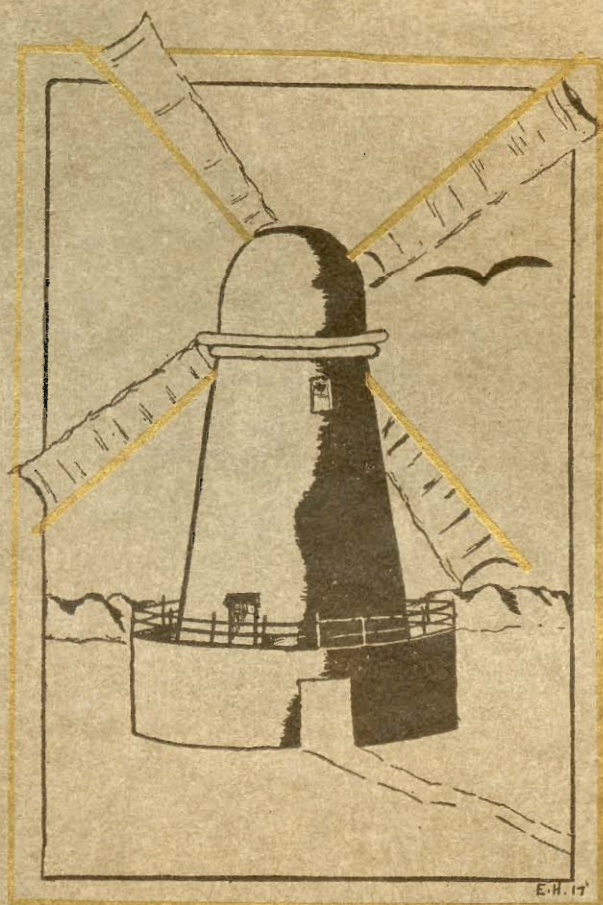


THE



NETHERLANDS

1916



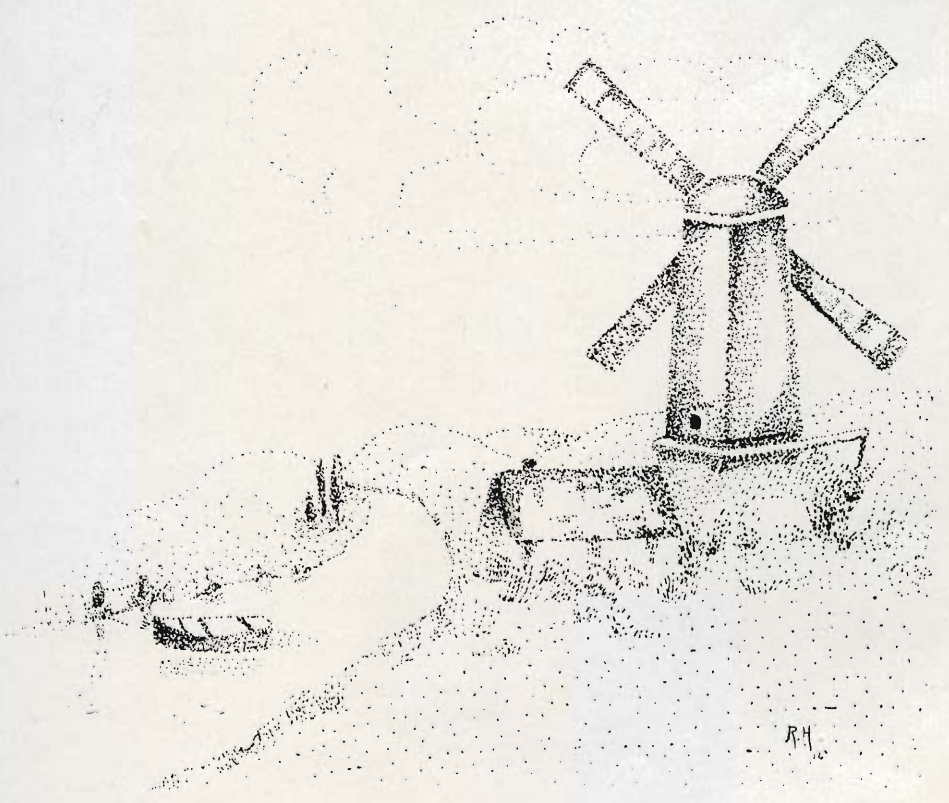
PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE
STUDENTS OF THE RIO VISTA
JOINT UNION HIGH SCHOOL,
RIO VISTA, CALIFORNIA

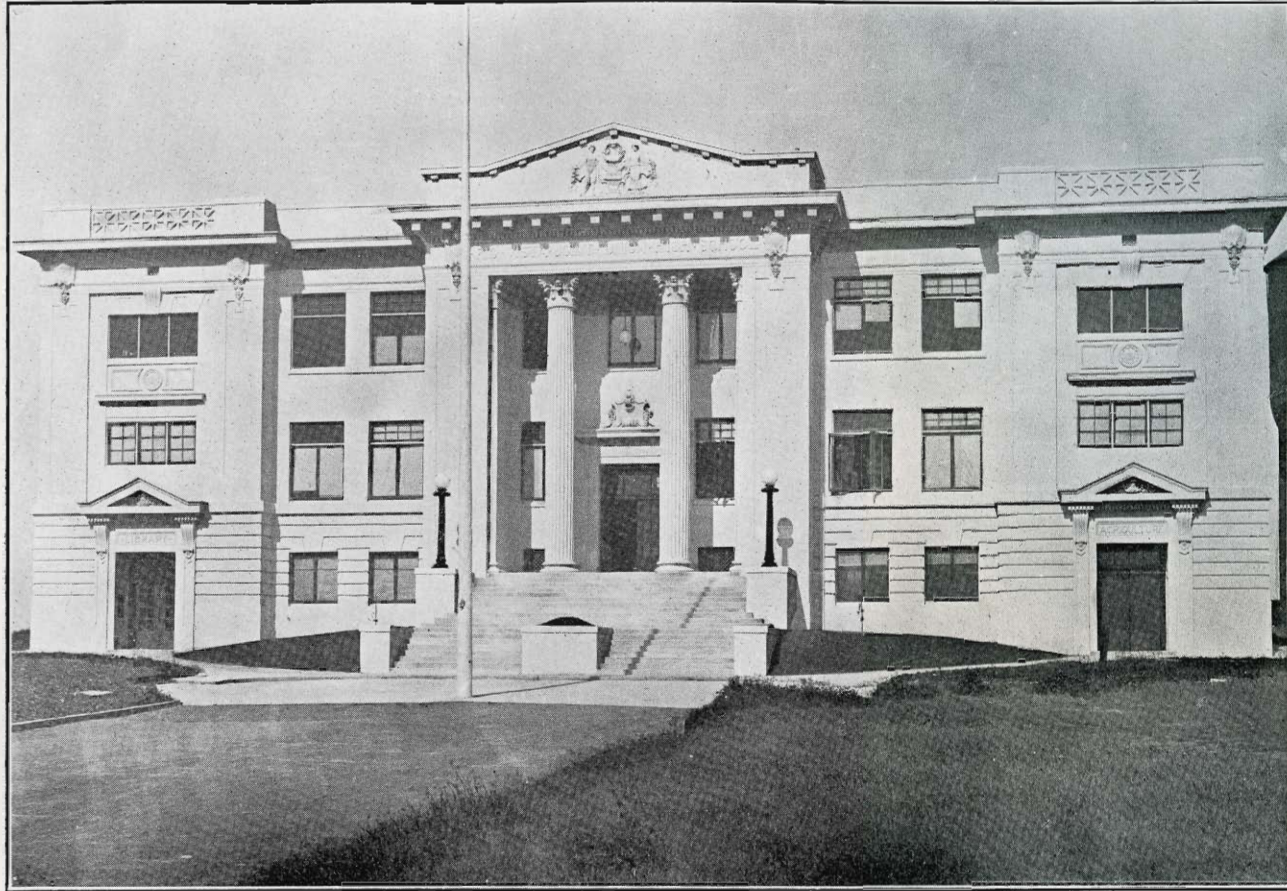
To the Faculty
who have aided and
encouraged all of our school
pursuits, we dedicate
this issue of
"The Netherlands"



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THE NEW RIO VISTA JOINT UNION HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

Our Progress



AS WE look forward to the year 1916-17, so many improvements suggest themselves that we are apt to become discouraged until we think that four years ago the Rio Vista Joint High School was an unrealized ambition of the community. Even when we compare last year with this year, we are able to note many changes.

One mile stone that meant so much to us was the accrediting of the high school. Though our graduates before this time have always been admitted to the University whenever recommended by the principal, yet the giving of full accrediting means a closer union with the higher educational institutions and the other high schools of the State. The stamp of approval of the Inspector of High Schools will also convince all concerned of the satisfactory character of work done.

Two teachers have been added which has made it possible to offer courses in domestic arts and sciences, the subjects supplementary to a thorough business training, a more useful utilization of our library resources, and greater emphasis on debating, music, and dramatics.

Formerly, failures might be attributed to our cramped quarters and bad surroundings, but with our present ideal school building, if failures exist, no such excuse can be offered.

The increased facilities have been well utilized. The auditorium is used for the staging of scenes of plays studied in class as well as for more formal events. The library has been moved to the spacious quarters provided for it and placed under the charge of Miss Clark. The shower baths, gymnasium, and tennis court all have their places in student life.

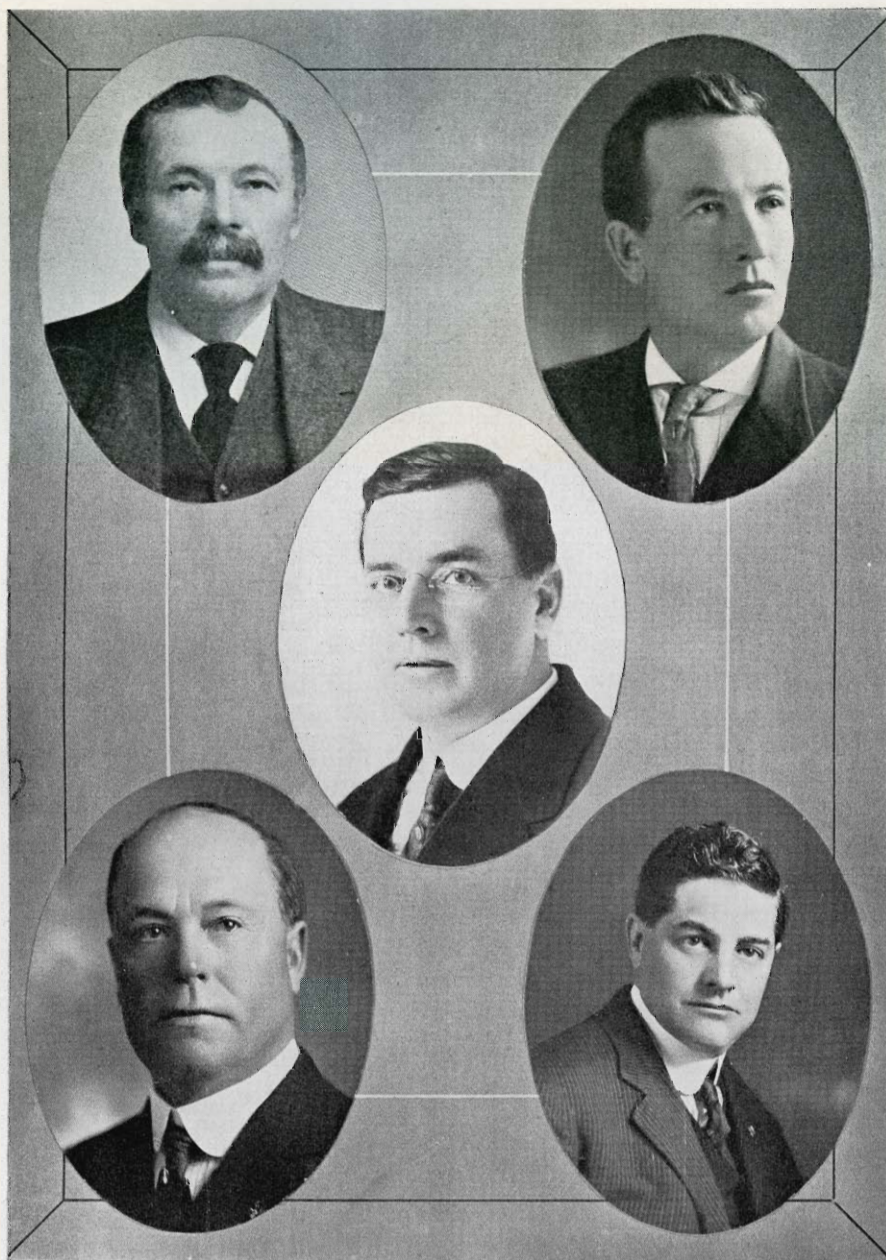
In the year 1916-17, we hope to extend the evening classes to include a complete course in commercial subjects and domestic arts. But, as in the past, the real object of our high school has not been lost for we wish to do more intensive work in the foundation subjects. With the addition of more subjects, we are keeping in mind the ideal of our previous years; scholastic training and training for good citizenship.

So the students and faculty are trying to make the best use of the opportunity provided for them by the voters and to give them citizens capable and willing to take their places as factors in the communities where they may settle.

F. B. SMITH.



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Blanche Totman

1896-1915.

The calm quiet after the thrush's song—
The lingering fragrance of a dying bloom—
So was her passing, that flower of girlhood.
Should we mourn her loss?
Should we grieve because spotless innocence has gone to the Fount of all
Innocence?
Death? nay, 'twas but the lovely passing of a white soul to its Maker.

FACULTY



FRANK B. SMITH
Principal, History

A. MILDRED CLARK
English and Commercial

ETHEL J. AKERS
Commercial, Spanish, and Drawing

GRACE M. JENKS
English and Latin

A. L. McDERMONT
Science and Mathematics

VERA E. MATTHEWS
Domestic Arts and Science

EDITORIAL

This is the fourth year of our existence as a high school and the third year we have published an annual. "The Netherlands" has been kindly received and we hope each year to make it more worth while. Quality, not quantity, is our motto. **A large part of our success has been due to the loyal work and support given by the school and to the aid of our advertisers.**

The increased educational advantages which we have are to be noted. In 1912 the high school opened with two teachers; we now have six. A wider choice of subjects and better opportunities for study are offered.

The new building is a helpful factor in our work. We have well-planned and well-equipped physical and chemical laboratories, which enlarge the field of work and enable the students to try out experiments of their own. The sewing and cooking departments interest many who otherwise would not attend school and are of great interest to our patrons. A very enthusiastic evening class has been conducted once a week throughout the year.

We are justly proud of our library. This is constantly increasing and is being catalogued according to the Dewey Decimal System.

From the beginning, our boys have taken an interest in athletics and during the year won the S. C. A. L. cup, a beautiful trophy which becomes the permanent possession of the high school.

Considerable interest has been shown in debating and we hope to do more in the future.

On all sides we hear praise of the wonderful location of our building. We appreciate and are justly proud of it. Nor are we forgetful of the fact that Mr. Felix Drouin, who sold us the land on which the building stands, cut up a very valuable piece of property for our benefit.

