

LITERARY

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SHAKESPEARE

DANTE

BROWNING

MILTON

TENNYSON

HOMER

VICTOR HUGO

LOWELL

~

A Canine Dr. Jekyll

(First Prize Story)

Only a year ago I was the happiest dog in the whole wide world. Hadn't my reputation as the best sheep dog in the southwest been firmly established in the annual sheep herding contests? Hadn't I the guardianship over the finest flock of sheep in Arizona? Wasn't my master the kindest, best-hearted, and bravest man that ever lived? I loved him with a devotion that was all-consuming; I would sooner have died by inches than cause him one second's sorrow. Dear Master, why! Oh why! couldn't I have died then, while I was yet clean and pure, while my honor was yet unsullied? Why couldn't I have died before I brought destruction upon you whom I love better than anything in all the world?

We were happy, my master and I, in our life as recluses, until my horror assailed me. One black night Master had posted me on guard while he went over to a near-by camp to discuss the new forest ranger. I'd been feeling ill all day; I was quite fagged out. If Master had been there with me, I never should have fallen victim to the melancholia that engulfed me. While I was feeling very, very sorry for myself, a thought shot through my mind. If I could only get away, cut loose, do all the devilment I could in that one night; then in the morning, Master would be none the wiser, and I should have worked all the evil out of my soul. At any other time, I would have put that thought aside instantly, but tonight I was in a mood very receptive to evil. So I struggled. Finally, by sheer will power, I was able to put the thought aside.

For a week I thought no more of it. Then Master had to go to town for supplies. Left alone, with no one to talk to me, to scratch my back, to call me Doc (Master had named me after a Dr. Jekyll who, he said, was "true blue") the idea popped into my head once more. I brooded over it for perhaps an hour. Suddenly I became a changed dog. Gone were all my kindly instincts; I was filled with a lust for blood; I wanted to kill! I seemed permeated by coyote-like cunning.

So I committed one of the most heinous crimes of the sheep country; I deserted my flock. I hurtled across the meadow, through the silent pines, over hills and down dales. Mile upon mile reeled out from under my feet. Finally, far from home, I found a flock of sheep guarded by a single dog. I accosted him, told him who I was, and edged up close to him.

"Well, Doc", he said, "I'm powerful glad to see you. It sure does get lonesome herding sheep, especially if your master is in love. Has your master moved his flock over here?"

I didn't say a word, only moved a little closer. My manner must have seemed queer, because my friend next said, "Say, Doc, what's the matter with you?"

"This," I growled.

With that I dived for his throat. Caught completely off his guard, he went down with a groan, his neck slashed to the bone. The taste of blood drove away, for a space, my coyote courage and caution. Rushing among those sheep, I cut, slashed, tore, gashed, killed, killed, killed, until my lust for blood was absolutely glutted.

Now my coyote nature returned. Back for home I sped. In the first stream I came to I washed off all traces of my raid, even any tell-tale wool that might have lodged in the corners of my mouth. When I arrived home, I found that the sheep were safe and sound, and that Master had not come home yet. My madness left me. The doings of that night seemed but a frightful dream. I was once more the old "Doc".

For a month all was well. All evil seemed purged from my soul by that one awful night. My love for Master seemed greater than ever if that were possible. Once I had an opportunity to demonstrate it. Master was taking a nap at the base of a big boulder; I was guarding the sheep. Looking up, I saw a rattler coiled on Master's chest. Knowing that when he woke up and moved, the snake would strike, I ran toward the sleeping man as hard as I could. About the time I judged the snake would strike, I dug in my toes, stopping almost in my tracks, and side-stepped. The rattler sailed harmlessly over me. Before it had a chance to recoil, I had pounced upon it and broken its back. Master never knew what a narrow escape he'd had. But would that the snake had buried its fangs in me! Had I died then, I should have died with the knowledge that I was sacrificing myself for my human god.

At the end of the month, that feeling of melancholia began to creep insidiously upon me. Then one night after Master had gone to bed, that demoniac spell again swept over me. I have dim recollections of miles upon miles of dark woods, of being gradually transformed into a raging demon, of killing, killing, killing. And again I reached home undetected.

For a time after this there was no dog more solicitous over the welfare of his sheep than was I. In a couple of

weeks, however, Master noticed that I was growing short-tempered with my charges; once I even ran them. For this offense he reprimanded me, and that night there was a gory massacre among a certain owner's sheep some five miles away.

