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THE 
TENDERFOOT

NOVEMBER, 1909

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
BY
SALIDA HIGH SCHOOL

SALIDA, COLORADO

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THE TENDERFOOT

By the High School, Salida, Colorado.

VOL. I., No. 2. NOVEMBER, 1909. 50 c. per Year.

Literary.

A Toast.

I.

Fill your cup with Bacchus' wine,
Nectar, of amber hue;
Fill—till the reflections shine
As stars in evening dew.
Lift the glass of shimm'ring cheer,
And to your pride confess—
Toast the school in accents clear,
Drink to the S. H. S.

II.

Magnetism in the air
Attracts the naked soul;
Leaves the heart of sorrow bare,
Wise manliness its goal—
'Tis their spirit, brave, and strong,
Grand in gentleness.—
Give a toast in caroled song,
Drink to the S. H. S.

III.

In the days of Hercules
Great wisdom strayed unsought,
Lads worshipped Strength on bended
knees,
Unknowing, never taught,
"Knowledge!" - Soon the mandate came,
Obeyed with willingness.
Toast the school with this its aim,
Drink to the S. H. S.

NEITA FLEMING, '13.

A Storyette.

The merit of this story lies in its truthfulness.

The first scene introduces a church social at the home of a widow. After the usual time spent in games, music and mirth, the company disperses. A very

little stretch of imagination will show the various swains and their affinities wending their way to their respective homes.

My story has to do with one of these swains, who was rooming at the home of the widow, and who, when he reached the young lady's house, evidently had forgotten his watch, and lingered far longer than the allotted time. But like the prodigal son, he came to himself and went home, only to find that in the excitement of the evening he had been forgotten, and the doors and windows had been securely fastened.

After quietly trying every door and window, and not wishing to arouse the family, he tried the outside cellar door. His heart beat high with hope when he found it unlocked, and he entered the cellar. Only a trap door lay between him and his coveted rest. After much time spent in darkness, trying the unyielding boards above him, he found the trap door; but long disuse had made it obstinate. He hurled himself bodily against the door, and compelled it to yield. It seemed to give about four inches, and then settled back comfortably into its old grooves. A second attempt met with better results. Sounds that would have awakened the dead echoed through the house and the music of broken crockery filled the air; but the door settled back a second time.

He groped his way out of the cellar and sat down on the porch to ponder on the outcome of his folly. Meanwhile the widow, aroused by the unearthly noise, crept stealthily out and peered beneath the window curtain. She saw a dangerous looking man, with coat pulled high over his ears. There was no doubt in her mind that the man was planning an attack, and while she was scheming to attack the villain, he looked towards the

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window and she, recognizing him, promptly unbolted the door. His troubles were over and he entered, a dejected and crestfallen man, to snatch what little sleep he could in the small slice of night left.

The next morning at five, the maid quietly slipped down stairs, carrying her shoes in her hand lest she should awaken the sleepers. As she stepped into the kitchen, the sleepers were rudely awakened by a series of blood-curdling yells; and hastening from every direction, they discovered, on striking a light, the maid, ankle deep in a slimy white mass.

It developed that before retiring, she had placed a large bread pan filled with sponge, and over it a gallon crock of buckwheat cake batter, on a chair over the cellar door. When the young man had opened the trap door he had succeeded in knocking everything to the floor, and into this pasty lake of sponge and batter the maid had plunged.

The stoff, like the batter, leaked out; and when the young man was greeted by every one in town with the cry of "Buckwheat cakes," he had ample time for reflecting on his folly.

EVELYN FOSS, '10.

A Ride On An Engine.

Dad Gray, one of the oldest and best known engineers on the road between Peach Springs and San Almo, was a medium sized man, about 65 years of age. His face was almost covered with a snow white beard, which made him look much older than he really was. The parts of his face that were not covered with hair were lined with many wrinkles which told of much worry and care. His keen, gray eyes shone from their sockets as if they had the power to penetrate a piece of steel. Being one of the oldest, he was, of course, one of the most trusted engine men on the road, and therefore had the mail train run between Peach Springs and the Junction.

While old Dad was looking over his engine one cold winter evening, he noticed his grandson, John, running towards him at full speed.

"What's the matter, Johnnie? What have you in the sack?"

"Why, that's some lunch; and mamma said I could ride with you tonight on the engine, if you did not care."

"Don't know whether you can or not. This is a pretty bad night for little boys, but I reckon, so long as it is getting along towards Christmas, and you've been a pretty good boy, you can crawl up in the

cab and wait till I come back." With that the old engineer started towards the operating room to get his orders and John climbed into the cab and entered into an exciting conversation with Frank, the fireman.

At Sand Hill cut on the main line, there was a bad curve which had caused many a terrible wreck and collision. Dad Gray had never had an accident there, but tonight, as he came slowly towards his engine, reading his orders, he had a troubled look on his face.