We are grateful to our efficient janitor, Henry Doermer, who is always ready to help out in whatever way he can until, as he says, "Henry can do no more."

The high school has lost during the year a loyal friend in the death of Mrs. Amalia Elliot, nee Fraser. Amalia Fraser was a member of the class of 1917 and, though not in school, her loss is keenly felt by her former school-mates.

I desire to thank both faculty and students for the loyal support and aid which has been given in editing this edition of "The Netherlands."

A. McD., '16.



DWIGHT McCORMACK
Business Manager

GERTRUDE BRYAN
Organizations

HAIDEE BAILEY
Alumni

DOROTHY SMITH
Assistant Editor

GRACE M. JENKS
Literary

MYRTLE CROMWELL
Society

ANNIE McDONALD
Editor-in-Chief

GEORGE FRATES
Athletics

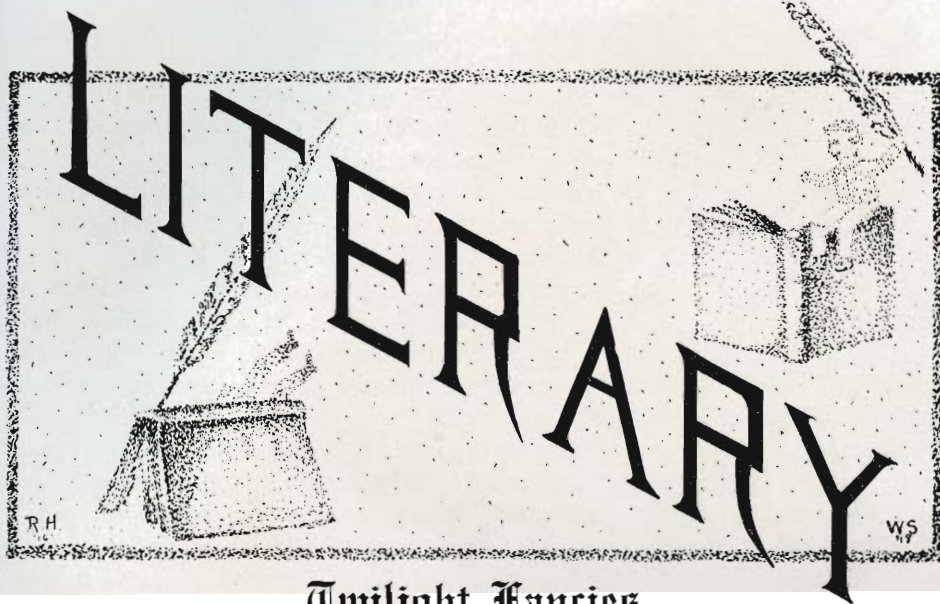
BULEN McCORMACK
Athletics



RUTH ALLENDER
Senior
MILDRED WEBBER
Junior
ANNAMAE SEIP
Sophomore

RUTH HAMPTON
Art
SIDNEY OLSEN
Josh
RITA CALLAGHAN
Freshman

DONALD McCORMACK
Exchanges
RUTH CRAIG
Dramatics
MABEL MADISON
Tennis



Twilight Fancies

I sat alone in waning twilight glow
And watched the flick'ring firelight dance and blow.
Vague thoughts, wild fancies, fluttered thro' my brain;
I dreamed and dozed, and dozed and dreamed again.

I dreamed I rode upon a cloud of gold,
Close drifting by the sunset portals old;
And as I neared that wondrous shining gate,
I gazed within the city where stars wait

Repairs from long and arduous vigils kept;
Repairs from capers cut while mortals slept.
Wee, fairy painters flitted to and fro
With tiny pots of gilt, restoring glow

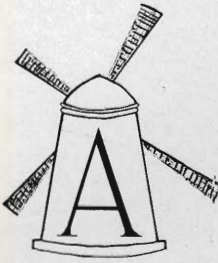
To stars all worn and dull, with tarnished look;
And all was hurry, and the painters shook,
Lest night should find her starry 'tendants late
And on the painters visit some dire fate.

I looked afar and saw night, dark and tall,
With stately tread approach the city's wall.
The stars all quailed; the painters grew wan white;
E'en my heart leapt; I cried aloud in fright.

And lo! a change, mysterious and dread—
A darkening cloud was o'er my senses shed.
I struggled, but in vain; there was no light.
I woke—to twinkling stars and wondrous night.

D. B. S., '17.

The Telltale Post



FARMER had much trouble with his young son, who was lazy, careless and thoughtless. He tried many ways of making the lad see his folly and realize how much trouble he gave to everyone.

At last the farmer hit upon a plan, which he thought might be successful. Calling the lad to him, he pointed to a post near the stables and told him that it was his intention to drive a nail into it whenever the lad failed in his duties. In order to encourage him to do better, he promised to draw out a nail whenever his son did a task well.

The boy took little notice of what his father had said, continued in his usual careless ways, and neglected his work, of which his poor old father had to remind him. He could not see how a few nails in a post made any difference.

But when at last the post was nearly covered with them and his friends were chiding him about it, he began to think he had caused his father a great deal of trouble and wondered if he could not remove the nails as fast as he had caused them to be put in.

The next day his father, looking from the window, saw the boy hard at work, said not a word of praise, but pulled a nail. One by one the nails gradually disappeared. The boy became so interested in his work that he did not notice their disappearance. One day at work he thought of the post, and went to count the nails. He was dumbfounded to see that all the nails were gone and the old post stood there full of holes.

Many years have passed but the old post still stands, and the lad, now grown to manhood, a prosperous farmer, tells the tale to the boys of the village.

M. W., '17.

The Storm

It was a stormy winter's day;
The snow came sifting down;
The ships upon the ocean wave
Were tossed and rolled around.

The waves came dashing 'gainst the shore;
The billows were rolling high;
The wind blew stronger than before;
The clouds went shifting by.

At last the wind did cease to blow.
But the snow kept coming down
Till every ship was white with snow
And the shores were no more brown.

E. H., '17.

A Modern Considius

(A True Story.)

"Caesar cognovit Considium, quod non vidisset, pro viso sibi renuntiasset."

"Oh, J-J-John, c-c-come quick; t-t-there is a d-d-dead man behind the island," stammered Frank, as he came rushing into the house looking for his older brother, John.

"Go on, don't bother me with your dead men. You wouldn't know a dead man if you saw one, anyway. Furthermore, I want to finish this novel before the old man puts me to work at the woodpile," growled John, not looking up from his dime novel.

"No fooling, it is a real man. I saw the hair on the top of his head, and I think I could see his face," asserted Frank, somewhat calmed down.

"All right, I'll go with you," agreed John, his curiosity getting the better of him, "but I don't think we'll find any dead man."

They got into a skiff, and Frank rowed along the east side of Wood Island where he had seen the dead man.

"Look! There in the brush, you can just see the top of his head," said Frank, pointing toward some brush which hung over the river.

"Sure enough. I can make out the top of his head and his forehead," replied John, now more excited than his brother.

"Let us tie him up, so he won't float away," suggested Frank.

"All right, I will hold the boat, Frank, while you put a rope around his neck."

"No, you do it, John; you are closer; I'll hold the boat."

"Never mind," said John, "he won't float away. The tide is falling and he is caught in the brush, so let's hurry and get the undertaker."

They rowed back to the house and told their parents of their find and what they were going to do. John went across to town, which was directly opposite their house, but in another county. There he found the undertaker, and told him all about the dead man.

"Well," said the undertaker, "that island is in a different county, and I will have to phone to the officials and get permission to take him out of the river."

Soon the undertaker with the necessary permit, witnesses, and a large black box started in a launch for the place where the dead man lay. The two boys were out in the rowboat awaiting their arrival. The boys piloted the morgue boat to the gruesome spot.

"That doesn't look like a dead man to me," said one of the men.

"Sure it does," replied the undertaker.

"Give me a boathook," said another, "and I'll pull the body out of the bushes."

"No," objected the undertaker, as he pulled on his rubber gloves; "I'll pull him out with my hands."

He reached down, caught hold of the hair, and, to the surprise of all, especially the much-chagrined boys, lifted up a dead cat.

H. L., '16.

The Asparagus Industry

The asparagus industry is one of the leading industries of the "Delta Region" of the Sacramento River. This succulent vegetable was first raised in California on Bay Farm Island in San Francisco Bay. From there, fifteen years ago, a Portuguese farmer brought it to the "Delta Region." The venture proved a success, and gradually more farmers have become interested until now there is hardly a farm without its large fields of asparagus or "grass" as it is colloquially called.

Asparagus is a perennial plant. The first year it is planted in seed. It is transplanted in the second year, but is not in full bearing until the fourth year. It will continue in full bearing for at least twelve years.

The seed is planted in March, April, or May, drilled in rows about eighteen inches apart.

In the following early spring the roots, which resemble immense brown spiders with a million legs, are plowed out and placed in trenches or furrows seven or eight feet apart, according to preference, and nine to twelve inches deep. The roots are placed from twenty-two to twenty-four inches apart with the crowns or sprouts up. The furrows are not immediately filled after planting, as is the case with all other plants, but the roots are covered with a small layer of soil and the furrows are allowed to fill gradually from cultivation as the plant grows, so that at the end of the season the furrows are level full.

Around the next February the furrows are hilled up to about two feet above the surface. Then the hills are frequently harrowed until warm weather comes, generally in April, and cutting season begins. This season lasts until the middle or latter part of summer, and then the asparagus is allowed to go to seed. The first year after planting there is little "grass" cut, because the yield is small and if allowed to grow unheeded, it will bear better the next year.

When allowed to grow to maturity or seed after the cutting season, asparagus attains a height of four to six feet, and is a bushy fern-like plant, green, with red berries. In this section asparagus planted eight feet apart will meet in the center. In either October or November the tops are cut down and burned. The rows are harrowed and again left until about February.

For the most part Chinese, Japanese, and Hindu laborers are employed to work asparagus. Men thrust long butcher knives deep into the side of a ridge and pull forth long, straight, white stalks, which to the untrained eye would not be visible. Since the sunlight turns the asparagus green, when green "grass" is desired, the stalks are allowed to grow two or three inches above the ground. The stalks are placed in small bunches on top of the ridges. These are then gathered by a man who drives a sled between the rows. He takes the "grass" to the wash-shed in the fields, where it is washed, sorted, and packed. That which is to be sent to the cities is packed in potato boxes, nailed over and carried by wagon to the landing, where a steamboat picks up the boxes and carries them to their destination. It is then placed on the market.

If the asparagus is to be sent to a near-by cannery, the boxes are not nailed over; but if the cannery is quite distant, the boxes are covered the same as for the city markets.

When the "grass" reaches the cannery, it is weighed and sorted according to size. It is then gathered up in huge baskets and placed in three successive solutions—first, a vat of hot acid; second, in one containing a neutralizing liquid; then, in water. It is thoroughly cleaned by this process, and is ready to be cooked.

Next it is put into cans. The tops are soldered on and the cans are placed on a wide, slow-moving chain, which passes through a great volume of steam. When it comes out of this, the cans are first tested for leakage and then placed in a huge steam boiler. They are allowed to remain under great pressure until cooked, then they are taken out and cooled. When cool, the cans are piled in the warehouse to be labeled during a less busy season. After labeling, the cans are packed in boxes and shipped by water and rail to different sections of the country.

Both fresh and canned asparagus is very delicious, but it has taken the Easterner several years to appreciate this fact. When the local fruit companies first attempted to establish an Eastern market for asparagus, they met with little success and lost large sums of money. Now there is such a demand in the East for both fresh and canned asparagus that it keeps the West busy trying to supply this demand. Its long period of fruitfulness and the good prices it brings makes the industry exceedingly profitable.

G. B., '16.

Which Are You?

There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more I say.
Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood,
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth,
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No! The two kinds of people on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor, worry and care?

A. A., '17.

The Court of the Elves

The river lay, a gleaming path in the bright moonlight. Tiny, playful waves, impelled by a gentle breeze, skipped merrily on its surface. They veered suddenly from the dark, forbidding shadows of the willows on the river bank, fearing to disturb the black waters about them. The moon, bold because of her very remoteness, peered curiously among the branches, surprising mysterious wood sprites and causing the birds to twitter drowsily in their warm nests.

Suddenly, with a long weird hoot, came the call of the night owl. The birds ceased their twitter, the ripples subsided on Mother River's breast, the wood sprites scurried to shelter, and Luna was left to watch alone.

Then, from the deepest shadows of a huge tree, faint elfin voices sounded. Gradually they became more distinct, till finally a strange company stood revealed in the bright light of the moon.

The center of the scene was a stout, rather pompous personage, clad in most gorgeous robes, borrowed from the iris and the yellow narcissus.

"Laggards," he called, in a squeaky though imperious tone, "my throne! Make haste, or I swear your heads will be the forfeit!"

Immediately upon the utterance of these words, four lovely winged sprites skipped lightly into view, carrying the throne, a huge golden butter-cup.

The King majestically mounted his throne. "Larkspur, do you bring thither for trial the spy—Prince Columbine," he commanded.

The elves clustered round the butter-cup throne and again rose a murmur as of a swarm of bees. One wee fairy, Lady Rose, far from the throne, on the very outskirts of the throng, peered anxiously into the depths of the wood.

"Oh, mercy, mercy, what shall I do? If he should prove obdurate!" she cried to herself. "Prince Columbine is always so reckless! What if he does owe allegiance to the night owls. He needn't have obeyed such orders as these. He told me that the reason for his servitude to those awful creatures was because one of them saved his mother, Queen-Love-in-a-Mist, from the onslaught of the robber, Hale Dragon-Fly, and that his father had sworn eternal fealty to them in payment. But, ah me! Here the Prince is, alone, and discovered to be a spy of the King of the Night Owls, and I, obliged to stand idle and hear the King pronounce my lover's punishment—mayhap his death." Here Lady Rose collapsed on a convenient daisy stool.

Just then a handsome youth, straighter, taller than all the rest, marched proudly towards the throne. On either side of him, grasping him closely, walked two misshapen gnomes, hideous to look upon.

"H'm, so you are Prince Columbine," began the King. "You have been guilty, sir, of abusing my hospitality, of insinuating yourself into the court-life of the Elves to betray them. Your sentence is five days' imprisonment, hard labor, and on the sixth day, execution. Off with—"

Crash! Over toppled the throne; quickly the moon slipped behind a cloud. All was darkness and confusion. The King's voice could be heard above the rest. "Off with his head!" he shouted.

Then the moon, laughing silently, threw off the veiling cloud. Oh, what a scene of disaster, the throne smashed, the King on his back, bobbing up and down like a fat Billikin, the court scattered, Prince Columbine gone, and where was Lady Rose? The moon, perhaps, could have told you a strange story of a little winged Rose lady with a huge sword-fern in her hand, who had slipped behind the butter-cup throne and cut its slender stem. Then Luna, the friend of all lovers, had hidden her smiling face behind a cloud; so, you see, she could tell you no more.

D. E. S., '17.

Morning in My Garden

The song of a lark, clear and sweet, wakened and called me out into the sunlight. The morning spelled joyousness, life, and love in every exquisite note. Clear blue sky, as soft and sweet as forget-me-nots, smiled on an earth that seemed to have gathered to herself beauty incarnate.

