

A Vineyard at Dawn



A vineyard at dawn is one of the most beautiful sights in the country.

In this uncertain light, fantastic shadows are cast over the whole vineyard, and the stumps look like night sentinels at their posts of duty.

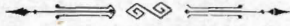
The leaves look almost black, and the bunches of grapes hang dripping with the morning dew.

Then the gloom lifts just a trifle, and a blackbird hops from a tree to the ground and whistles a few coarse notes, and is answered by a thrush under a vine.

Suddenly, a ray of sunlight beams across the vineyard, and in a few minutes the great sun floods all of the vineyard with its light and warmth.

A man appears; then another, and another. They take boxes from a stack nearby and quietly go to work. Soon more appear, and finally the vineyard is changed from a quiet, restful place to a center of busy workers.

Ella Whittle '27.



Bear Creek



In a wild, secluded spot far up on Mt. St. John, is a tiny spring, from which the cool, fresh water bubbles continuously, winter and summer. It forms a clear pool which is lined with moss, over the edge of which a steady stream of crystal water flows, the beginning of a creek.

The water trickles down the deep shady canyon between walls lined with tall maiden hair ferns, brown bells, hound's tongue and many other beautiful flowers. The stream becomes gradually larger as it goes, as each small branch of the canyon adds its share.

Occasionally it comes to a huge boulder and after seeming to hesitate a moment plunges gayly over, sending up a white spray. It falls into large sunny pools which are disturbed only by these falling waters. The speckled mountain trout swim dreamily about among the rocks in the clear depths.

As though provoked at its delay, the water glides swiftly onward. The monotony of the babbling stream is often broken by the piercing cries of mountain creatures.

Paths lead to this brook from all directions, for this is the drinking place of deer, coyotes and foxes.

At last the stream comes to the valley, and there it runs along the sides of the road and cuts through orchards and vineyards to join Napa river.

Edna Richardson '27.

Iron Mine Canyon



Looking from the head of Iron Mine Canyon a beautiful sight greets your eyes. The tall, stately, redwood and pine trees reach up into the heavens from the bottom of the canyon, and around them nestle the smaller bushy trees, such as the Pepperwood, Manzanita and Live Oak. You can hear a steady rumbling of water from the bottom of the canyon. This is the iron mine canyon. From the trail farther down you will see a beautiful silvery stream of water making a straight drop from sheer rock. On the sides of the falls there is an abundance of ferns and maiden hair. Farther down, the trail leads to the bottom of the canyon, and there you cross the stream and the trail goes on the other side. The water in the stream is very clear and the large rocks on the sides of the stream and in the water are very beautiful; some are huge red rocks, with bright white lines running through them, others have an olive color with the same white lines.

If you look into one of the deep pools of water you may see a rainbow-trout lying asleep on the bottom. Then toss a pebble into the water, and this trout who seemed so dead and inactive may dart with lightning speed either up or down the stream. Also, in another pool, if you watch long enough you may see one of these speckled beauties rise from the water to catch an insect of some kind. Ah! you will say, "What a wonderful thing God has given us in nature."

At least, when with regret you come to the end of the canyon, you are determined that you will visit this beautiful place again.

Joseph Teping '27.



A Hike



"Let's go on a hike instead of taking gym. here." Everyone agreed to this, and so we went for a hike out to the Springs. There were eight, counting Miss Reed, who were going; and after buying some "suckers" and Easter eggs, we started for the Springs. When we were half way to the Springs, everyone wanted a drink, so we picked out a spot where the creek was flowing rapidly, and we drank until it seemed you could actually see a decrease of water. After jumping over the creek, and lying down in the cool green grass to rest,

we started onward. Many flowers peered at us from both sides of the road, but we decided to gather these on the way home. When we reached the Springs everyone made a "wild dash" for maiden hair, which could be seen in great quantities in the nearby hills. Everything was quiet while we were picking—no one was talking. The only sound was the creek bubbling over the rocks, and a soft wind moaning through the trees. A machine, coming around the bend, broke this silence by blowing its horn shrilly. This awoke us all. It seemed as if everyone said "time to go," all together.

Soon, everyone was on the road displaying his amount of maiden hair, and trying to burn the ends of it. After the displays it was found that Bobby had the most. Her bunch was so large that she was continually dropping some, but "ever-ready" "Porky" was there to pick it up and chew it. Finally someone asked the time. "Oh! it's 5 o'clock, and I'm supposed to be home." This seemed to hasten our feet and by the time we were in town it was only 5:30. Although we were a little tired, we had too much fun to think about that side of the hike.

