



Laura Wall

Publications

*"The entertained
No greater joy can know than with good news
To recreate his entertainer's ears."*

—AESCHYLUS.



Laura Wall



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Zelma Burson

Literary

*"Let us go now, . . . to where the wise
Impart their knowledge of the Muses' arts."*

—SOPHOCLES.



Zelma Burson

The Grey Note

JANE KELLER
First Prize



ON Gladwin was wonderful. Joan had always thought so, but now she knew it. Hadn't he just invited her to the Alpha dance? To a girl just eighteen and in high school that means a lot. She was the only girl in high school that was going, and every one envied her. She had never even dreamed he would invite her. Why, he had only known her two weeks! He would be magnificent in a dress suit. He looked like — well, a football hero, and he was gorgeously tanned, too.

The invitation had arrived yesterday, her birthday, because things like that always come in pairs. It was a little grey note with lovely silver engraving, and she had laid it on her dressing table where she could look at it every time she went by. After the dance she planned to put it in her "Memory Book." The book wouldn't be complete without it!

Then the next morning Joan left the window in her room open, and a little gust of wind picked the note up and sailed it to the floor, landing it directly under a blue jacket that was hanging on a chair. Carrie found it there, and picked it up. She looked around and saw the jacket. Naturally she supposed the note had fallen from one of the pockets, so she put it in the left one, and went on about her work.

At one o'clock Joan was nearly in tears. She questioned everybody in the house, beginning with Dickie, aged five, until she came to Carrie.

"Did you see a little grey note with silver engraving that was on my dressing table?" she asked her. "I'm sure I put it there, but I can't find it anywhere now!"

"Why — oh! Was it grey, with silver engraving?" Carrie suddenly remembered. "I found it on the floor and I put it in the pocket of that little blue jacket of yours. I didn't know that—." Joan was already running up the stairs. When she reached the room, she gasped.

"It's not here!" she wailed. "But I hung it here this morning."

Mother came in at that moment to find out what all the fuss was about. Joan turned to her.

"Oh, Mumsie, have you seen that little blue jacket I hung here this morning?"

"Why, of course, dear. You said last week that it was getting old, and you wished you could get rid of it, so this morning I sent it to the Salvation Army."

"The Salvation Army! But where is it, mother? I must have the jacket!"

"Why, in the building down town next to the News Office."

"At River's Mark Square?"

"Yes, dear, but surely—." Joan dashed into a closet, came out with a sport coat halfway on, and galloped down the stairs.

It usually took her about half an hour to drive to River's Mark Square, but today it took her exactly sixteen minutes. It might have been less, but for the traffic cops on every corner.

Joan ran into a large building with a dignified archway, and, seeing the painted signs, rang the bell of the first office on the left. The door opened and a competent looking woman with iron grey hair and thick-rimmed glasses asked her to come in. Joan panted:

"Have you seen a little blue jacket that Mother sent in this morning? It had a note in one of the pockets that is very important to me." The woman opened a big green ledger.

"Oh, yes, I remember the blue coat. That went to Miss Jenson. She lives in the apartment house over on Morrison Street. You have probably heard of her. She works at Durham's, you know."

Joan thanked her and tore out to the car again.

"Morrison Street?" she thought to herself, "I — oh, yes! That's where Nancy's cook came from. It's somewhere near the river." She drove to the apartment in record time. She ran up the narrow iron steps and rang the bell. It was answered by a rather large woman in a pink-and-orange ruffled apron.

Joan begged to see "Miss — why what was that woman's name?"

"I think it was Johnson — or Henson — or something like that!" Joan finished desperately. "Anyway, she works at Durham's."

"Let me see—" The landlady began to count on her fingers. "Miss Chaney works at the drug store, and Mrs. Donald helps her husband keep books at Collin's, and Julie works in the cigar store, and — oh yes, there's a new one, just moved in. I'll see if that's her." She disappeared down a drab hallway and Joan was left impatiently tapping her fingernail on the iron bannister. After an interminable minute the orange-and-pink apron returned, leading a dark little woman with long, straight hair.

