

+59  
02



*SALIDA HIGH SCHOOL*

**Le Résumé**  

---

---

*1918*  

---

---

SALIDA PUBLIC LIBRARY

REFERENCE ONLY

Vol. VI

# Le Résumé

Published by

The Senior Class of

The Salida High School

1918

SALIDA REGIONAL LIBRARY

C2

**THE TRAPPER'S DREAM**

I lay one eve by my campfire,  
Alone with my friendly pipe,  
While about me the sentinel mountains  
Seemed to banish all sense of strife.

Beside me the lake lay a gleaming,  
With moonbeams silvered o'er;  
And the lofty pines, reflected,  
Stretched out from shore toward shore.

"What are those ghostly figures?  
See, down the path they come!"  
As I watched their slow approaching  
My startled limbs grew numb.

"She is an Indian maiden,  
And he a warrior bold.  
The story of his true love  
In her fond ear is told.

"Soft words he whispers to her,  
That make her young heart beat;  
And her low murmured promise  
Admits of no retreat."

I listened to the telling  
Of that story, never old;  
And I vow I never heard it  
E'en half so bravely told.

I woke with a mighty shudder,  
All stiff from the ev'ning cold;  
But always I shall remember  
My dream of those days of old.

X 459

**THE COLORADO RED MAN**

At the coming of the whites, the Red Man foresaw his fate. He struggled with all his savage ingenuity to prevent being ousted from what belonged to him. But, though the council fire has ceased to flicker and the war whoop is heard no more, the Indian can not be forgotten. Mountains, streams, and lakes all bear names ever calling to mind the first inhabitant of our land.

The Utes were by far the most numerous in this vicinity, and, as a rule, were very warlike. They were the first Indians in the west to use horses. They were very troublesome after the advent of the whites, who were continually furnishing them with gunpowder and whiskey. This combination proved a bad one, and resulted in more than one massacre.

The Utes knew nothing of the principles of social or political organization. They had no agricultural instincts, but lived by hunting, fishing, and warlike plunderings; they captured many supplies from other tribes. During the colder weather, they secured furs, which took the place of money

100  
7953

at the government agencies. Different dialects were spoken by the tribes living in different localities, the only common language being "sign talk" which resembles, in a way, the method used by deaf mutes in communicating with each other.

In Utah, the Utes intermarried to a considerable extent with the Shoshone, Bannock, and Piute kindred, and, on the south, with the Jacarilla Apache. This was, in part, the cause of the variation in language.

After a great deal of parleying, the first treaty of peace and annuity was concluded December 20, 1849. This was brought about by the government agents. On March 6, 1880, the Utes and Uncompahgres acknowledged an agreement to settle on the Grand River near the mouth of the Gunnison River. In a short time, there were four thousand Indians on that Reservation. In recent years, an Indian school was started at Grand Junction. In July, 1879, a band of about one hundred braves left the White River agency in Colorado and roamed over southern Wyoming on a hunting expedition. Some men who were cutting ties in the mountains set the forests on fire and placed the blame on the wandering braves. This caused hard feeling between the Utes and the white people. In September, the warlike wanderers arrived at the Meeker Agency in Colorado. Not taking the warning of men who knew Indians, Mr. Meeker waited until the last minute before asking for military support. When the Utes heard that soldiers were coming, they told the agent, Mr. Meeker, that the appearance of troops would be considered as an act of war. Major T. T. Thornburgh was sent out, and, with one hundred ninety men, came upon the Indians ambushed in Red Canon in the northern part of the Rio Blanca County. The warriors hid behind rocks on both sides of the canon and were completely hidden from the cavalrymen, who were exposed to the galling cross fire. The supply train of thirty-three wagons was stampeded, and a band of Utes tried to cut it off from the rest of the column. Seeing this, Major Thornburgh, at the head of thirty-five troopers, dashed out to rescue it. The major was killed, and the survivors were forced to fight their way back. That night, Scout Joe Rankin set out for Rawlins to get aid. In a few days, Colonel Merritt arrived with a force of five hundred thirty men, and the Indians were soon subdued. Mr. Meeker and all the white employees were killed. The only person who escaped was the scout sent by Mr. Meeker to Major Thornburgh. Major Thornburgh was the only man scalped during the fight. Chief Jack and Medicine-man Johnson were the main chiefs in the attack on the soldiers, while Chief Douglas, also, took an active part in the massacre at the agency. The trouble was settled through the efforts of Ouray, the great peace chief of the Ute nation.

The cry throughout the west was, "The Utes must go!" and, in 1880, with the death of Ouray, who had declared he would never leave the mountains, government officials saw their way clear to remove the Indians. Accordingly the Tabequaches and Uncompahgres were removed to a reservation on the Green River in Utah. The White River bands were placed on the Uinta reservation in 1881.

Another early day disaster occurred in Dead Horse Gulch about one mile north of Salida. A small war party of Utes happened upon a bunch of horses and mules near Fort Garland in the San Luis Valley. Thinking it an easy haul, they killed the Mexican "Cavvy" boy, and started north. When the boy failed to return to camp in the evening, an investigating committee was sent out. They returned and reported no herd or herder could be found, though it looked as if the mules and horses had been driven off in a hurry. At daylight, a detachment of cavalry started in pursuit. After a long, hard ride over Poncha Pass, they came upon the stolen horses at the entrance of Dead Horse Gulch. The Indians put up a stubborn fight, but were being overpowered; so, in order to make a quick get away, each man took a horse, and

the rest were killed to prevent the soldiers from recapturing them. Under cover of darkness, the Indians escaped, leaving nothing but dead horses and mules behind them. It was from this incident that Dead Horse Gulch got its name.

Another tragedy of the Pike's Peak region was the Sand Creek massacre, which ended in the battle of Beecher's Island. The Sand Creek massacre took place under Colonel Chivington, who was in charge of a company of regulars and a number of volunteers. November 29, 1864, found them at an Arapahoe village. The command surrounded it, and, at daybreak, charged whooping and yelling into camp. The astonished braves, squaws, and children ran out only to fall before the hail-like fire of the revengeful soldiers. Chief Black Kettle, with a band of Cheyennes, managed to get to the creek where they, by hiding in holes in the sand, kept up a losing fight. They were forced to abandon these holes by the soldiers, who had two pieces of artillery. The Indians fought each for himself, and, finally, most of them managed to escape. Chief Left Hand and a large band of Arapahoes were completely wiped out. Children, squaws, and old men were shot down and scalped, no mercy being shown, and no prisoners taken. Colonel Chivington employed the Indian method of attack on this peaceful village, and about three hundred of the six hundred inhabitants were murdered. He had formerly been a preacher, and the fact that he allowed such wanton destruction of life and property is a matter of surprise. He spoke of the battle as "a victory unparalleled in the annals of Indian warfare."

This attack led to a war with the Indians, which cost the government about thirty millions of dollars, and the lives of many soldiers. The routes of travel were made unsafe, and all outlying settlements were devastated; many settlers paid the penalty for the foolhardy act of Colonel Chivington. Finally, as a last resort, Kit Carson and William Bent were sent to the Indians at the head of a peace commission to try to bring about a peaceable settlement. The peace was finally concluded, and all rejoiced. Peace, however, lasted only a year until the Indians were again making war on the whites. This warfare lasted for several months although nearly eight thousand soldiers were in the country. The surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House had released thousands of soldiers from the Civil War, and everyone thought things would be right in a short time. However, there were already more soldiers on the ground than could be handled easily. The Indians scattered and collected as necessity demanded. They were hindered by no baggage or artillery, and so were free to move as they chose. A band of Sioux under Red Cloud swooped down on a detachment of soldiers at Fort Phil Kearney, and murdered the whole command, not a man surviving. In April, as an act of retaliation, some soldiers burned a peaceful Cheyenne village in western Kansas.

This was the straw that broke the camel's back, and all the Indians in the west flocked to arms and went out to slay and devastate. The incoming tide of immigrants demanded protection, and, when, time and again, federal troops failed to accomplish anything, a corps of fifty scouts was enlisted under the leadership of Colonel George A. Forsyth. All were picked frontiersmen, and familiar with the country. In September, Colonel Forsyth was detailed for duty on the Republican River. After following an Indian trail for many days, Forsyth and his men camped on the evening of the sixteenth near a little island not far from what is now Beecher. At dawn, the guard gave the alarm, and six Indians rode up waving blankets and shouting in an effort to stampede the horses. In this they failed. In a few minutes, a great number of savages, appearing over a hill, rode directly at the command. Colonel Forsyth saw the trap and took refuge on the island. After being wounded, the colonel returned to the middle of the island. About dusk, a band of picked braves under Roman Nose collected to storm

the corps. About three hundred strong, the band, shouting curses and laughing at the whites, rode out of a gulch. Five charges were made by the Indians. In the fifth, Roman Nose was killed. This incident saved the white soldiers from annihilation. The siege lasted for nine days. Twenty-three men were killed and others died from wounds received in the fight.

A treaty was made with Black Kettle, and then Little Raven's demands for guns and ammunition were granted. In a short time, the Indians were again on the war path. November 27, General Custer surprised Black Kettle's camp, and killed the chief and about one hundred braves. It took the next five years to subdue the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Then, chastised and humbled, the remnants of these tribes were placed on reservations in the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma.

Since the placing of the Indians on reservations, they have become as good citizens as they were fighters when they roamed the country at will. Through the discovery of oil on the land, many of those in Oklahoma have become very wealthy. Where the only occupation is agriculture, as in Montana and Idaho, many have become prosperous farmers and cattle owners. The tourist who goes west with the idea that he will find feather-bedecked and painted warriors will be disappointed unless he attends a Wild West show. In all probability, he will find the grandson of Red Cloud driving a better car than he owns and operating a farm the value of which would make him sit up and take notice.

### AN INDIAN CHIEF

Out on the plains rode an Indian chief,  
His features were broken, his heart was sad;  
Had not some unrelenting thief  
E'en taken the only home he had?

Over the mountains, now pierced for gold,  
He wandered and wandered from day to day.  
Never again can he hunt as of old;  
No, never be chief of those far away.

For now the whites are securing the land  
O'er which he has ruled as a warrior brave.  
Where is his happy, his conquering band,  
The band he has tried so hard to save.

On into valleys, so wide and so deep,  
He wandered and wandered each long, sad day;  
Till, as the shadows of night brought sleep,  
The soul of this warrior flitted away.

Flitted away to that happy land,  
Abounding in pleasure and joy and rest;  
There where the Master of Life, with glad hand,  
Rewards each warrior in the way that is best.

### AN INDIAN FIGHT

One beautiful spring morning, in the month of May, a scouting party, of which I was the captain, left headquarters to go far into the hills to subdue the troublesome Indians who lived in the Smoky Ridge Mountains. The air was fresh and bracing, and the sun was just beginning to color the soft fleecy clouds a brilliant crimson. There, in the east shone the red; overhead were the fleecy clouds; and, in the west, the stars still gleamed against the blue. Everyone felt his heart beat quickly and a strong determination enter his soul as he gazed upon the scene.

For several days, we pushed on into the hills, but, on account of our heavy wagons of supplies and ammunition, our progress was slow. Every day we journeyed nearer to the great mountains; every day we left the plains farther behind us. As we journeyed, we sang; and often, as we sat around the campfire, we made the hills resound with the strains of "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

"Those Indians will have to whoop pretty loud if they outdo us," remarked a member of the party one evening.

"Oh, but they won't whoop until they are ready to fight," replied another, "and then their yells won't last very long."

As yet we had seen very few Indians, and we were beginning to think that they had heard of our coming and had fled. Before long, we found that we were mistaken.

One morning, while we were traveling along, an arrow suddenly flew past my face. A second arrow followed, and still another. Soon arrows were coming thick and fast from behind every rock and tree. Before long, we were answering the arrows with bullets; for we hid on the other side of the little valley.

Once, in the afternoon, I ordered my men to stop firing for a few minutes; to wait, but to be ready to fire. The Indians, believing that we were vanquished, ran out into the open, and started across the valley with their tomahawks, ready to massacre all whom they found alive. As they ran, their whoops resounded from every cave and cliff. When they were a little over half way across the valley, I ordered my men to fire; and, in wild terror, the few Indians who were left fled back to their shelter and left a mass of dead bodies lying on the grass in the valley.

The firing continued all the remainder of the day, and, at evening, the Indian leader came out and surrendered.

"We have peace, and I take red-men far over the white mountains to the great sea," he said.

We had killed a large number of Indians. Several of my band had been wounded or killed.

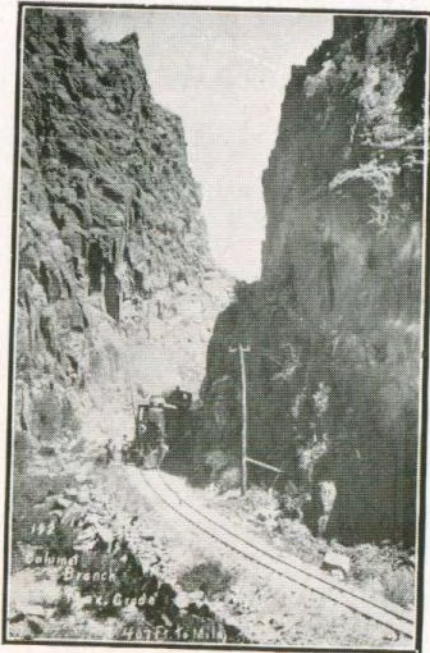
There below stretched the battle field, but overhead, "Old Glory," which had lead us thus far into the beautiful mountains of America, floated victorious.

(The story is based upon facts as told by Mr. Boone to Irene Paxson.)

### THE INDIANS' MOTTO

No roll 'um,  
No smoke 'um,  
No chew 'um,  
No spit 'um,  
No loaf 'um,  
No drink 'um (Booze),  
Heap catch 'um (Bootlegger),  
No sell 'um (Land),  
Heap plant 'um (Corn),  
No spend 'um (Money),  
Heap kill 'um (Weeds),  
All time save 'um (Baby),  
Mebbe so  
Catch 'um prize.

Exchange—The Indian Scout.



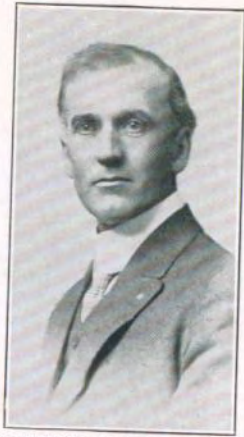
## Faculty



EDGAR KESNER, Ph. B.  
Superintendent of City Schools



MARY MELCHER, A. B.  
Latin—German.



W. S. STODDARD, A. B., M. A.  
History



ELSIE W. WADELL, A. B.  
Secretary—English



FLORENCE KENDALL, A. B.  
Mathematics—Science



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



ANNE GILLPATRICK, A. B.  
Assistant Principal—English



F. E. KIMBLE, A. B.  
Science



GLADYS M. PARKS  
Home Economics



C. R. BERNARD, Pd. M., A. B.  
Manual Training



AMY WHITSON  
Music—Drawing

## "O'er Land and Sea"



### Roll of Honor

Neil Davenport—1908  
Frank Berlin—1910.  
George Brewster—1911.  
Robert Plimpton—1911.  
Ballard French—1912.  
Ward Bateman—1914.  
Leonard Maier—1914.  
Ralph Unger—1914.  
Henry Sandusky—1915.

Willard Woody—1915.  
Emmet Brown—1916.  
Emmett O'Conner—1916.  
Leslie McAbee—1917.  
Robert Oakley—1917.  
Lea Harlan.  
Dan Morehouse.  
Frank Bode.  
Fred Bode.

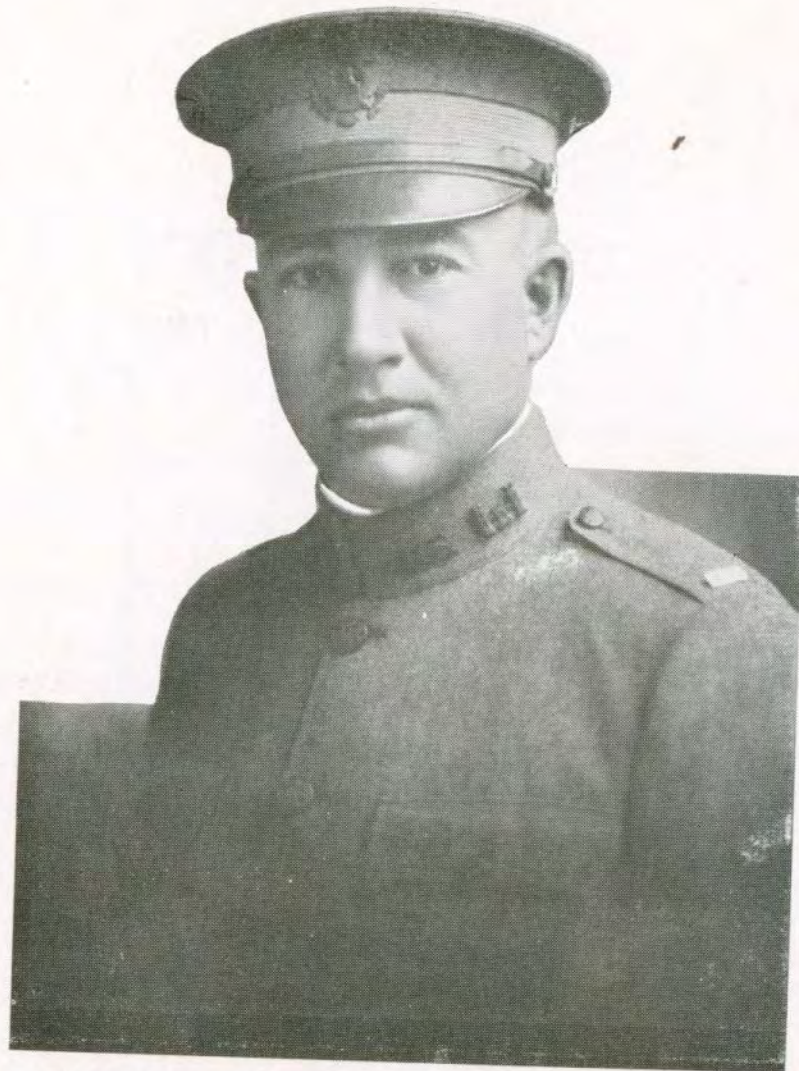
Never before since we, as a nation, gained our freedom and later preserved our unity has our country faced such a crisis as it is facing now. And never before have America's young men been offered such an opportunity for a great work and an heroic accomplishment. Salida's young men, in unison with the young men of the entire nation, have welcomed into their hearts and lives the great responsibilities of our country. They have left their work and their schools and have gone out to train, to fight, and, if needs be, to die for the principles for which our country stands, the grand principles of democracy.

As undergraduates we feel more keenly than ever before the ties which a common school association fosters. We had recognized previously that the ties of common pleasure between the graduates and the undergraduates of the school were strong, but never did we realize how close those ties of school fellowship were until our own boys began to hear the call of the nation and to spring to answer the call.

We shall miss them while they are gone; we shall not be quite happy until they return; but we are proud to have them go. We would not deny them the privilege of doing their duty splendidly, of making the sacrifice for a wonderful principle, of winning the glorious victory for the world. As a school we shall be standing back of our men who are fighting for our sakes "Over There."

In presenting the following section of Le Resume, our desire is to express, in the only way available, our pride in and our loyalty to our own, the Salida High School heroes.





NEIL DAVENPORT, FIRST LIEUTENANT CO. B ENGINEERS, 115  
REGIMENT STATIONED AT CAMP KEARNEY

He is playing the war-game now just as he played football—to win; and Coach Fulsom of Colorado State University said he was the best all-around man he ever trained.

Lieutenant Neil E. Davenport was born in Salida, January 4, 1890. His early education being completed in the public schools, he entered the Salida High School with the Class of 1908, and finished with honors. "Dave" has always been a close observer and a hard student. He entered the Engineering Department of the State University in 1910. After three years he was compelled to give up his studies on account of his father's health. Davenport won distinction in the classroom and on the athletic field. He enjoyed one of the enviable and most valuable qualities which characterize great men—capacity for and power of growth.

After his school career, he entered business, in which he was actively engaged up to the time when the Mexican situation became alarming. When

the call came, Davenport was one of the first to respond, and joined his company as a private in the Engineering corps. The trouble ended, he again returned to civilian life, and, on June 2, 1917, was married to Miss Anne Neihans, of Pueblo, Colorado. After a short period, he was again called to the colors. His ability was evident, and he was promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant. The regiment, including Lieutenant Davenport's company, was ordered to Camp Kearney. After he had been there but a short time, his rank was raised to that of First Lieutenant. He is now at Camp Kearney awaiting orders to "go over."

"Success to you Lieutenant 'Dave'; old Salida High is proud of you."

John Sweeney.



FRANK J. BERLIN, MEDICAL DEPARTMENT  
CASUAL DIVISION, 58

We are glad that the class of 1910 is represented in Uncle Sam's army of brave men.

Frank Berlin was one of the most enthusiastic members of this class, both in athletics and in the intellectual welfare of the high school. He manifested the same traits when he became a student in Northwestern University, where he received degrees in Chemistry and Pharmacy. After graduating from college, he became a Pharmacist in Chicago, where he had a thriving and successful business until he gave it up to enlist for service.

Our Government's first class in the X-ray Technique School in Washington has just completed its course, and is now ready to go into active service at the front. Frank has the distinction of being a member of this class, and one of the first who will serve in this capacity in France.

Our best wishes go to Frank; may he come home from "Over There" with another success added to his career.

Abby Perry.



GEORGE P. BREWSTER  
Lieutenant, U. S. N.

It was the new High School Building.

George was graduated in that same building in 1911; entered Annapolis, upon examination, in 1912; and finished his military training in June 1916, with rank of Ensign.

He was placed on duty on the Pacific Coast, and, in the fall of 1917, was advanced to rank of Junior Lieutenant. Recently his rank was raised to Lieutenant of Law Ordnance and Gunnery Service.

On December 25, 1917, he was married to Miss Jennie E. Marshall of Baltimore, Maryland.  
John Sweeney.

We have just learned that Robert Plimpton, one of Salida's best known young men, has entered the service in the Engineering Corps. Robert made an unusual record as a student both in high school and in the University of Colorado.

### BALLARD FRENCH

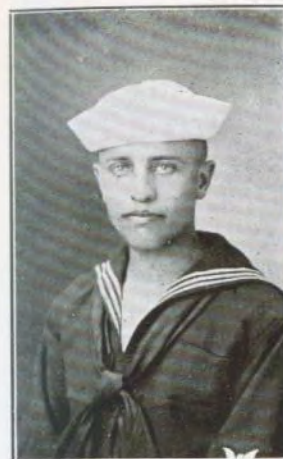
Ballard French, a member of the Class of 1912, who is a student in the Chicago Dental College, enlisted in the Medical Corps of the regular army. He was made a lieutenant, but will probably be allowed to finish his college work before going into active service. Ballard's many Salida friends are interested in his success.

Probably, St. Patrick never once even dreamed that there was to be so close a competitor in worldly honors to be born on his anniversary.

George Platte Brewster, Junior, was born at Cripple Creek, Colorado, March 17, 1893. His very early childhood was spent in that locality. He later came to Salida, and it was here that the warm Colorado sunshine was instilled into this young man, who radiates so much of it in his daily life.

