

INDEX



1918

THE ILEX

Published Annually by the Students
of the Woodland High School



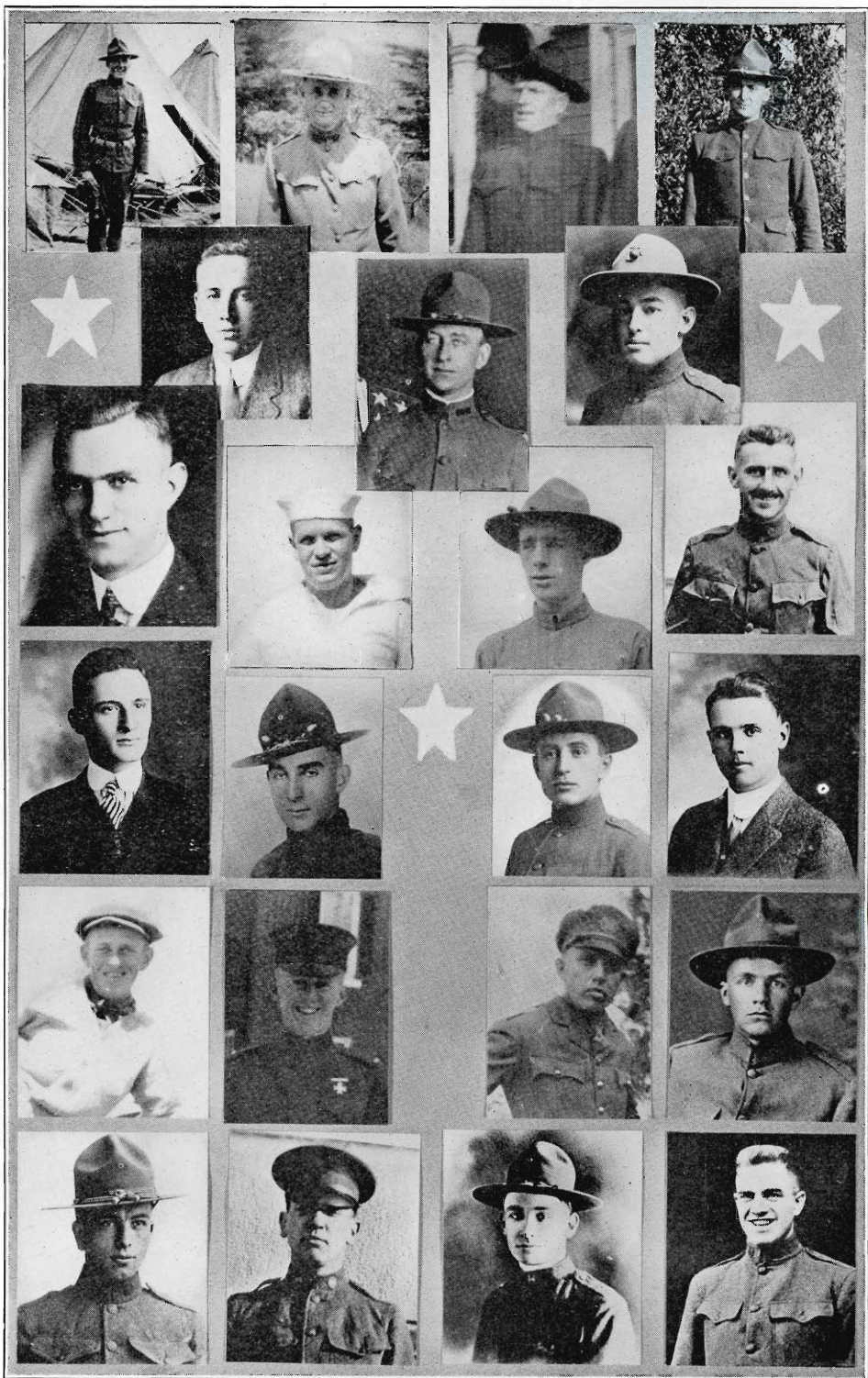
Commencement Number

One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighteen

Woodland, California

Dedication

To the many young men who have attended the Woodland High School who are now serving their country in the Army and the Navy, in sincere appreciation and admiration, we, the pupils of the Woodland High School, dedicate this commencement number of the *Ilex*.



1st Row—George Zanc, Franks Farish, Earl Murray, Charles Day.
 2nd Row—Oscar Dingie, John Woodard, William Simpson.
 3rd Row—Theodore Muegge, Howard Lawson, David Curson, Bruce Martin.
 4th Row—Kenneth Laugenour, George Sharpnack, Fred Lawhead, Elford Jacobs.
 5th Row—Braden Armstrong, Lawrence Maxwell, Russel Lowe, William Davis.
 6th Row—Edward Henle, Manderson Evans, Maurice Hoskins, Gordon Snively.



1st Row—Charles Ruppert, James Fisher, Leon Borach, Charles Clowe, George Hollingsworth.
 2nd Row—Vrooman Jacobs, Leslie Smith, Osmond Wraith, Meredith Gregory.
 3rd Row—Kennedy Stewart, Harvey Clendenin, Ludwell Harlan, George Apperson, Frank Mixon.
 4th Row—Frank Hollingsworth, Roy Young, Robert Clark, Howard Cook.
 5th Row—Grant Bruton, Aldice Dinsdale, Kenneth Evans, Howard Parker.
 6th Row—Philip Bruton, Seth Evans, Harold Armstrong, Robert Browning.

In Memoriam
Helga Landquist

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

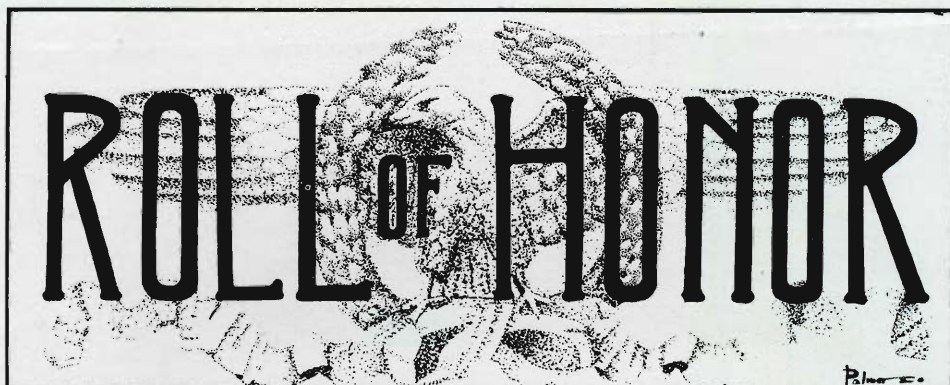
---Byron.

The Faculty

Mr. W. M. Hyman, Principal.....	Mathematics, Geometric Drawing
Mrs. L. D. Lawhead, Vice-Principal.....	History
Miss Ovena Larson.....	English, Drawing
Mrs. Elamac Proctor.....	English, French
Miss Helen Kinnell.....	English, Latin, German
Miss Marguerite Hyatt.....	Drawing, Spanish, Zoology
Miss Irma White.....	Mathematics, Science
Mr. Raymond Butzbach.....	Physics, Chemistry
Miss Valeria Mixer.....	Mathematics, Latin, Physical Education
Miss Grace Dotts.....	English, Mathematics
Mr. A. C. McDonald.....	Commercial Subjects
Miss Lillian Hyde.....	Household Economics
Miss Dorothy Thomas.....	Music
Mr. Arthur Thomas.....	Manual Training

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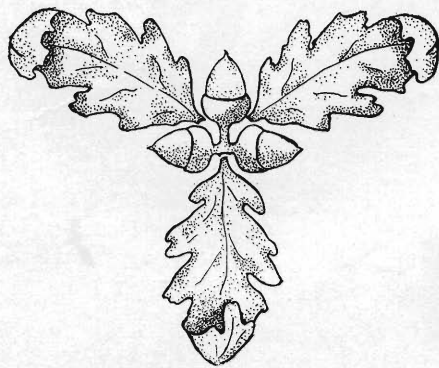
ROLL OF HONOR

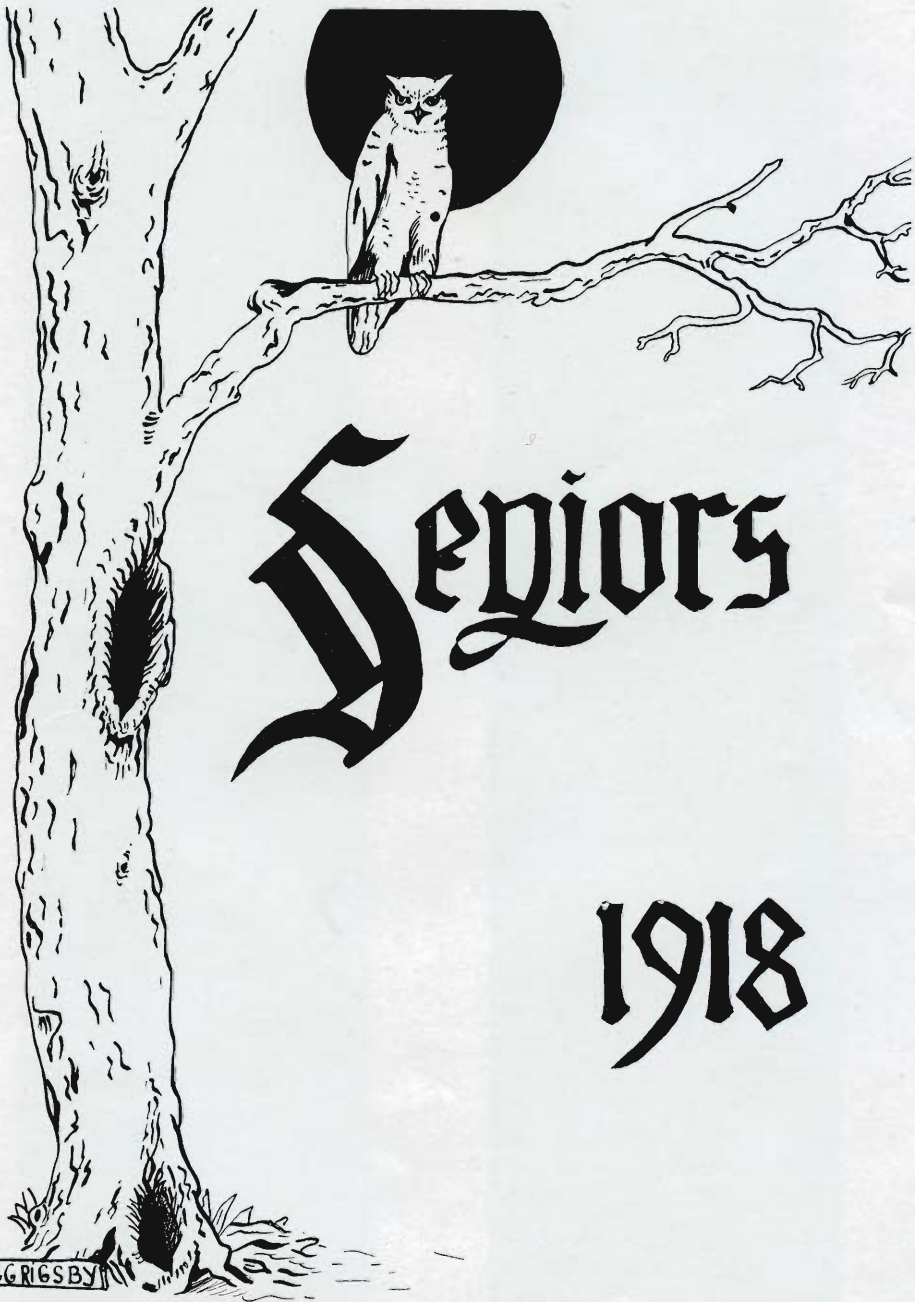
The following is a list of names of the graduates and others who have attended the Woodland High School, who are now serving Uncle Sam:

CHARLES DAY '16.	PHILIP BRUTON '11.
DAVID CURSON '16.	HOWARD LAWSON '17.
GORDON SNAVELY '15.	FRANK FARISH '10.
CHARLES THOMAS '99.	ELFORD JACOBS '10.
MAURICE HOSKINS '15.	VROOMAN JACOBS '15.
LAURENCE MAXWELL '13.	KENNETH EVANS '12.
LEON BORACH '14.	JOHN WOODARD '02.
MEREDITH GREGORY '15.	EARL MURRAY '12.
SETH EVANS '05.	JOHN SIMPSON '09.
HAROLD ARMSTRONG '05.	JOHN HARTSOCK '10.
GRANT BRUTON '16.	CHARLES RUPPERT '15.
LUDWELL HARLAN '14.	CYRIL NELSON '13.
ELBRIDGE BLANCHARD '15.	WALTER SMITH '09.
HARVEY GLENDENIN '17.	OSCAR DINGLE '08.
GEORGE APPERSON '15.	EMIL KRAFT '11.
FRED LAWHEAD '07.	MANDERSON EVANS '12.
EDWARD HENLE '15.	JAMES FISHER '15.
ALDICE DINSDALE '07.	BRUCE MARTIN '07.
HOWARD PARKER '12.	BRADEN ARMSTRONG '09.
OSMOND WRAITH '17.	ALFRED MURRAY '08.
LESLIE SMITH '16.	KENNETH LAUGENOUR.
ROBERT BROWNING '17.	ROY YOUNG '12.
ROBERT CLARK '15.	FRANK MIXON '12.
HOWARD COOK '12.	PAUL CANNON '13.
EMMETT COOPER '05.	WILL DAVIS '19.
MORELAND LEITHOLD '14.	GEORGE SHARPNACK '18.
THEODORE MUEGGE '10.	KENNEDY STEWART '20.
GEORGE ZANE '14.	RODNEY HILL.
CHARLES CLOWE '05.	LESLIE CALDWELL.
WILLIE SIMPSON '14.	FRANK HOLLINGSWORTH.
RUSSEL LOWE '07.	EDWARD BRENDEL.

EARL SMITH.
LOWELL VOSBURG.
CLARENCE WEAVER.
LESTER JOHNSON.
OTTO DANDER.
RAYMOND PARKER.
FRED PARKER.
CHARLES ALTPETER.
FRANK ELSTON.
EVERETT HOWARD.
CHARLES HOPPIN.
ROBERT HEALD.
ELDRED HOLT.
WILLIAM GIBSON.

OTTO TONNINGSON.
WALKER APPERSON.
EMMET TUTTLE.
CLAY SMITH.
DONALD CHARNOCK.
MAXWELL PEW.
EDWARD ENGLAND.
MARK HUTCHINGS.
CARLTON BLODGETT.
EMIL KUHN.
GEORGE MITCHELL.
PHIL. HOLLINGSWORTH.
NEAL CHALMERS.