"Frank," he said, climbing into the cab "I rather think something's going wrong tonight. I feel that way, somehow."

"Well," replied the fireman, "you and I've run together for three years now and have never had an accident but you can never tell what will turn up." Their conversation was broken by a shout from the conductor to pull out.

Presently the big iron horse began to move and John knew that he had started on his first ride on an engine. He thought it great fun, watching the sparks flying from the smoke stack and seeing his old grandfather pushing levers and turning valves, but when the fireman asked him how he would like to shovel coal and be a railroad man, he crawled up on to the seat and was soon dreaming of his mother who was now far behind. Silence now fell upon the cab, except for the occasional opening and closing of the firebox door as the coal was thrown through into the blazing furnace.

It had looked stormy all evening and now a fine, sleety snow began to fall and a high wind drove it almost horizontally through the cold air.

"Bad night," said Frank; "I'll bet it's fierce up at the cut."

"Yes," replied old Dad, stroking his beard, "that's what I'm afraid of. You can't see twenty feet ahead now, and it's always worse up there. I'm feeling a little bit shaky myself, and I think you are by your looks. But don't let on to the kid or he'll go crazy." The engineer paused and then began again: "It's an engineers business to stick, so when we get to the cut you take the kid and get in the gangway, ready to jump if you hear anything suspicious."

Again silence reigned. Old Dad sat gazing steadily through the wet window panes, though he could see nothing. The storm had now turned into a fierce blizzard, the force of which had blown out the headlight. The engineer did not notice this until they were about a quarter of a mile from the cut; then he exclaimed in a terrified voice: "Frank, the headlight is out. For God's sake, what shall we do?" The fireman was too frightened to ans-

wer, but took the sleeping boy in his arms and stepped out in the gangway, ready to jump. Old Dad now stood erect with one hand on the throttle and the other on the reverse, ready for any emergency. He was startled as he heard the cut, to hear a low rumbling noise. He shouted to the fireman to jump at the sound of the whistle. Again he heard the peculiar noise. He at once slowed down. Twenty feet; ten feet; he could feel the jerk of the wheels as they ran on to the first few rails of the curve. Old Dad was now muttering a short prayer, but again that awful noise came to his ears. He rapidly opened the window and with both hands on the whistle cord, he thrust his head out in the blizzard, and—

The wind blew through his whiskers!
JAMES DAVIS, '10.

Our Trip to Gunnison.

The morning of the 23rd dawned bright and clear, promising to be an ideal football day. At about 6:00 A. M., the Salida High School football boys began to gather at the depot and by the time No. 316 was pulling out, all were on hand except Harold Woods and our coach, Dr. Morse. Haro'd joined us at P. ncha but Dr. Morse was not so fortunate. However, Guy Exter and Prof. Tanton were aboard the train in order to see that we did not eat too much apple pie for dinner when we should arrive in Gunnison. Our ride over was spent in singing and giving yells.

We were met at the depot by one of the "Profs," and taken up to the high school building. Leaving our suit-cases at the high school, we set forth to find a restaurant and succeeded in satisfying our wants at one, Johnson House.

Going back to the high school, we gave the natives a sample of our serenading abilities, announcing, however, that none of the members of the football teams were in the Glee Club.

Donning our suits, we went forth to the battle field, and there, on the side lines, we found our Guy, permanently captured by three fair damsels. After a few minutes practice by both teams, the game was called. Salida played a very loose game but succeeded in keeping Gunnison from scoring. Dobbie made a long end run and Woods pushed through Gunnison's line for big gains, but the final score was 0 to 0.

After the game, having two hours before train time, we set forth to win for

ourselves a place in the hearts of the Gunnison girls; and, if possible, to relieve them of a few pennants. By some strange accident, all of the girls were flocked about an ice cream parlor. George Bird and George Brewster politely introduced themselves to two beautiful girls and now the charms of their Gunnison bonnies are still the subject of their dreams. "Rah, Rah" and Tom Dobbie soon met their downfall in one blue-eyed girl who possessed a sweet voice and pretty name. "Rah, Rah" after much persuasion, succeeded in getting her pennant, but she, with the fickleness of woman, fell victim to the charms of our Harold and later to Tom Richards. Leon Lippard cast himself at the feet of a young lady who willingly gave up her pennant to him, but as hard luck would have it, forgot to ask her name and is now being cheated out of the pleasure of active correspondence. John Churchill was the only one of the bunch who acted at all well. At first we were surprised at this, but upon investigation, we learned that he had relatives in Gunnison who were ready to report him the instant he showed signs of bad behavior. In the mean time, Tom Smith and Frank Berlin left the bunch in order to go buggy riding with two of their lady friends.

