

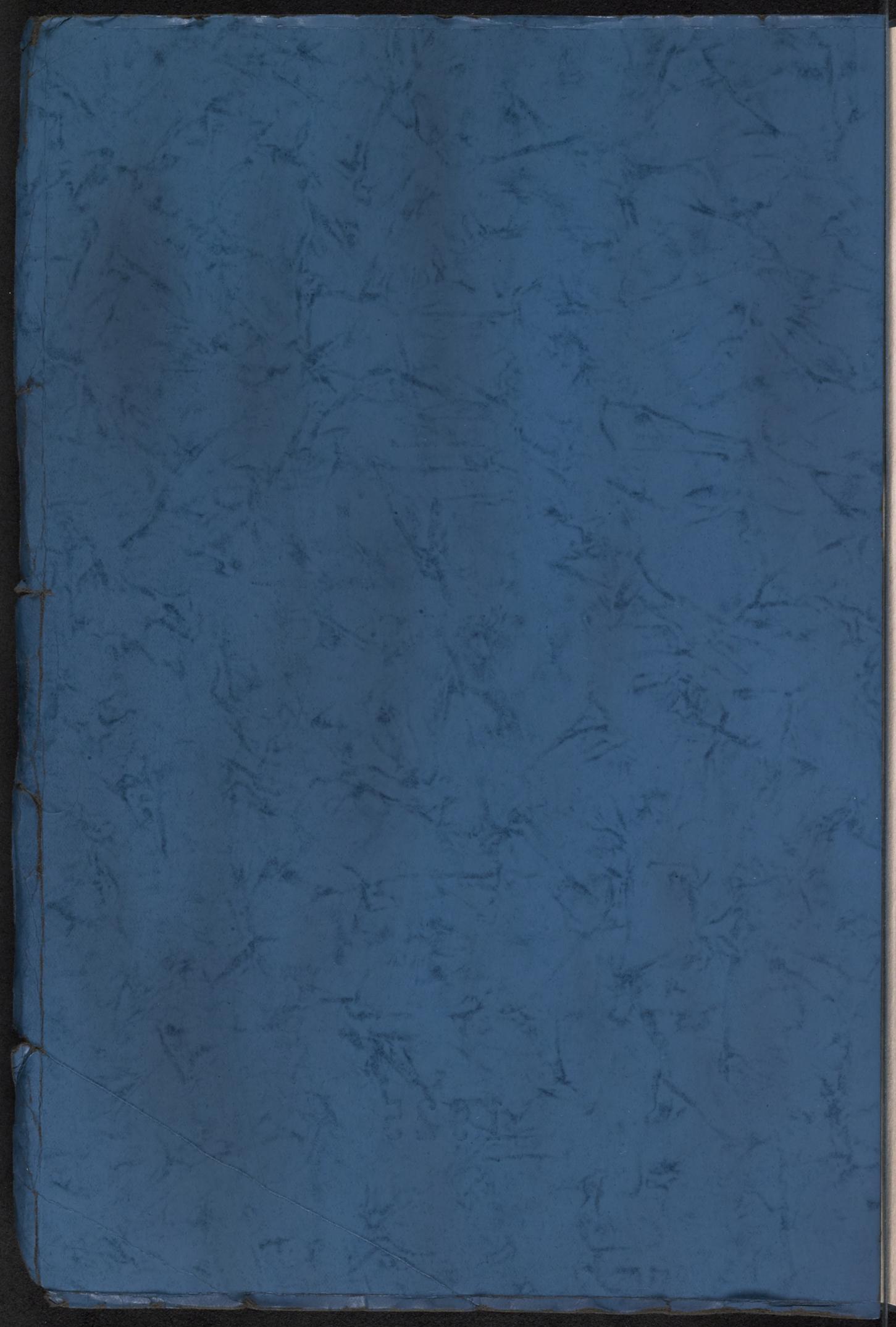
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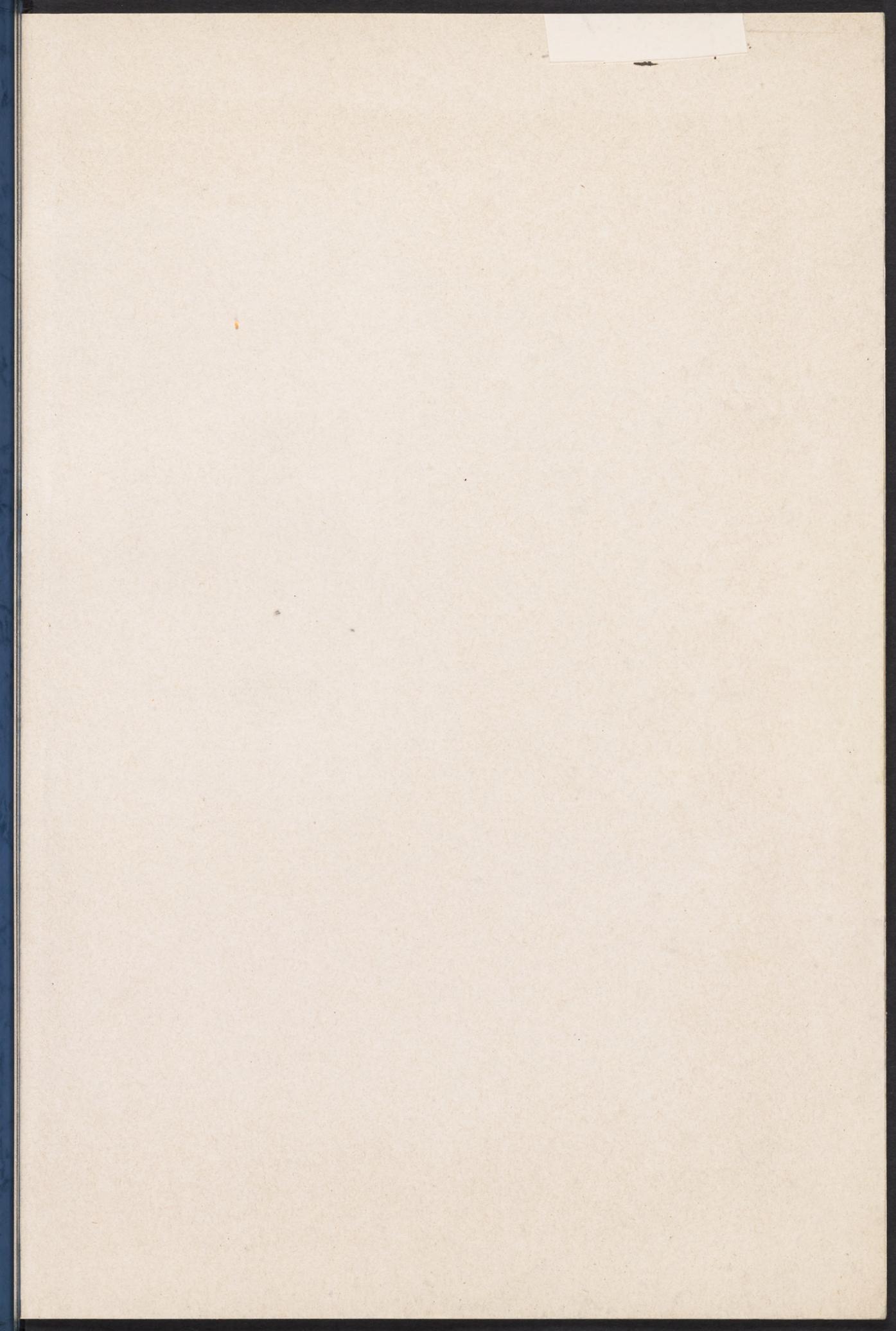
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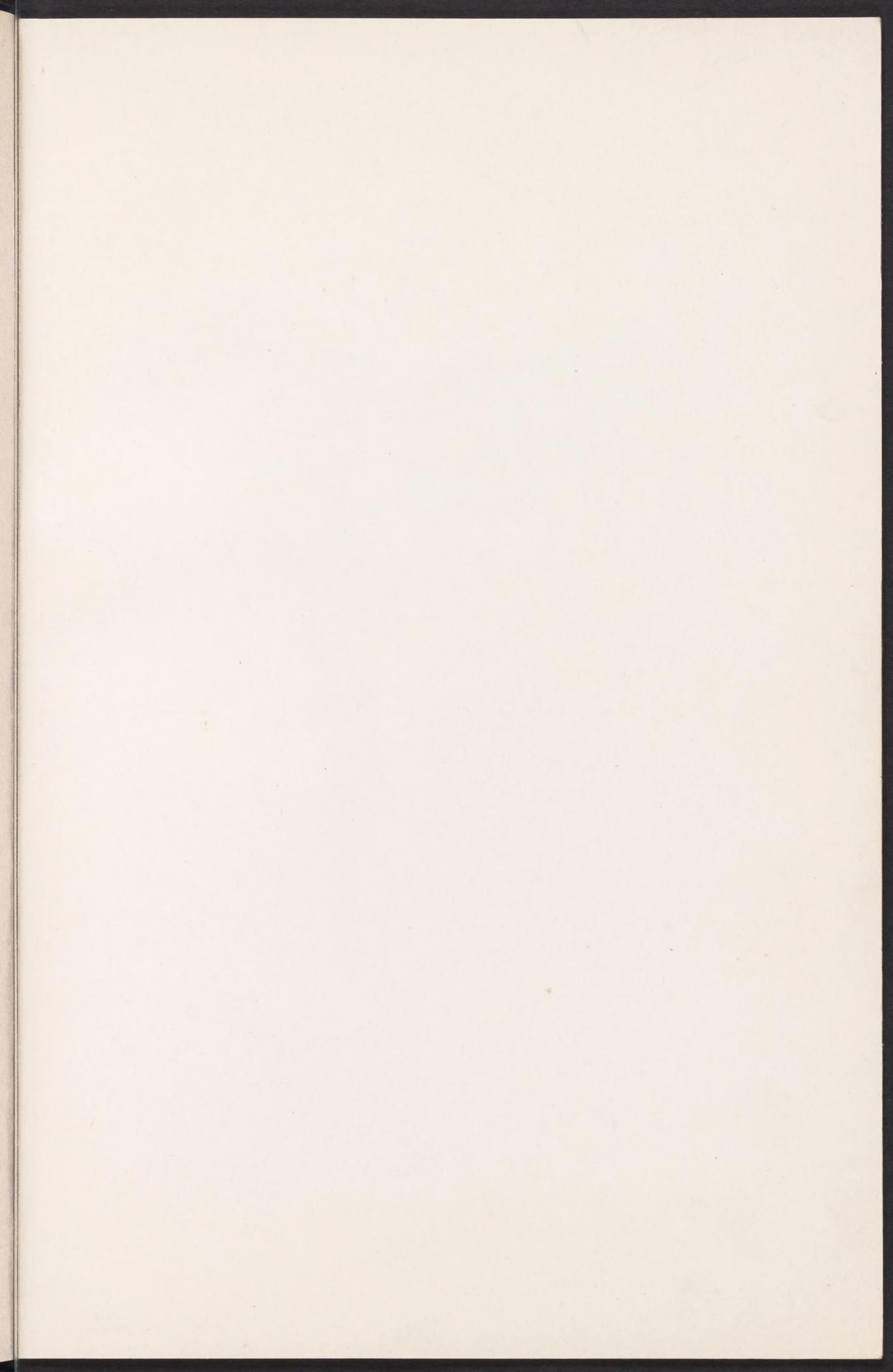
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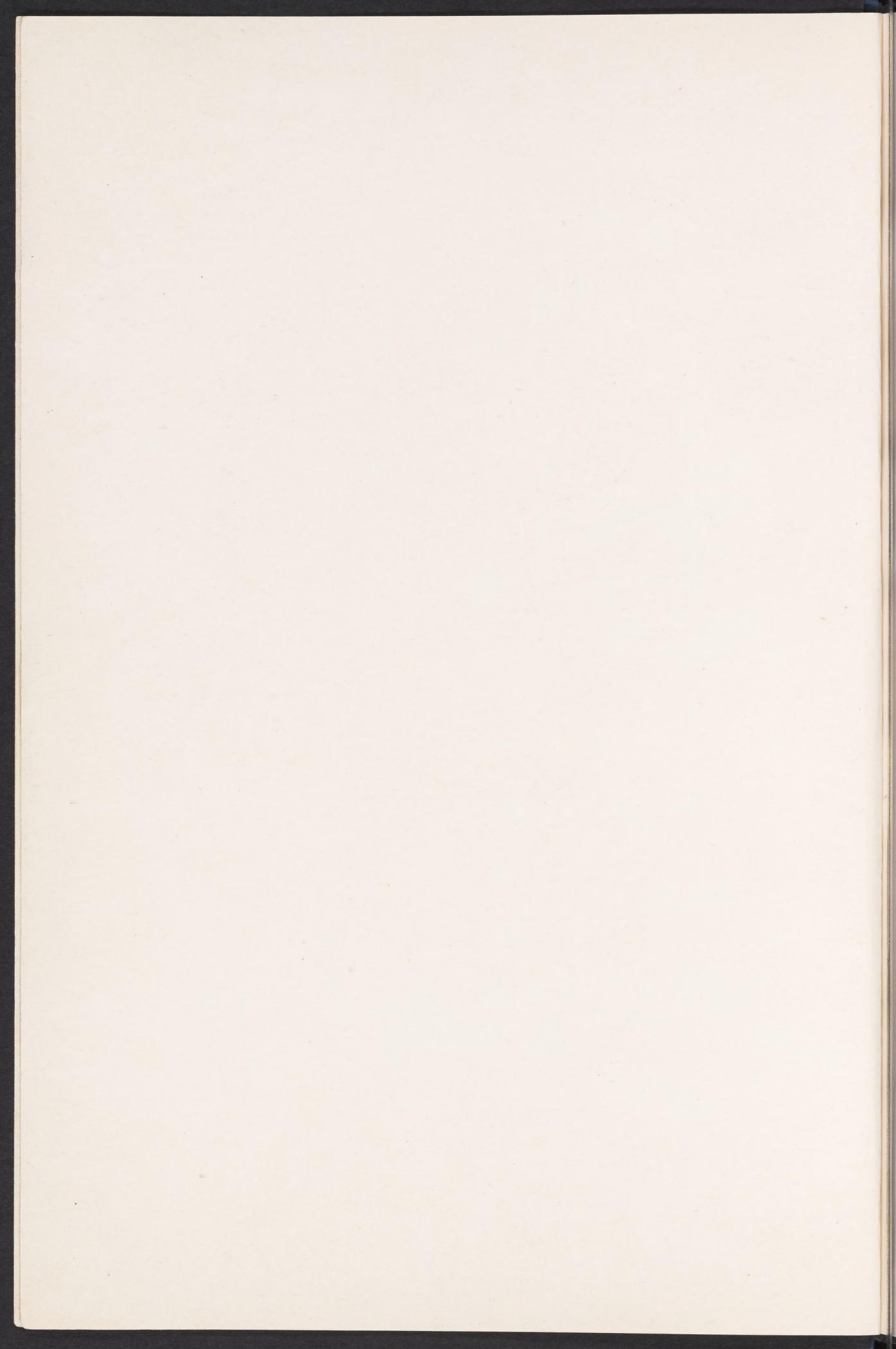
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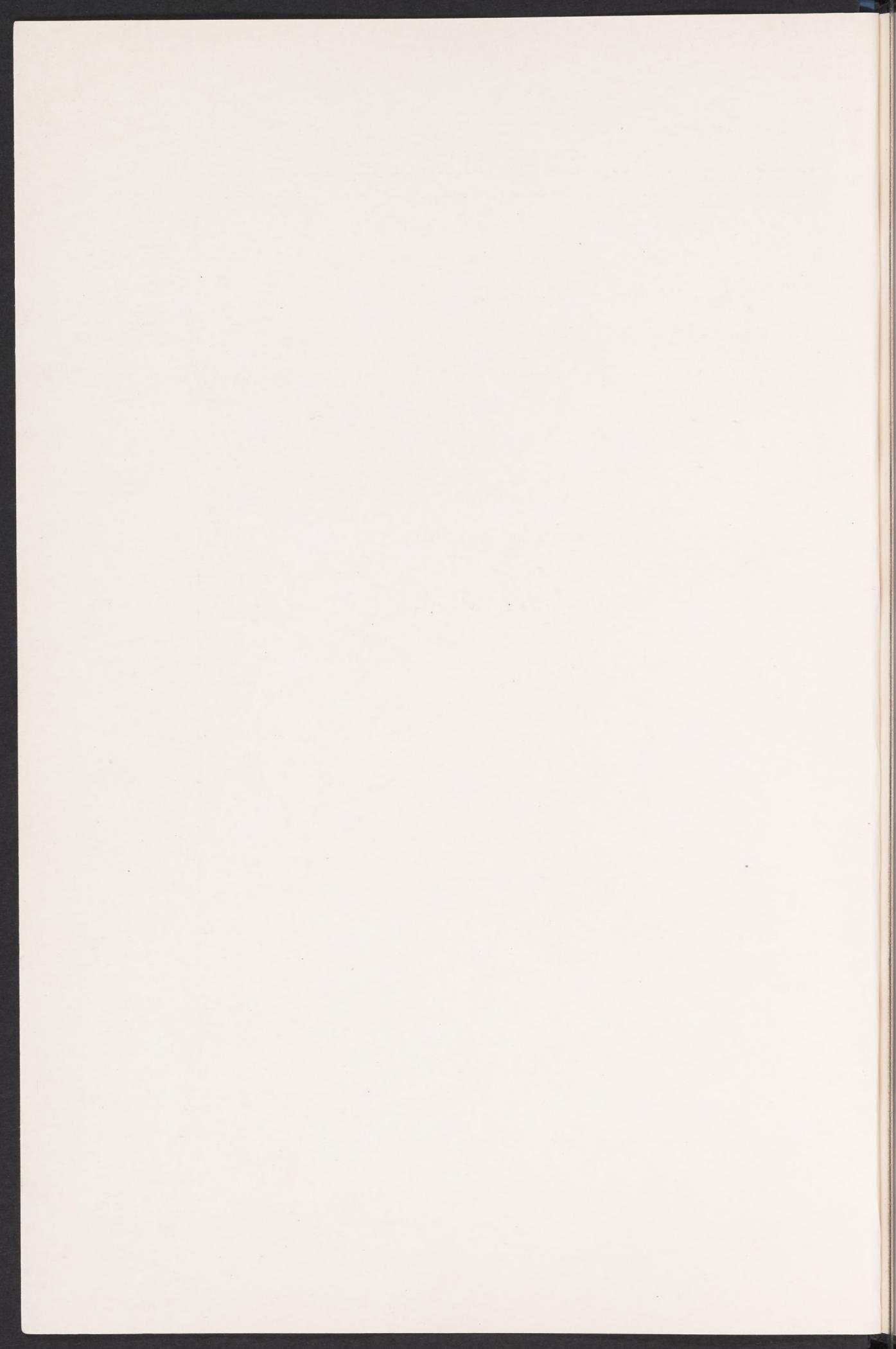












THE BEAR CUB

The
BEAR CUB

Published Annually by
The Associated Students
of
The Santa Rosa Junior College



1925
Santa Rosa, California

DEDICATION

Clarence J. Tauzer

In appreciation of his assistance to our athletic teams, and for his sincere interest in our Junior College, this, the 1925 edition of the "Bear Cub" is respectfully dedicated.

