



Le  
Résumé

1914



THE  
1914  
LE RESUMÉ

SALIDA HIGH SCHOOL



PUBLISHED BY  
THE SENIOR CLASS

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## Dedication

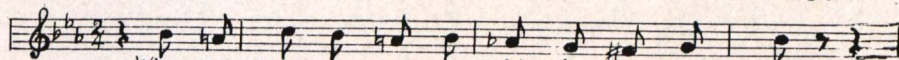
To have dwelt and worked in a community for seventeen years, to be loved and respected by more people and to have moulded and influenced more lives than any other man in the community, to be scholarly but not pedantic, quietly dignified but not too reserved, to be firm but kind, and just but sympathetic, to be progressive but wisely conservative, to be a wise counsellor and an agreeable companion, to be optimistic and cheerful, to be ever ready to overlook transgressions, and, in judging the transgressor, to consider the temptation, to be kindly and gently humorous, but not sarcastic, these are characteristics possessed by few. To the man who has so dwelt and worked with us, who is loved and respected by all of us and who possesses all of these characteristics, together with a personality which, while it commands respect and obedience, also attracts and charms,—to Superintendent Edgar Kesner, this volume is respectfully and affectionately dedicated.



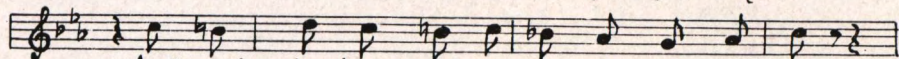
# A SALIDA HIGH SCHOOL SONG.

MUSIC BY  
ROBERT HOOD BOWERS.

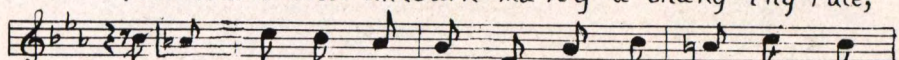
WORDS BY  
SARA LOSER.



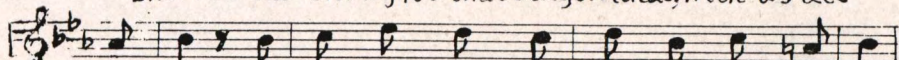
1. When a stran-ger comes to this far western town,
2. When a stud-ent comes from grade schools in-to "High,
3. As we wend our way thru these four years of school



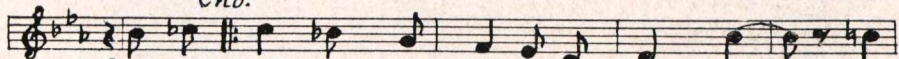
And makes his boasts of oth-er sch-ools' re-nown,  
He is gazed up-on by many a haughty eye;  
And learn and un-learn ma-n-y a chang-ing rule,



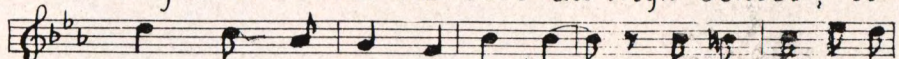
We wave a-loft our ban-ner fair, the purple and  
We'ld a-bout the vic-to-ries his pred-e-ees-  
There is one thought that stays with us, with us all



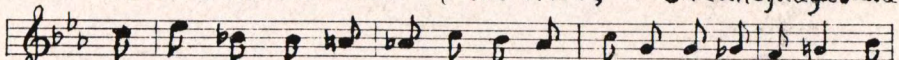
the white, And with these words we ent-er in the fight:  
sors won- And told that High School is not meant for un-  
the time; Where'er we meet, you'll al-ways hear this rhyme  
Cho.



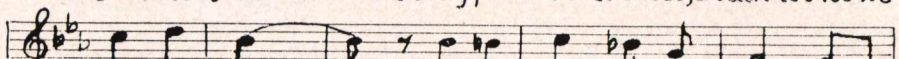
Oh you cant beat the Sab-i-da High School! It



stands at the head of the line, In lan-guages and



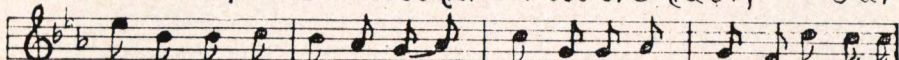
science, In our His-to-ry place re-li-ance, In ath-let-ics we



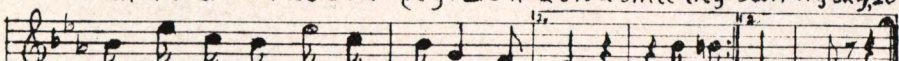
all do fine! It is here ev'ry student en-



deav-ors, To boost for our col-ors fair, Our



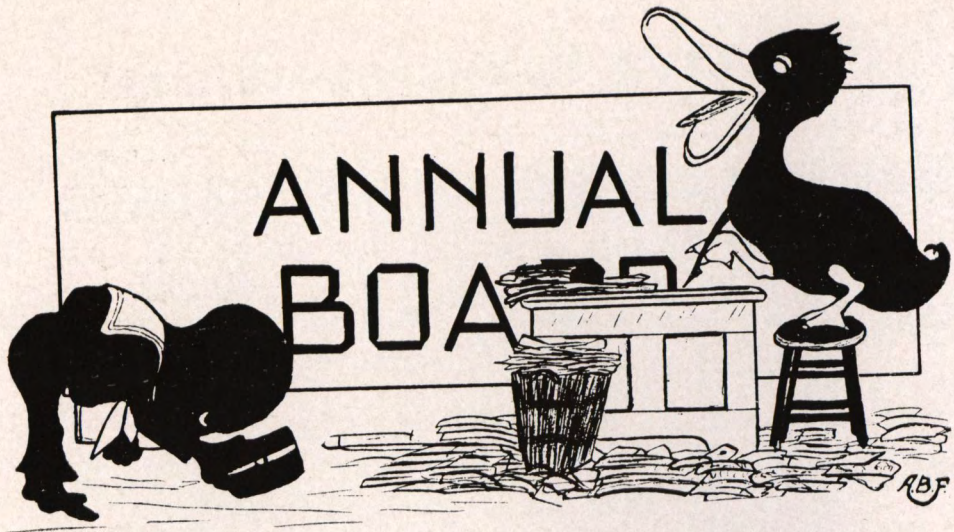
ban-ner true must e-ver fly. Be-neath a smil-ing sun-nysky, To



up-hold the hon-or of this dear High School. Oh you School.

RTB

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GENELLE HAUS  
Editor-in-Chief



LEONARD MAIER  
Assistant Editor



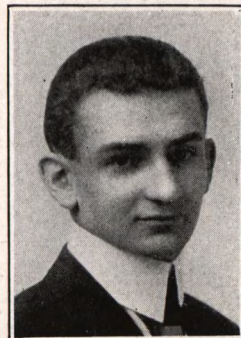
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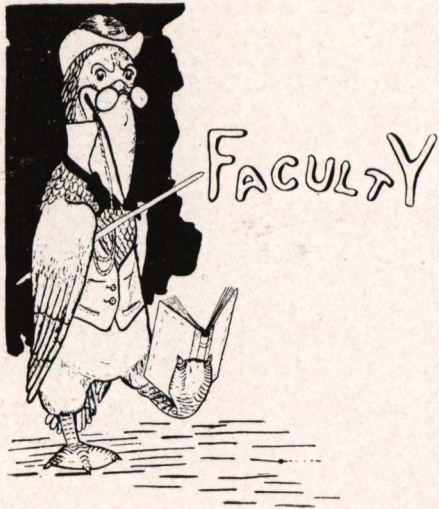
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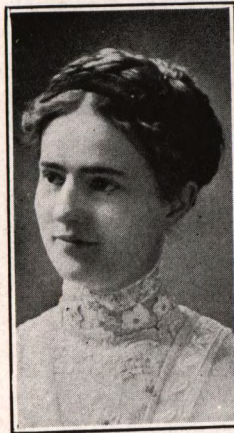
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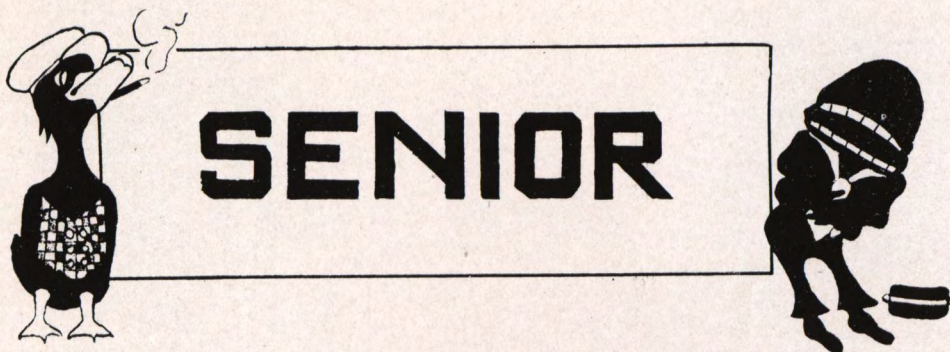


ELSIE W. WADDELL  
Secretary and Assistant



EDNA LADWIG  
Domestic Science





## Senior Class Officers

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*President*—GEORGE CHURCHILL.  
*Vice-President*—WARD BATEMAN.  
*Secretary*—SADIE BAILAR.

---

SARAH FRANCES BAILAR.

*“Sadie.”*

Orio Literary Society 1, Glee Club 1, “Tenderfoot” Staff 1, Track Team 2-3, Baseball 3, Tennis Club 3, Junior Banquet Committee 3, Literary Editor *Le Resume* 4, Class Secretary-Treasurer 4, Pianist 4, Class Play 4.

*There was a fair damsel named “Sadie,”  
Who always appeared a real lady,  
She wouldn’t drink tea,  
“Because,” said she,  
“It makes a live girl too old maid.”*





FRED WARD BATEMAN.

*"Punk."*

Orio Literary Society 1, "Tenderfoot" Staff 2,  
Baseball 2-3, Track Team 3, Tennis 3, Junior Ban-  
quet Committee 3, Business Mgr. *Le Resume* 4,  
Class Vice-President 4, Quintette 4, Class Play 4.

*A young fellow of very good looks,  
Is especially fond of nice cooks;  
He makes a good chauffeur,  
And he certainly did go for  
The ads to help pay for these books.*



EUGENE ELROY BERGMAN.

*"Mick."*

Track Team 2-3-4, Basketball 3-4, Baseball 3,  
Athletic Editor *Le Resume* 4.

*There was a good fellow named "Gene,"  
Who at first very quiet would seem;  
But when out with the boys,  
He would make lots of noise,  
But at fussing the girls he's a scream.*



JESSIE RUTH BOOTS.

*"Bootsie."*

"Tenderfoot" Staff 1, Track Team 2-3, Class  
Sec'y-Treas 2, Baseball 3, Class Play 4.

*A maiden much given to style,  
Who many young men doth beguile;  
She posed as a model,  
In French gowns did toddle,  
And considers domestics worth while.*



FREDA THELMA BRUSH.

Buena Vista High School 1, Glee Club 2-3-4,  
Track Team 2-3, Tennis Club 3, Baseball 3, Class  
Play 4.

*There was a plump maiden named Brush,  
Whom a certain young fellow did rush;  
His name we won't spell,  
For fear you will tell,  
Thus causing poor Thelma to blush.*



COLIN P(UG) CAMPBELL

"Tenderfoot Staff" 2, Track Team 2-3, Base-  
ball 2-3.

*Poncha, you know, several miles up th' lane,  
Represented by a lad who is bound for great  
fame,  
But he's so calm and reserved,  
That we think he's preserved,  
Campbell's the handle to which he lays claim.*



GEORGE ELMER CHURCHILL

"Church."

Baseball 2-3, Junior Banquet Committee 3,  
Class Sec'y-Treas. 3, Class President 4, Business  
Manager "Le Resume" 4, Quintette 4, Class Play 4.

*He thirsteth for learning of all kinds of drugs,  
Analyzes the contents of vials and jugs,  
To attain greater knowledge,  
He will speed him to college,  
For on the subject of pharmacy, he sure is  
some "bugs."*



LAWRENCE THEODORE ELOFSON

*"Laws"*

Baseball 2-3, Glee Club 2-3, Quintette 4, Class Play 4.

*"Laws," hied him to school in connection,  
With a tie that set off his complexion;  
T'was very soon spotted,  
And quickly unknotted,  
Which caused that young man much dejection.*



ARTHUR BOWMAN FRENCH

*"Fussy"; "Art"*

Farringer H. S. Newark, N. J. 1, Glee Club 2-3, Baseball 2, Track Team 3, Tennis 3, Athletic Council 3, Pres. Athletic Ass'n 4, Orchestra 4, Quintette 4, Artistic Editor *"Le Resume"* 4, Class Play 4.

*On the Annual Board is an Art(ist),  
With sketches awfully smart,  
But he's madly in love,  
With a god(dess) above,  
And we fear (s)he is breaking his heart.*



RICHARD LEE FULLER

*"Dick"*

Orio Literary Society 1, *"Tenderfoot"* Staff 2, Baseball 2-3, Class Vice-president 3.

*"Dick" early determined that he  
When grown, a sky-pilot would be,  
He always would eat,  
Fill himself to his feet,  
Quoth he "None is Fuller than me."*



ETHEL GRAYLOCK GREEN

*"Spuds"*

Orio Literary Society 1-2, "Tenderfoot" Staff  
2, Baseball 3, Track Team 2-3, Class Play 4.

*"Spuds" is a lovely young lass,  
Whose name is the color of grass,  
In Latin she's fine,  
Math's, too, in her line,  
In fact, she's the wiz of the class.*



GENELLE STANDLEE HAUS.

Glee Club 1-4, Orio Literary Society 2, Track  
Team 2-3, Tennis Club 3, Baseball 3, Editor-in-  
chief "Le Resume" 4, Class Play 4.

*Here's to our editor, cowboy Genelle;  
'Tis sad to relate that she cannot spell;  
But the effort it took,  
To publish this book,  
Was shared might and main by this belle.*



LEONARD R(ASTUS) MAIER.

*"Dearie," "Len."*

"Tenderfoot" Staff 1, Class President 2, Base-  
fall 2-3, Junior-Senior Banquet Toastmaster 3,  
Vice-President Athletic Association 3, Quintette 4,  
Athletic Council 4, Associate Editor "Le Resume"  
4, Class Play 4.

*"Dearie" is our shark (y), Leonard Maier,  
In English he is the live wire,  
The girls flirt with him madly,  
The boys tease him sadly,  
Our construction mad, timeless "Len" Maier.*



SCOTT DIVILBLISS McABEE.

*"Duns Scotus"*

"Tenderfoot" Staff 1-2, Track Team 2-3, Baseball 2-3, Class President 3, Literary Editor "Le Resume" 4.

*Duns Scotus McCabbage, whose real name is Scott*

*Possesses a temper to say the least—hot;  
He performs many stunts,  
Both fishes and hunts,  
And flatters himself he's a very good shot.*



EDITH NAEMI PAULINA NORD.

*"Bug"*

"Tenderfoot" Staff, Basketball 2-3, Class Play 4.

*With a seraphic smile and an expression sublime,  
Edith pretends to be studying most of the time;  
She's at mischief conniving, and always contriving,  
To jolly the class with a ditty or rhyme.*



LYDIA BERNICE PARKER.

*"Sis"*

Orio Literary Society 1-2, Glee Club 1, Track Team 2-3, Baseball 3, Associate Editor "Le Resume" 4, Class Play 4.

*With her lisp and her dimple Lydia thinks she is it,  
As associate editor, she feels she is making a hit;  
She's really quite smart, learns her lessons by heart,  
The thought of going to college does not faze her one whit.*



RALPH WALDO UNGER

*"Heine"*

East Denver H. S. 1-2, Class Play 4.

*Ralph is the guy, who takes for his motto*

*"I put the "A" in the famous word auto.."*

*He's the agent who spiels*

*For the Buick mobiles.*

*We hope he succeeds, for he says that he's got  
to.*



ROBERT EDWARD WEDDLE

*"Ed"*

Monessen (Pa.) H. S. 1-2, Greeley High School  
3, Basketball 4.

*.. As an athlete we accord him great fame,*

*He helped win that renowned Canon game,*

*He fiddles, dances,*

*And casts ardent glances,*

*At the girls—and from Greeley he came.*



EDITH WOODY

Orio Literary Society 1, Track Team 2-3, Ten-  
nis Club 3, Baseball 3.

*There is a staid person named Edith,*

*And in ponderous volumes she readeth;*

*She burneth the oil*

*In her midnight toil,*

*In delving for knowledge she needeth.*



## A Toast

---

(By Beulah Rivers)

Oh, we'll drink a toast,  
To the Senior host,  
And we'll drink it long and deep:  
Let the mirthful sound  
Pass the table round,  
As the feasting time we keep.

Let many a cheer  
Strike the listening ear,  
When we speed them on their way,  
As with welcome meet,  
They rise to greet,  
The dawn of another day.

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## Class History 1914

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(By Edith Nord.)

(Successfully presented for the first and only time at Salida, Colorado, in the High School Building and playing for a season of four years—1910-1914.)

### ACT I

Time—1910-1911.  
Place—Salida High School.  
Scene—Assembly Hall.

### CHARACTERS.

Star—Ray Jones (President.)  
Understudy (In case of Emergency)—Margie Doyle (Vice-President.)  
Cashier and Accountant—Mildred Demphy (Secretary and Treasurer.)  
Chorus (Mixed)—Sixty-three jolly Freshmen.

This large company, known as the class of 1914, made quite an impression, and attracted much attention from many sources. From the beginning it was known that they made many records and gained new honors, both for themselves and for the school. The building being new and the setting different, more excitement and more mistakes than usual took place. In this particular all previous records were nearly broken, but no serious damage was done.

Some of the side issues were—a few flunks, much note passing, and many parties.

A number of the chorus dropped out, one by one, much to the regret of the others. On the whole the act was a successful one.



# Le Resume '14

## PRELUDE.

A few members of the company attended summer school, and consequently are more capable of taking their parts in the following acts.

## ACT II.

Time—1911-1912.  
Place—Same as Act I.  
Scene—Room II.

### CHARACTERS.

Star—Leonard Maier (President.)  
Understudy—Albert Griffin (Vice-President.)  
Cashier and Accountant—Jessie Boots (Secretary and Treasurer.)  
Chorus—Twenty-six (Wise) Sophomores.

It was easily noticed that there were several new faces in the chorus and several of the old ones were missing. (It was quite difficult for some to carry their part successfully.)

Much work was done in this act by all members of the company. Manual Training and Domestic Science were introduced at this time and proved to be sources of interest to all.

Side issues of importance—Records made in Athletics, publication of the best number of *The Tenderfoot* for the year. The number of parties and other amusements was noticeable.

## ACT III.

Time—1912-1913.  
Place—Same as Acts I. and II.  
Scene—Room III.

