

THE IRIS



1919



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THE IRIS

yearbook,
1919

South San Francisco unified school district

The Work of the Pupils of the
South San Francisco High School

Published June Twenty-sixth

Nineteen Hundred Nineteen

VOLUME THREE



The Enterprise Press, South San Francisco

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DEDICATION

To the memory of our former principal, George E. Britton,
we, the Class of 1919, affectionately dedicate this book

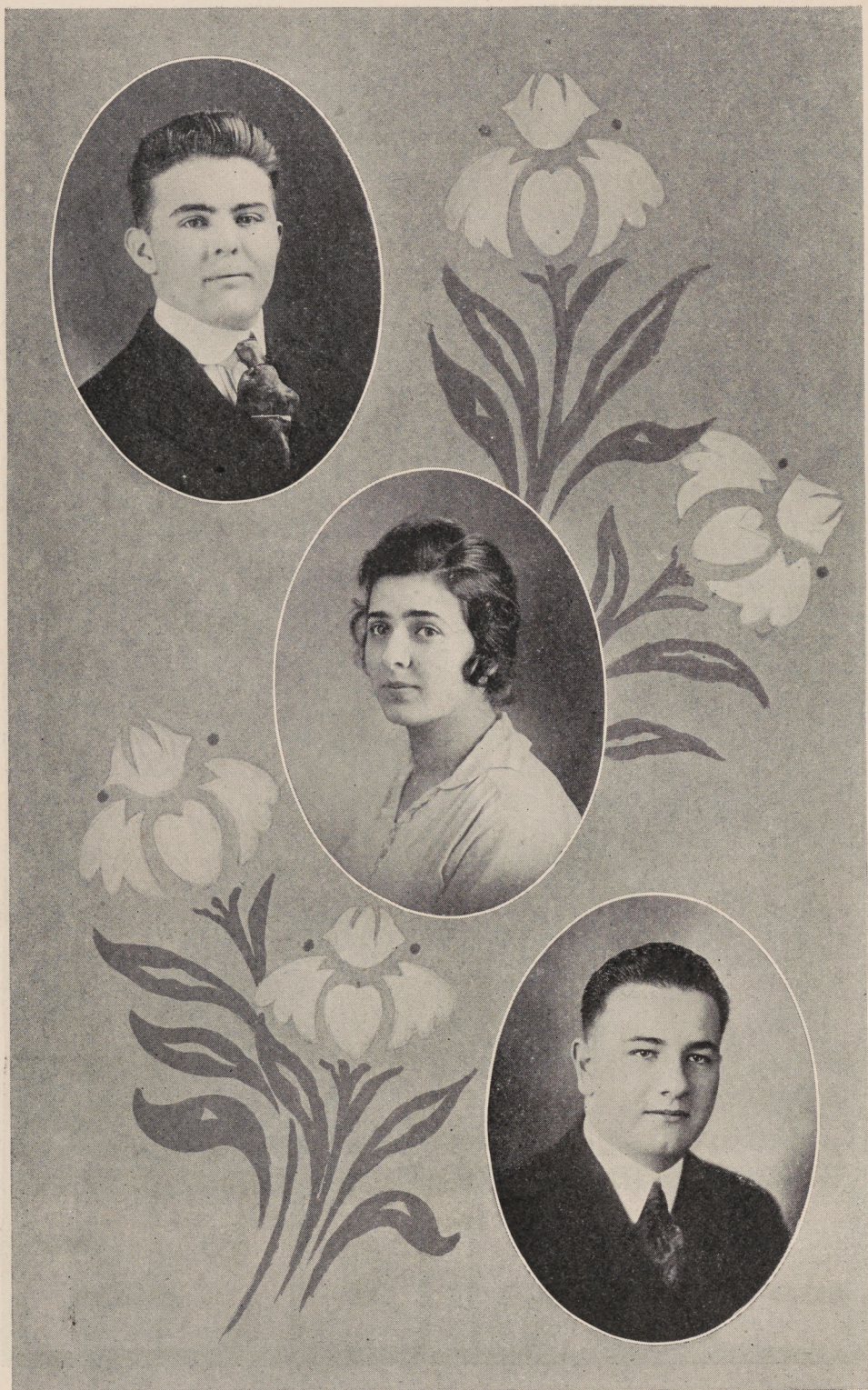
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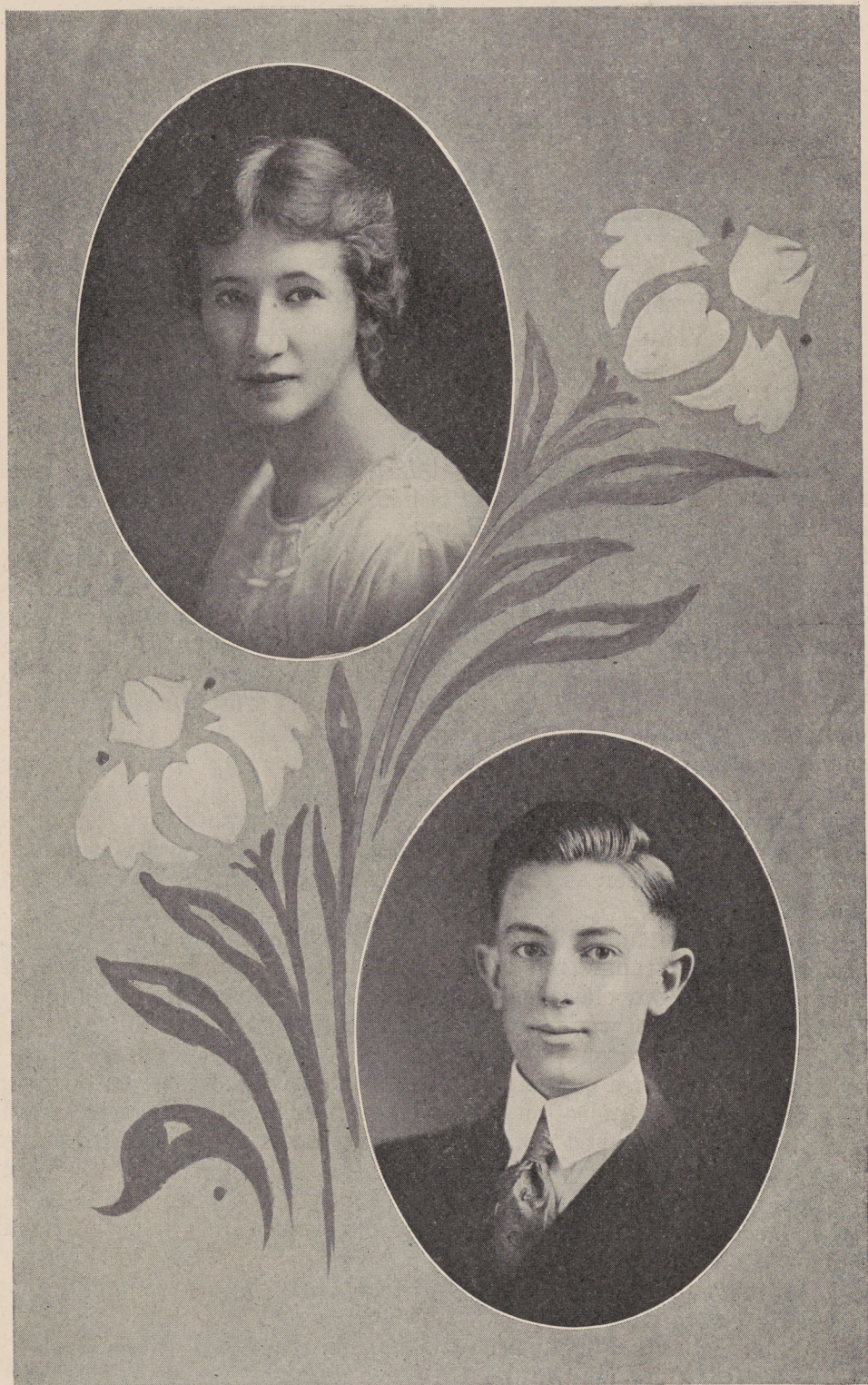
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1946 V. CLIFFORD estate - gift



Joseph Fountainrose Mahoney (upper)—“On their own merits honest men are dumb”
Polita Gloria Turnbull (center)—“Do you know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak”
August Charles Hein (lower)—“Let the world slide, I’ll not budge an inch”



Sylvia Coffing Doak (upper)—“I can do with my pencil what I know”
Edwin Everett Brawn (lower)—“And he was not right fat, I undertake.”

Class History

SENIOR CLASS.

Color Red
Flower Red Rose

CLASS OFFICERS.

President Joseph Mahoney
Vice-President Edwin Brawn
Treasurer Charles Hein
Secretary Polita Turnbull

In August, 1915, eighteen of our former Grammar School classmates enrolled in the little High School, which occupied the smallest of three Grammar School buildings. The Freshies were: Corrine Swanfelt, Olga Bortoli, Marie Smith, Claurina Raffaelli, Anna Fee, Mary Mangini, Irene Mercks, Sylvia Doak, David Farrell, Charles Sands, Angelo Scampini, Thomas Becker, Herman Lauchere, Earle Van Valin, Joshua Maule, Madeo Castiglio, Joseph Mahoney and Edwin Brawn. Soon after enrollment we were presented with invitations to the "Freshie" reception, and we looked forward to it with great excitement. When the eventful evening at last arrived, we enjoyed ourselves immensely, although we were treated like babies by the upper classmen.

A few days later we held our first class meeting and elected officers. Joseph Mahoney was elected president of our newly formed organization. We chose green as our class color, thereby making our class the joke of the school.

Towards the end of the first semester, Earle Van Valin moved to San Mateo and transferred to the San Mateo Union High. Some of the members of our class took part in "A Strenuous Life." A piano for the High School was purchased with the proceeds.

The most important event of the year took place on June 6, 1915, when the bonds for a new high school building were to be voted upon. The day before the election we had a supper in Mr. Carmody's old store, and then marched up and down the street accompanied by the town band to show our desire for a new high school building. Election day we worked hard for the cause. Finally the exciting hour came when the votes were counted, and the day was won by only thirteen votes.

At the end of the term a farewell party was given, and our "Freshie" days were over.

When we returned in August, Corinne Swanfelt, Olga Bortoli, Marie Smith, Claurina Raffaelli, Mary Mangini, Irene Mercks and Madeo Castiglio had dropped out, but Polita Turnbull from San Bruno

had joined us. We elected our class officers, namely: Joseph Mahoney, president; Herman Lauchere, treasurer, and Sylvia Doak, secretary.

The "Freshie" reception was held in the Guild Hall, and we now had the honor of feeding the "Freshies" with milk and cornflakes, and wheeling them about in baby carriages just as we had been treated the year before.

We published a class paper called the "Sophomore Intelligence," in opposition to our only rival, the "Freshie News." The Juniors decided they would not be outdone by the lower classmen and published a book called "Junior Poems."

Debating teams were organized and our class debated against the Juniors on leading questions of the day, in which the school took great interest. Another play, "What Happened to Jones," was presented in the Metropolitan Hall.

The last week of school was Senior Week and our last week in the little building which had served as a high school. Our class gave a Red Cross parade on class day. The year ended with great excitement, for the first class graduated, and the next evening we all enjoyed ourselves at the Senior ball.

When school reopened in August, we entered the new high school building which we had worked so hard to obtain during the Freshman year. We were now Juniors, and our class was increased when Charles Hein joined us from Emerson High School, Gary, Indiana. Shortly after school began Anna Fee, David Farrell and Herman Lauchere left the class, leaving only seven to complete the year.

Joe Mahoney was re-elected president. We changed our class color to red as we thought green was a color suited only to Freshmen.

Shortly after the "Freshie" reception we took part in a school circus. Twenty-five dollars of the proceeds went to the Soldiers' Library Fund. The Christmas party; the play, "Fanchon, the Cricket," the Valentine dance and the hike to Muir Woods, were some of the events we Juniors took part in. The term ended with the class pilgrimage, commencement and the Senior ball.

When we returned in August, Charles Sands and Joshua Maule had dropped out, leaving only five dignified Seniors to complete the last year of high school. We held a class meeting and officers were chosen. The Freshman reception was given, and as usual the poor Freshmen were initiated.

We had only attended school a few months when it was closed on account of the influenza epidemic. After the disease seemed to have disappeared, school reopened, but a short time later was forced to close again, when the contagion became worse. It was during this time that we lost Mr. Britton, a dear friend to all of us.

But as spring came on, the epidemic gradually died out and we resumed our neglected studies once more, with great enthusiasm. Later a dance was given and we greatly enjoyed ourselves after the months we had been under the "Flu" ban.

The girls of the Domestic Science class entertained the Seniors at

a breakfast. The table was decorated with red, our class color, and we appreciated the good cooking immensely.

A few weeks later Miss Clifford gave the Junior and Senior boys a dinner party at her home.

Now we are at the close of our eventful high school career. Every day is a busy one for us, for the work on the "Iris" is completed. Sylvia Doak was appointed editor-in-chief and Edwin Brawn, business manager. After our class pilgrimage, commencement and the Senior ball, our happy high school days will be gone forever.

EDWIN BRAWN, '19.



Class Prophecy

Upon finishing my course in a large Eastern university, I decided to make a tour of the West where I had spent the younger days of my life, and also to visit South San Francisco High School from which I was graduated about ten years ago.