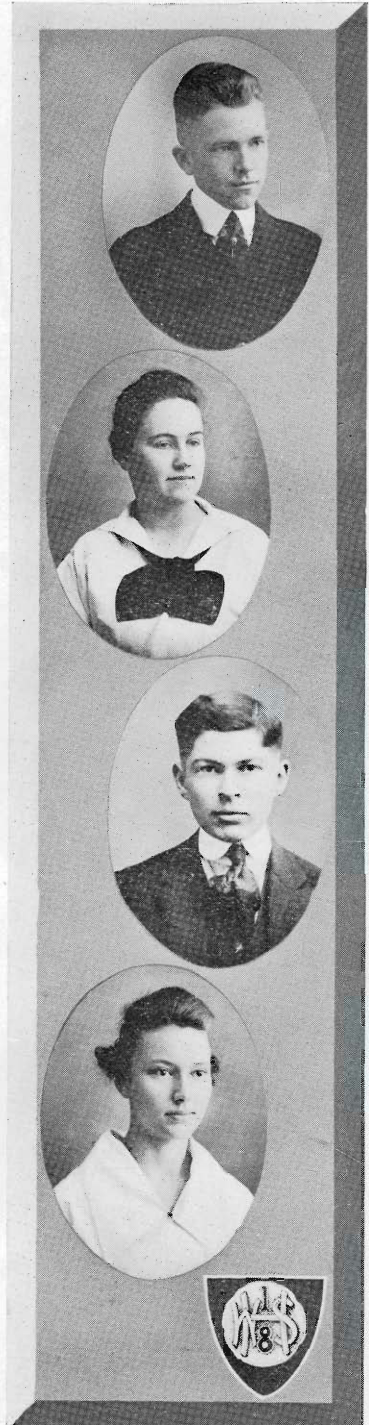
Seniors

1918

R. GRIGSBY



MILDRED BANNERMAN
MASON BELLONI
LELAH CASSEL
ALFRED BLACK



WILLIAM BRAY
HELEN DAVIS
MARCUS BROWN
RUTH DICKEY



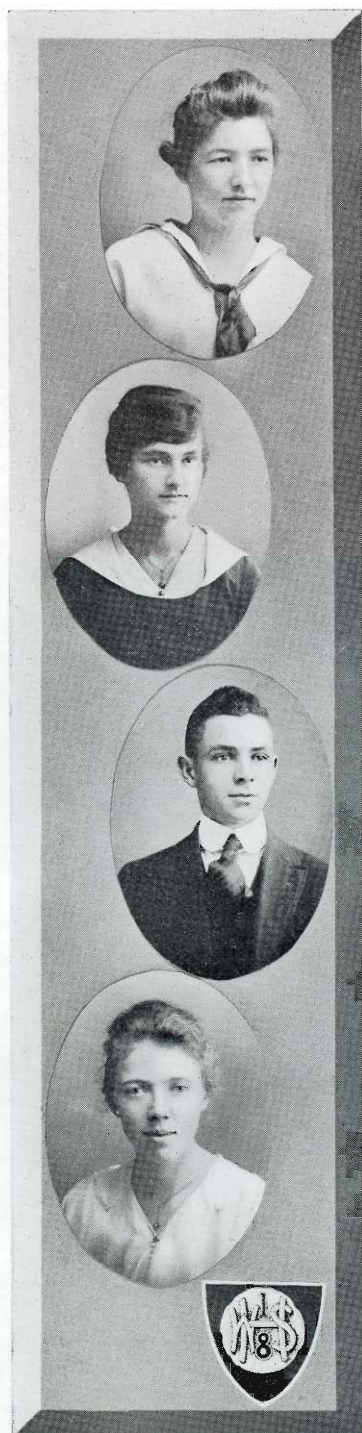
GERTRUDE DOREAN
SHIRLEY DREVER
GERTRUDE EATON
LOWELL EDSON



GENEVIEVE EDSON
LUCIUS FOSTER
LORRAINE FOLEY
LYLE GALLUP



IDA JACOBS
LESTER GERMESHAUSEN
LILY JACOBS
ELWYN HULBERT



ABBIE FOWLER
RUTH GRIGSBY
ELMO HAYES
MILDRED HADSALL



LEILA HECKE
HOMER HILDEBRANDT
EDNA HUCKE
WILSON HOFFMAN



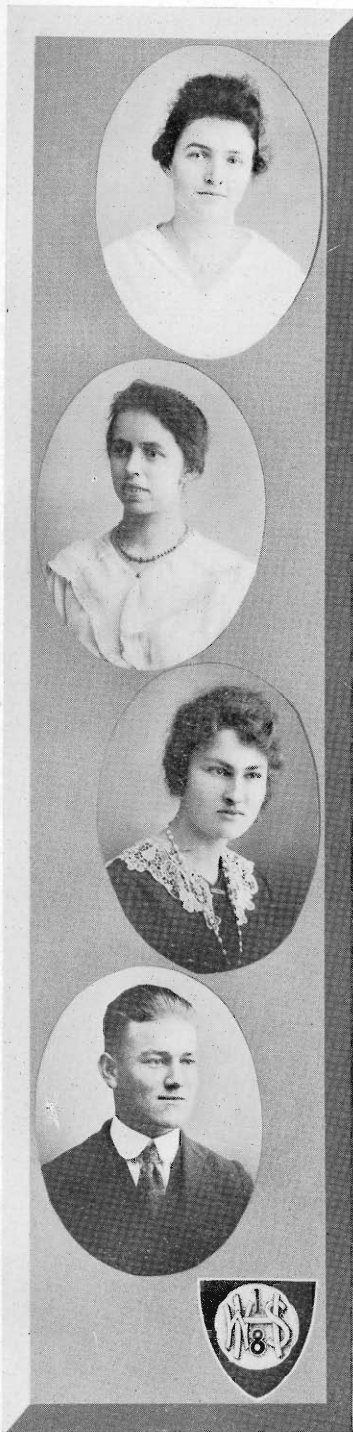
RUTH KING
ROBERT HUSTON
IVY KNIGHT
CHARLOTTE LAUGENOUR



NITA LEGG
EARL JANAK
GERTRUDE MARTIN
WALTER LAWSON



EDMUND LOWE
MARGARET MANDEVILLE
NELLIE LAMB
MARGARET MEENEN



EDITH MEENEN
RUTH MERKELEY
EDITH MORTON
FLORIS MAST



SYLVIA PARLIN
WILLIAM McQUAID
EDNA RUPPERT
JAMES ROYLES



BERNICE ROACH
REVA SHAFFER
JOHN SALSBUURY
WANDA STITT



ANNE LEE SUMMERS
FORREST LAUGENOUR
LORRAINE GIGUIERE
ELLARD YOUNGER

Class History

WHEN the W. H. S. opened its doors at the beginning of the term 1914-1915, a large group of wide-eyed boys and girls stood in the hall waiting for the auditorium doors to open. Those who entered the class of '18 at this time were: Aldo Baccei, Mildred Bannerman, William Black, Burnell Blevins, Willie Bray, William Brewen, Marcus Brown, Mary Carrel, Stuart Chalmers, Emil Comontofski, Iva Dalton, Ernest Dander, Helen E. Davis, Ruth Dickey, Richard Dinsdale, Shirley Drever, Gertrude Eaton, Genevieve Edson, Lowell Edson, Lorraine Foley, Abbie Fowler, Lyle Gallup, Lester Germeshausen, Ruby Groh, Mildred Hadsall, Leland Hayes, Elmo Hays, Leila Hecke, Homer Hildebrant, Wilson Hoffman, May Howlett, Edna Hucke, Georgia Hughson, Robert Huston, Henry Jacobs, Ida Jacobs, Lily Jacobs, Leslie Janak, Ruth King, Ivy Knight, Nellie Lamb, Charlotte Laugenour, Forrest Laugenour, Percy Lawson, Robert Lawson, Walter Lawson, Edmund Lowe, Albert Luthringer, Charles McGrew, Lela McGriff, William McQuaid, Margaret Mandeville, Elizabeth Martin, Gertrude Martin, Floris Mast, Edith Meenen, Margaret Meenen, Alice Morgan, Edith Morton, Frank Nelson, Burgess Nixon, Verdia Rice, Delma Richey, James Royles, Edna Ruppert, Frances Schaeffer, Paul Schuder, George Sharpnack, Leo Slaven, Anne Summers, Chas. Summers, Lucy Summers, Norma Tabler, Rayman Vaca, Harold Weis, Pauline White, Leslie Yank, Bernice Emery and George Boardman. Although some of this number have dropped out, our class will probably graduate as the largest from the Woodland High School.

We certainly looked and felt out of place that morning, but we had determined beforehand not to show the customary greenness and timidity of Freshies. Just at the moment that we were congratulating ourselves on our composure, however, a gong sounded above our heads, and fragments of a startled Freshman class scattered to the farthest ends of the building. But the self-confidence of our class soon returned, and in a few days high school life had become to most of us a pleasant routine. After we had smoothed out the difficulties in our courses, we organized our class and chose its officers under the able guidance of Mr. Hyman. Those whom we elected to serve us during our Freshman year were: Forrest Laugenour, president; Leila Hecke, vice-president; Robert Huston, secretary, and Lily Jacobs, treasurer. Later in the year we chose our class colors, the green and white; our flower, the Shasta daisy; our bird, the owl; and our motto, "Not finished but begun."

Our initial attempt along a social line was a "Hard Times Party," at the Community Club House. The upper classmen were kind enough to allow us to consume at least a portion of the hot dogs and buns which we had provided for refreshment, and for this we were extremely grateful. A few months before the end of the term we gathered at the park one day after school and motored to Steven's bridge. Here we amused ourselves with games, and successfully foiled all the attempts of the upper classmen to make away with the eats. Among the mementoes of the class of '18 is a box cover upon which all those present at the picnic signed their names. Besides enjoying many good times we Freshies established a creditable monthly scholarship record which we have never lowered.

The next year as Sophomores we elected the following officers: Shirley Drever, president; Mildred Hadsall, secretary; Edna Ruppert, vice-president; Stuart Chalmers, treasurer. We gave several successful parties in the gym and continued our school life with little excitement.

Juniors! How big it felt to be upper classmen and to look with a feeling of superiority upon the Sophies! Our first task, of course, was election of the following officers for the year: Edmund Lowe, president; Lorraine Foley, vice-president; Abbie Fowler, secretary, and Ellard Younger, treasurer. Among the most important events of the semester was the selection of our class pin and class banner. A choice was easily made satisfactorily to all. The end of the term found us deep in preparation for the Senior reception and commencement. A large share of the decorations, as well as the furnishing of music for the baccalaureate sermon, fell to the lot of the Juniors, and we never failed to do our part.

So we come to the Senior year of the class of '18 and find that a spirit of patriotism has inspired many of our activities. The first example of this was when the boys voluntarily gave up school for several days in order that they might aid in the gathering of the fruit when labor was scarce. The class has purchased Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps, and has donated labor and money to the Red Cross Society. Yet again this spirit showed itself when the Senior girls voted unanimously to do away with the usual custom of expensive graduation dresses and to wear the simple middie and skirt. The boys, too, agreed to wear their old suits at commencement.

Realizing that in the near future we may be called upon to carry on a part of the world's work, we Seniors have devoted ourselves more than ever to our studies, and, although we have had several pleasant parties, ours has been a year of serious application. The year now draws to its close and our eyes begin to look beyond the horizon into the future which awaits us. It will be with regret that we leave the halls which have been the scenes of so much joy, and we may wish many times for our high school days. But the world moves on, and we must enter upon new duties.

Before taking farewell, we would gratefully thank Mr. Hyman and all the other teachers who have aided us on the road to knowledge, and extend our best wishes to the other classes that their high school days may be as happy as those of the class of '18.

NELLIE LAMB '18.

Liberty

For centuries in war and bloody feud
Old Europe's rulers kept the world subdued
With cruelty and hate. The tyrants' might
Discarded justice and all human right.

But, like the star of Bethlehem, the beacon
Of Liberty appeared to us once more
For equality and right, on this our own,
The great American newly settled shore.

For Liberty with strong victorious stroke
We have fought, and will again in conquering mood
Set free from foreign galling yoke
Some suffering races still subdued.

And thus again we meet a foe on bloody land,
With holy wrath to take our Christian stand
For human rights. Our hands are clean, our heart is right.
God bless our nation! We will win this fight!

LEILA HECKE '18.

THE DAILY ILEX

Leila Hecke, Editor-in-Chief

Woodland, California, Friday, April 20, 1928

WOODLAND ENGINEERS WORKING IN FRANCE

William Bray, head of the American Engineers in France, is doing valiant work. With him are Lyle Gallup, Floris Mast and Alfred Black, High School athletic stars.

"Willie" Bray writes back that the work of establishing the boundaries of "New Europe" is no easy task, and that most of the traces of the trenches and shell craters are obliterated. The work is progressing so well that in another six months they hope to be back in "God's country."

SPEAKER FROM UNITED STATES SENATE TO ADDRESS AUDIENCE HERE.

The Honorable William McQuaid, better known by his fond constituents as "Bill" McQuaid, has promised to address the citizens of Woodland on his new method for the "Eradication of Mice." Honorable W. McQuaid has become the most distinguished orator in the United States Senate. He is surpassed only by Daniel Webster and Stephen A. Douglas. He began his famous career as a public speaker in the Woodland High School, graduating with the class of '18.

NURSE AWARDED FOR BRAVERY.

Miss Genevieve Edson, while tending the wounded on the firing line, with her two assistants, Helen Davis and Edna Hucce, was awarded a medal of honor by Dr. Elmo Hayes of the U. S. Medical Squad for picking up a stitch dropped by John Salisbury in No Man's Land.

REVIVAL MEETING BIG SUCCESS.

"Bud" Lowe, the revivalist, has drawn many to the cause through his magnetism and his quiet, persuasive entreaties. When Miss Lorraine Foley, better known as "Lank," the lyric soprano, sang "In Bud Is Our Trust," the aisles were crowded with converts.

SERIOUS OPERATION PERFORMED.

Miss Reva Gillie Schaffer, popular dressmaker, who, suffering from a mysterious and severe pain in her head, was rushed to the Woodland Sanitarium. A marvel of surgery on the part of Dr. Robert Huston, New York's specialist, revealed the fact that an idea had somehow penetrated. After the extraction of the foreign object, the doctor announced that the patient was on the way to recovery.

NEWS FROM AFRICA.

News has just reached here to the effect that Homer Hildebrant has established a vocal institution in the heart of Africa for developing bass voices in the negroes. Such warblers have been discovered that it is feared the "Senior Agony Quartet" of the 1918 class will be lost to oblivion.

MORE ERADICATION.

County Commissioner "Forrey" Laugenour and Farm Adviser "Wallie" Lawson are waging a campaign for the eradication of weasels. Our worthy officers have noted with pain the havoc they have created among the "chickens."

SPANISH AMBASSADOR APPOINTED.

The President today announced the appointment of the Honorable Nellie Lamb as Ambassador to the Court of Madrid. Miss Lamb's qualifications are unquestioned. Besides her unusual knowledge of diplomacy she speaks Spanish fluently.

SNEAK THIEF CAUGHT.

One of the boldest things that has ever been attempted in Woodland came to naught when our vigilant night officer, Ruth Dickey, nabbed a chicken thief loaded with plunder emerging from the hen house in the rear of the McGrew mansion. The Honorable Charles, in the intervals of his duties at Congress, has shown a fondness for Plymouth Rocks. The sneak thief, who was none other Lowell Edson, thought to add to his own poultry ranch at the expense of our Representative.

AT HIGH SCHOOL THEY TELL ME.

At assembly this morning Principal Younger made the usual announcements about the care of the building. After the preliminaries, a two part girls' chorus sang, with Miss Gertrude Martin, the gifted new music teacher, leading. The High School is overjoyed at having a music teacher who can give them all of her time.

The domestic science girls entertained the trustees at an exquisitely appointed luncheon under the guidance of Miss Berniece Roach, domestic science teacher. According to the president of the board, Ruth Merkelley, the spread was all that was to be desired.

The High is looking forward to a lecture to be given in the auditorium next week at four o'clock by Ida Jacobs on the burning question, "Why Does the Hen Cross the Road?"

CASUALTIES.

Shirley Drever, the leader of the Carpenter's Union, while doing some repairing for Miss Sylvia Parlin at her magnificent country residence

near Plainfield, fell and hurt himself on the back porch.

Wilson Hoffman, while munching a toothpick, ran a sliver into his wisdom tooth. We sincerely hope that the extraction of the same will not deprive him of too much of that vast store of knowledge which he so perseveringly obtained at the Woodland High School.

COURT PROCEEDINGS— DIVORCE SUIT FILED.

Social circles are all agog over the filing of a divorce suit by Mrs. Luke Foster, one of the most prominent young matrons in our city. To the surprise of every one she alleges extreme cruelty. Mandeville & Cassel, leading lady legal lights, are her attorneys. The case will be tried before Judge Dorean.

ANOTHER SPEEDSTER CAUGHT.

Motorcycle Cop Edna Ruppert did a good piece of work when she hauled into court the notorious speed burner Lester Germeshausen. The fair cop says that she had to push her motorcycle to space eighty per to overtake the fleeing National. Justice of the Peace Annie Lee Summers imposed a fine of two fifty, besides severely reprimanding the culprit in her most judicial tones.

PERSONALS.

This office was honored today by a visit from James Royles, manager of the Yolo Independent. He says business is looking up over his way. Since it has been at zero it has quite a way to look yet. Drop in again, brother.

Marcus Brown is now in the employ of Lady Duff Gordon in Paris as the "Modiste" for the Lucille models. His latest creation is styled the "Fluttering Boneparte" (Bones-a-part).

Margaret Meenen, the leading lady of the Blonde Burlesquers, paid a flying visit to the scenes of her childhood recently.

The "Daily Ilex" wishes to thank Miss Abbie Fowler for the extra fine pumpkin which is on display in our

window. After the envious throngs have gazed their fill upon that noble specimen from her ranch, we expect to enjoy an exquisite pie.

County Librarian Ruth Grigsby has announced the arrival of six new copies of "Under the Bottom," the new and startling novel by Gertrude Eaton, which has created such a furor among the critics.

Postmistress Hadsall said today that there would be a new aeroplane mail delivery twice daily. The new route will be managed by daring aviatrixes.

YOLO LEGHORNS TAKE PRIZES.

Hear the tooting of Miss Neita Legg's horn for the prize taken by her fancy Leghorns at the Esparto poultry show. During the past years Miss Legg has made a name for herself among the chicken fanciers. Her "henery" is one of the most successful in the State.

LESSONS IN VOLUBILITY.

Misses Edith Meenen and Ruth King have opened a school on Cemetery avenue to endow silent girls with the gift of gab. All graduates are guaranteed to talk as fast as Leila Hecke.

WHY BE CORPULOUS?

Consult Earl Janak; he will tell you how to reduce. He has tried his method for the last ten years and the efficacy of his remedy has been proven by his success in reducing his own weight to the amount of a mere truck load.

COMING NEXT WEEK.

Miss Edith Morton, appearing in the "Sausage Grinder's Daughter." With her is factured Elwyn Hulbert, the villain. The young heroine has taken New York by storm. She has concluded her twenty-third appearance and is now going West.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

IVY KNIGHT

Candidate for office of
MAYOR OF YOLO.
Election August 32d, 1929.

WANDA STITT

(Incumbent)
Vote for Wanda Stitt for
STATE SENATOR.
What she's done before she can do
again.

MASON BELLONI

Candidate for position of
STREET SWEEPER
Of Knights Landing.

HOTEL RICHELIEU

An Exclusive Hotel with Unexcelled
Cuisine.
Modern Transient Rates.
Junction of Municipal Car Lines.
Meet your friends here as well
as the cars.

MILDRED BANNERMAN

Manager.

CHARLOTTE LAUGENOUR

Famous Portrait Painter.
Reasonable Rates.
Studio on Cache Creek. When pass-
ing drop in.

CHEER UP!

You are all right if you are bald-
headed outside if you are not bald
inside. My tonic will make hair grow
on a door knob. See me at once at
the Jacobs' Beauty Parlors.

LILY JACOBS

Manager.

WOODLAND VULCANIZING PLANT

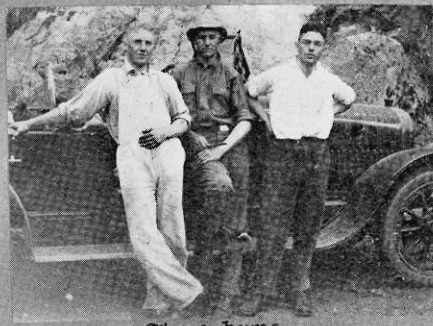
We fix your old tires so that you
won't know them. Service day and
night.

LORRAINE GIGUIERE

Proprietor.



Their own home town.



Three bums



Freshmen B.V.Ds



Prosperity



Let her go!



W.H.S. Poultry



New Species - Fish



Hard Workers (?)



The Little Lamb



Freshmen going up



Those wild, wild women

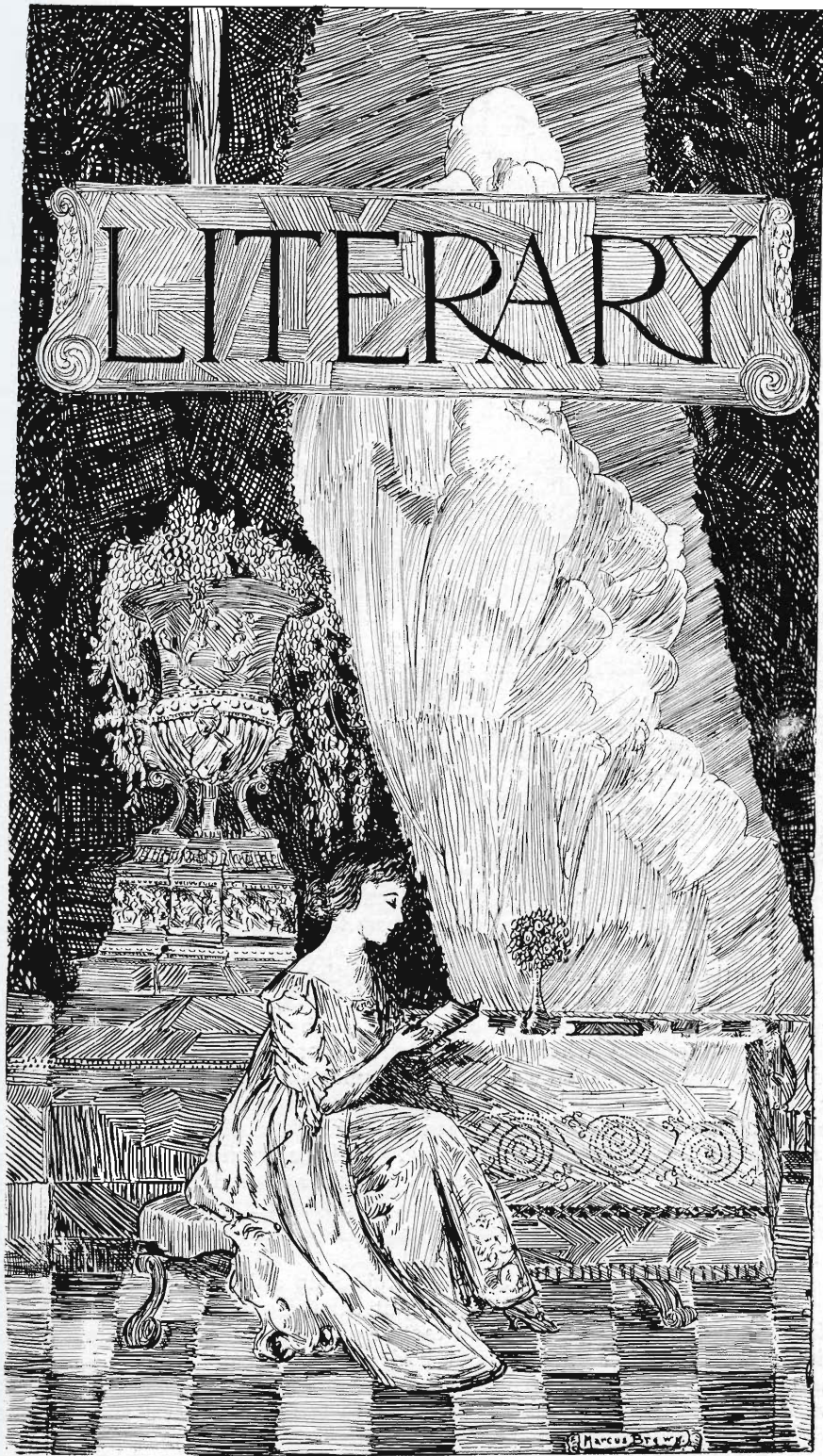
Tipping em over



Somewhere in France



Over the top.