"This is her, all right," she beamed, and was rewarded by a radiant smile from Joan. The landlady stepped inside again. Perhaps she was wondering if she hadn't rather ignored the new tenant a little too much.

Outside Joan was talking to the dark woman.

"They told me at the Salvation Army Office that they sent a blue jacket over here this morning," she stated. "There was a note in one of the pockets that I must have. I wonder if I could get it?"

"Why yes'm, of course—" the woman was dazed — "but I haven't got it right now. I sent it over to Mrs. Daly's to get the sleeves fixed. You can get it there."

Joan's hand went to her head, but she kept her composure.

"Where does Mrs. Daly live?"

"At 4270 South Gordon Street, — oh, no, it's 2470! But maybe it is 4270. You had better try both. I can't remember which it is."

Joan wrote the two addresses down on a slip of paper, and remembering to thank the woman in spite of her haste, got into the car again. She tried 2470 first, but 2470 was a grocery store, so she drove on down the narrow streets until at last she came to a shabby little smoke-colored house, cramped between two newer tall brick buildings. There was a tiny patch of grey grass in front of it, where the sun never shone. Mrs. Daly herself answered the doorbell, and Joan began again,

"Miss Jenson tells me she sent a little blue jacket here this morning. There is a note in one of the pockets that I want very much. Could I — may I have it?"

"Oh, sure, Miss, jest a minute," she answered, and went back to look for it. In about five minutes — five hours it seemed to Joan — the woman returned.

"Here it is, Miss, but there ain't any note in the pockets." It was true. They were empty.

Joan stared. Then, mumuring a faint word of thanks, she slowly walked back to the car.

She traced her way along the dismal crowded streets until she found herself again in the more familiar garden-lined ones. She soon reached her own home, where she put the car into the garage and went straight up to her room. She closed the door and sat down on the bed staring into space. She couldn't cry. She had gone beyond that. She even began to wonder how much, — but not knowing, she dismissed the thought as quite unnecessary.

Hours seemed to have passed, when there was a knock on the door.

"Yes?" Joan responded wearily.

Her mother came in softly.

"Did you have any luck, dear?" she asked. Joan shook her head mournfully.

"Too bad! but I can't really see any reason for your wanting that old jacket. It was much too small for you anyway." She started to leave briskly, then paused as if remembering something.

"Oh, Joan, I found this on the floor in here this morning." She drew a grey card from her pocket and held it toward Joan.

"You are so careless with such things. I thought you might want it for your 'Memory Book.'"

With a little groan Joan flopped back into the pillows.

"Don't you want it? I—." Suddenly she stopped short. Then she gazed at her daughter for a long minute.

"Oh," she said, "I see." She went out and closed the door softly behind her, smiling to herself.

Our Elm Tree

DOROTHY VAN GELDER

Prize Poem

A lovely black lace fan
Against the sunset sky
Our elm tree seems to be
Reaching to a broader span
And spreading high
Its loveliness for all to see.

It wafts a little purple shade
To tone a fluffy crimson cloud
Down to a bright cherry.
But as those glowing colors fade
It's humbler — less proud,
And then, it's just a tree.

The Sunlight and the Bowl

DOROTHY VAN GELDER

Second Prize

A shaft of mellow sunlight stole
Through the window to the bowl.
The bowl was green —
The sunlight gold. They
Were like something very old,
Blent in perfect harmony
Like antiquated tapestry,
The mellow sunlight
And the bowl.

FEAR

DOROTHEA LANGE

Second Prize



HE was an old, old lady. Her stringy gray hair was tied in a knot at the back of her head. She was very small and her face and hands were very wrinkled, and had a shrivelled appearance. Although everyone knew that she was very old, no one knew just how old she was. No one had ever asked her and she had never told.

She had six children, four grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren. She liked them all, but was particularly fond of her great-grandchildren.

