

ΚΥΒΡΑ ΔΕΛΤΑ



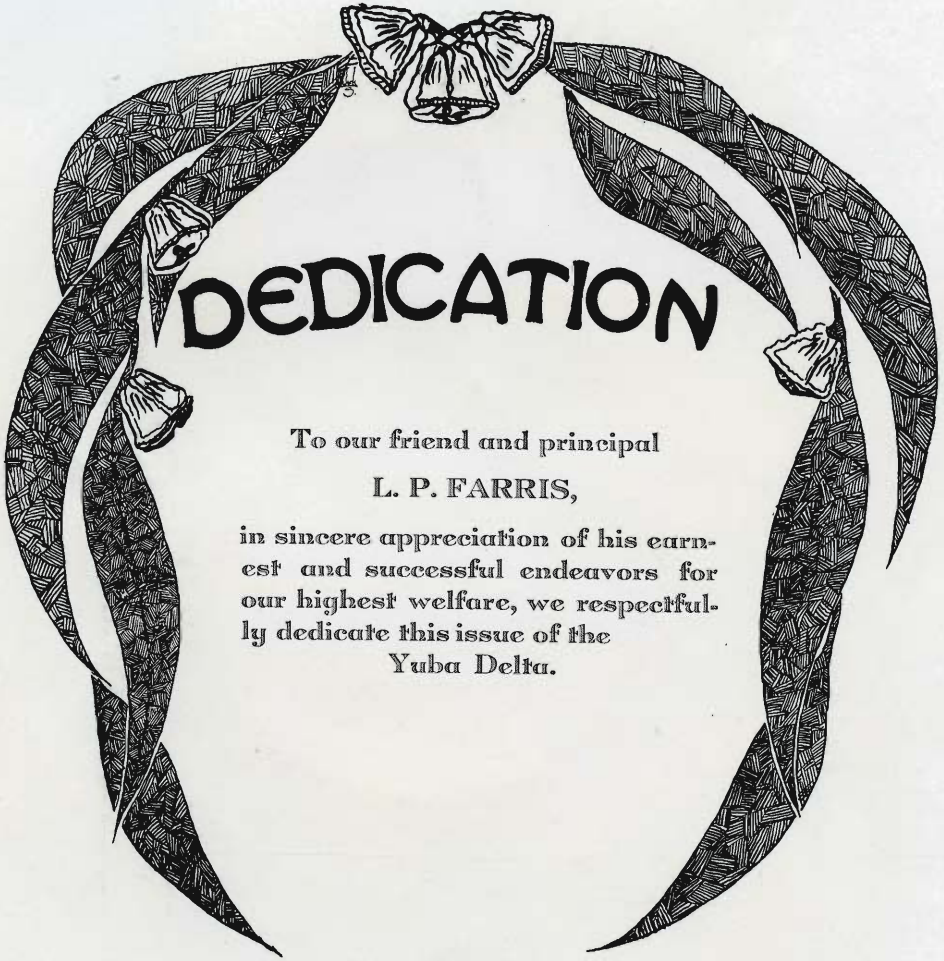
The Yuba Delta

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE MARYSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL



JUNE

Nineteen-Hundred-Twenty-two
Marysville, California



DEDICATION

To our friend and principal

L. P. FARRIS,

in sincere appreciation of his earnest and successful endeavors for our highest welfare, we respectfully dedicate this issue of the Yuba Delta.

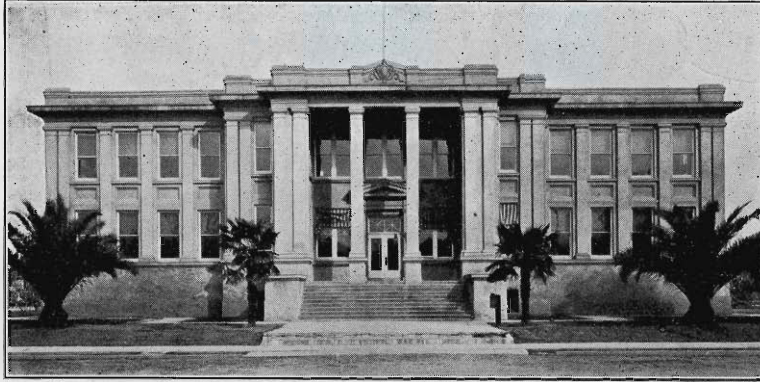


MR. L. P. FARRIS

1922

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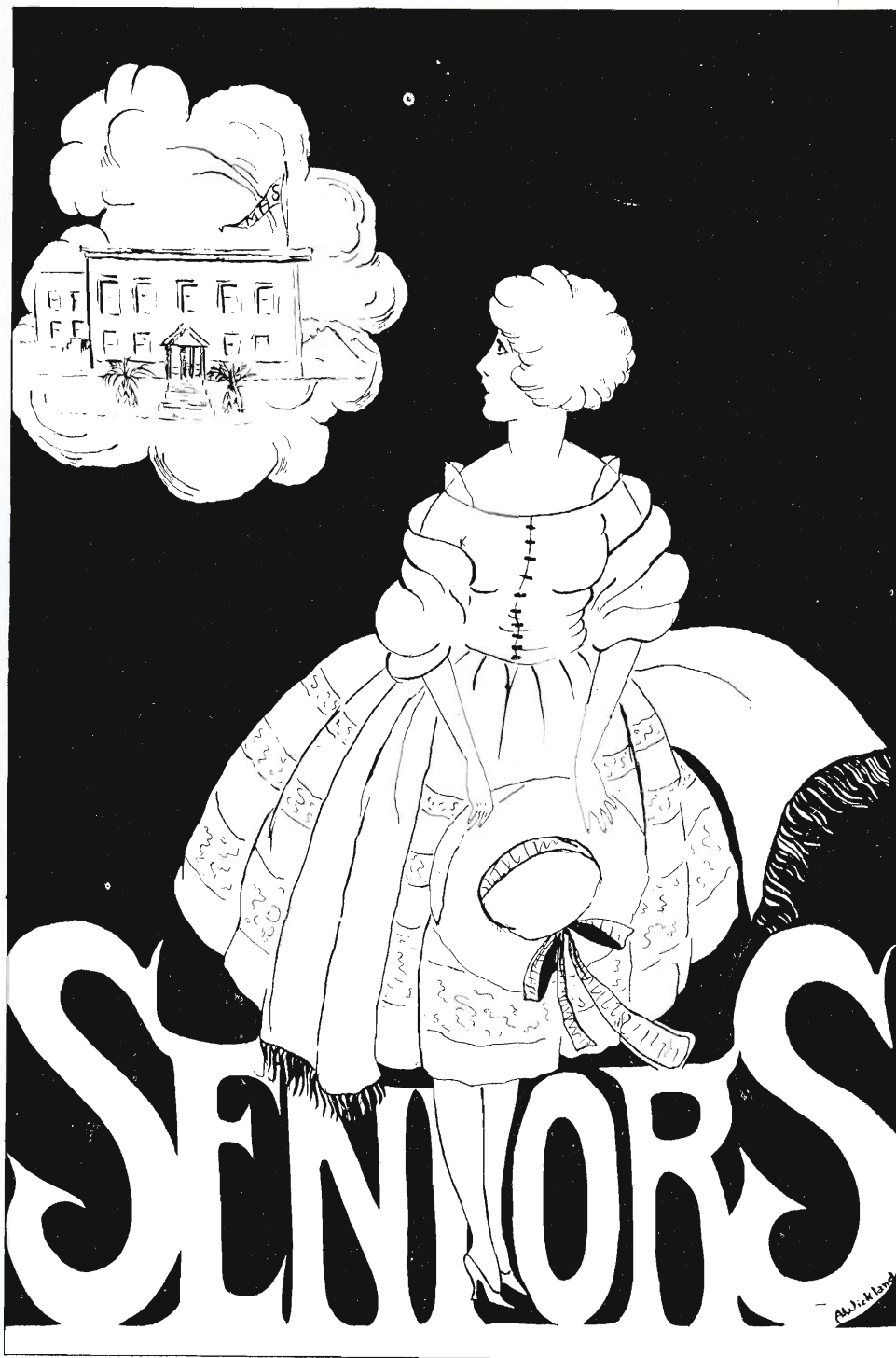
SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester

President	Lewis Wilcoxon
Vice-President.....	Leila Hall
Secretary.....	Wesley Mock
Treasurer.....	Howell Pierce
Member of Executive Committee.....	Francis Becker
Yell Leader.....	Howell Pierce
Sergeant-at-Arms	Gene Glidden

Second Semester

President	Edwin Bryant
Vice-President.....	Leila Hall
Secretary.....	Eleanor Dam
Treasurer	Charlene Hord
Member of Executive Committee.....	Mona Ashley
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Wesley Mock





ADA ANDERSON



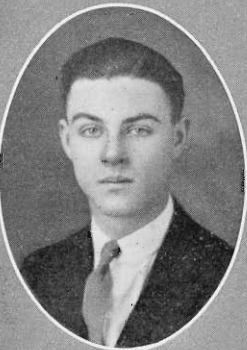
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BARBARA BARR



DORIS BRUST



EARL BUTLER



MARY CARLIN



ELEANOR DAM



ISIDOR CHEIM



ELVA DAM



CLIO DWYER



FRANK CHURCHILL



LEILA HALL



CHARLENE HORD



CLIFFORD HANSON



RUTH HICKS



MADGE MYLAR

WILLARD JONES

MARJORIE
NIGHTINGALE

FRANCES PATMON

HAROLD MURPHY

MARIE PEIRANO



MARY SWIGART

RALPH NEWCOMB

AVIS SUTFIN

LOLA WALKER

HOWELL PIERCE

MURIEL WALTON



JOE HOON



ESTELLE
BROCKMAN



WESLEY MOCK



JOHN SPRIGG



DOROTHY MORLEY



FRANCIS TERAO



THORA WHEELER



LEWIS WILCOXON



BARBARA WILBUR

Senior Class History

Willard Jones, '22

After finishing grammar school it befell the lot of many to continue the process of education and attend high school. Some will tell you that entering high school is entirely a painless process, but if the family tree of such a person is examined it will be found that he is a sap.

In the fall of 1918 we entered high school full of ambition but with some timidity. However, we weathered the storm which came October 11, and entered upon our career as fifty-eight dignified and experienced Freshmen. The class progressed well under two sets of guides that year, all boys the first semester and all girls the second semester. The spirit of the time was ably expressed by the adoption of safety pins as the class emblem. We were the most prominent objects of amusement at most of the school functions. Many of us actually learned how to dance under the voluntary coaching of upper classmen. Some Freshmen attended the cabaret but they probably brought their own plates, as no chances were being taken.

Having finished our job as school's playthings, we came back next year determined to establish a reputation for something. We fulfilled our duty to the Freshmen admirably, introducing many novelties for their benefit. Forgetting our frivolities for a time, we actively took part in the campaign for a new school, but our efforts were in vain. Being a step higher and having more experience, we naturally took a more active part in everything, typing and athletics especially feeling our presence.

In our third year, football returned to the school with tremendous enthusiasm. The Juniors found out that they could make some noise and also that they had some star players. We adopted our rings and pins this year. Our peerless typist was again in prominence, and the class was the mainstay of the track team. Our most ambitious undertakings this year were the Junior Carnival, an amalgamation of freaks and frauds, and the Junior dance for the Seniors, which bankrupted the class treasury, so lavish was our hospitality.

The last year, however, finds us again at the helm of most of the school activities. The class now numbers about forty, having lost more students than we have gained. Socially we have given one dance and taken part in other entertainments. We are planning a play and several other functions properly to close this happy epoch of our lives.

We are about to graduate and will soon say "goodbye" to the school in which we have often experienced the sting of defeat and the distraction of anxiety, but more often ineffable thrills of exhilaration. We worked for a new school but it is doubtful if the vivid impressions left on our minds would last longer or be a bit more enjoyable if experienced under different conditions.

We must leave, but do so as beseeching ambassadors to the world, begging of others to receive joys such as we have just experienced. Adios.

Senior Class Prophecy

Harold Murphy, '22

The reading room of the Bachelors' Club was about as comfortable and luxurious as modern science and wealth could create. It faced out upon Geary Street and from its windows could be seen the expanse of Union Square with Dewey's pillar and the St. Francis in the background. The room was the rendezvous of men in the single state, and the "Doc" and I frequented the place when the bustle of the business district had quieted.

At one such time, Doctor Willard Jones and I were sitting by the large main window looking out upon the pleasure-bound crowds. It was one of those cool spring evenings just as the million lights of the city were beginning to creep into prominence. A boy came in with the evening papers and placed them on the table. The "Doc" picked up one and proceeded to look over the news while I buried myself in a magazine story. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Say, man! What do you know about this? Marysville High defeats San Diego and wins baseball championship of California Interscholastic Federation. Hurrah!"

It was certainly some surprise. I made a grab for the paper and in a few minutes we had read the details. From baseball our talk passed on to the days when the fortunes of Marysville High were our greatest interests. We talked of old chums and old times. It certainly seemed a long time since we had seen all of our classmates at graduation. Finally I said to him:

"Listen, Doc. I would give a whole lot to see all of those kids again. It's hardly possible, but it would surely be great talking over old times at M. H. S." He reminded me that they were not kids any longer, but just the same I always remembered them as I had last seen them.

We were still in conversation when we were paged and each received a telegram. This seemed a queer coincidence. I tore mine open and read it. It was from Edwin Bryant, an old classmate of mine, who was inviting me to attend a big reunion of the entire high school class of 1922, to be held at his Long Island home for one week commencing August 3. I looked at "Doc" and he looked at me. He had received an exact reproduction of my telegram. Then we went up in the air and jumped and yelled while everyone thought we were crazy. One fellow said that we were a good illustration of the evils of prohibition. We got in touch with "Louie" Wilcoxon, who was a very prominent attorney, having an office in the new Sprigg Building on upper Market. He also had received an invitation and decided to go with our party, although his wife, the daughter of a groceryman in Marysville, was grieved to part with him. We also looked up Sprigg, who had built his tower with the earnings of his cornet. He was the leader of Sprigg's Band, the western rival of Sousa's great aggregation.

A month or so later the four of us met, at the Cheim Transcontinental Aerial Station. There we met Isidor Cheim, who joined the party and supplied his new twenty-passenger Cheim Special Sixteen plane for the trip.

The Cheim Special was of the very latest type of machine, built especially for the Cheim Transcontinental Aerial Company.

Our party had now grown to six members and started out on the fifteen minute trip to Arboga. Here we picked up Mayor Clifford Hanson, who during his term of office had added thirty-five miles of pavement to the city thoroughfares and had brought the 5,000 striking employees of the Municipal Street Car Company to terms wholly to the advantage of the city. Over Marysville we looked down upon the new High School nearing completion. It was certainly a wonderful sight. We were sorry to learn by radio, upon questioning, that the old high school building of 1922 was soon to be razed. We flew on past the old Buttes and then turned east.

An hour or so later the Doc called my attention to a man on horseback below us who was waving his arms as though signaling. We landed and as he rode up, we discovered this to be Earl Butler, the big cattle-king of Nebraska. We welcomed him and he explained that he had received a radio from a station at San Francisco that we were among the personnel leaving for New York and had decided to meet us. He had to signal us with his arms as he had left his pocket radio at home. After telling his horse to go home he climbed in and we started on.

At last after three hours' traveling we arrived in New York and circled around until we had communicated with Bryant and received instructions about landing. We then swung over to Long Island and upon spotting his wonderful mansion and grounds, landed at his take-off field and parked the plane in his spacious hangar. Mr. and Mrs. Bryant met us as we stepped from the cabin. After greetings were exchanged Barbara escorted us up to the house where we were shown to our rooms. After attending to our baggage the Doc and I returned to see the new arrivals. As we passed down the staircase a volume of music greeted us. Barbara, who was waiting, informed us that this was Mona singing and Marie Peirano playing the piano. We had seen by the papers that they had just returned from a tour of European clubs and opera houses, as singer and accompanist. Their audience was composed of Estelle Brockman, Barbara Wilbur, Joseph Hoon, and the Hon. Ralph Newcomb. Estelle was the holder of a big position in the engineering department of the Federal Government at Washington, while Barbara had married into a fashionable society family in London and was now the fashion plate of Great Britain. Joe had reached the position of track coach for Harvard University and his team had won the American title for three consecutive years. Ralph was now a member of the Senate, from California, and knew more about Civics than Miss Wheeler had driven into our whole class in '22. We went in and congratulated them on their marvelous successes. Just then Marie Aubrey and Muriel Walton ran in to meet the crowd. They had just arrived from Paris where Marie had conquered all France with her wonderful paintings, and Muriel had attained fame as an architect by her power to combine the Oriental with the Gothic.

The signal sounded from the radio room and Mr. Bryant went to answer it. On his return he announced that the Rev. W. Mock, head of the

American Missionary Society of Shanghai, had arrived at San Francisco by plane and would proceed, as soon as his wife had made arrangements to visit her parents at Yuba City. That evening he strode into the house and forgetting his dignified rank, stuck out his hand and cried, "How's the boy?" We all gathered in the spacious receiving room and had the time of our lives talking over the old times and playing the jokes we used to play at Marysville High.

The following morning Mr. and Mrs. Becker arrived from South America where Francis was in charge of the construction of a great dam in Argentina for a Philadelphia concern. Mrs. Bryant and several others ran forward to meet and welcome Dorothy! Beck said that they had met, in Rio de Janeiro, Ada Anderson, who was getting material and local color for a novel she was writing, and that she would be unable to attend. We later received a radio to that effect.

That afternoon Mrs. Bryant, accompanied by Doris Brust, Chicago society leader, and Ruth Hicks, now wife of the Governor of New York, went for a spin down the Atlantic coast for the afternoon. The rest of us were entertained by Leila Hall, the most popular humorist of the age, whose stories had been translated into nearly every language. She made us laugh as we had never laughed before. Fancy dancing was her latest fad and she gave us reproductions of satires and wood nymphs that were cleverly represented. Lola Walker, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave us a few selections that were the "hit" of the afternoon. We were also entertained by cartoons of our school days by Howell Pierce, world famous in his line. Marjorie Nightingale, whose spare time was limited, was department head at one of New York's best and largest hospitals. She had come over for the afternoon and we were all sorry to have her go that evening. Just as she was leaving, word was received that Francis Terao, a famous chiropractor in his native country, would be unable to come because of a dangerous epidemic that was spreading there. The Doc and I later met Charlene Hord, who had just arrived from the University of California, where she had attained the high office of librarian. Her conversation was very interesting as she related the events of the University. Mr. Bryant came up while we were talking and explained that Elva and Eleanor Dam were unable to attend because their theatrical show, now playing in London, needed their supervision. Frank Churchill, also, who was practicing law in St. Louis, was working on a notorious murder case and could not leave it.

The following day the Doc told me Avis Sutfin had arrived, so we hunted her up to have her explain to us the new electrical typewriter that she had invented. It was certainly a wonderful invention and the Underwood Typewriter Company paid her a fortune for it. Mary Carlin and Mary Swigart presently joined our group. They were arguing over a certain theory in psychology that had come up before their college faculty at a teachers' institute.

Later we went down to the out-door swimming pool, where we found Madge Mylar and Frances Patmon watching the swimmers. Madge had traveled in Spain and was now teaching Spanish at one of the large universities, while Frances had made a success as a sculptor. They told us that Clio Dwyer was at present an artist's model, of great popularity and had posed for Marie Aubrey's greatest portrait. She was posing for another in Paris and would not be free to come to the reunion. We were all glad to learn that evening that Thora Wheeler had won a great political victory over her opponent and had been elected representative to the House from her Congressional District in California.

Thus the week passed on and finally the time arrived when we all had to leave for our respective walks in life. We had had a wonderful time and it had seemed like a dream that we were back to our school days. But all good times must end sometime, so after bidding goodbye to everyone and thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bryant for their wonderful hospitality, we climbed into our Cheim Special and after soaring to a height of 5,000 feet, we took one more look at the scene of our dream, faced westward and started on our journey home.



CLASS OF '22

Mary Carlin, '22

The Senior class is the best in school,
Who dares to doubt this old, old rule?
If you don't believe me (but I hope you do)
Ask one of the class of twenty-two.

AUBREY'S GREATEST PORTRAIT

Marie Aubrey, '22

Teachers, if you only knew,
How we study just for you,
Stay up nights and study so,
Just to see your faces glow.

