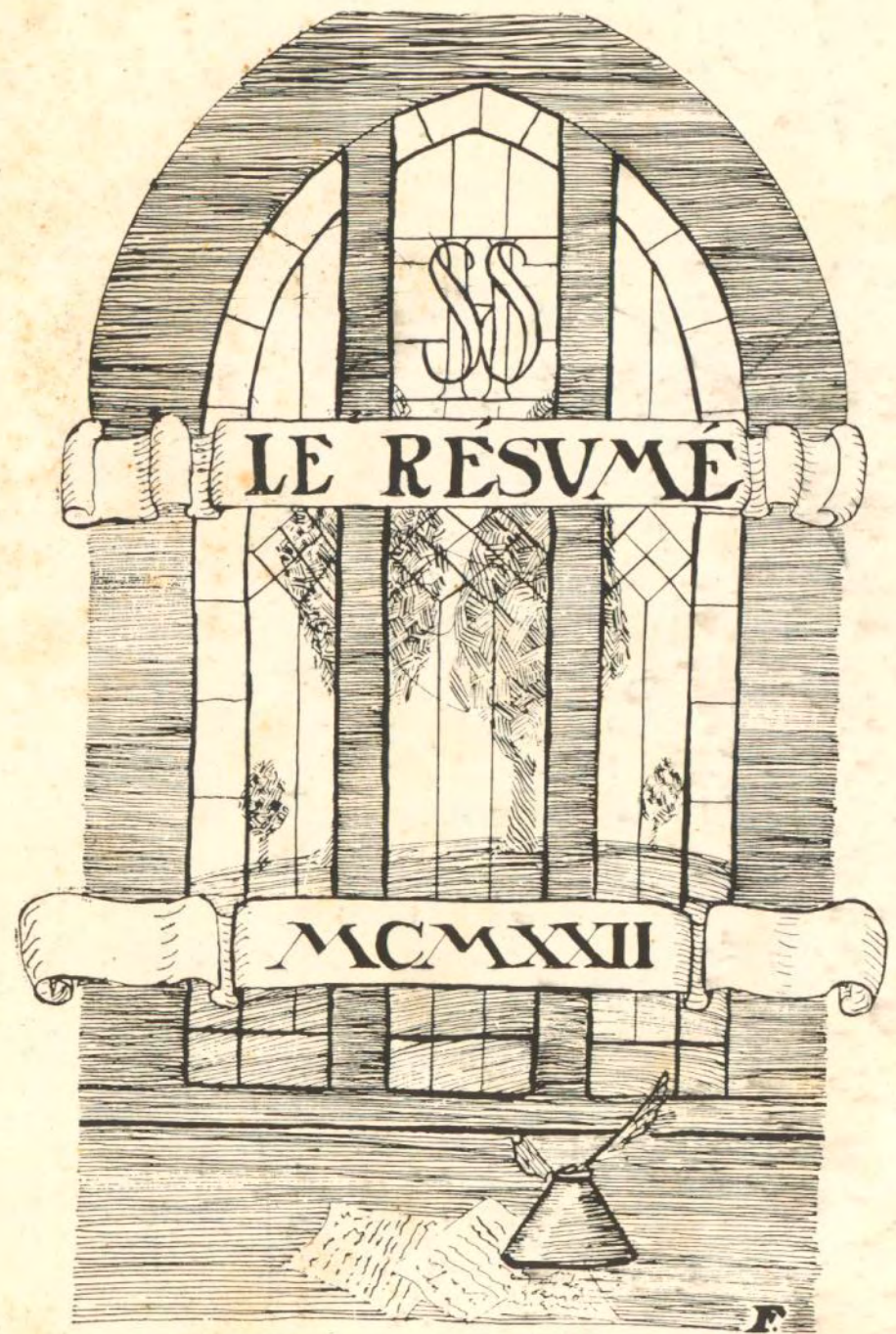


Le Résumé  
1922







SS

LE RÉSUMÉ

MCMXXII

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THIS  
BOOK  
BELONGS  
TO



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## Dedication

We, as the class of '22 with loving hearts and tender memories, dedicate this volume of Le Resume to Edgar Kesner.

Death came and took from us our most beloved superintendent. His body is gone, but his spirit and influence still remain. His life and teachings have inspired in each and everyone a nobler and truer spirit.



As Mr. Kesner once said of Miss Gillpatrick: "She did her work and did it well"—so may we say of him. We loved him for his never failing kindness and help.

"Gone from us, ne'er to return!  
But his memory will linger  
In our hearts forever more."

—Margaret Miller, '22.

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### TRIBUTE TO EDGAR KESNER

For almost a quarter of a century, the students of the Salida Public Schools have had the exceptional and unusual pleasure of having a man as Superintendent, who in his life lived true and whose teachings rang true to the high ideals of a Christian as quoted from a writing of St. Paul:

Whatsoever things are true  
Whatsoever things are honest  
Whatsoever things are just  
Whatsoever things are pure  
Whatsoever things are lovely  
Whatsoever things are of good report

If there be any virtue or praise, think on these things,—and our Superintendent not only thought upon these things, but lived them.

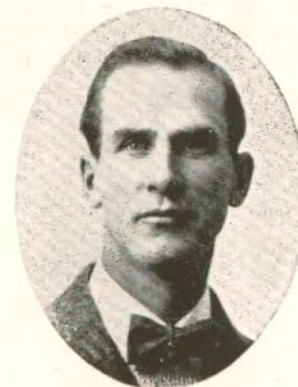
Mr. Kesner not only taught the studies of the school but by his matchless Christian life, he taught us by precept and practice the high ideals and principles of Christian influence. This character, so useful and upright, has been an inspiration to all who have come under his influence.

We will miss this noble man in the years to come,—no one can take his place in the hearts of those who have known and loved him.

His daily touch on the scholars was ever helpful, for he set us a wonderful example of faithful service. In his life, in its entirety he was true, honest, just, pure and lovely. He spoke only upon such things as were of good report and in which were only virtue and praise. No one has gone from our schools in the past twenty-five years, but what has been a better boy or girl because of contact with his influence.

—Evelynn Lewis, '22.

# FACULTY



C. E. TANTON  
Principal and Mathematics





RUTH P. RUBIN  
English



ELSIE W. WADELL  
French



DAVID F. KYLE  
General Science and Mathematics



GLADYS BODE  
English and Mathematics



JENNIE WALKER  
Home Hygiene



GLADYS M. PARKS  
Domestic Science



IRENE FISHER  
Latin and Spanish



RUTH ROGERS  
English and Mathematics



JOHN C. BURGNER  
Manual Training



HARRIET E. KEYSER  
Mathematics and History



E. K. GIFFEN  
Science



WILLA CLANTON  
Music and Drawing



# SENIORS

## ANNUAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - - - - - Margaret Miller  
Business Manager - - - - - Lena Peck  
Assistant Business Manager - - - - - Frederic Kelley  
Literary Editors - - - - - Evelyn Lewis, Janet Drury, June Gorham  
News Editor - - - - - Ruth Miller  
Athletic Editor - - - - - Carrol England  
Art Editor - - - - - Harold Forde  
Typist - - - - - Frieda Lillis  
Faculty Supervisors - - - - - Miss Rubin and Mr. Burgener

## CLASS OFFICERS

President - - - - - Kenneth Smith  
Vice President - - - - - Lena Peck  
Secretary and Treasurer - - - - - Margaret Miller

Motto—"We can because we think we can."

Colors—Crimson and Black.

Flower—Red Tulip.





**Kenneth Smith**

Athletic Council, 3.  
 Class President, 4.  
 Track, 1, 2, 3.  
 "Lefty, our good old president,—  
 He plays the game and plays it  
 square."

**Lena Peck**

Class Vice-President, 4.  
 Alpha, Vice President, 4.  
 Alumni Editor Mirror, 3.  
 Business Manager Annual, 4.  
 President Y. W. C. A., 4.  
 Vice President Hiking Club, 3.  
 French Club, 3.  
 "Good nature is always a suc-  
 cess."

**Margaret Miller**

Class Secretary, 2.  
 Class Secretary-Treasurer, 3, 4.  
 Glee Club, 1, 2, 4.  
 French Club, 3.  
 Editor-in-Chief of Mirror, 3.  
 Editor-in-Chief of Annual 4.  
 Alpha Literary, 4.  
 Y. W. C. A., 4.  
 "An all around girl any way you  
 look at her."

**Frederic Kelley**

Athletic Council, 4.  
 Track, 1, 2, 3.  
 Athletic Editor Mirror, 3.  
 Assistant Business Manager An-  
 nual, 4.  
 Hiking Club, 3.  
 "You can't beat his wit"

**Doretta Ream**

"A better lady, you'll never find."



**Albert Hill**

Central H. S., Marfrusboro, Tenn,  
 1, 2.  
 Logan County High School, Ster-  
 ling, 3.  
 "Quite a Romeo but an all around  
 fellow."

**Jessie Vaughn.**

French Club, 3.  
 Y. W. C. A., 4.  
 "Quiet but likable."

**Viola Noble**

Canon City High School, 1, 2, 3.  
 Y. W. C. A., 4.  
 "Her smile is always present and  
 she studies, too."

**Ruth Miller**

Glee Club, 1, 2, 4.  
 Latin Club, 3.  
 News Editor Annual, 4.  
 News Editor Mirror, 3.  
 Y. W. C. A., 4.  
 President Alpha, 4.  
 "To know her is to love her."

**Ansel Young**

"A great chemist sometime will  
 be."





**Marguerite Edmondson**

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 French Club 3.  
 "Who ever saw Peggy frown?"

**George Teter**

Fairplay, 1, 2, 3.  
 "Always ready to do his bit."

**Frances Merten**

Glee Club, 3, 4.  
 Latin Club, 3.  
 Hiking Club, 3.  
 Y. W. C. A., 4.  
 "She likes to laugh, so you see  
 she's very healthy."

**Evelynn Lewis**

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 Latin Club, 3.  
 Alpha Reporter, 4.  
 Literary Editor, Annual, 4.  
 Y. W. C. A., 4.  
 "I love to live and live to love a  
 boy who e'er he be."

**Harold Forde**

Woodward H. S., Oklahoma, 1.  
 Glee Club, 3, 4.  
 Class President, 3.  
 Art Editor, Annual, 4.  
 "Self sufficiency is the soul of suc-  
 cess."



**Ralnd Meacham**

Tennis 3.  
 Hiking Club, 3.  
 Glee Club, 4.  
 "He will set the world afire."

**Esther Densmore**

Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.  
 Treasurer French Club, 3.  
 Alpha Literary Reporter, 4.  
 News Editor, Tenderfoot, 4.  
 "Not as meek as she appears."

**Frieda Lillis**

Central High School, Pueblo, 1, 2.  
 Provo High School, Utah, 3.  
 President Alpha, 4.  
 Glee Club, 4.  
 Y. W. C. A., 4.  
 Typist Annual, 4.  
 "Cast off worry, be not serious,  
 Let not studies take your time."

**Bruno Marchi**

Class President, 1.  
 Hiking Club, 3.  
 Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 Track, 1, 2, 3.  
 Class Treasurer, 2.  
 Literary Society Treasurer, 2.  
 French Club, 3.  
 Boosters Club, 3.  
 "As a man thinketh, so is he. I  
 think I am a great man, then  
 surely I must be."

**Laura McDonough**

Glee Club, 1, 2, 4.  
 French Club, 3.  
 Latin Club, 3.  
 "When I know a thing and know I  
 know it, no sage can convince  
 me otherwise."





**Carroll England**

Hiking Club, 3.  
 Athletic Editor Annual, 4.  
 School Yell Leader, 4.  
 Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.  
 "O, mighty science, in my mind  
 find thy resting place."

**June Gorham**

Literary Editor Annual, 4.  
 Class Secretary and Treasurer, 1.  
 Class President, 2.  
 Class Vice-President, 3.  
 Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.  
 School Tennis, 3.  
 French Club, 3.  
 Athletic Council, 4.  
 Alpha Literary, 4.  
 Y. W. C. A. Treasurer, 4.  
 "You have a nimble wit. I think  
 'twas made of Atlanta's heels."

**Carolyn Beynon**

"A little girl with a big heart."

**Janet Drury.**

Glee Club, 1, 2.  
 Latin Club, 3.  
 Literary Editor Annual, 4.  
 "She strives to succeed, which  
 she always does."

**Mary Blanchard**

French Club, 3.  
 "Always the same."



**Harris Merten**

Latin Club, 3.  
 "Take him all in all, he is a good  
 sort of chap."

**Louise Cantwell**

Durango H. S., 1, Shortridge, 1.  
 Indianapolis, 2.  
 Alamosa, 3.  
 Glee Club, 4.  
 Alpha Vice-President, 4.  
 Y. W. C. A., 4.  
 "Laugh and the world laughs with  
 you."

**Novera Swedhin**

Glee Club, 1.  
 French Club, 3.  
 Y. W. C. A., 4.  
 "She is always smiling and happy."

**Howard Smith**

President Athletic Association, 4  
 School Baseball, 2.  
 Class President, 2.  
 "He has a master mind unexcelled  
 and is liked by all."

**Luella Sage**

"Demure, simple and lovable."



