

Book Five

Honorable Mention

VIRGINIA STONESIFER '40



Calendar

September 7, 1939:

Whoopie! Look what we come back to—new school, new faculty, new freshmen, new students, and a new bus coming up; and registration as noisy as an Awful Fresh MacFarlane broadcast!

September 11, 1939:

Well, here's the start of my Senior year. Was I ever as corny as those Freshmen?

September 13, 1939:

Those frosh can take a smearing in a nice way. Guess we're all glad the initiation is over.

September 15, 1939:

Wonder where all the mud came from? No wonder—Freshmen-Sophomore Scamper. Confucius say, "Fresh men get slapped down".

September 19, 1939:

Flies everywhere! Must be the lower classmen that attract them.

September 22, 1939:

The class of 1944 was introduced in our brand new auditorium. Thoroughly enjoyed the program.

September 23, 1939:

Went to the South Dakota-College of Pacific game to hear the band play, and we were one in a million.

October 4, 1939:

Bulletin board gave notice of first club meetings. Pleased when asked to join the annual staff. Freshmen are in a quandary!

October 11, 1939:

Went to see the Swallow Magician. Did you get your money, Kenny?

October 25, 1939:

First Student Body meeting today. Nice going, Harry! Your knees didn't shake—much.

October 28, 1939:

Mr. Hugin's in a dither. Band concert tonight. Hope the band can make Long Beach.

November 1, 1939:

Had our first meeting with Dean Berckhan. Don't be so nervous, Isabel. You're doing fine.

November 3, 1939:

Went "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" tonight at the Sophomore Hop. Everyone havin' a swell time.

November 10, 1939:

First quarter ends, and report cards come out. Why so blue, Teeptles? Didn't you make the honor roll?

November 13, 1939:

What goes on here today? Can't get near a mirror for the crowds. Oh, I see, annual pictures!

November 20, 1939:

Thanks to President Roosevelt, we get vacation a whole week earlier. I hear the faculty is desperately ill. Could Institute have anything to do with that?

November 25, 1939:

Poor Mr. Snyder! Cal. won again this year.

December 1, 1939:

Traveled on the bus to the Girls' Hi Jinks. Had a hilarious time. Too bad, boys, you don't know what you're missing.

December 8, 1939:

Shure, and it did me heart good to see "Peg O' My Heart", the Senior Play.

December 15, 1939:

Attended the Junior Prom and spent a night in "Prison".

December 19, 1939:

Had time out in class today to listen to the Christmas Carols as the choir went singing through the halls.

December 21, 1939:

Another vacation—Hope Santa Claus treats you all fine. "Merry Christmas", everyone.

December 22, 1939:

See Mr. Bennion jumped the gun on leap year. That's starting the new year right!

January 3, 1940:

Back to school again. Confound these tests! How do I know who's "Yehudi".

January 4, 1940:

Rain + $\frac{2x}{r}$ + rain = foo!

January 11, 1940:

Who are those lovely creatures? Women's spring hats haven't got anything on Alley's garlic job he wore to the Block S. J. initiation.

January 12, 1940:

Am still in the dark about whom to vote for in the Student Body election. May the best man win.

January 19, 1940:

Watched the football team make their last attempt to score at Galt. Better luck next year, team.

January 25, 1940:

Every dark cloud has a silver lining—had an unexpected day and a half vacation on account of the flu bug.

January 29, 1940:

Report card time again. Oh, 'twas a sad, sad day.

February 9, 1940:

Went to the Boys' Block S. J. program today. You're doin' fine there, Mervin "Kay Kyser" Coval. Better watch out "Harry Babbitt" Coleman, that Easter-day can really croon. Did those Freshman girls wilt!

February 15, 1940:

Another vacation! Sure glad Washington made himself famous.

February 29, 1940:

Don't forget leap year, girls. We gotta beat Brenda and Cobina!

March 1, 1940:

Am I jealous—Miss Mueller sported a beautiful new convertible today.

March 4, 1940:

A diamond, Miss Hensch? What's cookin'?

