LA TORRE

1921

TEACHER'S COLLEGE
EUREKA
STATE
SAN JOSE CAL.

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LA TORRE

(Lah Tor'ray, Spanish for "The Tower")

The Year Book of the Class of June
Nineteen hundred twenty-one

EX LIBRIS
POET LAUREATE
HENRY MEADE BLAND

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Published Annually by the June Class of the
State Normal School at San Jose, California

I am the year book of 1921. I am not all that my makers desired; but I am the best I could be under human limitations. I am the product of aching eyes, of rushed days, and of sleepless nights. I am the cause of anxious wrinkles, sticky fingers, and thin soles, worn by trips through nameless alleys and by wearying ascents up dark, smoky stairways. I am the child of love and of strife, the offspring of argument and of inspiration. I am the result of miles tramped in the pursuit of many people, of ruined grades, of lonely evenings, of pleasant labor and dull. I am the work of many pens and many minds whose wish was to make me a companion interesting in 1941,---a supplement to the chapters of memory. Thus do I hope to serve the members of the class of 1921 and their friends whose support made possible my existence.

EDITOR'S PRESCRIPT

In the words of Muirchu 699 A. D. (Life of St. Patrick): "My skill is small; my authorities are uncertain; my memory is treacherous; my intelligence is worn out; my style is poor; yet the feeling of my love is most pious."

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Dedication

To William Webb Kemp, our president, in gratitude for what he has done and hopes to do for us and our successors, the Class of 1921, his first graduating class, dedicate their book.

W. W. Kemp.

HAIL, THREE TIMES HAIL!
OUR NOBLE GOLD AND WHITE;
IN THEE, OUR ALMA MATER,
IS WISDOM, TRUTH AND LIGHT;
TO THEE WILL BE STRENGTH, ALL HONOR,
POWER AND MIGHT,
FOREVER WILL BE PRAISES, TO THE
GOLD AND WHITE.

OF ALL THE TOWERS THAT PROUDLY RISE
'NEATH CALIFORNIA'S RADIANT SKIES,
ONE IN OUR HEART OF HEARTS IS SHRINED
WITH MEMORY'S IVY LEAVES ENTWINED.

To "Our Friend", Mr. Wilson

To the friend who most successfully guided the Normal through the critical period following our loss of Dr. Dailey;

To the friend who is our constant advisor and helper in times of difficulty;

To the friend who constantly helps to promote school spirit;

To the friend whom we all love, respect, and honor;

To Mr. Wilson, we, the Senior Class of 1921, dedicate in affection this page in La Torre.

CONTENT

Give me a well and a willow-tree,
And a good true heart for company;
A root and an herb and a sacred book,
And a rosy garden whereon to look.
Here would I hold old friends in fee
And shape them fair in memory.
Here would I live and watch the years;
Here would I know neither sighs nor tears.
Here I could sing the eternal theme
And catch the glint of the Perfect Dream.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

Written for the June Class of 1921
The State Normal School at
San Jose, Cal.

SENIORS

ЗЕЛЬЦЕ

Foreword

IT IS perhaps farthest from the thoughts of the two hundred two members of the class of June, nineteen twenty-one, that they will never all be together again. It is hard to realize that these girls have finished their two years together at the San Jose Normal, the oldest normal west of the Rocky Mountains.

In fact, we have not had time to turn our minds to retrospection. We are concerned with the future. Most of us already know what portion of the United States of America, (or, indeed, its outlying possessions) is ours to educate and train up in the way it should go. No small number are making plans, immediate or remote, for a home somewhere out in the West. Others, for still years to come, will be found haunting the halls of learning in higher institutions.

And it is well that we take thought for the things of tomorrow, for to dwell in the past is a symptom of age.

In September nineteen hundred nineteen, we assembled from the uttermost parts of the state and from beyond its borders. We were Junior A's. The next two terms, as Junior B's and Junior C's, we were initiated to our calling through the Training School.

As Senior A's we did what no class had ever done, elected officers in the fall term, the editor and manager of the year book to serve for the year, the others to hold office till the spring term when another election took place. This early organization was suggested by Mr. Spaulding of the faculty, and we recommend the plan to every class.

As Senior C's we have been busy with class activities, our entertainment, our ball, Junior-Senior Day rehearsals, pageant practice for class night, plans for graduation, and, since we are what we are, graduation wardrobes. We wear class pins and signet rings bearing the Normal seal.

The year book of this class is the most expensive ever published in this school, and, it is hoped, the best; but surely the fifteen hundred dollars and the thousand hours of work which it cost could do more good in the world if spent some other way. A much more modest souvenir wuld be more fitting.

How surprised one of us would be, taking a bird's-eye view over the world on every tenth anniversary of our commencement, to see what changes time had wrought in the class of nineteen twenty-one! Here is one a university president; that one holds a high place in the business world; another pores over the manuscript for one of many books; others scattered abroad labor to enlighten people in the dark corners of the earth; and there is one in black silk, whose granddaughter in the San Jose State Teachers' College listens to her tales of life at the old Normal of her time.

Who can foretell what will come of the makers of the organdie rainbow which brightened the quad on the afternoon of the twenty-third of June, nineteen hundred twenty-one?

And what changes will occur in the buildings! Even the wood and stone will not remain as they are.

Ours is the last class which sat in the old assembly hall, and the first whose voices were heard in the new.

Our's is President Kemp's first graduating class and the last class to receive diplomas from the San Jose State Normal School.

May that class be true to the Gold and White; and when they shall have reached the age of our greatest alumnus, may they also be able to refer to the time spent with their Alma Mater as two of the happiest years of their lives.

F. M. F.

Senior Officers

G. S. Rogers

Frances Fox

Olive Eklund

Helen Northcutt

Sarah Rich

Dorothy Gillham

Clarice Leibe

Katherine Casanova

Maude Miller

GERTRUDE BIGGERS,
Sr. C4

President, first semester.

"For what is it all, in
the words of fire,
But a vexing of soul, and
a vain desire?"
—*Miller.*

Home: 850 S. 3rd St., San Jose.

Destiny: "Grow, live, and die in single-blessedness."

FRANCES FOX,
Sr. C4, fmf

Editor La Torre.

"We'll drink a toast to the sorry ghost of the fox whose race is run."
—*Service.*

Home: 36 S. Lincoln Ave., San Jose.

Destiny: Write for the Atlantic.

OLIVE EKLUND,
Sr. C2

President, Alma Mater.

"When one is truly in love, one not only says it but shows it."
—*Longfellow.*

Home: Lodi.

Ambition: Help Alma Mater's fame to live.

HELEN NORTHRUP,
Sr. C4

Vice President, first semester.

"For in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."
—*Bible.*

Home: 55 Cleveland Ave., San Jose.

Destiny: Time will tell, I won't.

SARAH RICH, Sr. C4

Business Manager.

"Strong will, subtle tact, and soft manners had given her skill
To conciliate Fortune."
—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Home: 530 N. 1st St., San Jose.

Ambition: Learn more about advertising.

DOROTHY GILLHAM,
Sr. C6

Vice President, second semester.

"There is no living with thee or without thee."—*Addison.*

Home: 678 S. 3rd St., San Jose.

Ambition: Start an anti-gossip club.

CLARICE LEIBE,
Sr. C4

Secretary, first semester.

"Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by." —*Everett.*

Home: 416 N. 15th St., San Jose.

Ambition: To have a man for all dances.

CATHERINE CASANOVA, Sr. C6

Secretary, second semester.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."
—*Tennyson.*

Home: Ferndale.

Ambition: Live at home and save money.

MAUDE MILLER,
Sr. C7

Treasurer, second semester.

"She pined for the hilltops, the clouds, and the stars."
—*Meredith.*

Home: Antioch.

Ambition: To be a mail carrier in Egypt.

Lysle Gregory.
Christine Colantonio
Opal Lawhead
Emma Rosabel Wheeler
Nell Thompson
Esther Linda
Nellie Garner
Idell Beals
Mae Dodson
Mayme E. Anderson.
Ronynda Hayes
Evelyn Hewitt.
Olga M. Brecke
Henrietta J. Geiger.
Goldie Marsh
Cecilia F. Hann

LYSLE GREGORY, Sr. C5

"So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: Central Point, Oregon, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 103.

Ambition: To be successful through life.

CHRISTINE COLANTONIO, Sr. C5

"Fair as a star."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: 123 E. 23rd St., Chicago Heighst, Ill.

Destiny: We are pretty Sure!

OPAL LAWHEAD, Sr. C5

"Hits git up soon and set up late." —*Riley.*

Home: Dickson, N. D.

Destiny: Orphans' guardian.

EMMA WHEELER, Sr. C5

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: 501 Wilder Ave., Los Gatos.

Ambition: Mystery.

NELL THOMPSON, Sr. C6

"The very room coz she was in
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin'."
—*Lowell.*

Home: 257 So. 3rd St., San Jose.

Destiny: Drawing Supervisor.

ESTHER LNDA, Sr. C5

"Sweet as love,
Or the remembrance of a generous deed."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: Kingsburg.

Ambition: Do good.

NELLIE GARNER, Sr. C5

"With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free."

Home: Stockton.

Ambition: Get another ring to match the one I have now.

IDELL BEALS

"A merry heart goes all the day."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: 10 N. D St., San Mateo.

Ambition: Eliminate formal grammar from the curriculum.

MAE DODSON

"'Tis well to be merry and wise."

Home: 187 Bryant St., Palo Alto.

Ambition: Own a cat and a canary—and to sit by a stove that smokes.

MAYME ANDERSON, Sr. C5

"We meet thee like a pleasant thought."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: Colfax.

Destiny: Make charts for life.

DORYNDA HAYES, Sr. C9

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: 453 E. St. John St., San Jose.

Destiny: Secret.

EVELYN HEWITT, Sr. Kdg.

"And oh! her eyes are heaven-lit with dream."
—*Service.*

Home: 796 Delmas Ave., San Jose.

Ambition: Traffic cop.

OLGA BRECKE, Sr. C5

"A woman's work, grave sirs, is never done."

Home: Milton, North Dakota.

Destiny: Study Milton carefully.

HENRIETTA GEIGER, Sr. C5

"He that complies against his will,
Is of the same opinion still." —*Butler.*

Home: 736 Westlake Ave., Los Angeles.

Ambition: Get a diploma.

GOLDIE MARSH, Sr. Kdg.

"Loving she is, and tractable, tho' wild."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: Fallon, Nevada.

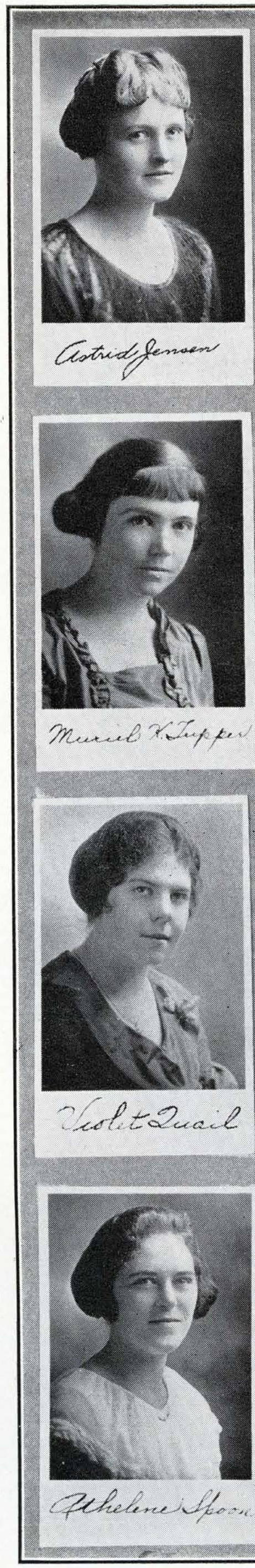
Ambition: To rise out of the marsh.

CECELIA WANN, Sr. C5

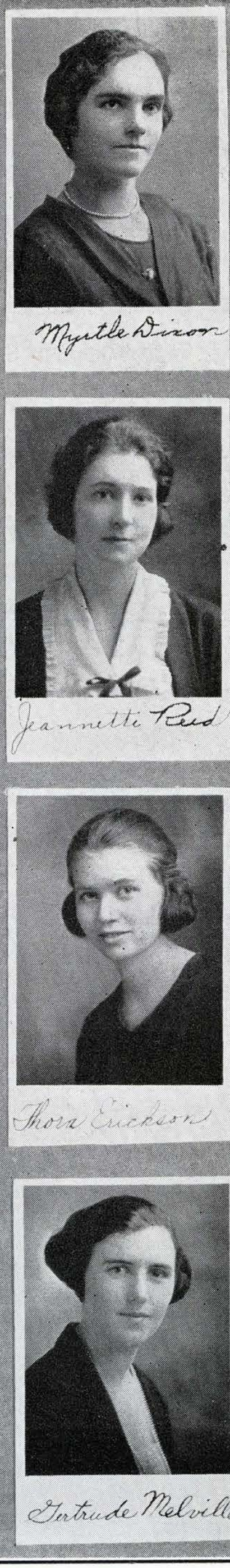
"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair."

Home: San Jose.

Destiny: Just a school teacher.


Astrid Jensen

Verah Shafsky


Myrtle Dixon

Marguerite Lowe

Muriel K. Tupper

Pilona Ferguson

Jeannette Reed

Lillian MacIntosh

Violet Quail

Gladys Daly

Thora Erickson

Mildred Dunlap

Athelene Spoon

Pearl Zanker

Gertrude Melville

Mabel West

ASTRID JENSEN,
Sr. C3

"Oh thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."
—*Marlowe.*

Home: 1529 E. Oak St., Stockton.

Ambition: Marry a duke.

VERAH SHAFSKY,
Sr. C1

"A voice soft and sweet as a tune that one knows."
—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Home: 508 S. 11th St., San Jose.

Ambition: Old maid school teacher.

MYRTLE DIXON,
Sr. C3

"She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!"
—*Longfellow.*

Home: Folsom, Star Route.

Ambition: To keep my wagon hitched to a star.

MARGUERITE SOUCIE, Sr. C2

"Blithe, blithe and merry was she."

Home: 350 E. Oak St., Lodi.

Ambition: Primary Grades on Mars.

MURIEL TUPPER,
Sr. Kdg.

"A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: 157 N. 11th St., San Jose.

Ambition: To become matron of a bachelor's home.

PHILOMA FERGUSON
Sr. Kdg.

"With her modesty pleases the grave,
She is everyway pleasing to me."

Home: Lodi.

Fate: Wouldn't you like to know?

JEANNETTE REED,
Sr. C1

"With downcast eyes and modest grace."
—*Coleridge.*

Home: Newman.

Ambition: To get *fat.*

LILLIEN MacINTOSH,
Sr. C9

"And here I stand with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before." —*Goethe.*

Home: Richmond.

Destiny: Hawaii in Household Arts.

VIOLET QUAIL,
Sr. Kdg.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: 1127 N. Commerce St., Stockton.

Ambition: To have a flock of my own.

GLADYS DALY,
Sr. C2

"And lightly was her slnder nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."
—*Tennyson.*

Home: Mendota.

Ambition: Supervise domestic science in Ireland.

THORA ERICKSON,
Sr. C2

"On one she smiled and he was blest."
—*Arnold.*

Home: Hickman.

Ambition: Rural School Supervisor in Alaska.

MILDRED DUNLAP,
Sr. C9

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."
—*Byron.*

Home: 354 N. 5th St., San Jose.

Destiny: Hipp Circuit.

ATHELENE SPOON,
Sr. Kdg.

"And yet what a sadness she seems to conceal."
—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Home: 420 11th St., Pacific Grove.

Fate: Matchmaker.

PEARL ZANKER,
Sr. C1

"Fair was she to behold."
—*Longfellow.*

Home: R. A, Box 120, San Jose.

Destiny: Teach 30 years Pension!!

GERTRUDE MELVILLE

"Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great."
—*Aeneid.*

Home: R. D. No. 3, Box 90, Stockton.

Destiny: Special Home Economics.

MABEL WEST, Sr. C2

"Variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made."
—*Scott.*

Home: 735 S. 7th St., San Jose.

Ambition: To keep my youthful complexion.

Josephine Piazza
Lucy Woodin
Daisy Turner
Violet Duer
Viola Feliz
Ruth Benson
Margaret B. Wright
Sallie Mayes
Irene Campbell
Jessie Wikkerink
Catherine Adams
Mae Taylor
Grace Barnes
Wilma Houd
Ethel King
Dorothey Gelfert

JOSEPHINE PIAZZA, Sr. C3

"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom."—*Bible.*

Home: 296 N. 6th St., San Jose.

Destiny: Leave it to you to consult ouija.

LUCY WOODIN, Sr. C5

"A noble type of good, Heroic womanhood."
—*Longfellow.*

Home: 600 S. 9th St., San Jose.

Ambition: To secure retirement salary.

DAISY TURNER, Sr. C7

"How fair is thy face and how light is thy heart."
—*Owen Meredith.*

Home: Turlock.

Ambition: See life.

VIOLET DUER, Sr. C4

"A happy man or woman is better to find than a five pound note."
—*Stevenson*

Home: 509 Mt. Diablo Ave., San Mateo.

Destiny: Fair, fat and forty.

VIOLA FELIZ, Sr. Kdg.

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."
—*Everett.*

Home: Berkeley.

Ambition: To be six feet tall.

RUTH BENSON, Sr. C7

"Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: Route A, Box 99, Ceres.

Ambition: Drive a bus to school.

MARGARET WRIGHT, Sr. C9

"Who but she could contrive so to keep
One's eyes and one's feet, too, from falling asleep."
—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Home: Palo Alto.

Ambition: To turn from the right.

SALLIE MAYERS, Sr. C3

"When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice."
—*Riley.*

Home: 701 Congress Ave., Pacific Grove.

Destiny: To go to Haiti.

IRENE CAMPBELL, Sr. C6

"Do Fortune as she list, I stand prepared."
—*Dante.*

Home: 661 S. 6th St., San Jose.

Destiny: Six feet under the ground.

JESSIE WIKKERINK,

"Faithfulness and sincerity first of all."
—*Confucius.*

Home: Aptos, Santa Cruz Co.

Ambition: Coach Chico teams.

CATHERINE ADAMS, Sr. C2

"I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: 125 Singletary Ave., San Jose.

Ambition: To be "Hello Catherine" to all.

MAE TAYLOR, Sr. C1

"But stout of heart will I onward fare."
—*Riley.*

Home: Florin.

Fate: Old maid.

GRACE BARNES, Sr. C2

"Thou nurse of every virtue." —*Goldsmith.*

Home: 175 S. 15th St., San Jose.

Ambition: To teach thirty years.

WILNA HOWE, Sr. C8

"To a young heart, everything is fun."
—*Dickens.*

Home: Pt. Arena.

Ambition: County Superintendnet.

ETHEL KING, Sr. C5

"Just being happy is a fine thing to do."

Home: Sonora.

Ambition: To get rid of the "King."

DOROTHY GILFERT, Sr. C3

"Her step is music and her voice is song."
—*Bailey.*

Home: 701 Congress Ave., Pacific Grove.

Ambition: Not to receive pension.

Leah Thompson

Alma Fisher

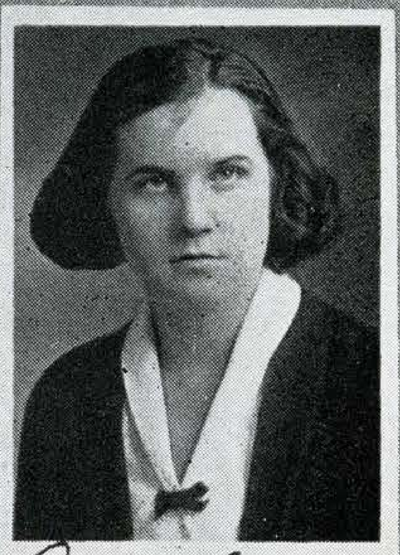
Ruth Merrill

Edythe Walker

Elsie Moore

Alice Beam

Mrs. Grace Brady



Pearl Slatore

Alice McInnis

Birdie L. Moore

Lucile Worsley

Jessie Filippini

Ruth Dixon

Velma Ramsey

Beulah Hughes

Alma Collins

LEAH THOMPSON, Sr. Kdg.

"I am a part of all that I have met."

—*Tennyson.*

Home: Wabash, Ind.

Ambition: To travel.

ALMA FISHER, Sr. C4

"Books are friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me."

—*Petrarch.*

Home: San Mateo.

Destiny: Detective.

RUTH MERRILL, Sr. C2

"Her hair is like the curling mist."

—*Burns.*

Home: 1467 Lexington Ave., Santa Clara.

Fate: To teach forever more.

EDYTHE WALKER, Sr. C1

"Oh that you bore
The mind that I do."

—*Shakespeare.*

Home: Stevenson, Washington.

Ambition: To get a man.

ELSIE MOORE, Sr. C5

"In her eyes a half pensive smile."

—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Home: Sebastopol, Box 28.

Fate: You never can tell.

ALICE BEAN, Sr. C7

"This happy creature of herself is all sufficient." —*Wordsworth.*

Home: 755 University Ave., San Jose.

Ambition: Write a song entitled "Moonlight at Asilomar."

GRACE BRADY, Sr. C5

"Oh, eyes sublime
With tears and laughter for all time."

—*Shakespeare.*

Home: 323 24th St., Oakland.

Destiny: All settled.

PEARL SLATORE, Sr. C1

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

—*Henry.*

Home: R. D. No. 3, San Jose.

Destiny: Toe dancer.

ALICE McINNIS

"Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song."

—*Masefield.*

Home: Mayfield.

Fate: What's it to you?

BIRDIE MOORE, Sr. C5

"I wish I were but in my grove and all my labor done."

—*Taylor.*

Home: Herald.

Destiny: I wonder!

LUCILE WORSLEY, Sr. C4

"With hair neither black nor brown, but that tinge which the air takes at eve in September."

—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Home: R. C, Box 268, Modesto.

Ambition: Work at Pratt-Low.

JESSIE FILIPPINI, Sr. C1

"Smiling, frowning evermore,
Thou art perfect in lovelore."

—*Tennyson.*

Home: Nicasio, Marin Co.

Ambition, Fate, Destiny:
To love, honor and obey.

RUTH DIXON, Sr. C5

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul." —*Henley.*

Home: Bly, Oregon.

Destiny: More than I deserve.

VELMA RAMSEY, Sr. C1

"A comrade neither glum nor merry."

—*Carman.*

Home: Hanford.

Ambition: Get a MAN!

BEULAH HUGHES, Sr. C9

"I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!"

—*Longfellow.*

Home: 829 Chester Ave., Bakersfield.

Sole ambition: To get a school.

ALMA COLLIS, Sr. C4

"I hae nothing to lend,
I'll borrow from naebody." —*Burns.*

Home: Brentwood.

Destiny: Music supervisor.

Amy Crow
Ruth Elliott
Peggy Inman
Clare Sullivan
Florence Knight
Georgia Brumby
Claire Gresswald
Lena Lanini
Adele Kanefield
Ruth Ramsey
Eleanor Jack
Gladys Hanna
Lois Burch
Ruth Pebbles
Adelaide Fisher
Nellie Lynch

AMY CROW, Sr. C2

"Never known, during eight years at school, to be subject to those punishments which none but a cherub can escape."—*Thackery.*

Home: 436 N. 13th St., San Jose.

Ambition: To ride bucking horses.

RUTH ELLIOTT, Sr. C7

"Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle."
—*Littleton.*

Home: Atwater, Merced Co.

Ambition: To be another "Babe Ruth."

MARGUERITE INMAN, Sr. C2

"I find on reviewing my life . . . I have never neglected an occasion of pleasing myself."
—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Home: Twin Lakes, Santa Cruz Co.

Ambition: To rival Miss Waterman in Physical Education.

CLAIRE SULLIVAN, Sr. C2

"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: 218 Chestnut St., Santa Rosa.

Destiny: You never can tell.

FLORENCE KNIGHT, Sr. Kdg.

"And like the brook's low song—her voice."
—*Whittier.*

Home: Yuba City, Sutter Co..

Ambition: To teach in Honolulu.

GEORGIA BRUMBY, Sr. C3

"My leanness, my leanness, woe unto me."
—*Isaiah.*

Home: Stockton, Route 3, Box 174.

Destiny: Time alone can tell.

CLAIRE GREENWALD, Sr. C7

"Favors to none, to all she smiles extends."
—*Pope.*

Home: 2525 27th St., Sacramento.

Ambition: Just guess!

LEVIA LANINI, Sr. C6

"Uncertain, coy and hard to please." —*Scott.*

Home: Ferndale.

Destiny: Who wants to know?

ADELE KENEFICK, Sr. C7

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: Galt, Sacramento Co.

Destiny: To teach forever.

RUTH RAMSEY, Sr. C7

"A ministering angel, thou." —*Scott.*

Home: Fowler.

Destiny: Where there are no tears.

ELEANOR JACK, Sr. C6

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."
—*Pope.*

Home: Biggs.

Ambition: To grow tall.

GLADYS HANNA, Sr. C1

"Angels listen when she speaks."
—*Earl of Rochester.*

Home: Livermore.

Fate: School m'am till I'm sixty, and then a pension!

LOIS BURCH, Sr. C1

"In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare."
—*Pope.*

Home: 252 So. 3rd St., San Jose.

Ambition: To be a Javelin Thrower.

RUTH PEBBLES, Sr. C7

"Hir smyling was ful simple and coy."
—*Chaucer.*

Home: 875 Mission Way, Sacramento.

Ambition: Never give an "ex." on Monday.

ADELAIDE FISHER, Sr. C2

"Give me some music."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: 420 N. 6th St., San Jose.

Destiny: Little Grey Home in the West.

NELLIE LYNCH, Sr. Kdg.

"Two blue eyes with their lashes long
Can conquer a man, be he ever so strong."

Home: Perkins, Sacramento Co.

Ambition: To make dreams come true.

Myrtle Wyatt
Doris Muck
Ura Strom
Virginia Gibson
Ethel Kautz
Grace L. Steinhart
Sadie E. Derry
Birdie Cattrell
Velma Elges
Ada L. Mudd
Claire Locker
Hazel Fraser
Nina Stahlnecker
Madeline Rogers
Helen Goodrich
Mabel Haines

MYRTLE WYATT, Sr. C5

"Shall I compare thee to
a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely
and more temperate."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: 255 S. 15th St., San Jose.

Ambition: To go South.

ETHEL KAUTZ, Sr. Kdg.

"Those dark eyes of hers are half closed."

Home: 242 6th Ave., East Twin Falls, Idaho.

Ambition: Get rich quick.

ZELMA ELGES, Sr. C1

"Tho' to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming." —*Burns.*

Home: Walnut Grove.

Ambition: To join the circus.

NINA STAHLNECKER, Sr. C5

"But cheerful still, I am as well
As monarch in a palace."
—*Burns.*

Home: 978 S. 10th St., San Jose.

Ambition: Know all there is to know.

DORIS MUCK, Sr. C6

"I know but little or nothing."
—*Meredith.*

Home: Wheatland.

Ambition: College.

GRACE STEINHART, H. E.

"Where is the man that can live without dining?"
—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Home: Santa Clara.

Ambition: To encourage matrimony.

ADA NUDD, Sr. Kdg.

"She has a voice of gladness." —*Bryant.*

Home: Dixon.

Ambition: Get through life on a pull.

MADELINE ROGERS, Sr. C6

"Mirth, admit me of thy crew." —*Milton.*

Home: Soledad.

Ambition: To quit teaching (?).

VERA STROM, Sr. C4

"For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: Route B, Box 213, Modesto.

Ambition: To teach art.

SADIE DERRY, H. E.

"Her eyes had hidden in them springs of mirth." —*Rossetti.*

Home: Hollister.

Ambition: To teach 8th graders to *sew.*

CLAIRE LOCKER, Sr. C4

"Her lips were red,
Her looks were free."
—*Coleridge.*

Home: Redwood City, 806 Main St.

Destiny: Put my diamond on my left hand.

HELEN GOODRICH, Sr. C5

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those."
—*Pope.*

Home: Turlock.

My epitaph:
It is so soon that I am done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

VIRGINIA GIBSON, Sr. C1

"From childhood's hour I have not been as others were;
I have not seen as others saw." —*Poe.*

Home: Covelo.

Ambition: To be a real teacher.

BIRDIE LUTTRELL, Sr. C5

"Two are better than one."—*Bible.*

Home: 1038 Daisy Ave., Long Beach.