But, dear teachers, this is true,
Who to classes do not come;
P'raps they're sick at home in bed,
Least that's what is often said.

But, dear teachers, this is true,
'Bout the class of '22—
They're as fair as fair can be,
Look them over and you'll see!

Leader of the "International Zulu Band"



J. Sprigg

Monna Ashley

Mary Garden's Successor



Frances Patman
Great American portrait painter.



Wheim
A midget in Lumber and Knot-Holes



E. Dam
Parisian Idol



Tong Mediator

Welcome, Welcome!

Rev. Moch

Pierce of the New York Times



HAR



University Librarian

Charlene Hord



M. Dwight
Looking "down" upon new pupils

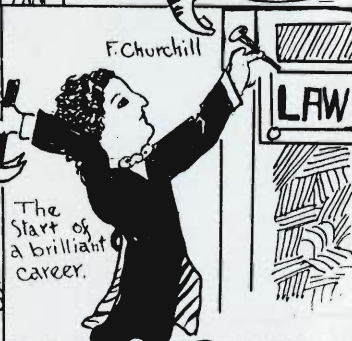


Strom

The Pride of Sutter Co.



Doc Harrison
Dean of Arloga University



Senior Horoscope

Name	Known as	Appearance	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Book or Song	Ambition
Ada Anderson	Ada	Happy	Helping others	"Lands sakes!"	"A Merry Heart."	Tourist
Mona Ashley	Ferry	Unusual	Boys	"Say, kids--"	"They're All Sweeties!"	Bachelor maid
Marie Aubrey	Marie	Attractive	Drawing	"Oh, boy!"	"I Love You Truly."	Artist
Barbara Barr	Barby	Efficient	Managing	"I should say so!"	"Mon Homme."	Bacteriologist
Francis Becker	Beck	Studious	Loafing	"Have a cigar!"	"Blondy."	Civil Engineer
Estelle Brockman	Jack	Innocent	Tennis	"Mon Dieu!"	"I Need Affection."	Something different
Doris Brust	Dor	Serene	Acting ladylike	"Oh, no!"	"The Sheik."	Interior Decorator
Edwin Bryant	Bryant	Important	Talking	"I'll say so!"	"The Winning of Barbara (Worth)."	Teacher of English
Earl Butler	Sol	Solemn	Farming	"You tell 'em!"	"Baby Blue Eyes."	Teacher of Manual Training
Mary Carlin	Ma'y	Hurried	Reciting	"Oh, land!"	"Tuck Me to Sleep."	School Teacher
Isador Cheim	Cheim	Indifferent	Public Speaking	"I dono!"	"When a Man's a Man."	Nothing
Frank Churchill	Church	Unconcerned	Running	"Nope!"	"The Optimist."	Coach
Maurice Clow	Porky	Amiable	Football	"Oh, heck!"	"Main Street."	Doctor
Eleanor Dam	Babe	Lively	Flirting	"My word!"	"Half-Gods Come and Go."	Designer
Elva Dam	Bill	Be-spectacled	Acting dignified	"Well, it's this way--"	"Ed."	To live in Sheridan
Clio Dwyer	Cli	Styl'ish	Sensations	"My lands!"	"Leave Me With a Smile."	Movie actress
Leila Hall	Leil	Jovial	Mischief	"Gee whiz!"	"Ain't We Got Fun!"	Professor of Domestic Art
Clifford Hanson	Clif	Tousled	Mussing his curls	"Say, say!"	"Goldilocks."	Psychologist
Ruth Hicks	Ruthie	Busy	Automobiles	"Hot dogs!"	"Then I'll Come Back to You."	Foreign Missionary
Joseph Hoon	Joe	Occupied	Detective work	"Dadbum it!"	"Choosing a Career."	Community Leader
Charlene Hord	Charley	Intellectual	Literature	"I guess so!"	"Pollyanna."	English Professor
Willard Jones	Bill	Sm'ling	Lessons	"Hey!!!"	"Expert Hairdressing."	Professor of something
Wesley Mock	"Diz"	Cheerful	Being witty	"No, not very!"	"Queen Elizabeth."	Editor of "Whizz Bang"
Dorothy Morley	Doffy	Cute	Chewing gum	"I don't care!"	"When Francis Dances With Me."	Cabaret Dancer
Harold Murphy	Pat	Thoughtful	Eating	"Aw, c'mon!"	"Honolulu Eyes!"	To get married
Madge Mylar	Madgie	Anxious	Spanish	"Oh, say!"	"Rings."	Globe-trotter
Ralsh Newcomb	Newc	Pushed	Girls	"I'll betcha--"	"Moonlight and You."	Gentleman farmer
Marjorie Nightingale	Marj	Quiet	Anecdotes	"I don't think so."	"Hymn (Him) Book."	Singer
Frances Patmon	Fannie	Agreeable	Sleeping late	"Quit!!"	"Sweetheart Blues."	Lady of the house
Marie Peirano	'Ree	Pleasant	Her diary	"Ye gods!"	"My Book of Blues."	Nurse
Howell Pierce	Pierce	Comolacent	Cartoons	"Say--"	"Pencil and Pen."	Cartoonist
John Sprigg	Johnny	Refined	His trumpet	"I don't know."	"Sleepyhead."	Orchestra Leader
Avis Sutfin	A	Capable	Athletics	"Surely!!"	"Angel Child."	Author
Mary Swigart	Mary	Independent	Asking questions	"Good-night!"	"The Reason Why."	Loafer
Francis Terao	Terao	Calm	Flattering teachers	"What's that?"	"As You Like It."	Physician
Lola Walker	Lulu	Interesting	Jokes	"Sh! That's a secret!"	"One Fleeting Hour."	Lady of leisure
Muriel Walton	Sis	Daintv	Dancing	"Aw, go on!"	"Down on the Farm."	Orchardist
Thora Wheeler	T'ora	Demure	Denegrating	"I guess not!!"	"Shorthand."	Commercial teacher
Barbara Wilbur	Barb	Confident	Giggling	"I'll tell the world!"	"Gerald Fitzgerald."	Housekeeper
Lewis Wilcoxon	Elisha	Dignified	Oratory	"Aw, git out!"	"Grace."	Partnership in grocery



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

Dorothy Armstrong, '23

The Junior Class is the most important class in school. Some persons think the Senior Class holds this conspicuous place but where would the Seniors be if it were not for the Juniors?

The Deltas for years and years have been saying just about the same thing concerning the Junior Carnival. "The carnival was the most successful ever given in the Marysville High School." If at each time this statement has been true then each Junior Class has enjoyed the honor of improving over its predecessor. But it can be truly said that the Junior Class this year has given the best carnival in the history of this high school. The play which opened the evening's program was a marked success.

The whole play seemed to be full of rollicking fun and light laughter. Gratiano and Nerissa were the ideal type of bashful maid and forceful suitor. Bassanio, much given to fine and flowery speeches, won the applause of the audience. Launcelot's well-acted uncouthness brought forth peals of laughter and Mrs. Gobbo gave an excellent portrayal of the poor but honest washerwoman. The Duke proved a sedate judge while a very pompous little man with a big name was Professor Swagenhaugenblumenheimer, P. H. D., A. S. S., P. D. Q. Antonio was a perfect lover and husband to the piquant Jessica. The old man with the black cap and scraggly beard was well taken by a Shylock of today whose hair showed marks of the marcel iron. At least so seemed the characters to Portia and many others have echoed her impressions.

After the play the different side shows opened and the candy and ice cream were in great demand. Everything went with full swing until the portals of the Marysville High School closed upon the last lingering guest.

Never before in the history of the M. H. S. has the Junior Class been honored with the control of the business management of the general high school entertainment. The keenest interest was evident in the elections held in the high school auditorium for filling the positions of property and business managers. Intense excitement was manifested when the student body unanimously elected William Milligan for business manager and when Robert Hoon carried the vote for property manager by a big majority.

The Juniors have contributed much to athletics. Eleven of the football players, six out of fifteen players in basket ball, and four out of twelve in baseball are Juniors. Prominent among those in football are Warren Ahart, Albert Miller, William Milligan, Norman Taylor, and Houston Willetts. Those who are outstanding figures in basket ball are William Milligan and Norman Taylor. Baseball has Robert Hoon, William Milligan, and Martin Reis. Many places have been won by Juniors in track meets; by Melvin Adams, Theo Anderson, Albert Miller, and Jesse Sutton.

Although the persons mentioned below are well known in school there is a possibility that some are unaware of the fact that these are members of the Junior Class.

Twenty-six

In the form of Warren Ahart we have a chastizer of impudent Seniors. (New-combs are badly needed.)

Thankful we are to say that among the four classes in the school we have the fewest victims of the latest craze—bobbed hair. If you are particularly interested in and anxious to learn of the evils of hair cutting go to Ruth Dunn who has done the most of any to “check this abominable craze.” (Miss Dunn’s own words.)

Whose big feet are those that block the aisles? Why, would you believe it? They belong to Pat Russell.

How to keep young is the motto of the Junior Class. Hair restorers, henna rinses, false curls, lip sticks, rouge, face enamel, and powder are almost unknown. Let me picture to you a girl who abhors such things as she sits reading about Peter Rabbit and the Merry Little Breezes (look for such stories in the Bee under the title of “Bedtime Stories”). She lifts her head. Behold Grace Brown!

The most wonderful dimples in the school belong to Norman Taylor.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester

President.....	William Milligan
Vice-President	Edith Baker
Secretary.....	Lester Carpenter
Treasurer.....	Doris McKiernan
Member of Executive Committee.....	Robert Hoon
Yell Leader.....	Warren Ahart
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Francis Dempsey

Second Semester

President	Leslie Russell
Vice-President	Martin Reis
Secretary.....	Louis Miller
Treasurer.....	Edith Baker
Member of Executive Committee.....	Leslie Russell
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Marshall Breeden

The Sophomore Class

Donald Sheehan, '24

Those insignificant-seeming characters, '24, thus placed, represent more to a member of the Sophomore class than any mystic symbol could possibly signify. We see these signs ever before us to convey to us the happy thought of the time when we shall go forth, each bearing his coveted diploma with the golden seal of law and approval, to take our places in the mightiest of nations, whose fortunes thence shall rest upon us and others like us.

God speed that time and when it has come, let each one play his part and more, for this is America, the land of the future and we are the citizens of tomorrow.

The class of '24, M. H. S. is the brightest and most wide-awake class that has enrolled in the old school for many years. The Sophs carried off the highest average mark, placing second greatest number on the "Honor Roll" for the term. Also many of our men are prominent in sports and our social ventures have attracted attention.

The first of a series of social successes was realized on the ideal night of October 17, absolutely the first social date of the season. In hope of some new ideas, suggestions were called for and in answer came the thought, a masque ball. The plan was adopted. Arrangements were made for the ball which was held in the spacious Masonic Hall in Yuba City. On that fateful night there gathered on the oaken floor the strangest and gayest assemblage those lights had ever shone upon. Everyone was there, from the beautiful and bejeweled Cleopatra to the best Charlie Chaplin yet presented.

At eight, sweet strains of music swelled from beneath the fretwork of evergreen, and the rhythmic trip of light, happy feet began. Refreshments were served throughout the evening and before the time for unmasking came, the orchestra played for the grand march and prizes were awarded for the most original costumes. First prizes were won by Miss Vivian Wilcox as a colonial maid, and Mr. Edwin Bryant as the first American. Second prizes were given to Miss Barbara Walton as an Oriental damsel and Mr. Elwyn Ford, who was dressed as a cute little girl.

At precisely twelve the music stopped and the happy company disbanded carrying home optimistic faces and discarded dominoes.

The second social venture of the class of '24 was even more successful if possible than the first. The date of that happy night will still linger in the minds of some Sophs who are wont to dwell upon things past and gone.

February 11th, the day set and looked forward to by all, was so near to the day of Saint Valentine, that the sign of the good saint was used, and to great effect, in our decorations.

Twenty-eight



SOPHOMORE CLASS

The old High School auditorium, its walls and lights artistically draped with crimson hearts and evergreens, its floor polished by myriad gliding feet, will always be remembered in the hearts of the class members, however trivial it may seem to some, as a success achieved by them and worthy of their pride.



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester

President.....	Jean Schillig
Vice-President.....	Verle Marshall
Secretary.....	Betty Schillig
Treasurer.....	Helen McLaughlin
Member of Executive Committee.....	Betha Bowen
Yell Leader.....	Clifford Gottwals
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Leland Hamm

Second Semester

President.....	Donald Sheehan
Vice-President.....	Gerald Booth
Secretary.....	Vivian Barrie
Treasurer.....	Dorothy Kreger
Member of Executive Committee.....	Verle Marshall
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Norman Boyer



FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman Class

Barbara Walton, '25

If you had been in Marysville you would have seen some fun on the 16th of September, Nineteen Twenty One. You would have seen a hundred little girls and boys, about to be initiated into high school joys. With fear and trembling they drew near the great big house of stone; some came with mothers, some with fathers, and some came all alone! Each minute through this dreadful day these children thought they might at least be drenched in water that was cold, or thrown to some wild beast; but as the day drew near its close—no fearful trick was played, and one by one they all went home quite brave and unafraid. But then another sun came up, and once more hearts beat fast—for surely upper classmen would begin to haze at last. But this day passed quite peacefully and, well, to be frank, about these little Freshmen who were looking for a prank, I think they felt quite slighted when they found themselves ignored—in fact, things were so quiet they were really rather bored. Then came the big reception for the Freshmen, and the girls were looking very lovely, some with bobbed hair, some with curls—they felt quite safe from Seniors and those clever Sophomores, came feeling life was simple behind the high school doors. But pride oft' goes before a fall. You can ask Miss Alice Hicks. They washed her face upon the stage, and played a lot of tricks upon the little boys and girls who had to sit in chairs, just big enough for baby days; and then all unawares they straightened Velma's bangs right out with water very wet. James Barr was made to sing a song, and Ollie had to get upon an aeroplane so high she nearly died of fright!!! Oh! lots of cruel things went on, this famous Freshie night! Bernice was going to expose her vamping methods, too, but Pat and Francis then decided that would never do. A lot of rules and regulations read by Father Time, concluded the festivities—(gee! but it's hard to rhyme!) And then they ended with a dance which was lots of fun, but all too soon came midnight and we went home one by one. To our respected Faculty and upper classmen dear, we now extend our earnest thanks, for help throughout the year. And when the next term rolls around we'll be right there with you, the little Freshman Class in 1922.

Sing a song of sixpenec,
Prunes and apple-sass!
Isn't this an awful mess—
To set before the class!

Ten Little Freshmen

Ten little Freshmen standing in a line—
One flunked in history, and then there were nine.
Nine little Freshmen sneaking in late—
Miss Mayne saw one and then there were eight.
Eight little Freshmen talking about heaven—
One sprouted wings and then there were seven.
Seven little Freshmen learning some tricks—
A Senior caught one and then there were six.
Six little Freshmen very much alive—
One cut detention and then there were five.
Five little Freshmen eating more and more—
One ate too much and then there were four.
Four little Freshmen singing do-re-me—
One got off and there were three.
Three little Freshmen in an airship flew—
One jumped overboard and then there were two.
Two little Freshmen a race tried to run—
The first beat the second and then there was one.
One little Freshman's not having any fun—
Trying to make up poetry and now there are none.



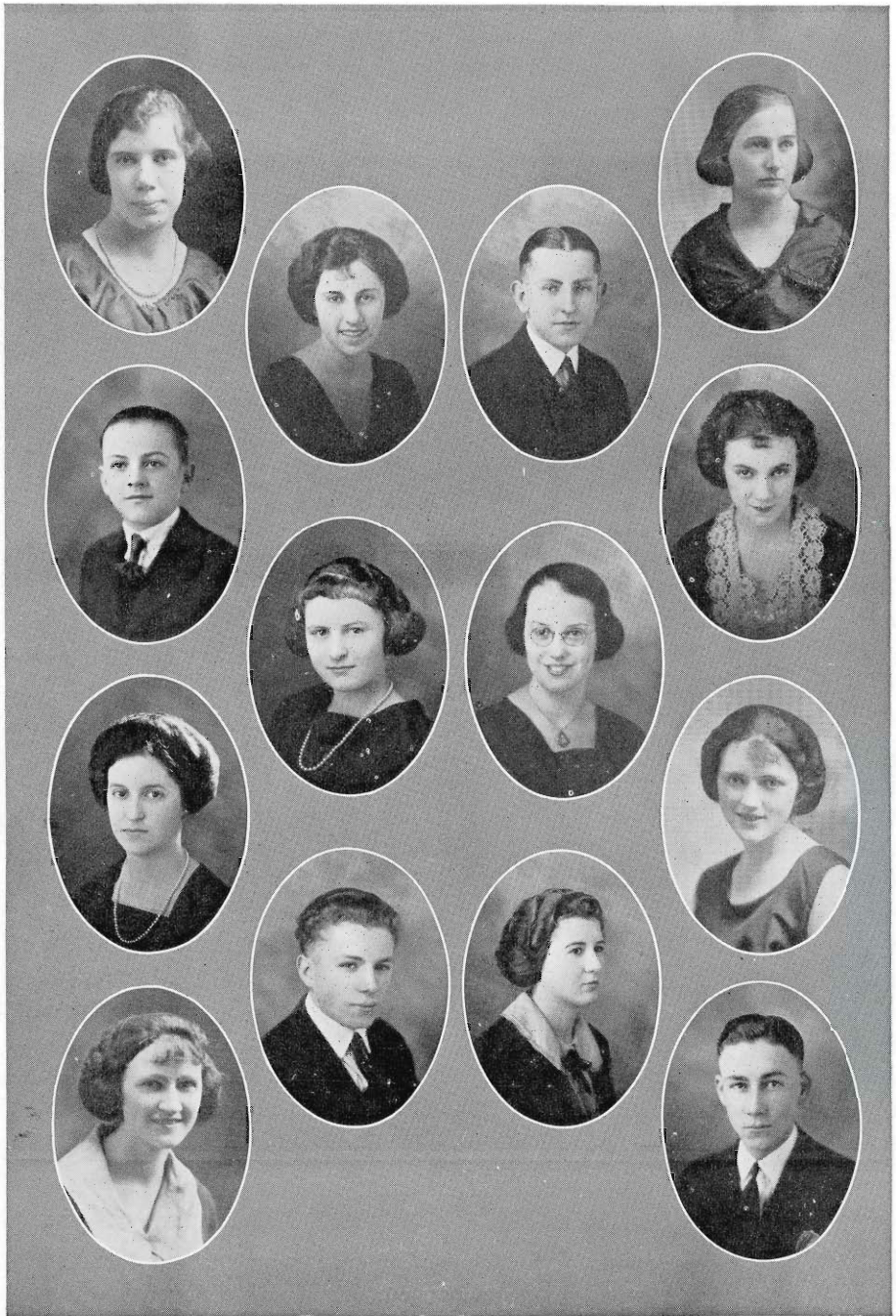
FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester

President	Virgil Swift
Vice-President	Lynn Smith
Secretary	Howard DeArmond
Treasurer	James Barr
Member of Executive Committee	Thelma Rowe
Yell Leader	Ruth Hicks
Sergeant-at-Arms	Frank Cheim

Second Semester

President	Alice Raub
Vice-President	Garland Bachmann
Secretary	Vivian Iliff
Treasurer	Barbara Walton
Member of Executive Committee	Alice Woodworth
Sergeant-at-Arms	Gordon Heath



HONOR STUDENTS

Alice Almquist
 Charles Bowen
 Alva White
 Thora Wheeler

Mona Ashley
 Mary Carlin
 Willard Jones

Francis Becker
 Charlene Hord
 Alice Raub

Marie Aubrey
 Berthilde Klempp
 Amy Wicklaud
 Harold Murphy



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Harold Murphy
 Francis Becker
 William Milligan
 Wesley Mock

Leila Hall
 Lester Carpenter
 Barbara Barr

Lewis Wilcoxon
 Norman Taylor
 Edwin Bryant
 Howell Pierce

STAFF OF THE YUBA DELTA

Editor-in-Chief.....	Barbara Barr
Business Manager.....	Edwin Bryant
Assistant Business Manager.....	Francis Becker
Faculty Advisor.....	Miss Louise Mayne
Art Advisor.....	Miss Lillian Worden
Art Editor.....	Marie Aubrey
Literary Editor.....	Charlene Hord
Class Editors—	
Senior.....	Harold Murphy, Willard Jones
Junior.....	Dorothy Armstrong
Sophomore.....	Donald Sheehan
Freshman.....	Barbara Waiton
School Notes.....	Clifford Hanson
Society, Music, Dramatics.....	Eleanor Dam
Exchanges.....	John Sprigg
Snap Shots.....	Ralph Bryant
Athletics, Boys.....	Maurice Clow
Athletics, Girls.....	Mona Ashley
Cartoons.....	Howell Pierce
Jokes.....	Leila Hall



STAFF OF THE YUBA DELTA

Mona Ashley	Willard Jones	Harold Murphy	Maurice Clow
Ralph Bryant	Miss Worden	Miss Mayne	Francis Becker
Charlene Hord	Barbara Barr	Edwin Bryant	Marie Aubrey
Barbara Walton	Donald Sheehan	Torothy Armstrong	Howell Pierce
John Sprigg	Clifford Hanson	Leila Hall	Eleanor Dam



Barbara Barr, '22

Co-operation in the School

Co-operation is probably the most overworked word in the English language today. Yet it is the most vital thing in any educational institution whose purpose it is to accomplish things worth while. Hand-in-hand with it goes school spirit, not merely the school spirit which manifests itself in the enthusiasm attendant upon football games and basket ball rallies, excellent as this is, but the spirit from which comes something in after years. The attitude of a student during a short forty-minute study period is a reflection of that person's real spirit toward his school. We are not spending five days a week on G Street between Seventh and Eighth simply for the fun and sport of the game, but to fit ourselves for the things that are to follow our high school days. Our attitude should be one of sincere interest in every phase of our school life, whether student activities or the daily grind of our studies. Let our attitude be one of respect for the institution that is furnishing us with this support and training and not one of selfishness with a pleasure-seeking motive in view. Teachers and students should pull together for a bigger and newer M. H. S.

