

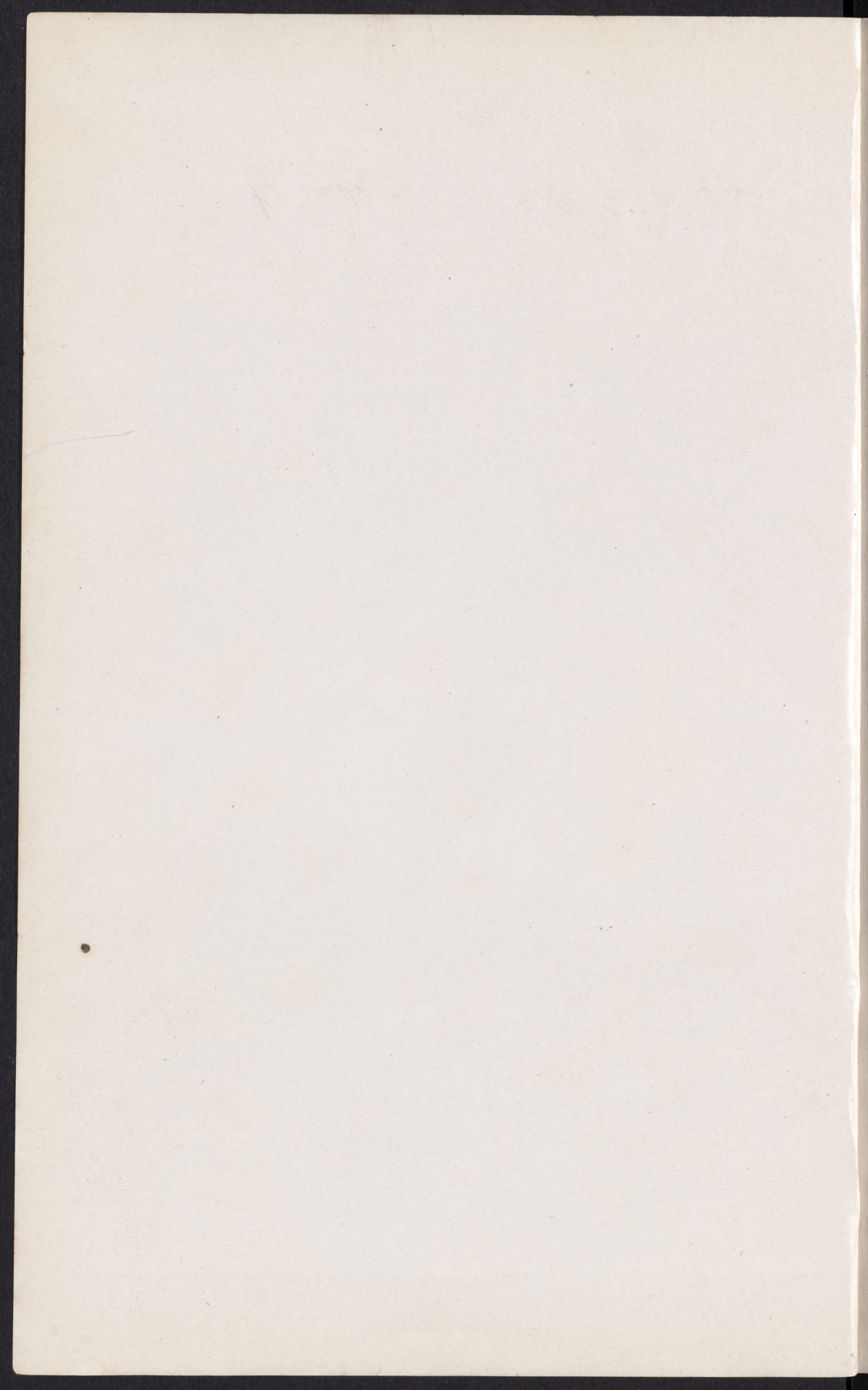
THE IRIS

1917

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South San Francisco High School:

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THE IRIS

Published by the Students of the
South San Francisco High School

June 10, 1917

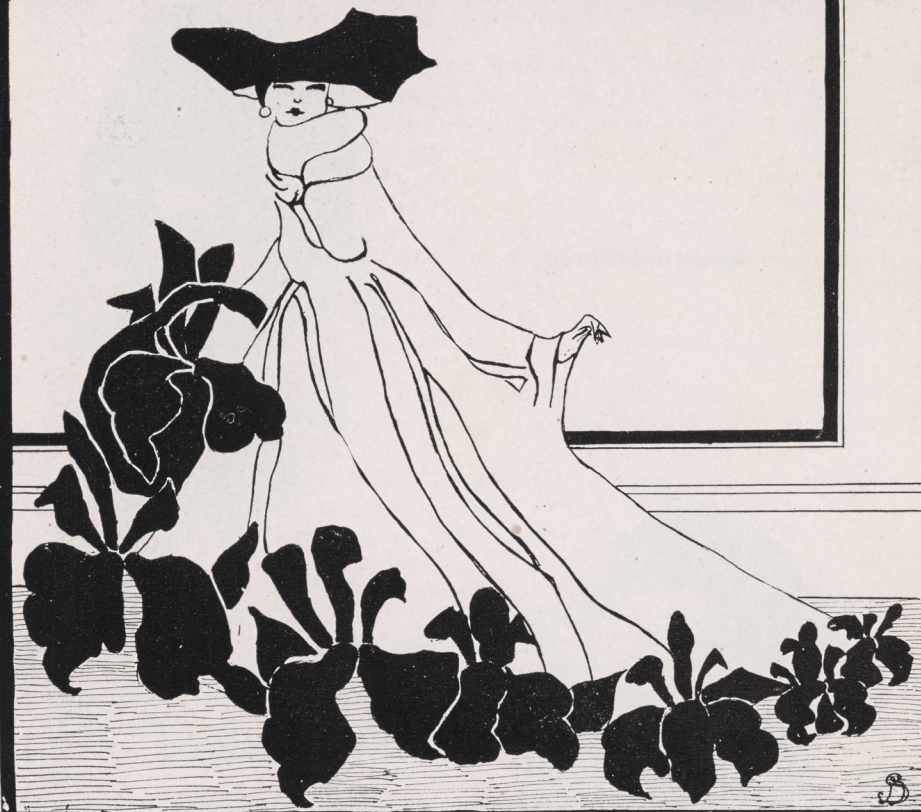
Volume One

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

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To Mr. George E. Britton,
whose kindly interest in the
Class of 1917, and whose un-
tiring efforts for the develop-
ment of our high school we
appreciate, we dedicate this, our
first publication of "The Iris".

SENIORS



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Florence Brawn



Helen Carmody



Emma Johnson

A Matter of History

On August 11, 1913, the first class of the South San Francisco High School was enrolled. The Freshies were: Helen Carmody, Rita Fleming, Mildred Foley, Emma Johnson, Annie Kavanagh, Dan Lawler, Joe Kent, John McDonald, Ervin Reichardt, Howard Reichardt, Willard Sullivan, James Bridgewater, Constance Bertels, Arthur Woodman and Florence Brawn. The Sophomores, who entered from another school, were Agnes Karbe, Minnie Foley and Reuben Smith. Leonardo Money entered later in the term as a Junior.

The home of the high school was simply two rooms in the grammar school building, which were used for recitations; and an ante-room, which was the typing room. This was very inconvenient for us, but we had to make the best of it.

The first thing we did was to organize our student-body. We elected Reuben Smith, president; Agnes Karbe, vice-president; Helen Carmody, secretary; and Howard Reichardt, treasurer.

A few days later we received invitations from the Sophomore to their Freshie party, which was to be held on September nineteenth. We all had a pleasant evening, even though we were treated like babies.

On the evening of December fifth we presented the operetta, "Windmills of Holland," in the Metropolitan Hall. It was a delightful play with clever songs, bright Dutch costumes, and dancing of the chorus girls. Everyone pronounced it a success, in spite of its being our first attempt at "play-acting."

School progressed in the usual manner, with lessons and hard work. Just before the Christmas holidays, we had a Christmas party. Each one of us drew a name on a slip of paper, and bought a ten cent present for the owner of the name. These were put under the Christmas tree, which was beautifully decorated, and lighted with candles. The evening passed merrily, and after dancing the Virginia Reel, we all went home.

To complete our Freshie Year, we presented another play, "Mr. Bob," on June 5, 1914, and went on a picnic to the Crystal Springs soon after this.

Upon coming back to high after the summer vacation, some of our classmates had left. These were: Minnie Foley, Agnes Karbe, Dan Lawler, Joe Kent, John McDonald, Ervin Reichardt, Willard Sullivan, and Arthur Woodman. We held a student-body meeting and elected Reuben Smith, president; Howard Reichardt, vice-president; Helen Carmody, secretary; and Mildred Foley, treasurer. We Sophs considered ourselves quite dignified compared to the boisterous Freshmen, to whom high school was, as yet, quite a mystery. We gave them a rollicking party, and one of the Freshie boys was given special attention at initiation by the older boys.

Our dear friend, Miss Natalie Hanson, who was our eighth grade teacher in grammar school, was leaving, so we gave her a farewell luncheon. On Nov. 27, 1914, we hiked to Muir Woods. The day was cloudy, and while we were in the woods, it rained, but nevertheless, all had a fine time. Next, on December eighteenth, came our second Christmas party. Later on in the new year we rehearsed a new play, and on April 22, 1915, we presented the "Varsity Coach."

May 14, 1915, will always be a red-letter day in our memories, for it was "School-day at the Fair." Special cars took us to the Exposition grounds, and then we wandered about the buildings and beautiful exhibits. In the afternoon we visited the Zone, and then at four o'clock, we boarded the cars for home, tired, but happy.