March 6, 1940:

I'm changing my major to deep sea diving today—after hearing Art Hook.

March 9, 1940:

Went to the second band concert tonight. The Girls' Octette was introduced. Sounded mighty fine.

March 11, 1940:

Some more vacation. Happy hunting, kiddies. Don't let the Easter bunny bite you.

March 25, 1940:

Just heard today. A bouncing baby boy! Congratulations, Mr. Snyder.

March 30, 1940:

All San Juan swung into action at the Carmichael dance to help the band.

April 1, 1940:

Report cards came out today as third quarter ends. No April Fool either.

April 5, 1940:

Was greeted with "Evenin', folks, how ya all?" at the Boys' Block S. J. dance tonight. Enjoyed your singing, Wynn.

April 10, 1940:

The "A" and "C" track teams won again today. Keep up the good work!

April 24, 1940:

The book goes to press today. That crash was a sigh of relief from Miss Miner.

April 26, 1940:

Mothers' Tea today. There were some nice little numbers modeled by the Home Economics classes. Wonder if I could get my spring wardrobe made up?

April 29, 1940:

* !! ## ? /ææ ? * % / --!! ** ? That's what I keep telling 'em down at the office.

May 3, 1940:

The "Ghost Flew South" at the Junior play tonight. Why all the school girl blushes, Joey? Couldst be that Don has kissed thy hand, Oh, babe?

May 17, 1940:

Tonight's the old home week for the mutual admiration society—Junior-Senior Banquet to you, lower classmen. Wonder what the prophecy has in store for me?

May 24, 1940:

Well, we made our formal adieu to San Juan tonight at the Senior Ball. Me thinks I feel a bit sad.

June 2, 1940:

Baccalaureate tonight. I'm really beginning to take this graduating business seriously.

June 7, 1940:

Graduation! Goodbye, Alma Mater and hello world!

The Radio is a Wonderful Invention— Sometimes

Dave Browning rushed through the back door of his home and instantly collided with his mother. "Oops, sorry, Mom," he stammered, "but I'm in a heck of a hurry."

"Well, where on earth are you going, Davy?"

"Well, gee, I have to get my homework done right away so I can go over to Pat's tonight."

"But you were over there last night!"

Here Dave paused to reflect upon how queer parents were. My gosh, what if a fellow did go over to a girl's house two nights in a row; that was all right, wasn't it? Besides Pat was an awful nice girl. He was jerked back from his reverie by his mother's voice—

"Well, if you have homework to do, you'd better get started on it."

Dave sauntered into the living room and started to open his book. But that's as far as he got. His glance wandered to the clock and he instantly sprang to action. "Daylight saving time! Jeepers, Horace Heidt is on right now." Dashing to the radio, he clicked on the switch and presently the room was flooded with the melody of the latest hit tune. Dave sank into the armchair with a sigh of contentment and dreamily closed his eyes.

"David! I thought you had homework to do. Why aren't you doing it?"

"Well, I have to listen to Horace Heidt and see who wins the Pot of Gold, don't I?" During the half hour between Horace Heidt and Fibber McGee, he managed to get a small bit of his Latin translated. But, of course, when Fibber McGee came on, he had to stop studying in order to hear the latest jokes. He needed some new jokes to tell Pat, anyway. Fibber McGee was followed by Bob Hope. Why—no one ever missed Bob Hope and Dave was certainly no exception. After Bob Hope had left the air-waves, Dave truly intended to get the rest of his homework finished, but kid brother Joe had to hear the Lone Ranger and whoever can study with "Hi yo, Silver" and "Me heap big Tonto" ringing in his ears, is a genius and no less.

When the gun reports had died away, Dave resolutely pulled out his Geometry only to wilt back into the depths of the armchair as the strains of Fred Waring's lilting music drifted from the radio. Now, everyone knows that Geometry and Fred Waring certainly don't mix; so the book of problems slowly dropped to the floor as swing music reigned supreme in the mind of one Dave Browning. Being due at Pat's at nine o'clock, he exercised a little will power and determinedly went up into his room to study, while the Aldrich family was blaring away downstairs.