Thirty-eight

Co-operation Between the School and Town

The management of the Yuba Delta has received this year from the merchants of the town, a remarkable support, for which it is sincerely grateful. This co-operative attitude has increased decidedly in the last few years. It has not only been noticeable in connection with the Yuba Delta but also with the school at large. There is neither space nor time to enumerate all of the persons who have extended courtesies or honored us with generous gifts, but we wish to take this opportunity to express our gratitude especially to the officers and members of the P. T. A. for the many pleasant social evenings they have given us throughout the year, to S. G. King & Co., S. D. Johnson & Co., Mrs. Stanley Walton, and Mrs. Leonard Scheu for their generous gifts in the equipment of our restroom, and to Mrs. Mary Flannery, Mrs. H. L. Brown, Mrs. Harvey Wiseman, Mr. C. C. Kline, Mr. Wm. Harrison, S. G. King & Co., and Bradley's Inc. for their repeated courtesies throughout the school year. We also wish to express our deep appreciation to the City Council and the City Engineer, who have made it possible for the Marysville High School to hold in our city the N. C. H. S. A. L. meet for this year by rendering invaluable assistance in the construction of the athletic track. We extend our thanks to the Chamber of Commerce for the timely assistance given in helping us to make a practical certainty of the High School Union District.

We regret that space will not permit the mentioning of other persons who have extended numerous courtesies throughout the school year, but we wish them also to know that we are grateful. These delightful courtesies illustrate a spirit of which the community should be justly proud, a movement which shows the backing of the school by the citizens of the town. Any action by which the business men of a city and the schools are brought more closely into contact is one that should be heartily supported. Neither can live without the other. What does a school amount to without the backing of the business men? And what is a community without a worthwhile school? Put **your** hand to the rope and pull! Marysville must come over the line!

Union High School

One should be made to pay for what he gets. This principle applies to high schools as well as to gasoline. Under the present school system this is what happens: The taxpayers of the City of Marysville are supporting a high school which is attended by all of the students of high school age throughout this entire part of Yuba County. The remedy for this condition is a Union High School, which will equalize the high school tax burden.

Moreover, good schools in a community mean a good community. A town is judged by its schools. Shall Marysville be judged by its present high school facilities? There is not a citizen of the town who wouldn't say, "No," and what is more, he would say it with convincing emphasis.

Thirty-nine

A speaker of last season told us we could obtain anything we wished— if we wished it hard enough. Let that apply to a Union High School. Let's put Marysville on the map, not with a little spot, but with a big one. Wake up, citizens of Marysville! We need a new Union High School; one that will be a credit to our city. June 27 is the time to decide this. Make up your minds and then "Vote a Union High School District" with a new building in the background.



NOTE OF THANKS

The principal and the head of the English department wish to express their thanks to the members of the committee who so graciously served as judges in selecting the prize story and the prize poem for the literary section of the Yuba Delta. The names of the committee follow: Mrs. George A. Curran, Calais, Maine; Mr. Harry P. B. Carden, Marysville; Miss Bessie J. Mayne, Berkeley.



TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO

PRIZE POEM

Donald Sheehan, '24

A star shone bright in Bethlehem,
Two thousand years ago,
It rose and never set again,
And still above, o'er beasts and men,
It shines today as it shone then—
Two thousand years ago.

Beneath that star in Bethlehem,
Two thousand years ago.
The Savior came to bring good will,
To cherish good and banish ill
With Godly hope men's hearts to fill—
Two thousand years ago;

He watches us as He watched them
Two thousand years ago.
When evil powers strove to gain,
When souls gave o'er to bribe or pain,
And justice seemed to strive in vain—
Two thousand years ago,



THANKSGIVING

HONORABLE MENTION

Barbara Barr, '22

We thank Thee, our Father in' heaven,
For the sun in the sky,
For the flowers on earth,
For the birds on high,
For laughter and mirth,
For the stars up above,
And for deathless love,
We thank Thee, our Father in heaven.

We thank Thee, our Father in heaven.
For the light of the day,
For the glories of night,
For the friendships that stay,
For Justice and Right,
For Thy gifts all around,
For the very ground,
We thank Thee, our Father in heaven,

A Mohammedan Legend

PRIZE STORY

Charlene Hord, '22

On the steps approaching the Parthenon sat an old Greek with his son, a boy of fifteen. It was dark but there was a pale moon coming up behind the majestic ruins of the marble building and the tall pillars cast their shadows on the steps below them. The old man was speaking in low dreamy tones while the boy sat intensely fascinated with the story his father was telling.

"Many, many years ago, when your great great-grandfather was alive, there was a young man in Athens who was called a dreamer. All alone he used to come here to the Acropolis and sit on these steps, thinking about things the townfolk never even conceived. He never associated with other young men of his age, for no one would listen to his ideas and by many he was considered 'queer' and even 'crazy'. But he paid no attention to this feeling about himself. He only kept on dreaming, and the product of his dreams was a contempt for the religion of his fathers, and the gradual dawning of the vision of a new religion.

"It was the day of the Panathenaic festival, the day which of all days in the year was looked forward to with the keenest interest, the day when Athens and the surrounding country donned their best and marched to the Acropolis to worship Athene, the goddess of wisdom, of war, and of the clear blue skies. The sun was just rising in the East when the procession advanced to ascend the Acropolis. First came the youths and maidens, wearing bright colored garments. The girls gay with garlands of flowers, which they had woven in their hair, scattered blossoms along the roadside. Following this merry group came the priests and magistrates driving before them the bellowing cattle to be used as sacrifices, and bearing the purple peplus to clothe the image of Athene in the Parthenon. Then came the flute players and singers followed by the great mass of the population of the Attica; and last the chivalry of Athens mounted on prancing steeds. Pahoumios, as the young dreamer was called, watched in fascinated silence the ceremony of sacrificing the oxen and draping with the magnificent peplus the golden image of the soldier-like Athene. But as the people poured out of the temple Pahoumios could control himself no longer and mounting yonder rock near the temple of winged victory he began to speak to the amazed assembly.

"'Fellow countrymen', he began, 'why do you continue thus this ignorant worship of your forefathers? Where is Athene, the goddess to whom you have just made these barbarous sacrifices? You say she is the goddess of the skies but I know there is One above these deep blue heavens who is Lord over all—over wisdom, over war, over land and sea—a God who is not enthroned

in this cold, glittering image, but who has wrought for us his image in the beauties of nature and in the depths of the human heart .

“So speaking he leaped from the rock and stood, white-faced, confronting the amazed mass of citizens. For a second there was an intense and ominous silence, and then a sudden angry surge in the crowd. Several men, including some of the magistrates and priests stepped forward to seize the youth and there were sudden cries of ‘Away with him !’, ‘Put him to death !’ and ‘Over the cliff with him !’ The crowd holding the struggling youth obeyed the last cry and led him to the edge of the cliff there beyond the temple where you see that sheer drop. Pahoumios was making his last struggle for life before he should be flung to eternity. Never had the walls of the Acropolis looked so steep nor had the drop seemed so cruelly far. Just then the crowd parted and a little white-haired old man stepped up to the magistrates who were about to hurl the son from the edge of the cliff. ‘The boy has done harm to no one save himself’, spoke the old man in trembling tones. ‘Let him go for his old father’s sake’.

“In the confused babble of voices that followed it was decided that Pahoumios should escape death and punishment but that he should be banished forever from Athens.

* * * * *

“The sun was dropping low in a glory of golden and red light that set the whole western sky aflame with color. Two men sat in the doorway of a tent watching this Arabian desert sunset. Instantly, in one of these men we recognize Pahoumios, the young Athenian. In place of the familiar Grecian garment he wore the flowing robes and bright colored turban of the desert. His face had a dreamy look as of old and suddenly the desert, the tent and the camels all faded and he was back again on the day of his banishment from Greece. He had wandered from the Acropolis down to the harbour where he had found a ship ready to disembark for the Orient. He had boarded the ship and after a several days’ journey had been put off at Caesarea, Palestine, where he had found no lodging place available. As he was making his inquiry in the last inn, a young Arab had stepped up, offering the hospitality of his tent, which Pahoumios had gratefully accepted. The young Arabian was a camel driver and his name was Mohammed. He had invited the Greek to go back with him to Mecca to help him in his trade. Pahoumios had accepted. Thus had been formed an inseparable friendship. Pahoumios had always longed for a companion to whom he could reveal his inmost thoughts and who would give him human sympathy. All this he had found in Mohammed. As the years went by Pahoumios had adopted the customs of Arabia and had learned to speak and write the language. Mohammed had encouraged him and urged him to try talking to the people to win some converts to his great ideas, but Pahoumios always remembering the failure and disgrace of his youth, had determined never to adopt this method. One day Mohammed had brought to the young Greek a scroll. Pahoumios, spending much time and thought on the volume, wrote first of the one God whom he called Allah and then of the

power of prayer and of the hereafter, until he had poured forth all the pent-up thought of years. He had called the book the Koran. He turned to his companion who had started to speak.

“‘Pahoumios’, Mohammed began, ‘last night I had a dream. I dreamed that you and I returned to Mecca and when we came to the big well in the center of the town you gave me the Koran which you completed yesterday and you lowered me into the well. Then as the people gathered at the well you told them about the great Allah and you showed them a blank scroll. This scroll you lowered into the well where I exchanged it for the Koran. The people, of course, believed that Allah had sent them this scroll from Heaven and you made many converts.’

“‘That is a strange dream, Mohammed.’

“‘It is indeed a strange dream,’ murmured Mohammed, ‘and it hath been preying upon my mind. Think you that Allah hath sent this dream to me? Does he reveal to us a way through which the true religion may come to the people?’

“‘Ah, no Mohammed. I have not the gift of speech. I can only go on dreaming and dreaming forever and writing my dreams on the parchment.’

“‘But hath not Allah given to me a voice?’ replied Mohammed. ‘Hath he not blessed me with the gift of speech? And have you not shared with me, my brother, every dream that Allah hath sent?’

“‘It is true,’ returned Pahoumios, ‘you possess that which I lack—the gift of speech. But if you think Allah speaketh, and if you will talk to the people we will try. That will determine whether it be the will of Allah.’

“And so the next morning found them in Mecca. At daybreak the two arrived in the center of the town and crept up to the well. Then, according to plan, the young Greek was lowered into the well with the carefully written Koran. After the first group of villagers had gathered, Mohammed began slowly to address them.

“‘My people,’ he said, ‘you have suffered in ignorance long enough. You have been taught there are many gods. There is but one God and Allah is his name. At last He hath spoken and He hath sent me even unto you to share with me the vision. Harken to his divine command. Allah hath commanded me in a dream to lower this scroll into yonder well and He hath promised to write upon it those things which he would have us do if we are to receive from Him our reward in the great hereafter.’

“Mohammed had attracted a great crowd by his strange utterances and the people were eager and curious, some of them already enthusiastic about the ‘new prophet.’ Then, also, according to plan, Mohammed took a large scroll and showing the people that it was perfectly blank, lowered it solemnly into the well where Pahoumios exchanged it for the carefully written Koran of the same size scroll. When the people beheld the ‘miracle’ and read these simple ideas written in their own language, there rose immediately a great shout of joy and awe. When Mohammed saw how easily the people had been converted a new thought seized him that had not been included in the plan

with the Greek. He suggested to the people that the first thing to do to show their fidelity to their new faith was to throw a stone into the well, whence had come their wonderful Koran. Of course the people obeyed and in a short time the well was quite filled with rocks and the life of Pahoumios ended. In this manner Mohammed became the 'prophet' of a religion consisting entirely of another man's ideas and he is recorded in history as the founder and leader of a religion that has influenced millions in Asia. In the city of Mecca today, can be seen a huge mound of stones where once stood the well."



WILSON

Frances Patmon, '22

At a time when a peace loving nation,
Was thrown into depths of despair,
When the bonds of friendly relation
Were shattered beyond repair,
A rescuer came to his country's call,
To bring from the tumult and terrible strife,
A world that would prosper, and never fall
From the standards of courage and freedom of life.
He lifted the name of the country we love,
To heights unattained by a nation of yore,
And democracy's banner he raised up above
The nations in tyranny bound before.
His deeds will spread through history's pages
And his name be cherished in all the ages.



WHY FRESHMEN ARE GREEN

Frances Patmon, '22

Some folks think that Freshmen
Are as green as green can be,
But I just have to stop and think,
It seems so strange to me.

For if those dears are really green,
There surely is a cause;
And as I think I have it here
I'll tell you ere I pause.

Their little souls are very blue
And sad as they can be;
And when the yellow sun shines thru,
There's blue and yellow, see!

Now blue and yellow always make
A very brilliant green,
And so the story's not a fake,
But a Freshman's really green.

Out of the Storm

HONORABLE MENTION

Barbara Barr, '22

It was in the early days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49 in California, that old Jim McGregor had his general merchandise store and post office in the typical little mining town of Cherokee Bar. Jim was one of those thorough-going old Scotchmen who had brought the brick for his little building clear around the horn in one of those slow-moving little boats that ran between old New York and the new, rough mining town that had sprung up over night—San Francisco. The results of old Jim McGregor's hours of patient toil can still be seen standing today. The little store had thick brick walls, typical of old Jim himself, strong iron-barred windows and heavily bolted iron doors. The floor was of the hardened ground that God has given us all to walk upon. In the rear corner of the little square room which served as a store and post office for the town and as a meeting place for the more quiet type of men, those sturdy thinking pioneers whom Jim McGregor had made his particular friends, was an even stronger section where a safe had been built into the wall. This also had been made of brick but was strongly reinforced with iron bars. Many a night John Douglas and Donald McTavish had come down from their claims to sit around the great fireplace and tell their tales of gold. Then in the morning they would return to their little mines leaving in that little vault of Jim McGregor's perhaps a considerable number of those bright pebbles which men gave their lives to gain. So we see this stalwart old Scotchman in three roles: first, as the storekeeper who supplied these hungry miners with food and other necessary provisions; second, as the postmaster who linked these struggling men with their fondest treasure—home; and finally as a trusted friend in this rough, gold-thirsty land of the miner. He guarded other men's gold with his life more carefully than if it had been his own.

For several days dark clouds had been gathering, and a low whispering and mumbling, which foreboded a storm ahead, had continued throughout the afternoon, and then after dark the storm had broken forth in all its fury. The wind howled as only it can through canyons and narrow mountain passes and the snow beat down only to be torn up and driven on before the restless, tireless wind.

But within the little brick store sat old Jim. His fire was bright, in his mouth was his beloved pipe, and on his lap rested a copy of "Bobbie Burns", the pride of every Scotchman's heart. He poured over the pages of "A Man's a Man for A'that", "The Twa Dogs", "The Brig's of Ayr", "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and all the rest until at last he came to "Tam O'Shanter", and there refilled his pipe and throwing another log upon the fire he settled back in his chair and began,

Forty-seven

“When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
And folks begin to tak the gate—”

until he finished,

“When'er to drink you are inclined
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
Remember Tam O'Shanter's mear.”

He closed the book with a caressing pat and sat staring into the coals. And while he sat thus, outside

“The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd;
That night a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.”

And then came a sudden pounding at the door that could scarcely be distinguished from the fury of the storm. As old Jim unfastened the iron bolts a tall, dark figure half stumbled, half fell into the room, heralded by a swirl of snow and a fierce whistle of the gale.

“You are welcome, my mon. Sit by the fire. 'Tis a bad night twa be abrawd.” These words of greeting seemed suddenly to arrest the stranger's attention and looking up swiftly with a startled glance at his host he slumped into an awaiting chair by the fireside.

Bringing food from the cupboard, Jim prepared a supper on the hearth for his tardy guest. He told of the little news of the village in his generous, whole-hearted way and made the stranger completely at home.

His guest sat by the fire, followed his host with his piercing black eyes, apparently seeking out the farthest corners of the room. A queer puzzled frown occasionally flitted across his forehead. He had not expected such a reception and several times he stirred as if to continue some interrupted purpose, but always Jim's cheery voice called him back and insisted that he sit by the fire.

A few hours afterwards this same stranger lay in Jim's own bed listening to the regular breathing of his host. An uneasiness filled his soul until at last he roused himself and quietly crawling out of bed, slipped noiselessly to the corner of the room where lay the nuggets of gold in the vault. There he was crouched in the corner of the room, huddled in the darkness, every sense alert. That diabolical fiend had gripped him again, a greed for gold! It was always the same, “gold!” Should he ever know any other God? And now in a few seconds the precious earnings of these men were about to slip from their lives.

Cautiously he began to move. Then something gripped him! That odor! It was the odor of hot porridge which drifted to his nostrils. And with that odor came the memory of his mother. He saw her again stooping over the coals, stirring the porridge in the iron kettle on the crane. It had been the
Forty-eight

last task before she would turn to her bed, as it was with Jim. And then came the memory of how tenderly she had cared for him when he had been burning with the fever and of how when he had awakened from the accompanying delirium she had gone. Gone to the land, he knew not where! She had been his dearest, most cherished treasure, and in giving such tender care to him she herself had taken the fever and—died. Like a cord stretched to the breaking point something within him snapped and with a faint stifling sob he struggled forward, crying faintly like a broken-hearted child. And then like a cold blast to his feverish mind came a realization of the awful contrast. How different life had been from those childish fancies which he had pictured with his mother. He had turned after her death to a cold, thoughtless world and as he grew to manhood he left his own country and came to America. He had gone down and down to the very depths.

Out of the storm of life this lonely soul had found just one quiet spot. And in an instant old Jim found that his strange visitor had gone. He had gone out again into the storm whence he had so strangely come. He had fought his battles alone and God was witness that he had won.

Old Jim McGregor rose slowly from the cot where he had passed a sleepless night. "Ah weel", he said, "it was a winning fight for the poor lad. And after all who are we to judge?"

WISDOM

Avis Sutfin, '22

Down through the ages and aeons untold,
Down through the centuries dark and old;
The leaders of men in the dawn of day
Were the masters of knowledge, the men who could sway
The secrets of Nature and Art to their way.
And thus it shall be—while the years unfold—
Ever the same, as History has told.

Myriads seeking for wisdom have sped,
Dreaming of power ere youth has fled;
But many succumb ere they well have begun,
Or pause midway, believing they're done,
And but few struggle on 'till the victory is won.
For knowledge is power—as proverbs have said—
And so they have striven and struggled and bled.