Elsie-Becky '27.



Moonlight

The moon shone brightly in the valley,
When the school boys held their annual rally.
All was still in that clear night,
And the hills in the distance were a wonderful sight.

The clouds nearby had a color of red,
While the ones far off were dull as lead.
But the boys and girls who played that night,
Did not notice this wonderful sight.

Everything was still, not a sound to be heard,
While at intervals the owls softly murmured.
The fields and the orchards were clear that night,
As the moon threw out its powerful light.

When the rally was over and everyone had gone home,
I watched the clouds, for they seemed like Rome.
The glory of red was fire to me;
And Nero in the moon was easy to see.

Albert Mori '28.

Our Circus

©

A rush and uproar everywhere,
Students rushing here and there,
Practicing and rehearsing with care,
For our circus.

Girls in costume to and fro,
On the circus parade to go,
So that everyone will know
About our circus.

Colors, yellow, green and red,
To the sides and overhead,
Spanish colors wherever we tread,
For our circus.

Now we're ready for the fun,
All the hardest work is done,
Teachers, students, everyone,
Has done his part.

At last has come the circus night,
All the actors are in a fright,
Until at last went out the light,
At our circus.

The curtain rises at the start,
Every actor does his part,
With all his talent and all his art,
For our circus.

When every act has had its fling,
And through the hall applauses ring,
They all in gay abandon sing
Oh Susanna!

Down to the sideshows, everyone,
Spanish girls dancing and Indian drum,
Baby show, everything! Oh what fun!
At our circus.

Sounds of jazz and saxophone,
Dancing feet to lilting tone,
Till everybody left for home,
From our circus.

Marie White '27.

His Reward

©

"Mr. Jerald Carthony is my name. Please charge these flowers to me."

"All right, sir," responded the clerk. "Anything else?"

"Nothing else." And with that the young lover stepped out into the oven-like air. It was one of those stifling hot days in the city, when almost everyone is out shopping, and the sidewalks are like heated brick to walk upon.

Jerald made his way through the throngs to the corner where he boarded an over-crowded street car, and swayed and bumped along the aisle to the other end, where he found an unoccupied strap.

A tired-looking woman stood next to him with a pet monkey on one arm and several packages on the other, which she nearly dropped a great many times; although they never reached the floor, either landing on somebody's shoulder or lap, as she swayed back and forth.

One of these times, in order to rescue a package the size and shape of Jerald's, she let go of the monkey; and in all the confusion Jerald dropped his own precious bundle to rescue the troublesome animal before he did any damage.

"Was my little Wudy scared to death when his mother let go of him?", the woman crooned, when her pet and package had been returned to her. She feared the wrong package had been restored to her, but said nothing, fearing to raise more chaos among the thoroughly disgusted crowd.

She opened her purse and pulled out a sticky peppermint stick which she presented to the monkey. After sucking the half-melted candy for several minutes, Rudolph seemed to tire of such a peaceful occupation and threw the ill-fated gew-gaw into Jerald's pocket, and began to tug at the feather on his mistress' hat.

The woman dropped her various bundles again, and proceeded to scold the mischievous animal. Jerald once more picked them up for her; and feeling rather stifled in the stale air, he made his way to the front where he stood and counted in his mind how many more blocks it would be before he was to get off the car. Only two more—one—at last he was off in the fresh air, and hot as it was, it seemed like an Arctic wind after being on that stuffy car.

Pulling his very best silk handkerchief from his pocket he began wiping his perspiring brow.

"What the—! Well, I'll be darned! That blame monkey!" He proceeded to wipe the sticky goo from his face with one corner of the cloth which was not contaminated with the candy.

“Well, there’s that! Now for a walk of two blocks, then—ah, Peggy; it won’t be long before Jerry gets there. Not long now that I’m off that confounded car.” He pocketed his handkerchief and started to walk to his sweetheart’s home. She was the sweetest thing that lived except, of course, his mother, who was the most perfect person in his mind.

He ran lightly up the steps, and, in all his hurry, he rang the door-bell of the flat next door. When the wrong door opened, he stammered, “Oh, er—I beg your pardon. I believe I rang the wrong bell.”

“I believe you did, too,” curtly announced a prim maid, and the door slammed shut in his face.

He rang the correct bell the next time, and the door was opened by—Peggy herself.

“Why Jerric! I didn’t expect to see you this afternoon. Come right in.” And she ushered him into a cool living room.

“A little present for you,” he said, holding out the box.