Naturally, the reputation of this mysterious killer had spread among all the sheep men. Indications seemed to point to the fact that the dog, if the signs he left were dog's, was a rogue, a wanderer, perhaps a member of some wolf pack.

One day Master called to me and said, "Doc, some dog must have gone wrong. You'll have to keep your eye peeled, old boy. I'm not afraid, though. Any dog that starts mixing in with you will certainly come out second best. We'll take care of him."

I wagged my tail and registered a vow to make good. I was through with leading this double life. Yet, once more, without warning, the spell seized me. That night I came to my senses with teeth locked tight in an old ram's neck. Imagine my horror when I realized not only that I had no control over the spell, but also that I had had no warning as to when the frightful transformation would take place. It would now come, it seemed, without apparent cause.

Every few days would see some new outbreak. Sometimes a herdsman, awakened by the dying shriek of his dog, would take a shot at a shadow darting among the trees, but the demon-dog seemed to bear a charmed life.

Master was very proud of me. He was always boasting that he had ever said I was the best sheep dog in the business, and present circumstances proved it. Neither he nor the men near him ever lost any sheep. If this had been said about any other dog, it would

have looked bad for that dog, but for me it was simply added evidence of worth.

But this couldn't keep up forever. On the fatal moonlit night, Master visited some rancher's house for a mass meeting which had been called to discuss ways and means of getting rid of the canine murderer. Several hours after he had gone, the mad fit struck me again, and over the ridge I tore, bound for a certain ranch five miles away. I reached there about ten, and, after silencing the dog, was soon slaughtering to that fiend's content. But what was that? Beginning with a low moan, a whine rose in volume until it became a full cry. The collie I thought I'd silenced was voicing his dying shriek. There were shouts in the house. The back door slammed. Well, there was time, thought demon I, to sink my teeth in this ewe's throat and still get away. After adding this one more carcass to the bleeding herd already covering the ground, I cleared the fence with a single bound. Around the barn I tore, straight into a line of men. With a low growl I sprang for the foremost human throat.

The moon shone full on the poor victim's face. Midway in my leap, I caught a full view of his features. The look of mingled horror, agony, and reproach on Master's face is graven indelibly upon my brain. My jaws crunched on the yielding flesh involuntarily. Too late my madness left me.

"Doc, no, Hyde," Master choked enigmatically as he fell, the blood gushing from his throat in a crimson stream.

Now in this cave I await the coming of Death, the Liberator. By Master's side I was shot down. Hours later, after they had carried the corpse into the house leaving me for dead, I crept up here, riddled with bullets, that awful picture constantly before me. Dear Master, my only prayer as all grows dim is that where you are you will forget me as you last saw me. Remember me only as your "Doc"—If that hideous picture would only leave me, if—Why, Master, it's changed. With only a minute more of life, I see you as you used to be, a pal, a comrade, a Master. Now your face is infinitely sweeter than ever I saw it on earth. Did you whistle, Master? Yes, I'm coming. I'll—"

—Edward Smith.

Hope

The gentle breeze fills the clear white sail.
Never, never saw I such gliding of a boat!
It conveys what far away treasure
From what unknown shore?
Where all bliss and hopes end,
It leaps to pull to that shore;
It leaves behind the waters
Showering char! char! char!
Or with melancholy sounds of gru! gru!
And the bright rays of sunshine and glory
Flash upon the face through vistas of heaven.
Thou Sailor! Oh, Lord! who art thou,
Whose treasures of smiles and tears await me?
I know not in what tune the chords of the harp will
be set
And what musical note will be sung.

—Krishna Nath Banerji.

Mysterious Canyon

(Second Prize Story)

One early morning in Spring, John, his dog, and I, pressed by the law, fled from camp to the depths of "Great Mysterious Canyon," as it is called by those who have never dared to explore its unknown regions. Before you hear of the strange adventures we met during our obscurity in these lower regions, you should know of some of the tales associated with this chasm of mystery.

Once upon a time, as the story is told, a party of brave men, seeking for thrills and adventure, set out for the bottom of Mysterious Canyon. What happened to this party was never learned. Only one member ever came back, and he came struggling into camp on the third day after the departure, bereft of speech, able only to make queer gestures with his arms and hands, which, accompanied by the horrible emotions expressed on his face, told that something dreadful had happened.