### CHARACTERS

Star—Scott McAbee (President.)  
Understudy—Richard Fuller (Vice-President.)  
Cashier and Accountant—George Churchill (Secretary and Treasurer.)  
Chorus (Mixed)—Twenty-five dignified Juniors.

The jolly spirit and the diligence of the company was noticed throughout this act and the following one. The chorus is still smaller than before. The company works hard and shows much interest in their work. It is also noticeable that they are acquiring dignity so as to be in practice for the next act.

Important things noticed:—Misunderstandings in class meetings, interest in Athletics, parties. The great even of the act is the Junior-Senior banquet and reception at Assembly Hall. Curtain drops amid much excitement.

## ACT IV.

Time—1913-1914.  
Place—Same as Acts I, II and III.  
Scene—Room I.

### CHARACTERS.

Star—George Churchill (President.)  
Understudy—Ward Bateman (Vice-President.)  
Cashier and Accountant—Sadie Bailar (Secretary and Treasurer.)  
Chorus (Mixed)—Nineteen happy Seniors.

It is easy to see that the purpose of this act is to make the most of everything and to enjoy everything as much as possible. Florence Clem makes every one happy by joining the company at the first of the act, but the joy is short lived as Florence leaves for Massachusetts after the Thanksgiving holidays. Every one is also sorry to see Frazier Booth leave, after being with the company for a few



months only. Every one gladly welcomes Edward Weddel to the company at the first of the second semester.

A great deal of time and energy is given to the Annual, and much enthusiasm is shown about the class play. Of course, every one is eagerly looking forward to Commencement.

Noticeable events: —Excitement shown by all, their importance, and their busy ways. Few parties but much pleasure otherwise. (By far the most interesting and enjoyable act.)

It will be with much regret to all the members of the class of 1914 when the curtain drops at the close of the last act. The Salida High School, and the many happy days, will be but a memory. The entire class owes their sincere thanks to the members of the faculty, who have helped to make the undertaking a complete success. Every member of the class of 1914 appreciates the interest the faculty has shown in the class.

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## Senior Class Prophecy

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(By Genelle Haus.)

As usual the entire staff was assembled with the exception of Lydia, who was by virtue of being Lydia, late. Suddenly the lower hall door slammed, and was quickly followed by a rushing sound traveling in our direction, and in breezed a very excited, much out-of-breath girl, who exclaimed:

“Oh, say, kids, John says there’s a fortune teller in town and she’s just swell. Let’s all ditch staff and get our fortunes told. Huh?”

“I don’t get the point. Why do we have our fortunes told?” asked Ward.

“Ah, just for fun,” was the reply.

“Shall we get the Junior girls, too?” asked George.

“And say, maybe if we get the whole class we can get rates. Anyway, any one ought to be glad to tell the fortunes of the Seniors,” was Genelle’s suggestion.

The boys rushed in their autoes to get the members of the class and soon the crowd numbered nineteen.

We made our way to the Madame DeGubernatis’ reception room, where after a very clever speech of our own business managers, the clairvoyant was persuaded for the consideration of ten cents apiece, to give a view of each one’s life at various future times; and the concession was gained that this should be public to the class.

“Who’s going to be first?” she inquired, as each hesitated.

The class generously gave way and put the honor upon the shoulders of Edward Weddel, for he’s our newest classmate, and the book of etiquette says we must never forget to be polite and make newcomers feel at home.

Slowly taking Edward’s hand in hers the fortune teller said:

“As a civil engineer your reputation will become widely spread, a man whom the nation honors, especially the people of the West. Your greatest success will be attained in 1960, when the plans you have formulated will be carried through

and the third division of the D. & R. G., railroad will be standard gauged. The dainty little narrow gauge coaches now in use on the Turkey Trail, will then be presented as souvenirs to the residents of Salida."

Sadie's, "Edith Woody next," was taken up by the crowd so she sat down before the Madame.

"Hist! Little have you flighty young folks thought as to the deep learning of your reserved classmate. Shortly after the completion of her college course, I see her as she sits at her desk, the manager of the large Information Bureau. Although she will receive good offers from other towns, yet she will remain at her post in Salida, because of good-will to the place of her birth."

"Me next, I can't wait," cried Ralph.

"The Ford Auto Company, hearing of your great reputation as a salesman for the Buick machine will make you an advantageous offer to handle their cars, which, reluctantly, you will accept as you can not refuse the monetary consideration made, for you will figure that when business is slack you will always be able to earn at least five dollars per day guaranteed to the humblest employee."

Lydia filed in after Ralph.

"I discern in the lines of this hand that though there is great ambition to climb the mountain, knowledge, to its summit, the love of home prevails and this generous lassie gives up her pursuit of learning and settles down to keep house and make things pleasant (have postum and hot waffles ready) for Brother John—and his bachelor friends."

Next slowly and dreamily, the madame looked the crowd over until her eyes roved to Leonard's face; and, as he drew near, she said,

"I see indications that you will become a prominent physician and demonstrate at many clinics. You will prove by experiment that cancer will not yield to the treatment of radium, which has for you a strange fascination. Having found no known disease whose cure it will effect, you are searching far and wide for a radium curable disease."

"Edith, you go next," said Ethel.

No, let's have Jessie. Go on, Jessie, I want to be last,"

So to please her chum, Jessie took her place before the revealer of futures.

"In the exhibit room of Ketchum and Cheatem, importers of French gowns, located in New York City, I see the young lady before me displaying the latest creations of the Parisian dress-maker's art. And to such an advantage are these gowns shown on this very chic model, that the sales of this firm far surpass those of its competitors."

The crowd, pushing Scott forward, listened to the following,

"You will act in a very forceful manner on one of the weighty problems of the age; namely the high cost of living. In order to alleviate the means whereby the laboring class will be able to obtain the necessary food stuffs at a more reasonable price, you will begin your campaign by instituting a boycott on all meats, and with your great daring in the bucking broncho contests you will not feel the least apprehension in bucking the beef trust. Not the appetizing odor of the savory roasting rib, nor the sizzling of the juicy T bone steak will deter you from continuing on this meat strike, until your ends are accomplished and the living cost of the nation greatly reduced."

Thelma Brush next carefully subsided into the chair.

"You will have a contract to furnish the comic section of the Denver Post and various news-papers throughout the country; and with your ready skill and clever manipulation of the "Brush." You will bring events to a crisis, when



'Jimmy's Papa Sees the Circus to a Finish' or when the show either disbands or is removed from the vicinity of the Thompson domicile."

Upon stepping to the table Lawrence Thompson was apprised of his doings for the ensuing few years.

"Being a staunch advocate of the principles of the ever-running (president-elect,) Bryan, you will travel from town to town promulgating his views on the all pervading liquor question; and when in your home town, perched upon a huge wooden box, located temporarily for that purpose on First and F streets, you will continue somewhat in this wise:

"Friends, why will you persist in serving champagne, wine, and other intoxicating liquors at your social functions, when our pure unfermented grape juice is a far more delicious, as well as harmless beverage?"

"At the close of this eloquent discourse, you will be presented by the ladies of Salida with a beautiful white ribbon bow which you will cherish among your choicest possessions, as evidence of the enthusiasm evoked by your soap-box exhortation, you will be presented by the young ladies of Salida with a basket of most luscious grapes."

To Ethel, as she came next, the madame said:

"At a meeting of the city council, it will be voted to enforce the enactment of the pure food law, and you will be appointed to supervise its commission. Note-book in hand, you will be seen fitting in and out of the various stores, chili-parlors, bakeries, and the like; grading the contents as to cleanliness and qualities pertaining to the health of the community in general. So vigilant will you become that not a box, jar, or receptacle of any kind but what will be so compactly sealed that Salida's summer colony of flies will be compelled to migrate or meet a tragic death of starvation."

"Your hand," said the fortune teller to Colin Campbell, "the hand of a gentleman of professional life, shows that you will be judge of the district court. At the time I tell of, you will have a case on hand, involving two (what two I can't say) of your classmates. This case, it is shown, will deeply concern you and cause you much deep thinking. Oh, my! All is so dim, I can't make out the case or the contesting parties. It is plain, however, that you have great hope of becoming the Chief Justice of the United State's Supreme Court, but although you have changed your politics to those of the party in power for several terms, you'll not be successful in gaining the appointment, until eventually a new party will spring up and, backed by the ladies, you will realize your ambitions and gain a seat on the supreme bench."

Eugene Bergman followed Colin to be greeted thus, as the fortune teller looked at his hand:

"Why the plaintiff of the fore mentioned case! The suit which so muddled me in the previous sight is now clear. The issue of the case is very plain. Long will you train, and fine muscular development will result. You intend to take up athletics as a life's profession and have so advertised. At this point a man, why, the name is clearly outlined, Ward Bateman, sampler for the Horlick's Malted Milk Company—with intent to slander—tells without proof, that your muscles are not what they should be for your chosen work and consequently the suit for damages. The decision? Why there is none; for both of you agree to discontinue the case and combine forces. You, turning to Ward, 'will furnish free of charge malted milk to Eugene, who in turn will, by his strength, advertise it as the only muscle building beverage known.'"

"Oh, that's yours, too, Ward. Lets have Sadie's," said Ralph.

"In you, I see a society bud. Your life will be care-free until the age of

twenty-one, at which time you will inherit quite a considerable fortune, the control of which will take up a great deal of your time. You will spend many anxious hours in an effort to master the intricacies of the income tax, in which you feel deeply concerned. In fact, so much of your time will thus be taken up that you will be forced to hire a secretary to answer the besieging demands of charity seekers and to keep you posted as to the engagements you must attend, in fact, owe to your slighted social world."

"That tall boy over there, next, please," said the clairvoyant, pointing to Arthur French. He responded to learn:

"You will wish to go deeper into the science of biology and will continue in your researches. In order to secure the necessary funds for the advancement of your studies, you, with your excellent ear for music and handy kit of tools, will be enabled to earn sufficient expense money by tuning pianos, in the towns along the course of your itinerary."

To Genelle the seeress said:

"The lines of your palm prove a great sympathy for all animals in distress. An aggressive member of the Audubon and S. P. C. A., your name will frequently appear as having rescued some helpless guinea pig or pink-eyed white rat, from the clutches of the vivisectionist or as buying a license for the stray canine so that he may gnaw his restaurant bone, without fear of the lynx-eyed dog catcher. You will lecture upon the ways and means for the protection of the songsters and expatiate upon the beauty of the discarded feather of the barnyard fowl, for trimming purposes."

"I knew it. Us boys all felt that was to be Genelle's work ever since she fought with us in Junior Chemistry 'cause we wanted to put a little hokey-pokey on Laws' dog, to see him run," said George, as he came forward.

"I see, but dimly, the vision of a mammoth parade, accompanied by much music and display of banners. It stops in front of an imposing structure of gray granite. Carved in Old English above the entrance is the lettering, U. S. Post-Office, Salida. This is the day of dedication. In the cornerstone are placed the city's valuable papers, among them the diagram of the water system, the wooden pipe of which is noted for its barteria producing qualities. By the aid of a microscope, many million animalcules may be seen gaily disporting themselves on the mossy turf of its inner curves. And to whom do the honors belong? Why, to Representative George Churchill, who, untiring in his efforts, finally inveigled Uncle Sam into allowing the one hundred thousand dollar appropriation for the construction of this building."

Since Edith bid for last, you are next, Richard."

At the close of your theological carrer, you will take up evangelistic work. Many converts will be credited to the influence and force exercised at your revival services. Your sermons will contain many intelligent firstlys, fifthlys and lastlys, and finally being persuaded by the entreaties of your co-workers you will become the head of a syndicate, the object of which will be to furnish sermons to itinerant preachers."

"Now Edith, as there's no more, you'll have to go next," said Jessie.

"All right," replied Edith.



“As I see you,” began the Madame, “in the near future, you are sitting at the window at the close of a pleasant day of early fall; your sewing has dropped to your lap, a smile of welcome lingers on your face as you watch as if looking for the home return of —”

Edith sprang from the chair. “Oh, that’s it! Everybody says that! And I do declare, I’m not going to get married. So there.”

“Guilty conscience,” say the girls, as Edith made confession as to her future.

The crowd laughingly made their way into the street, and voted to have an ice cream in honor of the evening.

Here’s to our health and hopes that, at the direst fates of misfortune one’s life will be no worse than prophesied.



CLASS OF 1914 AS FRESHMEN



## Class of 1914 as Freshmen

---

Ward Bateman.....Senior S. H. S.	Irma Dobbie.....Milliner, Salida
Lawrence Burke .....	Marjie Doyle-Mitchell .....
.....Machinist Helper, Salida	Etta Foulk.....Junior Class S. H. S.
Colin Campbell.....Senior, S. H. S.	Agnes Gaughn .....
Charlie Cole .....	.....Mt. St. Scholastica's Academy
..Fence Gang, D. & R. G., Salida	Ethel Green.....Senior S. H. S.
George Churchill....Senior S. H. S.	Effie Henry .....
Cochems Dobbie .....	Genelle Haus.....Senior S. H. S.
.....Auto Machinist, Salida	Margaret Holman.....Clerk, Salida
Robert Dobbie .....	Leola Johnson .....
.....Machinist Helper, Salida	Agnes Kinney .....
Lawrence Elofson....Senior, S. H. S.	.....Business College, Pueblo
Albert Fanders.....Clerk, Salida	Ruth Lessing .....
Richard Fuller.....Senior S. H. S.	Ray Jones .....
George Furniss .....	..Bank Apprentice, Seattle, Wash.
.....Machinist Helper, Salida	Joseph Julien .....
Richard Gilmore .....	.....Fireman D. & R. G., Salida
.....Machinist Apprentice, Salida	Elmer Kenyon .....
Albert Griffin .....	Irving Laswell .....
.....B. B. Helper, Pueblo	.....Machinist Apprentice, Denver
Vall Higgs .....	Leonard Maier.....Senior S. H. S.
.....Machinist Helper, Salida	Scott McAbee.....Senior S. H. S.
George Humoller .....	Eugene Bergman.....Senior S. H. S.
.....Machinist Helper, Salida	Marie Beck.....Clerk, Salida
Frank Hunt .....	Margaret Martin-Straitiff .....
Clarence Hayden...Rancher, Coaldale	Madeline Meacham .....
Orrin Hunt.....B. B. Helper, Salida	.....Richmond, Cal., H. S.
Frank Veo (married).....	Edith Nord.....Senior S. H. S.
.....D. & R. G., Salida	Lydia Parker.....Senior S. H. S.
Darrel Woods.....Pugilist, Salida	Della Penrose .....
Fred Monahan .....	Dunreath Perkins .....
.....Machinist Helper, Salida	.....Junior Class S. H. S.
Drew Norris.....Electrician, Kansas	Mildred Reynolds-Holman .....
Howard Rhodes .....	.....Los Angeles, Calif.
.....Junior Class, S. H. S.	Hester Sage.....Junior Class S. H. S.
Lloyd Sage .....	Irene Tappin.....Unknown
..Park Business College, Denver	Nora Valandingham....Clerk, Salida
Marcus Williamson....Barber, Salida	Dana VanCleave.....Clerk, Salida
Sadie Bailar.....Senior S. H. S.	Metla Watlers .....
Florence Clem .....	Salida
.....Pittsfield, Mass., H. S.	Myrtle Watlers .....
Jessie Boots.....Senior S. H. S.	Salida
Jessie Crymble.....Clerk, Salida	Edna Wilcox .....
Mildred Demphy .....	.....Mt. St. Scholastica
.....Mt. St. Scholastica's Academy	Mary Wright .....
	..Telephone Girl, Alamosa, Colo.
	Edith Woody.....Senior S. H. S.
	Gladys Woods.....Grand Junction





SCENE FROM "LOST A CHAPERONE."



## Junior-Senior Banquet 1913

The banquet, given on the twenty-first of May by the class of 1914 in honor of the class of 1913, was one of the most successful in the history of the High School.

The hall was well, but softly lighted by purple shaded globes. Alternate purple and gold streamers dropped from the center of the ceiling to the walls. Here and there on the walls, pennants of various universities and high schools, brightened the room.

The guests were met at the entrance of the Assembly Hall by the Junior Committee who extended them every courtesy.

They then sat down to a four-course banquet. The tables were arranged in the shape of the letter "H". Bouquets of snapdragons and candalabra, covered with golden shades, were placed upon the tables alternately.

The great whispering ceased as the toastmaster, Leonard Maier, arose and called upon Madeline Meacham to give a toast to the honored guests. Bartle Day, the Senior class president, gave a flattering response. George Churchill was called upon next to toast our respected and loyal faculty. Miss Gilpatrick responded for the faculty. Arthur French's toast to the superior sex, the girls, was responded to by Beulah Wilson. We sincerely hope that the boys deserve the compliments showered upon them by the young lady. Howard Carson of the departing class then made the concluding toast to the High School. Later the floor was cleared and the class of 1914 joined with the class of 1913 and the faculty in the last dance, which they could all share. The only cloud came with the farewells and the realization that the classes were really separating.

## Commencement Week---A Forecast

On account of publishing the Annual so early in the year, it is impossible to give a complete account of the commencement festivities.

The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by the Rev. Mr. Morphy, of the Baptist church, Sunday night, May 24.

Commencement exercises will be held at the High School Auditorium May 29. The address will be given by Dean Parsons of Colorado College.

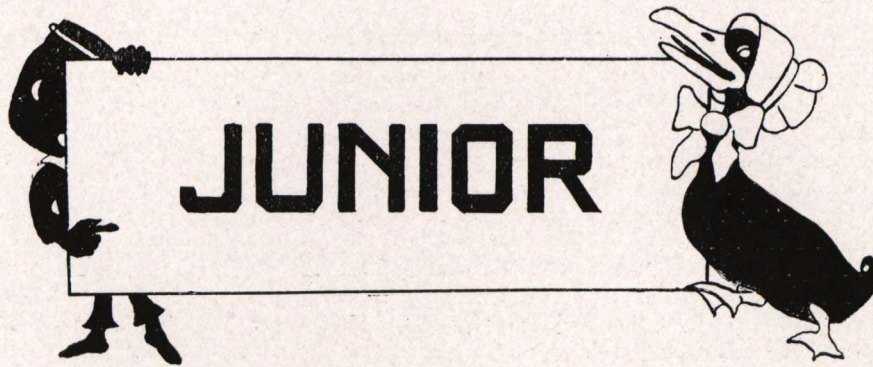
The class play, "Lost A Chaperon," will be given during commencement week

Other parties and reception promise to help make the season a very enjoyable one.