Jim's Waterloo

Prize Story.

JIM McDONALD sat on the home-made walnut chair, back of his little, white, smilax-covered cottage. He had been taking his usual afternoon nap and now the setting, western sun was making a halo of his snow white hair against the bronzed, wrinkled, but kindly face. Presently the still, sturdy Scotchman rose slowly, stretched himself and said, "It is time for to drive the cows home. 'Tis earlier I'll have to start if I'm to keep the Lassie frae milking. Her rheumatiz is worse since the laddie left."

Jim, or Scotty, as he was called by the neighbors, had his peculiarities. One of them was referring to his sweet, little, old wife as the "Lassie." To many he appeared rough and cold, for his besetting sin was boasting that he had never shed a tear since his seventh year; yet his love for the gentle woman who had cast her lot with his endeared him to those who really knew him.

"Get ye, get ye in the barn, ye lazy critters," he railed loudly at the browsing cows, but Brindle and Betsy only gave him a look of indifference, for they knew that he would allow them a good half hour to loiter along the way, despite his hearty lung exercise.

After the warm milk had been set away in shining pans, Jim, Margaret and the cat had their homely supper of oatmeal. At the Scotchman's right hand stood an empty chair on which the "Lassie" pinned a service flag before the meal, and afterwards returned it to its place in the parlor window.

"Smith's Jean hied over this afternoon," announced Margaret.

"She of the flaxen hair; and were there any news she had to tell?" asked Scotty without looking up from his plate of mush.

"A card she gied me for the twa of us to sign. 'Tis some matter o' saving food for the country."

Her husband's brow contracted. "I gied my laddie. That's enough. Uncle Sam is wanting too much. I'll eat as I please; ye need na bring the card, Lassie. I will na sign it."

"But Jim, I ha looked it over and very sensible it is. Most of the things we're doing a'ready. 'T would please the laddie."

"Do na tempt me, Margaret; I do it na for the b'y if I do it na for thee. 'Tis not the likes of Jim McDonald to sign a food pledge."

The little woman put the card away without further effort to persuade her husband. She knew, too, that she would have to go on baking the full round loaves of wheat bread as before, and furthermore help to eat them.

There came a day when Margaret could not cook, because she was confined to her bed with racking pains of rheumatism. Poor Jim waited on her as a slave. He resorted to all the home cares without avail. One day as he brought her a most bountiful meal he said, "Lassie, I've been thanking my stars that I didn't sign that pledge. Where would ye be for the want of the many cups of coffee with heaps of sugar in and the meat and white bread that are going to make ye well. But for them we would ha' had to call the doctor long ago." Margaret only asked him to draw the blind, for the sun drove away the rest she craved.

Three days after, Jim McDonald hitched up old Dobbin and drove that offended dignity to town at a faster gait than usual. He paid no attention to the tail switching protest of the beast at every touch of the whip. He was on his way to see the doctor and had something else to think of. The rheumatism had gripped Margaret as never before and she was not able to move a finger. The doctor had taken her to the big hospital and had made

no promises. Scotty grit his teeth determined not to give in to his feelings too much. Returning from the visit to the hospital he made up to Dobbin for letting him stand in the street so long by giving him six lumps of sugar. As he drove back he allowed the old horse to take his time, for the Scotchman was not eager to treach home in a hurry.

As he rode slowly along with no one to interrupt his train of mind, thoughts of the food pledge came to him; and of his son "over there." He wondered if the lad was well and warm and had enough to eat. Or if he, too, were sick in the hospital, as his mother. If he, Jim McDonald, had been too harsh to his wife and too hasty in refusing to sign the food pledges. Did the lad need the fine wheat bread which his father was eating; and Dobbin's daily six lumps of sugar? The thoughts grew stronger with him as time went by, but he could not bring himself to speak about it.

At last the day arrived on which Margaret was pronounced well enough to come home. Jim had cleaned everything with his own hands. Beautiful flowers stood in every corner where she could see their loveliness and breathe their sweetness. And to make the return more perfect, a letter had that day come from the boy. This was to be the last joyful surprise he had in store for his wife. A sort of ague took hold of the old man as he caught sight of the doctor's machine approaching. Helplessly he stood aside as the nurse and physician led her to a new, easy chair bought for her during her absence.

"Jim," came the gentle voice, "Jim, ye will lead me round the place now, won't ye?"

At the doctor's nod, Scotty went to his Lassie's side. It took quite a time before she had satisfied herself as to the condition of each and everything on the little farm, from the bedspreads to Brindle and Betsy. When she was again resting in the new chair, Jim McDonald handed her the open letter, dropped to his knees before her and hid his face in her lap while she read the great adventure of their son, and his prayer that they were comfortable and happy and that all was well with them. Presently her hand stole to his white hair. "Scotty McDonald, let me see your eyes. Why, they're wet," she exclaimed as he lifted his head.

"They're only sweating, Lassie. I've been thinking so hard about signing that food pledge."

WILHELMINA SIMON '20.



R. GRIFFIN '18.

The Change

Honorable Mention.

ONE cold, wintry evening in February, Mr. Baird and his devoted wife were enjoying a quiet evening, by a bright, warm fire, while the wind howled and the rain pattered against the window outside. Their conversation had finally drifted around to a very perplexing problem, their son Robert.

"I wonder why Bob doesn't come home," mused Mrs. Baird as she stirred the fire into a brisker blaze. "It is way past supper time."

"Well, he knows when supper time comes, so it is his own fault if he misses it," replied her husband, and he relapsed once more into the enjoyment of his cigar and newspaper.

"Anyway, I guess I will go out and warm some supper up for him, for he will need it on such a cold night." Then she slowly rose, hung her knitting bag on the back of her chair, and disappeared into the kitchen.

A short while later Robert Baird shuffled in, with muddy feet, and water slowly dripping from his soaking coat.

"What makes you so late, Robert?" his father inquired from behind his newspaper. "Supper was over an hour ago."

"Oh, I had a chance to ride up to the city with Ed," he explained, as he threw his wet coat into a chair, and dropped into his mother's seat by the fire, "and we didn't get started back in time."

His mother called him then and he went to his supper, leaving wet footprints on the floor behind him.

Having eaten his belated supper, Robert changed his clothes, and then left the house, saying that he had an engagement for the evening.

His hard-working mother finished the extra work caused by his delay, and then returned to the fireside. Seeing her son's wet overcoat and hat, she drew another chair up to the fire, and then carefully stretched the coat out to dry, exclaiming, "Robert is getting worse and worse. He litters his things everywhere and never stops to pick them up."

"I wish he would get over that slouching habit, and walk like a man instead of sauntering along with his hands in his pockets," responded her husband, puffing hard on his cigar, but the matter closed with that. Nothing was said to Robert.

A few days later Robert was drafted. The day for his departure came at last, and his devoted mother, with tears in her eyes, sadly waved her handkerchief as the troop train pulled out with her only son aboard.

Soon letter began to arrive home from the training camp, and they were all filled with good news. The meals were splendid and the sleeping tents as cozy as could be desired. Tickets to the movies and theaters were received by the dozen. In fact, there was not a dull moment at any time. Plenty of exercise was also provided in the drilling, and the Y. M. C. A. organized teams among the soldiers for playing all kinds of ball. Robert was enjoying every minute. At last a letter came saying that he would be home for a week's furlough. Then such baking and planning was never seen at the Baird home before.

The day came at last and the train pulled into the depot. A smart looking young man in a neat khaki uniform sprang off the platform, to be received into the arms of his beloved and happy parents. When they reached home Robert carefully wiped his feet before going in, and immediately hung his coat and hat on the rack. During his whole visit he was never late to

his meals, and showed a decided preference for the company of his parents to that of any one else away from home.

After their soldier boy had returned to his duty, both parents rejoiced in the change in their son, and decided if this training did as much for all the boys, there would be a great improvement in the younger generation of America.

GILMAN HARLAN '20.

Why Not Soapless?

My father has a jitney;
But he says it's not for pleasure;
'Cause it's time to serve one's country,
And he wants to give full measure.

My mother stewed some pumpkin,
But she wouldn't fix up pies;
'Cause it's time to serve one's country,
And she's going to Hooverize.

My brother has a rifle.
When I ask he says, "Be still,
'Cause it's time to serve one's country,
And the lead's for Kaiser Bill."

Our butcher has some porkchops,
But still he says, "Go away;
'Cause it's time to serve one's country,
And you know it's porkless day."

Our grocer has some sugar.
He says, "Five pounds enough,
'Cause it's time to serve one's country,
And we conserve food stuff."

Sis told me, "Do be tidy."
But I swear I won't use soap,
'Cause it's time to serve one's country,
And the Sammies need the dope."

MONROE MCGREW '20.

A Tragedy of Bird Life

Honorable Mention.

HERE was joy and happiness in every nook and corner of Birdland. Spring had come once more, and the kindly trees had budded forth in their bright green foliage to shelter the old but ever wonderful secret of the birds. The musical brook murmured patience to the solicitious little mothers who sat upon their nests concealed in every bough, and busy fathers searched diligently in the moist soil for a tasty worm.

Far above the sordid world in the protecting branches of a willow tree was hidden the tiniest nest of all. The heart of the little bird upon it fluttered with joy as she murmured softly to the three fragile eggs so carefully warmed by her tiny body.

Atilt on a willow spray sat her mate and in the wild rapture which enthralled him he caroled with inexpressible happiness. A low trilling and then the song rose to the heavens in pride, in joy and in love for the faithful mate upon the nest.

"He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?"

Pluming his feathers and chirping a fond farewell, he flew away through the blue sky, over the fields of waving corn and the trickling brooks, searching for a sweet morsel to bear in triumph to the patient little mother.

Nestling closer to her eggs, she awaited his return. The beautiful promises of the future and the joy about to be her's filled her heart, so she did not hear the sound of boyish voices. Just as a frolicsome zephyr parted the fresh, green boughs about her, a loud report rent the perfumed air and startled the singing birds into silence. With a heart-breaking chirp the little mother fell upon her side in the nest.

Hark! 'Twas the blithe carol of the male as he returned with his errand of love. Oh! the dull anguish of his dumb breast as he looked upon the empty nest spotted with blood. Slowly the mourners of Birdland gathered about him and to the heavens arose from the bursting throats the "In Memoriam" of God's woodland singers.

NELLIE LAMB '18.

To Kaiser Bill

Oh, Kaiser Bill, your time, I fear,
Has come, and none too soon;
While sipping at your precious beer,
The world awaits your doom.

You scratch your head and try to think
Just how you can defraud,
And put your nation on the blink
And make it to applaud.

I give to you this good advice,
And woe to you if it be scorned,
For you, dear Bill, will pay a price
If you are not reformed.
VIRGINIA HOPPIN '20.

Liberty Work in the High School

LIBERTY! How many of us really know what that word of three syllables means? How many of us realized a year ago what a great incentive that word was to be to the students of the Woodland High School? We have been, and are doing work which will help to liberate our country from the imminent danger that threatens it. We cannot be expected to accomplish as much as people of greater experience, but we have scorned the trite expression "Do your bit," and have tried to live up to the motto, "Do your best."

Woodland High School has the largest enrollment of any high school in the county, and we have established a remarkable record in war work. Each new demand that has come up we have eagerly supported.

The first thing that we did was to make a house to house canvass to distribute food pledge cards. Those who handled food in each family signed the card and pledged themselves to be as economical as possible during this time of direst struggle.

Later came the Y. M. C. A. war fund drive. The enthusiasm and unceasing work of the students reaped splendid results. To this course we pledged a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Many of the students also contributed to the Y. W. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus.

The cry from the Belgians was then heard. A big drive was made to obtain clothing and we collected garments of all kinds and sent them "over there." Eight cases were shipped. It costs only five dollars a month to feed and clothe a Belgian babe. The Student Body decided that each pupil should give through the school year at least five cents a month for the support of these children. This we gladly give. But the amount has exceeded the limit set, and we are enabled to save six or seven babies from starving a month. In addition to all this work many girls in the domestic art department have given up making clothes for themselves in order to sew for the Belgians.

Red Cross work has not been slighted. Every pupil in the High School belongs to the Junior Red Cross. This was accomplished by the collection and sale of old papers which brought in enough money to buy membership for all the students. Many knitted articles have been made by the girls and given to the Red Cross. At Christmas time Red Cross stamps were sold. The proceeds from the sale of these amounted to thirty-four dollars.

The first and second issues of the Liberty Bond drive brought forth excellent results. This was not taken up by the school as a whole. However, pupils purchased eight thousand two hundred dollars worth of bonds. Liberty did we say? The pupils of Woodland High School have demonstrated by these contributions their keen understanding of the importance of that word "Liberty."

The next call that came to us was, "Sell Thrift Stamps." This branch of the war activity was first taken over by the Seniors. Nearly a thousand dollars worth of Thrift Cards were placed in circulation through their efforts. A great deal of competition has been created between the various classes in the sale of Stamps. Up to the present time twenty-five hundred dollars worth have been bought and the Sophomore class is in the lead. The Thrift Stamp campaign is very popular and through this channel a valuable lesson in real self-sacrifice has been learned—the giving up of small, useless luxuries. This High School has formed the first Thrift Stamp Society in the county and one of the first in the State.

The Woodland High School has reason to be proud of herself for the

works she has accomplished this year. A word of appreciation should be given to the faculty for their assistance and advice to the students in carrying on the work that they were called upon to do. We must be brought to a realization of the seriousness of this war; we must learn to make sacrifices willingly and give until it hurts. The sooner we appreciate these facts the sooner we will win the war.

RUTH DICKEY '18.



The Liberty Bond Parade

Loyal to Serve

“LOYAL to serve”; Peggy Gray stood back and read aloud the little card her mother had placed in the mirror frame of her dresser. “Isn’t mother great? She knows where to put things that she wants me to be sure to read. True—yes, that’s what loyal means. I guess that’s a good thing for a would-be nurse to remember.” She drew her little figure up and looked soberly into the grey eyes that looked back at her from the big mirror.

“Loyal to serve.” Peggy was repeating the words many months later as she hurried along the corridor of the big, busy hospital where she was in training. “I guess it wouldn’t be quite loyal to look the way I feel just now. Pull yourself together, Peggy, for certainly Mr. Martin needs a smile. Oh, yes, I know he’s a bit too much of a whiner and gives each ache too much attention, but he’s old, and no telling what you’ll be when you’re his age.” So despite the headache, it was a cheery face that looked in on old Mr. Martin and a patient nurse that attended to his numerous wants.

“Oh, Peggy, Peggy, are you going down town? Could you do an errand for me? Oh, no, I couldn’t ask you, Peggy; but if you didn’t look so tired, I would,—yes, I would ask you to stay in the room with that new patient while I go, for I’m awfully in need of a breath of air. That operating room was most too much for me yesterday.”

“Loyal to serve.” Somewhere way back in Peggy’s tired brain the words repeated themselves, and she said buoyantly, “Why, yes, Jane, go ahead—I’ll watch your patient until you get back.”

“You’re a dear, Peggy,” and Jane gave her an impulsive hug, then hurried along for the coveted walk.

“Where’s Miss Gray?” the head nurse asked. “We need her in the operating room.”

“Seems to me,” grumbled Jane, “someone is always needing Peggy somewhere. But she’s a lucky girl to have a chance to work with that great surgeon.”

“We might have the same chance if we were as willing as Peggy to do things,” replied her friend. “Ever in your life hear her say she was tired; ever see her do anything but smile? Sure she smiles, smiles, smiles. Wouldn’t Peggy make a fine soldier, though?”

The months passed on, and Peggy’s graduation day was approaching. She had now become quite accustomed to have the great surgeon call on her for help in critical cases, and was not in the least surprised when one day she was summoned to his office.

“I have a place for you, Miss Gray,” said the doctor. “I need you very much in my work.”

“What, your services are engaged already! Red Cross nurse? Oh, yes, I see—I see. But why go over there? We need you here. Your duty to serve? Well, well, go my child. Fortunate chaps, those soldiers.”

A week later, as the train was pulling out, it seemed to the trim, smiling little figure with her arms full of books and flowers that she had never before had so many friends.

“Bravest little soldier Uncle Sam has,” said one old man, violently blowing his nose to hide the tears.

He did not then know how very much truth there was in his statement, for not long after Peggy had enlisted in the service of her country, word came that she had been awarded the medal of honor for bravery under fire.

JUDITH QUICKENDEN '20.

A Midnight Search

THE rain fell in torrents changing the sticky Flanders mud to slush. The weary men, standing knee deep in the water of the trench, stared expectantly into the black night. Their faces were set in determination to overcome the awful suspense that hung over them. They welcomed every occasional shot from some boche sniper or some rain-soaked poilu in their own ranks, for it helped to relieve the tension of their overwrought nerves.

The commandant, realizing the advantage of the blackness to the enemy, had sent a scouting party out early in the evening into "No Man's Land" to search for a possible German tunnel and any unusual operations along the front. In the party was Jaques, a popular fellow among his companions because of his buoyant good nature and the supreme accomplishment of being able to play the mouth organ.

As time passed, all the party returned but Jaques. Midnight drew near and still he did not come, so Pierre, his nearest companion in the trenches, decided to crawl "over the top" and search for his friend. After gaining permission from the officer in charge, he climbed over the parapet and faded into the black night. The darkness hung about him like a thick curtain barring his way. He stretched forth a muddy hand in search of the barbed wire entanglements. At last he found them. Using this as a guide, he cautiously searched for an opening. By the light of an enemy's rocket he saw a break and carefully crawled through. He was indeed in "No Man's Land." He lay motionless, like a great lump of mud, as the Germans sent up an occasional flare, then crawled slowly along as the light died down.

Beneath him the earth seemed to have no foundation, as he struggled along. His hands and knees sank deeper and deeper into the soft mud. The drenching rain beat upon his back, soaking his garments and weighing him down. Ahead of him Pierre saw a dark shape. He approached it, and gingerly reaching out his hand, touched it. Instantly he was sick with the horror of the thing. Finally he summed up his courage, and clambering around the awful shape, continued the search.

A shell crater lay before him. Again he saw a huddled form. With his trench knife drawn, he approached and called softly, "Jaques! Jaques!" The answer came back to him in a groan. With a careful movement he drew closer and perceived his companion lying in an awful pool of bloody water, a bullet through his chest. He was so weak with pain and the loss of blood that his voice was scarcely audible to Pierre as he leaned gently over him.

