

THE FAR DARTER

Juniors



CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester

John Pfister
Dorothy Moore
Eileen Chase
Leslie Shurtz

President
Vice-President
Secretary-Treasurer
Yell Leader

H. E. O'Brien, Advisor

Second Semester

Dorothy Moore
Alys Mills
Helen Wheeler
Stanley Zill

CLASS ROLL

Stella Allison, Ellen Blake, Ada Brovelli, Emily Brovelli, Mary Brozovich, Kenneth Burnham, Eileen Chase, Albert Chevalier, Lena Costantini, Madge de Camp, Evelyn Doak, Ester Ellis, William Ellis, Lynette Gerard, Marlin Gerard, Charles Ghiringhelli, George Graff, Ralph Hague, Veola Hale, George Johnston, Paul Johnson, Margaret Marolf, Clara Marolf, Alys Mills, Dorothy Moore, Albert Mori, Ruth O'Connor, John Pfister, Charlotte Rude, William Schaffer, Douglas Scofield, Frank Stoll, Leslie Shurtz, Joseph Varozza, Marie Werle, Helen Wheeler, Ellis Wilson, Stanley Zill.

[Twenty-One]

Sophomores



CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester

Amile Forni
 Anna Bradley
 Stanley Zill
 Charles Jursch

President
 Vice-President
 Secretary-Treasurer
 Yell Leader

Miss Stout, Advisor

Second Semester

Theodore Hardin
 Doris Mielenz
 Reina Bosc
 George Swanson

CLASS ROLL

Arthur Bianchi, Reina Bosc, Anna Bradley, George Bradley, Ann Brozovich, Bienvenido Dimaya, Amile Forni, Elene Fox, Evelyn Gans, Orville Glos, Theodore Hardin, Charles Jursch, Dan Kaiser, Marie Kallenberg, Everett Kayser, Virginia Maker, Anna Mesquita, Elmo Micheli, Doris Mielenz, Lenore Molteni, Helen Mund, Rina Riorda, John Sculatti, Claire Smith, Irvin Smith, George Swanson, Ogden Walters, Newton York.

[Twenty-Two]

Freshmen



CLASS OFFICERS

First Semester

Newton York
George Bradley
Elene Fox
Grace Johnstone

President
Vice-President
Secretary-Treasurer
Yell Leader
Miss Cunningham, Advisor

Second Semester

Leslie Woodworth
Carlton Steves
Gretchen Graff
Frank Dolle

CLASS ROLL

Florence Bettini, Alice Burnham, Marco Calleri, Robert Chevalier, Gilman Clark, Antonio Dal Piaz, Laura Delaney, Frank Dolle, Donald Duval, Valetta Fosetti, Elton Glos, Gretchen Graff, Charles Hamill, Edwin Hansen, Doris Hardin, Wilbur Harrison, Alta Heidberg, Ester Holden, Ethyl Holden, Kenneth Jessee, Vivian Johnstone, Grace Johnstone, Bert Magetti, Emily Martinelli, Rudolph Mihelich, Edward Mosebar, Lewis Muller, Helen Niederost, Mary Poggi, Savina Ponti, Steward Rose, Zora Sloper, Evelyn Smith, Carlton Steves, Marjorie Steves, Pearl Stoelking, Robert Varozza, Charles Wagner, Eleanor Wheeler, Andrew White, Francis White, Leslie Woodworth, Muriel Woodworth.

[Twenty-Three]

Alumni

©

Class of '24.

Walter Filtz, working at Knox Market.
Clinton March, ranching.
Beryl Daniel, working in San Francisco.
Frank Harrison, working in St. Helena.
Bernell Palmer, graduate nurse at St. Francis Hospital.
Abraham Merowitz, Columbia College.
William Thompson, working in St. Helena.
Sophie Vautier, married, in San Francisco.
Leslie Manker, Teachers' College, San Jose.
Doris Tobin, working in San Francisco.
Fernand Vautier, working in San Francisco.
Phoebe Tidmarsh, married, in Santa Rosa.
Paul Herdle, Shell Oil Co., Martinez.
Florence Nellman, working in San Francisco.
Julia Smith, at home, St. Helena.
Herbert Lutley, working in San Francisco.
Lena Garibaldi, married, in San Francisco.
John Rogers, working in San Francisco.

Class of '25.

Paul Beyer, railroad.
Gunilda Pistorious, training, Stanford Hospital.
Sebastian Lizzio, University of California.
Betty Jelinsky, working in San Francisco.
Janet Ewing, training, St. Francis Hospital.
Amandus Kayser, ranching, Santa Rosa.
Ethel Allen, training, St. Francis Hospital.
Silvio Pelandini, Napa Valley Electric Co.
Hilda Hurliman, bookkeeper, Veterans' Home, Yountville.
Harry Becky, working in Oakland.
Constance Miller, Blake, Moffitt & Towne, San Francisco.
William Smyth, Oakland Bank, Oakland.
Norma Mori, at home, St. Helena.
Otto Haus, bookkeeper, Napa Milling Co., St. Helena.
Leo Harrison, St. Helena Star office, St. Helena.
Geraldine Ink, training, U. C. Hospital.
Dudley Duval, at home, Pope valley.

THE FAR DARTER

Ethel Manker, married, in Richmond
Theodore Borla, office of Union Oil Co., San Jose.

Class of '26.