Ambition is gained not alone by the wise,
'Tis won by each worker who earnestly tries.
The pathway with trouble and sorrow is rife,
And the years fleet away as we labor thro' life,
Yet always the goal is attained by long strife.
Thus step by step through the world do we rise
Toward wisdom and power, the coveted prize.

La Casa Y Mi Amigo

Edwin Bryant, '22

I do not remember how I arrived there, but my head still rings with those shrill, murderous sounds that pierced the fog-laden night under whose dripping blanket anything could have happened.

I had been invited to visit my friend, Francisco Jardin, who had purchased the old home of Pablo Cortez, one of the pioneers of Marysville.

When I stepped from the train in Marysville I had gone but a few steps when all became suddenly black and I remembered nothing until I came to my senses in the house of Francisco Jardin. I was lying on my back with my hands and feet tied in such a way that I was bent nearly double and my neck was almost broken by the strain.

When I first opened my eyes I could see nothing but a white spot on the side of the wall. As my eyes grew more accustomed to the dark I knew that this grewsome object was the face of Jardin. The face alone was enough to frighten one to death. The eyes seemed like those of a fierce animal, the lips were curved with the smile of a hungry wild cat and the general impression of the whole countenance was one to make even the bravest heart falter and the blood to stand still in one's veins. The only sound that came from those fiendish lips was a low mocking laugh. I again lost my senses, for how long I do not know.

The next I knew I was being drenched with a burning solution having the odor of ammonia. Water ran from my eyes, and my body seemed on fire. Through my tortured eyes I could see Francisco still standing before me. Again the only sound was a low mocking laugh. Jardin left me in the midst of my cries but returned in a few minutes with a plate of food which he placed above my head so that the appetizing odor could reach my nostrils. I had not eaten for sometime and my efforts to obtain the nourishment provided great amusement for my captor. Tiring of this he took from a vial some white powder which he sprinkled on the plate. He then put the dish in a position where I could reach it. I ate hungrily for I was famished and the food, even if it were poison, would only put a peaceful end to my suffering. But alas, to my sorrow the substance was only salt which increased my thirst a hundred fold until I bit my lips in order that I might be able to obtain some relief from the blood that trickled down my throat. Sleep mercifully came to my rescue.

When I awoke I was in a different room illuminated by a brilliant light. I noted instantly a low rumbling noise and presently a portion of the wall opened. Francisco stepped lightly from the opening, his eyes still glowing and the same hideous smile on his face. He carried something in his hand which at first I could not see distinctly, but noting my interest in the object

Fifty

he brought it into view and displayed a shining razor. Beads of cold perspiration seemed to ooze from my body. I shook as if I had a chill. Jardin approached me swinging the razor lightly. Then a demonish laugh rent the air. I must have swooned. I can not concentrate on the subject! I shall go mad! My head splits. Ah—darkness! Where am I? What has happened?

I had completely lost consciousness, because the next I knew I was in total darkness. From some quarter there rose a low moaning near me as if some one else were also in pain. The moan gradually increased into a groan which seemed now to be directly beside me. I turned my tortured eyes toward this spot. I gave a quick start; my heart leaped and the blood beat in my ears like a drum. What was this I beheld? The figure was about six feet tall and was clothed in white which glowed with a greenish yellow light. For some unknown reason I could see through this figure. I saw the limbs move and the arms stretched toward me. A sound came from the hollow bones of the cheeks, "Salveme, salveme," uttered the figure. I could not understand Spanish and if I could I was not in a condition then to comprehend what the figure wanted. With another groan the figure sank into the floor, all but a white spot which must have been the head. In a few minutes this spot rose into the air and the figure again stood before me. It started to speak, this time in English.

"Do not shrink from me. I am not here to torture you. I have come to help you. If it had not been for you I should not have been here now. It was the eptoplasm given off by your body that has made me visible.

"I am the spirit of Pablo Cortez, the founder of this house. I was a great friend of the Jardin family and I gave them the freedom of the house. One evening I was in this chamber storing my treasure in the vault, which at one time opened from this room and as I came out of the cavern I was encountered by the grandfather of the present Jardin. His finding me here was no mistake. He had followed me. He demanded a share of my treasure which I refused and this is the result." Saying this the spirit brought his boney hand to a long jagged cut on his forehead. "Old Jardin paid his penalty because he is still in prison behind that sealed door." And he pointed with his hollow hand to a closed portion of the wall. "Francisco Jardin is also doomed to pay the same penalty as did his grandfather. I am the one who will help you obtain your freedom and you may have my treasure. You will first be freed and then you are to take this club. It is the same club which was used on me. If you fail me, you shall lose the treasure. Jardin comes and I must leave." With this the spirit sank into the floor and the white spot spun for a while on the floor and suddenly disappeared.

The wall opened with a rumble and Jardin entered. I raised the club and struck but the old club only crumbled over his head; yet for some reason Jardin sank with a cry and lay stunned on the floor. The spirit returned immediately and stooping over Jardin made a few signs with his boney hand and uttered some hollow sounds. I looked again at Jardin—dead! His face still bore his fiendish smile. The spirit then turned to me, hoarsely, "You

have lost but you are free to go. The reason Francisco tortured you is because I am your great uncle and he was trying to revenge his grandfather." With this it stepped toward me and the eptoplasm passed again into my body and the spirit was no more. I turned and fled from the building.

When I rushed out into the cold, damp, dripping fog, I stumbled and as I fell I heard a scream. What it was I do not know nor shall I ever know. When I came to my senses I was lying out in the center of a field in this shaken and enfeebled condition. I am going to join my great uncle tonight. Adios!

UNKNOWN

Frank Churchill, '22

(In honor of Marysville High School's dead)
"Is this my boy?" It was a woman's cry.
Can this be he who wrung his mother's heart
To cross the sea, from joy and life to part,
To fall asleep, where fallen lilies lie,
In foremost rushing ranks where thousands die
Nobly to thrust the Teuton lines apart?
For thee, brave boy, a nation bares its heart.
For thee, ten millions lift their prayers on high.
Unknown, the frost of death is on your brow.
Stillness, where no clarions longer call!
Amid the slain in Freedom's fields you lie.
Farewell, your wondrous youth is past recall.
To solemn taps our reverent heads we bow
In prayer: "O God, receive his soul on high."

WORLD WONDERS

Barbara Barr, '22

O tall and grand El Capitan
You lift your stately head
Above all things yet made by man
For you were made by God.
O marvels of the Yellowstone,
For centuries you have stood;
Your matchless glories stand alone,
For you were made by God.
O matchless wonders of the world
We live in awe of you
By superhuman strength unfurled,
For you were made by God.
And yet we tiny men strive on
To rival these great pow'rs.
Our day of life is just at dawn,—
We, too, were made by God.

The Raiders of Sunset Valley

Mary Swigart, '22

"Well, fellows, this must stop if we have to hang every suspicious person in the valley." The speaker, a tall virile-looking young fellow, was haranguing a group of grim-faced men who were standing in front of a small blacksmith shop.

"Yes", began another speaker, "the raiders did not take anything from Jones except his pet cow, Daisy, but he is surely sore over that loss."

The remark provoked a laugh which relaxed the tension, for a moment, which was quickly tightened again by one man asking quietly,

"What about the death of Lanky?"

An ominous murmur was heard from the group as each man recalled the tragic death of one of the best-loved fellows in the surrounding country. He had been found dead on his ranch at the door of his home. There was a gun lying near him from which four bullets had been fired, a circumstance which indicated that he had made a game fight for life before being shot down by one of the raiders. After killing Lanky, the raiders, who had been masked, had ransacked the house and driven off the cattle, leaving his old mother in one corner half dead from fright and sorrow. As each man in the group reviewed the events he unconsciously fingered the butt of the gun hanging at his hip.

"Come over to my shack tonight," said Shorty, the first speaker, and without another word he and another young fellow mounted their horses and rode away.

When they had ridden in silence for a time Shorty said, "Tom, let's go up to Lanky's old place and look around." To this suggestion Tom agreed and they set off at a swifter pace to the home of the man who had been so brutally murdered the day before.

The sun was shining brightly and from far down the valley came the soft hum of a stacker. Behind them lay the scattered homes of the little town which the two had left but a short time before.

About three o'clock, the two men turned into Lanky's ranch. When they neared the cabin they found a group of men busying themselves with shovels and picks and soon discovered that the men were burying Lanky and that Mr. Bascom, the Mayor of Sunset, was directing the act.

The Mayor was a grey-haired man of about fifty years who was liked and respected by all the people of Sunset and the surrounding country for his benevolent acts and his wise governing.

"Hello, boys," he greeted the two quietly, "this was the only thing we could do for Lanky, but we are going to see that his old mother gets well taken care of as long as she lives." He pointed to an elderly, stooped figure weeping over the rough coffin before it was finally lowered into the grave.

Fifty-three

"Mr. Bascom", said Shorty, "can you come over tonight? I am going to have a kind of mass meeting to see if something can't be done to prevent more of this dastardly work."

"Surely, Shorty", was the answer, "I would do anything in my power to stop this thing." And Tom and Shorty rode away.

The two rode up the valley until about half-past four, telling the men on the various ranches about the evening gathering. Toward twilight they had covered a radius of about fifty miles and they turned back home. Half a mile from town the two men turned off the main road and cantered through the trees to the side of a rushing ice cold stream. Here they dismounted; took a drink of the pure cold water and sat down to rest. Tom was the first to break the silence.

"Do you remember the words of Mr. Bascom about Lanky's mother? He said 'We are going to see that she is taken care of'. Well, no one will ever think of her except himself and her support will fall upon him alone."

"Yes," agreed Shorty, "that's the kind of a man he is and he'll never dream of bragging about it, either. He does it out of the goodness of his heart." A pause and then—

"Let's get started," he said. And he leaned over the water to get one last drink. There was a warning hiss and a horrified yell from Tom. Shorty had tumbled backward into a thicket. After Tom had killed the big rattler he looked around for his comrade.

"Oh, Shorty!" he called and then nearly fell over in surprise at hearing a voice rise from the ground under his feet.

"Tom," it said, "go over to the thicket into which I fell. There is a hidden door in the little hill, which the thicket covers. I must have fallen on a secret spring and so opened it."

Tom followed directions and found himself in a narrow tunnel about six feet high in which he could just walk upright. He and Shorty walked along the tunnel for a long time, wondering where it was going to end and why it was there. They had a flashlight which made the tunnel quite light. After walking some distance they came to a stop. In front of them was a large barred door.

"Sh," whispered Tom, "I hear voices." So they listened with their ears pressed closely against the door. All was quiet for a moment, then came a voice speaking sneeringly,

"They haven't the faintest idea that I am the chief of the raiders. They are as easy to fool as babies."

Tom and Shorty found it difficult, at first, to believe their own ears. Then Shorty grasped Tom's arm and whispered hoarsely,

"My God, that's Mr. Bascom's voice."

"Yes," answered Tom, "and here's a crack through which you can see the whole room."

An hour later two disheveled, wild-eyed, horror-stricken men plunged out of the tunnel, threw themselves on to their horse's backs and rushed in the direction of town as fast as they could gallop.

Fifty-four

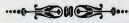
There was a group of men again gathered in front of the blacksmith shop in Sunset and they stared in wonder at the two foam-flecked horses coming toward them at such a swift rate of speed. Tom and Shorty drew in their horses with a jerk and just about fell off.

"We've found the leader of the raiders", gasped Shorty to the astonished group.

"It was Mr. Bascom and he's dead," whispered Tom, hoarsely. And then they told the whole story.

"And," continued Shorty, after telling about the finding of the tunnel, "while we were listening outside the door Bascom and one of the gang fell into a quarrel in which Bascom was shot and killed. The rest of the gang have fled."

Thus was the leader of the Masked Raiders done to death and thus was the gang broken up. The town of Sunset and the surrounding country then settled down to a peaceful and quiet existence.



THE REDWOODS

Mary Carlin, '22

O redwood trees that have stood for years
Watching human strife and tears,
As we wander within your silent glades
And rest beneath your somber shades,
We think of your grandeur and wonder and might,
We are awed by your strength and your wonderful height.
How little to you must our strivings seem
As you stand through the ages and silently dream!



THE ORANGE AND THE BLACK

Leslie Russell, '23

Take me back to M. H. S.,
Back to the Orange and the Black.
To see them fight for glory and fame,
To help them bring the bacon back.
Once more to hear the high school yells,
Just to hear old M. A. R.—
While our fame the scoreboard tells,
The fame of the Orange and the Black.

Take me back to M. H. S.
Back to the Orange and the Black,
To the boys and girls I used to know
Whose friendships never weaker grow,
And where the teams are still true blue.
I have a memory of you,
That will always bring me back—
Back to the Orange and the Black.

Turbulent Waters Within

Frank Churchill, '22

"It is the greatest storm that ever swept this region of California in the nine years of our residence," said old Senor Francisco Valdes to his family as they lounged in the sitting room.

Down swept the flood that had its birth in the wandering creek, the somber lake, the rushing river and the turbulent seas. Preceding the downpour came the silent but hurried assemblage of storm clouds; the wind rose and whistled on its march down the valley; the thunder roared simultaneously with the lightning that illuminated the air, bringing the oncoming storm. For hours the storm raged increasing in fervor continuously.

An old giant willow fell with a crash when lightning took its toll, breaking into the solitude that pervaded the home of the Senores Valdes. Scarcely had the occupants lapsed into reverie when came a faint knocking at the door. Who could it be out in a storm like this? The door was opened and a man much bedraggled by the storm fell prostrate on the floor. By the light of the candles a horse was discernible by the occupants of the room, at the bottom of the steps.

Fully an hour the Spanish caballero lay in an unconscious state before vintage from the cellar of Don Francisco revived him. The aged servant, Pio, then took him upstairs to change and upon his return introductions followed with the usual Spanish hospitality of welcome.

Such was the coming of Vincente Mendez to Villa Blanca.

Senorita Teresa, the lovely daughter of the Senores Valdes, immediately took command of the conversation, holding her audience rapt by the magnetic power of her beautiful black eyes.

"Pardon me, Senor, but are you not an Andalusian? Your accent so betrays you," spoke the Senorita, her eyes flashing that a negative answer would not be accepted.

"Yes, Senorita, I am a native of the old city of Cadiz," was the immediate reply.

"Why, father, the Senor Mendez comes from our native city," she exclaimed. Although the old Don had almost reached the state of intoxication, he straightened with a start and the livid color of intoxication receded from his face to be replaced by an ashen countenance. What was it that gripped the heart and very soul of the old Don? The old Don Francisco was afraid; his whole body quivered and seemingly shrank in his chair; a curious look came into his eyes. Fear had replaced his hilarity.

Scarcely a minute elapsed before he recovered his composure and was again the old hilarious Don. Though the time had been short, all the occupants of the room noted the change, and everyone with the exception of Don Vincente, whose attention was riveted upon the magnetic Senorita, knew that

this was fear. But none interpreted the cause, except Senor Rerez Legaspi who, with Senora Valdes, were the other members of the jolly group.

The mirth grew strained and the darkness shrouded the room; the hilarity was broken. Night rushed in and intrenched itself in the heart of the revelers, driving out the spirit of revelry. Don Vincente, feeling the oppression, decided to retire, having already been assigned his room for the night.

Deep in meditation, he ascended the beautiful staircase of Spanish architecture which took his thoughts back to his old ancestral home in Spain. He felt himself drifting down the stream of time into his boyhood days. Again he saw himself romping in the palatial gardens of the old ancestral mansion which commanded a wonderful view of the ocean which at times the wind whipped into a seething, turbulent mass of raging water. All this had been his kingdom until something snapped, and a small dilapidated house had replaced the beautiful villa of the Mendez family.

Five years before, in Cadiz, on such a night as this, a boy of seventeen years, he stood at the bedside of his father waiting for the end. Bending over his father, he caught his last words, "My son—the blood of Valdes—the Mendez Curse. Then by almost superhuman effort the father raised himself on his bed and pointing a shaking finger at a picture on the wall, gasped, "Valdes—the Mendez Curse!"

He brushed his hand across his forehead. The picture was still there. The candle dropped from his hand, and the hall was engulfed in darkness. It was then that he realized that he had been looking at another picture of Valdes and that he was actually in the home of Valdes. He had partaken of two wines that evening, from the cellar of Don Francisco, and from the eyes of the lovely Senorita who had diverted his thoughts from the mission of his travels.

The storm that still raged incessantly outside invaded and conquered his spirit, causing the heart to break its rhythm and to send the hot Latin blood rushing to his head like a turbulent flood.

Hours later he awoke. His countenance was haggard and the fire had been quenched. A great battle had been fought and won. He had remembered for three years what a priest, to whom he had confessed his mission, had said. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord. But those words had not decided his course. Love had conquered; the love of the beautiful Senorita Teresa.

"I must go now, never to return. I must go while the house sleeps; for if I look upon the old Don's face again, the storm may rage anew and I shall fulfill my father's wish." He arose and went to the window looking out to the West. The storm had ceased, and the moon was shining calm and serene. In the brilliant moonlight he prayed, "Oh, God, lead me out into this world this night and engulf me in forgetfulness, both of love and hate."

At that moment the stillness was rent by a pistol shot. Immediately buckling on his holster he glided swiftly downstairs. Having crept stealthily to the door of the living room, he peered within. By the dim light he could discern two forms, one prone on the floor, likely the victim of the shot, and the

other bending over the body seemingly rifling the pockets. Rushing into the room he called out, "Hands up", the revolver leaping out of its holster with a speed that denoted a master.

Fast as he was, however, the light was blown out and the room was enveloped in darkness. Twice a spurt of flame burst from his revolver, a scream following the second shot. Not certain the shot had been fatal, he waited. Suddenly the room was flooded with light. Whirling he looked into the horrified faces of the Senora and Senorita Valdes. Without a word Teresa, followed by her mother, rushed across the room to the prostrate form. With a cry of anguish Teresa turned and embracing her mother, cried, "It's father." The Senora pointed to the body and gasped, "The Mendez Curse."

"You—you beast—" wailed the Senora, glancing at Don Vincente, and then fainted in her daughter's arms.

Those words broke the spell which the loveliness of Teresa had cast over Don Vincente. He realized then that the misdoer was not in the room and that the stain of the murder had fallen upon him! What proof had he that he was innocent? The windows were intact and his revolver was still in his hand. Circumstantial evidence declared him guilty.

Pio had come in and was administering water to the face of the Senora Valdes. Teresa came across the room in front of Don Vincente who stood immovable.

"Why did you do it?" she asked with tears that flooded her eyes.

"I didn't—", was his attempted reply, but she interrupted him.

"Please don't deny. I could have loved you, but now—Villa Blanca no longer has welcome for you. Go! By dawn a posse of neighbors and friends of my father will demand your blood."

He closed his eyes as if he were waiting for a blow and then by a supreme effort he turned on his heel and was gone. Within eight hours despair had replaced hope, and now reigned dominant over his spirit. A half hour later he rested on the west bank of the Clear Water, half a mile away. What did it matter now? The sun came up over the snow-capped Sierras and yet no posse came. Yet he could see numerous horses at the hitching rail. A few minutes later a lone rider galloped away on his trail. He mounted and awaited the oncoming horseman. When the rider came within firing distance, Don Vincente rode into the open, his arm crooked, tense, expecting a challenge; but instead he was hailed with a friendly cry by the rider who was waving a folded piece of paper.

When Don Vincente left, the Senora had recovered consciousness.

"My child, my child, he is gone—your father. What was that?" she cried, deliriously.

They both started. It was unmistakably a groan of one in agony. Upon investigation they found Perez Legaspi, fatally wounded, behind a massive bookcase. With the dawn came neighbors and Father Manen, summoned by the servants. The curate went to the dying Legaspi to minister the last sacrament and to receive any confession.

Fifty-eight

"My son, if you have any confession to make, speak, before you meet again your Creator," spoke the Priest.

"I want them to hear it," he gasped, jerkingly, and when Teresa and her mother arrived, he began.

"Nine years ago by a clever ruse I got Don Francisco in my power."

A coughing spell ensued which racked his entire body. Life was fast fleeing. He resumed with a strong effort, "Under my power he was forced to cheat in a card game of high stakes with Pedro Mendez, causing social and financial ruin of that family. Vincente is the son of Don Pedro. I shot Don Francisco—"

The Senora, becoming hysterical, was led away.

"—When he refused me two thousand dollars to dispose of Vincente. Vincente shot—shot—"

With a few convulsions his soul departed, freed of its burden.