## "Lost---A Chaperone"

### Cast of Characters

George Higgins	.....Colorado University A. B.....	Ward Bateman
Fred Lawton	.....} University Freshmen camp- }	Leonard Maier
Jack Abbott	.....} ing with Higgins..... }	Arthur French..
Raymond Fitzhenry	.....A Harvard Student .....	George Churchill
Dick Norton	.....} Off hill engineers..... }	Lawrence Elofson
Tom Crosby	.....} .....	Ralph Unger
Marjorie Tyndall,	George's cousin, a Smith Girl.....	Genelle Haus
Alice Bennett	.....} .....	Jessie Boots
Agnes Arabella Bates.....	} C. C. Girls }	Edith Nord
Ruth French .....		Sarah Frances Bailar
Blanche Westcott .....	.....} .....	Ethel Green
Mrs. Higgins, the Chaperone,	George's mother .....	Thelma Brush
Mrs. Sparrow ...a farmer's wife.....	.....} .....	Thelma Brush
Lizzie .....	} her daughters }	Glenna Goddard
Mandy .....		.....} .....



## Junior Class Officers

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*President*—Jennie Lee Williams.

*Vice-President*—Monda Tomlin.

*Secretary and Treasurer*—Willard Woody.

*Class Reporters*—Helen Mosgrove, Dorian Haus.

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Willard Woody, "*Bill.*"  
Howard Rhodes, "*Dusty.*"  
Henry Sandusky, "*Hank.*"

"Oh, what shall we say about  
these treasures of ours?"

"United we stand, divided we fall."



Hazel Schoolfield, "*Venus*."

Helen Mosgrove, "*Juno*."

Monda Tomlin, "*Ceres*."

Dunreath Perkins, "*Cupid*."

Fellow Immortals:—

While in your mad pursuit of earthly pleasures. Do not deign to stoop to anything suggesting familiarity with mortals.

Yours paternally,  
Jupiter, the Omnipotent.

"If wishes were autos we'd all take a ride."

Agnes Quinn, "*Stony*."  
Lucine Jones, "*Babe*."  
Loretta Crosswhite, "*Sis*."  
Marguerite Reilly, "*Irish*."

"A gay little bunch  
Of gay little girls  
With their gay little smiles  
And their gay little curls."



"Is he comin'?"



Gladys Bode, "*Minerva.*"  
Grace Williamson, "*Dick-ey.*"  
Jennie Lee Williams, "*Jupiter.*"  
Mabel Bateman, "*Vesta.*"

We've been friends together, in sunshine and in shade.

Two's company even when it's two pairs.

Nancy Bid-  
dy Queen  
Dorian Haus,  
"*Tom.*"  
Beulah Rivers,  
"*Bill.*"  
Pearl Means,  
"*Tootsie.*"  
The horses  
took  
just fine,  
nicht  
wahr?



So they rode, rode, rode.



Hester Sags, "*Hetty.*"  
Marjorie Mixer, "*Marnie.*"  
Etta Foulk, "*Dutch.*"

We live by Admiration,  
Hope and Love.  
And even as these are well and  
wisely fixed  
In dignity of being we ascend.

Why don't the men  
Propose, Mamma?  
Why don't the men propose?

Pearl En Earl, "*Polly.*"  
Margaret Miller, "*Punkins.*"  
Mary Jones, "*Mary Jane.*"  
Bessie Coslett, "*Bessie Ann.*"  
Emily Hodding, "*Pinky.*"

To know, to esteem, to love and  
then to part,  
Makes up life's tale to many a  
feeling heart.



Infinite riches in a little room.



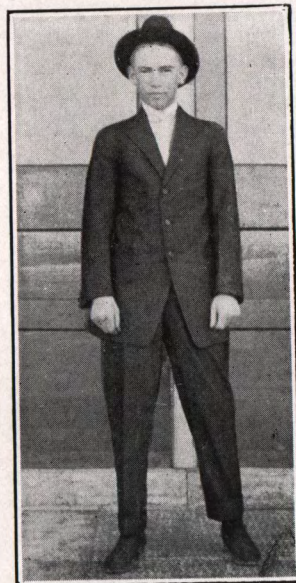
Laura Ramey, "Stubby."  
Florence Gill, "Flossy."

*Varium et mutabile semper femina*

*The Heavenly Twins!*

Harold Axford, "Kiddo."

Weapons of war,  
A Hammer and a Tin Horn.



How did they ever  
run this High  
School without me?



## Junior Class History

(By Dorian Haus)

Salida, Colorado, February 27, 1914.

Dear Friend Jim:

I have been intending for some time to keep my promise to you concerning the history of the class that I entered this year at the Salida High School. Although knowing that you would like to have the story of all that has taken place, still my base-ball club and my studies have kept me busy.

On my entrance to the room of the Class of 1915, I was surrounded by a bevy of girls. They weren't such bad lookers but I got sort of scared when I didn't see any boys. Soon after I had been assigned a seat in the very midst of the fair damsels, a gong rang, and seeing no boys enter, I wondered if, by chance, I had blundered into a young ladies' seminary. A moment or so passed and I noticed that suddenly, those surrounding me seemed to be taking a new interest in life. I was at a loss for the reason, until I heard on the lower floor of the building a sound, as of crashing thunder. The noise approached and, as a precaution against whatever terrible event might occur, I prepared myself for a spring toward the door. Before my eyes, wide with fear, the door burst open and in dashed three boys. Imagine my relief! Never in my life had I experienced such a glad surprise.

Soon I became acquainted with one of the boys (a very nice youngster) and from him I learned the chief events of my Class History.

I will try to repeat to you the story as he told it to me.

"Aw, I can't tell you very much about it but I'll try. There was a whole bunch of us—I guess there were sixty, anyway, when we were Freshmen. That year we chose red and white for our class colors and the carnation as the class flower.

"We had three parties that year and we had a swell time at all of them (I didn't go).

"We won the track-meet banner in 1912, too. It's hanging up in the assembly room to show it to everybody, because we've given up all hope of ever winning another.

"In the High School track-meet last year, we came in rather near the tail end, but us boys made all the points—about forty. The girls wouldn't help at all. We fellows are going to try even harder this year, and I suppose the girls will look on.

"There were three parties this year; two of them in combination with the Seniors, and we had a better time than ever (I didn't go to them either. It wasn't my fault that I didn't go to Peulah's, since the girls wouldn't invite us boys. I came nearer to going to that one than any, because I wasn't invited, only there was a prize fight that night and Howard needed me).

"Aw, I forgot to say that a girl named Jennie Lee Williams is our president this year, and some president she is, too.

"That's all I can think of to tell, but if you want to know anything more, just ask me."

It's sure some swell class I've joined, and the kids are certainly smart, too,—I guess, that's because so many are girls.

That is all I have found out about the class but if you want to know anything more (like my new friend, Hank) just ask me.

Please write soon and tell me all about the Junior class at home, and how they are getting along without me.

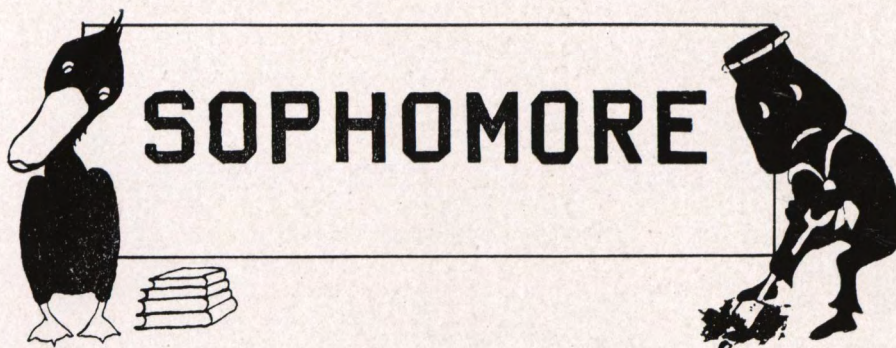
As ever, your old chum,

Harold.





CLASS OF 1916.



## Sophomore Class Officers

---

*President*—HAL WEBSTER.  
*Vice-President*—CAROLINE WELCH.  
*Secretary and Treasurer*—LOUIE HAY.  
*Class Reporters*—Evelly McNicol, Lily Lines.

---

*With due apologies to wiser heads than ours—*

*Mildred En Earl*—Everyone has their faults—mine, whispering in the hall.

*Leslie Lippard*—Among them, but not of them.

*Dorothy Gimlett*—Cupid is a knavish lad, thus to make poor females mad.

*Evelly McNicol*—This maiden has no tongue, but thought.

*Caroline Welch*—They laugh that win.

*John Garrison*—The eyes express the sweetest kind of bashfulness!

*Delacey Ramsey*—(To any little girl).

The violet loves the sunny bank,  
The cowslips loves the lea,  
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,  
But I love—Thee.

*Solon Duncan*—Children should be seen and not heard.

*Helen Sexton*—.

It's guyd to be merry and wise,  
It's guyd to be merry and true.

*Hal Webster*—Say, now, don't forget your money.

*Emmett Brown*—

He thought he thought great thoughts  
And thought no other thought a thought.

*Dewey Mathews*—

Tease me all you want to  
And have all your fun;  
I couldn't help it  
I just had to run.

*Leitha Woods*—Balls are but leather, forwards, but girls.

*Fred Everett*—Life is less than nothing without school.

*Esther Plimpton*—To be good is laudable, but it's a powerfully lonesome job.

*Marie Kennison—*

Yield not to flirtation  
For flirting is sin ;  
No sister will help you  
Her brother to win.  
Strive maidenly onward  
Dark passions subdue  
Don't wink at the boys, Marie,  
Let the boys wink at you.

*Fay Edwards—*Speech was given to Fay that she might always speak.

*Lulu Laswell—*

Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,  
So much the better you may laugh the more.

*Louise Gill—*

One heart's enough for me,  
One heart to love—adore—  
One heart's enough for me,  
And who could wish for more?

*Bertha Strayer—*

He loves me—he don't  
He'll have me—he won't,  
He would if he could, but he can't.

*Grace Moore—*

Deep brown eyes running over with glee ;  
Blue eyes are pale, gray eyes are sober ;  
Bonny brown eyes, are the eyes for me.

*Truman Means—*I was never less alone than by myself.

*Jessie Mixer—*As quiet as a mouse.

*Bessie Blanchard—*Silence is golden.

*Anna Jacobs—*Studios of ease, and fond of humble things.

*Esther Jones—*We look at her beauty, we listen to her wit.

*George Mock—*

At times I'm inspired  
With that feeling known as tired  
With weariness my heart doth overflow.  
It annoys me most to death,  
Just to sit and draw my breath  
When I have that tired feeling, don't you know!

*Lucile Freeman—*

I ought to play basket-ball ;  
My sisters were on the first team.

*Vivian Dougherty—*I am not so simple, it's the way mother dresses me.

*Louis Hay—*She is not bred so dull that she can't learn.

*Everett Roberts—*I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark.

*Buena Foulk—*A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.

*Kenneth Woods—*Me, basketball, and girls.

*vana Gorham—*My books are friends that never fail me.

*Lily Lines—*

I would hate to be an angel  
And never do a thing  
But play upon a darned old harp  
And sing, and sing———and sing.

*Paul Stodghill—*Come not within the measure of my wrath.



## Sophomore Class History

(By Fay Edwards.)

Father Time was seated in his comfortable arm chair with his large book open before him. He was making his grand review of the events of time. Two Fairies turned the pages, while one read to him. All which was noble, good and honorable was recorded in gold; the imperfections were written in red.

"Here is an entirely gold page," remarked the Fairy, as the large leaf was turned.

"What is the topic?" asked Father Time.

"Salida High School, Class of Nineteen Sixteen," answered the Fairy.

Father Time nodded approval and the Fairy continued in a clear musical voice:

"Salida High School, Class of Nineteen Sixteen, Freshman Year.

"Seventy-three jolly Freshmen met in the Assembly Room on September the third, nineteen hundred and twelve. They entered their brilliant career by cheerfully bearing the jokes of the upper classmen. Soon after school began, the class organized with Andrew Maier, President; Hal Webster, Vice-President, and Fred Everett, Secretary and Treasurer. For their colors they chose blue and gold; blue significant of earnestness toward their studies and loyalty to their class; the gold signifying brightness, cheerfulness, prosperity, and happiness. On September the seventh their annual party was given in the beautifully decorated assembly hall of the public library. In October the first inter-class contest took place. The banner was awarded this class. In athletics this class was prominent. Kenneth Woods, Leitha Woods, and Caroline Welch played on the basketball teams. Kenneth Woods and Delacey Ramsey secured first places in the track meet at Canon City; and Delacey received a beautiful silver cup for winning the mile run at Colorado Springs. On May the tenth, this loyal class won first place in the annual track and field meet. Those who distinguished themselves here were Delacey Ramsey, Kenneth Woods, Leitha Woods, Lulu Laswell, and Esther Jones. At the end of the year Zana Gorham and Marie Kennison tied, with an average of ninety-one per cent, for first honors in scholarship."

"Sophomore Year," continued the Fairy.

Only thirty-five of the famous seventy-three assembled in the Sophomore room, September the second, nineteen hundred and thirteen. They were now full-fledged Sophomores and prepared to work as such, and to maintain their record, made as Freshmen. New officers were chosen. They were Hal Webster, President; Caroline Welch, Vice-President, and Louie Hay, Secretary and Treasurer. September the seventh marks the date of their first party. This was given in the assembly hall. On October the fourteenth, the girls entertained the boys at the home of Grace Moore; and on

were hosts at the home of Paul  
"Ha," said Father Time at  
And now call my brownies!"

When these made their appearance, he commanded them, "Go and bring the largest pot full of gold you have. Record the achievements of this class. For, I am sure that with such a beginning their entire career will be written in gold."



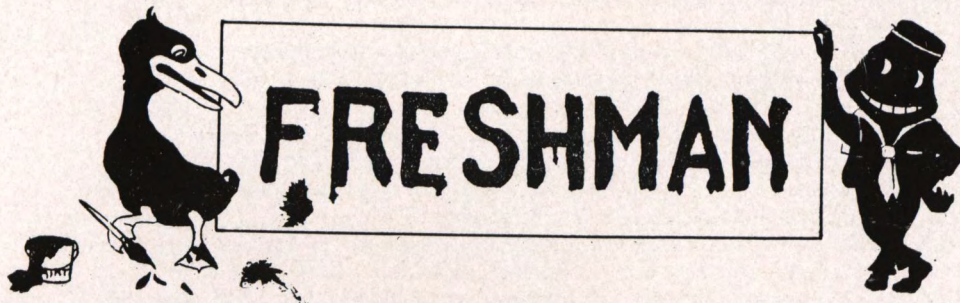
December the twelfth the boys Stodghill."

the close, "a fine record indeed;

pearance, he commanded them, "Go and bring the largest pot full of gold you have. Record the achievements of this class. For, I am sure that with such a beginning their entire



CLASS OF 1917.



## Freshman Class Officers

---

*President*—WELLINGTON NASH.

*Vice-President*—GRAEME MORGAN.

*Secretary and Treasurer*—MILLS HUTCHINSON.

*Class Reporters*—SARAH LOSER, CARL VALDEZ.

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*Harold Archer*—Mother calls me Harold, my pals call me Pete.

*Olive Benson*—Small but ambitious.

*Edith Berrian*—She that studies shall learn.

*Dean Bratton*—So, Boss.

*Wanda Burke*—I'd rather skate than eat.

*Jeanette Carson*—Gee, kids, this is slow. Howard's gone.

*Inez Carson*—I don't care, it isn't fair.

*Josephine Chamberlain*—The early bird catches the worm. Gosh, I'm hungry!

*Eva Corlett*—I'm trying to live up to Bessie's record.

*Dallas Cuenin*—Gee, I made a hit when roller skating.

*Robert Davidson*—I'm one of the Capitol Hill Quartette.

*Dewey Davison*—No. I'm not the hero of Manila Bay but of the Red Sox.

*Pearl Davison*—She was the pride of the country side (Alder, Colorado.)

*Marshall Demphy*—Ardent admirer of Jim Thorpe and Eugene Bergman.

*Natalie Diss*—Favorite literature, McCall's, Butterick's and Bellas Hess' magazines.

*Anna Dolan*—Tiny, but oh my!

*Eugenia Durand*—Oh, to waltz, waltz, waltz.

*John Fowler*—The secret of my popularity is my wit.

*Pearl Gillespie*—I should worry.

*Clara Goddard*—Domestic Science is my forte.

*Ruth Gorham*—Don't think you are the center of the universe, I am.

*Irwin Gimlett*—I only come to school to pass my time away.

*Gertrude Hallowell*—Fuss and the world fusses with you, stag and you stag it alone.

*Iverne Haus*—The darling of the Annual Staff.

*Rollo Hedricks*—Originator of the fashionable pomp.

*Alga Hiester*—Her giggling is contagious.

*Shields Howell*—Come unto me, oh ye girlies.

*Mills Hutchinson*—Let'r buck.

*Alberta Jacobs*—A ring on the left hand is worth two on the right.

*Phyllis Jacobs*—Alberta's sister.

*Cuvier Jones*—I love English, I love it not.  
*Sara Loser*—I make my class famous.  
*Mamie Lunnon*—Striving to gain the privileges of a Sophomore.  
*Leslie McAbee*—Please don't remind me of my relationship to George.  
*Joe McDonough*—My fate is settled, I'm Irish.  
*Ruth Meacham*—I read all the latest fiction.  
*Graeme Morgan*—Nash, will you loan me your socks?  
*Wellington Nash*—I believe in Juniors, individually rather than collectively.  
*Emmett O'Connor*—Did you see my cedar chest?  
*Robert Newman*—A distinguished Canuck.  
*Agnes O'Donnell*—Did any one ever hear her whisper? No, she talks.  
*Katherine O'Hara*—Your eyes are blue and your hair is red. Aw, come off.  
*Herbert Oliver*—Do you think I resemble Snookums?  
*John Owen*—Nobody loves a fat man, but I do.  
*Max Purmort*—Brigadier General of the Boy Scouts.  
*Howard Price*—I'm holding a seat in the assembly room.  
*Luella Quinn*—Curly locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine.  
*Raymond Roberts*—Frailty, thy name is woman.  
*Joseph Sage*—What is there in a name.  
*George Skeen*—Men at some time are masters of their fate—but Leitha got me.  
*Donald Smith*—Mé and Len take the cake for classiness.  
*Carl Valdez*—A prominent Freshman. Violinist in the orchestra.  
*Hilda Valandingham*—A kid who "gets bit" at every turn; also "stung."  
*Winnifred Williams*—Maybe next year I'll make the team.  
*Jack Williamson*—I believe in sweets to the sweet.  
*Harold Wilson*—Beautiful, beautiful hair, 'tis neither red nor yellow.  
*Hugh Wilson*—Carrier of wordly news.  
*Leslie Woody*—I was seeing Nellie home.

