrived at a small reservation where many Indians were camping.

The Indians, who had captured the bride, attempted to force her to tell her name, but nothing could induce her to do so, therefore they called her "Ola." Ola was a beautiful girl, and the Indian maidens soon grew fond of her. They gave her trinkets of all sorts, petted her, loved her. Adorned in all their gifts Ola made a charming Indian maid. She became seemingly contented for she knew that was her only means of escape. She learned

their language and apparently was happy among them. The Indians, however, watched her lest she should attempt to run away.

Ola soon showed a fondness for hunting and fishing, and the Indians completely won over, took her out upon their excursions each day. For months she kept this up until the Indians trusted her implicitly. She then began to make solitary hunting and fishing trips, always returning with some birds or fish. Gradually these expeditions lengthened into a whole day's absence, so that she must needs take her lunch. Each day she stored away the dry corn bread in the hollow of an old oak tree. One day after such an adventure, nightfall came and she did not return. They immediately sent out a party to find her, and succeeded with little trouble. She was wandering listlessly about, and told them she was lost. The Indians readily believed her, and as kindly as they knew how, showed the way back to camp. That day had been a strenuous one for her, for she walked many miles in her endeavor to find the direction of her home.

The next day she went hunting as usual, and at night seemed so hungry that they persuaded her to take more food. She gladly availed herself of the opportunity, that the little supply in the oak tree might soon be large enough for a several days' journey. For a week or two she continued her trips. At last the long-looked for day arrived.

All the chiefs had gone down the river fishing. She took her bag, and going to the hollow oak she packed

her treasure in it. Swift as the wind she ran, in her light moccasins, in the homeward direction. She had no clear idea of the way, but the all-dominating thought was, "I must get home—home." Three years had elapsed since she had been so rudely snatched from the lover-husband. She was risking her life for his sake.

The Indians were not alarmed when she did not return, for they doubted not in the least that she would come back with the morning. Morning came, not however, Ola. Fear crept into their hearts lest after all she had betrayed their trust. They started a search for her, suspecting that she was trying to escape.

Ola knew they would be on her track, and stopping she put her ear quite close to the ground as she had seen them do. Faintly she heard the dull thud of horses' hoofs in the far distance. Crawling into an old log she carefully scraped the dry leaves over her. As she lay there, nearer and nearer came the sound of galloping horsemen. At last they came so close had she put out her hand she might have touched them. One of the Indians poked the top of the log with his gun. Stiff with fear she felt it, and then with deep rejoicing she heard him say, "No, she is not here."

Others sat down on the ground, leaning against the log, while they waited for some who were searching near by. All this time Ola lay cramped and cold with fear lest at any time they should discover her. Finally she heard them turn back to the reservation, and a silent prayer rose from her heart. For half an hour she lay there then quietly

arose and gazed about her. She was entirely deserted! She wandered along, lonely and sorrowfully wondering if she were nearing her home, or after all getting farther away. At length, after many weary miles, the scenes along the road-side grew familiar and her heart bounded with joy. The years had brought a change in herself as well as in the landscape round about her. Would they know her when she reached home? Had they thought her dead? Such questions troubled her, and blinded by tears she stumbled on. Dusk was coming on, and here, yes, here was the little town. She could see her own home now! The window shades were up and the light shone brightly and cheerfully as though it were welcoming her home.

She stood in the shadow of the house and wistfully gazed into the lighted parlor. It was beautifully decorated in white and pink roses, and it was filled with guests, many of whom she recognized as the friends who had been present on her wedding day. Her own husband was standing in the center of the room, rubbing his hands impatiently as if he were waiting for some one.

What meant this gay scene? Was it a wedding and was he waiting for the new bride in the belief that she, his own dear bride, was long dead?

In agony and torture she ran up the steps and knocked on the door. She brushed past the girl who opened it and flew to where her mother and her husband were standing. With tears streaming down her face she threw herself into the arms of her husband. He recognized her immediately and wept for joy as he strained her to his heart. The mother, weeping for very gladness, took her daughter in her arms and kissed her tenderly.

The gathering was for a wedding, for the husband believing his young wife dead, was about to wed again. Ola was taken upstairs and adorned in the dress which the second bride was to have worn. They brought her down to the parlor amid the rejoicing of all the company that the sweet young bride was come home again.

* * * *

“Ola” has been dead now for many many years, but her grand-daughter, an elderly lady, who is still living, told this story to the writer.

F. U., '2.



The Two Kids

It was twilight, and a soft summer evening. Joe sat on the front steps and watched the first bright star appear over the eastern mountains. He had noticed it many times before, and always repeated over and over to himself the little rhyme his mother had taught him which begins, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." Suddenly he turned and spoke to a great shaggy short-tailed dog which was stretched close by his side, with its head between its paws, wistfully watching the child from half-closed eyes.

"Mike," he said slowly, "Ned said little boys was made of snaps and snails and puppy dog tails. Did your tail ever get boys made of it?"

Before long a gentle voice called from within, "Your bed time, dear." Joe did not want to go in, much less go to bed. It was warm outside—just warm enough—and now the edge of the great round moon was peeping over the mountain-tops. A gentle breeze was waving the grass on the hillside and the crickets were quietly chirping, while the great bull-bats—Joe loved to watch them—could be dimly seen circling about overhead. In the distance a mocking-bird, who often sang the greater part of the night when the moon shone, was singing a medley. The boy waited till the second summons, then arose and entered the door of the pleasant ranch house, with a slight exclamation of displeasure.

Joe was a little fellow, generally known as "Little Kid." He had no brother or sister, and his chief play-

mates were Mike, the ever-faithful dog, and Stubbs, the often unfaithful donkey, who, when Joe wanted to ride, would go when he chose to do so, or would put his head between his forefeet and refuse to move on any account.

Joe's best friend was his aunt Margaret. She was much younger and less busy than his mother, and had been his companion on many merry little four years. Even she sometimes deserted him and went for long rides with a friend, oftentimes spending whole days at a distant ranch. Often, after she had left Joe, he, thinking "Traitor" in his baby way, would go scolding to his mother for comfort. He could generally be only half-consoled, for feelings of revenge would remain until the maiden returned, bringing her companion with her, who never failed to present Joe with some little gift, upon receipt of which all resentment vanished and a truce was brought about.