THE BEAR CUB



CLARENCE J. TAUZER

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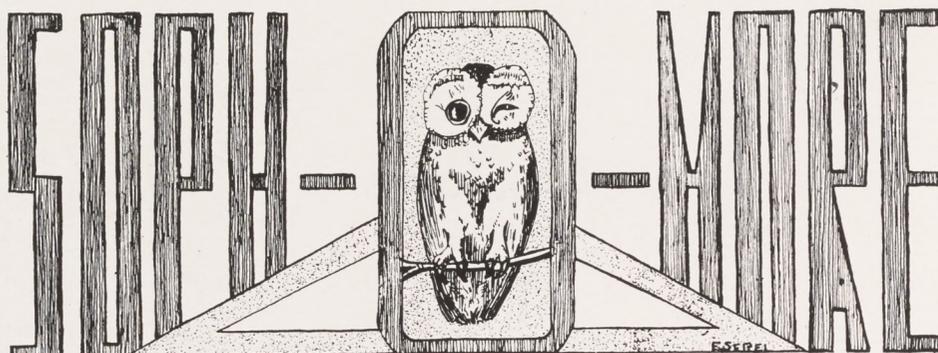
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Foreword

Trusting that the record of the Junior College life it portrays will awaken memories more and more to be cherished as the years lend perspective, we, the staff, present with a measure of pride in what its pages contain, the 1925 edition of The Bear Cub.

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Sophomore Notes

Who has strengthened and guided college spirit? Who has promoted social affairs? Who has kept the scholastic standing high? Who has taken an active part in school athletics? And who started "Bear Facts"?

The answer is: sophomores.

The class was organized at the beginning of the fall semester with a determination to do. The officers elected were:

President Betty Bentley
Vice President Stanley Austin
Secretary Karl Saarinen
Treasurer George Bath

During the spring term the class was led by:

President George Bath
Vice President Joseph Cuneo
Secretary Karl Saarinen
Treasurer Edwin Hawkins

Immediately after the first meeting the calendar was arranged and the social year was opened with the sophomore reception to the freshmen. Throughout the year the sophomores proved themselves ardent boosters and hard workers for all other college parties.

Our class has been one full of enthusiasm from the beginning of our freshman year. We didn't stand back and watch the sophomores of last year work, but we made them know that we were present. We have continued as we started, and if the class, as a whole, seems to lack at any time the necessary requirements, "willingness and pep," these important essentials will be supplied from an ever-ready source, our president, George Bath.

Norma Hastings '25

Commencement Exercises

For the first time in the history of the Junior College, graduation exercises separate from those of the high school will be held this year. Wednesday evening, June 17, has been chosen as the date for these exercises.

D. R. Gale, prominent Santa Rosa attorney, will deliver the Commencement oration. Jerome O. Cross, city school superintendent, Dean Floyd P. Bailey and Carlton Spridgen, former Junior College student body president, will also be heard in speeches. The graduates will appear at the exercises, to be held in the high school auditorium, in caps and gowns.

A feature of the program will be the presentation of several musical numbers by the Junior College Chorus, under the direction of Helen G. Cochrane. These exercises are expected to attract an audience composed of residents from all over Sonoma County.





Freshman Class

The first meeting of the freshman class was held October 2, 1924, in the old Fremont building. Mr. Phillips called order this first meeting of the seventy-nine students to elect officers for the year. The results of the election were:

President	Merlyn Pearce
Vice-President	May Fallon
Secretary	Isabelle Murray
Treasurer	George Jarboe

The freshman class has taken an active part in college affairs throughout this past year. It boasts of having a majority of the players on the junior college football team, there being twelve freshmen in all. We may also mention that eight of our members belonged to the basketball squad, while baseball was not far behind in the proportion of freshmen members.

Mention also must be made of the freshman women, who have made a very good showing in A. W. S. work, as officers and as efficient committee workers.

Last of all, we are proud, as a freshman class, to have as many members who have stood high on the scholarship honor roll.

Our class has had plenty of spirit, and our year's motto has been: "Serve our College."

Isabelle Murray '26.

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THE FRESHMAN CLASS

LITERARY AWARDS

PROSE

First Prize

"NIKOLAI"

by Antonie Koenig

-:-

Honorable Mention

"UNDER THE REJA"

by Martha Hanegress

—O—

VERSE

First Prize

"SPRING CYCLE"

by Mary Ann Ravenscroft

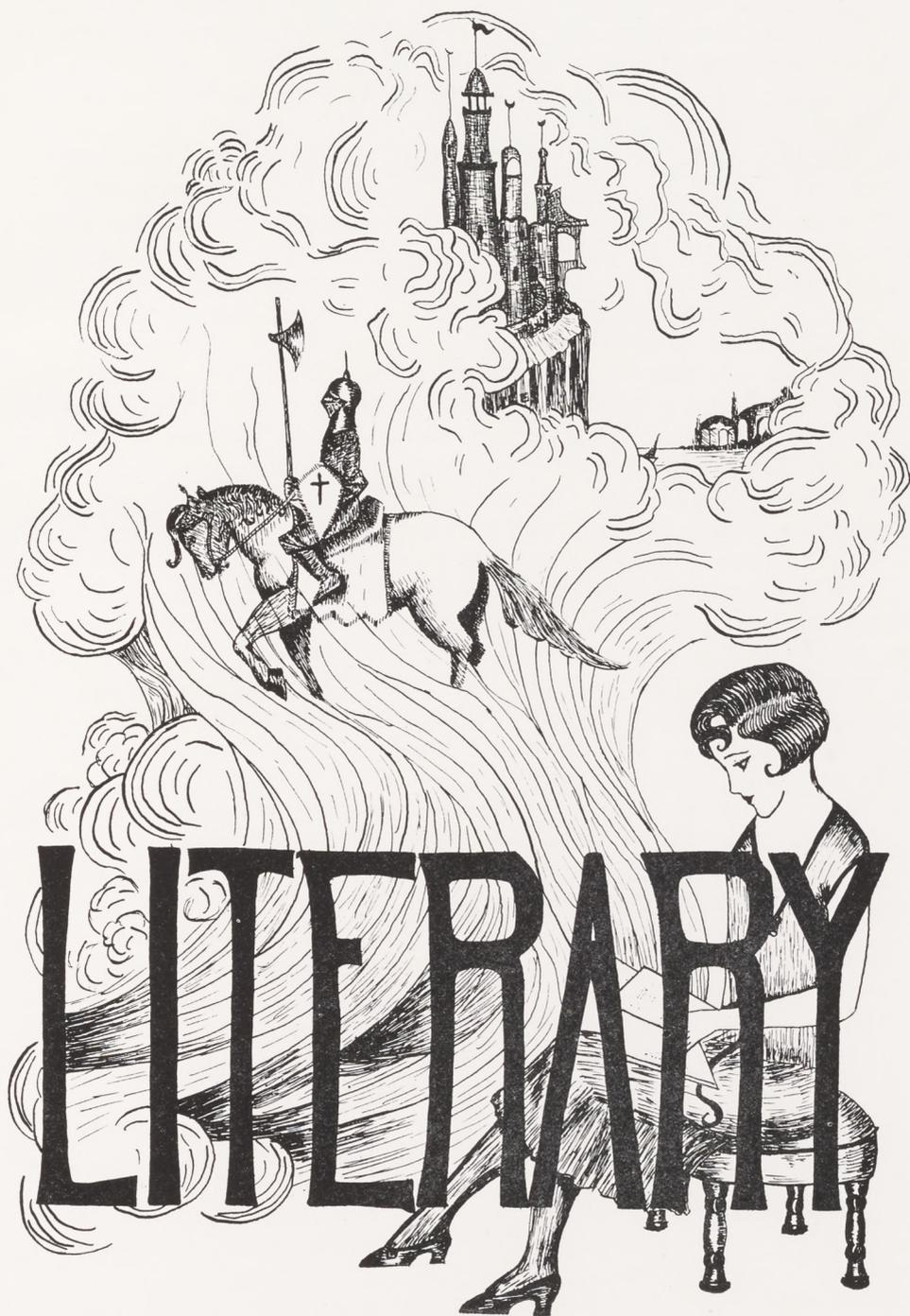
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Honorable Mention

"MEDITATION"

by Byron McCormick

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NIKOLAI

Nikolai's arms were very, very tired, and his knuckles were bleeding where the skin had been rubbed away. He looked around, one eye cocked in the direction of his master, at the dozen other little Russians who were all scrubbing tan-bark from slimy hides with their heavy, coarse-bristled brushes. The cold, humid air of the Novgorod leather factory smelled like wet hair and lye, and the pounding and hammering of machines mingled with the constant swish of the brushes to form a beating monotone against Nikolai's eardrums. How tired he was! His feet ached with the cold in their straw-padded wooden shoes, but Nikolai seemed not to mind; he was thinking of the fifteen kopeks he would be given afterwhile as his wages—which were to serve the double purpose of saving him a beating and providing his father with vodka. It was at this point in his reverie that Nikolai felt a sharp crack across the shoulders. He didn't look up, but picked up his brushes and started to scrub again with dogged weariness. Still another crack across his wrists forced him to twist with pain, and he felt surly Boris, the master, seize his arm violently and drag him into the street with a "Dream, you will, hein? Now you get out!"

Nikolai crawled stiffly from the puddle of dirty, melted snow into which he had been thrown, and tried to think. No fifteen kopeks, and a beating waiting at home! And no work! A wave of bitterness surged over him and filled his black eyes with tears. He wouldn't go home! He wouldn't take any more beatings! Why should he have to work to keep his drunken father alive when all his little friends had good parents who gave them warm clothes and took them to the great fairs at Nizhni-Novgorod. Resentfully he clomped along with his ragged coat held tight around his neck to keep out the cold.

Where could he go? Suddenly he remembered that this was a church holiday, and that the fathers would be having devotions in the great cathedral of St. Sophia all evening. Perhaps he could slip in and see his beloved painting! At the thought Nikolai brightened. The world wasn't such a bad place after all, so long as one had the beautiful Madonna to love. Nikolai had never known his mother; but he was quite sure that if he had had one, she must have looked like this loveliest of portraits. He adored it with that whole-souled devotion of which only a little child is capable, and, as his confidante, guardian angel, and most sympathetic of friends, it heard all his inmost thought and desires; he would visit it at every opportunity, pouring out his heart before its quiet glory in inaudible whispers which he never doubted were heard and understood.

Before St. Sophia at last, Nikolai mingled with the worshipers, and, passing between the great marble columns like a little wraith, he maneuvered into a position very near the Madonna. The painting hung between two high frescoed arches near the three-doored partition separat-

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ing the altar from the nave, and in the semi-twilight its rich coloring seemed to glow with a radiance even more compelling than that with which the artist had endowed it. Nikolai feasted his eyes and murmured his day's adventure softly all during devotions; and, as he unburdened his pent-up heart, the sorrowful tenderness of the Madonna's face seemed to quell his passion. His rebellion gave way under the comforting knowledge that the Madonna loved him with the same infinite love she had given her own little Son—and under its spell Nikolai resolved to hide all night beside her and look for more work the next morning.

As the worshipers left the cathedral, Nikolai slipped behind a column, quaking in his wooden shoes for fear he would be seen and forced to leave. He watched the people filing out until only one was left; but to Nikolai's bewilderment, this one seemed to melt into the vague outlines of the wall. "Perhaps he has a Madonna, too," thought Nikolai, "but anyway I wish he would leave. I'll have to be very quiet now, even after the father has locked the doors." Nikolai glanced at the Madonna for reassurance and crouched comfortably at the base of his column.

A few moments later he saw a monk gliding along the aisle to the doors, his bunch of keys clinking a little. As the father hesitated in the half-light to choose his key, a shadow detached itself from the tenebrous masses of stone, struck him on the temple with the heavy butt of a revolver, seized the keys and dragged his limp body into a dark corner. Nikolai was frozen with horror. What should he do? He cowered against the marble foot of his pillar, hardly daring to breathe, listening to the wild beat of his heart. The man had disappeared again, and the cathedral seemed to be waiting grimly in the oppressive gloom; a single red light burned over the altar, and weird, changing shadows crept across the floor. Outside, the bleak, icy wind of Russia moaned over the gilded domes and whistled through the towers. Nikolai shivered but his Madonna could not dispel the death-like feeling of foreboding that had settled upon him.

The cold grew more intense; Nikolai felt numb and stiff. He was half-dazed with sleep when, sharply, three knocks shattered the thick silence. Again Nikolai saw the man, who hurried to the doors and swung them open softly on their massive hinges. Two others came in, and the three slipped like ghosts along the dim aisles, past Nikolai's column, through the doors of the partition, and up to the altar. There, in the glimmer of the red lamp, desecrating the blest and holy with their frenzied clutches, and half-mad with the burning play of jewels, the thieves swept into sacks heavy chalices of gold and priceless stones; sacred seven-branched candlesticks; priceless altar linens; jeweled salvers and goblets; carven crucifixes of painted ivory and silver—and little Nikolai, shrinking into the shadows, his eyes wide with fear, saw them turn at last to the famous painting of the Madonna.

Within the space of a second Nikolai changed from a frightened

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little peasant into a wild creature of the steppes, the whole concentrated fury of primitive Russia in his heart. Black with rage, he sprang from the shadows at the nearest man with a scream that rolled and reverberated through the vast arched night of the cathedral, and clung to him desperately until he was shaken off and flung against the marble column. Wildly now, with an insane fear driving them, the three strove to loosen the magnificent canvas which had been the object of their night's work. Somewhere a cock crowed, and the sound, borne through the silence on the sighing wind, told of the night's passing. The men pried until their fingers bled, but the painting was firmly fixed; finally, infuriated at their defeat, they plunged their knives into the canvas, seized their sacks and fled away through the gloom.

As the first gray clearness of dawn erased the shadows from the cathedral floor and filled its vaulted ceilings with twilight, a monk rose slowly out of the mist and staggered toward the chancel. At last he dropped upon his knees before the pillaged altar; then, as he turned away in dread with venerable head bowed, he saw, in the fading flicker of the red light, a very little boy lying against a marble pillar. Painfully the father rose and gathered the tiny cold form into his arms, gently chafing the blue hands that were raw across the knuckles from a scrubbing-brush; but the father knew that the little boy's heart was still. Again he knelt, and lifted up his eyes to the Madonna, he beheld the ragged gashes in her delicate hands and her throat . . . yet, while a pale, wavering ray of light momentarily caressed the great canvas and brightened her calm, compassionate glance as she looked down upon the two before her, the father thought he had never seen such depth of love and pity in her eyes . . . and in his heart he knew that another little homeless waif had at last found his mother.

Antonie Koenig '26.



THE DREAMER

A dreamer I would be,
My thoughts far, far from me,
Just wand'ring aimlessly,
Away, unchecked, and free,
Beyond Reality.

For dreamers get, I think,
From hidden springs a drink
Sublime; and this life's brink
Is spanned by mind's dream-link,
To Immortality.

Byron McCormick '26.

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Spring Cycle

To A Wild Canary
Alighting on a blade of grass
In swift delight
A little fluff of sunlight sings
A song so light,
So mystical and airy in its flight
My soul, too, wings
It's upward way, and gaily soars
Above the sea
Of soft white clouds abillowing;
Soars swift and free,
Ethereal, and filled with ecstasy,
Its songs to sing.

—O—

Eucalyptus

Eucalyptus in a row,
Murmuring ever soft and low,
Singing songs of sweet surprise,
Lovely ever—charming, wise;
Teach me joy of solitude,
You with happiness imbued;
May my soul stretch upward, too,
As your yearning branches do.
I would learn the things you teach:
To be wise my life must reach
Out beyond its farthest goal,
Find new beauties—mind and soul.
Eucalyptus in a row,
Murmuring ever soft and low. . . .

—O—

Oriental Peach Blossoms

Tiny lovely ladies in your rose-madder gowns
Swishing as the taffeta flutters in the breeze,
Are you sweetest memories of quaint old towns?
Are you vanished ghosts of half-forgotten melodies
Sung in mellow candlelight?—Swift you raise your eyes—
You are fragrant messengers from souls of butterflies!

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A Song of Life

Each, in his own delightful way,
Had made of Life a jest;
And one had gathered wealth of song—
The other gathered rest.
The one who gathered rest and peace
Had hoarded all his gain;
The other made of Life a song,
A fluid silver rain
Which filled the hungry souls of men
With murmurs soft and cool;
And one was but a shallow pond,
And one a mirrored pool.

—O—

A Love Song

Love is a gentle thing; it blows
As sweetly as the winds of heaven in their divergent ways;
It lengthens and enraptures all our days,
So like a flower it grows.
Love is a phantom thing; it flees
To leave a flame-scarred ruin smouldering, dying in its wake,
A broken heart, too hurt to cry, or ache;
The hush of quiet seas.
One tender moment high above the momentary tears,
Love is a splendid thing; it leaves
One lovely thought to carry through the years;
Life's happiness it weaves.

—O—

Rain

Rain, rain,
Enfold me in your gleaming hair
More fair
Than stars atwinkle in the clear black night.
Rain, rain,
Your softest elfin touch is dear;
So near
You bring the fresh and newly-wakened flowers.
Rain, rain,
Enfold me with your crystal streams;
Your dreams
Are God's; may I your treasure share?

Mary Ann Ravenscroft '25

Under the Reja

The Mission San Gabriel reposed in the shadowy silence of a moonlit spring night. Faint odors were wafted by the languid breeze from the flowers on the surrounding hillsides. The light of the moon revealed the white huts of the neophyte Indians clustered around the walls of the mission, and the adobe houses of the Spanish settlers extending on both sides of a long street. From the end of the street, carried on the warm, fragrant air, came the sound of the soft, slow strumming of a guitar. A clear tenor voice sang softly a serenade—a love song of Old Spain. The singer was a Castilian caballero as truly as any cavalier in the streets of Seville, for the blood of the California Spaniards was not tainted by that of the native Indians.

