



EDITORIALS

Jack Lyons, '19

ENFORCED VACATIONS

The influenza epidemic and the resultant vacations have not, as far as can be ascertained at present, produced the derogatory effects which many persons predicted would result, failure to cover a proper amount of work, inefficiency in studies, and a debilitated school spirit. The students, realizing the paramount importance of maintaining the school at a one hundred per cent level, have vigorously co-operated with the faculty in warding off these visioned ills. By energetic application and concentration on the part of the students and by the assignment of longer lessons, it has been made possible to cover much of the ground lost by the vacations. The work has been done with efficiency on the part of most of the students. The report cards and the comparative infrequency of detention for failure in work prove this.

Our school spirit, too, has not lagged behind that of former years whilst our class spirit has undoubtedly manifested more push and pep than for some time past. Class patriotism and a new enthusiasm full of life and energy have been exhibited at all the interclass games. The assembly hall has rung with the terse, impassioned effusions of class orators. Every class has been the best. Their own members have taken every possible occasion to tell us that. You see, we spare no pains in blowing our own horn, which is but proof by example that our school spirit is soaring despite the "flu."

INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATES

The one regrettable result of the influenza vacations is the fact that debating has been rendered impossible this year. The University of California, which heads the state forensic activities, although at first determining to pursue the interscholastic debates, finally decided that it would be wiser to discontinue the league debating this year. In the first place students would be too busy making up lost work to give the proper time to debating, and in the second place Dr. Nalder of the university, who was to head the league, found that it was impossible for him to undertake the task.

It is to be hoped that next year interscholastic debating will be recommenced as it is one of the most interesting and instructive phases of school activity.

HOUR PERIODS

A noteworthy inauguration in the re-organization of school at the beginning of this year, was the adoption of the hour period plan. Formerly our school day was composed of seven forty-minute periods and school was dismissed at three thirty. This system has, however, been revised and now the school day contains only six periods although it continues until four o'clock. Each period is an hour long and therein lies the advantage; for, while only forty minutes are devoted to recitation, twenty minutes are given to supervised study. The backward student is thus given an opportunity to be aided in his studies by the teachers and these "sharks" who did nothing but study at home are given a chance for some recreation.

NEW TEACHERS

The school has welcomed three new teachers this year.

Mr. Wolcott is head of our commercial department. Prior to coming here he was for seven years head of the commercial department of the Modesto High School. Mr. Wolcott is a Stanford man.

We have also another new commercial teacher, Miss Christensen. Before coming to Lodi she taught in the Coalinga High School. Miss Christensen is a graduate of the University of California, having taken the B. S. degree in 1915 and the M. A. degree in 1917.

A third new teacher is Mr. Porter, instructor in agriculture, shop and physics.

TEN MONTHS COMMERCIAL COURSE

Another new feature in our curriculum is the ten months commercial course. The tendency in modern education is to lean toward the commercial and manual arts. To meet this growing idea our principal established this new course. This year has been only experimental but the test has proved successful. Seven persons are studying under the course, and, although influenza conditions have made it difficult, they have obtained a good knowledge of commercial subjects. Proof of the success of the course is found in the "Gregg Writer" for May, a magazine which conducts shorthand clubs all over the United States and her outlying possessions. Of the hundreds of schools submitting work thirty are especially mentioned for excellent work. Among these is cited "The Lodi Union High School, Lodi, California," with the name of the instructor of the contestants, "Miss Gladys Christensen." Among the sixty five students chosen from all over the United States for honorable mention appears the name "Mathilda Hummel, Lodi Union High School, Lodi, California." This surely speaks well for the wisdom of establishing the new course.

It is expected that local enthusiasm for this work will grow rapidly during the next two or three years so that the ten months commercial course will soon be an important part of our school life.

OUR ADVERTISERS

It is through the co-operation of the Lodi business men that this annual is made possible for it is only their advertisements that keep us from a heavy financial loss. If you have pride in your high school and in its "Tokay" you should make it your duty to read our advertisements and support our advertisers. In applying for copy, the business manager of the "Tokay" is repeatedly told that the advertisement is of little use to the merchant and it is merely out of kindness he takes the space. Will you not help us to prove to these business men that "it pays to advertise" with us? Will you not help put us on a basis where we feel we are giving where we receive? You should have pride in this paper. It is yours. It is the record of the achievement of your school; it is the written statement of the wisdom of your investment. Are you not willing to help us where you can? We ask the public of Lodi only this,—to read our advertisements and let our advertisers know you have read them. Will you not do that for us?

PRIZES

The various prizes last year were won, in most cases, after no slight debating in the minds of the judges. In the art department the prize for the cover cut went to Otto Schroeder and the prize for the best inside cut to Bernice LeMoin. Agnes Watkins' story "Deutschland Uber Alles" was conceded to be the prize story. The prize poem was written by Jack Lyons.

The subject for the 1918 Native Son's Essay Cup was, "The Russians in California." Professor Herbert E. Bolton of the history department of our state university consented to judge this contest and awarded the prize to Jack Lyons. Much credit is due to Miss Wright for her valuable assistance in coaching the essayists. The subject for this year's essay is "The Bear Flag Republic."

COURTESIES

The school has always been very fortunate in having many kind friends on whom to call when she needs help. This year has proved no exception to the rule. Particularly in the junior-senior play were many courtesies extended to us. We wish to thank for their generosity and courtesy in lending properties, M. Newfield and Sons, Mrs. E. Van Vlear, Mrs. J. A. Lyons, Mrs. A. Eddlemon, Mrs. Ivory, Mrs. L. Hawes, Miss Anna Bauer, Dr. E. G. Williams, Mrs. S. Slausson, Mr. John Fink, Mr. Arthur Tindell, Mr. Terwhilliger, and Mr. Zschunke.