He carefully loaded the wounded man on his back and started the muddy return to the trenches. The flares of the enemy lighted up the field, and threw into sharp contrast with the black night the white posts, which the engineers put out to guide stragglers back to their own lines. It was for Pierre to find his way, and he was soon able to lay Jaques on a stretcher in his own dugout. While his companion was hurriedly taken to the rude hospital back of the lines Pierre lay exhausted in the dugout his fearful task accomplished.

MARCUS BROWN '18.

The Emergency Call

THE door flew open and a small, disheveled woman stepped into the warm, candle-lit room. "My Ben hasn't got back yet," she burst out nervously to the woman and large boy in the room. "I'm afraid the storm is keeping him in town. He left this morning and said he would be back at three and he hasn't come yet. It's time to light the light and he isn't here to do it. Do you suppose you could spare Jake, Mrs. Dean? Mother is very ill and I must stay with her tonight, so there is no one to go to the lighthouse."

"Why of course, Mrs. Evert. Jake has been anxious to get on as a substitute at the lighthouse, and maybe this is his chance to prove his worth," quickly replied Mrs. Dean.

"Sure, I'll be glad to go," said Jake lazily. "I haven't anything else to do tonight."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Jake; I know you will be put on as a substitute if you work tonight. This is such a storm that it would be terrible if the lights went out," said Mrs. Evert in a relieved tone. "Now I guess I'd better be going. I left mother alone, so I must hurry back. Come as soon as you can, Jake."

"I'll come now," replied the boy as he slowly drew on his heavy coat. "Good night, mother."

The two figures stepped out into the storm to battle with the elements.

He arrived at the station and quickly had the lamps glowing. He had always longed to work in this spick and span room, and now he gazed about with a deep sense of content. A long spyglass lay on the table and he picked it up with a careless hand. He adjusted it slowly to his eye and then gazed out at the angry breakers, but the curtain of night had descended, and he could not see beyond the foam-dashed rocks. He laid down the glass and started further investigation. A nice easy chair was placed conveniently near the lamps, but more tempting than this was the cozy couch with many bright cushions upon it. A stand, piled high with books, stood close by, and seeing that the lights were burning correctly, he lay down on the lounge to read. The beacon would be all right for two hours, so he could enjoy his story.

"I wonder when they'll put me on steady—I'll get sixty dollars a month surely, and mother and I can live like royalty on that—wonder where Bill is—this story is dry—I musn't forget the lights—wonder how many times I'll——"

"Say, what do you think this is?" said an angry voice.

Jake awoke with a start and glanced bewilderedly about. The lamps were black and he could hear people running about excitedly.

"What's happened?" he asked sleepily.

"What's happened? You've gone to sleep on the job, that's what, and a ship has been wrecked on the rocks," bellowed the stranger. "All the passengers were saved. It's mighty lucky for you that they were. If anyone had perished you would have been to blame."

The room was filling with angry spectators and Jake, watching his chance for an escape, slipped quietly out into the night.

His emergency call had come and he was not ready.

MAUDE DAVIS '19.

Faithfulness

JIM shivered as he put on his heavy coat and gazed at the dull, gray sky, where a few streaks of daylight had begun to appear. "Br-r-r, it's cold; I expect 'twill snow before long," he remarked, picking up the gun from its corner and thrusting a box of shells into the spacious pocket of his overcoat.

"Come, Shep, old scout, want to go hunting with me this morning?" he said, slapping the dog good naturedly on the back, while the animal frolicked gleefully, jumping upon his master, licking his hands and barking with delight.

Jim, tall and lank, with kindly eyes, and the sort of Roman nose which roamed all over his face, lived alone in the cabin. His dog, Shep, lay outside the door and kept watch. He was a large black dog, except for a white collar and four white feet. Every morning about the same time, man and dog could be seen going out to the corn patch, to shoot crows, the dog trailing faithfully at his master's heels.

"Br-r-r, it's cold," repeated Jim, glancing up at the sky and buttoning his coat tighter around him, while Shep merely wagged his tail and cast a loving glance up at the face he knew so well.

Suddenly a little brown rabbit darted out from a clump of bushes. "Come back here, Shep!" commanded Jim, sternly; "I'll shoot him for you," whereupon he took aim and killed it instantly.

Jim was a careless man about handling guns. All of his neighbors prophesied that something would happen to him if he were not careful; and today that "something" did happen. Leaving the loaded gun cocked, and with the barrel pointing toward him, he sat down to skin the rabbit. The dog, impatient for his breakfast, jumped around eagerly watching the process of preparation.

In his excitement his foot became entangled with the trigger; instantly there was a bang and Jim fell backward with a cry. The dog realizing his master was hurt, began to bark for help. With almost human tenderness he licked the face of his fallen comrade and whined as if to coax him to speak.

By some unknown instinct the dog seemed to know there was need of assistance, and went leaping across the field to the road to stop an approaching team. He barked and snapped at the horses to make them stop.

"Hey there, dog, get out of the way," shouted the driver; but the dog barked the louder and ran frantically toward the corn field, only to return and repeat the performance.

"Hey there, you cur, stop scaring my horses," but Shep paid no attention.

"Well, I declare, something is wrong or that beast wouldn't act like that. I'll go see."

Tying his horses to the fence, the man started across the field, following the dog, who was all the time running ahead and barking as if to say, "Come this way. He's here."

When they came in sight of the injured man, Shep rushed to him, licking his face as if to soothe him back to life.

"Well, well, what's the matter?" asked the stranger, but no answer came. Jim was by this time beyond any human aid.

A few days later the man with the team was saying to his neighbor, "Too bad Jim had to die. He was a good young fellow. Awfully obliging. We'll miss him. Do you know that dog has a wonderful mind. He's almost

human. He followed the body to the grave and has never left it once. My wife took some food out to him yesterday, but he won't touch it. Just lies there silently all the time. Yes, it's a shame Jim had to go," he repeated. "He was such a good young fellow and we'll all miss him."

ANNIE LEE SUMMERS '18.

De Kaiser and Der Crown Prince

Der Kaiser calls der Crown Prince in,
And says to him, "Mein son,
I tink dot we vill lick der world;
Dot gives me lots of fun."

Der Crown Prince says, "Perhaps we can't."
Der Kaiser sclapps der table,
"If I would vant to lick der world,
By Godt, mein son, I'm able.

"Der Frenchman, vot is dem to me?
I crush dem mit mein thumb,
In just one week, in Paris' streets,
You'll hear mein Deutchies drum.

"In spite of treaties I will show
Dem Belgians vot is vot.
I'm just like many other gents,
Mein word ain't worth a lot.

"I come right back from Paris quick,
Und tackle him, the Czar,
I bet he says right suddenly,
'Vot a fighting man you are.'

"Und little George of England, too,
i'll turn him on my knee,
Und spank him so he cry out loud,
'Ach, Kaiser, pardon me.'

"I take from him, his fighting ships,
Und turn dem into junk;
I make him dip his flag to me
When all his ships is sunk.

"Und if der Yankees gif me sass,
I'll go right over dere,
Und tear dere country up,
I vill, by Godt, I schwear!

"Der yellow Japs, dot talk so big,
I gif dose fellows hell,
I'll make dem tink der planet Mars
On top of dem has fell.

"Vy, you don't know me yet, mein boy,
You nefer seen me fight;
But dot's der very mightiest ding
In vich I takes delight."

ELMO HAYES '18.

S. O. S.

"I TELL you, Sam, the wireless may be all right, but for me the rockets any day. Talk all you please, you can't persuade me differently."

"Yes, I'll admit they're good, Captain Peterson, but if any of those minnows get too near, I'll wager you'll call for the wireless."

"By the way, you remind me of something. We are now four days out, and I must post the submarine warning. See you again."

Softly closing the door, Captain Hans Peterson of the White Star Line "Empress of Ireland," left the wireless room of his ship and went down to the main dining salon, where he posted the following notice:

"All passengers are warned not to appeal on deck without life preservers. We are now passing through the danger zone and this order must be obeyed to the letter.

"By order of the Captain.

"H. PETERSON."

"Four bells have struck, fellows, it's time to feed again, then we'll go and hop awhile." Thus Jack Malcolm addressed his chum, Fred Burroughs, the same evening the captain posted his warning. These boys were making a trip to England for pure adventure, and when they read the captain's order they thought it a fine joke. No life preservers for them!

"Say, Jack, that's a fine girl over there with the life preserver on. I'll have to get a dance with her pretty——"

A deep thud prevented him from finishing his speech. Everyone rushed on deck knocking over tables and everything in their mad rush.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Three pistol shots stopped the half-crazed passengers as they reached the main deck.

"All ladies into the boats first," ordered the first mate. "Say, Peterson, have you told Hammond to send the 'S. O. S.'?"

"No, I have told him to send up the rockets. A ship can see them on such a clear night as this. Thunder with your old S. O. S."

"Watch my boat a minute, will you?"

"Here, you, Hammond, march into your room at once. This ship is sinking rapidly. She has an awful list to starboard now. Let those rockets go. You obey me now, not the captain, see," and he pointed a Colt's automatic at the head of the ship's wireless operator.

"I see. I suppose you want the S. O. S.?"

"Yes, and the best S. O. S. ever sent in the whole world. I hate to send this emergency call at this time, but it will mean the life or death of sixteen hundred souls. The Cunarder 'Northern Star' should be near here. Now off with the good old ringing S. O. S."

Crackle! Crackle! Sputter! Went the wireless, and within fifteen minutes the "Northern Star" was alongside, and in twenty minutes every person on the ill-fated ship was safe in the Cunarder's cabin except the two young men who laughed at the captain's order; they were beyond all human aid.

MARY C. WEBB '21.

A Story

“KNIT two, purl two; knit two, purl two. Oh, how do you people expect that I'll ever learn to knit with all of you chattering like magpies? It's all right for you, because you know how already and I don't. If you girls really must talk all of the time, you can help me a little, by giving me a plot for a story. That would be really doing something for your country.”

The above request came from one of the uninspired members of a small club party.

The speaker continued: “Now, don't be silly, and do stop telling those miserable stories. I am sick of them; they make me afraid to budge out of the house in broad daylight.”

“Don't you like war stories, either?”

“Oh, I don't, positively.”

“Oh, I have it!” shouted the hostess. “My mind works like my grandmother's knitting needles, when there is a story in it. I can give you a most wonderful idea. Write about a German spy, and submarines and trenches, and gas masks, and, oh, just oodles of things like that.”

“Oh, listen to me,” said another; “pretend that the brave young hero who received the sweater you sent to France has gone ‘over the top,’ been sent home on a furlough, and came back in search of you, and found you by the picture you put in the sweater.”

“Well, if that's all you have to say I might as well go home; you girls haven't an idea in your heads,” remarked the first speaker again.

In a few minutes the party broke up and after a chorus of good-byes the street became quiet and the girls, in their several directions, started toward home.

Dixie Richmond, the recipient of a great deal of the evening's banter, lived in the suburbs of a small northern California town. She was naturally not a timid girl, so she unhesitatingly went toward her home.

After several blocks, she had to cross a large field in order to reach her home.

As she walked along she began thinking of the stories of the evening, and at each step became a little more uneasy. Then, too, there was that story to hand in for tomorrow; what would she do? Here it was so late—it—“Oh!—not even a plot, and that meant a zero in English for composition work.

“Oh! There really is something there; what is it?” She was sure it wasn't there when she went over earlier in the evening. As she drew near she stopped and gazed at the object, but it didn't move. What could it be? It looked as if it might be a flying machine, but that was impossible.

Dixie was by this time so thoroughly frightened that her imagination flew back to the stories of the evening again. Then out of the stillness a voice came to her, faintly, and in a foreign accent.

“Ou suis-je?”

Dixie was frozen to the spot.

Again came the voice, “Ou suis-je?”

A tramp! and he was probably telling her to surrender her money; or maybe a German spy telling her to disclose herself as captive.

Then again, “OU suis-je?”

Dixie, mustering her courage at last, inquired, “Who are you?”

“Dumas,” came the answer.

“Qui etes-vous?”

"Talk English; I can't understand German."

"Well, who are you? And if you don't mind my mentioning it, I am not speaking German, not if I know it."

"I am Dixie Richmond."

"Pleased to know you, Miss Richmond; couldn't you help me out of these entangling appliances?"

"Aren't, aren't you a tramp or a spy?"

"Well, I rather think I'm not. I am Jean Dumas, address Paris, France. Now, would you mind helping me out of this? Pull that left wing away from my arm. When this machine fell my arm was caught under the wing and I can't get it out myself; I thought I was in No Man's Land for certain. Huh, I guess I won't get up, either."

Dixie, though thoroughly frightened noticed how the young man tried to rise and could not. Immediately the solution came to her. He had hurt his foot. "You stay here while I go home and bring help."

"Rather guess I'll have to," was the casual remark.

Dixie ran to her home, bringing everyone there back with her. They managed to carry the boy to their house, where they listened eagerly to his story: He had come over from France to instruct the boys at the San Diego Aviation Training Camp. Due to his fall he had been momentarily stunned and unconsciously spoken his native language.

This was some time ago and all the club is excited over an original story written by one of their members, Dixie Richmond, and all of them are on tip-toe with curiosity wondering how another story is going to end.

MILDRED BANNERMAN '18.

Dear Flag

When I think of the noble hearts,
That beat, each one so true,
A wild longing within me starts,
To do my bit for you,
Dear Flag, for you.

When I behold each plain and hill,
Under the same sky blue,
I vow to uphold the proud thrill
And do my bit for you,
Dear Flag, for you.

When I hear of the loyal men,
Who gave their blood for you,
More still, do I burn with zeal then
To do my bit for you,
Dear Flag, for you.

My heart and hand, my all, my life,
Not one of them I'd rue,
But gladly give in Freedom's strife,
And do my bit for you,
Dear Flag, for you.

WILHELMINA SIMON '20.

Persimmons

THEY all called him Persimmons from the very first day he entered school. He was a tall, lank youth with reddish, curly hair; with a keen gray eye that looked fire when any injustice was done; and with freckles that resembled copper pennies, not fresh from the mint,—but pennies that had been many times tossed and matched in grimy, brown hands.

Why did they call him “Persimmons?” Was it because of his color, or of some mysterious quality concealed behind that reddish exterior? Perhaps for both reasons.

It was 12 o'clock and the dismissal bell had rung. A group of boys filed, or, rather, bounded like so many sheep, out of the narrow door of the little adobe school house. Lunches done up in tobacco tins and in newspapers soon disappeared down the hungry throats. In bunches of twos and threes these satisfied animals crept into the shade of the one tree to try their luck at marbles.

Now was the chance for the “bully” of the crowd to show his superiority and incidentally fill his pockets with the shiny glass balls. To play keeps was quite beyond the law of the adobe realm, but Professor Ryde Byke had not returned from his lunch. The bully had promised to play fair, in order to be admitted into the game. But his eagerness for booty soon began to assert itself, and he was not only playing for keeps, but helping himself slyly to the choicest agates left momentarily unprotected on the ground. In his eagerness to pick up the marbles, unseen by the rest of the players, he had overlooked the youth of the curly red hair, who was leaning against the trunk of a tree apparently whittling a twig, but secretly watching the robbery. As the bully leaned over to grab another marble, he felt a heavy weight on his back. Before he could realize what had happened, he found himself face downward on the ground and heard a voice yelling in his ear, “Cough up those marbles, you thief, you!”

The victim strove to throw off the weight upon him, but to no avail. His enemy had got the advantage of him, and after considerable heated language had compelled him to produce the marbles. The unsuspecting losers quickly claimed their own, at the same time hailing their defender with such cries as, “Go to it, Red!” “Give him another,” while from the most ingenious of the crowd came, “Pucker him up, Persimmons.” From that day Persimmons has stood to that crowd the preserver of human rights.

* * * * *

It was 12 o'clock. Again a hungry crowd filed out of the door of a long dining hall on a large ranch. Here was the same red haired, freckle faced “Persimmons,” no longer the school boy, nor yet the laborer he had been six months before, but the foreman of the gang of men working in the fruit. Here was another bully, who had a firm belief in the idea that the world was made to feed him, irrespective of his labor. He had been silently ignored by the men on several occasions on which he had aired his anarchistic views in a loud aggressive voice. On this day he had selected for his particular auditor a shy youth not yet out of his teens. He had monopolized not only the boy's ears, but his time as well, which meant a reduced wage for him at the end of the day. The afternoon wore on and the boy was called again from his work to attend to the bully's wants. Suddenly a hand was laid on the boy's shoulder and a voice said, “One minute, boy. You've helped enough. It's your turn for a lift.” Hearing the voice of the boss,

the men quietly turned to watch, with an amused smile, the bully paying back the labor he had borrowed from the boy.

* * * * *

It was 12 o'clock. Still another crowd streamed from the open door of yet another dining hall. Where is the "Persimmons" of the earlier days? Gazing out from a window overlooking a spacious lawn is the same freckled face, with its keen gray eyes softened by experience and intercourse with men. This time he is not the defender of a small group of boys before a bully, nor the boss of a gang of men under an employer, but the employer himself. The same spirit and the same sense of justice which that crowd so many years before had found in him still prevailed. His men honor him for it. More than once had he interceded for them on a point of justice. They in turn have paid him back in double service. Like all men of spirit and ambition, "Persimmons" made the most of his opportunities. His one great desire was to be independent, and he had learned that independence comes through justice and perseverance in the right.

A Boy's Faith

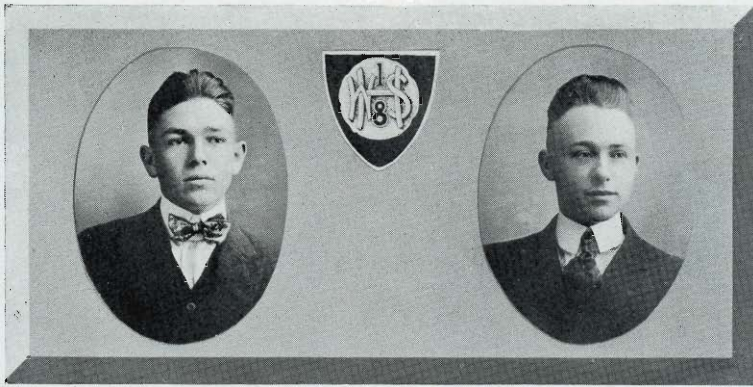
I don't know what the trouble is;
You see I'm little yet;
But daddy says the Kaiser's wrong—
And he sure knows, you bet;
And if my daddy goes to war,
For he says that he wants to fight,
The Huns had better drop their guns
And hurry out of sight.

My daddy says that little Belgium
Is full of boys like me,
Who haven't anything to eat,
And he's going to set them free.
He says that all the wicked Boches
Shoot the people 'till they die,—
And sure I think it must be so,
For daddy wouldn't lie.

Whenever ma cooks warm corn bread
I lose my appetite;
But when I think of those poor kids
That bread goes out of sight.
In my little room at evening,
When I sleep there is no light,
For daddy says it's wasteful,—
And daddy must be right.

My mother dear, just looks so sad,
She cries 'most every day,
And when I ask her why, she says,
'Cause daddy's going away.
I'll miss my daddy very much,
But if he goes away to fight,
The Huns had better drop their guns,
And hurry out of sight.

NELLIE LAMB '18.