George has been known to miss his English or history lesson, but it was because he had ideas of his own, which conflicted with those of his instructors.

I remember one little incident, which reveals that keen ability which makes men great, that of being a natural leader of men. George was passing a building which was under construction. An idea occurred to him, and the more George thought of it, the more logical it seemed. Mounting the ladder, he commanded the boys who were with him to get to work. When the contractor returned to his building, he found the new workmen on the job. In anger, he demanded to know who was at the head of the new crew, whereupon Brewster spoke up, "Well, time is money, and we want to get into this building and to get to work."



RALPH UNGER  
Camp Balboa



WARD BATEMAN  
Ordnance Sergeant  
Headquarters 33rd Division



LEONARD MAIER  
Corporal 341st Regiment  
Camp Funston.

Ralph Unger, Ward Bateman, and Leonard Maier were three prominent members of the Class of '14. Ralph entered the school as a junior, coming from East Denver. Ward and Leonard were both interested in track and baseball, and, as members of the Le Resume Staff, worked diligently to make the 1914 annual a success. All three boys distinguished themselves in their class play. Judging the indications for their future, by our knowledge of their past, we are confident of their success.

**CORPORAL LEONARD R. MAIER**

The State Examination,  
He passed with high degree,  
And now he serves the nation,  
As a Corporal, earns his fee.

And, when he's crossed the ocean,  
From Funston's training camp,  
There'll be a great commotion.  
Say, won't the enemy tramp!

The places high they'll only hit,  
Nor ponder on the way,  
When Leonard's Company does its bit  
And helps to win the fray.

When he returns, at warfare's end,  
A glad welcome he will find,  
Awaiting him from every friend,  
And the bride he left behind.

**PRIVATE RALPH UNGER**

Pedestrians were madly scattered,  
For the engineer, aged eight,  
Was dashing reckless down the sidewalk,  
With the "Limited", quite late.

Years later, when in High School,  
Rushing still, as long before,  
The Limited a "Buick",  
Down the street now wildly tore.

But yet still going upward,  
His ambitions, lofty, soar,  
In an airship climbing higher,  
Till they can't climb any more.

And ere long we'll read the message,  
Of success in frays galore,  
And,—Praise is due to Captain Unger,  
Of the Aviation Corps.

**SERGEANT WARD BATEMAN**

A promising lad of class '14,  
Brilliant of mind, perceptions keen,  
At Houston, Texas, now sojourns;  
Of Ward they speak in highest terms.

And when real things they're called to do,  
They'll find Ward Bateman is "true blue",  
Now a sergeant's title bears,  
As he our country's colors wears.  
Genelle Haus.



**HENRY SANDUSKY**  
Corporal  
"A" Battery, 1st Battalion,  
41st Division,  
148th Regiment

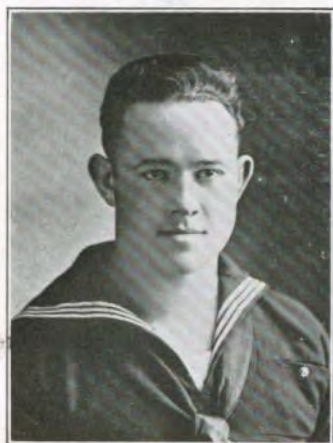


**FRANKLIN WILLARD  
WOODY**  
"A" Battery, 1st Battalion,  
41st Division,  
148th Regiment

Henry Sandusky and Willard Woody, two well known and popular Salida boys of the S. H. S. class of 1915, are now with the heavy artillery of the American army probably somewhere in France. Volunteers in "A" Battery, a company of Fort Collins college boys, they were first enrolled at Camp Baldwin, where their military unit was soon rated among the best. A short time ago they arrived safely in Europe.

Both boys were popular and a credit to their schools, making good records in High School and later at the Agriculture College at Fort Collins, where they entered together to specialize in agricultural work. Friends are looking for both boys to make unusually good records in the war, and are watching their progress with great interest.

Hazel Schoolfield.



EMMET BROWN

Emmet Brown entered the high school as a Sophomore and quickly identified himself with every class and school activity. He was a leader in athletics and in scholarship. As a Senior, he won special honors in debating and proved to be a very valuable member of the Le Resume staff.

Emmet was quick to seize the opportunity to enlist, and is now making good in the navy. The class of '16 is proud of the splendid spirit, which is a part of Emmet. We know him, we believe in him, we are proud of his past record, and we shall continue to be proud when he wins another first place for Uncle Sam and the Class of '16.

Lily Lines.

We are proud to say that this admirable young man, Emmett Cornelius O'Connor, was a member of Class of 1916.

Having finished school at Centerville, Emmett entered our midst in 1912 as a Freshman. The four years following were filled with happiness for all of us. Our new acquaintance, now known as "Cicero," became one of our most popular members. As we developed from Freshmen into Seniors, we had many good times, and Emmett always took an active part in the fun. In his school work and in athletics Emmett was always among the first; so we considered him a good, all-round student.

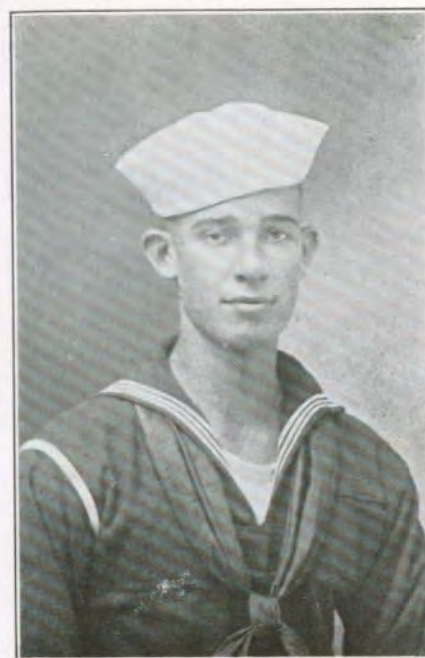
Then the scene changed, and we became graduates of the S. H. S. Having been awarded an appointment at West Point, Emmett entered the Army and Navy Preparatory School at Washington, D. C. When he had completed his course of one year there, he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York.

The best wishes for his success and happiness are here extended to Emmett by the Class of 1916.

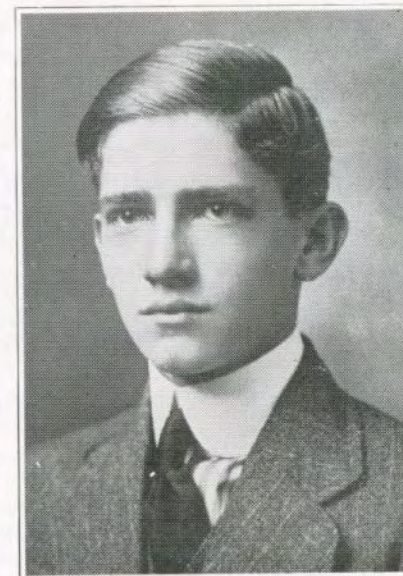
Paul Stodghill



CADET EMMETT O'CONNOR



LESLIE G. McABEE, U. S. N.



ROBERT N. OAKLEY  
2nd Class Electrician, U. S. N.

Robert Oakley and Leslie McAbee were granted their diplomas after they had enlisted. Robert attended the Salida High during his senior year. He is a young man of marked intellectual ability. Leslie was prominent in football and track. He was famous in high school circles for his literary ability, and was a talented member of the Le Resume Staff.

THE KAISER'S LAMENT

My name is Kaiser Wilhelm  
Und I have for your inspection,  
Der picture of a gentleman  
Vot giffs me much dejection.  
Ven I thot ter seize der world  
Und to place it in subjection,  
Mine proposal mit dis Leslie  
Vas met mit much rejection.

Und ven I tried to show him  
Dot I'd do it just der same,  
From just der vay he acted  
I judged his thots, dey vas'nt tame;  
For he got for him a steamship  
Mit lots of guns vot has goot aim:  
Und now I wish to heaven  
Dot he vas back from vere he came.

WIRELESS TO THE KAISER  
FROM R. N. O.

We'll put an end to "kulture"  
And our argument will be  
The boys who're clad in khaki,  
And the sailors on the sea.

It's time you should consider  
That you ought to have a care;  
For soon we'll have you corner'd  
In the land of "Over There."

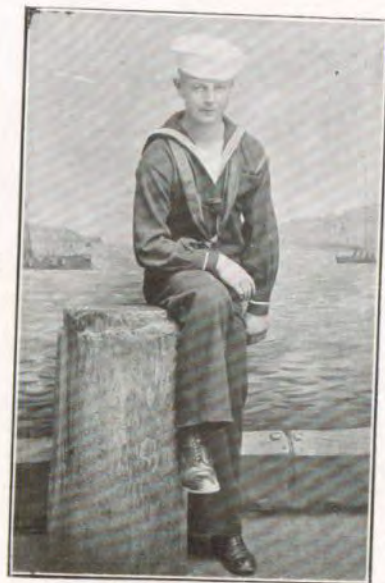
Iverne Haus.



LEA HARLAN

Lea Harlan, a well-known Salida boy, left the Salida High School, Class of 1918, last spring to enlist in the navy. Lea was one of the best athletes in the school and was deservedly popular. He was an aggressive, energetic student and worked just as hard in his studies as he did in athletic contests. Lea was famous for his ability to enthuse spirit into the class, and, in many a school contest, turned almost inevitable defeat into victory. This same spirit, broadened into patriotism, will do much for Uncle Sam in our quarrel with the Kaiser. Lea, at present, is a pointer of a four-inch gun aboard the U. S. S. Cheyenne. Our class is proud of Lea, and we all hope he will be back soon, crowned with glory.

Wilbur Allen



DAN MOREHOUSE

Dan Morehouse was one of the first to heed his country's call, and is serving 'neath the old Red, White, and Blue, in the Naval Detachment at the Ellis Island Immigrant Station. He came to Salida about four years ago, and entered the seventh grade. He was a Sophomore when he enlisted.

It is not a difficult matter to remember Dan. He is one of those rare characters that have a happy faculty of making friends and being known, heard, and felt among his associates. Dan is whole-souled, kind-hearted, a true American boy. He is very appreciative of friendship, and is held in the highest esteem by his former classmates, and by all others who had the privilege of knowing him.

The Class of 1919 will certainly "Keep the Homefires Burning" for Dan.

Lenore Ramey



FRANK AND FRED BODE  
Coxswains U. S. N.

The Class of '20 has certainly done its "bit" in sending two representatives to the services of Uncle Sam. There was no small amount of pride felt when Fred and Frank Bode announced to their various acquaintances that they had enlisted for the navy and were subject to call at any time. In the meanwhile, both boys were working diligently to better their condition so that they would be able to qualify more easily. On June twenty-first the call came, and the boys went directly to San Francisco. From the first, they won the respect of both officers and men; and, after being there but a very short time, they received the appointment of petty officers. In this office they have won many friends, and are known for their athletic ability and all-around sportsmanship. On account of good behavior and having faithfully complied with all rules, the boys were granted a fifteen day furlough in November, and made a short visit to their parents. Since returning, they have enlisted to be in the next draft for the Asiatic. Everyone feels sure that they will succeed, and all commend them for their praiseworthy record.

Heartz Davidson

It is a pleasure to the Le Resume staff to present letters, or parts of letters, from Salida High School graduates and students who are now serving the country, either at home or abroad.

Of the spirit of those who are gone, we can not be too proud. They are happily doing their all to be of service. Their spirit to do and to do gladly shows clearly in all of the letters which we have received. They make it very plain that the lives of the men in training are not made up of hardships only.

May the return of all be speedy, happy, and victorious.

A glimpse of camp life given by Neil Davenport in selections taken from letters to one of his friends.

We are going to keep heads up and make the best of the war, and, when the time comes, if it does, we are going to die like the good warriors of old.

Well, old scout, the sound of the tin horn, known as the bugle, is causing a sudden break in the peaceful quiet of the camp. Army regulations require one to bring the short letter to an end, and determine the cause of said disturbance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Camp Kearney is a real camp. We are equipped to handle thirty thousand men. It is equipped with a mess hall, shower baths, recreation halls, drill grounds, electric lights, sewer and water systems.

We were sent out a month ahead of the other Colorado men, and have had charge of a lot of the construction work.

The training here is considered intensive. It is all of that, and a little more. When these men go against the Germans, they will go as trained athletes.

We see a few war ships and a lot of aeroplanes. We have a school for aviators near

here, and they spend a large part of their time flying over our camp, taking pictures of our trench work.

It's a great life if you don't weaken, and the more you see of it, the more convinced you are that you must not. \* \* \* \* \*

There is a lot to this old stuff about how a man appreciates those letters from the old home town, while away at war.

I am seated now in one of the offices, which overlooks the drill field. The drill parade is one-fourth mile wide and two and half miles long. At this particular time of the afternoon, all the organizations have their men out, and the parade ground is actually crowded. If the Kaiser could only see us now, he would hardly think we were bluffing.

These last two weeks have been strenuous ones for me. We have begun what is called the sixteen weeks of final preparatory course. At the end of this time, we are due for a long trip "over there."

### FRANK BERLIN'S LETTER

Dear Friends:—

Army life in the twentieth century is not so romantic as it was in the days of knights in armor with clashing battle-axes; so this little chronicle of my experiences thus far in the war will not prove so interesting as it might have been a few centuries ago. In these days, soldiers do more hard work than fighting. This is especially true of the non-combatant troops, where it is all work and no fighting.

After enlisting in Pueblo on December 12, 1917, I was sent to Fort Logan with five others. The first bit of excitement was when the train was held up by a wreck ten miles out of Denver, and we were forced to wait for two hours. Finally, we decided to walk to a street car and ride into the city, as there was no indication that the train would proceed for some time.

My stay at Fort Logan was short, for which I was thankful, as the place was greatly overcrowded. After loafing for ten days, we received orders to pack up and be ready to board in one hour. We had no idea where we were going, but there were numerous rumors about—one that we were bound for Honolulu, another that Georgia was our destination, and many more with less foundation.

After an uneventful trip, we finally found ourselves at the very place we wanted to stay away from—Fort Riley, Kansas. Immediately on arrival we were placed in isolation. This gave the boys an excellent chance to become acquainted, as we were not allowed to leave barracks except for drill, which was three hours a day. After two weeks of isolation, our crowd, which, up to this time had been a casual detachment, was broken up. Most of the boys were assigned to field evacuation and provisional hospitals, while a few of the rest of us were still held as casals.

On my second day of isolation, I was assigned to the Military Police. It was while performing this duty that I learned that Fort Riley had been rightly called the coldest and windiest fort in this country; some of the days were so windy that it was almost impossible to keep your balance. The thermometer, on one occasion, registered 22 degrees below zero. However, I did not have to endure this long, for, one day, I received orders to pack, as I had been assigned to the Army Medical School at Washington, D. C., for a course in X-ray technique.

Conditions here in Washington are the reverse of camp life—none of that getting up at 6:15, and lights out at ten at night. It keeps us hustling to report at 8:30 in the morning.

The course I am taking is a very interesting one. The machine, for the use of which we are being trained, is a portable X-ray and fluoroscopic outfit.

We shall be stationed at an Evacuation Hospital, and, after a battle, shall be transported to about the second line trenches. The wounded will be brought there, and be examined by means of the fluoroscope.

The machine, the fluoroscope, is one by which we are enabled to look through the body by means of the X-ray, and to locate any foreign bodies present, such as bullets

or fragments of shells. These can be seen easily. The location is noted and marked, then the wounded man is turned over to the surgeon, who now knows just where it will be necessary for him to go in to get at the object.

The course here is nearly completed, and, when it is over, I don't suppose there will be any great amount of time lost in transporting us "Over There."

Very Sincerely,

F. J. Berlin.

Later—The class has completed its course, and we are now at Camp Merritt, N. J., expecting to sail for France anytime.

Ward Bateman sees not only an opportunity to serve his country splendidly, but also an opportunity to gain experience and business training which will unquestionably be of great value to him in later life.

I have now been in the Army about an even six months, but it seems, in some respects, like many years; not that the time has dragged heavily, for, on account of constant occupation, it has gone rapidly, but I don't see how all the things that have happened to me in rapid succession could have happened in so short a time. All the knowledge, experience, and adventures that have been crowded into these months could not have happened in any other year of my life.

My work is all office work, keeping the army books. However, this is nothing like bookkeeping in business. I handle nearly all the work in that line that goes through our office—transfers, reports and the like. I shall never regret that I joined the Ordnance Department, for it surely is the branch for me. I can keep my mind more or less active for future business, and can get much real knowledge.

There is cheer in knowing that, before long, I shall be "over there," on the ground where history is being made. It will be an honor and a privilege to strive on that ground in the greatest cause for which we have ever fought. Ever since I volunteered to give my services to our dear country, I have found a degree of real happiness in doing all I can to further its noble cause, in its war for Humanity and Peace.

We have a very pretty camp, situated in a huge pine woods, or forest. The camp is about five miles from town. Everyone lives in tents, which are laid out systematically under the high trees. The ground is dry and hard, and, for a camp, is very dusty. Three of us have a big tent only a stone's throw from the depot. Today we acquired electric lights for our camp, so decided to give it a name, and, forthwith, put out a sign, "Ye See Inn."

Leonard Maier finds time in his busy life to appreciate the amusements offered the soldier boys. He also appreciates the fact that the Colorado boys will do their share in the war.

I am located at present at Camp Funston. One of the best features of the camp is that we have three Y. M. C. A.'s, where we can go and read, write, or be entertained with music and moving pictures.

I am now a corporal, and have a great deal of office work to do in the captain's office, making out papers, drawing maps, and filling out government insurance papers. Each soldier is allowed a ten thousand dollar policy.

We have had several interesting lectures on gas fighting, by Frenchmen who are here from France instructing us.

Every afternoon we go out in the surrounding country and make map sketches. Sometimes, we take from six to ten mile hikes in the hills, or else have trench work. The trenches are made just as they are in France. \* \* \* \* \*

A soldier's life, however, is not all work, for, once a week, we get a twenty-four hour leave of absence. Still, we have to wash our own clothes, which is rather a difficult task to one who is not accustomed to such things; it makes one long for home and mother. \* \* \* \* \*

The 341st Regiment has one of the best bands in the army. Most of the members

are Colorado boys, and they are surely fine musicians. Besides that, Captain Diamond believes in singing a great deal. So, you see, we shall not only fight but also sing our way to victory.

We have a great many athletic stunts, which help to make us strong—football, basketball, and all other popular games.

I assure you that the Colorado boys are, without a doubt, going to do their part to make this good old world "safe for democracy."

Ralph Unger's letters home prove unquestionably that Ralph is pleased with the service and that he is thoroughly enjoying himself.

I am going into service with the desire to make good, so you will have no reasons to be ashamed of me.

I am certainly glad that I am here. This is a busy life, and a healthy one. We get up at five-thirty, clean house until seven-fifteen, eat breakfast, drill, eat dinner, work or drill until supper.

We have excellent food, our breakfast this morning consisting of grape-fruit, oat-meal, eggs, and coffee, but the coffee is awful. The food, otherwise, is well cooked, and we have butter every meal. I eat at the officers' mess, but not at the same table with the officers.

I don't get any papers unless they are sent as first class mail. There are mountains of papers arriving daily, and I can not get time to hunt them through to get mine; so, if you wish me to have them, you must send them as mentioned above. \* \* \*

Today we had inspection, which meant getting up at five, shaving, brushing clothes, and so on, till eight-thirty, when we started standing at attention. The inspection lasted until noon with practically no change in positions. At noon, we got rifles and belts, and drilled for two and a half hours without stopping. I was certainly tired and will be in bed within ten minutes after this letter is finished.

I am now actually attending Ground School, and it is go every minute. In spite of it all, I am gaining in weight, and never felt better in my life. The Ground School work consists principally in the teaching of the mechanics of the aeroplane engine.

I met a very pleasant young man from San Francisco, and, when I get done sewing on buttons, we shall both go to a moving picture show. We were together one day last week on the Plaza when a gentleman stopped his car and took us for a long ride. He called us up today, and asked us to go with him again tomorrow.

I see many Salida people, and it surely seems good to see them.

Everyone reading Henry Sandusky's letter from France will know that Hank is right after the Kaiser.

Extracts from Henry Sandusky's letter written Somewhere in France:—

We are now settled in very comfortable quarters. We have nice barracks to live in and good American-cooked grub again. We had a fine trip across the water, good weather most of the trip. I got by without being seasick. \* \* \*

Because of various reasons, we use "side door Pullmans" here. We had some time the last trip. We spent a couple of nights on the road, and box car floors are not what you would call soft. When we did get ticks again, we surely did sleep.

I sure have enjoyed every inch of my travels and hope to learn more, as we are a long way from the guns. We are all raving to go and get a whack at "Fritz," as "Bill" is called over here.

The trip to here on French soil was fine. Unless one knew the war was going on, he could not judge it from this part of the country, except by the numerous soldiers. Every-

thing is green here, and the sun is shining as if it were in June. I had looked for more agriculture and small farms, but was surprised to see all the timber. Forests are cultivated extensively. The buildings are old and covered with moss. They are surrounded by walls; and the streets are narrow and paved. The roads are fine. Believe me, you could spin some on them.

The methods used in farming seem strange to me. For the first time I saw oxen hauling two wheeled carts. The farmers drive horses one in front of the other. Most of the labor is done on a small scale. A great deal of truck farming is done here.

The engines used on the railroad are small, and looked about like our first type of locomotive. The passenger cars open from the side. They have from four to six compartments, and will accommodate forty to fifty men, if crowded. The box cars have a capacity of six to ten tons.

A great deal of the labor is done by the women. Believe me, if the society buds of America could see the women work here, maybe they wouldn't feel so bad if they had to wash a dish now and then. When I get back, I shall be able to do most anything without crabbing.

There are lots of things I should like to tell, but the censorship is very strict. I am feeling as well, if not better than ever before, and I am sure raving to get to the front.

The sketches from Willard Woody's letters suggest that he is enjoying seeing the world while he trains for Uncle Sam. Willard's characteristic good spirit permeates his letters.

We have a regular system for leaving camp. The men are divided into three classes, A, B, and C. A is excellent; the men in that class can go to and from the camp when they please. They are mostly officers, however, B is very good; they may leave two or three times a week. C is fair; these men can leave only on urgent business. So, you see it pays us to be good.

We have a good many shows, either furnished by some of the performers from the local theatres, or else by the Y. M. C. A. Besides this, they take us on hikes. We are just back from one that lasted three days. It was rather tiresome, but was indeed a pleasure. \* \* \*

We had a long parade in Memphis, Tennessee, and then had our pictures taken. After that, we left for Camp Greene, North Carolina. The Southland surely isn't anything like Colorado; it is so damp and foggy. \* \* \*

One day we went over to the postoffice and watched a baseball game that was being played in New York. Of course, we didn't see the men, but all the plays were shown. I don't know how it was done, but it was very interesting. \* \* \*

We have made another move, and are now at Camp Mills, about twenty miles from New York City. On our way, we crossed the Potomac River, which is one of the prettiest sights I ever saw. I shall not try to describe it, as I couldn't possibly do it justice. Chesapeake Bay is also very pretty.

Our aeroplane camp is just a little way from here, and we can hear the hum of engines all day long.

We have a great many parades, usually taking in the 146th, 147th, and 148th Regiments, over thirty-three hundred men in all.