We wish to express our thanks to the first National Bank for giving us permission to use one of its designs as a model for our cover.

BANCROFT'S WORKS

We desire to express our appreciation of the gift of Mrs. Sam Howe of Lodi who has very kindly donated to the Lodi Union High School a full set of Hubert Howe Bancroft's works; these thirty-nine volumes are of inestimable value to our library and contribute much to our material on Pacific Coast History.

JUDGES

The "Tokay" wishes to thank those who have so kindly served on committees as judges for awarding the prizes. The following have rendered decisions for the present issue of the Tokay: For prize poem and prize story, Mrs. Tennyson, Miss McKenzie, Miss Stone, Miss Christensen, and Miss Mayne; for cover cut and inside cut, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Meissner, Miss Glenney, and Mr. Inch.

FACULTY ADVISERS

The "Tokay" wishes to extend its thanks to the members of the faculty who have so materially aided this year's publication by their services and advice, Miss Mayne, head of the English Department, and Mr. Inch, our principal.



LITERARY

Liberty Enlightening the World

PRIZE POEM

Jack Lyons, '19

O that thy spirit could guide us to the goal
Where we might glimpse the wondrous truth you teach,
That life is everywhere the sun doth reach
Its golden rays; that from the mighty whole
Is molded each of us, or high or low!
Each drop of water mirrors the mighty sea,
Each blade of grass reflects the verdant lea;
And I am but a portrait of life's show
With all its goods and ills. But when the world
Heeds thy message great and mortals see
That cast is lesser than humanity,
Then, only then, shall come the world's rebirth,
A mighty sense of universal good,
And Christian love, and world-wide brotherhood.

The Mine of Missing Men

PRIZE STORY

Ramona Ware, '19

Kenneth Stewart stood looking down at the little world below him. The broad expanse of low green hills skirted down to meet the narrow strip of sandy beach, which stretched for miles along the uneven coast. Just back of the first hill, in a tiny valley, lay the little town of Goldstream. Ten years ago, this site had been only a temporary mining camp, made by a party of prospectors who had found gold in the little stream of fresh water north of the camping place. These miners had spread the news and people began to rush to the spot until the little camp had become a fair-sized town.

As Stewart studied this little town, he thought of the many men who had staked their last dollar on these claims, only to be disappointed; for very little gold had ever been found. However, many still believed that gold was hidden somewhere in those very rocks on which he stood. Certainly, these hills looked as if they might hide anything. They seemed a huge jumble of rocks, heaped in great piles by some mighty hands, as though the unseen forces of life were playing at "hide and seek" with man.

Towering above this rocky mass, their summits continually hidden in mist and clouds, were the majestic, snow-crowned peaks which spoke of the arctic regions farther north.

Stewart, who had been lured by this wonderful prospect, had unconsciously been climbing higher and higher, hoping to gain a grander view from some more distant point of vantage. Suddenly he noticed that the sun had almost gone down. It was nearing winter and the days were very short. He could no longer see the little town, because of the deepening twilight in the valley. He realized that he could not possibly return that night, so he began to look about him for some means of shelter.

On glancing toward the left, down the steep mountain side, he was surprised to catch a glimpse of a rude cabin situated in a tiny gulch, and almost buried from view. He started toward it, deciding to spend the night there. After a few minutes of falling and sliding down the steep decline, he was near enough to see that the cabin was very old and weather-beaten and apparently long uninhabited.

At that minute his foot slipped, dislodging a rock, which started a miniature landslide. As Stewart watched it slipping down the mountain, he was amazed to note a large square of earth give way, disclosing what appeared to be a small cave. He made his way toward it, and finally reaching the entrance, he struck a match and peered cautiously within. He found the opening was not a cave, as he had supposed, but the shaft of a very ancient mine.

Lighting a pine torch that lay near his feet, he started to explore the tunnel. He had gone no more than ten or twelve feet when he came to a solid wall. At his feet lay an old pick and near it a pan containing several gold nuggets.

He could scarcely believe his eyes. From all appearances the mine was enormously rich. Why had it never been developed? What had become of the owner? A sudden flash of memory illuminated him. The old legend was true, then, after all. This was the mine of which the Indians related their wierd stories. They told of an old, old miner known familiarly as old Dan, who had come into the camp one day telling of the discovery of a valuable gold mine, the location of which nothing

could induce him to disclose. A rumor that a party of men were going in search of the mine led the old miner secretly to return, to protect his claim. He had never been seen again. Men who had tried to discover the mine had never returned, and the lost mine came to be known as the "Mine of Missing Men."

Undoubtedly, this was the mine of the Indian legend. It was unbelievable that he had accidentally come upon a mine for which others had given their lives in the vain effort at discovery.

He resolved to spend the night in the near-by deserted cabin and then, early in the morning, stake his claim and return to tell of his wonderful find. Going to the cabin he pushed open the old storm-beaten door and entered the single room. He could barely discern a rude fireplace at one end of the hut. Everything was covered with a fine, powdery dust and the air was close and musty. A pile of branches in front of the fireplace crumbled at his touch, so dry and brittle were they. It was little more than the ghost of a once habitable room, and to enter it seemed almost an intrusion into some sepulchre of death, haunted by the shadows of dead hopes. But the fireplace still remained intact and presently he had a crackling fire, which warmed and lighted the small room. Fortunately he had a few sandwiches left from his lunch that noon and after finishing this scant meal he gathered a few spruce branches, and using his coat for a pillow he lay down in front of the fire. He thought of his great luck and the excitement he would cause when he returned to town.