Another explorer reported that, on the evening before the intended departure of himself and followers into the mysterious hollow, as they sat around their fire discussing plans for the following day, there glared, of a sudden, a great flash of light from out the canyon, and in the glow skeletons passed to and fro, and loud groans resounded from the depths. The experience caused their blood to run cold; they were seized with abject terror; every one fled in a different direction; and but two of the party have since been heard of, one insane and the other a nervous wreck.

On that beautiful morning, then, with minds clouded on one hand by

thoughts of such horrible tales, on the other by fears of the results of injustice, John, his dog, and I, as outlaws, were forced into the region of terror.

Down, down we hurried, scrambling and slipping over rocks and through brush, until at last we came to a small open nook surrounded by a tall dense woods. The clearing was a perfect circle about forty feet in diameter. Its floor was covered with a short, thick turf which dished evenly from the wooded part down to the center, the depression being about two feet deep. In the center there gushed noiselessly forth a crystal fountain rising to a height of about four feet where it spread and fell into a receptacle of sparkling crystals, like myriads of diamonds circumscribed about its foot. The receptacle was bordered by the brilliant green turf.

We turned about in admiration of the scene, but where was the place we had entered? Nowhere was there a break in the wooded wall—no, not even a crevice through which one could pass. Were we trapped by the demon of the chasm? Not a leaf nor a blade of grass was in motion. A dumb silence hung over the scene. It was the first time we had noticed it. We shook with fright.

"So you have arrived at last; have you?" broke forth in a low, drawn-out voice. Again all was silent.

"So you have arrived at last; have you?" called the voice again. "You are safe here."

Top, the dog, trotted into the fountain to drink. He uttered a groan and disappeared. At once a door seemed to open in the far side of the wall. Hur-

riedly we passed through it, and it immediately closed after us.

"Looks as if we are safe; doesn't it?" I exclaimed, as we fled from the uncanny spot.

"Stop!" John's strong arm seized my shoulder and jerked me from my feet just in time to save me from destruction.

The woods had disappeared. We stood on the very edge of a rocky perpendicular precipice which was lost in dense mist far below whence came a low sound as of heavily falling waters. We faced the mid-morning sun which stretched its rays far into the chasm on the floating mist, refracting every magnificent gem-like color of the spectrum. We were entranced by the scene, so entranced that our fears subsided. We were safe from the injustice of the law, and the terrors of the chasm seemed changed to enchantment, but not for long.

After the momentary effect of the scene had worn off, we looked about for further adventure. To our right, we noticed a narrow path leading along a rocky ledge, winding downward until it passed from sight behind a great cliff. Without a word of question, we forced our way with difficulty along the path which became narrower and narrower until it seemed that we could go no farther. Still we pushed on.

Suddenly all was darkness. The cause we could not discern. We turned to retrace our steps to the head of the precipice; but lo! the path was gone! There were but two possible modes of procedure: we might give ourselves up to the demon, or struggle on. We decided on the latter. Slowly we worked our way along the ever-narrowing trail, holding ourselves from falling into the unknown by clutching the crevices of the rocks with our fingers. We crawled along in this manner for a time that seemed like days and

weeks. How far we had traveled we could not tell, but taking into consideration our snail-like pace, it could not have been far.

The effort exerted in maneuvering thus was extremely strenuous. We were fatigued, we were weak, we had no strength to go further, we had no place to rest. My right hand slipped from its hold. Weakly I struggled to regain it. It was useless. I was on the verge of falling. A low gasp told that John had failed in the grilling struggle for safety. Would the jaws of death be open below to receive us, or would we merely fall into some greater torture?

A heavy bump brought me to my senses. Summoning my spent strength, I called for John.

He answered faintly, "Where are we?"

"God only knows," I replied, feeling about to ascertain something of my position. I was on solid earth. I remained quiet for a time, wondering what was to happen next. A feeling of hunger had begun to annoy me; I was also burning with thirst. Surely without food and water we should perish soon. Food and water, where were such necessities to be found in such a forsaken place as this?