**CLASS OF '22**  
**"We Can Because We Think We Can"**

This has surely been our motto during our three years of High School and we are starting in as tho' we meant to make it stick this year. When we were Freshmen our honors were mostly athletic. We always put up a fight even if we knew there was little hope of winning. Courage always brings admiration and so at the end of our first year, S. H. S. had found out what the class of '22 was, and was going to be a good loser. As Sophomores, we first learned what real study was. And, tho' at first both teachers and ourselves tho't the task was hopeless, that is, to wit; our future knowledge, we had by the Harvest month settled down and had at least dulled the "wise foolishness" written so plainly on our noble brows. We gained the reputation of being honorable if not always victorious. What rivalry there was between the classes of '21 and '22! To the former, we seemed to never tire of thinking up things to put over they had never considered. Perhaps we weren't so original. We merely arranged, as Juniors, to have the whole High School reflected plainly as by a Mirror. This rivalry, however, did not keep the one class from backing the other in its achievements. Who can say we did not make a success of the banquet in April last, and that our guests were not well pleased? The class of '22 it was who challenged the Juniors to a debate on December 19, 1921, and although we were defeated, we started debating in S. H. S. for '21 and '22. We are planning upon a class play, but owing to the sickness of our coach and president, the name has not been selected and likewise cast of characters. Our commencement exercises have also been planned. Yes, we are Seniors now. We are beginning to realize that all too soon we will have to face the bleak, cruel world, that all too soon we are going to be judged more severely than ever before by what we are, not what we want to be. Each of us is trying to belong to some organization by means of which we may leave our tiny mark of good in old S.H.S. in which we have spent four years trying to develop the good traits in each of us.

—Janet Drury, '22

**CLASS WILL**  
(Evelynn Lewis)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Board of Education, Superintendent of Schools, Teachers and friends:

Upon behalf of my client, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-two of the Salida High School, of the county of Chaffee, of the state of Colorado, I have called you together upon this serious occasion to listen to the last will and testament of said Class and to receive, in the last moments of her life, as an obedient and faithful class of the Salida High School, the few gifts she has to bestow.

Realizing that she is leaving this life, having gigantic imports to attend before the end comes, she deems it best to distribute these virtues with her own hands to those friends to whose needs they seem best fitted.

Listen then, one and all, while I read this document as duly drawn up and sworn to.

We, the Class of 1922 of the Salida High School, anticipating our demise from said institution, and being of sound mind and memory do hereby make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all other former wills and testaments made heretofore:

Item I:

We give and bequeath to our aspiring young friend, the class of twenty-three, the inestimable and illearned privilege of bearing, for one year, our discarded title of Seniors, and hereby invest them with the power of ruling the whole school, while bearing the said title, and they shall bear all responsibilities thereto involved.

Item II:

We give and bequeath to the dear Faculty who have been our instructors and who have worked so hard through these years of our seemingly everlasting grind, a succession of restful nights, sweet, pleasant, peaceful and unbroken dreams. May they never think of, remember or worry over the troubles which they had to endure, especially in our Senior year, for Seniors, as a rule, are a very bad class to deal with.

Item III.

Again, we give and bequeath to our faculty all amazing knowledge and startling information we have furnished them from time to time in our examination papers. We know that much which we imparted to them would throw much light on many heretofore familiar lines of thought throughout the world. If the faculty sees fit, they are hereby authorized to give out such information as they may feel the world is ready to receive and they themselves can afford to part with. We trust they will feel quite at liberty to use these rare bits of knowledge in educating the classes who come after us. This is, of course, left to their own personal discretion.

Item IV:

The following may seem but trifling bequests, but we hope that they may be accepted, not as worthless things, lavishly thrown away because we can no longer use them, but as valuable assets to those who may receive them and a continual reminder of the generosity of heart displayed in our full and free bestowal:



Caroline Beynon—I leave my silence to the school chatterbox.  
 Mary Blanchard—To Laura Veo I bequeath my beautiful golden tresses.  
 Louise Cantwell—I will to Wm. Davis my bewitching dimples to be used at least weekly.  
 Esther Densmore—Too Margaret Morris I leave my ability to slide without knowledge.  
 Janet Drury—I give and bequeath to the freshman boys my knack of mastering lessons.  
 Marguerite Edmondson—I leave my ability for talk to Beatrice Cope and hope that it will be used quite often so that it may not rust away.  
 Carrol England—I bequeath my lung power to the S. H. S. orchestra to be kept until the time when a cornetist appears.  
 Harold Forde—I give my extensive vocabulary to the S. H. S. to be divided equally among the Frosh.  
 June Gorham—To the Hon. Prof. Giffen, I give and bequeath my one and only African wig.  
 Albert Hill—I leave three feet of surplus territory to be divided equally between Anita Lang and Robert Reardon.  
 Frederic Kelley—I leave my Irish wit and humor to the next Frosh class in order to help them overcome their many backsets.  
 Evelyn Lewis—I bequeath as a time-saver my simple style of hairdress to Peggy Sandberg and Kathryn Kavanaugh.  
 Frieda Lillis—To the next art editor of Le Resume I leave my artistic tastes.  
 Bruno Marchi—I give my temper to all timid persons who fear the faculty.  
 Ranald Meacham—To Bernice Workman I leave my beautiful crimson blush.  
 Laura McDonough—I give my surplus avordupois to Mary Knickerbocker.  
 Harris Merten—I hereby give and bequeath all my pinon nut shells and rubbers to the janitor and his wife.  
 Margaret Miller—I give my great musical talent to Helen Cool.  
 Ruth Miller—I will my all around good fellowship to Anna Covey.  
 Viola Noble—To all old maids I give my ability in securing a mate.  
 Lena Peck—I leave my eternal smile to be used by Ethel Wilson at least daly.  
 Doretta Ream—I leave my housewifely traits to 'Ada Morck, hoping she may profit by them.  
 Luella Sage—I leave my pep in playing baseball to Nome Meacham.  
 Howard Smith—I hereby bequeath my advanced method of driving a flivver, with one arm, when out larking, to Beryl Smith and John Jay.  
 Kenneth Smith—I leave my bashfulness to Bernard Jacobs, sincerely hoping he will find it an aid.  
 George Teter—I will my specs to all Caesar students asking that they be used in getting an insight in the subject.  
 Novera Swedhin—I leave my laugh(snort) to accompany its twin sister which is owned by Lavina Dickman.  
 Jessie Vaughn—To Alex Stoddard I leave my primness.  
 Ansel Young—I hereby bequeath my mechanical genius to Deane Tyner hoping he will find it an aid in physics.

## 'Twas HALLOWE'EN

(Lena Peck)

'Twas Hallowe'en. The night was dark and stormy. The trees sighed when the wind moaned and the air was full of ghastly shapes and wierd sounds.

A dark shadow was stealthily creeping toward Methodist mountain. What was it? Don't get frightened. It was only the Seniors in search of the Witch of Methodist.

Now this old Witch came forth from her hiding place in the mountain every Hallowe'en to tell fortunes. All witches are ugly, but this one was as ugly as ugly can be. Instead of eyes, two tiny, glowing hot coals served the purpose. An eagle's beak formed her nose and her mouth spread from ear to ear in a "Cheshire cat grin." Horrible looking claws took the place of hands. Thirteen warts rested upon her right hand, while seven sat upon the left. Around her tall black hat of Fortune flew a bat. A sickly looking cat of Contentedness leaned against her scrawny neck. Upon her staff of Knowledge, perched the owl of Wisdom. Around her arm a snake was coiled, and three toads sat croaking at her feet. To complete the scene, a huge iron cauldron hung suspended over a bed of red hot coals.

As soon as the old Witch saw the Seniors coming she placed fifteen lizards, three bats, five toads and a can of angleworms into the cauldron. By the time the Seniors arrived the kettle was boiling merrily and savory odors filled the air.

When all were seated in a circle around the cauldron, the witch bent over it and became as one in a trance. At first nothing could be made from her mutterings. After some time her words became distinct and this is what she told the Class of '22.

"Janet Drury, I see you among many dark skinned children. They are not your own for they belong on an Indian reservation. You might be an overseer on this reservation but most probably you will teach the three 'R's. "Spud Kelley, I see you bending over a beautiful golden haired maiden. Ah! How romantic. Are you going to kiss her? No. You are pulling a tooth. You will have great success as a dentist if you advertise to be a 'Painless Dentist.' Take warning, however, and never practice longer than three months in each locality as you might suffer a 'Painless Death.'

"Carolyn Beynon, you are surrounded by many people. Four are sons, three daughters, four daughters-in-law, three sons-in-law and fifteen grandchildren. That is all, I think.

"Harris Merten, you will travel with a circus. As a dare-levil motorcycle rider, you will win great fame. Only once will you meet with an accident from which you never recover. Your fair 'Elaine' runs off with the 'pop-corn' man.

"Esther Densmore, you will live among peace and quiet. All day you may sit before a fire in an easy chair and knit, read, crochet, embroider or write. At twilight you will sip tea and eat sweet cakes. I also see three companions with you. A large white cat sits in the corner and purrs dreamily. A shepherd dog grunts contentedly as he stretches himself before the fire. Last but not least, a green parrot keeps you company with its ceaseless chatter.

"Luella, I see you driving a truck down one of the busiest streets in Toulouse, France. You are working for the Haviland China Co. At night you study bacteriology with the famous Professor Zumwalt.

"Jessie Vaughn, you will work in Baur's Candy Store in Denver. From being a chocolate dipper you will soon rise to the supervision of the fondant making.



"Laura McDonough, you are making bread, pies; now peeling potatoes, again frying meat. The best part of your life will be spent in wandering from one mining camp to another to find a position as cook.

"Lefty, for fifteen years you will try your hand at business. Then you will decide it is more profitable to play ball. At the end of three years you will be the champion pitcher of the world.

"Louise Cantwell, your life will be filled with misery. At the age of twenty-four you marry a Frechman and go to live in Paris. After five years, your husband will desert you and run off with your American maid. You will find work in a Modiste shop and thus support yourself and two children.

"Frances Merten, for five years you will travel far and near. During this time you will have been married five times and divorced four times. At last, you will settle in Hollywood, Calif., where you will be the 'Vamp' from 'Vampville' in the Mack Sennett Comedies.

"Meacham, never fear for you will set the world on fire. After learning the printer's trade you will publish the 'Wellsville Republican.'

"Bob Lewis, you will be a fortune teller and wanderer. Sometimes here—sometimes there—through heat and cold you wander over the plains of Siberia.

"Albert Hill will startle the world with his daring stunts in his 'Pet' aeroplane. Not only will he sail across the ocean many times, but will fly half way to the moon and back. Once he will fly too high, and from thence on will be a man of leisure.

"Ruth, after traveling for three years, you will go to Alaska. There you will meet the man of your dreams but he already has a wife so you will penetrate further into the wilderness. One day you come to a settlement which is badly in need of doctors and nurses. Here you will find your life work.

"June Gorham, you and Robert have already planned your future so nothing more can be said except prosperity and happiness will follow wherever you go.

"Bruno, your heart's desire will be won and your mind's desire will be obtained.

"Frieda, I see you drawing caricatures of the prominent men. Among them are Hill, England, Miller, and Merten. You also make illustrations for the books of the noted authoress, 'Swedhin'

"Margaret Miller, I hear your voice. You are taking the part of Cleopatra in the world famous operetta, 'Mark Anthony and Cleopatra.' You will also be an 'Edison' star. After fifty years of hard work, you will be taken to Pueblo for a much needed rest mind and body.

"Carroll England, in 1950 you will startle the world with your theory of the beginning of man. In 1975 you will be able to prove this theory.

"Novera, you will be a novelist. The names of a few are 'The Uprising of Hill,' 'The Fall of Hill,' 'The Scandals of Salida.' In all you will complete fifty-three books.

"Howard Smith, you will never hold a position longer than three weeks. From working in a bank you will fall down to a clerk, grocery boy, ice-cream peddler, gasoline station. At the end of three years you will receive a message telling of the death of Uncle Andy and that his worldly possessions are now yours. Upon going to receive these possessions, you will find he left nothing but a wife. The last your friends hear of you, you will be wandering from one lumber camp to another in search of a job.

"Ansel Young, you are surrounded by a black cloud. Ah! I see now, you are an engineer on the Southern Pacific Railway. You will work only 20 days a month and receive two hundred seventy-five dollars.

"Lena Peck, you are writing, writing, writing, day in and day out. You are trying to write Short Stories. All your work will not be in vain.

After forty-five years hard work several of your stories will be published in the 'Cleora Monthly.'

"Doretta, you will sew a fine seam from morning 'till night. Many fine gowns will you make for ladies, both north and south.

"George Teter, you will become the greatest farmer of the Northwest. In 1930 you will raise the largest wheat crop ever grown.

"Viola, you will be found among the physical culture teachers. Your pupils will be scattered from Arizona to Canada. They will range from 'spring fries' to 'old hens.'

"Mary Blanchard, you will teach Stenography and History in the Consolidated High School at Poncha.

"Marguerite Edmondson, you are going to be a missionary. For five years you will work in China. Your work will be so well done that they will send you to the 'wilds' of Africa where you will spend the remainder of your days.

"Out of this happy go lucky class I am glad to see one who will follow the footsteps of his father. Harold Forde, you will become a minister of the Presbyterian Church of London.

"The first of you to leave for the realms above or below will be——"

"No one knows—for just then a streak of red appeared in the east and the old witch vanished. The Seniors went quietly home to await the coming of the Fates and Father Time.

— S. H. S. —

### WILL THEY BE SORRY?

Will they be sorry when we are gone?  
Or will they be glad to be rid of our song?  
We never were angels, but just the same,  
We never were bad, or hard to tame.  
You couldn't expect the class of '22  
To do just what you wanted them to.  
Each day brought some new prank  
But wasn't the owner always frank?  
Some sank under the load  
Yet many reached the Senior abode.  
Now that we're almost through  
And will soon know who is who,  
I wonder, if they'll be sorry we are gone,  
Or if they'll be glad to be rid of our song?

—Lena Peck, '22.



# JUNIORS

## CLASS OFFICERS

President	- - - - -	Bernard Jacobs
Vice-President	- - - - -	Theodore Nance
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	Bernice Workman Harriet Welch
Colors—Purple and Gold.		

