
Le Résumé



SALIDA PUBLIC LIBRARY



Volume II

Le Resume

Published by

The Senior Class

of the

Salida High School

1917



SALIDA REGIONAL LIBRARY



REFERENCE ONLY

CLEORA PUBLIC LIBRARY

SOUTH ARKANSAS TO SALIDA

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The first white men settled in Salida about 1878 or '79. In 1880, the Pueblo-Leadville stage route followed the river through this place, which, at that time, was called South Arkansas. It consisted of a tent and a log corral. On the Sterling Jones ranch, which was then owned by a man named Bayles, stood a stage house where the change of horses was made. The old stone barn is all that remains of the original buildings.

In the fall of 1880, the railroad was run through to Leadville. This brought a number of new inhabitants who settled at Cleora, just below the Bayles ranch. The railroad shops were built approximately in their present site. This so increased the importance of South Arkansas that its name was changed to Salida. The main street lay between the railroad tracks and the river; and, as everybody lived on Main Street, coal was within reach of the poorest inhabitant.

Instead of the fine concrete bridge that now spans the river, the erstwhile pedestrian found only two planks laid across saw horses. Teams used a Ford.

The high cost of living was unbelievable. Hay cost more to the ton than a good horse. Grain was worth as much as forty dollars a bushel; and a team of six long eared hay-burners would eat twenty-five dollars worth of feed a day. Tropical fruits were sold by the slice; and eggs, by the pound.



Salida's growth was slow but steady. The village was left behind when the town of Maysville was loaded onto flat cars and moved into Salida. Shortly after this, Cleora also took a trip to the city. Some of the houses then brought in were converted into buildings which today form some of our most modern residences. Judging from recent events, the moving down of Maysville and the moving up of Cleora seems to have given Salida the fixed idea of annexation.

Salida now acquired the dignity of a hose cart which, in case of fire, was

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pulled around by the citizens. The town also enjoys the prestige afforded by some real business establishments. The Roller Undertaking Parlor occupied the present site of Perry Williamson's Soda Fountain. Dr. O'Connor's Drug Company store stood where the Ben Dismar Clothing Company establishment now stands. Webb and Corbin, wholesale and retail grocers, occupied the building owned at present by Mrs. Hafner. Here the first lodge room was fitted up jointly by the Masons and the B. of L. E. Only a few of the elect were permitted the luxuries of this hall. One of the best remembered of these early buildings was the Craig Opera House. On the lower floor, in front, was the Collins' Saloon. Back of the saloon was a room in which the services of the Episcopal church were conducted. Upstairs was the opera house which was used for dances, public entertainments, and private receptions.

The skating rink tent stood where Crews-Beggs store now stands. One of the exciting events of the day occurred here. It was a foot race against time by Pat Gilligan and Young Morrell. If you are desirous of learning the outcome of this race I refer you to some old timer. Ask one, but no more than one, for no two agree.

Salida experienced two terrible fires, both of which very nearly destroyed the town. The second one started in a hotel that was being erected where the First National Bank now stands. The fire started on January 2, 1888, and burned for several days. It cleaned out both sides of F Street from the Presbyterian church to Howell's Drug Store. Dynamite was finally used to check the blaze.

In 1891 a lynching took place on First Street at the railroad tracks. A young man, who was stealing coal, was shot at by a watchman, so he said. He picked up a piece of timber and killed the watchman. When the vigilance committee got hold of him, he was given a very short trial and found guilty of murder. He was taken out and lynched soon after the trial.

When the Presbyterians decided to build a new church the old building was sold at auction. Part of it was converted into a barn at the residence of Mr. Perkins on F Street. The new church was built about 1900. A Methodist and a Catholic church were built about this this time.

With the passing of the pioneers these incidents are not related as often as they were a few years ago. The participants in these stirring scenes are only infrequently met. If you are desirous of a more extensive account of these happenings I would refer you to the old files of The Record, which was then known as The Sentinel, or to The Salida Mail. For a still more accurate account, I would suggest that you look up the city archives.



Salida is located in a beautiful mountain scenery has many fertile farm lands.

The climate is so that one truly enjoys the commonly said that the best of the year. Beside the advantage offered to the south of town. At the cities. It is so hot in Wellsville, which is of just as great value. The drainage of the mountain springs is it is thoroughly fine.

Eight churches of every denomination enjoy the ministrations of their ministers.

A Carnegie Public Reading Room, Evening Club, is a great value to the residents. The library, is very well equipped.

Salida can boast of the D. & R. G. institution. People enjoy the view.

An electric power

SALIDA



Salida is located at the head of the Royal Gorge. The beautiful mountain scenery has made Salida famous. The town, surrounded by rich mines and fertile farm lands, is an industrial center.

The climate is one of the finest in the state. The air is clear and pure, so that one truly enjoys it. Salida has an unusual amount of sunshine. It is commonly said that there are three hundred sixty-six days of sunshine during the year. Besides the healthful climate, there is one other unusual advantage offered to the health-seeker. This is the hot springs west and south of town. At Poncha, west of town, the water has unusual medicinal qualities. It is so hot that it is necessary to cool it before it enters the pool. At Wellsville, which is on the Rainbow Route, the water is not so hot; and is of just as great value for healing purposes, being almost a sure cure for rheumatism. The drinking water, which is the purest obtainable, comes from mountain springs west of town. It is collected in two large reservoirs where it is thoroughly filtered before it is piped to town.

Eight churches administer to the spiritual wants of the people. Nearly every denomination, from which our forefathers chose, is represented. All churches enjoy the support of large congregations, which are served by able ministers.

A Carnegie Public Library, secured through the efforts of the Tuesday Evening Club, is at the disposal of the unoccupied tourist and is of inestimable value to the residents of the city. The library which contains about 4500 volumes, is very well equipped.

Salida can boast of two of the most modern hospitals of the country. One is the D. & R. G. Employees' Hospital; the other is the Red Cross, a private institution. People from all over the United States come here for treatment.

An electric power plant furnishes power for the lights. This, in a meas-

ure, does away with the burning of midnight oil by the high school students. They burn midnight electricity instead.

There is an electrically operated planing and saw mill in the town. The logs are cut in the forests which surround the town and are hauled here to be finished. A great many of the buildings of this community are truly home products.

The farming industry is one of the biggest in the state. The farms yield far more than the average. This is due largely to the amount of sunshine received. Dairying is fast becoming a profitable industry. The Salida Creamery is a comparatively new institution. It is open to inspection at any time during working hours. A small amount of butter is shipped out of town, as it is nearly all consumed here.

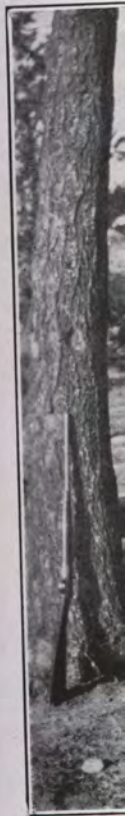
Cattle raising has done a great deal in the making of Salida. There are approximately 40000 cattle on the range.

Mining is one of the best paid industries. The ore found around here is the highest grade ore to be had. Tungsten is now being mined in the Wellsville district, east of town. Some of the largest silver mines of the state are located close to Salida.

The granite quarries are also doing an immense business. The stone is ranked among the finest in the world. It is free from flaws and rust. Marble is also quarried to a small extent, as is building stone and lime rock.

Naturally, with the resources of a town like Salida, a smelter is necessary. It is doing a big business and works three shifts of men.

The town is slowly being recognized as a summer resort. The streams near here abound in fish, big enough to satisfy almost any pessimist. All kinds of game are found in the mountains which surround the valley. With the assurance of a brass band for the coming summer, the only other thing necessary to make Salida an ideal summer resort is a golf course.



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SALIDA PUBLIC LIBRARY

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Edgar Kesner, Ph. B.
Superintendent of City Schools

“A friend is he who sets his heart upon us, is happy with us, and delights in us; and does for us what we want, is willing and fully engaged to do all he can for us, on whom we can rely in all cases.”



ANNE GILLPATRICK, A. B.
Assistant Principal—English

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast."



MARY MELCHER, A. B.
Latin—German

"To those who know thee not, no word
can paint!
And those who know thee, know a
words are faint!"



C. R. BERNARD, PD., M
Manual Training

"A kindly man, so big, so
A man to think, to plan, to



C. E. TANTON, B. S.
Principal—Mathematics

"Willing his part he'll do
Conscience clear and purpose true
He's a gentleman clear thru."



EDITH B. HAFNER, A. B.
Science—Mathematics

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and
fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoic'd in a
pun."



F. E. KIMBLE, A. B.
Athletic Coach—Science

"Describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleas
ant in man."



ELSIE W. WADELL,
Secretary—English

"Her wit and good humor
the year through."



MELCHER, A. B.
tin—German
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faint!"



R. BERNARD, P.D., M., A. B.
Manual Training
kindly man, so big, so true,
man to think, to plan, to do."



FLORA FARRINGTON, A. B.
Music—Drawing
" 'Tis the songs you sing and the
smiles you wear
That makes the sunshine everywhere."



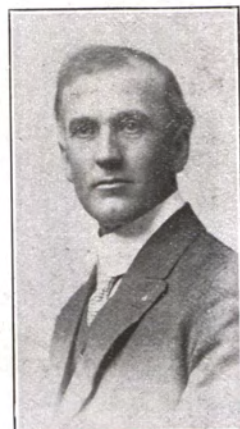
GLADYS M. PARKS
Home Economics
"Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought."



AMBLE, A. B.
coach—Science
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ELSIE W. WADELL, A. B.
Secretary—English
"Her wit and good humor bloom all
the year through."



W. S. STODDARD, A. B., M. A.
History
"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed,
Your sustenance and birthright are."



IVERNE Hans
Editor in Chief



LESLIE McABBE
Asst Editor in Chief



Irwin Gimlett
Literary Editor

THE STAFF



Edith Berrian
Asst Literary Editor

AT WORK



Ruth Meacham
Asst Literary Editor



Luella Quinn
Art Editor



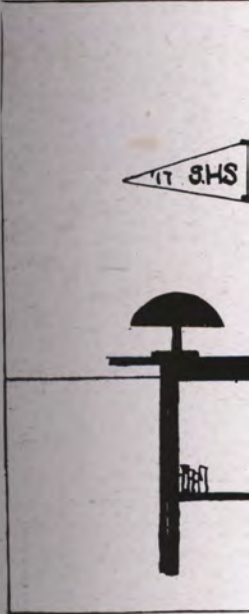
Carl Valdez
Business Manager



Clara Goddard
Asst Business Manager



Winnifred William
Art Editor



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Senior



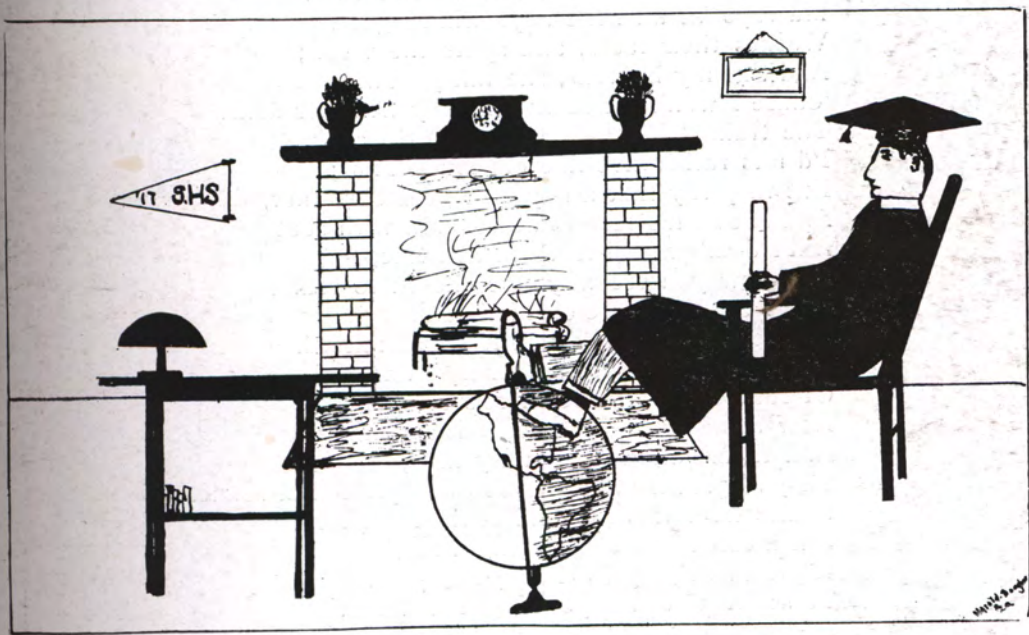
Win Gimlett
Secretary Editor



Ma. Quinn
Secretary Editor



Fred Williams
Secretary Editor



WILLIAMS

Seniors

Character is the only true diploma.

Colors: Kelly green and white.

OFFICERS

President	- - - - -	Irwin Gimlett
Vice-President	- - - - -	Winnifred Williams
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	Leslie McAbee

THE COLUMBINE

I ran away 'cause it wasn't fair,
They treated me bad; but I don't care.
Ma says 'at all little boys what's good
Washes their faces, and splits the wood;
And Sis, my heavens, she fairly howls
'Cause I won't set down and play with her dolls.
The trainin' I'm gettin's not worth a pin,
I'd lots rather live like old Huck Finn;
But they say that a boy who goes bare-foot,
And allows his face to be covered with soot
Ain't doin' justice to them at home,—
And now you see why I've chosen to roam.
And I came up here on Methodist
So they couldn't find me, if I was missed.
I'm not a bit sorry, the scenery's fine,—
Of course it is, 'cause there's columbine.
Now some kinds of flowers is effeminate
And them's the sort I fairly hate,
They're grown in hot-houses, and praised in sonnets,
Ladies wear them stuffed in their bonnets;
But a columbine ain't in this class,
It grows way up on the highest pass.
To see them at all, you've got to climb,
And it's sure worth while, in bloomin' time,
To know how they look, their bright heads blowin'
In what ever way the wind is goin'.
You may like the town, but this I know,
I love the place where the columbines grow.
I might keep on talkin' forever
In praise of the flow'r, but then I'd never
Get home again. I'll get a lickin'
But it was fun, so I ain't kickin'.
Just one more word,—I wish when I pass
That I could be in the Senior class.
I think, like them, no **posies** for mine,
Like them, I prefer the columbine.

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Gimlett
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McAbee



He was filled with the bright hopes and dreams of youth. His ability justified our confidence in his future achievement, but in the vigor of young manhood he sickened and died. In his death we felt a keen sense of personal loss. We had learned to love him. With eyes dimmed with tears we see a vacant place in our graduating class. He was not permitted to graduate here. A black-robed messenger stole into our valley and silently summoned him to the heights, and he followed into the school of eternity. We miss his kindly smile and cheerful voice. We do not understand why he was called away before his time, but "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." Those who know tell us that it was a beautiful custom of the Seneca Indians, when a loved one died, to catch a singing bird and tie on it messages of love and affection. Then after releasing it they believed it would not pause to rest until it conveyed these messages to the loved one in the spirit land. So we tie upon the wings of our thoughts this message of remembrance and affection, hoping that it will reach Marshall and that he will read and understand, and smile back from the realms of light.



BESSIE LENORA BLANCHARD

The rumor of her pluck and spunk
Has spread to distant Poncha.
You wonder if you'd done the same
If you had had to, don'cha?

EDITH HARRINGTON BERRIAN

Buena Vista claimed this maid
When she showed the first faint
smile,
Then her parents thought it best
To bring her to a town worth while.

LOVEY EDNA BOGGS

A tribute to Edna we pay.
She came from a Missourian town,
Queen City they term it by name;
And through her it's sure of renown.

VIOLA JEANETTE CARSON

Salida owns a gem quite rare
For Jeanette is capable, sweet, and
fair;
Her modest ways are those that win,
A trait of the Welsh to whom she's
kin.

EVA M. CORLETT

Oh haven't you heard Eva proudly say
She was born in the mining camp,
Ouray,
Where in winter the mountain sheep
come down,
And leisurely feed in the streets of
the town?

MAGGIE IONE CRISPELL

Her wild and woolly tendencies
From Arizona came
Her birthplace being in that state,
The town, Dale Creek by name.

PEARLE EDYTHIA DAVISON

There in Alder, where the willows
Gently whisper in the breeze,
Dwelt a girl so sweet and pretty.
Who can guess? Pearle, if you
please.

ANNA JANE DOLAN

She was born in smoky Pueblo town.
Her eyes are neither black nor
brown;
For she is our Irish colleen true,
And Irish eyes needs must be blue.

OLIVER WESLEY ELOFSON

How many from Salida?
Oliver says that he is one,
He thinks he's a Scotchman,
What's the Scotch for—Elofson?



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BUENA ANITA FOULK

Buena claims our Salida
 To be the town of her birth;
 She says she'd rather live here
 Than in any place else on earth.

L. PEARL GILLESPIE

To trip the light fantastic, to join the
 merry dance,
 This maiden from the valley, maketh
 use of every chance.
 To attain her graduation with much
 effort she hath strove.
 She returneth, in the summer, to her
 home in Villa Grove.

IRWIN G. GIMLETT

His angel face, so sweet and bright,
 Conceals a nature firm and grim;
 It seems that Monarch, his home place,
 Instilled its grandeur into him.

CLARA GODDARD

Popularity proclaims her a leader to-
 day;
 At a dance, her banner unfurls.
 Russel Gulch to Salida marks her way;
 She's one of our loveliest girls.

GERTRUDE HALLOWELL

She came up from Pueblo,
 A town devoid of sentiment;
 That she'd meet him in Salida,
 She had a true presentiment.

IVERNE FERGUSON HAUS

She beat it west from old Missou,
 To where the skies are always blue;
 Not of St. Louis now she boasts,
 But to Salida gives her toasts.

ANNIE ELIZABETH JACOBS

From a happy corner in Kansas,
 I saw this here girl just a boltin'
 To catch the first train to Salida,
 And hasten to beat it from Holton.

PHYLLIS OPAL JACOBS

Here's to our classmate with eyes of
 brown
 Who was born right here in our
 home town.
 Thru her veins the blood of the In-
 dian flows—
 None of their legends, but what she
 knows.

MAMIE ELIZABETH LUNNON

Manzanola, Colorado,
 Sent this maiden to us from there;
 And in all the wide creation,
 You can't find one so free from care.