The serenade ended, and the last sound of the guitar died away, leaving the night more still than before. The caballero looked up at the window of his adored one, listening to the faint rustle he heard within. Suddenly the face of Dolores appeared at the bars of the reja. Her dark curly hair fell loosely over her shoulders, and her black eyes were hidden in the shadow of her long lashes. There in the moonlight she seemed more beautiful than ever to the one who stood on the ground below.

"Oh, it is you, Pablo," said Dolores softly, gazing down at the handsome, upturned face of the youth. "I thought everyone would be asleep tonight, dreaming of the fiesta tomorrow."

"I can dream of the fiesta just as well here," replied Pablo. "You will be the prettiest girl there, Dolores."

Dolores disregarded the compliment.

"Padre Viera says that many viajeros and people from the other missions will be here too. In fact, some of them have already arrived and are spending the night in the mission."

And thus, according to the pretty custom California had inherited from Spain, the two conversed in the moonlight through the bars of the reja.

After Pablo had bid her "Buenas noches" and had departed, Dolores remained seated at the reja, enjoying the beauty of the night.

"Pablo," she mused, smiling to herself, "I know that you love me but, por Dios, I know not why I cannot love you in return. You, and all the other youths of the pueblo, lack the spirit of romance. If only I could meet someone fascinating and mysterious, and have a taste of real romance."

The next day the mission was a scene of gaiety. The picturesque costumes of the Spaniards mingled with the crude but no less colorful garb of the Indians. The hills, bedecked with golden poppies, yellow mustard, and blue lupines, vied with the mission, which had been profusely decorated. The air was filled with the sounds of laughter, shouting, singing, and music. Games and dances were enjoyed by the Spaniards and In-

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dians alike, for the spring fiesta was always a time of merrymaking for all. Padre Viera, the loving and beloved priest, moved through the throng, greeting everyone with a smile and a cheery word.

Dolores, radiant and glowing with excitement, her dark eyes sparkling beneath her lace mantilla, was as beautiful and graceful as a young goddess. No wonder the young stranger who stood among a small group of Mexicans watched her alone of all the dancers and merrymakers. Neither did Dolores fail to notice the upright, slender figure and dark, handsome face of the unknown youth. To her he seemed truly a gallant—so careless and unconcerned in his manner, and so attractive and striking in his appearance. Her cheeks grew hot as she felt his openly admiring gaze upon her each time she passed him. Yet it tantalized her that during the long afternoon he made no attempt to become acquainted with her, as he could have easily done at such a festival. Was she not attractive enough, or was he simply uninterested?

In the evening the fiesta was continued within the walls of the mission. The music now rose above all other sounds, and the young people danced the fandango in the large, well-lighted hall. The night was half gone before the stranger asked Dolores to dance. She tried to feign poise and indifference, but she felt that he knew her heart was racing. He danced with a natural grace and ease that delighted her. His conversation was interesting, but almost mocking in its lightness. For the rest of the night she danced with none but him, although she saw Pablo's jealous glances frequently.

When the fiesta was over and the crowd was slowly dispersing, curiosity prompted Dolores to ask the stranger's name.

"My name is Juan," he answered. "And what is yours?"

She followed his example by giving only her first name.

"I will probably visit the Mission again," said the youth. "If I do, I hope I will see you again."

"I live in the last house down the street." Dolores pointed with one slender finger. "You know you are welcome at any time."

And, later, in her room, Dolores, looking through the reja and watching the lights go out in the mission, hoped that the handsome stranger would return as he had hinted.

Juan did return, before long. He did not serenade Dolores as the others usually did, but rode on his horse beneath her window and, dismounting, whistled softly until she appeared. He stood with one arm flung over the saddle, the other hand stroking the horse's mane as he spoke to Dolores words that were light yet eager.

He came frequently after that, but he never entered the mission. He rode into the town after dark, and immediately upon leaving Dolores' reja, he rode away.

Spring turned into summer and Dolores began to realize that Juan's visits were all she ever thought or dreamed about.

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One night when the crescent moon shed a dim, wan light over the hills, Juan rode once more swiftly to the *reja*. This night he did not talk in his usual gay, half-serious way. Instead, he spoke long and tenderly of love. And then—he did what Dolores had secretly dreamed of—he asked her to be his bride.

“Juan,” she replied hesitatingly, “how can I answer your question when I know not who you are?”

Does that make a great deal of difference?” he asked.

“It does make some difference,” she said. “I want to know that you are honest, and true, and brave,—and steadfast.”

For an instant Juan played with his quirt as if uncertain what to say. Then he turned, leaped to the saddle, and, urging his horse close to the *reja*, said in his old, light-hearted way:

“Querida mia, I cannot tell you tonight who I am, but I will return soon and tell you everything—*todo la verdad*. Then I expect you to say ‘Yes’. Adios, *prenda*, hasta luego.”

He kissed her lightly thru the *reja* and galloped away in the dim moonlight.

Dolores watched his barely perceptible form as he galloped along el Camino Real—a white streak over the indistinct hills. She felt a desolate sadness creep over her as she lost sight of him. She knew not why it pained her so to have him leave her thus. Had he not promised to return soon?

“Oh, Juan, Juan,” she whispered. “I love you. I always will love you. But why wouldn’t you tell me who you are? What are you hiding from me, Juan? Were you, after all, just amusing yourself with me?”

A horrible thought clutched at Dolores’ heart. Suppose he should never return?

Juan galloped swiftly over el Camino Real as he had done many a night before at that hour. He felt joyous, full of hope.

“She loves me. I know it now without a doubt. Ah, Dolores, my little beauty, my rose of California, you are well worth giving up my old life for.”

With similar thoughts racing through his brain, he left el Camino Real and made his way up and along a steep, narrow path through the thick underbrush. Then, for the last time, Juan, the Mexican adventurer, who had come to California as a highwayman and cattle-thief, rode into the camp of his companions, to tell them of his good fortune and bid them farewell.

The smile of happiness on his lips froze into an expression of horror when he saw the sight which awaited him in the camp. The bodies of his three companions lay already motionless on the ground, and a dozen Indians stood behind the bushes. The situation dawned on Juan at once. They were the Indians from the mission at San Fernando, one of whose number Juan’s companions had killed in a raid. They had found the

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camp and were now bent on revenge. What ghastly fate had brought him here just at this moment?

Juan's hand moved swiftly to his belt, pulling out a gleaming revolver, but he was too late. He saw one of the Indians raise a gun, he heard a loud report in his ears, and almost simultaneously felt a stinging pain in his chest. His horse leaped and threw him to the ground. He heard the Indians yell, but the sound seemed faint and far away. He felt the blood stream from his heart, but no longer could he feel the pain. It was all over now—poor Dolores—she could never know—.

Dolores sat at her *reja*, watching *el Camino Real* in the moonlight. Many a moon had shone over the highway since Juan had been there last, and now she knew that he would never come again. It seemed ages that she had waited thus—ages since she had been happy. Why did he not return? In her heart she could not believe that he was false.

How she had loved him! She smiled bitterly at the thought. Perhaps he would laugh if he knew he had broken her heart. Well, she would forget. Maybe Pablo, the faithful, would come again to serenade her under the *reja*.

Martha Hanegress '26.

—O—

Rosemary

O lovely day of my delight,
Bring back my dreams!
You lost them in the cloud-winged night—
And now on streams
Of mist and blurred forgetfulness
They flow alone,
While I, who once could love and bless,
Am but a stone. . .
And all the joy that made you dear
To my glad heart
Is gone, and memory whispering near
Wounds like a dart. . .

Antonie Koenig '26

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Autumn Passing

The breezes that glide o'er the meadows
And rustle the shuddering grass,
Through the swaying pines are sighing,
"Autumn is passing, my lass."

The boughs of the age-old redwoods,
And the maples that grow in the dell
With the oak-trees firm and stately
Are whispering, "Autumn, farewell."

The leaves that bank the roadsides,
The pumpkins, a golden mass,
And chrysanthemums tossing, restless,
Say, "Autumn is passing, my lass."

The fluttering birds, safe-sheltered,
Their messages sweetly tell
In music clear and liquid,
"Farewell to autumn—farewell."

The stars that chime our future,
As they swing in the sky's deep bell,
And the waves of the ocean echo,
"Farewell to autumn—farewell."

Ethel Wiggins '25.

—O—

The Angler's Camp

He seeks a lake far from the city's roar,
Where gaily sport the magic sunbeam motes,
And close along the rush-encrusted shore
The idle moor-hen solitary floats.
And here it is he finds the sleeping sedge
Where dragon flies with hazy azure wings
Dance mystic dances o'er the water's edge,
And all the world of summer's bounty sings.
The trout gleam silver past the bright-barbed doom,
Then turn and slowly go their streamward way;
The willows kiss the pool of welded gloom
Before the south wind's soft and gentle sway.
Long lost in thought, he sees a swan glide by
With ruffled wings and dripping orange bill;
She parts a passage where the lilies lie,
And then again the lonely lake is still.
'Tis here he finds retreat each golden day,
While lengthening shadows trace their slow design,
Dreaming the cares of troubled life away—
Watching the bubbles clustered on his line.

Ellen Small '25.

Drowsy Dell Annals

On days of sunshine in my home town, visitors may be sure to see the members of our one free public organization sunning themselves on the square benches, like rows of ancient turtles. There they sit, those grey men, the glory of their youth behind them, the monotony of long, aimless days ahead; decrepit, patient wrecks, trying to keep warm in the sun, waiting. There are two rows of them, canes and bumpy feet sprawled out on the paths, heads all turning in unison to watch someone pass by. The young people who see them wonder what they do, sitting there all day long, and pity them, looking with scorn upon their arguments, their opinions of politics and crops; the neighborhood ladies, amused at such lives of idleness, dub them the "Millionaires' Club" and overlook daily sessions with fine contempt.

And yet, the Club never cares, nor does it ever stop to wonder what the days are bringing. It is happy in its own small world, serenely content to sit in the sun on park benches, chewing tobacco and snickering at the flappers. Look at John Schreiber over there, that little fat Dutchman with the tiny eyes and drooping mustache that make him look like a benignant old walrus. He is tapping a neighbor on the chest with the bowl of his stubby pipe, earnestly haranguing him about a prune orchard he wants to sell. He believes girls should all be electricians. "Dey maks good money," he informed me once, "big money. Dey use deir heads. Dat's much better den to be a school ticher." Next to him sits little old man Ross, bewildered and childish-looking behind his bent spectacles. He is wearing rusty-brown slippers, and one of them is cut across the toe to allow more comfort. Suddenly he assumes a determined look, for Ed Johnson, across the path, is excitedly sputtering something about "Cal" Coolidge. "I'll bet anybody a box of cigars against a new hat that Coolidge gits it!" he shouts to the entire assembly, with his faded tan derby balancing on the back of his head as he waves his stick threateningly. Old man Ross swells up like a plucky little Bantam rooster. "He'll not scare me out," he crows, "I'm a Pergressive and I'm gonner vote fer my party whether we land Bob LaFollette in the White House er no!"

Heated arguments, bets, exciting occurrences like the passing of the Shenandoah (at seven o'clock in the morning the great balloon was to have sailed over Drowsy Dell, and five millionaires were on the corner with a field-glass, their wornout eyes turned eagerly skyward), words of advice on gilt-edged securities, real estate transactions—all these fill the days for the Millionaires' Club. A little piece of life on sunny benches in the square, complete in itself, delighting in its own small activities and its secret participation in world affairs; two rows of old, old men, trying to keep warm in the sun, living and talking commonplaces; waiting—for what?

A PIPE DREAM

The members of the Drowsy Dell Millionaires' Club, whom I have in-

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troduced in a former essay, possess a repertoire of tales concerning each other which they delight in recounting during the months of warm weather as they sit on the Square benches in the shade; and of all these, none is so favored as the story of Mr. Jones and his pipe. The original incident occurred during the forest fire months, years ago, but it continues to live in the Club history, and it is told and retold in Mr. Jones' very presence with a mischevious, friendly derision.

One summer day, little, old, bewhiskered Mr. Jones stuck his pipe and tobacco into his pocket, hitched up his team of mules, and started off to deliver a load of hay. The road he was to follow led up into the mountains, between giant trees towering above beds of grasses and leaves already dried and yellowed by the hot sun. Mr. Jones was not overjoyed by the prospect of a warm afternoon trip, but he nevertheless climbed up into his old spring wagon and chirruped to his balky mules.

About two-thirds of the way from his destination, Mr. Jones felt the need of companionship; so out came the pipe and tobacco, and soothing smoke began to wreathe itself through the breathless air. Now the mountain road was starting. The surefooted mules trod more softly in the dust; the wheels made a pleasant, crooning crunch as they turned slowly; the air was heavy, and thousands of buzzing insects droned a monotone as they drifted past; the tobacco smoke grew sweeter; the trees and the road and the team faded into a dim, dreamy haze; Mr. Jones' mouth opened—the pipe slipped—Mr. Jones was asleep!

Ages rolled by. Mr. Jones knew he was dead; he felt uncomfortably warm. Of course he expected that, after death, but my! It was warm! And stuffy—and the whole world rattled and shook—Mr. Jones coughed, and woke up. Those mules of his were galloping full speed along the narrow grade, at a pace he had never dared to hope they would attain, and behind him stretched a trail of smoke, black smoke, and fire, great trees shooting showers of sparks, dry grass blazing, brush crackling. Worse yet, the whole wagon with its load of hay was burning. Suddenly the frantic mules dashed into a side road through a clear space of plowed ground—crash!—then darkness.

More ages rolled by. Mr. Jones opened his eyes and found himself in a cool, quiet room, with a cool, quiet nurse at his side. She smiled, but Mr. Jones felt very hurt and afraid. He tried to remember what happened, but the nurse didn't tell him right away that his little innocent nap was the cause of a great forest fire, and that nearly every man and boy available was out fighting to save the ranches. For days the flames raged, and soon there remained only blackened skeletons and hot ashes to mark the great, beautiful trees and the sweet-smelling grass.

Poor little Mr. Jones! At this point in his story his ruddy cheeks turned ruddier, and "Gol darn!" he sputters, "I couldn't do nothin' to help, an' I couldn't never make them trees and grass sprout ag'in right

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away no matter how much I'd a-liked to, could I? But I do admit I don't smoke my pipe any more when I'm deliverin' hay, and I don't believe in snoozin' aboard a spring wagon, neither. I've larnt my lesson."

Whereupon the club grins and nods its general approval.

—From the Chronicles of Jeremiah Snoopingrass.

—O—

With No Apologies

to any of his numerous sources of inspiration, the author presents

SUMMER NIGHTS

(with its epilogue)

As I lie in bed, while the air is hot,
The sun is out, but the moon is not.
The frogs croak grimly in the marsh 'way off,
A car rumbles by with a downhill cough.
A laboring tug gives a questioning cry
For the bridge to turn and let it pass by;
It is tired and panting from its labors dull,
And longs to tie up the tugging hull
That is laden with things for waiting men
Always awaiting things beyond their ken. . .

And so I wait and always dream—of things.

This is an imitation. I know not of what. But in all the wide range of English literature, from Beowulf to Bernard Shaw, there must be something to which it is similar.

It resembles Pope's "Rape of the Lock" in that the subject is trivial.

It resembles thousands of other attempts at rhyme in that the lines are arranged in couplets.

It is Shakespearean in that it includes a pun or so.

It is realistic in that it ends abruptly.

It is modern in that it is realistic and not sentimental.

It is uninstructional in that it is not accompanied by footnotes.

It is foolish in that it is accompanied by this epilogue, which has at last come to a close.

Henry A. Ravenscroft '25.

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God's Garden

God made a garden when the world was young,
And for man planted every fruit and flower;
Then in the evening when the day had cooled,
He walked and mused within its fragrant bower.

But that was long ago. Sin shut the gate
And set a sword, a living sword of flame,
To burn, to slay, if one should venture near;
And so within its portals no man came.

Yet somehow, maychance on the breath of God,
Or on the wings of angels entering still,
The tiny seeds sped out, till now we have
God's garden blossoming on plain and hill.

Edith Letold '25.

—O—

Beauty

If I could trace
Half the beauty of that quiet face;
Its calm, clear eyes
In which the mysteries of Time disguise
The depths, and keep
A lovely soul in dewy realms asleep;

A mouth that tries
To contradict the firmness of the eyes
With tenderness;
A quaint shy smile, a faery's soft caress;
A fine brave chin
To show the world without the strength within.

Who sets this face
Upon a canvas that the world may trace,
Who draws with truth
The true conception of this perfect youth—
For him the goal
Of beauty shining through his artist soul.

Mary Ann Ravenscroft '25.

“The Case of Two Cases”

To James C. Naumann it was just the same cold and depressing foggy night that had always silently crept in and settled on San Francisco Bay. It was like a criminal, in its suit of gray, who had escaped and was in fear of being detected. This dreary night found good refuge in the Marin hills, just as Naumann had two years before.

He stood on the lower rear deck of the ten-fifteen “Cazadero”, as she slipped out of her pier into the well trodden path between the Ferry Building and Sausalito. Nauman felt every bit of the deadly clamminess of the night but heeded little the lights of the waterfront, the kreal of the tired gull, the churn of the side wheels, the command of a mate. His mind was miles and years away; just so he remained for nearly the entire trip, shifting only once when the sharp coldness of the Gate cut his cheeks and ears. Even the swinging light of Alcatraz failed to arouse his dead senses. Just as many miles away, he mechanically bent and picked up his suit case at the clang of the bell. He sauntered forward and “came to” with the rush of the crown to the electric.

When James C. Naumann got off at Mill Valley he found something strange in his possession. The suit case—it was not his, it was not heavy enough for his books and papers.

James took the short trail home and landed on the arm of a chair with a bang when he read “Jane F. Shepherd” on the tag of the strange case.

“Well I—!” he whispered on an outgoing breath.

James awoke; grabbed the leather case; opened it and found her address to be 314 Pickford Ave., Universal City.

At this time Miss Jane F. Shepherd was at her friend’s home in Sausalito, wondering just how she was going to prepare for the night with a conglomerated lot of books and papers on insurance.

Three days later James C. Naumann rang the door bell below three numbers,—3—1—4—, on Pickford Ave., Universal City. He listened with tense eagerness and a beaming face to the approaching foot-steps within. He knew them well. Jane F. Shepherd opened the door with a polite,

“How do you do?”

“Jane——!!” A slight pause.

“James——!!” she exclaimed.

“Yes, it is truly James R. De Voe.”

After an embrace and shower of kisses, Jane said, with surprise in her voice,

“But how—after nearly three long years?”

“By your address in this,” James pointed to the suit case he had taken by mistake on the boat.

“So you’re the one?” she asked.

“Did you get mine?” he replied.