Our English teacher, Miss Clifford, gave a party to all of the High School students on May 31, 1915. We played games, had refreshments, and enjoyed ourselves immensely, till the midnight hour approached, and we took our leave.

At the end of the second year we elected as student-body officers: Ralph Woodman, president; Florence Brawn, vice-president; James Bridgewater, secretary; and Newton Fields, treasurer.

Our number was lessened when we returned for our Junior year, because Howard Reichardt, Annie Kavanagh, Rita Fleming and Mildred Foley had left high school. The high school had to occupy the smallest of the three grammar school buildings. Here we had our Freshman reception, and initiated the new class. Oct. 25, 1915, was "Edison Day" at the Fair, and we had a half-holiday. A few days later we had our first Hallowe'en party. The time passed quickly by; then came our Christmas party and vacation. Our fourth play, "A Strenuous Life," was presented before a large audience on March 6, 1916. The proceeds of the play were used to purchase a piano for the study-hall. The girls' basketball team played the grammar school girls, and afterwards they had a jolly time at a "feed" and a basketball jinx. A luncheon was given to the baseball boys, in honor of their victory over Redwood City High School. This was the only athletic event of the year.

On April twenty-ninth, one of our teachers, Miss Wilkinson, gave the students a party at her residence.

The most important event of the year took place on June sixth, for on that day the bonds for the new high school were voted, with thirteen more votes than necessary. On the night before the election, we had a supper in Mr. Carmody's old store, and then we marched up and down the street, accompanied by the town band, singing songs to show the voters our earnest desire for the high school building.

A few weeks before the end of the term, we held an exciting election of student-body officers. Florence Brawn was elected president; Angelo Scampini, vice-president; Sylvia Doak, secretary; Joshua Maule, treasurer; and Byrne McSweeney, business manager. A party ended our Junior year.

When we returned for our Senior year, there were only three girls left to graduate in June. The Freshie party was given in the Guild Hall, owing to the fact that our only large room had been divided during vacation, leaving a very small space for such a large gathering. At the beginning of the term almost forty pupils attended our high school.

The boys joined the P. A. L. of the C. I. F., and for the first time they played games both in basketball and baseball with other high schools in the county. Occasional candy sales were given to raise money for the baseball suits. The fifth play, "What Happened to Jones," was presented in the Metropolitan Hall on February ninth.

Work on the annual was begun early in the year, and Emma Johnson '17 was appointed editor-in-chief, and Florence Brawn '17 and Helen Carmody '17 business managers.

The last weeks of school are very busy ones, for the Seniors especially. On the last Wednesday of school, a class pilgrimage will be held. Commencement and the Senior ball will follow on later days, and then our work and happy days in the high school will be passed forever.

FLORENCE BRAWN, '17.

The Class Prophecy

It was the end of a very busy week, and as I was worn out, I went up on the hillside to rest and gather flowers. The heat was oppressive, and I soon grew tired and threw myself down in the cool grass. Suddenly, as I lay there wondering what the future would bring to our Seniors who were preparing to leave us and go out into the great world, something touched me on the hand. I looked up to see what it was, and there stood a little manikin dressed in blue and white clothes, who took me by the hand and silently beckoned me to follow him. It did not seem strange to me at the time that I was no larger than he was, and I followed him curiously. We slipped in and out among the tall grasses until we were suddenly confronted by what seemed to be a huge ant-hill, but as we approached it, a door swung open, and he led me through, onto a beautiful boulevard lined with stately trees. I followed my guide down the road, listening to the birds singing, and longing to pick some of the lovely flowers. Soon we stopped before an imposing looking building hedged in with trees, and surrounded by wide lawns which were dotted here and there with daintily-clad girls, while other girls were playing tennis in a court at one side. This, and the name over the door, told me that it was a very select girls' seminary, and one well known in the state. As we were about to enter, we noticed a group of young ladies coming toward us, laughing and talking to someone in their midst who seemed to be very popular, for each one was striving to be next to her, and all were trying to talk at once. My guide took me in among them, but they did not see me, and I got a good glimpse of the woman in their midst. I knew her at once, for there was no mistaking our friend and classmate, Emma Johnson, in that smooth brown hair, the dark eyes, and the genial laugh, though looking more matronly than of old. From their conversation I gathered that she was a much beloved instructress of the school, and that she had just returned from a long journey. I was so excited that I started to speak to her, but just then the hand of my guide was laid over my eyes, and I lost consciousness.

When I regained my senses, I found myself sitting near the stage in an immense building which I recognized as a famous opera house. It was crowded with people, all of whose faces seemed blurred and indistinct to me. There was a hush of expectation in the assembly, and I turned and asked my guide what the meaning of it all was, but he silenced me with a gesture. Then someone who seemed strangely familiar to me came onto the stage dressed in some filmy costume, with a red rose caught in her soft hair. The vast audience burst into storms of applause, but as the pianist began to play, an instant hush fell over the house, and she began to sing. Her notes reached every corner of that great auditorium, and it seemed as though she were singing to each one individually. I listened, fascinated, wondering where I had heard a voice like that before. The song ended, the applause was deafening, and continued until she came back again and sang by request an old song, "Aloha." As she sang the second verse, "Thus sweet memories come back to me," a picture rose before me of a little old schoolhouse, where a girl was singing "Aloha" at a luncheon party. I leaned forward for a better view. Yes, it was Helen Carmody. While I was looking she finished her song, and as she bowed to the people, who would not be quieted, she took the rose from her hair, and, as it happened, threw it in my direction. I reached out to catch it, but everything grew dim and finally faded away altogether, for my guide had again laid his hand on my eyelids.

I awoke in a place which seemed to be fairly running over with life and activity. White-capped nurses, doctors, internes, and messenger-boys hurried in and out of the open door, and at a large desk in the room, which seemed to be the center of the activity, sat a very efficient-looking woman in a snowy-white cap and gown with the insignia of the Red Cross on her sleeve, evidently at the head of the institution, for a pile of papers lay on the desk before her which were being dispatched swiftly and quietly. She was seemingly the most efficient and self-contained person in the room, a veritable "pocket of peace," as it were, in the cyclone around her. Just to observe her gave one a restful feeling, as though no obstacle, however great, could be met by her and not be overcome. Again, as with the others, her quiet efficient manner caused memories to form in my mind of someone I had seen before. I had not, as yet, seen her face plainly, but presently she looked up and gave an order to someone, accompanying it with a nod, and a flashing smile which I knew belonged to no one in the world but Florence Brawn. I rushed up to catch her joyfully in my arms, when——

Something struck me on the hand and I sat up with a start and looked around me. There on my hand, which rested on the grass, sat a friendly grasshopper. The sun had gone down, and it had grown chilly, so I quickly gathered up my flowers and started for home, still pondering over the strange way in which the future careers of our Seniors had been revealed to me, and wondering whether I should ever again see my little guide who had the power to lift the curtain which hides the future from our view.

CLAIRE E. FORSTER, '18.

Class Will

Know All Members by These Presents:

That we, the first graduating class of the South San Francisco High School, being of sound mind, due to its strenuous development at the said school, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament:

I. To the Student Body we leave our beloved new building, which we have helped to earn.

II. To the Freshmen, our sentiments in regard to high school.

III. To the Sophs we leave our rules for technical grammar.

IV. To the Juniors we leave the honor of upholding the Senior dignity.

V. To Mr. Britton we will a rod of iron, the war, Caesar's ghost, and so on and so forth.

VI. To Miss Clifford we bequeath the arduous duty of forcing a little "pep" into the coming Freshmen.

VII. To Miss Diggles we leave the drawing models, the easels, the pegs and everything we have not damaged.

VIII. To Miss Wilkinson we leave the honor, privilege and duty of coaching all future plays.

IX. We will what we have left of the German Dictionary to Miss Smith, in the hopes that it will remind her of our studious habits.

X. To the President of the Student-body we leave the privilege of posting notices on the bulletin board.

XI. To Byrne McSweeney we leave an interest in the girls.

XII. We bequeath to Angelo Scampini a book on debating. It handles all questions, ancient and modern.

XIII. Our old beaux, we leave to Loretta McLean, with the request that she handle them gently.

XIV. To next year's agriculture class we leave our potato patch, in hopes that they will hoe it industriously.

XV. To the incoming Seniors, the experience of getting out the next "Iris."

XVI. Helen Carmody leaves her artistic talent to Joe Mahoney, for him to improve upon.

XVII. Emma Johnson leaves her ability to learn to Bryne.

XVIII. Florence Brawn bequeaths her loving nature to all those who will accept it.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint Miss I. B. Wilkinson the said sole executrix of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the class of 1917, do hereby set our hand and seal this tenth day of June, Anno Domini 1917.

HELEN CARMODY, '17.

EMMA JOHNSON, '17.

FLORENCE BRAWN, '17.

Our Other Classes

The Class of '18

The present Junior Class entered High School in 1914, twelve eager, nervous students. One, finding the work too hard, left after a few weeks. The first class meeting was held, with Miss Wilkinson presiding; officers were elected. Meetings were held regularly, and at each meeting the amount of dues was changed, according to the purse of the class. In March the class president resigned and a new one was elected. Near the end of the semester, meetings were called often and an outing was decided upon; the members were assessed in order to raise funds for the tramp. On Decoration Day we went on the excursion, and returned to attend a party given that evening by our English teacher.

The Sophomore year was begun with but nine members; three of our former members having left for other schools, and a new member having entered. The Class did not have the pleasure of the new member's society very long, for she left school two months after entering. We held one class meeting and elected the officers, but did not pay any dues because of differences in opinion. Near the end of the semester another member left.