One warm afternoon Joe was playing under a great leafy cottonwood which grew near the well, when a Mexican lad, much older than he, came to fill his canteen with fresh water. Soon he was drawn into conversation, and the Mexican lad in broken English told Joe that he was a goat-herder, and related to him the pranks of the little goats, of one especially, his pet, which was very tame.

After the Mexican youth had mounted his burro and ridden off, Joe came to the conclusion that a pet goat would be just the thing to have. Soon

after there began a series of entreaties which lasted for several days, and into which every one on the ranch was drawn. Joe's father said the two kids were too apt to get into serious mischief. However, Joe had faithful helpers to plead his cause, particularly Aunt Margaret and Ned, the foreman. When the merits and faults of goats had been pretty thoroughly discussed and re-discussed, Joe finally was the victor.

For some time that evening the boys sat amusing Joe with wonderful stories of wonderful goats, each story more wonderful than the last. The foreman then took the lad upon his knee, and told him the story of a goat he once knew, called "Old Buck." Buck was a fine large fellow, and always led the herd across the most dangerous canyons and the steepest bluffs. He was extremely fond of eating; thus it came to pass one day that Buck was first to find and eat five pounds of buckshot lost by a man who had been hunting alligators on the plains. Soon after the herd went into the high hills and came to a mine. Here the miner had placed his dynamite in the sun to warm. Buck again was "the early bird," and lost no time in swallowing this luxury. They then travelled on—far up into the tall, rocky mountains. Before long they came to a great canyon many miles deep and many miles wide. Buck, as his custom was, backed off, threw up his head and made a leap for the other side. Just as he was almost over, he saw a large pack of wolves cowering on the edge ready to fall upon all of his tribe to devour them.

The herd waited for Buck to land before crossing, and he immediately started back. Just as he had reversed his direction, a shot rolled against a stick of giant powder and caused it to explode, thus setting off all the dynamite. There was a mighty explosion, and the wolves were blown miles in every direction. Buck had saved the herd—but he always had a hole in his side after that.

Early on the following morning, the Mexican herder, whose employer had received an order and payment for a young goat, arrived with a milk-white, silky-haired angora kid, two or three months old. Joe was indeed delighted, and at once christened him "Billy." After the first few days Billy became accustomed to his new home, and soon was following Joe about wherever he went. A harness and cart were provided, and he was taught to make himself useful, so that as summer passed, Joe had spent many happy days playing with his goat. Indeed, he was so happy that he cared less and less when Aunt Margaret went on her frequent rides and left him. Even did he forget to threaten war upon him who rode always with her, though the peace-offerings to Joe were never checked; in fact they came more often and were oftentimes very elaborate.

Most everything was kept out of Billy's way, so that he could do little serious mischief. He had only eaten up one hat of Joe's, chewed up a bridle and the strings off a saddle which were carelessly left in his way; entered the bunk-house and swallowed two packs of cards, and a few other

small articles. All this did not amount to much, but the autumn was on its way, and Billy had been rapidly growing. Moreover, he was becoming unruly, and took every favorable opportunity to lift things with his head. The grownup folks began to look grave and to say sadly to Joe, "Little Kid, that goat will have to go back to the herd!", but Joe protested. Finally, as the fall months passed, Billy became more and more active, threatening strangers who came upon the place, even showing signs of a desire to elevate Mike and Joe himself. This was the end. That which came from out the bleating herd, was returned again home.

Soon after Joe went with his father and mother away for the winter, returning late in the Spring. Joe was glad to be once more in the wide free

ranch, but he greatly missed the old playmate, Billy. Aunt Margaret, too, had gone, gone on a long travel, when her return would mean life in a new home, where Joe would only see her once in awhile.

One evening, not long after he had arrived on the ranch, Joe sat again on the front steps as he had done that evening long ago. Spring was flowing into summer, and over the eastern mountains glowed the soft bright star. From within the house came the gentle voice of Joe's mother as she sang to her sleeping child—Joe's new little playmate. Across the grassy foothills echoed the drowsy calls of the whip-poor-will, mingled with the chorus of crickets. Joe turned to the dog.

"Mike," he drawled softly, "I guess that other kid in there will take the place of Billy."

ELIZABETH ALLEN.





Soteycman Editorial Staff

Farewell Old High

By ELIZABETH ALLEN

Days that are passed and times that
are gone,

Four years spend, and we pass on;

Farewell, old High.

Joys we have known, and trials we
have met,

Mingled with pleasures we'll ne'er for-
get.

Farewell schol days, thy end we regret
But still good bye.

Classmates dear, we are nearing the
day

When we separate and sadly say,

Farewell, old High.

We have reached the cross-roads, new
ways we must go,

Into the world with Time's onward
flow.

Then rings like an echo, softly and low
Our last good bye.

Soon we must leave our school friends
true,

Familiar faces must pass from our
view,

With thee, old High.

And through our life's journey, days
passing will bring

New faces, new friends, on Time's fly-
ing wing;

Companions of school, we go murmur-
ing,

Schoolmates, good bye.

Though mingled with regret, satisfac-

tion we find,

Satisfaction in finishing our four
years' climb;

In thee, old High.

We have finished a task, long since be-
gun,

And who is not pleased when a long
task is done?

Who has toiled through the day, with
the setting sun,

Can say, good bye.

When into the future life's work we
greet

New tasks, new toils, trudging onward
we meet.

Farewell, old High.

Following duty and ambition on to the
end,

Ambition for fame and greatness and
then—

A sweet, quiet life, we murmur again
High School, good bye.

In years to come we will ever remem-
ber

Thee, school days, with loving thought
tender;

Farewell, old High.

Oh, happy times! we'll dwell back-
ward in dreams,

The sorrow is ours, or a glorious life
gleams

Once more, as we go with the setting
sun beams;

Once more, good bye.

Class History

Healdsburg, Cal., June, 1909.
Dearest "Emmy"—

Your latest at hand, containing reproaches, and to prove my penitence for so dreadfully neglecting you, will tell you all I can of this year's experiences.