LESLIE G. M'ABEE

Six feet one of orneriness,
 With his guns and his spurs to boot,
 Galloped madly on to Salida
 'Cause he'd shot up his home-town,
 Butte.

MONA RUTH MEACHAM

"I was born in Salida," said Ruth with
 great pride,
 "Here from all indications I'll ever
 reside;
 Where the winters are mild and the
 summer's divine,
 Near by places to camp, then Salida
 for mine."

ROBERT OAKLEY

Marshall, Texas owes its wondrous
 fame
 To this youth, Robert Oakley, by name;
 He's interested in motors and wireless,
 His efforts to perfect the code are
 tireless.

JOHN RICHARD OWEN

John Owen has a pleasant face
 A manner nice and jolly.
 Now John, who's from Salida, thinks
 A frown is more than folly.

LUELLA AGATHA QUINN

Cazenoria, Wisconsin was not to her
 liking,
 Her first opportunity saw her a hik-
 ing
 To a place in the mountains far out
 in the west;
 Salida's the town she found she
 liked best.

RAYMOND ROBERTS

When our hair hangs straight and
 curless,
 Sure we girls think it a crime
 That our Raymond from Queen City
 Has his hair curled all the time.

D. CARL VALDEZ

He came with summer to this earth,
 And owes to May his day of birth.
 His hair is black, his eyes are brown
 Dear Salida's his home town.

DELOS WELCH

Delos claims he is English,
 Tho' I'm sure no one knows why,
 He says that Welch is British.
 Ask Saguache as you go by.

WINNIFRED WILLIAMS

Her rare disposition is shown in her
 smile,
 With fair hair and dimples she's
 sure to beguile;
 She boosts for Missouri for all she
 is worth
 As she thinks of Tina, the place of
 her birth.

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OUR FOURTH YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL

On Tuesday morning, September the eighth, our class of one score and eight prepared for the final stretch of our four year Marathon. After all preliminaries were settled, we toed the mark, and were off at the firing of the gun. A third of the first mile was completed uneventfully when, to keep up our spirit, we indulged in a beefsteak fry. With renewed vigor and determination, we came back to the true course, and at the three-fourths mile post, it was clear to be seen that Irwin was the leader. By the time the mile post was reached some of those, who had believed themselves capable cross-country men, turned out to be short distance sprinters, and they dropped out of the race. Not until one third of the entire course was completed did we need further encouragement. This came in the form of a party at which the Juniors aided most ably by serving the weary runners ice cream. Again we followed an uneventful path until a sudden division was made. One member of the faculty, seeming to favor the boys, entertained for them at an elaborate affair; but the girls, fearing that this would give the boys a decided advantage, were unwilling to be beaten out entirely, so they formed a happy group and attended the theatre, afterward refreshing themselves with grizzly bears and mountain canaries. Feeling that we were still wanting in spirit, four of our most enthusiastic boosters devised a plan by which they were certain they could restore our original pep. One day they presented to each member of the class a small envelope, sealed with a tiny red heart, which proved to be an invitation urging each to meet at Ruth's house to learn his fate, and receive a valentine. This function proved to be the most successful of the year.

Again we are holding our course and expect to reach the tape some what tired out, but wholly successful in this, the greatest race of our lives, the race for an education.

INTELLECTUAL LIGHTS

To say that the Seniors are the finished products of the High School is putting it mildly. Seniors are composed mostly of geniuses and near geniuses. If a person is a genius, he doesn't need any brains; and, if he is a near genius, a small amount of gray matter will suffice. Every Senior in our High School has a faculty for doing something—each one is a genius in some respect. For example, Winnifred sleeps remarkably well in class; Luella gets bounced splendidly; Oliver always gets **her** lessons and—. Below we shall enumerate a few of the many remarkable traits possessed by the members of the Senior Class.

First let us consider our Class President, Irwin Gimlett. Irwin is one of the aforementioned finished products. He was born near Salida and is spending his childhood here. His special genius lies in his ability to sleep in class. Some say he sleeps best in German, but we think he sleeps loudest in English. Ask him.

Next comes our Editor-in-Chief, Iverne Haus. She is not a genius, but a near genius. Although she gets an eighth period nearly every day, it doesn't seem to spoil her good nature. She certainly hustled to make this annual a success.

The pale and delicate person is our beloved John Owen. John has a genius

for surreptitiously borrowing everything he can. He lately informed us that he had reduced from 398 lbs. 14 oz. to 389 lbs. 12 oz. in one week. Keep it up John. Perseverance makes success.

The pretty little girl with the golden locks is our Artistic Editor, Luella Quinn. She looks peaceable but look out! Ask the Seniors what she said about the candy sale. You can't always tell! Luella is a splendid actress, as you can see in our class play.

No, the sun hasn't come out from behind the cloud. Winnifred Williams is just bestowing on us her sweetest smile. There is a standing offer of ten dollars for any one who catches Winnifred frowning. We think the money is safe.

Jeanette Carson is one of the famous actresses of the Senior Class. Her bright disposition endears her to the hearts of all, even to her teachers. As the peanut-man on the corner says, "The more you eat, the more you want;" so we apply this to her. The longer we know her, the better we like her.

The husky blond individual is our society man, Oliver Elofson. Oliver has a genius for preferring the company of the fair sex. He also has a talent for mixing pills, and potions. Ask John Sweeny.

Pearle Davison is possessed of great literary ability. She wrote the prize poem for the annual. Some day her name will rank with those of Helen Hunt Jackson and James Whitcomb Riley.

The Senior's most famous orator is Ruth Meacham. When not engaged in untangling the mechanism of her Father's Mitchell, she gives the Freshmen lessons in pushing wheel-barrows or Fords.

That she is possessed with a genius for business matters, is shown by the way Clara Goddard hustled for Annual ads. She is the manager of the Senior Class Play. Moreover she is noted for her divine dancing ability.

You will observe a look of determination on Eva Corlett's face. She has resolved to live up to the standard set by her sister. That is why she never has time for frivolity. That is also why she gets good grades.

Edna Boggs is called "Lovey" by all the boys. Edna comes from Missouri, but that isn't her fault. She is a star in English. Lovey made some angel at the masquerade party.

The girl with the smiling face and **auburn** hair is Pearl Gillespie. When not engaged in laughing or giggling, Pearl is asleep. She doesn't seem to see the joke when Mr. Kimble calls on her in Physics. Then she just sighs and looks doleful.

Phyllis Jacobs, as her name implies, is queen of the wild-wood. When not eating pencils, she is studying diligently. Her answers, though quiet, are just to the point. She never indulges in loud or boisterous whispering.

The girl with the quiet, resigned expression is Buena Foulk. She is quiet because she seldom speaks and she is resigned to the foolish ways of a foolish world. As she nearly always has her Algebra, we shall forgive her.

Let us introduce the Heavenly Twins, one and inseparable, 'till death do them part, Ione Crispell and Bessie Blanchard. One would certainly be lost without the other. They both have their lessons nearly every day, which is more than can be said of the rest of us.

The musician of our class is Carl Valdez. Carl plays the violin when not in school and plays in class when in school. He is noted as a "periodic fusser." Outside of that he is a good fellow.

The curly headed little boy is Raymond Roberts. His chief delight is to whiz around our city streets in a Ford six. Although he may take delight in

frightening in comes.

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frightening innocent people, we shall not be sorry when May twenty-fifth comes.

Annie Jacobs, realizing the inferiority of the class of '16, left school last year, and decided to wait until this year so she could join the illustrious class of '17. We know she will never regret the step.

Her name is Anna Dolan. German don't you think? Anyway, notwithstanding her Celtic cognomen, she is a star in German. She won't look at high school boys anymore. Never mind we know his name.

Our man of affairs is Delos Welch. When not busy running the mile, putting the shot, or attending to his paper agency, Delos comes to school. We always know when he is coming, for the green sweater he wears can be heard within the entire confine of our city.

The frivolous person is Edith Berrian. She was never known to get less than 95 in any of her studies. Edith makes the music for the Girls' Glee Club and rides around in Papa's Overland.

Mamie Lunnon is one of the quietest and most dignified girls in our class. She is cited by the teachers as an example to the boisterous Sophomores. She has yet to experience the joys of an eighth period and the throes of a "bawling-out."

The Senior beauty is Gertrude Hallowell. Gertrude sets the pace for High School styles. When she passes through the Freshman room, the whispering pets were held awe-stricken until the serene beauty had vanished from their admiring gaze.

The latest addition to our class is Robert Oakley. He is known from pole to pole for his famous wireless exploits. The open-mouthed villagers call him "The Wireless Wizzard" and also "Motorcycle Mike."

Leslie McAbee alias "The Wild Wop" is the money man of the class. He played center on the football team. Perhaps that was what was the matter with it. He also sets the style in hair cuts. Each month the aspiring Juniors are surprised with a new one.

SENIOR WIT (?)

Ass't. Editor-in-chief, intelligently, "Iverne, where is the University of Chicago?"

Editor-in-chief, brilliantly, "I don't know."

The Literary Editor's face wore a puzzled expression, displaying deep thought. Suddenly it brightened and he vouchsafed—

"Why you poor boobs!"

Leslie. "I need only a few dollars."

Miss Gillpatirck. "You're fortunate."

Mr. K. "I wish we had a small celluloid ball. You know the kind they give children to play with."

Irwin. "Dick has one."

Edith (German). "I am enthusiastic about thick German soup."

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

The one important event of our Junior lives occurred May 25, 1916, when the class of '17 entertained the class of '16 at a reception and banquet in the Assembly Hall. It was an event to which we had looked forward all through the year, and our expectations were more than fulfilled. After the guests had arrived, the doors into the main hall were opened, and many "Ohs" and "Ahs" followed as the crowd moved toward the tables.

These were decorated with bouquets of white marguerites surrounded by green foliage, representing the Junior class colors; and candalabra, covered by blue shades upon which golden butterflies were artistically painted, suggested the Senior colors.

At the close of the feast Mr. Kesner, the toast master of the evening, cleverly introduced the various speakers. The toasts were as follows:

Welcome ever smiles—Jack Williamson.

Where we are, we're glad to be—Lulu Lasswell.

The Olympic Stars—Carl Valdez.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

—Vivian Dougherty.

Devise, wit; write, pen.—Iverne Haus.

I know what work is.—Fay Edwards.

Fame is no plant that grows on common soil.—Luella Quinn.

Men the most infamous are fond of fame—Emmett Brown.

I am armed with more than complete steel,

The justice of my quarrel.—Edith Berrian.

Willing workers work wonders.—Leslie McAbee.

I like to give villingly; ven I give villingly, it enjoys me so much, I give it again.—Will Rush.

Respect the faculty that forms thy judgment.—Winnifred Williams.

Looking backward.—Mr. Tanton.

It's a jolly old High—that's the way we express it,

And in or out of school, we'll honor and bless it.—Grace Moore.

After the tables were moved away, lively music set restless feet to keeping time. At a late hour the company returned to their homes, their only regret being that the Junior-Senior banquet had become a memory.

THE SENIOR FRY

The Seniors celebrated their advent into Seniordom by giving a steak-fry. On the evening of October, the fifth, the enthusiastic and hungry members of the class met at the park, and from there adjourned to the Binns' Grove. The boys built a large fire close by the stream. The girls, under the able direction of Mrs. Kimble, proved their ability to make excellent coffee. Marshall Demphy and Carl Valdez, assisted by Miss Gillpatrick, cooked and served the steak. After the feast was over, the happy crowd gathered about the fire and sang songs until the moon came out with, "Run home, Seniors, run home!"

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THE JUNIOR AND SENIOR PARTY

Although the evening of December fifteenth was an unusually cold one, nearly all the members of the Junior and Senior classes gathered for an informal party at the assembly hall. The greater part of the evening was spent in music and dancing. A few specialties served to increase the enjoyment of the guests. The Indian war dance was very gracefully performed by the girls. Miss Gillpatrick and Winnifred, by their excellent skipping, gained the applause of the audience and Irene Paxson displayed her skill as a foot racer. Each one present showed his ability as a pussy. Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard and Miss Gillpatrick acted as chaperones.

DIAMONDS AND HEARTS

(Senior Class Play)

Bernice Halstead, encouraged by her sister and chum, plans to become acquainted with Dr. Burton, a young physician, who has recently moved to town.

Pretending illness, she sends Sammy, the darky servant, for Dr. Burton. During his call, he discovers her scheme; and, in place of an ordinary prescription, he leaves a note offering her his sound heart for her defective one. Mrs. Halstead, the girl's stepmother, and her son, Dwight Bradley, have in their possession the will of the late Mr. Halstead. By telling Bernice that she will not inherit her father's property unless she marries her stepmother's son, Dwight attempts to force her to marry him. Bernice rejects him and determines to teach school.

She accepts a position which Inez Gray obtains for her and goes to live in the house of Abraham Barnes. Shortly after her arrival, Dr. Burton comes to pay a visit to his aunt and uncle, Abraham and Hannah Barnes. Bernice and the doctor recognize each other at once. During his visit, he falls in love with Bernice. Deducing from Bernice's soliloquy that she is in love with some one, Abraham Barnes, for he is in love with her, offers her his heart. Bernice refuses him. The sheriff interrupts the quiet country life by arresting Bernice, who is accused of stealing her stepmother's diamond pin. Her trunk is searched and the pin is found.

She goes back to her old home. Dwight tries a second time to force himself upon her. This time he tells her that he will be able to prevent a trial if she will marry him. A second time, she rejects him. With the aid of Abraham and Hanna Barnes and Sammy, Bernice's innocence is proved and Dwight Bradley is arrested for the theft. The question of the diamond is settled by the attorney and sheriff; the question of hearts is settled by Bernice and Dr. Burton.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bernice Halstead—A young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love of fun and a hatred of Arithmetic. . . . Winnifred Williams
Amy Halstead—Her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic. . . .
.....Luella Quinn

Inez Gray—A young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun.....
Jeanette Carson
 Mrs. Halstead—A widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls.....
Edith Berrian
 Hannah Mary Barnes or "Sis"—A maiden lady who keeps house for her
 brother..... Ruth Meacham
 Dwight Bradley—A fortune-hunter, and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former
 marriage.....Robert Oakley
 Dr. Burton—A young physician.....Irwin Gimlett
 Sammy—The darkey bell-boy in the Halstead home.....Carl Valdez
 Abraham Barnes, or "Bub"—A Yankee farmer still unmarried at forty.
 A diamond in the rough.....John Owen
 AttorneyOliver Elofson
 SheriffLeslie McAbee

FORECAST OF COMMENCEMENT

- April 20—Class Play, "Diamonds and Hearts."
 May 16—Junior-Senior Banquet.
 May 20—Baccalaureate Sermon preached by Reverend Oakley, of the Pres-
 byterian Church.
 May 25—Commencement Address by Dr. J. G. Crabbe, President Colorado
 State Teachers' College.

Junior

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Elofson
McAbee

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Colorado



The Shop Where Juniors are Compiled



Emerson inspired by—Richard Behrens
 Thanks to his merry laugh,
 Thanks to his beaming smile,
 Come and find joy with me
 And Sunny Jim, awhile.

Watson inspired by—Frances Brush
 Make rowdy music, little one!
 Make rowdy mirth and song!
 It is for life like this, my own,
 That I have watched you long.

Proctor inspired by Lela Burton.
 One by one the lines translated,
 One by one the problems worked;
 As she comes to class, elated;
 None can say that Lela shirked.

Hemans inspired by—Marion Cook.
 The girl stood in lower hall,
 Whence shadows all had fled;
 For they could not compete at all
 With lovely hair so rich and red.

Kipling inspired by—Robert Davidson.
 A fool there was, and he made his
 prayer,
 Evan as you and I;
 To glory, renown, and a place in
 fame,
 But they walked on his neck, 'twas
 a dirty shame,
 When he tried to play in that foot-
 ball game,
 Even as you and I.

Ingelow inspired by—Edna Eckland.
 Her fellow maids in groups, they
 wait;
 Ah! now she thinks she hears them
 calling;
 She makes a rush, oh, cruel fate!
 She finds that down the steps she's
 falling.

Poe inspired by—Tom Flynn.
 Once upon a school day cheery, while
 he struggled, weak and weary,
 Over many a tiresome yard of field,
 now back now fore
 While his strength was slowly sap-
 ping, and his muscles felt like
 snapping,
 When, at last, they caught him nap-
 ping, down upon him they all
 bore.
 "Now I lay me down," he muttered,
 thinking that his life was o'er,
 Quoth he raven, "nevermore."

Carlyle inspired by—Margaret Gill.
 Here hath been dawning another blue
 day!
 History, and English, and Cicero,
 say;
 Out of my school days I hope I'll
 emerge
 Still working hard as my mother
 doth urge.



Field inspired by—Glenna Goddard.

A little peach 'mong the Juniors
 grew
 Who wore a suit of emerald hue,
 She'd a heart which for him was
 staunch and true.
 He knew.

A Poet inspired by—Lea Harlan.

When little Lea ran away from
 school,
 The girls in the Junior class knew,
 And they all cried "stay!"
 But he beat it away,
 Leaving them awfully blue.

Stevenson inspired by—True Harlan.

Every night my prayers I say,
 And get my lessons every day;
 And every day when I'm at school,
 I obey the teacher's rule.

Emerson inspired by—Eugene Howard.

This face does not smile as it should,
 Tho' my studies are never low;
 I looked as sweet as I could,
 This remembrance from me as I go.

Wordsworth inspired by—Rose James.

She danced gracefully as an elf,
 That trips beside the streams and
 rills,
 And from her hair there shone a
 wealth
 Of gold the shade of daffodils.
 I stood and marveled at her grace,
 The wondrous beauty of her face.

Longfellow inspired by

—Mabel Knickerbocker

When in tests my thoughts are num-
 bered,
 And my memory fails me sore,
 How I wish I had not slumbered;
 But had studied, studied more.

Watts inspired by—Marion Mathews.

Now there was a dainty maid,
 With golden hair, and deep blue eyes;
 Homage to whom her classmates paid
 For how could they do otherwise?

Shelley inspired by—Frank McDonough.

"I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden;
 Thou needst not fear mine.
 With love my heart's not deeply
 laden,
 I cannot care for thine."



Nesbit inspired by Joe McDonough.

Now Saturday I can get up, an' I can
get up Sunday—
But, honestly I want to sleep as soon
as it is Monday.

Holmes inspired by—Rena Meacham.