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## Freshman Class History

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(By Sara Loser)

The class of 1917, with a great show of bravado, marched into the High School Auditorium that bright September morning. A large class it was too, sixty-four in all. After old friends had exchanged greetings and classes had been called to order, much of this assurance disappeared, for a great many mistakes were made. During the first few days all was confusion. Everyone of us mixed everything! But what Freshmen class does not?

The first real event in our career as a class was the organization and election of officers. We chose Wellington Nash, president; Graeme Morgan, vice-president; and Mills Hutchinson, secretary and treasurer.

The first social event was a picnic at Wellsville.

The first party, a masquerade, was held at the Adilas Hall. We had a fine time playing games, dancing, and just before supper we were joined by our beloved friends, the Seniors, who came expressly to admire the beautiful and unique costumes of the Freshmen. The party was chaperoned by Misses Montgomery and Gillpatrick. Do not think that we have let frivolous things put our lessons aside! Indeed, they have only spurred us on to greater efforts.

We think Mr. McDonald believes in this, also, as he took the Physical Geography class for an all-day trip to Wellsville. The outing certainly proved a pic-



nic in itself. Of course, work came before play (?) and many valuable specimens were found.

Our entertainment committee soon grew restless and planned another party. It was held at the McKenna hall on the twelfth of December. An indoor track meet afforded much fun for all present.

This "Class History" is not much; indeed it may bore some to read it, but this first year of High School life will not soon be forgotten by us. We Freshmen are resolved to make good, and expect when our four years are finished to show a record worth reading. *Melius* is our pass word and with good will and hard study, we hope in time to reach our goal.

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## Chipeta and Ouray

---

(By Beulah Rivers.)

Away in the west where the sunsets glow,  
Illumined the mass of resplendent snow,

On the peak of old Ouray,  
As the sunset gay, then the twilight gray  
Told the world below of the close of day,  
The dreamy mist a maiden kissed

And bathed her brow in rose.

The chieftain told a story old  
Of a love that ever grows,  
As they wandered anon, in the soft gloam, on,  
Through the half-lit forest glades

With the sweep of time came the men of might  
To harass a land that by primal right  
Was the Indians' Land o'Dreams.  
But life's wars are past and they seem at last  
Their troth to plight 'mid sunset gleams.  
And eternal bliss seals their bridal kiss,  
As aloft they reign supreme.  
They live once more. The western door  
Of the sun they close at e'en;  
Then as mortals awhile, the sweet moments beguiles,  
In the soft clouds' pastel shades;

For some kind god's will  
Makes them sweethearts still,  
Chipeta and old Ouray.





## **Athletic Council**

Arthur French, president; Leonard Maier, Howard Rhodes, Delacey Ramsey, Wellington Nash.

## **Introduction**

The S. H. S., stands for clean athletics, which tend to develop the clean lived man. The splendid physiques, proper will power, and gentlemanly instincts perfected by the training which produces the ideal athlete, are the foundations of the highly cultured minds of this age. The S. H. S.—recognizing the fact that athletics are such an important factor in the training of the H. S. student, gives considerable attention to this department.

## **Boys' Basket Ball**

The boys' team this year was one of the fastest ever turned out by the Salida High School, in spite of all the reverses with which the team met.

Only one game was lost and that to North Canon, where poor officiating and rough work won the game for Canon.

The first game was won from the Alumni 44-22. Collins and Lines starred for the Alumni.

At Gunnison Salida won two very rough games, 29-16 and 37-27.

In the next game, Florence and Salida, the visitors were completely outclassed, the score being 70-6. Booth starred at shooting baskets.

At North Canon, in a very fast and exceedingly rough game, Canon got the long end of the score 31-25. The work of the Salida guards was the feature of the game.

On our home-floor, Leadville lost to Salida in a fast game, 46-29.

The night of February 25th, before a record breaking crowd, the Salida team



HOWARD RHODES, Capt.  
"Dusty."  
A fast speedy guard.



EUGENE BERGMAN.  
"Mick."  
An all round basketball  
player noted for guarding.



FRAZIER BOOTH  
"Boots."  
A cool-headed player and  
a star basket shooter.



WELLINGTON NASH  
"Bill."  
A good basket-shooter.



KENNETH WOODS  
"Kay."

A fast guard, using  
fine head-work.



EDWARD WEDDLE  
"Ed."

A fast aggressive guard.



DELACEY RAMSEY  
"Ramsey."

A fast guard.



GEORGE SKEEN

A good man for his first  
year.



proved that they were the masters of North Canon at every angle of the game. The Salida team played a whirlwind game and trounced the visitors 39-21.

In the two fairly fast game Gunnison lost to Salida 29-16 and 42-20. The visitors lacked the aggressiveness which characterized the Salida boys.

At Florence in a fast and very rough game, the Salida team won 23-21.

The final game of the season was staged at Leadville and the last half of this game was one of the finest exhibitions of basketball that the H. S. has ever given. The first half was all Leadville's and the score at the end stood 20-11 in their favor. In the next half, Salida presented her strongest lineup and played the Leadville team off their feet, overcoming their lead and forging ahead seven points. Score 39-32.

Rhodes, Capt., guard; Bergman, forward; Booth, center; Nash, forward; Woods, guard; Weddle, guard; Ramsey, guard; Skeen, guard.

## Girls' Basket Ball

The girls team this year played so few games that it is hard to rate their ability. But considering that only half the team were "veterans" we feel that they can be proud of their record.

In the first game with the Alumnae, the girls won 33-13. The Salida team played a fast heady game and at all times out-classed the Alumnae.

In the next game on our home floor the girls proved their worth by winning from the Florence girls, 21-4.

Leadville, at Salida, won from the girls team in a very close and exciting game. This was the girls off night as they showed none of their former skill.

At Florence, the girls walked away with the game, 17-2. The entire Salida team played a steady game.

At Leadville, the girls won the game but lost the score. For the first five minutes they played a classy article of basketball, the score being 8-2 in their favor. From that time the altitude affected them and one of the most important rules of girls' basketball was broken without any foul being called. Had this rule been called the girls would in all probability have won. Leitha Woods played a star game.

The team: Leitha Woods, Capt., guard; Caroline Welch, R. center; Jennie Lee Williams, forward; Iverne Haus, forward; Florence Gill, guard; Eunice Bergman, center; Lulu Laswell, guard; Marguerite Reilly, center.

### Girls' Schedule

	S. H. S.
Alumnae .....	13...33
Florence .....	4...21
Leadville .....	10... 8
Florence .....	2...17
Leadville .....	19...13
—	—
Total .....	48...92

### Boys' Schedule

	S. H. S.
Alumni .....	22...44
Gunnison .....	16...29
Gunnison .....	27...37
Florence .....	6...70
North Canon .....	31...25
Leadville .....	29...45
North Canon .....	21...39
Gunnison .....	14...29
Gunnison .....	20...42
Florence .....	21...23
Leadville .....	32...39
—	—
Total .....	232...415



LEITHA WOODS, Capt.  
A star at guarding.



CAROLINE WELCH  
An exceptionally fast  
player.



JENNIE LEE WILLIAMS  
Good at shooting, free  
and fielding baskets.



IVERNE HAUS  
A fast player and a  
good basket-shooter.



FLORENCE GILL  
A good aggressive  
guard.



EUNICE BERGMAN  
A good player and ex-  
ceptionally cool-headed.



LULU LASWELL  
A fast guard.



MARGUERITE REILLY  
An aggressive player.



Ramsey, winner of the mile-run at the C. C. High School meet last year and out for a state record.

## Track

---

The prospects for a successful field day and good track team are very bright. A good quarter mile track and a sawdust pit are being built and with these to arouse enthusiasm and create interest a good track team will be developed and a successful field day is assured.



Booster's Parade



## The True Hero

(By Fred Monahan)

Tell me not of Julius Caesar  
That old warlike Roman geezer.  
Who licked the Gauls and wrote a his-  
tory of his life;  
How his shrewdness and his cun-  
ning  
Kept the poor old Celts a-running,  
And how he loved to win his way by  
bloodshed, war, and strife

Nor yet of Alexander called the  
Great  
Who always railed and cursed at  
human Fate,  
When he had met and conquered the  
mighty Persian nation;  
For Alec loved to wade in gore,  
And he was wondrous, wondrous  
sore  
Because there were no unlicked tribes  
upon the whole creation.

Nor do I care to hear you praise  
That hero of the brave old days,  
English Richard Couer-de-Lion, who  
in days of yore  
A mighty battle ax would wield  
Upon some stricken battle field,  
When he was busy mincing up the  
poor old heathen Moor.

So tell me of the humble man  
Who strives and does whate'er he  
can  
And never growls nor grumbles at his  
fate;  
Who toils from early morn 'till night  
And fights a brave and uphill fight  
For he's the man of all the men, the  
man who's truly great.

Be he butcher, boilermaker,  
Or a humble undertaker,  
Or perhaps a tiller of the soil, the man  
behind the plow;  
Poets do not praise or laud him.  
Great crowds do not applaud him,  
They never hang a laurel wreath upon  
his homely brow.

His way is rough, his life is hard,  
He does not struggle for reward.  
He gamely plods along and never  
heeds ambition's call,  
So I take it on myself to praise  
Him who toils through endless days,  
So honor, men, with fitting praise, the  
greatest man of all.

And, please, do not recite to me  
The life works and the history  
Of Rameses, Egyptian king, who rul-  
ed upon the Nile;  
And I shall bar that Frenchman, too  
He, who met his Waterloo  
And buried his ambitions all at St.  
Helena's Isle.

Sing to me not of warriors,  
Of orators and lawyers,  
On poets and philisophers I also place  
the ban;  
On Plato and Demosthenes  
And also on Diogenes  
Who spent a life time searching for  
just one honest man.

Warrior, statesman, politician,  
It is personal ambition  
That goads them to the highest flight  
of Fame;  
Noble heroes of past ages,  
Whose deeds fill History's pages,  
Each one of them was striving to im-  
mortalize his name!





ELOFSON



MAIER.



CHURCHILL.



FRENCH.



BATEMAN



## The Quintette

---

The organization of the Quintette of the Class of 1914 marks a new epoch in the musical history of our High School.

One Tuesday morning the Assembly was electrified by the announcement that the Quintette would sing for us. The gentlemen appeared and delighted us by their finished rendition of "Abide With Me." After a storm of applause, they graciously returned to give a charming encore.

Although we have not since had the pleasure of hearing them, we are hoping for another treat. We are expecting, in the near future, to hear great things from our Quintette.

---

## The Old School Bell

---

*(By Annie Coombs)*

The old school-bell is ringing,  
And to memory it recalls  
The many happy hours that  
I have spent within school-walls.  
The memory brings much pleasure  
For again I do live o'er  
The well-beloved school days  
That will come again no more.

Chorus

The old school-bell, the old school-bell,  
Whene'er I hear it it seems to tell  
Of days gone by, of friends loved well;  
How dear to me, the old school-bell!

Again I see the teachers  
And their faces softly glow  
With kindness and welcome  
As they did long years ago,  
Once more my classmates' voices  
Seem to echo through the halls,  
Again I see the outlines  
Of the pictures on the walls.

## An Indian Legend

---

(By *Beulah Rivers*)

The signal fires of the Good Spirit gleamed from afar, over the eastern brim of the lake; and the mistlike smoke found its way into the lodge of the youthful chieftain. The lithe limbed brave glided out and stood at the water's edge, watching the answering fires light up the distant clouds.

Near, very near, the ripples lapped the shore. The steadily rising waters had continually threatened the village; and now the angry spirit reached greedily for its prey. Long ago it had been predicted that only the life of a mighty Chieftain would appease the demon of the lake. Life was sweet to this youth; but, written in the glowing flames, he beheld his destiny.

Silently the brave left the village and sped towards the Land of Sunrise; and on the third morning, he stood within the lodge of the Scarlet Chieftain of the Dawn, who bade him seek the camp of Twilight.

As the seventh day ended, the traveller beheld the Land of Sunset, and, reading the message of the dying sun, he, too, slipped into the depths of the molten lake. Down he sank into the realm of Twilight, under the golden waters; and, lost in wonder at the beauty of the scene, he wandered on. Finally he came to an immense gateway, beyond which, lo! stretched the Happy Hunting Ground. With a glad cry he attempted to enter; but the gateway vanished, and a gigantic rock barred the way. In savage resentment, he assayed to move the mass. Behold! it crashed aside, sharply tilting the bed of the lake. Then the panther like figure of the youth glided into the Indian Paradise.

Far above, the waters of the lake broke over the eastern embankment; and away in the west, a mighty mountain emerged from the level lake, his venerable head gleaming with the frozen waters, —a glittering mass of icicles caught in his shaggy hair.

The Indians saw and understood. The fathers of the tribe solemnly declared that the spirit of the departed leader dwelt in the heart of the mountain, and that he would protect his people through all future time.

Even until the coming of the whites, long after the valley of the Great Lake had become the valley of the Divided River, the tribes that dwelt there were guarded by the spirit of the true chieftain, Shavano

# The NUTTS COMPANION

No. 23

THE NUTTS COMPANION



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“CUPID THE COW PUNCH”

The Book That  
Won The Forty  
Million Dollar Prize

### RECOMMENDED BY

Richard Fuller—“The Sky Pilot”  
Junior Class—“Petticoat Rule”  
Leonard Maier, Gertrude Hallowell—“Cupid’s Understudy.”  
Natalie Diss—“The Motor Maid.”  
The Basket Ball Teams—“Going Some.”  
Dorian Haus—“Chatterbox.”  
Joseph McDonough—“Rip Van Winkle.”  
The Janitor—“Dear Old Santa Claus.”  
Freshman Class—“The Nursery Tales.”

### CHARACTERISTIC OF

Kids Who Tore The Pennant—“The Spoilers.”  
Wanda Alison—“Just a Girl.”  
Ed Weddle—“An Old Fashioned Boy.”  
Raymond Roberts—“Curly Locks.”  
Paul Stodghill—“Last of the Great Nuisances.”  
Ward Bateman—“Auburn and Freckled.”

### WRITTEN BY

Ralph Unger—“How I Earned My First Dollar.”  
Lawrence Elofson—“Idle Thoughts of An Idle Boy.”

### FAVORITE OF

John Owen—“So Fair, So False.”  
Delacey Ramsey—“Lucile.”  
Kids in Training—“Candy Country.”  
Faculty—“Apostles of the Commonplace.”  
Mr. Tanton—“The Eye of Ordeal.”  
Colin Campbell—“The Young Farmer.”  
Arthur’s Notebook—“Old Curiosity Shop.”  
Emment O’Connor, Katherine O’Hara—“Irish Twins.”  
Dunreath Perkins  
Monda Tomlin | Blinds Down  
Sadie Bailar



# THE NUTT'S COMPANION

Published Once in a Lifetime by the Annual Aggregation of Senior Swell Heads

EDITED BY A FEW CHOICE NUTTS

PRICE--WHATEVER WE CAN STING YOU

## THE LITTLE CAMA.

Once upon a time there was a pretty blonde Boy. Like all good boys, he had a sister. One day Sister asked him to take her to a Place of Amusement, vulgarly termed a show. He remonstrated, but Sister was obdurate. Being an obedient lad, he saw his Duty and agreed to perform It. But he did not know that Sister included half the female population of the city; therefore he was surprised when the group he was to escort began to augment greatly. However, it being late, they set out in great Haste. Coming to a place of Divine Worship, Sister told him that he must enter and inform a certain young lady that Sister awaited her without. Brother did as he was commanded; but, lo!--upon entering he heard a reverential voice leading in prayer! And the lady, instead of singing, was devoutly praying! Having distinguished, or, rather, extinguished, himself by entering, he was forced to remain. Then for half an hour or so, he was a sorry example of a Redeemed Sinner; and when he finally joined Sister and her friend, and was greeted by queries as to his absence he is reported as having used the profanation, "Oh, Hang!"

Moral: Do not escort your sister anywhere; you can't tell where you will meet the old nick.

## BOTANICAL BRANCH

Extra fancy Coca Nutt.....  
 .....Hustling Genelle  
 Fancy Coca Nutt.....  
 .....Plump Lydia  
 Coca Nutt.....  
 .....Much-worked Leonard  
 Grand Hickory Nutt.....  
 .....Bricktop Sadie  
 Old Hickory Nutt.....  
 .....Martial Scott  
 Nutt Sundae...Fussy Archie  
 Extra Large Chest Nutt...  
 .....Boisterous Gene  
 Raised Dough Nutts.....  
 .....Blushing Ward  
 .....Cheerful George  
 Wall Nutts.....A. E. M.  
 .....A. L. G.

### An Argument in Favor of Visiting in Assembly.

We have observed that there are diverse opinions as to the advisability of allowing high school pupils to visit during the time they have hitherto wasted while in the Assembly. Now, it occurs to us that this privilege would soon become a profitable diversion; for who knows what strong bits of information an innocent and unsophisticated Freshman may absorb from his superiors? For instance, he might learn just how to chew gum, pomp his hair, remove obstinate shines from various parts of his physiognomy, hide behind another's light, hoodwink the faculty, and teach the principal the gentle art of fishing. The little Freshies might also become proficient in the art of hand signalling from any distance, the knowledge of

Concluded on next page, column 2

## SOUR GRAPES

Once there was a Sweet Girl. She was only a Freshman, but she was very old for her years. It chanced that this Maiden had Beautiful Eyes and Stunning Hair. The fact that she wore glasses only added to her charm. Day by day she grew more beautiful and more supremely dignified--she bore herself as might a queen. Finally she began to believe she was one, enshrined in the Senior heart. But the most scornful disdain characterized her expression when she beheld a Senior laddie. Then there was a mighty stir in Boydom, and the host marched out to conquer or to die. The handsomest, the craftiest, the most skilled in the manly art of courtesy and love, vied with one another for her favor. But the Heroine's icy heart remained unmoved. Then the Pining-Heart-Broken Seniors, whom she had doomed to an early grave, pleaded for mercy; but in vain. Meanwhile, the other girls, burning with jealousy, beheld their supreme conquest passing to the "victorine," and they wept. And thus the entire assembly was thrown into Throes of a Great Grief as each beheld that which he most desired held just beyond his grasp. And the Senior Boys panted in agonized despair.

Moral: Only the Unattainable is Desirable.

THE NUTT'S COMPANION

HE WHO RUNS MAY WIN

A young lady rushed frantically down the street, with a reckless disregard of the safety of the innocent passing pedestrians, bent seemingly on reaching her goal—the school room.

In close proximity to the heels of the fleeing maiden there appeared a six-foot specimen of the masculine persuasion. He was evidently intent upon overtaking this little Freshman and basking in her smiles, while escorting her on the oft-trodden path to the school house.

But the maiden, very short of breath thought with a most triumphant air, blew into her class room a few seconds in advance of her pursuing swain. His fond hopes having been defeated, his disappointment became obvious to all.