Destiny: Home Economics on small scale.

HAZEL FRASER, Sr. C5

"Had a way of saying things
That made one think of courts and kings."
—*Longfellow.*

Home: Denair.

Ambition: President of Stanford.

MABEL HAINES

"Thou art beautiful, terrible, as an army with banners."

Home: 1319 L St., Sacramento.

Ambition: Pension.

Halcyon Acton
Anna Cordes
Carrie E. Lyons
Frances C. Turner
Marguerite Duckworth
Bertha M Scott
Ethel A. McElligon
Lottie Northland
Doris Fowler
Hazel Thorne
Ted Wright
Carolyn Sherman
Hazel E. Branch
Rose Beardsley Wells
Helen Tinsella
Bessie Carpenter

HALCYON ACTON, Sr. Kdg.

"And she's twa glancing sparkling een."
—*Burns.*

Home: Morgan Hill.

Ambition: To raise tigers and snakes.

ANNA CORDES, Sr. C5

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise.
—*Lowell.*

Home: Los Gatos.

Destiny: Doubtful.

CARRIE LYONS, Sr. C5

"Why don't the men propose, Mamma?
Why don't the men propose?" —*Bagley.*

Home: 300 Hamilton Ave., Palo Alto.

Ambition: To know as much as Miss Smith.

FRANCES TURNER, Sr. C5

"One of the few the immortal names
That were not born to die."
—*Halleck.*

Home: Crescent City.

Ambition: To have curly hair like Sybil's.

MARGUERITE DUCKWORTH, H. E., Sr. C5

"Plain food is good enough for me,
Three courses are as good as ten."
—*Holmes.*

Home: 320 S. 16th St., San Jose.

Ambition: Teach, of course!!

BERTHA SCOTT, Sr. Kdg.

"Why all this toil and trouble?"
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: Route A, Box 104, Doyle Rd., Cupertino.

Ambition: To be "great Scott."

ETHEL MULLIGAN, Sr. Kdg.

"But hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: Santa Cruz, 314 Laurel St.

Ambition:
"Where e'er there is depressing gloom
To scatter sunshine in that room."

LOTTIE MORTHLAND, Sr. C3

"Not from gray hairs authority doth flow."
—*Denham.*

Home: 540 S. 8th St., San Jose.

Ambition: To be a junior high school teacher.

DORIS FOWLER, Sr. C5

"With a smile on her lips." —*Scott.*

Home: 1445 Franklin St., Santa Clara.

Ambition: Be somebody's bridesmaid.

HAZEL THORNE, Sr. C8

"I have no other but a woman's reason."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: Watsonville.

Destiny: Old maid school teacher.

MILDRED WRIGHT, Sr. C2

"Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I thought of thee with many fears
Of what might be thy lot in future years."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: 78 El Camino Real, Berkeley.

Ambition: Retain girlish laughter.

CAROLYN SHERMAN, Sr. C6

"She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phoebus first is seen."
—*Burns.*

Home: Wheatland.

Destiny: Wedded bliss.

HAZEL BRAUCH, Sr. C5

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
—*Hunt.*

Home: 269 N. 8th St., San Jose.

Destiny: Vaudeville dancer.

ROSE WELLS. Sr. C5

"Thy soul was like a star." —*Wordsworth.*

Home: 82 E. San Salvador, San Jose.

Destiny: Who can tell?

HELEN KINSELLA, Sr. C5

"Her stature tall; I hate a dumpy woman."
—*Byron.*

Home: 335 S. 11th St., San Jose.

Destiny: Book agent.

BESSIE CARPENTER, Sr. Kdg.

"The sweetest thing that ever grew."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: 357 Liberty St., Ashland, Oregon.

Ambition: To be an opera singer.

Ruth Cary
Norma Spann
Lovena Dodds
La Rae Olvey
Ruth Boyd
Dorothy Fitch
Katherine Marlahan
Leah Fulton
Lauretta Simoneen
Thelma Mehaffy
Mildred Tuttle
Eva J. Dumas
Dorothy Greene
Jessie Rose
Maude Slawson
Mary Lewis

RUTH CARY,
Sr. Kdg.

"Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitation of the soul."
—*Luther.*

Home: San Leandro.

Ambition: Have none.

RUTH BOYD, Sr. C7

"For she was crammed with theories out of books."
—*Tennyson.*

Home: 2923 T St., Sacramento.

Destiny: Time will tell.

LAURETTA SIMONSEN, Sr. C8

"Her voice was swift, yet ever the last words fell lingeringly."
—*Rossetti.*

Home: 535 Homer Ave., Palo Alto.

Ambition: Teach in "Paly Hi."

DOROTHY GREENE
Sr. C9

"And her simple attire thus in all things revealed
The fine art which so artfully all things concealed."
—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Home: 310 14th St., Pacific Grove.

Ambition: To paint the Normal.

NORMA SPANN,
Sr. C2

"Her eyes were deeper than the depth of waters stilled at even."
—*Rossetti.*

Home: Anderson, Shasta Co.

Destiny: Supervise History in China (Some job!).

DOROTHY FITCH,
Sr. Kdg.

"Matchless was her person, matchless was her mind."
—*Nibelungenleid.*

Home: Placerville.

Ambition: Write a book.

THELMA MELENDY,
Sr. C9

"The purest soul that e'er was sent
Into a clay-ey tenement."
—*Carew.*

Home: Gonzales, Monterey Co.

Ambition: To own a Ford.

JESSIE ROSE, Sr. C3

"The Rainbow comes and goes
And lovely is the Rose."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: Winters.

Ambition: To go to Australia.

LOVENA DODDS,
Sr. C8

"And so she flirted, like a true good woman."
—*Campbell.*

Home: 984 Second St., Hayward.

Destiny: A question, e'en to myself.

KATHERINE MARLAHAN, Sr. C8

"Her heart, be sure, is not of ice." —*Byron*

Home: Fort Jones

Fate: Plans not in yet.

MILDRED TUTTLE,
Sr. C9

"A bonny lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the ee."
—*Burns.*

Home: Spreckels.

Fate: Who knows?

MAUDE SLAWSON,
Sr. C1

"This one maiden's virtue graced all womankind."
—*Nibelungenlied.*

Home: Sacramento, R. D. No. 4.

Ambition: Prize-fighter.

LA RAE OLVEY,
Sr. C5

"She is the darling of my heart." —*Carey.*

Home: Fishers, Indiana.

Ambition: Americanization work.

LEAH FULTON, Sr. C5

"The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed." —*Crabbe.*

Home: Patterson.

Ambition: Taller.

EVA DUMAS, Sr. C5

"Hence, loathed melancholy." —*Milton.*

Home: Jefferson, Ore.

Ambition: See the world at my leisure.

MARY LEVAR,
Sr. Kdg.

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."
—*Byron.*

Home: 357 S. 4th St., San Jose.

Ambition: To be an opera singer.

Edith E. Smith

Iva Smith

Dorothy Ainsley

Mildred L. Curtiss

Ella C. Pelton

The Missing Link

The error was cut out rather than pay 10 precious dollars for a new cut.

Ramona Weeks

Gertrude Cornell

Winifred Whitfield

Lorraine Ruth

Mrs Minnie E. Jessup

Margaret Martin

Frances Coburn

Ellen Bassenberg

Ida J. Benbow

Helen Shaw

EDITH SMITH, Sr. C7

"Every eye blesses thee,
Sunlight caresses thee,
Forest and field are fairer for thee."

Home: 886 Morse St., San Jose.

Ambition: To be a good primary teacher.

IVA SMITH, Sr. C9

"Listened perhaps, but never talked at all."

—*Omar.*

Home: Walker.

Fate: No one knows.

DOROTHY AINSLEY, H. E.

"In a conspicuous town she lives."

Home: Campbell.

Ambition: Apply Home Economics to running a house.

MILDRED CURTISS, Sr. Kdg.

"A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge."—*Carlyle.*

Home: 2819 Moss Ave., Los Angeles.

Destiny: Housekeeper.

ELLA PELTON, Sr. Kdg.

"She's as light as any fairy, she's as pretty as a peach."

—*Service.*

Home: 442 Minor Ave., San Jose.

Ambition: Home rule.

"As you from sins would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free."

This is merely the editor's mistake. By the way, any breaches of good English in the "Ambitions" are there because many students wrote their own, and we left them as they were. —*fmf.*

RAMONA WEEKS, Sr. Kdg.

"Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and Wreathed Smiles."

—*Milton.*

Home: 90 N. 9th St., San Jose.

Ambition: Kindergarten for one.

GERTRUDE CORNELL Sr. C6

"Your eyes are lodestars."

—*Shakespeare.*

Home: Yuba City.

Ambition: Learn to sing!

WINIFRED WHITFIELD, Sr. C8

"Her voice is like the evening thrush."

—*Burns.*

Home: Mission San Jose, Alameda Co.

Fate: See me later.

LORREINE RUTH, Sr. C7

"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society."

—*Longfellow.*

Home: Marysville.

Ambition: "My purpose holds to sail beyond the sunset."

MINNIE JESSUP, H. E.

"Seize fast today, e'er all its joys go by."

—*Omar.*

Home: Morgan Hill.

Destiny: Guess!

MARGARET MARTIN, Sr. C6

"She's mistress of the witchcarft to beguile."

Home: 301 S. 5th St., San Jose.

Fate: Not particular.

FRANCES COBURN, Sr. C3

"Blithe, blithe, and merry was she."

—*Burns.*

Home: Maxwell.

Destiny: Old maid school teacher.

ELLEN GASSENBERG, Sr. C4

"Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?"

Home: 226 S. D St., San Mateo.

Fate: Ask Father Time.

IDA BENBOW, Sr. C8

"In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm." —*Riley.*

Home: Irvington.

Fate: A mystery.

HELEN SHAW, Sr. C3

"She fills the air with gladness
And involuntary songs."

—*Wordsworth.*

Home: 702 E. Santa Clara St., San Jose.

Destiny: Opera singer.

Edith Rodman
Irma Laidlaw
Ruth Gunderson
Agnes Williams
Belton Rhodes
Mabel Hamilton
Julia Price
Edith Hunt
Ruth Scott
Mabel Hall
Hulda Anderson
Ruth Groshong

JULIE COSTELLO,
Sr. C5

"A brain she has that never errs."
—*Lowell.*

Home: 153 Hartnell St., Monterey.

Ambition: To dine with H. G. Wells.

EDITH RODMAN,
Sr. C9

"The very flower of youth."
—*Eunuchus.*

Home: Denair.

Ambition: Trip to Europe.

IRMA LAIDLAW,
Sr. C5

"A merry heart doeth good."—*Bible.*

Home: 1823½ K St., Sacramento.

Fate: Ask St. Peter.

RUTH GUNDERSON,
Sr. Kdg.

"A little weenty dirl."
—*Riley.*

Home: Redwood Valley.

Ambition: Teach, of course!!!

INEZ FELIZ, Sr. C9

"But come what will,
I've sworn it still—
I'll ne'er be melancholy."

Home: Redwood City.

Destiny: Demure, shy, chorus girl.

AGNES WILLIAMS,
Sr. Kdg.

"How came her eyes so bright?"
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: 1159 Main St., Santa Clara.

Ambition: Healthy, Wealthy and wise.

BELTON RHODES,
Sr. C5

"Oh, great is the hero who wins a name."
—*Miller.*

Home: 1504 Arc Way, Burlingame.

Ambition: Play organ.

MABEL HAMILTON,
Sr. Kdg.

"Many a suitor came to her door."
—*Longfellow.*

Home: Eureka.

Ambition: Have none!!

LIDA DEAR, Sr. C8

"Her hair was tawny with gold."
—*Mrs. Browning.*

Home: 1135 Harrison St., Santa Clara.

Destiny: Deep mystery.

JULIA PRICE, Sr. C8

"Sae sonsy and sweet,
sae fully complete,
She steals our affections
awa, mon." —*Burns.*

Home: 617 So. 9th St., San Jose.

Destiny: Never can tell.

EDITH HUNT, Sr. C5

"She shone fairer than the summer star."
—*Miller.*

Home: 529 Seminary St., Napa.

Ambition: To catch a preacher.

RUTH SCOTT, Sr. C5

"She's all my fancy painted her." —*Carey.*

Home: Los Gatos.

Ambition: Hawaii.

JESSIE BRUNNER,
Sr. C1

"What's the use of doing a kindness
If you do it a day too late?" —*Kingsley.*

Home: Ukiah, Calif.

Fate: Teach for a pension.

MABEL HALL, Sr. C4

"It makes me mad to
see what men shall do,
And we in our graves."
—*Browning.*

Home: 231 Empire St., San Jose.

Destiny: Operatic star—maybe.

HULDA ANDERSON

"As bright, as clear
As yon Venus in her glittering sphere."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: Ortonville, Minn.

Ambition: Go back to Minnesota!

RUTH GROSHONG,
Sr. C5

"All dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: R. F. D. No. 2, Box 577, Los Altos.

Fate: To lose another ring!

Clara West
Dorothy Denny
Winifred Allen
Celia Richards
Hildine Martin
Vera Christmas
Anne Janet Reed
Elsa Schneider
Flora Ervin
Ada Hopley
Edna McKinley
Maude Bennett
Maurice Roach
Florence Carlisle
Irene Henderson
Ruth Beauchamp

CLARA WEST, Sr. C2

"But for sense and good taste she'll vie with the best. —*Burns.*

Home: 735 So. 7th St., San Jose.

Destiny: Death.

DOROTHY DENNY, Sr. Kdg.

"Purtier girl you never seen." —*Riley.*

Home: Etna Mills.

Ambition: "A parson, a witness, a wedding ring."

WINIFRED ALLEN, Sr. C2

"Is she not more fair than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?"
—*Rowe.*

Home: 2815 K St., Sacramento.

Ambition: To dwindle down.

CELIA RICHARDS, Sr. Kdg.

"I've done my duty and I've done no more."
—*Fielding.*

Home: 184 S. 13th St., San Jose.

Ambition:
"Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home."

HELENE MARTIN, Sr. C5

"I'm going to God's country where I'll lead the simple life."
—*Service.*

Home: Route 2, Box 64, San Jose.

Ambition: Marry an undertaker and be an inspiration to him in his work.

VERYL CHRISTMAS, Sr. C6

"And she has hair of a golden hue."
—*Longfellow.*

Home: San Jose.

Ambition: University, first.

ANNE JANET REED, Sr. C5

"In her tongue is the law of kindness."

Home: Box 490, Tracy.

Destiny: Too busy find it out to talk.

ELSA SCHNEIDER, Sr. C5

"Held on thru' blame and faltered not at praise." —*Markham.*

Home: 646 Emory St., San Jose.

Ambition: Write a book.

CORA ERVIN, H. E.

"Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: Vinton Co., Ohio

Ambition: Usual thing.

ADA HUXLEY, H. E.

"Only thing she didn't do

Was to plow and harvest, too."
—*Riley.*

Ambition: Set the river on fire.

EDNA McKINLAY, Sr. C5

"All men are bores except when we want them." —*Autocrat.*

Home: 701 Taylor St., San Francisco.

Ambition: Know all there is to know about everything.

MAUDE SINNOTT, Sr. C7

"Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw."
—*Burns.*

Home: 535 Kingsley, Palo Alto.

Ambition: Teach for a century!

MAURICE ROACH, Sr. C5

"What shall I do, to be forever known?"
—*Cowley.*

Home: 824 E. 23rd St., Oakland.

Destiny: My future, like my past, is doubtful.

FLORENCE CARLISLE Sr. C3

"A comrade neither glum nor merry."
—*Carman.*

Home: Campbell.

Ambition: What did I come to Normal for?

IRENE HENDERSON, Sr. C9

"I think of all I miss,
The boys I used to know,
The girls I used to kiss,
The coin I used to blow."
—*Service.*

Home: 73 So. 11th St., San Jose.

Ambition: Remain pleasingly plump.

RUTH BEAUCHAMP, Sr. Kdg.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace." —*Solomon.*

Home: Twin Falls, Idaho.

Ambition: Visit Coffee Dan's.

A Little Advice

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth;
Sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth;
Smile a little, while a little idleness away;
Care a little, share a little of your holiday;
Play a little, pray a little, be a little glad;
Rest a little, jest a little, if a heart is sad;
Spend a little, send a little to another's door
Give a little, live a little, love a little more.

Graduation Song—Douglas Mallock

PEARL TEN EYCK, Sr. C8

"For she hath blessed and attractive eyes."
—*Shakespeare.*

Home: 710 Main St., Hayward.

Destiny: Alaska and a coat of fur.

LAURA BLAINE, Sr. C3

"Happy am I—from care I'm free.
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Home: Campbell.

Destiny: Lunatic asylum.

ROSS KINNEY, Sr. C5

"He'd always smile and stop awhile."
—*Riley.*

Home: 705 S. 8th St., San Jose.

Ambition: To study at Stout Institute next year.

SYBIL WILSON, Sr. C5

"Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head."
—*Wordsworth.*

Home: Falls City, Ore.

Ambition: To become tall.

HELEN HENDERSON, Sr. Kdg.

"Behold thou art fair, thou hast dove's eyes."
—*Solomon's Song.*

Home: Lodi.

Fate: Too bashful to tell it.

MARGARET KIRTLAND, Sr. C4

"A quiet conscience makes one so serene."
—*Byron.*

Home: 64 Fulton St., Redwood City.

Destiny: The Islands, first.

CAROLYN SMITH, Sr. C3

"Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct or the hand to execute." —*Junius.*

Home: Fort Bragg.

Ambition: Not to give away my hope-chest.

DORIS BEARD, Sr. C5

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."
—*Pope.*

Home: 1420 Q St., Sacmento.

Destiny: "Edit*ress.*"

JESSIE PEDREIRA, Sr. Kdg.

"There's sunshine in her manner,
There's music in her speech." —*Service.*

Home: 343 18th St., Merced.

Ambition: To be another Paderewski.

MARGARET RATHBONE, Sr. C5

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn." —*Goldsmith.*

Home: Grant's Pass, Ore.

Ambition: To be a second Melba.

MARCH -1921-

Theo Wanzer

Thelma Roberts

Miss Harris

Ruth Murphy

Ethel Amerine

Patricia Carroll

Estelle Feldmaier

Dorothy Buckner

Zella Dickinson

Eva Bergren

Maude Thomas

Rose McCabe

Jennie Logan

Mabel Cline

March, 1921

Miss Raymond
William Terra
Goldie Baughman
Adla Lindgren
Marjorie Grey
Madge McClish
Mrs. Appel
Miss Longlin
Orma Emery
Frances Summers
Idonia Lehman
Lauretta Prindville

Year Book Staff, 1921

Editorial

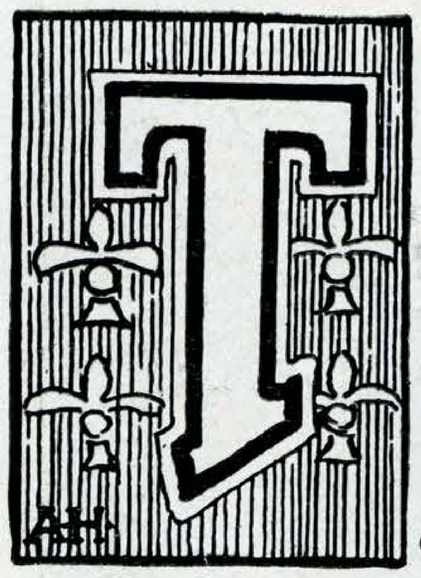
FRANCES FOX ..... Editor
GERTRUDE BIGGERS ..... Senior Sketches
THELMA ROBERTS ..... Student Body Functions (till March)
ASTRID JENSEN ..... Jokes

Decoration

DOROTHY GREENE ..... Artist
HELENE MARTIN ..... Joke Snap-shots

Business

SARAH RICH ..... Manager
MYRTHA RILEY ..... Assistant and Alumni
ALFRED SARZIN ..... Assistant



HE members of the La Torre staff of 1921 "rejoice beyond a common joy" that their work is done. This is the largest and most expensive edition put out since its publication began, in 1910; and the staff is the smallest of all, the editorial staff being about one-fourth the usual size. Their ideal has been to make this La Torre the best possible, and any faults must be blamed not on the intentions but the inexperience of those responsible. Their only fear is that some improvement will be thought of after the book has gone to press.

Staff meetings were held as often as necessary, in the little room off the student body office upstairs. A few paragraphs from the minutes are quoted for the edification of the public.

"Staff meeting, held in the Editorial Sanctum, March 1st, presided over by Miss Fox.

The Secretary was instructed to write minutes for each staff meeting, and duly grateful for the criticism, she promised to do so. A rising vote of thanks was given Miss Rich for cleaning the sink.

Miss Greene asked permission to get whatever material she needed for the Art Dept., and after some discussion, she was given permission to charge it to herself.

It was next decided that the Alumni Dept. material should be sent out by the Manager's Dept.

At this moment Mr. Sarzin entered and everything was explained for his benefit.

The next matter to come before the staff was the Faculty Section. It was suggested that inside information regarding each member of the august body be obtained and affixed to their pictures, or silhouettes, as the Editor wishes.

After a short discussion as to the merits and artistic ability of several members of our student body, the meeting adjourned unceremoniously.

G. S. B., *Secy.*

It was suggested that the Editor interview some "favorable" member of the Faculty (it seems there are several in that class) in regard to the best method of approach about the silhouettes. Miss Sprague was labeled Favorable.

Some discussion regarding the pictures of the societies followed, and Miss Rich asked permission to have them put in with the other advertisements. This permission was given.

The art editor presented a bill for $.20 and was told to run it higher.

Miss Fox reported that she had found a cartoonist in the Training School, who is quite a celebrity in addition, having been in the World's War 'neverthing.

Due to another alien interruption on the part of Miss Gillham, the Staff disintegrated for the time being.

The Secretary reported that she had no report because of a lack of incentive to write one.

G. S. B."

The editor wishes to thank the many who contributed to the success of the book in any way, especially Dorothy Allen for editing the athletics reports, Georgia Brumby for helping with the joshes, Wilda Carter for assistance with the cuts, Frank Sauliere for illustrations, Mr. Spaulding for advice, Mr. Urmy for the lines with the frontispiece, and the person who invented paper clips.

La Torre Staff

Frances M. Fox
Editor

Sarah Rich
Business Mgr.

Dorothy Speere
Head Artist

Astrid Jansaa
Joke Collector

Thelma Roberts
School Functions

Helene Martin
Assistant To Artist

G. S. Biggers
Seniors

Al Sayon
Assistant Bus. Mgr.

Myrtha Riley
Assistant To Bus. Mgr.

Senior C1

Mrs. Jessie Brunner, Lois Burch, Zelma Elges, Jessie Filippini, Virginia Gibson, Mabel Haines, Gladys Hanna, Velma Ramsey, Jeanette Reed, Pearl Slatore, Maude Slawson, Verah Shafsky, Edith Sparks, Mae Taylor (reporter), Edythe Walker, Pearl Zanker.

"Lo and behold, at the end of our goal!" we all exclaim except the few that are planning a married career.

It seems such a short while ago that we entered these beautiful Normal grounds to gain more knowledge and especially to learn the arts of pedagogy. As we looked around, not a man could be seen, but it was inspiring to know there was to be one young man in our class—that good looking Mr. Minssen, our class teacher. At our first meeting a buzz was heard, "Is he married?"

As strange and bewildered, meek and

mild juniors, we were first entertained by our sister class. There each found out a bit about the others, and danced and ate to her heart's content. It wasn't long till we had to display our ability in dramatics and put on a show in the assembly. "How're Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?" was the main attraction. Several enjoyable times were spent by our two classes before the end of our junior year.

At the beginning of our senior year, realizing our responsibility as "big sisters," we gave a welcome dinner to the juniors. Everyone had a good time, and we felt congratulations were due their "peppy" president and smiling class teacher.

Near Christmas we were entertained in Society Hall by the juniors. The seasonal decorations proved their ability, and, um' the good eats proved it more.

One dark, chilly night found us all huddled together at First and Santa Clara. Where were we going? Yes, the destination was known, but no one knew just how we were going to get there. Next time we decided to look over our psychology notes beforehand. Finally we arrived at Mr. and Mrs. Minssen's home. Amusing games were played and some of us had our first aeroplane ride—what a thrill! After a delightful luncheon we assured our host that we had had "such a good time."

The 14th of February was not forgotten. A dinner and dance furnished amusement for the evening. Our sweethearts did not forget us, as was shown by our loving valentines.

An old-fashioned picnic and another treat at Mr. Minssen's ended our functions as a class.

We are glad to finish something once begun, but shall never forget dear old San Jose Normal.

Senior C2

Once upon a time, many, many months ago, an even score of lonely, homesick students entered Normal, and became Jr. A2's.

They soon learned that their class mother was the well-known and honored Miss Payne. It did not take them long to become acquainted with her and to find out that she was a true friend, always right there to help. She it was who started them through the two years with an abundant supply of good will, school spirit, and "pep."

During the first year the class had many jolly "get-togethers." Miss Rowell's class entertained them with an "Autumn Jolly-up" in Society Hall, early in the fall. It was a most enjoyable affair, and helped much to cheer the lonely juniors.

The juniors, in return, took their sister class to see "Pollyanna."

The social activity of the class closed for the year, late in the spring, with a pleasant afternoon spent with Miss Payne in her tower room at the Vendome.

Upon the return of this class in September, as Sr. A2's, the members felt quite able to overcome any impending difficulties, when to their sorrow and amazement they learned that their class advisor, Miss Payne, had broken off her relationship with them, and had, as they thought, left them orphans. The sadness at the loss of such a friend and advisor cannot be imagined.

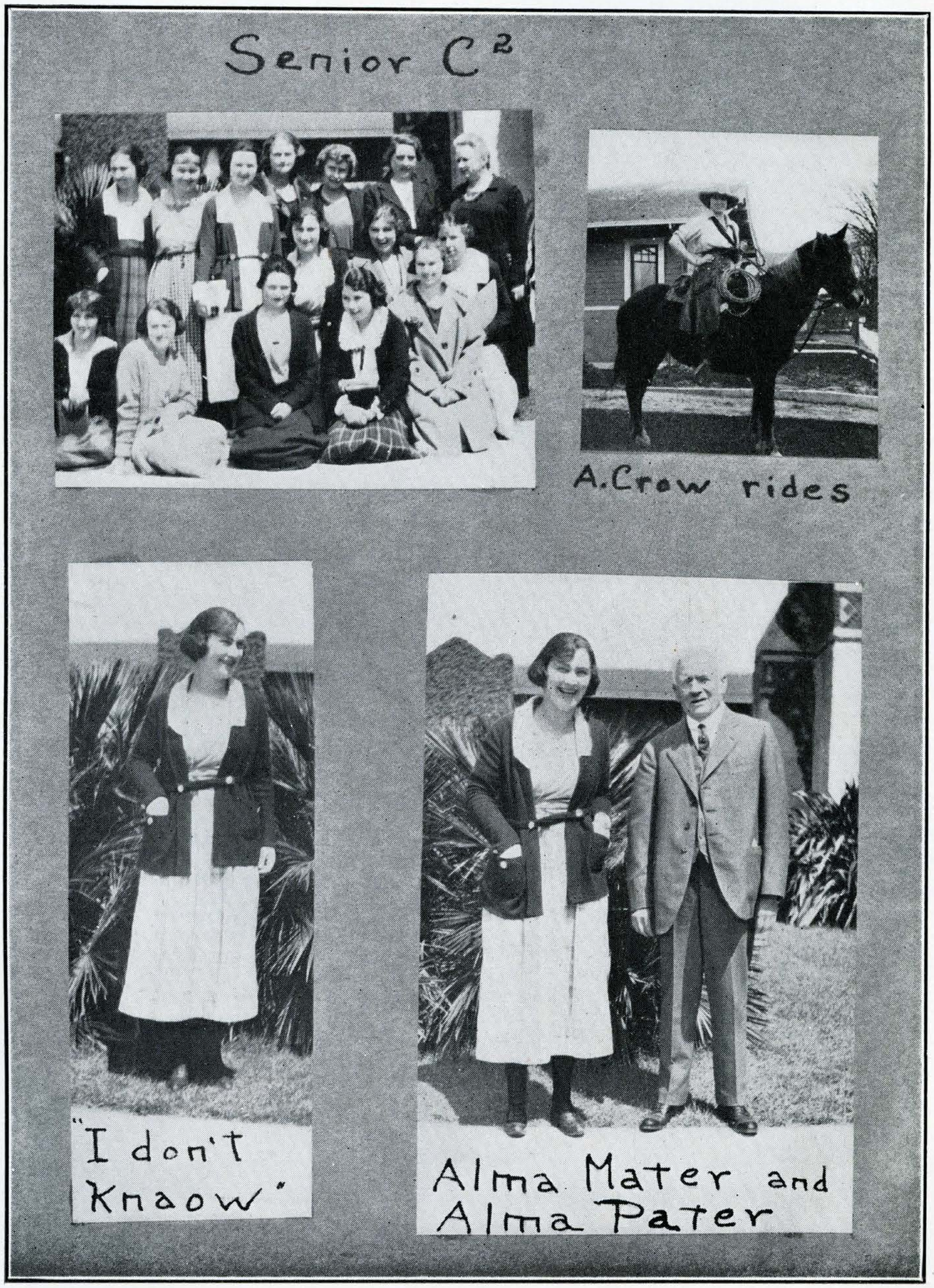
Much to the relief of all, the orphans were adopted by the most lovable and inspiring of teachers, one with a royal good sense of humor. Of course, it was Miss Sprague who undertook the responsibility of guiding the Sr. A2's through the remaining year. Their immense amount of respect and love for their class teacher is heartily justifiable.