We remained quiet. All the while our minds were tortured by uncertainty. Then, of a sudden, as if one had stepped from a dark room into a brilliant hall, all was daylight again. As soon as my eyes became used to the light, I looked about. Above there towered a butting granite cliff. Stretching from the bottom of the wall was a level stretch covered with many beautiful trees, beneath which grew rank grasses and fragrant flowers blossomed everywhere. The plain extended to the left for a distance of about one mile where it rose into a high mountain range. To the right, about

ten feet away, the plain broke and sank down to what seemed a fathomless depth. The narrow rocky path by which we had come and from which we had fallen, ended just a few feet above us. It stretched upward around a curve in the cliff where it passed from sight. How did we ever get over such a trail? If we had fallen but a second before, where would we have gone? Surely, Providence had not entirely forgotten us. Such were the thoughts emerging from our dazed minds.

After surveying the country about us, carefully, we picked ourselves up and walked a little distance among the trees. What a strange country it was! The trees were laden with ripe fruits of every description; graceful, feathery grasses waved, and many colored flowers nodded; birds sang and hopped about in the branches. The presence of all these things in the same season of the year could not be accounted for. We filled ourselves with the fruit and quenched our thirsts from a cool, clear brook that rambled through the grove.

By the sun, it was yet early forenoon. It was even earlier than when we had noticed the sun before from the edge of the precipice. Surely a day must have passed since then. I wondered if night and morning came on so suddenly as it appeared to have come when we had been left in darkness and then later were again in light.

All day John and I wandered aimlessly through this magnificent grove, admiring the beauty and occasionally eating the fruit. Late in the afternoon we came to the far edge of the forest. Before us ran a stream of water, the width of which was about one thousand feet. On the far side of it a narrow plain, covered with more wonderful grass, rose abruptly into a rocky and wooded mountain range which paralleled the stream. It was the range we

had viewed from the cliff. In the edge of the water, beside the sloping shore, there stretched a hollow log carved out by nature to resemble a boat. While in this strange land, we had not once seen any signs of life save that of a few harmless birds. However, for safety, we waded out to the hollow log and stretched our tired bodies in its bottom to rest for the night. Sleep soon overtook me, and I dreamed that we were in the magic garden of "Aladdin."

When the first rays of the great sun reached over these realms once more, awakening me from sleep, I looked up into a clear blue sky. John peacefully snored in the other end of the boat. There was no hurry, so, being very comfortable, I remained for some time in my reclining position. Suddenly, we were aroused by a harsh jolt that brought us to our senses. What a deplorable situation we were in! Surely the end was at hand. Our boat had entered some terrible rapids. It had struck a great rock and there balanced for a brief moment. The water lashed itself into foam against the rocks and roared loudly as it tore through their hollow caverns. How had our boat got loose from its resting place on the shore by the grove? Surely the patron demon of the region had set a trap for us, and we had fallen into it. All about us were raging rapids. No place of refuge was possible.

Slowly the hollow log in which we were cast-aways loosened from its mooring in the rocks and shot onward with the flood. In and out among caverns of watery waste we passed, jolting and twisting about. Any moment we should be wrecked and cast helpless in the jaws of the fearful torrent.

Gradually the rapids gave way to a swift smooth stream. Oh! an instant of relief. But behold, in front, the most terrible danger of all awaited

us. We were stricken with horror. I closed my eyes, set my teeth, and waited. On we rushed to the edge of a great cataract where the water leaped into apparent eternity. I opened my eyes. We were on the very edge of the fall. Into space leaped the boat—into a pitchy darkness! Down, down, down we fell, gaining in speed every second. Air whistled loudly past us as we whirled ever downward and still downward in this nerve-racking plunge. How long should we continue to fall in this manner? What would be the end?

The air suddenly ceased to whistle by us. Our fall was being checked. With a mighty force the bottom of the boat pushed up against us. The whole contrivance now moved upward in a flight similar to the one we had just taken downward. It continued thus for some time. At last we came to a halt. Could it be that we were hanging in mid-air? I reached my hand over the edge of the boat and felt below. I felt water. We were floating in water.

"Listen," John whispered. From our right came a sound as of something swimming toward us. It arrived at the side of our boat. A bark proved

that it was Top. Where did he come from? Where had he been? It was yet extremely dark. John reached his hand out. Top swam to it and was lifted into the boat.

At this instant we began to move forward. The boat continued in motion for a time that seemed half a night. Then it drifted upon a low, sloping shore and stopped. Climbing out, we walked to the dry shore where we sat facing the direction from which we had come. Far out there appeared faint colors as of the sun just rising from behind the earth. We watched in silence. Slowly and steadily the colors increased until once more the great sun shone upon us. The boat was gone. We looked about us. Were our eyes deceiving us? No, we were truly standing by the camp on the shore of the lake that bordered "Mysterious Canyon."