(Perhaps when Mr. Blank becomes a High School student he will be more successful in his quest of the fair sex.)

Moral:

Now boys take your cue, 'tis more than a hint, The youth who wins Phyllis must be a good sprint.

Concluded from page 1, column 2

which would be of vital importance to him if shipwrecked off the coast of Final Examinations. Moreover, it would develop his character along the desired lines in regard to absolute frankness, for his teachers, casting aside their suspicious watchfulness, would cause their pupils to renounce all their underhanded precaution.

Again, their instructors would be relieved of a great deal of responsibility; for, owing to lack of preparation, each pupil would drop several subjects. With these arguments in view, we believe that the janitor will be forced to see the advantage of the new system and will cease to complain about the (note) paper strewn floor. We, ourselves, add the weight of our opinion in favor of the aforementioned change in the curriculum.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Pretty Boy Questions.

Little Aids to Beauty—just nifty touches, such as a well-trained pompadour, and the proper twist to windsor tie. Consultations cordially received and absolutely confidential.

ROLLO HEDRICK

FLUNKING.

By all means to be prevented. How? Simple method of bluffing, closes the trick.

Questions answered by HAL WEBSTER.

MUSICAL QUERIES

As I play the piano, violin, and flute, as well as being quite a vocalist, I feel assured I can satisfy any queries you may have about music.

ARTHUR FRENCH.

INFORMATION (GENERAL)

Any questions you may have which does not come under any previous heads, or cannot be answered by any authority, I will answer for you. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

RALPH UNGER.

DON'T FAIL TO READ

That Thrilling Drama—

“A Dash For Liberty,” or “How I Ran Home,”

By DEWEY MATHEWS

Conceded to be the Greatest Living Sophomore.

“We Sell 'Em Fast” Book Company



## POPULAR PARTY CARRIES ELECTION

**George Churchill Carries Off High Honors—Freshmen Make Clean Sweep for Clown—  
George Skeen Most Versatile Boy in School—What's the Matter With the Williams Girls?**

The returns from the recent election have finally been prepared. The judges were almost swamped by the heavy vote polled. On the bottom of the page will be found the latest report of the Carnegie Institute for the Reform of Spelling, founded on the new innovations suggested by the ballots.

Howard Rhodes, Rollo Hedrick, and Mills Hutchinson were dropped from the contest for the Handsomest Boy because no one was allowed to vote for himself.

The judges have, to the best of their ability, tabulated the returns for the first, second and third place. In case of a tie for third place two names are given.

**Most Popular Boy—**

George Churchill.  
Howard Rhodes.  
Leonard Maier.

**Most Popular Girl—**

Jennie Lee Williams.  
Caroline Welsh.  
Winnifred Williams.

**Handsomest Boy—**

George Churchill.  
Leonard Maier.  
George Skeen.

**Smartest Boy or Girl—**

Bessie Corlett.  
Scott McAbee.  
Beulah Rivers.

**Most Contrary Boy or Girl—**

Frances Haley.  
George Skeen.  
Scott McAbee.

**Prettiest Girl—**

Winnifred Williams.  
Grace Williamson.  
Sara Loser, Gertrude Hallowell.

**Biggest Clown—**

George Skeen.  
John Owen.  
Jack Williamson, Rollo Hedricks.

**Wittiest Boy or Girl—**

Jennie Lee Williams.  
George Churchill.  
George Skeen.

**Most Accomodating Boy or Girl—**

Bessie Corlett.  
Leonard Maier, Delacey Ramsey.  
Monda Tomlin, Arthur French.

**Highest Total Number of Votes in All  
Contests Cast For—**

George Skeen.  
George Churchill.  
Jennie Lee Williams.

### REPORT OF REFORM SPELLING COMMITTEE.

Ugen Burgeereman.  
Caryline Welsch.  
Wilmington Nash.  
Janelle House.  
Rola Henrich.  
Easther P.  
Genell Willison.  
Loshier or Lozor.  
Arthor French.  
Gorge Churchal.  
Satie Ballier.  
Ed Wedel.  
Lenior Hay.  
Wivian Dougherty.

Francis Hayley.  
Dusty Roods.  
Letha Woods.  
Marie Kennason.  
Frezier B.  
George Scene, Skien, Skan, Skein.  
Lin | Myers,  
| Myer,  
| Mier,  
| Miers,  
| Meir,  
| Mair,  
| Mire,  
| Miar.



## The Autobiography of the Gray Kitten

(Lily Lines.)

The night was dark and lonely. I wandered listlessly around the almost empty streets until I was finally attracted by a hum of voices. I trotted slowly up the streets and around the corner, expecting to be taken up and petted by a gentle lady's hand. But alas! it was a large crowd of boys, one of whom exclaimed:

"There's a cat, catch him, Bill!" I started to run, but was soon overtaken by Nash.

One boy jammed me in his pocket and they started up the street at a brisk pace. While in my prison, I snatched a few ideas concerning the purpose of my capture.

"What are you going to do with that cat, Rhodes?" asked a shrill piping voice. "Where are you going?"

"Well," said Rhodes, in a very authoritative tone, "we'll take it along and perhaps we can find something to do with it. Come on, Churchill, I am going to the Sophomore party."

"Oh," said George, "let's present our treasure to Dewey!"

"That's the stuff," came the chorus.

Just as I thought I would smother, Howard pulled me out of his pocket, and I noticed my surroundings. We were before a very brilliantly lighted house, and I could see a number of young people, who were apparently having a jolly party.

"Here, Laws," commanded Rhodes, "hold this cat!"

"Sure I will," answered the piping voice.

Rhodes, with a few of his devoted followers (?), went to the door. While they were gone, the other boys discussed the situation. There *seemed* to be some joke about Dewey's taking a girl to a party and then leaving her to go home unprotected (?).

Presently the committee returned. "We can't go in, the Sophs wont invite us," said Rhodes, "but we can send *it* in."

A long debate followed, during which time I was roughly handled by several, among whom I heard the names of Ward, Pete, and Leonard.

Finally, I was handed to one of the ladies in attendance to the young man called Dewey, and to whom I was duly presented.

The cause of all the laughter will always remain a mystery to me. Dewey didn't seem very fond of me, but the other boys and girls fondled and petted me.

I stayed all night in this house and the next morning I was sent to the Senior class president, George Churchill. But, fearing the immense responsibility of my training, he sent me to live with Sarah Frances Bailar. She loves cats(?).

Now I am happy again; for Sadie spares no effort to keep me comfortable..

## At the End of the Rainbow

Jennie Lee	beholds	The Opera Stage.
Delacey	"	The Laurel Wreath.
Harold	"	More Wisdom.
Hal	"	Just Monda.
Mable	"	Domestic Science.
Dorian	"	Perpetual Giggles.
Sara	"	Senior Boys! Never.
Flunking Freshies	behold	Final Exams.!
Arthur	beholds	Jennie Lee.
Ed	"	"A Girl."
The Staff	"	The Annual.



## Who's Who---and Why?

### SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS ABOUT THE WOULD-BE GREAT

Of course, in wading through Ancient History, we are, to a certain extent, forced to sympathize with the poor victims of that bloody, barbarous time. Again, some of the more sincere of us marvel at the wonderful patience and endurance of such men as Napoleon or of a certain other well known third term seeker; but after a careful and exhaustive perusal of statistics, including several confabs with those who have tried and survived the ordeal, we are forced to conclude that the limit of all modern endurance and suffering is embodied in that of Class President. Just imagine such acute persecutions as, "Shall we have cake and pickles or vice versa with a little bit of cheese?" I leave it to you, wouldn't it drive a steam calliope crazy? I guess old Nero never had anything on the average high school class for dealing out misery.

Now, the poor unfortunate victims of history always received their tears after they had returned to dust. Therefore, fellow students, let us progress a step further and honor our martyrs in their own time so they can enjoy the fruits of their labors. Everybody, hats off and three for George Churchill. He has borne his burden so far like the self-sacrificing hero that he has to be. Time alone will tell whether he is of the material that lasts.

George is Salida product, having spent his life, (and his money) here. He attended Central school where no doubt the several teachers attended him. He entered High School in 1911, looking in personal appearance, just like any other short fat boy. Being a Freshman, his foolishness was no more noticed than he himself was which isn't saying much for him. In 1912 he became one of the numerous pests that infested Miss Gilpatrick's room. That year he played short-stop on the Soph. Baseball team. In his Junior year he was elected Class secretary and was appointed as a member of the Junior-Senior entertainment committee. Made good in both. In this year of High School he is at the zenith, being class President, member of the Annual staff, member of Senior Class Quintette and of the Senior class play. He is also a good dancer and a favorite with the girls. Let us hope that his good luck continues to the end.



Howard Rhodes, Basketball Captain, all around athlete and good fellow. The shy and retiring disposition and the inquiring attitude toward the world in general which is still characteristic of him, apparently displayed itself at an early age.

While we are extolling high schools celebrities, let us not forget John Owens (plain "Fat" on week days). Fat is one of our weightiest intellectual products. This year he is taking Freshman studies over again, being forced to leave school last year, the last of May on account of indigestion and loss of flesh. Outside of having a decided abhorrence for anything funny, Fat is a pretty good old head.

Laws Elofson, class fusser and interpreter of social etiquette. Outside of having a brand new set of "baby mines," Laws is still doing business at the same old stand. About the only difference we can notice is that he wears a pair of double barreled goggles every so often, but we cannot state why.

Ward Bateman, Senior Basketball Guard, and a very good one as this small tragic episode shall teach. Ward was doing his best the other night, and was just wiping up the floor with them. In one of his lithe, catlike movements he happened to come in contact with one of the other players, (gently of course). When aforesaid player came to, he feebly argued, "I don't know yet whether that was Ward or a ton of brick." Quite a compliment, Ward, if you can put them out as effectively as a ton of brick.

## How the Pennant Went Up

---

(By Winnifred Williams)

Along in the fall when the gifted and much practiced "hot air merchants" of the Senior class were busy forcing all their affairs on the attention of an unprotected world, the Freshmen, without any uproar or pretensions began quietly to transact their own business; and, in the course of time, selected their class colors, but found it unnecessary to shout them abroad.

After months of patient amateur detective work, the Seniors concluded that they had discovered the colors, and would honor (?) us by presenting us with a banner displaying our colors.. A few among our loyal spirits decided that they could not stand for this insult; so in the silence that the Seniors had not learned in four years, we prepared our surprise for them.

A few days before Christmas holidays a bewildered and crest-fallen audience of our would-be superiors received proof of the fact that they were down-right *slow*. For all eyes had turned to the hitherto vacant space at the left of the auditorium stage, now graced and honored by the presence of a noble banner.

A chorus of "ahs" and "ohs" broke from the once scornful lips. Such remarks as, "And we were planning on giving them one!" "Well, what precocious little minds!" were wafted down upon our listening ears, and proved the bitter envy, *which those who can, always receive from those who only talk.*

But being possessed of a spirit of tyranny and forgetting their manners (if they ever had any) they showered sarcasm upon our little banner until the lavender ground blushed faintly and blended into the pink lettering. Then its tissues pierced and severed by the spiteful remarks that rattled about it hard like hail stones, like the noble heroes that it represents, the Class of 1917, lifting its luster of glory above the proud hearts, that appreciate and do it honor, it told a story of high ideals presented to a world too far below to appreciate them.

But realizing too late that it is impossible to cast "pearls before swine" without having the pearls trampled into the mud, we decided to remove our proud banner from its contaminating surroundings, and put it where only the true and great can behold it.

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## The Flunker's Lament

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Red ink did all my flunks reveal,  
It harped aloud my fear,  
That brilliant red, spoke forth no weal;  
It doomed me for the year.

Alas, that telling red! No force  
Could either blot or fade.  
Despised red ink has ruined my course!  
O *why* was red ink made ?



## How the Pennant Went Down

(By Scott McAbee)

The Freshmen Class, always one of the most industrious as well as patriotic of classes, by reason, we suppose, of their sudden advent to long pants, to say nothing of their propensity to all around foolishness, saw fit one dark and stormy night to grace the brow of Mother Assembly by a fabric of noble texture but of very sickly colors. In weak hardly perceptible colors thereon, were the immortal numbers 1917, beginning with a mighty 1 and ending with a mitey 7. Poor souls! They acted on an immortal impulse in so arranging them, but we cannot but believe that they have prophesied their own doom, "In like a lion and out like a lamb."

However, the Pennant, called so by our special courtesy, hung for ages alone in cheap and gaudy grandeur. All the Freshmen Moguls kowtowed to it. He looked upon its welfare as an athlete would consider grape-nuts. Ah! *Should* anyone have desired to place it in its proper place—on the doorstep—he would have been consumed at once by a fiery hatred—a la mental persuasion.

And yet the Freshmen thought that this stuff would work! At last, after many weeks of hairtrigger vigilance, the mitey horde of Freshmen believing in the strength of their reputation, relaxed and ceased ogling that aforementioned noble piece of fabric, as it were. Then the impossible happened. The golden fleece was torn, yes—torn—and defiled by some infidel who didn't realize the true significance of that immortal emblem of Freshmen fatheadedness.

The Old Guards were too stunned by this desecration to show any evident activity. Old Glory continued to wave her tattered pinions over a scene of total degradation. After suitable time given to recover such a blow our Friends removed their ill used ideal from her scene of disgrace, and we presume she is yet in the repair shop. Suffice to say, she is not in plain sight, and being cheered by an admiring multitude.

Although, we, as dearest foes to *the infantine species known as Freshmen*, rejoice greatly in their downfall, yet we will offer them our condolences in their sad bereavement. We sincerely hope that this lesson will sink into their young hearts and produce fruits of meditation for many moons to come.

## Thorough Students Getting Some Needed Help

ETHEL



IN SCIENCE

ARTHUR



IN WHAT?

## Little Stories of the Near Great

### "Revenge is Sweet"

A tall, dainty Senior, whose tresses have afforded much material for our Annual, sauntered gracefully down the aisle of Miss Gilpatrick's room, dropped languidly into a seat, carelessly scanned the contents of a note from a graduate contemporary, recklessly tore it into fragments, and absent-mindedly placed them in the desk; diligently pursued her studies for the period and departed, entirely unconscious of the ire aroused in the breast of the Sophomore girl to whom that certain desk belonged.

When the latter young lady, having, by the way, a name gifted of the Fairies, extracted her books from their receptacle, the bits of paper were strewn on the floor. Kneeling in an attitude of prayer, this fair damsel religiously gathered up the spoils and as slowly and painfully as a tot placed the portions of her picture-puzzle together, precision denoted by her every movement, she fitted together the numerous, irregular particles until her perseverance was rewarded and the name of "Sadie Bailar" was revealed. Miss Sophomore in one big puff blew the paper under the seat again, and awaited the command, "Pick up those scraps, Fay," which duly came.

In a manner decidedly expressive and language not countenanced by those other Fays of the Fairies love, the request was refused and the situation explained.

The offending near-graduate was called and, with the assistance of two gallant Sophomore boys, who were pained at their classmate's attitude, removed the scraps, and with a haughty air and a supercilious smile, especially observable in Seniors, made her way back into her class room.

The instance was immediately dismissed from her mind but not so though with her coterie of followers, who, in a spirit of retaliation are invariably heard warbling a childhood ditty, "Tittle, Tattle, Tattle, Tale, Shame on You, whenever they approach the neighborhood of the Sophomore room.

### "Open Sesame"

On a certain January afternoon, the Freshmen, wearing an expression meant to impress all with whom they came in contact with the idea that they know their lesson, filed toward Miss Pearsall's room. They were totally oblivious to the fact that any obstacle might arise to bar their progress toward that seat of (English) learning.

The majority of the class had passed into the room when Natalie, in her eagerness to grasp all possible knowledge of her mother tongue (?) got a mighty grip on the handle, pushed in, pulled the door toward her, and found herself in proud possession, not of a fluent flow of language but of the knob and spindle of the door. This left no means of entrance to the expectant and anxious souls on the other side.

We do not believe that Natalie would intentionally wish to deprive those fervid minds of the literary privileges enjoyed in the English class. But her violent assault on the door knob occurred possibly in a moment of abstraction, when she imagined herself in Caroline's place, endeavoring to wrest the basketball from that big Leadville opponent.

Meanwhile the exiled contingent beat an impatient tattoo upon the door panels. And Solon, who has lately been engrossed in the tale of "Ali Baba,"



majestically waved his wand, which he drew from his vest pocket, repeating vainly several times the magic words, "Open Sesame."

In the midst of this state of affairs, some one in the room received an inspiration—a button was pressed, a genie appeared in the shape of the janitor. The spindle was slipped into place, the knob set on, a screw adjusted, the door opened and English reigned supreme.

Miss Pearsall says her next course in college will include mechanics and adds—" 'Tis very simple when you know how."

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## As the Twig is Bent

We are glad to learn that Ward Bateman will, upon his graduation, accept a position with the Horlick's Malted Milk Company in the capacity of sampler. We are sure that he will fill this position with profit to the company and pleasure to himself. His early capability for this position is proven by an incident told of his youth.

One year, Ward and other members of his family were spending a short time camping and fishing on the Gunnison river. In order to keep the milk cool, a pail containing it was placed in the river. Ward was told to go and bring the pail of milk to camp.

He returned with *almost* all of the milk, an innocent look and a halo—of milk around his face, where the edge of the pail had struck him.

"Was the milk good?" queried his aunt.

"Why, I don't know what you mean?" he wonderingly replied.

"Did you drink any of the milk, Ward?" she asked.

"No ma'am," replied Ward, promptly.

"Now Wardie," came the rejoinder.

Ward still stoutly denied the implied accusation, until his auntie brought a mirror and he was compelled to "fess up."

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## A Belated Lincoln Celebration

So vivid was the impression created upon the youthful mind of one of our Freshmen, during the recital of the anecdote of Lincoln and the pig, which took place, among other exercises, on the twelfth of February, that a scheme was concocted in his fertile brain; whereby the tale might be illustrated. Procuring a large potato, four matches, and a screw, he proceeded to construct what he considered a striking likeness to that much maligned quadruped, the pig.

Attaching a string to the screw which constituted the nose of Mr. Porker, this clever young man fastened the cord on the hand of the statue of Lincoln, which occupied such a prominent place in the lower hall.

As our Freshman anticipated, the pupils were duly edified at the realistic representation, but not so our esteemed principal, who, taking in the situation at a glance, and wholly unappreciative of our Hero's efforts at modeling, made one running broad jump, vanked the string from its fastening, and with a determination not to be mistaken, hastened toward the waste basket, with the offending rig bouncing at his heels, thus forcibly reminding the interested spectators of the illustrious sage of yore whose handsome pig-tail persisted in dangling down behind him.