## SENIOR DIRECTORY (June Gorham)

Name	Initial	Desire	Song
Carolyn Beynon	Careful Biologist	To cut up Bugs and Things.	The Bull Frog in the Poor
Mary Blanchard	Mighty Bashful	To make a Perfect Recitation.	A Perfect Day
Louise Cantwell	Little Chicken	To have a comb.	The Roosters lay eges in Kansas
Esther Densmore	Ever Deviling	To go to Texas	Rustling of the Leaves
Janet Drury	Jolly Demon	To become some handsome young man's wife.	I want to be Somebody's Baby.
Marguerite Edmondson	Mighty Energetic	To make 100 in French	Oh! Frenchy Smiles
Carrol England	Crazy Enough	To make somebody laugh.	I never Was Raised to be a Soldier
Harold Forde	Handsome "Philosopher"	To go to West Point.	Those eyes, those lips, those hair
June Gorham	Jolly Girl	To be as tall as Nutt	Long Boy
Albert Hill	Always Happy	To be an Irishman	The Wearing of the Green
Fritz Kelley	Funny Kid	To be a Jazz Baby	A Young Man's Fancy
Frieda Lillis	Privious Lass	To be a song bird.	If Birds could tell
Evelynn Lewis	Ernest Lady	To be a Nurse	I don't want to get well
Ruth Miller	Rather Merry	To be more with Ollie	The Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along
Margaret Miller	Merry Maker	To break the Record	Pack up Your Papers in Your Old Kit Bag
Ranald Meacham	Rusty Membrane	To go to Chicago	Get out and get under
Bruno Marchi	Big Man	To be an Oil Man	Teach me
Harris Merten	Happy Monkey	To be a School Teacher	Take Your Girlie to the Movies
Frances Merten	Foxy Madame	To become a Movie Star	So and So--
Laura McDonough	Little Midget	To go motoring with Tollie	Oh Where is My Wandering Boy
Viola Noble	Very Nice	To be a Milliner	Put on our old Grey Bonnet
Lena Peck	Little Pesticator	To be a Dress Maker	Dance of the Demons
Doretta Peam	Dainty Pascal	To be a fancy dancer	Tennessee
Novera Swedhin	"Nuff Said	To help somebody else	Help somebody Today
Howard Smith	How Soothing	To be a farmer's wife	Turkey in the Straw
Kenneth Smith	Kind Samaritan	To be a Doctor	Oh! Death Where is Thy Sting?
Luella Sage	Likes Silence	To be a Circus Rider	Oh, Circus Day
Gorge Teter	Gentle Thing	To become a Chemist	Will There be Any More Stars in My Crown
Jessie Vaughn	Just Vim		
Ansel Young	Always yawning		





**Bernard Jakobs**

"And he, himself, was tall and thin  
With lips where smiles went out  
and in."

**Theodore Nance**

"When he plays he plays hard,  
when he works he doesn't  
play at all."

**Bernice Workman**

"A violet personified."

**Nome Meacham**

"She wears the rose of youth upon  
her."

**Ben Shaw**

"Wisdom is better than riches."

**Corinne Lyons**

"I am light-hearted—now what  
more would you have?"



**Pauline Millington**

"All who saw admired—courteous  
and gentle though retired."

**William Davis**

"A perfect lady but a rare fellow."

**Mae Harpending**

"Mine's not an idle cause."

**Dolores Heister**

"I was born to other things."

**Albert Everett**

"My only books were woman's  
looks  
And folly's all they taught me."

**Mary Dilley**

"Ambition is no cure for love."





**Kathryn Kavanaugh**  
"A thoughtful deep-eyed maiden."

**Henry Swygart**  
"I'm some guy."

**Mary Jensen**  
"I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth."

**Ada Morck**  
"Who can talk if you please—'till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese."

**Ray Coupland**  
"It's guid to be merry and wise  
It's guid to be honest and true."

**Florence Snell**  
"A second Min."



**Audrey Coombs**  
"There's an awful lot of knowledge,  
That you never get at college,  
"There are lots of things you never learn at school."

**Preston Kowalski**  
"He hath deep thought that often comes to the surface."

**Margaret Tomney**  
"Slow but sure."

**Helen Chesnut**  
"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

**Paul Banks**  
"Naught venture, naught have."

**Margaret Baird**  
"Vanity is the spice of life that gives it all its flavor."





**Marion Protzman**

"She will always do her duty well."

**Merlin Hubbard**

"I came from California."

**Virginia Russell**

"A model Girl Scout."

**Gertrude McDonough**

"Whatever skies above me, here's a heart for every fate."

**Harold Shirk**

"Did anybody say Shirk?"

**Harriet Welch**

"You wouldn't think it but she has a temper."



**Margaret Morris**

"An admirable musician, Oh, she will play the savageness out of a bear."

**John Jay**

"Let the world slide, let the world go;  
A fig for care, a fig for woe."

**Dorothy Schlessinger**

"Better late than never."

**Eva Netherley**

"In her eye is the law of kindness."

**Frank Knickerbocker**

"Tho modest, on his embarrassed brow, nature has written gentleman."

**Beatrice Cope**

"Let's meet and either do or die."



## JUNIOR HALL OF ACHIEVEMENTS

- Margaret Baird ..... Title, Class Chatterbox  
She can talk so fast that Mrs. Keyser has to get a Dictaphone to keep track of her chatter.
- Paul Banks ..... Title, Celebrated Author  
He is the author of the celebrated book, "How to dance with me."
- Helen Clesnut ..... Title, Class Grouch  
She has never giggled one giggle or smiled one smile during her whole high school career.
- Audrey Coombs ..... Title Inspirator  
She gave Edison his inspiration for the talking machine.
- Beatrice Cope ..... Title, Class Translator  
She translates Miss Rogers' and Mr. Tanton's handwriting at sight.
- Ray Coupland ..... Title, Class Inventor  
He invented a punch for punching the holes in a piece of cheese at one operation.
- William Davis ..... Title, Class Artist  
W. T. Benda stole one of his drawings and exhibited it as his own.
- Mary Dilley ..... Title, Beauty Specialist  
She has perfected a new way to make curls. She ties her hair to the gas pipe and sits on the piano stool and turns around.
- Albert Everett ..... Title, Doctor of Attendance  
He was given a medal for attendance. He comes to school faithfully two days every single week.
- Mae Harpending ..... Title, Class Dictionary  
She can use any number of big words and not stammer over any of them and she does not come from Pueblo either.
- Dolores Heister ..... Title, Class Blond  
She makes Peroxide blush for shame.
- Bernard Jakobs ..... Title, Class Chemist  
He analyzed the quality of one of Mr. Griffin's dentist jokes.
- John Jay ..... Title, Master of Debating  
He has devised a means of oratory for the United States Senate based on that of the Junior Debating Team.
- Mary Jensen ..... Title, Champion in History  
She made a perfect recitation on the Disarmament Conference.
- Kathryn Kavanaugh ..... Title, Class Sinn-Feiner  
She astonished her mother by hollering "Erin Go Bragth" at the age of three weeks.
- Frank Knickerbocker ..... Title, Food Conservator  
He has discovered that chalk water is an excellent substitute for milk.
- Preston Kowalski ..... Title, Junior Champion Fusser  
He fussed a girl all through a yell practice and was not even disturbed by the yells
- Corinne Lyons ..... Title, School Premiere Danseuse  
She has met with great success in her new dance, "The Fate of a Junior who Flunked in History."
- Gertrude McDonough ..... Title, Parking Shark  
She has parked all of Salida with her good intentions.
- Nome Meacham ..... Title, Class Pessimist  
She says she will always be a Shirker.
- Pauline Millington ..... Title, Most Wilful Junior  
She wants what she wants when she wants it but she'll ask Al or Owen about it.
- Ada Morck ..... Title, Class Missionary  
She is carrying on a war against flirting, dancing and the use of powder and paint.
- Margaret Morris ..... Title, Advocate of Hairdress Reform  
She is making a drive against large ear puffs.
- Eva Netherly ..... Title, Latin Shark  
She calls Caesar and Anthony by their first names.
- Marion Protzman ..... Title, Charity Worker  
She crocheted all the holes in the taffy sold in the Junior Candy Sale.
- Virginia Russell ..... Title, Junior Expert Sport Champion  
She can play an excellent game of tennis with her right hand and at the same time wave gracefully at the schoolhouse with her left.
- Dorothy Schlessinger ..... Title, Class Memory Expert  
She knows all of Newton's laws by heart.
- Ben Shaw ..... Title, Class Explorer  
At the risk of life and limb he explored the vast wilderness of the furnace room.
- Harold Shirk ..... Title, Class Bachelor  
He has succeeded in getting this far through High School without having a single love affair.
- Florence Snell ..... Title, Class Norma Talmadge  
Her resemblance to Norma has passed all expectations.
- Margaret Tomney ..... Title, Class Megaphone  
Her voice will thunder down the ages
- Henry Swygart ..... Title, Editor of "Sports," Denver Post  
He writes under the name of Floto for the Denver Post. Experience is a very good teacher.
- Harriet Welch ..... Title, Class Veteran  
"They shall not pass!" (Me either.)
- Bernice Workman ..... Title, Prize Baby  
She will have completed the period of growing up by the time she is eighteen.
- Merlin Hubbard ..... Title, Expert Handwriter  
He succeeded in writing an essay of which Miss Rubin could decipher but one word.



### THINKING

If you think you are beaten, you are;  
If you think you dare not, you don't;  
If you like to win, but you think you can't,  
Its a cinch you won't.  
If you think you'll lose, you're lost;  
For out in the world we find  
Success begins with a fellow's will,  
It's all in a state of mind.  
If you think you're outclassed you are;  
    You've got to think high to rise,  
    You've got to be sure of yourself before  
    You can ever win a prize.  
Life's battles don't always go  
To the stronger or faster man;  
    But sooner or later, the man who wins  
Is the one who thinks he can.

—The Weekly Whirl, Rocky Mountain Collegian

# SOPHS

### CLASS OFFICERS

President	- - - - -	John Mohrman
Vice-President	- - - - -	Ernest Johnson
Secretary	- - - - -	Norman Parker
Treasurer	- - - - -	Mildred Davidson

Colors—Silver and Cerise





## SOPHOMORES

Grace King	Ida Miller
Mary Alber	John Mohrman
Cecil Bush	Luella Montgomery
Howard Caviness	Jaunita Nigro
Emile Cole	Norman Parker
Wallace Cole	Arthur Pugh
Anna Covey	Nina Rains
Mildred Davidson	Mary Rout
Lavina Dickman	Ruby Rumsey
Jim Dilley	Margaret Sandberg
Guy Edmondson	Wilmot Sexton
Agapita Fernandez	Helen Shaw
Lloyd Forde	George Shirk
Arthur Garrelts	Gladys Skipton
Maxine Goddard	Stuart Smith
Phyllis Goddard	Iva Sneddon
Ula Handshy	Joe Stewart
George Howard	Emma Belle Tomney
Harry Hulse, Jr.	Laura Veo
Myrtle Jacobson	Thelma Whitmore
Ernest Johnson	Ethel Wilson
Ray Lytle	Harold Wilson
Fay Lang	Chas. Savage
Frances Mahar	Louise Ramey
Mytle Mahoney	Florence Bratton
Margaret Merten	Horace Hill
Elaine Miller	Irene Serene



### HAVE YOU A NAME?

Just because his name is Jack is no sign he's a Nation.  
Is Helen Cool?  
Bernice is a Freshman so the Groves must be green.  
Perhaps Burke **is** a Freeman.  
How many Boots has Helen.  
A Gaylord always wants Moore.  
Margaret would be lost without a Hall.  
Now what do you think? Julia is En Earl  
Pauline must like Howard.  
Elsie doesn't look like a Post.  
Surely Beryle isn't a Dean or Mildred a Bishop.  
You wouldn't think it, but Albert is a Newman already.  
Alva is still an Archer.  
Is Viola Noble?  
Did Kelley pick many "Spuds?"  
Have you ever seen George Teter?  
Is Blanchard always Mary?  
Do you suppose they named England after Carroll, or Carroll after Eng-  
land?  
Where did Harold get his Forde?  
Of course Lena's bigger than a Peck.  
How big or how little a Hill do Albert and Horace make?  
Just see how many Millers go to school.

— S. H. S. —

I hear you sent Miss Rogers five pounds of candy with your love.  
A druggist—Yes, she accepted the candy.

— S. H. S. —

A Senior—Why did you break with Miss Bode?  
A certain Man—Well, I was late one night, and she expected me to  
bring a written excuse from my father.

— S. H. S. —

Mrs. Cantwell—Louise, that young Alva Archer is too fresh. We shall  
have to sit down on him.

Louise, sweetly—Let me alone for that, mamma. I'll attend to that the  
next time he comes.

Mrs. Cantwell looks suspiciously at Louise, but says nothing.

— S. H. S. —

Soph.—How many times have you fallen in love?  
Esther, indignantly—What do you think I am, an adding machine?

— S. H. S. —

Miss Rubin—What is the difference between, "I am a Junior," and "I will  
be a Junior?"

Jim Dilley—Just credits.

# FRESHIES

### CLASS OFFICERS

President	- - - - -	Alva Archer
Vice-President	- - - - -	Dorothy Shaw
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	Monta Thompson

Colors—Blue and Gold.





## FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

Roy Shirk  
 Robert Reardon  
 Harry Pauly  
 Hillard Martin  
 Alva Archer  
 Cleo Shirk  
 Roy Harris  
 Clinton Patterson  
 Vernon Lyon  
 Rolland Rickman  
 Thos. Hazelhurst  
 John Kratky  
 Albert Newman  
 Fred Schlessinger  
 Alex Stoddard  
 Pearl Robbins  
 Willard Crouse  
 Myron England  
 Leonard Oliver  
 Beryle Dean  
 John Ashley  
 Glenn Newman  
 Frank O'Hara  
 Violet Goddard  
 Zene Willingham  
 Irene Demphy  
 Thos. Mahoney  
 Mildred Bishop  
 Elsie Post  
 Frank Bradbury  
 Morrel McKenzie  
 John Walte  
 Jack Mundlein  
 Sylvia Willingham  
 Vera Jones  
 Doris Davidson  
 Alice Cunningham  
 Gordon Brantley  
 Gladys Posselt  
 Bessie Runyan  
 Alta Thurman  
 Mildred Coleman  
 Helen Mulbins  
 Pauling Howard  
 Julia EnEarl  
 Monta Thompson  
 Thelma Olmsted

Dorothy Allen  
 Alma Belwood  
 Helen Langfield  
 Muriel Davie  
 Mary KnickerLocker  
 Opal Carter  
 Ruth Costello  
 Dorothy Shaw  
 Fern Tuttle  
 Anna Lash  
 Helen Baird  
 Beatrice Hanks  
 Allison Preston  
 Martha Russell  
 Willie Williams  
 John Frey  
 Beryle Smith  
 Robert Belwood  
 Russel Willingham  
 Cleo Rains  
 Dorothy Gibson  
 Hester Kline  
 Rosalie O'Hara  
 Kenneth Johnson  
 Adah MacNab  
 Donald Mahar  
 Jack Nation  
 Izetta Zabrisky  
 Jack Holcomb  
 Bernice Groves  
 Imogene Myers  
 Margaret Ahern  
 Burke Freeman  
 Harold Mazulla  
 Thelma Vandover  
 Geneva West  
 Helen Boots  
 Maragret Hall  
 Wilma Handshy  
 Gaylord Moore  
 Mildred Beynon  
 Edith Vaughn  
 Anita Lang  
 Levi Sage  
 Margaret Perchbacker  
 Helen Cool



**BANG!!!!**

The Seniors are about to be pinched for carrying '22's.

— S. H. S. —

**FOR BOYS ONLY**

Now girls, we've not a thing to tell  
For this is just a little "sell,"  
And you are going to feel real sneakin'  
For your everlasting peekin'!

— S. H. S. —

I know what I know when I know it. Why should a mere teacher argue with me.—Howard Smith.

— S. H. S. —

Ranald Meacham tells us in English of a great calamity in the life of Jonathan Swift. He tells us that Swift was born some months after the death of his mother.

— S. H. S. —

Miss Wadell—You are absolutely silly.  
June—We had something to laugh at.  
Miss Wadell—You shouldn't look at Mr. Giffen.

— S. H. S. —

Mr. Giffen tells us that psychologists can tell from the smoothness of your head, how much you know. That being the case, he should stay away from them for his head is gettnig pretty smooth on top.

— S. H. S. —

Mr. Giffen—Margaret Morris, what is the matter?  
Margaret—I was thinking.  
Mr. G.—Well, I must say, there are no end of curious things happening.

— S. H. S. —

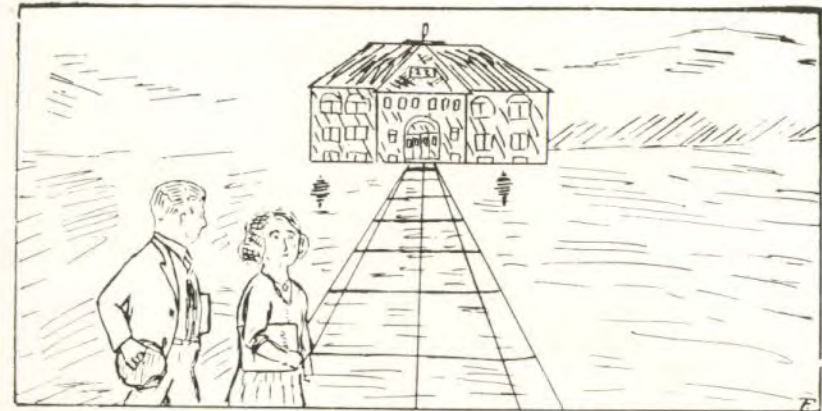
There was a discussion in English 12. Fritz was busily reading some other book. Miss Rubin—We are talking about Crabbe. What about him? Fritz, coming to—Crabbe who?

— S. H. S. —

For Sale—A small table by an old maid with carved mahogany legs.

— S. H. S. —

Accident! Auto skidded and struck a woman in the safety zone.  
Directions—When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid under hydrant. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it must be boiled.



# SCHOOL LIFE

## ♦SECTIONS♦

I. SOCIETY

II. CLUBS

III. PUBLICATIONS

IV. ATHLETICS

V. LITERARY



## FAIRYLAND

(Lena Peck)

Who was the foolish person who said there were no fairies or such a thing as fairyland? This person made a serious mistake, for upon the twenty-ninth of April, 1921, the Assembly Hall of the Library was transformed into such a fairyland as would make the fairies themselves envious.

Butterflies of many colors and sizes fluttered here, there and everywhere. Upon tables covered with snow-white cloths sparkled the silverware in the glimmer of blue and gold candles. The perfumes of rare flowers filled the air.

Was that all? Oh, no! Boys and girls from sweet sixteen to eighteen, with smiling faces and happy hearts, peeped shyly at their neighbors. Soon however, they were busy making goodies disappear, which were prepared by the P. E. O's. Between the courses toasts were given.

Toastmistress .....	Miss Montgomery
Welcome .....	Harold Forde
Response .....	Robert Carson
To the Girls .....	Bruno Marchi
To the Boys .....	Evelynn Lewis
Faculty .....	Emmett Madden
Response .....	Mr. Tanton
Our School .....	Lena Peck
Farewell .....	Arthur Morris

The Seniors soon forgot that this was their farewell in the happy moments that followed. Some played games, while others danced. At a late hour the banquet closed. Thus was another good time with happy thoughts added to the book of Memory.

— S. H. S. —

First Freshman—That's a pretty harness your dog wears.

Second Ditto—Harness?

First—Yes.

Second—That ain't what sis says it is. She says it's his suspenders to keep up his pants.

— S. H. S. —

Mr. Tanton—Harris, how does it come that you are always behind in your studies?

Harris Merten—If I wasn't behind I couldn't pursue them.

— S. H. S. —

Thump—rattle—bang went the piano.

Mr Morris—What are you trying to do, Margaret?

Margaret—I'm playing from my new instruction book, "First Steps in Music."

Mr. Morris—Well, I thought you were playing with your feet. Don't step so hard on the keys. It disturbs my sleep.

— S. H. S. —

Jack Munlin—What do you call a fellow that runs an auto?

Lefty Smith—It depends on how near he came to hitting me.



## BOY'S GLEE CLUB

Although there were few boys to turn out for the Boys' Glee Club, those that did join, formed a very good Glee Club. The boys have sung several songs at our Friday morning assemblies. The following boys are regular members:

First Tenors—Cecil Bush, Clinton Patterson and Roy Harris.

Second Tenor—Albert Everett, Glenn Lang, Russell Willingham and Harry Hulse

First Bass—John Jay, Frederick Schlessinger, and Carroll England.

Second Bass—Harold Forde, Ranald Meacham and Preston Kowalski.

This year there was also formed a boys' quartet. The members were Cecil Bush, first tenor; Albert Everett, second tenor; Carroll England, first bass; and Harold Forde, second bass. These boys have learned several clever songs which they have sung often.



Girls' Glee Club



## GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

About the middle of September all the girls who were musically inclined "ah-ed and la-ed" for Miss Clanton until she had placed each of the sixty who enrolled. In testing, 'twas found that the S. H. S. Glee Club had some fine voices. Who knows but what some world famed opera star may receive his or her start from the S. H. S. G. C.?

Our girls have practiced twice a week after school to work up their programs, for which act they are to be highly complimented as these hours are not generally used for any class.

In spite of these hours for working, the girls have had lots of fun in working up their splendid programs and the musical comedy "Paul Revere" which they gave, with the help of the boys.

Miss Clanton is a fine director and works in close co-operation with the girls in all they do and the girls wish to thank her for her aid in all their work.

— S. H. S. —

## PAUL REVERE

(E. Lewis)

The Glee Clubs this year gave the musical comedy "Paul Revere." The play, which was Colonial in its entirety, was based upon the hero of the famous "midnight ride." The costumes throughout were colonial and were cleverly matched. During the performance the stately minuet was danced.

The play was a success financially and the money was given toward a fund which is to be used to buy a new piano for our assembly.

— S. H. S. —

He kissed her on the cheek,  
It seemed a harmless frolic,  
But now he's sick in bed,  
Laid up with painters' colic.

— S. H. S. —

Miss W.—Robert, what is the height of your ambition, anyway?  
Robert C.—She comes a little above my shoulder.  
Mrs. Keyser in history,—Lord How (Howe) he went to Boston.

— S. H. S. —

Bruno Marchi—Say, Mr Giffen, do you believe in heredity?  
Mr. Giffen—Of course I do. Why, I have three of the brightest girls you ever saw.





**Y. W. C. A.**

(Mary Dilley)

A Y. W. C. A. was organized by the girls of the Salida High School, November 4, 1921. At the first meeting the constitution was adopted with but two amendments. The officers were elected as follows:

- |                      |                |
|----------------------|----------------|
| President .....      | Lena Peck      |
| Vice-President ..... | Florence Snell |
| Secretary .....      | Anna Covey     |
| Treasurer .....      | June Gorham    |
| Reporter .....       | Mary Dilley    |

Meetings were held the second and fourth Friday of each month, when reports from the various committees were made, giving a resume of the work being done by the Association. At the conclusion of the business session a program, prepared by the Entertainment Committee was rendered.

Among the many entertaining events brought before the Association at their meetings were papers on "An Ideal Girl," "The Girl's Bedroom," "The Girl's Home Life" and "An Ideal Home," from a health standpoint.

The meetings were further enlivened by an address given by Miss Wood on the work of the Y. W. C. A. A talk, also was given by Mr. Nash, who spoke on "A Girl's Christian Life, at Home and at School."

During the month of January, a "Foreign Exhibit" was given by the Association. The West Central Field Commission sent foreign mission boxes containing a collection of curios and costumes from Japan, China, and India for the exhibit. During the exhibit the Domestic Science room was tastefully decorated with Japanese lanterns. Tea was served during the afternoon by the girls, dressed in Japanese costumes.



**HOME HYGIENE CLASS**

(Viola Noble)

The Red Cross Standard course in "Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick" was given under direction of Miss Jennie Walker, school nurse, supplemented by practical demonstration work in the application of the text book. The class met every Tuesday and Thursday evening from 3:30 to 5 o'clock. The regular course of fifteen lessons was extended to eighteen lessons of ninety minutes each, thereby giving each student one High School credit. One interesting feature of the course was a lecture given by Dr. Curfman on the "Causes of Disease." This was illustrated by microscopic slides of the germs which cause the common diseases of every day life. The classes proved very interesting, especially on the day we had little Dinty Boring for the demonstration of "Bathing the Baby." At the end of the course a written examination and practical test were given. All girls having an average grade of 75 per cent were awarded a certificate from Red Cross headquarters.

Viola Noble





**THE TENDERFOOT**

(Ada Morck, '23)

The high school paper, the "Tenderfoot," has endeavored to bring to students the news and events of each successive school month. It has been a hard task, on account of so many of the editorial staff having to resign because of heavy school work.

Each individual has taken an interest and contributed to the box, which has been put on the stage and no group was any more eager than the subscribers when the "Tenderfoot" came out.

The editorial staff is as follows:

Editor-in-Chief .....	Ada Morck
Business Manager .....	Albert Everett
Assistant Business Manager .....	Alva Archer
Literary Editor .....	Audrey Coombs
Exchange Editor .....	Margaret Miller
Joke Editor .....	Bernard Jakobs
Typist .....	Helen Baird

**Class Reporters**

Esther Densmore .....	Senior
Ben Shaw .....	Junior
Cecil Bush .....	Sophomore
Anita Lang .....	Freshmen
Faculty Advisors .....	Miss Rogers and Mr. Kyle



**Athletic Council**

**ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**

(Carroll England)

Last fall the following representatives were chosen for the Athletic Association:

Seniors—June Gorham, Frederic Kelley.

Juniors—Harold Shirk, Virginia Russell.

Sophomores—James Dilley, Ula Handshy.

Freshmen—Hillard Martin, Alva Archer, Martha Russell.

These representatives elected for officers: Howard Smith, president; Theodore Nance, vice-president; and Virginia Russell, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Kyle is faculty supervisor and coach.

During the fall some Booster Books were published by the Association. The proceeds of these books were to go to buy athletic equipment for this spring.

Baseball and tennis schedules were arranged for in the fall, and we hope to have several good tournaments in the spring. This is really a peppy bunch of students so they ought to get up something worth while. **Let's boost them!**

—Carroll England, '22



## ATHLETICS IN S.H.S.



FRITZ WINS THE 220



START OF THE MILE HOME MEET



PINNEY PRACTICING



JOHNNY M. SHOWS 'EM HOW



PRESTON UP!



MILE HOME MEET



COACH KYLE



BRUNO ENDS THE MILE



FRESHMEN WINNERS FALL BASEBALL



SENIORS WINNERS FALL TENNIS



FRESHMEN WINNERS FALL TENNIS



LEFTY SHOWS FORM



START OF 440 HOME MEET



JIM B. TRIES OUT



ATHLETES?



FRITZ WINS RELAY

## CANON CITY TRACK MEET

At Canon City last Spring, a track meet was held between Canon City, Colorado Springs, Salida and Walsenburg, at Canon. Of course, the Salida bunch had a great time trying to stir up some pep in Canon, visiting the "pen" and parading the streets. The track meet was held at 2:00 o'clock. Our hundred yard man was not in the bunch, so we lost that. Lefty tied for third in the hurdles. Bruno took third in the mile. Lizzie placed first in the vault. The relay was very exciting even if we didn't have anyone in it. Colorado Springs took first place, Canon City second and Salida third. Walsenburg had to take the tail end. All those who went down on the train returned Saturday night but most of those in cars returned Sunday.