“Oh, how lovely. I bet I can guess what it is!”

Imagine Jerald’s embarrassment and Peggy Joyce’s chagrin, upon opening the box, to find—a woman’s corset.

Evelyn Doak '28.



My Shady Nook

I found myself a shady nook,
 Away from the summer’s heat,
 And there sat down to read a book
 And rest my tired feet.

Not far away from my shady nook,
 Winding its way to the sea,
 There runs a cool, clear little brook,
 Seeming to run from me.

I am content in my nook to stay,
 So I let the brook go by,
 Let the brook go on its merry way,
 But I will not go. Not I.

Stanley Zill '28.

Cecelia Tries to Sneak Out

©

"Going to the dance tonight?" sang Mary to her chum, Cecelia.

"No, I can't," said Cecelia, making a wry face. "Just because I went last night, I have to stay in tonight."

"Gosh, that's tough luck," said her chum. "If I were you, I'd go anyway. You can sneak out and your mother will never know it."

Cecelia's face brightened visibly. "I'll do it!" she cried. "I'll prop a ladder against the attic window and nobody will ever see it. Nobody goes around to that side of the house anyway."

"That's a good idea," answered Mary. "I'll be waiting for you about eight-thirty." With that promise the two girls parted.

That night after supper Cecelia's family retired to the living room. Her father sat before the fireplace reading a newspaper, and her mother peacefully darned socks. Cecelia was reading a book but glancing at the clock she laid the book aside and said, "Mother, I'm going to bed early tonight." "Good-night," and she kissed her mother and father and ran upstairs.

Cecelia's bedroom was the only room upstairs. The rest of the upper story was unfinished and was called the attic. One of the windows of this was to be Cecelia's means of escape. When she got upstairs she could hear it raining outside, but she was firm in her purpose. She would go anyway. She put on her party dress and slipped on a coat and, carrying an umbrella, she softly left her bedroom and started across the attic. As she crept along, a drop of water hit her face, and many more. The floor, which was only boards with plaster between, began to creak. "They'll hear me," she thought in a panic.

Downstairs, her parents were still sitting in the living room.

"There must be a leak in the roof," said the mother, looking at a water spot in the plastered ceiling, "I think you'd better fix it before it soaks up all the plaster."

"Uh—huh," grunted her husband, buried in the newspaper, "I'll fix it pretty soon."

"Talking about Cecelia," said the mother, "she's getting so independent lately, she thinks she can go out whenever she wants to. I'm glad she wanted to stay in tonight."

"What's that!" Both parents jumped up in alarm as the ceiling creaked above them.

"I guess it's only some mice," said the father and settled down again with his newspaper.

Upstairs, Cecelia was trembling with fright. She soon gained

courage and went a few steps farther, but the floor seemed to sink under her feet and she heard a crack. The plaster was breaking!

Downstairs, the mother and father again jumped up in alarm as a piece of plaster fell on the floor. Suddenly there was a crash, and amid the dust of falling plaster they stood horrified to see a pair of legs dangling from the ceiling.

They were—Cecelia's!

The mother and father stood for a moment in horrified amazement and then fled upstairs. They found Cecelia half dazed, hardly knowing what had happened.

"Cecelia!" cried her mother, "what in the world are you doing?" In a glance she took in Cecelia's outfit, party dress, coat and umbrella.

"Nothing," replied Cecelia in a meek little voice, with her eyes on the floor.

Her mother looked at her suspiciously, for she knew what Cecelia had been trying to do. She said not a word, but helped her out of her plight and left her; because she knew Cecelia would not try to sneak out again that night.

Marie White '27.



Behind the Mountains

Behind the mountains are very high rocks,
And a mocking bird that always mocks,
Wild animals that always chase
The rabbits in their hiding place.

The giants there are strong and bold,
They stay there to hunt the gold,
And travel on the seas for food,
And anything they can include.

Everything there is large and wild,
And the weather is always mild;
The ocean is always deep and green,
But a ship on the ocean is never seen.

Margaret Marolf '28.

Activities

Student Body

Boys' Club

A. G. S.

Shop

Headlight

Mothers' Club

Domestic Science

Student Body



First row—Albert Mori, Leslie Shurtz, Charles Pfister, Max Harrington, Mr. Gardiner (Faculty Advisor), Frank Stoll, Elsie Becky.
 Second row—Louis Duval, Miss Reed (Faculty Advisor), Theodore Corbella.
 Third row—Alice Delmoly, Lionel Blake, Dorothea White.