When opportunity offered, this lad of demonstrative proclivities fished his pig out of the basket, woefully wailing, "One of his legs is gone."

After due deliberation on the part of the members of the Staff, with co-operation of those who are wise, as to the identity of the conspirator, it has been decided to be best to withhold Rollo's name from the public.

## I've Got the Mumps

"Well, little girl, are you really suffering?"

It was Grace's mother who made the inquiry, as she came into the room, and noticed Grace's tear-dimmed eyes.

"I 'aint got anybody to play with," she sobbed, and—and—anyway George he's out in the yard, playing all by himself."

The tears coursed down her cheeks, and her shoulders shook with sobs she could no longer suppress, as she flattened her nose against the window pane in a vain endeavor to attract the attention of the lad next door.

"I feel real bad, and I hate having the mumps. Oh, mama, I am so sick! Say, mama," the brown eyes brightened, "do you think George is afraid of the mumps?"

Her mother hesitated. "I'll open the door and you may ask him, dear. It may be that he has had them."

The door was opened just wide enough to allow Grace to slip through. She looked with longing eyes at the sand pile next door, and in a weak, much abused voice called:

"Hello, George. What's you doin'?"

George looked up happily. "Havin' fun." He gave the sand a mighty shove, decided to run across the yard, changed his mind, and settled down to his cave digging again.

"What's you makin'?" came wistfully from the doorway.

"Caves for robbers to hide in; they's awful things."

"I got something worse. I have got the mumps."

"Mumps ain't nothing, except for a girl." George looked closer. "Gee, your nose ain't in the right place is it? Say, ain't you fat?"

"No. No, I ain't fat, and anyway my nose ain't got freckles on it, like that red-headed girl's, and I—I—think it's in the right place."

The insult proved almost more than Grace could bear. She made a move to shut the door. George had lost interest in the robbers' den, and came quickly to Grace's side.

"You ain't got freckles, and you're awful pretty. Do you want to play?"

"Dolls?"

George squirmed. "I don't want to be a girl."

Grace's lips quivered, tears welled in her eyes, her voice shook prophetically as she reminded him:

"Guess you're scared to come in cause I've got the m—mumps—" Her voice trailed off in a lingering sob.

An expression of keen regret clouded George's one-time happy face. Then a daring resolve was born in his heart. Didn't his mother always resort to the same method for comforting him. Wasn't he a small gentleman? Didn't Grace need comfort? Mumps didn't matter anyway. Fat cheeks wouldn't be bad.

With more speed than elegance, he grabbed Grace about the neck, and planted a resounding smack full upon her rose-bud mouth. Then, fully satisfied with his daring George ran home, leaving Grace doubtfully happy.

A week later, George hung over the west fence. Mumps were serious after all, even for boys. He didn't feel like playing in the sand on the east side of the house. Memories were too painful.

There the red-headed girl was playing in her yard. Maybe her eyes were not a beautiful brown, but he liked the come hither expression.

"Hello, Sadie. What you huntin'?"

"George Churchill, did you sick your dog on my cat?"

"No I didn't," came the indignant answer.

"I'll bet you did; and if you did, I hate you. I hate you. I wish you'd die."

"Mother says if I catch cold, I will die." (Here George succeeded in his manful effort to cough).

Sadie, terror stricken, makes a grand leap, reaching his side with:

"George, George, you know I didn't mean it. I'll kill that cat, George. I'll kiss you and make you well."

George was cured.

A week later it was rumored, Sadie had mumps, but that's another story.



## Steam From the Radiator

(With apologies to Hawthorne's *Town Pump*.)

(By *Scott McAbee*.)

Hear, oh ye high school lads and lasses, hear my declaration of rights and grievances. List ye to the soul of a steam radiator rising above the depths to a position of trust and importance. Long enough have I hissed and spouted in vain obscurity. Long enough have I borne on my uncomplaining head bright new books of Freshmen to dog-eared books of Seniors. No longer will I be only a lifeless mass of cast iron to hold and disseminate comfort to some ungrateful skylarking couple. Henceforward, I will use my ears to my own advantage and inform the world of my role of confessor to lovesick couples, wild untamed Freshmen, silly giggling Juniors and sissified Seniors.

It is very seldom that we steam radiators have time for any eavesdropping in the morning. We are generally too busy spouting steam and giving out heat. Put noon hour is always the hardest part of the day for me. Some days I feel as if my poor tired nerves could stand it no longer and I must break down completely.

About one o'clock every day regularly, I am startled out of a quiet day dream by some such tragedy as this. Scene: Lower Hall, entirely deserted except for one expectant young lady, pensively draping her arm over an excited steam radiator. Enter one smartly attired Senior, who trips lightly up stairs and trips over the last stair. Greets young lady thusly: "Hello there, Kid, Whatchu doin'?" "Oh, nothin'." And by this time Leonard has hung his cap up, and two elbows belonging to two entirely different persons plank down on my hard unfeeling head and I get all the detailed information of what has happened since this time yesterday. "I got in an awful stew this morning," begins Leonard. "Oh, what about?" gurgles Gertrude. Leonard has waded about half way through a wild episode in Miss Monty's assembly, when in comes that big, blustering "Fat" Owens. "Here naouw," he bawls. "Whatta you two doin' here?" Gee, I hate that guy. When he leans on me I feel like giving up the the ghost. Every chance I get I burn him good. Whenever "Fat" heaves in sight conversation is put to flight and I hear no more. I was talking with my cousin who lives at the head of the stairs and he says that "Fat" is the one thorn in his otherwise peaceful iron side.

Soon now they begin to pour in thick and fast. Some Freshmen knot together and begin to air out their complaints against the different teachers and I hear one or two muffled threats that bode no good for some poor pedagogue. However, they are quickly dispersed by a strident voice nearby saying, "Boys, go up to your rooms." Now here is some low brow trying to talk some timid classmate into "ditching" a class. I don't know what that means but it must be something wicked for they talk in hurried and subdued tones. Again I hear boys discussing track meets and baseball and several other things, mostly girls. It seems funny to me, being only a steam radiator, that the girls always talk about the boys and the boys about the girls.

By the way, I must tell you of an amusing incident that came within the range of my vision the other day. Several of the class athletes and a motley group of admirers were discussing the approaching track meet with Canon City.



Mr. Tanton happened to be absent and consequently the air was simply saturated with enthusiasm and applause. Applause cheerfully supplied by admirers only. Between rounds I could gather such expressions as these: "Why, you just wait till I get a chance at that gink; I'll run circles around him." (Applause, prolonged and vociferated). And then another hero with a stronger voice gains the ascendency and has the floor for one small minute. "Yes, and it was all just a run of downright hard luck that we lost that game to them. If I hadn't dislocated—" (Deafening applause) and exeunt with sneak with the sudden appearance of Mr. Tanton.

Now I hear nothing but hurrying footsteps and books hastily snatched off my bald head. In about five minutes a little bell tinkles and here they come again, a whole mob of them. They make an awful noise but don't say much. I don't hear anything about the secret affairs of the heart now. Nay, far from it. What I hear is something like this. "Say, Dick, djou get that seventh?" "Naw, Brutes, ain't they?" or "How far do we take in Chem?" After this there is a period of quiet, broken occasionally by a student hurrying across the floor or wetting his whistle at the water trough.

At half past three it begins all over again. Some love-sick swain wants to chatter and make chests to his lady love, and they come to me as if by common instinct. Ah! Who is it this time? I know Delacey all right, for he is an intimate friend of mine. But who is the girl this time? He calls her Margaret. I must put her name down in my memory, for she is a new confessor of mine. Their subject is the same old one, the one that I suppose every man and woman from Adam and Eve have threshed over.

After careful calculation, I find that love while hidden in the general topics of conversation is the most popular theme for a couple to discuss. And to a thoroughly practical steam radiator, it becomes sour after a certain time. I weary and glance across the hall at my brother and judge by the bored look on his face that he is also listening to some Romeo and Juliet.

While I am voicing my own grouches, I am reminded of my old cranky uncle who has a monopoly on the soft chatter of the Junior-Sophomore side of the stairs. He is an awful grouch and always has some pet grievance which is "the worst he ever saw." He says he doesn't mind some things but when it comes to—" and then he names over every possible outrage and calamity that could ever happen even to an ideal steam radiator. Now he says there is a Junior girl and a Senior boy who persist in scratching all the paint off his head. I gathered from his grumblings that he could endure it for awhile but when it's George this and Dunreath that, every blessed day of his official existence, it sort of palls on one after a while. And then he ends up with a few poverty-stricken home-made proverbs.

Of course at night I always hear such short and sweet conversations as this: "Wantta go to the show to-night?" or, perhaps, "George, are you coming up to-night?" And of course the usual breathless interest until the answer is given.

Along about half past four I usually get sleepy and cranky. Then I warn everybody off by spouting steam and pounding my huge iron chest.

At last it is five o'clock. The doors are all locked and all is silent within. I, confessor of high school students, sit in silence and think and wonder and ponder until, ho, hum! Nothing to do until to-morrow.



FAITH



HOPE



CHARITY

## *Periodic Fussing Club*



ALAS !!



ALAS ??



ALAS !!



THE STEADY STUDY CLUB

## The Torchlight Club

Sunset Chapter organized 419 A. U. C., by Marcus Brutus.

*Motto:* Light seeking light doth light of light beguile.

*Colors:* Maroon, red, and rose-pink.

*Symbol:* Lantern.

*Flower:* American beauty.

*Dues:* Eleven red cents.

### CHARTER MEMBERS.

Queen Elizabeth.  
Matilda.  
Eric, the Red.

Cleopatra.  
Mrs. Pankhurst.  
William Rufus.

### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

*Frater in Facultate:* Timothy McDonald.

*Frctres in Schola:*

Ward Bateman.  
Sadie Bailar.

Pearl Gillispie.  
Katherine O'Hara.

## Knocker's Club

*Flower:* Dandelion.

*Motto:* Every boost a knock.

*Symbol:* Sledge-hammer.

*Song:* Knockwood.

### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Annual Staff.  
Ted Everett.  
Inez Carson.

Fay Edwards.  
Annie Jacobs.  
Herbert Oliver.



## The Good Fellowship Club

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*Motto:* He travels the *safest*, who travels in company.

*Song:* I'm afraid to go home in the dark.

*Symbol:* An electric light.

*Flower:* Four-O'clock.

### REQUIREMENTS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

An abiding love of companionship especially after 8:45 p. m.

### OFFICERS OF THE LOCAL CHAPTER.

Max Purmort.  
Solon Duncan.

Ward Bateman.  
Dewey Matthews.

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## Refourm Speling Klub

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*Motto:* There ain't no sertin way to spel.

*Siner of the Konstitushun.*

Genelle Haus.

Willard Woody.

Dunreath Perkins.

Frazier Booth.

Dallas Cuenin.

Cuvier Jones.

Kenneth Woods.

Esther Jones.

Vivian Dougherty.

Solon Duncan.

Rollo Hedricks.

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## The Onion Club

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*Aim:* To be slicker than a peeled onion.

*Organizer:* Dick Fuller.

### CHARTER MEMBERS

Rollo Hedrick.

Lawrence Elofson.

Arthur French.

Eugene Bergman.

Harold Axford.

Donald Smith.

Ralph Unger.

### PLEDGES

Leonard Maier.

Marshal Demphy.

George Churchill.

### EXPELLED FOR BAD CONDUCT.

Howard Rhodes.

## The Party Club

Leaders, (goats): Limited.

### GROSS ASSETS.

*Capital:* Nerve.

*Liabilities:* Beautiful eyes.

*Motto:* To butt in is human, to feed Divine.

*Colors:* "Morning after" gray and pink.

*Flower:* The modest violet.

*Yell:* Who are we? Why, we are the

B-u-tt inskies, don't you see-

*Chief Goat*—George Churchill.

*Goat*—Ward Bateman.

*Secretary-Treasurer*—Howard Rhodes.

*Charter Goats*—

Leonard Maier.

Delacey Ramsey.

Lawrence Elofson.

Hal Webster.

*Ornery Goat*—Arthur French.

### THE MINUTES OF THE NOVEMBER MEETING

The afore-mentioned club met and immediately adjourned. Their minds being too infantile to cope with business matters, they returned to the banquet hall. Ward Bateman and George Churchill were the Masters of ceremony of the evening.

Mr. Bateman introduced Mr. Churchill as the first speaker. Little Georgie arose and gave the following spiel.

"Muzzer's going to call for me at nine o'clock. Well, y' know, fellahs, we found out that a stag party was supposed to be in progress up the line the other night. 'Course we decided to hike out and give 'em a little serenade. To make a long story short, Ward did the work, and we were all admitted; needless to say, the party immediately became an unprecedented success."

Mr. Bateman introduced by Mr. Churchill as Mr. "Let Ward do it," edified the assembly as second speaker.

"My friends, I have little to say. I am very self conscious. Those dear, girls were dying of ennui and I saved the day. I had at least three partners for every dance. No use talking, you've got to hand it to your uncle for popularity."

The uncanny silence was broken by, "Let me introduce 'Never-mussed-up-Hair Maier.'"

The aforementioned powdered his nose, adjusted his monocle and proceeded: "I crave your pardon, I have lost my mirror. You will excuse me, I hope. But I say now, that Freshman party was bully, eh, and I do love pumpkin pie."

The ensuing applause was broken by Sam, the waiter's voice, "Heah's youah shine-less wondah, Mistah Maayah!"

Mr. Elofson, he of the sandy top came next.

"Us fellows rustled up all our spare capital and paid a visit to the Sophomore party to'ther night. It may interest you to know that, while the Sophomores slept, we took care of a freezer full of nice, pretty, pink ice cream. We enjoyed it immensely. We were very grateful to them, are we not fellow clubmen?"

Amid a roar of "ays," Mr. Ramsey was introduced.

"Well," said he, "since the Sophs slept, the treat's on us!"

Mr. Ramsey's witty speech carried the house by storm, so Baby Hal was rather coolly received and spoke thus:

"While some of you thought it was a new stunt to butt into a bunch of girls, like that stag party, there's one or two of us that remember a classy little party on the Mesa, where the three Graces were the only honored guests. They fed us in the kitchen but they entertained us in the parlor."

The members then returned to the office and considered the application of Bill Nash, Skeen, and Gunk. Finding that they possessed the necessary qualifications (that of having successfully attended the parties of at least three other classes beside their own,) the club voted to admit them. The meeting adjourned and the members accepted the urgent invitation to attend a Faculty Pink Tea.

Secretary, Howard Rhodes.



## How Morgan of the Varsity Won the Cup

(By Iverne Haus.)

At a recent field meet held between the Colorado School of Mines and the University of Colorado, Graeme Morgan, under the U. of C. captain, George Skeen, carried away in a blaze of glory all honors from the participants of Captain



Iverne Haus', opposing team, the C. S. M. His great prowess was shown in the hurdle race, in which he outstripped his opponents by clearing all hurdles in record breaking time; and by far out classing his rivals in the shot put and in the hammer throw, proving himself a record Hercules. At the close of the meet he went forward on the shoulders of his friends, cheered by an admiring multitude, the acknowledged hero of the day. In a speech especially befitting the occasion, the Hon. Mr. Rollo Hedricks, Esq., presented to him a large cracked glass, beautifully engraved. To his speech, Morgan feelingly responded, in a burst of oratory. We expect to hear soon that Mr. Morgan has quite a collection of loving cups, proving himself a great athlete. There, there, Ramsey—then supper was served.

## The Little Kiddo

(By Dorian Haus)

Apologies to Eugene Field.

There is a boy, that you all know,  
Who came to our school not long ago.  
Round him now, the cold winds blow.  
Oh you, Kiddo!

One day to a social he dared to go;  
When to the phone he was called, you know,  
And fond words into his ears did flow,  
"Hello, Kiddo!"

The way he hung up that phone wasn't slow;  
A bright red blush o'er his cheeks did flow.  
And back to his pompadoured locks did glow.  
Poor little Kiddo!

He dodges each Senior, fearing a foe;  
And hides in by-streets, crouching low,  
Afraid of hearing them hail him so,  
"Ah there, Kiddo!"

## Selected From Mr. Bateman's Letter File

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Fort Collins, April 19, 1915.

Dear Old Dad:

I have itemized my account for the month closing and have sent you the total. I suppose it will meet with hard looks from your saving eye and that it will look very unreasonable to you; but, Dad, it is the lowest possible figure I could make it for the month. It is not extravagance and luxury personified, but just real need and necessity. That account for the Junior and Senior banquet and ball will look like pure nonsense to I'm going with the cutest little damsel this side of Europe, and who could deny himself the pleasure of spending a few pennies on the girl he loves?

You have always preached to me that a college education ought to give a man character. How is a man going to earn his character? In college here, it is by the impression he makes upon his fellow students. His character is going to make either a good or a bad impression on them, and I want mine to be favorable.

I have been treated with greatest friendliness by all the fellows, being invited to all of their social affairs. I want to stand in with all of them and command their respect; but I cannot expect to do this by going to all of their affairs and sponging off of all of them; and then not giving them something in return for all of these favors. I don't want to be lavish with my money, but I haven't had the boys out for a good time since I have been in college, so I just gave them a little treat the other day.

I have passed all my exams safely and am expecting pretty good marks. I will confess that I went down last month, but there were plenty of good reasons for that. I do hope you won't get the impression that my work is not satisfactory, by those last marks.

As I have to meet my girlie in fifteen minutes, I will close for this time.

Your affectionate son,

WARD.

P. S. If you can see fit to send me my monthly pension soon, I would like it very much as almost all my capitol is gone and I am forced to eat at the cheapest lunch counters, and will continue to do so until again reimbursed by you.

WARD.

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## Junior Jibes

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- I. Lines written on Friday 13.
  - a. Hi diddle, diddle,  
An S. H. S. riddle,  
When only the first bell had rung,  
The Freshman grinned,  
When the Juniors, chagrined,  
Admitted, at last, they were stung.
  - b. Dunreath has a little beau,  
Whose hair is chestnut brown,  
And everywhere that Dunreath  
goes,  
He follows her aroun'!
  - c. Higgeldy, Piggeldy; My long hair  
'Twas on my head  
But now ain't there.  
The poor girls, they ask every day,  
"Why, Howard's pomp has gone  
away.



## Memories of Childhood

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Have you a "Little Fairy" in  
Your Home?

Oh angel child so fair of face,  
And fairy manner full of grace,  
What can the future hold for you,  
Of mighty strength and power too?

But now behold with lofty mien,  
A Freshman youth; his name's  
G——e S——n.

Comes striding in and claims that  
he

Was once this fairy; Can it be?

I remember, I remember the girl  
with whom I played;  
Our good old friend the sand-pile  
and the lovely pies we made;  
I remember, I remember the  
dreams of long ago  
Of clerking in a candy-store and  
eating—well you know.