Seven Juniors presented themselves at the beginning of the term of 1916-17. We immediately held a class meeting and elected the officers. Every member in the class was elected to an office. The dues, which were decided upon this year as usual, the treasurer has since collected regularly. The Class chose "Gold and White" for the class colors, and published a book, "Junior Poems," upon coming back to school at the beginning of the second semester. Meetings were held daily, previous to the publication of the book. In February one of the members had to drop school, leaving an even half-dozen to enter the Senior Class.

MYRTLE KIESSLING, '18.

Sophomore Notes

Our Sophomore year has passed quickly and somewhat uneventfully. Early in the year we elected class officers: Joe Mahoney, President; Hermann Lauchere, Treasurer; and Sylvia Doak, Secretary. Last term we published the "Sophomore Intelligence" as a means of retaliation for the criticisms in the "Freshie News." The "Sophomore Intelligence," being extensively advertised by an ambitious cartoonist of our class, excited much interest on the part of the whole school which eagerly awaited the first of the month when the edition would be placed on the bulletin board. In athletics we have taken an active part, a majority of those playing on the baseball team, including the captain, belonging to our class. Our Sophomore year is fast coming to a close and it has proved satisfactory in both athletics and studies.

JOSHUA D. MAULE, '19.

The Freshies

What's the Matter With the Freshies? They're All Right

On August 7, 1916, a band of young folks marched into the High School. All had big eyes and were as green as could be, and who do you think they were? The Freshies!

A party was given in honor of them and of course all rode the baby carriage, and almost all fell asleep with their nursing bottles, before the evening was over.

This party of young folks matured early and have accomplished much. They printed the first paper ever published in this High School. It contained joshes on the measly Sophomores, articles of such wit and wisdom that the Sophomores must needs follow their example.

The Freshie class was organized in September. The following officers were chosen: Lyle Woodman, President; Mildred Robinson, Vice-President; Margaret Carmody, Secretary; and Beatrice Eikerkotter, Treasurer. The class chose Gold for its color. A constitution was drawn up by a committee, consisting of Antoinette Gsell, Carl Langer, and Melbourne Berlinger.

MILDRED ROBINSON, '20.

The Iris

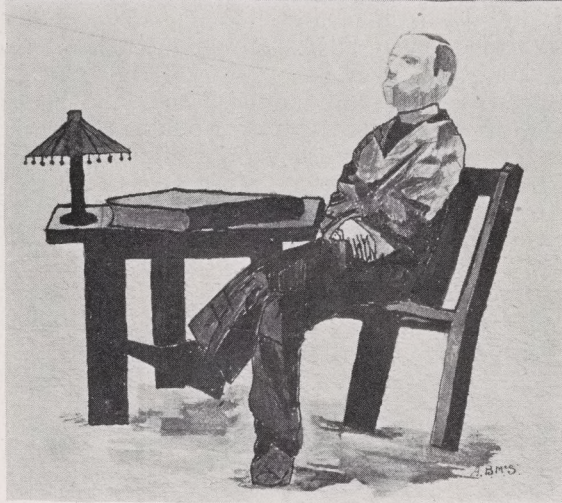
Down in the earth lay a little brown bulb,
Brown, but a beautiful promise of love,
For a lovely thought lay down deep in its heart,
Of the work in the world, and its lowly part.
Then the soft spring rains with their blessing came,
And the wind-fairies, calling it by its name;
"Oh, dear little Iris, wake up, wake up!
The birds are all singing, the grass is all up.
The world has need of you, Iris, dear,
Wake up, with your message of love and of cheer."

The little bulb stretched itself and stirred,
When the wind- and the rain-fairies' message it heard,
And down in the soil sent little brown roots,
That would find food and drink for the tiny green shoots.
And up with the leaves, which grew straight and tall,
Came the bud, a beautiful promise to all.
The wind told it stories and tales it had heard,
The sun painted pictures, and each little bird
Sang to it sweetly some beautiful song,
As it grew in the sunshine all the day long.

Then early one morning its flag it unfurled
On the great, wide, dew-drenched, sunlit world.
The fairies said softly, "Our work is all done,
But yours, lovely Iris, has only begun;
Live up to your colors, the white and the blue,
Pure and courageous, loyal and true.
Have a song for a heart that is lonely and sad,
Making the long weary journey glad,
Show to the wide world your true heart of gold,
With the cheer that you carry, the message you hold."

CLAIRE E. FORSTER, '18.

LITERARY



The Iris

Iris was a beautiful young maiden, daughter of an Egyptian king. She was a skilled musician and was beloved by all the men in her father's kingdom. She had reached her twentieth birthday and was still unmarried. Her father urged her to marry one of her many suitors, but she steadfastly refused.

Now, one of Iris' chief pleasures was to attend to the beautiful garden near the castle. She told all her suitors that the one who would plant the most beautiful flower in her garden should win her hand. All the princes and noblemen busily planted and attended to the garden, but only flowers that had already grown in the garden rewarded their labor. Finally there came a handsome magician from the far East to plant his wonderful seed. Surely he would not fail, but all the suitors laughed in scorn to think of the magician's winning Iris.

He planted the seed in the richest soil in a place where Apollo could watch and take care of it. He gave it the freshest water every morning. He played on his lyre and sang songs to the seed every day. When it began to grow, he told it stories of the seasons as they came. He said to the plant, "Let her see in your blue how true I shall be to her, and in your white, how pure she is."

At last in the spring a beautiful lily sprang up of a wonderful blue that looked almost like a piece of the sky, transplanted. Iris immediately declared that she would marry the magician and no other.

When the suitors learned that the magician was to be the husband of Iris, they at once went to her father to stop the wedding and to urge that she marry one of them. He refused them all. They offered him all kinds of inducements. One of them told him that he would

have Vulcan forge a chariot of gold that needed no horses, but would go in the air and in the water as well as on the land. One said that he would give him magic swords and another said, if he would give his daughter to him in marriage, he would seek Ceres and have her give him perpetual youth.

Iris' father was about to yield, but Iris told him that she was going to keep her word and she soon persuaded her father to keep his word, too.

A week later the king invited all his subjects to attend the feasting and celebration to be held at the castle in honor of the Princess' marriage. Many games were played, and the magician won high honors in the sports, for he excelled most of the royalty.

After the games, the great feast was held. The king had his doors thrown wide open and bade all the guests to enter the banquet hall. Now seated next to the Princess was Pyndarus, who had been one of her most ardent suitors. He had congratulated her most heartily, and wished her a great deal of happiness, but a close observer might have noticed a rather mocking smile on his face as he wished her a long and useful life. In the general confusion, jests and table talk, no one noticed that Pyndarus poured the contents of a small vial into the Princess' wine. A toast was given and all rose up to drink it. The Princess had scarcely drunk the goblet of wine when she sank unconscious to the floor.

The court physician was called, but all attempts to restore Iris were futile, for the powerful drug had done its work, and she was dead before the physician reached her.

The grief of the magician was terrible. He immediately fell on his knees and begged the gods to avenge the death of Iris. His prayer was answered, for a few days later while Pyndarus was out riding, his horse stumbled and fell, throwing him over a great precipice.

The magician left the kingdom immediately, and went to live in seclusion. The gods, filled with pity, commanded that each year the "Iris" should blossom as a memorial of the Princess.

JEROME MURRAY, '20.



South San Francisco as a Manufacturing Town

South San Francisco has an ideal location for the prosperous growth of factories and the manufacture of raw materials. It has not only good climatic conditions under which people are contented to live, but has the advantage of several commercial routes.

Being located, as it is, on a neck of the bay, channels were dug deep enough to allow freighters of twelve foot draft to dock at the wharves of the factories themselves, thus greatly facilitating transbay commerce. But the well-arranged system of roads and rail communication, connecting South San Francisco with all points in California, are put to a far better commercial use than the water route. These coupled with the fact that South San Francisco lies only nine miles from the metropolis of the west, have been the chief factors of South San Francisco's commercial advance. City officials and engineers soon recognized the good to which this city's location could be put and immediately set aside a large tract of land, adjoining the bay, as factory sites. The fact of its being situated a long distance from coal fields or other energy-giving material does not seem to matter much in this modern age, where everything is run by electricity, and so South San Francisco may well be proud of its power-house, which furnishes light and energy to every home and factory in this city. Thus with all these advantages and with the assurance of city co-operation, South San Francisco was bound to become a manufacturing center.

The history of South San Francisco's commercial growth has been rather remarkable. Early in the nineties, men began to recognize the value of establishing their plants here with their main office in the largest city on the Pacific Coast.

The Western Meat Company, established by Swift and Company, was the first to settle here. At that time South San Francisco, then called Baden, was composed of only a few scattered houses, but with the opening of the plant, which at full capacity employs five hundred men, a new stimulant was given to the town. The name was changed to South San Francisco. The Steiner Pottery Works and W. P. Fuller Glass and Paint Works, each of them a big plant, followed; and South San Francisco had definitely started on its career as the chief manufacturing center of San Mateo County.

With the completion of the Southern Pacific Bay Shore railway, a new opening for extensive manufacturing was made. Land could be secured cheaply, transportation had been greatly improved and factories began to locate. One of the most important acquisitions to this city was the new Pacific Coast Steel Company. This enormous plant started on a small scale, employing about one hundred and fifty men. Soon after this, the world war broke out and the plant began to come into prominence. Rush orders were secured and delivered, both for domestic and foreign concerns. The plant expanded rapidly, improvements in its output were made, new buildings constructed, until now in its present condition, it employs seven hundred and fifty men, working in three shifts of eight hours each; with an output of two hundred and fifty tons of finished steel per day, and growing every day both in importance and renown. Many economic experts who have visited this plant have predicted South San Francisco as the steel center of California.

In the last three years the following companies have established their plants here: Schaw Batcher Pipe Works, Pacific Car and Equipment Company, The Prestolite Company, The American Marble Works, The Edwards Wire Works, American Barium Company, The Enterprise Foundry Company, and our latest addition, the Moran

Packing Company, a plant costing five hundred thousand dollars and employing three hundred men. These, with others of minor importance, in all employing six thousand men, are under sanitary conditions subject to government inspection.