The class started the term well by taking the sponsorees of the different members of the class to a "movie," and in this way cheered the numerous lonely juniors.

The seniors later entertained Miss Rowell's juniors by a social afternoon of singing and dancing in Society Hall. Later the sister class returned the compliment by giving the seniors a delicious chicken dinner on St. Valentine's Day

in Society Hall. Appropriate decorations and favors were to be seen in profusion.

Having been well started on the last lap of the journey, so to speak, the class was startled by the news that Miss Payne was no more; but that she had taken the name of Mrs. Bridgford. Her "children" were indeed glad to hear of her deserved happiness, and immediately expressed their good wishes by presenting her with a beautiful silver sandwich tray.



During the last part of the senior year, the members of the class being very busy with school work, few class affairs were given.

The Sr. C2's co-operated with the other senior classes, at this time, to make the completion of their school work and their graduation even more successful than that of the preceding classes.

The officers for the last semester were:

President ..... Amy Crow
Vice-President....Marguerite Inman
Sec.-Treas. ..... Norma Spann
Reporter ..... Olive Eklund

The members of the class who remained to graduate were:

Demure Grace Barnes, petit Claire Sullivan, charming Norma Spann, clever Winifred Allen, impish Mildred Wright, big sister Amy Crow, musical Adelaide Fisher, little Catherine Adams, good-hearted Gladys Daly, curly-headed Ruth Merrill, good-natured Jessie Wikkerink, athletic Marguerite Inman, smiling Olive Eklund, lovable Marguerite Soucie, interesting Thora Erickson, and the twins, Mabel and Clara West.

Senior C3

Miss McFadden, class mother.

Georgia Brumby, Myrtle Dixon, Florence Carlisle, Frances Coburn, Lottie Morthland, Helen Shaw, Laura Blaine, Josephine Piazza, Dorothy Gilfert, Sallie Mayers, Astrid Jensen, Gertrude Melville, Carolyn Smith, Jessie Rose (reporter), Mae Dodson.

Can it be possible that we have been here two years? How time does fly. It seems only a few weeks ago that we packed our trunks and suitcases, bade a tearful goodbye to our parents, in various parts of the state, and set out for San Jose Normal School.

When we arrived, lonesome and homesick, our loving class mother, Miss McFadden, took us under her protection and endeavored to make us feel at home in our new surroundings.

At our first class meeting, we found we had eighteen members in our class. Now we have only fifteen; two transferred to the kindergarten course, and one began to teach after her first year. At this meeting we chose Carolyn Smith as our president for the first term. During this term our sister class welcomed us to Normal by a luncheon in Society Hall. We all enjoyed the good time so much that we returned the honor by giving them a luncheon in Society Hall soon after.

In the spring the flowers and spring fever tempted us to the canyon, so we invited our sister class to picnic with us in Niles Canyon. Our srster class was soon to leave, so they invited us to a theater party at the T. & D. We all eagerly accepted and thoroughly enjoyed it. This was our last "get together," for they were graduated in June.

This year, in order to make our sister class feel more at home, we invited them to a luncheon in Society Hall. During this term we were busy with the Kermess. Our share in this was the Country Store. We spent an enjoyable evening at Miss McFadden's sewing for the Kermess. After the excitement was over, our sister class entertained us at a luncheon in Society Hall.

Although we do not like to leave, we are anxious to be teaching. Yet we hope to have many good times together before we leave and are scattered over the state again.

Class Presidents: Carolyn Smith, Astrid Jensen, Lottie Morthland, Myrtle Dixon.

Vice-Presidents: Mae Dodson, Myrtle Dixon, Laura Blaine, Carolyn Smith.

Secretary-Treasurers: Laura Blaine, Gertrude Melville, Jessie Rose, Carolyn Smith.

Reporters: Carolyn Smith, Lottie Morthland, Georgia Brumby, Jessie Rose.

Senior C4

Class Teacher: Miss Twombly.

MEMBERS.

Gertrude Biggers, Alma Collis, Violet Duer, Alma Fisher, Frances Fox, Ellen Gassenberg, Mabel Hall, Margaret Kirtland, Clarice Leibe, Claire Locker, Helen Northup, Sarah Rich, Edith Smith, Vera Strom, Lucile Worsley.

OFFICERS.

President ..... Lucile Worsley
Vice-President .... Ellen Gassenberg
Secretary-Treasurer....Claire Locker
Reporter ..... Edith Smith

In September, 1919, the Senior C4's entered the San Jose State Normal School. At the time stated we met our highly esteemed class teacher, Miss Twombly, who has been our helpful friend during the past two years.

One of the happiest times we had while juniors was that given by Miss Twombly when she entertained our entire class at her home, where we were served with delicious refreshments including ice cream. Our enjoyment was added to with music and games.

Our senior sisters invited us to a welcome party; we accepted their kind invitation and enjoyed the party very much indeed. Quite a number of sociable gatherings followed, and our junior year passed quickly.

Our career as seniors began in September, 1920. All of our members returned to the Normal except Clara Brown and Bessie Rhodes.

We welcomed our new junior sisters at a party given in Miss Fisher's room, where games and dancing first took place, followed by stowing away the usual refreshments. We found these little sisters to be well worthy of our confidence and friendship and at once took them into our hearts as comrades.

In November the juniors bade us to a delightful supper in Society Hall. We accepted the invitation collectively, and did full justice individually to the feast of good things set before us.

Now cometh the Kermess held at Normal. Our class featured "The Crazy House" which was one of the leading specialties. It proved to be a decidedly interesting psychological study when certain gentlemen tried to interest the seated ghost with advances of admiration. The result was that they were forcibly ejected, by the use of pitchforks, into outer darkness.

We had a fine Yuletide afternoon party all to ourselves. Miss Twombly was our honored guest.

Next in order came an elaborate St. Patrick's dinner given in Society Hall to our junior sisters. It proved to be a very successful affair.

In the latter part of April our class, with Miss Twombly, lunched together on the lawn. Miss Twombly, in her usual thoughtful way, surprised us with a treat of ice cream. Photographs were then taken for La Torre.

In the Senior C4 class are many of the prominent members of the student body. Their names follow:

Gertrude Biggers—President of Senior Class (fall term); Times, and La Torre Staff; General Manager of Junior Organization.

Frances Fox—Editor of La Torre; Treasurer of Student Body (Fall term); Times Staff; Debate Team.

Sarah Rich—Treasurer Student Body (Junior Year); Business Manager of La Torre.

Helen Northup—Vice-President of Senior Class (Fall term); Orchestra.

Margaret Kirtland—Reporter of Senior Class (Fall term); Treasurer of Student Body.

Clarice Leibe—Secretary of Senior Class (Fall term); Student Affairs Committee.

Mabel Hall—Leading lady in "The Romance Rose."

Violet Duer—Orchestra.

Alma Fisher—Orchestra.

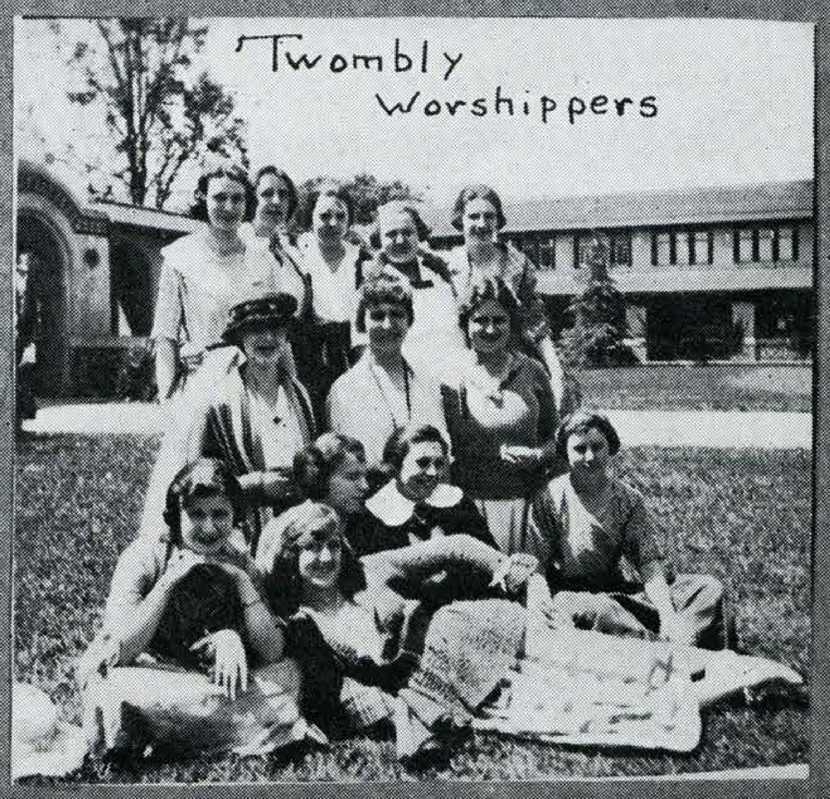
In leaving our Alma Mater we do so sadly and gladly, sad in the thought that we are "at the end of the trail" as students, glad that we have honestly and fairly won our diplomas.

Putting the best foot forward

Senior C4

One for the money—

In the Limelight



Twombly Worshippers

To the faculty we express our gratitude for tutoring us patiently, successfully, and thoroughly in the gentle art of teaching, and for advice and suggestions relating to our future deeds, conduct and actions.

May the spirit of the State Normal School of San Jose be with us now and ever!

Senior C5

The membership of the Sr. C5 class is limited to those students who have had more than high school work. Some members have attended college; others have had experience as teachers in various schools throughout the country. Because of its advanced standing, the class has enjoyed more privileges, perhaps, than the students of any other class.

The class has been unusually active in student affairs. Two of its members now hold important offices in the student body organization. Ethel King very efficiently serves as president, and we are indeed very proud of her. Doris Beard shows talent along the lines of journalism, and is the editor of our school paper, "The Normal Times."

The officers of the class are: President, Carrie Lyons; vice president, Irma Laidlaw; secretary, Mayme Anderson; reporter, Helen Goodrich.

We have been very fortunate in having Mr. Wilson as our class teacher. Although he is the busiest body in the Normal School, he has always found time to take part in our class activities.

The members of the class have had many joyous times together. Early in October we gathered at an early hour, armed with picnic lunches, and betook ourselves to Alum Rock Park. On the way out all cares were blown out through the windows of the trolley, and the solemn pedagogues "to-be," or "has-beens," became once more children. The beautiful autumnal day ended all too soon; and as the shades of evening began to fall, the jolly crowd wended its homeward way.

In November the Sr. C5 joined with all the other organizations of the school in making the Kermess a big success. "Memory-Land" was one of the main attractions, and it proved very entertaining as well as financially successful.

Society Hall was the scene in January of a jolly function in the form of a tamale supper. Fifty members of the class were present to partake of the delicious viands and to participate in the games and dancing which followed.

On Saturday, April 30th, the Sr. C5's hiked into the hills above Congress Springs, near Saratoga. Lunch boxes kodaks, old duds, and high spirits all came forth to the occasion. No serious accidents occurred to mar the pleasures of the day, and at nightfall all came home with happy hearts.

The members of the class are:

Mayme Anderson, Idell Beals, Mrs. Grace Brady, Doris Beard, Hazel Brauch, Olga Brecke, Mary Colantonio, Anna Mae Cordes, Julie Costello, Marian Davis, Ruth Dixon, Mrs. Eva Dumas, Doris Fowler, Hazel Fraser, Leah Fulton, Nellie Garner, Henrietta Geiger, Helen Goodrich (reporter), Lysle Gregory, Ruth Groshong, Lois Hall, Edith Hunt, Clifford Johns, Ethel King, Ross E. Kinney, Helen Kinsella, Irma Laidlaw, Opal Lawhead, Esther Linda, Birdie Luttrell, Carrie E. Lyons, Helene Martin, Edna McKinlay, Edna Millikin, Elsie Moore, Mrs. Lillie Moore, La Rae Olvey, Margaret Rathbone, Mrs. Annie J. Reed, Belton P. Rhodes, Maurice Roach, Nina Stahlnecker, Elsa Schneider, Ruth M. Scott, Lillian Tischhauser, Frances Turner, Mrs. Cecelia Wann, Mrs. Rosa B. Wells, Emma Wheeler, Sybil Wilson, Lucy Woodin, Myrtle Wyatt.

Senior C6

Miss Mignon, Class Teacher.

Campbell, Irene
Casanova, Catherine
Christmas, Veryl
Cornell, Gertrude
Gillham, Dorothy
Graves, Betsy
Lanini, Levia
Martin, Margaret
McInnis, Alice
Muck, Doris
Sherman, Carolyn
Thompson, Nell

OFFICERS.

First Term.

President ..... Eleanor Jack
Vice-President ....Carolyn Sherman
Sec.-Treas. ..... Betsy Graves

Second Term.

President ..... Veryl Christmas

President ..... Veryl Christmas
Vice-President ..... Levia Lanini
Secretary-Treasurer ....Doris Muck
Reporter ..... Carolyn Sherman

In September, 1919, our class entered the San Jose State Normal. We were registered as the Jr. A6 class with Miss McDermott as our class teacher. The first term Miss McDermott left Normal to teach basketry to the wounded soldiers at the base hospital in Palo Alto. Miss Mignon kindly took her place, and we have certainly enjoyed our good fortune.

We were all happy to return to Normal this fall and take our position as seniors.

After a few short weeks we entertained our sisters, Mr. Hazeltine's class, the Jr. C6's, at a dinner party in Society Hall. Mr. Hazeltine was our only boy, but he made as much fun as several ordinary ones. The happy evening spent will long be remembered by all who attended. The juniors later returned the compliment with a lovely party.

One of the chief events at Normal during our senior year was the Kermess. Each class contributed something toward it. The girls of the Sr. C6 class wore dainty ballet costumes and sold delicious candies throughout the evenings.

Our last happy class meeting was a picnic luncheon on the quad.

After many years we shall look back with joy on the pleasant days spent at the San Jose Normal.

Senior C7

Class teacher, Miss Sours. Members: Claire Greenwald, Alice Bean, Ruth Pebbles, Ruth Boyd, Lorreine Ruth, Ruth Ramsey, Ruth Elliott, Adele Kenefick, Maude Miller, Daisy Turner, Maude Sinnott, Ruth Benson.

The officers for the first term were: President, Alice Bean; vice president, Maude Sinnott; secretary and treasurer, Claire Greenwald; reporter, Ruth Pebbles.

The class met together on the first day of school and discussed plans for the year. At this meeting co-operation was chosen as the one thing that the class should strive for. Early in the term the class entertained their sister class, the Jr. C7's, and their class teacher, Miss Davis, at a party in Society Hall. In addition to the Jr. C7's the class had as their guests Dr. Kemp, the new president; Mrs. Kemp, and Miss Sprague, the dean of women. "The Mayflower," a short playlet, was given by the class as part of the evening's entertainment. It was given in commemoration of the Tercentenary. Games, dancing, and refreshments completed the evening.

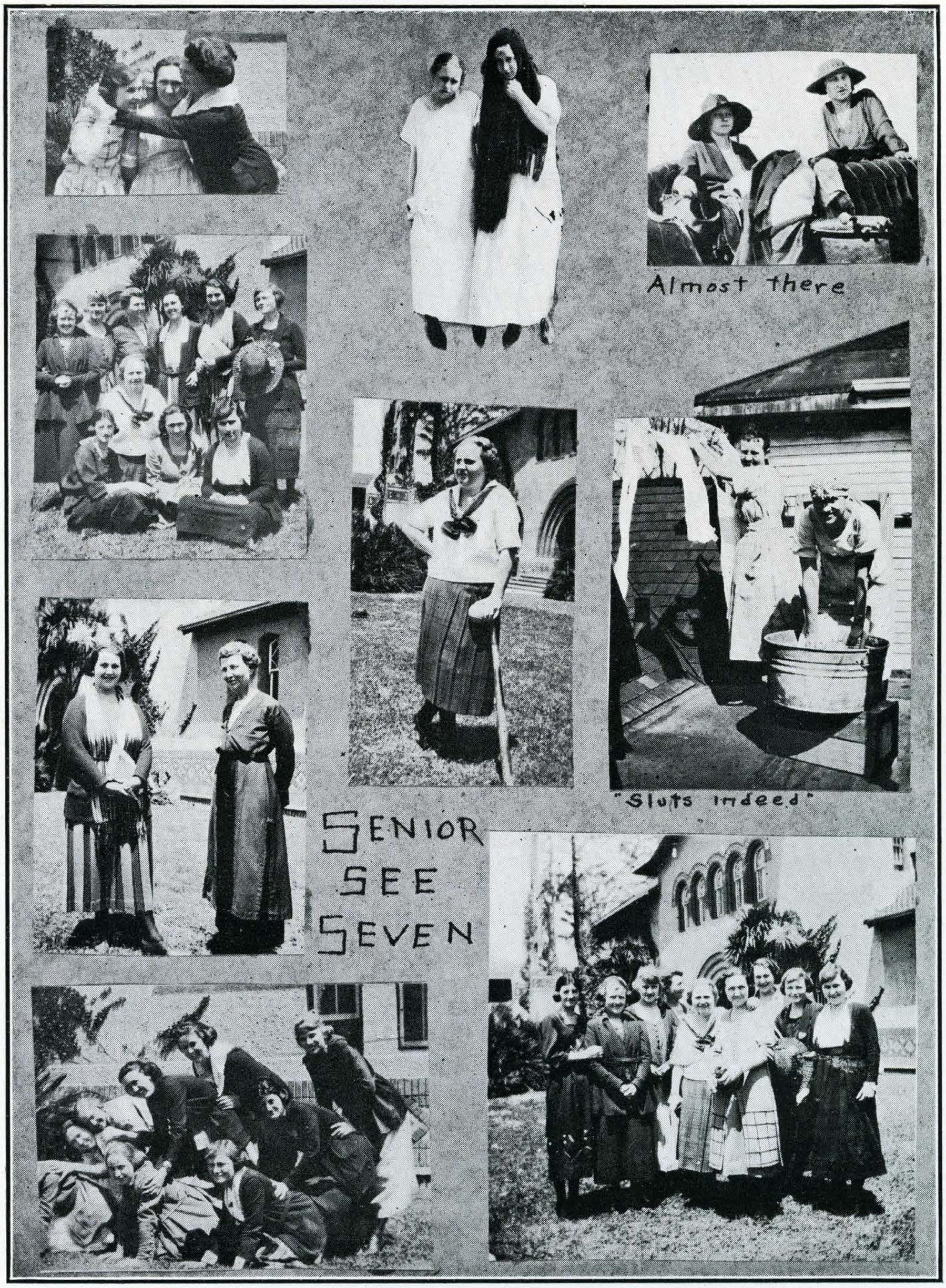
Later in the term the Sr. C7's were entertained by the Jr. C7 class at a "kid party," everyone dressing and acting as a "kid." Even the refreshments were suitable, being animal crackers and stick candy.

As the time drew near for the now famous Kermess, the girls spent all their spare time in making candy and asking others to do the same, as they had charge of the candy booth. They wore hats and aprons of bright colored crepe paper.

After the Christmas vacation, new officers were elected: Persident, Lorreine Ruth; vice president, Ruth Pebbles; secretary and treasurer, Ruth Boyd; reporter, Alice Bean.

After the new officers took charge, they gave a party in Society Hall. Games, dancing and "eats" were enjoyed by all. In April another party was given in Society Hall. This one was a "hard times" party. Such games as Farmer in the Dell, London Bridge, and Go Walking Round the Valley were played; the inspiration for the games having been received form Miss Fisher's course in Music Methods. Spin the Bottle was played during the evening and many remarkable events of the future were disclosed. It was found that Lorreine Ruth was to be the first one married, with Adele Kenefick a close second.

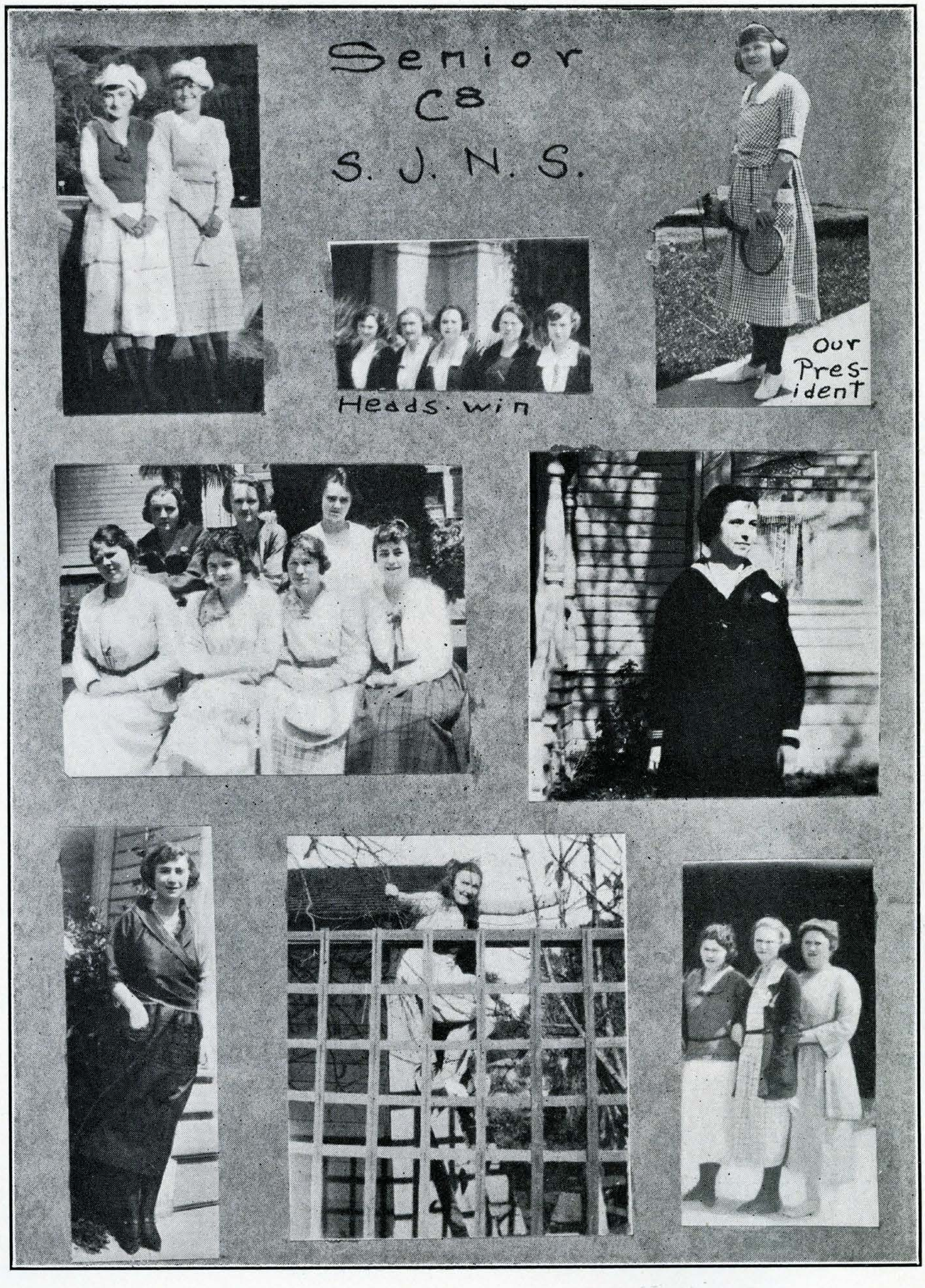
Camera day also was observed. Each member of the class brought her lunch, and during the noon hour some very remarkable pictures were taken. The class belonged to the Roosevelt Community Association and took an active part in the activities of that association.



Senior Cs

President ..... Lauretta Simonsen
Vice President ..... Julia Price
Sec.-Treas. ..... Hazel Thorne
Reporter ..... Lovena Dodds

Winifred Whitfield, Katherine Marlahan, Ida Benbow, Pearl Ten Eyck, Lucile Wayland, Lida Dear, Wilna Howe.
Away back in September,
In the year 1919,



Some one dozen students
Entered Normal quite green.

We signed our names with trembling hand,
Paid our cash to the registrar,

And then were assigned by all the fates
As members of the lucky Jr. A8's.

We were lonesome at first,
But it couldn't last long;
All sorts of good times
Began to come strong.

At our class "mother's" party in Society Hall
Miss Kinney our thoughts read in such a weird way
That guess as we might it was too much for us,
We gave up in despair, with nothing to say.

Not long after that, ere we thought to be homesick,
Along came a note from our big sister 8's,
Inviting us all to a Hallowe'en luncheon
By imperial order of the fates!

Here we met Miss Davis,
Long may she live!
She became our "foster mother,"
Or so she claimed to be.

Next year we were proud seniors,
But we remembered well the time
When, just a year ago from then,
We felt not so sublime.

So we entertained our baby sisters
At a lunch in the same old hall;
We played our games quite merrily,
And to Dr. Kemp's big family
We welcomed one and all.

Such a jolly bunch they were,
We enjoyed them to a T;
And hoped to meet each one again
As soon as that could be.

The time came soon, for, lo and behold!
These Junior 8's were peppy and bold.
Now we were guests at a grand affair
That made us feel quite honored there.

Then came the Kermess,
You remember our part.
We yelled, "Coffe and doughnuts!"
Right straight from the heart.

Our Holland windmill was a work of art true,
And our dancers, what klop-a-lops they did do,
They couldn't be beat by Holland's own prize,
And the cheese and the buttermilk made our coin rise!
But changes came in the last precious weeks,
More of a college we had become, yes.
But more than that change, one concerned us more deeply—
Miss Kinney resigned and left us completely.

Miss Wooster kindly adopted us,
Giving us poor orphans a mighty good start.
She asked us to make merry at her roomy house,
And this we did to relieve our sad hearts.

To a May day lawn party we asked Jr. C8's;
They came one and all, cancelling all other dates.
As the end drew closer, and minutes flew quicker
With receptions and so forth, work seemed to grow thicker.

But too soon, as must come, all good things will end,
We closed life at Normal with many a friend.
Two years of such friendship and work all well pay,
And through life we'll remember dear old San Jose.

Senior C9

Class Teacher: Miss Byrne.
Mildred Dunlap
Inez Feliz
Dorothy Greene
Dorynda Hayes
Irene Henderson
Beulah Hughes
Lillien MacIntosh
Thelma Melendy
Edith Rodman
Iva Smith
Mildred Tuttle
Margaret Wright

Entering in September, 1919, we became the Jr. A9 class with Mr. Martin as our advisor. We are being graduated with practically the same number of members as were entered then; and there has been little change in our class except for Mr. Martin's leaving the Normal and Miss Byrne's becoming our class teacher.

In looking back over the two years

spent here at the Normal, and thinking of the good times we have had, we remember the day which we spent at Stanford, one feature being a picnic lunch in the hills back of the university. Another pleasant "get together" was a class party at the home of Dorynda Hayes.

We became acquainted with our sister class, the Sr. A9's, at a theater party which they gave for us. We met with them again at a Hallowe'en party which our class gave at Irene Henderson's house. In June we entertained them with a basket lunch on the lawn.

Having no sister class this year, we have not had so many social events, but are plannijng to have some good times together, yet.

Three members of our class, Margaret Wright, Thelma Melendy, and Iva Smith, took advantage of the Rural School course under the supervision of Miss Smith, and were away teaching for a time.