When supper time arrived, the boys flocked back to the Johnson House, hungrier even, than they had been at noon. After supper, some of our boys strolled over to the post office for the purpose of mailing a few post cards. While thus occupied, they heard much to their horror, the train whistling in. Leaving their unfinished postals; they started on a run for the depot, but the train pulled out minus Tom Richards, Harold Woods, George Bird, Tom Smith and Frank Berlin. The train had gone nearly a mile before we managed to persuade the conductor to hold the train for two minutes while we piled off and yelled to our delinquent members to get a move on them. Breathlessly, Bird, Richards, and Woods pulled themselves on to the rear end of the train. Tom Smith and Frank Berlin, however, were enjoying their buggy ride too much to give the train a second thought and, accordingly, were obliged to stay in Gunnison for only another twenty-four hours. To their great joy, however, they were invited to attend a dance given in their honor that evening and also to attend church the next morning.

When we arrived in Salida at about 10:30 P. M., we were met by a crowd of our high school and alumni boys to whom we enthusiastically related the events of the day.
L. L., '10.

THE TENDERFOOT

By The High School, Salida, Colorado.

EDITOR IN CHIEF,
BUSINESS MANAGER,

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Assistant Business Manager:

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HELEN ALEXANDER, '10.

Alumni Editor:

HELEN S. SHONYO, '10.

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TOM RICHARDS, '10.

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ABBY PERRY, '10.

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ESTER DEWEESE, '10.

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Sophomore Reporter:

LUCILE PEARCE, '12.

Freshman Reporter:

JOSEPHINE RANDOL, '13.

Eight Grade Reporters:

MADELINE MEACHAM, '14

SADIE BAILAR, '14.

50 c. a Year.

10 c. a Copy.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 2

Editorial.

If you have any trouble in securing extra copies of the TENDERFOOT from our circulation agent, you may purchase them at the different news stands in Salida for the usual price of ten cents a copy.

The cover design for this month was arranged by James Davis, '10. It was our first intention to print the same cut we used last time, but the business men of Salida have requested that it be changed and we have been more than willing to answer their requests.

The TENDERFOOT was sent out to about thirty-two different high schools last month, but to our extreme disappointment, only about one third of that number exchanged papers with us. We hope that the exchange editors of the various high school papers will not overlook us this month for we are very anxious to get in touch with as many high schools as possible and also to become

acquainted with the different ways in which a successful high school paper is edited.

Our exchange table has been placed in the rear of room No. 13. All students are cordially invited to come down and read the papers before and after each session of school, but under no conditions are they allowed to take them from the room. If we find you guilty of such an offense, we will not have you put to death but will try and explain to you how you are spoiling the chances of the TENDERFOOT becoming the best high school paper possible by taking the exchanges from the room.

The editor's outlook for December is very favorable, judging from the extra large amount of available matter which we have been finding in the box every evening after school. The toast, which was written by Miss Neita Fleming, '13, and published in the literary department

of our paper this month, was undoubtedly the best article which has yet been placed in the box. Miss Flenting comes to us from Goldfield, Nevada, where she was a member of the staff of "The Joshua Palm." We are expecting many more good contributions from her, as well as from the rest of the high school students.

It has been with the keenest of pleasures that we have received so many words of praise concerning the first edition of our high school paper. After we had overcome all of the worries and innumerable obstacles which we have been obliged to confront, it was with a sigh of relief that we sat down and listened to some of the congratulatory comments on Volume One, Number One, of the TENDERFOOT. Pride overcame us, however, and the "editorial we" began making active preparations to accept positions on some of the leading New York dailies. Later a feeling of loyalty towards this paper forbade us to accept the many tempting offers for the reason that said dailies have refused to place their ads in the advertising columns of the TENDERFOOT. Note the example we are setting forth for you.

A staff meeting was held not long ago and Clayton Dobbie, '12, our former circulation agent, was chosen to fill the place of business manager for the TENDERFOOT. An exceedingly large amount of time is being required to properly manage the business department of this paper. Owing to the lack of time, John Sweeney, '11, found it necessary to resign his position as business manager. We were sorry to have him leave us, but we are glad to report that Clayton is now managing the paper in a very laudable manner. The staff elected John Ten Broeck, '10, to fill the office of circulation agent. You will receive your copy of the TENDERFOOT direct from him, and as he is somewhat inclined to be bashful please give him an occasional smile to encourage him on in his great work; for it is really quite distressing for a timid person to be obliged to deal with so many delinquent subscribers.

A Word to the Bards.

A special word is necessary in regard to the poets. The TENDERFOOT is very fond of poetry and its creators. Writing poetry is like having the small pox—it is a case of absolute necessity. Catch the contagion of lofty thoughts and be empowered by it, until your very life is po-

essed by it. None of the world's greatest poetry was written from cool, deliberate choice, but poetry is the work of inspiration. The great poetry had to be written. Those who wrote verse instead of prose, did so because prose could not convey their meaning. So we say to our contributors—write prose if you must; write poetry if you can.

Our Yell Master.