OFFICERS

First Semester		Second Semester
Lionel Blake	President	Max Harrington
Theodore Corbella	Vice President	Elsie Becky
Elsie Becky	Secretary	Bonnie Harrington
Dorothea White	Treasurer	Dorothea White
Charles Pfister	Athletic Manager	Joseph Lovering
Leslie Shurtz	Yell Leader	Charles Bloch

A great deal of interest was taken this year in all Student Body affairs. They were all carried out with great success and enthusiasm.

The most successful event of the year was the annual circus.

The Student Body membership was almost one hundred per cent., far exceeding all previous years.

Student Body



First row—Theodore Hardin, Lionel Blake, John Pfister, Mr. Gardiner (Faculty Advisor), Charles Bloch, Genevieve Hawes, Joseph Lovering.
 Second row—Dorothea White, Miss Reed (Faculty Advisor), Bonnie Harrington.
 Third row—Elsie Becky, Max Harrington, Louis Duval.

The Executive Committee has done its work conscientiously and faithfully all through the year. All offenders are tried by this committee, which sees that no property is defaced, or that no students are guilty of wrong-doing about the school.

The Athletic Department, under Charles Pfister and Joseph Lovering, has been well managed. This committee's aim was to have large rooting sections at all the games. They found transportation for rooters whenever possible. During the basketball season a special electric car was hired, and about sixty students attended a game at Napa.

The Social Committee, under Theodore Corbella, first semester, and under Elsie Becky, second semester, has provided many good times for the students and faculty.





MAX HARRINGTON
President First Semester

Boys' Club



LOUIS DUVAL
President Second Semester

The purpose of the Boys' Club is to increase school spirit and to cooperate with the Faculty in projects for the benefit of the school. Although the Boys' Club has only been organized two years, a great deal has been accomplished.

Social and athletic events sponsored by the Boys' Club have been enjoyed by the whole school.

The first event of importance was the initiation of the Freshmen Boys. Beside the regular initiation the Freshmen were required to put the football field in shape.

A flag rush in the first semester and a necktie rush in the second semester between the Freshmen and Sophomores put the lower classmen in trim for football and baseball.

The Boys' Club held a rally in the middle of the football season to which the girls were all invited. Games were played and many yells were given and the evening was brought to a close with a watermelon feed.

A bicycle race was held later in the year. This was another event which was of interest to the whole school.

Early in the Spring, Mr. Baade, the Farm Advisor, gave us an interesting talk on farming. He also answered some questions which the boys asked him. The Executive Committee is trying to get other speakers who will be of interest.

The biggest event for the boys was the Boys' Jinx. The Social Committee put over the best ever held at S. H. H. S.

The officers who gave us such a successful program are:

First Semester
Max Harrington
Louis Duval
Theodore Maliani
James Chiles
Theodore Corbella

Big Chief
Little Chief
Minuteman
Loud Mouth
Bouncer

Second Semester
Louis Duval
Jerdon Walters
Theodore Corbella
Joseph Vasconi
Milton Young



ALICE DELMOLY
President First Semester

Associated Girl Students



BONNIE HARRINGTON
President Second Semester

The A. G. S. has developed into a strong and very worth-while organization. This year the emphasis has been placed upon working together for the common good, either as leaders or intelligent followers. Some of the projects were Big and Little Sister movement, the Parliamentary Law Club, dancing during the noon hour, after school hiking, a campaign for correct social behavior, and a public card party to raise money. The latter put the A. G. S. on a firm financial basis for the next year.

The regular monthly programs included: a fashion show; a play entitled "Introductions"; a program of poetry and music; and talks on the professions of nursing, kindergarten work, teaching, buying, secretarial work and library work by women who have been successful in these lines.

The tea for the mothers and new Freshmen, the girls' breakfast, and the Travelers' party have been prominent features of the social life. The ethical side has centered around the development of a Creed and a Code of Ethics, which express the ideals of the girls.

OFFICERS

Alice Delmoly
Mary Gagetta
Dorothea White
Ella Whittle
Madge de Camp

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Yell Leader

Bonnie Harrington
Genevieve Hawes
Gay Harrington
Ella Whittle
Elsie Becky

Miss Carson, Dean of Girls

Shop



Under the able instruction of Mr. Gardiner the Farm Mechanics and Manual Training classes have accomplished a great deal. Mr. Gardiner has taught them how to do things and how to do them right in all of the fine details which mark a master craftsman. Not that any master craftsmen have been turned out, but every boy in Mr. Gardiner's classes has been given a good start towards success in his chosen profession.