At the Normal Kermess our class helped with the ice cream booth and served refreshments.

We are well represented by Irene Henderson, Lillien MacIntosh, Dorothy Greene, Dorynda Hayes, and Mildred Tuttle, in the senior show, "The Romance Rose."

OFFICERS.

President ..... Lillien MacIntosh
Vice-President .... Margaret Wright
Sec.-Treas. ..... Dorynda Hayes
Reporter ..... Iva Smith

Senior Kindergarten

The two years spent together in pleasant comradeship in work and play are fraught with many happy memories for our members.

We owe a large part of our pleasure and much of our success to our teachers. Some way or another the teachers and students in the kindergarten department get very close together in spirit, and there does exist a spirit of good fellowship and understanding in our department.

The following members were in office when we came back from a glorious summer vacation: President, Ella Pelton; secretary, Florence Knight; treasurer, Ruth Beauchamp.

The first social event on our calendar was a "get acquainted" party for our new junior members. This was in the form of a picnic supper at Alum Rock on a balmy evening in September. The juniors were given a hearty welcome, and made to feel that they were a part of our happy family.

It was during this term that the senior kindergarten girls helped in the production of the famous wax works show for the Kermess, and it was partly due to their diligent and tireless efforts and their hearty co-operation that it proved to be the success it was.

Two of our members, Alma Bliss and Eleanor Smith, were graduates of the Christmas class; and though we regretted the loss of such charming girls, we were glad to send them on to such fine positions as they have in the Fresno city schools. A farewell party was given in their honor during the first weeks of December at the home of Ramona Weeks, and a delightful evening was whiled away at the much-loved sport of candy pulling.

The following members took office for the second term of the year: President, Mabel Hamilton; secretary, Violet Quail; treasurer, Helga Langlien.

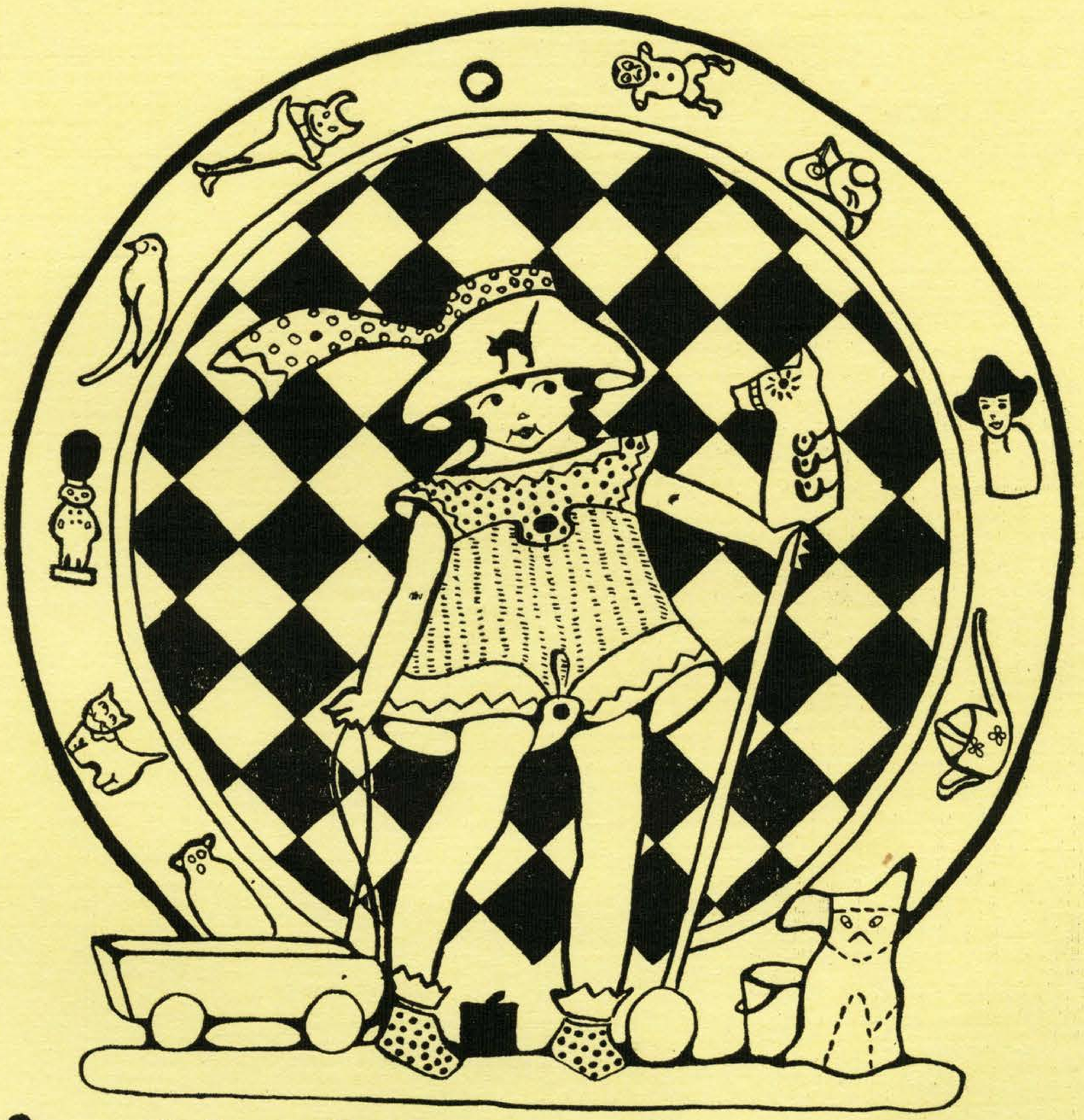
We were charmingly entertained by our junior sisters at a unique party given in Society Hall. The hall was arranged to represent a cabaret and was very artistically decorated in a color scheme of gold and white. We were cleverly entertained with vocal solos, violin and piano selections, and solo dances, and were served with delicious refreshments. The juniors proved most charming hostesses. The evening was a success in every way, and will remain one of the sweetest memories of our two years' comradeship.

It is with deepest regret that we view the approaching day that marks the end of our career at Normal, but we have a work to do and the long path of life to traverse; and after all, this is but a stepping stone to a richer, fuller life and a realization of our life aims.

Kindergarten

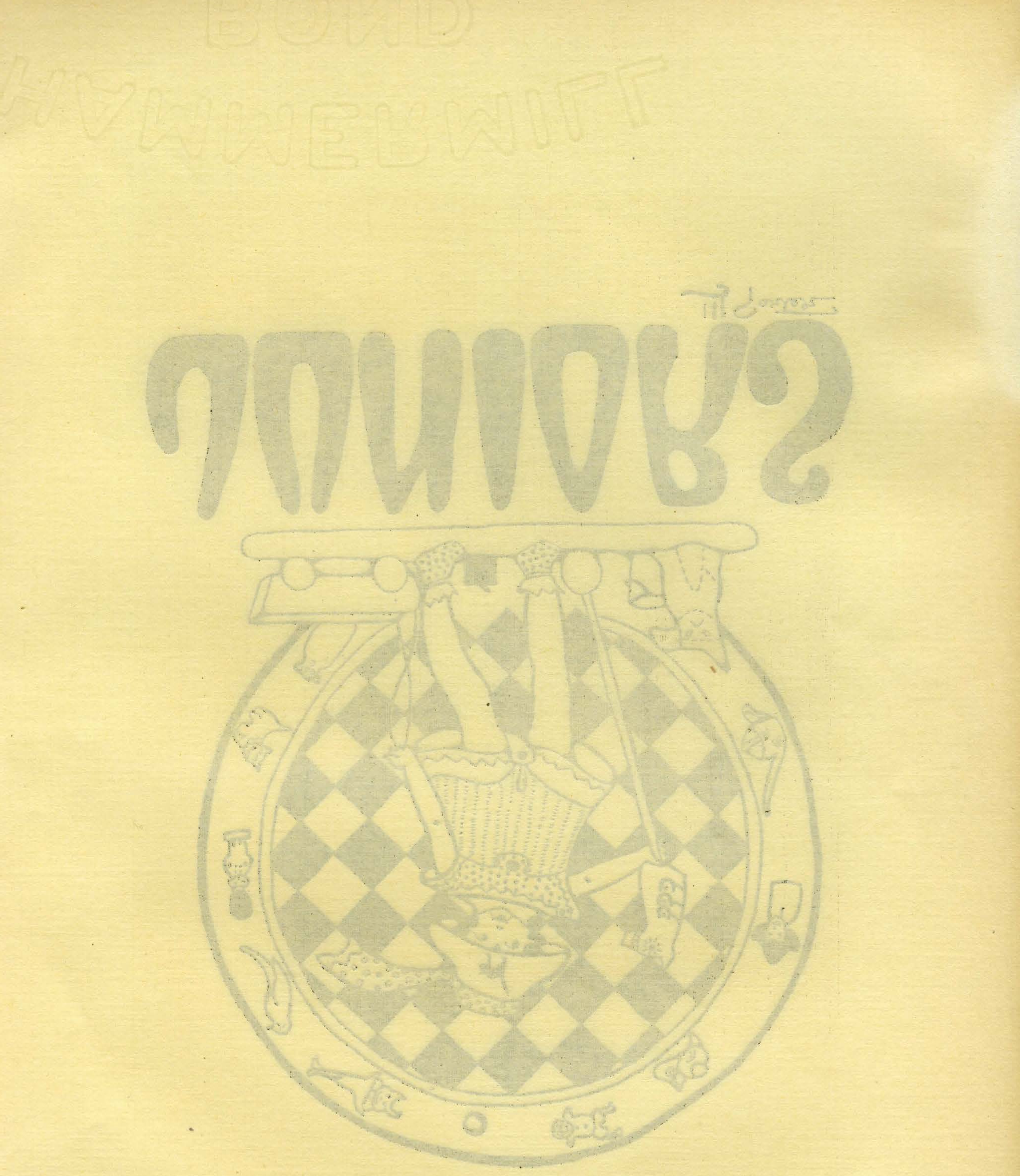
Senior

The members of our class, including our Christmas and March graduates, are: Goldie Marsh, Ella Pelton, Viola Feliz, Philoma Ferguson, Evelyn Hewitt, Mildred Curtiss, Ruth Beauchamp, Dorothy Denny, Mabel Hamilton, Ethel Kautz, Bertha Scott, Ruth Gunderson, Helen Henderson, Muriel Tupper, Halcyon Acton, Athelene Spoon, Ada Nudd, Jessie Pedriera, Mary Levar, Dorothy Fitch, Zola Berger, Ethel Mulligan, Florence Knight, Violet Quail, Ramona Weeks, Pearl Haberfelde, Agnes Williams, Leah Thompson, Violet Owens, Nellie Lynch, Ruth Cary, Celia Richards, Bessie Carpenter, Helga Langlien, Alma Bliss, and Eleanor Smith.



JUNIORS

Jill Carter



Home Economics Department
Junior and Senior

The Home Economics group has enjoyed the usual number of social events during the year, beginning with a luncheon in honor of the juniors. Soon after this Miss Morton, supervisor of the department, chaperoned a merry party on a trip to Palo Alto, where they enjoyed the hospitality of the Community Clubhouse.

Miss Jennings was "at home" to the group on a lovely afternoon in October. The next hostess was Miss Marguerite Duckworth, president of the class, who entertained at the home of her cousin, Dr. Crockett. Here the guests enjoyed games, dancing and dainty refreshments.

On Washington's Birthday we were the guests of Miss Holm of Los Gatos.

A PUMPKIN

WHEEL AND VAN

SOME CHICKENS

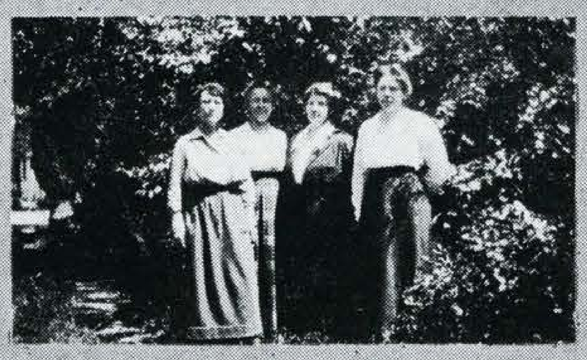
HOME

ECONOMICS

HOW SWEET

NO LEMONS

WAITING FOR REUBEN



THE BIG FOUR

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

PUMPKIN PIE

L. Hoyt M. Koehler A. Huxley D. Ainsley Z. Dickenson
R. Callan A. Wheeler M. Gray M. Jessup S. Derry G. Steinhart N. Johnston
E. Schacht E. Glick L. Hohm M. Duckworth C. Ervin I Inman L. Locke

Miss Bradley Miss Morton Miss Mignon Miss Wallace Miss McPheeters

who took us into the hills for a hike and then back to her home, where she served a most appetizing supper.

In March we were invited to a "fish party," which began with a swim at the Y. W. C. A. and continued with refreshments at the home of Miss McFadden. The Misses Blanche Bradley, Sylvia Wallace, and Margaret McPheeters of the faculty acted as hostesses, and served delicious "shrimp wiggle" and ice-cream ducks. Toasted marshmallows finished the feast. The affair closed with a "fish ball" at the home of Marguerite Duckworth, which was so alluring that even a sedate Smith-Hughes matron attempted to trip on the light fantastic toe.

Miss Zella Dickinson offered her cottage at Mt. Hermon for a week-end in May. A shower to a prospective bride was another festivity which was enjoyed by the seniors. There are still a number of diamond rings in the department. The world always appreciates a good home-maker as well as a good teacher, and the department trains for both vocations, as is shown by the placing of the graduates of last year. A number of them are in the teaching profession, and others are in homes of their own. These homes are undoubtedly arranged and managed according to the latest authorities, as it would be impossible for one who had studied House Furnishing and Home Management under Miss Morton to mix her historical "periods" or overcheck her bank account.

We studied the mysterious vitamine, the catylizing enzyme, the elusive ion and the awe-inspiring bacteria under the direction of Miss Helen Mignon, who teaches the science course. She also guided our footsteps along the paths of housewifery, home nursing, and —laundry work—all of which are intimately acquainted with science.

Our instruction in Foods was begun under Miss Margaret Myers of Washington, who was succeeded by Miss Sylvia Wallace in September of 1920; so we have two competent witnesses to the fact that we can cut a pie or fry the hole in a doughnut. All jokes aside, we have prepared menus for "a poor man," "a man in moderate circumstances," and "a wealthy man"; so are ready for any kind of program.

Miss Kate North conducted us over the "Bridge of Sighs" into the Training School, but left us later to take a position in Idaho. She was succeeded by Miss Margaret McPheeters.

The department expects soon to have a new building, with all of its activities grouped together in convenient, up-to-date quarters. The seniors would have been proud to help lay the cornerstone, but hereby bequeath that honor to the juniors.

For the first time in the department three experienced home-makers will be graduated from the two-year course instituted as a result of the Smith-Hughes Act, and will receive special certificates to teach Home Economics in secondary schools.

President.... Marguerite Duckworth
Vice President.....Evangeline Glick
Secretary.....Emma Schacht
Treasurer.....Dorothy Ainsley
Reporter.....Grace Stanley Steinhart

Senior B

Top Row—Evelyn Adams, Virginia Schoenauer, Rhoda Moon, Wilda Carter, Belle Latta, Mary McArthur.
Bottom Row—Mae Dodson, Norma Penny, Mr. Bland, Bina Savage, Esther Gekkeler.

Mr. Bland's class numbers fifteen, and includes:

Norma Penny
Belle Latta
Wilda Carter
Virginia Shoenauer
Esther Gekkeler
Rhoda Moon
Mary McArthur
Evelyn Adams
Bina Savage
Betsey Graves
Mae Dodson
Martha Rives
Aileen Hinds
Madeleine Canepa
Anita Thomas

The splendid corps of officers now guiding the class are: President, Norma Penny; vice president, Virginia Shoenauer; secretary-treasurer, Belle Latta; reporter, Mary McArthur.

Far-famed athletes are listed in this class. Ask Chico what she thinks of them.

To the W. A. A. have been given three members—Norma Penny, Bina Savage and Wilda Carter, its efficient president.

Alma Collis and Gertrude Cornell just couldn't wait until December to start their teaching in real life, so they entered the June class. Sr. B's loss is Sr. C's gain.

The class entertained the Christmas graduating class of last year. Then when the new sister class came, a luncheon was given in Society Hall. A very splendid return luncheon was given by Miss Bradley's class a little later.

Working with the Short Story Club, the Sr. B's held a popcorn sale and obtained a goodly sum for the Markham Home Fund.

Picnics, parties and hikes are next in order.

Senior A

Mollie Stevens Howard Provan Alfred Sarzin Myrtha Riley Beulah Baer
Helen Ulm Miss English Florence Gilbert

We Senior A's are very few,
Just three, and three, and one,
But you should see the work we do
When once we have begun.

The members of this wondrous class
Are famous for two reasons,
The first because of brilliancy
Of work in all the seasons.

And, then, we have two stalwart boys
Whose names are justly famed,
So we know you'll anxious be
To hear these people named.

There's Howard Provan, our president;
Al Sarzin, our other man;
And Myrtha Riley and Beulah Baer
Are members of the clan.

And Mollie Stevens and Helen Ulm,
The famous Siamese twins;
While Florence Gilbert completes the list
Of the class that always wins.

Then, last and most important of all,
Our friend and constant guide,
Miss English, who helped us with the plans
For everything we've tried.

Although the Senior A class is small, it is proof that quality may be obtained without quantity.

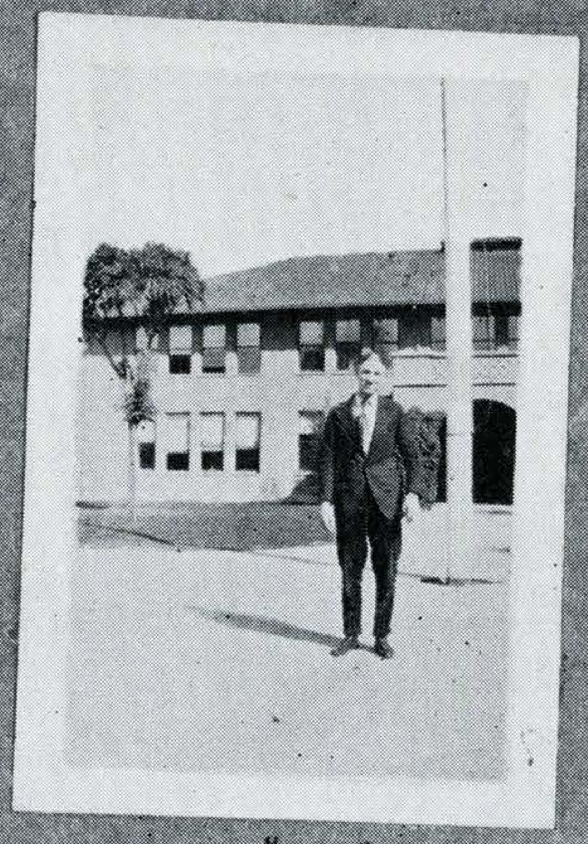
First, two of the members of the class are boys! Second, Miss English is its constant guide in all affairs.

The most important work they accomplished was at the Kermess. The members of the class tinted their faces a pale copper color, donned more or less Indian looking clothing, and were changed for a night into genuine Indians.

The booth of Indian games was one of the most popular at the Kermess, thanks to class members who beat suspiciously tin-pan sounding tom-toms and shouted themselves hoarse.

So, although the Senior A class are but seven, it claims equal importance with any class in the school.

Senior A



OUR "AL"

HURRY UP!

SO GRACEFUL

HIGH AND DRY

Junior Organization Presidents

Junior C1

September 23. We enter today. Ah! But how we enter. Timid little embryo teachers! Little seekers of education!

October 29. Hallowe'en party in the old assembly hall. Dressed in our robes of white, we carried off high honors. Presented "John Brown's Baby" to the audience.

November 1. Kermess cussed and discussed. We have considered, nay, decided to present "A Trip Around the World."

November 12. Senior party at Y. W. C. A. Grand and glorious time. Home early in the morn-n-ing.

November 18. Sandwich sale. Ten dollars and ten cents realized and more coming in.

November 22. Kermess.

November 23. Kermess. Tripped around the world once too often.

November 24. Clean-up day. Fade out!

December 14. Junior-senior kitchen-apron party. Irma dropped half of the cake into her lap. We won't invite her to any more parties.

January 6. Sponsors for new class. We rise a step higher in education (not psychologically or pedagogically expressed).

January 14. Adopted Rebecca, $5 per!

January 19. Braved a few words in assembly, a *few* words.

February 14. Valentine party in Society Hall. Lots of hearts, but—

February 22. Bought one-half page in year book—$5. Ugh!

March 17. Sandwich sale. $8.10.

Miss Clara Hinze (teacher), Frieda Arnold, Viola Busse, Irma Cribari, Ethel English, Mildred Goss, Gladys Haight, Beatrice Horton, Lois Horton (reporter), Lavinia La Sapada, Grace Limerick, Bernice Mahoney, Lucylle, Marsh, Catherine Paviso, Elizabeth Ross, Martha Sohm, Ethel Wallace.

Top Row—Mabel Farley, Liilie Schwartz, Olga Harms, Frances Greene, Mary Daniels, Lorene Phillips, Beatrice Langlois.
Bottom Row—Elaine Blanchard, Mildred Fox, Goldie Whittington, Laura Meeker.

Junior C2

Class teacher, Miss Rowell. Members of the class: Elaine Blanchard, Rosamond Boulware, Mary Daniels, Zora Detjens, Mabel Farley, Mildred Fox, Frances Greene, Olga Harms, Isabel Hull, Beatrice Langlois, Marie Lucas, Laura Meeker, Lorene Philips, Lillie Schwartz, Goldie Whittington.

The class officers for the first and second terms were: President, Frances Greene; vice president, Lorene Phillips; Secretary, Mary Daniels; reporter, Zora Detjens.

Officers of the third semester were: President, Beatrice Langlois; vice president, Zora Detjens; secretary, Mildred Fox; reporter, Mabel Farley.

During the first semester at school the class was given a delightful party by Miss Sprague's class. The afternoon was spent in dancing and enjoying a program and refreshments.

On February 14th the Jr. B2 entertained their senior sister class at a Valentine lunch. After this lunch, prepared by all the members of the class, the two classes danced until the noon-hour was over.

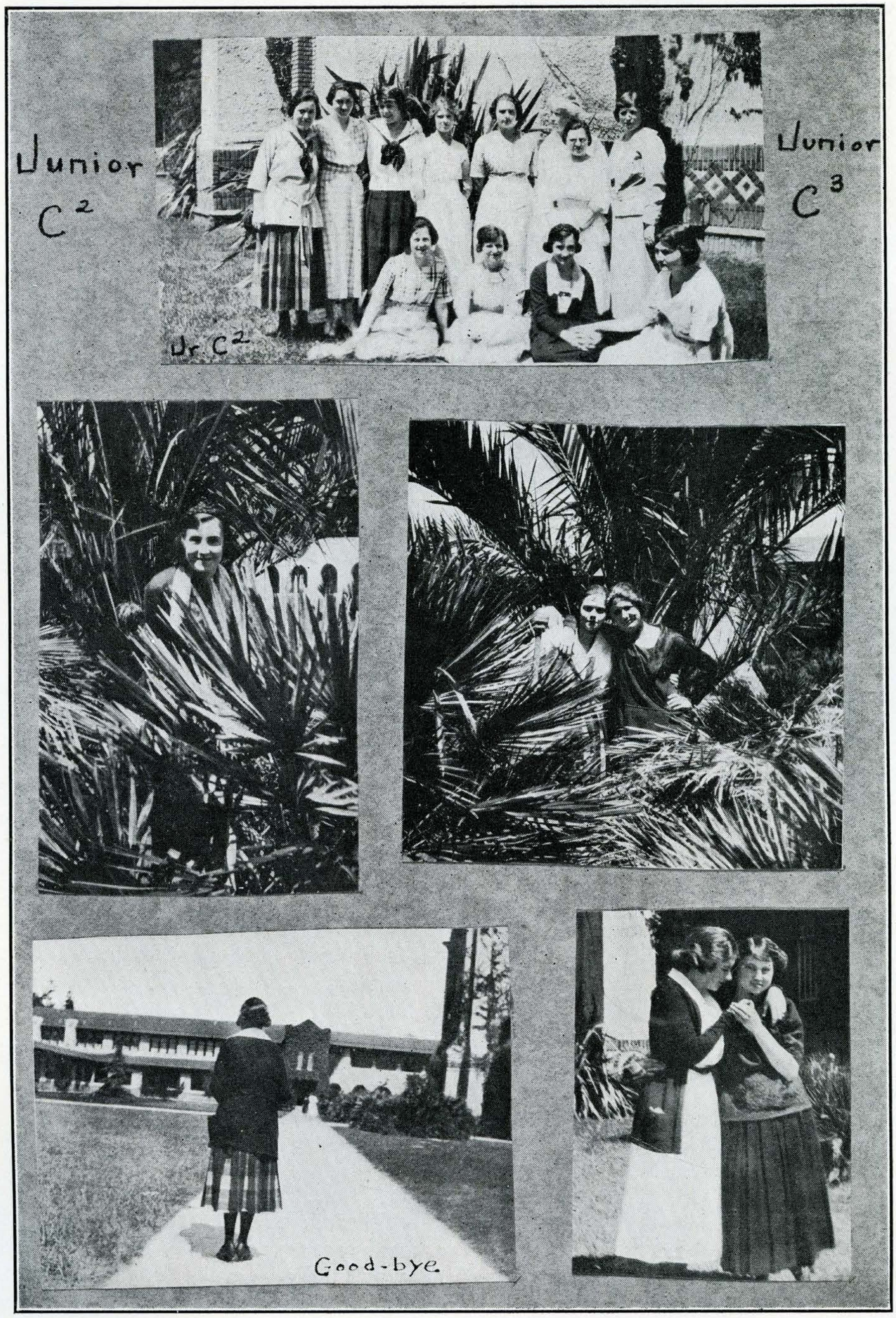
Another enjoyable afternoon was held at the home of Miss Rowell, where she entertained all of the girls. This was one of the most delightful afternoons that the girls have had.

For their part in the Kermess the Jr. C2's managed the French bouquet booth. Every member made numerous silk and yarn bouquets, which made the booth look like a flower garden. Mary Daniels had all the girls at her home, where the morning was spent in getting better acquainted and in making the bouquets.

Two of the members of the class have left the Normal. Dorothy Berner left in January to take up art work, and Mildred Humphreys, now Mrs. Wilcox, is living in the Willows.

Junior C3

The following respected students with their teacher, Mr. Baker, make up the Sr. C3 class: Anne Bogan, Elizabeth Bertenshaw (reporter), Mary Casey, Dorothy Crippen, Verna Cutting, Irma Dowdy , Margaret Geoffroy, Emma Hook, Gertrude Keller, Helen McLean, Genevieve Ratz, Gladys Reimer, Janet Thain, Catherine Yager and Calthea



Ynostrosa. These juniors have enjoyed every day in the school, with the exception of three: the days before the Christmas and Easter vacations, and the first day of teaching.

The election of class and junior organization officers was held so early in the term that it did not prove very ex-

Junior C3

Top Row—Elizabeth Bertenshaw, Mary Casey, Margaret Geoffroy, Calthea Ynostrosa, Gertrude Keller, Ann Bogan, Verna Cutting.
Bottom Row—Gladys Reimer, Janet Thain, Mr. Baker, Emma Hook, Dorothy Crippen, Irma Dowdy.

solute fact that the whole Jr. A3 class voted for Miss Rhoda Moon because she had an attractive name.

The first social event was a welcoming party given by the Sr. A3 class. Various remedies for shyness and homesickness were successfully tried. But the part which won over all the juniors' hearts to their sister class was the eats. Who could resist that?

Later in the term a picnic lunch was held in Society Hall. This was suggested by Mr. Baker, who showed, in addition to his mathematical ability, a wonderful talent for coffe-making. It was not until this meeting that each member of the class knew just exactly who else was in it. During the second term a party was given to entertain the Sr. B3 class.

Next year the members of the class expect to have a still more active part in the affairs of the school.

Junior C4

OFFICERS.