Rah, Rah, Rah!
Rah, Rah, Rah!
Rah, Rah, Rah!
Salida!

How our hair stood on end and how our blood tingled! We felt so good and happy that our hearts thrilled in the very glory of living!

Hurrah for the purple!
Hurrah for the white!

Were we ever so proud of our colors before? With half closed eyes we imagined ourselves gazing up at a flag which mounted the summit of a tall flag pole, and then, as we raised our voices in that sweet, old, familiar song, the banner suddenly unfurled to the breeze and snapped and waved triumphantly while our hearts swelled to the point of bursting when we saw that the colors on the flag were our colors—the old purple and the white! And all the time our hearts were overflowing in the song:

For we'll fight for old Salida,
Old Salida, old Salida,
Yes, we'll fight for old Salida,
Old Salida.—S. H. Sweeney

John Sweeney's voice led them all and when the mass meeting finally broke up we were better for it, even though we could not talk above a whisper.

Light Weight Music.

Jack London, on a visit to New York, was introduced to a certain musician.

"I, too am a musician, in a way," London said. "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life."

"How was that?" he was asked.

"There was a flood in my town in my youth," he replied, "and when the water struck our house my father got on a bed and floated down the stream."

"And you?"

"I accompanied him on the piano."

Ex.

TEACHER:—"Give the principal parts of amo."

STUDENT (absently):—"Yes."

Society.

The Freshmen, again ready for a good time, met at the home of Miss Beulah Wilson, on D street. It was a very ghastly looking scene as the white figures flitted in and out among the dim lights. The Sophomores were very anxious for a share in this fun, but the best they could do was to stand off and sing. Dainty refreshments were served during the evening. The merrymakers departed for their homes when the clocks were striking the midnight hour, but we understand all reached their homes in safety.

Another affair planned and successfully carried out by some of the members of the class of 1913, was the surprise on Mable Shonyo, Oct. 22nd. The jolly party arrived at the Shonyo home, after a brisk walk, in the best of spirits and ready for the good time which Miss Helen Shonyo, assisted by Miss Roberts and Miss Mary Carmean, had planned for them. They departed for their respective homes after having spent a very enjoyable evening.

Miss Abby Reed, '10, was the charming hostess of a Hallowe'en party Friday, Oct. 29th. About thirty of her friends enjoyed a very pleasant evening in her home.

The girls of the Senior class decided it was time they had something beside their regular school work, so they invited the boys of the class, also the faculty, to meet them at the home of Miss Frances Reilly, on Friday evening before Hallowe'en. The house was very prettily decorated in the colors of the class and in Japanese lanterns. Games and singing made the evening pass quickly to all. Good things to eat, of course suggestive of Hallowe'en, were served during the evening. The yell given by the boys just before departing for their homes, expressed the sentiments of all in regard to Miss Frances and her mother. It was impossible for Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon and Miss Pearsall to be present and they were greatly missed by all.

Leon Lippard, a beloved member of the "Big S," Senior class, and football team, had a birthday not long since and his mother entertained for him in honor of the occasion. The members of the "Big S" were favored with invitations and it is needless to say they were all present, with the exception of Frank Lee, who is in quarantine, and "Dad" Rogers, who is married and doesn't have time for the "Big S." Mrs. Lippard had prepared for the boys a five course dinner, which they say was the finest ever heard of. After singing many songs, the boys went down for a chat with quarantined Frank, and also to take some flowers which Mrs. Lippard had sent. They then repaired to the Osos Grand and enjoyed seeing "The Cat and the Fiddle." The boys enjoying Mrs. Lippard's hospitality, were: George Brewster, Frank Berlin, John Churchill, James Davis, Everett Lippard, Leon Lippard, Tom Richards, John Ten Broeck, and Tom Smith.

On Friday evening of Oct. 16th, the Freshmen had a theatre party at the Osos Grand. About twenty eight attended. Pictures were never enjoyed so much before by anybody. After the show, they went to Miller's ice cream parlors where refreshments were served. Miss Dow and Miss Pearsall chaperoned the party and the Freshmen say that there can be no others like them, but we knew that long before we ever heard of the Freshmen.

Mrs. Ware entertained for her daughters, at her beautiful home on upper F street, Oct. 30th. The house was decorated in jack-o-lanterns and other Hallowe'en emblems. The hostess was assisted very ably by Miss Hester Crutcher. About twelve of the young ladies' friends were present and found Mrs. Ware, as usual, a charming hostess.

A party consisting of members of the eighth grades and Freshman class enjoyed a theatre party at the Osos Grand, Saturday, Nov. 6th.

Alumni Notes.

George Purmort, '08, had an accident in the chemical laboratory at Boulder last week and had his hand badly burned.

Lee Tomlin and Lou Webster, '09, visited the chemical laboratory a few days ago.

Anice White, '09, is anticipating a southern trip some time in the near future.

Harry Rubin, '09, came home and made us a visit on Wednesday, Oct. 3.