School started in September, and, oh my! You never saw such a class in all your life! Large? Rather! About 40, and a good part of them boys. How's that? And, oh, such boys! Tall boys, short boys, fat and thin boys, strong and puny boys, boys with "red hair and whiskers pink," and girls ditto to all this, excepting, of course, the whiskers. Most of our teachers, especially Miss Boyard, grew fat from laughing at us. Say, but we were scared of Miss Chapin. She wore glasses that reflected, and she could see us when we talked behind her back. We never dared talk behind her back much after the first time, believe me!

We organized our class early, and chose Alfred Kruse president because he was so tall and dignified looking for a Freshie.

We had a party at Sibyl's house in April, and had a regular jim dandy time. There was an account of it in the "Sotoyoman," our school paper, but the Social Notes editor didn't happen to be a Freshie, so it was not half so nice and didn't sound half so much fun as it really was. If you want anyone to tell you, just come here, and ask one who was there!

Some of our number have "been and gone and went and" left us al-

ready, but we still have more than our share left. We are not dead, nor even sleeping yet. Watch us next year!

We had our class picnic a few weeks ago, and that should speak volumes of eloquence if you know anything of H. S. life as it exists in Healdsburg. We went to Felta, and just as we had about finished lunch — a whistle—a whoop and a volley of yells, and then a whole horde of great big Seniors Juniors and Sophs were upon us. For a few moments old Sol peered anxiously through the leafy roof to see how the battle was waging, but in vain because of the terrible dust and dirt. And when at last the dust clouds rolled away somewhat—what a picture! Strapping Seniors, stalwart Juniors, and husky Sophs. tied to trees and wagon wheels, many of them relieved of such superfluous things as shirts, patches, etc.; valiant Freshmen somewhat bruised and bleeding, surveying haughtily the downcast enemy; elated Freshmen girls, armed with hatpins, ropes and sticks, dancing about and taunting the sheepish upper classmen; and two chaperones, one weeping and distractedly wringing her hands, the other sharing the triumphant chorus of the chanting maidens! What a GLORIOUS picture! The cause of the battle was a desire for a little ice-cream on the part of the "uppers." They didn't get it, but returned—to the schoolhouse? My goodness, no! They secluded themselves at HOME until fit for decent society, when they appeared on the scenes sadder but wiser men.

We had another picnic on the last day of school, but as the whole school was there, it was not really a class, but a school affair, and consequently not so much fun.

Oh, yes! Last day, as Mr. Bull was very solemnly, tenderly bidding the '09 a fond farewell in the assembly all gathered there heard queer, slidy noises, smothered laughter and muffled giggles. The austere Mr. Bull proceeded to investigate and soon returned, behind him a group of convulsed Freshie girls. They had been sliding down the banister! Nuf sed!

S olong dear, remember I'm a SOPHOMORE now!

Lovingly yours,
YAWCOB C.

* * * *

Healdsburg, Cal. June, 1910.

Dearest Emmy:

Yes, I know I have not written since school began, but really, I have been so busy I've hardly had time. My, but I'm thankful this grind is over! Deliver me from all future Sophomore years!

We had some excitement at first teasing the new Freshmen, had a few class and school festivities, edited "Ye Sotoyoman" one month, all by our-loneliness, lost some more members, were deprived of our picnic day, and are now trying to forget the unpleasantness in blissful dreams of being Juniors.

Seniors, Freshmen, Sophomores, BAH Juniors, JUNIORS, RAH RAH RAH!

Lovingly as always,
YAWCOB C.

* * * *

Healdsburg, Cal., June, '11.

My Dear Emmy:

Well, this certainly has been "The year of a lifetime." We've been on the go all year as Juniors, and now are beginning to think of recuperating before annexing all the troubles and tribulations of Seniordom. We have had lots of good hard work mixed in with the fun, too.

Quite a number of our class took part in the Senate debates this year, and proved themselves worthy rivals of Demosthenes! (?) Then when the Interclass Series was begun the Juniors were among the first to take it up. In a debate among the class, Helen Emmrick and Mary eLvendusky were selected as the two strongest individuals.

Then the rules of the series became somewhat confused so that the matter reached an untimely death, not, however, til after several more exciting debates in which the Juniors proved themselves the stars of the school. We're going in for that cup again next year, though, and if we don't win it won't be our fault!

We had the Sotoyoman one month this year as a sort of previous training for next year, Helen Emmrich is the future editress-in-chief.

Won't bother you with all the usual social gaities, for you know about as much what they do as I could tell you, I guess. But I could never slight the Senior Reception so badly! We worked too hard over it and it was tooo big a success. We had "some" entertainment the first part of the evening: music—piano, violin, vocal, etc., a little comedy called, "The Obstinate Family." It was really awfully funny and the players, Florence Upson, John Bruce, Mary Levendusky, Weaver

Bagley, Elizabeth Allen and Demetrio dignified Seniors, whose attempts to hold their dignity fast proved in vain. Our class is certainly a talented one! (H'm!) Oh, and I must tell you of the debate we had on the question, "Nobody loves a fat man." Affirmative, Bessie Flewelling; negative, Charlie Gully. Charlie won the cup (a bee-you-to-ful 5c tin plated one) by proving the statement was false geometrically, thus—

1. Mr. Taft is a fat man.

(By construction)

2. I am simebody.

(Same reason)

3. I love Mr. Taft.

(All men are brothers and
brothers love one another)

Somebody loves a fat man.

Statement—Nobody loves a fat man
—is false.

Q. E. D.

Our luncheon in the dining hall was awfully nice, if I do say it myself. "Home, Sweet Home," and, as one decorated with the Class '11's colors—green and white—so you can imagine the effect of huge green ferns, white flowers, green and white streamers, numerals, etc. The place-cards were awfully cute—white carnations on green cards, tied with ribbon. Of course there were those present whose delight it was to "trip the light fantastic," but when 12 o'clock came, Mrs. Haigh who was playing, started "Home, Sweet Home," as, as one "kid" aptly remarked, "all the kids took the hint and beat it."

We had a most glorious picnic this year. I am so sorry you were not there! We went to Camp Hale, up in the beautiful hills, among the love-

ly big trees, where we enjoyed ourselves immensely. We had a lovely swim in Russian River in the afternoon, and after the day was well spent westarted for home. We went down in rowbaoats and as the evening twilight and stillness was just gradually shutting down over the rippling waters, you can imagine how thoroughly enjoyable it was. There was just one break, and that was when a boat was caught in a riffle and one girl barely escaped a bath. Otherwise the day was perfect.