"South San Francisco," shouted the conductor on the S. P. Ry. I put on my hat and alighted from the train. My eyes bulged out with bewilderment as I gazed at the large depot which since my departure had been built. I left the depot, and was very much puzzled as to which way I should walk. Upon inquiry I succeeded in reaching Grand Avenue, and from there took the car to the heart of the city and got off. During the years I had been away from South San Francisco great changes had been brought about. Instead of small buildings which once straggled along Grand Avenue, tall skyscrapers had taken their place. On the streets all faces were strange to me, where once they had been familiar years ago. Having secured a room in a hotel, I rested till evening, when I decided to go to a show to kill the monotony. The streets were brightly illuminated with electric signs and arc lights. Across the street a large picture show dazzled the eye with colored lights. I walked over and bought a ticket, and as I glanced inside the ticket booth, I saw a small sign, "Edwin Brawn, Mgr." The name seemed familiar to me, and at once I remembered Edwin Brawn as one of my schoolmates and a graduate of the class of '19. I was directed to his office by an usher, and was surprised to see him a fat young man instead of the tall, lanky boy he was in his school days.

I said, "Hello, Edwin."

He looked at me in surprise, and said:

"Hello."

Seeing he did not recognize me, I explained to him who I was, and he was overjoyed to see me. After talking a while I asked him where the rest of the class of '19 were, and was surprised to find out that about half of the class of '19 were following different occupations about the city. He asked me to go to lunch with him at the Metropolitan Club where we might meet some of the class of '19. The club rooms were very beautiful and the walls were adorned by oil paintings by great artists. One picture particularly attracted my eye, and I walked over close to further scrutinize the painting and discovered in one corner that it had been painted by Sylvia Doak, another graduate of the class of '19. Edwin then informed me that Sylvia was now noted all over Paris as an artist, and this was only a minor production. Speaking of the girls of the class of '19 reminded me of Polita Turnbull, and I asked about her. Edwin informed me that she had been married and was traveling with her husband, who was an alarm-clock salesman. While we were talking two stout young men came in, whom I recognized as Charles Hein and Joe Mahoney. Charles looked at me several

times and then said something to Joe. By the looks of their faces I knew they recognized me, but couldn't remember who I was. Directly they walked toward me and asked me if they hadn't met me before. I told them I guessed they had, and my name was James McMills. They were overjoyed and shook hands with me. I asked Charles what he was doing, but before he could answer, Edwin interrupted by showing me the headlines of the paper, which were:

"Charles Hein, the speed king, will race at Tanforan speedway tomorrow." I was not surprised to see that Charles had become a racer, as he was a sort of speed demon when I used to chum with him ten years ago. On further conversation Joe informed me that he was now pitching for the Frisco National League, and had become a very popular player. We talked over our old days until a late hour, when we bade each other good-bye and departed, each of us wishing to meet again. All luck to the further success of the class of '19!

JAMES McMILLS, '20.



Class Will

We, the members of the Senior class of 1919 of the South San Francisco High School, whose minds, almost without exception, have been declared sound by the best veterinary surgeon in San Mateo County, State of California, United States of America, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament:

1. To our immediate successors, the Junior class of 1920, we bequeath the guardianship and responsibility of this school. Also our property, the five Senior desks, some of which will have to be cut down to normal size.

2. To the Sophomore class we leave the Josh Box, hoping that they will repair it and make better use of it in the future.

3. To the timid Freshmen we will a book of etiquette which we have edited particularly for them, with the instructions that they study it faithfully and practice what we preach. They will find of special value the following precepts:

(a) Never take your lady past the appetizing smell of a popcorn wagon, if you have less than a nickel.

(b) Never hide General Science books in the Josh Box.

(c) If father will not let you queen at home, take your lady to the movies.

(d) If you want to be a favorite with the girls, bring a bunch of flowers daily. Ted Fischer recommends this method.

(e) If calling on your lady and her father comes home unexpectedly, leave by the window. Haydn approves this plan.

4. To John Gardner, we leave Edwin's tendency to "vamp" the girls.

5. To Mrs. Gunderson, we bequeath Ruth Snyder as errand girl.

6. To Miss Wilkinson, we leave Theodore Fischer as a favorite.

7. To Miss Ross, we leave a phohnograph for her Spanish records.

8. To Mr. Adams, Joe leaves his track suit, hoping he will fill it out.

9. To Jimmy, we leave Charles' poor English.

10. To Miriam Moses, Polita's ability to slide for base.

11. To Jack Hawes, we leave Edwin's basketball record.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint Miss Rue Randall Clifford the sole executrix of this, our last will and testament.

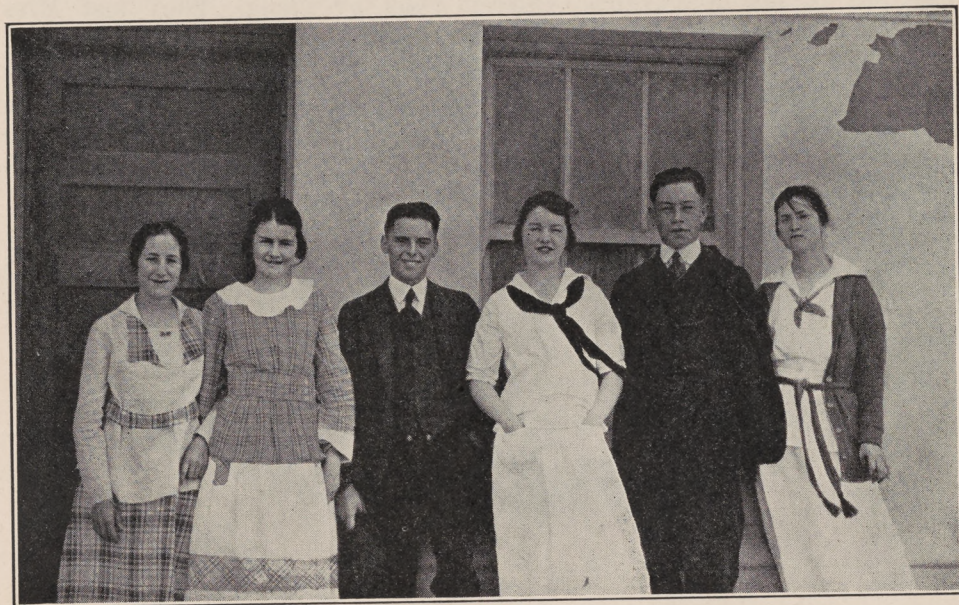
In witness whereof we set our hand and seal this fourteenth day of May, in the year 1919.

THE CLASS OF 1919.

Class Microscope

Name	Occupation	Nickname	Expression	Ambition	Song	Falling	Cause of Death
Charles	Calling on Carmen	Heinie	I Donwanna	To stop blushing	"Some One May Be There While I'm Gone"	Carmen	Walking
Sylvia	Caring for sick	Doctor	Stop it	To go to college	"On the Shores of Italy"	Angelo	Annual
Polita	Mopping up Gym floor	Senorita	Geeminny Crickets	To get to school early	"Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"	Reading books in class	Basketball
Joe	Making fudge	Phat Boy	That's a hot tamale	To wear his grandpa's ring	"Gee, But I Wish I Had a Girl"	Helen	Wild Women
Edwin	Moving pictures	Pewee	None	To get "ads" to pay for the annual	"Get Out and Get Under"	Metz	Speeding

The Juniors



Margaret Carmody
Madge Clark
Darrell Dart

Beatrice Eikerenkotter
James McMills
Josephine Pene

On August 7, 1916, a most unruly band of Freshmen entered the South San Francisco High School. There were twenty in all—that being just twenty too many, from the teachers' viewpoint. They really meant no harm, and, seeing the pitiful side of the case, the upper classmen entertained them at the Freshie reception in a royal manner. The class was organized in September, and soon after, the first "Freshie News," which caused quite a sensation, was edited. Gold was chosen for the class color.

Their Freshman enthusiasm died out with the excitement of being Sophomores, and the nine classmen who returned on August 13, 1917, to the new High School were a bedraggled lot. By the end of the year only four Sophomores remained.

Now they are Juniors, looking back with regret upon their two wasted years, and resolving to do better this time. The three original classmen, Beatrice Eikerenkotter, Margaret Carmody and Josephine Pene, were blessed with two new girls—Madge Clark and Winona Creigh. And it was these five girls who got up "pep" enough to organize the Junior class. Beatrice Eikerenkotter was elected president; Winona Creigh, vice-president; Margaret Carmody, secretary; Josephine Pene, treasurer, and Madge Clark, sergeant-at-arms. And then a most exciting thing happened! They discovered that they had a boy in the class who didn't know he was a Junior; and really was one all the

time. So they interviewed James McMills, and, overcoming many protests, inveigled him into class meetings. It was then that the class added black to their original class color. About that time, another boy put in his appearance, Darrell Dart by name. They lost Miss Creigh, who is now attending business college in San Francisco.

The six Juniors invited themselves to accompany the Sophomores to Sutro's one day, and, although criticized for their bold act, did have a glorious time. Since they had regained all their Freshman pep, they decided to give a dance, and, after much changing of the date, chose the 29th of May. The whole school was enthusiastic over this dance, and it was more than a success.

Now the class of '20 are thrilled with the prospects of assuming the usual Senior dignity. May we fulfill our duties as well as the class of '19 did theirs.

BEATRICE EIKERENKOTTER, '20.



The Sophomores



Edith Broner
Helen Dunbaugh
Hilda Elmers
John Gardner
Bernice Holbrook
Reese Lloyd

Miriam Moses
Leo Murray
Raymond Spangler
Alma Stahl
Lucille Strand
Laura Wilson

The present Sophomore class, numbering thirty-one pupils, in August, 1917, entered the High School. As Freshmen, class spirit was unsurpassed. We edited five editions of the "Freshie News," presented a play, entitled "A College Town," on May 17th, won a Thrift Stamp contest and took an active part in athletics. Meetings were held regularly and red was chosen as our class color. A picture of the "Chariot Race" was presented to the Student Body.

The Sophomore year was begun with fifteen members, some of our former classmates having left school, and four members, Gladys Beckner, Florence Reid, Bernice Holbrook and Miriam Moses, having entered. Florence Reid and Gladys Beckner left school after the influenza vacation. Class meetings have been held regularly and Reese Lloyd was elected president. The class went to Sutro's one evening in March and had a hilarious time. The girls won the interclass basketball series, for which success they have been granted their class numerals. The "Sophomore Intelligence" has been edited, and the class has offered its service to Mr. Adams to help entertain the eighth grade guests. Our Sophomore year is fast coming to a close and as Juniors we intend to double our energy and class spirit to make the year successful.

EDITH BRONER, '21.

The Freshmen



Eleanor Boyle
Bernice Carroll
Sarah May Doak
Peggy Douglas
Marcella Dowd
Willard Dukeman
Bernice Farrell
Theodore Fischer
Rosalind Gsell
Elsie Hage
Jack Hawes
Marguerite Kiessling
Haydn McMills

Ruth McMills
Myrtle Mullin
Georgette Quinlan
Charles Robinson
Grace Robinson
Adolph Sani
William Schmidt
Anna Smith
Ruth Snyder
Mary Wackerman
Alice Wallace
John Wallace

On August 17, 1918, thirty pupils, just as green as could be, arrived at the High School. They all came early so as to escape a scolding from the teacher.

Oh, the joy of being able to walk sedately up the stairs. Oh, the joy of being allowed to bang on the keys of the typewriter. After a week there wasn't one of us who couldn't take any stenographer's position, and even though they did tremble every time the teachers spoke to them, they were very proud of themselves.

During the first quarter they lost seven classmates, but before the end of the term two more were scraped up, which left twenty-six "perfect" Freshmen.

A few weeks after the opening of school they received the "darlingest" invitations to a "Freshie" party. They all went, and even though they were just scared out of their wits, nevertheless enjoyed themselves immensely.

Because of the "flu" there was no Christmas party. This was a

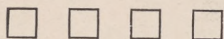
very great sorrow to the Freshmen, because they did so want to see Santa Claus and maybe get a stick of candy, but they lived through this crisis, as they decided if they hung up their stockings at home that was enough.

The hardest task of the whole year was trying to force some "pep" into the boys. This undertaking was not successful, as the "forcers" were not forcible enough. Of course, the boys have class spirit, every one knows that, but they must exercise it out of school. They have not attended any of the class meetings, or helped in editing the "Freshie News," nor mobbed the Sophomores.

All through the Freshman year athletics played a big part. The girls were defeated every time they played any other teams, but they were good losers and determined to win next time. The Grammar School boys were defeated, 30 to 2, when they played the Freshmen boys. My! weren't they happy then!

The year in the Freshman class is ended. They have made enemies among the faculty, but have forgiven them gladly. They have done much mischief, especially the boys, but that also has been repaired. They have played jokes on Mr. Adams, but he, after gazing on their innocent smiles, could not help but forgive them. The baby year is ended and they look forward to another happy year as dignified Sophomores.

BERNICE CARROLL, '22.



The School and Its Curriculum

In closing the sixth year of our existence as a high school, and in presenting our third graduating class to the public, it is with pride that we can point to our accomplishments.

South San Francisco High School is accredited; that is, our graduates, if recommended, can enter the normal schools or colleges without examination. Two of our first class, so recommended, are finishing San Francisco State Normal School this year with excellent records.

Two of our next class are attending college, one at the State University and one at Santa Clara, both doing work which is a credit to the school that trained them.

Our course of study covers two fields, the regular academic or college preparatory, and the commercial. Sixteen units of this work is required for graduation.