The student is first taught the name of the tools he uses, then how to use them, and last to do for himself. When these three things have been accomplished the student has gained a great deal of valuable knowledge and experience.



Headlight



Our school paper, The Headlight, was published again this year. It was as big a success as last year, if not bigger.

Financially the paper is not a paying proposition. A small charge is made on each copy to defray the expense of the paper. The work of mimeographing the paper is done by the office force, under the supervision of the Advisor, Miss Bowman.

The real value of the paper is that it serves as a record of all school activities. The dates and a brief memorandum of each event, whether social, dramatic, or athletic, can be had at a glance. The Headlight is of untold value to the Far Darter staff in compiling material.

Here's wishing The Headlight staff the best of luck and hoping that they will continue the good work next year.

Mothers' Club



What is a "Mothers' Club"? Is it a bridge club where our mothers meet to while away hours—to sew and talk? Talk! Yes they talk, but what about? Us? Yes, they talk about us. That's what the Mothers' Club is for; to talk about us.

Every month, machines of mothers may be seen coming to the High School. But they are not coming for nothing. Our mothers are coming to discuss our problems, our tasks, with our teachers.

This is the third anniversary of this organization, but in that short time it has become so strong a factor in our school that we could not do without it. Under the leadership of Mrs. Chevalier, President, this year has been a remarkably successful one for the Mothers' Club.

The project committee, Mrs. Harrison, Chairman, deserves much praise. The auditorium stage had been partly remodeled and new footlights installed. The Mothers' Club has finished this piece of work, greatly improving the appearance of the auditorium.

The sewing room was once a dark, dingy, brown room. Through the efforts of the Mothers' Club it has been turned into a room of brightness and beauty. The tables and desk have been painted with bright colors and the windows furnished with curtains.

The students wish to thank the Mothers' Club for what they have done for them. They know that next year their organization will be even better, stronger and larger.



Domestic Science



Homemaking is probably one of the most important subjects a girl can take in her high school course, in that it not only shows the girl how to cook and sew, but it teaches economy in the home. Every girl should know how to cut a dress out of the least possible amount of material with little waste, and how to measure a cup of flour without spilling half of it on the floor.

The work in the Homemaking Course may be put under two heads—Foods and Clothing. Under the former are cooking, table service, and planning well-balanced meals. Under the latter are sewing, millinery, designing and color harmony.

The Spring Fashion Show was held recently, exhibiting the work the girls have done this semester. All of this work done by the girls shows what a competent instructor Miss Finch is.



Social and Dramatics

Society

Dramatics

Society

©

He—St. Helena, class of '27. Handsome football star.

She—Napa, class of '28. Pretty, attractive girl—wonderful dancer.

Time—8:30 p. m. Day after graduation.

Place—Her front porch.

(He comes dashing up the steps and she greets him.)

She: "You're late, darling."

He: "I know, dear, but I was so eager to come that my Ford jumped a ditch and had to be repaired."

She: "Oh, I hope you weren't hurt."

He: "Not at all; not even scratched."

She: "Oh, I'm certainly glad that you weren't. By the way, I enjoyed your Junior Prom so much. Will you tell me about the other social events of the year?"

He: "Do you really want to know?"

She: "I wouldn't ask if I didn't."

He: "Well, the first party of the year was the Freshmen Reception which was given on the evening of August 28. It was quite informal; everyone wore school clothes. A short, snappy program was given first, then games and dancing followed. The Freshies were the guests of honor and were treated as such. After the refreshments the evening was brought to a close, and everyone voted a marvelous time."

She: "I'll bet it was wonderful. Did the Freshmen give a return party?"

He: "Yes, they did, and they deserve credit for it. It was given on October 10th. First, the Freshmen gave a program which was very cleverly arranged. Dancing and refreshments concluded the evening, and the Freshmen proved that they had really appreciated the reception by the effort they made in the return party."

She: "Wasn't anything done for the football team?"

He: "Indeed yes! The business men of St. Helena gave us a big dinner at Hotel Miramonte. Each business man was a host to a football player and there were fifty-one present. Mr. Mielenz presided, and he spoke about the start of football in St. Helena. Among the guests were Razz Johnson, the Napa football coach, Joseph Coffield, the star player and captain of the Napa team, and Professor E. E. Crawford, principal of the Napa High School. The whole evening was enjoyable,

THE FAR DARTER

and the dinner, in particular, was exceptionally good.”

She: “What was the next event?”