At nine o'clock he left for Pat's, with the chapter he was supposed to read for Chemistry still unread. He arrived at Pat's to find three other jitterbugs there ahead of him and the radio going full blast. After an hour of dancing and playing ping-pong, Dave began to think about that chapter he hadn't read. And he had Chemistry the first period, too. Oh well, he could read it on the bus. But no, maybe he'd better go home and get it finished. It was getting late anyway.

Back home once more, he crawled into bed and settled back against the pillows. Now, what chapter was that we were supposed to read? Oh, yes, here it is. Let's see, it says here that the radio is a wonderful invention. Ho hum, very interesting. Gee, I'm sleepy. Zzzzzzz I think I'll just read this on the bus . . .

Yes, the radio is a wonderful invention all right, but not for a boy with homework to do.

MARIE STILSON '41

Senior Activities

EARL APPLETON
F.F.A. (two years)
Basketball

JOAN BARANEK
Home Economics

JEANNE BOICE
Yell Leader
Hi-Y President
Girls' League President

CLARENCE BREKKE
F.F.A. (two years)
Tennis (one year)

VIVIAN BROWN
Hi-Y
G.A.A.

JAMES BRYAN
F.F.A. (two years)
F.F.A. (vice-president)

MILTON BRYANT

BOB CALDWELL
F.F.A. President
Student Body President
Block S.J.

BILL CHAMPLIN
F.F.A.
Freshman Class President

LEONARD CHAPPELL
Science Club

ISABEL CODINA
Yell Leader
Girls' League
Senior Class Secretary

FREDA COHEN
Home Economics Club
Social Etiquette Club

LEROY COLEMAN
Block S.J. President
Football Captain

BART COOK
Basketball
Junior and Senior Play
Honor Scholarship

MERVIN COVAL
Student Council
Yell Leader

JIM CROSS

KENNETH CROXEN
F.F.A. (four years)
F.F.A. Treasurer

JACK DAVIS
Annual Staff
Student Council
F.F.A.

NEIL DRIVER
Band (four years)
Honor Scholarship
Orchestra

HARRY EASTERDAY
Student Body President
Tennis (two years)
Basketball (three years)

PAUL EDWARDS
Photography Club

KATHERINE ETHERIDGE
Student Council—Reporter and
Advertiser
Thespians
Annual Staff Business Manager

KENNETH EVANS
Honor Scholarship
Student Body Vice-President
Block S.J.

ELLEN LOUISE EVERETT
Social Etiquette Club
Transferred from Truckee

RAY FALKENSTEIN
F.F.A. (four years)

CLARA GATES
Transferred from Oakland
Hi-Y

KATHRYN GILMORE
Student Council—Reporter and
Commissioner of Entertainment
Annual Staff
Tennis Team

CATHERINE GOSPODNETICH
Social Etiquette Club
Vice-President
Orchestra

DOROTHY GOUGH
Annual Staff Art Editor
Girls' League Vice-President
C.S.F. Secretary in San Diego

ASHLEY GRAHAM
Annual Staff
Photography
Thespians

LORRAINE GRAHAM
Band
Hi-Y
Honor Scholarship

BETTY GREEN
Annual Staff
Hi-Y
Commerce

MARIKO HARADA
Annual Staff
Social Etiquette Club Secretary
Motion Picture Activity

LOIS HAVERMAN
Advertiser—Student Council
Annual Staff
Hi-Y

STANLEY HEANEY
F.F.A. (four years)
F.F.A. Reporter

BUSTER HEATH
F.F.A. (three years)

EARL HERN
Photography Club

ELEANOR HERR
Hi-Y
Home Economics

EDWIN HILL

DOROTHY HOUSER
Home Economics Club

BONNIE HUITING
Tennis Team
Annual Staff
Student Council Treasurer

ALOHA JENSEN
Transfer from Roseville
Girls' Basketball in Roseville
Band—San Juan

PEGGY JENKINS
Student Body Secretary
Junior Class Secretary
Junior and Senior Plays

MARILYN JONES
Transfer from University High

NORMAN JONES
Band
Football
Block S.J.