Each student is expected to take four units a year, with five units as a possibility for the more capable.

They may choose these four from the following:

Freshman

English
Ancient History
Latin
Algebra
General Science
Bookkeeping
Drawing (freehand) $\frac{1}{2}$
Typing $\frac{1}{2}$

Junior

English
Spanish
Craft Work
Mechanical Drawing
Solid Geometry $\frac{1}{2}$
Trigonometry $\frac{1}{2}$
Stenography and Typing
Chemistry

Gymnasium work is required of all students.

Manual Training is to be added the coming year.

Sophomore

English
Med. and Mod. History
Latin
Geometry
Domestic Science
Bookkeeping
Drawing (freehand) $\frac{1}{2}$
Typing $\frac{1}{2}$
Biology

Senior

English
Spanish
Physics
U. S. History and Civics
Algebraic Theory
Stenography and Typing

In Memoriam

George E. Britton, supervising principal of the schools of South San Francisco, died at his home on Thursday, January 9, 1919. His death, after a very short illness, came as a great shock to the faculty and pupils.

Mr. Britton was a native of Santa Clara County and graduated from Stanford University with the class of 1906. In 1907 he succeeded George W. McIntyre as principal of the local schools, a position which he filled uninterruptedly to the time of his death. While he was principal, Mr. Britton worked very hard to put the High School on a firm basis, and to secure the new building, for which we are very grateful.

He is mourned by a host of pupils, both in the Grammar School and High, and especially those who studied under him and who knew him best.

Literary

A Trip to the Underworld

Hades, Feb. 28, 1919.

Dear Bernice: Next Friday I am going to give a farewell party to my queen, Perserphine, who is about to leave for the earth. Among the things I have planned for the pleasure of my guests is a trial of the soul of a certain lady who was teaching at the South San Francisco High School. I mention no names, but her chief joy was to inflict misery on the Freshmen by giving them an overabundance of Latin to do for home work.

If you decide to come, let me know and I will have my Ford waiting for you at the River Styx at 2:30 in the afternoon.

Sincerely yours,

Pluto.

That was the letter I received just two days before Perserphine's party. Of course, I went. Such a chance unaccepted would be nothing short of a crime. I put on a bright green dress that I thought would look out of place there among the spirits; and besides I didn't particularly wish to be classed as one of them by the other guests.

I will not describe my journey down to Hades, for if I did, I am afraid some of my young readers will try it and come to grief.

Well, I reached the River Styx all right and expected Pluto's car would meet me. But it didn't. I had waited for about ten minutes when, all of a sudden, I heard a most terrible sound. I turned around to see Charon in the Ford. You probably think I had nothing to do but get in and drive off. But no. Charon was on one side of the river and I on the other.

Charon shouted to me, "You'll have to pay your fare to the dog Cerberus, and then he will let you go by."

Now I had no idea what kind of fare would satisfy the dog, but I took a chance and threw him a dog biscuit that I had put in my pocket for some poor old deaf spirit who didn't hear the dinner-bell.

Well, I threw it to him, and instantly a path appeared in the middle of the river and I crossed over and settled myself luxuriously in Pluto's Ford.

The first thing I noticed in my drive was the Road of Gloom. On both sides of the road were leafless trees with skeletons hanging from them. This road was very interesting.

After going through more roads of similar appearance, I arrived at Pluto's palace.

Beautiful Perserphine met me at the door.

"You are late, my child, but you have arrived just in time to hear the trial of the spirit Pluto told you about."

After getting acquainted with all the spirits, I proceeded to the jail.

The spirit of the lady to be tried came forward with a dejected air.

"Spirit," said Pluto, "do you think your life has been clean enough to live in peace in the Underworld?"

"Yes," said the spirit, "I do."

"Well," replied Pluto, "I have in my book a record of your past life. I will read it and my guests shall decide whether or not you should live in the Underworld Kingdom.

"First, all your life you have inflicted too much study on your pupils. You would not let them talk or write notes. You made poor little Ellen McConnell leave the bookkeeping class and also had a quarrel with Willard Dukeman.

The spirit hung her head in shame.

"So," continued Pluto, "as your whole life has been filled with such infamous deeds, you cannot enter my kingdom."

"Oh, Pluto," I cried, my heart overflowing with sympathy, "please let her stay."

"Very well," said Pluto, with a smile. He and I are great friends.

By this time I had seen enough of Pluto and his kingdom, and I would just as soon have some of Pluto's food. I would have asked for it, if I had been sure it would be polite, but not being sure, I concluded to wait.

Presently a spirit came in with some food. I didn't know what it was, neither did I care, as just then the alarm clock woke me and I had to get up and go to school, the beginning of a "Perfect Day."

BERNICE CARROLL, '22.

A Rise and a Fall

I had the movie bug. Not the harmless, though plentiful, movie-fan bug, but the mind-destroying germ of an idea of acting in the cinema. With kind intentions only, and with thought to the many hopefuls who are afflicted with the same epidemic, I am going to narrate my first (and last) attempt at stardom, its consequences, and lastly a moral camouflaged.

I remember the day when I first passed a moving picture studio (the knell of many an ambition). A sign on the office door gave notice of the fact that twenty extras were wanted. I looked for the usual line of people, but there was not a line; no, there were a dozen lines, each stretching for a block. Without blushing, I will warrant there was half of the town waiting its chance. I passed on thoughtfully, and resolved to enter the movies via some better route. My only asset was my curly hair, and, having a vain idea of its beauty, I thought it would pass any entrance examination.

The next day I happened to meet a friend of mine and after having a small (though high-priced) milk shake, he told me he was an as-

sistant to a camera man at a certain well-known screen studio. I immediately became interested, and after showing him my crop of hair, and endeavoring to show him my ambition, he agreed I had a chance of becoming a star. I do not know what induced him to make this assertion, whether it was the drink or the prospects of another one, but he had agreed with me, and I was elevated above all models.

The next Saturday afternoon my kind friend introduced me to the employment director, who said I would be given a tryout with a crowd of other applicants. We were herded into a large square and each "tried" separately. When my turn came, I was told to run into the room, which was a stagy affair, throw my hat down, muss up things, and in general to show rage and disappointment. Then I would see a picture of my "better-half"-to-be, and immediately I would become calm, and then grow sentimental, finally resolving to face the situation (whatever it was). After about a dozen or more rehearsals, during which every one began to grumble, the scene was finally "shot," and I was told to come back the following Monday. I returned home in an exalted frame of mind. For a while I even refrained from eating, an unusual proceeding for me.

The next Monday I was at the studio bright and early, and wondered why every one seemed so calm and usual. A few hours later I was told to follow the crowd to the projecting room. Here the pictures of the "would-be stars" were to be shown.

My picture came near the first, and the initial impression I received of it was of some one galloping into a room, taking his hat off quickly, and laying it down carefully (it really was a good hat), a few workings of the face which expressed nothing else than a sour stomach, and a few gestures such as a fish makes when out of water. I next was seen walking (if it may be called that) crookedly across the floor, with my curly hair nodding up and down and doing its level best to keep time with my feet. I stopped at the table, picked up the photograph, and again my face contorted. Some hoodlum in the audience laughed, and the director, another hoodlum or worse, laughed and cursed in the same breath. He then made mention of the fact (and in a loud voice) that if the young aspirant to stardom was in the room he had better get out before he was helped out.

I took the hint and went outside. Then where do you think I went? To the river? No, I did not. I went directly toward the nearest barber shop.

DARRELL DART, '20.

The Junior Dance

“Well, why shouldn't I take Elizabeth to the Junior dance?” inquired Bob Evans of his friend Allen Parker.

“What! you take Elizabeth Jason, the best dancer in Medbank, to the Junior dance?” Allen was indignantly scornful.

“That's just what I intend to do,” replied Bob, firmly.

“Well, you are not. Do you think she would go with a country bumpkin like you? Fact is, I'm going to take her myself,” and Allen walked away.

That night “Bashful Bob,” as his friends called him, sat thinking how he, the country bumpkin, could ever hope to attain the honor of taking Elizabeth Jason to the Junior dance.

“I have it,” exclaimed Bob, “I'll go to the ‘Dutch Windmills’ every evening and take dancing lessons. I hear it is a quiet place, so no one will be apt to see me make a fool of myself.”

The next evening Bob was looking in at the door of the “Dutch Windmills,” watching the dancers. As he saw them twirling around a fit of longing seized him.

“Oh, dear,” sighed Bob, “I'll never be able to do that.” Nevertheless he went at it with a good will until he conquered every step and—

* * * * *

“Say, fellows, look at Bob.” It was Allen who spoke. It was the night of the long-promised Junior dance. He was all “dolloed up,” was Allen Parker, the heart-breaker of Medbank.

“Well, what about him? Anything the matter?” asked the fellows, crowding around Allen.

“Just look at him. He has gone and taken Elizabeth to the dance after all I have said. And, what is more, he is dancing, and good, too.”

They looked, unable to believe the evidence of their own eyes. No more could they call him “Bashful Bob” and “Woman Hater.”

An hour later Allen, suddenly bumping into Bob on the dance floor, tapped him on the shoulder.

“You're doin' fine, ol' man. Going to take her to the Senior ball?”

BERNICE CARROLL, '22.

My Eighteen Months' in Service

[Reuben Smith, at one time president of the Student Body of our High School, was asked to write an account of his experiences in war for "The Iris." In answer to our request he has sent us the following article.—Editor's Note.]

I've been in the service eighteen months, during which time I spent a winter in Allentown, Pennsylvania, nine months overseas, and traveled something like fifteen thousand miles. I might add that three months of my overseas time was spent in hospitals.

I enlisted with the Army Ambulance Service for service with the University of California ambulance contingent at Angel Island barracks, November 2, 1917, and was assigned to duty at the ambulance camp at Allentown, Pennsylvania. I spent just a few days on the island and in company with a detachment of engineers that was going East, I started on a seven day's journey to Allentown. We had a dandy trip all the way, Pullman sleepers and diners. We stopped for a few hours in Reno, Salt Lake City, St. Louis, Chicago, Fort Wayne and Pittsburg. We arrived at Allentown two days before Thanksgiving at 10 in the evening. A bitter wind was blowing, and, as we stood shivering in the cold in the freight sheds waiting for the trucks to take us to the camps, it began to snow. Right there I commenced to miss sunny California.

The next morning at 6 o'clock roll call you can picture a shivering, khaki-clad rookie standing in six inches of snow and trying to look like a soldier. Everything was bewildering and new. What I rebelled at most (in my mind, of course), was forever being bossed around by a bunch of non. coms. Everything had to be just exactly so, and a fellow was kept on the jump all the time.

The next day I received my first shot of anti-typhoid serum, and I was too sick to eat a dandy Thanksgiving dinner of turkey and fixings on the following day.

From Thanksgiving to March we had winter, and for a "prune picker," as the Californians were called, it was a new thing, and as for me, I nearly froze to death. Some of the old residents of the town said that it was the coldest winter in twenty years. I believed it.

Allentown, the training camp of the Army Ambulance Service, is situated in southeastern Pennsylvania, about two hours' car ride from Philadelphia, which is a quaint, oldish sort of city. I visited Independence Hall and some famous old buildings roundabout. Allentown is the center of what is known as the "Pennsylvania Dutch" country; not hyphenated Americans, but descendants of the early Dutch settlers of the colonial times. They are a homely, old-country style people, who did much to make things pleasant for the boys at the camp, situated in the fair grounds on the edge of town. They are a fine people and excellent cooks, which fact I well know.

I was soon assigned to Section 507 of the Sunkist Battalion, as the California Battalion No. 7 was known. Five sections of U. of C. am-

balance drivers were in the battalion. Here I was initiated into the duties of army life, beginning with K. P., which is the name used to describe the duties of those who scrub the kitchen from floors to frying pans, and then stand before the big kettles of chow in the mess halls and serve the boys as they file past with their mess kits. I wasn't exactly enthusiastic about that job; late hours and greasy work, lasting a week. Then the next job wished on me was sanitary detail, cleaning up the grounds. I remember my particular job was going around with five other "buck privates," each of us with a broomstick with a nail in one end of it, stabbing cigar and cigarette butts and pieces of paper laying around. One fellow would say, "Save me the Camels." Another would say, "All the Fatimas are mine." We soon learned that the less we threw around the less we had to pick up. I learned lots of things in the army. Some of us who didn't turn out of the blankets soon enough in the morning got a few days shoveling coal.

Allentown camp was rather unique. Its personnel of five thousand men was drawn from practically every university in the country, and they were all enlisted men. They were also good at "gold brick-ing," which is the name applied to playing hookey from drill or detail. We were allowed to be absent from camp from 5 p. m. to midnight, and most of us were allowed week-end passes every week.

The men who weren't on the different details, which were changed every week, followed the following program: 5:30-6, calisthenics out in the snow; 6-7, breakfast, cleaning of barracks; 7:30, inspection (and woe to the fellow who didn't have his blankets neatly folded on his cot, and the floor neatly swept under it, and his extra clothes washed clean); 8-9, French instructions; 9-11:30, automobile instructions; 1:30-4, hikes under full pack; 4, guard mount. The above was our working schedule five days a week. Saturday was always general inspection day, every button sewed on and buttoned, buckles and straps in their places, clothing clean and mended—believe me, the army makes for efficiency. If a man didn't pass inspection, he was balled out by the captain, and, what was worse, lost his week-end pass.

On our hikes we wore ice creepers on our shoes. Some one discovered that this would keep a fellow from sliding and falling on the slippery roads, and let me say that the ice gets mighty hard in Pennsylvania.