Bertha Lippard, '07, is employed in the Electric Light Company's office.

Helen Hanks and Grace Rubin, '07, are employed in Hay's studio.

Arthur D. Marvin, '06, is still employed with the D. & R. G. railroad.

Gladys Parks, '07, is teaching school at Nathrop and reports success in her work.

Stella Wheeler, '07 is still residing in the city and holding the office of secretary of the Alumni club,

Alfred Kerndt, '08, is attending college in Illinois. He sends his best regards to us.

Earl Clem, '06, is having a fine time in Boulder with his studies.

Emery Lines, '05, is employed with the D. & R. G. Railroad Co.

Ethel Granger, '08, is employed in the Golden Rule Store. Ethel wasn't cut out for a teacher, anyway.

A card was received from Chicago from one of our faithful alumni, Mark Shultz, '09. He sent his best regards to the high school and to the TENDERFOOT. He is filling the position of student inspector for the Griffin Wheel Co.

Bessie Bunbury, '07, is very much interested in her school at Bear Creek.

Hester Crutcher, '09, is taking an advanced Latin course from Prof. Baker.

Blanche McQuillen, '08, is teaching school at Crooks, near Sargeants. She has twenty-two pupils and is very interested in them. She is also interested in her music, giving six lessons per week.

Mattie Higgs, '05, is teaching school in Centerville. This is her fourth year in that place.

Mrs. G. N. Hammond, formerly Cora Erdlen, '05, is living in Denver and sends her best regards to the TENDERFOOT.

Mrs. Chas. Pauls, formerly Cora Kilgore, '05, and her little daughter, returned to their home in Texas after visiting home folks for some time.

Charlie Hunt, '06, who has been in Idaho for over a year, is getting homesick.

May Taylor, '05, is now teaching in the Canon schools. We wish her success.

Hattie McClure, '95, became the bride of S. K. Murdock recently. We wish her success in married life.

Miss Alinda Montgomery, '05, is coaching the LaJunta girls' basketball team.

Frank Gilligan, '06, and Clem Newton, '07, are winning honors on the U. of C. football team.

Augusta Bear, '92, one of the first to graduate from the Salida High School, is principal at the Central school.

Mrs. Pearl Summerville, '02, is employed with the Electric Light Co.

Mrs. John Fairbanks, nee Margaret McIlvain, '00, is residing in Denver. The high school sympathizes with her in the death of her daughter, Elizabeth.

Locals.

Miss Shomler had the A B C's placed on the board last month for the benefit of the Freshmen.

Several of our girls have attended the Domestic Science class, conducted by Mrs. Anderson in the Assembly Room of the Library.

The signal was given for a fire drill, about three weeks ago, and although this

was the first one this year, the building was emptied in about three minutes.

Report cards were given out last week and it is needless to say, everyone was satisfied(?) Those receiving the highest average department included, for the months of September and October were: Ruth Rubin, '13; Jessie Fowler, '12; Maude Hunt and Pansy Van Cleve, '11; and Ester De Weese, '10.

Class Notes.

Senior.

Leon Lippard, Tom Richards and Frank Berlin won honors for the blue and gold as well as for the purple and white in the Denver game.

We are all sorry to hear that Helen Alexander has withdrawn from school, and will leave for Iowa in a few days. It is hoped she will be benefited by the lower altitude. Helen was one of our best and most enthusiastic students and we hope she will soon return.

Ruth Whitehurst (In Civics):—"Is there always a vacancy in office when the officer dies?"

Tom Smith—"We had a cat once, but some old guy went and shot him on the porch."

John Churchill—"That's a hot place to shoot him."

WANTED—The county court house moved from Buena Vista to Salida.—Ruth Whitehurst.

Louis Marvin will take a private class in Chemistry. His prices are very reasonable.

The Senior class will give a program in the high room on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 24th. A cordial invitation is extended to all visitors.

We are sorry to learn that Albert Rogers has withdrawn from school. We are going to miss him greatly; for, not only is he an all around good fellow, but he furnishes excellent material for the joke department of this paper.

Tom Richards, our plucky football captain, was on the sick list last week.

We worked and we crammed and we studied our best. But still we flunked out in that Chemistry test.

Under the general head of "Athletic Notes," the following query was handed in:

Merl (in Chemistry):—"Everett, put up the window."

Everett (to Frank):—"What did she say?"

Frank:—"She said 'Stick your feet out the window'."

The Juniors are well represented on the football team.

Why has John Churchill made a resolution not to whisper during music period?

Miss Dow (in Chapel):—"The Sophomores will find three books in the library on the lives of Daniel Webster."

TOM SMITH:—"He must be some relation to our old cat."—Another one, like that, Tommy, and out of the window you go.

FRANK BERLIN (at the banquet):—"All the girls in school were eating candy this afternoon but me."