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"Yes, and I nearly threw those awful papers away. Why the change of name from R. De Voe to C. Naumann? No wonder have never located you," came from Jane.

"Well, after I served my time, I quietly left home and came west. Here I have been making a fresh start under a new name. The 'C' is for what I didn't 'see' in that trick those two bankers slipped onto me. They were the ones who misused the money, but I couldn't prove it. And the 'Naumann' is so 'No-man' will know," James explained.

"But they do know. All of them at home know the truth now, and knew it soon after you left. I felt sorry, James, for what I had said, and decided to find you again, if possible. It has been hard to do. And . . . now we . . . are together again," stammered Jane, blushing slightly.

"Yes dear . . . forever," was the strong reply.

Stanley Swain '26.

— O —

Lure of the Range

Oh, give me the land of the sage and the sand,
Where the jackrabbit jumps on the trail;
When you've all in a sack and you're clean out of "jack,"
Your enemy'd go on your bail.

I want that lost feel with no price for a meal,
And I want the wind in my face.
Say, show me a steer that objects to a gear—
Sure, a cowboy's saddle's my place!

This life may be fair, but I'm all in despair,
I'm just like a lost ship at sea,
That will aimlessly roam on the deep briny foam,
Till I land where I'm pinin' to be.

Though the rattlesnakes glide on the hot mesa wide,
And there's cactus, coyotes, and sand,
There's that best of all joys—"puttin' in with the boys,"—
It's the life—in a real man's land!

Earl Schilling '26.

Mexican Songs

-:-

DESERT

The changeable hues of the desert
Form kaleidoscopes wondrous and rare,
And the sharp pungent smell of the sagebrush
Perfumes the hot summer air.

The cactus blooms large in the desert,
Opalescent and orange and gold,
And the century plants with their treasures
Grow thorny, gigantic and old.

The mysterious charm of the desert
Long ago cast a glamorous spell,
And I, in its intricate pattern
Am entangled,—I love it too well!

Too well, for I know that the desert
Is only a phantom—a ghost;
It casts a mirage—and the vision
Remains, with reality lost.

—O—

TANGO

The beat of feet in the Gaucho dance
When agile fingers play;
The swing and the fling of colored shawls
As the Spanish dancers sway
To the croon of the tune with its minor song,
First short quick beats, then one beat long—
It tears your heart, I say.

The moon in a swoon of softest light
Rains down her silver streams,
And the rays fall and blaze on the swaying shawls
In iridescent gleams.

Oh! the lights of those nights are still ablaze,
And in dreams I see the old mad ways—
Ah, yes! Again . . . in dreams.

Mary Ann Ravenscroft '25.

Silver Sands

"Jess, I figure you're studying too hard these days and nights. You aren't so 'lively looking' as you were a few months ago," and as Tommy Williams spoke, he again surveyed Jesse Hill with anxiety. The two were particularly close friends, and on this occasion were as usual strolling across the campus after classes.

"I'm taking on too much work. I guess. I've had from four to six hours of work at odd jobs every day for the past three months," Jess soberly agreed.

"What did our friend Doc Hayden say about you?" Tommy asked, with more concern than his voice betrayed.

Jess hesitated before replying, "I'll tell you confidentially just what he told me. 'My boy,' he said, 'this will sound bad to you, but you can't live in this climate three months. You'll have a good fighting chance, though, in an arid climate.'"

"Tough luck, old chap," Tommy managed to say, though his voice was husky. "Tough for us all, too," he added, "for of course you'll go."

"Yes, I believe I'll act on the old sage's advice," Jess rejoined, "and visit my uncle on his cow ranch in Nevada for a while."

"My heart is with you, Jess. A speedy recovery and return."

Nothing more was said, and a strong hand-clasp marked their parting a few moments later.

The next week the following article appeared in the University of Oregon daily: "Jesse Hill, prominent student of the medical college, left yesterday for Nevada. Acting on the advice of his physician, Jess is going to spend a few months in the arid climate of central Nevada, on the ranch of his uncle, John Hill, in the famous Oasis section. It is probable that he will resume his medical course here next fall."

John Hill, controlling force of the cattle raising industry in a certain section of country known as "The Oasis," owned twenty square miles of range on the very edge of a great desert which covers a large portion of the State of Nevada. However, fertile grazing land on the hills and mountain sides offered abundant pasturage for his ten thousand head of cattle, and gave to the town and surrounding country its name, Oasis.

The first few months of Jess' life at the cattle ranch were spent in rest. During this time, however, he learned a great deal about a life vastly different from the one to which he had been accustomed. A creature of adaptability and limitless tact, Jess managed to fit in his new environment quite famously, and became acquainted with many of his uncle's "real cowboys," familiarizing himself with the organization and functioning of the rancho during this initial period of recuperation.

One bright morning, some time after Jess' arrival in Oasis, his particular ranch friend, William Hadley, known as Bill, and noted for his

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"huge stories," suggested a short ride on one of his exceptional "cow ponies."

"It can't hurt you, and it might do you good," Bill argued in a very convincing way.

"But I've never ridden a horse in my life, much less tried to stay on the back of a 'cayuse' going up and down mountains," Jess replied semi-casually.

"I guarantee you'll get home in good shape, without damage, and you'll see things that you'll never see in Oregon," Bill continued as if he were willing to argue indefinitely on the subject.

Little did Bill know how much truth he was telling in those last few words.

"I'll go with you, Bill. I don't believe such a jaunt as you suggest could do me any harm," Jess agreed. "I feel strong enough to do almost anything, only I'm supposed to take things easy for a while."

Soon they were headed up the trail, side by side on the dependable steeds. For some time the discussion drifted easily from topic to topic. At last they came out on a long plateau from which to the south stretched a grand panoramic view of the desert with a jagged range of mountains in the distance. Jess could think of nothing but desert and mountains. He was impressed by the vastness and desolation of the broad, arid desert sparsely covered with sage and zigzag saw-tooth mountains outlining the horizon.

"Bill, I don't wonder you fellows love this country. I don't see how you could keep from idolizing it," Jess at length exclaimed with glowing face and sparkling eyes.

Bill grinned his pride, for this view had been Bill's objective when he had suggested the ride.

After their return, Jess wrote some beautiful lines of description of the scene which had enchanted him.

The next Sunday Jess and Bill took a much longer ride and each Sunday they would lengthen their journey, covering different country. They even made short trips into the desert just to satisfy Jess' yearning to be surrounded by nothing but desert shrubbery and sand dunes.

He continued his practice of jotting down impressions and bits of description until at the end of a year he had accumulated a well-balanced scrap-book. He possessed a keen eye and a natural bent for finding out things for himself. During his many rides with Bill he had taken particular notice of formations which looked strange and out of the ordinary or particular specimens of rock and gravel which had been washed loose by mountain streams.

The inspiration which Jess received from the splendor of the mountains and desert was tremendous, but instead of remaining to enjoy it longer, he returned to Eugene to complete his college training, firm in his belief that there was a great future for both the country and himself.

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It was no longer medicine which interested him, but the natural sciences—geology, mineralogy, and mining engineering. He was now a determined college man, physically fit and bent on one purpose. By this time, short stories, inspired by range life, were appearing in several periodicals, winning for him an ever greater popularity and a substantial income. His power of infusing into vivid description of the desert and mountains the rugged and natural atmosphere typical of a cattle ranch made his work in increasing demand.

Two years later he was graduated with honors and was soon on his way to the Nevada hills and mountains, which he was sure held something valuable for him.

His old friend Bill was at the station to meet him, and his first statement after their merry reunion revealed to Jess that there were others who were aware of the probable deposits in the mountains. This only stimulated the young graduate to speedier action.

After a brief survey of the whole surrounding country, which took Jess and Bill a week of sixteen hours' work a day, he was ready to start for the east where he had calculated to procure capital for the execution of his now big project.

Through his tact and sincerity he managed to induce a group of capitalists to send an agent to the grounds to investigate the prospects. The agent reported favorably, and sufficient outside capital was combined with his uncle's support, to warrant operations on a big scale.

Two months of rushing work produced quantities of richly laden silver ore—so rich that large mining companies were recognizing the value of the region and were feverishly trying to buy up land in the outlying country. Here, however, even more than at any other stage in the game, Jess' business acumen revealed itself. Having foreseen exactly this possibility, he had induced his college and cowboy friends to stake out various claims in this rich region.

The Jesse R. Hill and Company mines have to date turned out upward of twenty million dollars' worth of silver ore, and all of Jesse's former friends are now men of wealth.

Earl Schilling '26.

Amy Lowell

As I sit wondering how I shall introduce my favorite poet and at the same time prove myself to be perfectly sane, my eye accidentally falls upon a sentence written by H. L. Mencken in "The San Francisco Chronicle" recently: "The whole body of verse of Miss Lowell is as dead as if it had been written in Choctaw." Such criticism, echoed over the entire literary world, serves only to emphasize Miss Lowell's determination. Any ordinary writer would have long ago been crushed; but Miss Lowell repeatedly emerges triumphant, carried on by her devotion to the ideal of a new poetry. To it she has unhesitatingly sacrificed her capabilities as a conservative poet, and her name has been linked with those of Walt Whitman and Carl Sandburg in the history of its creation and development. So, despite the critics' rage, Miss Lowell has helped to give us something new in literature; and, although it may be appreciated by only a very small number in this age, it will at least reflect to future peoples the restlessness, the daring, and the feverish search for originality in the present American national spirit.

The numberless advantages of free verse enable its user to build his poem on a musical pattern which compares with that of a rhymed selection only as the grandeur of a symphony compares with the delicacy of a minuet. Miss Lowell, in her experiments with free verse, not only makes use of all these constructive devices, but emphasizes them with a brilliancy of description peculiarly her own. Somewhere I have read that Miss Lowell would rather cut off her right hand than let it commit a "cliche"; certainly, she seems to have in mind an inexhaustible store of impressions which she delights in coloring with bizarre, striking pigments. However, she rarely gives us an immense picture which would take lines and lines to describe. Her sketches are brief, and concern themselves mostly with daring color combinations, bits of delicate description, and original, picturesque metaphors. Each is fiery and clear-cut as a crystal, for her remarkable power of elimination carves away all unnecessary details in a scene, reserving and emphasizing only its most effective aspects. In "Pictures of the Floating World" is a section entitled "Lacquer Prints", composed of impressions having all the brevity and conciseness of the Japanese poems they imitate. Some of these are only two lines long, but are rich in meaning, as "Nuances":

"Even the iris bends

When a butterfly lights upon it."

Others may be longer, and devoted to the mere reflection of an image, as "Sunshine":

"The pool is edged with the blade-like leaves of irises.

If I throw a stone into the placid water,

It suddenly stiffens

Into rings and rings

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Of sharp gold wire."

These are an index to the rare beauty of conception and thought of which Miss Lowell is capable.

In all her work, Miss Lowell seems vitally sensitive to those mystical forces which, according to scientists, exert weird influences upon the sub-conscious mind; but she is unable to express her emotion except through the use of color and various material mediums. Even then, a reader cannot name the sensation that creeps over him, but he nevertheless keenly alive to it, and is moved by it exactly as the author is. Read, for example, the first part of "The Country House":

"Did the door move, or was it always ajar?

The gladioli on the table are pale mauve.

I smell pale mauve and blue,

Blue soft like bruises—putrid—oozing—

The air oozes blue—mauve—

And the door with the black line where it does not shut!"

The blue and mauve and oozing air hypnotize one's senses and form uncanny, electric reaction in the mind; the author's fear is reborn in the reader.

This over-acute perception of the unreal is probably the source of Miss Lowell's frequent bursts of imagination. As I have said, her conceptions of the intangible must be clothed in color or various material mediums for expression; and their forms are necessarily supplied by her imaginative power. Consequently, her pictured thoughts are more than the abstractly beautiful products of consumed protoplasm—they are "silver hailstones locked in her heart"; words are "orange torches", or else "a gauze of misted silver." From "Pyrotechnics" we read:

"Our meeting was like the upward swish of a rocket

In the blue night.

I do not know when it burst;

But now I stand gaping,

In a glory of falling starts."

But Miss Lowell does not confine her imagination to the realms of the unreal; on the contrary, she lets it play over common subjects like rays of colored lights, transforming them into things of startling and almost inconceivable beauty. Like an artist with palette and brush, Miss Lowell uses planned color-schemes in her presentations. In "Patterns", blue and yellow and pink and silver predominate; in "Summer Rain", orange, red-gold, silver, and crocus-color; in "July Midnight", moon-white, lemon-green, vague blue; in "Mise en Scène", gold and crimson, lilac, cream, and "the colour of red violets." As an example of both color scheme and glorification of the common, here are a few lines from "The Weather-Cock Points South":

"White flower,

Flower of wax, of jade, of unstreaked agate;

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Flower with surfaces of ice,
With shadows faintly crimson.
Where in ail the garden is there such a flower?
The stars crowd through the lilac leaves
To look at you.
The low moon brightens you with silver."

In spite of her skill, all of Miss Lowell's descriptions and imaginative flights would probably die—as Mencken has unpleasantly suggested—were it not for the motion, the haunting tenderness that ripples through them. I have already dealt with Miss Lowell's quick sensibility concerning the metaphysical, but there still remains the one theme upon which contemporary women poets are so markedly successful: love. Love as depicted by Miss Lowell is not the young, burning eagerness, the lyrical passion of Sara Teasdale; it is the wise love, strong, calm, and infinitely gentle, that an older woman has for a younger one. Occasionally, it borders upon worship, as in "Madonna of the Evening Flowers":

" . . . Then I see you,
Standing under a spire of pale blue larkspur,
With a basket of roses on your arm.
You are cool, like silver,
And you smile.
I think the Canterbury bells are playing little tunes.
But I look at you, heart of silver,
White heart flame of polished silver,
Burning beneath the blue steeples of the larkspur,
And I long to kneel instantly at your feet,
While all about us peal the loud, sweet 'Te Deums' of the Canterbury bells."

In "Frimaire", it is haunted by a suggestive fear:

"Dearest, we are like two flowers,
Blooming last in a yellowing garden,
A purple aster flower and a red one
Standing alone in a withered desolation." . . .

Among the "Lacquer Prints" is one love poem in a different vein, delicately poignant and reflective:

A Burnt Offering

"Because there was no wind,
The smoke of your letters hung in the air
For a long time;
And its shape
Was the shape of your face,
My Beloved."

All these are proofs of Miss Lowell's ability to portray real emotion, which, although it may seem a little reserved in comparison with that of other writers, is none the less sincere and touching.

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No treatise upon Amy Lowell's work would be complete without a paragraph devoted to her own creation, polyphonic prose. She found the idea for its form in the works of a French writer, M. Paul Fort, but its adaptation to the English language involved so many changes, in rhythm especially, that an entirely new form was evolved. Miss Lowell says of it: "The variations permitted to this cadence enable the poet to change the more readily into those of 'Vers Libre' or even to take the regular beat of meter, should such a marked time seem advisable. It is, of course, important that such changes should appear as not only adequate but necessary when the poem is read aloud. . . The many voices of 'polyphonic prose' are rhyme, assonance, alliteration, and return. Rhyme is employed to give a richness of effect, to heighten the musical feeling of a passage, but it is employed in a different way from that usual in metrical verse . . . , Return . . . is usually achieved by the recurrence of a dominant thought or image, coming in irregularly and in varying words, but still giving the spherical effect which I have frequently spoken of as imperative in all poetry.

"It will be seen, therefore, that 'polyphonic prose' is, in a sense, an orchestral form."

Miss Lowell has written four long selections almost entirely in polyphonic prose, included in a volume called "Can Grandes' Castle." Here is a painting of Venice taken from its pages:

"Beautiful, faded city. The sea wind has dimmed your Oriental extravagance to an iris of rose, and amber, and lilac. You are dim and reminiscent like the frayed hangings of your State Chambers, and the stucco of your house-fronts crumbles into the canals with a gentle dripping which no one notices.

"A tabernacle set in glass, an ivory ornament resting upon a table of polished steel. It is the surface of the sea, spangled, crinkled, engine-turned to whorls of blue and silver, ridged in waves of flower-green and gold. Sequins of gold skip upon the water, crocus-yellow flames dart against white smoothness and disappear, wafers of many colours float and intermingle. The lagoons are a white fire burning to the blue band of the Lido, restlessly shifting under the cool, still, faint peaks of the Euganean Hills."

The many examples of her work I have quoted are ample proof of Miss Lowell's versatility; something "different", odd, almost grotesque at times, present itself on every page of her books; the very titles of her selections are objects of wonder in themselves, interpreting her thoughts as they do. Each line contains some whimsical idea or vision, something to be remembered and delighted in. I think that if one should read a great deal of Amy Lowell, one's own attitude toward life would be changed; events and objects would, in time, resolve themselves into a series of strangely colored images. A poet's mission is certainly to point out the beauty of reality; and, although Miss Lowell does not fulfill this mis-

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sion in the customary manner of the conservatives, she achieves a remarkable success, to say the least. For all those whose tastes in literature border on the eccentric, and who, as I do, enjoy the colorful, the fantastic, the mystical, the shingly beautiful, and dislike the drab, the commonplace, the too-obvious, the sordid—Amy Lowell is the one poet who embodies all the qualities they most admire.

Antonie Koenig '26.

—O—

I Saw Him

In a dark, dark library corner, a-sitting all by himself,

I saw a homely, plain little boy, pressed tightly against a shelf.

He was a brownie, or else an elf, not a boy to rowdy or shout;

He was either fading into those books or else he had just squeezed out!

Ivy Robbins '26

The Tale of the Commuter

Ye who believe in affliction that hopes and endures and is patient, give ear to the tale of the Commuter, lone journeyer through this life's cycle:

He wandereth up and down through the land daily. Yea, the length of his travels are as the length of the earth, but his journeyings avail him nothing, for he visiteth no strange place, neither doth he sojourn among a foreign people. Each night findeth him at that selfsame point from which he taketh leave every morning.

He riseth long before the sun doth appear, partaketh of a morsel of breakfast, and hieth himself away toward the means of his transportation while it is yet dark, at an hour when honest men slumber and only malefactors are abroad. Of a truth he can say, "I am brother to the bat and the owl," for they are daily his companions in darkness.

He reacheth the village in the dismal and chilly dawn and standeth upon a street corner in stolid patience, awaiting the arrival of his stage, his only diversion being the antics of sundry drowsy sparrows and of a street cleaner who lacketh industry.