I spent most enjoyable winter in spite of the cold. The soldiers were popular with the Dutch girls, and all sorts of good times and skating and sleighing parties were frequent. Few things in the way of good fun compare with a moonlight sleigh ride with fried chicken and waffles at some cozy farm house. These Pennsylvania Dutch people have some peculiar customs. One of them that we Western boys couldn't quite figure out was serving ice cream, not with cake, but with little salt pretzels. I've always imagined that salt pretzels went with another sort of refreshments.

The winter sped quickly by. At Christmas time we had a big family party at camp and a Christmas tree. New Year's we had turkey. During January the cold was at its worst. In our barracks, water dropped

on the floor would freeze in a few minutes, and every morning our shoes were found frozen to the floor. Some of the boys died of pneumonia.

About the close of February the trees began to come to life and grass to appear and the snow disappeared. The sun showed a little warmth, and we were very, very happy, but intensely eager to get across.

Soon it was May, and the boys were all grouchy at still being on this side. When the Italian contingent left for Italy, there was a rush to sign up, but the 1250 men had already been selected.

On the 1st of June the California Ambulance Battalion was turned into Mobile Operating Unit No. 1—five motorized operating rooms. The duty of this organization was to proceed to any part of the battle line where the casualties were expected to be heavy, get as close up as possible, and, as the men were brought off the fields, to operate on them, if necessary, to extract the pieces of metal imbedded in the flesh. Thus by immediate operations many lives could be saved that would be lost in taking the wounded back to a hospital. And the hospitals were sometimes too far away, as they had to be out of range of the guns. We, being mobile and motorized, could serve a large amount of territory.

In the army you are never told when you will be moved, but rumors always leak out, and the last of June we knew we were going over soon. On the 3d of July at 3 a. m. the bugler sounded "Assembly," and, believe me, that was once that we were all glad to turn out at the command "Fall in."

At 6 a. m. the 250 of us marched to the depot, where a special train awaited to take us to New York. What excitement. I'll never forget that morning. In spite of the effort of the officers in command to preserve secrecy of departure, every girl in Allentown was at the station to wave us a good-bye. Our train took us to Jersey City, and a launch carried us to the huge liner "Aquitania" of the Cunard line, a converted troopship. She certainly was a monster vessel. The dock wasn't long enough for it and the stern projected out into the North River. Eight thousand troops were packed away on that ship, packed away like eggs in a case, to away below the water line.

Troopships are unpleasant experiences. On July 4th we sailed out by the statue of Liberty, and, accompanied by a dirigible and four fussy little destroyers, we sailed through the Narrows and watched the dear old U. S. A. fade into the horizon, and about this time there was many a fellow with a suspicious moisture in his eyes. I tell you, the time we felt the war was before we saw any of it. It was when the far-off blue smudge on the horizon that represented the old U. S. A. faded into the sky.

We had seven days of grand sailing; the sea was like a millpond all the way over. The "Aquitania" was too swift for a convoy and her speed protected her from submarines. We wore our lifebelts all the way over, slept with them on; it was a court-martial offense to take them off. About the only part of his clothing a fellow took off was

his shoes and hat. We had boat- and fire-drill every day, but the seven days dragged.

In the Irish Sea we were met by American destroyers and escorted to Liverpool, which is on the west coast of England. I got but a glimpse of Liverpool, as immediately upon landing we were hustled into an English train. The train traveled underground until it was outside the city.

En route from Liverpool to Southampton I had an opportunity to see the "hedge rows" of England. Rural England is more beautiful than rural France. The spirit of the English people is wonderful. In every city we passed through the people gave us a great welcome, and every one seemed to have American flags. In fact, I saw more American flags during my day's trip through England than I saw in an equal amount of time in America. Our train was very swift, often making sixty miles per hour.

Arriving in Southampton, we marched to a rest camp and rested a night and day. Then at nightfall of the second day we were loaded on to a channel steamer, and at dark the trip across the channel commenced. Only after nightfall are troops taken across to France. We all knew that this was a dangerous trip, but the fellows were all too tired to care much. As for myself, I found a nice warm place away down in the hold amidships, and on a pile of sacked potatoes and onions tried to sleep. It is always a rough trip and I got but little rest.

The next morning, the French national holiday, the 14th of July, we docked at La Havre and at last were on French soil. It was a miserable, drizzly day. It rained some every day that I was in France, I think. I'm sure I would like to meet the gentleman that inaugurated the phrase "Sunny France." Of course, from that moment on everything was new to us. If I were to tell you of the new things I saw, you wouldn't have space for anything else in your annual.

We marched through La Havre, through crowds of French women and girls who loaded us down with flowers. The thing that struck us most was the absence of men. We stayed that night ten kilometres out at an English rest camp, which it seemed to us was situated in the middle of a swamp. In the ensuing months we soon got used to the mud and water of France.

The next day our battalion embarked by way of "Chevaux 8, Hommes 40-foot" for a two-day and two-night ride into the interior. Nothing in France is built on so large a scale as in this country. For instance, their railways are what we would call narrow-gauge and dinky. A French railway boxcar could almost be lost in one of our big railway boxcars. When you see a French train you imagine it to be a pocket-edition size that a corporation over here would probably use in their own yards. And when you see the funny little peanut-roaster, brass-decorated locomotive, you wonder how on earth it has the power to pull twenty of even the small cars that they use over there. These little engines are interesting. The toy trains that we played with not so many years ago are modeled after these same French trains. The French engines are not equipped with a cab. The engineer stands out

in all the weather. Neither have they a bell, but a screechy whistle that makes you jump.

It was a miserable ride. The car I was in had probably been used to haul cement on the previous trip, and the white, gritty powder added to our discomfort. These trains are the slowest trains in the world, during war time, any way. They do not have a Westinghouse air-brake, or a little accident would not have happened to us. On a down grade the last three cars on the train broke loose, and on the level stretch below ran through an open switch and plunged into a French ammunition train on the opposite track. There was a crash of breaking wood in the pitch darkness, as this happened during the night, then some real soldier talk. All three cars were hurled from the track, but luckily none of the ammunition on the French train exploded or my army career would have ended right then. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt. We had to wait an hour and a half before the rest of the train backed up to where we were. Each car was supplied with corn-willy and tomatoes in cans and hard tack for rations. Some of the fellows augmented the supply of nourishment with several quarts of "Vin Rouge" purchased en route. The trip got on the nerves of most of the fellows, as we hadn't had proper rest or food since leaving the United States. It was impossible for the forty men in the car to lie down and sleep at the same time, therefore half of us at a time tried to sleep in all sorts of hunched-up attitudes. It was impossible to ride to the top of the cars as the roofs are not flat.

Just a few words about continental trains. They do not have conductors or brakemen on a passenger train. The carriages are divided into compartments, each compartment seating eight persons, with a door on each side of the compartment for entrance. The compartments are very small, your knees almost touching those of your neighbors opposite. There are first, second and third class carriages, the only difference being that the benches are upholstered in the first class. They also have double-deck passenger railway cars.

We were all mighty glad when we reached our destination at Bazeilles sur Meuse, in the Toul Sector. It is in the foothills of the Vosges mountains. From this section of the country comes the valuable Vosges lace. As soon as possible after setting up camp we all had a good swim in the Meuse river. It is nothing more than a fair-sized creek at this point. Some of the boys hadn't had their clothes off since leaving New York. We soon found it a common occurrence to go sometimes two weeks or more without having opportunity of disrobing.

We could hear the guns from here and at night see the flash. During the nights that followed wounded men in ambulances were brought to a hospital in a near-by chateau. Along the Meuse the country was pretty, picturesque and quaint; the green valleys dotted with the stone houses of the peasants. There are no wooden houses in the rural districts of France. Everything is made of stone. During our stay here we began to accustom ourselves to the French and their customs, and to gain a smattering of their language. The French mademoiselles

were more than willing to teach the handsome and brave Americans the language—she told me so. It's rather a hard job to make love with only the assistance of a trench edition military dictionary (so some of the fellows say). At that, the fellows got on famously.

In the little town it was possible to obtain for a few francs potatoes and sometimes eggs, which tasted good to us after so much "corned-willy" (canned cornbeef) and "gold fish" (canned salmon).

Over there we were paid in French money, with an extra three dollars (fifteen francs) for overseas service. Sometimes on pay day there would be champagne celebrations. It was at this French village that we had, for the first time, horse meat steaks. Outside of the fact that they were rather tough, they weren't at all bad. When a horse was badly wounded, I was told that it was butchered and used for meat, but not by the American army.

Our equipment was slow in arriving, and as we were needed we were all sent out on detached service, and were scattered along the line from Verdun to St. Mihiel as litter-bearers, first-aid men, ambulance drivers, etc.

Before coming over some of us had been sent to the Bellevue Hospital in New York City to take up a course of instruction in the administering of anæsthetics. I was one of this detachment, and now we were sent out on operating teams consisting of two medical officers who were surgeons and an enlisted man. Our purpose was to go to the field hospital and into the lines to operate on cases from the field needing immediate attention. My first experience was in the St. Mihiel salient at St. Meniehold. Here in a dugout with a wounded soldier who had a piece of shrapnel in his chest, I administered my first anæsthetic in France.

It was rather risky work. In the first place, we were rather nervous on our first job, and again there was nothing to stop a well-placed Boche shell from blowing us to kingdom come. There were two more operating teams working with us in adjoining dugouts. As an example of our work: a soldier would be severely wounded, say, by a piece of high explosive or shrapnel; he would be picked up off the field by stretcher-bearers and carried to this dugout. Of course he was muddy, tattered and just about all in. The clothing would be cut away, exposing the wound, meanwhile he would be inhaling ether dropping from a can held in my hand over a basket mask of gauze over his face. In three or four minutes the man was off into the land of dreams and his muscles, reacting to the anæsthetic, would relax, and he would be in the state of "surgical anæsthesia." It isn't such a bad sensation to go to sleep under ether. I've had it twice. Meanwhile one of the surgeons was injecting one thousand units of anti-toxin serum hypodermically. Each man wounded on the field gets it. Then the surgeon would clean out the wound, carefully cutting away all burned flesh and removing the piece of metal and bits of cloth that are forced into the wound by the action of the bullet. The business is soon over, fifteen minutes being the average time. As soon as the patient is out of ether, he is placed in an ambulance and sent to a base hospital.

Wounds are not sutured or sewed up after an operation in the field because the wounds are "dirty," that is, bacteria has entered with the foreign body and pieces of cloth, too, and therefore there is danger of infection in the wound. Nature takes its course in healing, the edges of the wound being drawn closer together each day by means of adhesive tape. Many wonderful recoveries have been recorded. Statistics show that 80 per cent of all wounded are returned to duty within three months.

The courage and cheerfulness of the boys did not desert them after being wounded. I have seen men horribly mangled by exploding shells, who knew their minutes of life to be numbered, smoking cigarettes and telling how many of the Boche they had "got," and then dying with a smile on their lips. And I saw one hundred of these same boys buried without the formality of boxes in one long trench, side by side, near Toul.

Often cases that were brought to be operated on were past all help, but that didn't prevent the surgeons from working desperately. Never a moan from the soldier, but you could see the pain in his eyes, though his lips were smiling. The first few days it just about did for me. My work soon became commonplace, but once in a while a boy, just going under ether and losing control, would cry "Mother," and I tell you there were times when suspicious sort of lumps just wouldn't stay out of my throat.

Many of the fellows had been without proper nourishment for days; they just didn't have time to, or means of, getting any food, and as they were brought off the field and into the dugouts, it was seldom indeed that they were not met by a Salvation Army lassie with delicious doughnuts and hot coffee. You all know how the boys love the Salvation Army. But better than the eats was to see and speak to a real, honest-to-goodness American girl.

Episodes like the following occurred often: A fellow would be brought off the field about done for. Seeing the Salvation Army lassie, he would call to her, "Please, miss, won't you talk to me, and may I hold your hand? I know I'm going and it will make it easier." That's the sort of thing that gets a fellow.

Sometimes we worked as long as thirty hours at a stretch, one operation after another, with coffee and cigarettes to keep us going. When possible we would work with other teams in eight-hour shifts. Eight hours on and eight hours off. I worked in this fashion for a straight eight weeks in the Argonne.

In the Toul sector I had my first acquaintance with the "elusive cootie," an acquaintance that continued till the armistice was signed. It is impossible to be without these little things in the lines. Whenever possible the fellows would pull off their O. D. shirts and take a "census." Some of the boys were always willing to trade two small ones for a big one.

The St. Mihiel drive over, we went into the Argonne, and I was at Grand Pre, Very, Montfaucon and Verdun. My work was always the same.

x

It's rather hard to write about my few months in France, for that matter, for any fellow to write about his experiences. He tries to forget the whole mess. To me the "big show" is already back in the dim past.

I was in the Verdun sector on November 11th, and they fought to the last minute. Of course, our work was over then. I accompanied the two officer-surgeons back to their base at Paris, and spent a few days in the city.

You all know about Paris. It is a very wonderful and very beautiful city. It is almost encircled by the Bois de Boulogne, a large woods and park, well cared for. They are extremely modern in Paris. Their "Metro," as their system of subways is called, is more modern and convenient than the New York system. There are women guards on subway trams, "street cars," doing all sorts of work formerly done by men.