He: “The boys invited the girls to a rally on October 2. A big bonfire had been made out on the football field and everyone took part in games and yells. Later, Sarge’s Ford came on the field filled with watermelons, weenies, and rolls. It is needless to tell how they disappeared.”

She: “What is the main event next to the Junior Prom?”

He: “Why, the circus, of course. It was marvelous this year. It was known as ‘Oh, Susanna,’ which was very appropriate during the Jubilee season. The vaudeville was original and well presented. ‘Happy Days in Napa Valley’ was the name of one of the performances, and the other was ‘Mayacamus.’ After the vaudeville, side shows and various refreshment booths were well patronized. A nickle dance was conducted until midnight, music being furnished by the Lodi Orchestra. The whole entertainment was very successful.”

She: “I wish I could have been there. Did the girls give any parties?”

He: “Oh, yes, I almost forgot about them. The A. G. S. gave a tea for the Mothers’ Club and the new Freshmen who were coming in the following Christmas. It was given after school on December ninth. A program and dancing made the afternoon very enjoyable. The school orchestra played. About 4:30 p. m., a very prettily decorated tea table was brought in and dainty refreshments were served. It was apparent that everyone enjoyed the afternoon.

“They also gave another party. Summons were sent to the boys to appear at court for speeding, no tail light, and a few other offenses. By and by, we cooled down sufficiently to read far enough to see that we only had to report to High School. When we got down at school we found Bonnie Harrington the chief of the Traffic Officers, and a whole bunch of Cops. We noticed a long line of familiar faces, though, and so we thought we might as well face the music. We were assigned to different rooms where we thought up a stunt. We acted them out and then danced. The Cops gave us each a Shell gasoline book, which was our program. We were surrounded by automobile signs, ads for gas, and such. The refreshments were Zerolene, spare tires, and a service kit. They were eatables, not automobile accessories!”

She: “I suppose Santa visited the school?”

He: “I should say he did. He came a little early—on December 10th. We had a pretty Christmas tree and everyone felt the Christmas spirit. A program was enjoyed by the whole audience. Santa Claus, alias Bill Smyth, was there in all his glory, and with the help of Jerdon

THE FAR DARTER

Walters gave out the presents. Each guest was the recipient of a comical gift."

She: "Do the Seniors in your school have a sneak day?"

He: "Yes, they chose a very appropriate day. It was raining cats, dogs, pitchforks and everything else! It was a day early in February. They said they had a good time in spite of the rain."

She: "Are there any clubs in school?"

He: "There is a Ukelele Club. They seem to have a lot of fun. They held a picnic in the latter part of February, and it was in the form of a marshmallow and weenie roast."

She: "Is that all they did?"

He: "Oh! That reminds me they had a swimming party in May. They went to Pacheteau's and afterwards they had a picnic supper."

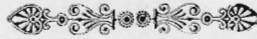
She: "Were there any other parties?"

He: "The Seniors won the circus ticket-selling contest and so a party on April sixteenth, given by the lower classmen, was the reward. Dancing and refreshments made the party a success."

She: "Don't you hate to think of graduating next year and missing all the parties and good times?"

He: "I certainly do. I will never have as much fun as I've had in St. Helena High."

She: "Well, let's not cross our bridges before we come to them. Come on—forget that. Let's go for a ride."



My Ship

Out on the bounding billows,
Far, far from the rugged rocky shore,
Out where the chill winds blow,
Tumbling the wild waves to and fro,
Out where life is uncertain and death sure,
Rides my graceful ship, coming home to me.

As it comes over the ocean's brim,
I watch it as it draws nearer,
Gradually and slowly it makes its way,
Seeming as if it is coming out
Of some distant foreign net,
Into the land of freedom and sunshine.

Now it is plowing the water slowly and smoothly,
And as I watch it something seems to tell me
"You are now proud of this graceful ship,
Which has made and gained a record of its own,
Which no other ship can ever possess."
I am proud of my gallant ship.

Stella Allison '28.

Dramatics



This school year has been a remarkably successful one, from the stand-point of dramatics. It has seen the formation of an organization new to the St. Helena High School, the Dramatic Club. It had its birth as the result of three successful plays produced for the Circus. The Dramatic Club in this short time has taken its place among the foremost organizations of the school.

The Circus.

Saturday, November seventh, at last arrived! This was the big day at St. Helena High School, for the circus had come at last. This event comes only once a year and is hailed with great joy by the pupils, as it means a good time and lots of fun for everyone, young and old.