SENIOR BOY:—"I must be Mr. Tanton's pet."

JUNIOR GIRL:—"Why?"

SENIOR BOY:—"Oh, he just keeps looking my way most of the time."

Frank Lee has been in quarantine for diphtheria during the past three weeks. Judging from the large amount of flowers that have been sent to him, the high school has missed him greatly.

WANTED—Some alcohol lamps in place of oil cans.—Chemistry class.

Miss Violet Flochy, who has been visiting her cousin, Abbie Reed, '10, was a high school visitor last week.

A sweet little maiden named Ruth.

Once had in her jaw a sore tooth,

To a dentist she went,

And an hour she spent,

In absolute quiet, sir, forsooth

The Chemistry class was pleasantly surprised, recently to find new curtains in the laboratory. It pays to advertise

Can you imagine Senior girls playing with hankerchief dolls? It is true nevertheless.

Frank Berlin (In Chemistry):—"Penisads are divided into four classes—monads, pentads, heptads, and step-dads."

Junior.

JOHN SWEENEY (in German class):—"But, Mr. Kenyon, don't you think we have too long lessons?"

John Sweeney was seen accompanying a wagon load of furniture up F street one day last week. No doubt he will be "at home" to his friends in the near future!

The English history class had an examination a week ago. Alice Sangster is now a member of this class.

MISS DOW (in English class):—"Who was considered the most famous man at that time?"

AGNETA:—"Why-er-Sidney something?"

MISS DOW:—"What did he write?"

AGNETA:—"Well-er-it begins with 'E.'"

MR. KENYON (explaining how to decline adjectives)—"Put the lips up close and shut off the noise."

The Juniors found out how much they knew about German at the examination two weeks ago.

GEORGE BIRD (in Junior English):—"What is a coquette?"

MISS DOW:—"Mary Pickett, you may tell George."

MARY:—"Why, a feminine person who flirts with every man she sees."

Arthur is afraid that we will finish the German book before the term is over. What then?

Sophomore.

MR. TANTON (in Geometry):—"Geometry is like a contagious disease, but none of you seem to have caught it."

SOPHOMORE BOY (under his breath, of course)—"How many has he told that to?"

The new book to be read by the Sophomores is "Webster's Bunker Hill Oration."

The Sophomore English classes worked hard last month to complete the reading in Irving's Sketch book. But the end of October came too quick and the book was not completed. There being only a few sketches left, the Sophomores will finish it this week.

JOHN CHURCHILL (reading a theme in English):—"We were out hunting. Suddenly we heard an awful din—the day was breaking in the horizon."

The Sophomore girls have formed a club, calling it the "B. G. C. Girls." The boys are wondering if "B. G. C." means "Be Gone, Kid."

TOM DOBBIE (in English, attempting to pronounce bigoted):—"By-i-got it."

TOM DOBBIE (immediately after the Denver-Salida game):—"Come on, fellows, let's give Gunnison a yell."

The second year Latin classes are studying various short sketches from the Lake Classical Latin Book. Each Friday the pupils have written composition work.

This month the plane geometry classes are working the exercises on Book 1.

During the past week the Sophomore Algebra classes have taken up the problems under "Theory of Exponents."

The name of Alice Sangster was enrolled this month. Alice is lately from Grand Junction.

Joe Woods has helped to swell the number of Sophomores this month.

Freshman.

The Freshmen are now studying the third declension endings in Latin and have just finished "The Ancient Mariner" in English. In Ancient History they are studying about Hellas, and in Algebra, factoring.

The Freshmen enjoyed a theatre party at the Osos Grand the 15th of October. Miss Pearsall and Miss Dow were the chaperones.

Howard Rhodes was absent last week from the Freshman class on account of receiving a bad cut on the head.

A Hallowe'en party was enjoyed by the Freshmen at the home of Buehla Wilson, Friday evening. All were masked in sheets and pillow-cases. Delicious refreshments were served.

WANTED—A better job than cleaning chalk off of my seat—Elmer Kenyon

WANTED—Cure for the giggles—Herbert Exter.

The Freshmen may be green but Glen Seelinger must be greener. He says, "g-r-e-a-n" spells "green Freshmen."

Miss Dow (In English):—"I think we will change a few seats."

Elmer Kenyon—"Can I have some new seats?"

Neita Fleming from Goldfield, Nevada, joined the Freshmen class last month.

KATHRYN BATEMAN:—"Well, I rather like tall people. They always have such a kind disposition."

JEAN PEARCE:—"Oh! I don't agree with you there, for where wou'd Mr. Baker come in?"

Lucy Newman has just sent for some more hair ribbon.

A very interesting football game was played between the Freshmen and the Central school Thursday, November 4. The score came out 20 to 0 in favor of the Freshmen. Altogether now: three cheers for the Freshmen!

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
If History don't kill us, Latin must.

Eighth Grade.