This afternoon she was sitting in her room, by the window in the sun. She liked the sun because it gave her a feeling of life. She disliked her age very much and, although she spoke of it to no one, she had a great fear of death. She longed to be young again and to do as the youth of today did.

Sometimes she told herself that she hadn't a fear of death, but just a longing to be young again. She had never had the advantages of present-day youth, and she wanted them. It seemed to her that everyone just took her for granted and did nothing to brighten her life. She felt that if they wouldn't leave her alone so much, she wouldn't have that fear which kept going back and forth in her brain.

Hearing a door steal softly open, she looked up. Her oldest great-grandchild, Betty, stood with her hand on the knob. Everyone else had gone off somewhere and now here was Betty prepared to depart. Betty, seeing the longing in her grandmother's eyes, said,

"I was just going to spend the afternoon with June, Grandmother, but if you want me to stay with you, I will."

"No, I like to be alone sometimes. Now you run along and have a good time."

The door closed gently. A few minutes later a mist gathered before the pair of old eyes up in the front window as they watched Betty drive away from the house. If only Betty had been there with her! But youth is youth, and it, too, wants company. It would be wrong, of course, to spoil someone else's afternoon. A young person would not want to sit and talk for hours to an old lady, now would she!

* * * *

As the sun of late afternoon glowed through the windows, Grandmother somehow felt her views on life and death changing. She found herself wondering if death were not refuge from youth and her longing for it. Perhaps it might be a going from this life into another life more real — perhaps, a life of youth for always and always. Suddenly, she felt unusually tired and gradually her head drooped.

* * * *

Several hours later Betty returned home. She parked the car in the driveway and fairly flew up to grandmother's room. June's tea had been perfectly lovely! There were the engagement cups, and such Italian linens! Grandmother would be so interested!

The white head in the high winged chair had drooped to one side. The fingers over the knitting in her lap were so strangely quiet — and white.

"Grandmother."

No response.

"Grandmother, Grandmother!"

Who's a Dummy?

BRUCE ROWELL

Honorable Mention



ORK! Work! Work!!! Mrs. Pierce, clad in a soiled working dress, rose laboriously to her feet. As she glanced down at her shapely and beautiful hands which were temporarily reddened and blistered she made a decision with which she had been struggling for several days.

Mrs. Pierce, who only a year ago had been a Miss Lois Owen, wondered as she sped swiftly toward her home as a second-class passenger on an east-bound train, if she had done right in quitting her job. True, it had brought in a few extra dollars to add to her husband's meager income — but was it worth it? Some day Cedric Pierce would get his big chance. . . . Then they would be all right. . . . Till then? She guessed they could get along.

People had wondered why Lois had married Cedric. In fact, she sometimes found herself wondering — in fits of depression! He was poor — yet ambitious, and like herself he came from a family that had a good standing socially, if not financially. Most of the gossip, though, was about Cedric's prison record. A determined light shone in Lois's light brown eyes and her jaw squared as the thought flashed through her mind.

Cedric was a sculptor — at least that was what he hoped and intended to be, and that was what both he and Lois thought he was cut out for — yet marble cost money and one must live while engaged in the apparently endless task of changing a rough block of marble into a finished creation.

Cedric had realized that he needed money to get his start and money to marry Lois. Most geniuses are temperamental — Cedric was unusually so. He was also rather headstrong and impractical. To get the money the scarcity of which kept him from realizing his two greatest goals, he resorted to the simple expedient of relieving a bank messenger of the bank's money. For this crime, which he had committed while in a temperamental streak, Cedric had spent several years — long, weary years — behind the dark, dreary walls of the penitentiary. . . . Lois shuddered as she recalled the words with which Cedric had described his experience there. It was different though, now. Cedric had reformed. . . . at least so she hoped and believed. She realized, however, that he had not lost his temperament; that was one of the reasons — she corrected herself — that was the chief reason she had married Cedric when she did. She had faith in him. She loved him, and she knew that he needed her guiding supervision. Under the circumstances what else should she or could she have done?