Have you heard of this wonderful
little maid,
A shining light of eleventh grade,
Most partial to hair of a Titian shade
Dawns on me sudden, Ah! I'm afraid
In her affairs any deeper to wade.

Hood inspired by—Louise Nance.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes there stayed;
We thought her playing when she
worked
And studying when she played.

Whittier inspired by—Irene Paxson.

Irene upon a summer's morn,
Under a shade tree quite forlorn.
She scents the smell of gasoline;
Oh joy! 'tis he in his machine.

Allen inspired by—Jay Ramey.

Backward, turn backward,
Oh time in your flight;
And make me a Soph again, just for
tonight,
I am so weary of making mistakes,
A Junior does make so many bad
breaks.

Miller inspired by—Yola Sage.

Do you ask me what I am thinking
As I sit and seem to dream:
Of the drive home when I'm drinking
Of the pure air 'long the stream?

Longfellow inspired by James Shay.

I shot some chalk into the air,
On whose head 'twould fall, I didn't
care;
But when the teacher's hand it struck
I knew that I was out of luck.

Adams inspired by Marie Schmidt.

She runs, und schumps, und
schmashes dings,
Until I make her quit;
But vat of dot; she vas mine girl,
Mine leedle Marie Schmidt.



Riley inspired by—Donald Smith.

Don't cry little boy, don't cry.
An eight period for you, I know;
But don't look so sad
You know you've been bad—
Forty minutes before you go.

Mother Goose inspired by—Shirley Smyth

There is a lad in our class,
And he is wondrous wise.
At Manual Training he is deft,
At Chemistry takes the prize.
His name is Smyth, Shirley S.,
Now isn't it a pity?
For who could rhyme a word with
that?
So here must end my ditty.

Smart inspired by—Lael Steward.

Better than Physics, better than Art,
To learn ones Latin entirely by heart,
Tis a pleasant study, to me a cinch,
Bring on the exams, I'll never flinch.

Taylor inspired by—Harold Strayer.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Of course, we all know who you are,
Harold Strayer, praised in lore,
Who helps run up the Buena score.

Riley inspired by—Reba Williams.

Reba's back to school again,
And oh, my laws-a-daisy!
All the boys in the Junior Class
Are simply running crazy.

Burroughs inspired by—Helen Work.

Serene I trust myself to fate,
And not much time to work devote
For all things come to him who wait
Is my excuse for what I quote.

Koschat inspired by—Marian Wilson

Mistaken, mistaken, mistaken was I
When in Chemistry Lab. as hard did
I try.
I followed directions as best I could
know,
When up to the ceiling the darn thing
did blow.

Junior

OFFICERS

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lea Harlan
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	-	Robert Davidson
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	True Harlan
Class Reporters	-	-	-	-	-	-	Robert Davidson, Marie Schmidt

OUR THIRD YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL

Junior! Ah, Freshman, does that not sound wonderful? Is there not something in the word which causes you to tremble with respect for those who bare that name? "But what's in a name?" you sigh. If the Sophomores seem to scorn the Juniors, does it not bespeak their belief in the Juniors' superiority? The Seniors unconsciously envy the Juniors as the Junior class will be associated another year with the School held so dearly in the hearts of all students.

In order to have a splendid beginning, the Juniors elected the most capable members as class officers. Soon after, the president, Lea Harlan, called a meeting and announced to the class the project of having a Junior-Senior party. This idea was received with enthusiasm, and the event was a great success. Among the other social affairs, which occurred during the year, was the High School skating party. This is an occasion which will be remembered by all present as one of the "real good times" of their lives.

The Juniors have played an important part in athletics. More than half of the players on the football team were Juniors. The Juniors hold the baseball cup and the basket-ball championships of the school. At track the members of the class who participated, displayed the material which had given the class first rank in athletics.

Eugene Howard was awarded a place on the debating team.

The year passed with remarkable swiftness. As the Juniors are about to be recognized as Seniors, they are filled with happy and thrilling enthusiasm and with a determination to make next year the perfect year of their school career.

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ON OUR BLOCK

A loud yelp of ki-oodle protestation disturbed the peaceful tranquility of a calm and quiet summer evening. There was a mad rush, a scattering of boys, and a militant Marie snatched into her protecting arms a much agitated Felix. Furiously she turned upon her beloved dog's tormentors. With her Dutch up, she waded straight into their midst. Quickly the majority receded but she cornered one.

"Tom—you Tom Flynn! If you ever dare to look at Felix again, I'll—I'll—Oh, I don't know what I'll do; but it will be awful! Just because I'm a girl, you think you can abuse my dog."

Her speech was becoming incoherent in her rage, but he heard her say, "Oh, vy veren't I made a man,"—and Tom thanked his lucky constellation that she wasn't.

A young man of dejected and down cast mein entered a palatial abode on our block. A faint gleam of pleasure and anticipation lit up his pale face. He opened the door and entered a room. Straightway his appearance of hopeful expectation disappeared, as he assumed an attitude of weariness. Among the many dejected youths, he took his place upon the rocks of despair projecting above the surface of the dead sea of lost desires, and raised its tides by the tears from his eyes.

Cruel Glenna, relentless Reba, and heartless Irene remained unmoved.

"Marion!"

Three girls with guilty consciences started, each casting furtive glances at the other. One was crowned with an abundance of soft Titian hair; the next had locks of pure gold coiled neatly about her head; and the third was gifted with an unusual supply of nut brown tresses.

"Marion, what are you doing here?"

The three Marions gasped, and lost all power of speech. There was a commotion in one corner of the room. They looked fearfully toward the disturbance, and there they saw a freshman youth whose appellation was also Marion, rise and stumble confusedly out. They then realized that Mr. Tanton was merely rounding up another stray. Greatly relieved, each popped a bon-bon into her mouth and continued her pretense of studying.

Noisily three youths shuffled across the street, seated themselves on a curb stone, and conversed loudly. From his pocket one took some dice, whereupon they all lost themselves in the uncertain game of shooting craps. Rumor has it that James Shay won five-cents from Richard Behrens, whereupon Lael Steward's luck changed and he won the nickel from Richard. We have often heard of a fortune made or lost by one throw of the dice at Monte Carlo; but never expected to have an example so near home.

Harold Wilson and Robert Newman sighed wearily. It was hopeless! All day long they had run, dodged, and maneuvered in every way, still the villainess, Feminism, pursued them. All plans had failed. They had been cold, stern, and heartless; but their determination to evade the fairer sex was matched by the determination of the charming designers. The boys became gushingly sweet; but that, too, had not availed. Everywhere they turned a

girl was ready to idolize them. (Thus did the heroes in question dream). In reality—one evening they found the streets entirely devoid of the fair sex. Aimlessly they wandered about for a while and then, feeling the need of company, they went to church.

The circus had left, and the minds of the little ones were inspired. Shirley Smyth in a plug hat, would make an ideal ring master. Mabel Knickerbocker and Louise Nance, poised on one dainty toe, would depict "Airy Fairy Lillians" just fine. Yola Sage and Lela Burton, as fierce maidens from Kalamazoo with their savage looks and boisterous talk would awe the cowering public. Harold Strayer's daily actions had long since marked him for the clown. His contagious smile was especially ingratiating. Helen Work, True Harlan, Frances Brush, and Margaret Gill, as a result of their training in Latin, would be capable sellers of pop-corn, candy, etc. Dashing Rose James could play the calliope. Don Smith and Jay Ramey, acting together, would be fine for trapeze performers. Edna Eckland and Rena Meacham could train wild beasts, so plentiful on the high school campus.

Thus they dreamed, but Eugene Howard, with convincing words, talked them out of it.

McDonough brothers were angry—Joe at Frank, and Frank at Joe. Each had bestowed his affections upon the same plump Junior maiden. Bitter jealousy raged deep in the heart of each. One was bold and played court openly; the other was shy, and his love for the desired one smoldered silently. We have sympathy for the two brothers; but, as for this giddy lass who ruthlessly causes broken hearts, may she profit by the many admonitions we give her.

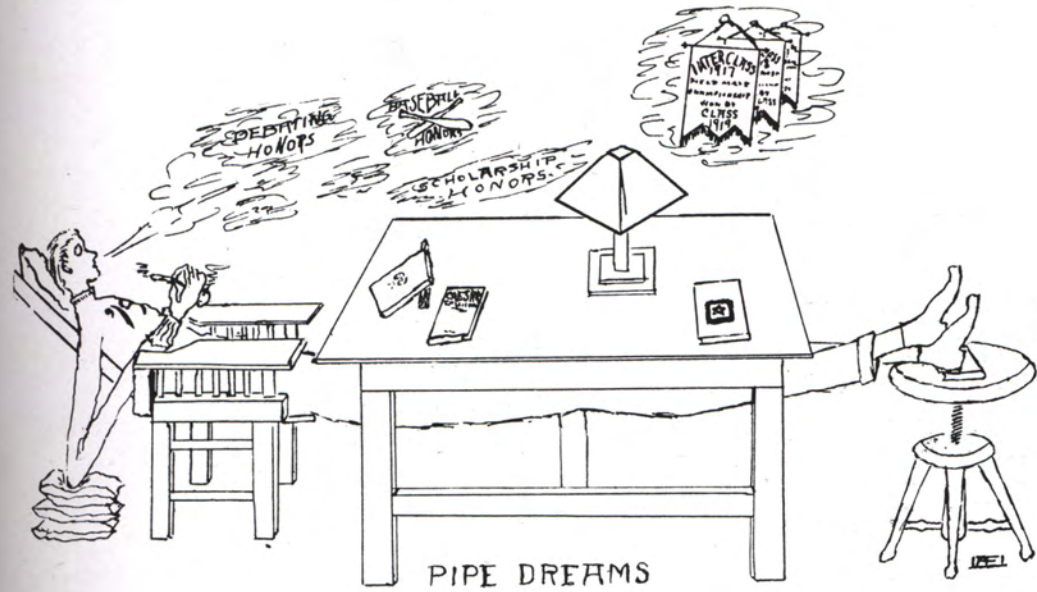
It was **almost** January the first, the day coveted by boydom when woman's right of proposal would cease to be for four years. Robert V. Davidson was literally scared to death. Thus far he had evaded the clutches of the vampire who had determinedly set her mind upon having him. He only ventured out in the dark,—and then it was with a sense of fear lest he should be discovered. One evening, he, being extremely restless, decided to take a stroll to quiet his nerves. He fearfully left the house, and threaded his way where shadows were the darkest. He heard a noise behind him, and leaped forward. His mid-air flight was brought to a sudden and disastrous end by a sturdy cotton-wood. Bob was carried home senseless. In blissful oblivion he slumbered peacefully on, and awoke to rejoice when he learned the day was New Year.

"That Music hath a charm" et cetera, can be vouched for by our prodigal President Lea. The catchy tune of "Paddle Your Own Canoe" almost played havoc with his high school education. He was seized by the wanderlust. To him the life of a miner appeared picturesque. He believed it to be his vocation, and so answered the call. At first it was a novelty to push a wheel-barrow in and out of a tunnel,—that was before his aching muscles reminded him of home and the Junior class. One evening as he sat in his boarding house, he heard the familiar buzz of the phonograph. He paid little attention to it, as it was the usual thing to play it each evening; but the piece they played was the Salida High School song. His eyes filled with tears, and he rested his red head on his arms. Presently he arose, called up his girl in Salida, and said he'd come back,—and he came.



FLORIDA PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sophomore



PIPE DREAMS





Sophomore

OFFICERS

President	- - - - -	Irl Taliaferro
Vice-President	- - - - -	Warren Beck
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	Myrle Smith
Class Reporters	- - - - -	Isabell Forte, Helen Dobbie

PICTURE GALLERY

Ethel Liscomb—The Demure Quaker Lass.
Melvin Crotser, Preston Higham, James Edmondson, Wilbur Allen—A Mean and Extreme Ratio.
Isabell Forte, Helen Dobbie—The Celebrities.
Jack Edwards—The Wanderer.
Hazel Oliver, Helen Magner—Mitey Lut Mighty.
Bertha Jones, Barbara Axford, Elsie Bassham, Aline Van Alstine—Turning Sophomores into Juniors.
John Plimpton, Irl Taliaferro—Something Humorous.
Hugh Wilson, Warren Hall, Dan Morehouse—Three Famous Stars; Wilson, Baseball; Hall, Fliver; Morehouse, Football.
Robert Cox, Charlie Briggs, Hollis Heister—The Newsies.
Hazel Corlett—A Substantial Sophomore.
Lee McNicol—The Young Cartoonist.
Warren Beck—For Conscience Sake.
James Edmondson, Lenore Ramey, Clarke Perry, Mildred Harris, Cloye Allen, Myrl Smith—Speeders of Romance.
James Reiley—A Man of Tipperary.
Mildred Buck, Rose En Earl, Clarinda England—Ireland, Scotland, and England.
Annie Hearty—A Stranger.
Leotis McCabe, Mary Hanna, Mamie Sheehan, Maude Graham—An Irish Muddle.
Myrtle Lytle, Norman Ream, Wallace Ream, Frank Rout—Absent from the Sophomore Picture Gallery.

OUR SECOND YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL

The first day of school, September, the fifth, the Sophomores, smiling sweetly at the upper classmen, but openly laughing at the Freshmen, marched proudly back to their section of seats. But alas! it was soon learned that the brilliant green hue had not entirely disappeared. One bold maiden was determined to take Manual Training; and another, Senior Algebra.

At the first business meeting, Irl Taliaferro was elected president; Warren Beck, Vice-President; and Myrl Smith, Secretary and Treasurer. They decided to give their first party in favor of the Freshmen. The Sophomores feel justified in considering that party a pronounced success, as some of the guests arrived before the doors were opened.

At the preliminary debate, after Helen Dobbie had ended her convincing speech with the very convincing argument, "Now, Honorable Judges, I can't

UNION PUBLIC LIBRARY

see, why you can't see, that my arguments aren't better than those of my opponents," it was found that two Sophomores had won places on the debating team. This was the first time that such an honor had been conferred upon a Sophomore Class.

Dan Morehouse was chosen captain of the High School football team. The boys have also won great honors on the basket-ball team.

It is to be sincerely hoped that all Sophomores will return next year as Juniors.

IN THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT

We have in our midst a group of self-satisfied young men and women known as Sophomores. On looking up the word, **Sophomore**, in Webster, we find that it is derived from the Latin word "sopor" and the Greek word "morial." Sopor is a deep sleep from which one is awakened with great difficulty. Morial is a part of the expression "Encomium Moria!" meaning the Praise of Folly. It is natural for us to conclude from the above definitions that a Sophomore is one who is in a sound sleep from which he is awakened with great difficulty.

Oh, what happiness not to be able to see our own mistakes or to hear our own blunders!

How lucky for John Plimpton's present joy that he does not see the years of toiling and striving that his tendency toward Freshmen girls will bring to him! Irl Taliaferro's habit of promiscuous betting (in which he takes so much pleasure) indicates that he may finally become a multi-millionaire with as many troubles as John D. Rockefeller. We all feel sorry for Myrle because she does not realize that a certain drug clerk flirts with every other girl that he sees, but we are glad that Mildred stares at him with a cold unfriendly glare. Helen and Isabell seem to be the only sophomores that show any inclination toward awakening. They have taken up, as their life's work, the business of public speaking. We hope that when Dan is bossing a gang of Mexican section hands, his extravagant use of language, not recognized in the best society, will bring him no lemons from fair on-lookers as it did at the Florence football game. If Clarinda, Ethel, and Elsie could only see the careworn, dejected look that too much learning has left on Edith Berrian's face, they would soon desist from their hungry pursuit of knowledge. Warren Beck seems to think that every one knows that he does do a little work once in a while, and he is trying to deceive them into thinking that he does none. We wonder who started through Frank Route's head, the idea that he was of a perfect build for a football player and should be a fullback on the team.

If these sophomores could always remain the same care-free crowd that they now are, their lives would be too happy for humans. But next year they will become conscientious Juniors; and they will think over, with remorse, these days of their folly.

TWO PLEAS FOR SAFETY FIRST

A Teacher's

Always get your lessons,
Never let a day slip by;
Insure against a failure,
Work, and keep your grades up
high:
Recite in every class-room,
Have your lessons well rehearsed.
Assume this for your slogan
Ever think of **Safety First.**

A Pupil's

Never be a quitter,—
If they call on you, why try,
Altho your brain's a muddle,
Bluff—and don't take time to sigh.
Thus keep the red ink bottle
So full 'twill have to burst.
Advice bids you recall this
Hark'ning back to **Safety First.**

VOCATIONS

MILDRED HARRIS.

Reward for being merciful
Is what I choose for mine;
I want to be a gentle nurse,
To me it sounds just fine.

IRL TALIAFERRO.

It seems as though the minds of most
The Sophomores turn toward hockey;
However, if I can command
My life, I'll be a jockey.

BERTHA JONES.

The inner voice that's urging me
To master now my fate,
Tells me that I shall not teach school,
But, for my living, skate.

JACK EDWARDS.

My mother thinks that I should preach.
It hurts me to alarm her;
But, really, I must break the news,
I'd rather be a farmer.

HELEN DOBBIE.

Montana's lady congressman
Is soon to meet another,
Whom she will greet, and thus address,
"I'm glad to see you, **brother.**"

JOHN PLIMPTON.

My Sophomore days have cast for me
The die; and, oh, what joy
It is to learn that I'm to be
The future Eddie Foy.

ISABEL FORTE.

The brush and palate are to be
My means of making money;
It may amuse you just a bit,
To me it isn't very funny.

DAN MOREHOUSE.

The ocean calls me from afar,
A locksmith and a jailer
Cannot retain me here at home,
I'm bound to be a sailor.

Senior girl, learning the art of skating. "And how do you stop?"
Hollis Heister. "Well now if I were you, I'd learn to start first."