Sidney Matthews, of Kane, Pennsylvania, entered the North Eighth grade this week. We are glad to have Sidney with us.

The "Philomathean Herald," under the management of Gladys Burns and Adelaide black, with an efficient corps of assistant editors, will soon make its first appearance.

For the month of October, the North Eighth grade had only one day and a half absence among the girls. The girls are justly proud of this record.

Almost every pupil in the eighth grade receives weekly a copy of "Current Events." This paper is always welcomed and proves both interesting and instructive.

Gladys Woods, of the Leadville High school, has entered the South Eighth grade.

The South Eighth grade reports no tardies for the month of October.

Mae Gill has been compelled to stop school on account of the illness of her mother. Sadie Bailor has been appointed to fill her place as eighth grade reporter for the TENDERFOOT.

The South Eighth grade will issue the first number of the "Aurora Gazette" on Friday, Nov. 19, with Jessie Crymble as editor-in-chief, and Josephine Smith as assistant editor.

Snap Shots.

"Better a poor bluff than a straight flunk."

"Cultivate aphasia; your voice may leave you in class time."

"A cozy corner is any corner that does not contain a chaperone."

"A banquet is a 50 cent dinner for which you pay \$5."—Ex.

A Mournful Tale.

Frank Berlin is feeling blue,
Says his steady is not true;

Poor old Frank gets pretty sad
When his girl and he are mad.

Sweeney's really tried his best
In a cottage to invest;

Says he's willing to sling hash
'Till he gets the needed cash.

Pat O'Hara's feeling gay,
Since at football he did play;

Gunnison yelled "Rah for Pat!"
What are we to think of that?

"Rah, Rah" went to Gunnison,
Exter, just to have some fun,

Stole the girl that "Rah, Rah" sought,
All day long they fought and fought.

Senior girls are surely there,
Entertained the boys for fair;

Just to see how well they stood,
Senior boys ate all they could.

Jimmie Davis is a peach,
Now that Ora's within reach;

Never even looks her way,
Never has a word to say.

All the girls greatly adore
Johnnie Ten Broeck's pompador.

Well we think that it is time
To shut up at writing rhyme.

The Perfect Man.

There is a man who never said
A word that was unkind;
He'd never see a thing abused,
Or hear a friend maligned.
He's deaf, and dumb, and blind.

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor chews, nor smokes, nor swears;
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares.
He's paralyzed.

There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right.
His wife can tell just where he is
At morning, noon and night.
He's dead.—Red and Black.

FRESHMAN:—"Who is more disgusting than an idiot?"
JUNIOR:—"A Freshman."—Ex.

Exchange Department.

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A good many copies of the "TENDERFOOT" were sent out last month, and as yet, very few have responded. We hope to build up a good exchange department as it helps the home paper and also keeps up the interest between this and other high schools. We should like to hear from more of our own state schools, especially. If any criticisms are given about any paper we hope it will be taken with the same good spirit as it is given. We will try to profit by any criticisms about the TENDERFOOT; for only by practice will we gain perfection.

"Lariat," your stories are fine. Having seen a few of last year's copies, we see that improvements have been made. Prof. Baker, who assisted you last year, has given us the start on the newspaper line, and we hope to continue with his aid.

Iowa papers show a great deal of enthusiasm which other schools could profit by. At any rate, the "Oracle," North Des Moines, and "Echoes," Council Bluffs, are high school boosters.

The "Crimson," from Concordia, Kas, is very good, but we would suggest more locals and also an exchange page.

We enjoy the stories of "Kinnikinnick," of Colorado Springs, very much.

"So to Speak," from Manitow, Wis., is one of our best exchanges. The departments are well divided and good material found in each.

The "Co-Ed" edition of "Silver and Gold," was exceptionally good. Shows what girls can do.

A very interesting article in the "School Book" for October, was "The People and Education" by our governor. A picture of Governor Shafroth occupied the frontispiece.

"The Crucible," from our state normal, has adopted the revised form of spelling, which makes it very characteristic.

We wish to praise the Salida H. S. for their new paper, the Tenderfoot. Vol I, No. 1, is very well arranged and certainly is fine for a first attempt.—"The Columbine," Cripple Creek, Colo.

"The Columbine" is a splendid high school paper, the cuts are good and departments are all arranged well. We think it exceptionally good because it is printed by the high school students.

The October number of "Red and Black," is the football number and shows what good work that school is doing in the athletic line.

The exchanges we have received so far are as follows:

- The Tiger, Colorado Springs, Colo.
- The Crimson, Concordia, Kas.
- The Lariat, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
- The Oracle, North, Des Moines, Ia.
- The Crucible, Greeley, Colo.
- So to Speak, Manitowoc, Wis.
- The Echoes, Council Bluffs, Ia.
- Silver and Gold, Boulder, Colo.
- Rocky Mountain Collegian, Ft. Collins, Colo.
- The Columbine, Cripple Creek, Colo.
- Red and Black, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Next month the TENDERFOOT will print cuts at the head of most of the departments. As our paper is new and the financial success of it is uncertain, we were unable to print more than one new cut this month.