JAMES ROYLES
Manager

SHIRLEY DREVER
Editor

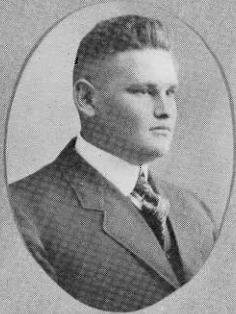
The Ilex Staff

EDITORIAL DIVISION.

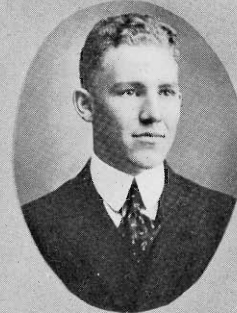
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Leila Hecke	Literary Editor
Nita Legg	Organizations
Ivy Knight	Exchanges
Virginia Hoppin	Girls' Athletics
Marden Wilbur	Boys' Athletics
Lester Germeshausen	Dramatics
Edmund Lowe	Joshes
Nellie Lamb	Senior Reporter
Thelma Riedelbauch	Junior Reporter
Margaret Harlan	Sophomore Reporter
Dorothy Dahler	Freshman Reporter
Ruth Grigsby	Art
Marcus Brown	Art

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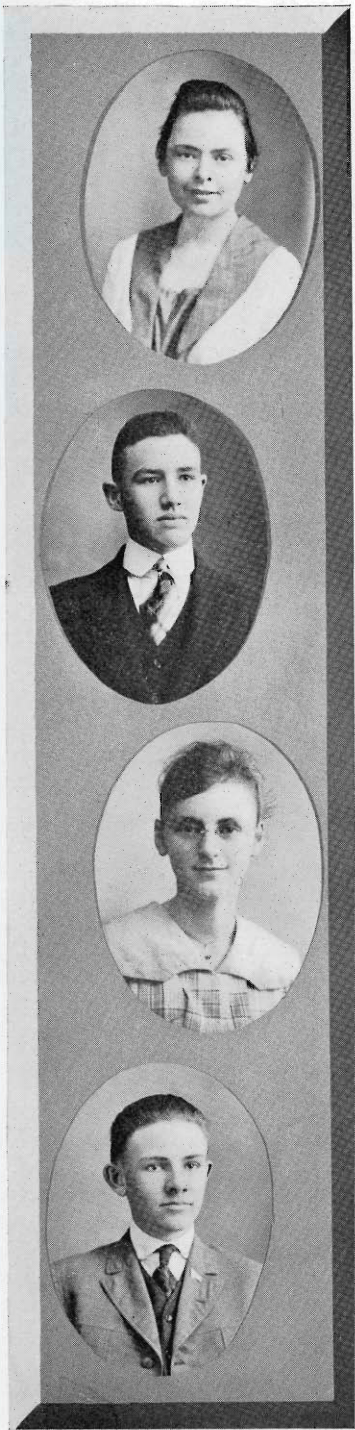
James Royles	Business Manager
Linn Farish	Assistant Business Manager
Kenneth Lowe	Assistant Business Manager
Victor Cranston	Assistant Business Manager



LEILA HECKE
NITA LEGG
LESTER GERMESHAUSEN
RUTH GRIGSBY



MARCUS BROWN
IVY KNIGHT
EDMUND LOWE
VIRGINIA HOPPIN



NELLIE LAMB
LINN FARISH
THELMA RIEDELBAUCH
MARDEN WILBER



MARGARET HARLAN
KENNETH LOWE
DOROTHY DAHLER
VICTOR CRANSTON

EDITORIAL

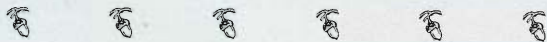


R. G. RICHBY '17

The last year has been the most trying in the history of the High School. In addition to the regular work our students have been asked to engage in many outside activities to help the Government. However, the student body has never been found unwilling to "do its best" in any proposition to aid in defeating Kaiserism, and the people of Woodland have found that the easiest way to put anything "over the top" is to appeal to the High School for help.



We are very proud of the stars on our service flag. Each star represents a graduate of the Woodland High School who is now serving the colors, and it is probable that the number of stars will be greatly increased before the war is won.



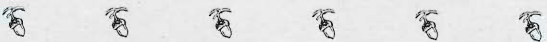
These men are risking their lives for us at the front. Surely we, who stay at home can at least do the simple things which the Government is asking us to do.



We wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who have so unselfishly given their aid and advice to the staff. Particularly we would like to thank the teachers of the English Department who have spent much time correcting the mistakes which we have made. Also, we wish to thank the advertisers, without whose aid it would have been impossible to publish a book.



The absence of Miss Simpson, Miss Tuttle and Mr. Norton, who did not return to the faculty in September, was very much regretted. We felt as though we had lost some of our best friends, and, indeed, we had. But Miss Mixer, Miss Kinnell and Mr. McDonald have proven to be equally good friends. Miss Murphy, one of our English teachers, and Mr. Kellogg, our Agriculture teacher, resigned shortly after Christmas. Mrs. Proctor was secured to take Miss Murphy's place, but, as no successor to Mr. Kellogg could be found, his classes had to be discontinued. Miss Dotts was another acquisition to the faculty during the year, coming in to teach the January Freshmen.



On account of the increased cost of printing and supplies, we have been compelled to reduce the number of pages in this issue, but we have endeavored to make up for this by allowing only the best material to go into the book.

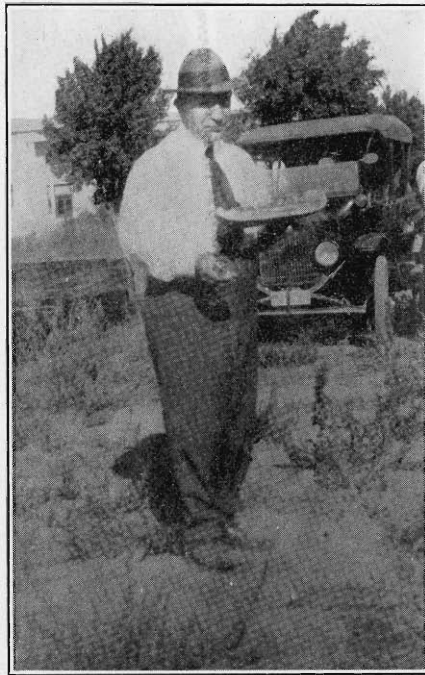
School Notes.

AGRICULTURE

- Sept. 3, 1917—After an enjoyable vacation school opened and studies were resumed.
- Sept. 3-4-5, 1917—Opening Assemblies.
- Sept. 12, 1917—Howard Parker, graduate of W. H. S., gave a piano solo. He is now training in the U. S. Army.
- Sept. 12, 1917—First football practice.
- Sept. 13, 1917—Girls' Seminary. The boys have left to serve Uncle Sam by prune picking. Three days were spent at this work. A few patriotic girls also contributed their share.
- Sept. 17, 1917—Student body meeting.
- Sept. 17, 1917—The students of the high school marched to the train to bid farewell to the first contingent of Yolo County boys leaving for American Lake.
- Sept. 24, 1917—Mr. Woods, the Commissioner of Secondary Education, gave the student body an interesting talk on the present war.
- Sept. 28, 1917—The faculty entertained the school at a party in honor of the incoming "freshies."
- Oct. 2, 1917—General Assembly.
- Oct. 3, 1917—The student body cards were announced for sale.
- Oct. 8, 1917—Students bade farewell to second contingent.
- Oct. 15, 1917—Mr. James Mills, a prominent horticulturist, rendered a complimentary address to the teachers and students on the "care" of the building.
- Oct. 29, 1917—Vacation; Teachers' Institute.
- Nov. 5, 1917—School resumed.
- Nov. 6, 1917—12:30: Rousing yell practice resounded through the halls.
- Nov. 8, 1917—Labor Day. School was dismissed early. A watermelon feed was the incentive for the eager workers, who so willingly made the camps ready for the big football game.
- Nov. 9, 1917—The Pajamarino, which created great enthusiasm, consisted of boys clad in pajamas, ghosts and freaks of all sorts, not to mention the real live goat. A "hooverized" bonfire (something new) followed, at which the "stars" made eloquent speeches and there was no lack of cheering.
- Nov. 10, 1917—Seniors honored the students with an enjoyable evening. Dancing was the chief diversion. Hooverized punch, Adam's Ale, was served as refreshment. Stockton-Woodland football.
- Nov. 14, 1917—Student body meeting. It was decided to have moving pictures out at school. (They have been few and far between.)
- Nov. 18, 1917—Chico vs. Woodland football.
- Nov. 22, 1917—Miss Mary Gamble gave the student body a splendid talk on the need of the starving Belgians.

- Nov. 23, 1917—Mrs. Meier urged the girls to give their spare time to the worthy cause of knitting for our soldier boys, and the girls eagerly responded.
- Nov. 28, 1917—Faculty and pupils contribute to Belgian Relief Fund.
- Dec. 5, 1917—Student body meeting. Plan for a play discussed.
- Dec. 11, 1917—Miss Helen Fulton, the Y. W. C. A. secretary, appealed to the school to attend and aid at the mass-meeting to be held in the Woodland Grammar School that night.
- Dec. 14, 1917—The juniors gave a party in the "gym." It was a jolly time for all.
- Dec. 21, 1917—School was dismissed for the holidays.
- Jan. 2, 1918—After enjoying our "hooverized" vacation, we went back to our studies with renewed energy.
- Jan. 12, 1918—Sergeant Norton, former high school teacher, gave a brief outline of his life in Camp Lewis.
- Jan. 14, 1918—Lowell Vosburg, now one of Uncle Sam's soldiers, gave a short talk on his experiences in the army.
- Jan. 15, 1918—Stop! Look! Listen! The January freshmen have entered.
- Jan. 25, 1918—Miss Murphy left to accept a position in Berkeley schools. Mrs. Proctor was elected to fill her place.
- Feb. 2, 1918—At Auburn. Basket ball game. Game forfeited to Woodland.
- Feb. 7, 1918—Mr. Murray made an appeal to the students to sell smilage books. Students immediately took up the work.
- Feb. 7, 1918—Sophomores' exclusive picnic. Seniors, Juniors, Hah! Hah!
- Feb. 9, 1918—Basket ball. Woodland 28, Sutter Creek 23. Game held at Woodland.
- Feb. 15, 1918—Sophomore party. Prominent event, drama. Leading attraction, the orchestra. (Nothing else could be heard.) A delightful little dance followed with real refreshments.
- Feb. 16, 1918—Basket ball. Woodland 46, Esparto 16. Game held at Esparto. Second team: Woodland 41, Esparto 12.
- Feb. 20, 1918—Football feed held at the close of the season. Linn Farish was elected captain for 1918.
- Feb. 22, 1918—A patriotic assembly in honor of the day. Speeches were rendered by several of the pupils, Washington, Lincoln and Wilson being the topic of their addresses. Music completed the program. The "Agony" Quartet contributed their talents.
- Feb. 23, 1918—At Lodi. Basket ball game. Woodland 23, Lodi 36. Second team game: Woodland 25, Lodi 23.
- March 1, 1918—Woodland vs. Sacramento. Another victory for W. H. S. Score 34 to 22. Second team 29 to 13.
- March 11, 1918—Miss Thomas generously substituted for the seniors by singing for a Monday Assembly. Every one enjoyed her pleasing selections.
- March 15-16, 1918—The affair of the year. Farce and Boys' Minstrel Show. Grand success.
- March 18, 1918—Assembly. Juniors presented an interesting program.
- April 1, 1918—Hark! The first appearance of the Sophomore Orchestra before the student body. Other members of the class contributed several numbers. Ludwell Harlan, an alumnus, gave a farewell talk before leaving for the Aviation Corps.
- April 1-2-3-4-5, 1918—Drill practice under the direction of "General" A. C. Huston, Jr.
- April 6, 1918—Liberty parade. Students make brilliant showing. Six noisy boys left for Dillon's Beach. They returned home a "clammy" bunch.

- April 8, 1918—Freshmen Assembly. Howard Lawson, now a U. S. sailor lad, spoke a few words to the students.
- April 10, 1918—A basket ball feed was held at Mrs. Lawson's. Oh, those clams!
- April 11, 1918—B. A. A. meeting.
- April 15, 1918—The French class entertained at a Monday assembly with two French songs.
- April 22, 1918—The Spanish class gave an interesting program of selections of Spanish songs.
- April 29, 1918—A holiday. To see drafted men off and to celebrate circus day.
- May 3, 1918—Senior and Junior picnic.
- May 6, 1918—Assembly.
- May 8, 1918—Liberty program.
- May 9, 1918—Girls' track meet.
- June 2, 1918—Baccalaureate.
- June 7, 1918—Commencement.
- June 8, 1918—Commencement dance.



Enjoying the Labor Day Feed



"Have you seen Stella"



Pass 'em around



A mermaid



Why Price left home



Caught in the act



Give me a bite



Naughty



Nuts grow on trees



Seniors

Organizations.



Forrest Laugenour

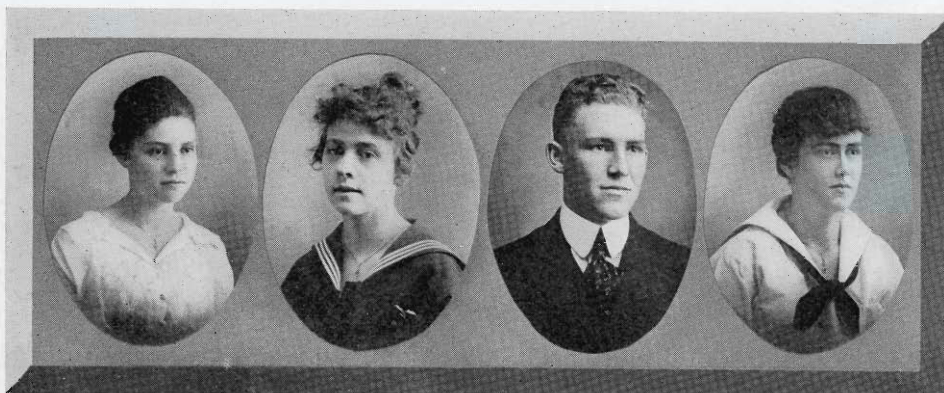
Abbie Fowler

Mildred Bannerman

Linn Farish

THE STUDENT BODY.

The Associated Student Body of the Woodland High School has had a prosperous year under the regime of Forrest Laugenour, '18, president; Mildred Bannerman, '18, vice-president; Abbie Fowler, '18, secretary, and Linn Farish, '19, treasurer. The student body cards, introduced last year, have been successfully continued. There has been the usual round of student entertainments to meet the expenses of the year, and the whole school has contributed generously in the way of war work and money to the nation's needs. The minstrel show and farce, produced by the student body, proved to be a "scream," and added not a little money to the Red Cross and Ilex funds. For this we are not only indebted to the students, but also to the faculty, and particularly to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, who gave generously of their time and energy to the training and staging of the entertainment. Miss Hyde and the domestic science department also deserve great credit for the bags of Hoover cookies with the recipes inclosed, which were sold instead of candy to the patrons of the evening. The students are all contributing at least five cents a month, while some are giving as much as fifty cents, to the Belgian Relief. Too, we have recently organized a War Saving Society under the same officers as the student body. At commencement, a cup will be awarded to the class who gains the most honorary members. The students have responded loyally to every call, and hope by the end of the semester to have three thousand dollars in thrift stamps for Uncle Sam. The student body is glad of the privilege to do all it can to help the nation to preserve that freedom which makes the Woodland High School possible.



Genevieve Edson

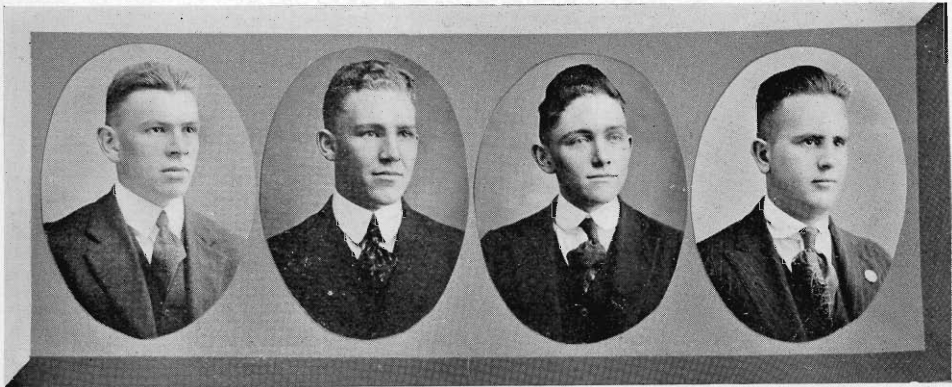
Edna Ruppert

Edmund Lowe

Claire Lowe

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS.

The students as a whole have entered well into all the various war activities, and they deserve special credit for their Red Cross work. Early in the year the Girls' Auxiliary of the Red Cross was changed to the Junior Red Cross. In this way the boys who had so kindly assisted at many times were admitted into the organization. The same officers were retained with the exception of the secretary, Winifred Gibbs, who left us and was succeeded by Edmund Lowe. The paper day, combined with the old clothes drive for the Belgians, was a great success, for forty-five dollars were cleared and eight boxes of clothing were collected. At the Yuletide thirty-six dollars in Red Cross seals were sold in the school and a number of the girls helped with the sales out of school. Both boys and girls made scrap books, seventy-five in number, to cheer our soldiers on Christmas. Great credit is due Miss Hyatt, who originated the Red Cross work in the school, and has untiringly helped carry it on. Miss Hyde, too, has been a most generous worker in the domestic science department. Under her guidance the girls have made and sent away seven plain bed shirts, seven taped bed shirts, eighteen bed jackets, thirty-two pairs of bed socks, twenty property bags, eleven face cloths, five sweaters, eleven scarfs, four scrub cloths, one helmet, one pair of wristlets, one pair of socks; also refugee articles, consisting of two infant's coverlets, twelve ladies' skirts and eleven ladies' wrappers. Many of the students outside of this department have been knitting. The Junior Red Cross of the Woodland High School has been a live organization, which believes in "Do your best," and not "Do your bit."



Walter Lawson

Edmund Lowe

Kenneth Lowe

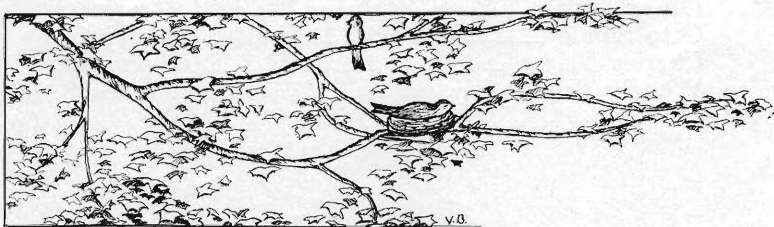
Robert Huston

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

This term has been a busy one for the Boys' Athletic Association. The Rugby season was rather unfortunate so far as victories were concerned, but enjoyable so far as sports go. This spring the association is going to change the course of events by trying their luck at the old American game. In basket ball some real stars appeared. Some victories were realized in the interscholastic games, and there was a great deal of spirit and enthusiasm in the interclass. In return for their victories the seniors will find their names inscribed on the cup. On the whole, the year has been very pleasing and financially successful, according to the treasurer's report.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Due to the fact that the Executive Committee was abolished this year, the Advisory Committee has had full say in all school affairs, and in the awarding of letters to the deserving athletes. The committee consists of representatives from each class, with Forrest Laugenour, the student body president, as chairman. The other members are: Robert Huston and Leila Hecke from the Senior Class; Linn Farish and Claire Lowe from the Junior Class; Woodly Palmer from the Sophomore Class, and "Billy" Browning from the Freshman Class.