At length, when others of his clan have assembled themselves together, the stage maketh its appearance, ambling down the street in a most leisurely manner. The driver herdeth the patient commuters within. He bestoweth their luggage in the rack, and the stage doth proceed on its way. He addeth to its burden at each stopping place and giveth no heed to the space or lack thereof within; for he reasoneth with himself on this wise: "So long as the door openeth and closeth with a measure of ease, so long is there room for one more." Thus he placeth four and twenty where there are accommodations for four and ten, which act causeth his passengers to exist in a state of extreme compression. As time passeth, sundry ill-bred travelers, deeming it a necessity to smoke, do fill the stuffy atmosphere with an acrid blue fog which reduceth the condition of their fellows to one of misery.

At length the city is reached, and the stage giveth up its burden, which resolveth itself into four and twenty human beings disarranged as to costume, and much ruffled as to disposition. Each shaketh himself, smootheth his garments, and maketh his way to the place of his occupation; and the depot knoweth him no more until the hour of eventide be come.

When the evening arriveth, the Commuter wendeth his way to the scene of past indignities—the depot—and seateth himself upon a bench. He discovereth that his time-piece beareth false witness concerning the hour, and that he hath many minutes to wait. He observeth the boot-black at his labor and the man behind the counter who dispenseth candy, cigars, magazines, soft drinks, and sundry other articles, and who resembleth the combined advertising for Arrow Collars, Glo-Co, and Camels,

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and hath an air of sophistication like unto that of Cleopatra.

The arrival of a weary woman and numerous sticky children doth serve to interrupt these observations, for the woman streweth her many packages upon the floor and he lendeth her his assistance. Meanwhile her offspring wreak destruction upon innumerable cookies and bits of moist, sticky candy, scattering in their wake crumbs and syrupyness which may be likened unto the foamy trail of a ship at sea, but is much less pleasing to behold.

Someone droppeth a nickel in the slot, and so-called music in great and astonishing complexity of sound resulteth. The Commuter sigheth with resignation and occupieth himself with wondering from whence came the diving girl who is depicted as soaring above the tree tops in the colorful advertisement on the opposite wall. She beareth no resemblance to an angel, yet it seemeth impossible that she should have come from the earth. "Verily," he concludeth, "she hath leaped from an aeroplane."

The stage arriveth, and the packing processes of the morning are repeated with variations, said variations being provided by the sticky children.

The Commuter maketh the homeward journey in silence, endeavoring to forget in fitful slumber his tribulations. When he descendeth in the village, he beholdeth in dismay that it doth rain and remembereth that he hath no umbrella. The rain descendeth with great force, inso-much that his clothing is saturated, and the excess water draineth into his shoes, where it doth squish most gleefully at every step.

When he arriveth at home, he firmly believeth that life is a vicious circle of events from which there can be no escape, and that the very elements do conspire together to make man's existence a futile struggle.

Thus he liveth, being chilled by the rains of winter and scorched by the suns of summer, because he scorneth the wisdom of those who dwell in cities, and preferreth the simple life, though it cost him tranquillity and peace of mind.

Wherefore give heed to his error, and value peace above all earthly treasures.

Grace Nichols '25.

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Wind

If I were the wind I would swirl
 With the leaves
As they fall from the trees
 In a whirl.

I'd sweep them up in a cloud
 With a twist—
Let them go, one by one,
 Laughing loud.

I'd dance with swift feet as they fell
 Softly down
To the earth; over all
 Cast a spell.

I'd sing soft and sweet lullabies;
 Then I'd rise
To pursue flower-winged
 Butterflies.

Mary Ann Ravenscroft '25.

—O—

Meditation

If light of stars were to appear
But once a century,
Unveiling to our shrunken sphere
A vast infinity,
How man would worship and adore
Their wondrous light divine,
And tell the story o'er and o'er
Of how the stars did shine!

But every night their beauty gleams
From out a dusky sky
For man to view, if he but deems
To lift his eyes on high.
Yet man too oft the stars has seen
Shed forth their radiant light
And give to earth a look serene,
To wonder at the sight.

Byron McCormick '26.

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Published annually by the students of the Santa Rosa Junior College.

VOL. IV

NO. 1

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Adon Poli	Literary Editor
Dorothy Baird	Dramatic Editor
Gladys Bennyhoff	Musical Editor
Betty Bentley	Society Editor
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BUSINESS STAFF

Jack Plover	Manager
George Bath	Assistant

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—O—

Editorial

This year students and faculty members feel that the Santa Rosa Junior College has to a large extent received the recognition due it, and has been established as a permanent Sonoma County educational institution. Its value to those who seek more learning has been realized at last. With no great obstacles in the path, it is expected that it will be but a short time until the Junior College advance will lead to a new building, with better educational facilities.

For the first time in its history, the Junior College has had the backing of this community as a whole, together with the support of many influential people from other communities of this county. The Rotary and other service clubs are behind the junior college movement, ready to supply in a large measure the impetus necessary to raise our college to the educational heights which they feel it is capable of attaining.

There has been an inward expansion of the Junior College. With the advent of the 1925 Spring semester, new courses were added to the curriculum, including a class in Latin, under the tutelage of Prof. A. B. Reynolds, and a course in Astronomy, with Mrs. Louise Hendrixon as the instructor. The college students presented several interesting musical programs, while drama was given an important place in the list of college activities. Debating teams represented our college against

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other junior college and university teams. Our debaters were able to hold their own, and next year it is predicted that they will do even better.

More was done to advertise the Junior College this year than ever before in the history of the school. Everything possible was done to acquaint the people of Sonoma County with the junior college movement, and for the first time many learned just what place a junior college takes in the scale of educational life.

The biggest advertising project put over by the Junior College was the successful operation of the Santa Rosa booth at the Cloverdale Citrus Fair. The booth contained a display of art and needle work which had been made by Junior College students. This exhibit was one of the most attractive at the Fair. Thousands of people saw it, and carried away with them souvenirs given by the college students, together with a favorable impression of the junior college spirit.

With the people of Sonoma County interested in the junior college, and giving it their support, it seems but a matter of time until we will have a new building. It behooves us then, as students in the college, to help along this movement until it has accomplished its mission. Let us boost with all our power, for by so doing the dream of a bigger and better Junior College for this county will be converted into a reality.

—O—

Publications

The opinion which the outside world forms concerning a college is based in a large degree upon the type of publications which it produces.

At the beginning of the year, the Sophomore class continued the publishing of "Bear Facts", which was begun by the members of the Booster Club in the spring of 1924. From a mimeographed periodical, "Bear Facts" has developed into a bi-monthly edited and printed in approved newspaper fashion. It has enjoyed an extensive circulation, and has occupied an important place in the life of the college.

Any discussion of publications would be incomplete without making mention of the "O. L. T. Gazette". It is the official organ of the Omega Lambda Tau fraternity, and contains news items, campus gossip, and jokes.

G. Nichols.

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ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

STUDENT BODY

In September, the students of our College met together for the first time in the new school year, organized, and nominated officers for the Fall 1924 Semester. Largely because of competition between classes, 100 per cent student body membership was obtained. The following officers were elected:

President	Carlton Spridgen
Vice President	Norma Hastings
Secretary-Treasurer	Mary Ann Ravenscroft
Social Manager	Betty Bentley
Publicity Manager	Byron McCormick
Men's Athletic Manager	Charles Niles
Women's Athletic Manager	Vera Peavler
Yell Leader	Nick DeMeo
Editor of the Annual	Byron McCormick
Manager of the Annual	Jack Plover

The work for this term was then undertaken. During the fall, the students sponsored athletics and debating, and gave several delightful social affairs. After the regular business meeting of each assembly, a short program, under the direction of the social manager, was offered. These programs were interesting and entertaining, and aided in securing a large attendance at the meetings. Often, especially before some im-



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portant athletic contest, rallies were held.

The Junior Kollege Karnival, directed by Miss Ellen F. DeRuchie, and presented in January by the Associated Students, was part of the fall semester's program. The purpose of the entertainment was to raise the money necessary to start a Scholarship Loan Fund. The Karnival proved to be a highly successful affair, and the sum of \$350 was cleared.

Besides these activities, a program of boosting the Junior College was promoted by the Student Body, speakers and entertainers being sent to various service clubs in Santa Rosa and nearby towns.

In March, 1925, the officers for the spring semester were nominated and elected, with the following results:

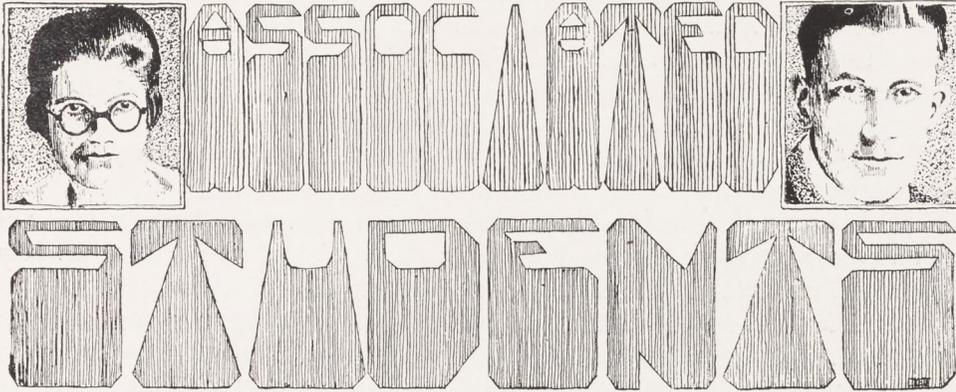
President	George Bath
Vice-President	Gladys Bennyhoff
Secretary	Karl Saarinel
Treasurer	Edith Letold
Social Manager	Dorothy Black
Publicity Manager	Byron McCormick
Men's Athletic Manager	Charles Niles
Women's Athletic Manager	Esther Serel
Yell Leader	Stanley Swain
Editor of the Annual	Byron McCormick
Manager of the Annual	Jack Plover

Competition between the Associated Women's Students and the men students resulted in nearly 100 per cent membership again. During the spring semester, the regular program of social and student body activities was carried out. However, because of a lack of finances, our organization was unable to give athletics much financial support; we did, however, lend the moral assistance which is so necessary.

We may look back upon the year 1924-1925 as one of the most successful in the history of the Santa Rosa Junior College. Two important features in connection with the student body are the remarkable growth from 70-120, and the phenomenal success that accompanied our various undertakings.



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A. W. S.

The Associated Women Students was organized in December, 1924, with the aid of Miss Genevieve G. Mott and Dean Floyd P. Bailey.

A constitution was drawn up and adopted by the organization, and the following officers were elected:

President	Mary Ann Ravenscroft
Vice-President	Gladys Bennyhoff
Secretary	Hattie Hopkins
Treasurer	Pearl Foster

Three committees were appointed to act during the first term: a program committee, a social committee, and a ways and means committee.

Miss Laura Whitney of the Santa Rosa High School faculty was the first speaker for the new society. Miss Whitney spoke on "The Value of College Women's Organizations" at the first A. W. S. luncheon, which was held at the Occidental Hotel. She showed the real value of organizations, which bring students into closer contact and enable them to accomplish many worth while things.

At the last meeting of the year 1924, Gladys Bennyhoff provided a splendid Christmas program for the organization. At the end of the meeting Christmas offerings were given for needy families of the community. A double quartet furnished Christmas carols, Miss O'Connor spoke very entertainingly on "Christmas in France," and Esther Serel made a most jovial and bountiful Santa Claus.

The first A. W. S. party was a frolic at the new high school building. The sophomore women and women of the faculty were the "men" of the party; the freshman women were the "girls." Dancing and fortune telling proved to be entertaining, while many impromptu stunts were greeted with applause.

During the basketball season, a number of the Associated Women Students, under the leadership of Betty Bentley, prepared banquets for the basketball team and the visiting teams. The men greatly appreciated this cooperation.

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With the spring term, new officers were elected:

President	Gladys Bennyhoff
Vice-President	Antonie Koenig
Secretary	Margaret Iles
Treasurer	Fern Olsen

Miss Koenig later resigned, and Norma Hastings was appointed to fill her position.

An interesting bit of news for the men during the last term was the challenge, sent them by the A. W. S., to a one hundred per cent student body membership. The contest was won by the women.

A. W. S. having secured exceptionally fine speakers, many splendid programs have been presented. Other speakers besides Miss Whitney and Miss O'Connor have been: Miss Margaret Brown, who spoke on "Singing Californians"; Mrs. Emma Baird, whose subject was "Relative Values in College Life"; Mrs. T. F. Brownscombe, who chose as her topic "The Place of the Educated Woman in the World"; Dr. Jessica Piexotto, of the sociology department of the University of California, who spoke on "Spending Our Leisure Time"; Mrs. Jerome O. Cross, who discussed "College Women in Club Work"; and Mrs. Clarence Tauzer, who told of women's activities at Stanford University.

The culmination of the first A. W. S. year was a day devoted to women's activities. The first day of May was designated as Women's Day, and "Bear Facts", on the palest of feminine pink paper, announced the program for the day. It was opened with a breakfast at the high school cafeteria, which proved to be a most enjoyable affair. In the afternoon the freshmen women won games of baseball and tennis from the sophomore women. The most popular event of Women's Day, however, was a progressive dinner in the evening. The dinner started with a salad course, at the home of Dean Floyd P. Bailey, with Betty Bentley and Dorothy Black as hostesses. The next course was a steak roast at the country home of Norma Hastings, while the dessert course was served at Dorothy Baird's home in Rincon Valley. There was a large attendance, and every participant had a glorious time.

On the whole, A. W. S. has proved to be a most valuable organization, and even more is expected of it in the future than it has accomplished in this first year of its existence.



Associated Men Students

Early in the spring term a meeting of all the junior college men was held for the purpose of forming a junior college men's organization, in which every man of the junior college should be a member. Mr. Everett, of the Agricultural Department, was the speaker of this first meeting. His talk emphasized the necessity and merits of such an organization.

Mr. Everett's talk was followed by the election of officers and the selection of a name. Stanley Austin was elected president; Kenneth Brown, vice-president; and Carlton Spridgen, secretary. The name "Associated Men Students" was adopted.

The organization meets once every two weeks. As its chief object is to stimulate vocational interest, a series of different vocational topics is chosen and presented by speakers selected to represent each separate topic.

Our first topic of the series being "Business", Mr. Gus Wright, president of the Rotary Club, gave an interesting talk upon the different phases of the business world.

At the following meeting, Mr. J. C. Elkins, of our language department, gave a very interesting and valuable talk upon the advantage of knowing foreign languages, and their application in foreign trade and commerce.

The topic of our next meeting was "law". The speaker selected for this occasion was Mr. C. T. Tauzer.



Omega Lambda Tau

This spring marked the second anniversary of the founding of the Order of Lion Tamers. It is now the oldest active organization in the junior college.

Under the leadership of Stanley R. Austin, activities embraced all college functions: athletic, scholastic, and social.

In athletics the order was well represented on all teams; in fact, a Lion Tamer captained each team.

In scholastic standing, several of the members have made enviable records.

Socially, the Omega Lambda Tau has not been idle. November 21, 1924, the club acted as hosts to the members of the junior college and the faculty, at an informal party in the new frat house. A Lion Tamers party was given in March, at the home of Miss Laura Kett. Then a birthday party was given to the charter members of the club, at the home of Will Olsen, May 2.



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If social contact be one half of college life, the junior college students have had opportunities to get the most out of that half of college life in the numerous successful social activities of the last year.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The first of these activities was the Freshman Reception. This party was given on the evening of October 11, at the Lincoln School auditorium, the sophomores acting as hosts to the freshmen. The hall was appropriately decorated in blue and gold, and the main diversions of the evening were dancing, bridge, mah jongg, and impromptu stunts, in which the freshmen were the main participants.

FRESHMAN RETURN

In the early part of November the freshmen showed their appreciation of the good spirit shown them by the sophomores, by giving a return party in the hop barn on the Finley ranch in the Mark West district. Old clothes and Hallowe'en decorations portrayed the spirit of the evening. Doughnuts and cider were served after several hours of dancing, after which the guests departed.

NOVEMBER 15

Miss Pauline Sullivan entertained a large group of junior college students at the home of her parents in McDonald Avenue on the evening of November 15. Her brother, Harvey Sullivan, assisted in entertaining the guests. Dancing was the main feature of the evening, and light refreshments concluded the enjoyment of the students.

A. W. S. LUNCHEON

On November 18 the members of the Associated Women Students of Santa Rosa Junior College held a luncheon at the Occidental Hotel. Miss Laura Whitney, an alumnus of J. C., discussed the value of college women's organizations. Her talk was followed by musical numbers by Miss Helen G. Cochrane, accompanied by Miss Mildred Turner. This, the first of these charming events, was pronounced a decided success.

O. L. T. RECEPTION

On the evening of November 21, the Omega Lambda Tau held a house warming at its quarters in Spencer Avenue. The house was tastefully decorated in blue and gold. A short program opened the festivities of the evening, and was followed by an hour or two of dancing, with a turkey supper, concluding the pleasant hospitalities of the evening. A large group of junior college students, members of the faculty, and friends were present at this enjoyable affair.

GRID BANQUET

The freshmen students were hosts at a banquet in honor of the football men, held in the Odd Fellows' Hall, December 4. The freshmen

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proved themselves able hosts in serving such a delightful turkey dinner, which we know was enjoyed by all those participating. Following the banquet a dance was held in the Chamber of Commerce hall.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Just before the Christmas vacation another enjoyable party was given in the Lincoln School auditorium. The main features of the evening were, of course, the Christmas tree, laden with gifts, and "Santa Claus," who was most ably impersonated by Carleton Rank. Each guest received a mock gift, and great sport was afforded all spectators as each guest was called upon to open his gift in full view of all. Dancing and stunts were the other diversions of the evening. The decorations cleverly carried out the Christmas color-scheme of red and green in the wreathes of holly berries, the Christmas tree, the fire-place, and even in the punch.

A. W. S. FROLIC

The members of the A. W. S. held their first frolic on Friday, January 6, in the "Little Theatre." Much amusement was caused by the various costumes and the antics of the wearers. Dancing, stunts, and candy were indulged in. Later, ice cream bricks and cookies were served, and the evening of frolic and fun came to an end.

IMPROMPTU DANCE

A very successful impromptu party was given at the Rincon Valley club house during the early part of March. A general good time was the main diversion of the evening, which included, among other things, dancing and the singing of college songs. At the close of the evening, polar bear pies and cakes were served.

MARCH 7

Miss Helen Mallory was hostess to her friends on March 7, when the college group gathered at her home for dancing, skating, and games. Several former junior college students were present and greeted their friends once more. Refreshments concluded the evening, and, as usual, everyone went home with a smile and the memory of a good time.