The vaudeville was to begin at eight o'clock. Eight o'clock finally drew around, and the program was started off by some old-time music furnished by the Lodi Orchestra. As their selection was concluded, the curtain drew back on the play, "Mayacamus," written and directed by Mr. Gaylord. The leading characters were Ellis Wilson, Princess Elena; William Smyth, Chief Solano; Charles Bloch, Fleet-foot; and James Boyd, the Russian leader. This play concerned the re-naming of Mt. St. Helena, from the Indian name, Mayacamus, and the placing on its summit, of the bronze tablet by the Russians. The play was spectacular, interesting and well acted.

The next on the program was a comic skit, "A Pioneer Catastrophe," written by Mr. Lyman. In this Albert Jackse took the part of a pioneer and Frank Stoll the part of a Chinaman. Its motive was a dispute over a laundry bill.

The next play was "Happy Days in Napa Valley," written and directed by Mr. Lyman, giving a very real illustration of early days in Napa valley. The scene of this play was the Bale Mill in the year 1847. The following took the leading parts: the mill master, Jerdon Walters; the farmer, James Chiles; the hunter, Joseph Lovering; bride and groom, Ella Whittle and Milton Young; bridesmaid and best man, Genevieve Hawes and Joseph Teping; the preacher, Joseph Vasconi. The play included a group of Spanish and Indian dancers, led respectively by Theodore Maliani and Charles Bloch. The program ended with a chorus singing, "Oh, Susanna," with vim and enjoyment.

As soon as the vaudeville was over other attractions started up. Among them were "The Spanish Fiesta," "The Silverado Trail,"

THE FAR DARTER

"The Red Dog Saloon," the **Nickle Dance**" and the "Indian Sweat House." The crowd rushed to these to spend the rest of a very enjoyable evening.

At the Christmas party on December 10th a number of plays were given. They were as follows: "The Dollar," "**Minstrel Show**," "**Big and Little Brother Movement**," and "**The Pony Express**."

On Saturday evening, February 13, 1926, the Dramatic Club presented three one-act plays at the High School Auditorium. They were as follows:

"The Reincarnation of Susan."

"The Reincarnation of Susan" was coached by Mr. Lyman. The scene of the action was England at the present time, and showed the effect of a flapper of the most extreme type on old-fashioned people. The part of the American girl was taken by Roberta Schaw. The others who took part were Elsie Becky, Ella Whittle, Jerdon Walters, Theodore Maliani, Hazel Bettini and Genevieve Hawes.

"Danger."

"Danger" was coached by Miss Reed. The scene of the action was a coal mine in Wales. This was a novelty and furnished a thrill, as the entire play was given in darkness. The play gave a good idea of how three altogether different characters will act with death fast approaching. The leading parts were taken by Ellis Wilson, Joseph Vasconi and Charles Bloch. The singers and rescue party were Joseph Varozza, Stanley Zill, Joseph Teping and Newton York.

"Zone Police."

The "Zone Police" was coached by Mr. Gaylord. The scene of the action took place in a Panama police station. Canal Zone life was excellently portrayed, while a drama of a man's fall and repentance was vividly given. William Smyth was the leading character, taking the part of a drunken Major in the U. S. Army. The other characters were James Boyd, Joseph Lovering and Charles Pfister.

Junior Play.

The Junior play, "The Diabolical Circle," was given May 19th in the High School Auditorium. The scene of the action took place in Boston. It was a very amusing comedy of Puritan people in which two men wanted to marry the same girl. The girl's father favored one, while the girl favored the other. Betty's choice finally wins. The characters were as follows: Cotton Mather, Joseph Vasconi; Betty, his daughter, Gay Harrington; Adonejah Wigglesworth, a suitor and

Cotton's choice, Derby Wilson; Charles Manning, likewise a suitor and Betty's choice, Jerdon Walters.

Senior Play.

The Senior play was presented on the 14th and 15th of May. It was a comedy by the name of "Sunshine." The scene of the action took place on the lawn of the Sunshine Sanitarium near New York City. Sunshine, the heroine of the play, is one of the nurses at the Sunshine Sanitarium. Buddy Brady, a friend of Jim Anthony's, who is engaged to Miss Deane, comes to the hospital with him. He immediately falls in love with Sunshine. Mrs. McCann, who thinks she is ill, has a terrible time looking after Maudelia, her little girl, who is always getting into mischief. Mrs. Whipple, with her parrot, and Mr. Butternip, with his tonic, furnish much amusement. Tessie Mitford, a mental case, thinks a great crime has been committed at the Sanitarium and is always looking for a clue. Major Kellicott, the villain, steals Sylvia's engagement ring. Evidence points toward Sunshine for awhile, but she is finally cleared and everything ends happily.