LEONE JOYNER
Junior and Senior Plays
Thespians
Annual Staff—Class Will

RALPH JOYNER
Photography Club

MITUKO KAGETA
Annual Staff
Girls' Block S.J.
Secretary of Freshman and
Sophomore Classes

ALEX KELLER
F.F.A. President

RUDY KVES
Track

BILL LESLIE
Football
Track

GARNER LONG
Thespians
Student Council
Annual Staff

JAMES LOPEZ
Track Team Manager
Track
Photography Club

CLARICE LOWE
Junior Class Historian
Social Etiquette Club President
Home Economics Club Secretary

JAMES MAGEL
Track

ELAINE McCALLEN
Honor Scholarship
Hi-Y

TEDDY McNABB
Honor Scholarship
Senior Class Treasurer
Block S.J.

JACK MILLER
Boys' Block S.J.
Basketball—B and C
Senior Class President

EVELYN MILLETTE
Photography Club
Band
Hi-Y

FRANCES MOESZINGER
Home Economics Club President
Home Economics Club Secretary

GLENN MOFFITT
Nature Club

BEATRICE MORTON
Annual Staff—Advertiser
Nature Club

LESTER NILES
Magazine Club
Nature Club
Annual Staff

CLARE NURSE
Annual Editor
Honor Scholarship (V.P.)
D.A.R. Contestant

CHARLES PEMBERTON
Baseball

CLAUDE PHILLIPS
Band
Tennis Club

FRED PICKERING
Photography Club
Transferred from San Diego
(Rifle Club, R.O.T.C.)

BEATRICE POSTON
Annual Staff—Advertiser
Nature Club

BARBARA RAMBO
Nature Club
Social Etiquette Club—
Vice-President

JAMES RETTIG
F.F.A.
Basketball

CORDON ROBINSON
Photography Club
Tennis Club

ELIBABETH LILLIAN RUPERT
Girls' Block S.J.
G.A.A.
Annual Staff Girls' Sports Editor

FRANCILLA ROSE RUPERT
Block S.J.
G.A.A.

PEGGY SEARS
Science Club
Commerce
Annual Staff

HOLLIS SCHERB
Thespians
F.F.A.
Student Body Vice-President

FRED SCHWARTZ
Basketball
Science Club

EYTHEL SIDENER
Honor Scholarship
Social Etiquette Club Secretary
Girls' League Treasurer

ARLENE SMITH
Photography Club

EARLINE SMITH
Girls' Block S.J.
G.A.A.
Tennis Team

VIRGINIA STONESIFER
Hi-Y

MAURICE SWEATT
Honor Scholarship
Dance Club

MARGARET SYLVA
Social Etiquette Club
Choir
Commerce

KENWOOD TIPPETT
F.F.A.

GENE VAN DEVORT
Block S.J.
Football
Basketball

MARY ELIZABETH VAN MAREN
Freshman Queen
Student Body Secretary
Hi-Y Secretary

MARIAN WAGNER
Hi-Y Secretary
Band
High School Completion
Three Years

FREDRIC WALL
Vice President, Sophomore Year
Honor Scholarship

HOUSTON WALSH
Junior Class President
Honor Scholarship
Band

ROSE EVELYN WILLIAMS
Social Etiquette Club Treasurer
Honor Scholarship
Hi-Y

LOUISE DOROTHY WILSON
Hi-Y

JUANITA WILSON
Hi-Y
Social Etiquette Club
Annual Staff Typist

TOM WOOLEY
Transferred from Roseville

MARY ZURFLUH
Block S.J.
Tennis Team
Commerce



Starting from Top to Bottom:

First Row, Left to Right:
 It's in the bag, boys!
 Take your choice, girls.

Second Row:
 Watchin' and waitin'.
 Girls' trio.
 Old maids' conference!!

Third Row:

Which Terry???
 Just another Soph.
 Batter up!!
 Gee, look at the boxers!