— S. H. S. —

## SPRING BASEBALL

Salida played a few games of baseball with other schools. The Cotopaxi games were really hardly worth while watching, as they were too one-sided. The Gunnison games, on the other hand, were fast and even. Gunnison managed to win both games played, not by the pitching, but by the fielding back of the pitching. The following is a list of games and scores:

Salida 12	At Gunnison	Gunnison 13
Salida 3	At Salida	Gunnison 4
Salida 26	At Salida	Cotopaxi 5
Salida 13	At Cotopaxi	Cotopaxi 0

— S. H. S. —

## SPRING TRACK MEETS

Salida vs. Gunnison at Gunnison  
At the same time that Salida played Gunnison baseball at Gunnison, our track team competed with Gunnison track team. This meet had to be held in about five or six inches of snow. For some unaccountable reason, most of our men were sick and Gunnison took the track meet.

— S. H. S. —

## SPRING TENNIS WITH GUNNISON

Saturday, April 16, the day after their arrival at Gunnison, our fellows played the Gunnison tennis team. The result was entirely disastrous to our team.

### Saturday, May 14, at Salida

Saturday, May 14, again saw the Gunnison and Salida teams of tennis compete. The players were:

June Gorham vs. Minnie Beals  
Hilda Volck vs. Margaret Beals  
Robert Carson vs. Harvey Neilson  
Ranald Meacham vs. Jack Miller

All the singles were won by Salida except Meacham's.

The doubles teams were as follows:

Gorham and Volck vs. Beals and Beals  
Carson and Meacham vs. Neilson and Miller

In the doubles, our girls won, but our boys lost. Taking into consideration the whole match, Salida won from Gunnison.



### INTERCLASS TENNIS

The following is the schedule for the interclass tennis in the spring:

- Boys' Singles: First, Ray Coupland, Sopohomore, 3 points.  
 Second, Leslie Bush, Senior, 1 point.  
 Boys' Doubles: First, Freshmen, 5 points  
 Second, Juniors, 3 points.  
 Girls' Singles: First, June Gorham, Junior, 3 points  
 Second, Virginia Russel, Sophomore, 1 point  
 Girls' Doubles: First, Sopohomores, 5 points;  
 Second, Juniors, 3 points.

The Juniors and Sopohomores tied for first with 9 points each. The Freshmen next with 5 points and Seniors last with 1 point.

### HOME MEET, MAY 20, 1921

Event	First	Second	Third
100 yd. dash	F. Kelley	B. Marchi	L. Bush
Girls' 50 yd. dash	L. Sage	D. Heister	M. Edmondson
Mile run	B. Marchi	D. Evans	H. Shirk
Boys' shot-put	K. Smith	F. Mazzulla	T. Nance
Girls' 100 yd. dash	L. Sage	L. Routt	M. Edmonds
Girls' board jump	L. Peck	M. Edmondson	D. Heister
Discus	T. Nance	C. England	S. Patterson
Girls' shot-put	V. Russell	J. Gorham	F. Mazzulla
880 yd. run	B. Marchi	D. Evans	M. Wilbur
Pole vault	P. Kowalski	J. Jay	H. Shirk
120 yd. hurdles	F. Kelley	K. Smith	C. Bush
Boys' high jump	R. Carson	H. Martin	H. Martin
Girls' baseball throw	V. Russell	M. Edmondson	T. Nance
Boys' 440 yd. dash	K. Smith	B. Marchi	A. Work
220 yd. dash	F. Kelley	K. Smith	R. Carson
Girls' basket ball throw	J. Gorham	- - - -	R. Carson
One-handed throw	A. Work	V. Russell	H. Mohrman
Two-handed throw	V. Russell	A. Work	H. Mohrman
Girls' 1/4 mile relay	Juniors	Sophomores	- - - -
Boys' 1/2 mile relay	Juniors	Sophomores	Freshmen
First in Home Meet		Juniors	91 1/2 points
Second in Home Meet		Sophomores	51 1/2 points
Third in Home Meet		Freshmen	21 points
Fourth in Home Meet		Seniors	15 points

### STANDING OF CLASSES IN 1920-21 INTERCLASS ATHLETIC CONTEST

	Eighth	Freshmen	Sophomores	Juniors	Seniors
Boys' baseball	18	..	6	30	..
Girls' baseball	..	18	30	..	6
Fall Tennis	..	12	..	4	20
Bicycle Race	2	6	..	..	10
Cross-country run	..	6	2	10	..
Spring tennis	..	2	8	8	..
Track Meet	..	6	18	30	..
Total	20	50	64	82	36

At the beginning of the year a banner was offered to the class receiving the most points in these contests. The Juniors, by taking the most points, won the banner. They, also, received the Baseball Cup, since they had won the fall tournament.

Carroll England, '22

### FALL BASEBALL

The following is a schedule for the fall baseball tournament:

Freshmen	8	Sophomore	6
Freshmen	11	Junior	7
Freshmen	15	Eighth Gr.	4
Freshmen	5	Sophomore	3
Freshmen	12	Eighth Gr.	5
Freshmen	8	Junior	7
Sophomore	22	Eighth Gr.	2
Sophomore	12	Eighth Gr.	4
Junior	22	Eighth Gr.	2
Junior	4	Sophomore	14
Junior	3	Sophomore	10
Junior	4	Eighth Gr.	5
Junior	12	Eighth Gr.	9

	Won	Lost	Percent
1st. Freshmen	6	0	1000
2nd. Sophomore	4	2	666 2-3
3rd. Junior	2	5	286 4-7
4th. Eighth Gr.	1	6	142 6-7

The Freshmen challenged the High School to a game after the tournament. The High School won in a score of 9 to 6.

Carroll England, '22

### THE FLAG RACE

January Twenty-first was cold and windy; but nevertheless at 3:45 about a score of young fellows lined up for the flag race. This is the plan of the race: There were to be seven flags stationed at the top ridge of the regular cross-country course. The flags counted as follows: first, 13; second, 11; third, 9; fourth, 7; fifth, 5; sixth, 3; and seventh, 1. If a person could catch a runner in front of him who had a flag, he could tap him on the shoulder and compel him to give up his flag. The runner must be allowed three steps before he could be deprived of his flag after he had taken it from the other fellow.

Contrary to all expectations, Harold Shirk came in first, Bruno Marchi, second; Fay Lang, third; Robert Reardon, fourth; Ranald Meacham, fifth; Glenn Newman, sixth; and Willie Williams, seventh. The Seniors took first with 16 points, Juniors second with 13 points, Freshmen third with 11 points, and Sophomores fourth with 9 points.

Carroll England, '22





### ALPHA LITERARY SOCIETY

The Alpha Literary Society was organized the first of this year for the purpose of promoting a higher appreciation of good literature among the students. The officers for the first semester were:

President, Frieda Lillis; Vice-president, Louise Cantwell; Sec. and Treas., Bernice Workman; Reporter, Evelyn Lewis.

The Club gave a play before the assembly which was greatly appreciated. The girls were coached by Miss Ruth Rogers, their critic.

During the first semester, we studied Lady Gregory, John Galsworthy and the Drama as a unit. The officers for the second semester were:

President, Ruth Miller; Vice-Pres., Lena Peck; Sec. and Treas., Mildred Davidson; Reporter, Esther Densmore.

There was a meeting held in the evening at the home of Margaret Morris. This was our first social meeting. The following program was given:

Piano Solo ..... Pauline Millington  
 "The Light Went Out" (Pantomime)

Those participating were Ruth Miller, Esther Densmore, Lena Peck, Howard Smith and Albert Hill

Piano solo ..... Margaret Morris

This ended the program, after which many amusing games were played. Delicious refreshments were served. Departure was then made. The verdict was given that a very pleasant evening had been spent.

The Club plans to entertain the students at an assembly with the following program:

Piano Solo - - - Lena Peck	Reading - - - Margaret Morris
Solo - - - Margaret Miller	Dialogue, Louise Cantwell, Mildred Davidson.
Quartet, Evelyn Lewis, June Gorham, Ruth Miller, Pauline Millington.	Remarks by President, Ruth Miller

The Society will be continued next year.

Following is a list of the active members and critic:

Louise Cantwell, Mildred Davidson, Esther Densmore., June Gorham Evelyn Lewis, Frieda Lillis, Pauline Millington, Elaine Miller, Margaret Miller, Ruth Miller, Ada Morck, Margaret Morris, Lena Peck, Bernice Workman.  
 Miss Ruth Rogers, Critic

### DEBATING

(June Gorham)

"What's that? The Freshmen beat the Sophomores?"

"Yes, sir! And that's not all, the Juniors beat the Seniors."

"Now what do you know about that?"

"Who were the debaters, and what were the questions?"

"Well, the Freshmen and Sophomores had: Resolved, that the President of the United States should hold office six years and be ineligible to re-election. The Freshmen had the negative and their debaters were: John Kratky, and say, he was fine. He talked mostly with his hands. Imogene Myers was good too. John Walte sure could talk, and Vera Jones got so excited that she brought out lots of goods points. The Sophomores had the affirmative. Elaine Miller, when she got up to talk, was the very picture of her father, but before she got through she was the very phonograph of her mother. Lloyd Forde will some day make a great debater, for he sure told them some things Wallace Cole—his name just fits. He would make things pretty hot.

The Juniors and Seniors had the question, Resolved: that all interstate railroads should be owned by the U. S. government. The Juniors had the negative side of this question. Their debaters were Bernice Workman, John Jay, Preston Kowalski and Albert Everett. They were a good bunch of debaters and beat the Seniors two to one. The Senior debaters were, Frieda Lillis, Bruno Marchi, Ranald Meacham, and Harold Forde. They were beaten, but they were a peppy bunch and were good losers.

— S. H. S. —

### THE SPANISH CLASS

Hablan ustedes bien el espanol? No, but we hope to soon. Miss Fisher kindly offered to organize this class at the request of a few Seniors who wanted to learn the essentials of this language, and who would not have the advantage of taking it as a regular study when we get the Junior High. This class meets regularly on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1 to 1:30 o'clock. We find the study of it very easy and yet very interesting. As Spanish is rapidly eliminating French as a universal language, we do not see why it was not placed in our curriculum several years ago. Furthermore, we have as neighbors so many of these Spanish-Americans, we really owe it to ourselves to be able to speak their language. We feel that the hour weekly given to this study is well spent and we wish to thank Miss Fisher most sincerely for her help.

Janet Drury, '22



## WALLS

We are leaving you, old S. H. S.,  
We are going out from your walls,  
We are going out into the world, H. S.,  
Out where man and duty calls.

We've had pleasant times within your halls,  
We have learned many a lesson dear,  
You have fitted us out with many a shield  
That will aid us year by year.

We love dear old S. H. S.,  
School of our youthful dreams,  
We revere the principle for which you stand.  
You know what sincerity means.

So now, we bid thee farewell,  
To seek each one his task,  
But always remember, old school,  
We will think of you 'till the last.

—Ruth Miller, '22.

## GREETINGS FROM THE ALUMNI

(Robert Carson)

Over a quarter of a century ago, the institution most loved and honored by the youth of Salida was founded. Every year from that time on, an average of twenty-five well-trained students have gone out, either to higher education or to start at once solving the problems of life.

There have been seen a great many examples of success personified by S. H. S. graduates; some are in the service of Uncle Sam in foreign countries, some are now in the great cities of America and a great many of them are present and living examples in our own home town. A number of the most successful business men of Salida are graduates of S. H. S.

The writer being a graduate of the S. H. S. with the class of '21, he has investigated the whereabouts of his classmates who are still, in heart at least, schoolmates to all of you. He finds old "Cicero" Donley in Ann Arbor, after being fully trained in the arts of warfare in the citizens' training school at Fort Logan; "Mortuary" Madden is in Chicago studying to become an undertaker; "Ham" Mohrman has become the matron of the Brown's Canon Institute of learning; "Jackie" Joblin hopes to become an attractive "interpretative dancer;" the other members of '21 are still in Salida, but being out of school so short a time, still cherish great hopes and ambitions.

We, all of us, are proud to be hailed as Alumni of old S. H. S. and wish to extend our heartiest greetings to the class which is now joining our ranks, and to extend best wishes and fondest hopes to those who are to continue to make Salida ever proud of old S. H. S.

— S. H. S. —

## REMARKABLE REMARKS

Mr. Giffen—That is to say—  
Mr. Tanton—You've heard of the—  
Mrs. Keyser—In your Independents—  
Carrol England—Fortheluvvamide  
Frances Merten—But I don't see why—  
Miss Rogers—I would think that by the time you are Seniors—  
Evelynn Lewis—Oh! Pat!  
Eva Nethery—And uh—  
Miss Wadell—Kenneth and Howard get rid of your gum.  
Louise Cantwell—Tee-Hee.  
Miss Clanton—Sound the parts, Margaret.  
Mr. Kyle—I didn't ask for—But for—  
Howard Smith—Gimme some gum.  
Emmett Madden—Oh! Janet, got your Virgil?  
J Miss Fisher—Every bit of every lesson every day.

S. H. S.

—F. '22.

Mrs. Keyser—When was the Revival of Learning?  
Esther Densmore—Just before the History exam. Anyway it was in my case.



# CALENDAR

Are the asters abloom on the hillside  
And the leaves playing in the arroyo?  
Are the quaking asps turning yellow  
On Methodist's noble brow?  
Then the wind bears the message,  
'Tis fall.

'Mid those scenes of joy and confusion,  
We began with school. I remember  
We saw old friends and many new faces  
On that seventh of September.