He was soon asleep, but it seemed as if he had just dozed off when he was awakened by that sense which tells us of another presence in a room. He lay very still, every muscle tense, but he heard no sound save the crooning of the night wind around the cabin. The fire had died down to a heap of red embers which faintly outlined the dim objects in the room. Something drew his gaze to the far corner of the room. He almost started to his feet and barely kept back a cry of horror, for staring at him out of the darkness were two pairs of greenish-yellow eyes. At first Stewart thought they belonged to wolves, but to his amazement, he saw the figure in the foreground was that of an old, old man with white hair and a long white beard. His eyes gleamed fiercely, and his teeth showed in a snarl, while a sound not unlike the growl of a wolf rose from his throat. He was clothed in ancient ragged garments and his feet were bare.

Just back of him crouched a huge timber wolf with gleaming eyes and teeth. As Stewart watched in growing fascination, the animal crouched to spring. Unconsciously he reached for his revolver, and as the great body came hurtling through the air, he fired. The beast dropped dead at his feet. An unearthly screech rose from the far corner of the cabin. The light in the old man's eyes seemed to fade and, as Stewart reached the spot, he disappeared. Stewart searched the cabin and surrounding brush, but no trace of the old man could be found.

Finally, he returned to the cabin and sat down in front of the now blazing fire. That Indian legend! The Indians had repeatedly told of seeing the strange wild figure of an old, old man, who roamed the hills in the vicinity of the cabin. Stalking at his heels was always the wolf, which seemed his inseparable companion. It was the spirit of the old miner, they believed, who with the aid of the wolf still stood guard over his claim. And where, indeed, were the missing men, who went in search of the mine? Was this the secret of the strange old man and his strange companion? Had the old miner through his solitary life and contact with the lower forms of existence returned to a primitive stage, and had his spirit reverted to the habits and spirit of the wolf?

However this may be, the old miner and the wolf were never seen again, and men visited the mine and cabin unmolested.

THE DAWN OF PEACE

Evelyn Deitrick, '19

Oh bright imperial goddess of the morn,
Awake! Those heavy drooping lids unclose!
Bestir those languid limbs from their repose!
Hast thou forsaken this dark world forlorn,
In which, for long, seemed naught but evil born,
Where dark and horrid monsters creep and close
The earth in bloody fangs of lust? Oppose
These wretched evils! Rise! Come forth! Adorn
Thyself in robes of wondrous light and love.
Go forth and slay the dragon in his lair,
That earth may know no more the scourge of War.
Show earthly man there is a God above
Who reigns supreme in love and justice there,
That we may dwell in Peace forever more.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Lois Hatch, '19

Up to the dome of heaven, down to the depths of the earth,
East and west and north and south a tumult tells the birth
Of a league of many nations which shall henceforth rule the earth.
Hark the war god's crashing ruin! Dead his mighty power,
Gone forever! Glad the day and great the hour
When upon the world's horizon dawned a higher power.
All the nations, all the races linked in brotherhood;
Watched and guided, loved, protected by the good;
Dream of ages, universal brotherhood!

'TIS DAWN!

Gladys Runnels, '19

'Tis Dawn!

A rosy glow illumes the distant east,
And spreads her beam o'er meadows low and green
And hamlets hidden deep in bower and bloom
And gently flowing streams which glide serene,

At Dawn!

'Tis Dawn!

Again Aurora puts to flight the stars,
And sheds her light o'er low and verdant mounds,
O'er heaps of shattered ruins, bleak and bare,
That once were homes and echoed joyous sounds,

At Dawn!

'Tis Dawn!

Aurora bathes the world with roseate glow
That reddens over nations rapt in war
And warriors armed with wreaking swords of hate
And armies echoing hate and rage and roar,

At Dawn!

'Tis Dawn!

A radiant glow illumes the gates of day,
And spreads her wondrous love o'er all the world,—
A love for long oppressed humanity!
For freedom's banner is at last unfurled,

At Dawn!

The Man from the Dunes

Alfrieda Lowe, '20

Le Grande Beach is long and lonely. On one hand a vast expanse of sea stretches out as far as eye can reach; on the other an equally limitless expanse of sand dunes. Only an old mussel-covered rotting wharf and a lonely abandoned hotel break the monotony of the scene. They even seem to harmonize with the cold friendless aspect of the water. The old wharf blackened with age stands in a stony attitude, listening to, perhaps even understanding, the voice of the water lapping against its rotting piles. The hotel, big and empty, half buried with sand and bleached shells has an air of silence, the deep lonely silence which one dreads to break, knowing the resounding echoes will die away only to leave an even more profound gloom.

Yet, here, close to nature in one of its barest, forlornest aspects lived a man, shut away from all communication with the world except for an occasional trip for supplies to a neighboring town. Even then he spoke to no one and no one spoke to him. A barrier of coldness and reserve shut him off from humanity as completely as the solitude of the place where he lived.

To the villagers he was a source of wonderment, a baffling mystery of humanity. Was he mildly insane? Some fancied he was. "Remittance man," some wisely nodded, but the vagueness of the suggestion concealed rather than revealed his identity. Or was he perhaps a criminal in hiding? Little children called him "the bad man from the dunes," associating him with the enchanters and wicked men of their fairy tales. Even the dogs recognized the air of mystery surrounding him, and slunk away at his approach.