We had a da yoff the last week of school to decorate the hall for the commencement exercises. We eagerly grasped our opportunity and you may well believe we mingled work and fun plentifully.

Only a few Juniors went on the last day picnic, but those who did had fun enough for two classes.

Do you know, dear, I feel rather sorry to think our high school term is so far gone. Just imagine! Seniors! Well, here's hoping we'll be a credit to ourschool.

YAWCOB C.

Healdsburg, Calif., June, '12.

Dearest Old Emmy:

Well, its over, and I don't know whether to laugh or cry about it. I feel like doing both. I guess you recognize the conflicting emotions, having been there yourself.

We've had a lovely last year to remember, lovely in every detail, though I can't tell you all of them. I'm too tired and sleepy. The first part of the year was, as I guess it always is, a mixture of work and play, but U. S. History and Civics stand out prominently above it all.

The examiner from U. C. called on us this year, but we didn't mind much. There were none of the white, scared faces and shaking knees and voices, which generally greet the examiner.

We took up the debtaes again as I told you we would, and made just as good a showing as before. Helen Emmrich and Mary Levendusky were the team again, and in the Senior-Sophomore debate, the judges, Father Barry, Dr. Morse and Rev. Walker decided unanimously in favor of us. The Junior-Senior debate took place in public at Red Men's Hall, and the judges were Judge Coffman, Mr. Stevens and Rev. Walker. The question was: Resolved, thta the trusts are a menace to the development of our country. The Juniors had the affirmative side, while the Seniors upheld the negative. Well, as I said in my last letter, "If we don't win it won't be our fault." That's the truth.

We had our picnic oue day in May at Mill Creek, and if I was not so "bloomin'" tired I'd take an hour off to tell you about it, but I'll just say it **was** apicnic, and leave the rest to your imagination.

We had a perfectly delightful reception given us by the Juniors June 5th, and I'm sure we were all very appreciative of their efforts in our behalf. One of the features of their entertainment was a comedy which was ———well, **nearly** killing, for we are thank goodness, alive yet. I'm sure I'm going to see their comencement play next year. I've looked at my watch and it's 12:45 p.m., and it soon will be 1 a.m., and I have not even mentioned our commencement. The exercises took place at Truitt's Theatre, Thursday evening, June 20th, without a hitch in any way. The play was the best ever given in a high school so far as the subject is concerned. It was "Mr. Bob." Ever seen it? If not, do so if you ever can; its great!

Our final Sotoyoman? I'll send you a copy. Seeing is believing, you know!

It's just one! Good morning.

Lovingly,
YAWCOB C.

P. S. The Alumni are going to give us a ball in a few days. will tell you all about it later.

By MARY LEVENDUSKY.





Girls' Basket Ball Team

THE SENIOR HOROSCOPE

NAME	Nick-name	DESCRIPTION	AMBITION	FAVORITE BOOK	EPIGRAPH
BESSIE FLEWELLING	BETTY	"Linked sweetness long drawn out."	To grow fat	Pretty girl papers	Where there are no beaux, 'twas vain to be a belle.
BERYL DEWY	TUBBY	As Merry as the day is long.	A variety actress	The Slim Princess	Here lies Keq,---empty.
CLARA ALLEN	TUDDIE	"More shy than the shy violet."	Housewife	Love for an Hour is love forever	Such is the fate of artless maid Sweet flower of rural shade
DEMETRIO JEFFRY	JEFF	"'Tis distance leads enchantment to the View."	Chemist	My Love's like the Red, red Rose	There was no living with him nor without him.
ETHEL KRUISE	?	"Sober, steadfast and demure."	To be a man-hater	Lavender and Old Lace	A soul as white as Heaven.
FLORENCE UPSON	FLAUDIE	"She walks in beauty like the night."	Tell-azini II	The Flower of Dusk	I've loved her ever since I saw her.
HILDA EMMRICH	HIL	"She is as slender as the willow and as fleet as the hastening waters."	Housewife	The Rosary	Speech is great but silence is Greater.
EDITH WARREN	DUCKIE	"She hath a face like a benediction."	Farmer's wife	To Have and to Hold	Known unto few but prized so far as known.
ELIZABETH ALLEN	BOBBIT	"As full of spirit as the month of May."	Rancheress	Mother Goose Gems	Had smiled at many though she loved but one.
GRETCHEN HALL	DATCHE	"Unspoiled by praise or blame."	Society Leader	The Chaperone	No: e knew thee, but to love thee.
HELEN EMMRICH	HEL	"She's sweeter than the morning dawn."	To go to Europe	The Tempest	Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms.
MARY LEVENDUSKY	CORRY	"Imp of mischief, heaven alone knows how you learned it all."	To be a lawyer	The Art of Straightening Teeth	Figures, not men have been my mark.
VIOLET YARBROUGH	ROSIE	"Her modest looks a cottage might adorn."	"Mud"	Recipes for a Thousand Candies	Happy, happy pair, none but the brave deserve the fair.
VERNON CHANEY	VERNIE	"He had occasional flashes of silence."	Brakebeam Tourist	Civics	A delusion, a mockery and a snare.
WILLARD MORRISON	PINK	"He hath a lean and hungry look."	A Minister	The Red Mouse	His golden locks Time hath to silver turned.
ZELLA RINE	RINY	"She hath many nameless virtues."	Serend Padrewski	Dictionary	So wise, so young they say ne'er live long.
WEAVER BAGLEY	BAG	"A chapter of accidents."	Scientific farmer	Only an Irish Boy	No where so busy a man as he there was and yet he seemed busier than he was.

EDITORIAL



With this issue, the last and we have tried to make it the best, the journalistic struggle of the present editor forever closes. The task is finished. The completion

brings with it a strange feeling—a curious combination of laughter and tears; laughter because of the joy of a task completed, tears because of the sorrow that the task was not more gloriously successful. Yet if it be true that no honest effort is in vain, then it must also be true that the task just finished has not been wholly a failure. Shots of honest effort were faithfully discharged by the members of the editorial staff. They fell somewhere. Perhaps, like reflex blessings, they flew back to the sender. There were many furrows in the path the staff had to tread. Ah, well! They say the path of true progress never did run smooth. The staff extends its heartiest thanks to the Junior and Sophomore classes for the complete set of long and sadly needed cuts which they supplied. To Miss Larson we give thanks for her never-failing and sympathetic help with the Sotoyoman. To the editor and staff that shall do

the work next year, we cheerfully bequeath all the — troubles? Yes, there will be troubles—“Without suffering and sacrifice nothing worth while was ever wrought,”—not troubles alone, however, for joy and woe are boon companions. Most heartily and sincerely do we wish you the best success!