All classes elected their officers the ninth,  
And soon settled down to work,  
With a zip and hip and hip, hip, hurrah.  
Each one determined no duty he'd shirk.

Now the Seniors had some money  
Left from the fund of last year's paper,  
So with the Juniors celebrated  
And cut many a kiddish caper.

On September 30th, O ye banquet grand,  
O, the enviable position of a teacher.  
Now Nurse Walker organized her hygiene class  
And taught us the ills of the human creature.

We assemble each Friday morning  
With oft times a good preacher to speak  
On subjects ranging widely  
Until we are really getting meek.

But goodness doesn't last long,  
Not when it's Hallowe'en,  
The Sophs celebrated on Friday,  
But on Saturday the Freshies were seen.

On October 17th, the Girls' Glee Club  
Sing for our friends of the P. T.A.,  
On the 25th, under Miss Rubin's supervision,  
Y. W. was organized, we hope to stay.

The Seniors vote to have an annual  
And hope by all 'twill be relished.  
On the 31st, we all assembled  
And vote to have a paper published.

The first of November the Premier Artists came,  
To perform for us here in Salida.  
Just before this time we began to hear  
Of a society called the Alpha

Lena, Florence, Anna, June. Mary for reporters,  
Were elected by the "Y" for the term's duration.  
It was also on November 4th, you will remember  
That Dr. Manual gave a talk entitled "Education."



November 8th, a staff was chosen to edit a H. S. paper.  
We celebrated November 11th in this nation;  
Hurrah! Our Glee Club sings at the opera house,  
And we are off for a vacation.

On Friday, the 18th, we had an assembly,  
And Y. W. C. A. appointed committees.  
On the 21st, the double quartet at P. T. A.  
Did sing some melodious "ditties."

On the 22nd of November, Miss Goode spoke to the "Y."  
On the 23rd, what's the matter with Alpha?  
They played "Our Aunt From California."  
About the best little play in Salida.

Aren't you glad Thanksgiving comes  
Even just once a year?  
On December 6th, the Tenderfoot came out,  
And every one stood on his ear.

On the 13th of December, the Juniors met the Seniors  
In the thickest of the fray.  
They did battle with words and books,  
But the Juniors were victorious, much to dismay.

As the wind blows down from the mountains,  
And flings its load of snow,  
While the air with frost is tingle  
And the ice is ready for skating—we know  
'Tis winter.

I might mention something about exams,  
But I don't think you'll forget the date  
When we carried home all dear books,  
And sat up studying early and late.

The Sophomores and Freshmen battled valiantly  
About the president and his term of years.  
The Freshmen overcame the Sophomores  
And laughed away their fears.

On the 3rd of February, we had the funny pieces,  
All spoke with zest before us.  
Frances Mahar won second place  
But the first went to Margaret Morris.

On the 10th of March, we found our Orations  
With their readings, the judges sayin'  
Ruth Miller won the second place,  
But the first goes to Sophomore Elaine.

It is George Washington's birthday, do you know?  
Or isn't it worrying you?  
He did many great things, but greater still,  
He gives us all a vacation too.

Perhaps you heard the query through the halls,  
Where in the wide world is all the girls' hair?  
The Glee Clubs gave their performance  
Though the weather wasn't fair.

On the 10th of March, we found our Orations  
Were scarce and far between.  
The second standing went to Fred.  
Johnny won first, as was seen.

When the soft rain plays on the violets,  
And the anemones are out,  
When the birds are calling from tree tops  
And each twig puts forth its sprout  
Then 'tis spring.

On March 14th, we laid to rest,  
One of our most beloved friends.  
Edgar Kesner labored and worked for us  
As a man only, God in heaven sends,  
It can truly be said of him.  
He was sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,  
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

Ruth Miller, '22

— S. H. S. —

## THE LIGHT

On December 16, 1921, the Parent-Teachers Association presented "The Light" at the Empress Theater. Many of the S. H. S. teachers and students took part.

Any City, played by Robert Carson, a citizen who scanned the tax budget, was horrified at the amount. He found that the appropriation for educational purposes was the only one that could be cut. He fell asleep and Education, played by Miss Ruth Rubin, appeared to him in a dream and showed him a glimmer of light, proving to him that he should increase the school tax, and under no condition decrease it.

There were eight glimmers: Experience, Tradition, Invention, Training, Lesson in Democracy, Force, A Warning and Training for Democracy.

Each glimmer was acted out by the different teachers and students.

It took much work and a great deal of practice in preparing for the Pageant but it was a great success. Over \$200 was cleared and the money is to be used for the New Gymnasium Equipment.

June Gorham, '22.



## DECLAMATORY CONTEST

A letter was received from the Florence High School, asking Salida High School to join in a declamatory contest to be held in Florence, April 7, Canon, Florence and Salida participating. It was voted on and unanimously carried that we join the contest.

There are to be three divisions, Humorous, Dramatic and Oratorical.

The first tryout was the Humorous division, which was held in January. Anyone, and any number, from each class could enter. Margaret Morris, a junior, gave "At the Movies," winning first place. Frances Mahar, a Sophomore, gave "The Journey," winning second place.

The Dramatic division was held in February. Elaine Miller recited "Pollyanna," getting first and Ruth Miller, Senior, won second with "The Perfect Tribute."

The first of March, the Oratorical division was held. First place was given to John Mohrman. He gave one of Roosevelt's speeches. Frederic Schlessinger was given second place. His oration was "A Message to Garcia," by Elbert Hubbard.

The winners of first place expect to go to Florence April 7 and bring back all the honors. We know they will.

June Gorham, '22

— S. H. S. —

A mosquito bit me on the lip last night,  
It had good taste.

— S. H. S. —

First, take a little dark porch, and add either a quantity of moonlight or solitude. Press into two big hands, two little ones. Add one ounce of hesitation and two ounces of fight. Kiss one cheek or two lips, and flavor with a scream or a hug as suits the occasion. Sit apart for awhile. Repeat as often as you get the chance. This recipe has been tried and is found to be very satisfactory. See F. L. and M. D.

— S. H. S. —

Mildred Davidson—"Do you like tea?"  
Fay Lang—"Yes, but I like the next letter better."

— S. H. S. —

Frank Knickerbocker—Listen, Miss Parks, will you give a poor fellow a bite to eat?

Miss Parks—"I'll send for Mr. Tanton immediately."  
Frank—"You need not, I'm no cannibal."

— S. H. S. —

Mr. Giffen—One hundred degrees Centigrade or two hundred twelve degrees Fahrenheit is the boiling point of water.

Frances Merten—"What is blood heat on some thermometers?"  
Howard Smith—"The temperature at which blood boils."





**LOIS E. SHELTON**

(In Memoriam)

One day last autumn, the halls of the High School were hushed, and the faces of the students were saddened by the news of the sudden death of Lois Shelton. Lois was a prominent member of the class of 1924, and a member of the Girls' Glee Club. Although her stay with us was not long, all who knew her valued her friendship highly. We miss her, but the memory of her cheerful and friendly spirit will remain long in our hearts.

—Ruth Rubin.

**DOUGLAS CLIFTON JUDGE**

Almost a year ago the Class of 1923, and, with it the entire Salida High School, suffered a great loss. Douglas Clifton Judge, energetic, ambitious, gifted, passed from among his associates; and he who promised so much as artist, writer, and leader here is now continuing his development in another world. However, we, his friends, rejoice that we were privileged to know and love him for even such a short time, and now are glad to have this opportunity to pay tribute to his memory.

—Elsie Wadell.

**NOW AND THEN**

From the beginning of time, there have been fearful prophecies and great cries against the growing generation. From the ancient times of the cave man to the present cigarette smoking, jazzie, bobbed haired and otherwise condemned age, it has been handed down by fearful parents. And, strange to say, every generation thinks it is the first to have battles with such parental opposition.

However, such is not the case, and for proof. I submit this ancient manuscript which I found in an old cave of the stone age. It was written on a large page of bone, and translated, it reads thus:

"It has been ordered that the tribe shall meet at the council rock when the burning sun casteth the least shadow on the morrow. We shall be collected to meet out drastic measures upon the heads of our cubs. Their conduct is maddening. Yea! enough that their ancestors should yet give indigestion unto whatsoever beast might have eaten them.

"Only this day, young High Top, son of Shaggy Brows, and Slippery Skin, son of Hairy Hide, were inspired to riding their racing rhinoceroses through the village. And O, my fathers! I grieve much, for our prophet was struck with a visitation from the gods and was standing far from shelter. The race was close and neither would give up unto the other. The mind of the prophet was among the gods. The woolies bore down upon him, yea! and passed on. Now I say unto you as a brave and honorable meat eater, that the prophet was of no more use. His ribs were cracked, his back was caved in, and, oh, sons of the ape, his head was split open, a disgrace which hath never before darkened the history of our tribe. He yelled loud and long, and was of so great an annoyance that he must needs be dropped over the cliff—a remedy that I had already long before argued should be applied unto the two cubs. For High Top is a freak. In faith what should be the top of his head ariseth yet in front. Upon the stone axe I swear, it goeth upwards a full thumb breadth above his eyes. It is sad. As for Slippery Skin, son of Hairy Hide, he neither should be taken unto us. But Slippery was his mother's pet. Yea, and she breaketh three stone clubs while pleading unto old Hairy before he decideth not to cast from the cliff his freak offspring. This I say is sin, for Slippery hath but little hair on his body. It is hard for him to pass a cold winter. Such cubs as these, O Brethren, I say should be done away with. They are a disgrace and a detriment unto the beauty and welfare of my people. Yea, we are too kind unto them for our own good.

Amen.

Frederic Kelley, '22

— S. H. S. —

Marguerite Edmondson—"Chaucer was poet laureate of England."  
Harold Forde—"Chaucer was never poet laureate."  
"Emmett Madden—"No, he never was poet lariat."

— S. H. S. —

Mary Knickerbocker—"Say, can I go thru this gate?"  
Fritz Kelley—"Yes, I guess so. A load of hay just went thru."



**HIS NAME**  
(Frieda Lillis)

A long freight train pulled into the little town of Belmont, Arizona, for a few minutes stop. Near the end of the train in a dirty boxcar lay a boy. When the train stopped with a jerk, he awoke and rubbed his eyes sleepily. The door of the box car was closed. He went to it and tried to open it, but it would not open.

The brakeman, hearing the pounding on the door, went to investigate the trouble. Pulling back the door he beheld a slender boy of, perhaps, seventeen years of age.

"Whatcha doin' here?" he asked.

"Oh, nothin' but tryin' to git out after a bloomin' ride in this thing," said the boy, pointing to the dirty car.

"Wal, it's about time yer pile out, young man," said the brakeman.

"Yeah, I'm goin' to," replied the boy. "Say, do you know if I can get anything to eat around here?"

"Sure, you kin git a cup o' coffee and a stack of wheats for fifteen cents," said the brakeman.

"Oh, I got twenty-five cents and I guess it'll get me somewheres."

"Hurry on, kid, this train's gonna go, and I don't want yer on any more."

"Alright, Boss, I'm gettin' off," responded the boy. He carefully dusted his clothes and then jumped from the train. "Adios, hope to see you again mister, when I'm in better condition," waved the boy.

"Adios, poor kid," thought the brakeman, "I'll bet he got sent away from home."

The boy walked down the street until he came to an eating house. He entered and sat down.

"Hey, there, bring me a stack o' wheats, and some coffee," he shouted, remembering what the brakeman had said. After satisfying his hunger he strolled around the depot. Spying a man standing on the platform he went up to him and said, "Say, mister, do you know a place where they want a boy to work? Maybe on a ranch?"

The man looked the boy over from head to toe, then stared at the slender white hands and pretty face with the big, blue-grey eyes.

"Well, I'll swan, where did you land from?" he quizzed.

The boy pointed down the track from whence he had come.

"So you want work, eh? Well, Bill Williams was just askin' me if I knew of any boy who wanted work, carryin' water and doin' errands for the cooks."

"Ah, gee, I wanted to chase cows and ride horses," complained the boy. "Where's this man's house?"

"Twelve miles down that road. Sorry I'm goin' in the opposite direction or I'd toke you down."

"Oh, that's all right, I'll walk," replied the boy.

"By the way, what's your name?"

"What's yours?" queried the boy.

"I asked you first."

"I asked you, too."

"My name is \_\_\_\_\_."

"Mine's \_\_\_\_\_."

What they both said at the same time sounded like "Tomugy Piffle-wiffleturs." How could you make it out?

The boy started down the road in the hot morning sun. After a short time he looked around, attracted by the sound of horses' hoofs. Down the road came a lone rider. As he drew near he slackened his speed.

"Where'are you going, boy?" he asked.

"I'm tryin' to get to Williams', but I guess it'll take me all day," smiled the boy. He looked up into the face of a young man of twenty-two or three

years of age. The man was a cowboy, judging from his dress. He had a handsome, bronzed face, from which brown eyes twinkled mischievously. The boy noticed that he carried a gun at his hip.

"That's where I'm going. At the rate you're going you'll get there about sundown," said the young man. "Hop on behind me and I'll get you there in time for dinner."

"All right sir."

The boy rode so well that the man asked, "You've ridden horseback before, haven't you?"

The boy blushed and said, "Yes, I've ridden before—quite a good deal."

"What's your name? Mine's Jack Steadman."

"My name is \_\_\_\_\_."

Just then a rabbit darted out of the bushes just in front of the horse. The young fellow grabbed his revolver and shot. The rabbit lay still in the dusty road. When he shot, the boy gave a shout.

"What's the matter, sonny?" he asked.

"Oh, that scared me, it was so—so—unexpected," he shivered.

"Well, just thought I'd shoot him so if anything happened we'd have something to eat."

"Oh, sure." The boy laughed at his own stupidity.

They arrived at the ranch about two o'clock and were warmly welcomed by Mr. Williams, a jolly looking man of perhaps fifty years of age.