Lois had finally reached her destination and was mounting the steps to her modest home where she knew she would probably find Cedric working in his little workshop in the rear of the house. She had made Cedric realize that if he were ever to be a truly great artist he should get started. That meant get money and get it in a hurry, so he had begun making wax models for department stores. It was easy work for Cedric, true artist that he was. Under his deft, swift-working fingers the wax quickly took human form. He amused himself and incidentally, unknowingly pleased his customers by putting startlingly human expressions upon the usual conventional features of the wax models.

Lois found the front door unlocked, so she quietly opened it and slipped

inside. At least, she smiled to herself, she would give Cedric a pleasant surprise by her unexpected return. He had been against her working from the first, but she had convinced him that she was right. Now he would be glad to see that she had changed her mind. She had tiptoed the length of the hall now and was just ready to open the door of Cedric's workshop when angry voices from within startled her.

"If you don't, you know what will happen to you! You'll never—" the voice, a strange one to Lois, trailed off to a low threatening whisper. Fear welled up in her heart. Was she too late? Had her husband in her absence again become entangled in some shady transaction? If he had — her thoughts were cut short by her husband's voice which rang out loud, clear, and defiant.

"No, Caseratti, you'll never keep me from it. You know as well as I do that you'll cash in big on this — and you'll have a hard time finding anyone else with the ability to do it. Besides," Cedric's voice dropped to a low triumphant tone as he played what seemed to be his ace — "the less people know about this the better for you . . . Don't forget that!"

Lois, still standing bewildered outside in the hall, was suddenly startled by the turning of the knob of Cedric's door. The stranger was evidently leaving. Lois darted across the hall and concealed herself in her bedroom where she could see the visitor emerging. He paused in the doorway and called back to Cedric who remained at the rear of the shop, "O. K., kid. You win. Clean the guy up and I'll see what I can do with him." With this he banged the door and stamped off down the hall, evidently in a towering ill-humor. Lois was trembling like a leaf . . . She had taken an instinctive fear of the swarthy face of the nocturnal visitor and her husband's low mutterings did not ease her mind. Cedric had only muttered like that once before. That was the day he had robbed the bank messenger. She knew that he was intensely excited now — a condition which, in the variable mind of a genius might produce criminal insanity. Fearful, lest her unexpected appearance might affect Cedric in just that way, Lois decided to spend the night at her sister's house about a mile across the city, a place where she had sought refuge several times before when Cedric had had fits of temperment. He was impossible at such times.

Accordingly she slipped from the house and set out afoot for her destination. Her active brain was arranging and sorting the various bits of information she had gained from the conversation she had overheard. The cool air of the evening was clearing her muddled brain. Here was her husband being involved in some business with a foreigner. And judging from their tones and remarks the business was one which must be kept under cover. Cedric's words, "The less people know about this the better it will be for you," and the stranger's answer, "O. K. kid, you clean the guy up. I'll see what I can do with him," flashed through her mind.

Suddenly Lois stopped dead still—her lips parted in a stifled frightened cry as the full meaning of those sinister words dawned upon her clearing brain.

"Good God! Robbery was bad — but murder!" She had whirled about and was running breathlessly back to her home — to Cedric. Yes, she had heard of Cal Apone, of the gang-lords of Chicago who hired men to "bump off" their competitors in the "rackets," yet she had never thought she or Cedric would run up against them . . . The drooping, black, oily mustache, the ferret-eyes of the stranger seemed to stand before her, menacingly. She saw a noose — an electric chair!

Lois had lost her high heeled shoes — and was sprinting down the street which was deserted at this hour. Her golden hair was streaming in the wind and her clothing, like her mind, was wildly disarranged. A cab passed and both driver and passenger stared incredulously at her fleeting figure.