President ..... Mildred Button
Vice-President ..... Agnes Henry
Sec.-Treas. ..... Ruth Harris
Reporter ..... Ellen Powell

Mildred Button, Helen Conroy, Gertrude Copsey, Hazel Christopher, Una Curry, Mayna Earp, Julia Golden, Ruth Harris, Agnes Henry, Aileen Healy, Dorothy Jones, Caroline Marshall, Ellen Powell, Dorothy Reed, Pearl Stafford, Catherine Starky, Mabel Strom.

Our first festive event of the season was given to us by our sister class, Sr. C4, who pitied us in our loneliness, and sought to brighten our sad lives. The result was admirable, and the smiles from twenty or more of the Jr. C4's illumined the dark corridors on the following day. As a grateful dog licks the hand of his benefactor, so did we those of ours; and responded by entertaining the Sr. C4's in the most fantastic and original manner.

A little later in the year Miss Gratz, our class teacher, entertained her fair charges. That is an event we will long remember, and also our royal entertainers, Miss Gratz and Miss Sprague.

There are many Irish among the C4's. Those who have not recently come from old Erin claim ancestry from some Irish saint. So there was reason

Junior C4

Una Curry Irene Healy Dorothy Reed Helen Conroy
Ellen Powell Russie Goodrich Hazel Christopher

for so great a celebration as took place. There were many gallants there that evening to escort the fair ladies home, and to assure them a happy time.

Junior C6

Marian Dommes, Norma Ward Gladys Wagner Zella Dudley Gertrude Frazier
Dorothy Kerwin Zada Aubrey Minette Frost

Junior C5

The Junior C5's are students who have had work above the secondary schools, but who attend Normal two years. They are together with the Senior C5's with Mr. Wilson as daddy for them all. The present class includes D.. Allen, Mrs Anderson, Mrs. Bailey, B. Busbyshelle, L. Calkins, Mrs. Clawson, G. Coffaney, M. Cronin, M. Curtiss, Charles Dana, A. Fentem, H. Gehringer, E. Harrison, P. Hutchins, M. Izant, Harry Kessell, R. McCleskey, A. Mansen, D. Nelson, M. O'Keefe, E. Park, E. V. Page, J. Parker, M. Parks, M. Peairs, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Tresider, Mrs. Ward, E. Westman.

Junior C6

We were welcomed to our Normal School career by a delightful dinner-dance given by our sister-class, the Senior A8. Later our combined classes enjoyed a picnic lunch, where we were entertained by French selections by Laura Allen, and clever dancing by Norma Ward. Miss Frost, president of the class, closed the term with a dance given at her home on December 14, 1920.

During the second semester, theatre parties and swimming parties were enjoyed. A luncheon at Hascall's was a delightful feature. Norma Ward, the president, entertained the class in Society Hall, and afterwards the class enjoyed a swim.

Zada Aubrey was elected to guide the clas through this successful semester, and she has proved herself quite capable. The class has taken an active part in school activities, and hope to do more next semester.

Junior C7

Teachers, Miss Davis and Miss Wooster. The members are: F. Bambury, E. Bishop, E. Dillon, I. De Carlo, E. Desmond, E. Eustis, V. Jensen, A. Kane, R. Hoerl, G. McCracken, R. Stewart, M. Streeter, L. Thompson, F. Tamblyn, L. Seuft, V. Simmons.

September 21, 1920, we entered upon our career as teachers with a somewhat heavy feeling, but with the desire to accomplish our task no matter what happened. Before a couple of weeks had passed, the high and mighty seniors of our sister class invited us to a "get acquainted party" in Society Hall. The evening was spent in dancing and conversation, and was greatly enjoyed as we knew very few girls.

The first hard task was to nominate class officers. We barely knew each other's names; so it was necessary to point to a girl and say, "the one with the blue smock or the marcelle wave." After voting the folowing were elected: E. Dillon, president; L. Husted, vice president; G. McCracken, secretary and treasurer; M. Streeter, reporter. These

Top Row—Elizabeth Desmond, Gertrude McCracken, Lillian Senft, Irma DeCarlo, Ruth Hoerl, Aileen Kane, Velma Simmons, Elda Eustace.
Bottom Row—Lola Thompson, Frances Bamburg, Evelyn Dillon, Florence Tamblyn, Ruth Stewart.

held office for two terms, and now in the same honorable positions are: R. Stewart, president; A. Kaine, vice president; E. Eustis, secretary; E. Dillon, reporter.

Later on during the term the seniors put aside their dignity and came to the "kids' party." Just imagine L. Ruth and R. Elliott in dresses that they wore ten years ago! The evening was enjoyed by all, and refreshments in keeping with the occasion—all-day suckers, cookies and cones—were served.

At the Kermess our class and the Sr. B3 co-operated and had the country store. This was very successful due to donations received from far and wide.

About a month ago we gave a theater party at the T. & D. Charlie Chaplin certainly made us forget our troubles for a while. After the show we went to O'Brien's and had some luscious ice-cream.

Junior C8

At the first meeting of the class, held September 29, 1920, the following members of the class became officers:

President ..... Verna Miller
Vice President ..... Claudine Baun
Sec-Treas. ..... Della Hottman
Reporter ..... Ruth Jessup

At this meeting our class teacher, Miss Hoisholt, invited us to meet at her home on East William Street. A delightful evening was spent.

As all students remember, November 22 and 23 were "big" days for each class in the normal school. The Jr. A8 class had charge of the gypsy fortune-telling booth. Each two girls had a different device by which they told fortunes. The crystal gazer, witches' den, palm reading booth, astrologer's booth, and the booth for fortune telling by cards were the different places of attraction.

Our sister seniors gave us a party in Society Hall, and the time passed all too quickly in guessing games and dancing. A luncheon was given to the Sr. A8 class later in the term.

As to the winter term, the officers of the preceding term had done such good work that the class decided to retain them. Because Miss Jessup did not return to school, Maude Coburn was elected reporter.

One of the most enjoyable times of the school year was the valentine party.

Junior C8

Top Row—Bolette Jensen, Marie LaFleur, Maude Coburn, George Gaylord, Hazel Reynolds, Claudine Baun.
Bottom Row—Martha Hansen, Della Hottmann, Verna Miller, Mildred Sutherland.

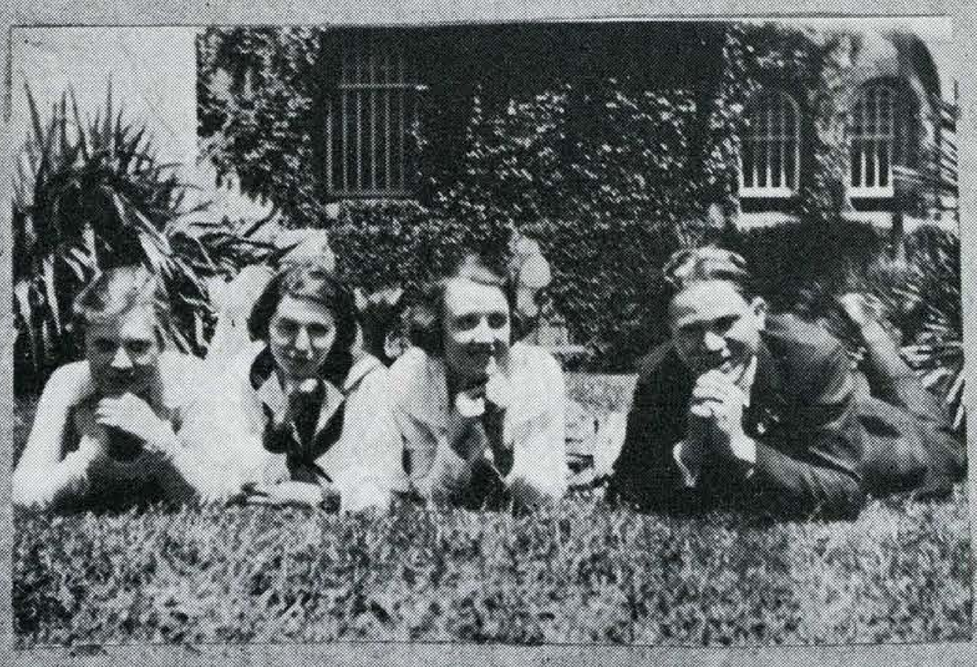
The hall was beautifully decorated with red hearts suspended from the chandeliers and ceiling. After several hours of games and dancing, refreshments were served.

Just before the close of the winter term, a movie party was enjoyed by the class and their teacher. Afterward Miss Hoisholt entertained the class at O'Brien's.

The members of the class are:

Verna Miller, Della Hottman, Martha Hansen, Hazel Reynolds, Marie La Fleur, Claudine Baun, Bolette Jensen, Mildred Sutherland. George Gaylord, Maude Coburn.

JUNIOR C8



Junior Kindergarten

Yes, we're the happiest class in the school. Enthusiastic at the start—enthusiastic till the end. That is how you can tell any Junior Kindergarten girl. We started out with forty in September, but now have an enrollment of fifty-five.

You ask why we are so enthusiastic! How could any girl help responding to the joyousness of it all when such understanding and appreciation of effort are shown by our teachers. It was to study and come to know the little child that we came to Normal, and the joy of daily contact is enough to keep us smiling. Soon, under the efficient guidance of Miss Crumby and Miss Ruebsam, we were duly initiated into our well chosen work, and then time—it simply flew.

The Senior Kindergarten girls welcomed us by a very eventful picnic at Alum Rock in our first few weeks of newness and took us in as a "Regular."

Our debut was made to the seniors at a cabaret. Long will it be remembered in all its realistic forms so delightfully impersonated by the "producers."

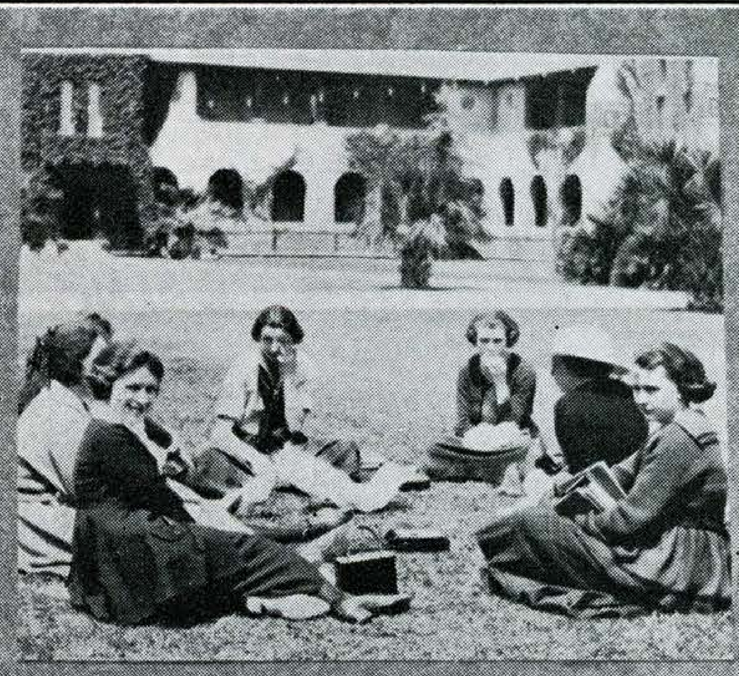
And then, the day of days, when everyone was invited to visit our Construction Exhibit, murmurs of delight, praise and surprise were heard from our guests. It was all deserving, for each and every girl had used her creative imagination in making something out of almost nothing.

Through our love for little children, we, as a part of the Kindergarten Organization, helped in the Near East Relief by keeping a child alive for one year in Europe.

As each month goes by, and each term ends, we find ourselves catching the spirit of understanding that is so vital in being close to children. We are finding that the Kindergarten phase of education has a deeper significance than is generally supposed. Truly we can say, "Come, let us live with our children," and know that through those words our work is worth while.

Junior Kindergarten

Top Row—Edna Smith, Fern Stitser, Helen Denbigh, Elizabeth Cameron, Ruth Gillespie, Dorothy Warren, Ethel Kelsey.
Middle Row—Della Richter, Margaret Williams, Mabel Stoppleworth, Anna Finley, Mary Marken.
Bottom Row—Velma Blood, Phyllis Caton, Amelia Finnemore, Doris Eddy.



Junior Kindergarten

First Term.		Second Term.	
President	Edna Smith	President	Helen Cobbledick
Vice-President	Letha Leach	Vice-President	Elizabeth Cameron
Sec.-Treas.	Marjorie Baker	Sec.-Treas.	Amelia Finnemore
Reporter	Phyllis Caton	Reporter	Dorothy Dam

Junior B

We entered after Christmas to try our luck at teaching. Having decided that we wanted to become teachers, and knowing that we must have a thorough training before we could become teachers, we decided to come to Normal. We had always heard of the San Jose State Normal School, and decided to enter our names upon its roll.

First we registered, as all good students do, and went to our class teacher, Miss Bradley, who helped us out of our difficulties. She soon called a class meeting so we could become acquainted with each other and organize.

Miss Naoma Smith was chosen president, Miss Florence Houck secretary and treasurer, and Mary Ann Reager class reporter.

We have become quite a little democratic organization, having our regular meetings when we discuss the weighty matters of the Normal and the world.

When we returned after Easter, we found we had been promoted to Junior B's. We now felt quite dignified and were so sorry for the poor Junior A's who had come to take up the hard work of Normal.

Naoma Smith, Frances Pellascio, Mildred Waters, George Carmichael, Enid Hoffman, Gertrude Jones, Irene Ludwig, Evelyn Eastin, Miriam Madison, Loraine Rippey, Mary Ann Reager.

Junior A

The Junior A class held its first meeting of the term April 11, 1921. The following class officers were elected:

President ..... Emily Wildhagen
Vice-President ..... Adaline Valine
Sec.-Treas. ..... Grace Gillespie
Reporter ..... Neva Williams

The class is somewhat small, being only twenty-two in number. But in spite of the fact, we have had several interesting meetings. How could our class be otherwise? We have a good class teacher, Miss Beal, and a good president, Miss Wildhagen. Last, but not least, we have a live-wire class, and many good times have been planned.

Junior B

Elizabeth Waters Loraine Rippy George Carmichael Mary Anne Reager
Miriam Madison Irene Ludwig Evelyn Eastin

Cadets

INSTEAD of doing the required four terms of practice teaching all in the Training School, a number of students do a part of their work assisting in the rural schools of the county, especially if they expect to continue in rural school work. These girls have experiences which the other student teachers do not meet.

There are many red letter days in the few weeks one is a cadet, and the following poem was inspired at such a time:

SALVATORE

I.

We looked in at the open door,
Who was there but Salvatore;
Clippers had taken away his hair,
The shape of his head would make one stare.

II.

Birds were studied every day,
How they live and fly away;
And about them none knew more
Than little four-year Salvatore.

III.

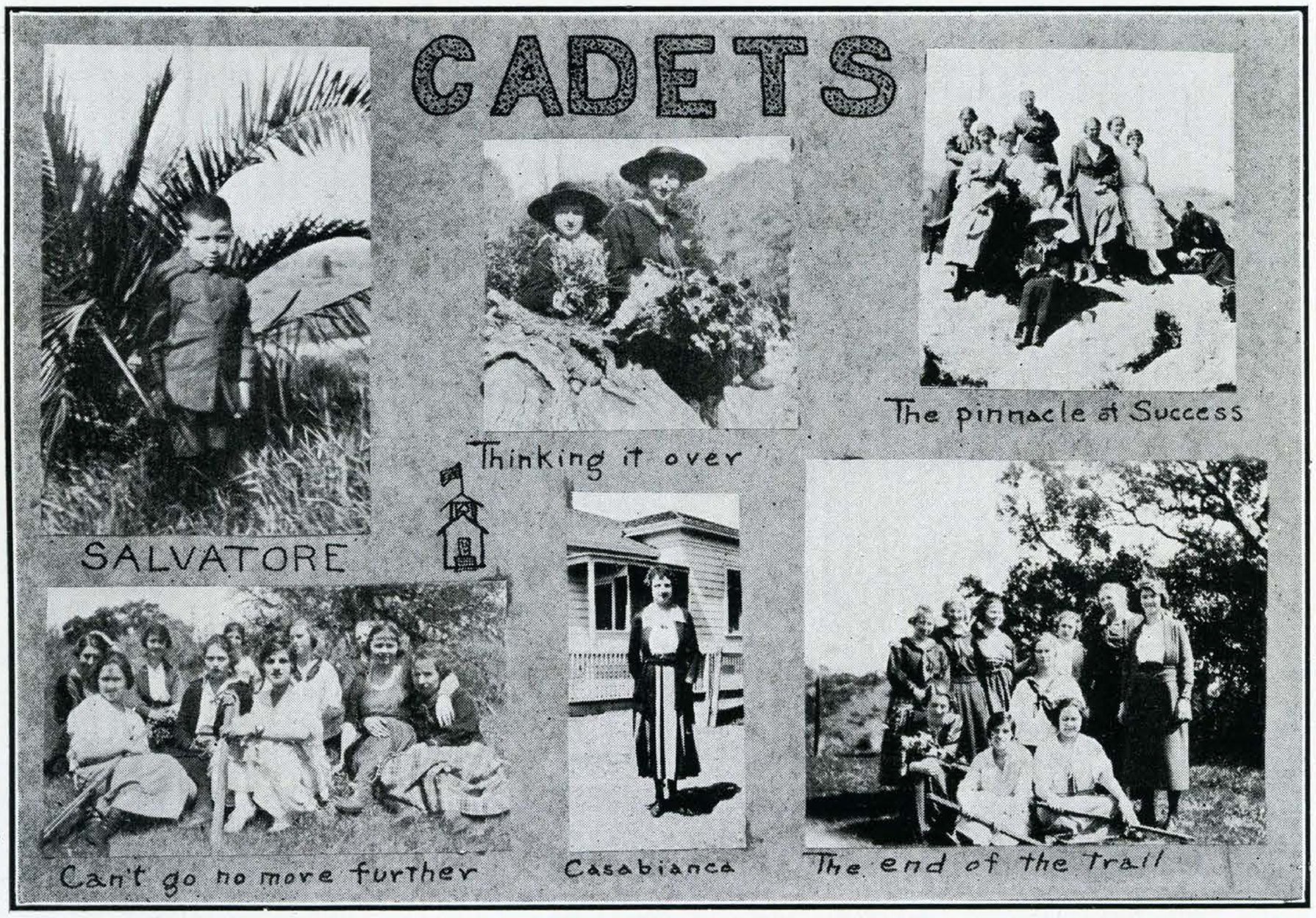
A button from his coat he lost,
And on those mornings there was frost.
"No can find no pin," he said,
"I use a nail instead."

Another time an Italian boy was asked to tell the class what an alligator was. This was his answer:

"W-w-well, well, one time, one day, a long t-t-t-time ago, my toofs was hurting me and—and—my mother took me 'way up to San Jose, and we came to a big house which had a big al-i-gate-or in it and a big man locked us right in him, and made that big al-i-gate-or run right up to the man which fixes toofs. Yes'm, he did!"

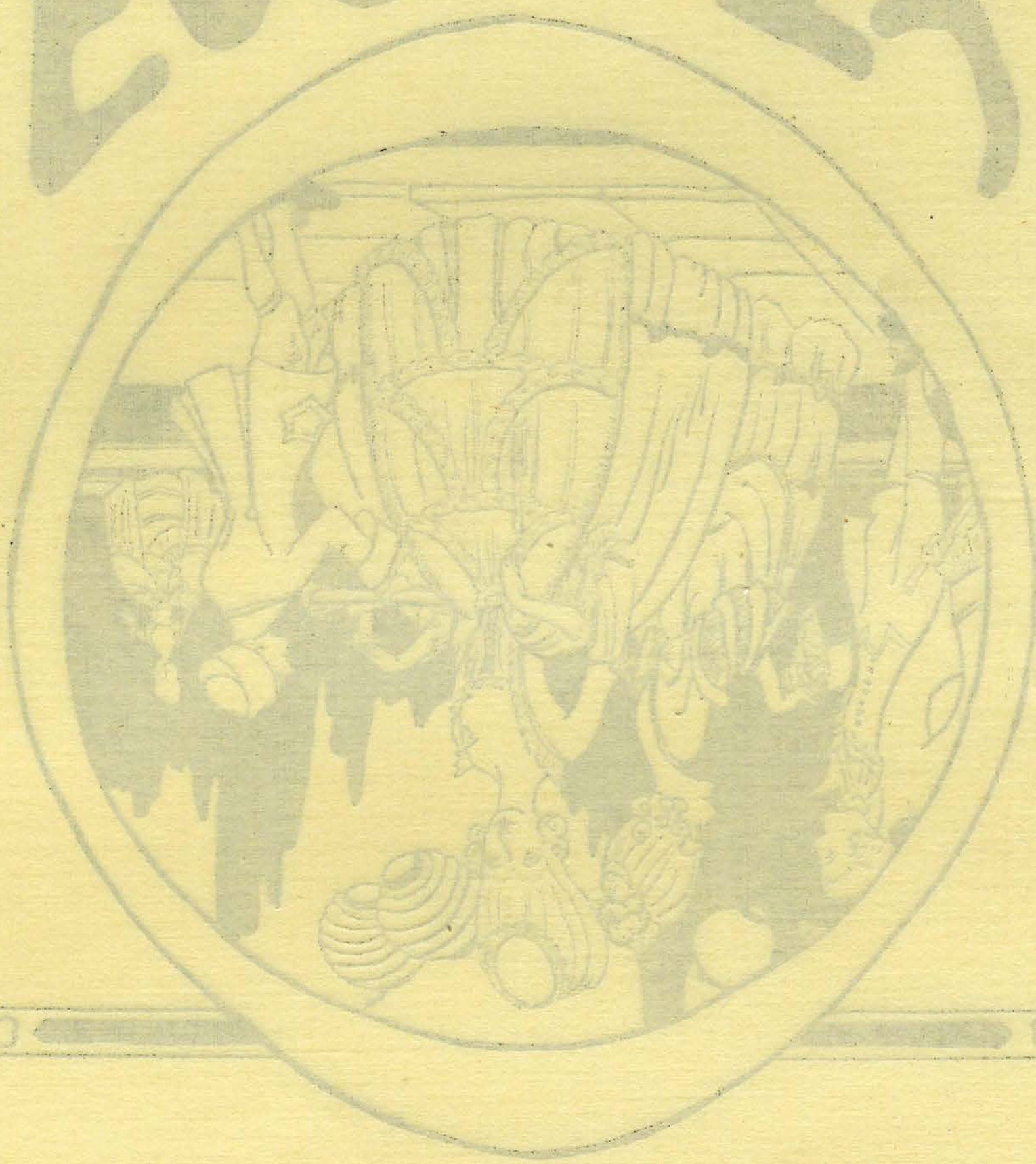
The greatest day of all was the day of Miss Smith's weekly visit. You can believe we were glad to see her. She would take us off the rocks and set us sailing smoothly again.

The crowning event of the term was the Adams picnic. Will the girls ever forget that wonderful spot in the mountains, the creek, the wild flowers, the large rocks, the hike to the top of the hill, and Eleanor Jack's wild race to San Jose to catch the 5:25?



FACULTY

LAVORI



Our Teachers

It is said that a school is what the students make it. But the students are what the teachers make them, if we are to believe the exhortations of nearly everyone who speaks from our platform; and in that case, we are a big friendly family because of the amiable pedagogues who instruct us at Normal.

How do you do

I don't care

First Aid—
Give 'em the axe

It is I

Tramp, tramp, tramp

The Vanquished

East-bound

Faculty Members

Minssen, Sr. + Jr.

Math.

One Essential!

The Faculty

WILLIAM WEBB KEMP, PH. D. ..... President
Stanford, Columbia

LEWIS B. WILSON ..... Vice-President
S. J. N. S.
Physiography and Physics

MARY CLARK SWEET, A. B., B. S. ..... Secretary to the President
Vassar, Simmons

MRS. S. ESTELLE GREATHEAD ..... Registrar
S. J. N. S.

H. F. MINSSEN, A. M. ..... Financial Secretary
Stanford
Mathematics

HELEN EVANS ..... Librarian
Riverside Library Service School
Library Methods

WINIFRED W. ESTABROOK ..... Assistant Librarian
S. J. N. S., Riverside Library Service School

WILLIAM H. BAKER, A. M.
U. of Missouri
Mathematics

ALICE BASSLER
N. Y., London, Stockholm, Vienna
Physical Education

MRS. ROVILLA BATES
U. C.
Music

FLORA E. BEAL, A. B., B. L.
U. C., Stanford
English

HENRY M. BLAND, Ph. D.
College of the Pacific, Stanford
English

BLANCHE BRADLEY, B. S.
Hillsdale, Columbia
Home Economics

CAROLYN H. BRADLEY, A. B.
S. J. N. S., U. of Wisconsin
History

SUSAN L. BYRNE, B. S.
Columbia, Mich. State Teachers' College
Drawing, Handwork

MABEL CRUMBY, B. S.
Columbia
Kindergarten

CORINNE DAVIS, A. M.
S. J. N. S., Stanford
Sociology

REBECCA F. ENGLISH
U. C.
Drawing

IDA M. FISHER, A. B., B. E.
Syracuse University
Director of Music

ELEANOR GRATZ, Assistant to Dean
S. J. N. S., Stanford, U. C.
Mathematics

KARL S. HAZELTINE, B. S.
U. C.
Agriculture

CLARA HINZE, B. L.
S. J. N. S., U. C.
Geography

ESTELLE HOISHOLT
S. J. N. S., Stanford, Copenhagen
Drawing

The Beginning of a Teachers' College President

The Faculty
(continued)

ETTIE KINNEY, A. B.
Stanford
Zoology

ELIZABETH McFADDEN, A. B.
Stanford
Physiology

ISBEL O. MacKENZIE
Student University von Bonn
Director of Kindergarten

MARGARET McPHEETERS, B. S.
A. & M College, Oklahoma
Home Economics

HELEN L. MIGNON, B. S.
S. J. N. S., Columbia
Home Economics

CHARLOTTE A. MORTON, A. M.
Kansas, Stanford
Director Home Economics

GERTRUDE F. ROWELL, A. M.
S. J. N. S., Columbia
Psychology

EDITH RUEBSAM
Columbia
Kindergarten

YETTA SHONINGER, A. B.
Columbia, U. of Chicago

CLARA H. SMITH, Ph. B.
U. C.
History and Rural School Supervision

LULU SOURS, A. M.
Stanford
History of Education

BENJAMIN W. SPAULDING
Stout Institute
Director of Industrial Arts

HELEN M. SPRAGUE, A. B., Acting Dean
S. J. N. S., Stanford
English

MARGARET M. TWOMBLY, A. B.
Stanford
Physiology

CLARENCE URMY, B. S.
Napa College
Music

SYLVIA WALLACE, B. S.
Simmons
Home Economics

ISABELLE WATERMAN, A. B.
U. of Wisconsin
Physical Education

HAZEL WHITMIRE
S. J. N. S., Stockholm, Vienna, N. Y.
Physical Education

ANNA M. WIEBALK
Stanford, U. C., Columbia
Primary Methods

RUTH E. WOOSTER, A. B.
Kansas State Teachers' College
Drawing, Handwork

Training School

J. LE ROY STOCKTON, Ph. D. ..Principal
Stanford, Columbia

M. ALICE CRONIN..Secretary to Principal
S. J. N. S., Stanford

HENRIETA RIEBSAM .... Eighth Grade
S. J. N. S., U. C.

MARTHA M. TRIMBLE, B. S.....
..... Seventh Grade
S. J. N. S., Columbia

MRS. FRANCES HAMBLETON, A. B.
..... Sixth Grade
S. J. N. S., Stanford

ALMA PROUTY ..... Sixth Grade
S. J. N. S.
Handwriting

LULU E. WUNDERLICH .... Fifth Grade
S. J. N. S.

KATHERINE M. H. HALL, A. M. ....
..... Fourth Grade
S. J. N. S., Stanford, Columbia

MRS. ELIZABETH SHROEDER ....
..... Third Grade
S. J. N. S.

BESSIE McCABE ..... Third Grade
S. J. N. S.

EMILY W. NIXON ..... Second Grade
S. J. N. S.

MRS. GRACE C. WILLIAMS.... Librarian
S. J. N. S.

Training School Assistants

ALMIRA MITCHELL ..... Eighth Grade
S. J. N. S.

MARY I. BEAN, A. B. .... Seventh Grade
S. J. N. S., U. C.