MISS KETT ENTERTAINS

On the evening of March 21, a merry group gathered at the home of Miss Laura Kett. The guests of honor of the evening were the members of the Omega Lambda Tau and their friends. Many and various pastimes were enjoyed throughout the evening. Among these might be mentioned—dancing, cards, and many new and unusual forms of diversion. At the midnight hour a delicious chicken supper was served, after which the guests left in twos, fours, and sixes for their various homes, declaring that they'd all be back again if they were asked.

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MAY BREAKFAST

Something new in the social annals of the junior college was the A. W. S. May Breakfast given in the high school cafeteria on the morning of May 1. The breakfast was prepared and served by committees from the A. W. S. The tables were arranged very artistically, a dainty basket of spring flowers being set at each place. The singing of college songs completed this May Day breakfast, which proved in every way a most enjoyable affair.

PROGRESSIVE DINNER

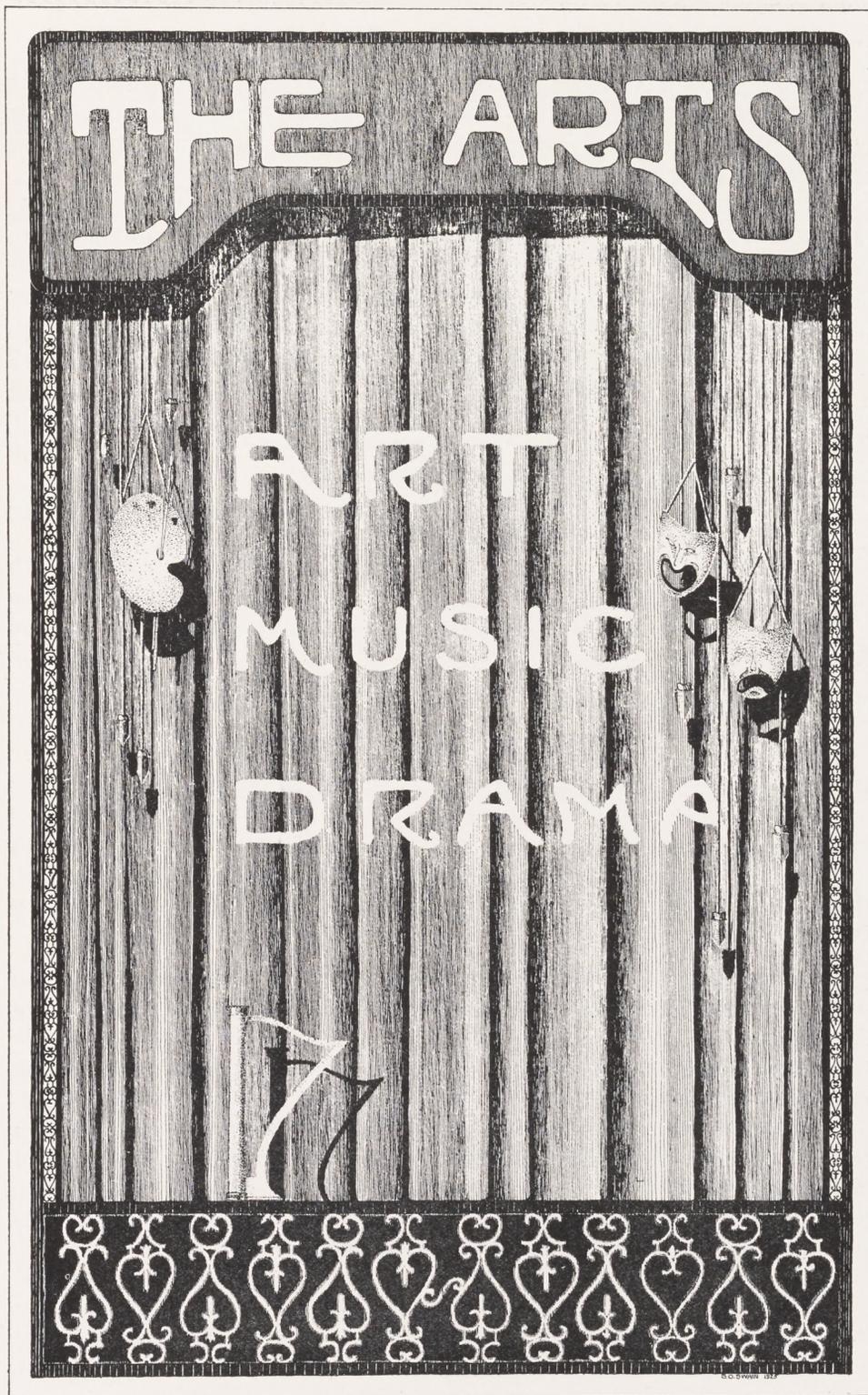
As a fitting climax to A. W. S. Day a progressive dinner was held on the evening of May 1. Betty Bentley and Dorothy Black were the first charming hostesses at Mrs. Bailey's home on Spencer Avenue, where a most tempting salad was served. The party then adjourned to the home of Norma Hastings, where baked potatoes and steaks roasted over the glowing coals were served. Ghost stories were told, and college songs were sung, after which the guests journeyed on to the Baird home, where cream-cake, jello, and coffee were enjoyed.

SELF-EXPRESSION PARTY

On the evening of May 16 a very enjoyable junior college party was held at Bellevue Grange. This was declared to be a do-as-you-please party. Many, however, pleased to dance—so dancing proved to be the main diversion of the evening. A large number of alumni and former students of J. C. were present, and all declared that J. C. was improving with age.

SENIOR RECEPTION

One of the last and most important social activities of the year will be the reception to the seniors and juniors of the many high schools of the county, given by the junior college student body on June 6 in the Lincoln School auditorium. At this enjoyable event many acquaintanceships will be formed between the high school students and those of the college, and a closer bond established between these institutions. A good time is always expected—and had.



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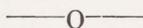
Dust of the Road

The Dramatic Club of Santa Rosa Junior College presented "Dust of the Road" Monday evening, January 12, at the Strand Theatre. This one-act play makes a strong appeal in its emotional tone, and the setting and lighting on this occasion intensified the effect.

The scene opens with an old man's upbraiding of his niece for turning away a tramp, a description of whom grips the hearer's imagination. While the niece waits for her husband, another "tramp" enters. He discloses that he knows the perjury and theft which the woman and her husband plan to execute, and tries to stir her conscience. Appearing later to her husband, the tramp reveals himself as Judas Iscariot, warning the couple of the punishment which they will suffer if they betray a friend's trust for gold, and indicating that in the person of the first tramp they turned away Christ Himself. Then the couple win peace of mind by renouncing their plan and recalling the outcast.

Under the direction of Miss Catherine Fields, the following cast interpreted the play with thoroughly satisfying effect:

Prudence Steele	Meta Kleinworth
Peter Steele	Warren Richardson
The Tramp	Charles De Meo
An Old Man	Orrick Hampton



Dramatic Club Evening

On the evening of Thursday, May 28, the Dramatic Club presented a program, under the direction of Miss Fields. Besides the two one-act plays, there were offered Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," solos by Kenneth Brown and Byron McCormick, a solo dance by Marjorie Corrick, and a group dance by Marjorie Corrick, May Fallon, and Clarissa Collier.

"Gettysburg," a one-act play in blank verse, by Percy Mackaye, was well done by Santa Rosa Junior College players in the following cast, on the night of May 28:

Link Tadbourne, ox-yoke maker	Mr. Junius Gale
Polly, his grand-niece	Miss Dorothy Baird

"The Other One," another one-act on the program, was highly pleasing to the audience. The new wood scene of hovering trees and distant landscape were lighted to produce a sense of gloom, and to intensify the watchful fear of the tramp and ex-convict who dominates the action. The cast was composed of members of the Dramatic Club:

The Rambling Red	Joseph Cuneo
The Kid	George Jarboe
The Other One	Orrick Hampton

Joseph Cuneo was convincing, and little more can be said in praise

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of any such part. There was nice shading in the action throughout. His theft of the Kid's wad, the return of it after the visit of The Other One, and the final satirical scoffing at his own momentary softness were extremely well shaded and consistent.

George Jarboe as the Kid showed the timidity of a sensitive young boy, who, unjustly imprisoned and at last freed having served his time, is fearful of falling again into the hands of the law. The character was appealing and sincere. Mr. Jarboe entered into the spirit of his part in a most gratifying manner.

The Other One, who comes to The Rambling Red in a dream, was played by Orrick Hampton with intelligence and feeling. There was mysticism about the dim figure of The Other One, appearing out of the dark and being absorbed into the shadows again. Speech, voice, and action maintained the atmosphere of other-worldliness, and the effect was felt by the audience as well as by The Rambling Red.

The Workshop Players, to which group this play owes its origin, would have commended the interpretation given by the Santa Rosa Junior College players.

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The Dream of Fair Women

"The Dream of Fair Women" by Tennyson was the loveliest dramatic production staged this year. Miss Fields' reading added greatly to the effect. The cast follows:

"A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

Helen, wife of the Greek Menelaus, left her husband and native land, and fled with Trojan Paris.

Helen Betty Bentley

Iphigenia was the daughter of Agamemnon, doomed to the death sacrifice for the success of the Greek arms.

Iphigenia Meta Kleinworth

The "glorious sorceress of the Nile" lured Marc Antony to his death, then, failing to ensnare the cold Octavius Caesar, and disdainful of captivity, she takes her own life.

Cleopatra Margaret Doggett

Jephthah, Hebrew warrior, to gain victory over his enemies, made a vow to God to sacrifice whatsoever he should first meet on his return home. His only child was thus offered up on the altar.

Jephthah's Daughter Wilma Dolwig

The fair Rosamond, beloved of Henry II of England, was kept by him in a labyrinth at Woodstock, where she was discovered by Henry's queen, and poisoned.

Fair Rosamond Norma Hastings

Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas More, was one of the noblest women of the world, the companion and comfort of her father, following

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him to the scaffold, to be with him in his last hour.

Margaret More Isabelle Bunyan

Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans, led the French armies to great victories and drove the English from her native country. Accused of witchcraft and heresy, she was burned at the stake.

Joan of Arc Gladys Bennyhoff

Eleanor, wife of Edward I of England, saved her husband's life by drawing the poison from his wound with her own lips.

Eleanor Margaret Iles

Venus, Goddess of Love, here represented as the morning star.

Venus Alice Marie Byington

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Debate

THE CALIFORNIA Intercollegiate Debating Federation was formed in September, 1924, and the Constitution formally ratified by the College of the Pacific, University of Santa Clara, and the Junior Colleges of San Mateo, Modesto, Fresno, San Jose, and Kern County. Some weeks later Santa Rosa was admitted, and scrambled up two teams for the first debate, though there was little time for preparation. We did not win any cups, but we stayed with the organization and took our part in every program, straight through the schedule.

The debating season opened on December 5, 1924, with the question—Resolved: "That in all criminal cases in California three-fourths of a jury shall be competent to render a verdict."

Santa Rosa Junior College upheld the affirmative against Santa Clara University at Santa Rosa. Santa Clara won the debate, which was very close. Carleton Rank and Donald Hendrixson debated for Santa Rosa. The opponents were Leonard Reed and John Spann. Spann won the debate with his splendid oratory.

Nick De Meo and Edwin Hawkins travelled down to San Mateo on the same date, and were defeated. They upheld the negative.

The Junior College debaters were not disheartened and went into the sport with more vigor than ever. Experience had been gained, an element sadly lacking in the first debate.

The second contest of the season was on the question—Resolved: "That the United States should subsidize directly the aircraft industry." The topic was so modern that not much good material was available.

On December 5, Santa Rosa Junior College, upholding the affirmative and represented by Grace Nichols and Nick De Meo, met the College of the Pacific, represented by B. Collins and Wm. Houston. Grace Nichol's keen argument and De Meo's rebuttal were too much for the visitors, who lost by a two to one decision.

Frances Jones and Donald Hendrixson lost to San Jose. As the debate was carried on in a very irregular manner, the Junior College debaters felt justified in thinking the decision should have been awarded

BEAR CUB STAFF

to them.

The next topic for debate—Resolved: "That the present tariff laws are on the whole harmful to the farmers of California," was scheduled for March 13, 1925.

Santa Rosa met Fresno here. The Junior College team, affirmative, was composed of Donald Cordray and Edwin Hawkins. The opponents representing Fresno State Teachers' College were Forrest Anderson and Dudley Harkleroad. The Fresnoites easily carried the debate. The Santa Rosans acquitted themselves very well, considering their experience.

Santa Rosa's negative was scheduled to meet Modesto. Modesto defaulted, and Santa Clara was taken on. Santa Rosa "almost won." The score was two to one, for Santa Clara.

So ended the debating season. Although we won very little in actual honors, we gained a great deal in experience.

Miss Fields, the debating coach, deserves a great deal of credit for the time and energy she has devoted to the debating cause. She has been handicapped by lack of experienced material, but she feels that next year, with added experience, the Junior College will do much better. She also deserves great credit for managing debate finances without resorting to student body money.

The Santa Rosa Debating Club has adopted several resolutions concerning amendments to the constitution. These will be submitted to the league for consideration in September.



Music

The music class has done a great deal this year to advertise the Junior College throughout the county. Early in the spring semester the Women's Double Trio and the Men's Quartet made a trip to Sebastopol to present a program before the Sebastopol Chamber of Commerce. The music was enjoyed to the extent that, at the request of the Principal of Analy High School, the program was repeated at a special high school assembly, much to the enjoyment of the students.

The Men's Double Quartet has also been active throughout the year. It has sung before the Kiwanis Club of Healdsburg, and the Rotary Club and the Saturday Afternoon Club of Santa Rosa. On each occasion the programs have been enthusiastically received.

The most artistic musical event of the year was the Junior College Musicale, given on April 29, at the Saturday Afternoon Club House. Much of the success of the program was due to Miss Helen G. Cochrane, through whose generosity the use of the club house was made possible. The feature of the program was the cantata, "The Lady of Shalott", which was presented by the women of the Junior College Chorus. Miss Pearl Foster read Tennyson's poem, and Miss Edna Murphy was soloist. The sympathetic accompaniment of Miss Mildred H. Turner completed the charm and atmosphere of the cantata. This same program had earlier been presented at Napa, upon the invitation of citizens who are desirous of establishing a Napa Junior College.

The music for the Commencement Exercises on June 17 is being arranged by the chorus.

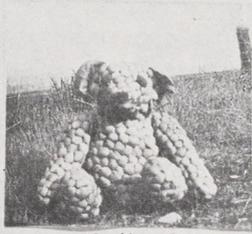
Altogether the Junior College Chorus has done much to make this junior college year a success musically and artistically.



THE BEAR CUB



Prima →



Our Golden Cub



← Donnas



King + Queen of Hearts



Boy's Week



EATS



Panque



Intellectual Rise



Svenska



FROSH



SOPHS

THE BEAR CUB

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- 22nd—Registration at Fremont School. New school hymn adopted: "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."
23rd—Freshmen vainly try to lose high school mannerisms.
24th—Jeff Nobles and Mutt Pierce cause sensation among fair co-eds on the campus.

OCTOBER

- 3rd—General assembly. Much of the old time spirit on display. Dean Bailey outlines program for the year. Sophomores politely request the removal of the freshmen in order that they may talk about the youngsters. (Of course it was about the reception.)
6th—Football practice in full swing. The old optimism manifested for a victorious season.
11th—Freshman Reception in Lincoln Auditorium. Music, refreshments, and crowd all that one could desire. Plenty of faculty members present to protect the "youngsters".
13th—New students still arriving. Looks like a bumper crop this year.
15th—Our small freshman, Matt Bunyan, finally summons courage to slide down banister. No ill effects.
18th—Formal opening of football season. Our boys clash with San Mateo eleven in the afternoon.
20th—Associated Women Students of the Santa Rosa Junior College organize under supervision of Miss Mott.
22nd—Football game with Sebastopol here. The Fremont accommodations cause students to debate: "Whether it is colder outside or inside the building." There seems to be little difference.
23rd—Lion Tamers rushing new men.

NOVEMBER

- 8th—Freshmen entertain Sophs a la Royal in Hop Barn.
14th—Assembly. End of contest among the faculty, sophomores, and freshmen to secure student body membership. Sophs have 100 per cent—Miss O'Connor and faculty not far behind. Freshmen lose!
18th—A. W. S. holds luncheon at Occidental; Miss Laura Whitney the speaker.
21st—Omega Lambda Tau's have open house for student body members and faculty.
24th—Kenneth Brown informs Miss O'Connor in French that "Mules make fine brides"—Is this any reflection upon the women? Dotty had better investigate.
26th—Very eventful day! Rotary Luncheon, Amateur Stunts in afternoon, then the beginning of Thanksgiving vacation.

THE BEAR CUB

DECEMBER

- 4th—Freshmen again display their talent as hosts, on the occasion of the Football Banquet.
- 5th—The attempts of Jupiter Pluvius to dampen the ardor of the Santa Clara College debating team had little effect.—They took home the prize. The junior college students revived their spirits at a matinee dance.
- 8th—Rain and more rain and still more rain puts the Fremont campus in fine condition for a bathing suit display.
- 11th—Santa Claus makes an early appearance with candy for the A. W. S.
- 12th—Annual Xmas Party in Lincoln Auditorium. Santa again appears, bringing the grown-up couple, Dot and Midge, an all-day sucker. Rose and Byron are recipients of a rolling-pin and a water gun respectively. Now, on with the dance—or rather on with the vacation. Bear Facts is no longer hibernating. First edition of the term makes its appearance today.
- 29th—Back to school and a new building!

JANUARY

- 1st—Alice Nielsen and Mary Stroven resolve to be “men haters”. Why try the impossible, girls?
- 12th—Dramatic Class takes the “Dust of the Road” to Strand Theatre.
- 16th—A. W. S. Frolic. Gives rise to several new college shieks.
- 17th—Basketball game here with Affiliated Colleges of San Francisco. Rank found the Sunshine from the balcony affected his playing.
- 24th—Basketball game here with Healdsburg DeMolay. Junior College co-eds on hand at the Cline Theatre for dress rehearsal of Kollege Karnival.
- 29th—Kollege Karnival Parade proves a real institution.
- 30th—Kollege Karnival!!! A Red letter day for the Junior College. Our thanks for the huge success of the Karnival are due Miss DeRuchie.
- 31st—Basketball game here with Chico State Normal.

FEBRUARY

- 6th—College of Pacific loses a spirited debate with our team here.
- 7th—The end of the term. Next week is the one that tells the story.
- 9th—A storm raged outside as well as in all week. (Examinations).
- 16th—Seems like New Years, because of all the resolutions that are being made. New term “commences to begin.”
- 18th—Junior College arranges booth in Cloverdale Citrus Fair.
- 20th—Oley and Jack run taxi from here to Cloverdale.
- 23rd—Membership drive for student body members opened again.
- 27th—Minerva Salisbury registers, singing “Old Familiar Faces.” A number of other new students present themselves to view.