Grasping the note the rider handed to him, he read, "Come back. Villa Blanca's doors are open. Perez Legaspi has confessed."

(Signed) SENORA and SENORITA VALDES.

But he knew that the signature of the Senora was forged. Should he return to Villa Blanca, which he would have stained with blood of Don Francisco were it not for his lovable daughter? It was dusk when he finally decided. He had drifted back again into the past and again recalled words of the priest, "Faith, Hope, and Love, these three, and the greatest of these is Love."

Teresa waited at the window through the afternoon and far into the falling darkness for the return of Don Vincente. When she had almost given up in despair she heard a soft melodious strain coming out of the West. A brilliant light came into her eyes. Her heart told her that it was he.

The Serenata came floating on the breeze.

Una estrella se ha perdido,
Una estrella se ha perdido,
Y en cielo no parece
En tu cuarto se ha metido
Y en tus ojos resplandece! Vida Mia!"

It heralded the return of Don Vincente.



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Donald Sheehan, '24

They took his body from the grewsome field
And wrapped it in the flag for which he died.
Three million comrades at his burial kneeled,—
A mighty nation worshipped at his side.
His name is known to none save to his God—
He died unknown for those he loved so well.
In peace he slumbers now beneath the sod,
And sacred is the spot on which he fell.

Fifty-nine

The Secret Button

Norma Burke, '23

With trembling fingers Cha Wang reached for the coveted pellet. Nervously he placed the sticky opium within his pipe and lit it. Drawing the sweetish smoke into his lungs he slowly exhaled it through his nostrils and then gave himself up to the hideous debauchery of the drug. Finally Cha Wang fell asleep and intermingled with mysterious and fanciful dreams, produced by the opium, came a faint sound as of a beautiful and melodious voice. Yet as he dreamed the voice seemed to be calling, and suddenly the cry changed to one of fear and utter horror ending in a choking gurgle. Involuntarily, the eyes of the reveler opened and before his horrified gaze stood the phantom of a marvellously beautiful woman. About her perfect shoulders a silken robe in gorgeous colors fell to the floor displaying a shapely foot. Her beautiful face was immobile, but, as he watched, the same quivering cry burst from her lips, changing to one of horror, and, her beautiful face distorted, ending in the same choking gurgle. All was so real to Cha Wang that if it had not been for the smoke of an opium pipe rising through her he would have stretched forth his hand. Slowly the figure faded.

The following evening Cha Wang lowered himself through the trap door to the cellar of Liaytung's tea shop into the dimly lit under-ground passage leading to the opium den. As he glided swiftly along the narrow tunnel he heard the lapping of the Yuba River but as he advanced all sound died away. Nearing his destination he heard soft footsteps and turning expecting to see a companion, confronted nothing but the empty passage. Yet as he turned there came again to his ears the rustle of silken garments and the choking gurgle that was now so familiar to him. In terror Cha Wang fled and with shaking fingers, pushed open the door to the den and staggered within. Throwing himself upon his pallet he reached for his pipe. The first breath soothed his raw nerves and he lay in utter contentment.

Soon he slept and there floated before him strange and grotesque figures. To the amazement of the other smokers he rose from the couch and left the room, passing from the basement to the living apartments, over the polished floors to the carpeted stairway, which he slowly climbed. He stood a moment outside an ancient door. He opened the door and immediately was transported to the world of fifty years ago. Before him in the high postered bed, lay the lady herself. As he gazed the door at the opposite end of the room softly opened and a man stood before him. In his hand a jeweled dagger shone and advancing to the bedside he plunged it swiftly into the heart of the sleeper. In consternation the murderer picked her up and carried her downstairs. Cha Wang followed to the basement and there he saw the man digging frantically. At last having dug deeply enough he laid the dead form of the beautiful woman within the grave and covered it up. Then fumbling

Sixty

about the wall he found a secret button which he pressed. A panel swung open revealing a dark room and beyond a passageway. The man disappeared therein and the door closed behind him.

Cha Wang awoke to the odor of opium. Inarticulately he related his story. The smokers would not credit it as anything but the dream of a drug fiend. Cha Wang arose and started to leave when suddenly he exclaimed, "Look, there's the secret button." He pressed the button and much to the amazement of the smokers a skeleton fell forth. Great was Cha Wang's excitement as he picked up the jeweled dagger and a piece of paper with a written confession that was exactly the same as his dream.



PEACE

Madge Mylar, '22

Oh, when from this dark cloud of strife
Shall there arise a realm of "Peace"
Where naught is known of bomb or knife
And where the din of war shall cease?

When shall a universe be known
Which at some future time may boast
A true accord that shall have grown
From strife and grief and warring host?

When men have lost each petty trait,
When wealth and penury are o'er,
And when no more is known of hate,
Then there will be no more of war.

When racial pride shall cease to be,
When love and brotherhood shall reign,
Oh, then a glorious day we'll see
Then Peace and joy shall never wane.

At the Foot of the Falls

Eleanor Dam, '22

The people in a New Hampshire village gathered around the small hotel to await the arrival of the stage coach and everyone was eager to hear the latest reports from the gold fields. Leighton Phillips came out of the grocery store just as the old stage drove up. Among the travelers was one who had just returned from California. He showed many large nuggets of gold and told of men becoming rich through a day's digging. Leighton was greatly interested and for the rest of the day dreamed of going west, becoming rich, and returning to pay the mortgage on his father's farm.

The dream became a plan and early the next morning a sad group stood in the yard to see Leighton leave for California and gold. "Don't feel so sad, mother," he said, cheerfully, as he jumped upon his white horse. "I won't be gone very long and just think of the gold I shall find in California." But his mother turned to hide the tears, after the white horse and its rider disappeared, saying over and over, "No, Leighton has gone forever."

While crossing the plains he had many experiences and hardships. The immigrants with whom he was traveling were often attacked by bands of Indians. But always the thoughts of the fortune in store for them gave them courage to push on.

Leighton left his companions at Hangtown in California, afterwards named Placerville, and after getting supplies, started towards Bear River. Finally, at the close of a sultry July day, as he rode slowly along a trail by the river, he saw men busy at their mining pans and sluice-boxes. Further down he heard a muffled roar and around the bend in the river looked upon a beautiful foaming water-fall. Near this fall he spent the night.

During the days Phillips spent prospecting he met an old Indian and won his friendship by curing him of malaria. Finally, late one afternoon, deciding that he must move on if he was ever to find the fortune of which he had often dreamed, he saddled his horse and mounted to leave. The old Indian appeared and asked why he was leaving. Then Leighton told him that he had left his New Hampshire home and had journeyed to this new west seeking his fortune and that he would have to continue his search. The face of the old Indian brightened as he asked Leighton to follow him.

Leighton did so and was led to the edge of the water-fall. The Indian pointed mysteriously to a large rock directly under the falls. Here under the rock, he whispered, were two large bags of the precious metal which his people had collected for their strange beauty and had hidden there for safety when the white men came. These the Indian promised to help secure as a reward for saving his life. After carefully surveying the water-fall Leighton saw it would be a comparatively easy task to unearth the metal, if he could turn the river back into the former channel.

On the back of his faithful white horse he made almost daily trips up the river and watched the men at work. Finally, they did what he had been *Sixty-two*

hoping they would do; they constructed a dam across the river a few miles above their claim. There had been very little rain that year and the water in the river being low, it was an easy matter to check it. He started at once to excavate the gold from under the rock and with the help of the Indian, succeeded in finding two large leather saddle bags full of nuggets.

Leighton was ready to return to New Hampshire but it would be two weeks before anyone else was going back. He was afraid to conceal so much gold in his room for that length of time, so he bought two large earthen crocks in which to bury his treasure. Slipping out quietly one dark night, he concealed these crocks somewhere in the opposite bank of the river.

In a few days a terrific storm came up and the river rose rapidly. Afraid that his buried treasure might be washed away, Leighton saddled his faithful horse and rode away at dusk toward the river. Nothing more was ever seen or heard of him.

About a year later a teamster, returning from Nevada City, during the night, saw a strange white mist arise in a field near by. It came nearer and seemed to circle around the wagon, but he was unable to tell distinctly what it was. Soon it glided away towards the river as mysteriously as it had come. He told those at the Inn the next morning that it appeared to be a man on a white horse who seemed to wish him to follow. After that many persons had the same experience of seeing the same white mist that always disappeared in the direction of Bear River. Many persons had the idea that this object would probably lead them to the spot where Leighton Phillips' gold was buried, but no one had the courage to follow it. As time went on, the spectre was seen no more and it is thought by many that some person had found courage enough to follow it and had found the buried treasure, but—who knows?



AUTUMN

Alice Woodworth, '25

Autumn is coming, with sorrow and joy,
Autumn is coming, so gay and so coy;
The leaves are now turning from green into brown,
The wind, blowing gaily, whirls them around.

Oh, yes, it's the spring time that's lovely and bright,
And summer is pretty, with flowers and light,
The winter frosts glitter like diamonds, we say,
But autumn, I think, is the season most gay.

The apples have reddened, the corn's taken in,
The grain has been garnered in many a bin;
The pumpkins are mellow, the fruit packed away,
Oh, autumn is surely the season most gay.

ALONE

Blow, O winds, from far across the sea,
Bring just one word of home to me;
Bring just a message to this desert part,
To soothe this restless, tired, aching heart.

Day after day I climb up yonder tree,
And scan the waves for a ship at sea.
And night after night I clamber down again,
To end another day that's spent in vain.

The waves roll high on the burning sands,
The sun is parching my face and hands,
A storm cloud bursts and beats upon the shore.
I'm cold and tired and lonely and hope no more.

Will not some kindly power from up above
Bring just one word from the land I love,
Only a message, ever so light
To end these hardships, and terrors and lonesome fight?



THE GRADUATE

Doris Brust, '22

A proud soul's the graduate,
Far above you and me,
He seems so stately and sedate.

He's full of dignity of late,
With airs of high degree,
He seems so stately and sedate.

He will not linger to debate,
With those beneath his rank,
A proud soul's the graduate.

With manners so supreme in state,
He walks so all may see,
He seems so stately and sedate.

He's smiled upon by those of fate,
This man of power to be;
A proud soul's the graduate,
He seems so stately and sedate.

SAMY'S LETTER

Hazel Witt, '23

Mandy was a maiden sweet,
Samy was her beau;
Samy was some miles away,
That's why she liked him so.

Samy was a thinkin',
This is what he wrote—
"Writin's pretty tejous,
So brief will be my note.

Don't let no body fool you
'Bout de ocean being grand,
If you wants to view the billows,
Just view them from the land.

Oh, it's mighty nice, this trav'lin',
And I'm kinda glad I come,
But I'll soon be home again,
And I'll make the old burg hum.

I done seed a hansom palace,
An' I heard the string band play,
But I hasn't heard no banjos
Playing no where's round dis way.

So I's comin' back to see you,
And I'll humor every whim,
So don't you dare go sparkin'
With that shiftless scoundrel Jim.

Give my love to sister Rosy,
And to Uncle Isham, too,
Tell the folks I send a howdy,
Give a kiss to Baby Su.

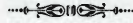
I'm a sendin' you this letter
To my own dear precious lamb;
A closin' I is, dear Miss Mandy,
Still your own true lovin' Sam."

Commencement Song

M. H. S.

Madge Mylar, '22

1. Oh, M. H. S., four years have passed
Since we to this dear high school came
The happy days have gone too fast,
And few the sorrows we can name.
In years to come our thoughts will be
Of you and all our pleasures, too
We'll wish you well and hope to see
A fine new high school rise to view.
Chorus:
Oh, M. H. S., dear M. H. S.,
Though we may roam both far and near,
Our love for you will ne'er be less
Than that of days when we were here.
2. In this dear "high" we've learned to count
The best of life as ours to gain,
And each will seek by toil to mount,
And upward climb with might and main.
We'll fight life's battles age's old
We'll strive to glorify the right,
Our toil shall not be all for gold.
For truth and justice we shall fight.



COMMENCEMENT DAY

Mary Carlin, '22

We should be happy Commencement day,
Joy should fill each heart;
But how can we be glad and gay
When friends so true must part?

Old M. H. S., we must leave you here
To start our lives anew,
Although we may find new scenes as dear,
We shall ever and ever love you.



MECHANICAL DRAWING CLASS

Organizations

Clifford Hanson, '22

AGRICULTURE CLUB

On September 26, 1921, twelve boys of the Farm Science class under the direction of Mr. W. C. Morrison, agriculture teacher, formed themselves into an agriculture club. Since then the popularity of the club has increased immensely and at present the roll totals thirty-three instead of the original twelve charter members.

The formation of the club was not the result of hasty action but of careful thought, open discussion and an earnest desire on the part of the charter members for greater knowledge of agriculture. Meetings are held each month at which time several speakers have appeared before the students. Members have also made talks on subjects pertaining to agriculture. One of the club members, Willie Gisler, has not only appeared from time to time before the club but has visited the various farm centers of the county.

The formation of the club has made it possible to make much of the work practical and less theoretical. In every third week field trips have been taken. In this way students have had opportunity to gain much knowledge and have become acquainted with the Farm Advisor and the leading farmers of the county.

Many delightful entertainments have been staged by the club. The Hallowe'en party and the duck stew were elaborate affairs and afforded much entertainment to the members.

STUDENT BODY

The student body has enjoyed an unusually successful year and has established a record of which we are all justly proud. Presidents Harold Murphy and Louis Wilcoxon, along with their staff of officers, have ably conducted affairs and have done much toward promoting the welfare of the student body.

The membership fee of five dollars, which the students decided to collect, has made it possible better to equip our various teams and to accomplish a great deal more than in former years. The addition of an executive committee to the regular corps of officers has proved an invaluable asset. We are now hoping that in the near future we may establish a budget system to govern the finances of the student body. This will undoubtedly be an efficient method of handling student funds.

The teams which have represented us in the different fields of school activities have made an excellent showing and have brought much credit to the school. They have succeeded in giving us a name throughout the entire state. The height of our glory was reached when the typing students captured the State Championship and brought home two cups.

Sixty-eight



AGRICULTURE CLUB

The programs, speeches, and lectures which have been rendered in our assembly from time to time have done much toward making school life pleasant and interesting. A period on alternate Tuesdays has been given over to the different departments of the school at which time both students and faculty members have appeared before the student body. This not only gave students an opportunity to gain knowledge of public speaking but intensified the interest taken in the various phases of school work.

When we look over our record we cannot help feeling a thrill of pride and are confident that the next year will prove even better than the present one.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

First Semester

President.....	Harold Murphy
Vice-President.....	Francis Becker
Secretary	Lewis Wilcoxon
Treasurer	Lester Carpenter
Editor of Yuba Delta.....	Barbara Barr
Business Manager of Yuba Delta.....	Edwin Bryant
League Delegate.....	William Milligan
Yell Leader.....	Wesley Mock
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Howell Pierce

Second Semester

President	Lewis Wilcoxon
Vice-President	Leila Hall
Secretary.....	Norman Taylor
Treasurer	Lester Carpenter
Yell Leader.....	Charles Thomas
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Warren Ahart

SCHOOL NOTES

September 12—We assembled early, eager to be again at work and anxious for a day's sport at the expense of our young brothers and sisters who had come to join our ranks. Mr. Farris spoiled it all by reading a clause of the school law and we meekly submitted, permitting the freshmen to wander as they wished.

September 14—Representative Lea of our own district presented some remarkably fine views of our National Capitol.

September 16—First general assembly and football rally. The able ability of our president, Harold Murphy, was very noticeable. The school succeeded in arousing the whole town with snappy yells.

September 23—Freshmen Reception. Mr. Wilcoxon, president of the Senior class, instructed "the young ideas how to shoot." It was evident to everyone that they imbibed his instructions and have conscientiously fol-
Seventy

lowed them throughout the entire term. Freshmen teachers were also duly initiated.

October 3—Professor Kern of the University of California lectured on Landscape Art. Marysville can learn much from him about making our home town the city beautiful.

October 7—First appearance of Boys' Glee Club. Plenty of talent and vocal ability exhibited. Keep it up, fellows! Remember they still need someone to take Caruso's place.

October 14—Yuba Delta Rally. At this time the heads of the different departments made known the functions and outlined the work of their departments for the coming annual. Prizes were offered for the best effort in each of the following lines: story, poem, cover cut, and inside cut.

October 17-22—Vacation. The first intermission is joyfully accepted.

October 28—Messrs. Francis Becker, Maurice Clow, and Clifford Hanson made an appeal to the students to promote football and to attend all games.

November 1—Agricultural Club Rally. Talks were made by W. Gisler, Estelle Brockman, and Andre Schmidt on the achievements of the club. A number of "ag yells" were also given.

November 8—Armistice Day Program. The deeds and valor of the heroes of the late war were fittingly commemorated. Homage was paid by Louis Wilcoxon, Isidor Cheim and Barbara Wilbur to the noble young man, Allan Seegar, who gave his gifts and his life for Freedom's cause.

November 14—The great athlete, Harry C. Rimmer, was with us and gave a live-wire talk.

November 23—Thanksgiving Program. At this time an appropriate recitation was rendered by Alice Woodworth and an interesting program of song was presented. Everybody is anxiously awaiting the results of the morrow's game.

December 8—The Honorable Will C. Wood, our distinguished State Superintendent of Schools, delivered a fine address on the opportunities of the American youth today.

December 21—Christmas Program. Charlene Hord, and Dorothy Armstrong delightfully entertained with their interpretations of a few Christmas stories. A pleasing violin solo was also rendered by Leonard Harter, a member of the Alumni.

January 3—After a pleasant vacation everybody returned with enthusiastic resolutions to make 1922 the best possible from the standpoint of school work.

January 9—Will Irwin related some humorous war stories and presented a strong argument in favor of the abolition of warfare.

January 18—As a sequel to Mr. Irwin's argument, Mr. Berwick forcefully presented more reasons why swords should be beaten into plowshares and why we should never again take up arms in strife.

January 24—Lola Walker and Earl Butler talked on the financial value of a high school training. We were both amazed and pleased to learn the actual sum we were earning per day while in school.

January 31—Miss Worden, the head of the Art department, gave a pleasing talk on "Interesting Aspects of Landscape Painting."

February 7—Student Body Election. Louis Wilcoxon was unanimously elected chief for the second semester.

February 3—Mr. Valentine gave an instructive talk on wireless telephony, a topic in which we are all interested.

February 22—Program in honor of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Charlene Hord, Isidor Cheim, and Leslie Russell effectively presented some phases of the characters of these two great Americans. Following this program Mr. Lewis and Mr. Gorwood, local business men, spoke on the great need of a Union High School district. After the program students went up town in large numbers to secure names on the petition for a Union High School district. They were successful in securing large numbers.

March 3—An unusually large number of track and baseball aspirants came out. This season will undoubtedly prove to be very successful in both sports.

March 7—Madge Mylar and Howell Pierce, representing the biology class, spoke on the work of a few great biologists.

March 10—Typing Rally. The typing team is enthusiastically sent away and we all feel confident that it will bring home the bacon.

March 11—Everybody fairly bursting with joy. Just think of it! M. H. S. has won a state championship through the efforts of her wonderful typing team. Much credit is due Alice Almquist, Ruth Dunn, and especially Mary Sutfin who shattered all previous records in the one-minute tests.

March 14—The cups which the typing team won were presented. Congratulations were extended to the teachers in charge of the Commercial department, whose untiring efforts combined with those of the students, made it possible to accomplish so much.

March 31—The Stanford Men's Glee Club gave a delightful hour of song. We hope that they will soon visit us again.

April 7-17—Spring Vacation. Only one more quarter.

April 18—Medals awarded by the Underwood Typewriter Company were presented to the winners of the recent typing contest at San Francisco and other members of the typing class.

April 19—Mr. T. Knoles, president of the College of the Pacific, gave a very fine and instructive address entitled, "Glimpses of a Few Great Men of Today." Judge McDaniels, who was visiting at the time, followed with a brief inspirational appreciation of the same great characters.

April 21—The State Forester, M. B. Pratt, in accordance with the request of the government to give the week over to forestry, lectured on the prevention of fires and preservation of forests.

April 27—The Grant Centenary Celebration. Norman Tav'or read the proclamation issued by Will C. Wood. Following this Harold Murphy gave a short talk on the generalship of Grant.