Fourth Row:

Mr. Clover, lecturing??
 Norman, the game is the other
 way.
 Poor Buz—you'll live!!

Fifth Row:

Bad reports, Mr. Mooney?
 The working, annual staff, yeah?
 Swinging with Kay.

Senior Will

- I, Earl Appleton, leave my tennis racquet to anyone who likes the game. (I quit).
- I, Joan Baranek, leave my ability to sing cowboy songs to Zoe Smith and Marie Stilson.
- I, Jeanne Boice, leave my "it" to Grace Schweitzer and Lois White. (The lucky girls).
- I, Clarence Brekke, leave my ability to miss school to Elmer Kanoff and Harvey Woodworth.
- I, Vivian Brown, leave my fondness for "older men" to Lucille Kole and Marguerite Odell.
- I, James Bryan, leave what "Confucius Say" to Malcolm Teeples and Charles Davis.
- I, Milton Bryant, leave my bashfulness to Junior White.
- I, Edward Bailey, leave my wild western outfits to Donald Franklin and Garry Whyte.
- I, Bob Caldwell, leave my presidential speech to President Roosevelt. (He may need it).
- I, Leonard Chappell, leave tales of my wild driving to scare George Yost.
- We, Bill Champlin and Earl Hern, leave our blase attitude toward school to Jack Pefley and Donald Call.
- I, "Issie" Codina, leave my pivots and one-handed shots to Thelma Burgess.
- I, Freda Cohen, leave my effective diet to Doris Dever. (Good luck, Doris).
- I, Bart Cook, leave my grave, intellectual looks to Raymond Taylor.
- I, Le Roy Coleman, leave my immunity to female chums to Stanley Stafford and Bert Kasjaka.
- I, Mervin Coval, leave my yell leading tactics to Donald Pickering. (Want them, Don?).
- I, Jim Cross, leave my calm and quiet (?) disposition to Bill McIntyre, Newman Sareeram and Ben Scott, because it is too much for one person.
- I, Kenneth Croxen, leave my ability to judge (animals) to Wilbur Doll. (You need it, Wilbur).
- I, Jack Davis, leave my place on the faculty to Kenneth Keith. (Because he will be needing it).
- I, Juanita Wilson leave Bette Monticue, Nadean Hudgins, and Marjorie Cable my Little Lulu tactics in the shower.
- We, the Senior class leave the teachers Bob Moore, Ben Scott, and Raymond Taylor.
- I, Dorothy Brock, leave my part of home making to my sister Marie and Bonnie.
- I, Neil Driver, leave my ability to "swing it" to Ben McIntyre and Bob Phulps.
- We, Harry Easterday, and Kenny Evans, leave our ability to exchange student body offices to Lynn Roark and Deane Dennis. (Good luck, boys).
- I, Paul Edwards, leave my collection of razor blades to Earl Lee Kelly, who will be needing them soon.
- I, Katherine Etheridge, leave my attitude of bringing in the New Year right to Lillian Rytkonen and Esther Andersen.
- I, Ellen Everett, leave my excessive chatter to Nila Clover.
- I, Clara Gates, leave my ability to fall in love with the wrong man.
- I, Kathryn Gilmore, leave my blushes to "Porkie".
- I, Catherine Gospodnetich, leave my ability to entertain the men waiting for Mr. Mooney to Naida Van Devort and Virginia Wagner.
- I, Lorraine Graham, leave my "Joan Davis actions" to Mary Anne Scarlett and Allene Taylor.