MARCH

- 2nd—Louise Ellis' new hair cut gives Charlie Niles something to ponder

THE BEAR CUB

about.

- 9th—A new problem in the form of Joe Mannix is given the faculty to solve.
- 11th—Baseball game at Sebastopol. Only the players able to keep warm.
- 17th—Baseball game at Petaluma. Joe Mannix has to play at crossword puzzles as well as baseball, the side liners notice.
- 19th—Mr. Baker and Mr. Scott take their classes to the coast. Note: All the poor fish aren't in the ocean.
- 20th—Joe Cuneo gets snaps for annual on Kid Day. Makes observations regarding modern styles.
- 21st—Laura Kett entertains Junior College students at her home in Cotati.

APRIL

- 1st—Nothing very foolish about the day. Miss O'Connor returns to her French classes, causing a general rise in temperature.
- 2nd—The "Lady of Shalott" goes to Napa. She is not detained there, however.
- 3rd—Junior College Easter luncheon. Easter Vacation begins.
- 14th—Sophomores busy "getting their pictures took."
- 15th—Miss Jean Whitney welcomed to faculty, as Miss Struckmeyer leaves for extended trip to Europe.
- 17th—The H. S. T. C. put on a program in assembly,
- 23rd—Our team plays baseball in Healdsburg, to the tune of 2-18 in our favor.
- 25th—The baseball team goes to Chico. Joe Mannix discovers a woman he can look up to.
- 29th—Mr. Elkins proves the hero of the hour when he kills a yellow jacket which threatens the safety of the senioritas.
- 30th—The Zoology class searches the county from Cloverdale to Woodacre for toads. Great scarcity reported.

MAY

- 1st—The A. W. S. celebrate their day, beginning with a May breakfast, and ending with a progressive party. Somewhere in between was the sensation of a women's interclass baseball game.
- 2nd—Betty Bentley spends the week-end at Woodacre.
- 6th—Some of our alumni begin to blow in this time of year. Joel Mallory is back.
- 8th—Assembly. The Dillon's question is discussed pro and con.
- 10th—Baby Williamson develops the mumps.
- 16th—J. C. party at Bellevue Grange. Alumni quite in evidence. Freshmen elect officers for 1925-26.
- 22—Ship Ahoy for Dillon's! The water's fine.
- 24th—Last day of the house party. Everybody out in black.
- 25th—Rosenberg's have a special on black coffee. How convenient!
- 27th—Mr. Reynolds proves quite a philosopher, when he tells his Latin

THE BEAR CUB



The Whole Family



Ken! Where Are You?



A Happy Family?



Cutting?



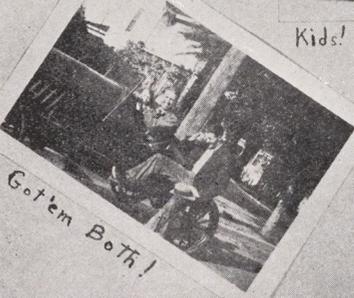
Wota Bunch!



Rogue's Gallery



Kids! 12-11-10-9 Kids!



Got'em Both!



Pea Uee.



Cave man Stuff.



Scurvo + Tiny



OOWAH!



Strike Three!

THE BEAR CUB

class, "What you don't remember, you're apt to forget."

JUNE

6th—Party to the seniors and juniors from the various high schools of county. We all welcome future Junior Collegians.

9th—Puzzle: Why is everyone studying so frantically? The library is overrun with people hunting (snap) term reports.

11th—Finals begin. Reservations at Napa now in order.

12th—Joe Cuneo wants to know if Miss O'Connor knows how to make an A. If so, when did she ever learn?

17th—Commencement.



Athletics.



Our Athletic Future

With the entrance of the Santa Rosa Junior College into the Pacific Coast Conference, effected at a meeting this spring, a successful athletic future is assured for our college. Definite schedules for football and basketball have been drawn up, and plans made for a great athletic year.

Last year the football team was handicapped by the inability to secure a sufficient number of games. This condition is remedied, in that games will be played with conference teams, while contests with various high school teams willing to meet the blue and gold eleven, will complete the schedule for the season.

In basketball, the college team will play two games with fives from various Northern California junior colleges and high schools, including the San Jose and Chico state colleges, and the Sacramento and San Mateo junior colleges.

Our college will send representatives to the conference track meet. The baseball team, however, will play independent of the conference. Due to the fact that the junior college has a definite schedule of games in all sports, many high school students interested in athletics are expected to enter our school with the fall term.

—O—

Football

The 1925 football season was a far greater success than that of the preceding year. This year we had a turnout of twenty men, the largest number in the history of the College.

The season started October 18, here, with San Mateo Junior College playing our team. The boys put up a good defensive game, but lost to the Conference champions 48-0. This game was featured by the playing of Captain Ratcliffe, Noonan, and Hanscom.

The following Wednesday, October 22, the team came back and defeated the fast Analy team, 20-7. This game was featured by the playing of the gamest fighter on any of the College teams, Ed Gardner. Ed went in the game in the last quarter, just a few hours out of the hospital, and repeatedly bucked the line for huge gains, and the final touchdown. Harrington, our newly developed fullback, scored the other two touchdowns, Noonan converting two.

Saturday, October 25, San Jose came here expecting to beat us. However, after a hard fought game they returned at the short end of a 7-6 score.

San Jose scored at the end of the first quarter, but failed to convert. The Santa Rosa team suddenly awoke and pushed the ball over the line in a couple of minutes, and converted. The last half was bitterly contested, with Santa Rosa having the edge.

The last game of the season was played at Petaluma, November 4.

THE BEAR CUB

THE FOOTBALL TEAM



TOP ROW (left to right): Bath, Plover, Harrington, Cooper, Sullivan, Wilson and Peterson.

LOWER ROW:; Bunyan, Phillips, Captain Ratcliffe, McCormick, Nobles, and Handscom.

It was a raw, windy day that saw the two teams fighting on a muddy field. The team, however, brought back its third victory, 18-0, despite the mud.

Those who gave their time, under the capable direction of Coach Tauzer, were:

Captain Ratcliffe, End
Bath, End
Wilson, End
Cuneo, End
Austin, Tackle
Gutcher, Tackle
Phillips, Tackle
Cooper, Tackle
Bunyan, Guard
Nobles, Guard

McCormick, Center
Sullivan, Center
Hanscom, Quarter
Noonan, Half
Peterson, Half
Rank, Half
Jarboe, Half
Gardner, Full
Harrington, Full

THE BEAR CUB

Basketball

The Santa Rosa junior college basketball team, by winning six games out of ten played, not only established itself as the fastest team in Sonoma County, but received considerable favorable publicity by virtue of its victories over other junior college fives of Northern California.

Under the coaching of Clarence J. Tauzer, the team was rapidly worked into condition for the first game, which was played against the Analy High School. Our team won by a 34 to 8 score. George Bath and Lane Wilson at the forward positions, accounted for many goals. Will Gutcher at center, Byron McCormick at running guard, and Bernard Noonan at standing guard, put up a stellar exhibition of defensive playing.

The Santa Rosa High School team suffered a 15 to 13 defeat at the hands of the junior college, while the second game with the local school went to the blue and gold team by a 33 to 16 score. San Jose State Teachers College, the conference winner, defeated our team by a 33 to 11 score. The other games resulted as follows: Chico State College 22, S. R. J. C. 18; Analy High School 16; S. R. J. C. 32; San Francisco Dental College 18, S. R. J. C. 16; St. Mary's 39, S. R. J. C. 21; San Mateo Junior College

THE BASKETBALL TEAM



TOP ROW (left to right): Manager Niles, McCormick, Parker, Sullivan, Gutcher, Ratcliffe, and Jarboe.

LOWER ROW: DeMeo, Brown, Rank, Nobles, and Bath.

THE BEAR CUB

12, S. R. J. C. 18; Healdsburg De Molay 12, S, R, J, C, 22,

The team was captained by Lane Wilson, who proved himself a capable field general. Coach Tauzer, handicapped by a lack of good material, deserves credit for producing a winning team. The line-up for the season was as follows: George Bath, Lane Wilson, George Jarboe and Kenneth Brown, forwards; Will Gatcher and Asa Sullivan, centers; Yell Nobles, Marion Ratcliffe, Byron McCormick, Carleton Rank and Bernard Noonan, guards.

—O—

The Baseball Team

Playing against some of the fastest teams in this section of the state, the Santa Rosa Junior College baseball team made a creditable showing. The blue and gold nine won four victories and lost five games.

Irwin Braun, our catcher, was chosen captain of the team, and under his direction the nine did some good work in the contests. Joe Mannix did the bulk of the pitching and gave the opposing batters considerable trouble. When another pitcher was needed, Virgil Sullivan was taken from first base and used in the box, while Mannix held down the position vacated by Sullivan.

Byron McCormick played second base for the most of the season, Lane Wilson held down the third sack, while Charles Demeo and Stacy Lee took care of the short stop post. J. V. Cleek, Asa Sullivan, and Ralph Peterson were in the outfield. Joe Cuneo was the substitute infielder, while Kenneth Parker and Kenneth Thompson did the relief work in the outfield.

The games that attracted the most interest were the two contests with the San Jose State Teachers College. The first game, played at San Jose, was won by our team, score 6 to 3. The next contest was settled only after 12 innings of hot baseball; San Jose winning by an 11 to 12 score.

The first game against Analy High School went to the college team, score 9 to 2. In the second contest, the blue and gold batters were unable to find the ball and lost by an 8 to 0 score. The crack Petaluma High School team proved no match for the collegians, going down to a 5 to 2 defeat.

Our players held a field day at Healdsburg, winning from the high school nine there by an 18 to 2 score. In games against the larger normal schools, our nine was defeated by the following scores: Humboldt State College 15, S. R. J. C. 5; Chico State College 12, S. R. J. C. 2; Modesto Junior College 7, S. R. J. C. 0, Guerneville 3, S. R. J. C. 2. The season was considered successful in that our nine played in fast company and nearly broke even in the number of games won and lost.

Track Activities

A track and field team was organized this year in junior college, the first one in the history of the school. There was considerable promising material, but because of weather conditions, only one meet was held.

Our college sent a strong team to San Jose to participate in the meet against San Jose Teachers' College and the San Mateo Junior College. The meet was called off because of a wet track, and efforts to hold it later in the year failed. In a dual meet with the Petaluma High School, the junior college team lost, although it took many of the first places. It is planned to send a track team to the conference next year.

Outstanding performers for the blue and gold team were Earl Schilling, discus, shot, and sprints; Marion Ratcliffe, high jump and pole vault; Ralph Peterson, distance runs; Jack Plover, hurdles; and Stanley Austin, quarter mile run. Several other athletes showed promise and should be a great help to the team next season.



Women's Athletics

Women's Day, May 1, was featured by a baseball game and a tennis match. The baseball game, which was interclass, was won by the frosh after five very interesting innings. The lineup was as follows::

Sophomores: M. Wiggins, G. Bennyhoff, E. Serel, M. Hastings, D. Black, B. Bentley, E. Wiggins, G. Nichols, and L. Bell.

Frosh: D. Thomas, H. Mallory, F. Olsen, C. Leland, E. Williamson, I. Bunyan, W. Dolwig, J. Baird, and G. Miller. All efforts to keep track of the score failed.

The tennis match, which followed immediately, was won by the frosh also. The women playing were::

G. Bennyhoff and M. Ravenscroft (sophomores); Martha Hanegress and H. Mallory (Frosh).

These events attracted a majority of the women students, as well as many of the men of the Junior College.



THE BEAR CUB

THE BASEBALL TEAM



TOP ROW (left to right) : Cleek, Sullivan, Thomps on, Mannix, and Wilson.
MIDDLE ROW : V. Sullivan, Parker, Manager Sw ain, McCormick, and Captain Braun.
LOWER ROW : Peterson, Cuneo, and DeMeo.

THE TRACK TEAM



TOP ROW (left to right) : Peterson, DeMeo, Cleek, Ratcliffe, Austin, and Thompson.
LOWER ROW : Saarinen, Parker, Schilling, Mitchell, and Plover.

Exchanges

The supreme pleasure of reading a well-edited book awaits the reader of "The Lucky Bag," for it seems to have both quantity and quality. We liked the very business-like pictures of the staff, all with pens and pencils. The cuts were indeed ravishing, and by our favorite artists, too,—John Held, Jr. and Neysa McHein, if one may so class the two together, all in a single sentence. The athletic section was a wonder; but why shouldn't it be, with such a wealth of subject matter available?

Our enjoyment of the book was marred only by the fact that several of the less comprehensible bits in the joke section were marked by asterisks, referring us to the appendix. On turning back to the appendix (or the place for it), we found only the cryptic remark, "The appendix has been removed."

As we read the "Narnjado" we are convinced that the women students of the College of the Pacific are a live group, and that their A. W. S. is a progressive one. The write-up in the year book certainly speaks well for that organization. We had been watching their strides by means of copies of the "Narnjado" which have come our way in the past, and this year we note with approval that they have sent delegates to the convention in Oregon. Perhaps the day will soon come when Santa Rosa can do the same.

We quote the following extract from one of the back pages of that same book:

Frowsy Shopper: 'Ave you a match for this blouse?

Haughty salesgirl: Yes, and I'll give you some kerosene, too.

Perhaps this would represent a very artistic, and highly sensitive nature on the part of the salesgirl. Or, again, it may be the Pacific way of preaching the gospel of Beauty to the world in general.

The latest edition of the "Blue and Gold" has as a heading for its joke section, a title which strikes us as being less humorous than familiar. We find it heading the page in bold letters—"Bear Facts." "Bear Facts!" We thought that was the appellation of a paper "published bi-monthly by the sophomore class of the Santa Rosa Junior College. But no, it seems to be the heading for a joke section in that quite renowned "Blue and Gold" of the University of California. If we really have been worthy of imitation, let us hope that we continue to merit that sincerest form of flattery.

THE BEAR CUB

ALUMNI

The alumni roll of the Santa Rosa Junior College is rapidly lengthening. Former Santa Rosa Junior College students are found in various walks of life, but most of them have chosen the path of higher learning.

1922

Meryl Bish	Attending U. C.
Arsene Chauvet	In business, San Francisco
Ruth Comstock	Attending U. C.
Elizabeth Letold	Teaching at Wilfred
Julia Oakes	Cadet teaching at Fremont School
Vivian Olsen	Employed at Rutherfords Drug Store
Zelda Pitkin Jones	Living at Forestville
Estella Sinclair	Teaching in the State of Washington
Drusilla Talbot	Attending U. C.

1923

Marjorie Anderson	Teaching near Petaluma
Ernest Baer	Attending U. C.
Herbert Brandon	Working in San Francisco
Arnold Coltrin	Mill Foreman, Hobart Mills
Lois Cox	Attending U. C.
Violet Hastings	Attending U. C.
Bernard Holm	Attending U. C.
Melvin Holm	Attending U. C.
Fred Janssen	Working at McCloud
Frances Jordan	Living in Santa Rosa
Catherine Pressley	Attending U. C.
Elvyn Pye	Teaching near Healdsburg
Nellianna Pye	Teaching at Cotati
Aleta Lynn Rulofson	At Home, Santa Rosa
Mildred Shelley	Attending Armstrong's, Berkeley
Gertrude Wilcox	Attending Armstrong's, Berkeley
Mildred Woodworth	Attending U. C.

1924

Joel Mallory, U. S. A. C.	On Furlough, Kelly Flying Field, Texas
Maybelle Nissen	Attending U. C.
Fred McMullen	Attending Armstrong's, Berkeley
Evelyn Feliz	California Real Estate Association, Los Angeles
Fred Rogers	Working at McCloud
Margaret Wright	Attending Business College, Santa Rosa
Fred Fellows	With Press Democrat, Santa Rosa
Theodore Woolsey	Post Graduate work, Junior College

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Martha Erwin	Attending U. C.
Carl Witham	Managing his ranch, Freestone
Frances Jones	Post Graduate work, Junior College
Stacy Lee	Managing his father's ranch, Fulton
Madeline Stout	Attending U. C.
William Olsen	Working at McCloud
Irma Curtis Anzini	Living at San Mateo
Joseph Swyers	Attending U. C.
Ray Krotser	Working at McCloud
Helen Hamilton	Post graduate work, Junior College
Bryant Forsyth	Attending Affiliated Colleges, S. F.
Marie Miller	Attending San Jose State Teachers College
Howard Fry	Attending San Jose State Teachers College



THE BEAR CUB



JOKES

Barber of S. R.—“Will you have a haircut?”

Mr. Scott—“Gracious, no! Cut them all.”

Maggie—“Now, tell the truth. You men like the talkative women as well as the others, don't you?”

Brown—“What others?”

“Where's the wife?”

“Gone to the West Indies.”

“Jamaica?”

“Ellno 'ser own idea.”

Thompson—“Axel went to sleep in the tub with the water running.”

Sullivan—“Did it overflow?”

Thompson—“No, he sleeps with his mouth open.”

Bath—“Do you smoke quarter cigars?”

Skeezix—“I smoke 'em closer than that.”

Mannix—“Didn't you see me downtown yesterday? I saw you twice.”

W. Dolwig—“I never notice people in that condition.”

Pump valet—“How many?”

Oley—“One gallon.”

P. V.—“Watcha' tryin' to do? Wean it?”

Saarinen kills engine in dense traffic at 4th and Mendocino. Disembarks and cranks furiously. Cop approaches slowly.

Karl—“Oh Lordy, Ford, why don't you do something?”

Teacher—“I've called to give you some singing lessons.”

Mac—“But I didn't send for you.”

Teacher—“No, but the neighbors did.”

THE BEAR CUB

Excited tourist—"Information given out here?"

Tired attendant—"Yes. It has."

Psych stude—"Is the bearded lady your mamma?"

Small boy in circus tent—"No, she's my daddy."

I saw the postman switching my neighbor's hand the other morning and when I asked him the trouble, he said he was taking a correspondence course and was being punished for not doing his homework.

Saarinen—"Does this set use honeycomb coils?"

Niles—"Yes, that's where it gets its sweet tone."

C. Leland—"Why, I wouldn't think of having this room. I'm not going to pay good money for a box like this, and I simply won't have a folding bed."

Bellhop—"Aw, go on in, lady. This is the elevator."

Attorney—"Mr. Washington Brown, are you married?"

W. B.—"No suh, boss, Ah makes my own living."

Miss Whitney—"Why did the frontiersman usually have long hair?"

C. De Meo—"The Indians gave them scalp treatments."

Doc.—"Now tell me what other name they call a tumor."