Freshman







Freshman

OFFICERS

President	- - - - -	Heartz Davidson
Vice-President	- - - - -	Harold Dougher
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	Harold Thurston
Class Reporters	-	Heartz Davidson, Marion Stormont

CLASS ROLL

Winnifred Hodding—Charlotte.
Eva Boyd, Alta Boyd, Reva Cuenin—Three Little Maids of School.
Charles Wilson, Floyd Shewalter—Two Truant Boys Astray.
Dorothy Heckman, Arline Wilmot, Catherine Panton, Helen Tomlin, Helen Welch—Five Little Peppers.
Louis Post—Our Student from Pinon Grove.
Albert Everett—Fra Diavolo.
Harold Thurston—Young Lochinvar.
Charles Bernard, Hubert Williams—Accomplices.
Harry Bergman—A Freshman Light.
Warren Moore—Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates.
Rose Newman, Mabel Edmondson—Pals First.
Fred and Frank or Frank and Fred Bode—The Huntsmen
Heartz Davidson—A Chip of the Flying U.
Edward Madden, Theodore Judge, Clarence Stumke, Kenneth Sloan—Four Villains
Mervin McGuire—Poet Laureate of '20.
Laurence Youngberg, Bernard McDonough, Robert Axford—Inseparables.
Alice Harlan, Elizabeth Oakley, Velma Means—One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns.
Leona Matthews, Irene Hazelhurst, Evelyn Bush—Three Promising Freshmen.
Clarence Zimmerman, Harold Crouse, Thomas Corlett—Angels.
Mary Smith—Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.
Thelma Bratton, Nellie Pearman—Won't You Come with me my Phyllis?
Catherine Parker—The Conscientious Worker.
Rex Laird—One Dandy Freshman.
Geraldine Myers, Ila Haskins—The Movie Fans.
Harold Dougher—The Freshman Adonis.
Marguerite Krebs, Irene Miller, Leona Hoffman, Lilah Miller—Sisters and Chums.
Marion Stormont—The Cub Reporter.
Absentees—Francis Reardon, Byron Youngberg, Joseph Ayres.

OUR FIRST YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL

The first few days of school were exciting of the seventy-five Freshmen. The average freshie was somewhat confused as to where to go and how to act, but it was such fun to laugh at his neighbors' mistakes that he did not notice his own blunders. The class, as a whole, accepted teasing as a trial to be expected during the Freshman year, and endured it accordingly.

In October the first class meeting was held. Notwithstanding the noise and confusion, the following officers were elected; Hartz Davidson, President; Harold Dougher, Vice-President; and Harold Thurston, Secretary and Treasurer. Other class meetings, equally as amusing, followed. On most occasions it required a large amount of persuasion, from the president, to induce the members to express themselves.

The social events of the year were two parties. The Sophomores entertained the Freshmen and the Freshmen entertained themselves. Both affairs were very enjoyable.

The first year in High School has been an interesting one. It is hoped that very few will linger as Freshmen for more than a year, and that a large number will enter the Sophomore class next autumn.

EXTRACTS FROM MINERVA'S DIARY

When a Feller Needs a Friend

"Are we all ready?"

Harold Thurston's manly voice told the anxious crowd waiting around me that he had finished his Algebra problems, and was now ready to join the Freshmen Shinny Team and their group of admiring followers, who seemed to be on their way to the skating pond.

"We can't go yet! Miss Haffner has Dougher and Hartz in there telling them about their **scandalous** conduct this afternoon in Physical Geography; and it's Shewie's turn next!" stormed Helen Tomlin, irreverently throwing her skates at my feet.

"Phew! You all don't know how awful Miss Wadell can talk. Lawsie me, I sure won't forget it very soon. She really wants **me** to be good."

"Oh, Lizzie, don't take it so hard!" Shewie's smooth, chivalrous voice calmed her ruffled temper, as she advanced towards the now impatient group.

"Oh, here comes Zimmie!" The crowd swarmed about him murmuring sympathetically. for they all knew what a called meeting with the Principal meant.

"Can you come back to Algebra tomorrow? Did you get your whistle back? Have you got your shinny club?"

The number of questions from the group of girls following him indicated his popularity.

"Oh, wait a minute 'til I get my breath!" faintly protested the conquered hero.

During the lull while Zimmie was getting his breath, Dorothy Heckman, Winnifred Hodding, Catherine Parker, and Arline Wilmot discussed the merits of the various singers of the American Quartet.

"Oh, I was crazy about the first bass, the one with the pretty eyes. But he went out of my life like a shooting star!" Arline sighed disconsolately.

The crowd cheered heartily as the culprits, followed by their chastiser, appeared from Miss Hafner's doorway. The sound of the door, being closed energetically, echoed through the building as Helen Welch slid down the banister unceremoniously, and landed with a thud beside the astonished Miss Hafner.

"Why 'howdy', Hartz, my friend! You still alive? Miss Melcher just called me in. She thinks that Freshmen should study. Say ain't it awful? When a Freshman needs a friend, he can't find one on the faculty. Do you

think that Latin was made to **learn?**" Becoming aware of Miss Hafner's shocked gaze for the first time, she slipped behind me for protection.

Regaining her former state of dignity, this said member of the Faculty inquired sternly, "Is Floyd here? Has any one seen him?"

Silence reigned supreme as the eyes of all the Freshmen present followed the fleeting figure of their comrade, which was dimly seen through the window.

Suspicioning the cause of the unbroken stillness, she walked down the stairs and towards the door in search of the missing offender. Charles, divining her intentions, darted down the opposite stairway, to give a timely warning to his friend in need. As the teacher vanished, the crowd laughed loudly until Mr. Tanton suddenly appeared as if by magic.

"What are you doing here? This is no play-ground! Clear out of here!" His voice reverberated through the tense stillness. The group disbursed, some more hastily than others, while the Principal ascended the stairs.

Miss Hafner returned to her room to correct examination papers. After a few moments of absolute calm, Shewie and Charles stole into the hall after their skates that had been left there in the hurry and scramble for safety.

"Gee, but I'm glad that you got to me just in time! I never thought that she could run so fast. That was sure one time when a 'feller' needed a friend."

The shrillness of his voice sounded almost uncanny in the silence. Suddenly the boys' acute hearing caught an imaginary sound. A mad scramble, and our Freshmen friends were gone!

Thus ended a typical school day. In thinking over these incidents, I, Minerva, resolved to Abraham Lincoln and myself that hereafter I would be more considerate of these young hopefuls. For even I, with my marvelous wisdom, cannot prophesy as to which of these may become great men and women, if they but have the proper care and guidance in their Freshman days when every Freshman needs a friend. Who could have foretold three years ago that Jeanette Carson and Pearle Davison would have made such dignified Seniors!

Freshmen, I would have it known that if there is a time in which a "'feller' needs a friend," he may find one in Minerva.

A SQUASH'S OBSEQUIES

A dignified gentleman called, one day,
On a dignified lady across the way.
The daughter was bidden,—alas she'd retreated
Until such a time as the caller had beat it.

A dignified squash in the rear garden grew
Protected by sunflowers, so loyal and true;
'Neath these "shelt'ring palms" with a book she had fled,
And agreeably passing the moments, she read.

The vis'tor departed; the fair maid advanced,
And into the house, very proudly, she pranced.
An inspection was made, 'twas discovered, Oh, gosh!
Our reverend Freshman President sat on that squash.

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High School

High School Colors: Purple and White.
High School Motto: Play the game and play it square.
High School Song: "Visions of School Days."

VISIONS OF HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

Tune: "Take Me to My Alabam."

Fancy recalls many pleasures gone by,
And the memory sweet often ends with a sigh.
I picture visions of High School years,
With their joys often mingled with their tears.
The gong seems to call to me,
From far across the sea.

Chorus.

Come back to Algebra, to Solid Geometry,
Come back to school once again,
Where every teacher's true, is clear up to date;
And they will train your life to a happier fate.
Just pack your books,
Come back to the High School,
Back to study the old rule,
Back there I want to go,
Why must we older grow?
Would I could be there again!

I see the pathway so often I've trod,
When the tardy bell threatened there's no time to plod.
I hear the voices of youths at play,
And I see their bright faces so gay.
O could I but heed it all,
And answer to the call.

Chorus.

LYCEUM COURSE

It has been proved that the people of Salida know a good thing when they see it. The Lyceum Course, which under the untiring efforts of Mr. Tanton has furnished select entertainment for six years, has been loyally supported by the Salida public. During that time about thirty numbers have been given. The attractions, the talent for which has been furnished by the

Redpath Bureau, have proved very satisfactory. This year's program has been no exception to the rule. It consisted of five numbers. The first, on September the twenty-sixth, was given by the Regniers, two clever musicians. Mr. Regnier is also an excellent impersonator. On November tenth, the Mt. Vernon Singing Party's program delighted a large audience. It will be agreed that, on November thirtieth, Nels Darling gave one of the best lectures ever given in Salida. The lecture, which was on Community Welfare, will long serve as an inspiration to all who heard it. On December eighteenth, The American Male Quartet delivered a greatly appreciated program. The crayon sketches by Clayton Conrad proved a great treat. Schildkret's Hungarian Orchestra made its second appearance before an enthusiastic Salida audience, which testified that the second program was as greatly enjoyed as the one given during Chautauqua week. It is to be hoped that the enthusiasm of the Salida people for the Lyceum Course will continue to increase.

The course which has already been planned for next year's entertainment will be up to the standard. It consists of the following numbers: Ada Roach Company; St. Claire Ladies Quartet; Dr. Hagerman, lecturer; Montague Light Opera Singers; and Laurant and Company.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO THE CLASS OF 1916

The class of 1916, as former classes have done, always showed its loyal spirit towards the High School. As an indication of its good wishes for the future welfare of the school, the class presented the High School with the beautiful statue of Diana, the Huntress. The statue was purchased with the proceeds from the class play.

The Annual Staff presented the school with a leather bound copy of the first four volumes of *Le Resume*.

These gifts will serve to remind High School students of a class whose Salida High associations were ever cheerful and helpful.

THE COMMUNITY WELFARE CONFERENCE

The Community Welfare Conference is a comparatively new movement, carried on by the extension department of the University of Colorado. It is designed to instruct the people along the lines of good citizenship and public health. The first conference in Salida was held from November twenty-third to the twenty-sixth inclusive. Although started by the University, the work was carried on and financed by the community, particularly by the Board of Education, the Commercial Club, and the City Council. Many eminent speakers of state as well as national reputation took part in the program.

The High School pupils felt special interest in the movement on account of the beneficial conferences that were held in their behalf. Then, too, the various departments of the school were given important and prominent places among the exhibits. These not only called the attention of the public to the school achievements, but increased the interest in the schools and their activities. The exhibits, as a whole, were said to have been above the average for a town of this size.

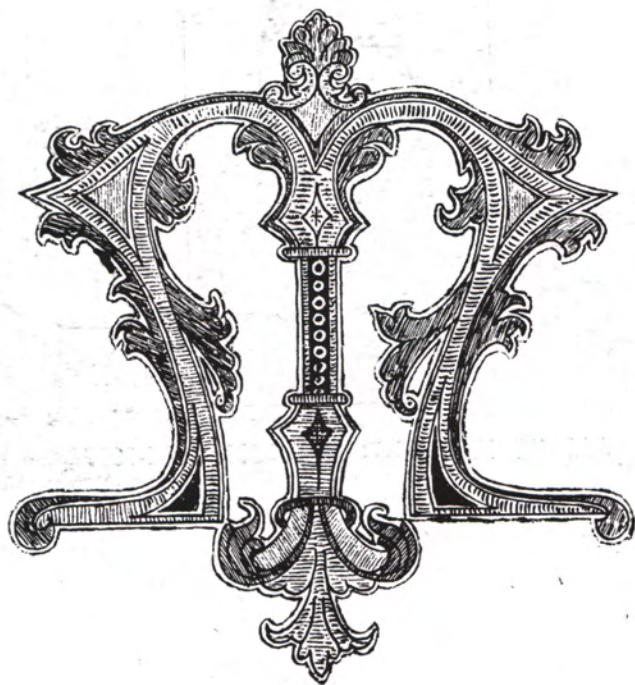
By the large attendance at all the sessions, and by the desire of the community for other such advantages in the near future, the efforts of those who had the conference in charge were repaid.

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JAMES HOWARD CARSON—1894-1917

Four years ago, there went out from Salida High School, a young man filled with high purpose, ambition, and zeal for achieving. For no other member of our class did Life seem to promise more than it did for Howard. But in the midst of promise, Life was conquered by Death. So the ideals, the ambitions, were left, to be fulfilled somehow in that Other Land. The Class of 1913 has lost a loved member, and our hearts are saddened; but because of the way he lived we are proud that he was one of us, and we are glad to pay tribute to the memory of Howard Carson.



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Manual Training



Six years ago, as an experiment, a Manual Training shop was started in the Salida Schools. It met with marked favor, and the classes grew until it became necessary to remove the shop to another building, where more room was available.

The main shop is equipped with twenty-four benches. The machine room has a five-horse power motor, two lathes, a power saw, a power grindstone, and a glue heater.

The chief objects of Manual Training are to develop some skill in the use of tools, to correlate the drawing and blue-printing with actual shop work, and to help a boy choose his life work.

It is very noticeable that some boys show much more aptitude and liking for certain lines of this work, while other boys show a decided interest in other features of the work.

In the turning or lathe work, the boys who have shown a very marked enthusiasm and have really become expert, are Van and Jack Edwards, Hugh Wilson, Willard Woody, Melvin Crotser, and Emmett Brown; while, in the bench work, have developed such efficient workers as the McDonough boys, Truman Means, Lea Harlan, Harold Dougher, Hubert Williams, the Youngberg boys, the Bode brothers, Robert Davidson, Warren Hall, and others.

Yet it has remained for the mechanical drawing work to show some of the most remarkable skill that has developed from this department. Paul Stodghill, Marion Case, Vivian Dougherty, and, especially, Marshall Demphy, excelled in this line. Demphy's work in drawing and designing was simply

Home Economics

The Home Economics course of our High School is one of the best in the state and is very important to the girl who will, in later years, be one of the many home-makers of this great country of ours.

In the cooking department, there is a large amount of laboratory work, an extensive use of textbooks, and the study of the uses of proteins and carbohydrates in foods.

In the sewing department there is practical sewing and the study of the manufacture of cloth.

In attempting to accomplish the purpose of this department, each pupil is encouraged to bring to school any problems which she may have at home.

The following is the course of study:

FIRST YEAR—First half. . . .Cooking. The text in cooking is supplemented with additional notes and reference work.

Second Half. . . .Sewing. Use of various stitches; garment making; apron, nightdress, patching and mending garments, tailored or plain cotton or linen skirts, lingerie waist, simple gingham house dress, simple white dress.

SECOND YEAR—Advanced Work. . . .Sewing. A review of work done the first year, taking up study of colors, making colored petticoat, embroidery stitches of various kinds, woolen dress, fancy dress, millinery including a summer and a winter hat.

THE DIET DELIBERATE

Somewhat less speedily, somewhat less greedily
Grind every bite to a superfine pulp;
Don't be a glutton and burst every button;
Don't bolt your meals at one ogre-like gulp.

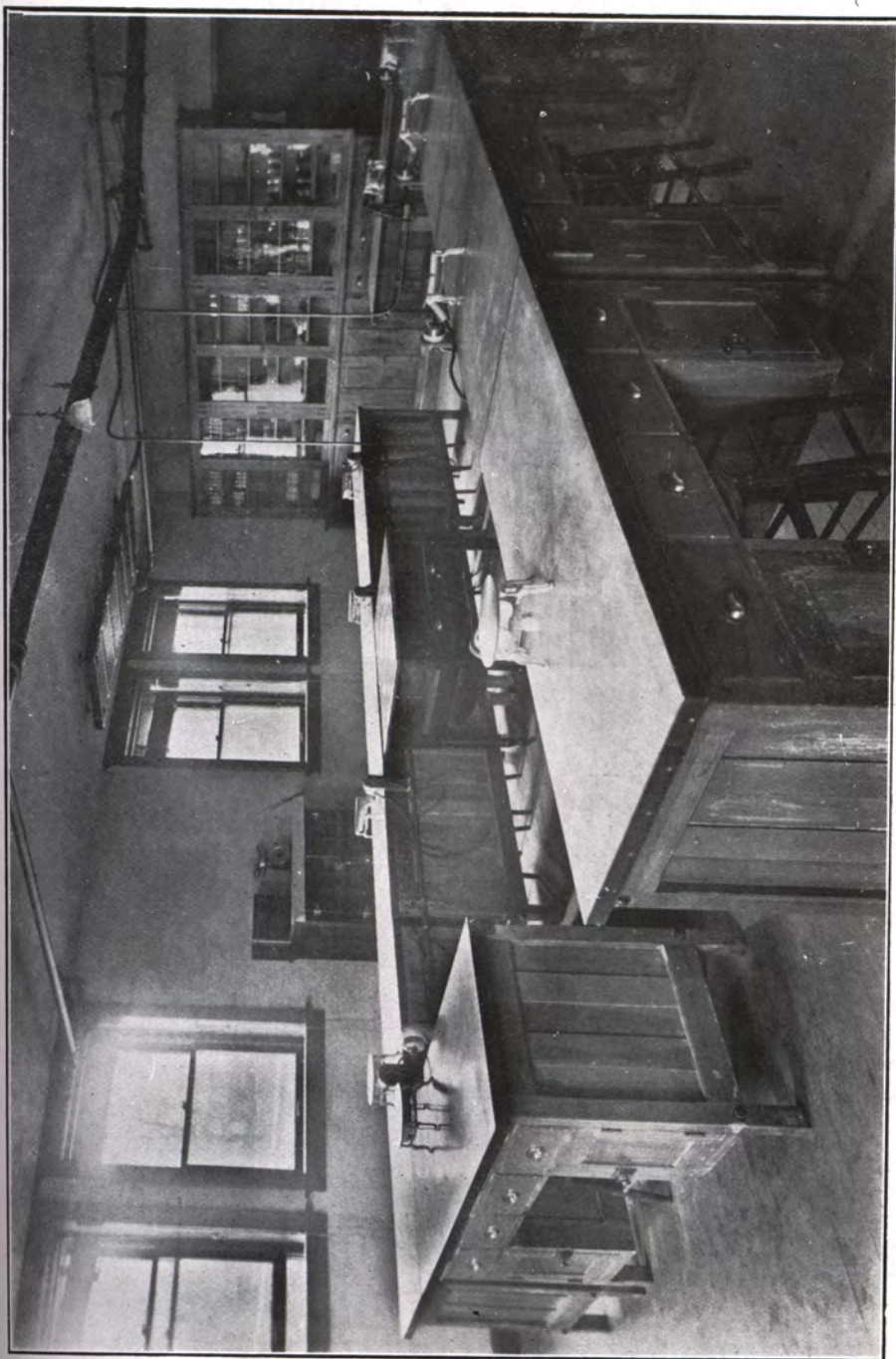
In the war on high prices, the latest advice is,
To masticate slowly your bread and your meat
To practice economy in your gastronomy,
The longer you chew things the less you will eat!