The effect of this commercial growth on South San Francisco cannot be minimized. Such an advance in its commerce cannot but give this city an important place in the manufacturing world, and with the construction of new plants and the bringing in of new people to live under clean, healthy conditions, there is a bright outlook for its continued growth and prosperity.

ANGELO SCAMPINI, '19,

The Salesgirl

Just how tired Caroline Virginia was, when she was awakened by the alarm clock, is hard to say. At least, she had had a restless night, for horrible forms had frequented her dreams, and recklessly she turned over for only a little "snooze" before dressing. Her little "snooze" took up the greater part of an hour, and she awoke with a start. She hastily made her toilet and literally flew to the Five, Ten and Fifteen Cent Store, where she presided over the candy department.

It was the day before Christmas and she was tired out, for her system was run down from overwork. When she entered the door she encountered the manager, who politely showed her his watch, and she knew she would be docked fifteen cents, which, although not a large sum of money, meant a great deal to her. The children and their pennies disturbed her nerves, and the colored sticks of candy swam before her eyes like rainbows. By noon she was too weary to partake of her lunch, and the fifteen cents which would be omitted from her pay envelope worried her.

She returned to her counter and once more the department was flooded with pennies. The manager gave her sharp looks and scolded her because she was so slow. Ah, how tired she was—and each minute seemed an hour! As the day wore on, the children grew scarcer and she snatched a few moments' rest. Staring into fathomless depths, she sat for quite a time. Finally something moving caught her eye. An elephant! It surely did look like that to her, and, midst screams and a flutter of petticoats, her small and daintily clad feet deposited her on the seat of a nearby chair. Again the manager appeared, but gave way to peals of boisterous laughter at seeing poor Caroline Virginia on a chair and the tail of a mouse disappearing beneath the counter.

As soon as he was able to control his outburst of hilarity, a repellant expression came over his face and he gazed long and sneeringly at the figure on the chair. Advancing quickly towards her, he jerked her off her pedestal and proceeded to indulge in an exceedingly severe lecture on the foolishness of some girls, only part of which Caroline Virginia heard.

After she had quieted herself as best she could, she attended to her duties, straightening out the long rows of jars. Towards closing time her face began to wear a haggard look, and she waited on her customers lackadaisically. Just then the manager reappeared, handed her her envelope and quietly informed her that her services were no longer required. Her strength left her and she toppled over in a heap on the floor. She was carried to the rest-room, where she finally became conscious of the motherly face of the matron above her own and the last girls hurriedly leaving for home. "Poor thing," she heard them say, "I'd hate to be fired like that."

MARY KAUFFMANN, '18.

Military Papers

It was in the middle of a large, spacious room that two men stood. They were discussing an important subject, for their faces were grave. "We've simply got to get them. They are around here somewhere, for I heard him say he'd get them to-day," said one of them resolutely turning and walking toward the large fire-place. The other man was thinking and did not answer. Finally he said, "Yes, it does mean money to us—a great deal of money—but I love her, and to take those papers from him would mean killing her." He paused for a moment, then went on, "I'm out of this! Yes, out of it!"

He turned and walked from the room. The man who was standing in front of the fire-place turned shortly, and mumbled, half under his breath, "Out of it, eh? Well, I can do it alone."

But he was not alone. There was a second person in the room, who had overheard the conversation. She knew who was talking. She could understand the voices, especially that of the one who was out of it.

An astonished young woman was hiding in a small, dark closet off this room. She had been dressing in the adjoining room, and upon hearing a foot-step, she rushed into the closet. By name, she was Mrs. Franklin Joyce. Her heart was beating fast and hard, so hard that she thought the man outside could surely hear it. "If they get those papers, before I reach Frank," she thought. "Good heavens," she sank on the floor, sobbing. As she did so, she struck a small button on the floor and a door flew open which made visible a small room, partly furnished. She jumped up and hurried into the room, and had hardly closed the door behind her, before the closet door opened and a man looked in.

Mrs. Joyce found herself in a secret room, in the center of which stood a small table. On this table lay some papers. She walked toward the table, picked the papers up and began to look them over. These were surely the papers they wanted, for they answered the description perfectly. She glanced around the room—the way out was unknown to her. A small door caught her eye. She opened this door, and crept out into a hallway. Here she listened a moment, put the papers into the front of her dress, and went out. She immediately ordered her carriage and hurried up-stairs to put on her traveling dress.

"The carriage is here, ma'am," announced the maid, with a mechanical bow.

Mrs. Joyce gave a few orders to the maid and then hurried out. She climbed into the carriage and ordered her driver to take her out "Pine Road." As the carriage rolled out the wide graveled driveway, Mrs. Joyce grew impatient and at last cried out, "Hurry! My time is precious." And to herself she added, "If I can only reach Frank before they find out that I have them."

The driver obeyed and soon they were hurrying along the country road. They approached a turn and the driver was unable to stop the speeding steeds. The carriage was on two wheels; Mrs. Joyce held tightly to the sides, but in a moment the carriage was overturned and the horses kept galloping on—dragging the shafts. After this Mrs. Joyce knew nothing.

When at last she awoke, she was in her husband's arms. "The papers," she gasped. "Are they safe?"

"What papers, my dear?" inquired her husband.

"The military papers which those men were after." Then she told him the whole story.

"I had the real ones with me," he said soothingly. "Those were only the rough drafts from which they were written. They had no official seal on them."

BEATRICE EIKERENKOTTER, '20.

Apollo and Daphne

It is said that while once teasing Cupid
Of the latter's misuse of his bow,
That Apollo himself was sore wounded,
By an arrow which Cupid did throw.

Before the wound had healed over
Apollo a maiden did spy,
And straightway began to adore her
With the light of the love in his eye.

But Daphne, unlike other maidens,
Wished not for his wooing and love,
As she fled from his tender endearments
Implored divine help from above.

Then as he seized and embraced her,
Her form became stiffened and cold,
And he found to his great disappointment,
That no longer a maid did he hold.

For her limbs had become leaves and branches
Like the many surrounding trees,
And were covered with fluttering leaflets
That danced in the morning breeze.

Then Apollo praised the rare beauty
Of the laurel so slender and trim,
And said that its leaves and its branches
Would always be sacred to him.

CLAIRE E. FORSTER, '18.

The Cocopaw Indians

While in Arizona, three years ago, I had occasion to pass through and visit many Indian camps, among which are the Cocopaws.

These Indians are of a race living around the Mexican border, in Arizona. They have many curious customs and manners. They make their homes, if possible, right off a main road. Their huts are composed of bushes, mud, sticks and blankets. If four or five families live in the same locality, they sink a pump, which all of them use. Their working hours are from eight o'clock until eleven and from one until five. They are slow and lazy, which, as a rule, is natural for them. The women and girls dress in the most curiously colored fabrics that can be found. The men and boys wear a pair of trousers and a shirt with a large bandana handkerchief around their neck. All of the Indians go bare-foot.

When an Indian works for a man and he is treated well, he will call himself by that man's name, if he hasn't one already. If they make a mistake and are scolded, they will always fear the person who scolded them. They ride horses, and often ride hard, thus injuring the horse. They tether their ponies in the fields, and when they ride, they use a blanket as a saddle. If they do not possess a bridle, they tie a rope around the horse's neck and bring it around over his nose and tie it.

It is amusing to watch Indians hunt rabbits. Four or five of them will stand around a thicket with a club in each hand, while another of their number will go into the thicket and yell at the top of his voice, and beat the bushes with his club. The rabbits, frightened at this, begin running, and as they come out of the thicket, are hit by the clubs of one of the others. The Indians on the outside of the thicket yell as much as the one inside.

Their funeral ceremonies are worthy of special attention. When an Indian dies, all the people who are going to attend the funeral, buy yards and yards of hideous colored cloth, sometimes spending almost all of their scanty savings. The body is then wrapped in this cloth. A pit is dug in the middle of some timber land, or some obscure place and the body is placed therein. All of the Indian's possessions are thrown in also. The body is then set on fire and the Indians sit around the pit with their legs crossed and sway back and forth. As soon as the body is set on fire, they begin to wail. Their wailings can sometimes be heard very plainly. Sometimes their funerals last until dusk, when they cover up the pit and go home. A white man is never welcome at their funeral ceremonies. If one is present, they will delay the ceremony as long as possible. All of the Indian's relatives after his death are obliged to dispose of their horses, in some manner.

M. L. BERLINGER, '20.

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The Iris

With the first graduation class of the South San Francisco High School comes also the first issue of the school annual, "The Iris." The name Iris can be traced to the wild mountain Iris which grows on our hills just above the school. It is especially appropriate for our little book, for the Iris combines our school colors, blue and white, in its petals.

As every high school, large or small, has a school annual which is published at the end of the school year, so we are now starting a precedent for the publication of the Iris by each graduation class. It is to be a school paper with accounts of school life, our sports and athletics for both boys and girls, our school activities, and the little quips and pranks we play on one another. All articles have been written by the students of the four classes. The Editor and Business Manager are Seniors and the associate editors of departments are taken from the other classes.

Until two years ago the home of our high had been in three unoccupied rooms of the grammar school. But with the growth of the latter we were pushed out and took up quarters in the little building which was an addition to the other grammar buildings. Now those days of rooming with someone else are over and beginning next term we shall be installed in our new high school building on Spruce avenue, near Miller.

As our course of study has been enlarged, our staff of teachers has grown. It is now composed of Mr. G. E. Britton, Principal; Miss R. R. Clifford, Miss I. B. Wilkinson, Miss M. L. Smith, and Miss M. E. Diggles. Domestic science, physics, gymnastics, more languages and well-equipped laboratories will be some of the additions to our course next year.