- I, Ashley Graham, leave my ability to make Mr. Snyder argue (so he won't give us a test) to George Difani. (A hint, George).
- I, Betty Green, leave my admiration of Lower Classmen to Isabel Robison and Jean Ries.
- We, Dorothy Gough and Elaine McCallen leave our C.S.F. memberships to anyone dumb enough to study.
- I, Ray Falkenstein, leave my wheat and corn to Dick Flint if he's hungry.
- I, Mariko Harada, leave my newsstand of "Confucius Say" to Betty Wilson and Betty Hemmingsen.
- I, Lois Haverman, leave my caroling ability to Wynn Day. (Please spare the girls in gym, Wynn).
- I, Stanley Heaney, leave my Beau Brummel airs to Lloyd Leonhardt.
- I, Buster Heath, leave my way with the older girls to Glenn Cochran.
- I, Eleanor Herr, leave my brother to Eloise if she'll take good care of him.
- I, Ed. (C) Hill, leave my radio ability to Bruce Ellithorpe.
- I, Dorothy Houser, leave my demureness to Eldean Proaps and Dorothy Sherne.
- I, Aloha Jenson, leave my ability to keep secrets to Ruth Engman and Marjery Fox.
- I, Peggy Jenkins, leave my interest in a certain junior boy to myself.
- I, Marilyn Jones, leave my likeness for Roseville boys to Vivian Halverson and Ruth Grieger.
- We, the Senior Class, leave Bob James, Willard Smith, and Milton Manteufel to create arguments in Student Body meetings.
- I, Ralph Joyner, leave my wild western novels to Dick Grady and Eldon Herr. (Because I have finally grown up).
- We, Norman Jones and Hollis Scherb leave our Alices and Lorraines to only ourselves.
- I, Mituko Kageta, leave my strength to stand up to the girls "Block S. J." Initiations to Florence Bailey and Elizabeth Warren.
- I, Elizabeth Kemp, leave my ability to be late for gym every day to Irene Gochring and Theresa Simone.
- I, Alex Keller, leave my ability to get good grades in Ag. to Gordon Heidt.
- I, Rudy Kves, leave my ability to give parties in my brother-in-law's house to anyone who is not afraid (of my brother-in-law).
- I, Bill Leslie, leave my ability to collect hair ribbons and flowers to Dick Root and Herbert Robards.
- I, Garner Long, leave the job of taking care of my dog "Mickey" to Lloyd Bobo and Harry Johnson. (It will take two of them.)
- I, Clarice Lowe, leave my ability to get the man I want to Jean Dougherty and Elsie Bain.
- I, James Lopez, leave my ability to get out of San Juan in four years to my brother Antonio and Clarence Filkill.
- I, James Magel, leave my forgetfulness to bring my absent slips to Ralph Hockett and Charles Wickham.
- I, Evelyn Millette, leave my refreshed look on Monday mornings to Doreen Walsh and Nadine Barnes.
- I, Jack Miller, leave my repertoire of month old jokes to Bob Kelliher and John Collins.
- I, Frances Moeszinger, leave my ability to cut school and not get away with it to Betty Swanson.