I visited the beautiful Gothic Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower, and the gardens and galleries at Versailles. Many of the art works were removed from the galleries, when the Huns were so near Paris last year, and hidden in far-away places, so that I missed seeing many of the most beautiful works. During my stay in Paris there was an exhibition of trophies in the Place de Concorde; guns, aeroplanes, caissons, and tanks captured from the Germans, and rows of machine guns extended for blocks up the Champs Elysees.

Then my old outfit was called together at Joinville on the upper Marne, and we took over the motor transportation park there. I was in charge of one of the motor parks until December when I had an unfortunate accident in which my right wrist was broken. It was rather a mean break and an operation was necessary at Base Hospital No. 20 near there. As I would not be able to be returned to duty for some months, I was invalided to the United States, and by slow stages, from one base hospital to another, I started for the coast. My journeys were now made on American hospital trains. They are dandy; real comfortable trains, containing beds with honest-to-goodness sheets and clean pillows. At Base Hospital No. 84 in southeastern France I had another operation, and my arm was put into a plaster cast.

Finally I reached Bordeaux, but did not stay long in the big hospital camp there. On March 1st I reached Brest, and four days later sailed for home on the steamship "Mount Vernon." We had a rough trip of seven days, and I proved to be a rather poor sailor. In mid-ocean we passed the steamship "George Washington" with President Wilson on board.

Believe me, the old United States looked good to me. We were sent to United States Debarcation Hospital No. 3, right in the heart of New York City. During my ten days' stay there I had a dandy time. The Red Cross arranged parties, theatres and dances for the boys every evening, and I saw a good deal of the city. We had dandy eats, too; chicken and ice cream and pie was the menu twice a week.

Then we got ready for the first transcontinental hospital train the Government had ever sent West. It was a dandy trip all the way. We

stopped at the principal cities long enough for the public to inspect the train. Some of the boys were bed patients, and the public were very desirous to see the wounded heroes. We had all sorts of goodies at every stop. We came Santa Fe from Chicago through the southwest. It seemed that everybody in the city was down to see the train at Los Angeles. A movie man with his camera accompanied us all the way over and took pictures at every stop, and there were batteries of movie cameras at Los Angeles. At last we arrived at Camp Kearny base hospital.

I was discharged from the hospital ten days ago, and hope to be discharged from the service some time in April. I'm going back to college in the fall.

So that ends the tale of my military experiences, which at best is only an outline of a sort. Some time when I come down to see your new High School I'll tell you more about France, if you wish.

REUBEN W. SMITH, Ex. '16.



High School Activities



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

President	Charles Hein, '19
Vice-President	Beatrice Eikerenkotter, '20
Secretary	Raymond Spangler, '21
Treasurer	Joseph Mahoney, '19
Business Manager.....	Darrell Dart, '20
Girls' Business Manager.....	Helen Dunbaugh, '21
P. A. L. Delegate.....	Charles Hein, '19
Faculty P. A. L. Delegate.....	Miss Wilkinson

SENIOR WEEK 1918

During Senior week, which is the last week of school, many events were celebrated. This week includes Class Day, Commencement and the Senior Ball.

On Class Day, which was held on Wednesday, a pilgrimage was made to the different rooms, where a student from one of the classes held in that room made a farewell speech.

The speakers were:

Thomas Becker—Physics.

Byrne McSweeney—History.

Kenneth McIntyre—Spanish.

Angelo Scampini—Assembly Hall.

Myrtle Kiessling—Drawing.

Mary Kauffmann—Biology.

Claire Forster—English.

At noon the Seniors were entertained at a luncheon given by the lower classmen. The luncheon was held in the hall of the gymnasium, where a long table was spread. Both the room and table were decorated in the Senior colors, yellow and white. The "eats" were pronounced satisfactory by all, although there were some rumors about the Freshmen not getting enough.

Afterward speeches were given and things kept lively by the toastmaster, Charles Sands, class of '19.

Toasts were given by:

Mr. Britton—Our High School.

Joshua Maule, '19—New Seniors to the Old.

Byrne McSweeney, '18—Old Seniors to the New.

Beatrice Eikerenkotter, '20—Lower Classes to the Seniors.

Miss Wilkinson—Faculty to the Seniors.

Claire Forster, '18—"The Iris."

Later in the afternoon the Seniors entertained the school by giving a short play, called "A Frat Initiation," the leading parts being taken by Mary Kauffmann, Angelo Scampini and James Smith.

The commencement exercises were held in the auditorium of the new High School on Thursday evening of Senior week. The hall was decorated in the Senior colors, yellow and white. "The Iris," just out, was sold to the audience during the evening.

The graduates were: Kenneth McIntyre, Claire Forster, Angelo Scampini, Byrne McSweeney, Myrtle Kiessling, Loretta McLean, Thomas Becker, James Smith, Mary Kauffmann.

The exercises were opened by a piano duet by Thomas Becker and Byrne McSweeney. An interesting speech, "America at War," was delivered by Angelo Scampini. The audience was particularly gratified by the delivery. The valedictory was given by Claire Forster. Mr. Cloud addressed the Seniors on the need of trained leaders at the present time. The exercises were closed by the presentation of the diplomas. The graduates received many beautiful bouquets from their friends.

On Friday evening the Senior ball was held in the auditorium of the High School. The room was decorated in the school and Senior class colors and the dance programs were made to match. The music was supplied by Cappelli's orchestra. Everybody enjoyed himself thoroughly and it was with reluctant feet that we turned homeward when the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," were over.

FRESHIE RECEPTION

The reception for the Freshmen was held on Friday evening, September 20th, in the auditorium of the High School. This event is looked forward to by the upper classmen with as much anticipation and eagerness as it is by the Freshmen. Believing in the old adage, "There is safety in numbers," the Freshmen met at the corner of Spruce and Miller avenues and marched to the school in a body. On entering, each member of the Freshman class was given a green dunce cap. It is to be hoped that the caps symbolize a past condition rather than a present or future state of development of these coming "Hopes of the Future." After they had been properly prepared, they were directed to the "Gym," where they were treated to the initiatory ceremony and some of the mysteries of the High School were revealed to them. Afterward the Test of Self-Restraint was administered. For this test the candidates were first prepared by being given a bib, then they were presented with a dish of Post Toasties, which they were required to eat in silence, while their more learned schoolmates were enjoying liberal portions of ice cream and cake. After they had been sufficiently teased they were given some of these delicacies in measure with their manifestations of Self-Restraint.

THE HIKE

Owing to the very heavy fog the annual hike, which this year was to Crystal Springs, was a disappointment to many. Those who did venture forth had a very delightful time and reported some very exciting experiences.

SUTRO BATHS

The Sophomores and Juniors were out in force on Tuesday, March 25th. After several delays the happy crowd reached Sutro Baths about 6 o'clock, chaperoned by Mrs. John Meyer and Miss Clifford. After the swim the young people gathered at a near-by restaurant, where they feasted on waffles, hot dog sandwiches and coffee. My, but we were hungry.

GYM. JINKS

The Gym. Jinks was held on Thursday, February 13. The girls of all the classes attended. The Freshmen gave a mock wedding. Bernice Carroll, who was the bride, carried a bridal bouquet of carrots and radishes. Ruth Snyder was the groom. Miss Wilkinson was flower-girl. Miss Ross, our Latin teacher, represented the priest and read the ceremony in Latin. The officiating priest complains that he has not yet received the wedding fee. The Juniors gave a "Shakespearian

Sketch," which we hope was well presented. The ghost of Shakespeare was seen to smile in approbation. Trained seals gave variety to the program. A basketball game was played, but inasmuch as the writer is a member of the defeated team, extensive comment will be omitted. However, the score was 19-14 at the finish. After the supper was served, a short demonstration in general science was conducted in the proper class room. The entertainment of the evening was concluded by a dance.

MISS CLIFFORD'S PARTY

One of the most enjoyable events of the school season was Miss Clifford's party on the Thursday before Christmas for the upper class girls. After the evening had been spent in games and dancing, refreshments were served by the charming and popular hostess.

THE DANCE

An invitational dance was held the week before Lent. The music was engaged from San Francisco. It was said to be one of the most enjoyable affairs ever given at the High School.

JUNIOR-SENIOR DINNER PARTY

On the evening of March 16th, Miss Clifford gave a dinner at her home on Miller avenue in honor of the Junior and Senior boys. The table around which the guests were seated was very attractively decorated with yellow flowers, candles and greens. After dinner the hostess and the guests spent the evening in games and singing. The party was very enjoyable to all and broke up sometime during the "Wee Small Hours."

AN ADDRESS

Mr. Anderson of the San Francisco Normal School gave us a brief address May 7, 1919, on the Normal School education and what it offered. Mr. Anderson has been commissioned by the State to visit different high schools and speak on the subject. His address concerned chiefly the shortage of teachers in the State of California and why it was so necessary for pupils to go on and seek a higher education after leaving the High School. He incidentally spoke highly of two of our former graduates, Miss Johnson and Miss Carmody, who are graduating from Normal this year.

THE JUNIOR BALL

One of the most brilliant events of the year was the Junior ball, held May 29th—both a social and financial success. The jazz music and good floor went toward making the evening pleasant for the large number of guests present. The six Juniors worked for days preceding the 29th of May, cleaning up and decorating. Indeed, their untiring efforts were not futile, for a charming effect resulted from the soft lights and gay garlands which adorned the ballroom. The class colors, gold and black, interspersed with the school colors, predominated.



BOYS' ATHLETICS

The basketball team had just begun serious practice when school was closed for about nine weeks. When High reopened, the teams put in some strenuous workouts.

The P. A. L. series had been half played during our inactivity, so we arranged games with other teams.

The first game was with the "Bears," a team made up of former S. S. F. H. boys, whom we happily defeated with a score of 54-19.

The line-up was as follows:

Bears.

S. S. F. H.

Forwards—Smith and J. Murray. Forwards—Gardner and L. Murray.

Center—Farrell and R. Woodman. Center—Mahoney.

Guards—Silva and James Wallace. Guards—Dart, Sani and James Mc-Mills.

Substitute—Theodore Fisher.

We next played San Mateo High and were defeated by a score of 42-22.

Later we played several more games with the Bears, but always defeated them easily.

The Freshmen basketball team defeated the grammar school team which proved to be very small, compared to the Freshies. Score 30-2. They then traveled to Redwood City, only to be defeated by the crack Redwood Grammar team by a score of 23-8.

We may have a baseball field, but it will not be finished early enough for the school to be represented in the P. A. L. by a baseball team. The diamond is coming on nicely, however, and we hope to have some practice on it soon.

Mr. Adams, our principal, who has proved himself a "live wire," is responsible for it. The field is leveled and rolled; a high board fence is to enclose it, and a grandstand will be erected to hold the fans who like to take their recreation accompanied by ease.

The student body proved very generous and we have a sufficient number of "tools" to make playing worth while. The total expenditure for the enterprise will be close to seven hundred and fifty dollars. We hope to prove as successful on the diamond as we have on the basketball court.

JOSEPH MAHONEY, '19.

BASKETBALL

School was closed during the fall so long that the girls were unable to play any P. A. L. games. We managed to arrange a few interclass games and some with the Atalanta team. Next year we hope to take an active part in P. A. L. basketball and indoor baseball series.

SCHOOL TEAM VS. ATALANTA TEAM

On January 17, 1919, the school team played the Atalanta team. The game was very spectacular, the passing and goal shooting of the opponents being very accurate. The score was 30-10 in favor of the Atalanta team. The players were as follows:

School Team.	Atalanta Team.
Center—Miriam Moses.	Center—Mary Kauffmann.
Side Center—Lucille Strand.	Side Center—Cecelia Farrell.
Forwards—Margaret Carmody, Myrtle Vaccari.	Forwards—Rue Clifford, Viola Hein.
Guards—Beatrice Eikerenkotter, Helen Dunbaugh, Polita Turn- bull.	Guards—Helen Schmidt, Winona Creigh.

On February 12, 1919, the school team again played the Atalanta team with little better success. The score was 23-13 in favor of the Atalanta team. The same team played with the addition of Mrs. Tourney on the Atalanta team, the second half, and Bernice Holbrook in the place of Myrtle Vaccari for the High School.

REDWOOD VS. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO FRESHMEN

The Freshman team played its first game with an outside team on Friday, April 25, when the Redwood Eighth Grade team visited our High School. Although frequent fouls were called, the girls were unable to throw their goals, and in that way lost their game. The score was 12-18. The Freshman team was:

Center—Grace Robinson.
Side Center—Rosalind Gsell.
Forwards—Myrtle Mullin, Bernice Carroll.
Guards—Marguerite Kiessling, Bernice Farrell.

On May 9, 1919, our Freshman team played a return game at Redwood. The score was 20-1 in favor of Redwood. We have to acknowledge their better team work and much more accurate goal-throwing.

Sarah May Doak replaced Bernice Carroll and Mary Wackerman, Grace Robinson as center.

We have begun the practice of indoor baseball, and so far have discovered quite a bit of talent. The girls like the game, as so many can play at once. We have found four girls who can pitch and a great many more who can bat. In another year we shall be able to count on having a real team and entering the P. A. L.

Domestic Science

Although Domestic Science is offered as a one-year course, its great value to the school and students has been proved. As in other branches of study, we were greatly interrupted by the forced vacations, and the fact that we have had three teachers during the year. But upon return to school the girls worked doubly hard and have learned many things in the art of housekeeping, cooking and sewing.

The first complete meal which we attempted was a breakfast, served to the members of the Senior class on the morning of Thursday, March 5th, at 8 o'clock. All of the girls took active part in its preparation. The table was decorated in Senior class colors, a big bowl of red roses and maidenhair fern. The menu included: Grapefruit, eggs a la goldenrod, waffles, coffee and doughnuts.