The fragrant breeze stirred the flowers into motion. Stately hollyhocks swayed gently and courtesied gravely to vivid rambler roses, falling in a riot of color over a mossy tree trunk. In the center of the garden a gay little fountain fell sparkling into a wide shallow pool where lovely golden narcissus bent to kiss their own bright mirrored faces.

Flowers of every hue clothed the garden in loveliness. Softly from the dove-cote came the cooing of the doves. Lazily and contentedly gorgeous butterflies drifted to and fro on waves of sunlight. As I steeped my senses in the wondrous beauty of the scene, I thought of Thomas Edward Brown's "My Garden." With a few magic words he gathers all the beauty of the garden, all its wonderful message and sets it forth in this exquisite lyric:

"A garden is a lovesome thing,
God wot!

Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contentds that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

D. B. S., '17.

Restful Night



OFT sweeping, dark wings spread far wide apart,
Night stooped and caught the forest to her heart,
The tall trees sighed and swayed in the embrace,
The flow'rs all drooped and hung in sleepy grace,
From drowsy streams a faint sigh rose and fell,
Rest, rest; dream, dream, sweet wood, and slumber well.

D. B. S., '17.

Telephone Conversation

Central, Scott zero-double-nought hasn't answered yet, and I have dropped my nickel.

* * * * *
Hello there! That you?

* * * * *
How did you recognize my voice?

* * * * *
I rang up to see why you were absent today.

* * * * *
Oh! I see! What kind of time did you have?

* * * * *
That's good. Did your friend take you?

* * * * *
Well, you must have had a good time! Anyone there I know?

* * * * *
No, I didn't go, because I wasn't sufficiently urged. But a friend of mine was there; did you meet him?

* * * * *
Yes, very tall, dark hair and dark eyes.

* * * * *
That's the one.

* * * * *
That so? Now you're joshing! Did he really say nice things about me?

* * * * *
Rather swell, don't you think? What did he say about me?

* * * * *
Oh, please! Won't you tell me?

* * * * *
All right, tomorrow, then. I'll get a swap for you.

* * * * *
No, you didn't miss much. She didn't look at the note books; called the roll, and took up twenty minutes on that hard one.

* * * * *
Yes, three were sent to the board. You didn't have to know much. But you had better copy that model into your book. She'll call for it Friday.

* * * * *
English? Oh, the usual thing!

* * * * *
Yes, we finished our experiments last week, so we had one period free. P'line went over for chocolate wafers.

* * * * *
Say, Latin comp. was fierce today. It gets harder all the time. I'll never pass. But then, what's the use of worrying?

* * * * *
During the half hour? Oh, we worked algebra for a few minutes and giggled during the rest of the time over something funny. Ida May showed

us how to work the examples, and as for giggling, we didn't need any assistance, do you think?

* * * * *
Hit your 'phone. I can't hear you.

* * * * *
There, that's better.

I guess someone is on the line. Oh, please hang up, we just got the line this minute.

* * * * *
Yes, we'll hurry.

* * * * *
Who?

* * * * *
Yes, awfully hard lesson. She was angry because Walla and Ray made a noise in the study hall.

* * * * *
Well, I guess yes! And she went around the room to look at them. I forgot mine, of course.

* * * * *
Yes, yours was handy, but I took care to rub your name out. You don't care?

* * * * *
No, she didn't notice. I rolled it up as soon as she passed by. She held "Spud's" up for inspection.

* * * * *
Of course not! She can't draw even a straight line.

* * * * *
How?

* * * * *
Oh, on the window of the dressing-room from Clara's.

* * * * *
Yes, Central, we've had the line only a minute.

* * * * *
Oh, all right, we'll hurry.

* * * * *
Say, abstracts due Monday.

* * * * *
You didn't! Well, don't worry about it.

* * * * *
Never mind, I have mine from last year.

* * * * *
Don't mention it. You'll do the same for me sometime.

* * * * *
All right, Central, we'll hang up. Isn't she disagreeable! Well, I suppose we'll have to say good-bye. See you tomorrow. Don't forget to bring the Munsey you promised me. I haven't a thing to read. Don't forget. Good-bye.

A. A., '17.



Rio Vista High

Tune—National air of Holland.

Her strongest sons the valley sends,
Her daughters fair to see;
Mid islands rich the river bends
To bring them all to thee.
From hill-side homes they wend their ways,
From town and country nigh,
Then, one and all, they join in praise
Of Rio Vista High,
Of Rio Vista High.

To thee they bring hearts brave and true,
In answer to thy call;
They bring the will to dare and do,
With honor winning all.
Their praise, their love, their vigor new
Are more than wealth can buy;
Thy daughters fair, thy sons are true
To Rio Vista High,
To Rio Vista High.

The Father

It was dusk by the deep, quiet river, not that warm, sweet all-enfolding dusk that caresses and soothes, but a cold, dreary darkness. The man was weary—wary physically and worse—wary with a terrible soul-tiredness. He longed with mind and body to be at rest, eternally. Hopeless, friendless—what was there to live for? True, there was the boy. Here pain clutched at the father's heart. But children soon forget.

With a fascination that amounted almost to horror, he looked at the black waters, whereon even the stars were reflected but dimly, grotesquely. Would it hurt, or would it just be a step forward, a cool embrace and then oblivion? He crept close. No, not there. The darkness was too appalling. Just a little further on, where that gleam of light fell from a tiny isolated cottage. Just a little closer to humanity, for though he was sick at heart, though he had lost faith in mankind, still there was a comforting tangibility about men. He knew them, but he knew not that into which he was stepping.

Yes, here it was less cold, less sinister. Suddenly a child's laughter broke the pall of silence. The man started. He was about to leap—then slowly he turned. Only one more glimpse of a child! Perhaps where he was going there were no children. He stole closer to the cottage, looked in the window. A sweet-faced woman sat crooning to a sleeping child and there was the child whose laugh had called him. Golden-haired, rosy-cheeked, he romped with his father. The man outside gazed at the child longingly. He had always loved children. He loved them now. He smiled. The boy was so joyous—so appealing. With that smile, the first in weeks, the tension broke. The man sank to the ground, great tears welled up and rolled down his face.

Suddenly he rose, blindly stumbling forward, reached the roadway, and calling

“Son, oh little son, I'm coming, coming to you,” he rounded the bend where gleamed the lights of the city.

D. B. S., '17.

When Day Dies

A little cot at close of day,
A little light aglowing.
A little mother's sweet, calm lay,
A little fire abloding,

A little smile, so sweet and warm,
A little glance from loving eyes,
A little shelter from the storm,
God's own great blessings, when day dies.

D. B. S., '17.

Cell 44



HIS way, please," and the guard led the visitor to cell 44 and let him in.

"How are ye, Pat, and how are ye goin' ter be able ter stay here?"

"I can't tell yer, Mike," replied the hollow-eyed, yellow-faced prisoner. "But will yer do me a favor?"

Before Mike could give consent the prisoner went on. "A little dope and the needle, too. Get it here any way ye can and be quick about it."

He had just finished when the guard called "Time," and the visitor had to leave the prison.

A few days later the guard was handed a bag of cream-puffs for Pat Malone from Mike O'Grady. These were inspected by four officials, including the matron. Each smiled and passed the greasy bag on until it came into the hands of the matron. She weighed each puff thoughtfully in her hand. One seemed heavier than the others and not so puffy. Opening it she discovered a hypodermic needle and a small amount of morphine.

Mike O'Grady was never heard of again, and ere long Pat Malone was borne to a prisoner's grave.

H. L. T., '16.

School in the Year 2000

I see a school in the year 2000 far more modern and up-to-date than that of the present day. At nine o'clock the bell rings; the pupils are transported from the yard to the marching line by little automobiles, probably Fords. The pupils then step into the little boxes in their right position, as if marching in, and the whole line of boxes moves slowly upwards, depositing the pupils at the right school room.

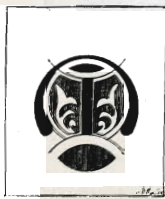
The books are out and each pupil takes a little receiver, such as operators use, with a band to fit over the head; one ear is equipped with the receiver, and at the other end of the band there is a cotton cork that fits into the ear to prevent the knowledge acquired from passing in one ear and out the other. Then a wire that is attached to the receiver is fastened to a block of iron which the pupil passes over the pages of his books, thus absorbing the facts on the paper.

At noon the pupils are carried downstairs on their boxes, and they proceed home in their Fords.

This, in 2000, will be the model school.

W. E. S., '19.

Startin' Somethin'



E-E-E-O-W! Crash! Bang! Pandemonium had broken loose. Jimmy stood in astonished bewilderment, while the erstwhile quiet old Maltese, with hair and tail erect, dashed around the room, sailed over chairs, upset things right and left, and emitted nerve-racking shrieks. Jimmy's hands stole consolingly to the seat of his trousers as he saw a great vase go toppling to destruction.

A. A., '17.

Mr. Mouse --- Detective

"Oh, say, Charlie, this is great," exclaimed Fred, looking up from a letter he was hastily reading. "Julia Van Dorn has invited me to a masquerade party at her home on Valentine's evening, and she'll give you a bid, too, if I tell her I'm going to bring a friend with me. Let's see, what girls can we ask?"

"That would be fine," responded Charlie quickly, "but why ask her for a bid for me? I haven't seen any of the Burford girls for three years. I'm not very large; why couldn't I go as your partner? I used to know them so well they wouldn't be angry."

So it was settled that Fred should escort his friend Charlie to the masquerade.

The evening came, and Charlie, decked out in a very gorgeous lace valentine of his sister's designing, was Fred's partner. Fred was also dressed to represent a lace valentine.

"Oh! how pretty," cried out a dozen or more girls as Charlie gracefully stepped into their midst, but no one was so fortunate as to get even a word from the pretty valentine girl.

"Who is she?" was heard on every side of the house. "Fred Comstock brought her."

Shortly before the time for the guests to unmask, a number of the girls, carrying with them the strange girl, to her rather evident distaste, went into a dressing-room to rearrange their hair.

Suddenly a girl jumped from her chair crying, "A mouse! I heard it squeak!"

Instantly all the girls jumped upon chairs or other available objects. All but the lace-valentine girl. After a quick search of the room, she calmly lifted from behind the dresser a mouse-trap in which a mouse was imprisoned, opened a window, and threw it out.

"Well!" ejaculated Mazie Meyers. "Who are you, anyway?" and with a quick movement unmasked the would-be girl.

Astonishment was pictured on every face, and one girl laughingly exulted, "We were fooled all right, but thanks to Mr. Mouse, we have a chance to get even. Those boys have been following you up all evening. Put on that mask, and come back. We'll have the laugh on them." A. McD., '16.

Making Cold Water Cook a Meal

A hundred years ago no one who gazed into a raging mountain torrent ever dreamed that through it housewives of the twentieth century would prepare a meal.

Today swift mountain streams are led to places where, through the agency of falling water, machines are made to generate power called electricity. This is led by means of heavy wires from the steep mountains down into the valleys and plains to the transforming stations in the cities. At these places the current is so transformed that from there it is taken through smaller wires straight to the homes and into the kitchens.

Now the preparer of the meal has only to connect her electric stove to the power wires by pressing a button, and then to put her dinner on the stove. The heat units generated by the cold water in the mountains do the rest.

B. McC., '16.

Turned Tables

"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley."

"Oh!" thought Margie, "I'll get even with Jack now for playing that trick on me the other night, and causing father to scold me for staying late at the dance. He never wants father to know what time he gets home and always creeps up the back stairs to his room to avoid passing father's door."

Jack, nineteen, and Margie, seventeen, were the only children of Mr. Brown, a banker. For fourteen years he had been a widower and in his anxiety to do his duty was rather strict with them.

On this evening he had told them to stay at home, for he had to be at his office until ten o'clock, and he wanted them to be in bed when he returned. Margie still smarted under the lecture given her the morning before, and felt revengeful toward her brother. He was always getting her in wrong, and then never helped her! Jack had gone to a friend's to spend the evening, and Margie was left alone. She had fully made up her mind what she would do, so she descended to the kitchen, filled the wash-basin with water, climbed upon a chair and deposited the basin upon the partly open door leading to the back stairs, so that when Jack came in the basin would fall on him, wetting him and making a big noise.

She then went chuckling to her room, and began to read, when several girls came rushing in and persuaded her to accompany them to a surprise party.

Meanwhile Jack had not found his friend at home, had returned and gone to his room. When his father came home he saw Jack's light and called to ask if Margie was in bed. Jack answered that he supposed so. Mr. Brown locked the front door and went to his room.

Margie had a wonderful time. Never once did her disobedience trouble her. At half-past twelve she returned and quietly tried the door.

"Locked! Mercy, what shall I do? I wonder if Jack has returned?"

She sat down on the front steps, and the longer she sat, the more frightened she became, until finally she decided to try the door of the rear porch. Stepping softly, she hurried around the house.

"Locked also! Oh! how I wish I had stayed at home!" she sobbed, "but I'll try this window anyway."

She found it unlocked. Joyfully she raised it and stepped inside, not noticing that she hadn't taken care to raise it carefully.

"What can it be?" she asked herself, and, holding her breath, she listened a moment.

"Possibly just a mouse."

Suddenly the kitchen clock struck the hour of two. Nervously she opened the stairway door and took a step, when there was a loud racket, and she was drenched in water. At the same time a flash-light revealed her to the startled but amused gaze of her brother, who had heard someone raise the window, and thinking it a burglar, had brought his flash-light and pistol.

There were hurried steps in the room above, and before Margie could collect her frightened wits, her father's voice called:

"Who's there?"

"Only me, father," replied Jack, "I got up to get a drink of water and was bringing a cup back when I bumped into the door."

"Well, get back to bed, and next time turn on the light," his father responded.

Jack hurried the frightened Margie up to her room. Not one question did he ask her, but she came to him next day and told him of the trap that

she had set for him, and then had been caught in. Good-naturedly, Jack saw the humorous side of the adventure, so Margie thought brothers were some good once in a while.

But as they talked the matter over, they decided it was best to make a clean breast of the affair to their father, and then, when planning their good times, to trust to his sympathy and understanding. M. C., '16.

The Only Gentleman

One lovely evening, hastening on my way,
I caught a crowded trolley car while trying to reach the bay.
"Yes, crowded 'tis undoubtedly," I thought on glancing 'round.
But all in vain my searching gaze, for not a seat was found.

Just then the trolley gave a jerk, and, swaying to and fro,
I raised my hand to grasp the strap and swinging there, you know
What keen embarrassment I felt, and from crying was not far,
When I found myself the center of attraction in that car.

There were men-folks in the trolley of every age and hue,
And right across some nice young men, and college students, too.
Yes, surely they were students, for such their dress betrayed.
"And now," methinks, "my rescue's near; they'll never leave a maid
In such a plight. But can it be they do not care a snap?
Those cruel, heartless guys would leave a lady on a strap!"

My indignation grew apace, and anger made me bold,
Yet must confess 'twas very hard my tears,—and strap to hold.
I proudly turned my head aside, but what attraction there
That held my fascinated gaze?—Oh, such a picture fair!

A venerable gentleman held close cuddled in his lap
A darling cherub boy of five, a most engaging chap.
With angel grace he bounded forth, and said, in accents sweet,
His clear notes ringing through the car,
"Please, won't you take my seat?"