Far away from the beach, restlessly travelling hither and thither from bustling city to quiet hidden valley, almost from one end of the earth to the other, wandered another man. Richard Blaine was searching for his brother; but the world is a huge searching ground. Discouragement often overtook him; but, no matter how hopeless and wearisome the task, an intense longing within him forced him onward, surmounting even seeming impossibilities. One idea alone guided him—he must find his brother.

He had followed a vain lead to a secluded little town, a "quaint, old-fashioned village" as his friend had characterized it, on the Pacific coast. The cue had seemed a promising one, for might not his brother be hidden in just such a place as that? But this quest had ended like the others; he had only been lured by another phantom hope.

The wanderer had arrived at the little town north of Le Grande beach, only to find his dreams shattered again by the absolute ignorance of the people concerning even the name Philip Blaine.

Weary and disheartened, Richard Blaine went to the tiny hotel which the village afforded. His room seemed close and hot. It was stifling. He felt that he wanted a long deep breath of ocean air and a restless desire tugged at him to walk for miles and miles; not that he wished to go anywhere, but for the sake of walking itself.

He left the room and walked rapidly upon the beach. For a time his sense of failure and bitter disappointment crowded all other thoughts from his mind. Then he drew a long envelope from his pocket. Evidently, the letter contained something of a documentary sort.

He stopped thoughtfully for a moment, then walked on still more slowly. Again he was with his brother in a thriving eastern town. Again they were both young men with every promise of success before

them. His brother was a promising musician with great talents, his teachers had said, and gifted with a voice of wonderful sweetness. He was pursuing studies in a great eastern conservatory.

Then suddenly those hopes had been shattered by a few lines glaring forth from the headlines of a newspaper—"Valuable document missing from the mails. Traced to post-office of Lewisville." This was all; but how much was implied! Lewisville was his own home town. It was during the vacation period and his own brother was working in the post-office at that time as the only assistant to the post-master. The post-master, being well known and highly respected, escaped suspicion. Circumstantial evidence pointed an accusing finger at Philip Blaine and public opinion followed that guidance as trustworthy.

"Trustworthy!" bitterly mocked the thoughts of the man on the beach. The sensitive nature of his younger brother had not been able to bear the suspicion placed upon him, and one morning it was discovered that he was gone. GONE! The injustice of it had burned itself into the memory of Richard Blaine forever. His brother a thief, a criminal! He had a burning desire to fight wildly, madly, to throw his own life away, even, if he could only right that wrong.

And now he had the means to do it! For a few months later the post-office had been torn to pieces revealing back in the wall where it had slipped through a crack, the missing letter, worthless now to the company but infinitely worth while to his brother, or—was it? Perhaps his brother would not welcome that letter now. Perhaps the cruelly unfair accusation had changed his trustful disposition and blighted forever his life.

Suddenly he became aware of something huge in his path. He looked up. Before him loomed a wharf blackly outlined against the sea and just beyond, a lonely abandoned hotel. He looked out over the dreary waste of sand dunes and wondered dimly if the sound of hammers and bustling workmen had ever accompanied the building of that hotel and wharf. He was overpowered with the sense of loneliness. Something almost impelled him to run from these ghosts of the past yet he was surprised to find that he had unconsciously been drawing nearer to the old abandoned building. What was this strange, unaccountable feeling? He resented it, and forcibly turned to draw away.

Then he was arrested by a silvery clear note of music. He stood riveted to the spot! That was the voice of his memories, the voice of his dreams! His brother! There was a burst of wild sweet song, echoing in mystic, wonderful harmony the low soft murmur of the waves, and rising gradually in strong clear melody until it ended in a triumphant paean of victory achieved. Richard Blaine clutched the document in his hand, as he stood listening reverently, with uncovered head, to the wonderful revelation of a suffering, struggling soul risen to victory. The music told him beyond a doubt that his brother had at last wrested triumph out of despair and would welcome the discovery of the letter and the opportunity to return to the world again.



America and Her Allies

Jack Lyons, '19

America

Across the foam the pilgrims found a way,—
 Boundless in hope and faith and love—to thee,
 Star of the sailor on a storm-tossed sea,
Who heralded the light of dawning day.
For far beyond the sea's tempestuous sway
 Thy spirit dwelt in a land of liberty,
 Where brain and heart and soul were molded free,
And man as man might think and speak and pray.
Then lo! Thy star-wrought banner flew unfurled,
Thy goddess flung her torch o'er all the world,
Columbia cried, "'Tis 'Liberty or Death',
Fight on nor cease till time has quenched thy breath,
Fight on until the humblest man is free,
And Life is crowned with Love and Liberty."

Belgium

Star of the world that lit the war's black night,
 Beacon that gleams where mortals blindly grope
 To find one ray of light to kindle hope
Of immortality;—you died that right
Might live, that liberty should not be slain,
 That honor, justice, love might have new birth,
 That God might ever guard His own on earth,
And Christ should not have suffered all in vain.
You died—but ah—you live! You leap to life
With added glories gleaned from out the strife,
With Christ's own halo hovering o'er your head,
With all the wisdom of the re-born dead
Who have seen Heaven. This message Belgium gives,
"Belgium has bled and died, but Belgium lives."