Later in the year the class was divided into groups of two, each group taking a turn to entertain the rest of the department at a luncheon.

The first was prepared and served by Lucille Strand and Josephine Pene. The table was prettily decorated in pink and white. A large basket filled with pink baby roses formed the centerpiece and baby roses were the individual favors.

The second was served by Alma Stahl and Madge Clark. Purple lupins and marigolds formed the centerpiece and small baskets of pansies and other wild flowers were found at each place. The courses also helped to carry out the color scheme.

Another luncheon was served by Hilda Elmers, Mary Wackerman and Georgette Quinlan. A rainbow table was very prettily arranged. Kewpies dressed in different colors and a variety of flowers were significant.

On the 28th of May a luncheon was served to the faculty and the week following to the Board of Trustees and their wives. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Conrad, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Brown, Mr. J. J. Dowd, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Adams and Mrs. Gunderson were seated at the table.

Refreshments were served to the eighth grades of Lomita Park, San Bruno, South San Francisco, Colma and Daly City schools, who were our guests on the 6th of June, as our part of the entertainment provided in their honor.

In the sewing department we have made many different samplers and taken many notes preliminary to our making garments. We have learned to patch and darn and to use the various machine attachments, and to make some decorative stitches, such as briar stitch, smocking, etc. We are now learning to draft patterns and to make many useful garments.

Such a course has taught us to make all of our own clothes and to serve meals in an appetizing way.

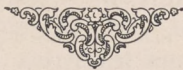
ALMA STAHL, '21.

VIVE LA COOKING SCHOOL

When the glowing day is breaking,
And the lark his course is taking,
The cooking class goes forth to school;
For them, there is no time to fool.
For although the day is young
And their luncheon they've begun,
There is still a lot of work
For their duty they must not shirk.
Madge cried, "All I had was coffee,
And all I had was toast;
Oh, this lucheon makes me hungry,
Is this all that you can boast?"
Alma turned away disgusted;
Josephine, how sore she grieved,
Casting round her anguished glances
As her hunger she relieved.
The girls would make some strawberry jello,
Instead of red, it turned out yellow.
Then they must bake an apple pie.
Who said 'twas sweet, she told a lie.
Lucille put a roast upon the stove,
Then round the town went out to rove.
She cried in despair when she came back,
For the roast was burned a perfect black.
But soon a luncheon they had cooked,
And only to duties they now looked.
The Trustees they were to entertain
At 12 o'clock, or teacher'd raise cain.
And though their lives had scarce begun,
How they despaired, these cooks so young.
The pudding, then, they quickly mixed,
The salad they hurried about and fixed.
Georgette began to lay the table,
Hilda the jello now must ladle.
Now the potatoes must be boiled,
And their aprons not be soiled.
How they scurried by and by
When the meat was there to fry,
For it was just 12 o'clock,
When they heard a heavy knock.
Before them stood their many guests
(We won't say they called them pests),
But soon they found smoke filled the air,
And they scattered—these girlies fair.
The potatoes were dry, the meat had burned,
While to their guests they all had turned.

The teacher took the guests away,
The girls all hoped they'd gone to stay.
Mary washed the dishes clean,
Such a lot was never seen.
Aren't they glad the day is done;
Though they say that work is fun?

BEATRICE EIKERENKOTTER, '20.



Dramatics



This year has been a short one, owing to the lengthy vacations at the time of the Spanish influenza epidemic. In consequence, work has been crowded and there has been no time for our customary play.

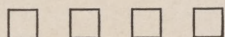
Since the last annual went to press, however, there have been a few brief efforts in the dramatic line. On Class Day, 1918, the Seniors gave an interesting skit, "The Frat Initiation," in which James Smith filled the role of Jack Leslie, with Mary Kauffmann as Molly Stuart and Angelo Scampini as Robert Harrow. The play was a success.

At the Gym Jinks the girls displayed their dramatic ability for the amusement of their sister students. The Freshmen gave a presentation of a mock wedding, in which the parts were well sustained. The Juniors gave a very realistic melodrama, entitled "The Villain Foiled." Sylvia Doak and her trained seals also showed some clever acting.

On June 6th the first and second years' Spanish classes entertained

the rest of the school, the eighth grade classes of northern San Mateo County and a number of visitors at a typical Spanish street scene under the supervision of Miss Ross. It was enjoyed by all, being a unique way of entertaining and something different from anything ever produced here. The curtain fell after an interesting demonstration of Spanish customs and a number of songs.

BEATRICE EIKRENKOTTER, '20.



Alumni

1. Helen Carmody, '17, graduates from the San Francisco Normal this year.

2. James Smith, '18, attended Santa Clara University, but finding the work too strenuous, left college, and is at present working at Moran's packing house.

3. Arthur Woodman, ex. '17, was recently discharged from the service. He was enlisted with the Grizzlies. He returned to a better position with his former employers, the Southern Pacific Company.

4. Thomas Becker, '18, attended Santa Clara for a few months and later dropped out. He has moved to Pittsburg, where he is working in the steel mills as employment agent.

5. Loretta McLean, '18, moved to Tacoma, Washington. She has been active in the Defenders' League.

6. Howard Reichardt, ex. '17, was discharged from the service early this spring. He is working at the Reichardt Duck Farm.

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

8. Claire Forster, '18, is stenographer in the office of City Attorney J. W. Coleberd.

9. Kenneth McIntyre, '18, is working for the Associated Oil Company in Martinez, Cal.

10. Emma Johnson, '17, graduates from the San Francisco Normal this term.

11. Byrne McSweeney, '18, is attending Santa Clara.

12. Angelo Scampini, '18, is attending the University of California. He is active in Freshman debating.

13. Reuben Smith, ex. '16, has just returned from France, where he served in the University of California Ambulance Corps. He will resume his studies at the University this fall.

14. Myrtle Kiessling, '18, is attending the San Francisco Normal.

18. Mary Kauffmann, '18, is working as bookkeeper for Kauffmann Bros.

Gossip about the original members of the class of 1919:

Corrine Swanfelt	Married
Olga Bortoli	Clerk
Marie Smith	Stenographer
Claurina Raffaelli	Clerk
Anna Fee	Stenographer
Mary Mangini	Married
Irene Mereks	Married
David Farrell	Shipyards
Charles Sands	Shipyards
Herman Lauchere	Shipyards
Earl Van Valin.....	San Mateo High
Joshua Maule	Shipyards
Madeo Castiglio	Automobile machinist



Editorials

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Sylvia Doak, '19
Business Manager	Edwin Brawn, '19

Associate Editors

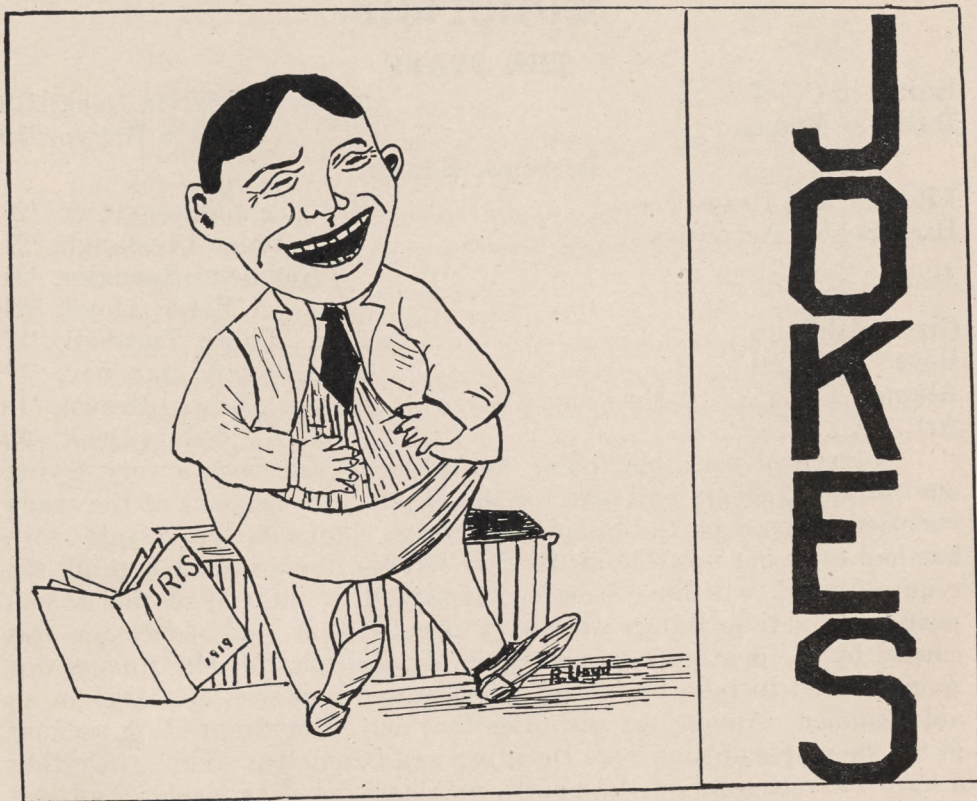
Literary and Dramatics.....	Beatrice Eikerenkotter, '20
High School Activities	Helen Dunbaugh, '21
Josh.....	{ Raymond Spangler, '21
	{ Reese Lloyd, '21
Girls' Athletics	Polita Turnbull, '19
Boys' Athletics	Joseph Mahoney, '19
Alumni	Edwin Brawn, '19
Art	Sylvia Doak, '19

The school year, beginning August, 1918, has been a very trying one for the teachers and also for the pupils. On account of the many vacations caused by the Spanish influenza epidemic, the outside work has had to be cut down to fit the time left for doing it, although all the required work will have been accomplished at the end of this school year. For a time things were very unsettled, as some confusion was caused by the death of our principal, Mr. Britton, but Mr. Adams was soon secured to take his place. He has taken charge of things in an able manner. Among the activities that had to be dropped on account of the shortness of time were Debating and Dramatics. This was rather a hard blow to some of the pupils, as a new debating society had just been organized and much work had been planned.

We, as a High School, feel very fortunate that Mr. Adams, formerly a teacher in the Redwood City High, has been chosen as principal of our school. During the short period since he has taken up the work here, he has become very popular with both the teachers and the students. Mr. Adams has taken a great deal of interest in the progress of the school, especially in boys' athletics. Being an athlete himself, he naturally has as much love for the sports as the boys. He has undertaken the work of having the baseball diamond laid off in time for the boys to use it before the close of school. Mr. Adams also very willingly offered his help in regard to the annual. This we appreciate.

Our High School shows a goodly increase in numbers in the past year, and a still greater one is expected in the future. With greater numbers in attendance it is necessary to add new subjects to the course of study. Biology and Domestic Science were added two years ago. In the coming year, Manual Training is to be introduced. This will be a fine thing for the boys, as South San Francisco is a factory town and there are always opportunities for skilled workmen. The course will include wood and sheet-metal work. Along the mechanical line, it will include machine shop, motor repair, electric wiring and ignition.

Under the Smith-Hughes bill, we expect in the near future to have a regular vocational course, equipping students for at least two trades.



CAN YOU IMAGINE

- Polita on time?
- Charlie walking a block?
- The Josh box full of jokes?
- Miss Ross disciplining Freshmen?
- Jimmy not talking?
- Ellen McConnell making a recitation in English?
- Beatrice not saying "stupid"?
- Charlie Hein using correct English?
- Mrs. Gunderson having her ordering done before class?
- Joe Mahoney winning a prize waltz?

We mustn't forget the absent-minded professor, who put his umbrella to bed and stood up all night in the hat-rack.

Miss Clifford—I would rather have an honest zero than a dishonest one.

Teddy—Give me an honest zero.

Miss Wilkinson—How do you know Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?

Josephine—Just look at the spelling.

Joe—Is this the weather bureau? How about a shower to-night?

Prophet—Don't ask me. If you need one, take it.

Alma—I should like to buy a chicken.

Butcher—Do you want a pullet?

Alma—No, I'll carry it.

RECITATION ON SEA URCHINS

(By James McMills)

"Ain't you never seen one?" asked Jimmy, regardless of English. And I truthfully replied, "No."

"Anyway, they're round things about this big"—and with this speech he paused to make an indefinite circle with his thumbs and forefingers—"and they're purple, and they've got a hole right in the middle. And there's a few teeth around in this hole and from the outside of this here hole there's a lot of little do-giggers."

"A lot of what?" I asked, perplexed by this description of a sea urchin, which I knew Jim was trying to make vivid.

"A lot of legs or spines. Which is it now, legs or spines?"

I really wanted him to be more explicit, for after all this brilliant dissertation on a "sea urchin," all I knew about one was that it was round and purple—the rest was a blur in my mind.

"Spines!" impatiently.

"A lot of spines sticking out around. And they live on rocks."

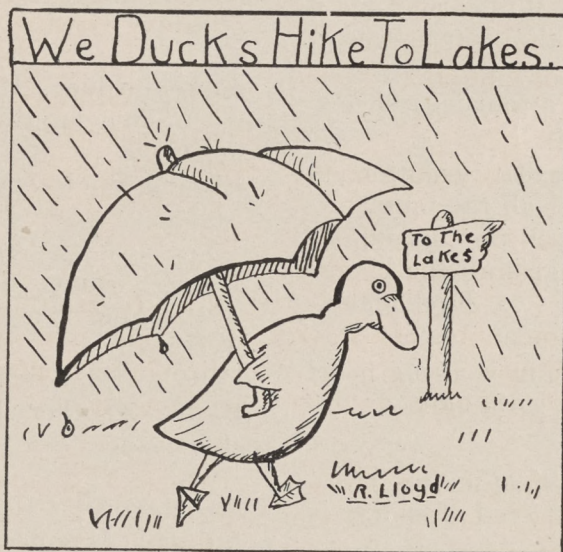
"Rocks," I cried. "Rocks? They what? The urchin or the spines?"