She reached the steps of her house — tore open the door and rushed down the hall. A moment later she burst into Cedric's room. A scene of wild disorder met her eyes. Cedric, who was bending over a prostrate form on his bed, jumped up at her unceremonious entry. As he rose, Lois saw a man on the bed — the ferret-eyes — the oily mustache. It was the stranger! But — Lois' eyes were clouded by tears as she ran across the room to Cedric — the Italian's shiny black clothes which had been immaculate when he had left earlier in the evening were now rumpled and — bloody! Lois glanced at Cedric again. In his hand he held a rag which was smeared with red. Yes, he had been cleaning those red stains from the man, the bed, the floor!

Cedric found his voice — "Lois! We're rich! Now — now I'll be a real sculptor —" his voice broke in his eagerness. Lois was too bewildered to talk. Dumb with the terror of this bloody act, she pointed accusingly at the figure which lay sprawled across the bed in a position impossible for a living being. Cedric followed her gaze — he did not burst as Lois had expected. He ran a trembling hand through his disarranged hair and smiled — smiled. Lois closed her eyes in agony. . . . Was the man mad? Cedric led her to the figure. Dazedly she followed, staring speechless at the cold, pale face. Cedric raised the man's hand and showed Lois the small tag which was tied there. As she read it amazement, curiosity, then a vague understanding spread over her face. The card read:

TONY CASERATTI and CEDRIC PIERCE
Department Store Dummies
The New Movie Star Models a Specialty
Telephone 3710 404 Fulton Street
Chicago, Illinois

Again Lois pointed to the figure on the bed. "But—I—I don't understand — what's he for?"

Cedric smiled broadly, showing his regular, white teeth. "This Italian, Tony Caseratti, realizes that he has difficult features to duplicate — that if I could model him successfully I could do any actor or actress easily. This," Cedric looked down at the dummy, "is a sample of my work. Slick fellow, Tony. When he was here, though, he upset a can of red paint on his 'double.' That's what makes the poor fellow look as though he had been in a fight. Well, to get on with my story, I go to Hollywood to make models of the stars. Tony stays back here to sell them to the big department stores. They'll go over big — and say, Lois old girl — will we make money! Oh, boy! The department stores pay us for the dummies and the stars pay us to pose for the sake of the publicity they get — and, of course, our only expenses are the cost of manufacturing the models!"

"And that," said Mrs. Pierce, fondly running her hand over the smooth features of a marble statue, "is how my husband got his start." The newspaper reporter scribbled industriously in his notebook.

"Thanks," he said, as he rose to go. "From a wax-modeler to the winner in the International Exhibition and receiver of a Carnegie medal. It'll make a swell headline!"

The Flapper Zinnia

CHARLOTTE DUGDALE

Honorable Mention

The zinnia is the flapper of the garden world.
The jibes of smaller flowers each day are
hurled at her,
About her brightly painted lips and tinted cheeks
And over-powdered nose;
The gaudiest, showiest flower
That grows in the garden!

Strong and sturdy she raises her painted face
Above the dainty, old fashioned flowers.
A slim, fair maiden — shears in hand treads the
garden walk.
Snip—snip—
Poor flapper zinnia!

A Rainy Day

ELSIE KLIPFEL

I

Fresh green and gray against a melancholy sky,
Houses washed clean of earthly stains,
Fallen leaves, crushed lifeless but gay, in slushy gutters,
Gray clouds, twisting and coiling like writhing serpents,
Sweet green grass, washed right out of heaven,
The clean intermingling smells of trees, flowers, earth,
with buckets of dew,
Earth-worms, lying dead and broken on the sidewalk,
A curl of smoke, spiralling gracefully into damp air,
A laughing girl in a red tam, her pert little nose sniffing the
air, like some young deer,
Gay children in half socks and bright sweaters.

II

The school, rearing its pillars in omniscient repose,
gesturing, inviting, commanding us to come,
The cloak-room, all smells and warmth and chatter,
A swarm of lovely girls putting on complexions,
The typing room, with all its windows set just right for
watching clouds.
Noon: a sudden surge of talk, rushing to get back, then
study again,
Flying afternoon and a scurry for the cloak-room,
Swiftmess never dreamed of, and wraps are on.
Students flow out the door and disappear to nowhere.