We had been gone five days, we learned later, and in the meantime the culprits guilty of the crime with which we had been charged had been discovered. Mysterious Canyon had been our true friend, but we never cared to reward it with another visit.

—Dwight Potter.

Spring

Beneath the weeping willow tree,
I'll tune my heart to Spring;
To mingle with the dizzy bee,
And songs the robins sing.
Oh, happy are the bud and bee;
But happier my heart,
Because my harp is tuned to thee,
Oh, Spring, where life doth start.

Gasoline and the Gradys

(First Honorable Mention.)

Early evening it was, evening of a warm, almost stifling day. I was seated on the veranda in an attitude of utter indolence, trying to escape the weather's tortures with the aid of a palm leaf fan, which looked rather the worse for the wear I had so strenuously given it. At any rate, I was comfortable for the moment. But just at that moment, the piercing ring of the telephone sounded in my much annoyed ears. No one was downstairs; therefore, I was obliged to answer it.

A moment later, I was standing at the phone, eagerly accepting the kind invitation of the Gradys for a drive. As I stood there, some specks of dirt flew in through the window and reposed affectionately upon my nose. I visualized cool, quiet, dustless country roads, fresh green trees, little burbling brooks; you know, all the lovely things you read about but seldom find as pictured.

Immediately upon accepting this delightful invitation, I was told to present myself at the Grady mansion at seven-thirty. This might have surprised some people, but not me. It is one of the Gradys' delightful ways to treat their guests as one of themselves. They are Irish, you know, and one of the most charmingly unconventional families I have ever met.

It was with pleased anticipation, not unmingled with a thrill of excitement, that I looked forward to an evening in their company. I knew that not a moment would pass in which I would feel bored or dull. I recalled the last time I had been with them on a picnic. It was on that occasion that we came within three inches of landing in the

lake, and a scant three inches at that. Anybody but the Gradys would have been drowned; as it was, nothing save the frosting on the cake was injured. Assuredly God does seem to love the reckless!

You are now to picture me seated in the machine outside the Grady residence. In front, Mrs. Grady occupied the driver's seat, with Betsy, the faithful Airedale, beside her. No description that I might attempt of Mrs. Grady would be adequate. She might have passed for an English duchess or an Irish washerwoman. Her clothes, which had a mediaeval, much-worn appearance, would seem to point to the former; her self-possessed, dignified, monarch-of-all-I-survey manner, to the latter.

Our departure was not one to be recalled with pride.

"I'm not accustomed to driving this make of car," nonchalantly remarked Mrs. Grady over her shoulder, "but I'll be able to manage it, once I get started."

I fervently hoped she would, but as at that moment we seemed rooted to the spot, I was doubtful as to whether we should ever start.

It was fully five minutes before we moved. During that time all the small children for blocks around had congregated on the sidewalk, and were making audible remarks about us, interspersed with kind offers to "run and get my dad to come over and see what's wrong."

My companions were completely oblivious to all this. Mr. Grady, in the back seat with me, closed his eyes, chewed his cigar, and clasped his hands

across his expansive waistcoat with the air of a patient cherub waiting for a convenient cloud to carry him off.

Mary and Faith, the two little girls, sat demurely gazing at the road ahead. Faith expressed a hope that we should not get "pinched" for speeding as they had been the previous evening. It seemed unlikely.

When we did move, it was to bound forward with a peculiar, jerky motion, accompanied by a series of loud explosions, each of which waked a bark from Betsy and shriek from the children. The effect of all this noise was tremendous; it rivaled any fireworks display I have ever seen.

In a sort of undulating manner we advanced for half a block with the young populace of the neighborhood hot on our tracks. Then, after one or two particularly aggressive bounds, we stopped dead. Not for long, however. With incredible rapidity we suddenly shot backwards, smartly rounded a corner on two wheels, and lo! we were off!

For the first few seconds, it was a trifle disconcerting to be traveling backwards, and it must have looked decidedly undignified—as though we were backing away from royalty, or something like that. But not until we dashed with extreme speed down a frightfully steep hill, did I feel alarmed. My one prayer then was that there should be no street car at the bottom. As usual, my prayer was unanswered. There was. My eyes closed in anticipation of the inevitable crash. All went black before me. I held my breath. Nothing whatever happened. I ventured to open my eyes again. To my surprise, we were streaking back up the hill, only this time we were the right way round.