"Well, of course, the urchins," in a disgusted tone. "They stick to the rocks and sometimes eat a little hole in the rock with their mouth and always live there. The little round hole in the center is the mouth, you know."

"Oh!" I said, as if the light had dawned. "OH!"

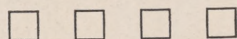
And I walked out of the room to seek for myself some essay on a sea urchin.

BEATRICE EIKERENKOTTER, '20.



**FAMOUS PEOPLE WHOSE RELATIVES ARE ATTENDING
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO HIGH SCHOOL**

Premier of England.
 Author of a History of England.
 President of the United States.
 Speaker in House of Representatives.
 Author of a History of France.
 Betsy Ross.
 Founder of Pennsylvania.
 Captain John Smith.
 Robinson Crusoe.
 Scotland's national hero.
 Moses.
 Boyle.
 A member of the Cabal.



When the donkey saw the zebra,
 He began to switch his tail.
 "Well, I never," was his comment,
 "There's a mule that's been in
 jail."—Exchange.

Miss Clifford—Willie, give me a
 sentence using the word "meta-
 phor."

Willie—I met a four-legged dog.

The annual is a great invention,
 The school gets all the fame;
 The printer gets all the money,
 And the staff gets all the blame.
 —Exchange.

Jack—Is this gun working now?
 Teddie—No, it's discharged.

Discussing political metre.
 Teacher—What kind of ending is
 that?
 Haydn—Female.

Edwin—I hear they are going to
 carry their guns in their belts now.
 Charlie—Just my luck. I wear
 suspenders.

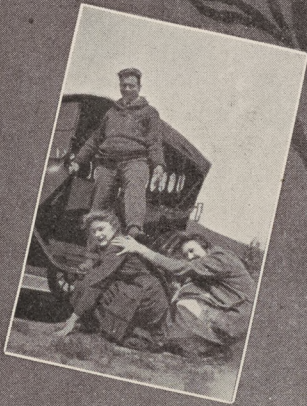
Famous Landings — Columbus',
 Pilgrims' and Henry IV d's.

John Gardner—It's just my na-
 ture to love anything lovely and
 beautiful.

Eleanor Boyle—Oh, John, this is
 so sudden.

A green canoe,
 A spooning two,
 A little tip,
 Fond world, adieu!
 P. S.—Another li'l tip! Don't
 rock a canoe.

Joe Mahoney—If zero is freezing
 point, what is squeezing point?
 Miriam Moses—Two in the shade.



Grief.

Before I fell a victim
To the wiles of Spanish Fu
I'd gathered from the posters,
And certain movies, too,
That when it came to nurses
You always woke to view
Some peach from Ziegfeld's Follies
Who slipped the pills to you.

I'd read the artful fiction
About the angels fair
Who sat beside your pillow
And stroked your fevered hair,
And made you kind of careless
How long you lingered there
In the radiant effulgence
Of a lovely baby stare.

That may be true in cases,
The way it is in plays,
But mine was no white lady
Of lilting roundelays;
For while I was a blesse
The nurse who met my gaze
Was Private Pete Koszolski
Who hadn't shaved for days.
—Exchange.

Miss Clifford—Why are you late
this morning?

Polita—School began before I got
here.

Reese (translating his Latin les-
son)—“Three times I strove to cast
my arms around her neck, and—”
That is as far as I got.

Miss Ross—Well, that's far
enough.

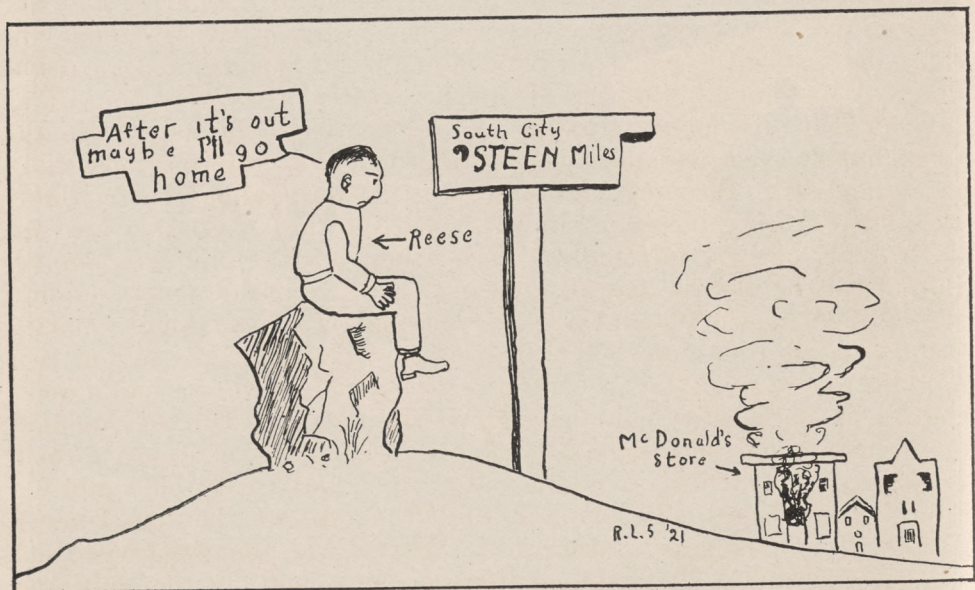
Mr. Adams (just before a final
exam.)—I shall expect every one to
devote his time preparing for the
exam. The questions are now in
the hands of the printer. Are there
any questions you would like to
have answered?

Edwin—Yes. Who is the printer?

When certain soldiers from the
antipodes were in San Francisco a
little while ago, Bernice Carroll was
heard to say, “There goes one of
those Australians.”

“How do you know?” asked Leo.

“You can tell by the kangaroo
feathers in his hat.”



High School Gossip

[One of the things of most interest that has happened during the year is the joy ride of a certain Senior in this school. We don't know much about it, but we are going to print the versions that we have heard, including that of the "Freshie News."—Editor's Note.]

"A NOON JOY RIDE"

James McMills, when interviewed by a reporter from "The Iris," gave the following account of what really happened on the trip:

One day this spring, my pal, Charlie Hein, received a quarter from his mother with which he had his automobile gas tank filled with gasoline, so that the tank contained the large amount of one gallon. After he ate lunch, he and the Velie started for school. When he was in sight of Magnolia avenue, he saw his friend, Carmen, standing on the corner, and asked her to go riding; so Carmen accepted the invitation. The next place Charles stopped was at High School, the call being mainly to take me riding also, mostly to fix punctures, or anything else that happened.

The three of us then proceeded to go on a long journey to San Bruno. We reached our destination, and I decided that we had better turn back in order to reach school on time but Charles didn't like the idea very well as he was enjoying the ride immensely. The reason I knew he was, is because once in a while he would blush and say something to Carmen, and Carmen would say, "I don't want to." Then I began to think three's a crowd, and I was third, and besides I knew that the third person makes a couple bashful. You know what I mean. Of course, I would not want my readers to believe Charles had his arm around her, because the car was being driven straight and you can't do that with one hand, but believe me, Charles sure can drive fine with one hand. We were about one-quarter of the way home, and it was about three minutes to one. I told Charles to go faster. He did for about five feet and then we coasted for a few more feet and came to a standstill. He announced the fact that autos don't run without gasoline. I told him they ran with distillate also. Charles said he knew that, but he didn't have that either, as his tank was empty. But, of course, I knew that all the time because he told me autos don't run without gas. When the next automobile came along, Charles stopped it and rode into the garage for some gasoline. It was now two minutes to one and I didn't have time to make love when I had a good chance. I don't believe in making love in a hurry, so I lifted the hood of the motor and performed a trick which I had learned on a former occasion, then started the motor, and Carmen and I were off again for South City. I used both hands to guide the auto, too, because I never drive with one hand as Charles does. When I was about ten feet from the gasoline pump, the machine stopped again, and Charles only had to carry the gasoline across the street. Upon looking at my watch, I

discovered that we were now ten minutes late for school. When Charles put the gasoline in the tank, he returned the can and said to the proprietor, "Mark it on the ice," and he did, and we were quickly off. Mr. Adams saw us. Charles took Carmen home. Shortly, we were back at school, fifteen minutes late, giving Miss Wilkinson a hard-luck story for a permit to enter class.

We quote from the "Freshie News":

A Scandal

On Monday, Charlie Hein and his girl, Carmen, Jimmie McMills and his girl (?) went out for a ride during the noon hour. They went to San Bruno and had a puncture. Nothing else could be expected in such a town. While Mr. Hein went to the garage, Mr. McMills appropriated Carmen and the car. By the time Mr. Hein had returned and had found Carmen and the car gone, he promptly threw a fit.

Mr. McMills' conscience pricked him at his infamous deed, and he returned to find Charlie writhing in agony over the apparent loss of Miss Miller. Mr. McMills' quick wit served him in this catastrophe, so he "milked" the car and threw some gasoline over the unfortunate one. This revived him, and Charlie took the wheel and Carmen and went back to school, arriving there just fifteen minutes past one. Mr. Adams spied the hookey-players and sad and bitter were the consequences.

POETIC VERSION

I.

Listen, my schoolmates, and you shall hear
Of the noonday ride of Charlie, dear.
On the 18th of April at 12:25,
Hardly a student is not alive
Who doesn't remember that day and year.

II.

He said to his friend, "If the machine is all right
Let's ride to San Bruno." Oh; so polite.
"If all is well by 12:30 you'll see
My girl and me and the car, all three."

III.

Meanwhile Charles, with an anxious heart,
Finds the machine quite ready to start.
He springs to the seat and grasps the wheel
And away he goes in his automobile.

IV.

Now Charles forgot to consult the clock,
He heard it toll with an awful sock;
It uttered its warning in dismal tone
And suggested disaster for him alone.

V.

About he turned immediately
And proceeded to drive toward South City.
But oh, his surprise, when he'd gone half way,
His machine coughed thrice and stopped midway.

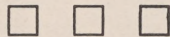
VI.

'Twas 1:45 on that memorable day
When, hot and dejected, he wended his way
Up to the school house, and in at the door,
And quietly stole to the second floor.

VII.

Miss Wilkinson nabbed him right on the spot;
He felt like a culprit about to be shot.
He has made a promise that never more
Will he ride at noon on the cool Bay Shore. S. D.

Mr. Hein refuses to be interviewed.



Carmen—Then we are engaged?

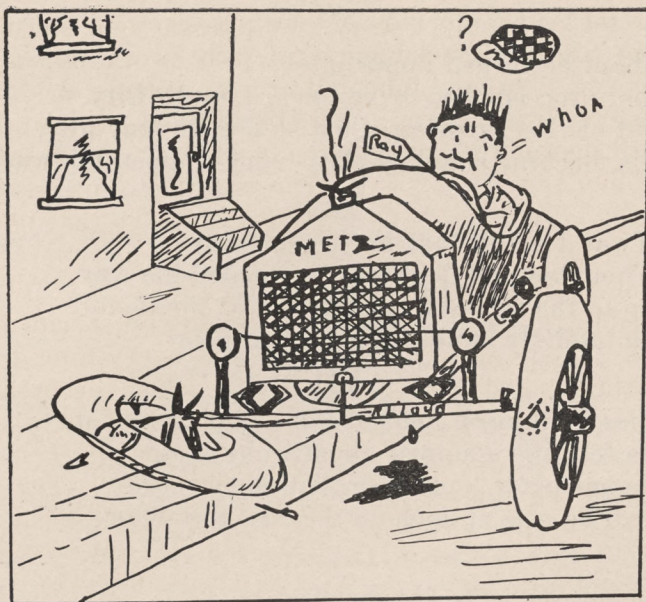
Charles—Of course.

Carmen—And am I the first girl
you ever loved?

Charles—No, dear, but I'm harder
to suit now than I used to be.

Miss Wilkinson—How many ribs
have you?

Reese—I don't know, ma'am; I'm
so awfully ticklish I never counted
them.



By the look of things, "Si Holbrook" has got the "Indian" sign on Raymond.

One negro advised another, who had been drafted, to make a will before going to war. "I hain't got no use, nohow, foh dat kind of a will," said the second. "De only will I cares anything about is, **Will** I come back."

Charles, hearing an explosion in the immediate neighborhood, said to his friend, sitting beside him in the automobile: "Get out, Jimmy, and look at the tire and see if it is flat."

"It looks pretty good," said Jimmy, upon inspection, "it's only flat on one side."

Helen—I am just crazy when I am away from you.

Edith—Oh, yes; out of sight, out mind, you know.

Reese (to Marion with a thin waist on)—If you ever slide in that thing, you'll be out.

Miss Clifford—In ancient times they wrote on bricks.

Jimmy—Gee, I bet no man ever forgot to mail his wife's letter then.

Sylvia—So you think Bernice has become quite economical?

Madge—Didn't you notice how she economized on the number of candles she put on her birthday cake?

South City "HI" has the most polite boy in the State. When Polita apologized for gouging John Gardner in the eye with a parasol, he said: "Don't mention it, girlie, I have another one."

Helen—What did you think of the technique of the prima donnà last night, Beatrice?