This year's graduation class, composed of three, started as a class of fifteen Freshmen four years ago, and having completed their work, are now the first to leave it. Within a year or two we expect to have graduation classes that compare in numbers with those of older high schools.

This year has been an eventful one in our athletics. We have played the games scheduled by the P. A. A., won some, lost some, but never lost heart. We have not had the experience that our larger opponents have profited by, although we did show some spunk.

However, what we want is unity and loyalty to our school and colors, and not the constant consideration of self, or trying to gain self-glory on the field. Boys and girls, get behind the captain and work with him or her, for the honor of our high, whether you want to or not; that is the true spirit. If everyone does his real duty, why shouldn't we have a winning team next year?

High School Activities

OFFICERS OF THE STUDENT BODY

Miss Florence Brawn.....	President
Mr. Angelo Scampini.....	Vice-President
Miss Sylvia Doak.....	Secretary
Mr. Joshua Maule.....	Treasurer
Mr. Byrne McSweeney.....	Business Manager
Miss Loretta McLean.....	Girls' Athletic Manager

The Student Body meets on the first Monday of every month in the Assembly Room. We have a great deal of business connected with athletics, sales, committee work and social events. We are glad to report that our treasury is in a prosperous condition.

Last year the students of the local high school decided to have a bonfire to boost the election of bonds for the new high school. All of the high school students assembled on the main street of town and then went in a body to supper. After the supper was over, the students marched through the streets carrying large banners with the words "VOTE YES" painted on them. The students were accompanied by the South San Francisco Band. The high school yells were given and they succeeded in drawing the attention of a large crowd of the townspeople, who cheered the students and encouraged them on to further action. The bonds carried the next day by an overwhelming majority. The bonds were for \$66,000.

This school was entered in the Peninsula Athletic League for the season of 1916-17. The sports consisted of baseball, basketball and track meets. Ralph Woodman was elected by the students to be the student representative to the league from this school. Miss R. R. Clifford was elected to be the faculty representative. The constitution of the league was read to the students and approved by them. Mr. Woodman, being unable to attend the meeting of the league representatives, Mr. Byrne McSweeney was elected substitute in his place.

A candy sale was held in connection with the annual high school play in Metropolitan Hall. The candy was, for the most part, made by the students and contributed by them to the committee in charge of the sale. The sale proved to be a financial success and the candy on hand was insufficient to supply the demands of the large gathering that attended the play. The net receipts of the candy sale amounted to twelve dollars.

The success of the first candy sale led to a second on March 15, in the high school building. This sale was given for the purpose of paying for the baseball uniforms purchased by the high school baseball team. Candy was donated by the students as had been done in the previous sale. This candy sale also proved to be a success. The net receipts exceeded those of the first sale by three dollars.

A Hallowe'en masquerade party was given by the students on the Friday preceding Hallowe'en. Many nationalities and trades were represented by the costumes of the students. Among the costumes were those of a Chinaman, Gypsy, clown, sailor and a cowboy. The wearer of the Chinaman's garb eluded detection. The actions of the wearer deceived all guesswork, so like a real Chinaman were his actions. A feature of the party was the telling of fortunes. A witch, impersonated by one of the faculty, stood by a large iron pot. The one who was to have his fortune told approached the pot and was greeted by the witch. Having spelt his name backwards as the witch commanded, he saw his prophecy appear on a sheet stretched across the doorway. The decision of the witch on what was to be the fortune of the one who stood before her was greeted by loud applause from the students who were seated nearby. After stories suitable to the occasion were told, dancing followed and then ice-cream and cake were served. The evening was well spent in merriment and fun and was agreed upon by all present as being a successful Hallowe'en party.

The girls of the school formed a sewing club which they named the Girls' Sewing Club. This sewing club meets at the homes of the members. Meetings are held bi-monthly on Wednesday. So far the meetings have been satisfactory and delightful affairs. A Glee Club was also attempted by the students.

The high school notes were written by Charles Sands, who was appointed by the students to be school reporter, and inserted in the columns of the "Enterprise," a local weekly paper. Not having a press and a staff to edit a paper, as many large schools have, this was thought to be the best method available to communicate school news to the townspeople.



DRAMATICS

There has always been great interest in dramatics in our school and the public looks forward with eager anticipation to our annual play. The results of our efforts show what can be accomplished even in a high school of limited numbers. We are giving a reminiscence of former plays, because in this issue of "The Iris," the first written record of our activities as a high school, we believe that the history of our plays has a part. It will remind our former students of pleasant incidents in which they have participated.

The first year the high school gave a two-act operetta, "The Windmills of Holland." This is the only musical play that has been attempted by the high school. The audience showed keen appreciation. The next spring we presented "Mr. Bob." The cast included Reuben Smith '16, Arthur Woodman '17, Agnes Karbe '16, Helen Carmody '17, Minnie Foley '16, Howard Reichardt '17, and Florence Brown '17.

April 22, 1915, the students presented "The Varsity Coach," a four-act play, in the Royal Theatre. This was a success. The parts were taken by Howard Reichardt '17, James Bridgewater '17, Ralph Woodman '18, Byrne McSweeney '18, Newton Fields '18, Helen Carmody '17, Emma Johnson '17, Claire Forester '18, Florence Brawn '17, Annie Kavanagh '17, Constance Bertels '17. The Girls' Glee Club entertained with several songs.

The 1916 play was "The Strenuous Life," a very amusing glimpse of college activities. The cast showed a marked improvement over those of preceding years, for they displayed fewer amateur weaknesses. The cast numbered Emma Johnson '17, Helen Carmody '17, Florence Brawn '17, Claire Forster '18, Myrtle Kiessling '18, Ralph Woodman '18, Newton Fields '18, Byrne McSweeney '18, James Bridgewater '17, James Smith '18, Marcus Dowd '18, Angelo Scampini '18, and Joe Mahoney '19.

"What Happened to Jones"

This year the students presented "What Happened to Jones," a clever comedy based on the trials of a rather fast salesman of hymn-books and playing cards. The players showed that they had the ability to act and the play was pronounced a success by all.



The Cast:

Ralph Woodman '18.....	Jones
Byrne McSweeney '18.....	Prof. Ebenezer Goodly
Joshua Maule '19.....	Richard Heatherly
Loretta McLean '18.....	Cissy, Ebenezer's ward
Sylvia Doak '19.....	Marjorie, Ebenezer's daughter
Charles Sands '19.....	Bishop of Ballarat
Lyle Woodman '20.....	The Inmate of the Sanatorium
David Farrell '19.....	The Superintendent of the Sanatorium
Claire Forster '18.....	The Maid
Kenneth McIntyre '19.....	The Policeman
Emma Johnson '17.....	Alvina Starlight
Florence Brawn '17.....	Mrs. Goodly

Ralph Woodman capably handled the roll of Jones, who disguises himself as Prof. Goodly's brother, the Bishop of Ballarat. The arrival of the Bishop and the precarious position of Jones created an amusing situation for the audience. The part of Mrs. Goodly was ably taken by Florence Brawn, who has been in all our high school plays. Emma Johnson filled the part of the old maid, Alvina Starlight, with remarkable skill.

Professor Goodly is persuaded to go to a boxing contest by Richard Heatherly, a model young man engaged to Marjorie, and when routed by the police is followed home by Jones, who disguises as the Bishop. The real Bishop arrives on the same day that an inmate of the sanatorium, who thinks he is an Indian, escapes. The Bishop sends his clothes to be pressed and is forced to resort to a blanket, thereby being mistaken for the crazy man. The superintendent of the sanatorium comes and identifies the inmate and everything is explained to everyone's satisfaction and the curtain falls with the words, "And my name is Jones."

DEBATE

Debating was taken up this year for the first time under the able tutelage of Miss Clifford. It began as oral English work, but the interest was so intense that debating soon became interclass contests.

Both Juniors and Sophomores had several class debates in which they learned the principles of argumentation and Parliamentary law. At each debate, one of the members of the class presided and formally conducted the meeting.

In December Mr. Coleberd gave the Juniors and Sophomores a half-hour talk on Debating, its purpose, its educational value and its organization. The students received many valuable hints by which to improve their work.

It was decided to have a series of interclass debates between the Juniors and the Sophomores. Subjects were brought before the two classes and discussed. Finally for the first interclass debate the subject: "Resolved: That the United States of America was justified in intervening in Mexico," was chosen.

The Juniors, upholding the affirmative, chose to represent their class Ralph Woodman, '18, Claire Foster, '18, and Thomas Becker, '19. The Sophomores were represented by Angelo Scampini, '19, Joshua Maule, '19, and Kenneth McIntyre, '19, defending the negative side of the question.

The debate was held in the assembly hall of the high school, at ten o'clock. All of the students were present. Miss Clifford was chairman. The judges were Miss Smith, Miss Wilkinson and Mr. Britton. The debate was interesting, to the point, and the speakers showed surprising skill in their organization and delivery. Mr. Woodman gave the rebuttal for the affirmative.

The judges, after a few moments' deliberation, decided unanimously in favor of the affirmative.

The teachers were pleased with the interest taken by the students; and the rivalry between the Juniors and the Sophomores made a second debate necessary.

Finally, after several weeks of preparation, the second debate was held on Friday morning, March 9, 1917, at eleven o'clock. The topic was, "Resolved: That trusts and organizations that tend to monopolize industries should be abolished."

The Juniors had the affirmative side, and their speakers were Thomas Becker, '19, Loretta McLean, '18, and Claire Forster, '18. The Sophomores, Joshua Maule, '17, Charles Sands, '19, and Angelo Scampini, '19, had the negative side.