The boy took up his duties at once. His work was to carry water, get the mail, and do different odd jobs the cook wanted done. He received fifteen dollars a month, and his room and board. They called him "Bud," though no one knew his real name.

One day as he was going after the mail, he saw two men talking in the meadow. They were strangers to Bud, so he got off his horse and slipped through the bushes to where they were. At first he could not hear what they were saying, so he drew closer.

"Yes, but if we're caught, don't you snitch on me," said the heavy-set man.

"Sure, we'll get those calves and then hike along 'the river over toward Yuma," nodded a short, fat man.

"Why not set Steadman's range on fire while we're at it? I got an old grudge against him anyway," said the first. At this they rode down the cow path toward the ranch.

Bud's heart was beating at a terrific rate by this time. He must warn Williams because he was his boss. He must tell Jack, because he had done him a favor once, and anyway he liked him pretty well. He jumped on his horse and sped toward the ranch. It was growing dark. Bud knew the direction to Steadman's ranch, but it seemed as if he would never get there, for his horse stepped on all the rocks, and in all the holes along the path. Arriving at the house, he found Steadman in the door, reading and smoking. Steadman glanced up at Bud as he stood there. His cap was gone. No one had ever seen Bud's cap off his head. Short golden curly hair hung down over his shoulders.

"Mr. Steadman," he faltered, "y-your range must be all burnt up by this time."

Steadman could not move, only stared at the figure before him. "Why, what does this mean?" he said, indignantly pointing to the golden hair.

"Why, I'm only a girl. It was a dare. I am Mary Anna, Judge Whiffleton's daughter. My sister and I made a wager. She said I couldn't dress like a boy and get away with it. But I did didn't I --she--I guess I'll go."

"Yes, you got away with it," said Steadman, looking at her steadily with a new light in his eyes. "Oh, Mary Anna!" He stretched out his arms.

Mary Anna looked at him with fond eyes, "I think you're **awfully** nice!" Then ran into his outstretched arms never to leave their protective shelter again.

THE END



## THE TRIALS OF RUTH

(Lena Peck)

Summer vacation had come and Ruth dreaded the long three months of misery to be spent with Aunt Elizabeth. You see, Ruth Ware was an orphan and had lived with her aunt ever since she could remember. Ruth's aunt was what Ruth termed an "old Maid." Of course, every one has ideas about rearing children. Aunt Elizabeth couldn't realize that Ruth was no longer a baby, but a young girl who was quite capable of caring for herself.

Ruth did not waken bright and early to hear the birds sing for the first sound that reached her was—

"Ruth Ware, you get up this instant. If I have to call you again it will be with a stick."

Ruth rolled out of bed and took her time about dressing. She was not hungry. For the last week, she had gagged down corn-meal muffins a poached egg and drank a glass of water. Ruth was content to sit before the mirror and arrange the mass of chestnut colored hair. She was brought to her senses by—

"Ruth Ware, you come down this instant and eat your breakfast."

"I don't want any," said Ruth.

"Why, Ruthie, what's the matter? Are you sick?"

In a few minutes Aunt Elizabeth appeared in the doorway of Ruth's room with the castor oil bottle in one hand, a spoon in the other and a hot water bottle tucked under her arm.

"Here, Ruth, open your mouth."

"I won't take that stuff and you know it."

"Aren't you ashamed to talk to your aunt like that? Open your mouth and take this like a good girl."

Ruth made a grimace, opened her mouth and pretended to swallow the nasty stuff. While her aunt's back was turned she spit it into a handkerchief.

"Now Ruth, come on and get in bed."

"Please, auntie, I'd rather go out of doors."

"You can't unless you eat some breakfast."

"I'm tired of eating corn-meal muffins everyday. Can I have a grape-fruit, some bacon, or anything but that horrid corn-meal?"

"You ugly, ungrateful child, you. Get into bed this instant. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Half an hour later, Miss Griffith was astonished to see Ruth playing ball on a corner lot with half a dozen small boys. Immediately, she made sure it was Ruth, then went after her. Imagine how you would feel to have your aunt take you up the street by a corner of your ear. As soon as the outside door was shut behind her, Ruth received a "lecturing."

"You disgraceful child. What am I going to do with you? What will the neighbors think? A great big girl like you down on the corner playing ball with boys. Aren't you ashamed?"

For a second Ruth's eyes flashed fire and an angry answer was on the tip of her tongue. Evidently, she thought better. Instead, she flew up the stairs two and three steps at a time and closed her bedroom door with a bang.

She listened carefully to make sure her aunt wasn't following. Then she tiptoed to the dresser and carefully took one of Zane Grey's books from beneath a stack of boxes. Ruth sprawled out on the bed to enjoy the afternoon reading.

At three o'clock her aunt called her to tea but Ruth was so engrossed she didn't hear. Ten minutes passed and Ruth hadn't appeared yet. Thinking that Ruth had slipped out again, her aunt went upstairs so quietly that

Ruth had no idea her aunt was so near till the book was snatched from her hands.

Startled, she looked up into the piercing blue eyes of her aunt. Ruth Ware, what do you mean by reading such trash as this? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Your poor father and mother would turn over in their graves if they knew the kind of a girl you are. The Lord knows I've done all I could. You're a disgrace to the family."

She took a step or two forward but stopped as her foot struck something under the bed.

Ruth knew the breaking point had come but tried to brace up for another scolding. Miss Griffith drew forth to view a big purple and white box of candy.

"Uh! Um! Young lady, now explain yourself. **Where** did you get this?"

Before Ruth had time to answer a scratching on the closet door attracted her aunt's attention. She sailed across the room and threw open the door. A fat little puppy rolled into the room.

"And **where** did you get **this**? You ungrateful wretch, is this where my cream has been disappearing? Answer me! Do you hear?"

Ruth sat there. Hands clenched, she stared at the wall before her.

Aunt Elizabeth saw too late that she had gone too far. There was no backing down now. She was afraid Ruth would leave her but was not looking for what came. As she came toward the girl, Ruth flattened herself against the wall. Within three feet of her Ruth yelled:

"Halt!"

Aunt Elizabeth could not overcome the strange spell Ruth seemed to have cast over her.

"Irene Percy!" Ruth waited to see the effect of the sudden change of names upon Miss Griffith. "You have thought me a numb skull. Your very clever plan has failed. Because detectives couldn't find me is no sign I couldn't find out who I am. You should have kept some of those pictures guarded more carefully. I know how you held a position in our home as my father's secretary. You poisoned my mother because you were jealous. When my daddy refused to have you, oh! how I hate you, you stole me from him. I know, I know it all. My name is Margaret Hall instead of Ruth Ware, isn't it?"

Slowly Irene Percy, alias Aunt Elizabeth, shook her head, yes.

"I knew it. Oh! I knew I was right. Now, I get my revenge!"

Quick as a flash she drew an automatic from beneath the pillow and fired. Irene Percy fell in a heap on the floor. Margaret staggered around her. At the door she looked back. For a moment the room was filled with the laughter of a maniac.

At the top of the stairs, her body grew numb, her head swam, darkness closed in on here. Margaret Hall fell to the bottom of the stairs in a lifeless heap.

— S. H. S. —

A high school paper's a great invention,  
The school gets all the fame,  
The printer gets all the money,  
The staff gets all the blame.

— S. H. S. —

Fritz—"What's the most nervous thing, next to a girl?"  
Harris M.—"Me, next to a girl."



## THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL

For some time, the students and directors of education in Salida have been working and talking and hoping for an extension of the educational facilities of Salida, and for a gymnasium.

Last fall by a great united effort of all the students, the P. T. A., Teachers, school board and the Lion's Club, a bond issue of one hundred thousand dollars was voted upon and caused to go over the top which means that Salida is to have her new school buildings and gymnasium.

The plans have already been drawn up and the details of construction agreed upon. The Junior High, a building doubling the number of class rooms will be erected near the east entrance of the present building. A large building fully equipped for the teaching of all vocational work will be located where the ancient academy now stands. On the west side will be built the long hoped for and much cherished gymnasium building. When completed these four impressive, useful, stately, beautiful monuments of education are to be called the "Kesner Memorial School" in honor of the most beloved character that Salida has ever known.

All of the citizens of Salida and the surrounding country should be proud of this step in advancement and thankful for the advantages and privileges which the new institution will afford for generations to come.

— S. H. S. —

## SENIOR CLASS PLAY

The Class of 1922 presented "It Pays To Advertise" as one of the main events of "Senior Week."

"It Pays To Advertise" is an up-to-date play that keeps the audience guessing from beginning to end. Rodney Martin, a typical richman's son, has ever been a thorn in his father's flesh. Cyrus Martin, the father, a soap king, bets with his friend, Mr. Smith, the owner of Ivory Soap, that Rodney will earn more money in a year than the son of Mr. Smith. Mr. Martin plots with his stenographer, Mary, with the result that she has Rodney in love with her in six weeks time, and has inspired him to go into business. He decides to "buck his father's trust" in the soap business. The way he carries this out with the able help of Ambrose Peale, his advertising agent, and Mary, involves many interesting situations.

The following cast ably carried out the play:

Mary Grayson, stenographer .....	Evelyn Lewis
Johnson, the butler .....	George Teter
Countesse de Ceaurien, a French Countess.....	Lena Peck
Cyrus Martin, the father.....	Harold Forde
Rodney Martin, the son.....	Albert Hill
Ambrose Peale, advertising agent .....	Carroll England
Marie, a French maid .....	Carolyn Beynon
George Bronson, agent from Marshall-Field, .....	Ranald Meacham

— S. H. S. —

He—"From the looks of the reports, the teachers have adopted the famous war slogan."

She—"What's that?"

He—"They shall not pass!"

— S. H. S. —

Miss Clanton—"What are the properties of musical tones?"

P. Meacham—"Intensity, pitch and tar."

## SENIORS

The noble class of '22  
Will soon be leaving this high school,  
And how will we get along then,  
Without that class of peppy few.

In baseball, trackmeets and such  
That class took an interesting part;  
And to the end of the event  
Did their bit from the start.

They have pennants, banners and a cup,  
But as they are leaving this May  
Will have to give them up  
To the school when they go away.

We know the school will miss you,  
Oh, dignified class of '22;  
But some day, we will be leaving  
This Salida High, the same as you.  
Sophomore,' 24

## SENIOR ALPHABET

**A** is for Albert, so tall and so thin.  
**B** is for Bruno, who's never all in.  
**C** is for Carolyn, so sedate and so nice.  
**D** is for Doretta, who never shoots dice.  
**E** is for Esther and Evelyn, too,  
For Cuteness either one of them will do.  
**F** is for Frances, Frieda and Fritz;  
All three of them have lots of wits.  
**G** is for George, a chemist he'll make.  
**H** Harold and Harris, neither one is a fake.  
**I** is for "IT"—that's what we all are.  
**J** Janet, Jessie and June, are all above par.  
**K** stands for Kenneth and Kiddy, you know;  
They're never idle, and never slow.  
**L** Lena, Laura, Luella or Louise,  
Altogether can tease.  
**M** Margaret, Mary or Marguerite,  
When it comes to dancing, all have dainty feet.  
**N** stands for Novera, also above par.  
**O** is for Ornerly—which none of us are.  
**P** stands for pleasure—this is no task.  
**Q** stands for Questions, which we seldom ask.  
**R** stands for Ranald, and also Ruth.  
**S** stands for "Smity"—who always tells the truth.  
**T** stands for talent, which we all possess.  
**U** is for US—that you can guess.  
**V** is for Viola, so quiet and sweet.  
**W** stands for Wisdom (we can't be beat.)  
**X** stands for Xerxes—like him we surely fight.  
**Y** stands for Young Ansel, who's awfully bright.  
**Z** stands for Zero's—to this we don't fall.  
And now I'll quit, for this is all.

June Gorham, '22.



## DICTIONARY REVISED

(By Seniors)

<b>Annual</b> <sup>A</sup>	Lots of worry and work Which none of us dare to shirk.
<b>Athletics</b>	Some spend all of their time tracking, Then in their studies they are lacking.
<b>Assembly</b>	Every Friday morning, for half an hour We meet and let our dreams flower.
<b>Algebra</b>	Two times five are nine— Aw! I can't make these numbers rhyme.
<b>Biology</b> <sup>B</sup>	With many a sigh and many a shrug, Some of them try to classify a bug.
<b>Baseball</b>	Every year, in the fall, We have our team of baseball.
<b>Booster</b>	Most of us crow like roosters, But some really are boosters.
<b>Bluff</b>	No matter how much we stuff, The teachers won't let us by on a bluff.
<b>Class Day</b> <sup>C</sup>	Hip! Hip! Hurray!! Three cheers for Class Day.
<b>Class Meeting</b>	Class meetin's an awful bore An' you're sure to make someone sore.
<b>College</b>	All of our fair dreams of college Are sure to fall in the garbage.
<b>Chemistry</b>	Chemistry isn't like dropping into sand Because you never know where you're going to land
<b>Diploma</b> <sup>D</sup>	If someone handed you a diploma You'd feel independent of Pa-pa.
<b>Ditch</b>	If you want to grow rich Don't give your classes the ditch.
<b>Domestic Science</b>	Beware of domestic science Or you'll get caught by a license.
<b>English</b> <sup>E</sup>	They say we must know our English If we expect to beat the British.