England

The cry of Freedom rings across the deep,
And England answers loud the clarion call,
"Let England's sons be first to fight and fall
For liberty—let valiant Britain keep
Her tryst with God. No more shall England sleep!
Let every cottage roof and city spire,
Be ringed with martial light and holy fire,—
Let England hail the day and only weep
For wasted years!" Again across the sea
Freedom's clear clarion rings a joyful peal,
And Albion answers gladly. Flags unfurled
Hail the great tidings, "Britain's shores are free
And Britain's soul; for war and peace reveal
Her path to glory, service for the world!"

France

O France, arise! Behold anew thy face
So glorified, transfigured, haloed bright
With fire of Heaven, glowing with the light
Unquenchable,—the eternal spirit's trace
Of martyrdom, a light which time nor space
Nor continent can dim,—a sacred sight
Mirrored where e'er immortal reigns the right,
In the heart and soul and spirit of the race.
Arise, O France! Behold our love for thee
As earth its tributary garland lays
Before thy holy shrine. Thy former fame
Transcended now and evermore shall be;
For sacred France to all the world displays
The supernal splendor of her deathless name.

When Italy Entered

Darkness—not a ray to pierce the gloom
Save deathly flare from cannon, hostile hosts
Ever stealing onward like dread ghosts
Of dire disaster, ever the cannon's boom
Rending the night in twain, the fearful prayers
Of dying men, the wounded lying by
Fearfully gazing toward the eastern sky
To find some light to mitigate their cares,
Some succoring dawn! But what is this? The night
Is torn asunder by the mighty hand
That made both day and darkness, sea and land;
The heavens flame with a flood of glory bright
And angels blaze these letters with the light,
"Thy God sends Italy to aid thy fight."

A Duel in the Air

Gordon Hatfield, '19

"You cheat, you French coward!" The Frenchman opposite the German at the card table sprang to his feet, anger and pride depicted upon his countenance. The two men, one florid and solidly built, the other dark and with the grace of an untamed tiger, glared venomously at one another. The insolent words of the German rekindled a long smoldering flame and from the very depths of his fiery, high-strung being the Frenchman hissed, "For that you shall fight to the death! Choose the weapons!"

* * * * *

A man in the neat uniform of a French aviator smiled grimly as he leaned to inspect his motor. Only yesterday it seemed he had hurled his challenge to the hated German: the memory was still so vivid in his mind. Again he lived the quarrel of the gambling house, again he heard the cutting insult, again he saw himself grow white with rage, breathing his defiance, and again his challenge was accepted, to fight with revolvers, to fight to the death. Once more, in thought, he approached the dueling grounds—only to find his enemy gone! His anger stirred afresh as he recalled his rage to learn that the Prussian coward had hurriedly returned to the Fatherland, preferring personal security to the defense of his honor. Yet never for one moment was the despicable German forgotten. Some day, somewhere, their paths must surely cross. Anxiously he had scanned the newspapers for a trace of his enemy. At last one day, after war with Germany had been declared the long-sought name appeared in a list of victorious German aviators. "Fortune is good to me," breathed the Frenchman. Successfully he had passed all examinations for the French flying squadrons and already he was famous as an ace. If only the gods of war would throw the two into mortal combat!

The French ace was aroused from his reverie by the cry, "Enemy plane," and a command to attack. Glancing hastily upward as his machine reached the open, the ace saw high above him an enemy plane swoop, and with wonderful dexterity and skill send an attacking French plane crashing earthward. Another airplane shot upward only to meet the same fate. Surely this was no ordinary flier. "If only—" the ace drew his breath sharply and raced his machine down the field. A thrilling cheer rose from the French as they saw their idolized hero rushing to the conflict. Trembling with eagerness the Frenchman sped down the field and rose in graceful spirals.

Confidently, contemptuously, the German glided upon his antagonist, expecting to down the third plane by his former tactics. The monstrous man-made birds seemed suddenly endowed with life. The struggle was such a one as a sparrow might wage with a sparrow hawk. Sparrow-like the French plane fled for a moment from his pursuer; then, as the bird suddenly checks his flight and flitting upward and backward meets the charge of the hawk with an impudent blow of the beak and talons, so the French aviator soared, thus placing himself in such a position that he had a distinct view of the German pilot. The ace grasped his field glasses, took one swift glance and dashed the glasses to the floor of his plane. They had revealed the features of his long sought enemy!

The French plane, squat and broad winged, hurtled through the air, roaring its challenge, maneuvering constantly for a close position, meanwhile dodging a veritable shower of lead from the German machine gun. Single seated, with broad short wings decorated with black crosses, the German plane, one of the Albatross model, skillfully eluded the attack. Every particle of skill acquired in three years training came into play, the German vainly endeavoring to plant an effective bullet

in the pilot or machine of the enemy whose sole desire seemed to be to get as close as possible. The Hun finally swooped earthward cunningly expecting to right himself beneath and to the rear of the French plane. From this strategic point he could pour a deadly stream of shots into the vitals of the rival plane. Without a moment's delay the French pilot killed his engine and dropped noiselessly beside the German. As the latter brought his plane to a halt he found the French plane on a level with his own. The German machine gun set up a rattling tattoo. Suddenly the ace whipped out his revolver. To him this was still the quarrel of the gambling table. With gritted teeth and lips curled in a snarl he took deliberate aim and fired—once. Honor forbade his firing again. In answer to the pistol shot the machine gun barked spitefully, tellingly. For an instant the German plane careened perilously, righted itself, then with utter lack of control dashed crazily earthward. The victorious ace clutched at a sudden pain under his shoulder; his breath seemed to have escaped and everything grew hazy. Mechanically he started his plane toward the hangar. The observers watched the plane descend slowly, uncertainly, and finally collapse entirely.