As the Senior Class stand at the close of our four years' work

Acknowledgments we can look back and see how often fortune smiled upon us, despite

the fact that our course has not always been a smooth swim with the tide. It is sometimes instructive to look back and see how Destiny gave us a kick here, and Fate a shove there that sent us in the right direction at the proper time. There are many things for which we are grateful. First, for the kindly sympathetic companionship of our teachers. They have guided us over the rough places and in every activity they have shown a hearty interest. To those who have given us aid in financial matters; to all who have manifested an interest in our school, do we extend our heart-felt appreciation. We would not forget

Mrs. Haigh, who has given so liberally and generously of her time and strength for the success of so many of our social functions.

Classmates, we are standing on the threshold of life. Hence-

Fare- forth, as we tread diverging
well pathways, we must work up-
on our own responsibility. If

we could but realize the value of the passing moment and its relation to our future career. Time resembles a small brook flowing down the mountain side. Onward it hurries, joining larger streamlets by the way, until finally it is lost in the ocean depths. So each moment comes trembling with destiny, but how often we allow it to pass unused into the fathomless sea of eternity. Each one of us has a place to fill that is entirely our own. No one ever stood there before—no one ever will. It remains for us to fashion our lives with the materials at hand. Let us do it so well that those who are watching will be convinced that the four years just spent have not been in vain, that they have indeed better prepared us for the performance of life's duties. Let us cultivate the unconquerable purpose of "well-doing" for

What ever is worth doing at all

Is worth doing well.

Remember that great works are performed not by strength, but by per-

severance. Not all of us will achieve world-wide renown; some, perchance, may never be known beyond the pale of our little group of friends. If we but strive to gain a mastery over ourselves all else will be insignificant in comparison. The most precious of all possessions is, not power over others, but inward power—the ability to withstand trial, to bear suffering, to front danger, to follow our convictions however resisted by menace or scorn. Few ever attain perfection in all of these, for long practice is needed. For this reason let us begin early, so that our lives, the lives of class '12, may not be counted as frivolous and useless, but rather as helpers in the progress of mankind.

Longfellow has said: "Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions." After all this greed for ambition has but one result, one reward—a little power for a time mixed with a little transient fame; then a narrow grave in which to rest, and quickly and completely we are forgotten.

Whatever vocation we shall choose, however lowly it may seem, let us do the best—the very best that lies within our power to do. Instead of attempting a dozen different occupations, let us try but one, and, working with all our might we can bring it to a successful close.



A Dream

Somehow it was I dreamed a dream;
When all was warm and earth did
seem

One fair song to ever make;
And all her creatures were awake,
But me, for I did sleep it seemed,
And fairest was the dream I dreamed.

I stood amidst a bustling number,
Where some were gay and some were
somber;

And of this crowd I knew there some,
Soon there came, 'twas of these, one
To where I stood and said to me,
"If you wish it so, your friend I'll be.

How glad was I, and all seemed fair,
For true friends indeed are sometimes
rare,

And so for days that was my friend,
And all was glad for a time, but then

I woke, and found 'twas gone away—
My friend had gone—that summer
day.

And is it so throughout this life?
We gain, we lose in busy strife;
We have a joy and all seems fair,
We wake, 'tis vanished in the air;
And to our end it seems just so.
All such visions must come and go.

Oh, sweet, sweet idle summers' dream,
It passed away as a soft sun-beam;
Goes from Earth when eve draws
nigh.

And the wind through the trees, a soft
low sigh
Goes, whispering low in the fading
light,

Then drops into silence with the com-
ing night. A SENIOR.

MY HOSIERY

(Parody on My Rosary)

The coin I spent for thee, footwear,
Is gone and ever lost to me.

I count each dollar over, while I swear,
"Blanked Hosiery! Blanked Hos-
iery!"

Each hose a sock, two socks a pair,
To hide my feet from public view.
I count the holes in those I have, and
dare

To think of new, to think of new.
No glaring searchlings will I buy;

No barber poles to spot me far
No more I'll wear loud hose, not e'en
to die—

That kind I'll bar, that kind I'll
bar.

I view the socks, and know I ought
The quiet kind to pick among—
I count the green stripes and red in
those I've bought,

And know I'm stung, Oh socks,
and know I'm stung.

Debating

When shall we fully realize the good that comes from a little practice in debating. So much has been said about it. Every year somebody writes up an elaborate paper explaining clearly and conclusively the many advantages to be derived therefrom. Because of the fact that these advantages have been so excellently discussed, we shall not attempt another rehearsal, but shall rather endeavor to sum up that which our school and the Senior Class have accomplished in this work.

Many have launched out into the "sea of debate." All the members of the English classes have had experience in class debates. That is a splendid preparation for speech-making in Congress. Undoubtedly there will be wonderful Senate meetings next year, full of life, and sparkling with enthusiasm.

The 'Dr. Kinley Trophy Debates' of this year stand out perhaps as those possessing the keenest interest. They were begun last year though not carried to a successful close through a misunderstanding of the rules governing them. Therefore they were renewed this year. Those who represented the Freshmen Class were Laura Destraul and William Dennis; the Sophomores were represented by Luzerne Rine and Floyd Darby; the Juniors by Lolita Flewelling and Lewis Byington; the Seniors by Mary Levensky and Helen Emmrich. The first inter-class debate was the Freshmen-

Junior, which occurred during the latter part of April. The question was, Resolved, that labor unions are a benefit to the labor classes. The decision was given in favor of the Juniors. The Senior-Sophomore debate was held on March 6th, and the question was, Resolved, that the United States should maintain a large navy. The event was made quite an elaborate one. Musical selections were rendered between the debates, and the entire eighth grade of the Healdsburg Grammar School, besides many other visitors were present. For the first time we had judges other than the faculty. They were Father Barry, Dr. Morse and Rev. Walker. The decision was finally given to the negative side—the side upheld by the Seniors.