A Story In Latin.

Boyabus kisabus girlabusorum;
 Girlabus likeabus, wanta someorum;
 Papabus hearabus kissing someorum;
 Kickabus boyabus outa the dorum.—
 The Herald, W. Denver.

To Non-Advertisers.

We don't want to trade at your store,
 We don't like you any more.
 You'll be sorry when you see us
 Going to some other store

We don't want to buy your collars,
 Four-in-hand or any fad;
 We don't want to trade at your store
 If you don't give us your ad.—Ex.

High School Dictionary.

1. Commencement—The end.
2. Senior—One who rides a pony in the race for the sheepskin.
3. Junior—One who knows it all and tries to teach the family.
4. Sophomore—A wise person; one of nature's noblemen.
5. Pony—A beast of burden used by Seniors while traveling through unexplored lands.
6. Flunk—A process of changing from a four to a five years' course.
7. College Bred—A four years' loaf.—
Ex.

Athletics.

The Salida High School football team will meet the Gunnison High School team at Marvin's Park on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 20th, at 2:30 p. m. Admission 25 cents. The Freshmen will probably play a preliminary game against the Junior-Sophomore team at 1:30 p. m.

Thanksgiving Day will see the Salida boys battle with the Monte Vista High School, at Monte Vista. This game will close the football season for the S. H. S.

The girls' basketball game with Buena Vista for Nov. 13th, was called off because Buena Vista had made other arrangements for that day.

The Alamosa, Florence and Trinidad girls wish to play the Salida High School girls' basketball team at some future dates.

Gunnison 0-Salida 0.

On Saturday, Oct. 23rd, the Salida High School football team clashed arms with the Gunnison High School team, at Gunnison, in a hotly contested football game. The splendid fight which Gunnison put up, came as quite a surprise to Salida, who after judging from the memorable basketball victories over Gunnison last year, were looking for an easy time with the ever hospitable farmers from the polar region over the Pass. The clean game which the big-hearted farmers put up, was really the only thing which did not come as a surprise to our boys. The fact, however, that our boys held Gunnison for three successive downs on Salida's one yard line, thereby preventing Gunnison from scoring, caused our boys to regard the game almost as a victory for Salida in spite of the fact that the score was 0 to 0 at the end of the game. Following is the line-ups:

GUNNISON	SALIDA
Zugelder..... R. H.....	L. Lippard
Stone..... L. H.....	Richards
Mock..... F. B.....	Woods
Herrick..... O. B.....	Brewster
Pittser..... R. E.....	Dobbie
Mullin..... R. T.....	E. Lippard
Heymaker..... R. G.....	O'Hara
Blackstock..... C.....	Bird
Andrews..... L. G.....	Churchill
Hartman..... L. T.....	Berlin

O'Fallon.....	L. E.....	Smith
SUBS		SUBS
Van Aken		Julian
Linton		Elifson
Quinn		

Denver 0-Salida 0.

The town was football mad on the Saturday afternoon when the Salida High School football team lined up against a strong aggregation of university and Denver High School men representing the Barnes Commercial School of Denver, at Salida, Nov. 6th.

Salida won the toss and Denver kicked off. The ball was received by Woods, who returned it to Salida's thirty-five yard line. Salida took the ball down to Denver's forty-five yard line before losing it. During the first half, the ball remained in Denver's territory most of the time. In the second half, Woods kicked the ball over Denver's goal line on the kick off. It was put in play on Denver's thirty-five yard line. The ball was then kept in Denver's territory until the last five minutes of the game.

Score 0 to 0. The line-ups:

DENVER	SALIDA	
Clark.....	R. H.....	L. Lippard
J. Anderson.....	L. H.....	Brewster
Campbel.....	F. B.....	Woods
Flieger.....	O. B.....	Richards
Weinberg.....	R. E.....	Dobbie
Lee.....	R. T.....	Seelinger
Hannigan.....	R. G.....	O'Hara
Rettmayer.....	C.....	Bird
Creek.....	L. G.....	Churchill
White.....	L. T.....	Berlin
G. Anderson.....	L. E.....	Smith
SUBS		SUBS
Cotton		Julian
Perry		Elifson
		Marvin

Mr. Baker (In Latin):—"Willie, give me the Latin word for woman?"
Will Ryan—"Femina, feminae, masculine, second."

Four Stages of High School Life.

- Unconscious inefficiency—Freshmen.
- Conscious inefficiency—Sophomore.
- Unconscious efficiency—Junior.
- Conscious efficiency—Senior.

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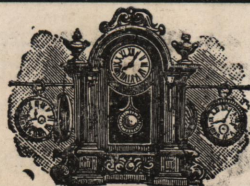
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