Miraculously neither man was killed by the fall. Both were unconscious but as the stretcher bearers entered the base hospital the ace opened his eyes and stared blankly about. After a moment memory returned and a gleam of satisfaction flitted over his face. Painfully he gasped, "Is—he—dead?" A negative reply brought a smile to the hardened torture-wracked face, then he lapsed again into unconsciousness.

A faint moon cast its soft soothing light through the high windows of a French hospital, revealing countless white cots bearing burdens of suffering humanity. Here and there a white-robed nurse moved silently from cot to cot, appearing in very truth, as an angel of mercy in the dim lit room. In a far corner, an oil lamp revealed upon adjacent cots two men, noted aviators of enemy flags. The quiet of the room was scarcely broken when the two forms moved and the combatants of the air battle of the previous day gazed unknowingly into each other's eyes. Recollection returned simultaneously. The German started violently at sight of his ancient enemy. Instinctively he knew that it was he who was responsible for his defeat. Hate, mingled with the expression of a hunted animal, shone from his protruding eyes, his face assumed an ashy pallor, his lips vainly endeavored to shape words.

The eyes of the French ace glowed malignantly, triumphantly. A cruel smile played upon his feverish, swollen lips. The breath of both men came in the short gasps of bullet penetrated lungs. Gasping, vainly trying to speak, the dauntless spirited ace and his enemy fell back upon their cots. The hands of Death, relentless and grasping, reached out, closed upon the hard, hate-filled hearts, and together two souls were released to fight their way through eternity.



A SONG TO THE VICTORIOUS DEAD

Evelyn Deitrick, '19

Rejoice, for cruel war hath had its sway!
Rejoice, rejoice, for the world is free today!
Hail to the Victors!—Hail, all hail!

Rejoice, ye dauntless spirits unafraid,
Your lives on Freedom's altar you have laid.
Hail to the Victors!—Hail, all hail!

A laurel wreath shall crown each noble deed,
Your glorious acts shall be our future creed.
Hail to the Victors!—Hail, all hail!

For lo! The dawn of peace hath had its birth
Its rays of wondrous light illumine the earth.
Hail to the Victors!—Hail, all hail!

Let Victory reign and ring from shore to shore!
Let Victory be our song forever more!
Hail to the Victors!—Hail, all hail!

AT HIS SON'S GRAVE

Jack Lyons, '19

My soldier boy who went away
So big and fine and true,—
Clear-eyed and stalwart, confident,—
Is just this left of you?

This low green mound, this small white cross,
This wind-torn flag of blue,
This humble grave across the seas,
Are these, my darling, you?

Remember, lad, how years ago
You climbed upon my knee,
And whispered what a fine big man
You'd some day grow to be,

And all the wondrous, wondrous things
That you would learn to do,
And how the stars would be your goal—
Oh boy! Can this be you?

Yet somehow, lad, I feel this dust,
Will spring to life anew,
And you, my boy, will wake to find
New glories gleam on you.

Somehow I feel your legacy
Is very great and true,
Your life is throbbing through the world,
Its heart, the heart of you.

Faded Letters

Vernon Steele, '20

Sing Lee stopped his chanting, his mouth gaping at the whirlwind which confronted him amidst his culinary duties.

"O, Sing, where's father? He has been so restless all day long, and now he is gone. Do you suppose—O, Sing, he couldn't, he wouldn't!"

"Now, now missy, mebbly only glo walk, velly nice day."

"Please, Sing, you know what's the matter; it's just another call even though the sanitarium doctors said he was safe. He'll surely start again. Come with me and we'll find him or—Come Sing!"

The long narrow street was dimly lighted, partly by electricity but mostly by dirty oil lamps which shed a mysterious yellow radiance over the funny little brown people in their curious costumes, who seemed to be gliding about. Their mask-like faces and dark slits of eyes sent an uncanny feeling down the young girl's spine. The gaily decked shops held no attractions for her.

Suddenly an opium crazed Chinese lurched out from one of the many little, dark, narrow stairs opening on to the sidewalk. With a gasp the girl drew her collar closer around her face and steadied her gait.

The indistinct notes of the whanging, twanging melody of the little Chinese instruments sounded more clear; faster and faster she walked until she was fairly running. Casting a glance about, she turned into a doorway, and with a sob, grasped the huge latch.

A moment later Sing's cautious face peered through a crack and seeing her, led her down a narrow hall into a small room.

"Me glo four, fly place—heem not there. Mebbly all same you wait, me look more, then take you home."

"O, Sing—then he's not in Chinatown! O, dear! I thought he would surely go to one of his familiar haunts. Come, we'll go back."

Slowly she opened the door of her home, wearily she closed it. All their long fight to have been lost through a moment's carelessness! She oughtn't to have left him alone for an instant until the physicians had pronounced him thoroughly cured!

After his long illness, then his addiction to the loathesome opium habit, all the savings of their tiny income had gone for the treatments. But how happy they both had become! Was life always so bitter? Yes! There were others even worse off than she. Yes—

What was that? A noise in the living room? It could not be Sing for he was still outside. Ah. It was just her own thoughts crying out against the misery of it all. Slowly she turned the knob and entered. Before her was her father gently sleeping by the flickering fire place, enfolded in the warm rosy glow, the old cat purring gently at his feet, and his pipe gone cold in his hand.