But one of us is teaching now in  
old Salida High.  
And one can make the music ring  
up to the very sky.  
And so our paths have fallen into  
smaller, humble ways.  
And our high ideals have lowered  
since Salvation Army days.





## The Days of Chivalry

Reprinted From The Tenderfoot for March 1912.

(By Fred Monahan)

So, Willie, you're tired of planting corn,  
Of getting up in the early morn.  
To feed the stock and milk the cow,  
And all day long to follow the plow,  
Of wearing jeans and an old straw hat,—  
And jabbed at people with a lance,  
You think you'd like to be a knight,  
And chase around on a horse and fight  
Just like they did in days of old  
When maids were fair and knights were bold,  
When men had time to be polite,  
And everything they'd meet they'd fight  
From guinea pigs to one-eyed cats.  
And boobys wore visors on their hats,  
And carted hardware on their backs,  
And soaked each other with an ax,  
And ran around in cast-iron pants,  
But, Willie, could he milk a cow?  
And rescued maids from durance vile,  
And lied like troopers all the while  
About the monster they had slain  
While chasing dragons down in Spain.  
You think you'd like to do like this,  
To you t'would be the height of bliss.  
And, so, you say you'd like, my lad,  
To imitate Sir Galahad  
Who'd slay a dragon with a blow,  
Yet could not use a rake or hoe,  
And bat an ogre on the brow,  
They should have done their work at home,  
For all these knights on prancing steeds,  
Who did such fearful, bloody deeds,  
And fought for glory, love, or hate,  
They did not earn the bread they ate.  
King Arthur's bunch was mostly boobys  
Sir Launcelot and the rest were rubes  
Who ought to have been hoeing corn  
Or planting onions on a farm,  
Not chasing' round from morn to night  
And hunting for a giant to fight.  
And left the poor old giant alone,"  
And left the poor old giant alone,  
For he, who's always quiet and peaceful,  
Who's always doing something useful,  
Is worth a thousand of these knights,  
Who only starred in dragon fights.  
So, Willie, don't look so forlorn,  
But do your work around the farm.  
And if some feeble minded sage  
Comes prating of this golden age  
Don't listen to his gloomy tales,  
Just biff him with a keg of nails,  
And run along and milk the cow,  
And thank the stars you're living now.

## Little Sparks of Would-Be Wit



Ethel J.—“Biology will be lots of fun.”

Pearl M.—“Oh, no it won't.”

Esther—“Why not?”

Pearl—“You know they have to bisect worms.”

Bertha S.—“In Colonial days the men had customs which we, today, think very strange. For instance, the beaux of that day used the abominable art of painting their own faces as well as those of women.”

Mr. Tanton (in Plane Geometry)—“How can you tell which is the base of a triangle?”

Fay E.—“By the way it's sittin'.”

“Who is the Edison Phonograph of the Physical Geography and why?”

Freshman—“Genelle Haus—the ceaseless talker.”

Jennie Lee (to an Alumnus)—“Which are you taking, singing music or playing music?”

Nina—“Vocal.”

Miss Montgomery—“George, what are the two different ways of translating a little chicken in, ‘He ordered a little chicken, but it wasn't ready yet?’”

George giggled. I wonder why?

“The story of Layamon's Brut begins with the destruction of Troy and the flight of ‘Aeneas, the duck,’ into Italy.”—Jennie Lee.

Mr. Tanton—“Lulu, how would you measure the distance of this electric lamp from the floor?”

Lulu—“I'd measure it like you put a ladder up to a house.”

Miss Gilpatrick—“Oh, I wish I had a room full of angels!”

Vivian (looking at Miss Gilpatrick very seriously)—“Now, wouldn't you be just a little bit lonesome?”

Mr. McDonald—“What is the most woody part of trees?”

Bright Junior—“Willard.”

Mr. McDonald explains gravity and gives example of a boy kicked by a horse.

Dallas—“I suppose the kicking was due to the attraction of the horse's hind feet to the sun (son).”

Miss Gilpatrick—“Dorian, where is your theme?”

Dorian—“It isn't.”

Miss G.—“Let it be tomorrow.”

Genelle—“Eugene, what is your middle name?”

Eugene—“Darned if I know.”

Loretta (translating German) — “The dog bit me, and seized me by the tooth.”

Miss Gilpatrick (in English)—“The word tragedy comes from the Greek and means what, Jennie Lee?”

Jennie Lee (with an intelligent smile)—“Goose!”

Miss Wadell (in *Freshman* English)—“I have given you definitions for the words, ‘interior,’ ‘exterior’ and ‘anterior;’ now who can give me a word meaning in the back or rear of?” (expecting ‘posterior’).

Dewey—“Bacteria.”

Miss Gilpatrick—"Lulu, is your story about school?"

Lulu—"Oh, a little."

Miss G.—"Well, you may read it."

Lulu—"It isn't interesting; it's about boys."

Mr. Tanton (in Geometry)—"You may take the odd-numbered problems down to the eighteenth."

Paul S. (brilliantly)—"Shall we take the eighteenth?"

Ruth—"I'll bet you can't grit your teeth like me." (Grits teeth.)

Oh, Ruth!" cries Luella, "you'll ruin your front teeth doing that."

Ruth instantly answers—"I do it with my back."

Miss Pearsall—"Herbert, give me a sentence using 'talisman' correctly."

Herbert—"The talisman went on a strike."

Henry S. (in History)—"Raleigh was supposed to have conspired with some one to try to put James I off the throne and put another woman on."

Miss Wadell (in Spelling)—"You should have twenty words."

Harold W. (with a distressed look)—"I only have nineteen and they are all different."

Miss Wadell—"Do you know where we were reading?"

John Fowler—"Page 98."

Miss W.—"Oh, yes! In that old junk shop."

Dear Dad or Seniors: If a girl winked at George C., would he say, "Oh, cut it out," as Don S. did?—A Sophomore.

P. S.: The girl was a Junior.

Emily (telling a story in English)—"And there wasn't anything the matter with the bear, only it was dead."

Miss Montgomery asks a question of Arthur in German. Arthur, very much confused, answers, "Ja, mein Frau." Ask Arthur, did he mean it?

Miss Pearsall (in M. and M. History)—"The organization of the Teutonic Knights may be compared with what organization of the present time?"

Fred Everett (in an undertone)—"The Suffragettes."

Miss Gilpatrick (in English)—"Hall, you may name the different kinds of paragraphs."

Hal (thoughtfully)—"Related and isosceles."

Mr. Tanton (in Geometry)—"Now, class, what is the next step in the proof?"

Lulu—"Draw a bias," (meaning a diagonal).

Miss Gilpatrick (speaking to English class)—"Are there any questions you would like to ask?"

Esther Plimpton—"What kind of a bird is a raccoon?"

Miss Pearsall—"Class, what was the last important battle fought in the Revolutionary War?"

Frances H.—"The battle of Waterloo."



## New Year's Resolution of the Freshmen

(By Sara Loser)

A Freshman boy to his teacher said,  
"I'll never more be bad;  
And in each class I'll be the head,  
*I'll be a model lad.*"

"Teacher," said a Freshman girl,  
"I'll study and be good;  
And forget this great society whirl.  
I know I could, if I would."

So off they went these Freshmen brave,  
To start the New Year right.  
They knew just how they should behave.  
(I hate to tell of their plight.)

Then for several days or more,  
This boy and girl did well.  
They were not what they were of yore,  
For each in his work did excel.

But to the boy came Idleness.  
"That lesson can wait," said he.  
The boy was drawing and answered, "Yes,  
What a cartoon this will be!"

To the girl one evening Pleasure came  
And said, "You'd have fun at the rink."  
Then whispered, "I wonder who'll win the game?"  
Said the girl, "Just once wont matter, I think."

And after this, from day to day,  
The thought came, "Just *once* more."  
'Twas not long before both did say,  
"What's the use? I can't try as before!"

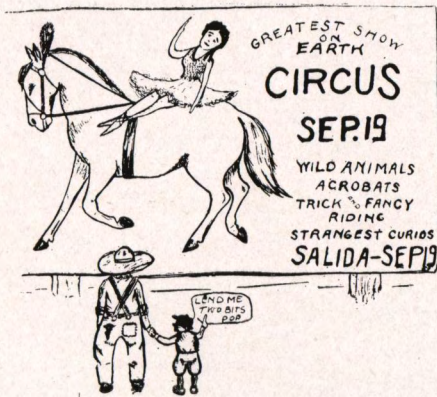
And now you see the moral's clear:  
One bad step leads to another.  
Do not give up, be of good cheer;  
Keep working hard, my brother.



Puzzle—Find Bill.

## Little Happenings of the Year

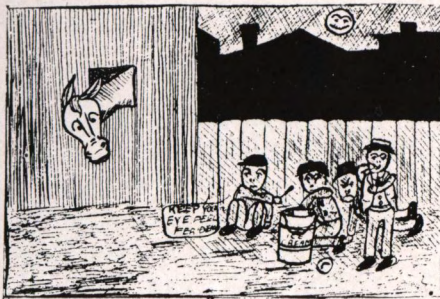
### September



- 2—Mass meeting at High School.
- 6—Bulgarian (Vulgarian) Tie Day.
- 8—Election of class officers.
- 11—Senior Joy Ride and Beef-steak Fry.
- 15—Mr. McDonald expounds method of note book keeping.
- 19—Circus Day—Seniors minus five.
- 22—Doom's Day Book consulted for the benefit of the Seniors.
- 23—Fuller gets a hair cut (This is a fact.)
- 26—The Sophs. furnish ice cream for their friends. Dewey took Dorothy to the party (Who took her home?)
- 27—Freshman picnic and dance.
- 30—High School boys "Solemnly Swear."



## October



4—Junior party at Dorian's (First Session of the Party Club, small attendance.)

11—Kid party at Lawrence Eloffson's. Faculty win at pullaway.

14—Sadie has a box of McDonald's Chocolates.

Senior boys have an afternoon session.

Was Miss Monte jealous?

17—Freshman Masquerade Party. Ask the Party Club about the Pumpkin Pie. Sarah freezes George.

18—Junior-Senior Girls' Stag Party at Buelah Rivers'. Party Club attends and makes speeches.

23—Mr. McDonald lose his "powdah wag."

24—Senior boys lined up for a smile. Stung again! Sarah, how could you?

29—Lawrence goes back to Windsor ties.

Edith Nord cuts the class.



## November

1—Biology picnic to Wellsville. We're all for a picnic subject.

3—Scott McAbee returns to the Senior fold.

4—Scott goes to Chemistry class, applauded by the Junior girls, welcomed by Kenneth and Willard.



8—Physical Geography picnic at Wellsville.

14—The Sophomore girls entertain the boys at the home of Grace Moore. Chilly evening for the Party Club.

17—Green tie day. Miss Gilly loses her nerve and one of her friends loses a modest colored tie.

19—Congressman Taylor lectures on Washington. "Who wouldn't listen all afternoon?"

26—Thanks for Thanksgiving.

29—Another Biology picnic.

## December

5—Junior-Senior party at Assembly Hall.

O! You! Mackinaw!

9—Famous Quintette sings.

10—It snows.

11—It blows.

12—Sophomore boys entertain the girls.

Freshman indoor track meet.

(Three to one on the way home means a clean face).

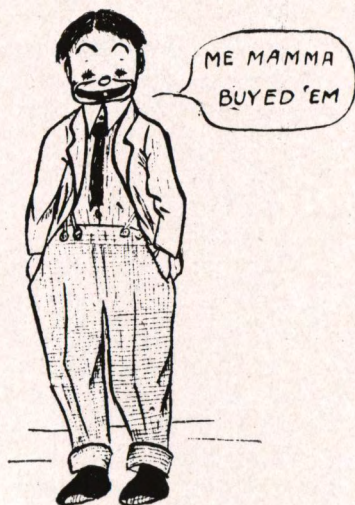
14—Snookums gets his first long trousers.

17—Freshman pennant goes up.

19—School dismissed for the holidays.

23—Alumni game.

25—This was Christmas.





## January

- 5—On with the grind.  
Let our joys be confined.  
6—Ethel decides to quituate.  
11—Ethel returns to graduate.  
15—Freshman pennant becomes hol(e)y.  
16—Salida boys go to Gunnison.  
20—Good-by Freshman pennant.  
22—Florence game with Salida at rink.  
26—New moon, new Senior. Pearl walks home with Ed. Poor Bill!!  
27—Lawrence sleeps in Physical Geography once more.  
28—The Staff meets "Pickles," but she doesn't spoil the ice cream.  
30—Salida boys at North Canon.



## February

- 2—Physics class joins the general assembly.  
7—Salida puts one over Leadville in basketball. Leadville puts one over Salida.  
10—Senior English class continues their devotion to the board.  
11—"Nothin' doin'."  
20—Salida entertains Canon with an automobile parade. (They enjoyed the dust.)  
23—Legal holiday. We all go to school.  
24—Kiddo's christening. He keeps his appointment. Where was Mr. Tanton?  
25—The Seniors protect *their* George.





## March



- 2—Play committee appointed.
- 3—Everybody tries a *Le Resume* Sundae.
- 4—The Sophs count their funds. (Millions, did you say?) Athletic Council meets.
- 5—Kiddo recites in English. Athletic Council meets.
- 6—Athletic Council meets. Reception committee to greet Gunnison meets at 10. Nash gets fed. Thanks, Genelle.
- 7—Gunnison arrives at 6:30 a. m. (The committee is sleeping). "Gene" plays "First Aid."
- 10—The staff agrees.
- 11—Special meeting. Editor-in-chief present.
- 13—Friday. Our lucky day.
- 16—Miss Gilpatrick faces the music while Miss Montgomery plays tennis.
- 17—St. Patrick's Day. Winnifred Williams wears a green hair ribbon. George Skeen wears a jabot. What happened to Howard's tie?
- 20—Sophs and Freshies pose. First rehearsal Senior Play. Basketball teams surprise Iverne. Ralph sees Genelle home. Oh, you hot chocolate!
- 27—Ralph sees Genelle to practice.
- 28—Everybody goes to Leadville. Spring vacation.

## GOOD TASTE AND GOOD MANNERS

Dear Editor—Could you furnish me with a set of elementary chemistry questions so that I could have an excuse to spend more time in Mr. McDonald's presence?  
Agnes Quinn.

Agnes, we cannot furnish such questions but think that Marguerite Reilly could edit a suitable set.

To the Editor of Etiquette—I am very fond of Spearmint gum and believe it acts as a stimulant to the brain. Under these conditions, do you consider it ill-bred to chew gum in German class?  
Leonard Maier.

Dear Leonard—In reply, I would advise you to inquire of Miss Montgomery.

To the Editor—How can I acquire a gentle and pleasing manner with the ladies?  
John Owen.

John, follow the example of Rollo Hedrick.

To the Editor—I am a new girl in the Salida High School, and many of the Senior boys speak to me. Should I answer their salutations?  
Sara Loser.

Dear little girl, the sort of a person who speaks to a lady without an introduction should never be encouraged. But, of course, in school formal regulations do not hold.

Editor—There are only four boys in our class and none of these ever come up before school, while there are about thirty nice, handsome, youths in the Freshman Class, who always come up. Considering this, do you think it ill-mannered to spend all our spare moments in the Freshman room?  
The Junior girls.

Girls, as to manners, remember "All's fair in love and war."

Dear Editor—I have kept company for several months with a boy who is very popular. Other girls, being jealous, have been causing trouble between us. Could you suggest some plan where-by I can keep these girls from telling tales to him and to me, which cause our quarrels?  
Pearl Means.

Dear Pearl—Have him join the navy.

To the Editor—I am such a dandy fellow that all the girls like me so much that it is embarrassing when I choose a partner for a party or for a walk. How could I avoid the others without wounding their affections?  
Lawrence Elofson.

Dear Lad—Have them form a club and draw straws for your company for the evening.

Editor—We have chosen, as a uniform dress, the sweater and dark skirt. Now some of the girls claim that sweaters are not appropriate for school wear. Will you please give your opinion?  
Freshman Girls.

Dear Girls—If you have nothing else, wear them, but keep your coat on as much as possible, as they were made for boys' out-of-door wear, exclusively.



### PICTURES THAT ALMOST SPEAK

For life-like but  
flattering like-  
nesses, see

**WARD BATEMAN**

Staff Photographer





“Gunk” in his latest hit, “The Rah Rah Boy!”

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1—Billy, Billy, Bounce Your Baby Doll.....	Pearl Means
2—You’re the Sweetest Pearl of All.....	Wellington Nash
John Owen in his characteristic vaudeville sketch.....	“They Always Pick On Me.”
<i>This month we present the notorious success now playing third year,</i>	
“I’m The Guy,” by .....	Howard Rhodes
“Cutey, Tell Me, Who Tied Your Tie?”.....	Edith Nord
“I want to be in Dixie,”.....	Miss McPherson
“Serenade Me, Sadie,”.....	Ward Bateman
I’ve Got a Rock,”.....	Hammer and Anvil Chorus, by the Physical Geography Class
“That’s the Way We did it out in Kansas,”.....	Mr. McDonald
“Oh, you Circus Day”.....	Chorus by Seniors,
.....	discordant accompaniment by Mr. Tanton

The  
Le Résumé  
Advertiser

# Introduction

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To Our Friends:

We, the Senior Class of the Salida High School, wish to thank our friends, who by their advertisements, have made this publication possible. We hope that the Salida people and especially the students, will show their loyalty to the school by patronizing the advertisers who so generously supported us. We will boost for you every time.

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19

14

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131 F Street,

Salida, Colo.

Le Resume Advertisers Tell the Truth



# FERRARO & PROVENZO

Latest Styles in  
Men's and Women's **Spring Suits**

Tailoring Work of the Highest Class

PRESSING

CLEANING

## WHITE, the COBBLER

Does every kind of  
SHOE Doctoring

You are bound to be pleased

## Salida Transfer & Storage Co.



SALIDA, COLORADO

## *.. Redpath Lyceum Bureau ..*

(Founded in 1868)

BOSTON	CHICAGO	SEATTLE	FARGO
NEW YORK	CEDAR RAPIDS	CHATHAM, CAN.	DALLAS
PITTSBURGH	KANSAS CITY	SAN FRANCISCO	LINCOLN
COLUMBUS, O.	DENVER	BIRMINGHAM	

*Redpath is Everywhere*

*Redpath is Standard*

## *.. Rocky Mountain Department ..*

Electric Bldg., Denver.

A. M. OBERFELDER, Mgr.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention LeResume

...A...

*Modern Drug Store*

WITH MODERN  
THINGS FOR A  
MODERN HOME  
AND FOR PAR-  
TICULAR PEO-  
PLE. : : : : :

*The UPPER "F"*  
*PHARMACY*

Modern Druggists

...FOR...