Lorraine Foley

Ruth Dickey

Nita Legg

Helen Davis

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

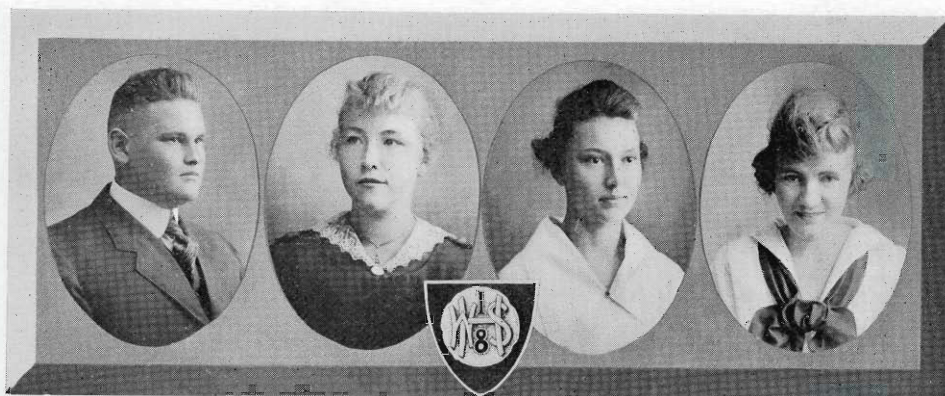
The girls have given so much time to Red Cross work this year that they have not taken the usual interest in the Athletic Association. However, through the efforts of Miss Mixer they have played some very lively interclass basket ball games, the freshmen coming out the victors. In honor of the spoils their names have been inscribed on the cup. These games give good promise for the future. Our good wishes to the Girls' Athletic Association.

THE SOPHOMORE ORCHESTRA.

The Sophomore Orchestra is a new organization and wholly characteristic of the enthusiasm of the class. Great credit is due Miss Thomas for her patience in directing twice a week, because the majority of them could not play a note when the orchestra was organized. However, no one can deny that they are now talented players, as was shown in their first performance in assembly on April 1st. The orchestra consists of:

- Margaret HarlingPiano
- Lloyd Barnett Violin
- Carston WollViolin
- Carl EdsonViolin
- John Scott Violin
- Freeland Anderson Clarinet
- Oliver LuftClarinet
- Otto Simon Flute
- Charles Grieve Cornet
- Woodly PalmerCornet





Lester Germeshausen

Reve Shaffer

Ruth Dickey

Lily Jacobs

Senior Notes

The class of '18, after four years of steady plodding, has reached the end of the trail. Our last year of high school life, a fitting sequel to our junior year, has been full of pleasure as well as work.

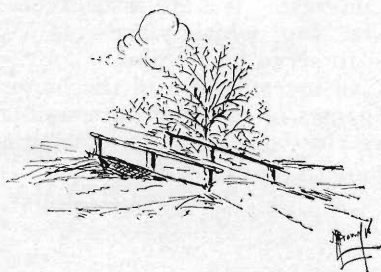
At the beginning of the term we tendered the entire school a party in the gym. Many students turned out and entered with spirit into the several games and the dancing which followed.

Although this has not been a victorious year for the athletes, our class has produced many star players. In football the seniors had eleven men on the first team and in basket ball Bud Lowe, Forrest Laugenour and Wallie Lawson represented the seniors. In girls' basket ball Gertrude Eaton, Edna Huckle and Ruth Grigsby aided in securing the basket ball reputation of the W. H. S.

We have not only been successful along athletic and social lines, but in scholarship as well. A glance at the "honor list" will show that the seniors have realized the necessity of close application to their work during the last year.

In such a manner, our senior year has passed. Now we leave the high school with grateful thanks to all who have aided us along the way and with the hope that the juniors will keep up the fine record of the class of '18.

NELLIE LAMB '18.





Kenneth Lowe

Gladys Gibson

Martha Hecke

Richard Siebe

Junior Notes

The past school year of 1917-18 has brought us, the class of '19, one year nearer our goal, and has made evident our ability to succeed along all lines.

The first business that called our attention as a class was the election of our officers. Those who have so ably represented us are: Kenneth Lowe, president; Gladys Gibson, vice-president; Martha Hecke, secretary, and Harold Simpson, treasurer. Later Richard Siebe held this office.

Next came the all-absorbing subject of choosing a pin. After some discussion we decided on one of very attractive design of which we are exceedingly proud.

In athletics those upholding our honor have been: In football—Linn Farish, Dayton Dodds, Lester Dahler and Kenneth Lowe; in boys' basket ball—Linn Farish and Lester Dahler on the first team; Irwin Hunt and Melville Stine on the second team; and in girls' basket ball, Ruth Barnes and Gladys Robinson.

On the evening of December fourteenth the Junior class entertained the entire school at the gym. Every one present spent a jolly evening, dancing and playing games.

And even though we have shown our ability to enjoy ourselves thoroughly, we have not been lacking along more serious lines.

Our patriotism hovers around the one hundred per cent mark. In the thrift stamp campaign which has been carried on during the past two months we have taken a lively interest. We are also exceedingly proud of the new star on the school service flag, which represents Will Davis, a member of our class, who has gone to serve Uncle Sam.

As for scholarship, an investigation of the honor roll will be convincing along that line, for the names of many of our number appear there.

And so it is that we close our junior year with many pleasant memories and few regrets.

THELMA REIDELBAUGH.



Marden Wilber

Margaret Harlan

Lucille Browning

Carston Woll

Sophomore Notes

We have passed through the Sophomore year of our High School work, and this year has revealed excellent material, which will gradually work into channels of usefulness for the future years. This is evident from the remarkable showing of E grades received by many of the students.

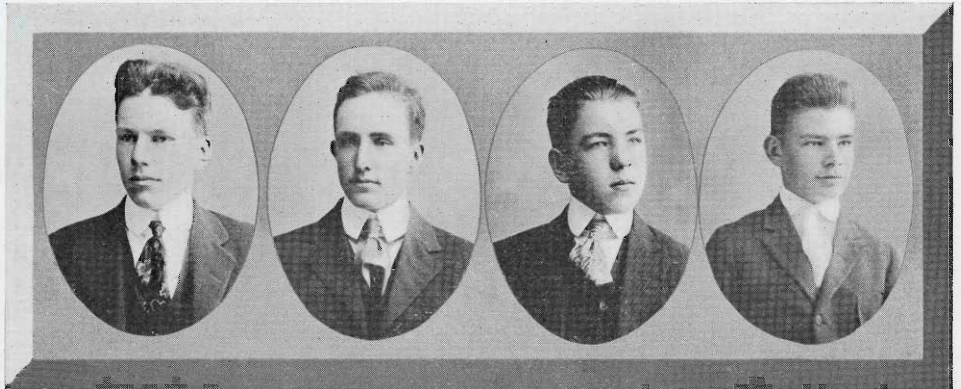
Our classmen took part in all the athletics of the season. In the football squad were: Guthrie Rowe, Victor Cranston and Charles Long, who with valor upheld the honor of the class of '20. A number of interesting interclass games were played in the gymnasium, in which both boys and girls have proven their skill. In the school basketball team, Guthrie Rowe, Oliver Luft and Charles Grieves excel.

Instead of the usual Student Body parties, the different classes have entertained, so on the 24th of February our class extended an invitation to the entire school. A short farce followed by dancing were the main features of the evening, and all upon leaving declared that they surely had enjoyed themselves.

As one party failed to satisfy, Carston Woll kindly offered his home in Davis for a class party on April 26th. Light refreshments were served, and as the party was well attended the evening was fully enjoyed by everyone.

As the semester is nearly ended and we look back at what has transpired we feel that the old appellation of the "hated Sophomores" has been changed by the upper classmen to: "They're not so bad after all."

MARGARET HARLING '20.



Carroll Stitt

Leland Jones

Ford Shaffer

Justus Lawson

Freshman Notes

Into the Woodland High School on September 3, 1917, entered as freshmen the class of '21 with a star membership of eighty-five. After becoming accustomed to the name "Freshie" we took quite an interest in our high school work.

On September 17th, with the kindly assistance of Mr. Hyman, we elected the following officers: Carrol Stitt, president; Leland Jones, vice-president; Ford Shaffer, secretary; Justus Lawson, treasurer. William Browning acted as our member of the Advisory Committee.

On the night of September 28th, the students and faculty gave the Freshmen a party at which games and dancing were enjoyed by everyone.

The energetic class of '21 is not to be outclassed in athletics. A number of boys turned out for basketball. Justus Lawson played three games on the first team, and, with Harold McAneney, finished out the season on the second team. Nelson Tisdale gladly took his place on the football field.

The girls made an excellent showing in basketball. Maium Green succeeded in making the first team. The class team won the interclass cup, the final game being between the Seniors and Freshmen, ending with a score of 19 to 12.

Thus the Freshmen began with promise, and we know our senior year will end even more successfully, as can be seen by our motto which speaks the class spirit: "Deeds Not Words."

DOROTHY DAHLER '21.



DRAMATICS.

It has been customary for the High School to present two plays, one by the boys for the Boys' Athletic Association, the other by the students as a whole for the Ilex. Since the Athletic Association had no debt this year, it was necessary to stage only one show. This was given on two nights, March 14th and 15th. The proceeds of the first night were turned over to the Ilex, and those of the second night to the Red Cross.

Due to the success of the farce and minstrel show of last year, a similar performance was presented this year. The one act farce, "The Mouse Trap," drew forth considerable laughter.

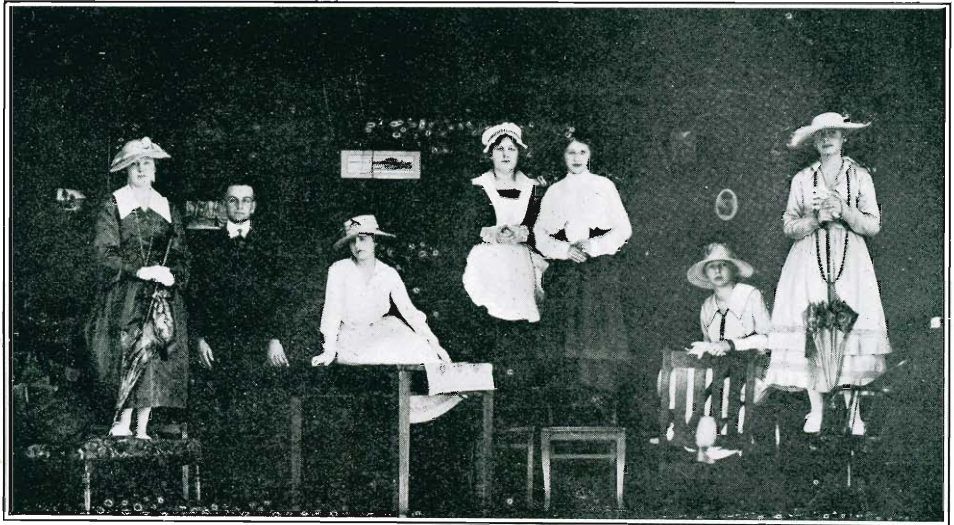
The story was that of a young widow, engaged to a rising young politician. They fall into a spirited argument over woman suffrage, in the course of which she declares women to be fearless. To test her statement he pretends to see a mouse, whereupon she jumps upon a chair and scrams frantically. The maid and a number of friends enter and add their screams to those of the terrified hostess. They, in time, make their escape from their various perches of safety, while the hero beats the carpet with a poker to scare away this imaginary mouse. He then tries to tell his fiancee that there is no mouse, but she does not believe him. She refuses to leave the room, and as there is no mouse he is in a perplexing situation. At last, at her suggestion, he rushes toward her, to carry her out just as the curtain falls.

Particular credit should be given to the girls who screamed so ably at the imagined mouse.

During the intermission between the two performances the audience was pleasingly entertained by some humorous and educational movie reels. Again the curtain was raised on a multitude of black and shining faces. To the tune of "Mandy Lee" Mr. Bordain descended to the stage from great heights in his aeroplane. Following this in quick succession were a number of solos and choruses, intermingled with jokes, both humorous and original.

The school owes much to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thomas, who so generously gave up their valuable time and helped stage the show. Their small son, Roy, also very ably carried out a part of the program. A patriotic close was given to the evening by the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

As a whole, this show was a great success in many ways. It furnished a pleasant evening to the entertainers and entertained. What is even better it added two hundred and eighty-four dollars to the treasury, an equal share of which fell to the "Ilex" and to the Junior Red Cross, respectively.



The Farce

THE MOUSE TRAP

A Farce in One Act.

Cast of Characters.

Mrs. Somers (engaged to Willis Campbell).....	Miss Leila Hecke
Mrs. Somers' Friends—	
Mrs. Curwen	Miss Gladys Weaver
Mrs. Miller	Miss Bernice Hadsall
Mrs. Bemis.....	Miss Elizabeth Porter
Miss Agnes Campbell.....	Miss Lucille Browning
Jane (Mrs. Somers' maid).....	Miss Wanda Stitt
Mr. Willis Campbell (a mere man engaged to Mrs. Somers).....	
.....	Mr. Will McQuaid
Scene—Mrs. Somers' drawing room.	



The Minstrel Show

MINSTREL SHOW.

Opening Chorus	Minstrels
Solo.....	Mr. W. Jennings Caruso
Solo	Master Rastus Corbett
Monologue.....	Mr. Lincoln Buchanan
Song	Minstrels
Quartet.....	Messrs. Persimmon, Smith, Blankenship, Bryan
Novelty	End Men
Song	Minstrels
Song.....	Mr. Robert Beecher Ward
Song	Mr. George Roosevelt
Dialogue.....	Mutt and Jeff
Quartet.....	Messrs. Persimmon, Smith, Blankenship, Bryan
Song	Minstrels
Novelty	Mr. Corbett
Medley	Minstrels
Speech	Mr. Johnson

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Interlocutor—Mr. Johnson.
 End Men—Mr. Persimmon, Mr. Bordain, Mr. Bones, Mr. Corbett, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Smith.
 At the Piano—Miss Melinda Snowball.
 At the Drum—Mr. Alexander Adams.

ATHLETICS



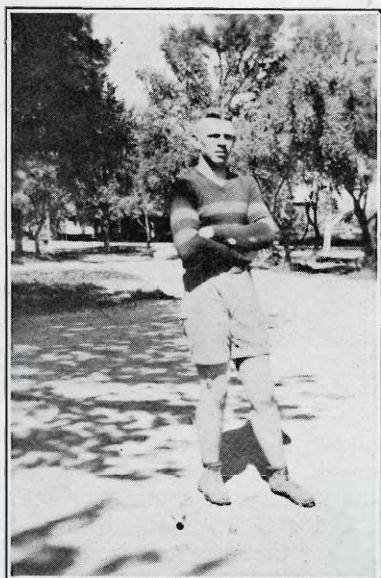
Football

1917 FOOTBALL TEAM.

W. E. Bobbitt.....Coach
 Linn Farish '19.....Manager
 Walter Lawson '18.....Captain

	Age.	Weight.	Height.	Position.
1. *Lyle Gallup '18.....	17	145	5.9	Front rank.
2. *Lowell Edson '18.....	19	145	5.10	Front rank.
3. *Floris Mast '18.....	19	155	5.7	Front rank.
4. John Salsbury '18.....	18	140	5.8	Front rank.
5. Kenneth Lowe '19.....	18	138	5.10	Front rank.
6. Cecil Real '19.....	16	140	5.9	Front rank.
7. *James Royles '18.....	17	160	5.11	Middle rank.
8. *Shirley Drever '18.....	17	160	5.11	Middle rank.
9. *Charles Long '20.....	16	165	5.10	Breakaway.
10. *Dayton Dodds '19.....	19	140	5.10	Breakaway.
11. *Forrest Laugenour '18.....	18	180	6.2	Breakaway.
12. *Lester Germeshausen '18.....	17	280	6.1	Lock.
13. *Robert Huston '18.....	17	165	5.7	Halfback.
14. *Walter Lawson '18.....	17	180	5.11 $\frac{1}{2}$	First five-eighths.
15. *Linn Farish '19.....	16	165	6.01	Second five-eighths.
16. *Lester Dahler '19.....	17	150	5.8	Center three-quarters.
17. Elwyn Hulbert '18.....	17	164	5.10	Center three-quarters.
18. *Nelson Tisdale '21.....	16	140	5.7	Wing three-quarters.
19. *Guthrie Rowe '20.....	16	140	5.8	Wing three-quarters.
20. *Edmund Lowe '18.....	18	172	5.11	Fullback.

* Letter Men.



Captain Lawson



Manager Farish

back field was superior, their five scrum won the game for them. We again lessened the number of points by which we were defeated, showing that our strength was beginning to show.

The second game with Chico was held at Chico, and due to the fact that the referee, who was a Chico man, knew nothing about the game of Rugby football, this game cannot be considered as football, but as a free-for-all.

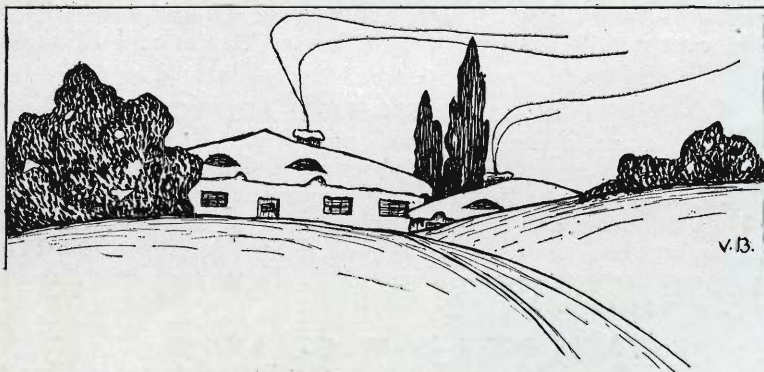
The last game of the season was played at home, on Thanksgiving Day, against the Carlton Club team, composed of High School alumni. It was a hard fought game from start to finish, and it looked as though the High School was going to end their season with a victory, but it was not to be so.

There was only one casualty suffered by the team during the entire season. Guthrie Rowe broke his nose while trying to break his way through the Stockton line in their game here. He was rushed to a doctor and had it set, returning to the field before the game was finished with a nose guard on and asking to be put back into the game.

FOOTBALL FEED.

On February 20th the annual football feed was held, at which the happenings of the year are usually discussed, but this time the plans of next year were brought forth. The boys decided to change to the American game of football, and chose as their captain Linn Farish. The feed ended by the presentation to Mr. Bobbitt of an order on Kimball-Upson Sporting Goods Store by the boys to show in a small way their appreciation of his help.

Thus ended our season, a season of defeat for the team, but a season of pluck and fight with good feeling toward each other and between the schools.