It seemed for a moment that she would collapse; but with an effort she pulled herself together. He must not, and should not know that she had ever doubted him.

Her dear mother's worn and faded letters were in his lap and the story told itself of an afternoon's forage in the garret.



Number 529

Gladys Runnels, '19

One more minute! Only one more minute to prepare themselves for the supreme test in life! One more minute to wonder how they would come back, wounded, or unharmed, or perhaps not at all. David crouched shivering on the firestep, ready to go over when the word should be given. "Why am I shaking so," tho't David, as he glanced at the other men, grim and resolute. "Surely I'm not a coward. Am I going to let old Fritz scare me? Am I going to fail my country in this crucial moment? No, 529, I'm going over just as you did."

Sharp whistle blasts shrilled out along the trench and with a cheer the men clambered up the ladders. The bullets were whistling and whining thru the air, and occasionally a machine gun would rip and rend the sand bag parapet. Far in the distance the big guns were rumbling. David rushed madly onward. Men on his right and left stumbled and fell. Some would try to get up, but others remained huddled and lifeless. Still David pushed headlong over the dead and wounded bodies of his comrades.

The first and second trenches were captured and the Americans were steadily pressing forward toward the third trench. Soon they would hold this advanced position. Something must be wrong; for when only a few rods from the trench they grew strangely silent. What was the reason? Presently it was learned that the ammunition was giving out and the Germans were massing for a counter attack. If only ammunition and bombs could be brought up from the rear! Why weren't the machine guns working? Those were the tho'ts that flashed thru David's mind. He knew there was a machine gun to the right of him and he noticed it was not firing. Instantly he threw himself on the ground and started crawling back. He made very slow progress. Suddenly the ground rocked. An ear-splitting thunder clap burst near him. The earth, in a great upheaval, showered clouds of dust, clods, sticks and pieces of flying shrapnel on David. A bit of jagged shrapnel cut thru his left shoulder and arm. He winced and writhed in pain. Yet he could not give up, he must not give up. His company depended upon him. Suddenly he thought of 529. He must "carry on." Putting forth a supreme effort he slowly wormed his way toward the machine gun. Then he knew why the gun was silent. Scattered about lay six still forms. Stooping over a body in which life was fast ebbing away, he shook him and demanded how to operate the gun. With great joy David took a belt of ammunition lying beside the gun and followed the directions of the dying man. Then, as he pressed the thumb-piece, a sheet of fire rewarded his efforts. The gun was working! Turning it on the Germans he shouted with glee as front ranks seemed to vanish. They wavered, but again came rushing onward. Down went their second line! David had helped to save the day for his company. The third trench was taken.

"Your spirit, 529, is leading me through many perils today," he whispered hoarsely. With painful and snail-like motions David began to crawl along the shell-rent land. Crawling in this manner for a few feet he encountered a German soldier. Uttering a muttered curse, he raised his knife intending to kill. The soldier was a German boy with feet mangled and blood oozing from an ugly ragged wound of the forehead, and David hesitated. He tho't of 529. Perhaps 529 was only a mere boy like this. "For your sake, 529," he whispered gently. When he looked at the boy again a great pity surged thru his heart.

"529 gives you your life," he said.

David pulled himself on, dragging his shattered and limp arm.

The ground was sliding away from his desperate clutch, he was slipping—all was darkness.

When David became conscious again he was in a hospital and a nurse was standing over him. He put his hand to his wounded left shoulder and felt a medal. It was the Croix de Guerre! A look of joy, wonderment, and surprise flooded his face. At first his happiness was too great for words. At length, when he spoke, his words came haltingly, "I owe it all to 529."

In response to the inquiring look of the nurse he told his story. "I was just barely over the draft age when war was declared. I immediately offered my services to my country and after a few months training I was sent over with thousands of others. Here we had still more training. After what seemed ages to me we were ordered to the front.

"My company had stopped for a few hours rest in a small village back of the trenches. As I was walking thru the hamlet I happened to see a small graveyard near a grove of trees. I wandered towards it and as I glanced at the white crosses, each symbolizing some noble soldier who had made the supreme sacrifice for glorious France, I thought of all the wonderful achievements for humanity that France had accomplished. I thought of how, bleeding and ravished, she had withstood the fearful slaughter of the blood thirsty Germans. As I meditated such things I looked at the grave nearest me. The mound was covered with chunks of rock, sticks, and shrapnel. Scattered here and there were small tufts of grass. The little white cross had fallen across the mound. Here was a gallant brave soldier going into oblivion, a soldier who had given his life's blood for that which he knew was right. To think that this courageous soldier's name would soon be lost seemed intolerable to me. As I stooped to fix the cross firmly in its place a shell whizzed over my head and struck on the side of the graveyard. The earth poured out clods of dirt and sticks in every direction. Bits of dirt and rock were showered on me. Even his resting place, it seemed, could not be spared these wanton desecrations. I determined then and there that this unknown soldier should not go unavenged; that I would 'carry on' his good work. I dedicated my life to his noble cause. I did not know who this hero was. I shall never know. But I am certain he was an ideal soldier whom any country could honor. I looked at the number. It was 529. Since then '529' has been my leading spirit."

Here a big American husky in the next cot sat up with a start.

"What did you say? 529? Did I hear correctly? Guess Uncle Sam has made another of the casualty blunders. As far as I know I'm very much alive. Haven't got any notice of my funeral, at least. Anyway, I'm '529'."