Eleanor Dam, '22, and Charlene Hord, '22

We have been very fortunate this year in having with us as a member of our faculty, a teacher who has had much experience in directing plays. Miss Mayne has greatly assisted us during the year as teacher of dramatics and public speaking and as coach for our various dramatic efforts. For the first year in the history of the school there have been presented, by the students, three full plays; the Junior Farce, the school play and the Senior Play which is now under preparation. These have been voted entire successes and each student that has participated in them has gained much useful experience.

THE JUNIOR FARCE

A very clever entertainment was given this year by the Juniors and it differed from the previous carnivals inasmuch as there was one big attraction in the nature of a parody on the "Merchant of Venice". The comedy was well selected for few in high school have not studied or at least read "The Merchant of Venice" in its Shakespearean form. The cast was well chosen and each played his part splendidly. The cast consisted of the following:

The Duke of Venice.....	William Milligan
Antonio, a Senior—Captain of the high school football team.....	Norman Taylor
Bassanio, his friend and suitor to Portia.....	Leslie Russell
Gratiano, another friend.....	Theo Anderson
Shylock, a wealthy gambler.....	Melvin Adams
Tubal, his friend, and Captain of the Willows team.....	Ted Baun
Launcelot Gobbo, a servant to Shylock.....	Warren Ahart
The Professor, an ex-ray photographer.....	James Barr
Portia, a rich heiress.....	Dorothy Armstrong
Nerissa, her friend.....	Norma Burke
Jessica, Shylock's ward.....	Naurine Morissey
Miss Abbie S. Threedice, a teacher.....	Florence Palm
Polly, Portia's maid.....	Amy Wickland
Mrs. Gobbo, Launcelot's mother.....	Lola Walker

Portia cruelly commented on some of the high school boys but nevertheless she made a very lovable heroine. Bassanio and his "pony", borrowed at Antonio's expense were very amusing and the audience were greatly surprised when Professor Sweigenbaugenblumenheimer, Ph. D., L. L. D., A. S. S., P. D. Q., pronounced Antonio to be lacking in a very valuable asset—brains. I'm afraid Launcelot Gobbo did not observe the training rules for athletes when he indulged in so many "eats". Mrs. Gobbo, with her "Emerald Isle" brogue, Shylock, with his "Stables full of ponies", Tubal, with his crafty ways, Miss Threedice, with her severe glances, Nerissa, with her shy manner, Gratiano, with his determination, the Duke, with his extreme dignity, Polly, with her official attitude, and Jessica, with her "vamping" methods, all did their share in making the play a big success.

After the play the many various side shows were patronized and enjoyed by the crowd and the evening ended with a dance.

Seventy-four

THE SCHOOL PLAY

The general school entertainment was given on the night of April twenty-eight in the Atkins Theatre. The feature of the entertainment was the play, "Mr. Bob", a lively little drama, full of good fun and ridiculous situations. The cast was as follows:

Phillip Royson, nephew of Miss Becky, who is studying medicine.....	Harold Murphy
Mr. Robert Brown, lawyer.....	Leslie Russell
Katherine Rogers, niece of Miss Becky and cousin of Phillip.....	Lola Walker
Marion Bryant, "Mr. Bob", a friend of Katherine.....	Dorothy Morley
Miss Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady whose hobby is cats.....	Charlene Hord
Patty, servant of Miss Becky.....	Betha Bowen
Jenkins, butler of Miss Becky.....	Warren Ahart

Katherine showed considerable talent in the role of an affectionate niece, a companionable cousin and a delightful hostess. Phillip did excellent work as a genial young man who thought himself desperately in love with his cousin but who found his mistake all too soon upon the entrance of Mr. Bob, the "hero", who won the yachting race. Mr. Brown, lawyer, alias Mr. Saunders, Mr. Bob, and Mr. Brown, architect won the sympathy of every one because he "came down—". Between cats, boats and luncheons he decided that an insane asylum is far from being a safe place. Patty, the would-be actress, ballet-dancer, and admirer of "Mr. Shakespeare", helped much to make the situations lively and with Jenkins, the dignified, of noble blood, added greatly to the humor of the play. Aunt Becky, with cats on the brain, was at the bottom of all the trouble.

The other two numbers of the program were the pantomime and the fashion show. The latter was unique inasmuch as the high school never before had put on a fashion revue. The high school girls acted as models for Bradley's, Inc., and S. G. King Co., who presented some very exquisite frocks. The fact that the pantomime was arranged by a member of our school made it very interesting and it was well done by the participants.

THE SENIOR PLAY

The drama selected for the Senior play this year is the very popular three-act comedy, entitled "The Importance of Being Earnest" by Oscar Wilde. It has been played repeatedly with huge success in Wheeler Hall, Berkeley, and has invariably drawn large audiences. The try-outs for the play have been concluded and the members of the cast are already working diligently in preparation for the drama which is to be presented on the evening of June 8. The cast is as follows:

John Worthing, J. P.	Edwin Bryant
Algernon Moncrieff.....	Harold Murphy
Rev. Canon Chasuble, D. D.	Wesley Mock
Merriman (Butler).....	John Sprigg

Lady Bracknell.....	Lola Walker
Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax.....	Mona Ashley
Cecily Cardew.....	Dorothy Morley
Miss Prism (Governess).....	Mary Swigart


ALUMNI
 Class of 1921

We feel that the graduates of the class of 1921 are spending their time to good advantage as well as advancing the standards of the Marysville High School. An unusually large percentage of them have gone on to higher institutions of learning, as will be observed upon the reading of the following record of the last graduating class:

Allen Barrie.....	Hammonton
Stanley Belcher.....	Stanford University
Esther Brooks.....	Heald's Business College, Oakland
Blanche Cooper.....	University of California
Gail Daugherty.....	Decker-Jewett Bank, Marysville
Rowland Dempsey.....	University of California
Doris Dunn.....	At Home, Wheatland
Berenice Graves.....	University of California
Robert Hall.....	University of California
Lois Hamm.....	At Home, District 10
Albert Hubner.....	Stanford University
Lucille Huffaker.....	College of Pacific
Elma Jones.....	Heald's Business College, Sacramento
Paul Jordan.....	University of California
Irma Knacke.....	At Home, Marysville
Lottie Kratz.....	P. G. & E., Marysville
Earl Morgan.....	Farming, Rio Oso
William Mueller.....	University of California
Elaine Murphy.....	College of Notre Dame, Marysville
Leonard Patterson.....	University of California
Eda Proper.....	University of California
Emily Redhead.....	Chico Teachers' College
Mary Schulman.....	Heald's Business College, Sacramento
Gerald Trayner.....	Standard Oil Co., Marysville
Leona White.....	Heald's Business College, Sacramento
Mrs. Daniel Whitman, nee Nadine Frye.....	Los Angeles
Irene Wilson.....	Sacramento

Music Notes

Eleanor Dam, '22, and Charlene Hord, '22.

Bang! Whang! Bang!

This may be heard at the beginning of any fourth period. The orchestra is tuning up. The door opens and work begins, for Miss Whalin has taken charge of her class.

Diligently Marie Pierano plays the piano while Meryl Summons, Alice Woodworth, Barr Shaver, Edgar Dickinson, Francis Becker and Louis Miller skillfully bow the strings of their violins. John Sprigg and Dudley Cunningham with their cornets, Eugene Smith with our only baritone, Howard DeArmond, Elmer Scheu, and Frederick Cooper with their clarinets, Lynn Smith with the trombone and Henry Zwanck with the drums and traps complete the personnel of our exceedingly competent orchestra.

As a result of their untiring and patient practicing, the orchestra has repeatedly played for the Student Body at the assembly meetings and at some of the school dances. They also furnished orchestral numbers, between acts, for the Junior Farce and for the School Play. We sincerely hope that M. H. S. will always have an orchestra as good as this one.



Girls' Chorus

The girls' chorus consists of Miss Whalin's two classes in girls' music. There are forty-two members in all and with the good training they have received this year they make a very pleasing chorus. They have appeared before the assembly on several occasions with very good numbers and have become quite popular.

Seventy-seven

Boys' Glee

The boys' glee, the first we have had for some time, has done some very good work this year. They have sung several times at Student Body meetings. All their songs were "catchy" and were enjoyed immensely by everyone. They were heartily encored each time they appeared. The Rotary Club gave the boys, also, a luncheon and they all came back to school wearing happy smiles. The boys in the glee are:

Louis Wilcoxon	Gordon Helm
Joe Hoon	Leland Petrie
Noel Parkinson	Wesley Mock
Maurice Clow	Herschel Laughlin
Edwin Bryant	Clifford Hanson
Isidor Cheim	Harold Ashley
Ralph Newcomb	Warren Ahart
Vivian Iliff	Eldon Ramsey

Chester Littlejohn

Girls' Sextette

The successful sextette of last year is with us again this year. The only difference is that they have had more practice, and you know "practice makes perfect." Once, during the year, the members of the sextette were the luncheon guests of the Rotary Club. The sextette which is under the direction of Miss Whalin consists of the following members: Mona Ashley, Alice Hicks, Edith Baker, Leila Hall, Marie Pierano, and Eleanor Dam.

EXCHANGES

John Sprigg, '22

As we believe that the purpose of the Exchange Department should be that of criticism tending to raise the standard of school annuals in general, we have, in very few instances, made other than adverse criticisms, which we hope will be accepted in the same spirit of co-operation with which they are offered.

"Lâ Mezcla," Armijo, Fairfield. We should suggest fuller comment on exchanges. More cuts would improve the general appearance of your book.

"The Spider," Gridley. The appearance of your annual would be greatly improved if you gave a little more thought to arrangement. Where is your exchange department?

"Rose Leaves," Roseville. Your Senior pictures are artistically arranged. Why place your staff pictures and class histories in the middle of your literary department?

"Guard and Tackle," Stockton. We have no adverse criticism to offer. Your book is the work of an efficient staff.

"The Skip," Sutter Creek. An improvement in the appearance of your book would be made by placing the alumni department nearer the back and by combining the snaps and the joke department.

Seventy-eight

"White and Gold," Siskiyou, Yreka. We do not altogether like your arrangement. The criticism on "The Skip" will hold good for your annual. Don't you students enjoy jokes? Why not more of them?

"The Ulatis," Vacaville. Yours is a commendable dedication. We think you could improve on the arrangement of the departments.

"Potpourri," Placer, Auburn. A cover design and some cartoons would make your annual more attractive. We should suggest, also, a better arrangement of your senior pictures.

"The Napanee," Napa. You have not enough departments. Why not use more drawings?

"Gold and White," Sutter. We should suggest a more artistic arrangement of Senior pictures. Your book is conspicuously lacking in departments. The cover design is clever and original.

"Copa De Oro," Orland. We miss a literary department. The arrangement of the other departments could be made more effective.

"Breath of Ocean," Ft. Bragg. We should enjoy more drawings. Class pictures would add greatly to the appearance of your annual.

"Green and White," Inglewood. Your annual is one of the best of our exchanges. The arrangement of the faculty and staff pictures is not artistic. There is also room for improvement in the general arrangement.

"The Cardinal," Corning. The cuts of the Sutter Buttes add greatly to the appearance of your book. The annual is, as a whole, very good.

"The Colus," Colusa. It seems to us that the logical position for the editorial department would be in the front of the book and the exchanges in the back. Your book would be improved by increasing the number of departments represented.

We hope to hear from all of you next year and regret that lack of space will not permit us to mention more of the excellent features of your annuals.

WEEKLIES

The "Flashlight"—Salinas. Although your paper is mimeographed, you certainly make up for this by the interesting articles you include in the paper. The columns "Hank Says" and "Exhaust Pipe" are especially clever.

The "Red and Gold"—Chico. Your paper is one of the finest we have received. It would do credit to a much larger school.

The "Weekly News"—Berkeley. Your weekly is excellent. We admire your arrangement.

The "Trident"—Santa Cruz. Yours is the best weekly we have received. It is a lively, snappy paper and one which would be difficult to surpass.

The "Papoose"—Colusa. Your weekly is very good for a school of your size. We believe that the paper would present a more businesslike appearance if the cut at the top of the first page were removed.

The "Searchlight"—Holtville. Your weekly is very well arranged. It is one of our best weekly exchanges.

Society Notes

Eleanor Dam, '22.

Letters of a Freshman Girl to Her Sister Who Is At College.

Dearest Sister:

Last night the dignified Seniors let us Freshmen into the secrets of high school life. I don't see why they waited until October the tenth, but I don't care because we had so much fun.

All the Freshmen marched into the assembly hall while the Girls' Chorus sang "Rock-a-bye Baby on the Tree Top" and—you know the rest. Then we sat on little baby chairs while Father Time Wilcoxon read us the rules for Freshman conduct in high school.

I spent about two hours dressing before I came but this didn't do any good. When I was forced to eat unsweetened, powdered chocolate for the crime of using language that only a person who owns a Ford should know, I spilt the chocolate all over my dress. I had fun watching Velma Harlan having her face washed to remove the traces of trying to improve on the beauty of Nature. James Barr, the smallest boy in high school, had to sing, while Norval Hayes and Reggie May were ordered to do a spring dance.

I was asked to dance with a great, big, tall boy and those who didn't know how to dance were forced to try. After that everyone danced.

The Seniors served hot dogs but I didn't eat any, for they told us that the hot dogs had been "doped" with red pepper.

Everyone had lots of fun and the auditorium was decorated very prettily with greens and flowers.

Must stop now to study my Algebra. Be good like your—

—Little Sister.

P. S.—I forgot to say they had an "awkward squad." It certainly was awkward.

—Sis.

Hello, Sister Dear!

It's been a long time since I've written to you but I've just been busy studying. My Algebra is so hard—but, thank goodness, all the rest of my studies are easy.

Friday night the Parent Teachers' Association gave a dance here at the high school. The Seniors acted as hosts. Wasn't it lovely of the parents to do this for us?

The auditorium was all in holly and pine. It gave such a holiday effect and it was difficult to recognize the old study hall.

During the evening, punch was served and it tasted extremely good.

School is fun. At first I didn't think I'd like school—but I do now.

Love,

—Sister.

P. S.—The Auburn boys were the guests of the school at this dance.

—Sis.

Dearest Darling Sister:

Another good time given us by the Parent Teachers' Association! This time the Juniors acted as hosts. The auditorium was in the Juniors' class colors—silver and gold. We had delicious punch.

Lovingly,

—Sister.

February 13.

Sister Dear:

Last night the Sophomores acted as hosts for the Parent Teachers' again. Isn't it wonderful that they give us these dances? Madge Maynard's orchestra plays such good dance music. She has played for all of our dances.

Every place in the hall hung festoons of red hearts. They were suspended from the lights and just about covered the piano.

I don't think I have had such a good time before at any of the dances.

Why don't you come home to some of these?

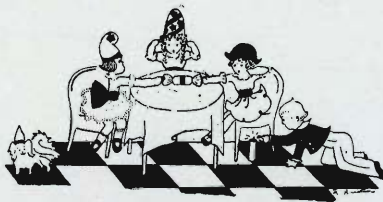
—Sister.

My Sister Dear:

The Freshmen gave their dance Saturday night and it was the largest this year. Track men from Oroville, Colusa, College City, Chico, Red Bluff, Live Oak, Biggs, Gridley, Princeton, Sutter, Grass Valley and Corning were guests of the evening. The auditorium was decorated in poppies and willow and tennis nets, tennis racquets and baseball bats. In the hall was arranged a most attractive display of wild flowers which the Agriculture Club had gathered in and around Marysville. There were forty varieties shown. The exhibit was as interesting as the dance and so interesting that the flowers were left in the hall until Tuesday. I hadn't realized Marysville boasted so many wild flowers.

Love,

—Sister.



TYPING CONTESTS

H. L. Forkner

The Second Annual Business Show of California, held in San Francisco, March 11, 1922, was the scene of one of the biggest victories that has ever come to Marysville High School, a victory that took not only nerves, but educated and controlled nerves on the part of the victors.

This event, the winning of the state championship for speed in typewriting, was held before several thousand persons, in the San Francisco Auditorium, and represented the best typists selected from the high schools and business colleges of California.

There were about one hundred contestants and nine prizes were awarded; six medals and three cups. Marysville won two of the cups and the three medals for the winning team.

The first and most important prize, a large silver cup, was to go to the school that could produce the three typists who could write on absolutely new matter, the most words per minute for fifteen minutes, with ten words deducted for each error. In this test the three who composed the winning team were Mary Sutfin, who wrote sixty-eight words net per minute; Alice Almqvist, with sixty-three words net per minute, and Ruth Dunn, with fifty-seven net words per minute. As a result of their remarkable efforts, the Marysville High School was accorded the state championship in typewriting, and was awarded a large silver cup. In addition, each of the winning contestants received a gold, a silver, and a bronze medal, respectively. As a still further award, the Underwood Typewriter Company of New York sent a special representative to present the three winners and their teacher, Miss Larabee, with ten dollars each in gold.

The next most important prize was a beautiful gold cup to be given to the individual who wrote the most words per minute on a one-minute test of new matter; this cup was to become the personal property of the winner. This was won by Mary Sutfin, who wrote at the rate of ninety-five words per minute, for one minute, without an error. This is truly remarkable when one considers that to write at this rate one has to make approximately eight strokes per second, and as it is almost impossible to count eight in one second one can readily see that there must be a wonderful co-ordination of nerves and muscles to accomplish such results.

There was also a team composed of those who had taken only one year of typing. These made a very creditable showing in the state contest. Out of the first thirteen places, Marysville won three.

There was held in Sacramento, May 6, 1922, what is known as the Sacramento Valley Typing Contest, in which approximately ninety contestants took part from the schools in the Sacramento Valley, at which time Marysville also made a splendid showing, winning first, third, and fourth places in speed for the second year typing contest, and third place for accuracy. In the first year typing contest, Marysville won the sixth, seventh, and eighth places for speed.

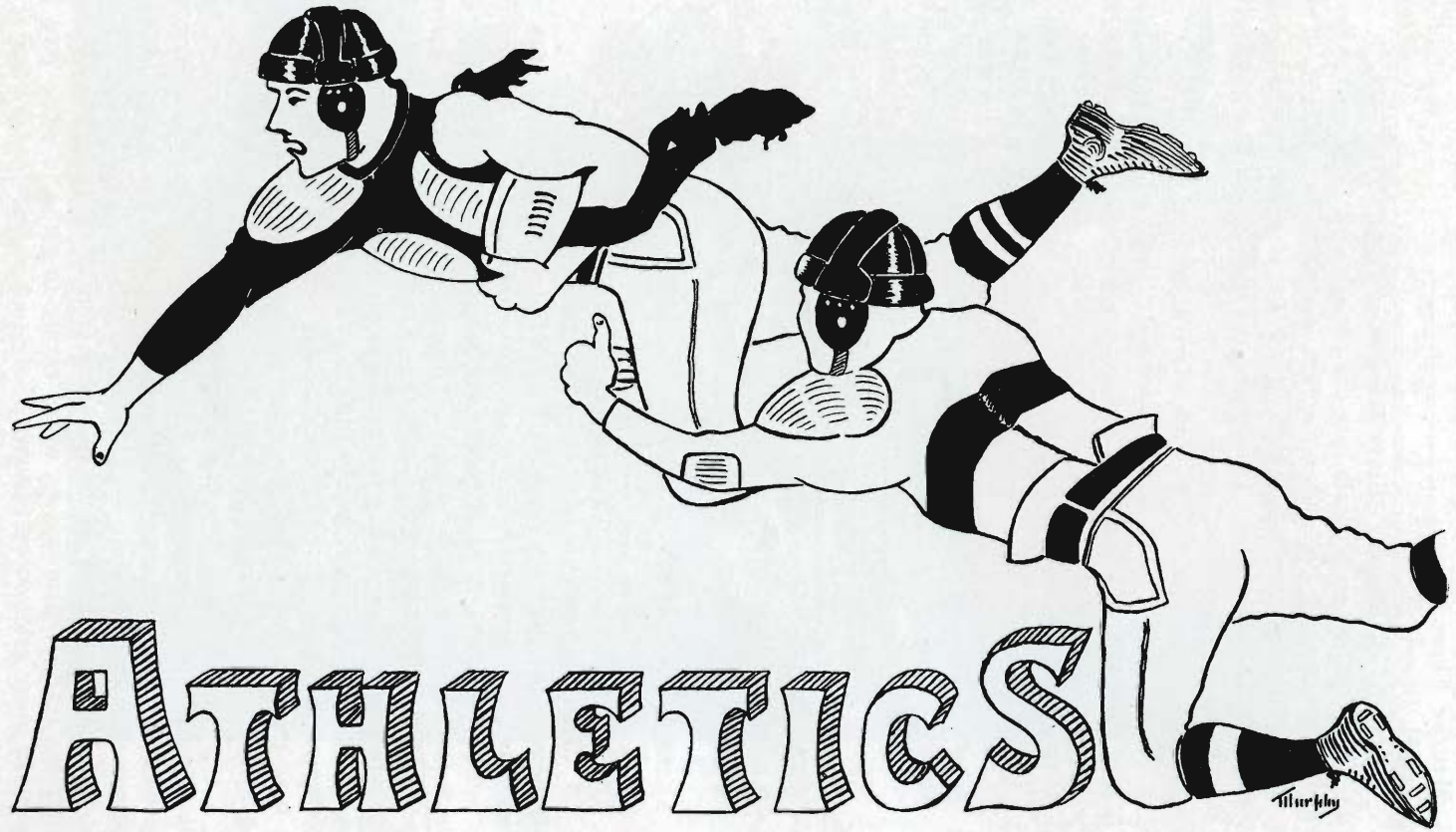
This year's record in our typing department is one of which the entire school is, and ought to be, most justly proud.