—Ex.

(Continued from Page 47.)

wonderful. When Marshall died last autumn, this department lost its most skilful member. But his many friends still guard carefully beautiful sheets of drawings that his generous nature and tireless patience produced for them. On the opposite page from this article is a sample of his work. The letter "M" was designed and worked out by him.

Mr. Bernard, who was placed in charge of this department when it was first introduced, still directs it. The department is one of the most popular and most efficient in the Salida High School.



A THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED DOMESTIC SCIENCE KITCHEN

Glee Clubs



Rena Meacham
Helen
Work

Myrle Smith
Mildred
Harris

Marie Schmidt
Lenore
Ramey

Marguerite Krebs
Barbara
Axford

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The Glee Clubs reorganized this year, under the competent direction of Miss Farrington, with forty-six members. They meet twice a week practicing three and four part work.

Their first public appearance was made during Community Welfare Week, when they sang Paderewski's Minuet. For an encore, eight girls danced the slow and stately measures of the minuet.

A few weeks later the girls were asked to repeat the minuet at a benefit tea at the home of Mrs. Crutcher. The following Saturday, they sang, "Who is Sylvia?" and "The Skies are Blue in Colorado," at the Music and Art Department of the Tuesday Evening Club.

The Music Department gave a concert March, the sixteenth. The Orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Kramer, rendered some delightful selections.

The Glee Clubs have been graciously accompanied by Edith Berrian at all their practices and entertainments.

The Orchestra has been in charge of Mr. Kramer this year and has done some very fine work. We are indebted to several citizens who have given freely of their time and skill in filling the vacancies that the High School pupils were not able to fill.

We are hoping for an increased enrollment in the Orchestra for next year and are expecting to add one or two new instruments.



Barbara Axford	Pose Newman	Helen Welch	Edith Berrian	Docothy Heckman	Liliah Miller	Geraldine Meyers	Rose Earl	Mable Edmondson	Irene Miller	Hazel Corlett	Marguerite Krebs	Irene Hazelhurst	Helen Work
		Fena Meacham	Marie Schmidt	Lenore Ramey	Miss Flora Farrington	Murle Smith	Ila Haskins	Mildred Harris	Francis Brush				

THE SALIDA HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY

OFFICERS. First Term—President, Robt. Davidson; Vice-President L. McAbee; Secretary, Iverne Haus. Second Term—President, H. Davidson; Vice-President, Mabel Knickerbocker; Secretary, Catherine Parker. Third Term—Pres., E. Howard; Vice-Pres., L. McAbee; Sec'y, Helen Dobbie.

On November, seventeenth, the Salida High School Debating Society was organized, for all those interested in debating. Mr. Stoddard was chosen critic. The Society has a twofold purpose, first, to train the student in the preparation and delivery of debates; and second, to train one in parliamentary rules. The Society meets twice every month. At each meeting, a program is given. It generally consists of debates. After the formal debate, the question of the evening is thrown open for general discussion. The business meetings are conducted by strict parliamentary regulations, and give excellent drill in parliamentary rules.



FIRST TEAM—Ruth Meacham, Helen Dobbie, Isabell Forte, W. S. Stoddard, (Coach), Eugene Howard.

THE DEBATE

The Salida-Gunnison debate was held at Gunnison January 20, 1916.

The enthusiasm and interest was very marked. Even though a snow storm was raging, a large crowd assembled.

The question for debate was: Resolved that all corporations engaged in interstate commerce should operate under federal charter. Although the question was one that would daunt many law students, it was vigorously attacked by both teams.

The judges were very strict in their count and agreed that they had never witnessed a closer debate. The final score read, two to one in favor of Gunnison, one of the judges holding points thirty to thirtyone in favor of Gunnison. Gunnison surpassed Salida in oratory.

The Gunnison debaters were: Paul Wright, Gilbert Miller, and Carl Walker, Juniors. The Salida debaters were: Helen Dobbie, Isabell Forte, Sophomores; and Eugene Howard, Junior.

They worked hard with the result of a broad understanding of the corporate problem as it exists today. Salida is looking forward to next year's debate, and hoping to win at that time.

Mervin McQuill, Matty DeGimally, Iverne Haus, Catherine Parker, Mabel Knickerbocker, H. Davidson, E. Howard, L. McAbee, Helen Dobbie, Ruth Meacham, Isabell Forte, W. S. Stoddard, Eugene Howard, Paul Wright, Gilbert Miller, Carl Walker, Juniors, Helen Dobbie, Isabell Forte, Sophomores, Eugene Howard, Junior, Irwin Gimlett, Heartz Davidson, Leslie McAbee, Robert Davidson, Lael Steward, Shirley Smyth

The Debating Society



Mervin McGuire, Harry Bergman, Iverne Haus, Catherine Parker, Mabel Knickerbocker, Eugene Howard, Donald Smith,
Irwin Gimlett, Hartz Davidson, Leslie McAbee, Robert Davidson, Lael Steward, Shirley Smyth

The Radio Club

The Radio Club, one of the largest and most interesting clubs in the High School, was organized last autumn. Its marvelous achievements are comparatively unheard of as yet. It was one of the earliest clubs of its kind to be organized in the state.

The money with which to purchase the apparatus was raised by the boys. They worked cheerfully and faithfully in making different articles to sell. Mr. Bernard allowed them to work nights at the Manual Training Shop; and he, also, aided them in getting orders.

When people first heard that, in a short time, all kinds of queer dots and dashes would be darting about over their heads, they were inclined to laugh. This merriment was stopped altogether when a booth was arranged at the Community Welfare Exhibit. Phones were passed out into the crowd so that any person, desirous of seeing for himself, could have that privilege. "I'm from Missouri," was commonly heard before the demonstration; while after it, "I'm from a wide awake town called Salida," came, with a beaming smile, from the aforementioned doubters.

Mr. Bernard was made a director of the club. It was mainly through his efforts that an aerial was allowed to be placed on the school buildings. One leg was placed on the High School building; the other, on the Manual Training building. The wires were strung between these two legs, a distance of one hundred feet, and at a height of eighty feet.

The club has a membership of about twenty, and meets every Monday night. The code is known by some, and is being learned by all. The work of transmitting and receiving is, also, practiced at these meetings. The boys study and make reports on the scientific principles of the different machines. The president of the club, Wireless Briggs, holds the younger members spell-bound with his lengthy and somewhat amazing explanations of tuning coils, detectors, reducers and condensers. The boys have frequently caught parts of messages from Denver and Colorado Springs; and, now and then, have received one from distant 'Frisco, or some other far away place. They have planned to inaugurate a bulletin board in order to keep the citizens of Salida informed of the prices of "spuds" and corned beef. In order to hold the interest of both men and women, the club will keep a record of the changes in the styles of women's hats and, also, a war bulletin.

The latest messages on hand are: Eggs will be sold by the pound next fall; "spuds," by the slice.

War bulletin for April fifth: "Villa was seen at Sinaloa this A. M. with two burros loaded with beans. He was headed for the tall and uncut.





THE RADIO CLUB

Athletics

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Early last fall, officers were chosen for the Athletic Council and a schedule of various athletic events was planned. The officers of the Athletic Council are Delos Welch, President; Warren Beck, Vice-President; Iverne Haus, Secretary; Winifred Hodding, Treasurer; Thomas Flynn, Yell Master. The class representatives chosen were Leslie McAbee, Senior; Lea Harlan, Junior; Wilbur Allen, Sophomore; Floyd Shewalter, Freshman; Donald Morrison and Charles Harlan, Eight Grade. The Council deserves commendation for its enthusiastic support of all forms of athletics.

FOOTBALL

Last fall, the students undertook to reestablish football, which has not been played in Salida for several years. Suits and head guards of forgotten heroes were brought to light, and the boys practiced faithfully. A schedule was arranged; and on Saturday, October 14, Salida played the Florence eleven at Florence. The game was well played throughout; but, owing to the inexperience of the Salida men, Florence came out victorious, with the final score, 13-0. Saturday, October 28, the team went to Gunnison. Again the inexperience of the Salida boys told in the game, while the Gunnison veterans played one of the best games of their career. Salida braced up in the last half, and held Gunnison scoreless. Had the Salida men been less nervous at the beginning of the game, the result would have been different. Gunnison won by a score 28 to 0. Next year the boys will have had some experience, and Salida hopes to produce a winning team.

TRACK

Some earnest work was put in on the track last spring and on May 6, 1916, the Annual Inter-class Track Meet was held. The events and winners were as follows:

EVENT	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD
Shot Put	Delos Welch	Emmet Brown	Vivian Dougherty
Pole Vault	Wilbur Allen	Marshall Demphy	Floyd Shewalter and Hollis Heister tied for third place.
200 yd. hurdles	Truman Means	Harold Strayer	Van Edwards
Broad jump	Harold Wilson	Lea Harlan	Irl Taliaferro
440 yd. run	Truman Means	John Petrini	Tom Flynn
120 yd. hurdle.	Harold Strayer	Harold Wilson	Lea Harlan
High jump	Harold Wilson	Wilbur Allen	Lea Harlan
220 yd. dash	Truman Means	John Petrini	Carl Valdez
Discus	Harold Strayer	Vivian Dougherty	Tom Flynn
880 yd. run	Marshall Demphy	John Petrini	Solon Duncan
Javelin throw	Leslie McAbee	Marshall Demphy	Vivian Dougherty
Mile run	Marshall Demphy	Delos Welch	Solon Duncan
Mile relay	Seniors		
100 yd. dash	Truman Means	John Petrini	Lea Harlan

The Seniors were victorious in the meet and were awarded the cup.

Summary of points won: Eighth Grade, ½; Freshmen, 2½; Sophomores, 46; Juniors, 30; Seniors, 47.



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Capt



McAbee
Center



Davidson
Martyr



Hillis
L. Guard



McDonough
L. End



Morehouse
Full back
Capt



Moore
Sub



Namey
R. End



Corlett
Sub



E. McDonough
R. Guard



Cope
R. Tackle



Hartan
G. back



Allen
L. Half back



Gimlett
L. Tackle

BASKET-BALL



Standing—Strayer, Beck, J. McDonough, Ramey, Allen.
Seated—W. Allen, F. McDonough, Davidson, Kimble, (Coach)

The prospects at the beginning of the season were rather doubtful. We were unable to secure the hall in which we had played during former seasons, and many of our old stars had been graduated. But the indomitable spirit of the students could not be kept down; and, finally, they secured a hall. A series of interclass games was played in which the Juniors came out champions. Two games were played with Buena Vista, one at Buena Vista and one at Salida. The scores were; first game, Buena Vista 16—Salida 44. Second game, Buena Vista 14—Salida 80.

We hope to get an early start next season and to set a rapid pace.

BASEBALL

Last spring when baseball season arrived, the students took up a subscription to buy a cup for the winning team. A series of games was played and the cup was awarded to the victorious Sophomores. In order to become permanent owners of the cup, one class must win the championship for three consecutive years. All classes are making earnest preparations for this season.



FRESHMAN SHINNY TEAM

(High School Champions)

Standing—Bode, Wilson, Bode, Axford.
 Seated—Bernard, Moore, (Captain), Shewalter

SHINNY

The Salida students, taking advantage of the opportunity offered for ice skating, have become very skillful shiny players. During the winter many games were played between the different classes of the High School. The Freshmen were victorious.

OUR SHINNY TEAM

Behold our shiny team is ready,
 Now watch the work of Youngberg Heavy;
 Now next we see with admiration,
 Our Shewy, full of funnigation;
 And next appears right in the fore,
 The able stick of Warren Moore.
 In our next view we see the Chases,
 Who ne'er are blind, so need no glasses.
 We now perceive the Bode Twins,
 Who always aid our team that wins.
 This team may live; and it may dee,
 But never in our memory. —A Freshman Booster.

Magazine Section

MEMORIES

In the firelight's sparkling glow
As its shadows come and go,
While the blaze is leaping high'r,
While the night winds howl and blow
Drifting snows o'er plain and hill,
Here I sit and watch the pictures in the fire.

'Tis my school years I see there,
Painted with strokes wondrous fair;
Shadows, lights bring tears and smiles.
Its sweet presence folds me 'round,
Its dear witch'ry me beguiles,
While each fleeting scene to me comes back.

See how fierce the wild wind howls,
As it piles the whirling snows!
Brighter yet the pictures in the fire;
I can trace my high school years,
Through the joys and through the tears,
All its happy scenes, and those I would forget.

(L'envoe)
Oh, dear visions of the past,
In my heart your place is fast!

A MODERN TAMING OF THE SHREW

A well dressed gentleman, past middle age, stepped out of the front door of one of the most respectable dwellings of the small city. He politely bowed to the parsimonious lady who had escorted him thus far, then took his leave.

A curly red head stealthily appeared around the corner of the house. As the dignified gentleman was making his way down the street, the owner of the red head came into view. Cocked over one ear was a brown tam-o'-shanter; one hand was thrust into the pocket of her sweater, with the other she beckoned imperatively to her escort of small boys and girls, as she jumped into the nearest snow drift. She jerked her hand out of her pocket and quickly made a snowball. Swiftly and well aimed, it left her hand and struck the late caller on the head. His silk hat descended to the walk. In trying to arrest its descent, he also descended. The culprit's escort fled. She paused a moment, laughed, then turned to disappear also; but it was too late. She was caught in the arms of her stiff and starched aunt.

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"Jean," came in a horrified gasp.

"Yes, Aunt Miranda," Jean meekly replied.

"Jean, was it you who hit Mr. Simmons?"

"Yes'm," she replied.

"I'm shocked, grieved, and surprised. Did you do it on purpose?"

Jean's face twitched as she tried to suppress a smile.

"No'm, of course not. I just made the ball and it went itself,—but honest, Auntie, it was a good shot, now wasn't it?"

"Jean Holworth, what impudence! Tell me this. Why did you do it?"

Jean saw that the aggrieved Mr. Simmons was now too close for a detailed explanation.

"Crab!" she murmured, bitingly.

Poor Aunt Miranda colored painfully.

"Mr. Simmons, I am sorrier than words can express that my niece so forgot herself as to act in that rowdy manner. Nothing I can say or do to her can make me feel that I have atoned for the injustice she has done to you. Perhaps you would like to speak to her yourself. I am so mortified at her actions."

"My dear Miss Castleton, don't let it grieve you. I understand fully that you are in no way responsible for this girl's misbehavior. Yes I think it my duty to admonish her." Then turning to Jean he spoke.

"Miss Jean, when I was young, when your dear aunt was young, very few boys would have acted as you have today.

"That must have been a long time ago," Jean said, meaningly.

"You are not a young lady, according to our standard," Mr. Simmons resumed.

"No thank goodness!" Jean volunteered.

"Jean Holworth, answer Mr. Simmons respectfully!"

"Yes sir," to Mr. Simmons, with alacrity.

"I said you were **not!**" that worthy gentleman stormed.

"No sir," meekly.

"I hope you'll never disgrace yourself in such a manner again. Remember **we** always consider before we act. Why didn't you count a hundred?"

"I didn't have time. You'd have been gone too far," she replied.

Mr. Simmons straightened, as though he had been struck. Miss Castleton directed one piercing look at her wayward niece.

"Go to your room," she said.

The two stood watching Jean as she submissively walked into the house. As the door closed, Mr. Simmons turned to Miss Castleton.

"Miranda, she's terrible. She's worse than a shrew."

"Joseph," Marinda replied, "how can I live through it? If I had known how bad she'd be I'd never have undertaken her care. Of course I knew her mother, my sister, was a trifle wild; but she was never so bad as Jean."

"How long will she be here?" Mr. Simmons asked.

"Until her mother and father locate in the west. I hope it will be soon."

"And I," he echoed fervently. "Good-day."

"Good-day, Joseph."

Jean's submissive attitude lasted only until the door closed behind her. She laughed merrily, stepped into the parlor, paused only long enough to shake a belligerent fist at the portrait of her unsuspecting Aunt Miranda, then dashed madly up stairs, upsetting a pre-historic butler. She opened the door of her room, and with one bound reached her bed where she lay laughing.

"Jean!"

The voice came from the frigid zone. Jean stopped laughing and sat up.

"How many times have I told you beds are made for sleeping in, and chairs to sit in? I'm at my wit's end. Why won't you obey?"

"I—I forgot about the bed, and you never told me not to hit Mr. Simmons with a snowball."

"Jean, you know better than that. Your actions are terrible. My Christian duty is to mend your headlong ways."

"Aunt, why do you like Mr. Simmons? There isn't any thing very Christian-like about him."

"My dear child, he is a most upright man."

"So's our piano, and it's out of tune."

"Jean, I was talking of Christianity!"

"Which reminds me of sparrows."

"Yes, Jean, the Lord counts each sparrow as it falls. I'm glad you remember."

"I'm not likely to forget. You reminded me of it often enough; but it made me sick. You repeated that to me and then straightway enhanced the Lord's labors by hiring Jimmy Morgan to shoot the sparrows because they were eating your cherries. Of course I was impressed."

"It doesn't mean that," Aunt Miranda protested.

"If a sparrow ain't a sparrow, what is it?" Jean asked.

"Isn't, Jean."

"All right, if a sparrow **isn't** a sparrow, what **am** it?"

"Jean! That will do!"

"All right,—but, Aunt, he didn't do it."

"Who didn't do what?"

"Jimmy didn't shoot the sparrows."

"What do you mean?" the aunt demanded.

"Why you paid him twenty-cents to shoot 'em, and I paid him twenty-five not to," Jean replied.

"Jean Holworth, if I was surprised before, I am doubly surprised now. To think that you, my own niece, should act in such a way. And where did you get the quarter?"

"Joseph—I mean Mr. Simmons gave it to me so that I wouldn't tell you that he didn't hit his eye on the corner of a table; but tried, unsuccessfully, to lick one of Jones' kids."

"Jean, Mr. Simmons is not that kind of a man. If only you would take him for a model, I'd have no fault to find," her aunt said coldly.

"But, Auntie, I did when I took his quarter. He's a politician, and that was graft. Oh, I don't really approve of it, but I needed the money so."

"Jean, I will not endure your impudence any longer. You go to bed at once, and don't come down stairs tonight."