Thus, but four of the former eight debators were left. The final contest for the cup was held on the 23d of May in Red Men's Hall, in the presence of a large assembly of relatives and friends. The question discussed was, Resolved, that the trusts are a menace to the development of the nation. The Seniors upheld the negative side while the Juniors attempted to prove the affirmative. Several musical numbers were interspersed in the evening's programme. The judges were Judge Coffman, Mr. Stevens and Rev. Walker, and rendered the decision in favor of the affirmative side, though not unanimously.

The cup now resides on the piano in the Assembly Hall, the property of the High School.

Senior Land-marks

It was warm and sultry, the woods were so fresh and green, and the water so cool and sparkling clear, moreover, school was— well, dull to say the least, so—why not? No reason—so we went, we being the Senior girls. Quietly, so quietly that none, not even our masculine contingent knew until our absence one afternoon spoke volumes. What did we do? Well, we had loads of fun, but that's all we dare say as it pays to keep on the good side of our "dere teachers," at least till diplomas are signed. Sure—we all brought written excuses next day!

A great cry arose among the Seniors when the edict went forth from the office—"No more days off for class picnics." Now that would never do! We could not have another "sneak day" as such things can be done once too frequently, therefore, when our school-fathers kindly gave us election day, away we flew to Mill Creek. Mrs. Haigh, a "part" of our class went with us as chaperone. The day was delightfully spent in this Eden-ilke spot, so lavishly made beautiful by kindly Dame Nature. However, we must draw the curtain on the many lovely "events" which took place.

June eighth—Truly a landmark in the history of our class, for then it was that the Juniors tendered us a delightful farewell reception. A very interesting and amusing programme was rendered in very fine style. The music, games and dancing tickled the fancy and the "eats" were "out of

sight" (in a short time). The song, "We won't go home till morning," would have been very appropriate for the occasion.

"Franks!!" Just mention them to a group of Seniors and watch the smile go round! Given sandwiches, coffee, fruit, frankfurters, a group of girls and boys intent on having a good time, a big bonfire and a sand bar on a river at night and there can be only one result!

The last week, lovely hot weather and no school! We fled swiftly to the river and soon dignified (?) studious (?) Senior young women and men were transformed in to a group of laughing, splashing mermaids and men. The water was lovely, cool, and crystal clear. The merry shouts of laughter, the flying showers of spray were ample proof of the fact that a hilarious, riotous feeling of fun filled the hearts of the "water-sprites."

Sunday evening, June 16, we shook off for a time our gay carelessness and fun, and seriously and thoughtfully wended our way to the Adventist Church, where Rev. U. S. Johnson preached the Baccalaureate Sermon. His subject, very appropriately chosen was, "An Ideal Education." The beautiful thoughts, eloquently expressed, will ever be remembered by us.

The annual Alumni Ball, which will formally announce our entrance into the "cold, cold world," as Alumni, can hardly be called a landmark, yet it is still (at this writing) an event of the future.

Thanatopsis Revised

To him who for the love of school-
books holds
Communion with their visible forms,
they speak
A various language; for his gay hours
They have a voice of gladness and a
smile,
And eloquence of beauty.

When thoughts
Of graduation hour come like a blight
Over the spirit, and sad images
Of stern agony, and diplomas
The breathless audience and the
theatre
Make thee to shudder and grow sick
at heart,
Go forth down to thy instructors and
list
To their good sayings, while from all
around
The building, her walls and the depths
of air
Comes a still voice.

Yet a few days
And thee the Healdsburg High shall
see no more
In all its course, nor in the cold Lab.
Where thy pale form labored with
many tears,
Nor in the embrace of the Study Hall
shalt be
Thy image. World that nourished
thee shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to its own
again.
And lost each school-day trace, sur-
rendering up

Thy scholarly being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with all bread-winners,
To be a brother to the Alumni,
And to the laboring class.
Thou shalt go; and what if thou with-
draw
Unheeded by thy school-mates—and
no friend
Takes note of thy departure. All that
learn
Will share thy destiny. The gay will
laugh
When thou art gone. The solemn
brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before well
know
His favorite study. Yet all these shall
leave
Their mirth and their employment and
soon shall come
And take their place by thee.
So live that when thy summons comes
to join
The graduation party that moves to
that
Mysterious realm, where each shall
take
His own vocation in the great and
mighty world,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at
night,
Scourged to his duty, but sustained
and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
lot
Like one conscious of having done his
best
In school-life and prepares for great
achievements. —ZELLA RINE.



EXCHANGE NOTES.



Another school year has come and gone, and we must again lay aside those responsibilities connected with school life. We do it rather reluctantly for despite the occasional monotony of these duties, they are, as a rule, pleasant and instructive. Especially may this be said of the work of comparing notes with other school periodicals, some more and some less favored than are we. We appreciate the many helpful suggestions extended this year by our exchanges, but we appreciate more the spirit that prompted them. We most sincerely trust that the pleasant relations, necessarily broken by the long summer vacation, will be early reassumed next term.

"The Iris," Philadelphia, Pa.

The first thought on attempting to peruse your pages, is one of annoyance, as your folded pages will insist on bending back. Catch the hint? Envelopes! Your articles are all good, especially the prize selections.

"The Oak," Berkeley, Cal.

You are the third exchange to arrive this month containing a story in which a boy goes to field meet in girl's cloth-

ing. Is this a sort of spring fever, and catching? In all other respects you are good as ever.

"The Rapid Soo," Souix Rapids, Ia.

A new visitor, most decidedly welcomed because of its lively, almost hilarious spirit, and its unique appearance.

"The Crocus," Miller, S. D.

An old friend which by its constant changes for the better remains new. A larger exchange column might be developed to advantage.

"The Hesperian," Oregon City, Ore.

Another new friend to whom we gladly extend "the right hand of friendship." Your spring number is fine in every respect. You are really a very valuable addition to our list of exchanges.

"The Ypsi-Sem," Ypsilanti, Mich.

Where, oh, where is your Exchange Column? (April number). If you do truly reflect the spirit of the school as you should, your school must be very much alive.

"The Tocsin," Santa Clara, Cal.

Your quality is fine throughout. We note one thing through your exchange column — You invariably "practice

what you preach," a good habit, by the way.