The chairman was Florence Brawn, '17. The judges were Mr. Burge, Mr. Dinning and Mr. E. E. Cunningham. Thomas Becker was allowed a rebuttal of three minutes. The debate was decided unanimously in favor of the Sophomores. Mr. Cunningham gave a short address, congratulating the students on their ability as debaters, and stating his approval of this kind of high school activity. He said that he little suspected that our boys and girls were capable of such creditable work.

A third debate was held to decide the series. The subject for this debate was, "Resolved: That President Wilson was acting for the best interests of the American people in vetoing the Literacy Test bill."

The Sophomores chose the affirmative side, and were represented by Angelo Scampini, '19, Joshua Maule, '19, and Charles Sands, '19. Claire Forster, '18, Mary Kauffmann, '18, and Thomas Becker, '19, defended the negative. Byrne McSweeney, '18, was presiding officer, and Miss Clifford, Miss Smith and Mr. Britton were the judges. Angelo Scampini gave the rebuttal. The debate was decided in favor of the Juniors, giving the series to them.

Thus the first season of debate closed with expectations high for next year, when the two classes as Seniors and Juniors will meet again.

The work of the two debating teams was of the highest order, considering it was the first year any of the pupils had ever done any form of public speaking. The pupils worked hard and had their subjects well in hand before each debate; and this not only taught them how to carry on argumentation, but stimulated an interest in many subjects of public value. In fact, it is an education in itself, for debating gives one ease in addressing a public audience,—that is, not only the ability to collect one's thoughts and to make clear one's own arguments, but also to pick out the weak points of his opponent's.

We have high hopes for next year, when we expect to hold debates with other schools of the peninsula. The Freshmen will debate with the Sophomores next year, as well as Juniors and Seniors. Clubs are being planned which will be an improved means of handling debates.

THOMAS BECKER, '19.



ALUMNI

Because we have only one real alumnus, and this is our first issue of "The Iris," we think that an account of our former students will not be out of place.

Our first graduate, Walter Money, '15, is working with the Pacific Coast Steel Company.

Ralph Woodman, ex-'18, and Newton Fields, ex-'18, have also secured positions there.

Reuben Smith, '16, is a student at the Junior College of the U. of C. in Berkeley.

Agnes Karbe, '16, is a stenographer in the office of the local newspaper in Santa Rosa.

Minnie Foley, '16, is a stenographer with the Fidelity Casualty Insurance Company in San Francisco.

Rita Fleming, ex-'17, holds a position as private stenographer with Nathan-Dohrmann Company, San Francisco.

Mildred Foley, ex-'17, is a bookkeeper for W. P. Fuller & Company, South San Francisco.

John McDonald, ex-'17, is shipping clerk for the Prestolite Company.

Ervin Reichardt, ex-'17, is manager of his father's duck ranch. Ervin owns a Ford.

Olga Bartoli, ex-'19, works for her uncle as a clerk in a general merchandise store.

Arthur Woodman, ex-'17, is mailing clerk for the Southern Pacific in San Francisco.

Angelina Varni, ex-'18, is a milliner in Mrs. Lynch's store in San Francisco.

Howard Reichardt, ex-'17, has just won his block at San Mateo High, from which he graduates this year.

Lyle Woodman, ex-'20, has a position with the Enterprise Printing Company.

Joe Kent, ex-'17, is tending store for his uncle, Mr. W. C. Schneider.

Constance Bertels, ex-'17, has the care of babies and other miscellaneous duties for her sister in San Bernardino.

Marcus Dowd, ex-'18, is in the shoe repairing business.

Corinne Swanfelt, ex-'19, attends Hopland High School.

Madeo Castiglio owns half interest in the Pene Garage, South San Francisco.

Irene Mercks, ex-'19, is in the office at W. P. Fuller's Paint Works.



Athletics

During the first three years of our High School existence when we did not have as many students as we now have, our attempts at athletics were few.

In our Sophomore year three of our students, Howard Reichardt, Reuben Smith, and Leonardo Money attended the P. C. A. A. held in Berkeley at the University of California. Although no points were taken by our representatives, they gained general information about sports.

Last year our baseball team played Sequoia High at Redwood City and won by a score of 6-5.

This year great interest has been displayed in athletics and we feel that we have manifested better sportsmanship than ever before. We trust that we have borne defeat and victory worthily.

South San Francisco has taken an active part in basketball and baseball since having been admitted into the P. A. A. of C. I. F. Mr. Ralph Woodman, '18, was elected by the student body to represent the school in this league.

Basketball practice was called early in the year and many candidates came forward to win places on the team. After a practice season of three weeks, a team was selected by the coach and Mr. Joseph Mahoney was elected captain by members of the team. We did not gain any glory, for our material was practically new and uninitiated, but we have taken a step in the right direction.

Alumni—Continued

Marie Smith, ex-'19, is at home.

Annie Kavanagh, ex-'17, is a stenographer for Dr. Winkler in Redwood City.

Willard Sullivan, ex-'17, graduates this year from Cogswell, S. F., and intends to go to college.

Gustine Dieu, ex-'18, is training at the French Hospital, San Francisco.

Mary Mangini, ex-'19, is employed by Galli & Valenti.

Mabel Golding, ex-'18, is attending Mission High.

Earle Van Valin, ex-'19, plays the violin in the San Mateo High School Orchestra.

Maybelle Smith, ex-'20, is attending Berkeley High School.

Adeline Dischler, ex-'20, left for the East.

Gladys Ryan, ex-'18, is working in the Post Office for her father.

Daniel Lawler, ex-'17, is employed with the Giant Powder Co. in San Francisco.

Girls' Athletics

A more sincere spirit was displayed by the girls of the High School towards athletics this year than ever before. Though they are few in number and have inadequate facilities, it takes a great deal to dishearten their undaunted "pep." They have turned out regularly for practice when the weather was favorable and, under the careful supervision of Miss Rue Clifford, the team has made quite a showing. Mr. Angelo Scampini kindly refereed our practice games.

Two games were scheduled in October, one with Girls' High on Saturday, the fourteenth, and the other with San Mateo on the following Friday. Girls' High forfeited the game to us, and thus we gained our first victory with a score of 2 to 0.



We did our best and though overwhelmingly defeated by San Mateo, the score being 39 to 2, we still have high hopes. The line-up at San Mateo was as follows:

Forwards: Margaret Carmody, Eva Kavanagh; guards: Claire Forster, Myrtle Kiessling; centers: Sylvia Doak, Mary Kauffmann (Captain), Loretta McLean; substitutes: Beatrice Eikerenkotter, Mildred Robinson.

As long as we had to lose, we were glad it was to such courteous victors.

We did not play any P. A. A. games this year as we entered the league too late, and the schedule for games had already been made out. However, we hope to participate in the league games next year.



Basketball

Basketball was entered on the list of athletics this year for the first time. Spirit was shown in the largest sense of the word, and although we did not win the championship, we are not discouraged. Our team lined up as follows: Ralph Woodman, Center; Angelo Scampini and Byrne McSweeney, Guards; Joseph Mahoney and James Smith, Forwards, and David Farrell, Sub.

South San Francisco vs. Redwood City

The first game was played with Redwood City, December 16, 1916. Our boys put up a good fight, but were greatly out-weighted by their opponents, and as a result, were easily defeated.

Palo Alto vs. South San Francisco

The basketball game with Palo Alto was played January 20th on the local grounds. The first half of the game was very unfortunate for our team, owing to the fact that we scored only one point to our opponents' twelve. The second half of the game was very exciting and our team showed wonderful team work. We scored as many points as they, but on account of the lead our opponents had on us, we lost by a score of 19-30.

San Mateo vs. South San Francisco

On February 3rd our team traveled to San Mateo and played in their Gym, where we lost. The game was very exciting from the first, but considering that it was the first time our team played on an inside court, we had a hard time to hold down the score of our opponents. San Mateo, as we all know, has the best basketball team in the league, and we were one of the two teams that held them down to a low score. The score was 41-10.

Campbell vs. South San Francisco

The Campbell game was played January 13th. One could hardly have called it exciting in any sense of the word. It was a walk-away for Campbell. Our inexperience and the size of our opponents told against us in this game and we lost heavily.

The Los Gatos and Santa Clara games were forfeited to South San Francisco and we forfeited the San Jose game for lack of funds.

List of Basketball Games

Redwood City—Won from South San Francisco.

Los Gatos—Forfeited to South San Francisco.

Campbell—Won from South San Francisco.

Palo Alto—Won from South San Francisco.

Santa Clara—Forfeited to South San Francisco.

San Mateo—Won from South San Francisco.

San Jose—Won by forfeit from South San Francisco.

Baseball

The baseball schedule for this season was received from G. E. Mercer, Secretary of the league. The following games were scheduled for our High:

South San Francisco vs. San Mateo—At South San Francisco.

South San Francisco vs. Redwood—At Redwood.

South San Francisco vs. San Jose—At San Jose.

South San Francisco vs. Campbell—At Campbell.

South San Francisco vs. Palo Alto—At South San Francisco.

South San Francisco vs. Los Gatos—At South San Francisco.

As soon as we received the schedule a number of boys came forward for practice. At a meeting of the Athletic Club, Joseph Mahoney was elected Baseball Captain.

He then chose the following members for his team:

Byrne McSweeney—Catcher.

James Smith—3rd Base.

Herman Lauchere—Pitcher.

Joseph Mahoney—S. S.

Thomas Becker—1st Base.

Angelo Scampini—L. F.

Joshua Maule—2nd Base.

Lyle Woodman—C. F.

Chas. Sands—R. F.

Joseph Garibaldi—Sub.

The student body decided to buy baseball suits for the team, the money having been earned by a series of candy and cake sales.

San Mateo vs. South San Francisco

The first game of the season was played with San Mateo on the local field. Our team lost because of lack of support from the outfielders.