"I understand it now," shouted Mrs. Grady. "I knew it wouldn't take me a

minute. Lovely out; isn't it, Mr. Birchard?"

I agreed dazedly.

This was but the first of a series of unnerving incidents. For instance, one time, emboldened by the comparative peace of the moment, I volunteered a few of the usual remarks about the scenery. I was rewarded with a thumping blow between the eyes. I was soon to realize that I had been hit with Mrs. Grady's hard straw hat. Of course it was an accident, due to the wind. In pained silence, I returned it to her. Recklessly she let go the wheel, and, after borrowing a hatpin from Mary, replaced the hat at a most rakish angle.

After this, I was prepared for any emergency. This was lucky as it was not long before Mary's hat blew off. Mrs. Grady returned the pin, and from then on, whoever had the misfortune to lose her hat, got the pin, while Mr. Grady and I took turns in dodging, catching, or receiving the missiles.

Fifteen miles or so of this sort of thing,—bouncing up and down, racing motorcycle policemen, serving as a hat rack for any articles of head or neck gear that blew my way—began to tell on me. It was a strain which might easily have frayed the nerves of a man far stronger than I.

It was just as Betsy, the faithful Airedale, had comfortably ensconced herself on my feet (and an Airedale is no light weight, mind you) that Mrs. Grady found we were a little short of gas.

"Never mind", she cheered, "we can easily get some at the next town."

And the next town was fully twenty miles away! Only the utmost control on my part prevented me from expressing my pent-up feelings.

Faith it was (the dear little thing!) who remembered that Mr. Goldheim had said yesterday that there was no

gas to be had for love nor money outside of the city.

"That being the case", observed Mrs. Grady, regretfully, "we'd better be getting back."

The sigh which I then heaved was not one of disappointment at having to curtail our drive.

Our return drive was singularly uneventful. In fact, beyond decapitating a too daring chicken and narrowly avoiding a collision with an elderly

farmer, nothing of particular interest occurred.

Now you can readily see how a shortage of gasoline may sometimes prove to be a blessing. So instead of lamenting the situation, if you ever meet with a like shortage, you can try to picture yourself undergoing an experience similar to mine, and you will feel considerably cheered. Only don't, if you have any friends like the Gradys, ask them to take you out for an evening's airing.

—Dorothy Mills.

A Sylvan Shrine

(First Prize Poem)

There's just a glint of silver,
There's just a hint of gold,
Where the waters gently quiver
By the grassy, beachen mold.

There's but the brooklet's gurgle,
Or the warble of the lark
To disturb the musing silence
When the day gives way to dark.

The overhanging foliage,
On mossy earthen bank,
Still sadden with their shadows
As they make the waters dank.

But there lives a fragrant lily
That brightens all the bower
Which rather seems a temple
To grace a golden flower.

And now in fragrant April,
To the gurgle of the brook,
I pay a poet's homage
To the goddess of this nook.

Note: The rock lily is a fragrant, golden flower that blooms in shady spots in April. It abounds in the Cascade Mountains where I have often seen it in such surroundings as described here.

—Delbert Miller.

The Message of the Rose

(Second Prize Poem)

I've thought how good for God to bring
My roses back to me in Spring!
I've waited long to see them bloom
And to inhale their sweet perfume;
I've watched their pastel colors blend.
I've seen their thorny parents bend
With gifts through which God can reveal
His tender love, which makes me feel
He cares and thinks of me.

I love to spend my leisure hours
In conversation with my flowers.
I talk to them, both frank and free,
And someday they can talk to me.
To me, their silent speech is known
When I commune with them alone;
So, when they say an angel hand
Has painted them, I understand
God cares and thinks of me.

I'm thankful that my Father knows
The way to reach me through a rose;
For through each bud He can impart
The passions of His loving heart.
So through the rose, I too can send
My love and greetings to a friend.
Just make of roses a bouquet
And all at once they seem to say,
"I love and think of you."

—Betty Coffin.



To a Letter Box

(Honorable Mention)

Beneath tall buildings frowning dull and gray,
You stand, a letter box of steel and green,
Around you dashing vehicles are seen—
Street cars that forage through the restless fray.
And yet you live in fancy's secret way.
Within you rise the tales of youthful glories,
Love letters of the happy days, and stories
That you might tell of fading fame today.