M. Bunyan—"Can't sir."

Doc.—"Fine. Now do you know what organ catarrh affects?"

M. Bunyan—"No sir."

Doc.—"You must have studied last night."

J Cuneo—(Looking at picture of monkey) "It is apparent to me—"

K. Parker—"Really? I didn't know you claimed such a close relationship."

Fern—"I wish I had a baby brother to wheel in my go-cart, mama. My dolls are always getting broke when it tips over."

Rank—"Where did you get that smoking jacket?"

Yell—"At a fire sale."

Peggy—"What is that charming thing he is playing?"

Robbins—"A piano, you dub."

Hawkins—"This is an absurdly small steak you've given me."

Waiter—"Yes, sir; but it'll take a wonderfully long time to eat it."

The Court—"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the court room and ordered home."

Prisoner—"Hooray!"

Pearce—"My father sprung from a long line of peers."

Rank—"Was he drowned?"

THE BEAR CUB

"Say, pa."

"Yes, son."

"I took a walk thru the cemetery today and read all the inscriptions on the tombstones."

"Well, what about it?"

"Where are all the wicked people buried?"

Englishman hears owl for first time—"What was that?"

"An owl."

Englishman—"My dear fellow, I know that, but what was 'owling'?"

Motorist—"Why did you stop me?"

Farquar—"You're going a little too fast."

Motorist—"But I just saw a sign down the road 'Fine for Speeding'."

Hattie—"I'll never see you in Heaven."

Pearl—"What have you done now?"

Lots of women think Easter Sunday is decoration day.

Charlie—"When I play, my eyes fill with tears. What can I do for this?"

Carlton—"Put cotton in your ears."

Pearce—"Was your name Pullman before you were married?"

Landlady—"No; why?"

Pearce—"Oh, I just wondered. I see that name on all your towels."

Spuddy—"Does that mule ever kick you?"

Gentleman of color—"No, but he frequently kicks where ah just been."

Do you ever get tired of reading these old ones?

Y. Nobles—"Want to go on a sleighing party?"

C. Niles—"Yes, who are we going to slay?"

Insurance Agent—"They tell me you have a model husband."

Disgusted Lady—"Yes, but he ain't a working model."

Necking bus howler—"We are now passing one of the oldest inns in England."

"Why?" came a husky voice from the rear.

Miss Fields—"What is the oldest and most popular weekly in America?"

Rank—"The bath."

Edge—"Times have changed."

Hale—"Yes. It used to be when a fellow was run down he took a tonic; now he takes an ambulance."

THE BEAR CUB

R. Edge—"Suppose you had a tomato can full of dynamite and you should drop it. Would it explode?"

H. Ravenscroft—"No, but the dynamite."

R. Edge—"Dynamite can't be exploded by dropping, can it?"

H. Ravenscroft—"No, but a tomato can."

Axle—"Say, waiter, you've made my bill out to 14 pesetas. It only comes to 13."

Waiter—"Well, sir, I thought you might be superstitious."

First merchant—"Is that guy Plover a go-getter?"

Second merchant—"No, a have-iti-brunger."

"Doc, I want to get rid of snoring."

Doc—"Does it disturb your wife?"

"No, it disturbs the whole congregation."

Mrs. Hendrixson—"That star up there is ten times as large as the earth."

Saarinen—"Then why doesn't it keep the rain off?"

Central—"Would you mind holding the line a minute?"

M. Doggett—"Certainly not. What I object to is holding the receiver."

C. Collier—"What do you think of mud as a beautifier?"

Braun—"Look at the turtle."

Mr. Scott—"Name a crustacean."

Braun—"Me?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, but name another one."

Mr. Baker—"How do bees dispose of their honey?"

McCormick—"Oh, they cell it."

"Yes, poor Pat was killed by a revolving crane."

"My, what fierce birds you have in America."

Spridge—"There is no such thing as luck."

Dot B.—"There isn't eh? Did you ever tip over an empty ink bottle?"

"Abie, Abie, vot extravagance, buying an all day sucker at four o'clock in the afternoon."

Mrs. Jones—"Will you have some more pudding?"

A. Poli—"Oh, just a mouthful."

Mrs. Jones—"Mary, fill up Mr. Poli's plate."

Pearce—"I don't suppose you have anything so civilized as dog biscuits in this one horse town?"

Proprietor—"Oh yes, stranger. Have 'em in a bag or eat 'em here?"

THE BEAR CUB

Austin—"Here, waitress. This doughnut has a tack in it."

Waitress—"Well I declare! I'll bet the ambitious little thing thinks it is a Ford tire."

L. Kett—"Have you ever met a man whose very touch seemed to thrill every fibre of your being?"

Betty—"Oh, yes; a dentist."

Plover—"Pardon me, but do you serve hard boiled eggs?"

Waitress—"Sure thing, old dear, as long as they behave themselves."

When two honest men differ in opinion, they're both right.

The bluebirds sing blithely but the sweetest note of the spring is the twittering of the early rhubarb pie.

Lady passenger with 10-dollar bill—"Sorry I haven't a nickel."

Conductor—"Don't worry, lady. You'll have 199 of them in a minute."

Bennett—"You're pinched for speeding."

De Meo—"You can't arrest me. This isn't my car, and besides I have no operator's license."

"Are you the man that saved my son from drowning?"

"Yes."

"Where's his mittens?"

This issue's fairy story: Once upon a time there lived a sargeant who had a voice like a choir boy. The end.

"Yes, sah, man, ah kin trace mah relations back to a family tree."

"Chase 'em back to a family tree?"

"No, man, trace 'em back, ah says."

"Well, dey aint but two kinds of things dat lives in trees—birds and monkeys—an' yo' aint got no feathers."



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We know that we have a "Good School" for we have visited hundreds of other business colleges and know from observation.

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Marjorie—"Well, wasn't that arranged quick?"

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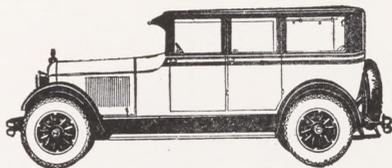
Bunyan—"I did, but they aint practial. The hanger hurt my shoulder and the hook knocked my hat off."

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"Tell you how it is, boss. I sure does need a job, but de fact
is, I aint never washed a eagle."

A man may err from sobriety regularly all week, but he can't
get drunks!

Salesman—"I'm afraid, madam, we haven't just the piece of
linoleum your looking for, but we could get more from the factory."

Dot B.:—"Well, perhaps you had better. You see I want some-
thing of a neater pattern and quite small—just a little square for my
bird cage."

THE BEAR CUB

AUTOGRAPHS

THE BEAR CUB

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

Frances Jones (Sb) [?]
 Grace Nichols (Ω)
 Stuart Gilale
 Norma Hastings
 Vera Pearled
 Mary Ann Ravenscroft
 Mary Stroven ^{Φ Δ}
 J. V. Clark. ^{Α Σ Φ U C}
 Kett-

Helen Pungy
 Mallow

Jos. V. Frites (O.C.T.)

Marjorie Corrick

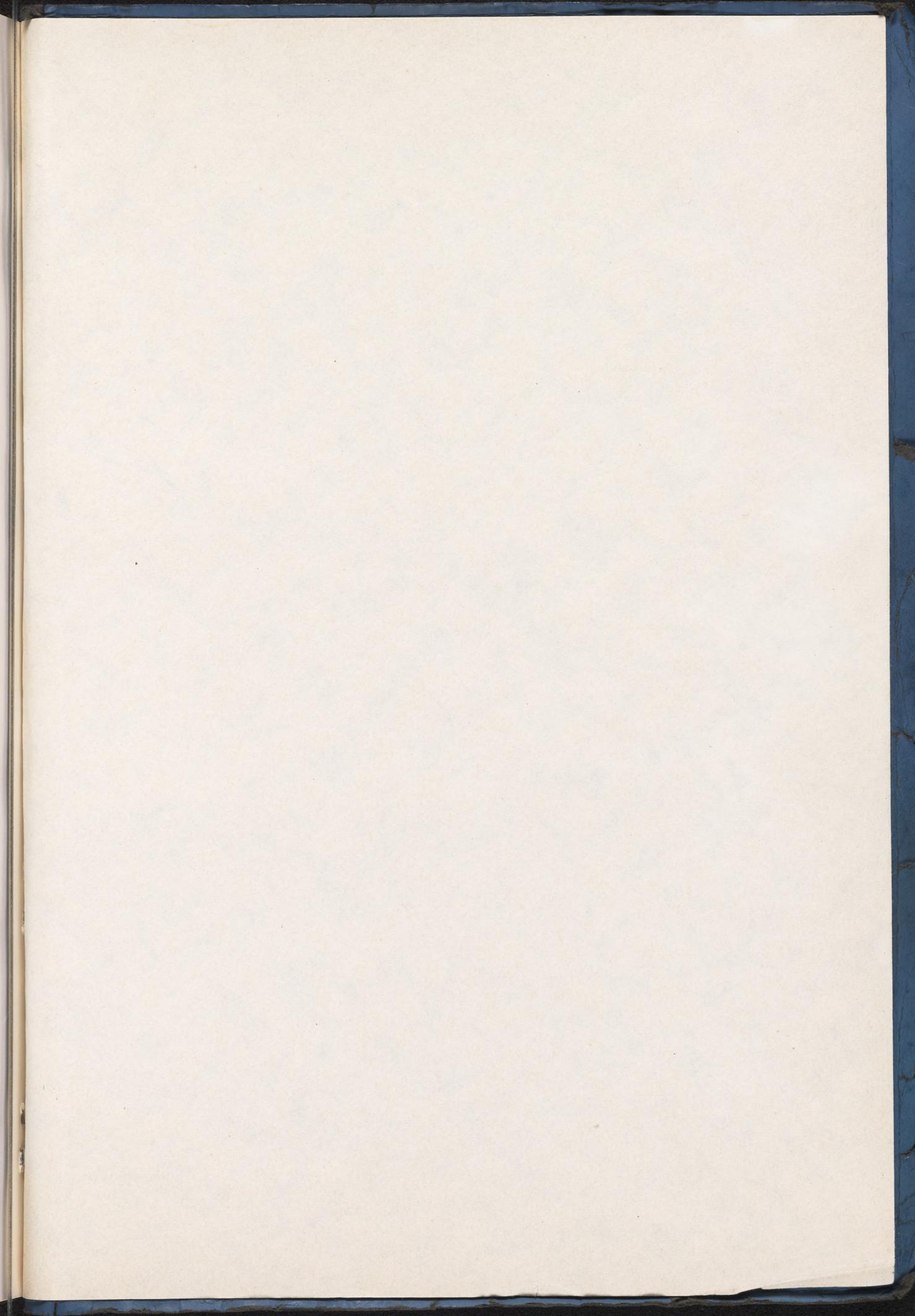
"Steve" Brode
 Earl Schilling "Jack"
 Inez Hamilton "Inez"
 Margaret Lees
 Carl Foster "Peg"
 Nick DeMeo '26
 Inez Robbins
 Alice Marie Byington '26
 Minerva Salisbury "F" ?
 Adon Poli '26
 J. Mannix '26
 Isabelle Bunyan '26.
 Ralph Peterson.
 Hattie R. Hopkins '26

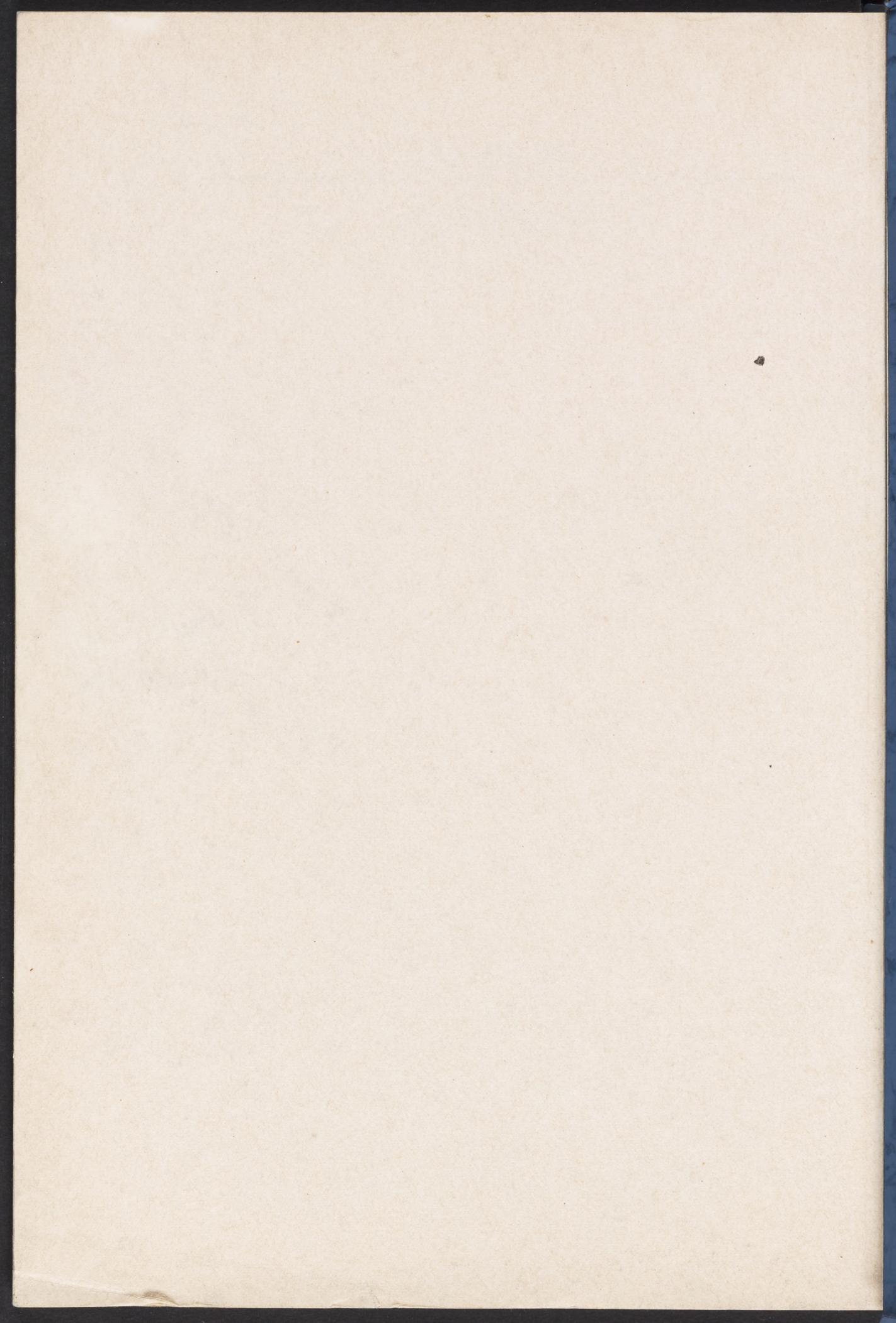
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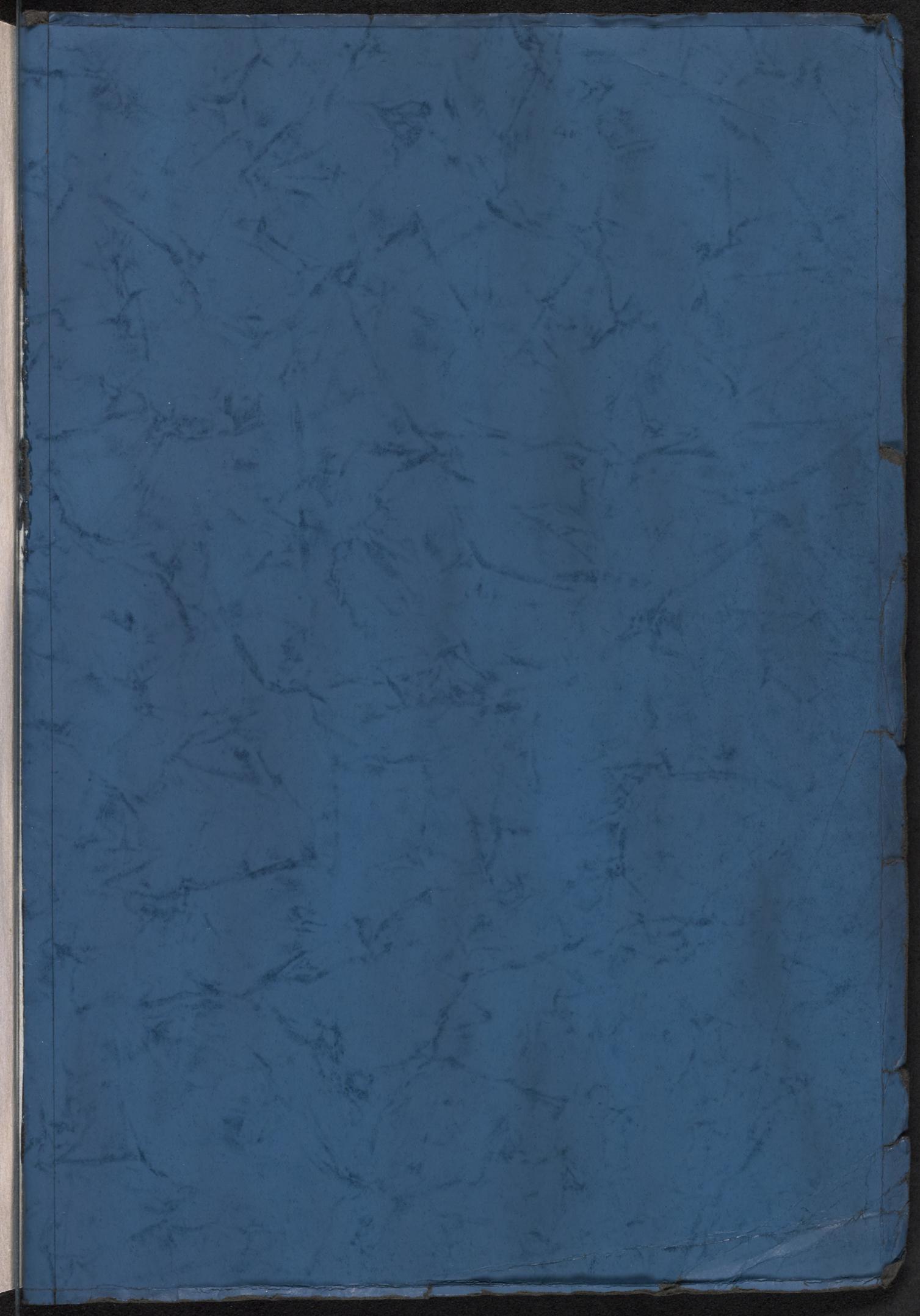
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