Redwood City vs. South San Francisco

On March 31st our team played Sequoia High on the local field. The game was fast and exciting, and our pitcher, Herman Lauchere, pitched a good game, allowing only a few hits. The score was 6-4.



San Jose vs. South San Francisco

On April 7th our team journeyed down to San Jose. This game was not very exciting and our pitcher gave up all hopes in the third inning. We lost heavily.

Palo Alto vs. South San Francisco

On April 14th we played Palo Alto on the local field. This game was very exciting up to the fifth inning, but because of lack of support, we lost by a score of 15-4.

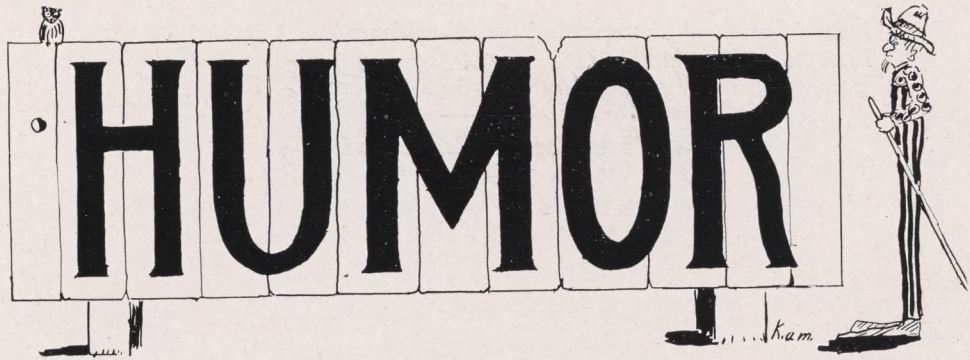
Campbell and Los Gatos High Schools forfeited their games to us.
 San Mateo—Won from South San Francisco.
 Redwood City—Lost to South San Francisco.
 San Jose—Won from South San Francisco.
 Palo Alto—Won from South San Francisco.
 Los Gatos—Forfeited to South San Francisco.
 Campbell—Forfeited to South San Francisco.

Half Moon Bay

On April — we received a letter from the Half Moon Bay High School, stating that they wanted to play a series of baseball games with our school.

On May 12th Half Moon Bay High journeyed to South San Francisco to play the first game. The game was very easily won, our pitcher, Herman Lauchere, pitching a wonderful game. We won by a score of 29-8.

This year our first step in athletics has not proved very successful. We had to make a start sometime and we hope that in a few years we shall be a credit to the South San Francisco High School.



Edwin Brawn in English II.

Bassanio was in love with Portia, an American heiress. This is the first known international romance.

Jerome Murray—The basketball team is looking pale. Guess they must have been whitewashed.

Miss Clifford (in History II)—Who were the Tudors?
 Sylvia—They were English school teachers.

There was a young fellow named Maule,
 Who dealt in wood alcohol,
 But when with a will,
 He sold the wrong pill,
 His boss told him to hire a hall.

Joe Garibaldi (in Class Myths Examination)—Niobe was the daughter of fourteen children.

Byrne McSweeney—Would you like a pet poodle?
 Mildred Robinson—Oh, Byrne, this is so sudden.—Ex.

James Smith—What is the height of your ambition?
 Joshua Maule—Don't know exactly, but she comes to about my shoulder.—Whims.

You can't burn (Byrne) McSweeney, but you can Josh Maule.

There was a young farmer named Hick,
 Who was good with the shovel and pick;
 He dug a deep hole,
 And in it did stroll,
 That wonderful farmer, named Hick.

Miss Clifford—How would you punctuate the sentence, "Loretta ran down the street?"
 Thomas Becker—I'd make a dash after Loretta.

Mr. Britton—"Quit scraping your feet, Joe."
 Joe Mahoney—"I'm not, I'm winding my Ingersoll."

Miss Wilkinson—"What effect does the moon have on the tide?"
 Angelo Scampini—"None, it effects only the untied."

James Smith—"You remind me of a hinge."
Loretta—"How's that?"
James—"You're something to a door (adore)."—Ex.

From the English Board

Of all the English I have saw,
There's no one don't forget,
But me and him that breaks the law,
Of all the verbs we've met.

What I have did I little know,
I don't guess where he'd went,
It ain't no difference to me,
Just where he'd put me at.

Joe Mahoney—"What did your father do when you told him my love for you was like a gushing river?"
Helen Carmody—"He said, 'Dam it.'"

Senior—"Do you like codfish balls?"
Freshman—"I don't believe I ever attended one."

Her Dad—"Ruth, what time did your man leave last night? I didn't hear him say good night."
His Daughter—"No, father; he doesn't say it."

Miss Wilkinson—"Now, Joe, give me the next word. What comes after cheese?"
Joe—"A mouse."

Mr. Britton (in Latin)—"Beatrice, translate the sentence 'Rex fugit.'"

Beatrice—"The King flees."
Mr. Britton—"Now think, my girl, what tense is it?"
Beatrice—"Perfect tense."
Mr. Britton—"All right, put a has in it."
Beatrice—"The King has flees."

Teacher—"When was C. Columbus born?"
Stupid—"Dunno."
Teacher—"Didn't it say in your book, C. Columbus-1492?"
Stupid—"Oh, I thought that was his telephone number."—Ex.

When the Freshies came to school they were told to write a composition on a pig. This is how Russell Clark's ran: A pig is a funny looking animal; it has four legs, two in front and two in the back. Our dog likes pigs; my father gave me the dog. I like my father; he is tall and stout. He wears a mustache and a straw hat. I like my father and I think you would like him, too. He gives me a nickel every Saturday and Sunday. This is all I know about a pig.

Miss Clifford (in history)—"Joshua, who was the first man?"
Joshua (quickly)—"Washington was, he was first in war, first in peace, and—"
Miss Clifford—"No! No!! No!!! Adam was the first man."
Joshua—"Oh, if you are talking about foreigners, I guess he was."

Our Cadet Corps

When Angelo joins the army,
And rides a cavalry horse;
Joshua will join the infantry,
And command a gallant force.



When David enlists in the artillery,
And makes the Teutons dance,
Hermann will join the Red Cross,
And drive an ambulance.



Thomas will serve on the water,
In our large American fleet;
While Byrne with a submarine sinks ships,
'Till the Kaiser says, "I'm beat."



James will be an aviator,
And fly through the skies;
Charles will join the commissary,
And sample cakes and pies.



And when battles are begun,
With courage we will fight them,
And beat the destructive Teutons,
As soon as we can sight them.



CHARLES SANDS, '19.

The Seven Wonders of the World

1. The boys won a basketball game.
2. Kenneth didn't talk for a whole day.
3. Everyone got the same answer to an Algebra problem.
4. No one had to stay after school for Latin.
5. Rina at school at 8:30.
6. Maule and Sands didn't get sent out of Shorthand, one day last week.
7. All material in for "THE IRIS" on time.

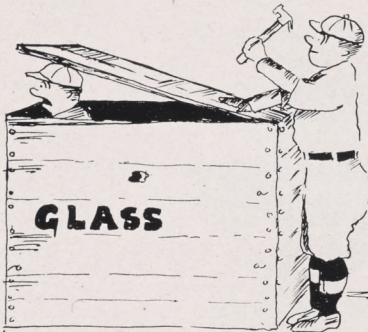
Miss Wilkinson (in Science)—"David, what is sand?"
David (thinking)—"Sand is mud with the juice squeezed out."

Miss Clifford—"If the President died, who would get his job?"
Eva—"The undertaker."

Miss Clifford (in English)—"Angelo, give me that gum!"
Angelo (hating to part with it)—"I'll give you half of it."

Melbourne (to Carl)—What does your dad do?
Carl—Oh, he is a dining car conductor.
Melbourne—On what line?
Carl—Two party line.

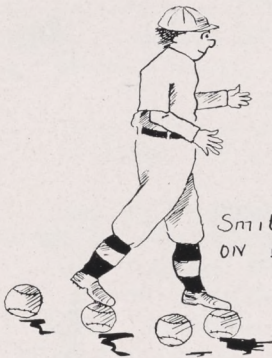
General Science Class Talking of the Composition of the Body
Miss Wilkinson (to Loretta)—Of what is your body composed?
Loretta—Sugar.
Miss Wilkinson—You think you're sweet, don't you?



THEY PUT LAUCHERE IN THE BOX



WHEN THE GIRLS WENT DOWN TO SAN MATEO TO PLAY THEY HAD TO USE TELESCOPES TO SEE THE OTHER SIDE



SMITH WALKED ON BALLS

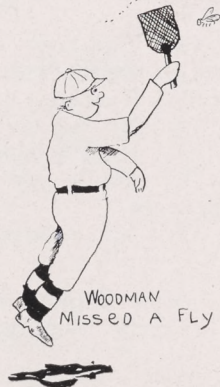


DECKER FANNED,

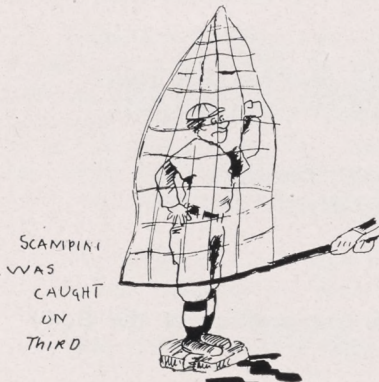
Score by R.V.'20
Lyrics by M.P.'20



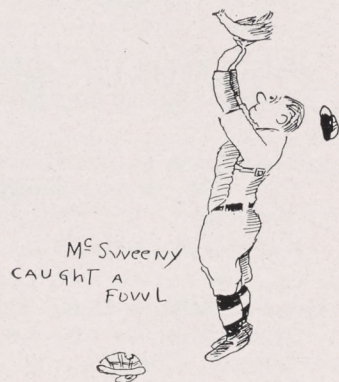
MAHONEY WENT UP IN THE AIR



WOODMAN MISSED A FLY



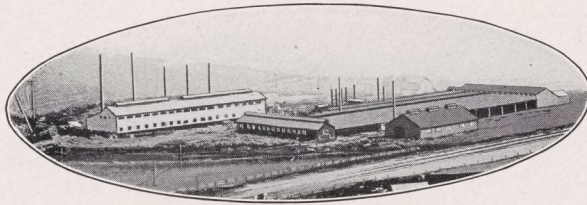
SCAMPINI WAS CAUGHT ON THIRD



McSweeney CAUGHT A FOWL

We wish to express our appreciation for the support of the townspeople in giving advertisements for our annual; to Mr. Cavassa, who has very kindly taken pictures of our teams and our dramatic productions; to Miss Marietta Diggles for so ably helping us with the cuts; to Miss Clifford for her untiring efforts and enthusiasm in publishing "The Iris", and to Mrs. W. J. Martin for kindly allowing us to take our play pictures on her grounds.