Who knows of legends that within you rise?
A mother's note of sorrow to her boy,
A father glad to learn of daughter's joy,
A prisoner's farewell before he dies,—
And more this treasure box of lore might tell
To those who see beneath life's surging swell.

—Monroe Coblenz.

Message to the Mid-Year Class of '22

When the changing seasons of the year
Are putting forth their signs of hope,
And earth is mantling brown with green,
And sky forbears to stare or mope
But is content to softly smile
As busy birds the trees beguile,
It is a fitting time to dream
Of pleasant pools along life's stream
And gird the loins of those that go
From pleasant trails to stony paths
That they may better find the pools,
Half concealed by trees and grass,
That, smiling, hold the joys of life.
When you have left these pleasant trails
To tread along life's main broad-way
And weary of an empty life,
Wander adown the old by-way,
Here on the old familiar ground,
Recall the memories of those days
When joy and happiness were found,
And life shone through an aureate haze.

—Delbert Miller.

S. H. S. Dictionary

A

Alumni—Class of '22 next year.

Ape—Tailless monkey resembling man; a fool; a numbskull; many sophs.

B

Bent—Comparative of broke.

Broke—Term used when one is out of money; usual condition of Bob Patterson.

Berry—See dollar. That part of man's anatomy resting on the neck; e. g., "Use the berry." Rear name of friend Marion, the vamp.

Buck—Kopec; iron man. See berry.

C

Canadian Capers—Popular song played at "annual" staff meetings; contortions gone through by the nerve cells in Margie Rosen's brain when she tries to make excuses to break dates.

Can—What Mr. Garrison gives to bad boys; also synonymous to flivver.

Cat—A two-legged animal who walks about school and whose motto is, "knock; don't boost." Male and female species have been found. For illustrations—note several annual cuts.

Crab—Some teachers; a grouchy stude; to disagree in the manner of Hattie Harper.

Control—Organization of stool pigeons; student cops; what no one yet has been able to do to Bobby Bush.

D

Danger—All 4's and 5's; the act of telling a faculty member what you think of him.

Discord—Sound made when Red Rule plays the bassoon.

Dollar—Buck; kopec; berry; bone; cart wheel.

Dumb Dome—Followers of Clarence

Clemenson; mental reservation of the faculty towards the studes.

E

Eats—Requirements of a banquet, usually consisting of talk, decorations, and French names.

Ex—A form of torture applied by faculty at ends of quarters.

F

Faculty—Only thing unpopular at S. H. S.; synonymous with study; slave drivers.

Fame—What the varsity teams receive; the goal of all students; what Roblin Hewlett's "Lord Fauntleroy" curls have brought her.

Fat Head—See Krenz; mistaken result of fame.

Frosh—Green scum of a lowly source; ignoramus.

G

Gab—Concentration of gossip.

Gossip—Usual conversation of females; see cat.

Gum—A concoction of tar, glue, rubber, perfume, and sugar that is ground between the teeth. See wastebasket.

Goof—A numbskull; sap; dumb-dome; iron brain. See any of the P. G.'s.

H

Ham—An amateur; freshie making love.

Happiness—Bliss; result of a flock of 1's or a pretty girl's smile.

Heaven—An unexpected holiday; exemption from an "ex".

Honor Scholarship Society—Organization of studes that bring apples to teachers; sour grapes to non-members.

I

Ill—Word required in all excuses.

Example: "Mr. Berringer: Johnnie was ill yesterday. Mrs. —"

Ink—Fountain pen liquid; enemy of white "cords."

Innocence—Facial feature required by flappers; polite word describing feminine ignorance. See Merle Harper.

J

Jew—Proper name for friend that refuses to treat; a pork dodger.

Jokes—What these are supposed to be

Junior—Enemy of seniors; sponsor of "junior-senior crawl"; a know-nothing.

K

Ki Yi Gi's—Opposite of Honor Scholarship Society; synonymous with pep, ingenuity, originality, etc.

Kopec—Same as buck.

Krenz—Walking example of modesty; self-made ladies' man; synonymous with egotist, sophist, etc.

L

Lobster—Variety of sea food; also dumb-bell that borrows four or five sheets of your binder paper.

Love—Hypnotic state usually associated with mush, unconsciousness, and insanity.