Max Harrington, ranching at home, St. Helena.
Mildred Taplin, training, St. Luke's Hospital.
Charles Pfister, at home, Pope valley.
Dorothea White, working in San Francisco.
Hazel Bettini, married, in San Francisco.
Lionel Blake, Bank of Italy, San Francisco.
Inez Costantini, bookkeeper, Napa Valley Electric Co., St. Helena.
Albert Jackse, Affiliated Colleges, San Francisco.
Alice Delmoly, at home, San Francisco.
Bonnie Harrington, training, St. Luke's Hospital.
Joseph Lovering, Trinity College, Connecticut.
Mary Gagetta, at home, Rutherford.
Carl Jursch, University of California.
Gladys Nickerson, working in San Francisco.



The Orchard

Oh what is so pretty as an orchard in Spring,
When the blossoms come out in full bloom.
Everyone is happy; good joy does it bring,
And the little birds sing a sweet tune.

Oh what is so sad as an orchard in Winter,
When the leaves from the trees have blown,
And weak are the rays of the sunshine that enter,
No sign of life do the trees make known.

Orville Glos '29.

Alumni Association

©

The Alumni Association of St. Helena High School met on June 5, 1926, and elected the following officers: Frank Harrison, President; Herbert Lutley, Vice President; Josephine Jackse, Secretary and Treasurer.

At this time there was much discussion about the lights that were to be placed on the entrance gates. Funds were found to be very low; accordingly, it was decided to form a basketball team, challenge the high school team, and use the money towards the lights. This was done. The results of the game were: Alumni, 14; High School, 13.

The members of the Association have shown a great love and devotion to their Alma Mater in the work that they have done.

The present members of the Student Body appreciate all that the Alumni are doing for them, and join in rejoicing that the lights are in.



Spring

When the days are bright and sunny
And the bees are making honey
All the day along,
If you listen you will hear
All the birds that sing a song;
Then it's Springtime of the year.

Theodore Hardin '29.



Literary



THE FAR DARTER

The Race of the Horse That Was Black

Two three-year-olds were out on the track,
One was bay, and the other jet black,
The jockeys perched high on their saddles did sit,
Each holding the lines on the horse's bit.
The people in front cheered the horse that was black,
The bay horse was cheered by those in the back.
Mid thunderous yelling, cheering and noise,
"They're off!" cried the voice of one of the boys.
Down the track the horses started,
But near the turn they somewhat parted,
The bay gained a length, but then fell back,
And past him galloped the horse that was black.
Half way around the old dirt track,
The bay evened things up on the horse that was black.
Neck and neck down the home stretch they came;
The rhythm of hoof beats was just the same.
Then near the finish the jockeys did ride,
And over the line were seen side by side,
But the judges ruled that the bay was in back,
So the race was won by the horse that was black.

Malcolm Paulson '27.



By the Campfire

When I am sitting by the camp fire,
Far away from the noisy, money-hungry city,
With calm and peaceful nature surrounding me,
Those are the happiest moments of my life.
In the warm month of June,
The full moon is shining through the redwood trees;
Her silver beams on the pool are dancing
To tease the leaping fishes.
The gentle whispering breeze is cool,
As it kisses my warm cheeks;
With it is the scent of the azaleas in the forest,
Which is the sweetest of perfume to me.
I hear a screech-owl softly hooting,
And the murmuring of some distant rapids;
They seem to say, "Good night! good night!
Sweetly dream of tomorrow's pleasures."

Helen Mund '29.

THE FAR DARTER

Mt. St. John



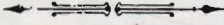
Standing on the Western side of the valley,
Looming high against the sky,
Stands a beautiful stately mountain,
Very pleasing to the eye.

In Spring when the grass is growing green,
And the flowers on its slopes are in bloom,
There is nothing that gives me more pleasure,
Than over this mountain to roam.

I love to start out early
On a bright and sunshiny day,
Then go to the topmost part of the slope,
And view the country far away.

There I would enjoy staying,
Upon that beautiful crest,
And never think of going home,
Until the sun sinks in the West.

Orville Glos '29.



My Daily Grind



It seems to be a duty when one is starting off for school,
To listen to one's elders and follow every rule;
To get up bright and early, though the morn is dark and chill,
To do a lot of silly chores and turn the coffee mill.

When I get my breakfast down and find my books and pen
And I start to leave the house, they call me back again.
Then when I go to get my hat as I start out the door,
I find that's what the bull pup's got a dragging round the floor.

When I get out and see the car, my soul is filled with ire,
I have to spend ten minutes more patching up a tire;
And when I get the tools put back, it seems to be my fate
To have them tell me "Hurry up, you surely will be late."

So life goes on with me, the same old daily grind,
I get in and start the car; I don't really mind
Because I know, deep in my heart, my hopes are not in vain,
I'm thinking of the fun I'll have when vacation comes again.

Frank Camail '28.



THE FAR DARTER

Thoughts

©

As I sat one night
And watched the moon rise high,
I saw some stars twinkling
Up in the sky.

Then I glanced from the sky
To a wide ocean bed,
That lay in front of
My little homestead.

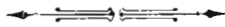
I watched the white caps
From each great ocean wave,
As they twinkled and sparkled,
From the light the moon gave.

Then over a wave
A ship I saw,
That sailed in the moonlight,
For a foreign shore.

And I knew that the moon
And the stars above
Would guide this ship
With a tender love.

As the ship sailed on
And out of sight,
My thoughts turned to dreams
For the rest of the night.

Joseph Vasconi '27.



The Wind

©

It fills me with dismay,
When I hear the North wind say,
“Whoo—ooh—ooh.”

I shiver just to hear it,
I quiver when I'm near it;
And to the hearth I make my way,
When I hear the North wind say,
“Whoo—ooh—ooh.”

Anna Bradley '29.