On Thanksgiving day, the whole battery was invited out to dinner. We were assigned to different homes, and were certainly treated royally. \* \* \*

Again, we have moved, and are now stationed at Camp Merritt, New Jersey. We have dandy places, steam heat and all. This is an embarkation camp, and we expect to sail at most any time. I surely will be glad to get into real action "over there."

Note: Willard is now "somewhere in France."

### Emmett O'Connor's Letter

February 5, 1918.

Dear Friends of the S. H. S.,

Winter life at West Point is much the same as life at any ordinary college except for the military discipline, which enters into every phase of the work. Slight changes have been made in the course since we entered the war, but these changes are much the same as the general speeding up of the whole country. Otherwise, West Point is just the same as it has been for a hundred years.

The boom of the reveille gun interrupts our pleasant slumbers at six, and we tumble out of bed and rush down to our places in the ranks in the dark, buttoning our overcoats as we go. After reveille, we hurry back to our rooms, sweep and put the rooms in order for morning inspection, and get ready for breakfast. The rest of the day is occupied with recitation and study periods, except about two hours of free time in the afternoon, which are usually given to athletics, or some other school activities.

After supper, "call to quarters" is sounded, and we have to study in our rooms until the welcome three taps on the drum at ten o'clock. Such is the usual routine for a winter day.

The academic course is a very thorough one, and is devoted chiefly to the theoretical side of our profession. The classes are instructed in sections of ten cadets each, by officers of the regular army. A very thorough course in mathematics is provided, as well as courses in studies important to military men, such as languages, sciences, and cultural studies. An important part of the winter's work is the course in physical training. An hour a day is devoted to this work in a big, new, excellently equipped gymnasium. All manly arts are taught. Calisthenics, gymnasium apparatus work, foil, saber, and bayonet fencing, boxing, and wrestling are taught in alternating periods during the week.

June brings the cadet a welcome change from barracks to camp, and a no less welcome change from theoretical work to practical work. Reveille is one hour earlier. Studies are forgotten, and outdoor work holds full sway. Infantry close order, the ever necessary disciplinary drill, occupies a conspicuous part of the program, but much other more interesting work is also offered. Instruction is given in preliminary military engineering, infantry field training, rifle and artillery target practice, riding, swimming, and dancing.

August brings an even more complete change than camp. The entire corps of cadets, except the class on furlough, goes out on a two weeks hike, and the members of the corps live as they would under service conditions. Marches, attacks, defenses, and retreats are carefully planned, and worked out just as they would be in actual warfare. Sometimes conditions become rather too real. On our hike last August, a night attack on some heights overlooking West Point was planned for the last night, in the way of a crowning feature to the campaign. Late in the afternoon, a heavy rain-storm, accompanied at times by violent thunder and lightning, came up and lasted all night. In discussing the plan of attack late in the evening, the commandant admitted that the weather was slightly disagreeable, but added that the adverse circumstances would only make the problem more interesting. Reveille was sounded at midnight, and we crawled out of our sleeping bags, struck tents, made up our rolls in the pouring rain, and splashed off in the dark to the attack.

This for four years is the life of a cadet. Under present conditions, we shall remain here only three years until we don the "Army Blue," and we are all longing for the day when we can get out and do our part in the war.

Sincerely,  
Emmett O'Connor

### Emmet Brown's Letter

Dear Friends:—

The navy is a splendid place in which a boy may learn and advance; and the first and most important lesson it teaches is that of self-reliance. At home, many of us de-

pend on someone else to look out for our rights, and, in this way, were dependent; but here the main thing we learn is to look out for ourselves. Our life is not all pleasure, to be sure, for we are here for too serious a purpose; but, between the periods of drilling, we have many little amusements, which help to keep us cheerful, and, in a splendid gymnasium, we have all the modern equipment which goes to make strong and healthy bodies. We have our baseball, football, basketball, and handball, our cutter crews and crack drill teams; and, in all things, there is that spirit of friendly rivalry that goes so far toward promoting the efficiency of our navy. Boxing and wrestling are not neglected, and, in fact, every branch of athletics is given its place in our daily routine.

We are given the best of entertainments in the line of vaudeville shows and concerts, and, twice a week, we have free moving pictures. These picture shows are composed of the best Triangle and Essanay features, and, in many instances, we are the first to see the new releases. The vaudeville shows are from the famous Pantages and Levy circuits, and are the best that can be offered. The concerts are from the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, as are the lectures we occasionally have. Besides these professional lecturers, we sometimes have talks by officers on special branches of naval service, and, in this way, are constantly being made acquainted with new, interesting, and useful things.

There is a feeling among the fellows that we are doing but little here toward bringing about the peace that means so much to us and to our allies, but, when our period of training is over and we are equipped to cope with the enemy, our turn will come, and I am sure that, when that time does come, not a one of our boys will be found wanting. They are young, most of them not yet twenty, but they are men, every one. This time of danger has brought home to them the realization of responsibility, and they are no longer the care-free, happy-go-lucky children of yesterday, but the brave fighting men of today.

And one more thing I want to speak about is the credit due to the women of the Red Cross for their work in knitting warm things for the boys. It is said that, if we need such things, the government will supply them, and this is true to a certain extent; yet it is not always in the sweater or wristlet itself that the merit lies, but in the fact that it brings home to us the realization that, somewhere and everywhere, our women are interested in us and are anxious to do all they can to help us. Here, we have suffered none of the privations and hardships that will come later, but many and many a boy has been cheered by receiving a sweater or package from women, perhaps in some town of which he has never heard, and has been thankful for the interest shown in him and his comrades.

Educational affairs are looked after, too, and we have a library of ten or twelve thousand volumes, together with all the latest papers and magazines. Hundreds of periodicals find their way to us, and I sometimes wonder if people think how they can help to pass an idle hour by putting the one cent stamp on the corner of a magazine.

"Opportunity knocks but once," they say, but I believe that, in the navy, she is knocking all the time. Scarcely a day goes by that does not bring to light some new chance for an intelligent boy who has the will to learn.

Hoping that I may have been able to tell you something of interest I am  
Sincerely yours,  
Emmet Brown.

We regret that we haven't a letter direct from Leslie McAbee, but the extracts taken from various letters seem to indicate that Les is a very busy man. We promise the public a book from Les when the war is over.

Well, I have been transferred to the real ocean, and am no longer a dry land sailor. I will try to give you some conception of a sailor's life. At present I am on the U. S. S. —.

Even though the war in Europe is far away from us, we feel the effects to a considerable extent. When we are at sea, every night, the entire ship is darkened. This is



for fear of submarines spying us. Men are stationed at all the guns, and a lookout is stationed in the foremast.

Life on board ship is quite different from that of the training camps. As you know, when I left home in April, I went in training at Goat Island. I was there a little over two months, and then was transferred to San Diego where I spent about four months.

Everything was fine there. The climate of this place is ideal. We were camped on the Exposition Grounds at Balboa Park. It was surely pretty there. The sailors were monarchs of the town; every night a social, or dance, was given for the blue jackets.

One night four of us went across the border to Tia Juana. We were walking down the street when a bunch of Mexicans came out of an alley, and fell upon us. We sustained the assault, and the opponents were driven back. However, one of them hit me with a cane, and broke my wrist. We hunted the only American doctor in the place, and had the wrist set. \* \* \* \* \*

Forty-one of us, rated as quartermasters, were sent to the fleet. We were sent aboard four ships in the first division, and four in the third division. Our ship was in the first. She is an old-timer; but still sea-worthy. She has four thirteen-inch guns, four eight-inch and thirteen five-inch guns.

Since I came aboard, I have been constantly on the job. A quartermaster's business is to send, receive, and interpret signals and commands from one ship to another. We use several different codes, including the Ardois, Very, and International.

To a person on the outside, a sailor's life seems easy, but, in reality, it is far from it.

We have to roll out at five o'clock in the morning and turn to, which means scrubbing decks and cleaning the ship. About once a week we have to holy stone the decks, or scour them with small pieces of stone.

The sailors have to wash their own clothes, as they are not convenient to a laundry. Sometimes we don't get ashore for three or four months. So, you see, it isn't altogether a snap. \* \* \* \* \*

Since writing you last, I have been transferred several times. I have been in Panama, New Orleans, Boston, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Newport, and Hampton Roads. We expect to go looking for "Willie's tin fish" any day now.

#### Lea Harlan's Letter

Dear Friends:

It surely seems funny not to be back in Salida, going to school with the old bunch, but this is the life for me. I'll try to tell you some of the many interesting sights I have witnessed since I left home.

I suppose you all heard of the death of our Japanese Ambassador some time ago. His body was brought over from Japan, and the funeral services were held in Frisco. Four companies were taken from Goat Island to go over and conduct the corpse in state to the baggage car.

It was the biggest parade you ever saw. Thousands and thousands of people were lined up along the streets to see it. Besides our companies, there were as many soldiers, and about the same number of Japanese soldiers. All the flags in the United States were supposed to be at half-mast on that day.

They had the coffin on a low wagon all covered with the United States flag and flowers. We marched down to the dock and on a big ferry boat, where our four companies lined up on both sides while the hearse was driven on the front end of the boat. We accompanied the body to Oakland, and from this place it was shipped east.

I was taken from Goat Island to San Diego, and, after a few months of drill there, was stationed on the Cheyenne, where I have been ever since.

After a long stay in the San Pedro harbor, we sailed for the eastern coast by way of the Panama Canal.

The town of Panama has only one main street, but it has two business sections.

It is about a ten minutes' walk between the two main parts of town, and about half an hour's walk from bay to bay, or from one side of the island to the other.

There are quite a few more Spicks here than Americans; by Spicks, I mean Cubans, Jews, Italians, and various other dark races. Outside of the soldiers, sailors, and marines, a person can find hardly anyone who speaks English. It is either "Me no savy," or "Me no speakie English." The young girls here look like Americans, but, when you'd say, "Hello," or "Where are you going?" or "May I see you home?" or "May I have the next dance with you?" or "Will you have some ice cream?" it was either "Me no savy," or "Me no speakie English."

From Panama, we sailed to the eastern coast.

There are eight men-of-war here in the bay now, including the Cheyenne, and we have six subs with us.

I saw Thomas A. Edison for the first time Thursday. He looks just like his pictures, except a little older.

Mr. Edison is here trying to invent a color to use in painting the subs so that they will be invisible on the water. He is also working on a torpedo that can be guided by wireless.

I will have to close this letter now, as I am due on duty in a few minutes.

Although I miss home and all my old friends, I am anxiously awaiting the time when we shall sail over to help the other boys.

Yours sincerely,

Lea Harlan

"The navy is the best place," is the claim made by Dan Morehouse. Dan's rare sense of humor seems not to have been damaged in the service.

I enlisted because I thought it was my duty. If I did not go, I knew someone else would have to. I did not enlist on patriotic impulse, but considered it for some time. and am glad that I am in the service. I have been transferred to fireman, and will have to stay on this island for another month. The boys that enlisted with me have left Mare Island. I see Lea Harlan and Leslie McAbee at least every day. \* \* \* \* \*

I am a long way from the place where I last heard from you. I am in Philadelphia on the U. S. S. Alabama. I am now a second class fireman, and will soon be in the first class. Of course, that is not like being an officer, but I am doing a part in this war that has to be done. I am heaving coal into a furnace, and somebody must do that in order to get our men into the field.

I had a very enjoyable Christmas. We were stuck in an ice jam out here in the Delaware River, and it took us all Christmas day to get out. I can surely sympathize with Washington, as far as crossing the Delaware is concerned.

You asked me if I thought I would like to go "over there." If I thought for a minute that I shouldn't get to go across, I'd be sadly disappointed. I am anxious to do or die for my country.

I like my work, but, of course, hope I shall be able to come back to Salida when the war is won. We are treated fine. The navy offers good entertainment for the boy off duty, and everything is done for our comfort when we are on duty. The navy is a good place to advance both physically and mentally. \* \* \* \* \*

I have just been taking in the high buildings in New York, while I am on shore leave. I enjoy all the interesting sights, but like the subways best. I generally go about thirty of forty blocks past my station, and then have to get another car back. Then, of course, I get frustrated and forget where I am going. It is almost always so crowded that you can't get off where you want to anyhow. \* \* \* \* \*

I am no longer with the Alabama, but am with the Naval Detachment at Ellis Island, guarding interned Germans. We are situated in the Immigration Building, where they intern all foreigners for a detention of twenty-one days. There is a bunch of Hollanders here, and some of them have wooden shoes. When they walk across these tile floors, it sounds like the Fourth of July.

The other day I saw a Destroyer. It looked like a picture out of the funnies in the Denver Post. They paint those boats with every color of paint that they can find. I don't think they paint them in any special way; it looked to me as if they had taken a bucket of each color, and had thrown them on in different spots. Certainly, they made the most ridiculous object you could wish to see.

I suppose that I shall be some place else when you hear from me again, but, as always, I shall be claiming that the navy is the best place.

---

**Extracts from a letter written to the Sophomore Class by Frank Bode.**

---

One night, when we were all in bed, we were called to get up and go to the doctor to be examined, and told to have everything packed by morning. Two of our friends, Fred, and I were not in the draft, as we were drilling the firemen at the time; but we wanted to go, so put our names in.

All were up early, ready for the big day. We left the island the twenty-third of January. In Frisco, we boarded the Great Western; it is a big ship and can surely go. We stayed in Frisco harbor that night, and sailed the twenty-fourth of January for Panama. We didn't see land for six days, but saw all kinds of fish, whales, sharks, flying fish, and fish we didn't know were in the ocean. I wasn't seasick a bit, but some of the fellows were.

We reached Panama City the thirty-first of January, and had liberty there. It is a fine place—all kinds of tropical fruits and all kinds of animals. But, oh, so very hot, and all black people! It took us one day to go through the canal; it is wonderful.

There was a draft for two hundred men to be put off at Colon. We wanted to go on to the eastern coast, but they didn't see it that way. Our two chums were sent on, and it was like parting with home folks, as they were like brothers more than friends. Still we think we have the best place. It is just like home here, and we are associated with as nice fellows as one would want to meet. So we will make the best of it. It is more like a lumber camp than a submarine base.

When next you hear from us, we may be on the other side of the world.

Very truly yours,  
Frank Bode

---

The cuts for the pictures of Neil Davenport and Robert Oakley were furnished by the courtesy of The Salida Mail.

## Seniors

MOTTO: We Fight to Win.  
COLORS: Orange and Black.

---

### OFFICERS

President	- - - - -	Lela Burton
Vice-President	- - - - -	Reba Williams
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	James Shay

---

### CLASS OF EIGHTEEN

Tune: "There's a Long, Long Trail."

We're a jolly bunch of students,  
Who lead all the rest.  
'Tis the Class of Nineteen Eighteen;  
We always do our best.  
We're the champion debaters,  
As you all may know;  
And we never fail to do our part,  
Be there sunshine, rain, or snow.

Chorus:—

Oh! three cheers for Nineteen Eighteen,  
The class we all love so true,  
With our black and golden banner  
Waving in skies so blue.  
We're all loyal to our high school,  
And to our teachers so dear;  
And our hearts are filled with gladness,  
When the old school bell we hear.

Black and gold are our class colors,  
Which we hold so dear;  
And where'er we see them waving  
We all shout and cheer.  
Now the time is drawing nearer  
When we must say good-bye,  
But we'll ne'er forget our high school,  
Dear old Salida High.

---

### THE COURT ZEUS

There sat the Greek philosophers, Thales, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and the Seven Sages. Speaking in measured tones, we heard them read their statistics.



To Wilbur Allen do we attribute the qualities of Fides, god of faith and honesty. Wilbur's loyalty and truth will long be remembered.

To Frances Brush do we permit the virtues of Themis, goddess of laws. Frances was never known to break a rule.

To Richard we deem it wise to assign the characteristics of one of the Lares, gods of vigilance. Richard is ever watching for an opportunity to help someone.

To Lela Burton we give the attributes of Aurora, goddess of the morning. Lela's cheerful disposition has made her a splendid class president.

To Marion Cook we designate the greatness of Hebe, goddess of laughter. Marion's bright smile helped to keep us in a cheerful frame of mind during the dark days of vaccination.

To Robert Davidson we esteem it well to assign the virtues of Momus, god of festivals and comedy. All agree.

To Edna Eckland do we attribute the graces of Terpsichore, goddess of dancing. Edna's graceful movements reveal her art.

To Tom Flynn we allow the greatness of Bacchus, god of the wine cup and revel. Tom's capabilities are beyond question.

To Glenna Goddard it is essential to assign the virtues of Athena, goddess of wisdom. The boys find Glenna very witty.



To Margaret Gill we believe it wise to donate the gift of Flora, goddess of flowers and perpetual youth. Margaret's ways will never grow old.

To Eugene Howard we give the wisdom of Cupid, god of love. Eugene's love consists of the devoted attention he gives to his daily tasks.

To True Harlan do we give the kindness of Astraea, goddess of innocence and of pure justice. True is always good and fair in her dealings with her fellow men.

To Rose James do we donate the capabilities of Polyhymnia, goddess of music, but Rose is married now.

To Mabel Knickerbocker we will the fortune of Minerva, goddess of wealth and wisdom. Mabel's wealth consists in her ability to be a good debater, staff-member, and student combined.

To Frank McDonough it is necessary to allot the power of Vulcan, god of steel. Frank is as strong as the steel he works with.

To Rena Meacham is given the loveliness of Diana, goddess of the wood and wild flowers. Thus appears Rena's buoyant nature.

To Louise Nance do we assign the likeness of Thalia, goddess of mirth and laughter. Louise is seldom sad.

To Jay Ramey we donate the fame of Nereus, god of prophecy. Jay is looking ahead, while we are still in doubt.



To Daisy Rush it is agreed to give the virtues of Aglaia, goddess of grace and goodness. Daisy is noted for kindness.

To James Shay do we agree to will the fame of Nestor, god of heroic deeds. James is always accomplishing something worth while.

To Yola Sage we deem it necessary to attribute the qualities of Vesta, goddess of the hearth. Yola loves the domesticity in the home.

To Shirley Smyth we give the qualities of Mercury, god of orators. The judges of the Gunnison debate agree.

To Alma Schlessinger we think it wise to assign the characteristics of Nike, goddess of victory. Alma masters her studies with ease.

To Harold Strayer we agree to donate the gift of Mars, the storm-god, who presides over war and battle. Harold is keen about athletic training and in preparation for the part he is to take.

To Aline Van Alstine do we give the virtue of Tacita, goddess of silence. Aline holds her own counsel.

To Reba Williams we will the characteristics of Venus, goddess of beauty. Again the boys agree with the philosophers.

To Helen Work we attribute the possessions of Proserpina, goddess of springtime. Roses always bloom in Helen's cheeks, and the sunshine of June is in her heart.

## THE ANNALS OF THE CHOSEN FEW

### BOOK I

Among the mighty hills, far out in the Land of Promise, there lay a fair city, called Salida, the Gateway. In that city dwelt men of valor, and children of men, who stood before the face of the King.

Now there ruled over these children of men a certain Governor, an honorable man in the sight of the King; and beside him there stood many of the wisest of the land to take counsel with him and to show him the wisdom they had gained by going to and fro in the land, yea, unto the uttermost ends of the earth.

And every year, in the ninth month, there came to the palace of the Governor young men and maidens from every household in the land that lay around about, even from all the land that lay within the circle of the mighty hills, and from the banks of the rivers that watered that valley. For, behold, these young men and maidens came from every home in that land to sit at the feet of the Governor of that house, and to learn wisdom from his lips.

Now, in the eighth year of the rule of this Governor, it came to pass that there drew near to sit at his feet a band of youths and maidens most glorious to behold, more strong and more wise than any that had yet been seen in that land. And men wagged their heads, and said, Lo, see the Class of Nineteen Eighteen! All the world shall marvel at it ere yet it has stood for four revolving years in the presence of the Governor, and has sat at his feet to learn of his wisdom and gain from him understanding.

And, when all these youths and maidens were numbered, behold, there were fifty and four from all the lands around about, even from far Oklahoma, and from the land of the Hebrews. Yea, more, there were Reba, Ulva, and Helen, fair to behold; and Marion, Lea, and Wilbur, crowned with glory. There were Glenna and Rose, from the land where the corn had failed, and where milk and honey had ceased to flow; there were Louise and Mabel, from the land of plenty, fair with all the goodness thereof.

So it came to pass that all these youths and maidens joined themselves together into one band, that they might strive gloriously with the other children who stood before the face of the Governor, and with those who were yet to come. In feats of skill and of strength they excelled, and much favor did they find in the sight of all men. Ever, from year to year, did they increase in excellence, even in the sight of the King who ruled over all that land. And though every year with the revolving seasons, when it came to the time of the harvest, yea, of the gathering in of the ripened grain, there came a new band of youths and maidens, even a large and glorious band, to sit at the feet of the Governor and to learn of his wisdom, yet has there never appeared so goodly a company?

And, when their days were completed, that they should leave the palace of the Governor, and should turn their faces from his gates, to go out into all the land, each unto his own house, then were some found wanting of the band that came in the beginning. Then was it found that, lo, some had fallen by the wayside, turned aside by the eloquence of false prophets, or lured, even, by the wiles of that demon, Ease. Some had gone at the beck of that sly god, Cupid, whom none of the faithful band might gaze upon until they had fulfilled their days in the palace of the Governor, even before the face of the King. Yea, and one had gone unto a far land to fight valiantly for the feeble and oppressed, and to oppose his loyal breast to the enemies of his land.

But, to fill the places of those who had gone, lo, men saw that there had come from other lands, and from the feet of other Governors, even from the palaces of other Kings, a valiant few, goodly of face, loyal in heart, a joy and

blessing to all who beheld them. Yea, there had been added unto that happy band, one long of arm and strong of heart, a youth skilled with tongue and pen, that he might lead them to glory in yet untried fields.

And, behold, the Governor looked upon the Class of Nineteen Eighteen, and saw that it was good. Then stood he up before the face of the King, even, his King, and before all the men who dwelt in that land, and said, Lo, here are the youths and maidens given into my keeping four long years ago. Behold, they have run a good race; they have chosen their captains well; three youths and one maiden, called by all men Harold Archer, Tom Flynn, Lea Harlan, and Lela Burton, have lead them forward in an honorable path, forward to noble victory over all the foes that opposed them. See their glory and their goodness. Give them, O King, thy blessing ere they depart.

And the King lifted up his voice and blessed them saying, Give ear, my children, unto the words of my mouth, and hearken ye unto my wisdom. For this day have ye come to the parting of the ways; this day must ye choose between the good and the evil. Look ye well to the shoes on your feet, and to the packs ye shall carry on your backs; look ye to all that which will give you courage to fight, and strength to win. For this day must ye, all seven and twenty of you, set out upon a long journey, the journey of life. Go ye unto all the world, to do that which is good, for your own honor, and for the honor of your native land.

## BOOK II

Now the Governor of that land ruled for many years, until his locks were hoary, and his shoulders bent with the burden of his cares. Yea, even, did his heart sink within him, and the walls that were around about him were as the walls of a prison. And he lifted up his voice and wept.

But, as he wept, then were the walls of his bondage lightened. And, when he lifted up his eyes, behold, a door was opened; and the voice he heard was like unto that of a trumpet; which said, Come up hither, and I will shew thee the things that have been.