"The Oak," Visalia, Cal.

Your literary department is usually quite strong, but your cuts are notable more for quantity than quality.

"The Toka," Grants Pass, Ore.

We appreciate your comment on our paper very much indeed. We can say so many, and more, good things of you.

"The Yahara," Stoughton, Wis.

Your literary is a long way ahead of your other departments. Your Exchange column is surprisingly small, as are your other school departments. Afterthought—where's your artist?

"The Spectator," Cloverdale, Cal.

You have been extraordinarily conspicuous by your absence this year. What's the trouble?

"The Napanee," Napa, Cal.

"Ditto."

"The Crescent," Newberg, Ore.

Your literary department offers us a greatly appreciated change from the usual run of short stories, etc., generally extended by a High School paper. "The Mission of America" is exceptionally good.

"The Tahoma," Tacoma, Wash.

You rank as a standard against which others are measured.

"The Messenger," Durham, N. C.

We are pleased to note that you are slowly but none the less steadily attaining the heights of literary excellence.

"Polytechnic Journal," San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Your Exchange Editor is certainly "on to her job" with a splendid assortment of adjectives, almost worthy

of a "yellow back." The criticisms are almost, if not quite, as interesting as your literary matter.

"The Cascade,"

We are sorry you object to our "familiar red cover," for it has become customary with us to deck our paper in the school colors—red and black—except in class editions, when the class colors are generally used.

Your "Declaration of Prohibition" is the best feature of your April issue.

"The Comet," Austin, Texas (March number).

Is the author of "Found in the Ice" a school student? At any rate, who ever must plead guilty to the origination of this unusual story, is certainly blessed with a wonderfully vivid imagination.

Your cuts are also unusual (ly familiar!)

"The Wigwam," North Yakima, Wash

"An Expression of Gratitude" seems a most undesirable acquisition to a school paper. It seems—to the not understanding outsider—to be the product of an outburst of anger on the part of one student against two others. Or was it inserted as a rare little gem of sarcasm? We notice a personal strain in your editorials also. Surely a school paper should hold itself aloof from any such personal difficulties.

"Black and Gold," Decatur, Texas.

In quite an old issue we read with real pleasure an article entitled "Pyramids of Southern History." It is a fact that the Northerners are prone to conceal the greatness of the Southern

heroes, while extolling the great deeds of our own.

Comencement Issue—Your final issue is a very great improvement on earlier ones, both in appearance and material.

“**The Wireless,**” Woodburn, Ore.

For such a small paper, your literary department is really splendid.

“**The Toka,**” Grants Pass, Ore.

and

“**The Wilmerding Life,**” San Francisco. (Commencement Number.)

“Last the best of all the game.”

Our Track Team

Jones	Broad Jump
McCutchan	Shot, Hurdles
Phillips	Shot, Discus
Byington	Hammer, Shot
Briggs	100, 220 yd Dash
Frost	Hurdles
Bagley	Discus

Relay Team

Jones, McCutchan, Briggs, Frost

Meets

Northwestern Subleague Meet—26¼ points.

Northwestern Subleague Meet — 15 points.

Individual Records

Briggs in 100 yd Dash—Time 10.1

Our girls were able to play but four games this year because of a lack of spirit on the part of a few. Two of these were victories, and the others were defeats. The games were as follows: Petaluma H. S.—36 vs. H. H. S.—29

lows: Santa Rosa H. S.—15 vs. H. H. S.—9
Analy Union H. S.—5 vs. H. H. S.—10
Berkeley H. S.—11 vs. H. H. S.—17

The lineups were:

Forwards—Jeane Tevendale, Elsie Parrott (Capt.)

Guards — Nellie Robinson, Genevieve Mead (Ass't Mgr.)

Centers — Hazel Vitousek, Beryl Dewey, Lucile Byington, Eda Beeson, Loraine McDonough.

Just to Leave You Laughing

Mr. Bull (Physics III)—Now there is something I want you to remember, first the ladies and then gentlemen. Loud applause from the class.

Mr. Hinchey—It always looks bad for a stranger to see an aisle full of feet.

Miss Studley (English I)—Russel what kind of a target did Locksley ask Prince John for?

R. S., '15—One like they used to use up north

Miss Jarman (History)—Jean, tell about the Phlanx of the Macedonian army.

J. F., '15—Well, O, I don't know. Oh yes, the men were fifty feet deep.

A few minutes later in History I—Jean explain about the people of Macedonia.

J. F., '15—The people were very mountainous.

Miss Studley (English I)—Lyden, what did Cedric's party do after they met Isaac in the forest?

L. M., '15—Why they resumed their voyage.

Miss Studley (English I)—Edna, explain the laws of the tournament.

E. H., '15—Well, the men could fight either on horse or footback.

"Professor," said the graduate, trying to be pathetic in parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.

Miss Jarmon (History II)—Walter, what do you understand by Pericle's statement, "I have never caused a man to mourn?"

W. G., '14—Well, that he outlived all his relatives.

A German farmer lost his horse and wanted to advertise for it. The editor asked him what he wanted to say.

"You put what I told you," replied the man.

"One night the uder day, apout a week ago last month, I heard me a noise by der front middle of de pac yard, which did not use to be. So, I jumps the ped oud und rund mit der door and ven I see I finds my big iron gray mare he was tied loose running mit der stable off. Whoever prings him pack shall pay five dollars reward."

Grocer—"Here's the treacle, little girl, where's the penny?"

Little Girl—"It's at the bottom of the pail, sir."

"No, Lyden, my dear," said the little boy's mother, "no more cake tonight. It is too near bedtime, and you know you can't sleep on a full stomach."

"Well," replied Lyden, "but I can sleep on my back."

Harold was told to write a sentence containing the word, "copse." He had come from the city, and the word had a familiar sound. His sentence read "The boy dodges the copse."

Emma was accused of being vain. "Me vain!" she exclaimed, indignantly, "why, I don't think myself half so good looking as I really am."

"Papa," said the small boy, "who is this Auntie Toxin everybody is talking about?"

What was the greatest difficulty you encountered in your journey to the Arctic regions?" asked a lady of an explorer.

"Getting home again, madam," was the prompt reply.

Professor—What terrible affliction did Homer have?

Pupil—He was a poet, sir.