- I, Glenn Moffitt, leave my ability to put the wrong things together in Chemistry to Jimmy Davis and Charley Dent.
- I, Beatrice Morton, leave my ability to jitterbug to Louise Crane and Gwendola Taylor.
- I, Teddy McNabb, leave all my old girl friends to Leon Ford.
- I, Clare Nurse, leave my supply of energy and natural ability to Jean Duncan. (I wouldn't leave my job as Editor to my worst enemy.)
- We, Lesteh Niles and Mausice Sweatt, leave our "girls, come hither" smile to William Sales and Leo Moasio.
- I, Charles Pemberton, leave my "hot lip" saxophone playing to Ellwood Sylvester.
- I, Claude Phillips, leave my desire to be in big league baseball to Donald Henderson and George Roediger.
- I, Fred Pickering, leave my ability not to notice the girls to Warren Young and Harold Knoche.
- I, Marian Pierce, leave musical talents to Connie Stassi.
- I, Beatrice Poston, leave my front row seat in assembly to Gloria Benninger and Pauline Moore. (Don't fight over it girls.)
- I, Jim Rettig, leave my utter innocence to Tommy Wallner and David Williamson.
- I, Barbara Rambo, leave my quiet and bashful ways to Leone Creek.
- I, Cordon Robinson, leave my title of the "Mad Chemist" to Bob Wilder and Jack Van Maren, to be divided equally.
- We, Francilla and Elizabeth Rupert, leave our ability to get along with each other to the Sareeram sisters.
- I, Peggy Sears, leave my ability to get my man to Helyn Gates.
- I, Fred Schwartz, leave my mechanic's hat to Burley Harper and Bill Tarro. (Maybe it will help them to look more like men.)
- I, Eythel Sidener, leave my ability to get half of the "A" group of Geometry problems done to myself for further use.
- We, Earline and Arlene Smith, leave our likeness to the Terry twins.
- I, Virginia Stonesifer, leave my gold star in "4-H" to Alpha Beers and Delna Bonham.
- I, Kenwood Tippett, leave my girl-shy qualities to Robert Ward and Jim O'Donnell.
- I, Gene Van Devort, leave my love for Cootie to Bob Odgen.
- I, Tat Van Maren, leave my curls and vampish ways to Ruth Blunk.
- I, Houston Walsh, leave my mixture of H_2S to Pete Codina. (Phew!)
- I, Fred Wall, leave my library technique to Neal Andrews and Tom Bivens, in the hopes of becoming the "Lone Ranger".
- I, Tom Wooley, leave Bob Beard and Carl Bock the most comfortable seats in class, in hopes of becoming Fred's companion "Tonto".
- I, Rose Williams, leave my interest in mankind to absolutely no one.
- I, Louise Wilson, leave my gift of gab about my old boy friends to May Taketaya and Alice Urakawa.
- I, Margaret Sylva, leave my long jungle red finger nails to Jeanette Holsinger and Shirley Castle to scare the incoming Freshmen.
- I, Mary Zurfluh, would leave my father's night shirt to Natalia Hammett and Barbara Gomes to remember me by, but he still needs it.
- We, Bonnie and Leone, leave by emergency exit after writing this "Senior Estate".



Starting from Top to Bottom:

First Row, Left to Right:
 Peg and Clara lookin' for some-
 thing.
 Hey kids, quit your posin'!
 Fan'er, Carol.
 Why the frown, coach?

Second Row:
 Moral—Buy a student body card.
 High ya, Juliets.
 Tumbling?? Or just fakin'??
 Did you see it, Verle?

Third Row:
 He won by a head.
 Naida, is it posture week?
 Hmn, what have we got here?

Fourth Row:
 Takin' it easy, kids?
 Oaky gang, let's swing it.
 I say you're out; what do you
 say, Louise?

Senior Prophecy

This prophecy was written sans rime or reason
Twill be swords of honor or guns for treason
Unless we convince our Senior allies
That the spirit of Puck "coined" some of these lies.

Brenda and Cobina, alias Van Maren and Boice
Are coaching Rose Williams on making a choice,
Bob Caldwell is one of the nation's best farmers,
While Brekke and Coleman are Hollywood charmers.

"Physics for life", Professor Easterday's theory,
Jones and his band? Still peppin' up the weary,
Don Budge's shadow, Ken Evans, hits the news
Nuptialites Jenkins and Everett say it takes away blues.

Postman Earl Appleton toots a whistle all day long
Say! Isn't that Smith and Smith recounting an old time song,
Ashley Graham and Houston Walsh—Einsteins? tsk! tsk! mining
engineers
Katie Etheridge a radio singer—is that static that interferes?

We hear that "test-tube" Moeszinger is a well known chemist
And by the way, Eythel Sidener teaches kids to say "Das ist,"
The law office of Chappell and Moffitt really spins the spokes,
And Merv. Coval and Stanley Heaney are comedians—boy,
those jokes!

Coast guardsman Cook likes to save all the Hedy Lamarrs,
Ken Croxen and Ken Tippett are partners in selling cars;
Katie Gilmore is now one of Uncle Sam's diplomats,
Evelyn "Flagstad" Millet warbles her sharps and flats.

Katie Gospodnetich? Big business de luxe,
Clerks, Herada and Zurfluh help bring in the bucks;
Fred Wall's a traveling salesman with a gift of gab superb,
James Magel runs a laundry, just toot your horn at the curb.