And, behold, a throne was set, and a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald. And he that sat upon the throne held in his right hand a book inscribed within with seven and twenty names. And, lo, he that sat upon the throne arose, and, behold, it was the King, even the King of all that land. Then did the King look upon the book that was in his hand, and then did he pronounce in a loud voice three names. And, lo, sweet music was heard; and three forms appeared, clothed in white raiment, and singing gently. And, as the Governor looked, the faces were turned toward him. Then was the Governor as one struck dumb, for they whose heavenly voices trembled upon the air were Frank McDonough, Shirley Smyth, and Eugene Howard. And, as the Governor marvelled, the music died away, and the forms vanished.

Then, lo, a motherly form arose. To her garments clung sweet children. Then was it made manifest unto the Governor that this was Rose James, a pattern for all goodly matrons.

Swift as thought there shone a light, clear as the noon day sun. Of a truth, it was a vision of delight, for two figures swayed in unison, like unto birds in very lightness. And, as they bent and swayed, then did the Governor know them to be Yola Sage and Edna Eckland.

Again the scene was changed, and there appeared a weary toiler, bent with care, only taking his hands from the plow to wipe away the sweat from his furrowed brow. Yea, verily, in great amazement did the Governor gaze upon James Shay, a worthy tiller of the soil.

Then, behold, there came before him a light form, advancing joyously

toward a lofty mansion. Next did the Governor hear a knock at the door. The door opened, then closed with a loud noise, and he heard the words, "No agents." Then was he moved with wonder; for, lo, she who closed the door so loudly was True Harlan, and she who had turned away was Rena Meacham.

But, hark, the low sound of a Christmas hymn was heard. Strange people gathered about a slender daughter of the chosen few, as she told tales of her far away country, and then the story of the Christ. And, behold, there rose also a calm, sweet voice, exhorting them to prayer. Then was the Governor moved to tears of wonder, for he beheld a light of holy joy illuminating the uplifted faces of Glenna Goddard and Harold Strayer, as they knelt among the children of the sun.

Then did a weird light shine upon a form bending over a hand, reading the lines of life. And many men of many nations gathered about the prophetess, but none knew it to be Lela Burton.

Then did the Governor's heart bound with fear, as he heard a whir, and a sailing thing appeared like a huge bird. And, lo, the great thing fluttered and lowered, for, at the wheel, was the steady hand of Aline Van Alstine, and he who showered down death upon the foe was none other than that gallant warrior, Jay Ramey.

And, behold, a man became visible, tall and thin, with a long, grey beard. With awl in hand, he bent over his task all day. Then did the Governor in wonder stare as he recognized Robert Davidson, a kind, old shoemaker, a man of peace.

Lo, there appeared then all feathered birds that are. With one wild cry, they hastened to greet an approaching figure. Then did the Governor draw in his breath in deep amazement, for this little old maid, delighting in the love of her pets, was Reba Williams. But, alas, the happy scene was spoiled, for there drew near a beggar, ragged and disheveled. And tears of pity filled the eyes of the Governor when he saw that it was she who had been once called the pretty Margaret Gill.

But, before he had wiped away his tears with the hem of his garment, lo, a wild cry broke upon the still air, and Daisy Rush appeared, grasping boldly and with force a pair of forceps, while she painlessly extracted an aching tooth from a writhing victim.

Again a form appeared, but this time lifted far up toward the heavens. Upon a scaffold tall it sat, high above the heads of men, and with fair colors did it adorn the lofty dwellings of the city's poor. Then it was clear unto the Governor that the universe had never known a more famous artist than Alma Schlessinger.

But, now, a pause. In silence, there appeared one clothed in white. Her head was raised, and then there rose from her lips such medodies as made the Governor to marvel exceeding much. Only when she had ceased were his eyes opened, and he knew the disappearing form to be that of Mabel Knickerbocker.

But, alas, before the eyes of the Governor there came a vision that made his heart ache and tears rush to his eyes. A father endeavored to still the cry of a sick child. And, lo, the Governor heard him say, Hush, my little one; be of good cheer. Soon will the dance be ended. Then, perchance, will thy mother come home to her lamb. And Tom Flynn, for it was he, bowed his head in deep despair.

Then, as the Governor beheld Frances Brush, wonder grew in his heart. There was she preparing food, even good food, for those who toil in the bowels of the earth. And, as they approached, weary with their labor, then did she look at them over her glasses, just as she had done five and twenty times a day in the years that were past. Then, also, as in the days that were gone by, did her smile warm his weary heart.

But, now, the sign of "Barber" flashed before the eyes of the Governor,

and his heart was glad within him when he beheld the wholesome form and cheerful smile of Louise Nance. For it was she who cleansed the heads of men and made them fair before all people. Yea, even, did she make them sweet with all the fragrant odors of Araby; and thus she did good unto all who asked it of her.

As the last scene faded from his view, lo, a sound burst upon his ear, the clash of cymbals, and the blare of trumpets. Like unto a child in playfulness, though like unto a man in size, one balanced himself lightly upon a kicking mule. With joy needs must the Governor greet him, for, lo, it was his old friend, Richard Behrens.

Then, behold, a scene as it were of a forest in winter came before his eyes. The great pines moaned, as the winds played weird melodies through the cracks of a tiny cabin, and a deep melancholy came over the heart of the Governor. But, as he gazed through the window, his heart was softened within him, for, lo, a solitary hermitess sat pondering, and he knew it was Helen Work.

Again the vision changed. Over a carpenter's table bent a figure toiling with hammer and nails. At first, the worker appeared to be a man, but then a golden lock slipped from under the cap; and, when the hammer struck an unoffending finger, then did the Governor see that, after all, the carpenter was a woman, and that the woman was Marion Cook.

Then did the head of the Governor droop, for he was weary with his long exertions. But, suddenly, he was aroused by the sound of a loud voice. Opening his eyes, he beheld in wonder a figure, familiar in outline, but strange in gesture. For, lo, the man spoke in burning accents and in words that made the limbs of the Governor tremble, and his heart grow great with fear. But, when he looked once more, then was he eased of his fear, for he saw that it was his old friend, Wilbur Allen, and he knew that Wilbur was only bluffing.

Then, as the Governor began to smile with a heart full of gladness, the vision passed away. Once again did he become aware of the King, gazing at him with kindly eye; then, the King, too, passed away, and he awoke to find himself gazing fixedly at the bare wall. But the heart of the Governor was filled with gladness, because of the visions he had seen, and once more did he call down all the blessings of heaven upon the class of Nineteen Eighteen.

### THE HAUNTED GATE

Irene, Marie, Marion, Grace, and Ruth are five freshman girls, who have organized the H. S. Club. During a meeting at Irene's home, they decided to visit "The Haunted Gate" on Hallowe'en. Irene's Aunt Angeline and Ruth's Aunt Matilda are to go as chaperones.

Irene's brother, Ralph, overhears the plan, and, together with his brother, Phil, and a friend, Don Harrington, decides to act out the tragedy, which went somewhat like this. Many years before, a maiden and her lover were spooning at the gate. Suddenly, one of the girl's rejected suitors rushed up, shot the lovers, and then killed himself. Superstitious persons believed that every Hallowe'en, between eleven and one, this tragedy was re-enacted. Consequently, Ralph decides to be the villain, and Phil and Don, the lovers.

The girls meet at Ruth's house on Hallowe'en, and spend the first part of evening in telling stories. At eleven o'clock, they start for the gate.

After investigating, they decide to stay there until one o'clock, but, suddenly, two ghosts appear at the gate. The climax is reached when the villain rushes forth, shoots, and falls. Panic reigns supreme until Ruth steps out and saves the day.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Marion Hunter, president of the H. S. Club.....Lela Burton  
 Ruth Morse, a brave freshman, Miss Morse's niece.....Marie Schmidt  
 Marie Kingsley, a witty high school girl and a member of the H. S. Club..  
 .....True Harlan  
 Grace Hunter, Marion's sister.....Rena Meacham  
 Irene Dodge, one of the members of the H. S. Club and hostess...Rose James  
 Ralph Dodge, Irene's brother and the villain.....Robert Davidson  
 Phil Dodge, Ralph's brother and the unhappy lover.....Thomas Flynn  
 Don Harrington, Phil's chum and the unhappy maiden.....Eugene Howard  
 Miss Matilda Morse, a suffragette and one who fears nothing...Marion Cook  
 Miss Angeline Dodge, an old maid and very much in love with Miss.....  
 Morse.....Glenna Goddard

### JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

Simms, of the New York Herald, rushed frantically about from place to place, note book open, and pencil continuously working as he jotted down the notes which were to make a "big story" in the morning paper. He looked first at the illuminated Waldorf Astoria, observed the motor cars drawing up to the curb, and the stylishly dressed ladies and gentlemen, as they disappeared into the great hallway. As the last couple entered, he followed them, heard the butler announce them, then he took his seat in the spectator's gallery.

The hosts, the members of the Class of '18, with their guests, the members of the Class of '17, took their places at the long tables arranged for them. Candelabras of green and white, and bouquets of various flowers adorned the tables. An excellent banquet was served after which the toastmaster, Mr. E. Kesner, introduced the speakers of the evening in the following order:

Toast of Welcome.....Robert Davidson  
 "Tonight we meet mid festive cheer,  
 To honor Seniors of this year."  
 To the Hosts.....Irwin Gimlet  
 "The class we leave behind us."  
 Uncle Sam's Soldiers.....Iverne Haus  
 "Noble by birth, yet nobler by deeds."  
 Our Flag.....True Harlan  
 "Flag of the free hearts hope and home.  
 Flag of our union forever."  
 The School.....Lela Burton  
 "Not just a mere thing but the real thing."  
 School Days.....Oliver Elofson  
 "If dreams were selling, what would you buy?"  
 The Faculty.....Luella Quinn  
 "Oh, ye who teach the ingenious youth of nations."  
 Response.....Miss Gillpatrick  
 "But how the subject theme may gang,  
 Let time and chance determine;  
 Perhaps it may turn out a song,  
 Perhaps turn out a sermon."

Farewell to Seniors.....Marion Mathews  
 "Into the future tonight you go;  
 Each one to strike the masterblow."

Following the closing speech, the guests arose, the floor was cleared, and dancing was indulged in until a late hour when the merry makers departed for their respective homes.

Simms arose as one in a trance. The sound of revelry had died away. The lights grew dim. He made his way to the street. No cars were left. Bewildered, he turned his eyes back to the Waldorf. He gave a start of surprise, then rubbed his eyes to make sure he had made no mistake. Realization came to him. Simms, the Herald, the Waldorf, all had departed, and Editor O'Connell, the Salida Mail, and the library were actualities.



## Junior

### OFFICERS

President	- - - - -	Warren Beck
Vice-President	- - - - -	Cloye Allen
Secretary	- - - - -	Helen Dobbie
Treasurer	- - - - -	James Edmondson

### JUNIOR CLASS SONG, DEAR OLD HIGH SCHOOL

Music "We're Truly On Our Way To Can The Kaiser."

Juniors, Juniors, can you realize,  
 That we're truly growing very wise,  
 One more year and we will take our place,  
 As the mighty Senior Class  
 Of dear old High School.

### CHORUS

Another year of study in the High School,  
 Another year of teachers and their kind rule;  
 It is up to us to pass,  
 Then become the Senior Class,  
 And a credit to ourselves  
 And dear old High School.

After all it seems a passing dream,  
 Memory will hold a pleasant theme,  
 Dearer, sweeter, as the world we face,  
 When we've said a last farewell  
 To dear old High School.

### '19 JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY 1917-1918

We Juniors started out one day  
 To reach the port of learning;  
 We rambled right along the road  
 Without so much as turning.

At first we gave a candy sale,  
 Which was a great success;  
 But Hoover put a stop to this,  
 As you can right well guess.

We had a wonderful picnic  
 At Wellsville, one fine night;  
 And, when we started home, Oh, Boy!  
 The moon was shining bright.

Then we gave a farewell party (Continued on page 46)



ALLEN, CLOYE

To beguile many and to be beguiled by none.

CROTZER, MELVIN

Nature formed but one such man, and broke the die.

BASHAM, ELSIE

Morn in her cheeks, sunset in her hair.

DOBBIE, HELEN

Yet seldom in hall or court is seen so queenly a form or noble a mein

BECK, WARREN

The Lord will provide.

EDMONDSON, JAMES

More sinned against than sinning.

BUCK, MILDRED

How modest, kind, all accomplished, wise.

EN EARL, ROSE

Thoughtless of beauty, she is beauty's self.

BURTON, JOHN

My life is one derved, horrid grind.

ENGLAND, CLARINDA

Prepared in mind and resources

CORLETT, HAZEL

Labor is itself a pleasure.

GRAHAM, MAUDE

Impulsive, earnest, quick to act.

COX ROBERT

The more you clap, the more you get for your money.

HALL, WARREN

My hopes are not always realized, but I always hope.



HARRIS, MILDRED

She needs no eulogy. She speaks for herself.

MOON, TURNER

He made a loud noise quietly.

HEATON, EARL

Who relished in a joke, and rejoiced in a pun.

OLIVER, HAZEL

Happy am I, from care I am free.

HEISTER, HOLLIS

Good nature and grit combined.

RAMEY, LENORE

I live to love, and love to live.

JONES, BERTHA

The gentlest manners and the kindest heart.

ROUT, FRANK

He was a worker among men.

LISCOMB, ETHEL

Never unprepared.

SMITH, MYRLE

Queen rose in a rosebud garden of girls.

LYTLE, MYRTLE

Patience surpasses knowledge.

SPANGLER, LAURA

The cynosure of the neighboring eyes.

McCABE, LEOTIS

One heart, one way.

TALIAFERRO, IRL

A merry heart doeth good like a medicir e.





For one who went away,  
And that we had a dandy time  
The Junior **boys** will say.

We got some nifty class ties,  
The violet and the gold;  
And, when the Seniors saw them,  
With envy they grew cold.

So they got our boys to fight them—  
We had an awful time—  
They got some ties away from us,  
**But I've still got mine.**

Next! We had a skating party,  
Where we nearly broke our necks;  
And a party with the Seniors;  
Mr. Tanton yelled, "What next!"

So, with all, the year's gone flying;  
But, fellows, don't forget  
That the fun we've had as Juniors  
Is the very best yet.

Charles Briggs, a former classmate, is enrolled as a special. Charlie was one of the first to volunteer his services to the country, but was unsuccessful in his attempt to qualify. We are sorry to have had him disappointed, but are glad to have him one of us for another year.

#### A JUNIOR FAREWELL PARTY

On October nineteenth, a farewell party in honor of Isabel Forte was given at the Assembly Hall. All participated in the various amusements. John Burton and Warren Beck proved their proficiency as cooks by helping the social committee make the cocoa. Finally, the thought that the parting hour had come was forced upon the consciousness of all. The class circled around Isabel and sang a farewell song, Lenore Ramey playing the accompaniment. The words of the song were:

So long, Isabel,  
How we hate to see you go,  
So long, Isabel,  
You know that we will miss you so;  
So long, Isabel,  
Yes, you know that we will miss you.  
So won't you come and let us kiss you  
Once before you go?

Sad though the class was to part with Isabel, all were agreed this was **wonderful** ending.

Miss Gillpatrick, assigning the parts in the play of *Everyman*: "I have the parts of Knowledge, Kindred, and Angel left." Glancing toward a certain Junior, she continued, "Do you have a preference?"

Bright Junior: "Modesty almost forbids my asking for the part suited to me.

Miss G., puzzled: "What part is that?"

Junior, amazed: "Why, knowledge, of course!"

Miss G.: "Too bad, Johnny; I thought the part of Angel fitted you exactly."

Now I lay me down to rest,  
For tomorrow I take a test;  
If I should die before I wake,  
Thank the Lord, no test I'll take.

#### THE JUNIOR PLAY

The Junior play was given the day before Thanksgiving, and was much appreciated by everyone. All the parts were well taken, but it is thought by many that Irl Taliaferro is the dramatic star of the class.

#### "WAITING FOR THE TROLLEY."

##### Cast of Characters

Polly Pickles.....	Helen Dobbie	Terry O'Shea.....	Irl Taliaferro
Luella Lovebird.....	Myrle Smith	Mr. Lovebird.....	Earl Heaton
Tom Sweet.....	Cloye Allen	Miss Sharp.....	Clarinda England
Hiram.....	John Burton	Old Lady.....	Mamie Sheehan
Nervous Gentleman ..	Warren Beck	Percy.....	Robert Cox
Old Lady.....	Lenore Ramey	Suffragettes.....	Leotis McCabe
Hans.....	Warren Hall		Mildred Harris, Bertha Jones

The play opens with several people on the stage, waiting for trains. The nervous gentleman and the old lady are very loud in their denunciation of the entire trolley system. Hiram sleeps, and Hans takes his time to everything, which greatly irritates the nervous man.

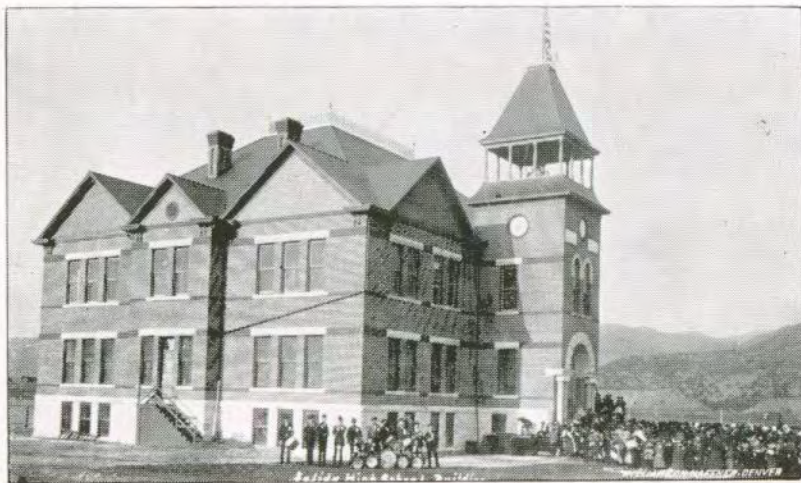
As soon as they leave, Polly Pickles, the girl at the lunch counter, enters. She finds that Hiram, an old man from the country, has been left behind in the rush for the train, and is still asleep. While she is trying to make him understand when the next train leaves, Terry O'Shea, the caller and general handy man, comes into the station and begins talking to her. He tries to buy a kiss and gets a slap for his pains. Suddenly, Miss Sharp, a meddling old maid, comes in. After some effort, she manages to attract Terry's attention from Polly. This effort puts her out of humor with everything and everybody.

About this time, Luella Lovebird and Tom Sweet enter with various bags, and a canary bird. They take a seat at one side and begin a conversation, from which it is evident that they are eloping. Three suffragettes enter with a country lady and her son, Percy. The suffragettes try to persuade Luella to go to the convention with them, but she won't go and doesn't like to explain the true reason for refusing. Tom comes back and it is found that he and the suffragettes are old friends. He takes them out to talk over the situation while enjoying a sundae, but Luella stays in the station.

Terry soon comes rushing in with the news that Luella's father is following her and Tom. With the aid of Polly, he gets Luella and her baggage behind the counter. Miss Sharp threatens to tell Mr. Lovebird when he arrives. While she and Polly are arguing, Mr. Lovebird runs in. Miss Sharp tries to

tells him that Luella is behind the counter, but Polly interrupts and assures Mr. Lovebird that Miss Sharp is crazy. Terry and the suffragettes arrive just in time to take her out of the station. Next, Luella's father gets into a very heated argument with Hiram about some eggs. While this is going on, Polly and Terry get Luella herself out without attracting the attention of Mr. Lovebird.

Miss Sharp soon comes back and declares that Luella is hiding under the counter. Mr. Lovebird investigates, and, of course, finds that she is gone. Miss Sharp leaves, vowing vengeance on everyone in general, and on Polly in particular. Then Polly and Terry lead Mr. Lovebird to believe that Luella and Tom have gone to the city in an automobile. He immediately leaves to follow them. They bring Luella back to the waiting room, hunt up Tom, and, with the aid of the suffragettes, finally get them well on their way to be married.



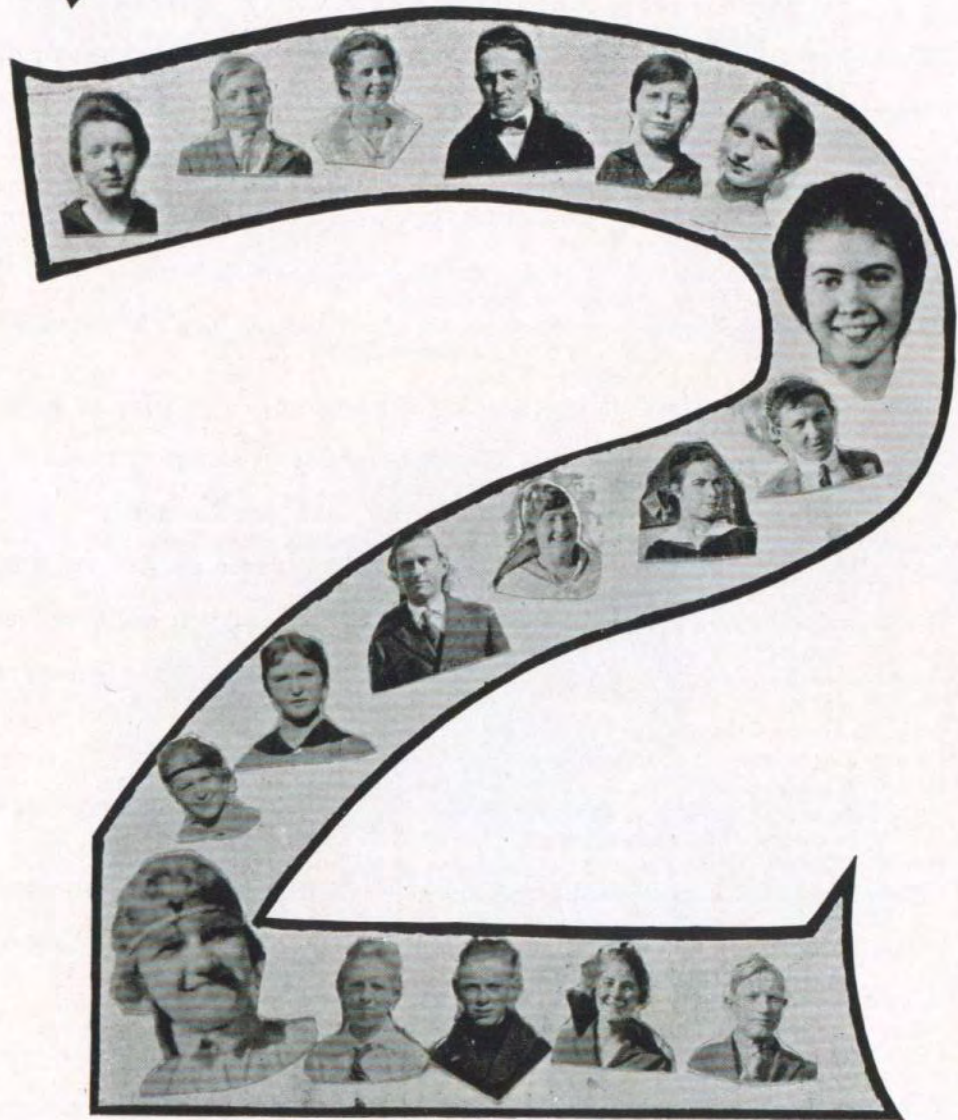
## Sophomore

### OFFICERS

President	- - - - -	Charles Wilson
Vice-President	- - - - -	Margaret Boham
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	Catherine Parker

### CLASS ROLL

- Robert Axford—The fair blond of the Sophomore class. But we have other reasons to be proud of him; one is that he was substitute on the S. H. S. Debating Team.
- Charles Bernard—He's another of our blond debaters. Chinx was the star of the regular S. H. S. Team. You should see him play shinny.
- Margaret Boham—When you've just been "bawled out" or come to school with the blues, look at Margaret's cheery smile and you will soon forget your troubles.
- Thelma Bratton—She is the queen of the realm when it comes to hair-dressing, and, if you don't believe it, just take a look at hers and see for yourself.
- Evelyn Bush—Did you ever see her when she didn't have her lessons? Never!
- Harold Crouse—We're strong for Fezziwig.
- Heartz Davidson—There is so much to tell of her that we don't know where to begin. She is the Wit and Humor Edition of '20.
- Harold Dougher—He is our class Romeo.
- Mabel Edmondson—One of our happiest Sophomores—she helps to make others happy, too.
- Alice Harlan—Our literary genius whose vocabulary of slang can't be beat.
- Ila Haskins—The little girl with the big brain.
- Irene Hazelhurst—A demure young maid with much musical talent.
- Winnifred Hodding—This is the name of our Skating Queen.
- Leona Hoffman—She's famous for her regular attendance and her enviable complexion.
- Rex Laird—Think of a very studious, reserved person, and you will have him exactly.
- Bernard McDonough—A geometry shark. To him mathematics is only a lark.
- Jack McGuire—Happy Jack McGuire, witty and brilliant.
- Leona Matthews—A fair-haired lassie who blushes beautifully.
- Velma Means—The "Juliet" of '20, and the English shark, as well.
- Geraldine Meyers—We've always called her "Jelly-beans," because she's sweet as her nick-name.
- Irene Miller—Oh, to be a sister of such a nice sister as Irene!
- Lilah Miller—Having the gift of exquisite expression, she can not fail to make an impression.
- Warren Moore—In him is saintliness and impishness so mixed that it's hard to get him firmly fixed.
- Rose Newman—Sunny hair and disposition to match.
- Elizabeth Oakley—The little girl with the great talents—and from Texas.
- Catherine Panton—A sweet smile and beautiful curls make her one of the dearest of girls.
- Catherine Parker—The Mary C. C. Bradford of the Class of '20. When there is anything to be done for the Class, as the newsies say, "She's there."
- Nellie Pearman—She has big brown eyes, as no doubt somebody has discovered while "Seeing Nellie Home."
- Clark Perry—Why do all the girls go to Schlessinger's for their ice-cream? 'Cause Conky is there, of course!