The characters were as follows: Sunshine, Hazel Bettini; Buddy Brady, Lionel Blake; Sylvia Deane, Mary Gagetta; Jim Anthony, Charles Pfister; Tessie Mitford, Bonnie Harrington; Miss Gregory, Inez Costantini; Maudelia McCann, Gladys Nickerson; Major Kellicott, Max Harrington; Mrs. Bunch McCann, Dorothea White; Mrs. Sol Whipple, Mildred Taplin; Mr. Juba K. Butternip, Joseph Lovering.



Some Place

I know a place,
Where there's plenty of fun,
Where you can swim,
Jump or run;
You can dance and play,
The live long day,
There is never any school,
For it is all play;
And if you ever went there,
You would want to stay;
For every day the whole year round,
Is just like it is in May.
There's plenty to eat,
There's plenty to share,
But what do I care,
I'll never go there.

William Ellis '28.

Alumni



FRANK HARRISON
Vice President

RAYMOND GRIFFITH
President

MISS PHYLLIS SMYTH
Secretary-Treasurer

Starting the year with an aggressive set of officers, the Alumni Association of the St. Helena High School has suddenly come to life; if plans do not go amiss a carefully prepared program of activity will be carried out in its entirety.

At the last Alumni election, officers were chosen that have proven their worth by their unselfish interest in connection with this organization. New blood and younger blood is what the Association needed, and to that end the following members were honored: Raymond Griffith, President; Frank Harrison, Vice President; Phyllis Smyth, Secretary-Treasurer.

Following the election a carefully prepared program was adopted, which the Association plans to complete before the expiration of the school year. Believing that the Alumni could serve the interest of its Alma Mater by doing one thing at a time, and doing that thoroughly,

a plan was proposed whereby some particular spot of the School Campus is expected to be beautified.

Attention was called to the beautiful stone wall and gateway which fronts the school grounds. Here indeed was a place where the Alumni might well begin their program as previously outlined. Believing that the gateways to the school should be properly lighted at night with some sort of illumination, the Association set out to attain this as their goal.

With this in mind, the Alumni Association has started a drive to raise funds. From its last reports it is well on its way toward reaching the desired goal. A food sale was given during the month of March; Alumni residing near St. Helena contributed articles for the sale, and a neat sum of money was raised in this manner. A card party has been planned for the month of May in which a further sum is expected to be added to the fund.

Through the efforts of the new officers, a circular letter was sent to all known Alumni, urging them to support these activities, and informing them of the work contemplated by the Association. The returns thus far have been very gratifying, and the Alumni soon hope to have their dream of a lighted way to the School Campus realized. Alumni living near St. Helena have contributed generously to the food sales, card parties, etc. and the Association is justly proud of them.

The future is bright for the St. Helena Alumni Association; there is a big field in which to work, and it is needless to say that it contemplates doing more friendly acts in the future for its Alma Mater.

L. D. V. '13.



The Vanishing Race

The Indian tribes have gone away,
 Leaving behind them their colors gay,
 Leaving the ruins of their mighty race;
 Gone is the camp fire and the painted face;
 No hunting trips with bows and arrows;
 Only reservations and unending sorrows.
 Gone is the race that has been so long unruled
 And children that have been unschooled;
 Lost is their land and changed are the faces,
 Replaced by those of other races.

Rosie Poncetta '28.

Gypsy Life

Many, many years ago,
Though just a little man,
Some gypsies took me far below
Across the border land.

Over the flowery yellow fields
A white topped caravan goes,
Even now, my heart still yields
Back to the land where the river flows.

We drifted lazily down the road,
That took me far from home.
All day the horses pulled the load
Across the sandy loam.

We travelled far on Summer days
But farther ran the trails,
And the red sun's rays
Fell on the distant sails.

Then they took me home once more,
But never again will I be free,
Although I love the quiet shore,
The gypsy life is the life for me.

George E. Johnston '28.



Over the West

The sun's bright rays streamed over the West,
And the poppies looked their golden best,
And all the leaves on the bright green trees,
Danced in the wonderful April breeze,
As Spring came over the West.

The clouds descended over the West,
And all the poppies went back to their nest;
And the bright green leaves on all the trees,
Were blown away in that icy breeze,
As Winter came over the West.

Joseph Vasconi '27.