A. A., '17.



Unexpected Honor

"Look here, Stanley, you must stop this larking in class," said Anderson Major, head prefect of Canbury Grammar School, to his small brother, who had been sent home from India at the beginning of the school term.

The father of the two boys had been quartered in a coal station for some years and Stanley had been able to remain with his parents longer than usual. Mr. Anderson had given him elementary training, but his elder brother was now reaping the benefits of his having been allowed to have his own way too much, both by his parents and by the native servants.

He gloried in the number of rules he managed to break or evade, and kept his brother in a constant state of worry and annoyance. So far, Anderson Major had managed to save him from many deserved punishments, but only that morning Mr. Davidson, the head master, had said to him with a meaning smile,

"When are you going to let your duckling take to the water, Anderson?"

"He is so dreadfully nervous and excitable, sir," apologized the prefect, "A caning would half kill him, though he wouldn't show it."

The result of this advice was that Anderson was attempting for the twentieth time to make some sort of impression on his brother, but he finished his lecture as he had never finished one before.

"So you see, Stanley, it would be quite useless to come to me in the future. I am not going to help you out of any more scrapes, and I advise you not to get into them."

"All right, Sahib," laughed the boy, as he ran off to the third form class-room.

"The composition to be written is to be entitled, 'An Adventure in a Motor Car,'" said Mr. Brounger, the master of the third form, and the boys in front of him settled down with one accord to their afternoon's work. Even Anderson Minor, who had plenty of brains, gave himself up with enthusiasm to the task of describing a motor ride which he and his father had once taken through an Indian jungle with the colonel of the regiment, an occasion on which they had sent an astonished and startled tiger fleeing for its life. He finished a quarter of an hour too soon and the spirit of mischief again took possession of him.

He was drawing a caricature of Mr. Brounger. The class-room door opened and a message came from the matron that Dr. Meredith wished to see Stanley. He piled his papers together and jumped up hurriedly. He was a delicate boy and the doctor often came to see him.

It was with a pale and anxious face that Stanley returned to the class-room, wondering whether Mr. Brounger had noticed the picture among the papers of his essay. So far fortune had seemed to be on his side.

"If Jack would only give me an opportunity of speaking to him," he thought, "I would ask him to help me out just this once."

The papers had been collected, and he could only wait the coming of the next day's recitation with Mr. Brounger.

At last the dreaded hour arrived, and Mr. Brounger entered the class-room with the usual sheaf of papers in his hand.

"A very fair set of essays, taking them altogether; some are good and some are bad, and about Anderson's paper I shall have a word to say at the end."

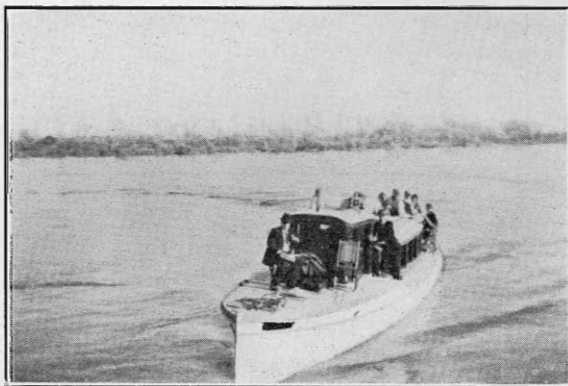
The unlucky boy trembled and wished the ground would open and swallow him. He did not hear a word that the master said as he criticised the other papers and it was only the sound of his own name that recalled his scattered senses. Then he braced himself, so that no one should see how frightened he was, and waited anxiously for Mr. Brounger to utter the expected rebuke and pronounce sentence upon him.

But strange to say, Mr. Brounger began with a smile, "Really, Anderson, I was most interested in your paper. It is well written, and the adventure you described was so exciting that I showed your essay to the editor of the school magazine. He is going to keep it for the Year Book. He also was very eager to use the sketches you had made, and wishes for more."

A wave of relief swept over the boy, and a sudden resolve filled his heart which bore immediate fruit.

By the time that Stanley had been a year at Canbury, he had settled down into what his brother considered a very decent member of society. He and his chum Meredith were as fond of pranks as ever, but they had also made their way to the top of the class, and Anderson Major, who was working his hardest for an Oxford Scholarship, felt that his brother could now get on without his supervision.

T. W., '16.



The "Alice E"

It is a pleasant journey
Which we travel day by day,
Up and down the peaceful river
Where the billows dance and play;
And the boat in which we travel
Makes our voyage twice the joy,
While our good and jolly captain
Guards right well each girl and boy.

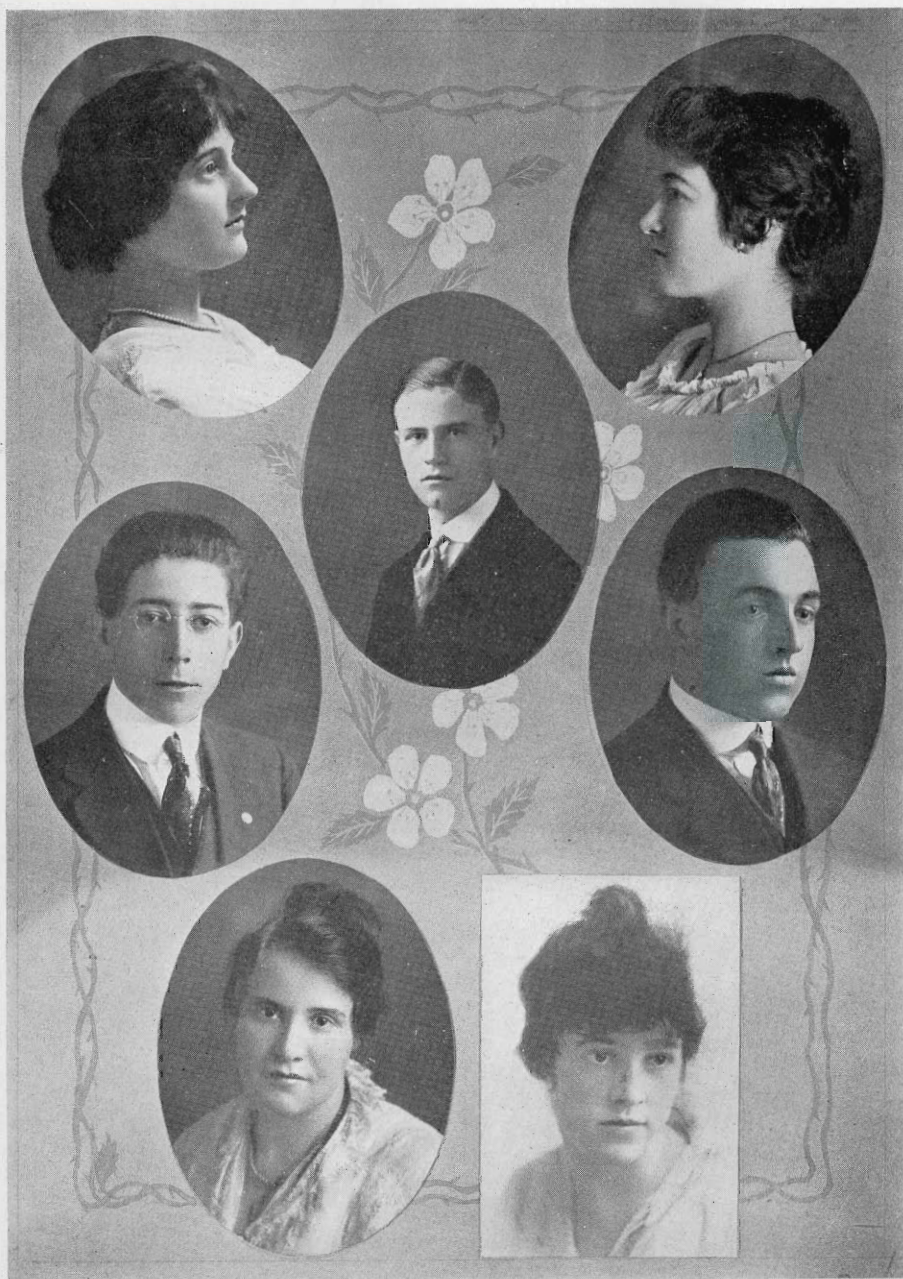
A. McC., '18.



RUTH CRAIG
 GEORGE FRATES
 RUTH ALLENDER

DWIGHT McCORMACK

MYRTLE CROMWELL
 HOWARD LAURITZEN
 ANNIE McDONALD



GERTRUDE BRYAN
ARTHUR SILVA
HAZEL TOTMAN

ERROL JOSE

RUTH HAMPTON
BULEN McCORMACK
TESSIE WILSON



Battle Hymn of the Seniors

Mine eyes have seen the glory and the brilliance of our class ;
We are struggling on and struggling on and we'll be sure to pass
To the Paradise of Knowledge, waiting for each lad and lass,
So we'll go marching on.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Our 1916 Class.

First there's Annie, she's our editor, a brilliant star you see,
And her fate is very probable—a school ma'am she will be ;
But I'm downright glad I'm bigger so her stick won't fall on me,
As she goes teaching on.

And George, though small, in basket ball we truly do adore ;
He is a bear when he starts in a-rolling up the score,
And we hope he'll be successful and win many honors more,
So he'll go scoring on.

Our Hazel has such trouble climbing up the high school hill
That she's always late for English and it makes her nearly ill,
But we know she's a speed burner and she has a healthy will,
So she'll go climbing on.

Now Bulen is right there for looks, but that which makes it worse
Is that in San Francisco there is a winning nurse
Whose smiles so sweet will be to our fond hopes a blighting curse,
When he goes queening on.

And Gertrude is a hummer when it comes to writing themes ;
Although they're always one week late she sure turns out the dreams,
And Miss Jenks must fain forgive her when she hands in reams and reams,
So she'll go writing on.

Dwight holds ev'ry post of honor that our school can give to him ;
He's captain of the basket ball and makes his goals with vim ;
For glee clubs and dramatics he is always right in trim,
So he'll go leading on.

Now Tessie is a good girl, but she loves to tease a boy,
And in the end she always sends away each little joy,
But we'll forgive her for she is so jolly and so coy,
So she'll go flirting on.

And Howard is another of our basket ball delights,
For when he has the ball you must be careful of your lights,
And when you see him play you know the game will turn out right,
So he'll go rushing on.

Now Errol is the nicest boy you'd ever want to meet,
He's our athletic manager and sure is hard to beat;
He loyally supports our team, he'd rather "root" than eat,
So he'll go rooting on.

We'll not forget Ruth Hampton, she's the greatest of us all,
She's an artist and she loves to sketch and paint the trees so tall,
But we fear for all her talents for there is a young man calls,
Who should go marching on.

Now Arthur is a pest if ever was one in a school,
He loves to bother all the girls, to cut up and to fool,
But, though we try to make him understand the Golden Rule,
He will go fooling on.

And Myrtle is the most ambitious student ever seen,
She takes down notes for business men and types out all they mean;
She sells us tickets so we see the pictures on the screen,
And she'll go earning on.

Ruth Craig just came to us this year and surely you'll agree,
That she's a wee bit stouter than either you or me,
But we love her for her sweetness, she's our President, you see,
And she'll go gaining on. R. A., '16.

The girl who wrote this poem is the liveliest one of all;
She dances through her lessons and she one-steps in the hall;
She thinks life's just a setting for her grand, triumphal ball,
And she'll go dancing on.

Class History

August 26, 1912, twenty-two unsophisticated boys and girls crowded into the Masonic Hall which had been prepared for the opening of a new high school.

Some entered upon preparation for a commercial career, while others took up academic work looking forward to college courses, but

One went on a pigeon hunt, and one was reprimanded;

One became a "hello" girl, in next year's class two landed;

Three for wedded bliss have left, but one comes back to cook;

One has moved to southern climes, while one his class forsook;

Ill health has one at home detained, while one restores the sick and maimed.

Now on June 23, 1916, fourteen hope to receive diplomas.

Although they still hold in their hearts many happy memories of the days in the old Masonic Hall, they have enjoyed the advantages of the beautiful new building and are proud to be the first class to go forth from its doors.

The senior boys have been very active in athletics. Both in basket ball and track they have won honors for the high school and they will be missed next year. Both boys and girls from the senior class are prominent in the Glee Clubs, and in scholarship and all activities the class of 1916 has striven during its four years to keep the high standard already set by previous classes.

As they leave the pleasant surroundings with which they have been associated and are turning their thoughts to more serious problems, they trust they have the good will of the voters who have given them the unusual advantages which they have been enjoying.

Class Records

George Frates: Staff '16; Basket Ball '14, '15, '16; Track '14, '15, '16; Vice-President of Student Body '16; Dramatics '14, '16; Capt. Senior Basket Ball '16.

Howard Lauritzen: Basket Ball '15, '16; Track Captain '14, '15, '16; President Boys' Athletic Association '15, '16; S. C. A. L. First Place Mile and Half Mile. Dramatics '14, '15, '16.

Errol Jose: Staff '15; Manager of Boys' Athletic Association '16; Class Debater '16; Senior Basket Ball '16; Sergeant-at-Arms '16; Dramatics '14.

Myrtle Cromwell: Staff '16; Class Debater '14; Basket Ball '13, '14.

Hazel Totman: Basket Ball Captain '13; Treasurer of Senior Class '16; Girls' Chorus '16; Dramatics '13, '16; President F. Class '13.

Bulen McCormack: Treasurer of Student Body '13, '14, '15, '16; Boys' Glee Club '16; Dramatics '15.

Dwight McCormack: Basket Ball Captain '16; Basket Ball '14, '15, '16; Track '15, '16; Class Debater '16; Dramatics '15, '16; Boys' Glee Club '15, '16; Staff '14, '15, '16; President of Student Body '16; Business Manager '16.

Annie McDonald: Staff '14, '15, '16; Editor of Annual '16; Dramatics '15; Class Representative '14, '15; Class Debater '15, '16.

Tessie Wilson: Girls' Chorus '16; Quartette '15.

Gertrude Bryan: Secretary of Student Body '14, '15; Girls' Chorus '14, '15, '16; Dramatics '14, '16; President Tennis Club '15; Staff '14, '16; Secretary of Tennis Club '16; Class Debater '14; Class Representative '14.

Ruth Hampton: Dramatics '13, '14, '16; Staff '14, '15, '16.

Arthur Silva: Track '15; Senior Basket Ball '16.

Ruth Allender: Quartette '15; Girls' Chorus '14, '15, '16; Dramatics '14, '16; President of Tennis Club '16; Staff '15, '16; Class Representative '16; Basket Ball Captain '14; School Representative to Dixon '16.

Ruth Craig: Graduate of Lowell High School, S. F. '15; Post Graduate at R. V. J. U. H. S. '16; Class President '16; Girls' Chorus '16; Staff '16.

R. A., '16.



JUNIOR

Class Officers

President.....Sanford Dickey
 Representative.....Mildred Webber
 Colors, Maize and Blue.
 Flower, Chrysanthemum.

Motto.

BE SECOND TO NONE.

Record.

Anita Anderson, President of Class, '15; "Helen Saunders" in "Slats," '15; Member Girls' Glee Club, '14-'16; "Bertha" in "Cricket on the Hearth," '16.