*Dougherty*

Kenneth Sloan—All the Sloans are musical. Kenneth is the Wizard of the Mouth-harp.

Clarence Stumke—He's our "Electrical Experimenter."

Louis Walters—Our new mathematics shark, who hails from Red Cliff.

Helen Welch—A majestic brunette in love with Douglas Fairbanks.

Hubert Williams—A young man with an especial affection for Freshman girls, and an excellent talent for stage-managing. He proved his worth at the Sophomore Play.

Arline Wilmont—The Mary Pickford of the Class. She also can do all fancy slips and dips of dancing.

Charles Wilson—Here's to our Class President. We hope you will fill the chair in the White House as ably as you have filled ours.

Abby Bunch is one of the jolliest, most earnest workers, and one of the best-spirited Specials the school has ever had, one whom it has been a pleasure for every Sophomore to know. Her hearty co-operation and efficient and ready assistance are deeply appreciated by all who have had the good fortune to become acquainted with her.

### HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

One day, late in the year 3000, a party of explorers, bound for the region of the Cliff Dwellers, stumbled into a narrow valley which had been buried by a volcanic eruption. Thinking they had reached their destination, they began immediately to excavate the ruins. After many days of tedious labor, they had cleared away a sufficient amount of the lava and ash to make it possible for them to pick their way to what seemed to have been a temple of some kind. At first, they were uncertain as to the character of the building; but, upon entering the structure, they found confronting them a large statue—a woman, wearing a helmet, and holding a long spear in her hand. She stood on a low pedestal, at the base of which were carved the symbols, "M-i-n-e-r-v-a." What could it mean? After much diligent study, one of the party exclaimed, "Why, it's Athena, Goddess of Wisdom! This is a Temple of Learning!"

Noting different chambers on either side of the building, they entered one after another. Nothing of special interest attracted attention except several tablets; the same peculiar lettering of the statue covered these. Mounting a staircase to the left, they found themselves in a second floor. Here, again, were rooms similar to those of the first floor. The last room entered seemed to be unusually interesting. On a large tablet in plain view of the door, the words, "Class of '20," greeted the explorers. Much time was spent in discussing the meaning of this phrase. It was finally decided that this tablet marked one of the divisions into which the worshipers who frequented the Temple of Learning were divided. When this writing had been deciphered, it could be used as a code by which to read others, should any more tablets be found. Enthusiastically the members of the party brought to light all objects that they thought might lead to an explanation. "Sophomore Class of 1920" was found written on several fragments of stone, so they decided that those words must have a bearing on the subject.

"Hey, you all, here's what we've been hunting for! Why here's the whole thing at once!" exclaimed one of the excavators.

Collected around him, they read:—"The Freshman Class of '20, with an enrollment of seventy-two members, entered the Temple of Learning in September 1916. Late in the same month, a meeting was held for the election of officers.

"And, say, they must have exercised woman suffrage at that early day, because, you see, the Grand High Priest was a Grand High Priestess."

Sure enough, following his gaze, they read, "Hartz Davidson, Grand

High Priestess."

"Well," interposed the first speaker, "the rest are masculine, at any rate."

"Harold Dougher, Vice-Grand High Priest; Harold Thurston, Grand High Secretary and Treasurer."

Many comments were made here concerning the meaning of the statements, but soon the reader went on.

"Various festivals were held during our first year, after the Class of '19 'broke the ice' by entertaining us at the Assembly Hall.

"In May, 1917, two of our company, Fred and Frank Bode, left us to enlist with Uncle Sam in the United States Navy. Shortly after that, vacation was hailed with delight by the body of Freshmen.

"When next we met, in September, 1917, our numbers had slightly decreased. Still, we were many. A meeting of the class was held, at which Charles Wilson was elected Grand High Priest; Margaret Boham, Vice-Grand High Priestess; and Catherine Parker, Grand High Secretary and Treasurer."

"I pity poor Charles between two fair damsels," expostulated the youngest member of the exploring party.

"Our gay times were continued," went on the reader, overlooking the interruption, "and, in December, we exhibited the genius in our midst, and put Dickens' Christmas Carol before the assembled body of the Temple of Learning."

Here the tablet was so badly mutilated that, for a space, no more writing was discernable. When it started again, it ran thus:—

"Hearken, oh ye who follow in our footsteps, and ye in whose footsteps we are following; it is unwise to judge early, so wait before you speak of us. We are only beginning, and a shining career lies ahead of us!"

The writing ended. The reader paused, and a hush fell over the company. Each felt within himself that the prophecy had proved true.

### TWENTIETH CENTURY NURSERY RHYMES

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To find her poor doggie a bone;  
But the food conservation had cut off dog rations,  
And so the poor doggie had none.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean;  
So, by Mr. Hoover's food demands,  
They licked the platter clean.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,  
Eating his Christmas pie.  
He stuck in his thumb, pulled out a Liberty Bond,  
And said, "What a big boy am I!"

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,  
Stir up some cakes as fast as you can.  
Pat them and prick them and bake them with care,  
So we can send them to the boys over there.

### Catherine's One Mistake

Catherine Parker, age five, who was visiting her grandfather, became greatly excited when he showed her a mole that had been killed in the yard. Catherine ran into the house and greeted her aunt with, "Oh, Aunt Mag, grandfather killed a—a—wart!"



## FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

**Tiny** Pearl Bailey.  
**Helpful** Dorothy Bergman.  
**Enterprising** Carolyn Beynon.

**Faultless** Bernice Breene.  
**Reliable** Maurice Buck.  
**Enthusiastic** Leslie Bush.  
**Shrewd** Robert Carson.  
**Heedful** Pauline Closson.  
**Merry** Helen Cole.  
**Attractive** Reva Cuenin.  
**Noted** George Davidson.

**Cheerful** Beulah Dickinson.  
**Light-hearted** Gladys Dickinson.  
**Admirable** Fay Dillingham.  
**Saucy** Gertrude Diss.  
**Studious** Robert Donley.

**Energetic** Juliet Durand.  
**Noisy** Marguerite Edmondson.  
**Reckless** Albert Everett.  
**Optimistic** Louis Fields.  
**Liberal** Blanche Frazee.  
**Lady-like** Ethel Frazee.  
**Mischievous** June Ghent.  
**Earnest** Clara Gilbert.  
**Nonchalant** Aileen Gorman.  
**Thrilling** Robert Gough.

**Observant** Arline Graf.  
**Faithful** Eleanor Groves.

**Talanted** LaVerne Harrington.  
**Handsome** Isabel Hodding.  
**Eager** Addaline Hudnutt.

**Sedate** Janice Joblin.  
**Affluent** (in flesh) Gordon Julien.  
**Leisurely** Harold Kellogg.  
**Idealistic** Leola Langfield.  
**Delightful** Ethel Lanzendorf.  
**Appealing** Paul McCabe.

**Harmless** Edward Madden.  
**Industrious** Emmett Madden.  
**Good** Lois Miller.  
**Heartless** Eva Mixer.

**Sensible** Hazel Mohrman.  
**Captivating** Greeba Moore.  
**Heedful** Arthur Morris.  
**Obedient** Opal Nichols.  
**Obliging** Edward O'Hara.  
**Lengthy** John O'Hara.

**Noteworthy** Emily Panton.  
**Imaginative** Gale Patterson.  
**Nimble** Charles Harlan.  
**Engaging** Audrey Ramey.  
**Tireless** Francis Reardon.  
**Eligible** Belle Richardson.  
**Excellent** Owen Roddis.  
**Noble** Hattie Rout.

**Happy** Hazel Shouse.  
**Unique** Bernard Sloan.  
**Nifty** Eugenia Sloan.  
**Dignified** Edith Smith.  
**Rebellious** Harold Smith.  
**Entrancing** Howard Smith.  
**Dainty** Loretta Stodghill.

**Amusing** Juanita Stogsdill.  
**Notionate** Ethel Stumke.  
**Demure** Clifford Tedder.

**Timid** May Vaughn.  
**Well-known** Miriam Wilber.  
**Easy-going** Homer Work.  
**Naive** Pearl Young.  
**Thoughtful** Margaret Youngberg.  
**Youthful** Clarence Zimmerman.

**Orderly** Davis Burnett.  
**Neat** Frank Thompson.  
**Efficient** Ruth Victor.

**Modest** Helen Fuller.  
**Impulsive** Gene Hunt.  
**Serious** Orville Jay.  
**Suave** Tunis Patten.  
**Important** Louis Perry.  
**Neighborly** Floyd Shewalter.  
**Grandiose** Treyce Van Pelt.





## High School

HIGH SCHOOL COLORS: Purple and White.  
 HIGH SCHOOL MOTTO: Play the game and play it square.

### A TRIBUTE TO OUR MOUNTAINS

Majestic mountains of the West,  
 Our Harvard, Princeton, Yale,  
 Aloft ye stand above the rest.  
 All you we hail! we hail!

Yea, with your snowy crests upraised,  
 E'en to the clear, ethereal sky,  
 To you we lift our hearts amazed.  
 To you our praise we cry! we cry!

We send our tributes to our God,  
 We men so weak, so frail,  
 Who toil with pen and plow and hod.  
 Yes, you we hail! we hail!

### THE SENIORS' FAREWELL TO SALIDA HIGH SCHOOL

Grand monument before us piled  
 Here in our mountain dell,  
 From you our class will feel exiled  
 When to you we say farewell.

We know your glory will not die;  
 'Twill be sung from year to year  
 By those who for your honor try.  
 We'll hold your mem'ry dear.

Within your halls these last four years  
 You've cherished us with care;  
 And now, departing, though in tears,  
 Fond memories we bear.

You have prepared us for the strife  
 We'll engage in day by day.  
 Embarking on the journey of life,  
 To you "farewell" we say.

### THE HIGH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT COURSE

The Lyceum Course, under the able management of Mr. Tanton, has for the last seven years, furnished the people of Salida with select entertainment. The Redpath Bureau has presented the talent for the attractions,

which have been thoroughly appreciated by all. This year's course has been exceptionally pleasing. It consisted of the following:—Ada Roach Company; Mr. Rollo McBride, lecturer; Montague Light Opera Singers; Homeland Quartet; and St. Clare Ladies' Quartet. Because of the benefit gained by the high school students from these courses, they wish to express their sincerest gratitude to Mr. Tanton for making them so successful.

### SALIDA HIGH SCHOOL PATRIOTISM

The students of the Salida High School are showing a loyal, patriotic spirit. There is scarcely a member of the school who is not doing his "bit." A great many of the girls are doing Red Cross work; some are knitting sweaters and scarfs, while others are working at the Red Cross rooms, making the necessary supplies and garments for our soldier and sailor boys. Some of the boys who were members of our high school have joined the colors, and, among them, a member of the class of Nineteen Eighteen. The boys who are in school have shown their willingness to serve by helping on the farms, gathering crops. When the opportunity was given to them, they pledged almost three hundred dollars to the war Y. M. C. A. Then came the call for subscriptions to the Second Liberty Loan. The Salida High School responded quickly to this call, and subscribed for a hundred dollar Liberty Bond; and, again, when all Americans were called upon to conserve the food and the coal supply, every student willingly secured singers for the pledge cards. Due to the donations made to the Red Cross by the classes of '16 and '17, the high school is being furnished with two subscriptions of the Red Cross Magazine. At present, all the classes are busily knitting squares for the Red Cross blankets. Each class has promised one blanket. Many students are interested in earning money with which to buy Thrift Stamps.

It is the earnest hope of every student that he may be able to continue to do his share toward bearing the responsibility and making the necessary sacrifices as the war continues.

### THE GIFT OF THE CLASS OF 1917

The class of 1917 answered the call of the nation through the American Red Cross when it donated one hundred dollars to that worthy cause. Previous classes have given books, statuary, and pictures to the high school. The gifts have been greatly appreciated, and the gift of the class of '17 will be remembered with as great pride, although the students do not derive so direct a benefit from it. This class had the opportunity to serve our nation, and it grasped it, thereby showing the finest trait of a loyal American, unselfish patriotism. The heart of every pupil in the Salida High School will always glow with pride in this deed.

### THE HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUBS

Under the able direction of Miss Whitson, a Boys' Glee Club and a Girls' Glee Club have been established, the Girls' with a membership of sixty voices, and the Boys' numbering twenty-four.

The initial appearance of the Girls' Chorus was at the County Teachers' Association. An octet of girls was selected to sing for special occasions, fur-

nishing music for the Tuesday Evening Club at different times, and for the Salida-Gunnison debate.

At present, the girls are working on an operetta, "The American Girl," which promises to be highly entertaining.

The boys, too, have done some splendid work. Within the club, which is unusually large this year, there has developed an excellent double quartet. On various occasions, this group has been asked to sing in public, and has always responded in a creditable manner.

The Boys' Club is also unusual in that it includes boys with soprano and alto voices. Bernard Sloan, with a pleasing high soprano, is soloist for the Club.

The boys are now working hard on a Minstrel Show, to be given in cooperation with the girls' operetta. The proceeds of the entertainment are to be given to the local chapter of the American Red Cross.

Helen Work has cheerfully and ably accompanied the Glee Club at all times.



Mr. Kramer  
B. Sloan      E. Madden      P. McCabe      Leotis McCabe      M. Berenson      W. Hodding

### THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The High School Orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. D. J. Kramer, who so kindly offered his services, has done very creditable work this year. It was organized early in the term, and its members have practiced faithfully. As a result, it has been able to help at the high school entertainments that have been given this year.

The orchestra has been asked to play at outside affairs, as well as at school entertainments. It played at the presentation of the Service Flag to the city; and has made it a little more pleasant for the people who just had to use their tickets and come to the lecture numbers of the Lyceum Course.

As none of the members of the orchestra are Seniors, and many new members are expected next year, its future success is assured.





GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

A. Gorman E. Frazee L. Miller R. Newman I. Miller P. Young A. Ramey M. Buck I. Hodding D. Bergman P. Bailey H. Oliver  
 M. Wibur H. Mohrman L. Stodghill M. Edmondson Miss Whitson J. Joplin O. Nichols E. Sloan E. Oakley  
 A. Van Alstine I. Hazelhurst M. Boham R. EnEarl E. Panton G. Diss C. Panton E. Basham

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY



THE PRELIMINARY DEBATES

The preliminary debates to determine who should represent the school in the Colorado High School Debating League were held on December 7, 1917, at the High School Building.

Those who entered the preliminaries were—Robert Donley, Robert Axford, Charles Bernard, Marie Schmidt, Mabel Knickerbocker, and Shirley Smyth. The question, which was very complex and deep, was—"Resolved: That the federal government should own and operate all railroads engaged in interstate commerce." The judges were—Mr. Kesner, Dr. Larimer, and Mr. Leander Hampson.

Each speaker gave a very good argument for his side, and proved by his oratory that he was well posted on the subject. That the judges were at a loss to decide between them was demonstrated by the fact that three of the speakers tied for second place. Mabel Knickerbocker received first place; Marie Schmidt, Shirley Smyth, and Charles Bernard were chosen for second, so these four were to compose our debating team. Since that night, Marie Schmidt has withdrawn, so the three remaining will uphold the honor of Salida against Gunnison.

We are all confident that the members of this team will win glory for themselves and the school.

## THE SALIDA-GUNNISON DEBATE

Many loyal students and boosters of the Salida High School showed their enthusiasm by attending the debate between Salida and Gunnison on the night of January 22, 1918. The question was "Resolved: That the separate states should make arbitration of disputes between organized labor and public service corporations compulsory." Gunnison had the affirmative side; and Salida, the negative.

The High School Orchestra gave a selection before the debate began.

The Girls' Chorus sang "Carry Me back to Old Virginny." Then a number of students gave the school yells, and sang the school song.

The debaters were very evenly matched indeed, each side being well informed on the subject.

The Gunnison debaters were Katherine Donaldson, Chester Nichols, and George Watson.

The Salida debaters were Mabel Knickerbocker, Shirley Smyth, and Charles Bernard.

Reverend Oakley acted as chairman; and, when the judges' decisions were handed to him, he held everyone in suspense until, seeing that they could stand it no longer, he delivered the message—that Salida had won by two to one.

We are proud of our team, and hope that they may be the victors in all debates in the future.

### THE HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM



Charles Bernard                      Robert Axford  
Mabel Knickerbocker              Shirley Smyth

### THE SALIDA-LEADVILLE DEBATE

On February 16, 1918, the Salida-Leadville debate took place in the High School Auditorium.

The question for debate was "Resolved: That the respective states should make arbitration of disputes between labor organizations and public service corporations compulsory." Leadville chose the negative, and Salida took the affirmative side.

The Leadville debaters were Catherine Huberty, Evelyn McMillan, and Sheldon Spangler, while those who spoke for Salida were Mabel Knickerbocker, Shirley Smyth and Charles Bernard.

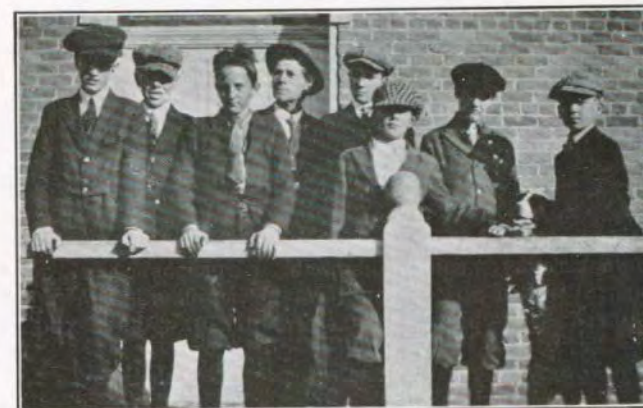
Although the argument presented by Salida seemed superior to that of Leadville, the latter excelled in oratory, and it was probably due to this fact that the decision of two to one was rendered in favor of Leadville.

Much credit is due to both teams for the conscientious manner in which they handled the question.

### CLASS DEBATES

Date	Debaters	Score
November 27, 1917.	Freshmen—Hazel Mohrman Robert Donley	2-1 Sophomores
	Sophomores—Lilah Miller Mervin McGuire	
December 20, 1917.	Sophomores—Lilah Miller Mervin McGuire	2-1 Sophomores
	Juniors—Earl Heaton Warren Beck	
January 14, 1918.	Sophomores—Lilah Miller Mervin McGuire	3-0 Seniors
	Seniors—Lela Burton Eugene Howard	

### THE POULTRY CLUB



Ed Madden      Mixer      Donley      Morris  
G. Davidson      V. Bernard      Kowlski

The Boys Poultry Club was organized about the first of February under the direction of Mr. Bernard. The purpose of the club is to create among the boys more interest in poultry raising, and to help them make their poultry more profitable. At the first meeting, six boys were present, but the membership has since increased to fifteen. The following officers have been chosen: Robert Donley, president; George Davidson, vice-president; Edward Madden, secretary; and Arthur Morris, treasurer.

Meetings are held every other Friday evening. On February twenty-eighth, a chicken pie supper was given, and other meetings as interesting as that one have been planned.

Government pamphlets on poultry raising are to be furnished to all members of the club, and great benefit will, without doubt, be derived from them. The club is planning to erect a model chicken house next fall, each member giving several chickens. The plan is for all members of the club to study the problem before them, and then bend every effort to increase the egg average of the hens. In this way, they will be helping our Government to deal with the food shortage just when it needs the help most.

### THE LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club was organized for the purpose of giving opportunity for

more detailed study of old Roman life; to gain a better idea of the customs, habits, religion, and interests of that ancient people.

This club, which was organized by the Caesar and Virgil classes, meets once a month, on Saturday evening, at the Salida High School. The following are the officers:—Lela Burton, president; Geraldine Meyers, vice-president; Evelyn Bush, secretary. The program committee holds office throughout the year. After it was decided to extend the offer of membership to the Freshman Latin classes, a majority of the Latin students joined the club.

Under the direction of Miss Melcher, the work of the club has proved to be a great success. The students are uniting their energy, and deem it a privilege to be members of the club.

### THE FIRST PROGRAM OF THE LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club gave its first program at the Salida High School on January 12, 1918. Winifred Hodding made a report on Roman life. A piano selection by Helen Work followed this. Then there was a dialogue, "The School Boy's Dream," in which Geraldine Meyers portrayed Caesar's ghost, and Homer Work, the schoolboy. The fourth number was a report on the Roman house by Irene Hazelhurst. Velma Means closed the program by giving a paper on Roman education.

Everyone present enjoyed the entertainment to the fullest extent, and it was thought to be a splendid beginning for the Latin Club.