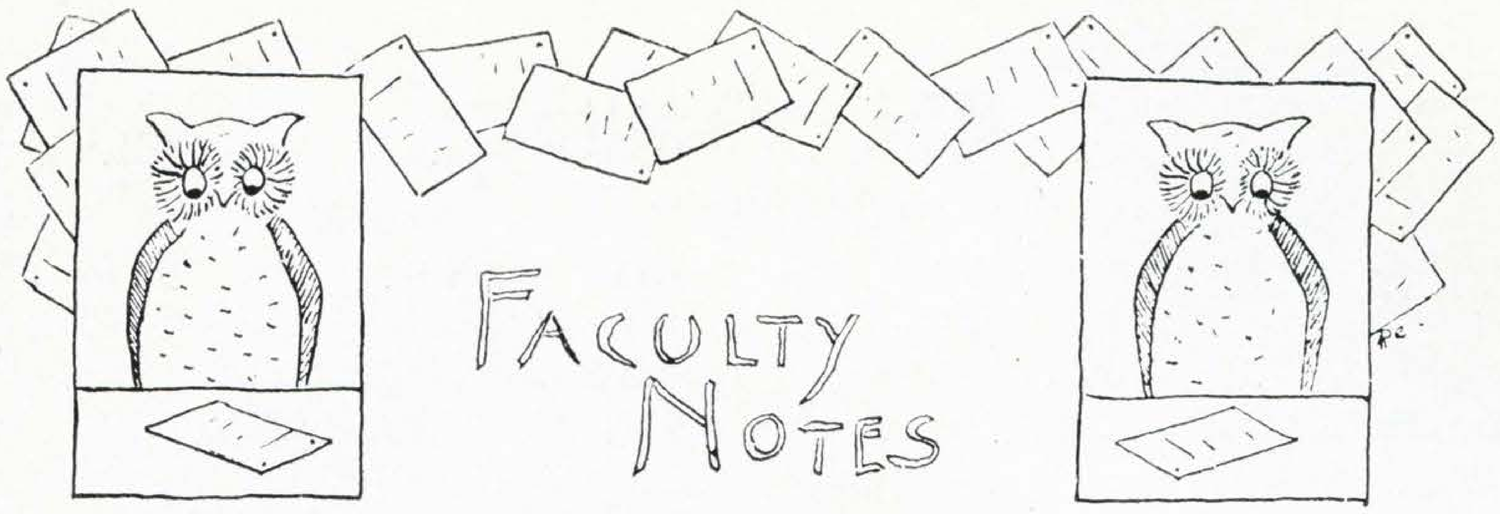
ALICE HOWELL ..... Sixth Grade
S. J. N. S.

LEOLA BURCHELL ..... Fifth Grade
S. J. N. S.

ANITA COLOMBET, A. B...Fourth Grade
S. J. N. S., Stanford

JULIA LA SHELLE ..... Second Grade
S. J. N. S.

ETHEL RODDA ..... First Grade
S. J. N. S., C. of P.



A face more sweet
Ne'er hath it been my lot to
meet. —*Whittier.*

Eight new members were admitted to the Corporation this year: President Kemp, Miss Shoninger, Miss Waterman, Miss McPheeters, Miss Wallace, Mrs. Hambleton, Miss Sweet and Miss Wiebalk. They all gave complete satisfaction and we hope that their sojourn may be long in our land.

Thirty faculty members are graduates of S. J. N. S.; eighteen of whom are in the training school. Maybe a dozen of the class of 1921 will hold chairs here in 1953.

Miss Smith, Miss Waterman and Mr. Hazeltine are recommended to future classes as good chaperones for long trips.

Why didn't Mr. Wilson have his bloodhound on the job when that bold burglar was here?

Miss Sprague won two desirable prizes on essays for the T. and D. entitled "What Women Love." Wonder what it is.

Did the cruel girls in the class of 1878 ever get Lewis and Alice fussed?

Cupid is very selfish. During the summer of 1920 he took, without warning, two of the best loved faculty members, and the old school hasn't been quite the same since. We still call them Miss Post and Miss Payne.

There be faculty poets four—Mr. Bland, Miss Bradley, Mrs. Greathead, and Mr. Urmy.

Miss Hinze has enlargement of the heart, for strange girls. In early April, she took all the girls who wished to go on a tour around the Valley of Heart's Delight.

Mrs. Kemp's advice to Normal students: "Marry your first principal." (Query over editor's shoulder: "What if it's a woman?")

You know I say just what
I think and nothing more
nor less. —*Longfellow.*

Well read
In nature's secret lore.
—*Dante.*

But, Oh, her looks had
something excellent,
That wants a name.
—*Longfellow.*

And her eyes were very dreamy.

—*Longfellow.*

For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither.

—*Burns.*

And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

—*Whittier.*

A certain carbonaceous stone sparkles on the proper hand of Miss Hoisholt—a present from her brother.

Once upon a time in California there was a litle boy called Willie Kemp, and his first county superintendent was Edwin Markham.

It must be that brunettes make the best teachers. There are forty-nine of them on the faculty and only eleven blondes.

"Our hearts are filled with pride"—we have in our midst two from the pages of "Who's Who"!

At the beginning of the spring term Mr. Spaulding offered a course which would teach one how to mend a faucet and what to do when the lights go out. We wonder where *he* took that course.

The ranks are again depleted. We like not to hear of the resignation of Miss Kinney, Dr. Stockton, Miss Nixon.

Stanford predominates, with seventeen graduates and students on the faculty. U. C. has nine represntatives.

We hear that Mr. Spaulding doesn't approve of a certain lecturer's criticism of the "Saturday Evening Post."

Do these San Jose Normal teachers know enough to hold chairs in a Teachers' College?

We hope, for the sake of S. J. N. S. inmates of the future, that Dr. Kemp will soon be able to come back from the front at Sacramento and spend more time with his family.

Extra! Extra!! Shout aloud, lucky juniors, at your good fortune; rave, graduates, at what you miss. Weep, San Jose High School, at your loss. The best and best loved teacher within the radius of many a mile joins the Normal faculty next year—we welcome JAY C. ELDER!

To satisfy any curiosity, we explain that the "who's whosers" are Dr. Kemp and Mr. Urmy.

Woe, woe to the editor when all this gets out!

Her joyous way, heart-sunshine in her face,
And on her lips a beneficial grace.

—*Carruth.*

Your cheek is like the rose's blume,
Your hair is like the raven's plume.

We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it.

—*Butler.*

I must mix myself with action lest I wither by despair.

—*Tennyson.*

Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His worst of all whose kingdom is a school.

—*Holmes.*

His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,
That a suitable parallel sets one to seek.

——*Lowell.*

The Gallery of Fibs

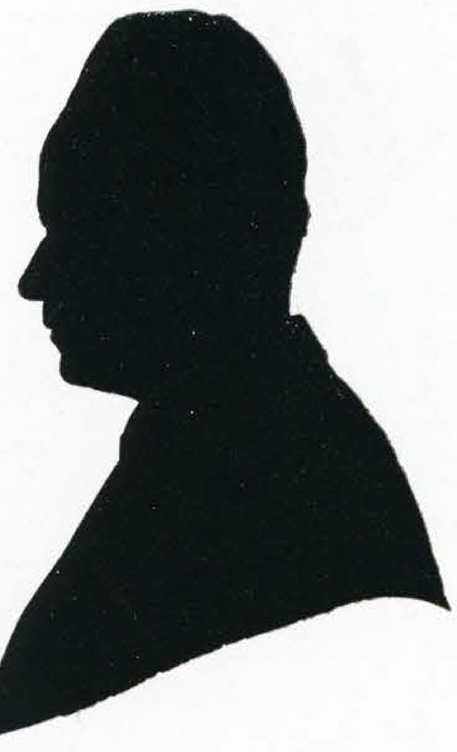
O, come and take a stroll with me,
The Gallery of Fibs to see;
For there on exhibition be
Some noted P. N. A. C. P.
In many a daring hue and shade
Are famous characters portrayed.

Miss Rowell, see, is swiping spoons,
And Mrs. Greathead's picking prunes:
That man with a curly, sable pate
Is Mr. Minssen posed in state.

Miss Davis, as a lengthy prude,
Is fuming in an angry mood;
Karl Hazeltine's a sad-faced man,
A hermit poet in Hindustan.

My library
Was dukedom large enough.

—*The Tempest.*



Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well. —*Sheffield.*

But civilzed man cannot live without cooks.

—*Meredith.*

The sweet enthusiast.

—*Dryden.*

The world is a vast reservoir of potential pleasure.

—*Hyde.*

To see her is to love her,
And love her but forever.
—*Burns.*

I'll live and die a miden, and
end as I began,
Nor (let what else befall me)
will suffer woe for man.
—*Nibelungenlied.*

Scarce had the down to
his cheeks begun.
—*Aeneid.*

And there's concentrated
honey in her smile.
—*Service.*

Miss Evans hides in a lonesome shack,
Devouring a thrilling yellow-back;
Mr. Bland in bushy-headed bliss
Is writing low-brow rhymes like this.

A syncopated melody
Miss Fisher sings in honest glee;
Mr. Wilson's hair is flat and red,
And hangs down all around his head.

What makes the birds thus fly and run?
Miss Kinney's abroad with a B. B. gun;
"That ain't no way to do, it ain't!"
Miss Beal reproves in just restraint.

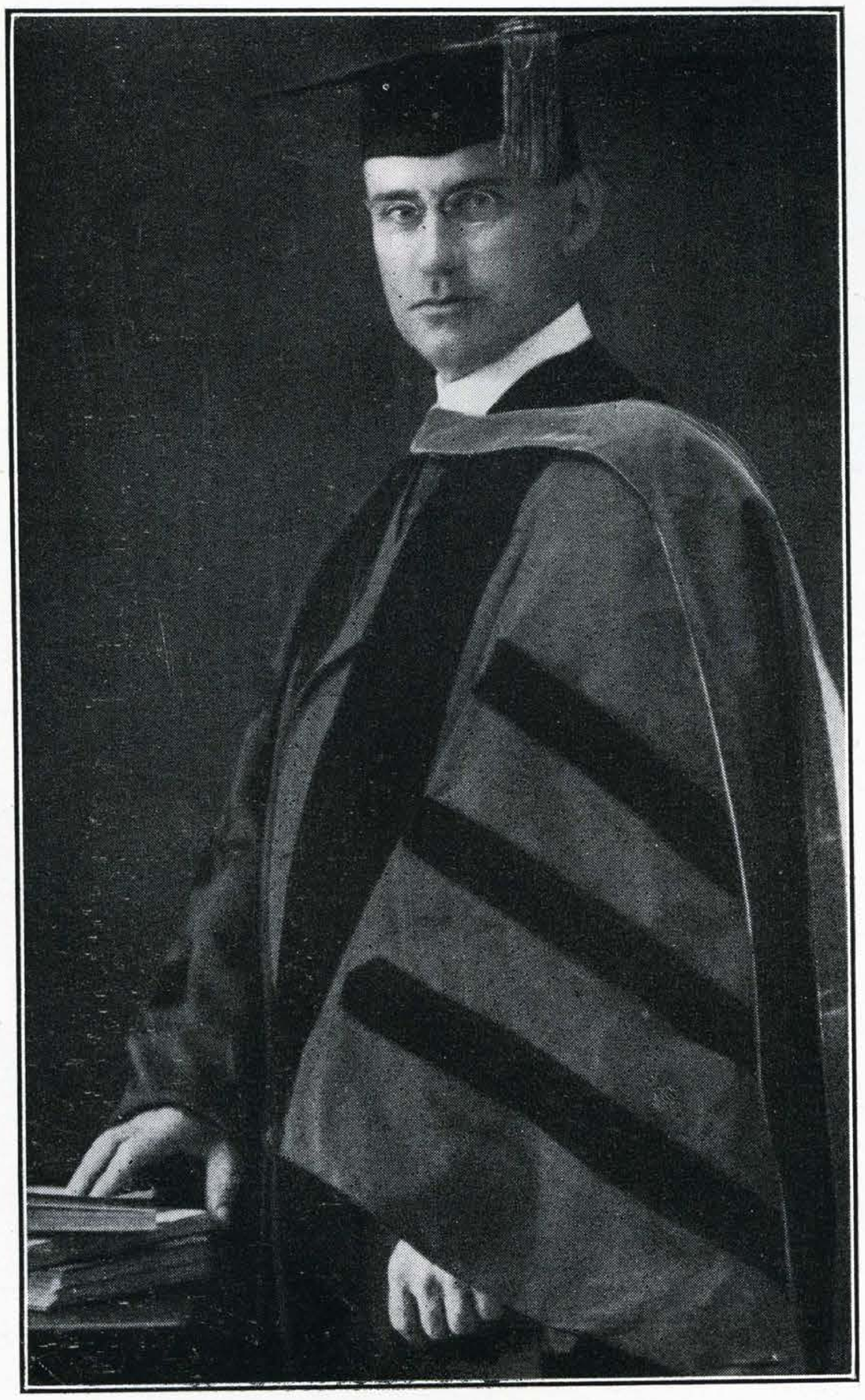
A scene of strife comes last to light,
Where Doctors Kemp and Stockton
fight,
Each pelting the other's periled head
With lapidious loaves of Miss Morton's
bread. —fmf

Her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring
of light.
—*H. Coleridge.*

I am a part of all that I
have met.
—*Tennyson.*

Wisdom and under
much, and largeness
standing exceeding
of heart. —*I Kings*

Her face is fair, her heart
is true,
As spotless as she's bonny.
—*Burns.*



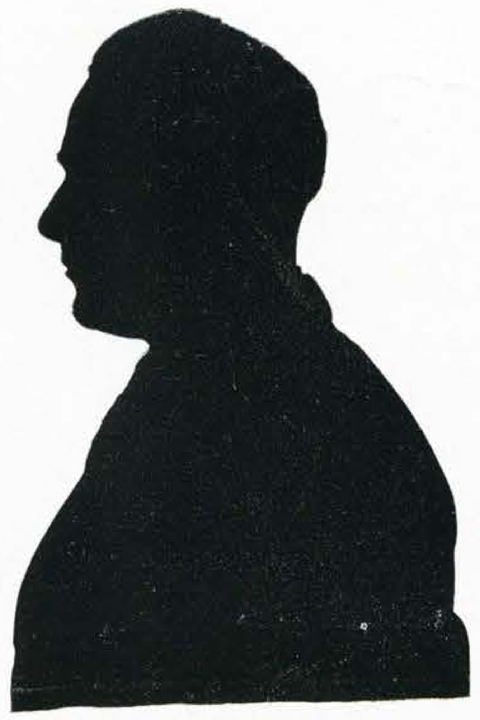
Dr. Kemp, as a graduate of Columbia University.

Her skin is soft, her face
is fair,
And she has very pretty hair.
—*M. Fleming.*

I would help others,
out of a fellow-feeling.
—*Bailey.*

While trees the mountain-
tops with shade supply,
Your honor, name, and
praise shall never die.
—*Burns.*

Heart and hand that move
together. —*Longfellow.*



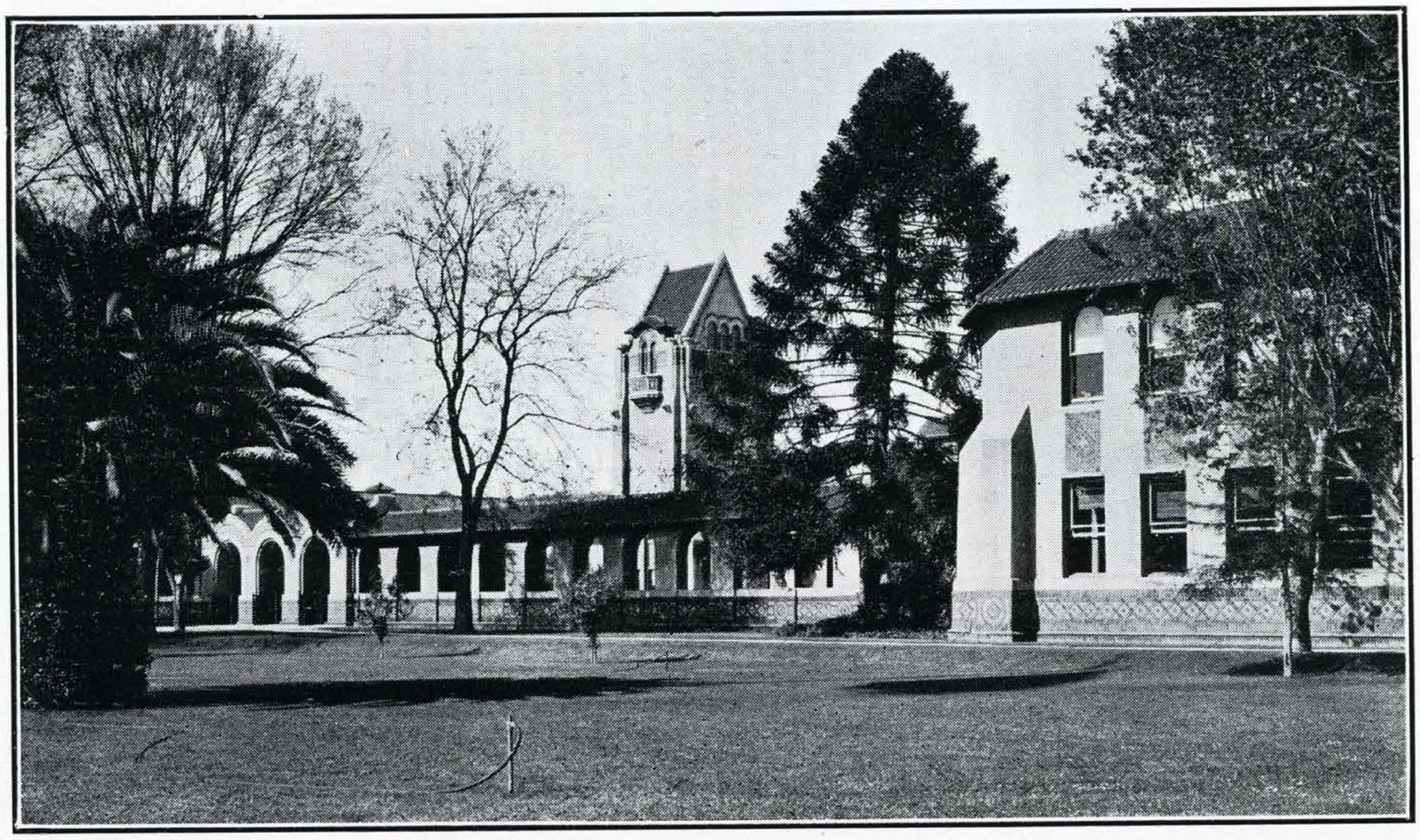
A merry heart mak-
eth a cheerful counte-
nance. —*Solomon.*

The Library

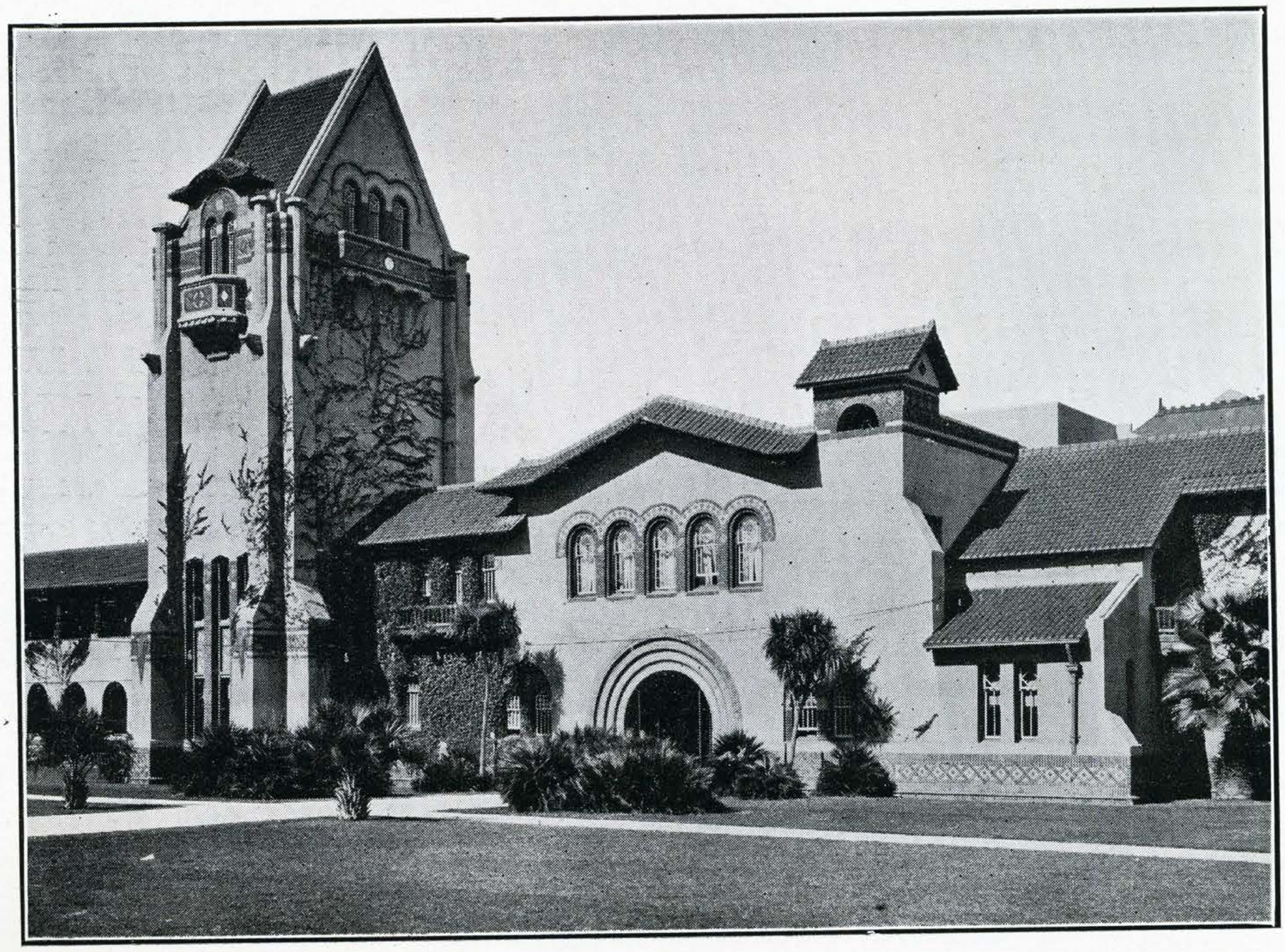
OF all rooms in Normal, in this we have absorbed more than in any other. In the Library we have been taught by the wisest teachers on earth or under it. They have taught only at our invitation, and have retired to the shelves when we grew weary of their learning. They have given no ex's or disappointing grades, neither criticism nor reproof. There is recreation in the all-saving "Life"; one takes wondrous shopping tours through the pages of "Vogue"; and new members of the Order of the Diamond revel in "The House Beautiful." There is satisfaction for the lover of Irving Cobb and for the student of Aristotle. The most remarkable among the 22,000 volumes is the collection of rare children's books, one of the best in the country.

Miss Evans's classes in library methods are noted for their superior knowledge of books and the "inner workin's" of libraries. Twice they have made pilgrimages to the University of Santa Clara, where Father Sasia has kindly showed them the oldest books in this valley—huge and iron-bound, with their parchment pages hand-written in Latin before George Washington crossed the Delaware. Father Sasia, exhibiting the "Acta Sanctorum," observed, "There are women saints in it, too! The great question is whether the men and women saints are all in the same place now. I think the ladies will be in the majority."

Praises be to our Normal Library! It has been a place of comfort on bleak days, and a refuge from the summer sun. It has been to us a place of study, of gossip, and of pleasure for two years. We are grateful to those in whose care it is. Thanks be to Miss Evans and Miss Estabrook for their indispensable part in our education.



"Mid blossoms and flowers
In sweet-scented bowers"



"In all the years that come and go
We'll ever love thee best"

STUDENT AFFAIRS

Jill Carter

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

Student Body Officers

First Semester		Second Semester
Ruth Murphy	President	Ethel King
Mildred Carroll	Vice-President	Carolyn Smith
Patricia Carroll	Secretary	Myrtha Riley
Frances Fox	Treasurer	Margaret Kirtland
	Buying Manager — Alfred Sarzin	
Thelma Roberts	Times Editor	Doris Beard
Winifred Allen	Times Manager	Ethel Wallace

Executive Committee members from the Student Body—Dorothy Gillham, Jeanesse Bingham, Viola Feliz, Muriel Tupper, Nell Thompson, Beulah Baer.

The New Constitution

One of the pressing needs long felt by the students, especially so by the Executive Committee, was the revision of the constitution.

This was done during the spring term by a special constitution committee with Belton Rhodes as chairman and Madeline Rogers, Eleanor Jack, Dorothy Kerwin and Fred Zimmerman as his co-workers.

The constitutions of several colleges and normal schools were studied, and ideas from them were worked into our own constitution to meet our special demands.

The constitution was submitted to the Executive Committee and after a few changes were made it was accepted. It was then presented to the student body and was accepted as presented.

We feel that the revised constitution is so splendidly worked out that it will be used with very few changes for many years in the Teachers' College.

Treasurers "Times" Mgrs. Secretaries "Times" Editors

Representatives-at-large on Executive Committee. School Affairs Committee

The Chico Meet

A stalwart band of thirty-nine boarded the two-forty train for San Francisco a week ago last Thursday afternoon, accompanied by thirty-nine valises, thirty-nine umbrellas, thirty-nine pairs of rubbers, thirty-nine hats and coats, and thirty-nine hearts filled with joy. They went to Sacramento on the steamer "Modoc", and in the morning, 9 o'clock found the mob on its way to the depot. The fame of the party had gone before it, for upon arriving at the Capitol building, it was greeted by Senator Jones, who ordered the dome to be opened for its inspection. In the Assembly, the members were accorded the privileges of the floor and had their names recorded in the journal. In the Senate, through Senator Herbert Jones, the same courtesy was extended.

Saturday morning, the San Jose visitors toured Butte county, and at noon all returned to the school cafeteria for a luncheon.

Then came the games. Miss Winifred Van Hagen, State Physical Director, refereed the volley ball games. "Beautiful" is the only adjective to describe the three games of volley ball.

The basketball game was refereed by Thomas Sperry, and certainly he was a wise choice. San Jose should be proud of her basketball team. The boys fought like Trojans, but were doomed to defeat from the start. Chico had more men to choose from and men who had played basketball before.

Saturday night the school auditorium was the setting for a brilliant debate on the question: "Resolved, That the Government should own and operate the coal mines of the United States." San José upheld the negative and lost the decision by 20 points out of 900. It would be difficult to single out for praise any speaker on the negative side —Frances Fox, Minette Frost, and Carolyn Smith each did equally well, and fought hard to bring victory to San Jose.

Three cheers for the smiling losers— San Jose Normal is proud of them!

YELL!

SING!

Lillien MacIntosh

Marian Dommes

Behind the "Times"

THE NORMAL TIMES

The Normal Times

Published bi-weekly during the school year by the students of the State Normal School.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Editor ..... ROBERTS

Assistant ..... FOX

Associates

...HY BER...

...RTER.

...ou G...

SENIORS, it is almost time for us to say g... you. Most of you ha... here for two years and are well acquainted with all bro... l. Let us hope that you will look back upon ... asure, with ... always your ... always w... ng time ... , these ... re yo... li... Seni... ot be ... golden ... may se...

Our Neglected Spanish Words

...eritage which fe... have, and ...lt is thi... and nam... hey ... the ... if ... is eas... ould tak... preserv... yord whic... very frequen... t of us pronounce ... the name of our year book, "La Torre," which is corr... ed "la tor ray," and not "lah-tor," as most of us say. The ... s are slightly rolled. Try it. Doesn't it sound better than "la tor"?

"La tor... as you know, "the ... n't a Spanish ... French or Italia... our Spanish ...

...ls. Th...

...nging ...rgy in sil...

Wy... m this ... er many ... epest sympa... ths of the San... and their heartfelt sympa... r classmate in her bereavement.

Another parting—yet another class
To leave my halls, and thru the gates
to pass...
To give ... ing find
That f... kind.

Am...
O...
C...
M...

Once upon a ... a paper,
And writ thereon was a cruel ex,
Whereon the information was but va-
por
Escaped from ... storm
wre...
And wh... the
Tore...
The...
In...
One...
Files...
But al... and
whe...
Held it, did ... ng enough.
For when the middle center had been
nibbled,
The rest wa... the cold, hard
floo...
Someone ... of a
Sa... n
One...
And...
On...
A j...
Imbibe...
And r... it
no...
Then shre... pieces.
And thus it ... corridor.