Eighty-two





TYPING CLASS



ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

Maurice Clow Captain
 Lee H. Bissett Coach

Slogan: "Sixty Minutes of Fight"

Old King Football crept again into the ranks of M. H. S. on the first day of school, September 12, 1921, when the first football rally was held. The "A" team was confidently expected to win first honors by the return of Captain Clow at quarter, Glidden at half, Milligan and Hoon at the ends, and Willetts and Murphy on the job as tacklers.

The men who compose the "A" squad are as follows:

Name	Position	Weight	Year on Team
"Joe" Hoon **	L. E.	132 pounds	Second
"Slowy" Ahart *	L. T.	168 "	First
"Beefy" Willett **	L. G.	155 "	Second
"Crane" Miller *	C.	150 "	First
"Chico" Heath *	R. G.	150 "	First
"Pat" Murphy **	R. T.	145 "	Second
"Bill" Milligan **	R. E.	145 "	Second
"Gene" Glidden **	R. H.	145 "	Second
"Church" Churchill *	F. B.	137 "	First
"Ham" Hamm *	F. B.	140 "	First
Capt. "Porky" Clow **	Q.—L. H.	140 "	Second

Average 147 pounds

Substitutes

"Cooney" Gottwals *	End	150 pounds	Second
"Sol" Butler *	Guard	140 "	Second
"Sij" Perkins	Guard	148 "	First

* Denotes letters made.

All members of the team practiced faithfully and an excellent season was the outcome. The results of each game are as follows:

M. H. S. 7 — Christian Brothers' College 0

On September 23 the pride of Marysville was at stake when we journeyed to Sacramento to battle against the college from that city. It was a hard-fought game, but evidence of a gridiron aggregation that will be looked upon as superior to any team was seen in the Marysville lads, when they defeated the college, 7-0.

A long pass from Clow to Hoon put the ball on the one-yard line, and Milligan went over for the touchdown. Clow converted the goal.

M. H. S. 0 — State Teachers' College 39

On October 1 we journeyed to Chico to play the heavy teachers' team. Because of the overwhelming weight our boys had to go against, our glory was stemmed by a 39-0 count.

M. H. S. 49 — Red Bluff 0

After the rest of Saturday we were "raring to go" and when Red Bluff came to our home gridiron on October 15 we took them down for our second victory, 49-0.

Eighty-six



"A" TEAM—FOOTBALL

Gottwals
 Milligan
 Clow

Miller
 Willett
 Heath

Perkins
 Glidden
 Hoon

Ahart
 Hamm
 Butler

Murphy
 Coach Bissett
 Churchill

Those featuring in the game were Captain Clow, Hamm, Churchill, Ahart and Milligan. Touchdowns were made by Glidden, Milligan and Clow. One goal was converted. Red Bluff showed good sportsmanship and a clean game was played throughout.

M. H. S. 27 — Christian Brothers' College 0

(Return Game)

On October 22, we were successful in adding another victory to our long string by defeating the College in a return game, 27-0. The College boys showed some stiff resistance but were held helpless against the M. H. S. machine. Touchdowns were made by Clow and Hoon. Three goals were converted.

M. H. S. 7 — Chico 0

For the third time in succession the football fans of Marysville were given an opportunity of witnessing a gridiron encounter of worthy mention, this being with the Chico High.

Stubborn resistance was shown by the Chicoites and it was not until the third quarter that Hamm, plunging full back for the Hub City lads, was able to go over for the only score of the game. Clow converted the goal. This was our first league game and was witnessed by a large, enthusiastic crowd of followers.

M. H. S. 14 — Willows 41

After the cloud of battle had cleared away, M. H. S. realized they had been fighting with their old football rivals in one of the most vicious and thrilling games the valley had witnessed. Both teams had "time out" at various times of the game. The Willows team averaged 175 pounds per man and the lighter Marysville lads were given praise for their unequalled spirit and fight.

Miller picked up one of Willows' fumbles and raced 15 yards for a touchdown. Later Captain Clow went around Willows' left end for 20 yards and then bucked for two yards more and the second touchdown for M. H. S. Both goals were converted.

M. H. S. 35 — Grass Valley 13

Armistice Day was the scene of another exciting battle held on our local gridiron. As Woodland High refused to come, Grass Valley agreed to meet the Marysville aggregation. We took them into camp by a 35 to 13 score. The largest crowd in the history of M. H. S. athletics witnessed the game, which was played under ideal weather conditions.

Keen rivalry prevailed throughout the contest, but the Marysville boys showed superior playing and team work. Touchdowns were made by Clow, Hamm, Gottwals and Glidden. All goals were converted.

M. H. S. 0 — Chico 13

On November 19 a return game was played with Chico High. The proverbial "hoodoo" surely had its clutches on the Hub City lads. Fighting bitterly at all times, our boys were pushed back by the inferior Chico team. Rally after rally was staged but Captain Clow's signal barking seemed of no avail against the strong defense of Chico. At half time the score was 13-0.

The second half opened with invincible determination on the part of our *Eighty-eight*



"B" TEAM—FOOT BALL

Barrie	Springer	Wilcoxon	E. Bryant	Dempsey	Reis
R. Bryant	Boyer	Parkinson	Baun	Swift	Coach Bissett
	Day	Carpenter	Becker	Davis	Booth

boys, who held like demons in the final half. The "open game" was resorted to but was unsuccessful and the game closed with the ball in our possession on Chico's 10-yard line.

M. H. S. 68 — Willows 0

"The Big Game" and "The Big Day" are here. Willows is here also. "The glory and honor of M. H. S. must be upheld and will be," so said every boy on the team, "if it takes the last drop of blood in every man who is honored by the wearing of the Orange and Black."

The game opened with a 40-yard run around right end by Captain Clow and we didn't stop until the Willows line was crossed. A repeat, and another, and still others followed. The bucking of Hamm and Churchill netted yard after yard and the Willows team couldn't stop the runs by Clow. Passes were used and twice netted touchdowns from Clow to Milligan and Gottwals. Again the cloud of battle passed and Willows this time awakened to the fact that they had been battling their old rivals. And so by the strength and help of every man on the team, our glory and honor were upheld. The final whistle marked the closing of the greatest football season M. H. S. has ever had. Touchdowns were made by Gottwals, Milligan, Churchill, Hamm, Glidden and Clow. Eight goals were converted.

"B" Team

The "B" team deserves credit also for their successful playing. Although they did not win many of this year's games, they developed talent which will strengthen the "A" team in years to come.

The squad was composed of the following men: Acting Captain Becker, Baun, Boyer, Barrie, Scheu, Swift, Carpenter, Thomas, Parkinson, Iliff, Sutton, Hanson, Davis, W. Jones, N. Taylor, D. Jones, Day and Sanford.

At this time the members of the teams wish to express their thanks to the student body and members of the faculty for their hearty support in the football season and to our worthy coach, Mr. Bissett, for his untiring efforts in coaching the teams.

BASKET BALL

1921-22

The basket ball prospects for Marysville High this past season seemed very bright. The team was much better than that of a year ago. All members practiced faithfully and earnestly.

By the entering of three teams in the league more players were given the chance to show up in this particular sport. The 120-pound team met no defeats up to the championship game with Colusa, the latter winning by only a small score. The 130-pound team did exceptionally well, as did also the unlimited. Those who composed the teams are as follows:

Unlimited—	130's—	120's—
Glidden	R. Bryant	Booth
Murphy	Taylor	May
N. Taylor	Boyer	Thomas
Milligan	J. Hoon	Scheu
Gottwals	Harlan	Anderson
Hamm	M. Reis	Iliff
Clow	Carpenter	De Armond



Milligan

UNLIMITED BASKETBALL TEAM

Coach Bissett
Hamm

Gottwals
Murphy

N. Taylor

Glidden

Following Is a List of Games Played

M. H. S. (Unlimited).....	16 — Auburn	19
M. H. S. (Unlimited).....	19 — Alumni	17
M. H. S. (Unlimited).....	28 — Alumni	24
M. H. S. (Unlimited).....	10 — Auburn	22
M. H. S. (120-pound).....	18 — Live Oak (Second).....	7
M. H. S. (130-pound).....	15 — Live Oak.....	11
M. H. S. (Unlimited).....	10 — College City.....	19
M. H. S. (130-pound).....	18 — College City.....	22
M. H. S. (120-pound).....	11 — Oroville.....	15
M. H. S. (130-pound).....	14 — Oroville.....	17
M. H. S. (Unlimited).....	34 — Oroville.....	16
M. H. S. (120-pound).....	15 — Colusa	19
M. H. S. (130-pound).....	11 — Colusa	22
M. H. S. (Unlimited).....	27 — Colusa	28

The last game was the most exciting ever played in M. H. S. history. Four extra five-minute periods were needed to decide the winner.

BASEBALL

Baseball was very successful in M. H. S. this year. Only two men were lost last year and others were added, which made a much faster and harder hitting bunch of players.

M. H. S. won the championship of Sub-Leagues 1 and 2, having defeated Chico for the Sub-League 2 bunting.

On May 12 the finals were played for the championship of the Northern Section of the C I. F. Marysville won.

On May 20 M. H. S. will play Sacramento for the Northern and Central championship. The prospects are bright and here's hoping we take the long end of the score.

The squad was composed of the following:

Captain Wilcoxon.....	Third Base and Catcher
L. Knaggs.....	First Base
A. Schmidt	Second Base
E. Harlan	Shortstop
G. Heath.....	Left Field and Catcher
E. Ramsey.....	Right Field
R. Hoon.....	Center Field
W. Milligan.....	Left Field
C. Gottwals	Pitcher
G. Bachman.....	Third Base and Right Field
L. Hamm.....	Sub-Catcher
M. Bloom	Out Field

Games Played

M. H. S.	6 — Roseville	1
M. H. S.	10 — College City.....	2
M. H. S.	4 — Sutter.....	1
M. H. S.	7 — Chico Normal.....	4
M. H. S.	9 — Oroville.....	1

Ninety-two



BASEBALL TEAM

Ramsey	Bloom	Gottwals	Coach Bissett
Reis	Gray	Hamm	R. Hoon
Wilcoxon	Schmidt	Harlan	Heath

Colusa and Princeton each forfeited their games to Marysville. Up to date our team has presented a clean slate and we wish them further success.

TRACK

The track season for nearly all of Northern California was delayed this year because of the late spring. But as the other valley schools had the same handicap, M. H. S. had nothing to be alarmed over.

The track aspirants turned out in great style and a good season followed. Three third-year men in Captain Hoon, Clow and Churchill formed the nucleus of the squad.

The N. C. H. S. A. L. track and field meet was held at home this year and two of the records were broken, the high jump and javelin. M. H. S. finished third and made a creditable record. The M. H. S. relay team, composed of Bachman, Gottwals, Clow and Churchill, finished second in that event, which gave our school the name of possessing some fast men. Taylor took second in the 440 and mile, Hoon winning first in the mile and 880.

Other dual and triangular meets were engaged in during the season and M. H. S. proved the victor in several.

Marysville also took third place in the C. I. F. meet held at Biggs, the relay team again finishing second to the fast Sacramento team and staging a "come back" by defeating Sutter's fast quartet.

More glory came to our school when six track men qualified for the State meet at Stockton, May 6. They were Hoon, Taylor, Bachman, Gottwals, Clow and Churchill.

As the season closed the following men wore the Orange and Black for M. H. S.: Captain Hoon, "Crane" Miller, "Cooney" Gottwals, "Porky" Clow, "Smiley" Bachman, "Lanky" Taylor, "Spec" Boyer, "Church" Churchill, Ahart, "Jesse" Sutton, "Tommy" Matthews, Peters.

The hundred and twenty pounders were: Becker, Booth, Schaub, Anderson and Adams.

Letters were awarded to Hoon, Clow, Miller, Taylor, Bachman, Churchill, Gottwals, Adams, Booth and Schaub.



TRACK TEAM

Taylor	Sutton	Boyer	Coach Bissett	Carpenter	Dempsey	J. Hoon	Clow
	Davis	Churchill	Kuster	Bachmann	Perkins	McKoy	Sears
Anderson	Peters	Butler	Hanson	Miller	Murphy	Becker	R. Bryant
Slightam	Scheu	Barrie	Booth	Zwanck	Bowen	Walker	Schab



130 POUND BASKETBALL TEAM
 Reis Coach Bissett Dempsey
 R. Taylor McKay Boyer Bachmann Carpenter
 R. Bryant Harlan Davis



120 POUND BASKETBALL TEAM
 Thomas Iliff Coach Bissett Anderson Scheu
 DeArmond Booth May



BASKET BALL

Mona Ashley.....Captain
 Miss Ann Carter.....Coach

The Girls' Basket Ball Team has made an excellent record during the season of '21 and '22. The girls deserve much credit individually and as a team.

The line-up was: Avis Sutfin, manager and center; Mona Ashley, captain and side-center; Clio Dwyer and Edith Baker, forwards; Viola O'Leary and Mary Sutfin, guards. Jean Schillig, Thora Wheeler, Vivian Barrie, Alice Hicks and Alva White remained faithful as "subs" throughout the season.

Those receiving letters this year are: Avis Sutfin, Mona Ashley, Clio Dwyer, Edith Baker, Viola O'Leary, Mary Sutfin, Jean Schillig, Thora Wheeler, and Vivian Barrie. The Senior players who will receive sweaters with their letters upon graduation are: Avis Sutfin, Mona Ashley, and Clio Dwyer.

The following games were played:

Practice Games			
Gridley.....	14	Marysville.....	25
Gridley.....	10	Marysville.....	45
Oroville.....	25	Marysville.....	17
Oroville.....	11	Marysville.....	16
League Games			
College City.....	5	Marysville.....	13
Princeton.....	11	Marysville.....	16
Colusa.....	5	Marysville.....	21
Oroville.....	15	Marysville.....	10

OUR BASKET BALL

Avis E. Sutfin, '22

Girls' basket ball this year has brought
Glory to M. H. S.,
Our team has climbed to honors high
Through months of work and stress.

We had no court to practice on,
No hall or "gym" so good;
On slippery floors or out-of-doors
We did the best we could.

With Gridley first, our rival old,
We played a practice game;
Last year they beat us twice, and now
To them we did the same.

We lost but once (all season through),
And Oroville the town;
Revenge was swift and sure—again
We played, and put them down.

Next College City (first league game);
Oh, we were scared but brave,
And so we won it easily;
With joy we'd scarce behave!

We humbled Princeton, playing hard
In a game both close and fast;
None knew who won 'till whistles blew
And the score was told at last.

Colusa's game was slow but sure,
We won with lots of fun.
Our last league game! We were the champs
Of sub-league number one!

And so there came the final fray
With champs of sub-league two;
'Twas Oroville. At neutral Biggs
We met in brave review.

Now we'd survived the season through,
(As said), without a "gym,"
Now Oroville, against one girl,
Straight sent a protest grim.

In spite of all of this we played.
The game was good to see.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

O'Leary Wheeler Miss Carter M. Sutfin Barrie
Dwyer Schillig Baker
Ashley A. Sutfin

'Twas waged both hard and fast. In vain!
We lost the victory.

And yet we knew that we had done
The best we could expect;
And so we add another plea
For high school court and set.

Our team! Our team! Girls' basket ball!
We've made our "rep," you see;
And now our toasts and hopes are for
The team of '23!

TRACK

Other honors will be brought to M. H. S. when the girls of the track team take first and second places in the track meet which is to be held in Colusa on May 13. Of the following girls four or five will be selected to represent Marysville in the 50-yard dash: Isabel Weldon, Vida Bennet, Helen Hanson, Edna Fisher, Mary Sutfin, Florence Palm, Jean Schillig, Mona Ashley, Avis Sutfin, and Thora Wheeler.

Those trying out for the 100-yard dash are: Isabel Weldon, Mary Sutfin, Mona Ashley, Edith Baker, and Mary Carlin.

The other schools will "sit up and take notice" when Adeline Langdon, Mary Sutfin, Jean Schillig, and Helen Conley show what they can do in the baseball throw for distance.

Edith Baker, Alva White, and Vivian Barrie will show, by their goal throwing, how M. H. S. won the sub-league championship.

We feel confident that a record will be made when Viola O'Leary, Edith Baker, Mary Sutfin, and Avis Sutfin try the basket ball throw for distance.

In the baseball throw for accuracy Ada Dunning, Marie Strain, and Vivian Barrie will represent Marysville.

BASEBALL

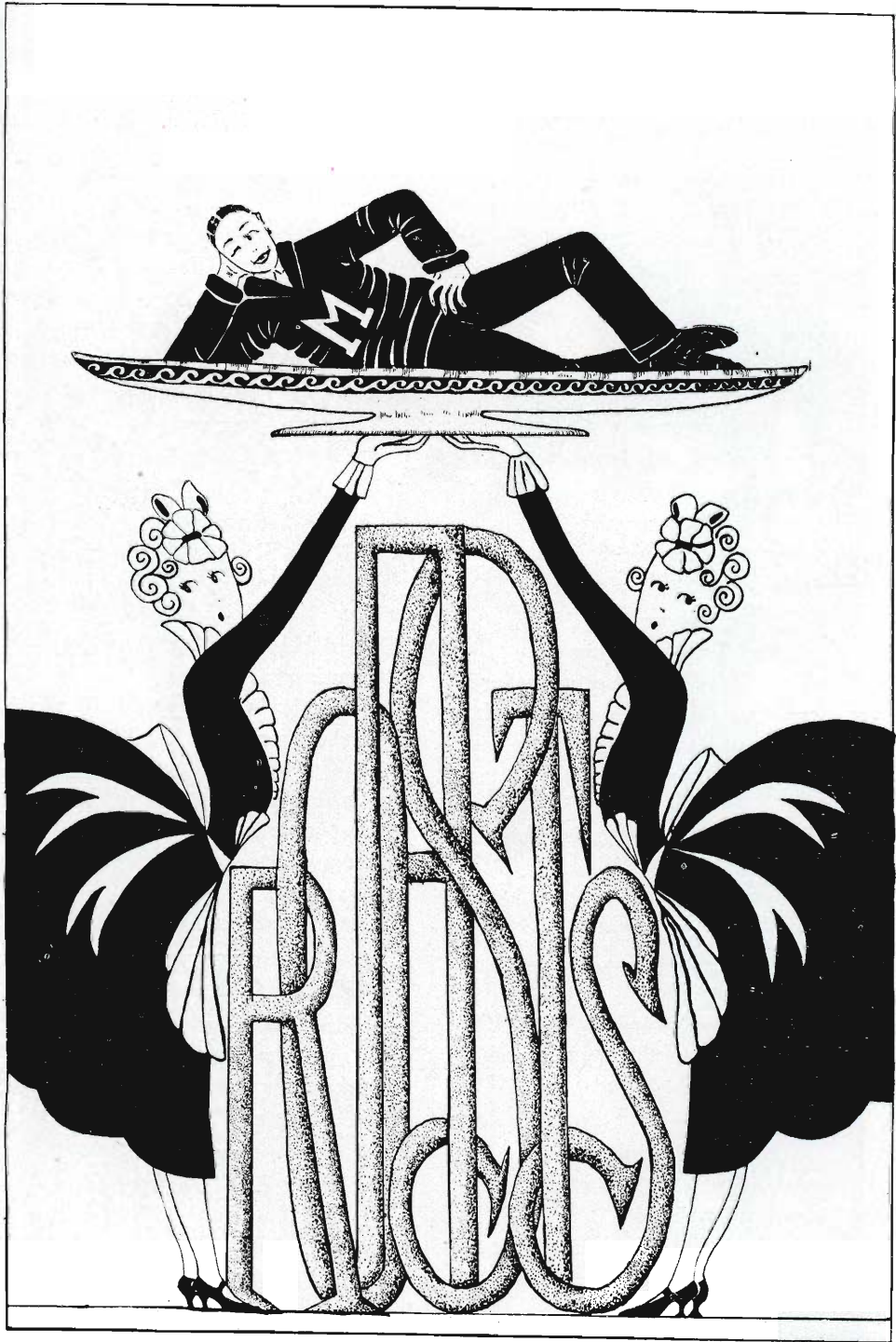
Baseball this season has been very popular with the girls of M. H. S. A great deal of new talent has come into the field, and Miss Carter, the coach, has a "small army" from which to make a selection of the school team.