J. McGuire C. Bernard H. Work F. Reardon L. Burton R. Newman Miss Melcher V. Means L. Matthews  
 L. Miller I. Hazelhurst H. Oliver C. Panton W. Hodding E. Oakley C. Parker H. Davidson  
 I. Haskins E. Bush G. Meyers H. Welch

## THE TRACK MEET—MAY 12, 1917

When the day arrives on which the classes of the high school are to measure their athletic ability, the inevitable fact that the best class should win is clearly understood. Such was the case last year. It was not long after the meet was called that it became evident that the contest would result in a victory for either the Juniors or the Sophomores. This rivalry called forth the loyalty of the track teams, as well as of the students in general in both classes. It was due to the training of the Junior team, and to the irresistible cheers which rang from the Junior class that the victory finally rested with the Juniors.

The Junior team, consisting of Strayer (captain), Flynn, Frank McDonough, Ramey, Smyth, and Davidson, was hard pressed to keep the lead over the Sophomores. The members of the defeated class proved to be good losers, and will undoubtedly, try with greater spirit and determination, to win the cup this year. Wilbur Allen received individual honors last year, and, with him in the Senior team, the Class of 1918 should win again this year. The outcome of the track meet would have resulted in a larger score if Harlan had not left school to join the navy. The Juniors were very sorry to lose Lea, as he was one of the best athletes in the school.

In summing up the track meet, it can be seen that it proved its worth to the school in numerous ways. It paid a financial debt incurred when the track team went to Del Norte; it proved that there is in the school material well worth developing; and, finally, it developed, on the part of the track team, a desire to hold the San Luis Valley Meet on the Salida Grounds.

Due credit must be given to the teams competing in this meet, and to the student body, which stood back of the meet and made it a profitable event. Everyone is waiting eagerly for the meet this year, hoping it will be as big a success as that of last year.

The list of events was as follows:—

Events	First	Second	Third
100 yard dash	Flynn	Morrison	
Pole vault	Allen, W.	Taliaferro	McDonough, B.
220 yard hurdles	Strayer	Taliaferro	Rout
Shot put	Hilles	Strayer	McDonough, B.
Broad jump	Allen, W.	Morrison	McDonough, F.
220 yard dash	Flynn	Strayer	Ramey
Discus	McDonough, F.	Taliaferro	Hilles
High jump	Allen, W.	McDonough, F.	
440 yard dash	Flynn	Ramey	
110 yard hurdles	Strayer		
880 yard dash	Morrison	Bernard	Flynn
Mile	Morrison	Rout	Smyth
Hop, step, and jump	Allen, W.	Taliaferro	Davidson
Relay	Juniors		Haus
Girls' Baseball throw	Lytle	Schmidt	Eighth Grades
Girls' basketball relay	Sophomores	Freshman	

Total points—Juniors 55; Sophomores 49; Eighth Grades 23; Freshman 8; Seniors 1.

Letter Winners—Morrison, W. Allen, Taliaferro, Flynn, Strayer.

## THE THANKSGIVING FOOTBALL GAME

On Thanksgiving Day, the Salida people were greatly interested in the

football game played on the high school gridiron between the high school team and a picked town team.

The game belonged to the townmen from the beginning. They had more knowledge of football tactics than the high school team had. They had an excellent offensive, but were not so good on the defensive. Particularly did they excel in the forward pass. Several times they made decided gains by the use of the pass.

The game started with the high school's kicking off to the townmen. Toward the end of the first quarter, Holmes, by catching a long forward pass, made a touchdown. However, the townmen failed to kick their goal.

At the beginning of the second quarter, the townmen kicked off to the high school. The ball was secured at the very goal posts. During this quarter, the ball changed rapidly from one side to the other. It seemed impossible for either side to keep it.

At the beginning of the third quarter, the case became desperate for the high school. Once they had to defend the ball right under their opponents' goal posts. The situation was saved by the townmen's being penalized for twenty yards. Toward the close of the third quarter, Holmes made a clear gain of eighty yards, but the ball was carried out of bounds, so he did not secure a touchdown.

At the beginning of the fourth quarter, the ball was placed twelve inches from the townmen's goal posts. On the second down, McCarthy plunged through the line and secured a touchdown. This time the townmen kicked their goal. The high school then received the ball, but time was called before a touchdown could be secured.

The high school was all fight from the beginning of the game to the finish. Time after time, the townmen hurled themselves against the high school defensive, only to be repulsed for a loss, but it seemed impossible for the high school team to get into the game. The high school gained more ground by end runs than by any other method. Some small gains were made by line plunges, but the town team was too heavy for the high school team to break through. Forward passes gained but little territory, and the backfield had not practiced long enough to pull off successful fake plays. Altogether, the school boys played, all the way through, a plucky but losing game.

The stars of the town team were Holmes, who made a touchdown in the first quarter, and McCarthy, who made one at the beginning of the fourth. But, if no stars shone on the side of the high school team, several bright lights did. Ramey made the largest number of gains for the school team, while Allen did almost as well. Crouse, as guard, ripped holes in the opponents' line large enough for a circus parade to go through. Berny McDonough made several excellent tackles, which stopped plays that might otherwise have ended fatally for the high school team.

Clean playing characterized the work of the high school team throughout the game. Even if Salida High School does not win many games, it has established a reputation for clean football.

The proceeds of the game went to the War Y. M. C. A. On account of the cold, windy day, not many spectators were present, but those that were there certainly had their money's worth.

The High School lineup was as follows: r. e., Tomlin; r. t., Moore; r. g., Crouse; c., Davidson; l. g., B. McDonough; l. t., Work; l. e., Ramey; r. h. b., Strayer; q. b., Allen; f. b., F. McDonough; and l. h. b., Smyth.

The lineup for the town team, the All Stars, was as follows: r. e., Hogue; r. t., Wilson; r. g., Muto; c., Miller; l. g., Brockman; l. t., Cole; l. e., Petrini; r. h. b., Holmes; q. b., VanCleave; f. b., Matthews; l. h. b., McCarthy.

Coach Kimble acted as umpire, and Mr. Geo. Judelovicz as referee.

The score was 13-0 in favor of the All Stars.

## HOW TO DISCOVER YOURSELF

Mr. J. Adams Puffer, author of that sympathetic book, "The Boy and His Gang," is particularly interested in vocational work.

He has spent many years training for his new task as vocational adviser to young people, and has had much experience that will help him to give good advice to those who ask for it. He was at one time principal of a city high school, and later principal of a reform school for boys. In both of these schools, he was in close contact with the pupils, and learned to understand the problems of boys and girls as few men do.

Mr. Puffer now travels about the country, talking with the pupils of the various schools, and helping them to find the work for which they are best fitted. He finds out what preparation they need, and tells them where and how they can best obtain their training.

Extracts from Mr. Puffer's speech, delivered in the High School auditorium, Friday, November 9th, 1917:

"Boys and girls, permit me to speak to you on the subject, 'How to Discover yourself.' That means how to discover your ability, and then build your life on that.

"I have many times had a person ask me what he should do. Young people, I cannot tell you what to do. You must find your ability first, and then work from that. I could take ten of you boys and tell pretty accurately what each of you could do. But I should make a mistake on one of you, and I should not know on which one I had made the error. Consequently, it would be unfair in me to judge any of you.

"I remember one day, when I was on the train, a young man stepped up to me and said, 'Good morning, Mr. Puffer.' I answered the boy. Then he said, 'Can you tell me where you have seen me before?' 'At the seminary,' I replied. 'No,' he said, 'you saw me at the Reform School.' So, you see, I often make mistakes, just as other people do.

"I was principal of a school for four years, and got so I could tell, almost without exception, what a boy was. Just recently I had the pleasure of seeing four boys who were graduates from the school while I was there. They all had excellent positions and were making good. Of three of the boys I had formed a correct opinion; but the fourth was a little French boy, who had been listless and indifferent in school. Now he is at the head of the Manual Training department of a large city school. I had formed an incorrect opinion of him; so, you see, boys and girls, I cannot tell you what you are going to be. Remember, never judge a person on what is on the outside of the head; but on what is inside.

"Now, boys and girls, each of you must learn to judge himself. I shall give you four methods of self-discovery.

"First, read history. Study the lives of great men if you would be great. One person out of eight discovers himself in that way. Now, do not try to remember dates, but go deeper than that until you find something that will help you. I might add that the next time you young women look into the mirror, look until you are sure you can see something.

"One day a boy said to me that he hated history, and English literature was almost as bad. By inquiring, I learned that his teacher expected him merely to remember dates. Why that is no way to do! If a boy takes Benjamin Franklin as an example, when he comes to a great task, he will say, 'Franklin did it; why can't I?' Franklin was always busy. I shall certainly be glad when the time comes that we do not have to remember men's birthdays by taking holidays. It is an insult rather than an honor to their memories! My policy is, go to school eight hours a day, six days a week, fifty-two

weeks out of every year. Now, get the idea of holidays out of your head, and settle down to business.

"Second, talk to a counselor. Talk to people who are especially successful in one line. Get their ideas, and then form your own opinions. At the state fair in Illinois, I talked to four hundred boys. Afterwards, one boy came to me and told me that he was going to be a farmer. I asked him if he was attending high school. No, he had quit while a sophomore. Why? Oh, because he knew all that was necessary about farming. After some trouble, I persuaded him to talk to some of the great farmers present. Later, he came and told me he was going back to school. This will apply to you, young people. Stay in school and make the very best of your chances for an education. In the meantime, talk to persons successful in the business in which you would like to engage.

"Third, study your family tree. Go back and look up your ancestors to find out what they did. Many times you can tell quite accurately what you may be. There is no such thing as a self-made man. If the influence of family is not direct, it is indirect. But, boys and girls, do not draw a negative conclusion; for, if perchance, you have no family tree worth mentioning, do not think that you cannot be great yourself. There are as many great men without brilliant ancestors as there are with them. So, I shall repeat, do not draw a negative conclusion. Last year I visited my son's class during the reading recitation. All of the children read very well, and I was greatly pleased. Finally, an Italian lad began to read. He was an excellent reader. His average was ninety-five percent, while my son's was about seventy-five. I accused the teacher of giving the Italian boy extra help, but learned that she helped him no more than the rest. I decided that the fine Roman blood of the boy's ancestors predominated in him. So, boys and girls, never say 'No one in my family ever did anything great, so I can't.' That is utter foolishness. You won't know what you can do until you have tried.

"Fourth, obtain experience. Get experience and apply it every where you can. If you want to be a farmer, try farming; a salesman, try selling; an office or business man, work in an office. Then base your decision as to your life's work upon the experience you have obtained in those lines. Young people, let me appeal to you again. Stay with your school and make the best of your opportunity while here. You are costing your parents a great deal; and you must do all in your power to repay them. Be ambitious and climb high on the ladder of success.

"Next, boys and girls, I shall talk to you about habits. There are five habits which you **must** have before you can succeed.

"First, accuracy. I believe it takes a person two years to acquire this habit, and it is valued at five hundred dollars. Here in high school is where the most of your habits are formed. Take my advice and become accurate. The firm of Sears and Roebuck employs ten thousand people. One time there was a girl working there whose record showed that ninety-three percent of her work was correct, seven percent at fault. The firm discharged her, and she set out to obtain another position. But every time she applied for another position, the manager looked up her record and found it to be unsatisfactory. Consequently, he said to the girl, 'No, I have no work for you this morning, and shall not have.' Thus you see, young people, the necessity of being accurate.

"Second, attention or tending to your own business. This habit requires four years and is valued at one thousand dollars. Boys and girls, pay attention to your own work. Do not wink at Nellie, talk to John, run over to visit you dear friend, Mattie, or disturb anyone else. The habit of inattention is as bad as a cigarette habit. Young people, let me make this appeal to you. Acquire the habit of attention.

"Third, cheerfulness. The habit of cheerfulness requires fifteen years,

and is valued at ten thousand dollars. Boys and girls, always put on a smiling face, be cheerful, and talk agreeably. One day I was in a small hotel dining room waiting for my breakfast. It was a very undesirable place, and I wondered when the waitress had washed her apron last. I noticed a man sitting near, who said every disagreeable thing about the place that he could possibly find. That evening I was in the same place for dinner. There was a gentleman sitting near me. He remarked, 'My, this toast is good.' As the meal progressed, he found many things he could praise; and he left out all the unpleasant things. This story brings out the point I wish to make clear to you. Do not be a grouch. Be cheerful, always looking on the bright side. Tonight, when you go home, surprise your mother by offering to wash the dishes for her.

"Fourth, honesty. This habit requires twenty-five years, and no valuation can be placed on it. Begin now to be honest with yourself. There are very few people who are honest with themselves. I am not. Why do I wear this high collar? For comfort? Emphatically, no! I wear it because others do. One time I asked each member of my Sunday School class to tell me something he had done entirely independently. The first boy said, 'I have nothing to say.' 'Neither have I,' said the next. The third boy scratched his head and said, 'I would rather listen to someone else.' The fourth was a Swedish boy who stood up and said, 'One time my shoes completely wore out, and my older brother said I might wear his shoes to school. His shoes were very much too large for me, and the boys and girls all laughed. This hurt me very much. Yet my conscience told me those were the best shoes I had. So I wore those shoes until they were worn out.' That is an example of honesty with yourself.

"Fifth, and last, courtesy. Boys and girls, it takes fifty years to acquire courtesy, or, in other words, reverence. I respect your rights, and I expect you to respect mine. If I should go down to a hall and play a game of billiards, swearing every time I made a mistake, should I go up or down in your estimation? But that is not all. Boys, be reverent to all women and girls. A boy is not one year along in reverence if he would tell an indecent story about a woman. Moreover, if a group of people go to church and talk and giggle, they are irreverent. I shall give you a rule for courtesy. Respect the feelings of other people everytime and everywhere.

"In conclusion, I shall say that more of life depends upon habits than upon ability; and here in high school is the place to form your habits."

### THE STORY OF MY VIOLIN

I am a very old violin, and was made in Germany in 1783. The man who made me was an old German Professor, and his specialty was making violins. He had white hair and a mustache, and was short and dumpy. He was a merry old creature, and, day after day, he would sing as he glued my parts together. Often some of his companions, who were mostly artists, would come in, and he would proudly display me.

Then for three long years I was allowed to hang on the wall and was carefully watched, as, during all this time, my maker was achieving the desired effect in stain, varnish, and polish, so that I could respectfully claim my position among other new instruments with which I now had to associate.

I was so well pleased with my surroundings that I do not know how much time elapsed before I again occupied the foreground.

There were a number of men in the room, some I had never seen before, and others who had watched me during the process of my creation. Among those I had never seen before was an elderly man who displayed some inter-

est in me; he first viewed me very caressingly and picked my strings, then he tucked me under his chin, took a bow, and played. The wonderful tone that came from me took them all by surprise. They sat motionless, and my old maker's eyes glistened and laughed as I had never seen them before. The stranger played and played, and, when he had finished, they all rushed up to my maker and congratulated him.

Then the stranger who had played on me offered my owner a large amount of money for me, and he accepted it. I was loathe to leave him, but had nothing to say, so I was placed in a case all lined with something soft and carried off. When my case was opened again I found myself in a large room, beautifully furnished, and a sweet looking young girl of about sixteen was handling me tenderly. I knew I should love her right away. The stranger who had carried me off was also present and I heard him say, "Play on it, Ernestine; I bought it for you."

From that time on, he was no longer a stranger to me, for I knew he was Ernestine's father. Then she drew the bow across my strings, and, as I have said before, I liked her very much, so I made just as sweet a tone as I could. She at once loved me, and I knew we should be great companions.

I was played on and loved by this young lady for two years, and one day, while she was playing on me, her father came in and told her that she and I were going away to a Conservatory. I did not know what that was, but, as she was very happy, I guessed it was a nice place, so I was happy, too.

For about two weeks I was dreadfully neglected and the whole house was in a hustle and bustle. Then, on a cold and bleak night, I was taken out of my box by my darling owner and told that we were to leave home on the next day to go to school where she could learn to play on me better. She said that we must be dearer companions than ever, for we would be in large place with no one that we knew except each other.

The next day I was taken into what seemed to be an old stage coach, and, after my mistress had said good bye to her daddy, we started on a two days journey. I was not touched during these two days, but, on the following morning, Ernestine carried me down stairs into a large room. Soon a kindly old man entered, who resembled my maker very much. After he had exchanged a few friendly words with Ernestine, he noticed me. He held me in his hands for a few moments, then played on me and remarked about my pure tone and its sweetness. My mistress and companion also played on me, and he informed her that some hard work was before her. For four years she practised on me many hours a day, and we became better friends all the time, as, during that period, we made but six visits home. On many occasions, we had played before an audience at the Recital Hall of the institution: but, when, one day, the Professor informed Ernestine that she must play the Bach Concerto in A minor before the Philharmonic Society, she was rather frightened, but promised she would do her best. For weeks we practised on the Concerto until the Professor proclaimed it perfect.

On the night of the concert, we were both in a great flutter, and, when she was called for her part of the program, she grabbed me and went out on the stage. I knew she was nervous, so I whispered to her, "Quiet, Ernestine, play just as you have played on me many times, and as if there were no one around us." Then she drew me closer and started to play, first a little shyly, but soon she calmed herself and did her best as she had promised. The audience was spell-bound while she played on and on, sometimes in rapid tempo, sometimes melodies sweet and low. The professor's eyes beamed with delight and happiness, and, when she had finished, he merely said, "Wonderful, wonderful!"

A great fuss was made over Ernestine, and I was left out, but I did not care, for I knew my mistress and companion was happy. From this time on, she rose higher and higher in the musical world, but one sad day, after she and I had finished a concert, she met a man whom I knew I should dislike for I

knew that he would be the cause, if our happiness should be disturbed.

I had not misjudged, for one day Ernestine and this man were married. She left the concert stage, and I was neglected and kicked around. After about five years of neglect, little hands began to handle me, and I knew it must be a child.

Sure enough, Ernestine had a little boy, named Ernest. Years rolled on and on until one day my mistress and former companion died. I was not given much time to mourn over the loss, as a few days afterwards the ungrateful son took me and sold me to a pawnbroker for a trifling sum.

The time that followed was too sad and my misfortunes were too numerous for me to keep track of the space that elapsed until one day when I found myself in London in another pawn shop.

My surroundings had been anything but pleasant, and my nice soft case had long before been discarded. One day a young man came into the shop and asked for a violin. My pleading looks must have touched his heart, for he bought me and carried me away under his coat. I knew I should love him, too. He took me to another store and left me there to be repaired. When he came after me, I was all polished up and placed in a new case.

Once more I felt like myself, and I again tried to make my sweetest tone. I knew he loved me very much, and we agreed to share our troubles. One day we sailed for America and landed in New York City. He tried to make his living by my help, but conditions were not favorable, and, in order to save himself from despair, he disposed of me, and thus we became separated. This time I found myself in a large Music House, called Carl Fischer's Music Store. There I shared the company of many other violins, which all had their stories, and I was known as number 758.

One day two men met near the place where we were stationed, and I overheard them say. "Say, John, I have a letter here from a Mr. F. of Salida, Colorado, who wants a medium priced old violin. What do you think about sending him No. 758?" The other replied, "I guess he wants it for a student, so it will do all right." So I was wrapped in tissue paper and placed in a box with excelsior all around me, and put on a train. After a long and weary journey, I arrived in Salida on Christmas morning, 1916, and, when I was unpacked, I saw a jolly looking German standing over me, and at the same time I heard a girl's merry voice say, "Oh, did it come?"

I was taken out of the box and saw where the voice came from. She was a girl of about twelve, with brown eyes and light hair. She took me and played on me. At first, she did not like me at all, for I was worn out from the long travel, had a bad cold, and my voice sounded anything but pleasing. The jolly teacher knew what was the matter with me. He gave my body an osteopathic treatment, kept me warm, and, after two days of rest, I felt better than ever. He played on me, and, after he had convinced himself that I had completely recovered, called the young lady again. This time I gave her a surprise. She not only loves me now, but we almost worship each other. She has bought me a beautiful brown case all lined with blue silk plush and is taking lessons from the jolly German Professor. It seems like old times, and I am so happy again. Of course, she can not play as well as Ernestine, but indications are that, in time, she will accomplish much. I have told her my story and she has promised to take me with her to the Boston Conservatory as soon as she has finished her high school course. This is my story as I have told it to my little mistress, and I hope and pray that my present happiness will not end as it did with Ernestine's sad career.

### FRESHMAN CLASS PROGRAM

On Friday afternoon, March 15, the Freshmen gave their class program

as the last of the series for the year. Highly appropriate costumes and scenery added to the charm of an already interesting Colonial play; and all the audience agreed that the afternoon's entertainment was eminently successful.

### PROGRAM

Violin Solo.....	LaVerne Harrington
Vocal Solo.....	Bernard Sloan
Play—Royalty in Old Virginia.	
Scene 1.....	Forest
Piano Solo.....	Margaret Youngberg
Scene 2.....	Governor Smith's Quarters
Reading.....	Carolyn Beynon
Scene 3.....	Same as Scene 2

### CHARACTERS

#### Colonists

Captain John Smith.....	Louis Fields
John Rolfe.....	Harold Smith
Prescott.....	George Davidson
Highgate.....	Robert Donley
Goodrich.....	Robert Gough
Austin.....	Homer Work
Katherine.....	Isabel Hodding
Janet.....	Arline Graf
Clergyman.....	Robert Gough
Governor Dale.....	Louis Fields
Fellow.....	John O'Hara
Edward O'Hara, Bernard Sloan, Paul McCabe, Clara Gilbert, Opal Nichols, Pauline Closson, Pearl Young, Dorothy Bergman, Emily Panton.	

#### Indians

Powhatan.....	Robert Carson
Pocahantas.....	Miriam Wilber
Hetawka.....	Janice Joblin
Squaw.....	Gladys Dickinson
Cachita.....	Owen Roddis
Hazel Mohrman, Loretta Stodghill, Aileen Gorman, Fay Dillingham, Beulah Dickinson, Maurice Buck, Howard Smith, Leslie Bush, Harold Kellogg, Emmett Madden.	

The staff regrets that, owing to the fact that the Freshman Play was presented after the first part of the Le Resume had gone to press, the program could not be given a place in the class section.

Mary, aged four, who had spent her short life in California, came to Colorado to visit her grandmother. One day the following conversation took place between Mary and her grandmother.

"Grandma, aren't there any beaches near here?"

"No, Mary."

"Isn't there any ocean in Colorado?"

"No, Mary."

"Well, isn't there any water at all in Colorado?"

"No, dear."

"Well, Grandma, is it because Colorado is a dry state?"



"Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

## The Mirror

Our idea, dear friends, in instigating a Mirror in Le Resume is to give you a fair chance at **yourself**. In the dark ages, a person who wished to change his complexion frequently had to keep a maid to do the artistic work. Now, in the hurry-skurry of war work, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and all other time-taking necessities, we are in danger, for the moment, of losing sight of our short-comings. In the Mirror, we give you a chance to see yourselves as others see you, by just giving it a glance as you pass by. We have one piece of advice to leave with you. The next time you look in the mirror, look until you are sure you see something.

### THE HAZING OF THE FRESHMEN

The Juniors played some awful pranks upon the Freshmen boys;  
Of course, they didn't see the fun, and raised an awful noise,  
Which pleased the Juniors mightily, and added to their joys.

The weather wasn't suitable for hatless, chill attire;  
Bereft of caps the Freshies stood, each vowing vengeance dire,  
Consigning Juniors to the place of everlasting fire.