SANGUISUGUS

Heien Ulm
Mabel Izant
Irene Campbell
Gertrude Biggers

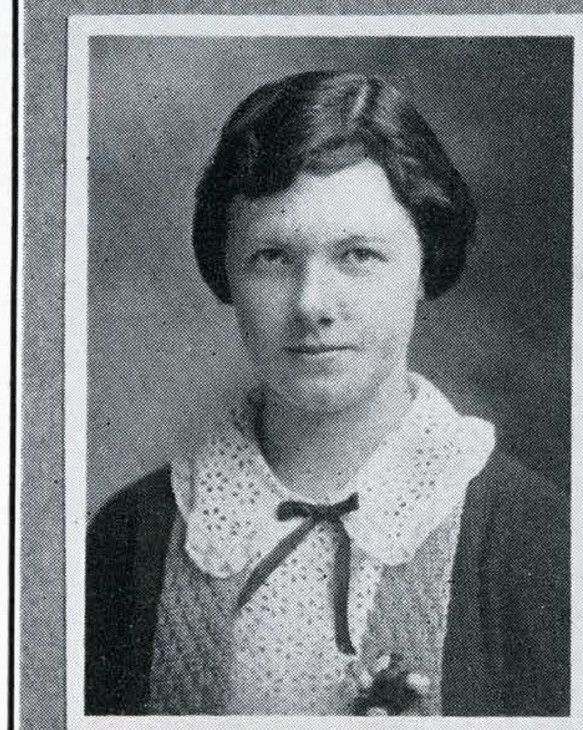
Viola Feliz
Dorothy Gillham
Agnes Henry
Zerifa Smith

Wilda Carter
Marguerite Inman
Carolyn Smith
Ethel English

Winifred Allen

Thelma Roberts

Frances M Fox



Iona Laidlaw

Doris Beard

Ethel Wallace

"The Times" Staff

First Semester		Second Semester
Thelma Roberts	Editor	Irma Laidlaw
Frances Fox	Assistant Editor	Doris Beard

Associates (first semester)—Helen Ulm, Dorothy Berner, Mildred Carroll, Wilda Carter, Viola Feliz.

Associates (second semester)—Dorothy Gillham, Marguerite Inman, Norma Ward, Irene Campbell, Agnes Henry, Helen Ulm, Gertude Biggers, Carolyn Smith, Mabel Izant.

Winifred Allen	Manager	Ethel Wallace

Assistants (second semester)—Ethel English, Zerifa Smith.

Debating

Let arms give place to the robe, and the laurel
Of the warrior yield to the tongue of the orator.
—*Cicero.*

Under the enthusiastic leadership of Debate Manager Viola Feliz, debating has assumed a prominent place in school activities during the past year. Two inter-collegiate debates and one "inter-team" debate were held in place of the one held with Chico in previous years.

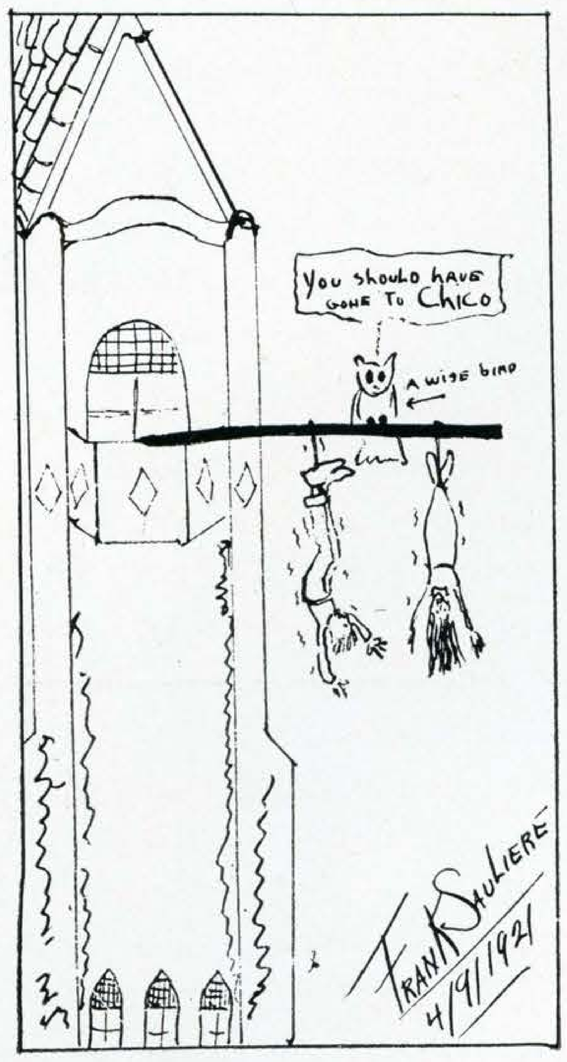
THE CHICO DEBATE

Early in October, a tryout was held in which eight aspiring young orators came forward to try their powers. The judges, Mr. Hazeltine, Mr. Minssen, Miss Sours, Miss Weibalk and Miss Twombly, after due deliberation (and lengthy), decided on Frances Fox, Carolyn Smith, and Minette Frost.

After the reading of volumes and volumes of "interesting" material, and intensive coaching by Miss Smith, Miss McFadden, Miss Shoninger and Dr. Stockton, the Big Three journeyed to Chico with forty other San Jose Normalites on the steamer "Modoc." All night they rocked in their bunks, shimmied with cold, and spoke to the walls in a weird and mystic language, like this: "Mr. Chairman, Worthy Judges, and Friends, we are here tonight to prove to you", etc.

The question was: "Resolved, That the government should own and operate the coal mines of the country." The judges returned a two to one decision in favor of Chico, but complimented the San Jose debaters very highly for their splendid showing. San Jose people were naturally disappointed at not bringing home the "ham," but everyone was justly proud of the team.

The "Big Debate" of the year was



THE ALL-STAR HOME DEBATE

held in the Normal auditorium before the Chico debate. It was a contest calling for logical reasoning and forceful extemporaneous delivery. The question was: "Resolved, That all students who do not go to Chico should be hung by the feet until the teeth drop out." The affirmative was vehmently supported by "Tipsy-tongue" Fox and "Slippery-

Viola Feliz Frances Fox Carolyn Smith Minette Frost

tongue" Smith, while the negative was heatedly upheld by "Rattle-brain" Feliz and "Loose-jaw" Frost. Such unrestrained torrents of eloquence were never equalled in polite society. Miss Davis, Miss Sours and Miss Kinney were appointed to act as judges. After taking copious notes in a conscientious effort to render a fair decision, Mr. Wilson said he would delay the decision until the apple blossoms appeared in March.

THE COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC DEBATE

San Jose Normal broke her custom and accepted an invitation to debate with the College of the Pacific on the same subject as before. Realizing that we were to meet a more formidable opponent than Chico Normal, the Normal senior debaters (Viola Feliz, Frances Fox and Carolyn Smith) put on their most invulnerable armor for the fray.

A few days before the debate, a caravan of autos, carrying a hundred pedagogues, serpentined through the city, swooped down on the College of the Pacific like a tribe of Indians on the war path. They responded with a bucket of water on our heads, and a "Wait till Saturday night!" attitude.

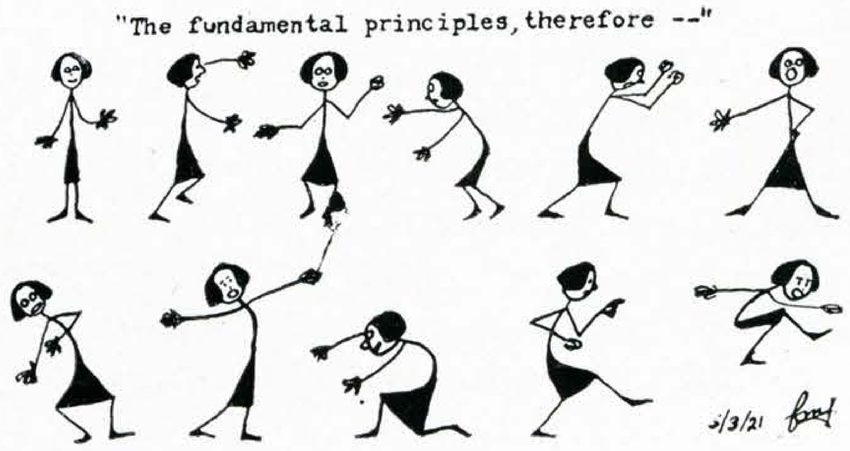
Their warning or their water didn't dampen our spirits (though it did a few spring bonnets), and on Saturday evening both schools were lined up to support their respective teams.

Hon. Grant Bennett, Miss Edith Sloan, Dr. Noel Porter, D. D., were judges. C. P. opened the debate by stating that the capitalists had been guilty of outrageous profiteering and therefore the government should take over the coal mines. Viola Feliz knocked out that argument by admitting that conditions needed remedying, and that the negative stood for a change. Miss Fox maintained that the scheme of government ownership and operation was impractical and could not remedy the situation. Miss Smith submitted an alternate plan in the form of joint regulation as the logical solution of the problem. In a spirited rebuttal speech, Miss Feliz answered her opponent's arguments in a most forceful way, and clinched the debate for San Jose Normal, as the decision of the judges showed a few minutes later.

The success of this year's team was to a large degree due to Miss McFadden's unselfish service as coach.

May Shakespeare's statement apply to an increasing number of girls each year:

"She has prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade."



FROM THE PAGES OF AN OLD SCRAP BOOK.

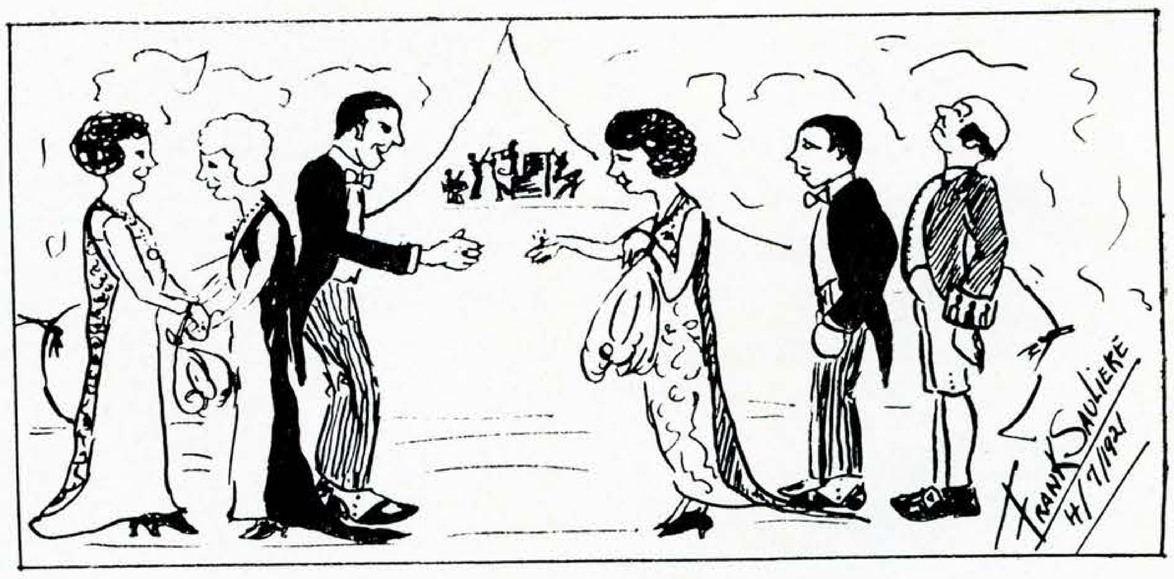
YES, indeed. It is an old book. I have had it since—oh, for a long time, to say the least. My aunt used to keep a boarding house for Normal girls; one of them evidently left it behind when she went home. I found it in the basement with a lot of old note books. Yes—receptions, parties, and everything. Shall I read some from it? No, not at all. It is a pleasure to recall such pleasant times. Those are the only kind that are recorded; probably there weren't many of the other. Well, here goes. I'll begin with the first event in that year—the reception to the new president, Dr. W. W. Kemp:

LAST night, Thursday, October 21, 1920, a reception was held for the new president. Most students turned out to greet formally the new man. Their secondary reason for coming, in most cases, was to see what a real reception, with a receiving line, evening suits and dress and long kid gloves, was really like. They saw.

"The reception was staged in the library. Never before had it looked so beautiful. The big tables—some of them—had been pushed aside to make room for the long line of noted people, local and otherwise, who composed it. Among them were Judge Gosbey, and Judge Beasly, Dr. Noel Porter, Dr. Cubberly, and Dr. Terman—these last two familiar because of certain books we had read written by them. More than one person experienced a thrill upon really shaking hands with them. There were a good many others, too numerous to mention. Many townspeople were there, besides former students.

"But back to the library. Great jardinieres were on the tables, holding long branches of autumn leaves. Over in one corner an orchestra strummed away, making enough noise to get people to talking loudly, and then stopping suddenly and leaving them to yell at one another in the sudden calm.

"So down the line everybody went—maids and "suitors," friends, teachers and everybody. One young swain was heard to murmur that he had run out of etiquette before he had half finished being handed—or, rather, very "formally pushed" down the line. After having gone down the line, everybody went to the music room, where punch was served. (Those mostly in evidence were Normal students.) It was interesting, though, and successful. Many were given an opportunity of meeting the new president personally, who would not have known him otherwise.'



"That's all to that. Yes, I remember it quite well. Fun! I should say we did! You should have seen Mr. Baker filling up punch bowls with a bucket. Five glasses, I think, was the limit. Yes, it was good, too. Well, here is the next one, The Kermess. It was just before Thanksgiving, on Monday and Tuesday, November 22 and 23. Clean-up day was the day after. Yes, it was a lot of work, but it was very elaborate and yet worth while. Just listen to this:

WELL, the Kermess is over, and everybody can eat turkey and cranberry sauce with a contented mind. It surely was worth working for.

" 'Last Friday and Saturday all preparations were being made. Only

once before, at the last Kermess, was such slamming, banging, hammering and hauling done. The four boys who helped hammer and nail were certainly overworked. By Monday evening everything was in readiness for a big crowd. And it came, to be greeted by maids from all lands, who had adopted very American manners. The spielers were on every hand, and they had something to "spiel" about. It will be best to begin at the beginning and go around the corridor as a visitor.

" 'In the music room several classes had their booths. (The whole Kermess was managed through classes.) There were the Dutch maidens, who served coffee and doughnuts, and cheese and buttermilk. Between times they clicked and clacked a Dutch dance.

" 'Next to them a fancy work booth sold many lovely things, and in a corner, maidens of France sold lovely French bouquets.

" 'Much noise and good humor was characteristic of the Fish Pond. All manner of articles, useful, nutritious, and otherwise were drawn from the pond. Outside in the corridor, all paths led to the Country Store, where Miranda and Silas reigned supreme. Fresh vegetables, straight from the farm, home preserved fruit, pies, cakes, bread, and everything were to be found in the cases and on the shelves and counters.

" 'On both nights a noisy throng walked back and forth in the corridors. Many went into the vaudeville show that was staged in the assembly hall; and more went into the Krazy House to experience its queer sensations and mysterious corners.

" 'Then came the Egyptian street bazaar, where dusky maids of the Nile sold strange Oriental perfumes. They also vended stuffed dates, and a strange ambrosia of the ancient Pharaohs. Then, too, they sold wax beads, marvelous in their blended colors. At intervals, two vestals of the Temple of Fire danced the sacred fire dance, while patrons sat on the low divans, breathing the incense laden air.

" 'From Egypt, the throng went to the Wax Works, which were marvelous indeed. There were all the great characters of hitsory, from "The Greatest Mother" to the Puritan maid and Betsy Ross. In a dark corridor were hung the heads of Bluebeard's wives — a ghastly sight.

" 'Next was memory land, where the famous characters of song and poetry stood before the audince while their songs were sung.

" 'Around the corner, hags awaited people, urging them to see what fate was in store for them. There, by the stars, the crystal, and the palm, were their fates revealed. How different the scene across the way where the gay Mexican village held sway. There the fandango was stepped and the old Spanish ballads were sung, in Spanish, beneath the deadly castor bean trees, by the cacti of the desert. One would almost see the dusty road running down the middle of the village. On the other side, real enchiladas, chili beans, and chili con carne were served.

" 'Across the way, a trip around the world was offered patrons, with experts for guides.

" 'Last, but not least, was the great dance held in the old assembly hall, where a motley throng whiled away the evening.

" 'That the affair was a success is proved by the amount taken in, nearly $2,000.'

"So you see that is worth remembering, to be sure! I forgot all about that. I must have turned several pages at a time. I should say there was a Hallowe'en Party, but there is just a short account of it here. I'll read it:

THE Hallowe'en Party was held in the old assembly hall last night, October 29. There was plenty of apples, cider and doughnuts for everyone. A dance was held afterwards. Prizes were awarded for best costumes, after a grand march before the judges. Some of the features

were the Fotygraph Album, and Cave of the Legless Spirit. It was a great success.'

"Yes, that is all. There seems to be quite a space in it with just a few comments on lectures given in the hall, concerts, etc. The next great event recorded is a game of basketball between the faculty and the mighty class of March, 1921. It is worth reading. I remember that game, don't you. Yes, Miss Hinze. You never would have recognized her, would you? Well, I'll read this, it isn't very long. This girl evidently belonged to the March class:

ON this day, Wednesday, March 16, the class of March, 1921, did overwhelm the so-called unvanquished" faculty. At 10 o'clock this morning, the Seniors, seeking faculty blood, did pitch into the aforesaid and fight as only those can fight who have suffered two years of oppression and terror.

" 'The faculty, not to appear afraid (as they truly were) sang lively songs, led by one Wm. H. Baker, and yelled "bloody murder" to "rattle" the mighty Seniors. They were led in yells by Miss Fisher and Miss Wooster. But the Seniors were not daunted. They fought, and fought hard. At last, in the last few minutes, when the score was 10 to 5 in favor of the Seniors, the faculty substituted all of their comic people for their regular players. With umbrellas, wooden guns, and all manner of weapons, they assailed the ball, and upon securing it, threw it to one Spaulding, who, standing on a ladder beside the goal, deftly slipped the ball into the basket. It was a great game!'

"That is all there is in this book, for it seems that the writer must have gone away and left it. Yes, I am glad that I found it. It is fun to recall the old days. Well, good night. I'm glad you came."

Student Body Picnic

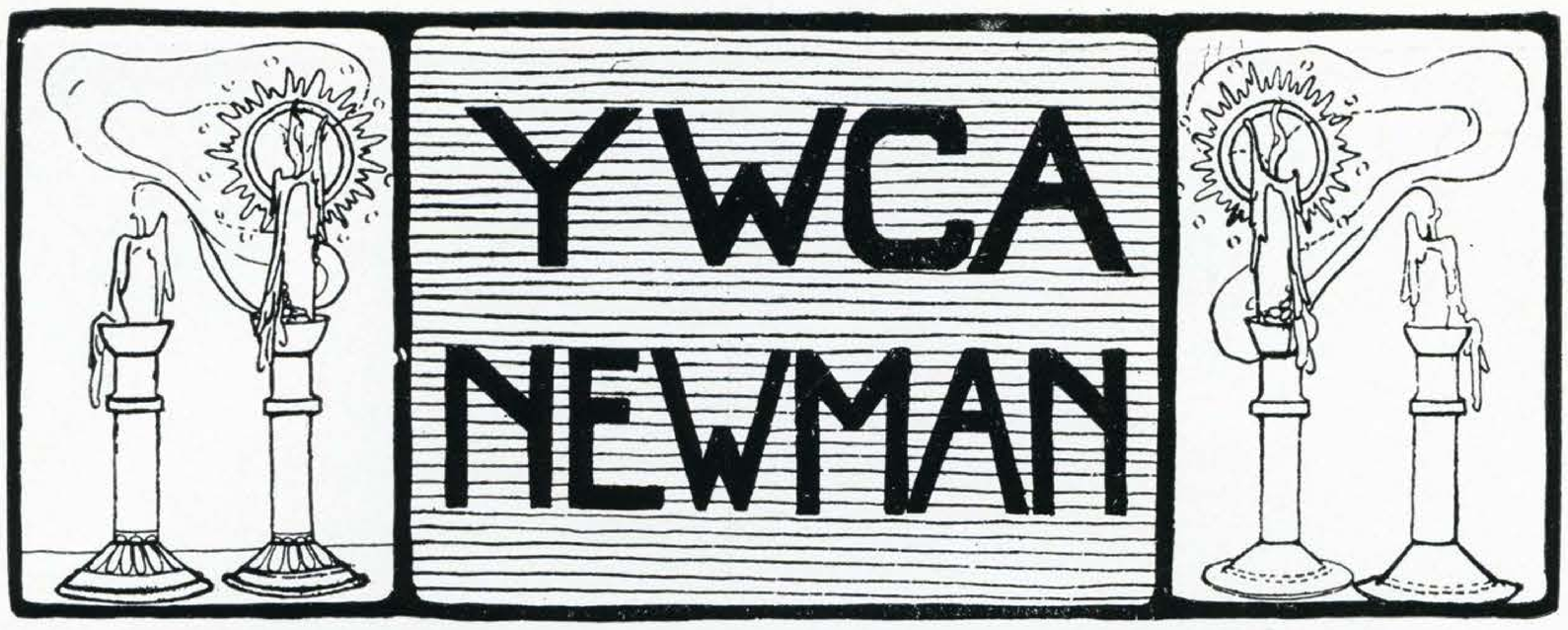
Who said the student body affairs were slow? One would scarcely have thought it, had he happened upon the happy group of students and faculty members who boarded the car for Alum Rock at the end of sixth hour, Friday afternoon, June 3rd.

The Home Economics Department was responsible for a very splendid lunch; "Daddy" Baker—bless his heart—for the most delicous coffee one ever drank, and the faculty for the ever enjoyed ice-cream.

Dancing, swimming, hiking and games made the time pass quickly and when eight o'clock came and it was time to start home, everyone declared he'd had a wonderful time.

ORGANIZATIONS

Oberösterreich

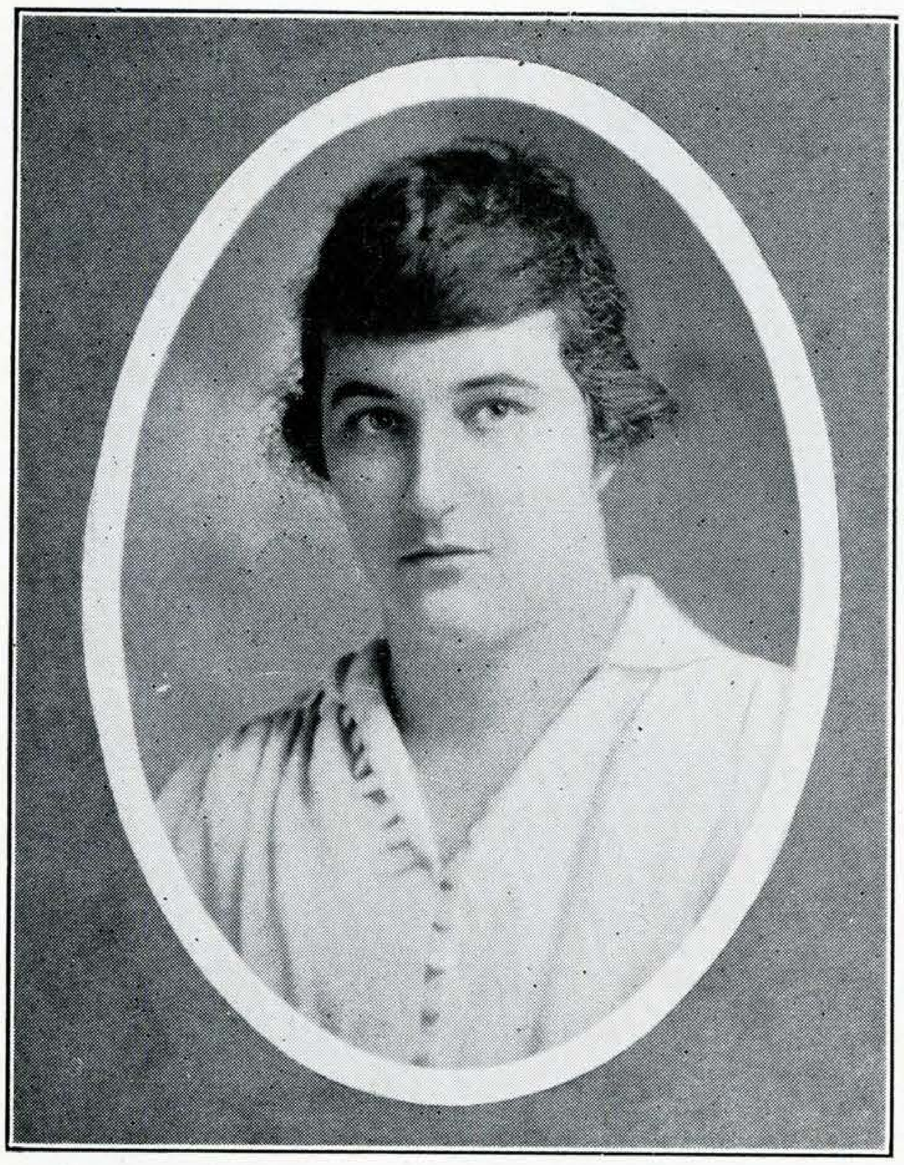


ANOTHER year of worthwhile achievement has been added to the Y. W. C. A. history. The fellowship and service expressed through its medium is a high tribute to the association.

School life has been broadened and enriched by these varied activities. Each month there has been one social meeting, one business meeting with a speaker on vocations open to women, and two meetings with outside speakers. The speakers who stand out as especially memorable are: Mrs. Helen Post Miller, Mr. Harry Kingman, Dr. White and Mary D. King.

This year, as always, the Y. W. C. A. room has been a center of activity each period of the day. It is a study hall, lunch room, book exchange, lost and found, and general information bureau, in general, a room for all. It is Miss Peairs, the student secretary, who has made this possible, and perhaps her presence explains why all are attracted to the "Y" room.

The mid-winter conference at Mills College was one of the outstanding features of the year. Nine schools and colleges were represented, San Jose Normal sending eighteen members. They were well represented by Catherine Adams as one of the four banquet speakers and Theo Wanzer as song leader. The purpose of the conference



MARION PEAIRS
Student Secertary Y. W. C. A.

was to arouse enthusiasm for the summer conference at Asilomar, held June 18th to 28th, to which all the colleges and normals of California, Nevada, Arizona, and the Hawaiian Islands send representatives.

Another big event was the Y. W. C. A. vaudeville. It was a success in every respect, and approximately one hundred dollars were cleared. In addition to this, the girls cleared two hundred dollars from the hotdog sales and from the food sales held during the year.

The day of days for the lonesome junior was the big jolly-up; and for the girls who entered after Christmas and again in February similar delightful affairs were given.

A splendid membership banquet was held September 26, and speeches were brought together under the title of "An Aeroplane Ride."

The senior breakfast given on the eleventh of June, will live in the memory of the seniors because this was their farewell from the juniors; and they realized that they were leaving a fellowship which could never be quite duplicated.

Katherine Casanova
President of Newman Club

For the coming year those who will continue to lead our Y. W. C. A. "onward and upward" in its career are:

President ..... Helen Cobbledick
Vice-President ..... Dorothy Allen
Secretary ..... Beulah Baer
Student Representative .....
..... Florence Tamblyn

CABINET.

Meeting ..... Eva Riechs
Publicity ..... Gertude Melville
Social Service ..... Fern Stitzer
Social ..... Phyllis Caton
Music ..... Dorothy Dam
Conference ..... Phillipa Parker
Decoration ..... Elizabeth Cameron
Church Cooperation....Lillian Argall
Finance ..... Gladys Reimer

Handbook Editors—Mable Hamilton, Dorothy Denny.

Newman Club

NEWMAN HALL on South Fifth Street has been the nucleus for many social as well as intellectual activities during the past year. It was erected in 1911 as a place where all Catholic students attending Normal might meet for recreation or study. The influence of the club ethically, spiritually, and educationally has been manifold.

The club meetings are held on Tuesdays at 4:05 p. m. During the past term Rev. Fr. Collins has been present with ever an interesting and instructive message for the members. We are very grateful for his untiring efforts to instill within us the true motives of our calling as teachers.