Her aunt was gone. Jean could hear the rustle of her silk skirts as she went down stairs. She heard a door open, and Mr. Simmons' voice addressing her aunt. She felt very lonely. She wanted her father and mother. They could understand her. They didn't make her feel like a criminal when she did things. Tears came into her eyes, her lips quivered. She struggled against crying, but finally surrendered. She sobbed herself to sleep.

Some time later she was awakened by a voice. She listened intently, straining every nerve. There were footsteps in the hall, the door opened, and there stood her parents with outstretched arms. With a spring she was standing by them, talking excitedly.

"When are we going, Dad?"

"To-morrow morning, Jean. We're going out west," her father replied. The next morning a very happy Jean took leave of a very relieved aunt.

"She's been very well behaved," Aunt Miranda informed the parents of her wayward tormentor.

"That's hypocritical, Auntie," Jean whispered.

She saw her father hand her aunt a sum of money "for your generosity while caring for my daughter."

"You were very kind to me, Auntie. I can hardly understand why you undertook my care," Jean said.

"I have always taught you to be charitable, Jean," her aunt replied.

With her father and mother, Jean entered the train. Her aunt breathed freely. Suddenly a head popped out of the car window.

"Give Joey my love, Aunt Miranda."

Aunt Miranda gave Jean one last scathing look as the train drew away from the station.

THE STUDENT'S PROGRESS

Behold, on September seventh, nineteen hundred and thirteen, I saw a youth with his back toward the road, which leads from Grammar School, silently reading the directions written on a large sign board, which guided him safely to the great and almost inconceivable place—High School.

Following these instructions, he plodded along the dusty road until he reached a great stone building on which was engraved—"High School." He was very much bewildered at the immensity of the structure and knew not where to go until, at last, a great man, whom I know as Mr. Tanton, but who introduced himself as Evangelist, came to him and said, "Pilgrim, according to the laws and regulations of this institution, you are obliged to pass through the Wicket Gate into the Valley of Humiliation, where you are doomed to suffer taunt and torment for nine months."

On his way to the Gate, he met many who had started on the same journey. Among these were Pete Archer and Bob Newman who implored him, saying, "Turn back, turn back, the course is too steep!" but he went on.

Before he was allowed freedom from the Vale of Humiliation, Pilgrim was forced to ascend the Hill of Difficulty, and to tread over the Path of Danger which was much bespecked with red ink and tears.

At the end of nine months, Evangelist instructed him to follow the Road of Destruction. Inquiring as he traveled, he found that this road led directly to the Slough of Despond. As he thought of the approaching struggle with Geometry, Sophomore English, and Caesar, which he had heard abounded in the Slough, he felt very despondent. While he was contemplating thus, the little Imp, Worldly Wiseman, approached him and persuaded him to take a different course which the Imp said was a snap.

Before Pilgrim had gone very far, he noticed a man approaching him, whom he discovered to be Evangelist. When they met, Evangelist chided him saying, "Did I not direct you to go over yon road?" To which Pilgrim answered, "Yes, but the Imp, Worldly Wiseman, sent me the shorter way."

Evangelist admonished him thus, "The shortest and easiest way is not always best, turn now and take the other road."

The struggle in the Slough was a hard one, but the persevering Pilgrim was victorious. Although he was forced to go through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he proved himself very brave; and, at the end of this

period, he was directed by Evangelist to a place called Doubting Castle. On his way, he was assisted by one called Knowledge, but whom I recognized as our faithful Leslie. He first led Pilgrim to the top of Mount Caution and from there directed him to the Castle. He told him that some of those who had gone before him, had chosen another path, and had been imprisoned by the Giant Despair. So Pilgrim took the direct road; and, for another period of nine months, struggled hard. This time Chemistry seemed to be the chief hindrance. By the aid of one, who introduced himself as Experience, but who came into my life as Mr. T. M. McDonald, he overcame this; and, trembling with fear and anxiety, he looked forward to his goal—Commencement.

For three months he was allowed to roam about over the Delectable Mountains, resting and laying up energy; for he was told that he would have many battles to fight and much advising and consoling to do in connection with the class play and the annual.

In September, nineteen sixteen, Pilgrim returned to High School to find some new travelers; and, also, to find that some, who had grown weak, had dropped out. He found Evangelist there advising those who were just entering the Vale of Humiliation as he had been advised four years before. True to the prophecy, he did have many hardships; but, as always before, he won all the battles and now, having fairly and dutifully filled the position of Senior Class President, Irwin is ready to receive his reward—a diploma.

JOHNNY'S FIRST RECITATION

'Twas time for the great performance;
And Johnny, shaking and white,
Was steadily watching the program
For the dreaded time to recite.
The poem before his was spoken;
His name was boldly pronounced;
And Johnny jumped to the platform,
To the tune of his heart, on the bounce.
The people smiled and applauded,
Waiting for Johnny to speak;
But Johnny stood like a statue,
He was too frightened to squeak.
After some moments of waiting
And trying to think of his part,
Johnny jumped down from the platform,
And under a pew did he dart.
Vainly his mother did coax him;
The minister took a turn, too;
But not till the show was all over,
Did Johnny emerge from the pew.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A GEYSER

"By the way, did you ever hear of how me and Buckhorn Williams got fooled by a water spout over in the park?"

I said that I had not.

The narrator was Mr. Antelope P. Higgins, who had been a trapper and

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hunter in the late fifties. He was an old man now, but had a new tale to tell every time I met him. We were in the store at Caspar; and, after some interruption, he continued.

"I think it was about '72 or '73 that Shorty Donovan and me got a contract to supply Larmie with meat for the winter. So we hunted around until we found Pierre Bouvet and Jose Chaviz lookin' fer a berth; and we took 'em along. The day before we left, we picked up Buckhorn Williams. Besides this bunch, there was some Injuns from the Fort. We decided to go over around Immigrant Peak after elk, so we left.

"After a few days of good huntin' we decided to take a rest, so Jose took the horses out to feed. He said he would herd 'em for a while. Well you know he went to sleep; an' when he woke up, three of his pets were gone. He got up and, after huntin' for 'em 'till dark, he brought the other ten into camp."

Here Mr. Higgins paused to refill his pipe.

"Ole Buckhorn was just furious when he found his horse was gone; so he says, 'Look here, Lope, this here is Injun's work and in the mornin' we go after them, see?'

"So I said it would be all right with me. We started early, and picked up their trail. Incidentally we picked up a bear trail, too. Well, sir, we followed them horses all day; and, because they went so straight, we thought more an' more it was Injuns. That night about sunset Buck come in and said, 'Well, Lope, I've spotted 'em.' So he told me he seen smoke signals; and he knew right where they come from. Next mornin' early, we went up on a tall hill for a look; and, shore enough, they were signalin'. Purty soon not far from the first, we seen two more. Well we was kind a scairt, but we examined our guns and rode down. We scouted around and didn't find no Injuns; so we snuck up purty close to this smoke column, and let a great big yell out of us. Then we rode around a little hill full tilt. All we saw was a few buffalo trotting out of sight around another small hill. 'No Injuns', says Buck. 'None as I can see', says I. 'Well,' says Buck, 'I'm a son of a Rocky Mountain ji-raff if I didn't see smoke signals here.'

"'Well,' said Lope, chuckling to himself. Just then there was a pop an' my horse went out from under me like a streak of double-gear'd lightning. You know I was sort of dazed for a minute. Then it began raining mud and hot water! Buck had stayed with his horse, but had dropped his rifle. I picked it up, as I passed. Maybe you think I didn't clear out of there. The geyser went down purty soon but I didn't monkey 'round no more and neither did Buck."

"Didn't you know about the geysers before?" I asked.

"Yes, in a way we did, but not one of us except the Injuns believed in it. We had heard about some legends concerning spirits and other truck up in the Wind River Mountains, but that was only lodge talk."

After rather an awkward pause, I asked him where they found the horses.

"It rained purty hard and washed out their tracks, so we couldn't follow no more; but, when we got back to Fort Larmie, we found 'em there," he replied.

Here some customers entered the store; and, while Higgins was waiting on them, I left.

Miss Gillpatrick. "In which Testament is it found?"
Eugene. "In the Bible."

THE STORY OF NATHROP'S HIDDEN TREASURE

Down the leafy path, which served as a road, three horses came at a mad gallop. Two men, Spaniards, rode the leading horses, bending far over their steeds' necks and casting fearful glances behind them. The third horse had a sack of some heavy substance strapped on his back. Far behind the fleeing Spaniards, came a shrill cry and scream which could mean but one thing—pursuing Indians.

The men halted; and the older, a gray haired Castilian, said, "We must leave the treasure behind, Manual, or there is no chance for escape!"

"But where, Senor?" inquired the other, a burly young peon, the only remaining servant of the old Spaniard.

"Here in the shade of this great rock," the master answered, "be quick!"

The two dismounted, took the sack off the pack-horse, and hurriedly scooped a hole beside the great rock. Nearer and nearer came the wild cries of the red demons. Hastily covering the sack, the two men mounted and started off down the trail.

They had waited too long. A volley of shots rang out; and the horse of the old Spaniard fell. Extricating himself, he drew his sword and waited proudly, the glory of old Spain shining in his eyes. With a shrill whoop, the Indians rode down on their victim.

"Surrender!" cried their leader, a renegade white man.

"Never!" disdained the Spaniard, speaking in excellent English.

"Then die like the dog you are!" cried the renegade.

With a single quick motion, he jerked the sword from the old man and threw him heavily to the ground. The renegade's knife flashed as he laughed horribly. Mounting, he rode off with his followers. The old Spaniard, scalped, lay on the ground, writhing in agony.

Many miles down the trail, the young peon chuckled to himself. His master was dead. He alone, of all living people, knew where the gold was concealed. Far away, beyond those distant blue mountains, was Mexico and safety. Some day he would return.

* * * * *

It was in the dead of winter. The air was chilly and a thin covering of snow lay on the ground. Many years had passed since the old Spaniard had met death at the hands of the Indians.

A bent and aged figure plodded up the trail leading to the granite rock. His face was seamed and twisted as though he had undergone great suffering. Now and then he peered furtively behind him, trying to detect some one following him, some one who would rob him; for it was Manual, the peon, returning to seek the buried treasurer.

Suddenly he stumbled across a little mound in the snow. With faltering hand, he picked up a human skull. Shuddering, he dropped it and plodded on. Finally, he came into the shadow of the great rock. Here all was desolate. Only the river purred menacingly as it swirled on beneath the ice. The peon took the shovel and began to dig. For hours, he feverishly turned up the ground about the rock. Suddenly he struck the sack and its treasure.

"At last! Gold! Gold!" he gibbered madly. Staggering under the weight of the sack, with unseeing eyes, he stumbled out on the icy surface of the river. Not realizing his peril, he approached the edge. Beyond, the water moaned like a soul in torment. Suddenly the ice gave way; and, uttering a last despairing cry, he was swept into the depths below.

The next day the body of an aged Mexican was found floating down the river. A smile was on his face; in his right hand he clutched an empty sack.

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Appendix

Numerous comments regarding the advisability of **cutting out** this appendix have been listened to and given careful consideration by the Editorial Board. The Board has decided not to operate because, while an appendix may not be necessary, it is very convenient. Into it has been thrown all squibs, jokes, and snitches which would not fit elsewhere. The combination is a bad one, but it is hoped that inflammation will not result. The appendix is sensitive to cuts. The Board would not care to have theirs injured.

THE GIMME GANG

"Gimme a pillow," cried Irwin with zeal,
"Such strenuous work's ruining my constitution, I feel;
So great's been my industry I'm afraid of brain fag,
So gimme a rest,—now this is no gag."

"Oh gimme a grade, tho' no studying I've done,"
Said Leslie whose motto is 'Work is not fun.'
"If only I'd tried, I'd sure be a star,
Capability deserves recognition,—nicht wahr?"

Dick sayeth, "Now gimme a class with some sense
Or else bear me off some forty miles hence.
The laugh was on me when I said a champagne
Was conducted by Bryan,—they said 'twas campaign."

"A sweetheart please gimme, preferably fair,
With sweeping dark lashes and fluffy gold hair.
To attend the staff meetings alone would be doleful,"
Says Carl with a look supposed to be soulful.

Quoth Robert, "Oh gimme a subject for jest.
In Emerson, Shakespeare, and all of the rest
Of the poets and writers much humor I see,
So for puns, jokes, and so forth, just call upon me."

THE HAUS SANITARIUM

"You shan't touch my little duck!" screamed Iverne, as she stamped her small foot angrily.

"Oh, I guess I will if I want to," said Bob, for this was her tormentor's name, as he continued to pull the little duck's leg. After much scolding and threatening on Iverne's part, he at last put the duck down. It limped painfully.

"Oh!" cried Bob enthusiastically, "I know what we'll call it now, Limpie."

"I think you are a mean, bad boy, Robert Davidson," said Iverne, as she cried and petted her duck. You're always hurting my pets. You went and made Sir Francis Drake die, and now look what you've done to this one."

"Well anyway, it's got a name now," said Bob, consolingly.



Winnifred, the High School Beauty.



Jeanette



Edith, the Chauffeur.



Little Johnnie Owen



Bessie, the Poncha Queen.



Clara



Pearl or Brick



Phyllis



Gertrude, the Architect.



President Gimlett.



Curley.



Luella, our wild Irishman.



Ruthie -



Les, Bear Hunter



Ione "a Horse"



Garlie



Anna Dolan



Where we got our start.



Annie Jacobs



Lovey Edna Baggs



Swede the Third



Little Eva.



Iverne - Editor in-Chief.

THE SENIOR CRADLE ROLL

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"I guess I can name my pets without your help. I named Lillian Gish and Sylvester Archibald and all the others, and you didn't have anything to do with it," said Iverne proudly.

"I don't care, I named the rabbit Gunboat Smith without asking you," said Bob.

"Yes, and you were the cause of Tristram Speaker eating him up, too," replied Iverne.

"I was not," said Bob, "I didn't know your old cat was in the back yard, when I put Gunboat Smith out."

At that moment Diana and Portia came barking around the house. Iverne and Bob followed and saw a tramp disappearing with Norma Noggs, the white turkey, in his arms. As soon as the tramp saw Portia and Diana on his tracks, he dropped Norma Noggs and escaped. After much work, Bob and Iverne succeeded in getting her back in her pen.

"If you didn't have so many wild animals around here," said Bob angrily, "maybe you wouldn't have so much trouble."

"If you don't like it you don't need to come over," replied little Iverne hotly; and she picked up Aurora Borealis, the cat, and marched into the house.

THE BEAR HUNT

For convenience sake I shall call the hero, or the villain, whichever you choose to call him, Leslie. I, personally, insinuate nothing.

One day Leslie kept teasing his father to come and play with him. Finally the father consented. They decided to play bear. Father was the bear and Leslie was the hunter. The bear was given until the hunter counted one hundred, to hide. As Leslie finished his one hundred, he heard a terrific growl right behind him. He looked around; but he saw only the garden hose and a small apple tree, in the branches of which there was no possible chance for a two hundred and fifty pound bear to hide. Upon examination, Leslie found that the sound was coming from the hose. In his excitement, he forgot all about the bear. Hurriedly he connected the hose to the hydrant and then turned on the water. He dashed around the house on Red Eye, his stick horse, just in time to see a dripping bear start his way.

Leslie probably got the worst in the following hand to hand fight. No, of course he didn't. Red Eye was broken into four pieces and Leslie's gun was ruined. Although Leslie admits that he never shot a bear, he can say that he nearly drowned one.

Robert D. "The bear took after him and the guy ran."

Miss Gillpatrick. "Bob, couldn't he have run just as fast if he had been a man instead of a guy?"

Robert. "Sure, he could have run faster, but that's the point. The bear caught up."

Mr. K. "How could you tell an acid without tasting it?"

Harold Wilson. "By feeling it."

John Owen. "In the corner was a mirror over which hung a bureau."

Stranger. "Who is that Miss Gillpatrick of whom you speak?"

Junior. "Oh, she's that tall teacher who always says, 'I know you can, when you say you can't.'"

Miss Melcher. "Leslie, why didn't you borrow my German?"

Leslie. "I thought you needed it."

Copied from Winnifred Williams' manuscript. "Ruth took a picture of the skinny team."

GERTRUDE'S DECLARATION

"Baby! Oh, baby!" shrilly floated from the house, "Baby!"

But no baby came. Distracted, the frightened mother began a careful search. She gave a mingled sigh of relief and horrification, as she beheld her darling, sweetly content, constructing a miniature domestic retreat in a swamp, close to the river. Her playthings, her dolls, and herself were spattered with inky mud.

"Gertrude!" the mother gasped, "what are you doing?"

"I'm building a nice play-house," sweetly responded the smiling tot. "See—"

"But you have ruined your clothes and your dolls, too. You musn't play in the dirty mud. Come, let me clean you up."

"I don't want to go with you! I like to play here; and this is a mire house. My dollies like it; and **I like it**. I want to live here!"

"Now, dear," remonstrated the parent, "you may have a house, but don't build it here. Come up on the hill and I'll help you. Surely you wouldn't want a real house in a mire."

"I would, too, and when I grow up, I'm going to have a mire (Maier) right in my house all the time."

Convinced, Mrs. Hallowell withdrew.

GOING TO THE CIRCUS

"Hi Ollie," yelled Carl as he came into the back yard, where Oliver was cutting wood. "They's a circus in town tomorrow. D' you know it?"

"Sure," answered Oliver. "I'm goin', too. Gona water elephants to get in. D' you ever do that?"

"I don't remember."

"It's lots of fun," said Oliver, as he sat down on the chopping block. "You gotta work hard, but shucks, that's nuthin' when you get to see a circus that's about the biggest in the world. D' you wanta work, too?"

"I don't know—if ma'll let me," answered Carl.

"Shucks, don't ask her. That's what I'm gonna do. Just tell her you gotta job. She won't know the difference."

"How long do we have to work?"

"Oh—'bout all day. Shucks, it's worth it though, Carl. Jes' think of all the big acrobats an' trick horses an' clowns an' lots of other stuff. I wouldn't miss it for nuthin'. I ain't got any sacks to sell so I'll halfta work, if I wanta go."

"That's what I'd hafa to do 'cause I ain't go no money neither."

"All right, then, you come over real early 'cause we wanta get there first an' get a good job."

"All right, I'll come over. Well, I gotta go. So-long."

"So-long," answered Oliver, as he picked up the axe.

Lela Burton. "Cicero told Catherine that everybody hated him except his followers, and even they hated him, too."