A burro cart was then secured, and Freshies piled within;  
And, as he took his rocky ride, each Freshy rubbed his shin,  
And, tho he tried his very best, he couldn't raise a grin.

When told to sing a little song, they said they wouldn't do it;  
The Juniors said, "Sing up, my boys, or you will surely rue it."  
And, sure enough, it wasn't long before each Freshy knew it.

For each one who refused to sing was made to kneel and pray,  
For those who spoiled what might have been, for them, a perfect day;  
And so, upon their bended knees, they falteringly did pray:—

"These lambs of thine are shorn, dear Mars;  
Please temper thou the wind;  
And help us pay the Juniors back! Oh Mars, do be so kind!"

A prominent Senior, whose identity must ever remain a deep, dark mystery, believes in always making himself as accommodating as possible. If, for any reason, he feels that the people in whose presence he chances to be do not properly appreciate the light of his countenance, he quickly turns his back. When we consider the difficulty of accomplishing this feat in class, we are moved to the keenest admiration, not only for his back, but for his consideration.

One day a little girl remarked to her maternal parent, "Mother, I think you are pretty, but a little old around the edges."



## CONTEST

The members of the staff are very anxious to satisfy the students' demand for statistics concerning vital information, supposedly obtainable from the faculty only. As a rule, the individuals of the Salida High School Faculty are tirelessly accommodating and unfailingly frank; but, upon this particular occasion, they were too preoccupied to vote, and preferred not to commit themselves upon the questions. Believing it our privilege to assist the faculty whenever possible, we permitted the student body to vote for them. There is no doubt, in our minds, that we know exactly how the faculty **should** vote. Consequently, we offer no apologies for the information here tabulated.

From the Faculty's viewpoint, as interpreted by the students—

<b>Assembly star—</b>	<b>Ideal high school girl—</b>	singer
1st Robert Carson.	1st Lela Burton	3rd Myrle Smith
2nd Tom Flynn	2nd Catherine Parker	
3rd Warren Beck	3rd Reba Williams	<b>Favorite recreation—</b>
		1st Dancing
<b>Assembly pest—</b>	<b>Ideal high school boy—</b>	2nd Sleeping
1st John Burton	1st Wilbur Allen	3rd Skating
2nd Cloye Allen	2nd Cloye Allen	<b>Favorite occupation—</b>
3rd Harold Smith	3rd Shirley Smyth	1st Studying
		2nd Teaching
<b>Champion gum chewer—</b>	<b>Most industrious person—</b>	<b>Favorite author—</b>
1st Marie Schmidt	1st Catherine Parker	1st Longfellow
2nd Wilbur Allen	2nd Lela Burton	2nd Shakespeare
3rd Gertrude Diss	3rd Frances Brush	3rd Dickens
	<b>Most persuasive person—</b>	4th Harold Strayer
<b>Champion whisperer—</b>	1st Cloye Allen	<b>Favorite movie star—</b>
1st Warren Beck	2nd Alice Harlan	1st Douglas Fairbanks
2nd Charles Harlan	3rd Jack McGuire	2nd Mary Pickford
3rd Louise Nance	<b>Wittiest Person—</b>	3rd Charlie Chaplin
	1st Robert Davidson	<b>Faculty's idea of a movie show—</b>
<b>Champion bluffer—</b>	2nd Emmett Madden	1st No good
1st Tom Flynn	3rd Hertz Davidson	<b>Faculty's war bit—</b>
2nd Harold Dougher	<b>Oneriest person—</b>	1st Knitting
3rd Helen Welch	1st Warren Beck	2nd Buying war stamps
<b>Champion knocker—</b>	2nd Marie Schmidt	<b>Faculty's chief abomination—</b>
1st Harold Strayer	3rd John Burton	1st Gum chewing
2nd Cloye Allen	<b>Best spirited boy—</b>	2nd Whispering
3rd Rose James	1st Tom Flynn	<b>Faculty's idea of Heaven</b>
	2nd Frank McDonough	1st A perfect assembly
<b>Champion booster—</b>	3rd Wilbur Allen	
1st Tom Flynn	<b>Best spirited girl—</b>	
2nd Alma Schlesinger	1st Marie Schmidt	
3rd Jack McGuire	2nd Alma Schlesinger	

Miss Melcher: "Frank, translate the sentence, 'Maximi exercitus summa diligentia parati sunt.'"

Frank McD.: "Holy Moses!"

## A SPUD DRAMA

Scene—Spud patch on side of hill, on a very hot day.

Time—10:30 a. m.

Actors—Bob Davidson, Harold Strayer, "Dick" Behrens, "Gene" Howard, Warren Beck, and Boss Carl Moore.

"Ouch! ? — !!! ?" bawled an energetic voice.

"Smatter, Beck? What's the need of all that lovely language?" inquired a long, lean, lanky youth whom anybody would have recognized as Bob Davidson.

"Aw, run one of those stickers into my finger. Left my gloves home again like a fool."

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" roared two other well-developed voices.

"Aw, shut up! If you guys would do more work and quit doing so much loafing, you wouldn't see so much to laugh about."

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" in unison.

"Never mind, Beck," soothed the kind Bob. "Strayer and Dick never were born to pick spuds anyhow. **They've** got swell dispositions toward being bosses."

"Yeah, that's it. They love to boss other people, but, when it comes to spuds, they don't earn five cents a year."

"Never mind, old boy, I can beat you at **anything,**" came from the energetic lungs of Strayer.

"Me too," echoed Dick.

No saying how this would have ended but for the approach of Boss Moore, who, with the help of Gene Howard, was unearthing the spuds.

"Giggers, the boss!" piped Bob.

"Gosh! He'll wonder why we haven't got more done," whispered Dick.

"Look at that lazy Gene Howard," growled Bob. "All he does is to drive the team while Carl does the plowing and **we** pick spuds. Maybe, if he had our job a while, he wouldn't grin at us like a Cheshire monkey."

This vivid picturing of their sorrows again put all on good terms, and from then on talk was linked about the World Series, how much money each had coming, what study each would be taking at that time, if he had only stayed at school and had not allowed himself to be inveighed into this scheme, the prospects of Basket-Ball, and what was the matter with the twelve o'clock whistle.

At last Strayer looked at his watch, and risked telling them that it was three minutes after eleven.

Thirty-four hundred and twenty seconds longer to work!

Groans! Loud groans!! Still louder groans!!!

It was pitiful to notice the misery in their faces.

These thirty-four hundred and twenty seconds were passed in wrangling and growling, broken about every five minutes by someone's asking the time.

At last the welcome whistle blew. Four pairs of hands were raising as many spuds from the ground to drop into buckets. The same number of hands let the same number of spuds drop back to Mother Earth—not into the buckets.

Smiles (the first so far) lighted the faces of all, and the growling and wrangling were turned into good-natured banter.

"I'll betcha I eat the most," yelled Strayer.

"I'll betcha don't. I'll bet I do," vociferated Dick.

The four eyes in the two heads that rested upon the lean frames of Bob and Beck looked at each other, and pityingly expressed their contempt for the false boasts of these two husky young men. **They** knew who would eat the most.

"Well, did you fellows do any work this morning?" asked Boss Moore.

"They didn't while I had time to watch them," snatched Gene.  
 "Aw, well," grunted Bob, looking lovingly toward the lunch basket, "bring out the eats, and we'll make up for it."  
 As much as I'd like to picture the shoveling antics and gorgings of these tired and hungry heroes, I can't; for my pen is inadequate to the task; so I'll leave the usually disgruntled, but now miraculously happy, S. H. S. farmers at the joyful task of eating.

#### THE TIE RUSH BETWEEN '18 AND '19

In nineteen hundred and seventeen  
 The great "tie rush" came through;  
 The Juniors formed a jolly team,  
 The Seniors just a few.

The ties were colored—purple, gold,  
 With '19 brodered in.  
 The Juniors were fair to behold,  
 They were quite sure they'd win.

Before I go to lengths at all  
 I'll tell you which was which.  
 The Juniors wore the ties—sad fall!  
 The Seniors held the ditch.

They had a jolly fight that day,  
 And it looked fierce to me.  
 Next day they said, in friendly way,  
 "Twas all a joke, you see!"

#### REVENGE IS SWEET

"Naw, I won't have my picture taken unless I can stand by Janice."

"Oh, do quit being disagreeable, and come on."

"Nope, I won't, unless I can have it taken with Janice."

This is a small part of a conversation that took place between a Freshman boy and two Senior girls, during the heart-breaking and camera-breaking period in which the Freshman pictures were taken for the annual. The Freshman boy was stubborn to the last, and stood by his desire to have his picture taken, with the ideal of his dreams standing beside him.

At last, the girls, disgusted, gave up pleading, and vowed secretly that he should not have his picture in the annual; and, as they had charge of the pictures, they were perfectly able to see that it was not.

Several mornings passed, and the names of the few Freshmen who had not been snapped were read in the assembly, and these particular Freshmen were asked to go down stairs and have the deed performed.

To the surprise of the love-lorn Freshman youth, his name was not read. Thinking that there was a mistake somewhere, he got up with the rest and went down.

This morning he did not repeat his wish to have his picture taken beside Janice, but calmly waited his turn. A terrible thing happened! He was not asked to pose before the tiny kodak. Still thinking that there was a mistake, he reminded the kodak "gunner" that he was ready to be shot. To make cer-

## This is Not a Rubbish Heap Just Shoes We Rebuild Every Day



Do Not Throw Away a Comfortable pair of Shoes because they seem to you to be beyond repair. Let us tell you what we mean by

W. H. Meyers  
 Manager  
 Shoe Repairing Dept.

We Rebuild Shoes; We Do Not Cobble; We retain the flexibility of the Soles; We use only best stock; We employ only high class mechanics.

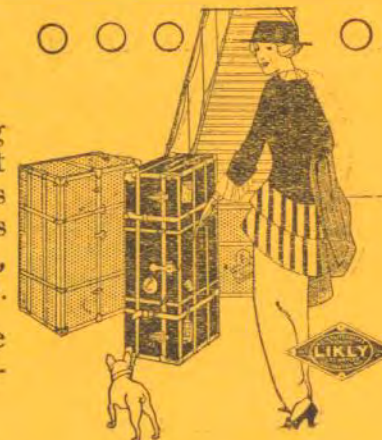
"NEW SHOES FROM OLD ONES"—We Use the GOODYEAR SYSTEM.

### College Days

The ambition of every young man and lady is to perfect themselves for hard battles of life. Before making this step you will need a good, serviceable piece of luggage.

Let us demonstrate to you the meaning of dependable baggage.

SALIDA HARNESS CO.



THE LEATHER GOODS HOUSE

tain that the picture would turn out well, he edged close to the camera.

"Make 'er a good one," he shouted.

He was taken. No doubt it was a good picture, but **his** picture will never see the annual. The "gunners" are reaping their revenge. His picture is nestling in the ash pit.

---

#### HALL'S LEAD

---

Into our school came a new girl,  
She set all masculine hearts awhirl;  
All pulse-beats quickened, when she drew near;  
Hearts beat so fast that all felt queer.

Each boy in school made a solemn vow  
That a date with her he'd get somehow.  
All hoped her hand and heart to win,  
But not a one knew how to begin.

But, at last, a lad proved he was game;  
He got a date with this fair dame,  
And now he's happy beyond belief,  
Little thinking that he may come to grief.

But the other lads think 'tis a shame  
That such a guy should lead this game;  
And all are vowing that they will show  
Hall that it's some he's got to go.

---

#### BOBBIE DONS A NEW TIE

---

After watching the exciting procedure of Bobbie's turning all of his wardrobe topsy-turvey in an effort to find "something," I was rewarded by seeing him finally emerge from the depths of a drawer with a brand new tie in his hand. Planting himself before a mirror, he quite resembled Napoleon as he stood "with neck out-thrust and legs wide" on the storming day.

"Of all the——," he exclaimed, "this collar takes the cake!"

I wondered what it was he was comparing the offending collar to, but wisely refrained from inquiring.

His elbows flew around in such a way as to remind me of the gestures of Ichabod Crane.

"Are you learning to fly?" I ventured.

I ducked just in time to avoid having a shoe come in close contact with my cranium.

The expression on his noble countenance sent me off into gales of laughter; for, by this time, I was positively sure that he resembled an archangel, and told him so.

"Say, if you have anything more to remark in regard to me or my belongings, please run out to the chicken-house, and confide in your friends!"

He tied the precious piece of silk quite artistically, but, as soon as he let go of it, it skidded around under his ear.

"Oh——!" The sentence was never completed.

With a yank, he jerked off the tie. Then, slowly and apologetically, he

smoothed it out. With much greater effort than before, he tied it again, but the bow still proved unsatisfactory.

"Say, if you'd kindly leave, I'd feel much better."

I wouldn't have missed the performance for love or money, so I stayed.

A third time the tie was arranged. He viewed the result of his labors critically, and, to my regret and his own personal satisfaction, the ordeal was over.

Then Bobbie rushed off to staff meeting, rather than to the circus, where the managers might have made a fortune by featuring him in a side show.

---

### ADVICE

(To a Freshman from a Senior.)

---

Just starting in, why bless your heart,  
But I'll tell you before you start  
"Initiation's" coming soon;  
So you must rake up some good tune.

And learn your prayers so you can say  
Them fine and fast—that sure will pay.  
Learn some good poem—it wouldn't do  
To leave that out. All this is true.

So get these ready, one and all,  
And I'll assure you, short or tall,  
You'll have no trouble to get through,  
**But you will get just what's your due.**

---

A member of the faculty is treasuring a brand new alarm clock. It is not recommended to ring at the desired time, but it is possible that either Warren Hall or John Burton may understand the peculiarities of said clock better than the present owner does. Cherishing the secret hope that this may be true, we suggest that they call for their property.

---

When I am dead and planted  
Afar from earthly din,  
In heaven (?), I'll hear chanted,  
"Please hand your notebook in."

---

### THE RUN TO SCHOOL

"Mamma, where's my Latin?"

"Mamma, have you seen my Algebra?"

"Say, Chink, what did you do with my English?"

"Good gosh, we've only eight minutes!"

After a hurried "So long," a door slams. The accustomed mile run has begun! Two figures drop over the brow of a short, steep hill, at the foot of which is a stile, with monstrously high steps. Although there are three steps on each side of the fence, the speeding figures see but one, as they fly over.

Having entered by the stile, they dash across a pasture where vicious animals dwell. At the outlet of the pasture is a plank seven feet long and one foot wide, which leads to a bridge, erected especially for such hustlers. It is built in the form of a Z, and, at the first turn, is a whirling gate.

It happens on this particular morning that there is a little frost on the plank; and, as the first figure lights, slip goes his foot. For a second there is some tall old balancing, and then, like a flash, he dashes on across the bridge, jumping the corners, with the other close at his heels.

Leaving them speeding across a rough prairie, we hustle to the high school and arrive just in time to see the figures rush puffing through the door, and to hear the janitor say, "You sure were on the ragged edge this time."

---

A thin, piping voice was heard singing this ditty, now so popular, "The Lost A." We located the artist, and found that the once famous Junior, John Burton, is not only a singer of note, but also a talented composer. Below is a copy of his most famous song hit, "The Lost A."

"I'll get sixty,  
I'll bet a dollar;  
I don't care,  
Ain't goin' to holler.

"I'll take twenty  
If I must;  
But I'll go skating  
If I bust."

---

### THE SLANG DICTIONARY

The surest way of attaining propriety of diction is carefully to observe and imitate the usage of the ordinary high school student. "Seek, amid the exhaustless stores, words that are fresh and crisp." Below are listed only a few of many expressions which bear imitation. The definitions are very explicit, and, therefore, well suited to the person just beginning to appreciate the joys of slang.

#### A

**Awful.** Calculated to give one the shivers. "Awful pretty."

#### B

**Balled out.** An expression of a teacher's opinion of a student which does not agree with the student's opinion of himself. (This is difficult to explain, but easy to experience.)

**Block-head.** A box filled with solidified sawdust.

**Bone-head.** A cranium filled with petrified brains. One who attempts to show off before Mr. Tanton.

**Bore.** A person who insists upon talking about himself when you want to be talking about yourself.

**Bounced.** Caused to bound; ejected summarily. By most people the term is applied to a ball; by teachers, applied to pupils forcibly ejected from class. Such students retire to the assembly.

**Brick.** A slam, when given by the faculty; otherwise a compliment. (See Mirror Department.)

## C

**Canned.** Applied to vegetables, placed within; applied to students, placed without. "Cloye Allen was canned from class Monday."

**Cut.** To turn up missing.

## D

**Ditch.** One's own resignation from class. The disease is prevalent in the spring.

**Dome.** The ivory superstructure which sometimes rests upon the shoulders of a student. A dome may be known as bean, spark-plug, attic, nut, belfry, sky-piece, noodle, garret, cocoanut, Gibraltar (The largest block of granite in the world).

**Dry up.** A polite suggestion expressed that a person cease to advertise his presence.

## E

**Examination.** Alias exam, alias Ex. A student's idea of a third degree. The resultant confession makes its appearance in the form of red specks on paper.

## F

**Fade away.** An invitation to vamoose,—a polite hint for the person addressed to conserve on space.

**Fistey.** Saucy—applied by a Junior to a Senior.

**Flunk.** A malignant disease which sometimes attacks entire classes, although it is found more frequently in isolated cases. The after-effect of the disease is generally demonstrated by a hectic flush. See Senior report cards.

**Foxy.** Gay, all dressed up like a Christmas tree.

**Fuss.** The result of the expression of difference of opinion.

**Fussed.** The state of being unduly excited.

**To fuss.** An attempt on the part of a boy to persuade a "Jane" that she is the proper "chicken." The appropriate place of demonstration is at the feet of Minerva.

## G

**Gosh.** The favorite expletive of the staff—an ejaculation expressive of the keenest admiration. "Gosh, kid, ain't he grand?"

## H

**Haze.** An invitation given to the aspirants for High School Honors by those who are already within the "fold."

**Heck.** Students special name for "Choice Advice" given by the faculty.

**How does it come?** The high sign for one who is in quest of information.

## I

**I. O. U.** A promise to pay some one something, sometime. For example—Beck's I. O. U.'s are unredeemed. (On going to press)

**Ignuts.** A term used to describe a vacancy in the upper story.

## J

**Jiggers.** A word used by mischief makers to herald the approach of a teacher.

**Jinx.** The hoodoo. The quality that puts a person on the **blink**.

## K

**Kick thru.** An emphatic bid on the part of the class treasurer for a student to come thru with his class dues.

**Kicked out.** A student term of explanation of a teacher's polite invitation for said student to leave class.

**Kid.** The act of bringing out the Irish in a Dutchman.

**Kid.** When used as a noun, it is used as a term of endearment applied promiscuously to all ages and sizes.

## L

**Lambast.** The act of handing out an exaggerated love rap, or a choice bouquet.

**Lamps.** Objects which anti-slangsters speak of as eyes. Poets define them as "limpid pools," "turquoise lakes," windows of the soul." Students as glims or peepers.

**Looney.** The state of being minus, or mentally absent.

## M

**Mutt.** A person who is a genius at doing the wrong thing at the right time.

## N

**Nut.** Sometimes food for the thoughts; sometimes food for squirrels. Some varieties are mostly shell.

## O

**Ornery.** No need for definition. Look at John Burton.

**Onto it.** The act of grasping the necessary dope on the question. This phrase originated with Sherlock Holmes.

## P

**Pill.** A person whose unsurpassable meanness is smoothed over with a little grin.

**Push your feet.** An emphatic invitation to speed along.

**Put on a soft pedal.** A call to apply a gag.

## Q

**Queered.** Cast into disfavor, put in bad, or in Dutch.

## R

**Ramble.** A term synonymous with "Give 'er the gas."

**Rave on.** A permit to continue with the empty chatter.

## S

**Shoot.** A signal that the listener is prepared for anything.

**Slip one over.** The act of making a bluff stick.

**Spill the beans.** The act of shaking the tree of knowledge, or exposing the family skeleton.

**Squeal.** Passing information to the wrong parties. Squealing is synonymous with snitching.

**Stung.** The feeling that results when the joke turns out a sell.

## T

**Too deep.** Beyond us.

**Tumble.** The act of getting wise.

## V

**Villain.** A person who fails to do exactly as you would have him do. It's a villain who won't cut with you.

## W

**Wampus cat.** A person who shows the characteristics of a wild animal.

**What's the idea?** Otherwise, "I don't get you."

Y

**Yahoo.** Similar to a nut, though not so nutty.

**Yap.** An aperture between the lips, frequently spoken of as a trap, rarely referred to as a mouth.

THE CALL

The Seniors left pen and book  
On desk, or beside the wall;  
For the bell had rung, and the soft hum-hum  
Of voices was heard in the hall.

A tiresome thought there came,  
For English there was to indite;  
But stayed were their joints, and the busy points  
Of their pens had ceased to write.

With task undone, the race is won!  
The Seniors ran it well!  
I marvel yet at the pace they set,  
For they heard the dinner-bell.

"The Joblins'll get you if you don't watch out" makes the average high schools boy's heart go pit-a-pat, though not with fear. Not long ago, this, or a very, very similar remark, would have sent him scurrying to his mother's knee. The magic lies in one letter. Merely change the "G" to "J" and you have a quotation that the Freshman boys pray will come true, the Sophomores swear will come true, the Juniors hope will come true, and the Senior boys wouldn't care if it would come true. This lass who wears the proverbial curl, though she is never "horrid," is—though you might not think it—a Freshman.

The English History class was discussing the life of Mary Queen of Scots. Margaret was called upon to tell about Mary's personal affairs, and, in her recitation, said, "Every day she visited him for a whole week."

Of course, everybody laughed.

After it was quiet again, and Mr. Stoddard thought he had straightened out all confusing points, Glenna seriously asked, "Well, was Mary released from prison as soon as she died?"

THE FIFTH ASSEMBLY

As I sit and think what my theme shall be,  
And many adventures come back to me;

And I test them all with my pen and ink,  
But I find not one that is worth a "think;"

As I sit and study, and my head goes buzz,  
It's sure what Sherman said war was.

"My but it's awful to sit and smile,  
And know that you'll flunk in a very short while."

This I quote from the faculty  
As I sit and think what my theme shall be,  
In Miss Gillpatrick's assembly.

Several days before, the Sophomores had been given their parts in the play. Miss Gillpatrick remarked, "We'll soon have to select the pantomime characters."

"What did she say?" asked Ila Haskins.

"Oh," replied Geraldine, "she just said that we'd soon have to select the necessary scenery."

The patriotism of the children of America is sometimes rather strikingly expressed. Not long ago, Carl Waggener was reprimanded for the slight exaggeration of a certain fact. In order to persuade him to adhere strictly to the facts of the case, his mother told him that he wouldn't go to heaven if he wasn't more careful.

He replied, "Where is heaven?"

"That is where all very good people go to live with God," he was told.

"Well, I guess I don't want to go there."

"Why, Carl, you mustn't speak that way," ejaculated the mother. "Of course, you want to go to Heaven."

"Mother, I do not," was the firm reply. "I want to live in the U. S. A." This goes to show that even the children feel that democracy is best.

THE IMPORT OF A VISION

One day I went to sleep in algebra class, and a wonderful dream came to me. I dreamed that I was in Heaven. There I saw many angels, all clothed in white. Some were carrying Latins, some English Literatures, and some books about science and history, but, to my great joy, I saw that there was a general scarceness of algebras. I recognized the familiar faces of most of my former high school teachers, but I searched in vain for Mr. Tanton and Miss Kendall. This puzzled me at first. Then I remembered that they were algebra teachers, and I knew why they were missing.