Dorothy Smith, Class Representative, '14, '15; Secretary and Treasurer of Girls' Tennis Club, '16; Assistant Editor, '16; "Polly," in "Slats," '15; Member of Girls' Glee Club, '14, '16.

Sanford Dickey, Josh Editor, '14; Captain of Class Track Team, '15, '16; Class Debater, '16; Member of Boys' Glee Club, '14, '16; President of S. C. A. L., '16; Captain of Class Basket Ball Team, '16; Member of Basket Ball Team, '14, '16.

Helen Webber, Member of Girls' Glee Club, '14, '16.

Elwood Bryan, President of Class, '14; Member Basket Ball Team, '14, '16; Member Boys' Glee Club, '14, '16.

Francis Lauritzen, Midget Basket Ball Team, '14, '15; Inter-Class Track, '14, '16; Member Boys' Glee Club, '14, '16; Class Debater, '14, '16.

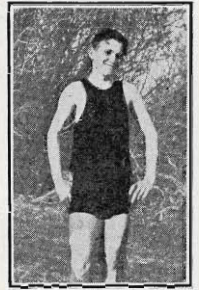
Earl Hampton, Midget Basket Ball Team '14, '15; Inter-Class Track, '15, '16.

James Fraser, Member of Basket Ball Team, '13, '16; Boys' Glee Club, '14, '15.

Francis Flannery, Class Debater, '16; Class Basket Ball Team, '16.

Mildred Webber, Member Girls' Glee Club, '14, '16; Class Representative '16.

Amalia Elliott, nee Fraser, died March 2, 1916.



T Stands for **TRUTH**, the shield of all,
With it no evil can us befall.
H For the **HONORS** we're all glad to gain
By the work of our hands and the work of
our brain.
E Stands for **EXCELLENT** which we would get,
But the fortunate winner is known as the
"Pet."



J Stands for **JUNIORS** ten, happy and gay;
"SECOND TO NONE," not even in play.
U Is for **UNITY** in class and school,
We gain it by following the golden rule.
N For the **NAME** that we hope to make
When we our places in the world's work take.
I The **INSPIRATION** for which we all seek
When themes are assigned the first of each
week.
O For **OBEDIENCE**, first and last,
Ever our hobby during the past.
R Is for **READINESS**,—ready to go,
Just take a look at us, none of us slow.



C Is for **COOKS**, each little dame,
With apron and cap, will acquire great fame.
L For **LOYALTY** to Miss Jenks, our friend,
Who always helps our troubles to end.
A Stands for **ACCURACY** in all our work,
Always on duty, we never shirk.
S For our **SIX BOYS**, sturdy and strong;
All are brave athletes, pride of the throng.
S Is for **SENIORS**, who leave us so soon;
Glad Juniors their places will take next June.



A. A., '17.





Class Officers

PresidentEVERETT CAMPBELL
 RepresentativeANNAMAE SEIP

Class Motto.
 DEEDS NOT DREAMS.

Colors—Green and White.

Flower—Red Geranium.

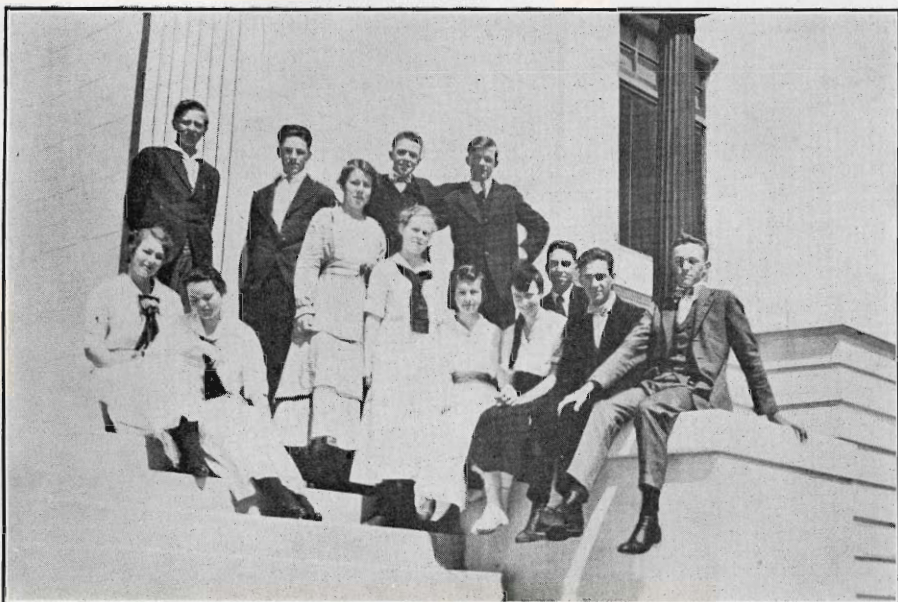
Sophomore Deeds

As sophomores we give to you
 Our greetings both sincere and true.
 Our motto which is "Deeds, not Dreams,"
 Has been lived up to, so it seems.

In glee-clubs boys and girls both shine,
 For music is right in our line.
 In track and basket ball our boys
 Have vict'ries added to our joys.

The chief of cooks we also claim,
 In needlework, too, we're **seeking** fame,
Debates and dramatics have **made** our name known;
 We **are** doing, not dreaming, I'm sure you must own.

A. S., '18.



Top Row—Sophomore—Ed. Snyder, E. Campbell, W. Smith, S. Olsen.
 Center Row—M. Madison, E. Jensen, W. Clemings.
 Bottom Row—L. Neilson, E. Snyder, A. Seip, A. McCarthy, C. Kesner, E. Turner.



Top Row—Freshmen—E. Story, P. Flannery, D. McCormack, Rita Callaghan, Lottie Meyers,
 H. Lind, E. Stewart, L. Grenfell.
 Bottom Row—E. Frates, H. Freitas, V. Hutton.

FRESHMAN



On September 7, 1915, fourteen little Freshies, we marched into the new high school. We gazed in wonder at the strange and new surroundings.

It did not take us long, however, to get acquainted with our classmates. Our next step was to elect class officers who were: Earl Stewart, President; Donald McCormack, Vice-President; Edmund Story, Secretary; Rita Callaghan, Class Representative. Miss Clark and Mr. McDermont were appointed our advisers.

Our first program consisted of a song composed by the fourteen Freshies, the story of the life of Joel Chandler Harris, and a reading from one of his stories, "Brer Rabbit and the Butter."

On April 2, the Freshmen gave a school satire, "The Simplified Commencement at Jonesville," with the following cast:

Farmer Grump, a trustee.....	Donald McCormack
Professor Rodd	Lawrence Grenfell
Miss Chance, a teacher	Lottie Meyers
Miss Hardworker, a graduate	Rita Callaghan
Mr. Pleader, a lawyer	Edmund Story

The rest of the class represented the Board of Education and the graduates.

Another feature of our year was the election of a debating team, which was coached by Mr. McDermont. Earl Stewart, Donald McCormack and Lawrence Grenfell were chosen to debate against the Sophomores on the question, "Resolved: That capital punishment should be abolished in the United States." The judges gave the decision to the Sophomores, but commended Donald McCormack on making the best speech of the debate.

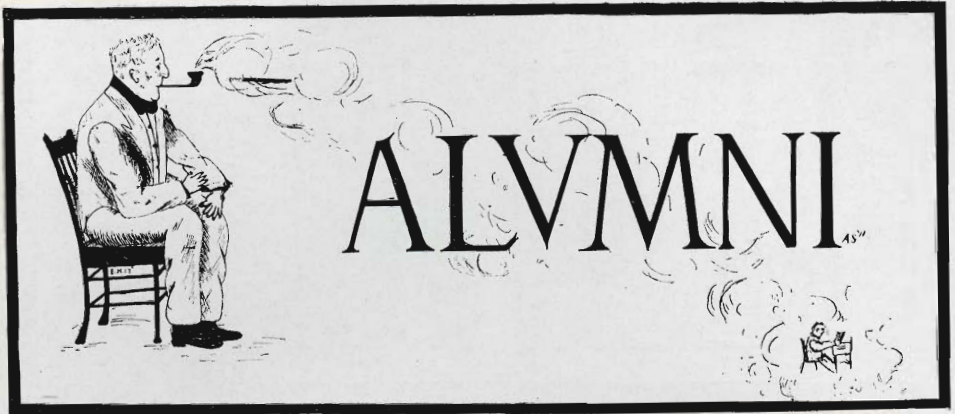
We also organized an All-Freshman basket ball team, with the following line-up:

Forwards—Lawrence Grenfell, Emil Frates. Center—Lloyd Tice. Guards—Earl Stewart, Horace Fratus.

The first game was played with the Sophomores, resulting in a score of 29 to 26 in favor of the Freshmen. Five games, all of which were won by the Freshmen, were played with the Rio Vista Grammar School. In a game with the Juniors, the All-Freshmen team met defeat.

A track meet between the Rio Vista Grammar School and the Freshmen resulted in a score of 43 to 33 in favor of the Freshmen. In the Inter-Class track meet the Freshmen won second in the mile run, and also in the half-mile, second and third in the fifty-yard dash, second in the hundred-yard dash, and tied for first place in the pole vault, winning a total of 201-3 points.

R. C., '19.



The class of 1915, the first regular class to graduate from our high school, at a banquet given in their honor, organized the Alumni Association of Rio Vista Joint Union High School.

Officers were elected as follows:

President.....	LESTER UPHAM
Vice-President	HAIDEE BAILEY
Secretary and Treasurer.....	ROLAND LAURITZEN
Sergeant-at-Arms	ILA SMITH

It has been the aim of the members of the Alumni to strengthen the bands of friendship and to promote a spirit of loyalty and interest in the high school.

The Alumni has been and always will be in perfect harmony with the high school and with anything that the high school may undertake and will always be willing to lend a helping hand whenever the opportunity presents itself.

At the time of the organization of the association, there were eight members.

Ila Smith is at present attending the San Francisco Normal, where she is fitting herself to be a teacher.

Mabel Kalber is in her second year at the University of California.

Haidee Bailey is continuing her work as Custodian in the Rio Vista Branch of the Solano County Free Library.

Roland Lauritzen is filling the position of bookkeeper with the firm of J. Stern & Co., Inc.

Lester Upham is in San Francisco where he is studying pharmacy at the Affiliated College.

Leslie Fraser is taking a short business course at St. Gertrude's Academy.

Albert Anderson is attending Heald's Business College in San Francisco.

Blanche Totman had dreamed of many achievements and we who were closely associated with her know well that hers would have been a lovely and useful life. Just on the threshold, however, three months after her graduation, she was taken to that higher life, where her dreams, glorified ten-fold, will be realized.

H. B., '15.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Top Row—Amy McCarthy, Elna Jensen, Miss Matthews, Anita Anderson, Mildred Webber,
Ruth Hampton.
Bottom Row—Ruth Allender, Tessie Wilson, Dorothy Smith, Lena Nielson, Evelyn Snider,
Mabel Madison.

Cooking

The course in cooking started with a general outline of the food principals. Fruit canning, the cooking of vegetables, the preparation of flour mixtures, meat, eggs and milk, salad and desserts were the next lessons given. The course in serving followed this and throughout the year home cooking was encouraged, extra credit being given.

Twelve girls have been enrolled in the course and they have also done much work outside of class. They have held several candy sales and have served luncheon to the basket ball boys after the games.

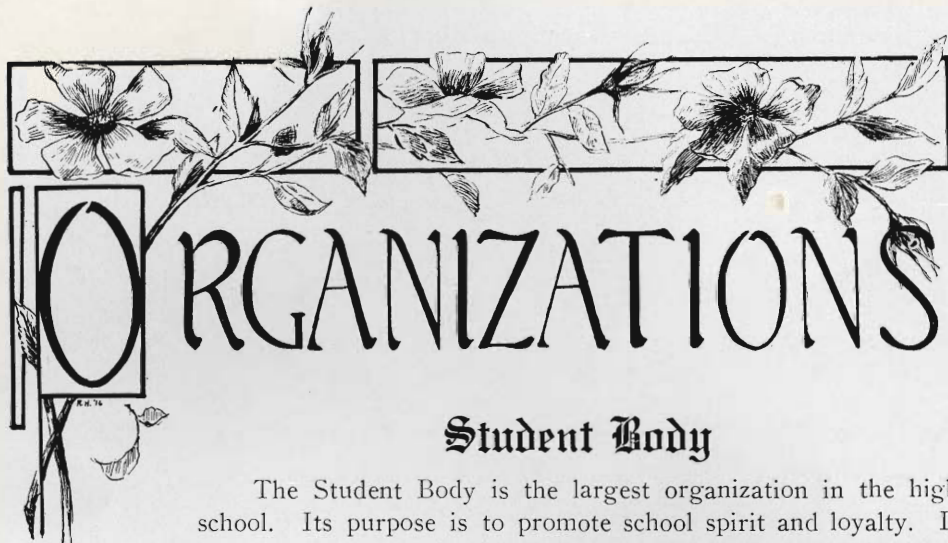
Evening Class

The night cooking class was organized upon request of several ladies of the town. The first meeting was held September 14th when it was decided to meet every Tuesday evening from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. The fee was fifty cents a month.

The lessons in the class have been mostly practical cooking, but a few talks were given on the classes of food—their comparative values and digestibility. The course, as planned by Miss Matthews, consists of lessons in candy making, vegetables, meat, flour mixtures, the different kinds of desserts, salads and ices.

From twenty to twenty-five ladies have been enrolled during the course with an average attendance of about twenty. The following ladies are members of the class:

Mesdames W. A. Stewart T. McCormack, J. W. Thomas, G. B. Sidwell, A. C. Harvie, G. A. Brown, F. B. Smith, J. W. Hamilton H. J. Dirr, S. J. DeSota, F. H. Thomas, L. H. Church, A. W. Hansen, J. McCormack, H. Valente, Misses P. Rawlings, M. Hamilton, E. Akers, A. Enevoldsen, and F. Hamilton.



Student Body

The Student Body is the largest organization in the high school. Its purpose is to promote school spirit and loyalty. It fosters other organizations, and has financially aided them.

The students and the members of the faculty may become members of the Student Body by paying fifty cents each semester. The membership of the Student Body is about four-fifths of the total enrollment.

The officers of the school are elected for one year and at present are:

PresidentDWIGHT McCORMACK
Vice-PresidentGEORGE FRATES
Secretary and Treasurer.....BULEN McCORMACK

Tennis Club

The Girls' Tennis Club was organized in October, 1915. Officers were chosen as follows: Gertrude Bryan, President; Dorothy Smith, Secretary and Treasurer. A constitution was adopted and lavender and gold were selected as club colors.

Lacking a Court, the girls immediately, with the generous aid of the school trustees, made arrangements with the firm of Buffum & Jessup for the building of an asphalt court with a three-inch rock base. With the kind aid of several people outside of school, a guarantee fund was formed by a large number of students, and with that as security, the work on the court was begun.

The first entertainment given to raise funds to pay for the court was a concert by the University of California Glee Club. A candy sale, under the direction of Miss Matthews and the domestic science department, together with the box-office receipts netted \$133. With the addition of dues, the girls were able to make a first payment of \$150. Weekly candy and cake sales were held throughout the winter and the proceeds from these, together with the club dues, amounted to a sufficient sum for a third payment.