<b>Faculty</b> <sup>F</sup>	We know we should mind them, But, of course,—“a-hem.”
<b>Flunk</b>	If so many lessons you do flunk The teachers tell you you're “the bunk.”
<b>Football</b>	Maybe we are short and small, Nevertheless we can play football.
<b>Freshmen</b>	The poor little Freshies Are easily caught in the meshes.
<b>French</b>	Excusez-moi, s'il vous plait, I'm tired and want to run and play.
<b>Geometry</b> <sup>G</sup>	For forty minutes do we wrangle Over one poor little angle.
<b>Graduation</b>	Ever near, ever far, Just like some shooting star.
<b>Gym</b>	Will we ever get a gym, Though we look 'till our eyes grow dim?
<b>Lunch</b> <sup>L</sup>	Munch! Munch! Munch! Who said 'twas time for lunch?
<b>Motto</b> <sup>M</sup>	Mottoes are nice things Sometimes only fit for kings.
<b>Manual Training</b>	Now when you take this training Very much good you're gaining.
<b>Me</b>	That's I'm.
<b>Notes</b> <sup>N</sup>	If you carefully look thru their coats You'll find a handful of notes.
<b>Note-books</b>	Ever so often you hand in note-books And receive from the teachers most wondrous looks.
<b>Office</b> <sup>O</sup>	When you're sent to the office, why do you go? Sometimes to meet a friend, more often a foe.
<b>Period</b> <sup>P</sup>	Four every morning—three in the afternoon; Sometimes another is added—to your doom.
<b>Physics</b>	All the contraptions you see down there For testing electricity, when found in the air.



**Quittin' Time** <sup>Q</sup>

Quittin' time comes with a rush and a bing,  
Mostly accompanied by shouts—a few may sing.

**Rules** <sup>R</sup>

A rule is a mighty pesky thing,  
Especially when you want a fling.

**Recitation**

The only pleasant thing about a recitation  
Is when you're out on probation.

**Spanish** <sup>S</sup>

In Spanish you pronounce your i's like e's.

**Seniors**

The Seniors are supposed to be dignified  
People like George, who never lied

**Sophomores**

Never mind little Sophomore,  
Two or three years more and you'll be a Junior.

**Student**

Now if you tried to be a student,  
Don't you think it would be more prudent?

**Test** <sup>T</sup>

After each test  
We take a rest.

**Track**

When you go out on the track,  
You drop all your lessons in a pack.

**Theme**

We can't get out of a theme,  
No matter how much we scheme.

**U** <sup>U</sup>

Means you.

**Vacation** <sup>V</sup>

Some take a vacation every day,  
Others only when they hit the hay.

**Work** <sup>W</sup>

What can we say about work,  
When around every corner it might lurk?

**(E)xam** <sup>X</sup>

These really don't seem right;  
They sweep over us like a blight.

**Y. W. C. A.** <sup>Y</sup>

Here we learn to work and play,  
To make folks happy, carefree, and gay.

**Z** <sup>Z</sup>

There isn't anything that begins with Z,  
So this is the end of the dictionarye.

Rufus and Peck, '22

**JUNIORS**

This lively class will soon be climbing  
Into the chair of graduation,  
Too set the many examples  
For the High School Congregation.

We know they are capable  
To perform such a task,  
And no outside advice  
Will they need to ask.

You will soon see  
This trustworthy class of '23.  
Going to their Senior year,  
And the other classes giving them a cheer.  
—Sophomore, '24.

**JUNIOR NEWS ITEMS**

Since the first of the year, we Juniors have been worrying our heads off trying to think of ways by which we could raise enough money for the "swell feed" we intend to give the Seniors toward the end of the year. However, we have raised quite a bit of money and are still scheming.

Juniors are always noted for their interesting "hitching up" and "breaking up" affairs. This year we have had several. A member of the "B. L. R." took it upon herself to "engineer" the "Everett Special," but found it rather hard to run. At the present time a new "engineer" is wanted, and the old one is looking for another "Special."

Also P. W. and B. M. made a very good looking pair, but they, too, have parted.

Our former secretary, Bernice Workman, who lives in Chicago, resigned her position to return to her home. We regret the loss of such a good secretary, and have put in her place a very capable Junior, Harriet Welch. We expect very good reports and are sure we won't be disappointed.

Since the Freshmen beat the Sophomores, and the Juniors won over the Seniors in debating, it is up to the Freshmen and Juniors to fight for the title. Both teams are well equipped, and are anxious for the debate to come off.

The Juniors wish to express their gratitude to Mrs. Keyser for keeping them so quiet during the nine minute periods.

We, the Juniors, hereby resolve to be the best Senior Class that has ever left S. H. S. (also, the noisiest.)

— S. H. S. —

**23rd PSALM FOR THE PHYSICS CLASS**

Mr. Giffen is my teacher  
I shall not pass  
He maketh me to work hard experiments  
And exposes my ignorance before the class  
He bringeth forth my tears.  
He causes me to learn rules for my gradesake,  
Yea, though I study from sunrise 'till sunset, I catch not the drift.  
For rules and regulations bother me  
He prepareth hard lessons for me in the presence of my class mates  
He flunketh me completely  
My eyes run over abundantly  
Surely I shall dwell in the Physics class forever and ever. —Bob Lewis, '22.



## JUNIOR NOTES

In September,  
You all remember,  
How we came together  
In the nicest kind of weather,  
To pursue again, again  
In snow, wind or rain,  
The study of—  
How to improve your brain.

Some of our members  
Had gone away,  
But others were there  
To work and play.

Faye Lang, for instance—  
And Mary R.,  
In her place  
Is a "P. M." star.

Henry Swygart is another one,  
Tho' his name implies much,  
He's really lots of fun.

Al Everett, "Special,"  
Destined to be a Henry Clay,  
Comes two or three days,  
Then stays away.

"California fruit—  
Best in the land,"  
Proved very true  
When Merlin joined our band.

And Mary Dilley—  
She ain't a pickle,  
But a peach, you silly.

Another girl to be praised to the sky  
Is Eva Netherly,  
Who never told a lie (?)

Bernice Workman,  
A fine debater,  
Has gone "back east"  
To her own dear mater.

Katherine Kavanaugh  
With her "curls 'n sech,"  
Delights everyone she ever saw.

And to those who aren't mentioned  
I'll merely say—  
We are tickled to death  
You're a Junior today.

Virginia Russell, '23.

## SOPHOMORES

In the class of '24  
Are boosters and no more;  
In any old doin's that has some pep,  
You see the **Sophomores** right in step.

Where there's knocking on the school,  
On the faculty,  
Or even on the town,  
You see **no** Sophomore hangin' aroun'.

There is always someone boasting,  
And someone knocking, too!  
But the Sophomores are always boosting,  
And boosting good and true.

## SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Sophomore Class assembled in the Salida High School, September 3, fifty-nine strong. A few weeks later they held their first business meeting and elected John Mohrman, president; Ernest Johnson, vice-president; Norman Parker, secretary; Mildred Davidson, treasurer; Jim Dilley and Ula Handshy, athletic council; and Jim Dilley, yell leader. Under the careful training of Guy Edmondson, they sent out a first-class baseball team and captured second place in the baseball tournament. Not to be left out on debating, they chose a team consisting of Wallace Cole, Elaine Miller, Lloyd Forde and John Mohrman, but were defeated by the Freshmen. Out of six places given in the dramatic contest, the Sophomores won three and two of these were first.

Their first party was given on Hallow'een night in the Assembly Hall and was a big success.

Here's to the class that has the pep—  
Here's to the class that has the rep—  
Here's to the class that will always win—  
Here's to the class that won't give in—  
Here's to the class that leads the rest—  
Here's to the class that is always best—  
Here's to the best class of the four—  
Here's to the dauntless Sophomores—  
Here's to the Class of Twenty-four.

— S. H. S. —

## CLASS YELL

Mush and milk and sunflower seed—  
That's the stuff on which we feed;  
We are the hot stuff of creation;  
We are the Sophomore Congregation.  
To okeep the floor like a kindergarten,



THE SOPHOMORES PRESENT AN ALL STAR CAST, in  
"HARD WORK"

Featuring the Class of '24

Scene I

Time—Friday.

Place—High School.

Persons—Sophomore Students.

Plot—The Sophomore boys are secretly raising money for some good cause.

Enter students—"What can this mean?"

Curtain

Scene II

Time—Sunday night.

Place—Mid-way up Tenderfoot.

Actors—Guy Edmondson, Joe Shirk, Bub Cole, Joe Stewart, Norman Parker, Ray Lytle, Jim Dilley, Norman Morrison, John Morhman.

Plot—This picked Sophomore bunch is in the act of putting a '24 on Tenderfoot, in lime. They now leave for more water.

A considerable period of time elapses.

They work.

They rest.

They start for home.

Curtain

Scene III

Time—9:15 to 3:30.

Place—High School.

Characters—Students, Sophomores.

Plot—Early that morning an insignificant Freshman destroyed the work.

Students—"Ha! Ha! Ha! etc."

Sophomores—"!!! O \$ & — ) ? @, ‡ " \$ \* \*."

Curtain

Scene IV

Time—4:00 o'clock.

Place—Salida, Colo.

Characters—Sophomores, Students, Citizens.

Plot—The Sophomores have rebuilt their '24.

Sophomores—"Tear it down again if you are able."

Citizens—"Good old working in there today, '24!"

Students—( — ‡\* " \$ ? . ; , er ( & ' ) well—"

Great Applause

Curtain

Scene V

Time—Next night.

Place—High School.

Characters—Sophomores (Joe S and N. Parker) and Seniors.

Plot—The Sophomores have decorated all the statues with their colors and numbers the same night the Seniors put their numbers on top of the school house.

Curtain

Scene VI

Time—Next day.

Place—Same.

Characters—Same.

Plot—Mr. Tanton destroys the Sophomore numbers and colors, while the Seniors themselves have to take their numbers down.

Great Applause

Curtain

—John Mohrman, '24

FRESHMEN

Freshmen are the most untidy kids,  
That ever entered school,  
And worse this year, than before  
To spill things on the floor.

Nuts, shells, and paper,  
And other things are sighted,  
To keep the floor like a kindergarten,  
They always seem delighted.

They get their warning  
Most every morning,  
But to this take no heed.  
They will be sorry sometime, **indeed.**

—Sophomore, '24

FRESHMAN NOTES

Hon. John Kratky, (Freshman Debater,) received a beautiful gift of chocolates the other day. The fellow who presented them was careless and placed them on John's seat instead of his desk. John came into the assembly and took his seat. Then he discovered them! Well, poor chocolates, they weren't, that's all. John was sick the next day.

Willard Crouse is trying to establish a new line of study, "Comedy." He will be the instructor.

Burke Freeman is going into the trainer business. His sign is: "Pomp-adours trained and tamed. Inquire within."

Vera Jones is seeking an instructor in wireless telegraphy. She wants to carry on a secret correspondence with Donald Maher.

Beatrice Hanks is stealing the biggest share of the Latin grades. She ought to divide with the rest.

Albert Newman is talking love so fast to different girls that I doubt whether he knows which one he is talking to.

Dorothy Allen sat on the wall,

Dorothy Allen had a great fall;

She tried to hook the boys,

But she couldn't hook them all.

Gladys Posselt's hooks and eyes are sharp, but she can't catch the little fishes.

If we search our fashion plates, I wonder if we'd find any vanity cases, lip sticks, and other miscellaneous articles of booty. (Referring to Roy Harris and Glenn Frazee.)

Roy Harris is a prime favorite with the teachers. He is excused from work every once in a while.

Thelma Olmstead does not like to do her lessons, because its work—but she certainly doesn't mind primping.

Margaret Ahern looks like an old maid—lost to love—and right to license.

Jack Nation fell in love with a Freshman beauty, but was rather disappointed. Now he sings:

My thoughts are blue,

My eyes are red,

Tears are sweet,

But love is dead.



Genevieve West wants to buy an electric machine, so that she can wink faster at the boys.

The family was discussing geography in the home of Sylvia Willingham. In the discussion of Europe, they came to Turkey. Sylvia said, "Oh, yes, I like Turkey if it's tender, but it's rather tough over there."

Alva Archer is going to burst one of these days (like the frog in the fable) if he doesn't stop swelling with importance.

Frederic Schlessinger must have a still concealed somewhere. His English is so refined.

"Pencil Loans and Book Insurance, Good Company and Low Premium. Inquire of Kenneth Johnson."

Byrle Dean is trying to establish a lightning elevator. He tried it out the other day, but other people objected.

Glenn Newman is a great explorer. He made an expedition and found Helen Boots waiting for him.

- John Wolte, '25

— S. H. S. —

THE END



'Tis grievous parting with  
good company - Eliot

# Advertising Section



# Your Schooling

will not have been in vain if you learn that our store is the best place in this section of Colorado to buy Anything in the Grocery or Meat Line.

**ALSO THE BEST PLACE TO BUY** high-grade Kitchen Furnishings, Dishes and Glassware.

**ALSO THE BEST PLACE TO BUY** Fresh Fruits, Vegetables and Produce.

**PRICE** Is a Prime Consideration these days but still not as important as **QUALITY**. We believe in the **BEST** goods at the lowest possible price.

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*"For Stuff to Eat --- We Can't Be Beat"*

Kodaks & Films

Books



ALLAN'S  
BOOK STORE



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Interest works while you sleep—Better have it working for you.  
It's what you save, not what you earn; that makes wealth.  
Any man can earn money, but only the **Wise** man saves it.  
**THE SPENT DOLLAR IS A LOST FRIEND, GONE FOREVER.**  
Our Savings Department pays 4 per cent and you deposit or withdraw at any time.  
Under U. S Treasury Supervision.

The  
**Commercial National Bank**  
Salida, Colorado

## CREWS-BEGGS MERC. CO.

Dry Goods, Notions, Women's Wear, Men's Wear, Furniture, Rugs, Draperies, Linoleums, Shades.

**"Cash"**  
**One Price to All**

Salida, - - - Colorado

**"Cash"**  
**Reliable Merchandise**



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INGS, LADIES' AND  
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Real Estate, Loans, Insurance  
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Salida, Colo.

Wishing the "Old High" Stu-  
dents all the good things.



THE SALIDA AUCTION CO.  
Coe Branch, Manager.

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