III

Life, crushed beyond recognition, lies in gutters.
The wind is still and trees are half empty of their burdens.
A streak of brightness lighting up the gray, and
Dark comes, creeping from the east.
The rainy day is done, but not the night.



Dramatics

Silvia Mayberry

"All life is a stage and a play."
—PALLADAS.



Silvia Mayberry

Junior Play

The Junior Class presented "Skidding," a clever three-act comedy, to a large and appreciative audience January 22, 1932. Maurice Thompson in the role of Andy, the kid brother, portrayed his part especially well, as did Violet Filler, the charming young daughter of the Hardy family. The play, written by Aurania Rouverol, was coached by Mrs. Eleanor Blanchard.

The cast included:

Aunt Milly	Katherine Graham
Andy Hardy	Maurice Thompson
Mrs. Hardy	Marian Peterson
Judge Hardy	Leland Cain
Grandpa Hardy	Alvin Schnabel
Estelle Hardy Campbell	Robinette Fisher
Marian Hardy	Violet Filler
Wayne Trenton III	Francis Pierce
Oscar Stubbins	Donald Andrews
Myra Hardy Wilcox	Winifred Merrill

Properties were loaned through the courtesy of M. Zelver and Son, M. Newfield and Sons, J. J. Fink, and the Louise Young Shoppe.



Schnabel, Graham, Andrews, Mrs. Eleanor Blanchard [director], Peterson Merrill, Fisher, Thompson, Filler, Pierce, Cain

"SEVEN TO ONE"

March 18, 1932, a group of eight Senior girls presented "Seven to One," a clever and amusing one-act play, for the Girls' Association assembly program, under the direction of Margaret Thompson, Senior representative.

The cast was as follows: Joan Ainslee, Alice Field; Madge Allen, Doris Miner; Gloria Rutherford, Marcia Zelter; Barbara Kingston, Clovis Michels; Virginia Howe, Evelyn Welty; Vivienne Carey, Betty Jean Ashley; Dulcinea Dale, Dorothy Van Gelder; Elizabeth Grey, Gladys Schomo.

Preceding the program, selections were played by a trio composed of members of the Girls' Association orchestra: Alice Field, Berneace Koenig, and Dorothy Harshner, with June Kern as accompanist.

"A DOMESTIC ENTANGLEMENT"

For the February meeting of the Girls' Association the Freshman girls, under the direction of Charlotte Dugdale, Freshman representative, presented a varied program, the main feature of which was a snappy one-act play, "A Domestic Entanglement."

The cast included: the mother, Dorothea Godfrey; the daughters, Jane Keller, Patricia Mason, Dorothea Lange; the cook, Marjorie Field; the maid, Bernice Smith; the doctor, Charlotte Dugdale.

"THOUGHTLESS GIVING"

For the December meeting of the Girls' Association nine Sophomore girls, under the direction of Patsy Cole, presented "Thoughtless Giving," a one-act play portraying the too frequent selfishness of charity workers.

The following ably acted the parts: Mrs. Spring, Marian Peterson; Mrs. Breezy, Phyllis Lausten; Mrs. Lancaster, Doris Patrick; Grace Lancaster, Marian Moore; Mrs. Redding, Goldie Johnson; Mrs. Smith, Frances Williams; Mrs. Aldrich, Addine Handel; Mrs. Brown, Selma Leetzow; Mrs. Brock, Lorraine Miller.

"FLAME" STAFF PROGRAM

The "Flame" Staff presented the first assembly program of the year November 20, 1932, under the direction of Ella Strother. The first number was a Negro tap dance by Marjorie Declusin, followed by two selections sung by the Boys' Quartet, composed of Alfred Baerwald, Herbert Loeffelbein, Bill Troutner, and Paul Thommen.