In December the students of the high school staged "The Cricket On the Hearth," the proceeds going to the Tennis Club. This made possible a second payment.

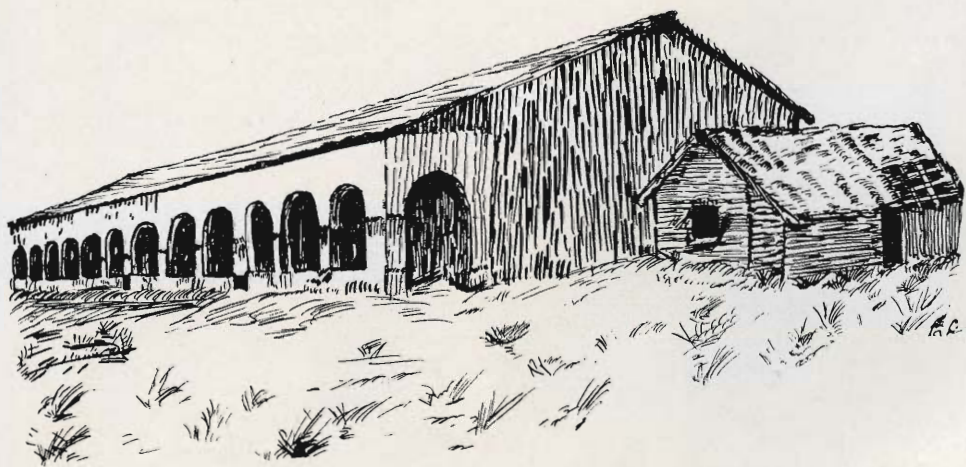
During the second semester new officers were chosen: Ruth Allender, President; Gertrude Bryan, Secretary; Dorothy Smith, Treasurer.

A small sum is still due on the court, but the members of the club hope that in the near future they will be entirely free from debt. Next year, all debts paid, the club will enjoy the fruits of its labors. M. M., '18.

Glee Clubs

Soon after the school started in September, the Boys' Glee Club and the Girls' Octette reorganized with Mr. McDermont and Miss Akers in charge of the boys and Miss Matthews in charge of the girls. Miss Akers was pianist for both organizations. All were anxious to continue the work begun the year before. The girls had a splendid start, due to having been under Mrs. Westgate's supervision for the last two years. Although the boys have been singing together little less than a year, they had been greatly helped by Miss Akers, Mr. McDermont and Mr. Grinstead. The clubs had been organized only a short while when, through the director of the University of California Glee Club, Mr. Harold Parish Williams, California barytone, was secured as instructor.

Mr. Williams has done most of his studying with Alfred Cogswell, considered the best teacher on the Coast for voice placement and tone production. He also studied the interpretation of German Lieder with Ernst Wilhelmy, the only pupil of Wüllner, the greatest of dramatic Lieder singers. He has also done operatic roles with Ralph Errolle, tenor, formerly with the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Mr. Williams has been very successful for so young an artist and each successive engagement has brought forth more noteworthy press notices from the critics. He sang with the Symphony Orchestra under Max Bendix, in Festival Hall last October, with such success that he was re-engaged to sing on the last Sunday of the Fair with Madame deVilmar of London and a chorus of three hundred, in three oratorios. He has had much success in concert since appearing in San Francisco and nearby cities. Mr. Williams is to sing with the San Francisco People's Orchestra in the Civic Auditorium under the baton of Giulio Minetti, May 14th, and in July he will sing with the Philharmonic Orchestra under Nicholai Sokoloff. Mr. Williams is a protégé of Madam Ernestine Schuman-Heink, who advised Mr. Williams to make concert stage his life work.





GIRLS' CHORUS.

Top Row—Gertrude Bryan, Ruth Craig, Hazel Totman, Anita Anderson, Miss Akers,
Dorothy Smith, Miss Matthews, Ruth Allender, Tessie Wilson, Mildred Webber.
Bottom Row—Amy McCarthy, Helen Webber, Annamae Seip.

Immediately upon taking the direction of high school music, Mr. Williams rearranged both clubs and changed the girls from an octette to a triple quartette. He shifted the parts until now there are the following voices :

SOPRANO.

1st.
Miss Matthews
Helen Webber
Tess Wilson

2nd.
Dorothy Smith
Mildred Webber
Gertrude Bryan

ALTO.

1st.
Annamae Seip
Ruth Craig
Anita Anderson
Hazel Totman

2nd.
Ruth Allender
Amy McCarthy

The boys chosen for the Boys' Glee Club are the following :

TENOR.

1st.
Bulen McCormack
Dwight McCormack
Edgar Turner

2nd.
Francis Lauritzen
Sidney Olsen

BASS.

1st.
Mr. McDermont
Everett Campbell

2nd.
Elwood Bryan
Sanford Dickey



BOYS' CHORUS.

Top Row—Elwood Bryan, Sanford Dickey, A. L. McDermont, Miss Akers, Dwight McCormack, Bulen McCormack, Francis Lauritzen.
Bottom Row—Everett Campbell, Edgar Turner, Sidney Olsen.

Besides the direction of the Glee Clubs, Mr. Williams has a number of private pupils, among whom are:

Hazel Totman
Sidney Olsen
Mildred Webber
Helen Webber
Delma Stewart
Miss Matthews

Gertrude Bryan
Sanford Dickey
Ruth Allender
Dwight McCormack
Bulen McCormack
W. A. Stewart
Mr. McDermont

The concert given by Mr. Williams on the 25th of February in honor of George Washington and for the benefit of the Boys' Athletic Association gave us a splendid idea of the wonderful progress they have made. Not only the clubs took part but Mr. Williams and some of his pupils. Mildred Webber, Ruth Allender, and Sanford Dickey contributed solos. It was the first time Mr. Williams had ever sung in Rio Vista and the audience keenly enjoyed his songs.

The Boys' Glee Club sang their favorites, "Bonnie Dundee" and the "Hunters' Song," better than ever before, and their enthusiastic applause was well deserved. The Girls' Glee Club showed their ability, especially in the second number, "The Rosary." The first number, "America," was sung with ease and grace.



CONCERT FEBRUARY 26.

Director, Mr. Harold Parish Williams.

"Hunters' Song," E. Oxenford, John Kimross.....	Boys' Glee Club
"Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal," Tennyson.....	Mildred Webber
"America Triumphant," John Hayes Holmes, Clifford Demorest.....	Girls' Glee Club
Selected English Songs.....	H. P. Williams
Cantata, "Red, White and Blue"	
"Ode to Washington".....	Mixed Chorus
"My Own United States".....	Sanford Dickey
"The Land of Washington".....	Mr. McDermont and Mixed Chorus
"My Big Little Soldier Boy".....	Ruth Allender
"America"	Mixed Chorus

At the debate between the Sophomores and Freshmen on March 3, 1916, the Boys' Glee Club gave a pleasing number preceding the debate.

The week following, at the close of the Senior-Junior debate, the Girls' Glee Club rendered "The Rosary."

On Saturday, March 18, 1916, the Boys' Glee Club accepted an invitation to sing at an entertainment in Isleton. They were enthusiastically received.

Mr. Williams has had much success with his vocal class in Rio Vista, as has already been demonstrated by some of them. He has a class of twelve pupils and will continue teaching till the close of school. He will resume his class at the end of the summer vacation if a class of fifteen or more pupils can be assembled. The people of Rio Vista should take advantage of such vocal training as Mr. Williams can give them. He is here two days a week, and should be kept busy during the entire time.

Debating

Soon after the beginning of the second semester, the four classes met and chose members to represent them on debating teams. Mr. McDermont has been the moving spirit behind debating and has had entire supervision of the work. Much credit is due him for the sustained interest and the ability developed by those who have debated.

RECORD OF DEBATES HELD.

R. V. Grammar School versus Freshmen, February 11, 1916.

Resolved, "That military training be adopted as a part of the course of study in Grammar and High Schools."

Affirmative: Grammar School. Speakers: C. Makemson, A. Valine, E. Schusster.

Negative: Freshmen. Speakers: E. Storey, L. Grenfell, E. Stewart.

Judges: Mesdames George Sanford, John McCormack, Fred Kalber.

Winner: Affirmative.

Freshmen versus Sophomores, March 3, 1916.

Resolved, "That Capital Punishment should be established in the United States."

Affirmative: Freshmen. Speakers: J. D. McCormack, L. Grenfell, E. Stewart.

Negative: Sophomores. Speakers: C. Kesner, E. Turner, E. Campbell.

Judges: Miss Clark, Messrs. Smith and Grinstead.

Winner: Negative.

Juniors versus Seniors, March 10, 1916.

Resolved, "That President Wilson's armament plan should be adopted."

Affirmative: Juniors. Speakers: S. Dickey, F. Flannery, F. Lauritzen.

Negative: Seniors. Speakers: A. McDonald, D. F. McCormack, E. Jose.

Judges: Misses Jenks and Clark, Mr. Smith.

Winner: Negative.

Seniors versus Sophomores, April 14, 1916.

Resolved, "That the Protective Tariff should be abolished in the United States."

Affirmative: Sophomores. Speakers: E. Campbell, E. Turner, C. Kesner.

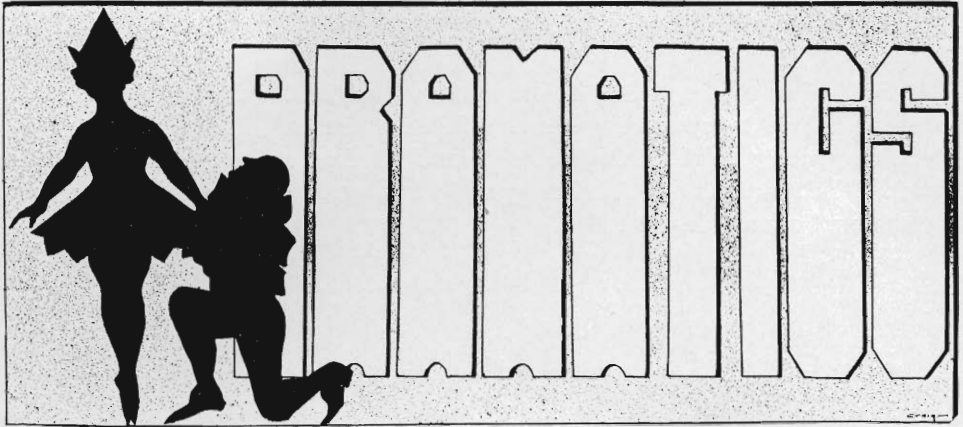
Negative: Seniors. Speakers: A. McDonald, D. F. McCormack, E. Jose.

Judges: Misses Jenks and Clark, Mr. Smith.

Winner: Affirmative.

The final debate left the Sophomores the school champions in debating for the year 1916.

G. B., '16.



Our Annual goes to press much too soon to contain a record of all that we hope to have accomplished in this line before the end of the year.

At present plans are under way for an evening performance to be given early in June, as well as for a Junior Farce and a Senior Morality Play to be presented during Commencement Week. The Freshmen Satire, "The Simplified Commencement at Jonesville," was most encouraging to those interested in dramatics, and the Sophomore Farce, "An Old Maid's Wooing," was one more feather in the cap of this talented class.


The idea of these class performances is an outgrowth of the "twenty-minute" programs given each week of last semester. The latter both brought to light and developed talent and self-assurance, and paved the way to something bigger and better. Some of these, such as "In the Park," "Restaurant Scene," and "The New Woman," are deserving of special mention.

The one real play staged last semester was Dickens' "Cricket On the Hearth," given December 3rd, with the following cast:

John Perrybingle, a carrier.....	Dwight McCormack '16
Mr. Tackleton, a toy-maker.....	Howard Lauritzen '16
Caleb Plummer, his man.....	Roland Lauritzen '15
Old Gentleman	Everett Campbell '18
Porter	Francis Flannery '17
Dot's Father.....	James Fraser '17
Dot	Ruth Allender '16
Bertha, a blind girl.....	Anita Anderson '17
Mrs. Fielding	Hazel Totman '16
May Fielding	Gertrude Bryan '16
Tillie Slowboy	Annamae Seip '18
Mrs. Dot	Ruth Hampton '16

Those who were not frightened away that evening by the rain pronounced this play a fitting success for our beautiful new High School Auditorium. Much credit is due Miss Grace Jenks for her patient and untiring assistance spent in coaching the "actors and actresses." After the play, the cast met at Miss Jenks' home and a Dramatic Club was organized. Dwight McCormack was elected President, but nothing further has been done because of the effort now being put into the musical organizations.

R. C., '16.



AGRICULTURE

The Agricultural Club of Rio Vista High School was organized before the close of the fall semester of 1915.

Sanford Dickey was elected president and Elwood Bryan, secretary and treasurer, but recently Sanford Dickey resigned. Edgar Turner was elected president in his place. Mr. I. K. Hamilton and Mr. E. D. Turner, two prominent farmers of the Sacramento Valley, were appointed advisers for the club.

As these men are both skilled in the agricultural line, the boys expect to gain some very useful knowledge from them.

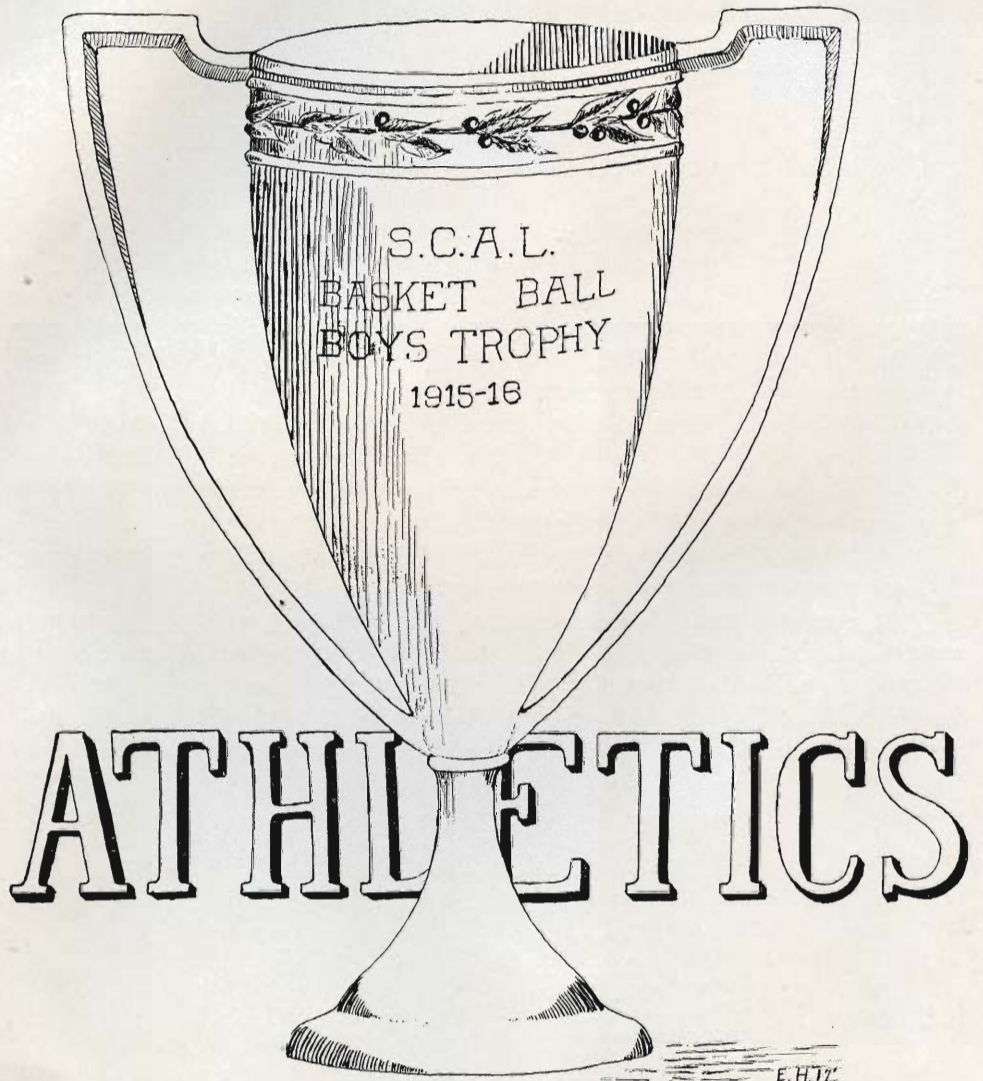
The club of last year failed because there was a lack of school spirit shown on the part of the members of the club. Possibly, too, we did not go about its organization in the right manner, since it was the first time a club of that sort had been organized in the high school.