**Graduation..**



**Gifts**

GO TO

**ALEXANDER**

Salida's Principal Jeweler

Next P. O.

## SCHOOL SUPPLIES

At the RIGHT PRICE!

Where?

At the

**GOLDEN RULE  
MERCANTILE Co.**

Headquarters for Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes  
and Working Men's Supplies

THE ORIGINATOR OF LOW PRICES

Notice Our Advertisers And Deal With Them.

## IDEAL AUTO COMPANY

Guaranteed  
Repairing



Auto  
Livery

Day and Night Service

129-31 W. Third St.

Phone: Salida 291

**DR. N. H. KELLEY**

**Dentist**

**McCullough Block**

**ALBERT R. MILLER**

**Attorney at Law**

Hively Block Salida, Colo.

**GORMAN'S**

...FOR...

**Billiards and Pool**

Fine Cigars Soft Drinks

**The Salida  
Hardware Co.**

General Line of Hardware  
Round Oak Ranges and Heaters

West First Street

## STANCATO BROTHERS

**Fine Groceries**

**Domestic and Imported Goods**

Gentlemen's Furnishings

140 West First Street

Phone: Red 3082

Do Your Shopping With Le Resume Advertisers.

# Stodghill's Ice Cream Parlor

IS THE PLACE TO GET

Good, Clean, Up-to-Date Fountain Drinks and Pure Ice Cream

WE ALSO SERVE

Dainty Sandwiches, Hot Chocolate and Chili

We Cater to High School Students

Try Our Le Resume Sundae, You'll Like It.

## George W. Vaughn

Dealer In

### Groceries, Hay and Grain



126 G Street      Salida

# Remember

## FISHING TACKLE

That's Fit For  
Fishing and Prices  
That Are Right at

## HUNT'S BOOK STORE

233 F Street      Salida, Colo.

When you are getting, get the best for the money

## PARKINSON, The Tailor

Has it for you

241 Upper F Street

Cleaning and Pressing

For Your Own Interest—Patronize Le Resume Advertisers.

**....Buy Clothes With Your Eyes Open....**

STURM SCHIELLER AND EDERHERMER STEIN MAKE  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

**THE DISMAN CLOTHING CO.**

100 F Street, Salida, Colorado

*MRS. L. M.  
HAWES*

*Millinery*

Newest and Most Up To Date Line of  
Goods in Salida

FREE INSTRUCTIONS

**Churcher & Johnson**

**Furniture  
and  
Floor Coverings**

Phone: Salida 81

**Johnson Realty  
Company**

**NOTARY PUBLIC**

111 West Second Street, Salida.

GENE ALBRIGHT

ROY ALBRIGHT

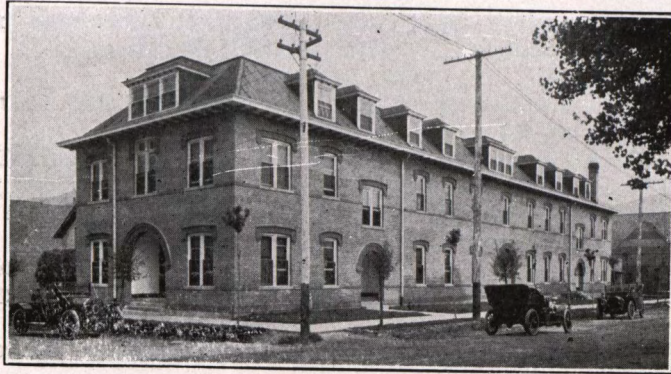
**The Albright Grocery Company  
Fancy and  
Staple Groceries**

115 East Second Street.

Phone Salida 188

Le Resume Advertisers Tell the Truth

## The Red Cross Hospital



DR. F. N. COCHEMS, Manager

Salida, Colorado

## PHIBBS & HUTCH

POOL AND BILLIARDS

FINE CANDY AND CIGARS

SALIDA, COLORADO

## ...Waggener's Pharmacy...

Agent For

Spalding's Athletic Supplies

147 F Street

Tennis Rackets

Balls, Etc.

THE REXALL STORE

Stick to Our Advertisers—By Thru Le Resume.

## Do You Want a Position?

If so there are some reasons why you should secure your training at the **Barnes Business School in Denver.**

First—It is the largest in the Rocky Mountain Region.

Second—It is located in the very center of the business district of Denver, at 1625 Champa street, thus commanding the position field.

Third—As the downtown school of Denver the number of position calls received by the **Barnes School** have gradually increased until they now average nearly **One Hundred calls a month for bookkeepers, stenographers, salesmen and general office assistants.**

Fourth—The **Barnes School** provides a faculty of twelve teachers, furnishes 135 typewriters for practice purposes and equally ample equipment in all departments.

Fifth—Its success is the result of painstaking work and satisfied patrons. Over Five Hundred Positions Filled Last Year.

## **Barnes Commercial School**

1625-35 Champa Street

Denver, Colorado

## **Salida Wood and Lumber Supply Co.**

F. E. GIMLETT, Manager

**Coal, Wood, Lumber and  
Building Material**

Office: Corner Third Street and the 'Y'.

Telephone: Salida 105

Office Hours:

9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Phone: Salida 213

**Dr. OSCAR McNAY**  
**Osteopathic Physician**

Rooms 9 and 10, Sandusky Block,

SALIDA, COLORADO

Do Your Shopping With Le Resume Advertisers.

# *The Grand Grocery & Bakery Co.*

EVERETT BROS. Props.

*Manufacturing Bakers*

*Groceries, Flour, Feed, Hay and Grain*

Phone: Salida 115

240 F Street

Salida, Colorado

## **Ladies' Cash Bazaar**

MRS. RUTH SPINO, Prop.

Dry Goods, Notions,  
Special Piece Goods,

SHOES

Warner's Corsets

148 West First St. Phone: Black 163

SALIDA, COLORADO

## **Barber Shop**

116 West First St.

**Everything Right**

SOLON ELLIS, Proprietor

## *Presentation Gifts*

I will give you special low prices  
on any gift you select.

Let me order any thing special.

My price will be 25 per cent lower  
than all others.

**H. D. McKELVEY**

JEWELER

West First Street.

Salida.

## **The Salida Greenhouse**

M. & J. CHANEY, Proprietors

**Cut Flowers and Potted Plants of All Kinds.  
Funeral Designs a Specialty**

WE HAVE SPECIAL FLOWERS FOR ALL SEASONS

Do Your Shopping With Le Resume Advertisers



ITS RIGHT IF PUT UP BY



101 F STREET

GO TO

**Spurgeon & Monaghan**  
*Up-to-Date Milliners*

FOR

**That Pretty, New Bonnet**

SEE THE LATEST STYLES

**VICTOR ROSE**

FOR

*Scientific*  
*Horse Shoeing*

The Man That Does the Work

Shop: 313 West First Street

**GEORGE D. WILLIAMS**

Attorney

and Counselor-at-Law

*Jersey Dairy*

FOR

**Pure Dairy Products**

W. G. BRATTON & SON

TELEPHONE: SALIDA 178

**KARL SCHMIDT**

**People's Market**

**136 East First Street**

**Phone: Salida 56**

SALIDA, COLORADO

Notice Our Advertisers And Deal With Them.

J. M. GROVES

F. E. GROVES

## The Rainbow Auto Company

J. M. GROVES & SON

Chevrolet  
Cars

Cor. First and E Sts.

Repairing and  
Storing

AUTO LIVERY

Phone: Salida 12

Salida, Colorado

Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co., Pueblo, Colo.    New York Office No. 2 Walker St.

## *The Crews-Beggs Mercantile Company*

A MODERN DEPARTMENT STORE

Cor. F and Third Streets.

Salida, Colorado

Imported and Domestic Goods.

Dry Goods, Hats and Shoes

## SAM MUTO & SON

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET

Telephone: Red 223.

Salida, Colorado

For Your Own Interest—Patronize Le Resume Advertisers.

*Not the Best Because the Biggest  
But the Biggest Because the Best*

THE PLACE WHERE LINEN LASTS

**THE BEST STEAM LAUNDRY**

**The Globe Mercantile Co.**

Groceries, Provisions, Dry Goods,  
Shoes, Men's Furnishings, Hardware,  
Paints, Hay and Grain.

Salida Store Near  
O. & C. Smelter

Telephone: Chaffee 121

**F. W. Brush**

Real Estate      Insurance  
Loans              Rentals  
Notary Public

Clerk of W. O. W.

Francis Block, Room 2

INSURANCE

BONDS

**Walter S. Klein**  
Attorney at Law

Hively Block, F Street, Salida, Colo.

Phone: Salida 90

**Fowler's Restaurant**

A. A. FOWLER, Prop.

With a Salida Climate and Plenty of  
Mountain Trout, Life is Worth living.

**COWEN BROS.**

Fresh Vegetables  
AND  
Garden Products

Phone: Red 3032

**Mrs. S. B. Jones**

AND DAUGHTER

HOME COOKING

Bread, Pies and Cakes  
Party Cakes a Specialty

Next Door to Telephone Office

Notice Our Advertisers And Deal With Them.

## E. E. SMITH

Assayer  
and Chemist

Ore Shipper's Agent

126 W. First Street  
Salida, Colorado

Opposite Opera House

Before Starting on Your Journey Equip Yourself With One or More Pieces of Baggage Bearing This Mark:



You are protected by a Five Year Guarantee.

### SALIDA HARNESS CO.

The Leather Goods House

## SALIDA WIRING CO.

Everything  
Electrical

BICYCLES and SUNDRIES

THE ARNOLD  
—the original and  
the best Massage  
Vibrator on the  
market.

A. S. MEACHAM, Prop.

141 F Street

Phone: Chaffee 86

A sure foundation for Future Achievement is the training given at the Modern School of Business, W. 13th and Broadway, Denver.

Classes all summer. Enter any time.

Geo. La Munyon  
President

Do Your Shopping With Le Resume Advertisers.

# LODGE'S LIVERY STABLE

The Most Up-To-Date Livery in the State.

Picnic Wagon With Four Good Horses  
Careful Driver, Night or Day, To Order.

134 G Street

Telephone: Salida 45

## Patz & Tayman's

General  
Merchandise

Phone: Salida 171

Store Near Smelter

## Sanitary Cleaning

AND

### Dye Works

C. C. BOSWELL, Mgr.

Suits Steamed-Pressed, 50c

Phone: Salida 184 140 E. First St.

SALIDA, COLORADO

## The New Palace Cafe

G. W. NORRIS, Propr.

Meals Like Your Ma  
Used to Cook

Lower F Street Salida, Colo.

## J. P. Langfield

DEALER IN

Men's Furnishings, Shoes  
and Clothing

Near Smelter

## The New Palace Hotel

Steam Heat Open Day and Night Half Block From Depot

Everything Modern and Up-to-Date. Only  
Hotel with hot and cold water and phone in  
each room. : : Prices 75c and \$1.00

Sample Room

Tel. Red 642

Salida, Colo.

Stick to Our Advertisers—By Thru Le Resume.

**The First  
National Bank**

Salida, Colorado

---

Oldest and Largest  
Bank in Chaffee  
County

**Reasonable Prices For  
Light Moving**

**Jason's Hack  
and Express  
Line**

Always at Your Service—Day  
or Night—Rain or Shine

Cabs to any part of the city.  
Day rate, 25c. Special calls  
\$1.00. Pphone: Chaffee 191

JASON WILSON

Renting of Caps and Gowns to Graduating Classes a Specialty

**E. R. MOORE COMPANY**

..MAKERS OF

**Collegiate Caps, Gowns and Hoods**

ORIGINATORS OF

**Moore's Official High School Caps and Gowns**

4014-16 Broadway, Chicago

Distributors to the Salida High School

**PHOTOPLAY THEATER**

**High Class  
Motion Pictures**

Do Your Shopping With Le Resume Advertisers.

# TO THE SENIORS

You won't be properly dressed in your caps and gowns during the commencement week

## WITHOUT SHOES

Our line of Gent's Patent Leather Oxfords can't be rivaled  
—\$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50  
\$5.00, \$6.00

129-131 East First St.

## AXFORDS

SALIDA, COLORADO

### S. BERENSON

Shoe Store and  
Shoe Repairing

Up-to-Date, First-Class Shoe  
Repairing While You Wait

MEN'S HIGH CLASS SHOES  
130 North F Street

### Earl Arenberg

High Grade  
Blacksmithing  
and  
Horseshoeing

Repair Work Given  
Special Attention

...TRY THE...

### *New Sherman House*

For a New,  
Modern, Cozy  
Room

H. L. HERR, Proprietor.

### *French & French*

Ladies' and Gentlemen's  
Shining Parlor

FIRST-CLASS WORK A SPECIALTY

137 East First Street

## Do You Know That Chiropractic Adjustments Mean Health?

Do you know that they have given permanent relief to thousands of suffering people—people who thought just like you, that there was no help for them?

Do you know that they relieve acute as well as chronic cases. In short do you know that Chiropractic is the greatest method of drugless healing known? If you don't let us prove it to you—we're in the business for your health.

**B. W. MIZER & FANNIE MIZER**

No Knife, No Drugs

Consultation and Examination Free

Lady Attendant

For Your Own Interest—Patronize Le Resume Advertisers.

**BANK YOUR MONEY  
PAY BY CHECK  
START A BANK ACCOUNT  
WITH THE  
Commercial National Bank**

<p>Repair Work      Gasoline and Oil</p> <p style="text-align: center;">All Work Guaranteed</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>The Colorado Auto Co.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Phone: Salida 248</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p>231 W. 3rd Street.      C. H. Denning Salida, Colo.              Prop.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Arthur D. Marvin</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Artistic Monuments</b></p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">518 N. Main Street,      Pueblo, Colo.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">SALIDA GRANITE A SPECIALTY</p>
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## THE WALDORF CAFE

Serves Good Meals at Reasonable Prices.

Two Blocks From Depot.      Open Day and Night

## SALIDA CREAMERY PURE—CREAMERY—BUTTER

Carefully Selected From Products of the Highest Grade of dairy Herds.

**SWEET AND FRESH**

Churned Every Tuesday and Friday of Each Week

Patronize a Growing Home Industry.

Le Resume Advertisers Tell the Truth



## Holcomb's Feed & Implement Store

Dealers in Farm Machinery,  
Grain, Hay, Flour and Feeds

Corner Third and H Streets

Salida, Colorado

## ..Golden Gate Restaurant..

C. W. WOODY, Proprietor

*The Place to Get a Good Meal*

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

## *The Crutcher-Plimpton Mercantile Co.*

---

*Wholesale Fruit and Produce*

---

General Commission Business.

Salida, Colorado

## C. P. CROZER

Books, Stationery, Cigars,  
Tobacco and Notions

120 F Street

Salida, Colo.

For Your Own Interest—Patronize Le Resume Advertisers.

## WE CARRY

The Largest and Most Complete Line  
OF

Queensware, Glassware  
and Kindred Lines

In the City. In Fact, We Claim to  
Have the Only Real Stock of This  
Line in the City.

## THE RIGHT PLACE

124 F Street

**O. H. BYERS,**  
Proprietor

The Store That Made  
Variety Business Popular in Salida.

Let

### Scottie Buchanan

MAKE THAT

### New Spring Suit

AND

You are Assured It will  
Be Right.

## SALIDA FUEL CO.

F  
O  
R **Coal**

Of All Kinds

E. N. WILLIAMSON, Proprietor  
First and G Streets

## *J. D. Randol*

*Staple and Fancy  
Groceries*

We Sell and Recommend  
Chase & Sanborn's Teas & Coffees

## MERKEL

Salida's recognized Ex-  
pert on Painting, Deco-  
rating, Etc. :: Largest  
Stock in the city. 123  
E. 1st, :: Next Best  
Laundry. Tel. Chaf. 73

NOTARY PUBLIC

INVESTMENTS

# JAMES W. DE WEESE

## NOTARY PUBLIC

Office of  
The Salida Building  
& Loan Association

111 East Second Street  
SALIDA, COLORADO

Do Your Shopping With Le Resume Advertisers.

# CUSTER & COMPANY

CANON CITY COAL YARD

SELL THE BEST

## COAL

WEST FIRST STREET

SALIDA, COLORADO

### Ferguson & Quay

Wide-a-Wake  
BARBERS

Open from 7 to 6 on week days  
7 to 10 Saturdays

### Andy Haller

"The Old Stand By"

When you want  
something good  
to eat, whether it  
is day or night

### F. D. GRANGER

Blacksmithing  
and Repairing

DeLaval Separators 133 West  
Second Street

"21 YEARS IN SALIDA"

### Jackson Lumber Company

A Full Line of  
Builder's Supplies

A. B. GODDARD

E. P. WILBUR

## SALIDA AUTOMOBILE CO.

STORAGE

RENTING

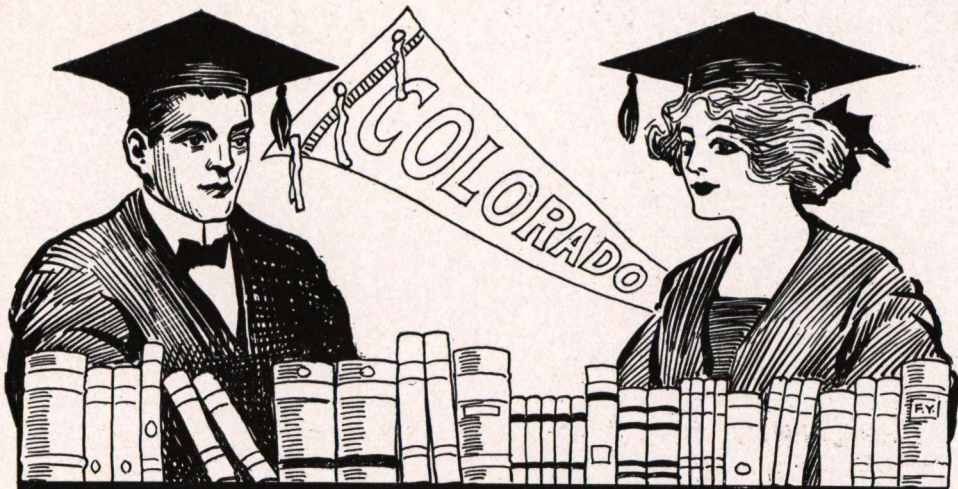
REPAIRING

FORD DISTRIBUTORS FOR CHAFFEE COUNTY

PHONE: CHAFFEE 16

125-127 West Third Street

Do Your Shopping With Le Resume Advertisers.



# Engravings for High School and College Publications

THE HOWARD ENGRAVING CO.  
COLORADO SPRINGS

This Annual is the Product of the

## Record Job Rooms



Does it Not Prove that We are Equipped  
to Do First-Class Work?



*OUR SPECIALTY:*

Fine Printing for Particular People. Let Us Convince You.

Salida Regional Library



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