Red Allen. "How do people use rouge?"

Miss Gillpatrick. "Why they make up with it. They put it on their lips—"

Red. "Do they use it on their hair?"

James Shay. "The provinces were governed by a doggy."

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A PROSPECTIVE MUSICIAN

Mrs. Berrian watched her small Edith as long as curiosity would permit. "Edith, what on earth are you doing? Are you contorting your face in that manner to amuse yourself, or are you actually suffering?"

Edith, who was oblivious of the fact that she was being observed, gazed at her mother without altering her expression, which was singularly striking. Her eyes were wide, her face flushed, and her mouth was fixed in a perfect circle, her lips pursed out. It was several seconds before she recovered from her surprise at being discovered, then her features slowly relaxed until they assumed their natural aspect.

"No—o, I'm singing."

"Sort of a silent song?" her mother asked.

"It's this way. You see I'm just getting the proper position; and, when I have that, why I'll add the noise."

Mrs. Berrian was satisfied when she found that her daughter's peculiar facial expressions were not due to any pain, as she had at first feared; but were the necessary requirements of a Prima Donna.

Bertha Jones, in History. "Each morning, as the Roman boy went to school, he was accompanied by a synagogue."

Mr. Kesner, speaking to Luella and Winnifred, after the teachers' examination in Physiology: "In naming the three kinds of joints, did you mention the Blind Tiger?"

Luella, in surprise. "No—o."

Winnifred. "Is that one? I never thought of that."

Miss Wadell. "Heartz, why do you suppose Long John's teeth chattered?"
Heartz. "Must have been false."

Miss Gillpatrick. "What makes her a good writer, Bob?"

Bob. "Practice, I suppose."

Miss Wadell. "What grows on the trees in Italy?"

Harold Dougher. "Spaghetti."

Eugene Howard. "A satire is something you throw at your opponent."

ARTISTIC AND OTHERWISE

Diana takes up her abode on the landing. The students express themselves **thusly**:

Marion Mathews. "Isn't it beautiful?"

Warren Moore. "That woman up in the hall has a goitre."

Catherine Parker. "I think Diana is so expressive of grace and poise."

Francis Brush. "The deer emphasizes the freedom of Diana's existence."

Bob Davidson. "What's the idea of the goat?"

Pug Wilson. "Every time I come up stairs that blamed 'Di.' bumps into me."

Lael Steward. "What rare beauty!"

Mildred Harris. "A hair dresser might improve her."

NON-VEGETARIAN

It was with joy, a Senior maid,
When she was very young,
With ugly little red ants played
And thought it lots of fun.

She would sit and comb her curls,
For she was very neat,
While the little neighbor girls
Would give her ants to eat.

She ate them with an appetite,
As only young folks could;
They always made her sick at night,
But **she** thought they were good.

This may sound like a Fairy Tale,
But I am sure it's the truth;
I hope it does not make her wail
For this little maid was Ruth.

CLARA'S CALLING

Clara met her father at the door, as he donned his hat to go to the garage.

"Daddy," she asked, "may I have a nickel this morning?"

"What do you wish to buy?" he questioned, as he stroked the golden head of his small daughter. Clara hung her head; and, glancing shyly from beneath lowered lids, replied: "I—I want to buy some c—candy, I haven't had a stick for a long, long time; and you gave Glenna a nickel yesterday and one today."

Now, this was a long speech for the little girl, and she was quite out of breath when she had finished. The father, with a merry twinkle in his eye, silently kissed her rosy cheek, and handed her a bright, new nickel.

A little later, as Mrs. Goddard sat by the window sewing, two small arms slipped around her neck and the sewing was gently pushed aside. A golden-haired, blue-eyed girl climbed into her lap. Mrs. Goddard smiled as Clara kissed her lightly on the cheek, for the mother suspected that the child was in need of money.

"Well, daughter, what is it? You know mother must finish her mending, as the Club meets this afternoon."

"Mother may I h—have a n—nickel?" the little girl stammered, glancing up into her mother's eyes.

"Well, well, is my little girl's sweet tooth aching again? I suspect we had better have the dentist attend to that tooth before it grows too large."

Tears gathered in Clara's eyes, as she searched her mother's face.

"There, there, don't cry. Here is your money. Now run along so mother can finish her mending."

Clara took the nickel eagerly and skipped from the room.

Glenna was sitting on the floor in the next room; and, as her sister entered, hastily hid something in her apron pocket. But Clara's eyes were too quick, she had spied the two nickels Glenna had been fondling.

"Now, don't be stingy, Glenna," sounded Clara's clear voice as she felt of her own nickels deep in her pocket. "You know mother says we have to divide; and you have two nickels so just divide and give one to me."

"No," said Glenna emphatically, "I won't. Daddy gave them to me, and they are mine."

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Clara began to pout.

"I'll tell mother, too, and you know what she'll do. She'll put you in the closet with the old dark man. So, there, old stingy, keep your nickels."

Little Glenna began to cry, for she knew her mother was very firm in the belief that sweet little sisters should divide their treasures. Out came the chubby little hand from the gingham pocket; and, after one look of longing at the nickel which it held, Glenna divided with her older sister.

Having obtained money from every possible source, Clara, with a smile of self-satisfaction, left the room.

* * * * *

Clara has grown, Clara's ambitions have grown, Clara's ability as a financier has grown. Yet, is it difficult to recognize in our able Assistant Business Manager, the little Gatherer of Nickels?

Jay Ramey, in M. and M. History. "There was a fight somewhere up in some northern country. It was led by some man,—I forget his name. It was some time in the 16th or 17th century. I ain't sure just which side was victorious."

What grade did he make?

Miss Hafner. "Leslie, why haven't you got your Algebra?"

Leslie. "I hurt my hand."

Miss H. "Irwin, why haven't you yours?"

Irwin. "Mack **hurt his hand.**"

Warren Hall (in Geometry)—"In equal triangles, equal angles lie opposite equal sides. In unequal triangles the angles don't lie."

Mr. Kimble. "Louise, how do you make hydrogen?"

Louise. "Pass steam over a keg of nails."

Mr. K. "You seem to have a keg on the brain."

Mr. Tanton. "What is the difference between adding and subtracting?"

Kenneth Sloan. "The result."

Tom Flynn, in Junior English. "Miss Gillpatrick, will you give us our test grades?"

Miss G. "I'll read the list, you know the order in which your grades are arranged."

Tom. "I'll know mine."

Miss G., reading, "91, 100, 100, 52—"

Tom. "Yep, that's me."

Margaret Gill, scornfully. "That's me!"

Tom. "It's **me**, I say!"

Miss G. "Your Grammar is rotten, Tom, to say the least."

Winnifred, to Iverne. "My story is about you. It's awful crazy, but it's **true.**"

Mr. Kimble. "How many octaves has a piano?"

Leslie. "88."

Mr. Kimble. "I know of people who train for a chemistry quiz. They go to bed at the right time, and eat proper foods."

Louise N. "What are you supposed to eat for chemistry?"

Oliver Elofson. "Isn't's right, ain't it?"

Harold Dougher. "I nominate Harold Thurston."

Heartz, the dignified Freshman president. "All right, and the rest of you guys sit down."

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE HOLIDAY DELUGE OF COLLEGIANS

He used to be our bestest pal,
The mark of our crowd he would toe;
But now he's back, thinks me a rube,
And says 'at things 'round here 'er slow.

Delighted? Sure he was to see
The guys 'at once he traveled with.
The talk he handed us, we thought,
Existed only in a myth.

We told him of the doin's here,
About our High School, of all bosh!
What we had called the Freshman class
This eddicated youth called **Fosh.**

We then imparted all about
Our scraps. He left our minds adaze
When he explained how down there they
Would never scrap,—they'd only **haze.**

We asked him about his credits there.
Oh, now it's time to bring the flow'rs,
He told us clearly 'at you can't
Get through on credits, but on **hours.**

Then next he started all about
A subject 'at nigh made me cuss.
He said, while we went with the girls,
It took up most his time to **fuss.**

At last we learned, though 'twasn't least,
How he surpassed this one 'n that.
He made quite clear to our small minds
That he was hero of his **frat.**

TO FORGIVE IS VIRTUOUS

Resignation and fortitude seem to be two of Bob's many admirable characteristics. He was requested to paint the flag pole which surmounts the High School building. The undertaking was of a perilous nature; but Bob, unfazed, agreed to try it. Preparatory to doing the work, he donned his overalls, took a bucket of paint, and with Mr. Bernard and Mr. Moore as escorts, made his way to the top of the building. He paused and surveyed the pole. His face clouded, revealing his dismay. Suddenly his face brightened as if a ray of light were focused on it. He voiced this beautiful thought:

"Before I go up promise me you will tell Miss Melcher and Mr. Stoddard that I forgive them everything."

He painted the pole and is still with us.

Miss Melcher. "Lael, what is it you can't translate?"
Lael. "The sentence."



FRANK AND FRED OR FRED AND FRANK

They say that Chinese puzzles are
The very worst to solve:
It may be true, they trouble you,
And make your head revolve.
But complications rise for me,
I can't keep in my head
Which of the Bode twins is Frank
And which of them is Fred.

'Twas Frank I met down in the hall,
His smiling face I knew;
But when I went up stairs again
There Frank was sitting, too.
I spoke to Fred, he smiled at me;
And then my poor heart sank
Because I knew it wasn't Fred,
But that I spoke to Frank.

At times I'm sure there's only one
Who leads a dual life,
That Frank is Fred, and Fred
Is Frank, who carries on the strife.
And now again, I concentrate,
So maybe I'll get wise;
If there be two,—I hope there do,—
It isn't my cross eyes.

Miss Wadell. "Why was he called a maiden knight?"
Harold Dougher. "He must have been fond of the ladies."

Hollis Heister. "I wonder why every one loves a Senior and hates a
Sophomore."

THE MYSTERY OF THE LITTLE GREEN HAT

A young lady of the class of 1918 bought a hat. Now there is nothing strange about that, as **the** young lady buys eight or ten a season. However, that is another hat tale. **This small hat** has been the cause of much speculation and no small amount of admiration. After the fair damsel had worn the hat for a few weeks, her chum decided she would have a hat of the same shape. With the permission of the erstwhile owner, she took the hat to the milliner. Madame was instructed to make a green velvet of the same shape.

A few days later, our lady returned to the store to get her hat. It proved satisfactory. She paid the bill, and asked for the other hat. Much to the distress of the fair purchaser, the original hat had been used as a foundation for the new one.

Now let your mind carry you over an interval of several weeks. All this time the little green hat had been gracing the head of one of the pretty and clever girls of the Junior Class.

Miss Gillpatrick, going down stairs one afternoon, spied a nifty little green hat in the hands of one of the boys of the Senior Class. A group was arguing the merits and the demerits of the hat. To her inquiry concerning the hat, the Seniors responded to the effect that the hat was green, their class color; and that the Seniors had chosen the hat for a class-hat. They informed her that they would honor her, as well as themselves, by ordering another green hat for her.

That night the green hat appeared at a Junior-Senior party. It adorned the head of a Senior. Immediately there was a score of claims, and the Senior boy found it necessary to withdraw until a compromise could be arranged.

To whom does the hat belong, the girl who originally owned it; the girl who paid to have it remodeled; the Senior boys, who so basely claimed it, or Miss Gillpatrick, who so greatly admired it?

* * * * *

The person sending in the correct answer to this riddle will receive honorable notice in The North Pole Blubber.

SAD BUT TRUE

"Dear Clara cried Jack, my love for you
Is strong; 'tis so staunch and ever so true,
Together we'll roam the land, far and wide,
And nothing ever our love shall divide."

Thus as they walked hand in hand.
Came a cry,—and then—the demand;
"Clara, come in, and go to bed—"
And alas! the earnest lover fled.

Mr. Kimble. "How do you hear this tuning fork?"

Irwin. "Why the sound waves come right down the floor to me."

Mr. Kimble. "Then in that case, I suppose you hear it with your feet."

Mr. Tanton. "Two tickets are just as easy to sell as one if you get the right person."

Marie Schmidt. "Frank, look at all the empty seats occupied by the Freshmen."

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EDNA TO THE RESCUE

"My kingdom for an idea,
My fortune for some aid!"
The Literary Editor
This bitter lament made.

And, as he thus was sighing,
Up came a little lad;
To him assistance bringing,—
It was the Post Want-ad.

"I know a maiden slender,
Who'll clear your brain of fogs;
And boost for you for all she's worth;
Her name is Edna Boggs."

And so at once the Editor,
His heart with hope inspired,
Made haste unto this angel,—
She wrote what he desired.

A SALIDA SOPHOMORE BECOMES FAMOUS

In the "Movie Whirl" we found the following article in a column headed "Who is your favorite Movie Actor and why?"

"Douglas Fairbanks for his 'Sunny Jim' smile. And he loves as he smiles, fully, spontaneously and beautifully. He is virile, athletic, courageous, and not too handsome. It's all part of him—nothing forced. This is no raving from a matinee girl, but the common-sense reflection of a woman fifty-three in June, who has seen trouble through love and still smiles and loves."

R. E. T., New York.

We Sophomores are certainly proud to learn that our classmate, Douglas Fairbanks, alias Cloye Allen, is receiving such recognition and praise.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

Success fairly blinded the Freshman Shiny Team. They had taken scalp after scalp and their captain, Warren, was more than proud of their prowess. He had received nothing but praise, and **that** was all he expected.

"Are you Captain of the Freshman Shiny Team?" asked Mr. Tanton. Warren was proud to plead guilty.

"You bet I am," he answered, enthusiastically.

"What do you mean by having a game on a school night?"

Mr. Moore was suddenly transformed from a self-assured officer to an humble victim.

We learned recently that Carl Valdez tried to find the "Seventh Point" of Seven Point Gum by sitting upon a large quantity freshly chewed. Carl was not successful, and realized too late the unpleasant circumstances caused by such an act. With face flushed and gears reversed, he slowly made his way from the room.

Miss Hafner. "What is an imaginary?"
Leslie. "Something that ain't."

REMARKABLE REMARKS BY REMARKABLE PEOPLE

Harold Wilson. "I am related to Woodrow Wilson and to Jason Wilson; and my name's Pug Wilson."

Helen Work. "The crowd of one gradually increased."

Mabel Knickerbocker. "Wait until somebody that knows something about this debate says something."

Marion Cook. (in English, referring to the fall of man)- "Well, if they fell after what God had done, they would fall upon their own heads."

Miss Gillpatrick. "It would be rather hard on them, as they had to fall seven days and seven nights."

Don Smith. "As I remember in 1775—"

Marie Schmidt. "The Catholics came over to America and settled along the Hudson Bay Skin Co."

Miss Melcher. "Why were you late, Dan?"

Dan Morehouse. "I couldn't run fast enough."

Irwin Gimlett. "Sound is when something hits you on the ear."

TRUE WISDOM

"If I were the creator," Mr. Tanton pined,
"I'd have my students' minds with Mathematics lined."
"Oh bah!" scoffed Miss Gillpatrick, "That would never do;
Their English is just dreadful; please patch up a few."
"Oh no," cried Mr. Stoddard, "fix the History first,
For judging from the red marks, that is surely worst."
"And then," spoke up Miss Melcher, "Language is very bad;
For magic foreign tongues, I surely would be glad."
"Couldn't you combine a few?" inquired Miss Wadell,
"As excellence in several would suit me very well."
"But what about the Science?" questioned Mr. Kimble,
"What most my pupils know would hardly fill a thimble."
Miss Hafner said, "I'd have my pupils more alert.
I'd ask for nothing more if you'd make them all expert."
"A greater love for Manual Arts," then Mr. Bernard thought,
"Would bring about the best results I have so vainly sought."
"But in Domestic Science my pupils do not try,—
Give me nterested girls!" was Miss Parks' cry.
"And for a hundred voices filled with music sweet,"
Miss Farrington then told them, "my joy would be complete."
Then Mr. Kesner spoke to them in tones of sympathy,
"If not for their imperfections, what would our students be?"
Then down the stairs the troubled teachers slowly went
Each upon his favorite subject quite intent.
When Lo! Minerva, with her face serene and kind,
In words of wisdom thusly spoke her mind:
"Why do ye idly ponder about this mental chaff?
Take heed, be wise, unite and boost the Annual Staff."

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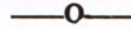
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The Advertisers make Le Resume possible

Choosing From a Thousand Occupations

The graduate of the business school may choose from a thousand occupations. This is a broad statement, but let us consider it for a moment. He may enter the office of a manufacturer in any of the hundred varying lines of manufacturing; he may enter the great field of merchandising and make a study of buying and selling, one of the most promising and remunerative fields open to young people of ability; he may specialize in finance by securing employment in a bank or with an insurance or bond company; or he may use any of these occupations as an entering door to a business of his own.

Every year the Barnes School of Denver places hundreds of young people in paying office positions. Interested young people are invited to write for a catalog.

Barnes Commercial School

1625-35 Champa Street

Denver, Colo.

Wallace Schoolfield

ATTORNEY-AT-
LAW

Collins' Block Salida, Colo.

Before you buy, investigate

The Travelers' Insurance Co.

Life, Health, Accident and
Workmen's Compensation

W. F. McGUIRE
District Agt.

Salida, - - Colorado

Commercial Cafe

MEALS AT ALL HOURS
Lunches a Specialty

Miss Minnie Wakler, Prop.

JAMES BANES

HAT CLEANER
SHOE-SHINE PARLOR



113 F STREET

Those who advertise in Le Resume are worthy of your patronage

REDPATH "The Master Builder"

Has Opened the Door of Opportunity to Thousands
—has Furnished Inspiration to Hundreds of
Thousands.

PIONEER FOUNDER BUILDER

Booking Transcontinental Tours Leading Artists and
Lecturers

The Redpath Lyceum Bureau

Electric Building

Denver, Colorado

Moore's Official High School Cap and Gown

—Originated by—

E. R. MOORE COMPANY

—Makers of—

**COLLEGIATE CAPS, GOWNS, AND HOODS
JUDICIAL, CLERICAL, BAPTISMAL AND CHOIR GOWNS**

We make a specialty of renting Caps and
Gows to graduating classes in both High
Schools and Colleges :- :- :-

DISTRIBUTORS TO THE SALIDA HIGH SCHOOL

932 to 938 Dakin Street

CHICAGO

Our Advertisers will give you a square deal

THE UP-TO-DATE GIRL

The ability to write Shorthand, operate a typewriter, and keep a set of books accurately, assures a girl's independence.