Mr. Mills, the Solano County Farm Adviser, was here recently and gave us some valuable advice concerning potatoes.

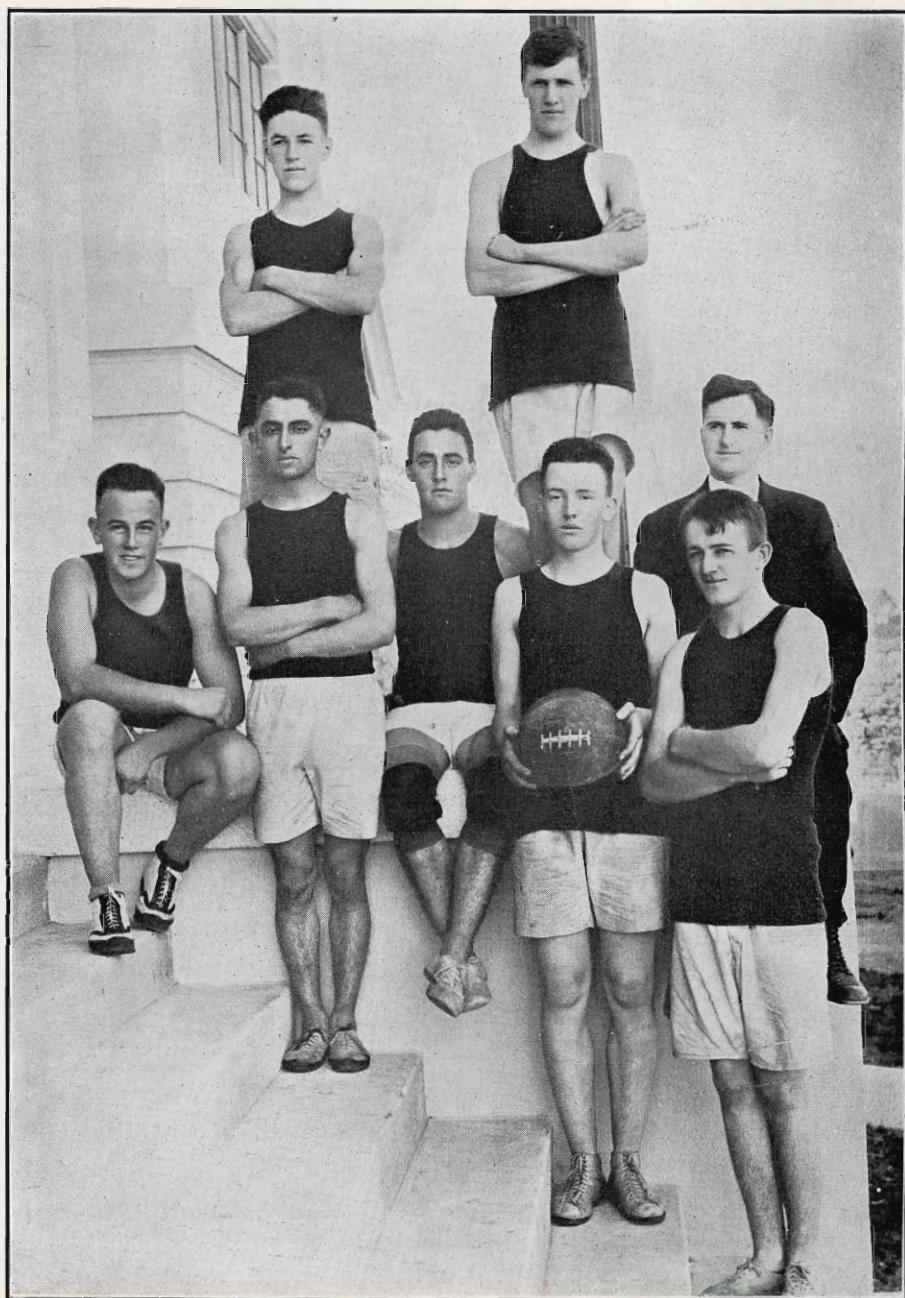
At our first meeting we decided to plant potatoes, as that vegetable is most fitted for the river soil. The majority of the members of the club are up-river boys, so they controlled the vote in favor of planting potatoes. The potatoes are all in now and are progressing nicely. If everything goes well, we hope that one boy among the number will be able to take the continental tour.

W. S., '18.





BASKET BALL TEAM.



Everett Campbell	Howard Lauritzen		
Sanford Dickey	George Frates	Elwood Bryan	F. B. Smith, Coach
Dwight McCormack, Captain	James Fraser		

Basket Ball

This marks the fourth year of athletics in our school—a year that has brought with it great victory. Our basket ball team carried off the honors of the league. The beautiful loving cup, now placed in our study hall, is a permanent tribute to the basket ball team.

The boys practiced faithfully throughout the season and to this is due in large measure the winning of the basket ball championship of Solano County. This year the team will lose four of its best players—Dwight McCormack, Captain; George Frates, Howard Lauritzen, and James Fraser.

Two practice games were played before the regular S. C. A. L. schedule. The line-up throughout the year was as follows:

Forwards—Dwight McCormack, George Frates.

Center—Howard Lauritzen.

Guards—James Fraser, Everett Campbell, Elwood Bryan, Sanford Dickey.

RIO VISTA, 33—ARMIJO, 17.

On September 25, 1915, the Rio Vista High School Basket Ball Team played its first game of the season with the Armijo High School Basket Ball Team. Rio Vista took and kept the lead throughout the game. The score at the end of the first half was 16 to 7 in favor of Rio Vista. The free throwing of George Frates, 13 goals in 13 trials, was the feature of the game. The guarding of Dickey and Bryan was very good. The game ended with 33 points for Rio Vista and 17 for Armijo.

RIO VISTA, 17—VALLEJO, 15.

Saturday, October 23, 1915, Vallejo came to Rio Vista. At the beginning Vallejo took the lead and held it throughout the first half, which ended 10 to 6 in their favor. In the second half Rio Vista came back determined to win and by playing the hardest kind of game obtained the lead. The game ended 15 to 17 in favor of Rio Vista. Coach Brown of Vallejo said that their team was as strong this year as last, but that Rio Vista had improved much over last year's playing.

RIO VISTA, 36—COURTLAND, 5.

On Friday, January 15, 1916, the Rio Vista Team played the Courtland Athletic Club Basket Ball Team. The score was 36 to 5 in favor of Rio Vista.

RIO VISTA, 18—AUBURN, 28.

On Tuesday, February 22, 1916, the Rio Vista High School Team played the Placer High School Team on the Auburn court. Rio Vista made the first goal, but was closely followed by Auburn. The first half ended 10 to 8 in favor of Auburn. In the second half Rio Vista took a four-point lead and the Auburn coach changed guards. In a few minutes Auburn made several goals and got a lead that Rio Vista was unable to overcome. The game ended 28 to 18 in favor of Auburn. This is the closest game that Auburn has played and won this year.

S. C. A. L. Games

ARMIJO FORFEITED TO RIO VISTA.

Owing to the fact that Armijo was unable to procure a hall in which to play basket ball, the game between Rio Vista and Armijo was forfeited to Rio Vista.

RIO VISTA, 62—WINTERS, 20.

Friday, November 5, 1915, we played the Winters team. The first half ended with a score of 29 to 13 in Rio's favor. In the second half Rio Vista continued her march, making 33 points while Winters made 8. The game ended 62 to 20 in favor of Rio Vista.

RIO VISTA, 20—DIXON, 25.

On Saturday, November 6, 1915, the Rio Vista Team played Dixon. At the start Rio Vista got a little lead, but Dixon soon caught up and took the lead. The first half ended 13 to 9 in favor of Dixon. The second half was a fight from start to finish, both teams making about the same number of points, but Rio Vista was unable to overcome her opponent's lead. The game ended 25 to 20 in favor of Dixon.

RIO VISTA, 44—BENICIA, 24.

Saturday, November 27, 1915, Rio Vista played the Benicia Basket Ball Team on her home court. Benicia took the lead at the first and made 8 points before Rio Vista scored. The first half ended 12 to 11 in Benicia's favor. The Benicia team work in taking the ball down the court was very good, but James Fraser, Rio Vista's star guard, broke up nearly all of those plays and returned the ball to the Rio Vista goal. The score was Rio Vista 44 and Benicia 24.

RIO VISTA, 26—VALLEJO, 20.

On Saturday, December 11, 1915, Vallejo came to Rio Vista. The game was rough and fast. The guarding on both sides was very good. The first half ended 16 to 9 in favor of Rio Vista. In the beginning of the second half Vallejo steadily crept up on Rio Vista, but by closer guarding Rio Vista won by a score of 26 to 20.

RIO VISTA, 36—VACAVILLE, 30.

Friday, December 18, 1915, the Rio Vista Basket Ball Team played at Vacaville, the last of the S. C. A. L. games. Rio Vista got the touch off. On a foul by Rio Vista, the Vacaville team scored the first point. Rio followed with a free goal and a moment later threw the first field goal of the game. Just before the end of the half Vacaville took the lead, the half ending 16 to 11 in favor of Vacaville. In the second half Rio Vista began a desperate fight to win back her lead, and came even with Vacaville at 18 to 18. Until the score rose to 27 the contest was close. Rio Vista then took the lead and held it the rest of the game. The game ended 36 to 30 in Rio Vista's favor. This game put Rio Vista tying with Vacaville and Vallejo for the championship of Solano County.

RIO VISTA, 21—VACAVILLE, 20.

Friday, January 28, 1916, the Rio Vista Basket Ball Team journeyed to Fairfield to play Vacaville High School for the championship of Solano County. The game was played at Fairfield, a neutral court, and most convenient for both teams. During the first few minutes of play neither side was able to make a goal. On a foul by Rio Vista, Vacaville made the first point. A few moments later Rio Vista scored but Vacaville held the lead until the score was 5 to 4, when Rio Vista forged ahead. Rio Vista had possession of the ball most of the time during the first half which ended 13 to 11 in her favor. In the second half both teams played their hardest. The game ended 21 to 20 in favor of Rio Vista.

Behind a successful team there are years of practice, and that under efficient coaching. Principal F. B. Smith, who has coached the team since the beginning of the high school, deserves commendation for his patient and skillful direction and congratulations for producing a winning team.



S. C. A. L. CHAMPIONSHIP CUP

Track

There has been no difficulty in arousing interest in track, and now that we are in the new building it is much more convenient for the track team to practice. They are working steadily for the S. C. A. L. Track and Field Meet and good results are expected from the showing that the team made at Dixon.

On March 9, 1916, the Freshmen defeated the Grammar School in track by a score of 53½ to 38½. Both teams made a good showing. One high school record was broken by L. Grenfell in the running broad jump.

The Inter-Class Track Meet was held on March 26, 1916. The Seniors were the winners, scoring 35 1/3 points and were closely followed by the Juniors.

The results were as follows: Seniors, 35 1/3; Juniors, 28; Sophomores, 23 1/3; Freshmen, 20 1/3.

50-yard dash—E. Campbell (S), 1st; E. Frates (F), 2nd; L. Grenfell (F), 3rd. Time 6 seconds.

100-yard dash—E. Campbell (S), 1st; E. Frates (F), 2nd; G. Frates (Sr), 3rd. Time, 10.3 seconds.

220-yard dash—H. Lauritzen (Sr), 1st; E. Bryan (J), 2nd; L. Grenfell (F), 3rd. Time, 27 4/5 seconds.

440-yard dash—E. Campbell (S), 1st; G. Frates (Sr), 2nd; E. Turner (S), 3rd. Time, 1 minute 20 seconds.

880-yard run—H. Lauritzen (Sr), 1st; H. Lind (F), 2nd; E. Hampton (J), 3rd. Time, 2 minutes 34 seconds.

Mile—H. Lauritzen (Sr), 1st; H. Lind (F), 2nd; E. Hampton (J), 3rd. Time, 5 minutes 37 seconds.

Low Hurdles—G. Frates (Sr), H. Lauritzen (Sr), tied for 1st; S. Dickey (J), 3rd.

Pole Vault—L. Grenfell (F), C. Kesner (S), tied for 1st; E. Frates (F), 3rd. Height, 6 feet 11 inches.

High Jump—E. Jose (Sr), S. Dickey (J), tied for 1st; L. Tice (F), E. Turner (S), D. McCormack (Sr), tied for 3rd. Height, 4 feet 10 inches.

Shot Put—E. Bryan (J), 1st; S. Dickey (J), 2nd; D. McCormack (Sr) 3rd. Distance, 33 feet 9 inches.

Discus Throw—E. Bryan (J), 1st; S. Dickey (J), 2nd; D. McCormack (Sr), 3rd. Distance, 86 feet 2 inches.

On March 15, 1916, the track team went to Dixon to take part in a track and field meet. The meet was very close throughout and the final outcome was undecided up to the last event. The relay race won by Rio Vista decided the score, giving us the victory by five points. Howard Lauritzen was the star of the meet. He took four first places and turned apparent defeat into victory for Rio Vista by winning the last lap of the relay, after the Dixon man had a start of several yards. The final score was 63 to 58 in favor of Rio Vista.



Top Row—E. Bryan, D. McCormack, E. José, E. Campbell, H. Lauritzen, F. B. Smith,
L. Grenfell, F. Lauritzen, S. Dickey.
Bottom Row—G. Frates, E. Frates, E. Turner, E. Hampton, H. Lind.