Beatrice—Why, it was old styled. It was even buttoned down the back.

Miss Clifford—Peggy, how did the cliff-dwellers keep warm in winter?

Peggy Douglas—Why, I guess they used mountain ranges.

Teacher—Read your theme.

Pupil—It isn't any good.

Teacher—Why not?

Willard—Because it doesn't tell whether the carpet was on the ceiling or on the floor.

Caller—So your son, Darrell, has started to work as an office boy. How is he getting on?

His Mother—Splendidly. He already knows who ought to be discharged, and is merely waiting to get promoted so that he can attend to it.

"And so you sacrificed your good name and everything for a paltry dollar?" asked the preacher.

Ted—Sure! That was all I had.

"I understand you serve ice cream in conic sections," said Sarah May, frigidly, but sweetly.

Beatrice—We serve it in cones.

Sarah May—I knew it was something of the sort. Give me one, please.

Reese—The pirates used to pray on their ships.

Chas. Hein—Do we study Cleopatra in Ancient History?

Haydn—I'm going to look her up.

APPRECIATION

To Miss Rue Clifford, who tirelessly directed the preparation of this paper; to Mrs. Lloyd and Mr. Wright, who assisted in the camera work in this annual; to Miss Diggles, who capably directed the art work; to the typing class, who willingly devoted its time to the typing of the material; to the advertisers, who made this publication possible, and to all others who helped in the preparation of the material, we, the Class of 1919, extend our thanks and appreciation.

April 5. Hike to Spring Valley. Haydn and Anna want to go again.

CASTINGS

Gray, Iron, Brass, Semi-steel, Electric and Open Hearth Steel

From 1 oz. to 20 tons

Marine and Stationary Gas Engines—ENTERPRISE

Best for service and best by test

From 4 to 200 Horsepower

Built in 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6 cylinder sizes.

WHAT ARE YOUR REQUIREMENTS ?

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Works, South San Francisco, Cal.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Oral cleanliness means less disease, stronger bodies and brighter minds. Most of the ills of the human family are due to the lack of proper care of the teeth during the period of childhood

New England
Cash Store

A. RAFFAELLI, Proprietor

GROCERIES

At Lowest Cash Price

Phone Main 127 J

335 Grand Avenue
South San Francisco, Cal.

April 9. Gas attacks. Dogone those chemists.

August 19, 1918. School opens.

SEVERN LODGE DAIRY

W. H. DANIELS, MANAGER

GRADE A PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM

Butter and Eggs

222 SAN MATEO DRIVE

Phone 776

Burlingame, Cal.

Compliments of

Elsie Hage

J. W. COLEBERD

Attorney-at-Law

September 29. War brought home. McMills gets black eye.

October 1. Reese blushing and happy—Edith comes back.

LIND'S MARKET

GOOD GOODS

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS IN

War Saving Stamps

Coast Foundry Company

December 10. Teacher wears sign, "This tank is empty."

February 16. Ray wrecks Edwin's cheese.

B. H. TRUAX CO.

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Homes Built on Terms Like Rent

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Telephone South S. F. 215

Residence Phone, 274

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCCE YOU OF OUR FINE WORKMANSHIP

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Groceries, Hardware, Coal, Wood, Hay and Grain

EXPRESSING DONE. BOARD AND LIVERY STABLE

Corner Grand and Cypress Avenues

South San Francisco, Cal.

February 18. High School dance.

May 20. Reese wears bedroom slippers.



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Call, write, or phone TO-DAY—your course will be arranged for you.

Heald's Business College

VAN NESS AVENUE *and* POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Telephone Prospect 1540

May 23. Miss Ross kisses Sylvia.

December 13. Irene Veit, '22, Freshman, elopes.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Founded by

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company

Original Holdings Four Thousand Acres

ITS OFFICERS ARE

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Growers' Rice Milling Company

Millers, Buyers and Sellers
of California Rice

Students of South San Francisco are cordially invited
to visit our Mill at any time.

Mill and Warehouse at South San Francisco

December 16. Darrell plays "She loves me, she loves me not."

January 3. Reese shoots Dukie.

Phone 142J

P. O. Box 16

Curusis & Co.

DEALERS IN

Fancy Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables. Imported Oil

Quick deliveries and draying
by Auto Truck

243 GRAND AVENUE

Bortoli & Santini

BOOTS and SHOES
DRY GOODS

Repairing Neatly Done

See Our Splendid Stock of

Men's
Furnishing
Goods

Agent for

FLORSHEIM SHOES

J. BARKOFF

Cor. Linden and Grand Avenues

Julie's

Ice Cream and Candy

Our candies are pure and luscious

When tired or out of sorts nothing
rests you like a cool drink.

METROPOLITAN BUILDING
Grand Avenue

January 19. Charles falls in love.

February 16. Ray wrecks Edwin's cheese.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

South San Francisco Furniture Co.

S. NIERI

Furniture, Bedding, Carpets, Linoleum and Stoves

Window Shades a Specialty

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Phone 135W

South San Francisco
San Mateo Co., Cal.

S. Nieri & Co.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

306 Linden Avenue
Near Grand Avenue

South San Francisco

Phone South S. F. 135W

February 18. High School dance.

February 28. Darrell shoots Miss Wilkinson with a thumb-tack.

YOUR BEST MEAL

should be your breakfast if you are to put your best effort into your morning's work.

—and it will be your best meal, too—you'll get a satisfaction that lasts until lunch if your principal dish is a slice or two of full-cured, flavor-tested

CAMPFIRE BACON

packed by
Moran & Co., So. San Francisco

Sold by all dealers in
good meats.

PENINSULA DRUG CO.

H. A. Cavassa

**QUALITY
SERVICE**

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THE HUB

CHAS. GUIDI, Prop.

**Dry Goods, Ladies',
Gents' & Children's
Furnishing Store**

Our specialty is ladies' and gents' dry and steam cleaning. Dyeing and repairing. Quick service at reasonable prices.

313-315 GRAND AVENUE
Phone 163

March 15. Jimmie sings his test-tube cleaner.

March 16. Stag party at Miss Clifford's—Joe does the hula.

Your Duty is to
Build a Home First

Your rent money
will pay for it

E. C. Peck Company
BUILDERS
Of Good Homes

Columbia Meat Market

Quality First

VINCENZINI BROS.

Compliments of

S. Lombardi

SCHNEIDER'S

227 Grand Avenue

Dry Goods, Ladies' and
Gents' Furnishings

AGENTS FOR

Royal Worcester Corsets and
Holeproof Hosiery

March 18. Charles and Jimmie take a joy ride at noon.

April 1. South City wins a game. Look at the date!

Cook With CALIFENE

THE PERFECT SHORTENING

Manufactured under the
watchful eyes of the U.
S. Government Inspectors
by the

WESTERN MEAT CO.



Califene
is made of vegetable oil and
beef fat, the elements which
make for good digestion. It
is made in a government
inspected factory, sanitary
and clean. Ask your grocer
for
Califene

April 1. Ruth Snyder swipes Sarah May's clothes.

April 1. Miss Ross coaxes her Latin class with candy.

THE BEST IS

NONE TOO
GOOD FOR

South San Francisco

Royal Theatre

Is now picking the cream of the
MOTION PICTURE
INDUSTRY

One visit convinces

BEST TIRES

**CHEAPEST in the
Long run TRY**

GOODYEAR'S

City Tire Service Co.

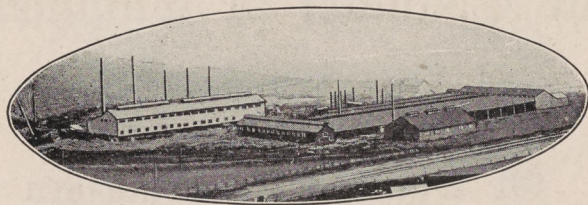
Royal Theatre Bldg.

Western Rock & Sand Company

A. P. SCOTT

April 2. Reese takes a slide.

April 5. Hike to Spring Valley. Haydn and Anna want to go again.



PACIFIC COAST STEEL CO.

Manufacturers of Open Hearth Steel

PLANTS

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AND SEATTLE, WASH.

A cordial invitation is extended to all student
bodies to visit our plants as a class

April 9. Gas attacks. Dogone those chemists.

April 23. Miss Ross feeds the Spanish classes.

Compliments of

The Chamber of Commerce
Of South San Francisco

W. P. Fuller & Co.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Paints, Oils and Glass

301 Mission Street, Corner Beale

San Francisco

FACTORY, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

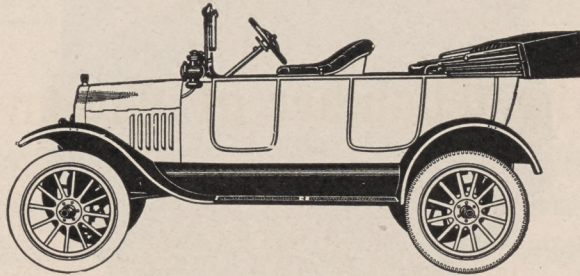
April 25. We have our "pitchers" taken.

2580

April 28. John Gardner loses a tooth.

SOUTH CITY GARAGE

L. S. MONTGOMERY



Ford Agents

High-Class Automobile Repairing
ACCESSORIES AND SUPPLIES

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the Class of '19

Steel Workers' Club

Telephone 38J

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Dealer in

Groceries and General

Merchandise

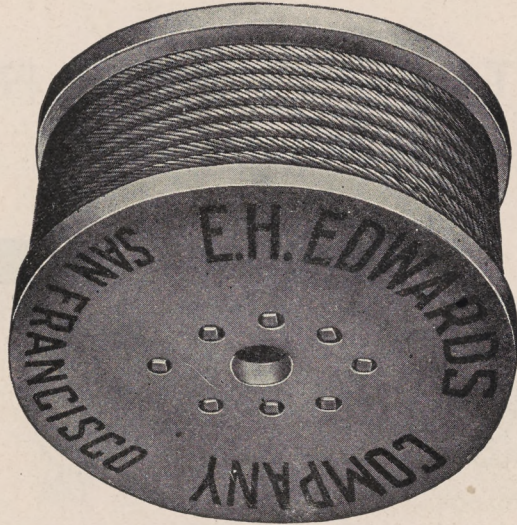
315-317 Linden Avenue
South San Francisco

April 30. Miss Clifford takes an ink bath.

89828

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

April 30. Reese stands in the corner.



E. H. EDWARDS COMPANY

Wire and Wire Rope

Mill at South San Francisco

M. L. Spangler, Supt.

Compliments of

Pacific Car & Equipment Co.

May 1. Beatrice falls for a cow.

May 3. Charles Hein in mourning.

AT GRADUATION TIME

With school days ended graduates are asking themselves "What of the future?" Practical plans for the **NOW** mingle in their thoughts with visions seen beyond.

These visions need not be unattainable dreams. The "will to win" makes dreams come true. **Enthusiasm and determination** are the great spurs to success. Young man, young woman—all who are starting out in life to-day—direct your enthusiasm wisely—make your determination sincere.

This institution encourages and co-operates with young people. We advise all to get the save-and-bank habit early and stick to it through life.

It pays!

BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

South San Francisco, Calif.

May 9. Darrell has his arms full.

May 13. Miss Wilkinson and Beatrice are given "the acid test."

The logo for Fred Hartsook Photographs features the name "Fred Hartsook" in a large, elegant, cursive script. Below the name, the word "PHOTOGRAPHS" is written in a bold, sans-serif font, centered within a dark, curved banner that tapers at both ends. The entire logo is set against a background of fine, parallel lines.

21 STUDIOS IN CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, 41 Grant Avenue

Oakland, 408 14th Street

Special one-half rate to all Students and members of their families

KAUFFMANN BROS.

Wood and Coal

Hay and Grain

A. T. ARNDT

319 GRAND AVENUE

South San Francisco, Cal.

Everything in Ladies' and Children's

READY-TO-WEAR

Notions, Men's Furnishings and Shoes

May 15. Edwin breaks a spring.

May 16. Charles gets a letter from Carmen.

South San Francisco Hospital

Jennings' Pharmacy

241 GRAND AVENUE

School Supplies, Camera Developing
and Printing

Sole Agent for

Claxtonal and Ramona
Phonographs

Prescriptions carefully compounded

PHONE 28W

TELEPHONE 235

Dr. Chas. W. Decker

DENTIST

319 Grand Avenue

South San Francisco

May 19. Jimmie won't play unless he is captain.

May 20. Reese wears bedroom slippers.

THE OFFICERS OF THE
San Francisco Cattle Loan Co.

Extend best wishes for a successful career to the

Class of 1919

South San Francisco High School

THOMAS C. DOAK, M. D.

H. L. HAAKER

D. W. RATTO

HAAKER & RATTO

Insure in Sure Insurance.

OFFICE:

**BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO**

May 23. Miss Ross kisses Sylvia.

June 5. Miss W. puts on the gloves with Charles. Charles counted out.

SCHAW-BATCHER CO.

PIPE WORKS

BUILDERS OF

STEEL CARGO VESSELS



South San Francisco, California

June 15. Charles hasn't had a letter for a week.

June 25. Class Day. Some eats!

South City Lumber & Supply Co.

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W. L. HICKEY

Plumbing

350 GRAND AVENUE, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

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Minucciani & Minetti, Props.

All Kinds of Tinning and Plumbing Work

116 Grand Avenue

Estimates Given on New Work

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E. E. CUNNINGHAM & CO.

June 26. Commencement.

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Francisco
Public
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