The following cast dramatized selections from "Uncle Tom's Cabin:" Topsy, Jean Rouse; Eva, Dorothy Benton; Aunt Ophelia St. Clair, Marjorie Harney; Augustine St. Clair, Orvill Fletcher. Raymond Rinaudo played two accordion solos. The program was both enjoyable and successful.

WASHINGTON'S DAY PROGRAM

Friday, February 19, a program was presented in commemoration of the bi-centennial of George Washington's birthday. The program over which Norman Adams presided consisted of the following: a recitation by the mixed chorus, a selection by the Boys' Quartet, a minuet dance by ten Freshman girls, a talk on Washington's love of trees and three short plays, "Valley Forge," "Traits of George Washington's Childhood," and "Braddock's Defeat," written by students.

As a conclusion to the program, Bob Mondavi, on behalf of the Seniors, presented an elm tree to the school. Carl Mettler, president of the Student Body, accepted the gift. The tree was planted on Arbor Day.



THE PLAYERS

*"Billy," "Seven to One," Chem program, "Dr. Pill Box Scores Again,"
Musical Program by Junior Girls, "Two Crooks and a Lady"*

SENIOR PLAY, "BILLY"

"Billy," a modern three-act play full of sparkling comedy, written by George Cameron, was the presentation of the Senior Class on Class Night, June 3. Robert Mondavi in the role of Billy, a football hero who loses his front teeth in a big game and is very sensitive about his new ones, was very clever. So also was Lydia Seibel in her part of Billy's long-suffering young sister, who is sent on a trip to Havana with him to shield him from the cruel world. Doris Miner portraying Beatrice Sloane, Billy's sweetheart, whom he almost loses because he can't explain several mysteries, and Charles Crete as Sam Eustace, Billy's rival for fame and Beatrice, were very good. Elizabeth Campbell, who took the part of the German stewardess, caused much laughter in her attempt to be accommodating. Other members of the cast were:

The fond parents of Billy and Alice	Mildred Groft
	John Holman
The ambitious mother of Beatrice	Edith McKenzie
The auctioneer	Eddie Seiferling
The ship's crew —	
Captain	Norman Adams
Doctor	Will Troutner
Boatswain	Charles Faber
Steward	Fink Beckman
Sailor	Lyle Shattuck

Miss Ida Rinn directed the play.

CHEMISTRY CLUB PROGRAM

The Chemistry Club presented one of the most interesting programs of the year Friday, April 15. Eddie Seiferling, president of the club, presided as an Indian squaw. Jimmy Sanguinetti, as Chief Sketty Eagle Feather, danced two Indian dances which were authentic reproductions of those danced by a Wyoming tribe. Marcella Thorp, as a Spanish senorita, sang two numbers. She was accompanied on the piano by Paul Thommen. Norman Adams and Bruce Rowell, as two Negro boys, presented a clever skit. Representing a Gypsy girl, Berneace Koenig, accompanied by her sister, Eleanor, played two Hungarian numbers on her violin. Alfred Baerwald interpreted a German singer with a popular song, Paul Thommen accompanying. Raymond Rinaudo, representing an Italian signor, played two selections on his accordion. John Holman and Paul Thommen played their guitars in true Hawaiian fashion. A Japanese orchestra, including Matsuo Okazaki, John Matsuhiko, Ruth Tanaka, and Betty Takeuchi, played two numbers.

"TWO CROOKS AND A LADY"

On May 11, members of the International Club sponsored "Two Crooks and a Lady," a modern one-act play, built around an attempt to steal a diamond necklace. Edith McKenzie, as a helpless, yet nevertheless, a very wise invalid, portrayed her part very well. William Troutner, who succumbed to the tactics of the old lady, was very good as the wily crook.

The following composed the cast: Miller, William Troutner; Lucille, Evelyn Welty; Mrs. Simms Vane, Edith McKenzie; Miss Jones, Alice Field; Garrity, Paul Thommen; Inspector, Norman Adams.

Mrs. Eleanor Blanchard directed the play.