A practice game will be played with the team of Live Oak High School before the Tri-County Track Meet at Colusa. The winner of this game will meet with the victor of the Sutter-Colusa fray, and that winner will appear on the field at Colusa on May 13 as one of the participants in the final championship game.

We have great confidence in the ability of our own team and all who are "on the inside" of our baseball affairs predict that we have a very good chance to win the league championship.

TENNIS

Some "shining stars" have been discovered in our midst. Among these appear the names of Edith Baker, Dorothy Morley, Grace Brown, Vivian Wilcox, and Dorothy Kreger. Everything looks bright and rosy, especially for the singles, which we hope to win in the final tournament.



We editors may dig and toil
Till our finger tips are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say,
"I've heard that joke before."

Here's One For Gym

Mr. McDonald: "The man who said 'All's the world's a stage' should have said 'All the world's a gymnasium'."

Vivian Iliff: "Why?"

Mr. McDonald: "So many dumbbells."

A Good Job Done

Charles Thomas (coming out of Glee): "I just got fired."

Freshie: "What for?"

Charles Thomas: "For good."

But That's Telling

Soph ('Twas the night before the Freshman Reception): "Frosh, you'll have use for your Latin after tomorrow night."

Freshie: "Why?"

Soph: "Well, isn't Latin a dead language?"

Not Out Yet

Marhnell Coats: "Have you heard today's gossip?"

Vivian Wilcox: "No."

Marhnell Coats: "Then I guess there isn't any."

Nuff Sed

Isidor Cheim: "If you refuse me, I'll blow my brains out."

Doris Brust: "Impossible."

Isidor Cheim: "Maybe you don't think I have a pistol."

Doris Brust: "Oh! I guess you have the pistol all right."

One Hundred Two

Clifford Gottwals: "A man has to have two licenses to marry these days."

Lewis Wilcoxon: "Two?"

Clifford Gottwals: "Yes, marriage and auto."

You Can Do Anything Once

Hazel Witt: "Football is such a rough game. Do the players get killed very often?"

William Milligan: "No, only once."

A Curly Tale

Marhnell's curls are natural,

Grace's are marcelled,

And Betty Schillig's kinky curls,

Can never be excelled.

Clifford Hanson's curly locks

Certainly are great,

And Wesley's hair you'll all agree,

Is absolutely straight.

Berthilde has a method

That no one can obtain;

And waves, they say, are sometimes caused

From water on the brain.

Where's Clippinger Melvin?

Melvin Adams: "I met a girl with one arm named Watkins."

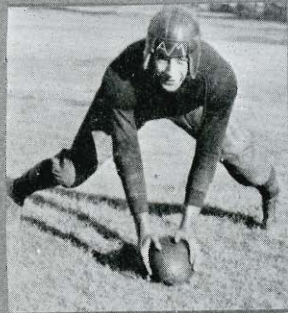
Letha Sherman: "What was the name of her other arm?"

How About a Sponge?

Clifford Hanson: "What is Ralph Newcomb doing?"

John Sprigg: "Filing his love letters."

Clifford Hanson: "They must have been pretty rough."



The Senior's Legacy

To Whom It May Concern:

I cheerfully recommend my old girl to any undergraduate young man wanting a suitable pal for next year.

She is a good dancer.

She is a good looker.

She is a good listener.

She is an excellent pedestrian; in fact, she will always say that she likes to walk, although she is not prejudiced against a car.

She is a fairly light eater except on Sunday. It is advisable to eat table d'hote on Sunday.

She is a woman of deep emotions, whom only you will be able to thrill.

She has, to my best knowledge, absolutely no ideas of her own on any subject, except you.

My sole and simple reason for quitting her is that I am leaving school. Treat her right. She likes to be treated.

You Couldn't Beat Nature

Lewis Wilcoxon: "You made me wait there like a fool."

Grace Brown: "I might have made you wait, but I couldn't help the way you did it."

A Detention Student

Question: "Why does Vivian Iliff resemble gas?"

Answer: "Because he is always escaping."

Did You Ever See the Bed Spring?

Leila Hall: "Do you know what woke me up this morning?"

Barbara Barr: "No."

Leila Hall: "I heard the mattress ticking."

One Hundred Four

The Kind He Uses

Grace Brown: "I'm going to write a letter to my fella."

Ralph Bryant: "Here, don't you want a soft pencil?"

Do You Get This?

Thelma Smith: "What time is it?"

Madeline Taber: "Twenty after three."

Thelma Smith: "I wonder if they'll catch them."

Latin's a dead language,

As dead as it can be;

It killed the Ancient Romans,

And now it's killing me.

Caesar is dead and buried,

And so is Cicero;

But where those two old gents have gone

I wish their books would go.

Waiting

Robert Baker (looking at books): "Last days of Pompeii." "Wonder what he died of."

At the Cafeteria

Miss Brown: "Will you have pie?"

Freshie: "Is it compulsory?"

Miss Brown: "No, it is raspberry."

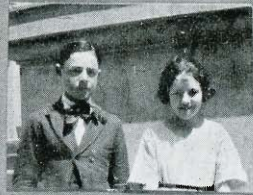
And Then the Frost Set In

Wesley Mock: "Is the pleasure of the next dance to be mine?"

Betty Schillig: "Yes, all of it."

At the Cafeteria: "I want a pancake; will it be long?"

Answer: "No, it will be round."



Do You Know Rose Wood?

Mr. Forkner: "Does any one know Marvin Bloom?"

Warren Ahart: "I don't know her, but I know Sadie Blossom?"

Where Did He Come Out?

Muriel Walton: "I do not understand that problem."

Mr. Morrison: "Well, watch the blackboard while I run through it."

¿es Verdad?

Ralph Bryant: "At what do you work?"

Isidor Cheim: "At intervals."

Don't Worry

Norval Hayes (getting a "five" on a paper): "Who said 'Ignorance is bliss'?"

A Hard One

Mr. Forkner: "What do you mean by a concrete member?"

The Wrong Pew

Enri Cavasso: "Hello, I want to order a box for tomorrow night."

Over the wire: "What size?"

Enrico Cavasso: "There'll be six of us in the party."

Over the wire: "But they only come in single sizes, we'll have to have one made especially."

Enri Cavasso: "Why—why—isn't this Atkins?"

Over the wire: "No, this is the undertakers."

Ring Out Ye Bells

Miss Wheeler: "What is the 'Liberty Bell'?"

Charles Jopson: "The bell at the end of the eighth period."

One Hundred Six

They're Not All Dead Yet

First Student: "Charles Thomas is dead."

Second Student: "How come?"

First Student: "He stuck his head in the study hall door and hol-lered 'Fire'!"

Second Student: "Well?"

First Student: "They did."

'Snuff

He: "Marhnell is a hop fiend."

She: "What?"

He: "Yep, never misses a dance."

Algebra+Bernice=0

Mr. Valentine: "Did you get those seven examples?"

Bernice Burns: "I couldn't get the first three or the last four."

Try It, Warren

Warren Ahart: "Officer, would it kill me if I put my foot on that rail?"

Officer: "Not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire."

She: "Will you send two pounds of cat meat, please?"

Grocer: "For whom?"

She: "Why, for the cat, of course."

Mrs. Morley: "Eight o'clock! Eight o'clock!"

Dorothy (half asleep): "Did you? Better call a doctor!"

Put on the Left Shoe and Right Shoe Is Left

Mrs. Bissett: "Why Lee, you have your shoes on the wrong feet."

Mr. Bissett: "But, my dear, they are the only feet I have."

Student: "A fellow who handles cement."

Desirable

Freshie: "I hear that there are two classes claiming Mock."

Soph: "Must be a popular boy."

Freshie: "Yeah, the Juniors claim he is a Senior and the Seniors claim he's a Junior."

Just Right

Houston Willetts: "How high is your ambition?"

Clifford Hanson: "I'm not sure, but I think she comes to my shoulders."

As You Were

Mr. Cutler: "How would you make a Venetian blind?"

Everett Isaacson: "I'd stick my finger in his eye."

Wallace Wisdom

"'Tis better to have loafed and flunked, than never to have loafed at all."

Lost, Strayed or Stolen

Mr. Valentine: "You may find the least common multiple."

Henry Zwanck: "Is that thing lost again?"

There's Nothing Like the Truth

Louis Miller: "Gee! this floor's slippery, it's sure hard to keep on your feet."

Jean Schillig (icily): "You don't seem to have much trouble?"

Natural Expression

Dorothy Kreger: "I wish she'd look the other way."

Almira Scott: "She can't help the way she looks."

Not a Wagon Spoke

Louis Miller (before the Soph Mask): "I'd go to the masquerade but I don't know what to go as."

Betty Schillig: "Hang out your tongue and go as a wagon."

Pat (to old lady): "May I accompany you across the street?"

Old Lady: "Why, certainly, sonny. How long have you been waiting for someone to take you across?"

A Convolution Convulsion

Miss Saunders: "Clifford, what is density?"

Clifford Gottwals: "?-x ! /?, #00 ?- -."

Miss Saunders: "A good example."

Some Bird

Edwin Bryant (in Chemistry): "What does the kingfisher eat?"

Miss Saunders: "Oh! Sardines."

Edwin Bryant: "How does he open the cans?"

A Still Night

George Davis: "The convict found on the Bishop's face a natural phenomenon."

Miss Carter: "Moonshine."

And His Mother Calls Him Son

Walter Maloney: "I got up bright and early for your class."

Miss Stubbs: "Yes, maybe early."

One Hundred Seven

Warren A.: "Has anyone seen a wooden box with some loose nuts, bolts and screws around here?"

Wesley: "Why, there it is on your shoulders."

Le Gusta El Vino

Louis Miller: "Miss Wheeler, do you drink coffee?"

Miss Wheeler (innocently): "Only when I can't get anything better."

Take the Air

Charles Thomas: "May I leave the room?"

Miss Brown: "By all means, Charles, you could not take it with you."

Officer: "Why are you speeding?"

Francis: "I wanted to get home before I ran out of gas."

Class Facts

You can always tell a Senior
For she's so sedately gowned;
You can always tell a Junior
From the way she sports around;
You can always tell a Freshie
From the timid looks and such;
You can always tell a Sophomore,
But you cannot tell her much.

And the Bread Raised

Miss Wheeler: "Give me a sentence using the verb 'asked'."

Edwin Bryant: "He asked for bread and the curtain came down with a roll."

A Dry One

Warren Ahart: "Do you drink?"

Norman Taylor: "No."

One Hundred Eight

Warren Ahart: "Then hold this quart while I tie my shoe strings."

Don't Blush

Albert Miller: "When vacation comes I'm going to take out a license and hunt for deer."

Martin Reis: "I thought you had to catch the deer before you took out the license."

How About a Wooden Overcoat?

Francis Becker: "My uncle has a wooden leg."

Dorothy Morley: "That's nothing, mine has a cedar chest."

Mr. McDonald: "I believe I heard you talking during my explanation in class."

Vivian W.: "I beg your pardon, but I don't talk in my sleep."

Blank Verse

Noel Parkinson: "I can read anybody's mind."

Charles Thomas: "Bet you can't read mine."

Noel Parkinson: "Oh! But I can't read blanks."

A Fit Subject For Mr. McDonald

Teacher (on back of the composition): "Please write legibly."

Student (next day): "What is that you wrote on the back of my composition?"

Two Feet In a Yard

Miss Brown: "I object to your putting your feet on the desk."

Howard De Armond: "I'm sorry, but Warren's are on the floor."

Dorothy: "Did you tell Wesley that his face should be on the screen?"

Betty: "No, I told him it should be screened."

A Keen Joke

Doris Brust: "Do you know the 'Barber of Seville'?"

Enri Cavasso: "No, I'm not acquainted with him, as I always shave myself."

They Studied(?)

Junior: "What shall we do?"

Senior: "I'll spin a coin. If it's heads, we will go to the movies; if it's tails, we'll go to the dance; if it stands on edge, we'll study."

Quite So

Miss Mayne: "He who makes no mistakes makes nothing."

Wesley Mock: "He who makes too many mistakes, makes a five."

Ask the Lady of the Lake

Student: "If Ivanhoe sells for a quarter, what is Kenilworth?"

Bookseller: "Great Scott! What a novel question!"

Same Old Face

Freshie (on opening day of school): "Where have I seen your face before?"

Alice Woodworth: "Just where you see it now."

Sent On Approval

Miss Wheeler: "This tower goes back to William the Conqueror."

Charles Bowen: "Why, what's the matter, wasn't it satisfactory?"

That girl is a picture of health. Yes, a well-painted one, too.

Oh!

Miss Saunders: "Where do the bugs go in winter?"

Earl Johnson: "Search me."

Moonshining(?)

James Barr (on way to Freshman Reception): "Oh! Billy, look at the moon."

Billy Belcher: "What's the matter with it?"

History Up to Date

Miss Stubbs: "Who was 'Joan of Arc'?"

Dudley Cunningham: "Noah's wife."

Please Excuse

Miss Wheeler: "Why were you late?"

Francis Terao: "I slept over."

Francis: "How many subjects are you carrying?"

Dorothy: "I'm carrying one and dragging three."

How's Your Head?

Garage Man: "You're engine's missing."

Rosalind Reed: "That's funny, it was there when I started out."

Alice: "Why don't you water your horse?"

T. Mathews: "I don't have to, it's a bay."

Packed In Oil

Miss Wheeler: "What are the people in Sardinia called?"

George Davis: "Sardines."

One Hundred Nine

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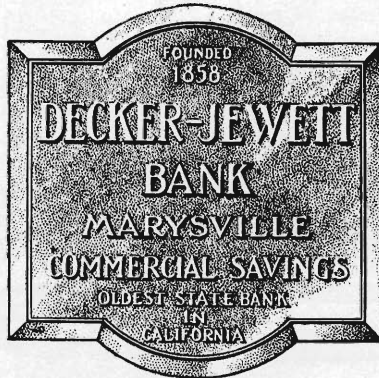
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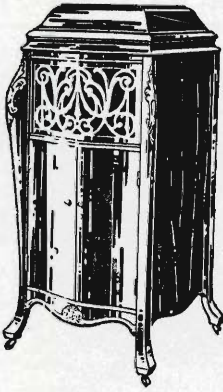
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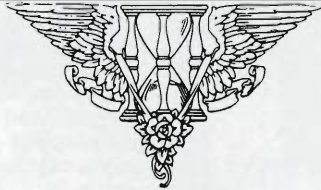
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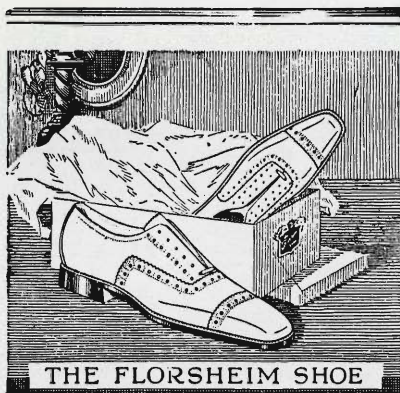
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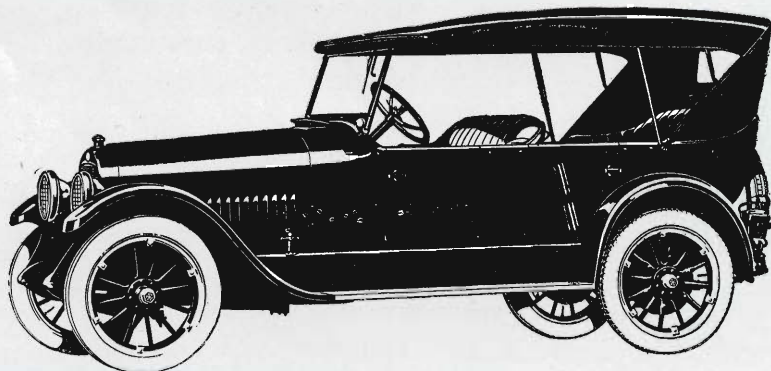
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The court decision which awarded a Cornell woman student \$25,000 damages because of alleged negligence on the part of the College department of Chemistry, by which she lost the sight of one of her eyes, certainly gives those of us who teach beginners food for serious thought.

With free access to chemicals, foolhardy students will "try anything once." I have, when a student myself, seen another student take the opportunity, when the teacher had left the laboratory temporarily, to pour some material from nearly every bottle on the shelf in to a beaker just to see what would happen. A kind Providence probably saved us all that day.

If the higher courts sustain this verdict there seems to be nothing left for the colleges to do but to take out liability insurance to cover such cases. It is certain they cannot afford to make analyses.

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The same holds true regarding numberless other things, including words! Suppose you should LOOK at the word "Penney"—would you SEE that it had in it one more "e" than the word "penny"?

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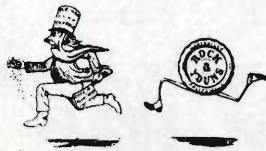
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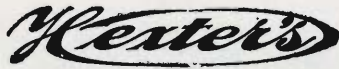
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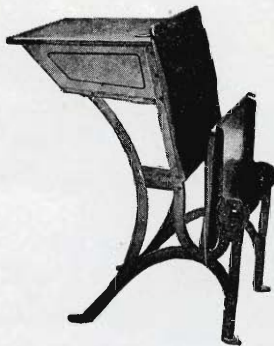
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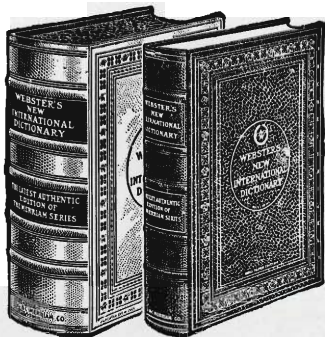
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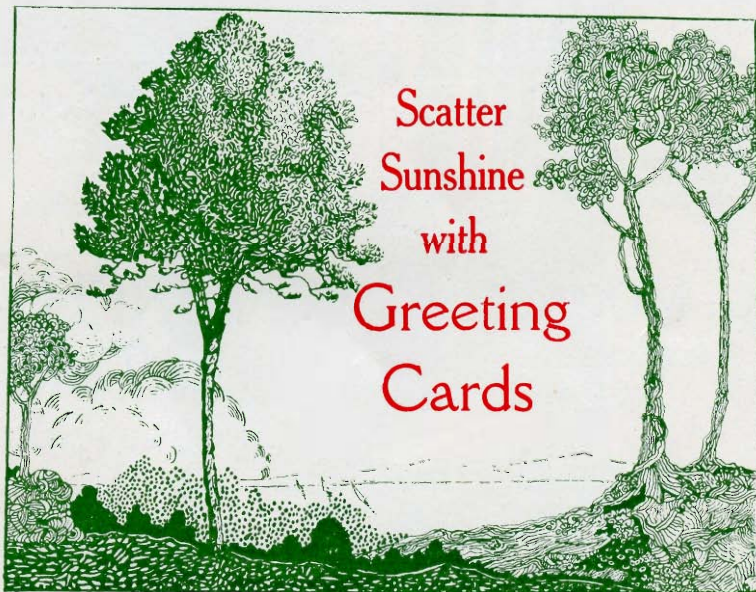
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