Milton Bryant and Ed Hill are both owners of farms
While James Bryan, a fireman, answers alarms.
Playboy McNabb is another man of means,
And "one punch" Van Devort, a world title gleans.

Clare Nurse, 'tis likely, will be another Kay Stammers,
While "village smithy" Robinson, on a horseshoe hammers;
Jack Davis is head gardener of Capitol Park greenhouse,
And Paul Edwards, game hunter, waits patiently for a grouse.

Freda Cohen and Clarice Lowe are female pedagogs,
And farmerette Stonesifer demonstrates how to call hogs;
Codina and Huiting teach tennis to the stars
And ride around gaily in swanky cars.

Earl **Hern's** in Hollywood **emulating** Ned Sparks
And Ray **Falkenstein** **supervises** government parks;
Vivian **Brown's** a fat lady in a **circus** side show
While **Dottie Brock's** a **seamstress** of much ado, you know.

Cross and **Niles** **scrub** decks in Uncle Sam's Navy
While **Jack Miller** **keeps** busy cooking **up** gravy
Pharmacist **Lopez** **made** a fortune in pills
And **Rudy Kves**, the owner of **several** saw mills.

Glenn **Gray** **gave** his band to **Driver**, so we hear,
While **Betty Green**, his singer, has quite a career;
Lois Haverman's married and **chats** about babies
To **Eleanor Herr** and other neighboring ladies.

Lorraine Graham's a surrealist artist of **note**
And **Clara Gates** married **money** and owns a big boat;
Bill Champlin's a lawyer, wouldn't you know,
And with **secretary Poston** they pull in the dough.

Down in a Milpitas night club owners **Scherb** and **Long**
Have **just finished** giving **Fred Swartz** the gong,
Marilyn Jones and **Barbara Rambo** are teaching Consumer's Ed.
And **Alex Keller** studies bugs; so a biologist said.

Dorothy Houser and **Meta Kageta** own a flower shop,
And **Nurse Leone Joyner** helps the doctors saw and chop.
Aloha Jensen and **Juanita Wilson** are filling lunch pails,
While **Matrons Morton** and **Taylor** are busy at the jails.

Chuck Pemberton plays a sax on a dude ranch down south
While **Sam Wooly**, a baker, **appeases** the mouth.
Maggie Sylva and **Elaine McCallen** work in a department store
And **Maurice Sweatt**, makes a living digging clams along the shore.

Francilla and **Elizabeth Rupert** are a couple of glamour girls.
Fred Pickering and **Buster Heath** play pro-ball, one catches,
the other twirls.
Ralph Joyner owns a paint store and helps to meet the trends,
And mathematician **Phillips** desires to know where ∞ ends.

Dorothy Gough's an artist for a Paris model shop
While **Marian Pierce** and her flute are working their way to
the top.
Edward Bailey's a "Heigh-ho Silver" in a Wild West Tom Mix show,
And **Jim Rettig's** a wrestler, as all wrestlers go.

Bill Leslie's the owner of a fleet of gold dredges
And **Peggy Sears**, seamstress, **sews up** frayed edges.
Louise Wilson makes candy for a weekly bazaar
And if you're very nice, maybe she'll give you a bar.

Some may be offended, others quite surprised
But we're not really crazy, it's just what we surmised.
We've used up all our energy, and probably ruined our name;
So read this with a tender heart; don't give us all the blame.

BOB KELLIHER '41

Our Appreciation to

1. Our Advertisers:
Without your kind cooperation and support, our book could not have been produced. We sincerely thank you.
2. Mr. Evert Peterson of the Sacramento Bee Engraving Department:
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9. The office typewriter and the space that it skips.
10. Those who will tell us all the faults of this book.
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CLARE NURSE, *Editor*

KATHRYN ETHERIDGE, *Business Manager.*

In Memoriam

*"Death is the golden key that
opens the palace of eternity."*

—MILTON

MR. ADOLPH VANMAREN
Clerk of the Board of Trustees
1912 . . . 1939

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