THE HIGH SCHOOL RECORDS ARE:

50-yard dash—Lester Upham. Time 5.2 seconds. Won in 1914.
 100-yard dash—Lester Upham. Time 10.2 seconds. Won in 1914.
 220-yard dash—Lester Upham. Time 26.2 seconds. Won in 1915.
 440-yard dash—Richard Hoyt—Time 58 seconds. Won in 1914.
 880-yard run—H. Lauritzen. Time 2 min. 33½ sec. Won in 1915.
 Mile run—H. Lauritzen. Time 5 min. 13½ sec. Won in 1915.
 Low Hurdles—Lester Upham. Time 32 seconds. Won in 1915.
 High Hurdles—Albert Anderson. Time 26½ seconds. Won in 1915.
 Shot Put—E. Bryan. Distance 33 feet 9 inches. Won in 1916.
 Discus—E. Bryan. Distance 86 feet 2 inches. Won in 1916.
 Javelin—E. Bryan. Distance 108 feet 8½ inches. Won in 1916.
 Broad Jump—E. Bryan. Distance 18 feet 1 inch. Won in 1916.
 High Jump—E. Jose, S. Dickey. Height 4 ft. 10 in. Won in 1916.
 Pole Vault—C. Kesner, L. Grenfell. Height 6 ft. 11 in. Won in 1916.
 Hammer Throw—Lester Upham. Distance 94 feet 4 inches. Won in 1915.

“The Netherlands” goes to press before the S. C. A. L. Track and Field Meet, but from the good showing made in past meets, we think that our chances for a good score are very good.

B. McC., '16.
G. F., '16.



Our formal social functions have been extremely limited, owing to the fact that most of the students come from widely separated localities. There is a very friendly feeling, however, among the students and all are eagerly anticipating the functions to be given in honor of the graduating class.

After the basket ball games, refreshments were served in the domestic science rooms to the boys of both teams.

The University Club gave a dance at the Hotel Rio Vista on the night of October 22, 1915. This followed the U. C. Glee Club Concert and the high school students and faculty were among the guests.

Miss Grace Jenks entertained the players of the "Cricket on the Hearth" informally, at her home, Thursday evening, December 16, 1915.

The Juniors of the high school entertained the faculty and the other three classes with a Mock Christmas Tree on Friday, December 17, 1915, when Sanford Dickey was Santa Claus and Anita Anderson, Dorothy Smith, Francis Lauritzen and Earl Hampton distributed the gifts.

The faculty and members of the student body were invited to a formal reception given in honor of Peter Cook, Jr., at the Hotel Rio Vista on December 17, 1915. All who attended reported a delightful evening.

On Friday, January 14, 1916, the high school basket ball team, accompanied by forty rooters including five teachers made the trip to Courtland in the "J. Lewis Crozer" to play the Courtland Athletic Club. A lunch put up by the girls was thoroughly enjoyed on the way.

The basket ball trophy winners were honor guests at a delightful dinner given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John McCormack on the night of April 7, 1916. The trophy, a very beautiful cup, set in a bed of roses, decked the center of the table. At each place was a rose-bud, an appropriate favor, in the high school colors. The place cards were clever pen and ink sketches of a basket ball and the championship cup. After a most bounteous dinner the guests adjourned to the parlor where they furnished lively music. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith entertained in honor of the basket ball boys on Friday, April 21, 1916. The faculty of the high school and Mr. John McCormack and Mr. Perry Anderson, members of the Board of Trustees, were also guests.

M. C., '16.



We were disappointed last year to receive so few exchanges but look forward to more this year. We are pleased to receive any suggestions offered, as it means a better publication for us.

"Potpourri," Auburn (1915)—You are one of our best exchanges. You have a fine literary department. We have no adverse criticism to offer.

"The Jacksonian," Jackson (1915)—You have a good publication for a young school. The unusual amount of advertisements show the loyalty of the community. Your cuts are excellent. We advise larger print. Call again.

"The Oracle," Oakdale (1915)—We are glad to see a new exchange. We suggest that you number your pages. We think that all your advertisements should be in the back of your journal.

"The Elk," Elk Grove (1915)—You have an attractive cover and good original drawings. Your literary department is one of your best features. We would like to see pictures of your faculty and board of trustees.

"Liberty Bell," Brentwood (1915)—We suggest a more attractive cover and better arrangement of the material for each class. You have a good josh department.

"The Dawn," Esparto (June, 1915)—A few more original poems. Come again.

"The Review," Sacramento (October, 1915)—You have clever drawings and good original jokes. (January, 1916)—You are an improvement over your October journal.

"Lowell"—You show great school spirit and ability. We have only praise to offer.

"Mezclah," Fairfield (1915)—You are a good publication but need more original cuts. Do not waste so much space. Your stories are clever.

"The Orestimba," Newman (February, 1916)—You are to be congratulated for so many publications a year and for making your book self-supporting.

"The Poppy," Winters (June, 1915)—We suggest a few more original cuts. You have good photographs, and we like your literary. Call again.

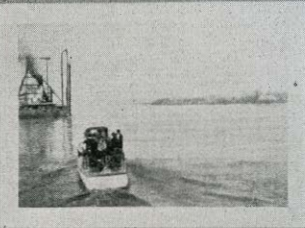
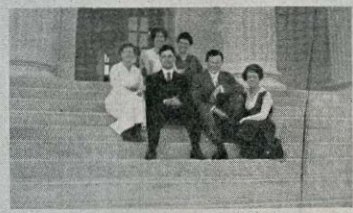
"Rays from the Purple"—We like your cuts but you need more of them. We wish to acknowledge the following weeklies as exchanges:

"Weekly Trident," Santa Cruz (March 24, 1916, and March 31, 1916).

"High School News," San Rafael (January 7, 1916).

"The San Mateo High," San Mateo (September 3, 1915).

"The Weekly Guard Tackle," Stockton (February 10, 1916.)





Now the funniest things that have happened yet
Are the things that are true, but best to forget;
So now if you think that our jokes are o'er bold,
'Tis the honest truth that only half's told.

S. O., '18, Josh Editor.

DAYS OF REAL SPORT.

When Errol Jose gave a \$3.00 box of candy to an up-river girl.
When Dwight McCormack caught a girl at Auburn.
When Bryan went with Ruth Allender (for three days).
When Story meets Elna at the boat with his pockets full of gum.
When Clark had to go to Armijo without a girl.
When Prof. forgets his daily lecture.
When Gertrude Bryan tried to keep the boys and ducks off the Tennis Court.
When Prof. Smith lassoed the ponies and led them to Miss Jenks.
When Bud got one duck with 75 shells.
When the "Elite" fox-trot in the auditorium.

For Rent—A combination court that can be used for many things, namely, tennis, basket ball, duck pond and swimming baths. Apply to Ruth Allender, President.

An extract from Hazel Totman's theme reads as follows: "Her voice improved and she became a noted bella donna."

Mr. Smith in M. & M. History—"What English History have you, Annamae?"

Annamae (wishing to be very precise)—"Sheeneys!"

Miss Clark (to James B. in Study Hall)—"What is that peculiar noise you are making?"

James B.—"Cleaning my finger nails."

DIRE THREATS TO ABDUCT LOVELY YOUNG DAUGHTER OF OUR
DISTINGUISHED PROF.

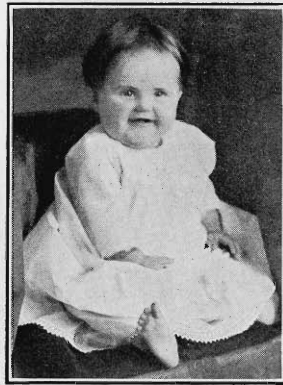
To the alarm of her doting parents, most horrible threats have been made to abduct their promising daughter, Miss Helen Smith. Only a short time ago, a gang of desperadoes, namely the "Dirty Seven," made themselves decidedly and unpleasantly in evidence. First indications of their presence were grasping hands drawn on all the school boards, with such blood-curdling inscriptions as the following:

Notice!

Prof. Smith: Give everyone in U. S. History a grade of One or Helen Elizabeth will disappear.

Signed—

BLACK HAND.
T. BONE.



Beware Of The Dirty 7 !!!

Though every precaution has been taken by the local police to guard the school and the home of the Prof., there are many students who have left school through fear of the villainous band, and many gentlemen have been forced to quiet the fearful young ladies and to protect them with their sturdy right arms.

Dickey, Dickey, most forlorn,
Wished to goodness he'd never been born.
Teardrops, teardrops, gracious me,
A few more drops and we'll have tea.

And now, my readers, the following lines
Tell why Dickey sits and pines.
Mr. Smith, a knowing man,
Gave poor Dick the big tin can.

Elwood Bryan, our noted guard,
And poor Dickey's erstwhile pard,
Played throughout the final game
And left poor Dick to sit in shame.

IF THERE IS ANYTHING THAT YOU ARE NEEDING COME AND SEE US—AND IF WE HAVE NOT GOT IT WE WILL GET IT FOR YOU AND SAVE YOU THE TIME AND TROUBLE OF LOOKING FOR IT YOURSELF

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**Gent's
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**Grocery and
Hardware**

These departments are completely stocked in every respect with the best and choicest in every respect.

DESCRIPTION OF A SOPHOMORE.

A Sophomore is jolly, his face is round and fat,
But all the knowledge that he knows wouldn't fill a hat.
He comes to school each morning; he mostly seems asleep,
Though once in a while one can be found, whose knowledge's really deep.
He goes to class to hear the cry, "O why aren't you awake!"
By fifteen minutes, he decides in lessons he's a fake;
As for athletics, he's no star, although he tries to be;
And when he makes a bad mistake, 'twas 'cause he couldn't see.
But soon he'll pass from out his class and bear a Junior's name,
And then will climb the ladder steep to honor, note, and fame.

AS THE FRESHIES SEE US.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"
So wished a bard of olden time,
In the far-off land of Auld Lang Syne.
But now you see, the times are changed,
We Juniors like it rearranged;
"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
As we oursel's, may Freshies see us."
To babes, who us with envy view,
We'd like to explain a thing or two;
Not proud and haughty, as they think we are,
When we look at them with a glance from afar.
We're so o'erburdened with weighty cares,
We have no time to put on airs.
We may not smile, or speak to all,
It's not because they are so small;
But just because our thoughts are deep
With English, History, Latin and Greek,
And countless other serious things
Which this third year to Juniors brings.
When through the halls we carelessly rush,
Causing thereby a terrible crush,
It is our anxiety to gain
The rooms where, daily, with might and main,
We struggle with problems and questions profound,
Until the disturbing bell doth sound.
But we can not expect the babes to know
What they'll realize as they older grow.
Meanwhile we hope they'll stop making a fuss,
And cease to worry and criticise us,
But play and enjoy their childish fun,
For their Junior year will eventually come.

A. A., '17.

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Francis Lauritzen writing up experiments in physics, muttered to himself:
"Operation equals knife over cocaine."

Miss Jenks (in English)—"Francis, explain 'saws' in the line
'Strict Age, and sawre Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.'"

Francis—"It means they were snoring."

Mr. Smith (to George M.)—"Why did you not get your English lesson?
You had all morning."

George—"I did not have time. I was doing nothing all morning."

Mr. Smith and D. McCormack were standing together after a game with Vallejo when a Vallejo guard said to Mr. Smith: "That fat forward of yours was some easy to guard. All you had to do was to poke him in the ribs and he fell over." (Dwight had nothing to say. Wonder why?).

The Juniors are famous for their poetical productions. Can't you see in these the signs of budding genius?

This school sure has some awful boys,
Who make their teachers stay;
But though they study with a noise,
They can not rule the day.

—Elwood Bryan.

I am asked to write a rhyme,
But that I can not do,
It just takes all my time
And leaves me feeling blue.

—Francis Lauritzen.

The study hall's no place to gap,
Nor yet should students fool;
The prof comes in without a rap,
Then some stay after school.

Our teachers are so very cross,
No minute must we kill;
They handle us just like a boss
Who's working in a mill.

—Francis Lauritzen.

I stood upon the bank at eve
And watched the waters flow;
So swift they flowed they seemed to leave
Me standing full of woe.

—Sanford Dickey.

Tess (reading from "Lycidas")—"What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swine (swain)."

Mr. McDermont (to Errol Jose, who had just broken a lot of glass by the dropping method)—"Take your sleep at noon time."

Smokey was visiting San Francisco with several other R. V. High School boys. At 2 a. m. Smokey said, "Let's walk around all night, because we only get down here once in a while."

The next day out at the beach with the same crowd, he called the attention of the other fellows to a guy and his girl, and said, "That's the life. I wish I had the nerve to get one."

Mr. Smith (explaining the fatalistic ideas of death, etc.) "Clark, when are you going to die?"

Clark—"Some fixed time."

Mr. Smith—"Well, then, when you are sick why do you send for a doctor if you are not going to die before the appointed time?"

Clark—"To relieve the pain."

Mr. McDermont (in Algebra)—"Give me the rule for adding two positive numbers."

Harold Lind—"To add find the arithmetical-tical-tical sum and prefix the plus sign."

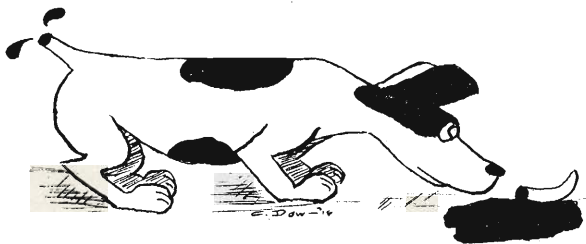
One Freshman to another—"See that guy (pointing to Turner), he's the greatest advocate for a baseball team here."

Eloquent Freshie—"What do they use him for, a bat or a water carrier?"

Here is a valentine Miss Jenks found in an English paper. No one could blame her for giving it 1+ :

A wee white cloud went skipping o'er
The sky's wide sea of blue,
So flew a loving thought afar,
My dearest dear, to you.

George Frates (in physics experiment)—"Where's the ak-a-hall lamp and the sufric acid? I want to make some electric go through the wire to reflect the compass needle."



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A bridge is to be built by Sacramento and Solano Counties, which will span the Sacramento. This will be a connecting link for both counties, and greatly shorten auto travel between Sacramento and San Francisco.

The town is supplied with deep well water, a modern fire department and a good lighting system. Being at the head of deep water transportation, we have excellent factory sites. Anyone looking for a business location, factory site, etc., is urged to communicate with the Rio Vista Chamber of Commerce.



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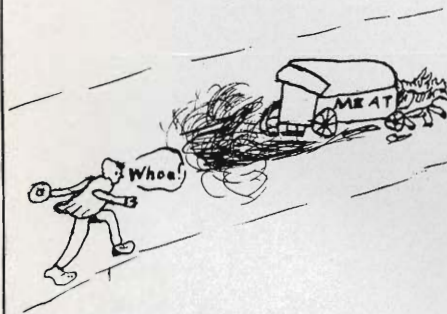
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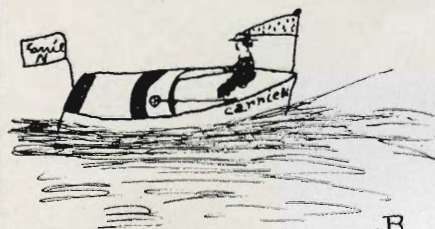
Miss Akers and her roadster



Miss Jenks and her tin lizzie



Miss Clark exceeds the speed limit



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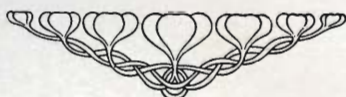
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