Central has been training young men and young women for business pursuits for thirty years. Hundreds of positions filled annually.

If you expect to attend business school anywhere, you should have our catalogue. Send today and begin planning for the Summer or Fall Term.

THE CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

211 15th Street **A Fully Accredited Commercial School** Denver

CITY DRUG STORE

C. R. HALSEY, Proprietor

**DRUGS, STATIONERY
KODAKS**

Next Door to Bank

Buena Vista, Colo.

Gimlett Lumber & Supply Co.

F. E. GIMLETT, Manager

Coal, Wood, Lumber, and Building Material

Office: Corner Third Street and the "Y"

Telephone: 204 j

...THE...

Crutcher-Plimpton Mercantile Company

WHOLESALE

Fruit and Produce

General Commission Business

Salida, Colorado

It pays to advertise

C. N. Francis

MICHAELS-STERN SUITS FOR YOUNG MEN
"DUBBELWEAR" CLOTHING FOR BOYS

— O —
Tiger Hats and W. L. Douglas Shoes
Prices Always the Lowest

WHITE The Cobbler

Does Every Kind of
Shoe Repairing
You are Bound to be Pleased

Hartenstein &
McCinnis

Attorneys-at-Law

—
BUENA VISTA, COLO.

Ask for a

KODAK BANK

and see how easy it
is to get a . . .

C A M E R A



Allan's Book Store

Please patronize Le Resume Advertisers

Geo. W. Vaughn

—Dealer in—

**Groceries,
Hay and
Grain**



126 G Street Salida, Colo.

E. E. Smith



**Assayer and
Chemist**



ORE SHIPPERS' AGENT

—O—

126 West First St.
Opposite Opera House
Salida, Colo.

School Supplies ❖ ❖ ❖

**At the Right Price
Where?**

The Golden Rule Mercantile Co.

— Headquarters for —

**DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES, AND
WORKINGMEN'S SUPPLIES**

—O—

The Originator of Low Prices

Please patronize Le Resume Advertisers

MAKE YOUR VACATION A PICTURE BOOK

—By Using the—

SUPERB ANSCO

The Amateur Camera of Professional Quality
FILMS—PRINTING PAPER—CHEMICALS

HOWELL DRUG COMPANY

Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co., Pueblo.

New York Office, No. 2 Walker St.

The Crews-Beggs Mercantile Co.

A Modern Department Store



SALIDA, COLORADO
CORNER F AND THIRD STREETS

F. W. Brush

Real Estate, Insurance,
Loans and Rentals

NOTARY PUBLIC

Clerk W. O. W.

Opera House Bldg.

For Your Next Suit, try—

Parkinson

and be Satisfied

CLEANING AND PRESSING
A SPECIALTY

241 Upper F St.

Advertise with us and we will do business with you.

C. P. CROZER

Books, Stationery and Notions

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

120 F Street

Salida, Colorado

Ask Us About Our——

Free Aluminum Premiums

IT WILL PAY YOU TO TRADE WITH US

Albright Grocery Co.

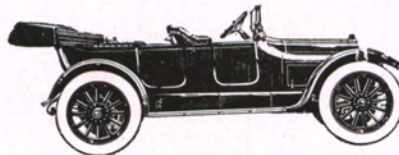
Ever-Fresh Groceries

115 E. Second Street

'Phone 188 J

IDEAL AUTO CO.

**Guaranteed
Repairing**



**AUTO
LIVERY**

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

139-41 West Third Street

Telephone: 29 J

Compliments of

Dr. A. D. Wilson



Salida Fuel Co.

For COAL

OF ALL KINDS

Guy Hall, Prop.

FIRST AND G STREETS

Advertise with us and we will do business with you.

Everett Bros. Grocery

Manufacturing Bakers

GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, HAY, AND GRAIN

Phone 115 J

240 F Street, Salida, Colorado

F. A. Ferris & Son

Staple and Fancy Groceries

AGENTS FOR SHILLING'S BEST COFFEE

136 Lower F Street

Phone 146 W

BUENA VISTA

Hotel Princeton

E. WILBER & SON

HOT AND COLD WATER ON EVERY FLOOR

STEAM HEAT

American Plan

Garage

PAINE & PAINE

Largest Assortment of
FISHING TACKLE

in the City

Phone 40 W

139 F Street

COE BRANCH

INSURANCE



Better Be Safe Than Sorry

It pays to advertise

A granite TABLET with the class motto, and the names of the class members engraved thereon, is a splendid memorial to leave with the school from which you graduate.

Why not establish a new custom?

See FRED L. TOMLIN about it.

Dr. A. J. Dickman

GRADUATE AND
LICENSED
VETERINARIAN

Phone 218 R 2 Salida, Colo.

JACKSON
LUMBER CO.

A Full Line of
BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES

The Colorado Power Company
extends hearty congratulations
and sincere good wishes to the
Class of 1917.

The Colorado Auto Co.

R. V. WRIGHT, Proprietor

PHONE. 248

WELDING, STORAGE, AUTO LIVERY, REPAIRING

Salida

248 West Third Street

Colorado

IT'S RIGHT IF PUT UP BY---



101 F Street

SALIDA, COLO.

JOE P. WILLIAMS

FULTON MARKET

ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Oysters and Vegetables in Season

Poultry, Fish, Butter, Eggs

PORTRAITS



LANDSCAPES

HENRY R. HAY

SALIDA, COLO.

KODAK WORK

PICTURE FRAMING

Le Resume Advertisers will treat you right

CONSIDER---

Quality First

In Dry Goods



And Your Second Thought is Bound to be

Sandusky's

**GOLORADO
WIRING COMPANY**

BICYCLES! BICYCLES!

**We Build Them, Repair
Them, and**

SELL THEM ON TERMS

**Music Furnished for
All Occasions**

**ERNEST
FEIGHTINGER**

**Teacher of Violin, Piano, and
Band Instruments**

**Expert Piano Tuning and
Repairing**

225 E St.

Salida, Colo.

Dr. Hughes

Dentist

Mrs. Clark

**Cut Flowers and Potted Plants
Flower Designs**

334 E. 2d Street

Le Resume Advertisers will treat you right



MARIE RAPPOLD

Singing With Edison's NEW DIAMOND DISC PHONOGRAPH—the only musical instrument made that actually re-creates sound. All others are approximations. Hear them at

D. J. KRAMER'S

The Edison Store

Costas & Argys Mercantile Co.

Dealers in Domestic and Imported Groceries
Meats and Dry Goods

Phone 54 J

123 Lower F Street

ROY WILLIAMS, President

W. R. ALEXANDER, Secretary

The Alexander Mercantile Co.

FANCY GROCERIES, CUT GLASS AND
CHINAWARE

CALL 40 J

Salida, Colorado

131 F Street

Notary Public

Investments

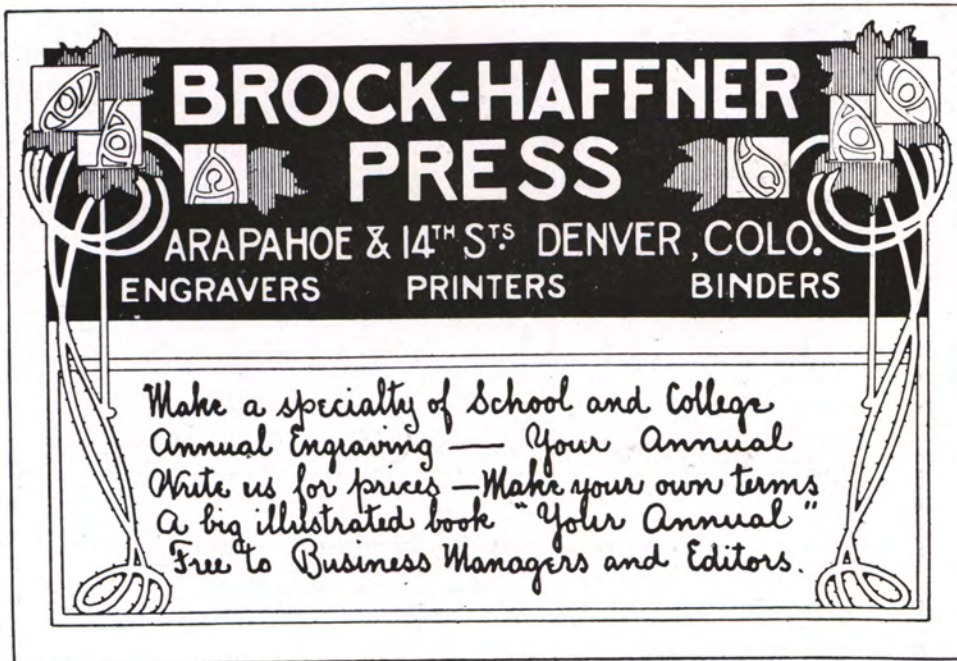
JAMES W. DeWEESE

NOTARY PUBLIC

OFFICE OF THE SALIDA BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

111 East Second Street

Salida, Colorado



**BROCK-HAFFNER
PRESS**

ARAPAHOE & 14TH STS DENVER, COLO.
ENGRAVERS PRINTERS BINDERS

*Make a specialty of School and College
Annual Engraving — Your Annual
Write us for prices — Make your own terms
A big illustrated book "Your Annual"
Free to Business Managers and Editors.*

Salida :: Greenhouse
H. HODDING, Prop.

Get Your Flowers Here for All
Occasions

Satisfaction Guaranteed

436 D St. Phone 39 J

Mrs. Rose W. Ridgway
County Superintendent
of Schools

Buena Vista, Colorado
Office Day, Saturdays


Room 8 Court House

Modern Business College
SALIDA, COLORADO

Skillful Instruction Complete Courses

Teachers are College Graduates with Valuable Experience as Educators

Modern Methods Modern Text-Books
Modern Systems Modern Courses



Le Resume Advertisers will treat you right

CUSTER & COMPANY

CANON CITY COAL YARD

SELL THE **COAL** WEST 1ST ST.
BEST Salida, Colo.

BRACELET WATCHES
RINGS, LA VALLIERES
WATCH REPAIRING



H. D. McKelvey

West First Street

If you are needing medical attention and are undecided where to go, consult—

DR. BLANCHE E. KINNEY

Osteopathic Physician



216 E Street

Albert R. Miller

ATTORNEY
AT-LAW

Hively Block Salida, Colo.

John H. Owen, Esq.

COUNTY
TREASURER



Buena Vista Colorado

FERRARO & PROVENZO

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

TAILORING WORK OF THE HIGHEST CLASS

PRESSING

CLEANING

The Advertisers make Le Resume possible

**KARL SCHMIDT
PEOPLE'S MARKET**

SALIDA, COLORADO

136 East First Street

Phone, 73 J

**Are You Particular About Your Druggist?
We are Particular About Our Customers.**

Alexander's Drug and Jewelry Store

"Better than Ever"

'Phone, 300

STANCATO BROTHERS

**Fine Groceries, Domestic and
Imported Goods**

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS

140 West First Street

Phone: 308 J2

The Commercial National Bank

SALIDA, COLORADO

SOLICITS YOUR BANKING BUSINESS

**Four Per Cent. Interest Paid on
Savings Deposits**

We know our friends; they advertise with us

Newby's Shoe Store

"EVERYTHING NEW THAT'S GOOD"

BUSTER BROWN HOSIERY FOR ALL THE FAMILY

212 F Street

SALIDA, COLORADO

Sam Binns

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES; EASTERN CORNFED MEATS

Fruits and Vegetables in Season

Phone 35

Salida, Colorado

205 F Street

The Salida Lumber Company

V. C. DAVENPORT,
Pres. and Mgr.

NEIL DAVENPORT
Vice-Pres.

R. M. HANKS
Secretary and Treasurer

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Builders' Hardware, All Kinds of Coal, Building Paper, Corrugated Iron, Roofing Paper, Brick, Siding, Paints, Oils, Glass, Cement, Hard Wall Plaster, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, Lime, Varnishes, Brushes.

SALIDA LUMBER CO., SALIDA, COLORADO

MISS STOKES

HIGH CLASS MILLINERY

BEST LINE OF CORSETS IN THE CITY

217 F Street

Salida, Colorado

Our Advertisers are thoroughly reliable

Go to
MONAGHAN & SPURGEON

Up-to-Date Milliners

For that Pretty,

New Bonnet

—
SEE THE LATEST STYLES

If You Contemplate Building
Call on

J. S. Paxson

For a Modern Design

Johnson Realty
Company

—
NOTARY PUBLIC

111 W. 2d St. Salida, Colo.

*“No-Delay”
Cafe*

Mrs. Hesson, Prop.

Lower F Street

1 Block from Depot, Salida, Colo.

W. J. ENEARL

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BUTCHER

PHONE 65

123 F Street

Salida, Colorado

**PUBLIC AUTOMOBILE
SERVICE**

**High-Class Machines for Hire
Well Equipped Repair Shop**

—
Experienced Chauffeurs
Commodious Garage

Phones: Buena 33 and Buena 42
Night Call Buena 33

Buena Vista, Colo. Geo. M. Pyle, Jr.

**THE CHAFFEE COUNTY
REPUBLICAN**

—
ED. S. GREGG, Editor

—
We Cover the Field

Estab. May 1880 All Home Print

Please patronize Le Resume Advertisers

MURDOCK'S

QUALITY SHOP

*Men's Suits, Hats, and
Furnishings*



SAM K. MURDOCK

Remember You Saw it at Murdock's

VISIT THE FOUNTAIN

At the Rexall Store

Waggeners Pharmacy

GOWEN BROS.

Fresh Vegetables and
Garden Products

Phone, 303 J 2

Dr. R. H. Kelley

DENTIST

McCULLOUGH BLOCK

It pays to advertise

J. H. HOLCOMB

FEED & IMPLEMENT CO.

SHARPLES SEPARATORS

Buggies, Wagons, O. H. C. Motor Trucks

FEED IN CARLOAD LOTS A SPECIALTY

Phone: 92

236-40 West 3d Street

Louis Wenz & Son

EXCLUSIVE UNDERTAKERS
AND EMBALMERS

126 East Second Street

Salida, Colorado

FREIN DAIRY

FRESH MILK AND
CREAM

Phone: 157 J Poncha Road

F. A. BROMLEY
County Clerk
Buena Vista
Colorado

Edwards & Hayden

ART SHOP
BEAUTY PARLOR



209 F STREET

E. C. BERRIAN

Real Estate, Loans and
Insurance

NOTARY PUBLIC

Strait Blk.

Salida, Colo.

The Advertisers make Le Resume possible

Lippard's Drug Store

TRY OUR

Butter-Kist Popcorn

109 Lower F Street

Phone 54 W

J. D. RANDOL

STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES

We Sell and Recommend
Chase & Sanborn's Teas & Coffees
115 E. First Street

Ideal Cleaning Parlors

Mrs. Maud Harrington,
Proprietor

CLEANING, PRESSING AND
REPAIRING

133 E. Second St. Salida, Colo.

Dr. McClure

PHONES:
31 W-28

Hively Blk. Salida, Colo.

Enterprise Bakery

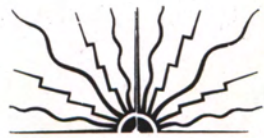
CAKES and PIES
CONFECTIONERY

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

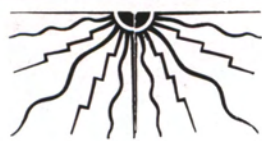
WHERE LINEN LASTS

THE BEST LAUNDRY

Please patronize Le Resume Advertisers



**The
Salida Wireless
Apparatus
Co.**



Our advertisers will give you a square deal

Empress : Theatre



Triangle
Wm. Fox
World
Metro
V. L. S. E.



Photoplay

Paramount



ENTIRE CHANGE OF
PICTURES DAILY



Those who advertise in Le Resume are worthy of your patronage

Mathews' Candy Store



We manufacture practically every thing we sell, thereby guaranteeing the freshest and the most finished product at all times.

There is no better ice cream made than ours. Any color, shape or flavor furnished on short notice.



TELEPHONE, 8 J

Hunt's Book Store

OFFICE AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES
FINE CANDIES

Sheet Music

Musical Instruments

229 F Street, Salida Colorado

Mrs. Grace Chapman

Teacher of

GUITAR AND PIANO

235 W. 6th St. Salida, Colo.

Earl Arenburg

Highgrade

BLACKSMITHING

—and—

HORSESHOEING

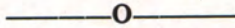
Auto Springs Welded

Imported and Domestic Goods

General Merchandise

Sam Muto & Son

GROCERIES AND MEAT



Phone 222 J

Salida, Colorado

FRANK W. GLOYD

REAL ESTATE, FIRE INSURANCE, LOANS

NOTARY PUBLIC

HIVELY BLOCK

Phone 70 W

Salida, Colorado

THE BUENA VISTA GARAGE

LOUIS DeWITT, Prop.

CHEVROLET AND HAYNES
AGENCY

Newly Constructed Garage
Complete Stock of Parts for Ford Cars
Ladies' Rest Room
Full Stock of Tires. Vulcanizing.
Battery Service Station.

Burns' Cafe

WM. F. BURNS, Prop.

HOME COOKING

A SPECIALTY

151 W. First St.,

Salida, Colo.

Palace of Bargains

AYRES & McCALL, Props.

Glassware

Queensware

Household and

Kitchen Utensils



Candies

Toilet Goods

Notions

Toys the Year Around

The Advertisers make Le Resume possible

SALIDA PUBLIC LIBRARY

Largest Guaranteed Circulation of Any
Paper in Chaffee County

The Salida Record

At Your Service!



We are Prepared to Meet
Your Requirements.

This number of Le Resume,
completes five volumes pub-
lished by **THE RECORD.**



EFFICIENCY, GOOD WORKMANSHIP, QUALITY AND
PROMPTNESS, ARE OUR SLOGANS.

Give Us a Trial

ATTENTION!

Mrs. Newlywed:



YOU will find it much easier to keep Hubby from getting indigestion if you buy your groceries and meats from a store where they keep the *Best* there is to be obtained.

Long may you live.
Happy, for evermore,
To do it is a cinch—
Buy groceries from our store.

Hampson Bros. & Valdez

"For Stuff to Eat, We Can't be Beat"

SALIDA, COLO.

Boost Le Resume Advertisers

SALIDA REGIONAL LIBRARY

SALIDA REGIONAL LIBRARY