August 7, 1916. School opens.



PACIFIC COAST STEEL CO.

Manufacturers of Open Hearth Steel

PLANTS

South San Francisco, Cal., and Seattle, Wash.

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

August 14. Kenneth begins to talk.

August 20. Joshua sent out of Miss Smith's room.



LIND'S MARKET
Good Goods

August 25. Hermann buys gum.

September Freshies ride the goat.

UNITED STATES WAR BONDS

Subscriptions to the
UNITED STATE GOVERNMENT WAR LOAN

Will be received by this Bank

No charges of any kind will be made for our services

BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

THE ROYAL THEATRE
HIGH CLASS MOTION PICTURES

Don't fail to see our Little Mary Sunshine
Feature, Thursday, June Twenty-first, 1917

Don't Forget

JULIE'S ICE-CREAM PARLOR

Ice-cream Candy

October 9. Kenneth talks louder.

November 19. Joshua out again!

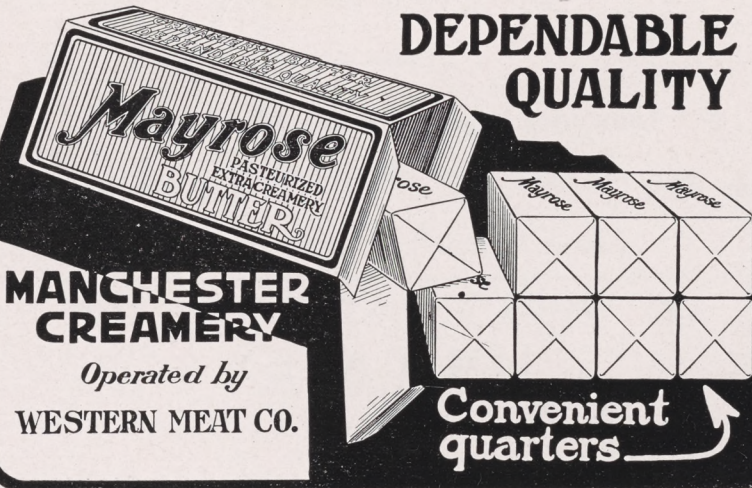
Mayrose

BUTTER

California's State Dairy
Bureau inspected our
Creamery and gave our
methods a

*perfect score
of
one hundred points*

**DEPENDABLE
QUALITY**



**MANCHESTER
CREAMERY**

Operated by

WESTERN MEAT CO.

**Convenient
quarters**

December 10. "Freshie News" makes its appearance.

December 11. "Sophomore Intelligence" makes its appearance.

Pure Milk and Cream
BADEN STOCK FARM
Tuberculine Tested Cows
Certificate of Merit, P. P. I. E.
Grade A
BROWNIE MILK
E. N. BROWN
Proprietor

ANNOUNCEMENT

The lot selling agency in the platted district of South San Francisco has been placed in charge of E. C. Peck & Co.

Mr. Peck's office in this city is located in the hotel building and the San Francisco offices occupy rooms 209-210 Hearst Building, Third and Market streets.

A house building organization is operated in conjunction with this agency. Salesmen desiring to handle lots in this district will apply direct to E. C. Peck & Co. at the above address.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

By W. J. Martin, General Manager

J. CARMODY

Dealer in

Groceries and General Merchandise

Phone 38-J

315 Linden Avenue

JIM CASEY

Dealer in

Studebaker Motor Cars and Kleiber Trucks

Insurance and Real Estate

December 17. Mr. Britton entertains the Latin class after school.

December 19. Angelo sweeps up Miss Smith's pencil shavings.

Miss Clifford (criticising the allusions to color in Coleridge's works)—“Charlie, have you ever read any other story which had so much color?”

Charles — “Yes, ‘Little Boy Blue.’”

TOM L. HICKEY

PECK & STICKLE

Builders of
GOOD HOMES

222 Linden Ave.

South San Francisco, Cal.

Four modern houses now being completed. You can buy one with the money that you are NOW GIVING AWAY each month for rent.

Go to Scampini's and ask for
Corcoran's Fresh Candies
WM. CORCORAN CANDY CO.
San Francisco, Cal.

January 3. Fire! Myrtle burns her dress.

January 5. Annual started.

Phone 127-J

NEW ENGLAND
CASH STORE

J. J. McDONALD
Proprietor

Staple and Fancy Groceries

355 Grand Avenue
South San Francisco, Cal.

A. E. Kauffmann E. P. Kauffmann

KAUFFMANN BROS.

Draying and Express
Baggage, Freight and Furni-
ture Moved, Shipped
and Stored

WOOD and COAL
HAY and GRAIN

OFFICE WITH WELLS FARGO CO.

357 Grand Ave.

Phone 122-R

January 12. Kenneth takes up public speaking.

January 27. Joshua sent out of Miss Smith's room again.

Phone 142-J

P. O. Box 16

CURUSIS BROS.

Dealers in

FANCY GROCERIES, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

IMPORTED OIL

QUICK DELIVERIES AND DRAYING BY AUTO TRUCK

COAL, HAY AND GRAIN

243 Grand Avenue

South San Francisco, Cal.

BORTOLI & SANTI

Boots and Shoes

Drygoods

Repairing Neatly Done

104 Grand Avenue

Phone South S. F. 1

FORD AGENCY

SOUTH CITY GARAGE

EMERICK & WATSON, Props.

Expert Auto Repairing—Oxy-Acetylene Welding

Firestone Tires and Accessories

Vulcanizing

South San Francisco, Cal.

February 3. Big explosion in the Chem. Lab. One injured.

March 1. Whose goat entered the study hall?

Compliments of
W. L. HICKEY

WESTERN SAND & ROCK CO.

A. P. Scott

E. E.
CUNNINGHAM & CO.

Town Lots
Rentals
Country Lands
Insurance

Cigars and
Fine Candies
Union Goods a Specialty
at the
COSMOPOLITAN
Corner
Grand and Linden Avenues

March 16. Joshua reports to Mr. Britton.

April 13. Kenneth unable to talk.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL

Telephone South City 145-W

THOMAS C. DOAK, M. D.

L. J. FLANAGAN, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

DR. CHARLES M. DECKER

Dentist

Telephone 235

319 Grand Avenue

April 28. English disagrees with Joe.

May 2. Loretta and Jimmy walk home together.

Phone Main 127-W P. O. Box 84

SOUTH
SAN FRANCISCO
BAKERY

VALENTE & GALLI CO.
Props.

French, Italian and Milk Bread
Cakes and Pies

326 GRAND AVENUE
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DR. J. C.
MCGOVERN

THE HUB

CHAS. GUIDI
Prop.

Drygoods, Ladies', Gents' and
Children's Furnishing Store

Our Specialty is Ladies' and
Gents' Dry and Steam Cleaning
DYEING and REPAIRING
Quick Service at Reasonable Prices

313-315 Grand Avenue
Phone 163-W

First Frosh—"Jack has got an
awful cold seat in the Assembly."
Second Frosh—"How's that?"
First Frosh—"He sits in Z
row."—Ex.

M. F. HEALY

Groceries
and
General
Merchandise

May 3. Charlie rings the bell twenty minutes early.

May 4. Cake and pie sale.

PENINSULA DRUG CO.

H. A. CAVASSA

QUALITY SERVICE

South San Francisco, Cal.

BANK OF ITALY SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

Incorporated 1904

OFFICIAL DEPOSITARY SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC SCHOOL
SAVINGS SYSTEM

Assets - - - \$44,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up - - 3,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided
Profits - - - 1,000,000.00
Number of Depositors - 93,000
HEAD OFFICE: San Francisco, Cal.
552 Montgomery Street

BRANCHES: San Francisco, Junction
Market, Turk and Mason Streets
San Mateo, Santa Clara, San Jose,
Gilroy, Hollister, Napa, Livermore,
Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Los Angeles

H. L. HAAKER

D. W. RATTO

"Insure in Sure Insurance"

HAAKER & RATTO
Insurance and Surety Bonds

Phone South S. F. 100

Office: Bank of South San Francisco South San Francisco

SAN BRUNO DAIRY

S. LOMBARDI

May 10. Inspector from U. C. arrives. Calamities in Senior Class.

May 15. Paper goes to print.

Make Your Education Pay

The untrained, no matter how well educated, are forced to accept menial positions, poor pay and long hours.

You want a good paying position?

Then train — —

Those who have received the benefit of a Heald Business Training are always in demand—positions seek them—they are paid brain-wages—they are leaders.

Make up your mind as to your future—then talk over your business training at Heald's any business day or on any Monday, Wednesday or Friday evening 7 to 9.

Your education coupled with a *Heald Business Training* will insure your success.

HEALD'S VAN NESS AND POST
Telephone Prospect 1540

May 31. Kenneth stops talking.