M

Ma—Frosh contraction of mama.

Minus—Typical mark on some studes' ex papers when placed after a 3; kindly forerunner of a 4.

Money—Medium of exchange; requirement for a student in love; a usual negative quantity consisting of berries, kopecs, etc. Same as cush, mazuma, dinero, and shekels.

Mutt—The tall one; Ozro Buckman.

N

Noise—Irregular vibrations of sound; also outcries made by "Pinafore" chorus.

Nose—Organ developed by Gat re-

porters; usually located in the center of the physiognomy; synonyms—gall, brass, nerve.

O

One—Mark seldom seen; usual mark varsity teams received in gym; grade of teachers' pets.

Oh—Exclamation of wonder such as Zero Zeller makes upon viewing report cards.

P

Picnic—Senior activity consisting of 85% lunch; 5% ants, flies, etc; 2% country air, 7% queening; and 1% recreation.

Profs—Misnomer applied to high school teachers; cause of student unrest.

Q

Queening—Affliction to which seniors are generally addicted, consisting of foolishness, insanity, osculation, etc.

Questions—Student Waterloos; faculty language; primary reasons for failures ??????

R

Reaction—Result of pouring H₂O on H₂SO₄, or attempting to date out "Bobbye" Steinbeck.

Riches—"Lack of desire is the greatest of riches." Faculty says, "Knowledge is riches."

Roughneck—Type of sweater; also person inside the sweater.

Rummy—A perpetual freshman; the type of guy that trips you, throws chalk at you, then wonders why you're sore.

S

Shoemaker—The guy that takes the joy out of joyride; the speed cop.

Slick—Keen; spiffy; kippy; nifty. State of Rudolph's hair.

Slicker—Bird that can fox the English Department.

Staff—Members of the senior class that belong to the I. W. W.

Stude—Sap studying at S. H. S.

T

Time—Word used to silence debaters or to stop a boxing bout. Common expression: "I have more time than money". Second use—"You may have no more time to finish the examination."

Three—Two plus one; number of rals given by rooters for team.

Temptation—Yosemite Lake on a hot afternoon.

U

Undertaker—The guy that dresses us in wooden kimonas; the teacher that flunks you in your last quarter so that you can't graduate.

Useless—Article of no use; e. g., ice cream to an Eskimo or a tooth pick to a chicken. State of most girls in a rooting section.

V

Velocity—Acceleration times space passed over. Ask Mr. Corbett to explain.

Victim—Neophyte waiting for the third degree; stude thrown on the mercy of the just teacher.

Victory—Acme of our teams' ambitions.

W

Want—Usually preceded by I and indicating desire. Frosh say, "I want candy."

Work—School work: student carrying books from school to home at night and vice versa in the morning. Real work: trying to keep three "queens" at one time.

X

Xpulsion—Method faculty has of canning superfluous studes.

Xyloick—Resembling wood, or substance of Wilbur Kelling's head.

Y

Yesterday—Another word usually found in excuses.

Yoke—What we hit September 19 last.

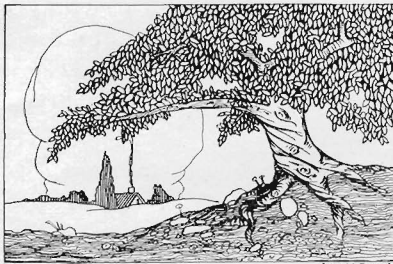
Z

Zeal—The way we don't tackle work.

Zounds—Ancient term meaning, "cuss the luck" or "dern it."

La Comédie

La vie est comme la comédie . . .
Parceque jamais et toujours,
Les larmes sont oublié
Avec l'amour et les fleurs.





DARE-DEVIL



PAGEANT-MEMORIES



BILL-IOUS
BEAUTY



SHOWING-OFF



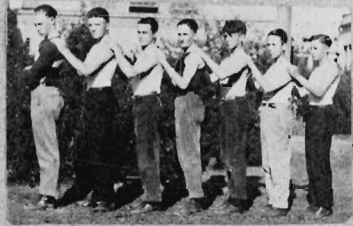
IROQUOIS-INDJUNS



BOBBYE



TWO-OPERA-STARS.



BOXING-CLUB



CHIEF
CAVE-MAN



UP---OARS!



MISS-DIMENT



A-PAIR-OF-HANDS