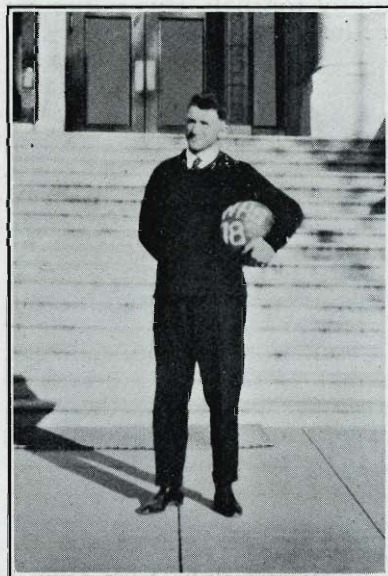
Boys' Basketball

The 1917-18 basket ball season was much more successful than the football season. The first call for practice brought out about twenty fellows. Although Captain Lawson was the only veteran from last years' team, there was much promising material and we were soon hard at work trying to make the first team. The season ended with Walter Lawson, Clarence Eaton and Guthrie Rowe as forwards; Forrest Laugenour as center and Edmund Lowe and Linn Farish as guards.

Soon after the opening of the season our coach, Mr. Kellogg, left for San Bernardino. Mr. Whitehead was chosen to coach the team and it is chiefly due to him that we had such a satisfactory season.

ESPARTO 24—WOODLAND 41.

After three weeks of hard practice the Woodland Hi quintet played Esparto on our own court. The first half was a hard fought battle, but at the beginning of the second half Woodland took the lead and the final whistle blew with the score 41-24 in Woodland's favor. The line-up was Justice Lawson, Irwin Hunt, and Clarence Eaton, forwards; Forrest Laugenour, center, and Walter Lawson, Lester Dahler and Edmund Lowe, guards.



Coach Whitehead

CARLTON CLUB 52—HIGH SCHOOL 12.

The second game of the season was played with the Carlton Club. Our team was greatly weakened by the absence of Captain Lawson, while the Carlton Club team was made up of old players who used more team work than the High School players. Although they were outclassed from start to finish, the High School team put up a good fight. Apperson and Scott were the chief scorers for the Carlton Club, while Laugenour made most of the points for the High School.

STOCKTON 46—WOODLAND 14.

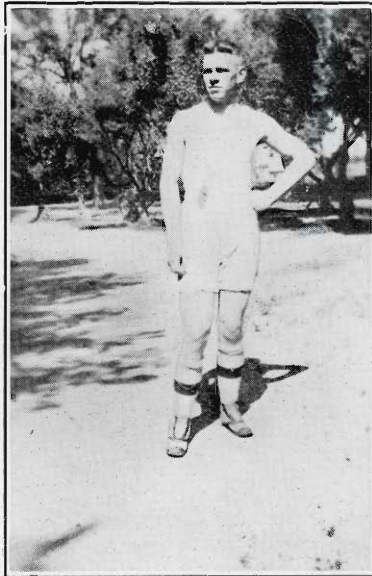
On the evening of January 12th our team motored to Stockton to meet the "Slough City's" quintet. Again superior team work told, and Woodland came out at the small end of the score. Laugenour made six points, Rowe made five and Justice Lawson made three for Woodland, while Santini was the star for Stockton with twenty-nine points to his credit. The Woodland line-up was as follows: Justice Lawson and Guthrie, forwards; Forrest Laugenour, center, and Edmund Lowe, Linn Farish and Lester Dahler, guards. Captain Lawson was unable to play in this game because of an injured hip.



Drever, Mgr. Lowe Laugenour Farish Whitehead, Coach
 Eaton Lawson, Capt., Rowe

SACRAMENTO 32—WOODLAND 13.

On January 18th the Woodland team met the Sacramento five in Woodland. In the first half Sacramento outplayed Woodland, making 24 points to Woodland's two. In the second half Woodland came back determined to win, but Sacramento's lead was too great, and they were unable to overcome it. However, they played a better game than Sacramento, making eleven points, while Sacramento made only eight. The feature of the game was the basket shooting of Oneil, the Sacramento center, who made fourteen points. Laugenour was sick and unable to play, and Farish played the first half at center. In the second half Farish was shifted to guard and Walter Lawson went in at center. He not only held Oneil down to four points, but made six points himself.



Captain Lawson

AUBURN vs. WOODLAND.

On February 2d the Woodland team went to Auburn. The first half ended with the score 14-5 in favor of Auburn. The Auburn coach refereed the first half and there was no dispute over his decisions. At the beginning of the second half, with Mr. Whitehead refereeing, we made ten points in about seven minutes. The Auburn team, fearing that they would lose the game, began to make a number of fouls. After warning them several

times to stop roughing it, Mr. Whitehead called three fouls for charging. Captain Lawson shot all three goals. Declaring that Mr. Whitehead was crooked, the Auburn coach called his team off the floor and they refused to go back on the floor, although Mr. Whitehead offered to allow the Auburn coach to referee the remainder of the game.

Such conduct shows very poor sportsmanship, and we regret very much the way the game ended, although we did all in our power to settle the difficulty.

SUTTER CREEK 23—WOODLAND 28.

On February 9th Woodland again broke into the win column by defeating Sutter Creek, 23-28. The game was very close, Sutter Creek leading at the end of the first half 21-10. In the second half the Woodland players woke up and began to give an account of themselves, making eighteen points and holding their opponents down to two. Laugenour and Eaton were the stars with ten points each to their credit. Donovan of the visitors made eight points. The Woodland line-up was Rowe and Eaton, forwards; Laugenour, center, and Lawson and Lowe, guards.

ESPARTO 16—WOODLAND 46.

The first and second teams went to Esparto on February 15th. They were accompanied by eighty-five students, whose rooting contributed in no small measure to the success of both teams. Again the Woodland team completely outclassed Esparto. There was never any doubt as to how the game would turn out; although the rooters were very indignant when Laugenour put the ball through Esparto's basket. However, he made up for it a few minutes later by shooting a basket for Woodland. In all he made sixteen points. Lawson and Eaton also had their batting eye that night, Lawson making thirteen points and Eaton scoring eleven.

In the curtain raiser Woodland High was again victorious, the second team defeating the Esparto second 40-15. Royles and Stine were the big men, each making sixteen points.



Grieves, Stine, Whitehead (coach), Luft
Lawson, Royles, Drever.

LODI 36—WOODLAND 20.

The game between Woodland and Lodi at Lodi was the hardest fought contest of the season. The first half was evenly matched ending in an 8-8 tie.

At the beginning of the second half the line-up of the Lodi team was shifted, and this combination proved too much for the Woodland quintet, although Lodi had to fight for every point. The final whistle blew with the score 36-20 in Lodi's favor.

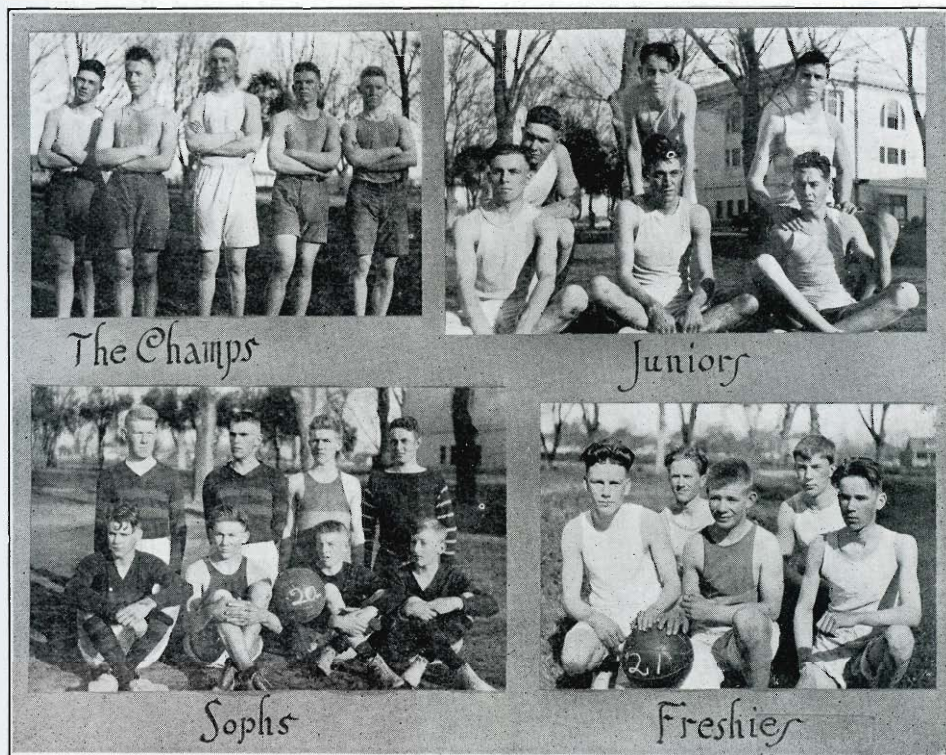
The preliminary game, between the Woodland and Lodi second teams, was as hotly contested as the first team game, but it ended more successfully for the Woodland players. With the score at half time 15-12 in favor of Lodi, the Woodland quintet decided to win the game, and win they did by the narrow margin of two points. The final score was 23-25.

SACRAMENTO 24—WOODLAND 34.

On March 1st Sacramento came over with her first and second teams to clean up on Woodland. But this time Sacramento was very much surprised, and both teams and rooters went home sadder and with a much better opinion of Woodland's ability to play basket ball. There was never any doubt as to who would win the first team game, as Woodland took the lead at the start and kept it through the whole game. The game ended with the score 24-34 in favor of Woodland.

Langenour was the best scorer, with eight field throws to his credit. Lawson made three field goals and two free throws and Lowe made three field goals.

Before the big game the second teams tangled for a mixed exhibition



The Champs

Juniors

Sophs

Freshies

of basket ball and football, with Woodland getting the best of it. The score when the timer's whistle blew was 27-14 in favor of Woodland. Grieves was the high scorer of the game with seventeen of Woodland's points to his credit.

William McNeely refereed this game, as he did all of the others played in Woodland, to the complete satisfaction of both teams.

INTERCLASS.

This year considerable interest was shown in the interclass games, and much rivalry was shown to see which team should have its numeral inscribed on the cup put up by Mr. Hyman.

A series of six games was arranged and played. The Seniors came out the undisputed champs of the school, and as a result Walter Lawson, Shirley Drever, Forrest Laugenour, Edmund Lowe and James Royles have their names inscribed on the cup. The Sophomores captured second place, and the Juniors third, while the "Babes" are still trying to get out of the cellar.

Not content with their laurels, the Seniors challenged the school to a series of three games and were victorious in two of them.

BASKET BALL FEED.

Op April 6th, after the Liberty Day parade, a party of seven boys left for Dillon's Beach, to get some clams for a basket ball feed. They came back on Tuesday, April 9th, with three sacks of rubbernecks. On Wednesday evening Mrs. Lawson with the assistance of several ladies and girls prepared a feed for the basket ball squad, and it certainly was some feed. After everyone had satisfied his hunger all those present were called on for speeches.

The basket ball squad presented Mr. Whitehead with a gold knife in appreciation of his faithful coaching. The evening was ended with cheers for the cooks and the girls who had waited on the tables.



Kaiser Bill

Kaiser Bill is dead; that bad old man,
We never shall hear more.
He used to wear a bright red robe
All buttoned down before.

His heart was darker than the night,
His feelings all were nix.
His nature was inclined to fight
But now he's in a fix.

He lived at war with all mankind,
To hatred he was true.
His coat had buttonholes behind
And his pantaloons were new.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances.
But lived (as all his neighbors do)
In easy circumstances.

But bad old Bill is now at rest,
Nor fears America's frown.
He wears a double-breasted vest,
And the stripes run all around.

CARSTON WOLL '20.



Mixer, Coach, Robnison Eaton Grigsby Green Barnes, Mgr., Hucke Hoppin, Capt. Dahler

Girls' Athletics

The past year has proved to be exceedingly interesting for the Girls' Athletic Association. The more is this true of the interclass than the inter-scholastic games.

We played two games with visitors. There was the usual pep and zest that always accompanies high school activities, and, of course, the orange and white were triumphant.

Our first game we played with Dixon on the evening of November 16, 1917, in the High School Gym. The two teams seemed to be well matched in size, but the contest was rather one sided, as is shown in the score. Woodland won by 46-5. After the game the second team gave a banquet for the visitors in the domestic science rooms.

The second game was with the Esparto sextette, and was far from being as interesting as the first on account of the overwhelming defeat of the visitors. When it was evident that the Esparto girls could not even score, the Woodland second team superseded the first. Even then the score stood 36-1 at the end of the evening in favor of Woodland.

The interclass contests were a series of spirited basket ball games between the seniors, sophomores and freshmen. The sophomores were defeated by both the seniors and freshmen. This left the championship to be decided between the seniors and freshmen, and marvel of marvels, the freshies won!

As a conclusion to the basket ball season the girls gave a dance in the gymnasium after the senior-freshmen game. The affair was very successful and all had a good time.

Thanks to our very able gym teacher, Miss Mixer, the girls' athletics did not stop at basket ball. To the astonishment of many, the girls are now preparing for a track and field meet, to be held on the High School campus within the next two weeks. The sophomore and freshmen will compete for first honors in running, jumping, hurdling and the shot put. The meet, although new and unusual in this school, is bound to be a success under our competent instructress.

VIRGINIA HOPPIN '20.



Coach Mixer



Captain Hoppin



EXCHANGES



Ruth Ericson '24

Caduceus, Chico, Cal.

You have a splendid book and you certainly have reason to be proud of your cover. We would suggest a few cuts.

The Cogswell Poly College, San Francisco.

Your war number is full of interest. The letters from your boys are indeed thrilling and the idea an original one. Your cuts are attractive.

Copa de Oro, Orland, Cal.

More stories would add greatly to your interesting book.

The Gold and White, Sutter, Cal.

An excellent paper. Your many cuts are a very fine feature of your annual. The memoriam is beautiful.

The Madrona, Palo Alto, Cal.

Your Literary Department is worthy of comment. A few more cuts would not be amiss.

La Mezcla, Fairfield-Suisun, Cal.

A very worthy journal. In quality of print and paper you are excellent.

The Mission, Ripon, Cal.

A few more stories and cuts would improve your fascinating little book.

The Napanee, Napa, Cal.

Your Literary Department is good and the cover unusually neat. Your jokes are a scream and your poets witty.

The Netherlands, Rio Vista, Cal.

A splendid book. Your cover is unique in its suggestion and consistent with the title. The many cuts show lots of "pep."

Pine Breezes, Placerville, Cal.

The arrangement of your journal deserves special mention; also cover design and drawings. The story entitled, "The White Feather" is very good.

Rays From the Purple, Susanville, Cal.

Considering the size of your school, you have a reason to be proud of your "Rays." Your cartooning is clever.

El Recuerdo, Huntington Park, Cal.

A very creditable publication. The story entitled "When Jackie Aided Fale" is unusually fine. The material is well arranged.

The Red and Gray, Fitchburg, Mass.

Congratulations on "Mr. Crochets' Gift." We don't like your cover and we don't approve of your ads in the front of the book. With your stories, however, we can find no complaint.

The Review, Sacramento, Cal.

We do not feel that it would be just to criticize you when your plan was to keep your expenses low in order to swell the war fund. You have the right spirit.

The Spectator, Cloverdale, Cal.

The Senior pictures are cleverly arranged and your cartoons are very suggestive. Why not a few more snapshots?

Sequoia, Redwood City, Cal.

Your Literary Department and your cuts are good. The Horoscope of class and will are very clever. Your jokes are breezy. Why not mix some of the jokes with the advertisements?

The Spider, Gridley, Cal.

A neat little book. The story "The Worries of William" is a real story. We took an unusual interest in the "Spider" because Mr. Kern once belonged to us.

El Susurro, Monterey, Cal.

We like the arrangement of your material and the general neat appearance of your magazine.

The Tokay, Lodi, Cal.

You are one of our best exchanges and afford us a great deal of enjoyment. Your Literary Department is excellent. Where did you find so many skilled poets? Your drawings and cover are neat and are well suited to the title of your book.

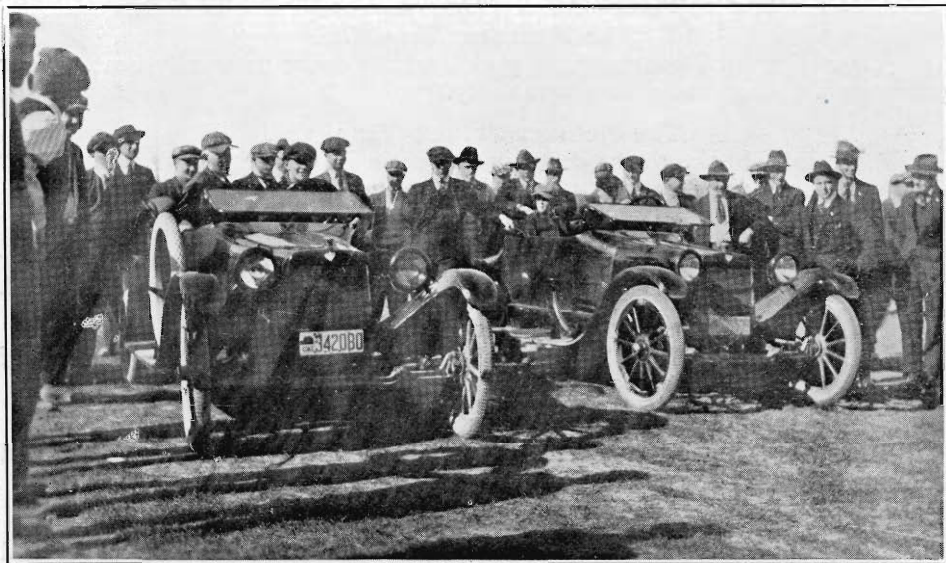
The Ulatis, Vacaville, Cal.

You certainly show school spirit. The poem entitled "The Kaiser to the Deity" is very amusing.

Whims, Seattle, Wash.

A good book for a monthly. A few more cartoons and some cuts would greatly add to it.

IVY D. KNIGHT '18.



Ready for the Race



J
O
S
E
P
H

A local man was approached and asked what kind of service he received at the local post office. His answer was, even though they employed several girls, the **male** service is all that could be desired, that he had only noticed one **leak** and though several letters had been delivered by the **Black hand** he thought that the trouble could be stamped out, and it would be better to **letter** go at that.

Margaret Harling—When Carston proposed to you did he get down on his knees?

Eloise Hare—I should say not!

Margaret H.—Why didn't he?

Eloise H.—Well, probably they were occupied at that time.

Here's to the Kaiser,
May he have many a reversal,
I would like to run over him
With my Universal (Ford).

Mrs. Lawhead—What animals are found in the vicinity of the North Pole?

Lowell Edson—Pole cats.

Charlotte Laugenour (talking about graduation dresses)—If we wear those sacks that Mr. Hyman wants, we'll all look like Dutch ovens.

Lily Jacobs—What animal gets nearest to a man?

Sylvia Parlin—A flea.

Guthrie Rowe (on the basket ball trip to Stockton)—What is that big building over there?

Bud Lowe—That's a crematory.

G. Rowe—Is that where they make cream?

Mrs. Lawhead—What was Joan of Arc maid of?

Juanita Childers—Flesh, bones—etc.

Mrs. Lawhead—Wasn't she maid of New Orleans?

During the month of September Price Webb, the only boy in the French class, met May Rawson, another member of the class.

She said, "Bon jour" (good day).

He reddened, stammered, hesitated and blurted out, "Merry Christmas."

A Short Outline of a Book.

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book would still be dry.