"I had a present this morning," said the young man excitedly, "a fine bird-dog." Really?" answered the young lady, "can it fly?"

Dare, aged six, was telling about a "great big boy," who went to his school. "Why!" he exclaimed, finally, "I believe he's ten feet deep."

"Well," said Bill Yuss, "I've taken a powder for my headache, a pellet for my liver, and a capsule for my gouty foot. Now, what puzzles me is how do the things know the right place to go after they get inside?"

"Doesn't this boat tip a good deal?" asked a timid young woman of the steward. "The vessel, ma'am," he said blandly, "is trying to set a good example to the passengers."

Housekeeper, in pursuit of cook—Why did you leave your last place?

Cook—I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and missus used to quarrel, mum.

What did they used to quarrel about?

Cook—The way the dinner was cooked, mum.

"The evidence," said the judge, shows that you threw a stone at this man."

"Sure," replied Mrs. O'Hoolihan, "an' the looks av the man shows more than thot, yer honor. It shows thot Oi hit him."

A little boy who was asked his name answered, "Well, they call me Jimmie, for short, but my maiden name is James."

The bride's father born eighty-two years ago with white hair and a venerable mien led her to the altar.

"Now, Ina, can you cook?" asked the bride earnestly. "Are you a good cook." "Ya-as'm, I tink so," replied the girl, "if you don't try to help."

Lovely, dear, lovely," said the artist's wife. "But I think those sheep look too much like clouds—er—that is—of course, darling—unless they are clouds."

"Well, Jack," said the uncle, cheerily, "good boy this morning, I hope?"

Jack looked up at the clock and perceived that it was exactly half past eleven.

"I don't know yet," he said, doubtfully, "there's half an hour more."

Professor—Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious of living things. In a month he will eat six hundred times his own weight.

Deaf Mrs. Earnot—Whose boy did you say that was?

“Can you direct me to Higham Upley, please?”

“You’ve only got to foler you nose, miss,” said he, “but you’ll find it all up ’ill work”

Mr. H.—Teo your head is too near that young lady’s hair ribbon.

A preacher who was a little deaf and had a weak voice hired an interlocutor to deliver his sentences after him. He had just engaged a new one and was delivering a sermon on Moses.

Min.—“Moses was an austere man.”

Inter.—“Moses was an oyster man.”

Min.—(not hearing) — “He made atonement for the sins of the people.”

Inter.—He made ointment for the shins of the people.”

Min. (realizing something was wrong)—“You fool! you’ve spoilt it all.”

Inter.—“Some fool went and spoilt it all.”

And we mercifully draw the curtain on the scene which followed.

Just imagine, I am free!
No more wedding bells for me!
Once I was bound and fast,
But I’ve snapped the chain at last!
From my mind all worry’s gone.
Now I’m happy all day long.
The fellows may laugh,
But I don’t mind their chaff,
For I’m free! I’m free!

Wife’s reply—

Just imagine, tho’ I’m free,
I’ve said “yes” to the third for me.
Two I’ve had bound and fast,
Both both snapped the chains at last.
To my mind a thought has come,
Makes me happy all day long.
After this, just one more,
Which will then make me four.

Miss Larson (English IV)—Mr. Jeffrey, what is a bier?

D. J., 12.—A funeral implement.

Miss Larson (English IV)—Which is the nobler, fame or notoriety?

W. B., 12.—Fame, anyone can be a notoriate.

Freshie Poetry

What a funny bird the frog are!
When he sit he almost lie,
When he hop, he almost fly.
Ain’t got no sense at all, hardly.

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of Healdsburg

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—:◇:—

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—:◇:—

If they Love each other and get married,
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—:◇:—

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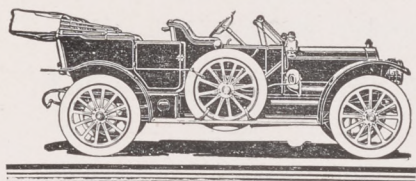
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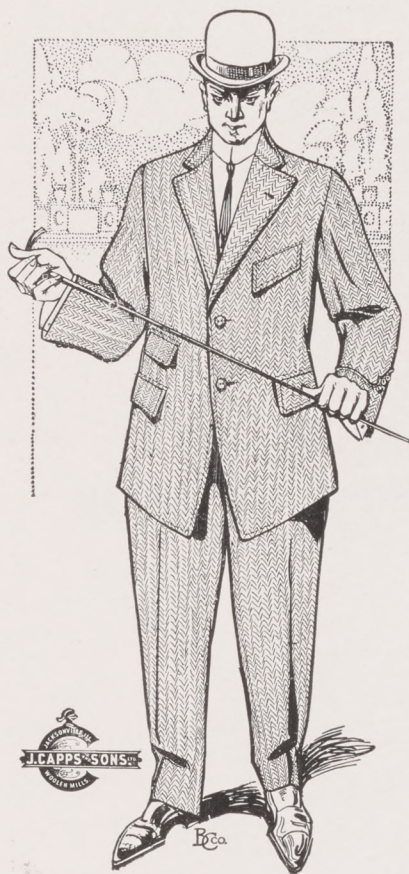
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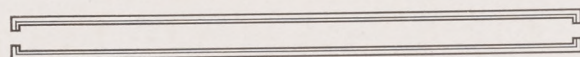
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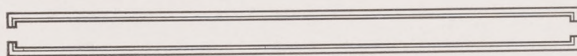
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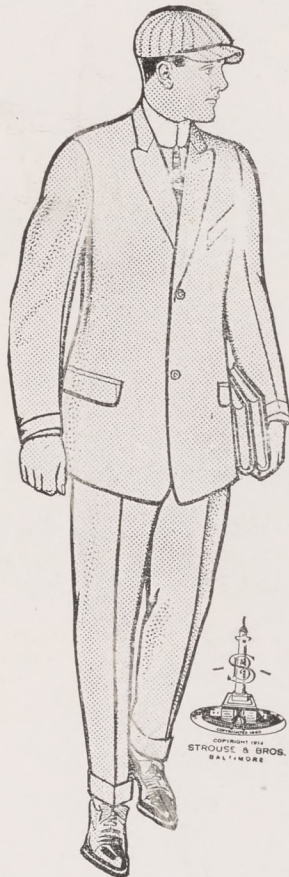
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