PEACE

Olive Eklund, '19

Thru centuries we've watched for dawn in vain;
The haze of war hath veiled that eastern glow,
And many an angry cloud of hate and woe,
And many a bitter storm of rage and pain.
And there where swept the river to the main—
How flows it now? The crimson tides run low,
No swiftly rushing stream, but drifting slow,
As clogged with bodies of our own dear slain.
But not forever this! Ah, no! Behold!
The stream hath slowly to the ocean gone,
And now the clear swift tide flows forth again;
And lo, the dawn more wondrous than of old!
And what that light beyond the happy dawn?
Rejoice! 'Tis "peace on earth good will to men!"

TO THE FIRST TO FALL

Wayne Durston, '20

O heroes, first to fall on foreign strand,
Sleep on in blest and peaceful, holy sleep.
O'er your last resting place our watch we keep
Forever. And may we, in our far land,
Keep bright your memory; may we ever stand
For that high aim, for which, across the deep
You gave your all. For you we do not weep,
For you we know have graspt the Christ's own hand.
You do not hear, but all the nations speak
Your glory, and in many a song and deed
All those who call you saviors, praise
Your honored memory. From the highest peak
Rolls forth eternal praise. You sowed the seed
Of right for us. The whole world's hopes you raise.

AT EVENTIDE

Jack Lyons, '19

When evening shadows fall I look for you,
Adown the long, deep, cypress-shaded lane,
And oh the poignant pang, the bitter pain,
To know that never can my dreams come true!
Never again to hear your laugh or sigh,
Never again to feel your tender glance!
They say you're dead, dear-heart, somewhere in France,
Somewhere beneath a wooden cross you lie.
But still I know that in the greater land
That lies beyond this sea-bound strip of sand,
The land where life and love will live for aye,
And sunlight pierce the depths of darkest day—
There you and I shall meet again and we
Shall walk together through eternity.

A LONE PATH

Henry McMahon, '19

Between the lake and Lodi town
A scurrying engine shrieks and whistles.
Beyond the tracks broad vineyards grow
Between them weeds and thistles.

By the side of the track a lone path winds,
A narrow path that is smooth and worn
By the feet of the myriads passing along
Whose spirits are shattered and torn.

The shrieking engine tells of men
Who have fought and won; and the little trail
With its struggling band who shoulder their packs
Of the army of men who fail.

Oh little worn path by the side of the track,
What wonderful tales you might unfold,
Wild tales of the loves, hopes, hate of men
As weird as have ever been told!

The Danger Line

Jack Lyons, '19

The German aeroplane camp, gray and leaden even to the earthy uniforms of the soldiers, harmonized completely with the wearisome afternoon weather. Ominous storm clouds hurried across the sky; a heavy sluggish atmosphere seemed to weigh the earth with a spirit of dull depression. It was one of those uncertain days which might change for better or for worse, which confound the predictions of even sagacious native sages. The whole camp seemed laden with a dreary languor. Yet, if one could only have glanced within the steel-shielded hangars, one might have seen a bustle of oiling, wire-tacking, and general repairing that portended some great aerial activity—could it be a raid?

Suddenly the door of one of the hangars opened. Like a bird startled from its nest an aeroplane rapidly darted forth and soaring aloft quickly sped southward. As if by magic the laggard spirit of the camp was swept away. Action displaced inertia. Officers shouted their commands in harsh gutturals and men rushed hither and thither obeying orders. The doors of the hangars creaked open. Forth issued the whirl of whirling wheels and a great troop of aeroplanes rushed out in pursuit of the lone airman.

To the solitary flyer glancing swiftly back at the fleet of white winged planes came a sudden moment of awful doubt, a moment of fearful self-questioning. Was it worth while, he thought, this attempted flight from his fatherland, this almost certainty of capture or death, this betrayal—yes—betrayal of his country? One life of which the world would never hear, futilely snuffed out for a principle! Did it count? Would it not have been better after all to have remained a trusted aviator of the Teuton army, an honored member of the Bundesrath, a nobleman of Germany? Would it not at least have been wiser? Yet even in the midst of his agitated reflections came bitter revulsion at his thoughts. No, a thousand times, no! Never, never could he have remained! Far better the death of his body than the death of his soul!

Glancing behind him he saw the air squadron drawing surely, steadily nearer. This was a time not for speculation but for action; he had made his decision long ago. Now it was left to him to take the one course remaining by which he could possibly save his life, a dash to the chateau of his old friend, M. Jean de Vigny. The jaw of the aviator stiffened and a gleam of determination flashed from his eye. Then his machine shot forward at a terrific pace. Higher and higher it rose. Yet even as its speed increased so the haste of the enemy squadron grew. The race was on with the odds eight against one. "If only I can reach the French lines in time! If only night would come!" muttered the aviator thru his clenched teeth. "O God! Help me!, help me! Stay the mouths of their guns!" But even as he spoke the enemy cannon belched forth their deathly flames. The whole line of airships seemed enveloped in a cloud of smoke and fire. A terrible moment came to the man in the machine. Should he return the shots? Should he fire on his former comrades? His hand reached for the gun. It was a chance. But even as he was about to fire he stayed his action. For looking up he saw the black clouds rapidly gathering in the sky. Night was drawing near. A storm was brewing. He would trust himself to the elements, realizing that in a crisis like this God, and God alone, could save him. He withdrew his hand from the gun.

It is peculiar how in any great crisis a man's thoughts turn from himself to some great power outside of himself and grope blindly for some mighty invisible force in which to place a final hope. Yet this