A soldier received a pair of socks from a lady. Here is his reply:

"Your socks, kind lady, were a perfect fit. I used one for a hammock and one for a mitt. I hope to see you when I've done my bit, but where in h—l did you learn to knit?"

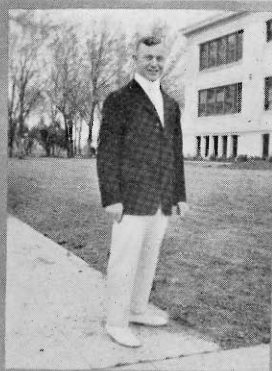
Elizabeth Porter and Martha Hecke (selling Red Cross stamps)—Oh, Billy, won't you buy some Red Cross stamps to help tuberculosis?

Billy--No; I haven't got it.

Vera Drever, rushing madly home from school, to weep in her mother's arms. "Oh! mother," she sobbed, "I have lost my darling little vest."

"Which one?" inquired her mother sympathetically.

"The knitted one, of course (indignantly)."



Commander-in-chief



Looking 'em over



Stars and Stripes



Lankey



The Start



The Finish



Two Attractions



Ship Ahoy



On account of the war



Triplets



The way Faris fishes



At Dillons



Royles on the Ball.



He doesn't mind

Senior (to new student)—Your name?

Student—Belle Pane, if you please.

Senior—Do you pronounce your first name with two syllables?

H. Cranston—Where did Edith Davis lose her heart?

H. Summers—Why, she 'lost it in the Morgue(an), and she can't find the street(er).

Miss Larson (in Senior English)—How would you punctuate the sentence, "There goes a pretty girl?"

Ellard Younger—I would make a dash after the girl.

Mr. Morris—So you want to marry my daughter, do you, young man?

K. Lowe—Yes, sir.

Mr. Morris—Well, can you support a family?

K. Lowe—H—how many are there of you, sir?

Reva Shaffer—So Harold McAnney has given up smoking. It requires a pretty strong will to accomplish that.

Lucille Browning—Well, I'd have you understand, that I have a strong will.

A Sting on an Ardent Lover.

Calvin stood beneath a fragrant tree,
And said if Helen has any love for me
This perfume laden bough
Will drop a flower to me,
And now how sad he is I cannot tell,
A measly little "lemon" fell.

Two Eyreishmen war argueing woon dae as to which was the stronger. Says Pat, "I'm verry strong in me arms, oi lifted a dousand pounds von dae."

"Dat's nuddings," shouts Mike. "Oin strong in der feet, oi raised ay hole audience vonce."

Nellie had a little lamb,
That was full of tricks,
It swallowed her wrist watch one day,
And now it's full of ticks.

Price Webb—Seen anything of Port Alexander, Babe?

Babe Dahler (coming out of the gym about 5 p. m.)—No, it's too dark.

Miss Kinnell (in English)—Albert, if I should say tin, what would be the first thing that entered your mind?

Albert Tharp (just waking up)—A Ford.

M. Meenen—Say, Jake, the next time you go to a masquerade put a coat of sugar on your head.

Ida Jacobs—Why?

M. M.—Then you will look like a pill.

Forrest Laugenour—Listen, now. I have never had a kiss.

Bernice Hadsall—Well, if it is war times, I am not recruiting.

A Freshman's shortest description of the World's Fair: Veni (I came), vide (I saw), Stella.

K. Lowe—Do the people across the road keep watermelons?

H. Simpson—Why, I suppose they keep some of them.

The president of the student body, Forrest Laugenour, has obtained a new position, tying Bunny Shaffer's shoes in Physics.

Linn Farish—What do they mean by poetic license? Does a poet have to pay for a license?

K. Lowe—No. If he did we'd have fewer poets.

Grand Larceny.

Ford Shaffer—If I should kiss you, would it be petit larceny?

Olah Day—Oh, no. I think it would be grand.

Miss Mixer (speaking to Helen Cooper in a Latin class)—Helen, translate the fourth sentence.

Helen—The departure which I saw was very much like a flee (flea).

Ruth Dickey (to a nurse at the sanitarium)—This young man (meaning Lowell Edson) wishes to go inside and I want a spoon.

Nurse—Oh, no wonder you want him taken indoors.

Miss Hyatt—Perhaps you won't believe it, but a strange man tried to kiss me once.

Miss Larson—Well, I bet he never tried to kiss you twice.

Mervin Younger—Mr. Butzbach thinks he is boss.

Irwin Hunt—But his wife is the board of estimate.



A Hopeless Case

Linn Farish (during practice game at the first of the season)—Well, what do you think of the condition of the field, Jim?

Jim Royles—Best I ever tasted.

Kaiser Wilhelm (on the battle front)—Well, I suppose they'll go on missing me as usual, but I must say it's getting rather warm.

E. Younger—How far can your ancestry be traced?

M. Stine—Well, my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a country bank, they traced him as far as China, but he got away.

Anne Lee Summers—Since we're living in the country I take long walks for my complexion.

Lily Jacobs—Yes. That's the worst of living in the country—the chemist's shop is always such a long walk.

Edna Ruppert (at the Junior-Senior meeting) rushes out of the room during the meeting.

Bill McQuaid—Where are you going?

Edna R.—I have a date with the dentist.

Bill Mc.—That's the only person you can get a date with.

Miss Kinnell—Frederick, if you had three apples and some one gave you five more, what would you have?

Freddie—I guess I'd have a pain in my stomach.

Zella Morris—What time does the next train leave?

S. P. Ticket Agent—Don't know; haven't heard from Mr. McAdoo this week.

V. C.—I saw Hulbert blow himself today.

C. L.—What on?

V. C.—A dirty handkerchief.

Carroll Stitt—I can't eat a meat without a piece of meat(a) (Meta).

Ford Shaffer—I eat it all (a)day (Ohla Day).

Wanted—Freshmen for a new job, packing water to the baby elephants. (Lester Germeshausen and Bernice Hironomous.)

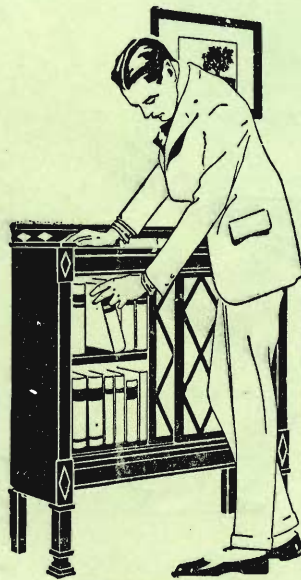
Edith Davis (after hearing of a boy getting his nose broken)—Oh, just think, he will have to wear it in a sling.

If all flesh were grass Lester (a 290 pounder) would be a big load of hay.

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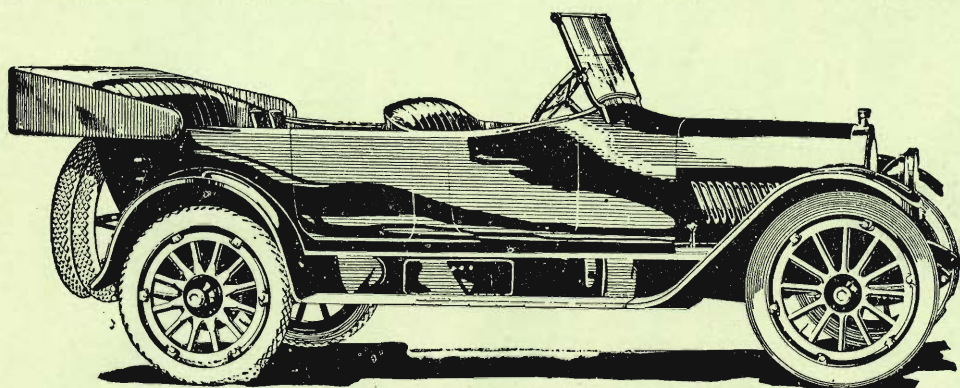
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Mrs. Lawhead—What is a suffragette?

Lyle Gallup—A being who has ceased to be a lady and is no gentleman.

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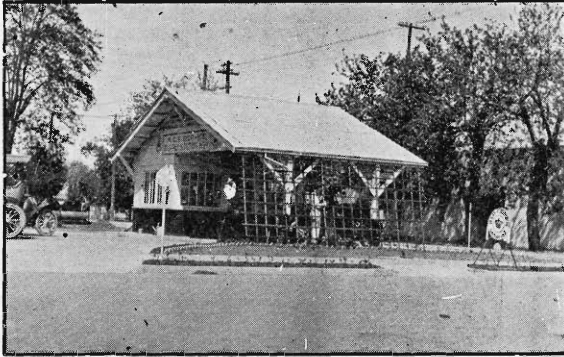
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Mrs. Proctor (in Junior English)—What part of speech is kiss?

Boob Hunt—Noun, both common and proper.

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Bud Lowe (in Senior English)—Goldsmith returned from Padua, Italy,
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362—PHONES—363

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Gladys Gibson—What tense is John conjugating?

Miss Hyatt—Pretense, I guess.

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to Men who Know

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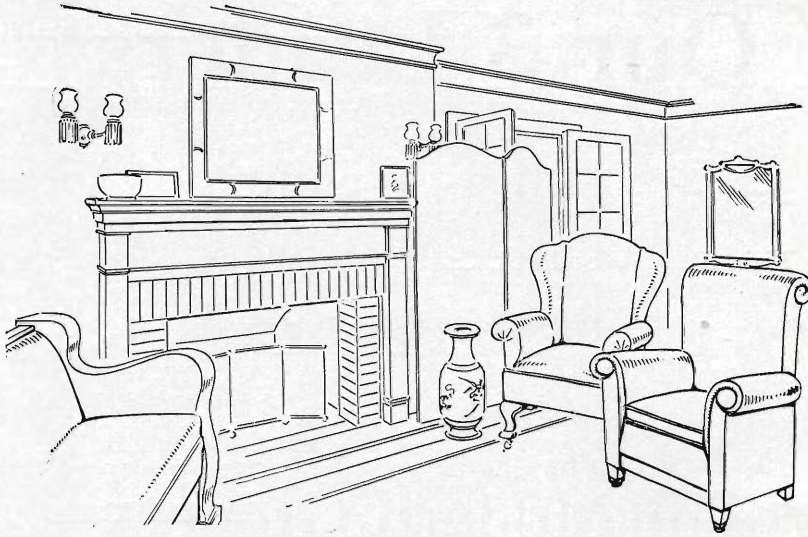
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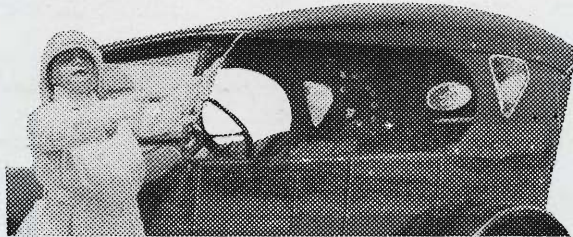
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Luke Foster—Pious, full of pie.

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Helen D.—Mother wouldn't like it.

Calvin A.—Your mother isn't going to get it.

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James Royles—He's out of luck.

Miss Larson (sarcastically)—Anticipation is greater than imagination.

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Lowell Edson—Then I must be a millionaire.

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Lorraine Foley—Since all our stars have left!
Claire Lowe—Well, you must think "Buddie" is a star.
Lorraine—No he's a comet.



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Bill Bray--I guess this is "soapless" day.

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Anne Lee Summers--Well, I got wet in the A. M. and cold in the P. M.

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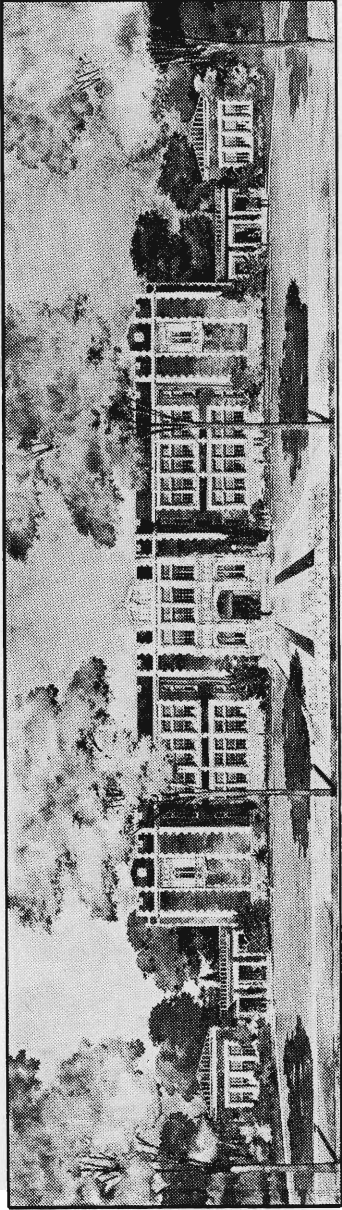
Woodland Bakery

BAY & MUNZ

BREAD, CAKES, PIES
AND FANCY CAKES

Fresh Bread Twice A Day

PHONE 31



Colusa Grammar School

The above cut shows the beautiful Colusa Grammar School as it will appear at completion. This building is in a class with the Woodland Schools which means a class unexcelled in school buildings. Mr. W. H. Weeks is the Architect, and was also the Architect of the Woodland Grammar, Primary and High Schools.

Brown & Caldwell

General Contractors

Estimates Furnished on Building

Telephone 443-J

WOODLAND, CAL.

Edna Ruppert—Oh, I wish I had a victrola!

Ruth Dickey—I would rather have an Ed(i)son.

When in Woodland

VISIT

OUR BIG NEW STORE

MAKE IT YOUR HEADQUARTERS

DRY GOODS—READY-TO-WEARABLES

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

THE VOGUE - **Griggs & Bush**

Main Street Garage

Dealers in

Packard

Peerless

Hudson

Dodge

Touring Cars

and

Republic Trucks

Goodyear Tires

Accessories and Supplies

Kitto, Oliver & Wilson

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Woodland, California

S. L. Hogan

BOOT BLACK

Ladies Shoes a Specialty

Good Word Guaranteed

Weston---Taxis

Autos For Hire Phone 23

Stand at Electric Deopt
and Julian Hotel

Anyone Can Claim Big Values

But you yourself can prove to your satisfaction that our store is giving the greatest.

M. Stine

New and Second Hand
Furniture Store

Price Webb—It's quite true that there are microbes in kisses.

Winifred Smith—Oh! the sweet little darlings.

The Woodland Corset Shop

E. J. George K. E. Sweitzer

Phone 420-W

IS YOUR CORSET A FITTED CORSET?

The advantage of being fitted to your particular style corset means a whole lot to your figure and your health as well as your comfort. Not long ago women simply asked for their favorite corset and mentioned their size and let it go at that. Now things are changed, the woman or young girl today asks and arranges for a fitting. At Our Shop will be found private fitting rooms, and a corsetiere of years experience.

Surgical and maternity fitting a speciality.

Full stock of front and back lace corsets in all the popular makes and corsets made to order.

EVERY FITTING ABSOLUTELY
GUARANTEED

Ben H. Farquar

GENERAL CONTRACTOR

AND BUILDER

Plans and Specifications

Woodland, California

“Nihil Sine Labore”

Is True---But

We have the goods and implements that lighten the labor of the farm or townsman. The best machinery from the best manufactories

At Right Prices

Sporting Goods

that make you wish Vacation would last forever.

Guns, Ammunition

Fishing Tackle

and

Camp Goods

And we deem it a pleasure to show our stock whether you purchase or not.

R. B. CRANSTON

WOODLAND, CAL.

PHONE **26**

Eat Yolo Milled Rice Products

In this era of sky prices, rice has been the one "best bet" commodity for the consumer.

Rice products milled right here in Yolo county should meet with ready sale in this section, particularly. Boost for Yolo-Milled rice, the best obtainable.

Globe Mills

S. A. MENG, Local Manager

The following piece appeared in a Sacramento paper:

Woodland.—Ellard Younger (19 or 20 years of age), infant son of E. L. Younger, contractor of this city, was injured when he fell from the running board of his father's automobile.

For Your

Class Pictures

Made By

Hartsook---Photographer

Los Angeles, 636 S. Broadway

Oakland, 408 Fourteenth St.

Visalia, 104 Main Street

Pomona, 357 W. Second St.

Santa Cruz, 96 Pacific Ave

Santa Rosa, 523 Fourth St.

Fresno, 1228 J. Street

Pasadena, 33 W. Colorado St.

Sacramento, 422 K Street

San Jose, 285 First St.

Stockton, 531 East Main St.

San Deigo, Cabrillo Theater Bldg.

Bakersfield, 1923 I Street

San Francisco, 41 Grant Ave.

Dairy Products of Highest Quality

Wholesale and Retail

MILK—CREAM—BUTTER—BUTTERMILK
AND ICE-CREAM

The Milk and Cream which we are selling in Woodland is produced from our own dairies, every attention being given to cleanliness, health of cows, etc.

Our facilities enable us to offer a product of uniform quality, guaranteed free from contamination, an item of great importance in selecting milk for babies.

You are invited to call and inspect our Creamery and try a glass of our ice cold milk or buttermilk.

A. W. MORRIS

Pasteurized Milk
Company

604 Main St.

Woodland, Cal.

Phone 100-W 706 Main St.

BREEN'S

CANDIES

ICE CREAM

WATER ICES

Woodland,

Cal.

E. L. Younger

General Contractor



Office 328 Porter Bldg

Phone 95

Woodland,

Cal.

Theodora Purkitt--Gee! I'm cold.

B. Browning--Do you want me to get you a coat.

Cook with Gas

AND

Conserve Fuel



Pacific Gas & Electric Co.

WOODLAND

Hotel Sacramento

SACRAMENTO

Headquarters for Woodland visitors.

Our Tuesday and Saturday Dance you will find to be of the first class.

Our music is the best that can be procured.

ALBERT BETTENS, Mgr.

The Morning Paper

Is a cheery visitor at the breakfast table
which tells you all the latest news of
locality, nation and world

That's why nearly everybody in
Yolo County subscribes for THE MAIL

It brings that interesting message
you need to keep track of the everyday
doings of life

Good Printing Also

The Mail of Woodland

W. F. MIXON, Proprietor

THE POPULAR BANKS

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Woodland, - - - California

Under United States Government Supervision

Member Federal Reserve Bank

United States Depository



HOME SAVINGS BANK

Associated with FIRST NATIONAL BANK

We Pay 4 Per Cent on All Deposits



If You are a customer of Ours we assure you of Our appreciation.

If YOU do not transact any of your business with Our Banks let this be an invitation to become one of Our Satisfied customers.

WE INVITE NEW ACCOUNTS AND WILL TREAT YOU RIGHT.

Make Our Banks Your Banks

The F. R. Doyle Livestock Co.

Wholesale Dealer In

MULES AND HORSES

Yard and Sales Department at Base Ball Park

Office—Julian Hotel, Woodland.

F. R. DOYLE.

JULIAN HOTEL & GRILL

WOODLAND LEADING HOTEL

FIRST CLASS A LA CARTE SERVICE

S. Drever (to Ruth Grigsby, who has drawn a picture of the new building)—What does that represent.

R. Grigsby—Board and lodging for six weeks.

Full and complete Coverage

The Best of Service and a 50 per cent Saving in Cost

to those Insuring in the

FARMERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF YOLO COUNTY

J. D. MUSGROVE, Sect.

Woodland, Cal.

Agent State Compensation Insurance Fund