"What are the factors of  $x^3 - y^3$ ?" Came in the thunderous accents of Miss Kendall.

Oh, that was algebra! I awoke with a start, to find that I was not in Heaven, but in the Senior algebra class.

Like the men of old, I thought that supreme wisdom was imparted through dreams. Reasoning thus, I knew that the powers above shared my antipathy to algebra.

But, since Heaven itself can not save me until after I have mastered the dark mysteries of the gloomy subject, I turned me sadly to my task.

After many trials in English class, trying to learn to punctuate, at last, Alice's efforts were crowned with success. When True asked her how it was done, as she also was troubled with punctuation, Alice replied, "It's very simple. When you write such a word as 'Hark!' you put a hatpin after it; and, when you ask a question, you put a button hook after it."

Miss Wadell: "Frank, name an inanimate object."  
Frank Thompson: "A boy."

Miss K: What is a dock?  
Bright Freshie: It is a kind of garage for a ship.

## THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman class is a mixture true;  
 There are beautiful ones, and otherwise, too.  
 There're some in altitude high, some low;  
 A few like to listen, but more like to crow.  
 There're some have talents that can not be beat;  
 There're some just have hands, while others have feet.  
 There're some that are slender and graceful in line;  
 And others as heavy and awkward as swine.  
 A few have heads of purest wood,  
 But the others' heads are not so good.  
 But, as Fords can't go without gasoline,  
 There can't be a Freshman unless he is green.

Catherine, aged six, proved the winner in a series of rummy games. Her uncle, who was interested in oil, suggested that he pay the million dollar stake in oil and mining stock. Catherine objected, "I don't want stock; you have to milk stock."

## BUD BEFORE THE LOOKING GLASS

One day I happened to turn and catch sight of a figure in the looking glass. No, it wasn't my sis. It was my big bud. Primping is right! Say, a girl isn't in it! You ought to have seen him combing his hair! First, he combed it about six or seven times, put on a little hair tonic, wiped it off, and then combed it again. Next, he started to put on his tie. The first time he tied it successfully, but, of course, just one tying wouldn't do. Finally, after adjusting, readjusting, and readjusting again, the tie pin must be placed just right. At last, I thought he must be ready, but, alas, he started to re-fix; so I beat it.

A Freshman, discussing the army, explained: "President Wilson will call three times for volunteers, and, if he doesn't secure enough, he will resort to grafting."

## THE ASSEMBLY ROOM CLOCK

I am the regulator of this school.  
 The teachers ask me, when their work they do;  
 The pupils watch my face so anxiously,  
 While wishing that the day would hurry through.

Debates and music, lectures—yes, and plays,—  
 I am allowed to overhear them all.  
 My life's true happiness is now complete;  
 For I'm recording hours on the assembly wall.

Near me is many a conversation held.  
 I hear the students' joys, and all their woes—  
 About their interests, and e'en their sports;  
 But all I see and hear I'll ne'er disclose.

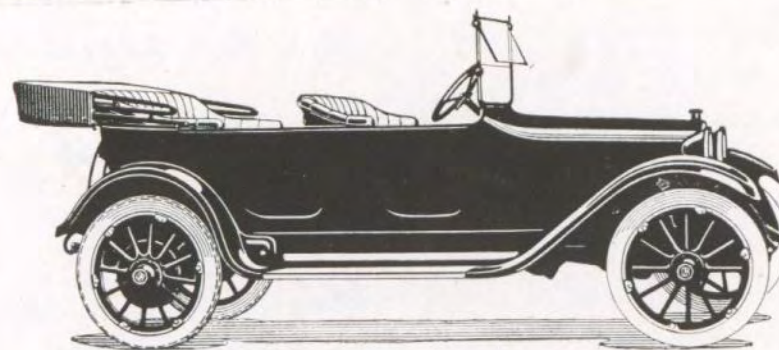
## Index

The Colorado Red Man—Robert V. Davidson .....	3
The Indian Chief—Frances Brush.....	6
The Indian Fight—Alma Schlessinger.....	7
Faculty Section .....	9
Patriotic Section.....	12
<b>SENIOR SECTION</b>	
Senior Class Song—The Class of Eighteen—Frances Brush.....	33
The Court of Zeus—James Shay and Marion Cook.....	33
The Annals of the Chosen Few—True Harlan.....	37
The Haunted Gate—Lela Burton.....	40
The Junior-Senior Banquet—True Harlan.....	41
<b>JUNIOR SECTION</b>	
Junior Class Song—Dear Old High School—Lenore Ramey.....	43
'19 Junior Class History—1917-1918—Helen Dobbie.....	43
A Junior Farewell Party—Bertha Jones.....	46
The Junior Play—Clarinda England.....	47
<b>SOPHOMORE SECTION</b>	
History of the Sophomore Class—Heartz Davidson.....	52
Twentieth Century Nursery Rhymes—Geraldine Meyers.....	53
The Christmas Carol—Geraldine Meyers.....	54
<b>FRESHMAN SECTION</b>	
The Freshman—Janice Joblin.....	55
Freshman Class History—Emily Panton.....	55
<b>HIGH SCHOOL SECTION</b>	
A Tribute to Our Mountains—Harold Strayer.....	59
Seniors' Farewell to Salida High School—Wilbur Allen.....	59
High School Entertainment Course—Leotis McCabe.....	59
Salida High School Patriotism—Frances Brush.....	60
The Gift of the Class of 1917—Irene Paxson.....	60
The High School Glee Clubs—Abby Bunch.....	60
The High School Orchestra—Winifred Hodding.....	61
Preliminary Debates—Eugene Howard.....	63
The Salida-Gunnison Debate—Eugene Howard.....	63
The Salida-Leadville Debate—Eugene Howard.....	64
The Poultry Club—George Davidson and Arthur Morris.....	65
The Latin Club—Geraldine Meyers.....	65
The First Program of the Latin Club—Geraldine Meyers.....	66
The Track Meet—Harold Strayer.....	68
The Thanksgiving Football Game—Shirley Smyth.....	68
How To Discover Yourself—Lela Burton.....	70
Prize Story—The Story of My Violin—LaVerne Harrington.....	72
<b>MIRROR SECTION</b>	
The Hazing of the Freshmen.....	77
A Spud Drama—Warren Beck.....	79
The Tie Rush Between '18 and '19—Bernard Sloan.....	80
Revenge Is Sweet.....	80
Hall's Lead.....	81
Bobbie Dons a New Tie.....	81
Advice (To a Freshman from a Senior).....	82
The Run to School—Alice Harlan.....	82
The Slang Dictionary.....	83
The Fifth Assembly.....	86
The Import of a Vision—Mabel Knickerbocker.....	87
The Freshman Class—Wilbur Allen.....	88
Advertising Section—Glenna Goddard, Reba Williams.....	90

# Attention!

'Tis the order from Sir Hoover,  
We must do with some less meat;  
And from the same prime mover,  
We must do with some less wheat.  
We are told to choose our new clothes,  
And to meet the cost with care.  
'Tis right that we should save for those  
Who are fighting "over there."  
And thus we think it most wise  
That you who read this book  
Should trade with those who advertise  
Herein; **Now have a look!**

—J. H. S.



## Salida Auto Company

WE ARE EQUIPPED TO GIVE YOU THE BEST POSSIBLE SERVICE IN

AUTO REPAIRING TELEPHONE 16 W  
—AGENTS—

Dodge Motor Cars  
133-37 West Third Street

Hupmobile Motor Cars  
A. B. GODDARD, Proprietor

## THE BARNES SCHOOL OF DENVER

Was organized August 15, 1904.

There were four pupils the first day.

The enrollment this year will be over sixteen hundred different pupils in the day or night school.

Thorough Bookkeeping, Shorthand and English Courses, and special courses in Civil Service, Salesmanship and Advertising.

Friday morning addresses by prominent people.

Fifty industrial lectures illustrated by over twenty-five hundred slides.

Twenty-four teachers. Ten class rooms. Fifteen thousand square feet of floor space.

A graded system of class and individual instruction that permits new students to enroll at any time.

Positions secured graduates. An average of two hundred calls a month from business offices.

All of these advantages and many others are fully explained in our illustrated catalog, which is mailed free on request.

1625-43 Champa Street

Denver, Colorado



**F. W. BRUSH**

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE,  
LOANS AND RENTALS

Notary Public

Clerk W. O. W.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK

Mrs. M. V. A. Protzman

**Home  
Bakery**

Phone 350..... Salida, Colo.

**FRANK W. GLOYD**

REAL ESTATE, FIRE INSURANCE  
LOANS, NOTARY PUBLIC

Phone 70 W

Hively Block

Salida, Colorado

**KARL SCHMIDT  
PEOPLE'S MARKET**

136 EAST FIRST STREET  
SALIDA, COLORADO

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

WHERE LINEN LASTS

**THE BEST LAUNDRY**



**Ideal Auto Co.**

GUARANTEED  
REPAIRING

DAY AND NIGHT SEVRICE

139-41 West Third Street

AUTO  
LIVERY

Telephone: 29 J

**STAR DAIRY**



—Compliments of—

S. H. STARBUCK

—Compliments of—

Dr. S. R. Beckley

DENTIST

TENNIS GOODS

BASE BALL GOODS

**Bateman Hardware Co.**

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

**Sporting Goods**

COLUMBIA GRAFANOLAS AND RECORDS

AMMUNITION AND GUNS

FISHING TACKLE

**PAINE & PAINE**

HARDWARE & PLUMBING

WILLARD STORAGE  
BATTERIES

Salida - - - - Colo.

A HOWL FROM AN ARMY  
HUT IN FRANCE

Oft in the chilly night,  
Ere Slumber's soft chains  
bind me,  
Fond Memory brings to  
light  
The **steam heat** left behind  
me.—Ex.

FERRARO & PROVENZA

Latest Styles in -

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S

SPRING SUITS

Tailoring Work of the  
Highest Class

Pressing -:- Cleaning

J. H. HOLCOMB  
FEED & IMPLEMENT COMPANY

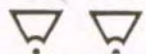
Grains, Farm Implements

PROMPT SERVICE

Phone, 92

F. D. GRANGER

BLACKSMITHING AND  
REPAIRING



133 West Second St.

"28 YEARS IN SALIDA"

Johnson  
Realty  
Company

NOTARY PUBLIC

111 W. Second St. Salida, Colo.

F. A. BROMLEY

County Clerk

Buena Vista, Colorado

For Your Next Suit, try

PARKINSON

AND BE SATISFIED



211 Upper F Street

MONAGHAN  
AND  
SPURGEON

Up-to-Date  
MILLINERS

Mrs. Williamson  
makes  
Dresses

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

at the Right Price

WHERE?

The Golden Rule  
Mercantile Co.

Headquarters for---  
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES  
and Workingmen's Supplies

The Originators of Low Prices

MRS. ROSE W. RIDGWAY  
County Superintendent  
of Schools

Buena Vista

Office Day, Saturday

The Commercial Cafe

MEALS

AT ALL HOURS

LUNCHES A SPECIALTY

Miss Minnie Walker,  
Proprietor

TOM NEVENS  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Cowen Brothers

CASH  
GROCERY

## G. F. Rhodes

### EXPERT Roof Repairing

We Repair Any and All  
Defective Roofs.

## J. S. RAMEY

Music Teacher, Arranger, Composer  
Composer and publisher of: "The  
Skies are Blue in Colorado" (New  
Colorado Song); "Our Uncle Sam"  
(Patriotic Song); "Mother Love" (An  
Artist's Dream); "Remembrances of  
Childhood" (Home and Mother Song);  
"Hark, I Hear the Signal Calling" (D.  
& R. G. R. R. Song); "My Sweetheart  
in the Sunny Treasure State" (Colo-  
rado Love Song), and others.

SALIDA, - COLORADO

SAY, FELLOWS !!!

Get Your

### GRADUATION CLOTHES

—AT—

## The Unger Clothing Co.

OUTFITTERS FOR MEN AND  
YOUNG MEN



Colorado Wiring  
Company 141 F Street



Compliments of

*Dr. A. J. Bender*

## Salida Hotel

A. T. THORPE, Prop.



TWO BLOCKS FROM DEPOT

Big Sign on Corner  
to Left

## LIPPARD'S DRUG STORE

TRY OUR *BUTTER-KIST* Popcorn

109 Lower F Street

Phone, 54 W

SALIDA FUEL CO.

FOR **COAL**

OF ALL KINDS

GUY HALL, Prop

FIRST and G STREETS

ERNEST FEICHTINGER

Teacher of Music

## Beauty and Worth

Our ready-to-wear is ever blooming with beautiful gar-  
ments, embodying youth in every garment, and assuring quality  
as well.

SUITS, COATS, DRESSES, AND SKIRTS  
NO TWO ALIKE—REMEMBER

*Sandusky's* Ready-to-Wear  
Salida's Quality Store

Dr. J. McClure

Telephones:

Residence, - 28

Office, - 31 W

## MILLER & TEMPLETON

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

MEN'S FURNISHINGS  
OF ALL KINDS

## J. D. RANDOL

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES

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

115 E. First Street

## Sam Muto & Son

GROCERY AND  
MEAT MARKET

Phone 222 J 348 W. First St.

Compliments of  
**The Red Cross Hospital**  
F. N. Coehms, Manager



OUR JOB PRINTING  
DEPARTMENT  
IS  
**UNEXCELLED**

211 F STREET  
TELEPHONE NUMBER ONE

## **Brock-Hafner Press**

Arapahoe and 14th Streets, Denver, Colo.

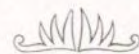
**ENGRAVERS    PRINTERS    BINDERS**

Make a specialty of School and College Annual Engraving. Write us for prices. A big illustrated book, "Your Annual," free to Business Managers and editors.

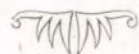
**HARTENSTEIN &  
McGINNIS**

**ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW**

Buena Vista, Colorado



Compliments of  
**DR. T. L. A. SHAFFER**



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

## **The... Crews-Beggs ...Mercantile Company**

**A**  
**Modern Department Store**

Corner F and Third Streets

SALIDA, COLORADO

## **ATTENTION!**

### **Mrs. Newlywed:**

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

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

**HAMPSON BROS. & VALDEZ**

"FOR STUFF TO EAT, WE CAN'T BE BEAT"  
SALIDA, COLORADO

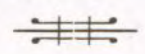
Auto and Livery Service Any Where—Any Time

**SALIDA LIVERY**  
W. T. GORMAN, Proprietor

GOOD RIGS AT RIGHT PRICES  
GOOD SADDLE HORSES

Residence Phone, 159  
OFFICE PHONE, 45 SALIDA, COLORADO

**Earl Arenberg**  
High-Grade Blacksmithing  
and Horseshoeing



REPAIR WORK GIVEN  
SPECIAL ATTENTION

FOR FURNITURE AND RUGS  
—Go to—

**Churcher & Johnson**

Undertaking Given  
Special Attention

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
OF SALIDA

Oldest, Largest and Strongest Bank in Chaffee  
County. Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

WAR SAVINGS AND THRIFT STAMPS FOR SALE

**Manful's**  
Barber Shop

*CORRECT and  
NEAT WORK*

You are sure to be SATISFIED

**CANON CITY COAL YARD**  
CUSTER & COMPANY

—Dealers in—

CANON CITY AND **COAL**  
JUANITA.....

TELEPHONE 19 W

John H. Owen, Esq.

=====  
COUNTY TREASURER  
=====

BUENA VISTA, COLORADO

**WHITE  
THE  
COBBLER**

Does Every Kind of  
**SHOE DOCTORING**


You are BOUND to be pleased.


**“Shoe Store Shoes  
for Shoe Satisfaction”**

**Newby's**

212 F Street SALIDA, COLORADO

SCHLESSINGER'S

**CANDY AND** 

 **ICE CREAM**

Phone 8 J Salida, Colorado

**Joe P. Williams**  
FULTON MARKET

All Kinds of Fresh and Salt  
Meats  
Oysters and Vegetables  
In Season

Poultry, Fish, Butter, and Eggs

**Hunt's Book Store**  
OFFICE AND SCHOOL  
SUPPLIES  
FINE CANDIES  
Sheet Music, Musical  
Instruments

229 F St. Salida, Colo.

## The Eyes of the World

THE DENVER TIMES  
50c per month

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS  
70c per month

THOS. G. FLYNN, Local Agent

Delivered Any Place in the City by Carrier

Address: 231 E Street

Telephone 251

## M AND H STORE

GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE, HOUSEHOLD AND  
KITCHEN UTENSILS

CANDIES, TOILET GOODS AND NOTIONS  
TOYS THE YEAR AROUND

---

*Hugh McLean*  
*County Assessor*

---

**Jim Barris**

Shines Shoes

Hat Cleaner

The Colorado Power Company ex-  
tends hearty congratulations and sincere  
good wishes to the Class of 1918.

FLORSHEIM SHOES

ED V. PRICE SUITS

Your success greatly depends on your appearance. You  
will feel like a conquering hero going out to meet Life's  
battles, if you are outfitted by—

**SAM R. AXFORD**

NO NAME HATS

WALK OVER SHOES

## E. E. SMITH

ASSAYER AND CHEMIST  
ORE SHIPPERS' AGENT

126 W. First Street (Opp. Opera House)

SALIDA, COLORADO

## Wm. J. EnEarl

Wholesale and Retail  
Butcher

Phone . . . . . 65

123 F Street

SALIDA, COLORADO

ROY WILLIAMS, President

W. R. ALEXANDER, Secretary

## The Alexander Mercantile Co.

FANCY GROCERIES, CUT GLASS  
AND CHINAWARE

CALL 40 J

SALIDA, COLORADO

131 F STREET

Compliments of

**Dr. A. D. Wilson**

**E. C. BERRIAN**

Real Estate, Loans  
and Insurance

NOTARY PUBLIC

Strait Blk. Salida, Colo.

**IT'S RIGHT** IF PUT UP BY--



101 F Street

SALIDA, COLO.

**Dr. Hughes**  
Dentist

COE BRANCH

**INSURANCE**

Better Be Safe Than Sorry

**The Salida Lumber Company**

V. C. DAVENPORT, NEIL DAVENPORT, R. M. HANKS  
Pres. and Mgr. Vice-Pres. Secretary-Treasurer

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

SALIDA LUMBER COMPANY --:-- SALIDA, COLORADO

**SALIDA CREAMERY**

PURE CREAMERY BUTTER

Carefully Selected from Products of the Highest Grade of Dairy Herds

SWEET AND FRESH

Churned Every Tuesday and Friday of Each Week

PATRONIZE A GROWING HOME INDUSTRY

*The Crutcher-Plimpton Mercantile Co.*

—WHOLESALE—

**FRUIT and PRODUCE**

General Commission Business

SALIDA, COLORADO

**The  
New Sherman**

Salida's Newest  
Hotel

H. F. HERR, Prop.

**Burns' Cafe**

W. F. BURNS, Prop.

HOME COOKING

"CLEANLINESS," Our Motto

**HENRY R. HAY**

PORTRAITS AND LANDSCAPES

KODAK WORK

PICTURE FRAMING

SALIDA

COLORADO

Miss Stokes  
High Class  
Millinery

BEST LINE OF CORSETS IN THE CITY

217 F Street

Salida, Colorado

Notary Public — Investments

JAMES W. DeWEESE  
REAL ESTATE

Office of The Salida Building  
and Loan Association

111 E. Second Salida, Colo.

H. D. McKelvey

WEST FIRST JEWELER

Cash Prices Lower Than Ever

Watch Repairing

CALL IN

We Are in Business  
for Your Health

ALEXANDER'S Drug and Jewelry Store

Phone 300

"Better Than Ever"

Compliments  
of a  
Drummer

DR. N. H. KELLEY

DENTIST

McCULLOUGH BLOCK

MURDOCK'S  
Quality Shop

Men's Suits  
Hats  
Furnishings

SAM K. MURDOCK

"Remember You Saw it at Murdock's."

EMPRESS  
THEATRE



ENTIRE CHANGE OF  
PICTURES DAILY



It is not what we MAKE, but it is what we SAVE, that counts. Saving is a habit that must be cultivated, and we now have the best opportunity we ever had to practice THRIFT. Buy Thrift Stamps, Liberty Bonds; both are backed by our Government. This bank is anxious to help. We have small banks which you may use to save those small coins.

**We pay 4 per cent interest on savings deposits, compounded semi-annually.** Come around and get acquainted with us.

## **The Commercial National Bank**

"The Home of Savings."

Salida, Colorado

## **REDPATH, "THE MASTER BUILDER"**

Has opened the Door of Opportunity to thousands; has furnished inspiration to hundreds of thousands

**PIONEER                  FOUNDER                  BUILDER**

Booking Transcontinental Tours Leading Artists and Lecturers

**THE REDPATH LYCEUM BUREAU**

Electric Building

DENVER, COLORADO

**EVERYTHING in the line of—**

**DEPENDABLE WEARING APPAREL**

**For Both Men and Boys**

**THE  
BEN DISMAN CLOTHING  
CO.**

Corner First and F Sts.,  
Salida, Colorado

## **Ideal Cleaning Parlors**

Mrs. Maud Harrington,  
Proprietor

**CLEANING, PRESSING AND  
REPAIRING**

133 E. Second St.    Salida, Colo.

## **EVERETT BROS. Grocery**

**MANUFACTURING BAKERS**

**GROCERIES**

**FLOUR**

**FEED**

**HAY and GRAIN**

Phone 115 J

240 F Street, Salida, Colorado

# **BASTIAN BROS. Co.**

**Manufacturers and Designers**

**Class Pins, Rings and Medals**

**Engraved**

**Commencement Invitations, Social  
Stationery, Visiting Cards**

**Club and Sunday School Pins**

**Catalogs Free**

**523 Bastian Bldg.**

**Rochester, N. Y.**

**FIGLEY**



**SALIDA'S  
BEST  
JEWELER**

ASK FOR A—

**KODAK BANK  
AND SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO GET A  
CAMERA**

---*ALLAN'S BOOK STORE*

Gene Albright

Roy Albright

*The Albright Grocery Co.*

**FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES**

115 F. Second St.

AUTO DELIVERY

Phone 188 J

**VISIT THE FOUNTAIN**

at the *Rexall* Store

**Waggener's Pharmacy**

*Crozier's Book & Stationery*

... Dealers in ...

*Fine  
Stationery*

and

*Office  
Supplies*

*School Supplies  
our Specialty*

Renting of Caps and Gowns to Graduating Classes a Specialty

*E. R. MOORE  
... COMPANY ...*

—Makers of—

**Collegiate Caps, Gowns and Hoods**

—Originators of—

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

4014-16 Broadway, Chicago

Distributors to the Salida High School

# THE SALIDA RECORD

Extends congratulations and sincere wishes for the  
Class of Nineteen Hundred Eighteen.



When you launch out into the business world and need printing of any kind, remember THE RECORD.

First, you will want wedding invitations or announcements—we have them. Of course we print business stationery of all kinds; in fact everything known to the printing trade.

**This annual is a sample of our work.  
Is it not a guarantee of Quality?**

We are also agents for the famous I-P Loose Leaf Books and Forms. Call and see samples.

---

---



*129 East Second Street*  
*Salida, Colorado*

SALIDA REGIONAL LIBRARY