The hall is at the disposal of any members and friends, daily from 9 to 5 o'clock, and on Friday evenings from 7 to 10 o'clock. Miss Evelyn A. Murphy, resident secretary, is always present to welcome anyone who wishes to spend a few hours in the hall, and it is to her that we owe many of our good times.

It has been the pleasure of Newman Club to hear a number of interesting lectures during the past two terms. Notably among these was a talk on the "Juvenile Court" by Judge Murasky, to a large and appreciative audience. The members enjoyed another treat when they had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Fr. Sesnon recite from Joyce Kilmer. A talk on "Irish Poetry" by Brother Leo was very delightful and inspiring. Annie Laurie of the "Examiner" was another of our speakers. Her talk on the teaching profession was of keen interest and enjoyment to all who heard it. A reading from Oscar Wilde by Miss Reubsam of the Normal faculty was very pleasing.

The annual retreat was held on May 27 under the careful instruction of Rev. Fr. Collins, ending with a breakfast served at Newman Hall. The services at Notre Dame were very solemn and inspiring and left a lasting impression on all who attended.

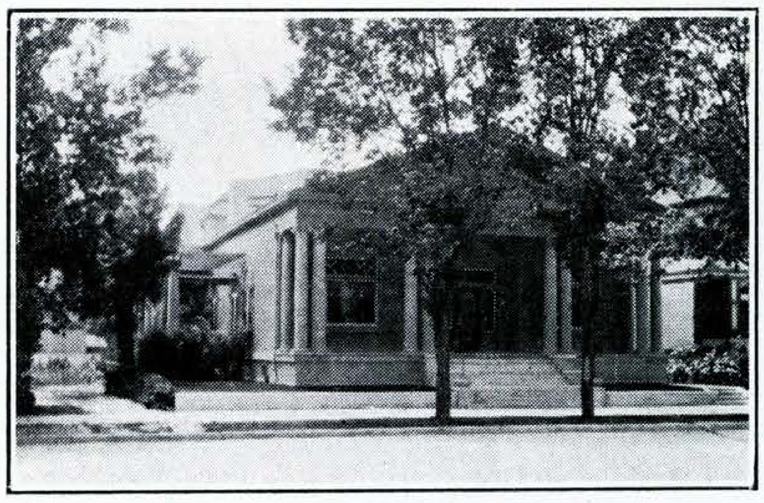
Newman Club has also been the scene of many social events including dances, picnics, receptions, and parties.

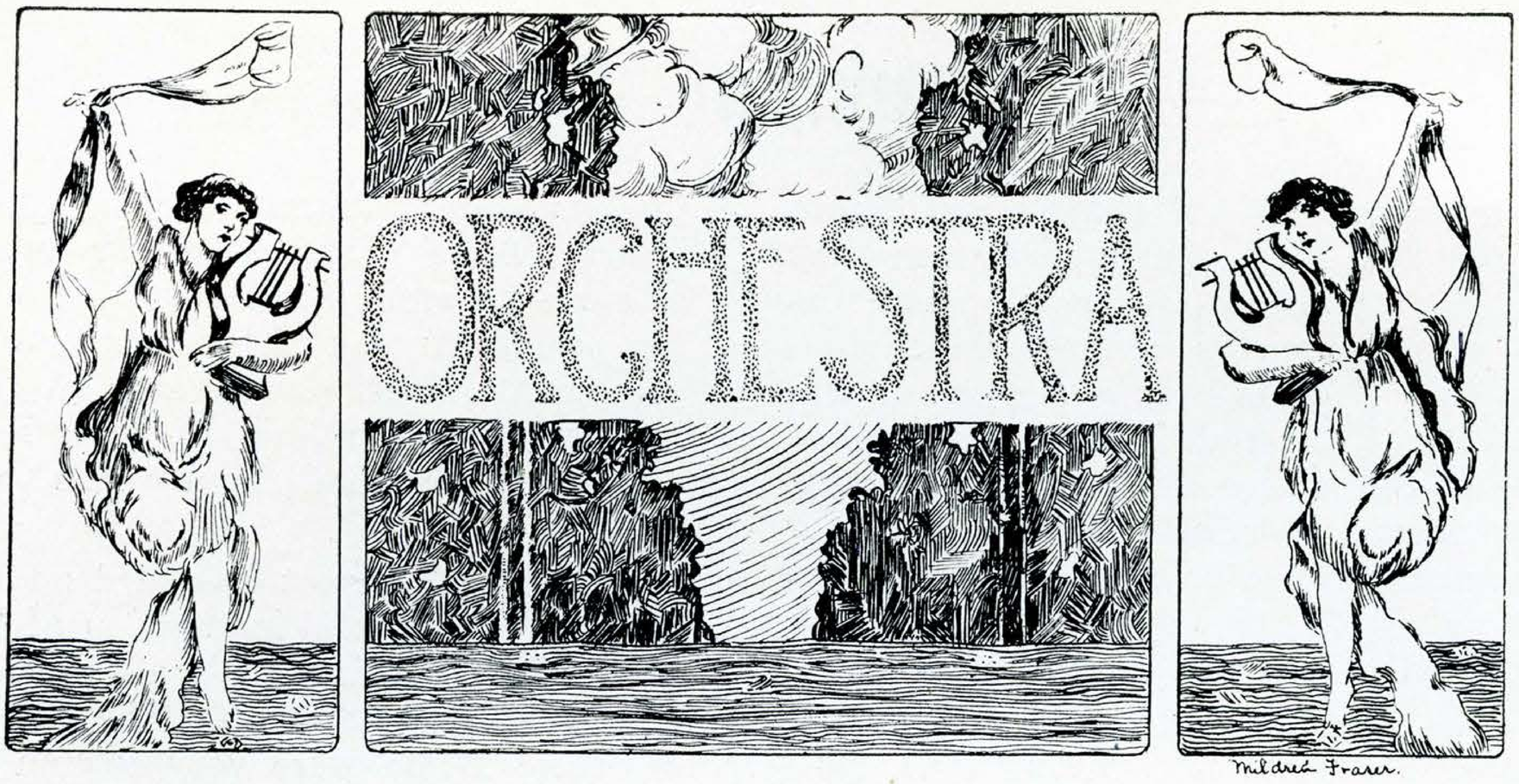
We cannot express the gratitude we feel for the Alumnae Council which is responsible for the upkeep and general management of the hall. We also thank our faculty advisor, Miss Catherine Hall, for the interest she has shown in our club.

OFFICERS.

President ..... Catherine Casanova
Vice-President..Lauretta Prindeville
Secretary ..... Adelaide Fisher
Treasurer ..... Mary Casey
Reporters—Aileen Hinds, Eleanor Jack.

Newman Club is proud of the progress made this year, and much credit is given to the presidents who so ably conducted the meetings.





Among the many organizations in our school which are worthy of mention is a progressive and promising orchestra which has played an important part the past year. The girls have shown forth unusual zest this year. Due credit must be given to Mrs. Bates, who has put forth all her efforts into its direction.

During the year the orchestra has been a principal feature in the following events: The Kermess, Lincoln Day Program, reception to the State Board at the Schallenberger home, Edwin Markham reception, "Tribute to the Arts" program, "The Romance Rose," Junior-Senior Day exercises.

The members who have contributed to its success are:

Piano—Helen Martin, Adelaide Fisher, Lillian Senft.

Violins—Violet Duer, Helen Northup, Ruth Cary, Claire Greenwald, Maude Coburn, Mrs. Sheller, Ephraim Engleman.

'Cellos—Alma Fisher, Daisy Turner.

Roosevelt Community Association

THE R. C. A. girls have taken an active part in the school affairs of the year under the guidance of our faculty member, Miss Sours, and the officers of the organization:

President ..... Ruth Elliott
Vice-President ..... Lillian Senft
Secretary ..... Catherine Paviso

In November about twenty girls hiked to the John Brown home above Saratoga. The day was exceedingly warm, and all were delighted to find upon their arrival, big juicy apples. After an enjoyable day of hiking, gathering flowers, and apple feasting, the girls returned home, tired, but all wishing that next year they would again enjoy the outing.

During the Christmas season the girls were very busy dressing dolls and gathering games and books for the little children of San Jose who would otherwise be forgotten. About twenty little children were made happy on Christmas Eve.

January twenty-ninth was enjoyed at Congress Springs. The oldest school in the county was visited, and pronounced very beautifully situated and attractive considering the years it has been there.

On March seventh, Bird and Arbor Day, the assembly was given over to the R. C. A. girls who presented the "Pageant of Birds."

Sunday, May fifteenth, about twenty-five people visited Stanford. The special features of this outing were the exhibition of Maya, Aztec, Toltec, Zapotec, and Applied Arts. The Stanford Museum was also visited. Luncheon was enjoyed under the beautiful trees overhanging Lake Lagunita.

Roosevelt Community Association

Oregon Club

Frances C. Turner
Ewa J. Dumas
Ruth Dixon
Bessie Carpenter
Hazel Fraser
Margaret Nicholson
Sybil Wilson
Lottie Monthland
Estelle Feldmeier

Oregon Club

Oct. 9.—The Oregon Club began its activities for the year with the initiation of the following: Margaret Rathbone, Estelle Feldmaier, Lysle Gregory, Irma De Carlo, Ruth Dixon, and Frances Turner. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, after which dainty refreshments were served.

Oct. 23.—Birthday dinner for Bessie Carpenter, followed by a theater party at the Liberty.

Nov. 4.—A most enjoyable picnic was held on Coyote Creek for the purpose of initiating Eunice Andrews and Sybil Wilson.

Dec. 11.—A farewell dinner, followed by an informal dance, was given in honor of the graduate members, Blanche Goodner and Ruth Lull.

Jan. 31.—Card party given at the home of Estelle Feldmaier and Margaret Rathbone.

Feb. 7.—The members met at the home of Lottie Morthland. Kitchen aprons were donned, and in due time a delicious dinner was prepared to which due respect was paid. During the evening Hazel Fraser was initiated.

Mar. 4.—Card party at the home of Sybil Wilson and Frances Turner.

Mar. 11.—Farewell dinner party given at the Y. W. C. A. in honor of Estelle Feldmaier and Mary Ball. A theater party at the Liberty followed.

Apr. 9.—A "bean-bake" and wiener roast on the Alum Rock road.

Apr. 14.—A number of "little girls" pleasantly surprised Sybil Wilson on her birthday. The evening was spent in playing children's games with stick candy given for prizes. A large birthday cake with — candles delighted the "little girls."

Apr. 23.—"Everybody happy? Yea, bo!" Groaning under the weight of eleven girls and lots of eats, "Maude" gradually wended its way into the Alum Rock Canyon. A large bonfire was built, potatoes roasted, eggs and bacon fried, bread toasted, beans baked, and coffee boiled. After these were disposed of, everyone (?) climbed to the Falls.

May 7.—Essence of sweetness, much stickiness, and a general good time are the memories of a candy-pull at the home of Bessie Carpenter.

Many more good times are planned for the rest of the term.

OFFICERS.

First Term.

President ..... Bessie Carpenter
Vice-President ..... Ruth Lull
Secretary ..... Lottie Morthland
Treasurer ..... Margaret Rathbone
Reporter ..... Lysle Gregory

Second Term.

President ..... Margaret Rathbone
Vice-President .... Irma De Carlow
Secretary ..... Frances Turner
Treasurer ..... Bessie Carpenter
Reporter ..... Julia Price

Third Term.

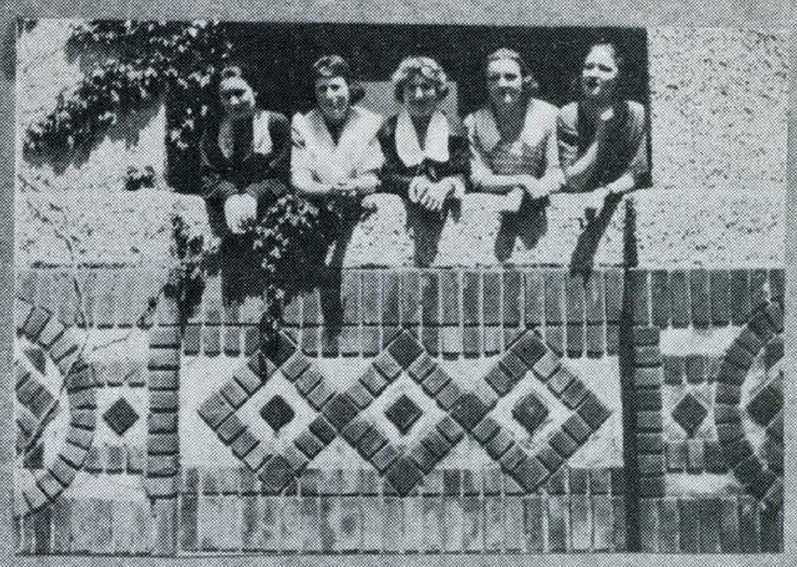
President ..... Sybil Wilson
Vice-President ..... Francis Turner
Secretary ..... Lysle Greogry
Treasurer ..... Margaret Rathbone
Reporter ..... Lottie Morthland

MEMBERS.

Bessie Carpenter, Irma De Carlo, Lysle Gregory, Sybil Wilson, Frances Turner, Julia Price, Hazel Fraser, Mrs. Eva Dumas, Ruth Dixon, Lottie Morthland, Margaret Rathbone, Mary Ball, Ruth Lull, Blanche Goodner.

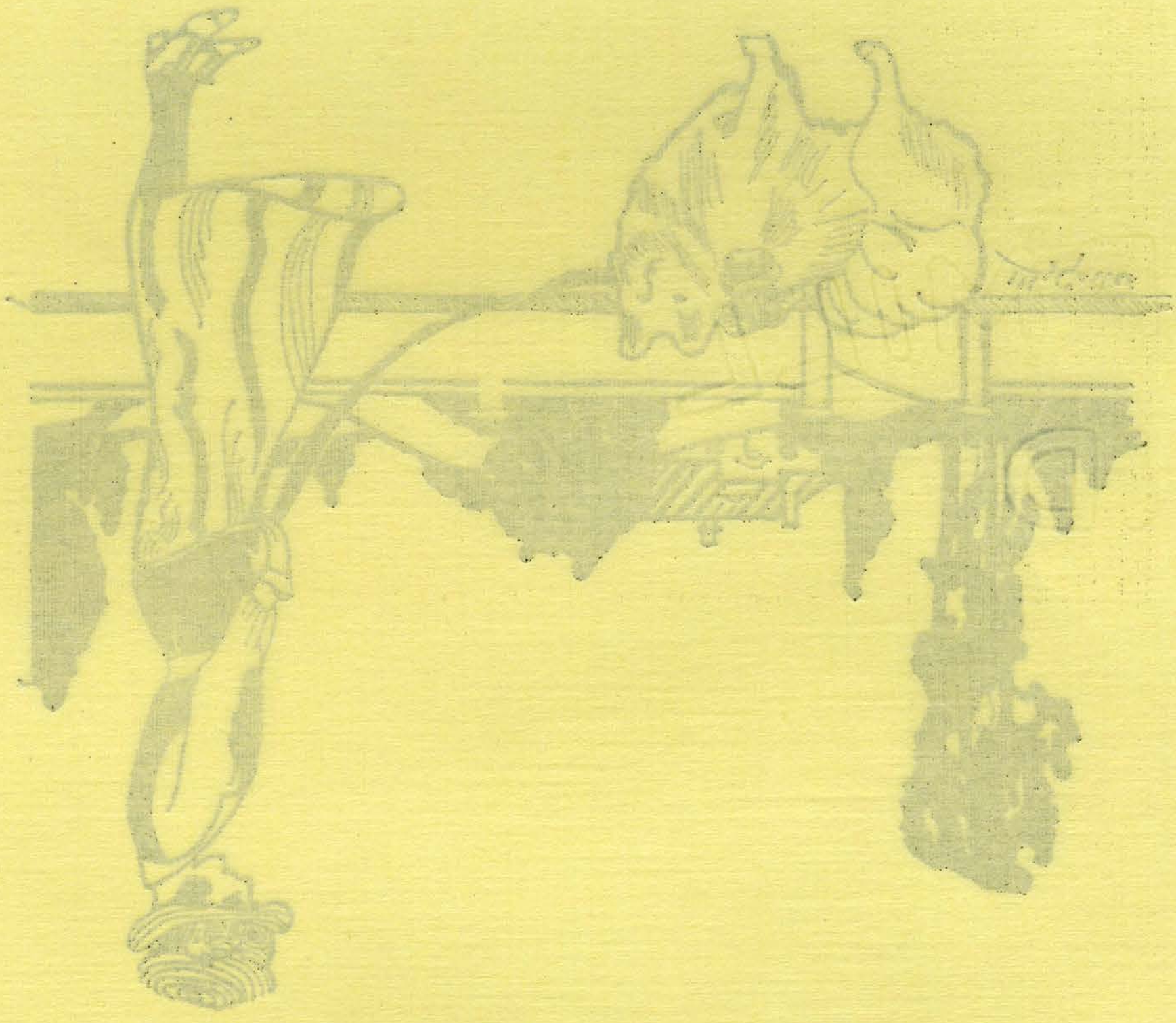
COMMUTERS' CORNER

We love the S.P. rails



SPORTS

ALGAE



W. A. A.

A new organization called the Women's Athletic Association has been formed on the campus, and has received official recognition from the executive committee of the student body.

For the past few years women's athletics have been coming to the front in all the leading colleges and universities of the country, and San Jose Normal is simply following the general spirit of the day in forming an organization whose sole object is to promote and further all athletics for women.

Membership is open to every woman on the campus who earns her points in the prescribed way. Honors may be won by participation in wholesome exercises of all kinds, and the system of the Association's awarding points for all forms of activities means that the girl who wears the honors of the Association is not a specialist in any one sport, but is proficient in many lines—an all around enthusiast for sport.

The first big undertaking sponsored by the Association was the All-Normal School Field Day, which was held on Thursday, March 17th. Every one declared it the most successful athletic meeet the school had ever witnessed.

With the good start that the Association has, the future looks very bright for athletics.

Shot at the W. A. A. Picnic.

Baseball

Manager, INEZ FELIZ

As always, baseball created a whirl of enthusiasm with the result that about forty girls turned out for practice. It was understood that baseball was to be the game played against Chico, and practice was immediately begun in the fall, but after three weeks' practice, word was received that the game was changed to volley ball. Naturally, practice ceased.

Because of the late date of the track meet, this favorite sport was delayed somewhat, but the girls were not discouraged, as was proved by the large number that turned out for practice. The change made in the school program made it hard to come out after school, but we were finally able to arrange to play seventh hour with splendid satisfaction.

Miss Waterman, the coach, and the manager are planning as the big final event of the season, a game between the juniors and seniors. It is hoped that the same splendid response of the Field Day will be repeated.

Tennis

Manager, IRENE CAMPBELL

Game! Set! Match!

Since the beginning of the fall term our tennis court has constantly resounded to these happy words. There are many tennis enthusiasts in our Normal, and we have also been glad to accommodate the high school by allowing them to use our court two days a week.

A doubles tournament was begun in the fall term; and the excitement became intense on Field Day when the finals between the juniors and seniors were played. Velma Blood and Ivy Inman defeated Theo Wanzer and Irene Campbell 6-1, 6-3, saving the day for the juniors.

Contrary to other sports, tennis has continued since the Field Day; and the number of enthusiastis grows greater almost daily.

Prospects are very bright for a wonderful successful tennis season in the fall term of '21.

Volley Ball

Manager, WILDA CARTER

Volley ball prospects were not very bright the first part of the year, but when it became known that volley ball was the game to be played against Chico, new interest was awakened. With the help of Miss Waterman and Mr. Hazeltine, coaches, a good team was rounded into shape.

Owing to a limited number of outside teams, our games were few; but three games with the Y. W. C. A. were of great benefit to the team.

The classic of the season was with Chico upon their home court. Although defeated, San Jose had the best team, and played better volley ball than their opponents, in the opinion of the referee, Winifred Van Hagen, Assistant Physical Education Director of the state.

Amid yells and songs from both sides, the game began, but San Jose, just a little bit frightened, lost the first game by a score of 13 to 21.

In the second game San Jose came back strong. Sad fate for Chico, this game fell to San Jose with a score of 21 to 9.

With the highest degree of enthusiasm and joy, San Jose started upon the final game, but after looking at the final score—Chico, 21; San Jose, 18—we decided we must have lost the meet. In spite of our loss we enjoyed the game and smiled through it all.

Those who played during the past season were:

Wilda Carter (manager), Theo Wanzer (captain), Katherine Casanova, Elizabeth Cameron, Orma Emery, Zelma Elges, Marguerite Inman, Adla Lindgren, Mildred Sutherland, Jessie Wikkerink.

Substitutes—Inez Feliz, Norma Penny, Bina Savage.

Basket Ball

Manager, MILDRED SUTHERLAND

The first basket ball season under the auspices of the W. A. A. opened with a bang of enthusiasm. Both the seniors and juniors turned out with enough material for two good teams. In spite of all the school worries and

hurries, the practice hours were faithfully kept, and the girls were always ready for more. Practices were held every Monday, Tuesday and Friday.

After weeks of practice, the team was picked; and it was a difficult matter to choose among the many good players. The teams were as follows:

SENIOR.

Forwards—Carter (captain), Price, Dear.
Guards—M. Carroll, Wright, Savage.
Centers—Elges, Carroll, Murphy.

JUNIOR.

Forwards—D. Allen (captain), L. Allen, Fentem.
Guards—Sutherland, Jones, Mullins,.
Centers—Dillon, Reynolds, Kelsey.

Much cerdit is given our coach, Miss Waterman. Through her a deep interest was created and good teams formed. The praise of the school is certainly due her.

The big game of the season was the one which took place on Junior-Senior Field Day, between the teams of the junior and senior classes. The game started out beautifully, and at the end of the first half the juniors were in the lead with bright prospects before them. There were many changes made in both teams, and from the beginning of the second half the juniors were outclassed. The work of the senior centers was remarkable, and their forwards backed them up in grand style. The juniors fought their hardest until the last blow of the whistle, but were defeated by a score of 19 to 12.

That ended the season of basketball; and we are waiting anxiously for the next season of one of the biggest soprts of our school.

Swimming

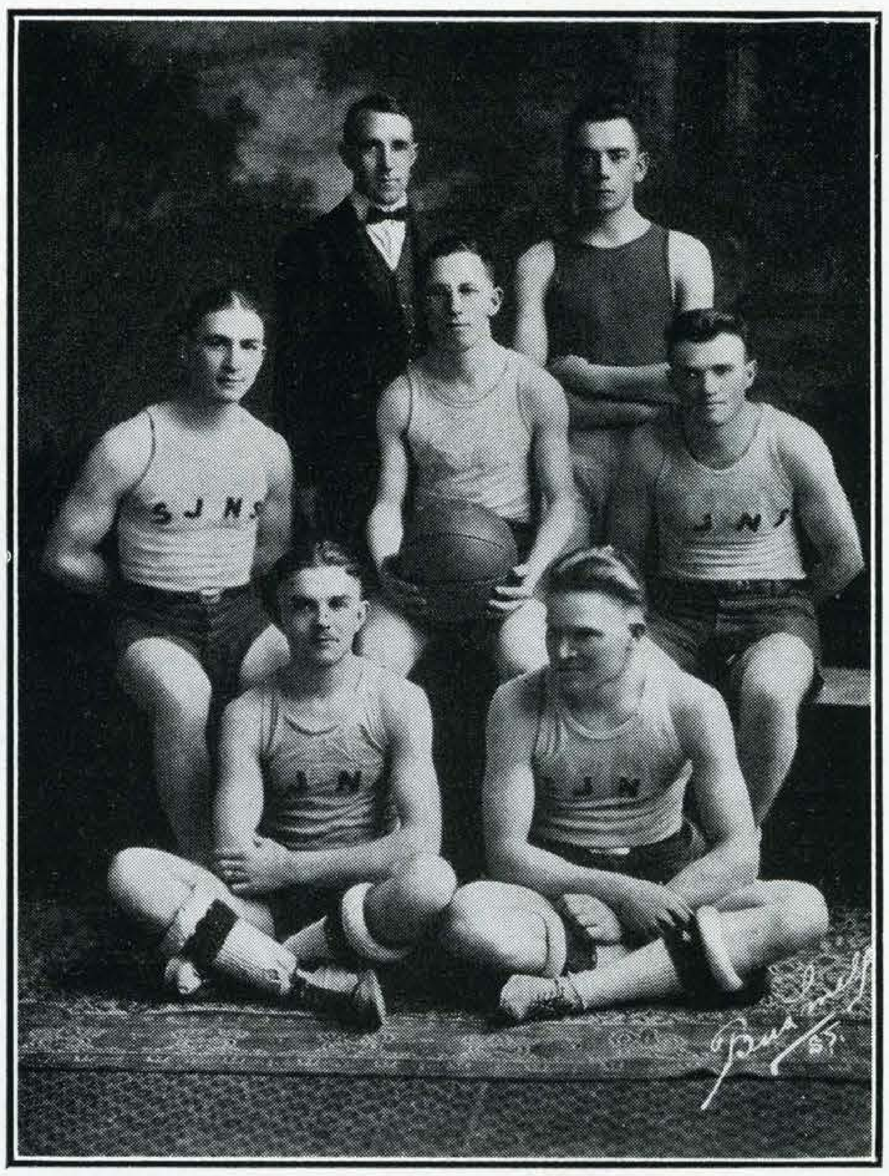
Manager, MARGUERITE INMAN

Swimming began in the fall with great enthusiasm, the root of which was the girls' desire to be expert swimmers by the next summer. It was impossible to have the high school tank for private practice, so we had to join the regular night school swimming classes. For some time the girls came out for every practice, but later, because of the Kermess and bad weather, swimming was dropped for the winter term.

With the beginning of the spring term, swimming was taken up again with renewed vigor. Through the efforts of Miss Waterman and the courtesy of the high school, the Normal girls were given the privilege of using the high school tank for swimming practice every Wednesday and Friday afternoon from four-thirty till six.

Every practice afternoon the tank has been crowded with beginners and experts. The one hour of swimming seemed much too short; but our coach was very strict, and when she called, "Everybody out!" obedience was in order.

Due to the fact that the beginners outnumbered the experts, no team was chosen to compete with other schools, but the junior class has good material for an excellent team next year.



Boys' Basketball

Since there were only six eligible men in the school during the winter term. every man had to turn out.

Coach Hazeltine worked with the boys, and developed one of the fastest

teams that this school ever had. The line-up follows:

Forwards—Alfred Sarzin, Morgan Streeter.

Center—Maurice Roach.

Guards—Howard Provan, George Gaylord, George Carmichael.

The practice games were with Santa Clara High School, San Jose High School faculty, and with the Training School team, which was coached by Sarzin and Roach.

The incentive of the men was the desire to annihilate Chico. This was not accomplished, but, as witnesses know, Chico certainly had to battle.

Hiking

Manager, VELMA BLOOD

The W. A. A. has put hiking on the list of sports, and much interest has been shown along this line. The girls have found it great sport to take half an hour or an hour's hike after playing volley ball or baseball or some other of the more strenuous games. Some find it a very good excuse to get out in the evening, and forgetting the cares of the day, but take notice—we always hike, we never stroll.

Like almost everything else you undertake, there are certain rules that must be lived up to. For fear that fleshy people will indulge too heavily in this reducing sport, a limit of only two hours a day has been made. Credit will not be granted for more than two hours, nor is it granted for less than half an hour. It is also compulsory to hike half an hour without resting. All hiking slips must be in the W. A. A. box within forty-eight hours after the hike or they are void.

Hiking not only gives credit to W. A. A. girls, but to any member of the Normal School.

Quite a bit of territory has been covered by the girls. They have hiked north, south, east, and west; and altogether they have sprinted about five hundred miles. Can you imagine this? But it is true because statistics prove it so.

One of the most interesting hikes of the season was from Linda Vista to Alum Rock.

Another was down Coyote creek where five nymphs enjoyed the delight of the water, and then surrounded an unhygienic amount of buns, wienies, and baked potatoes.

Really, it is wonderful to hike; and though much interest has been shown in hiking, it is hoped much more will be shown in the future.

Don't be a standstill—be a sprinter!

Track

Manager, NORMA PENNY

W. A. A. to the front has been the interest shown by the girls in track. Several times in this school of ours track events for women have been held; but little excitement and few specators have been the result. Why? Simply because few people realize that girls can be efficient enough in the sport to make it interesting, and not enough enthusiasm was shown or practice done on the part of the players.

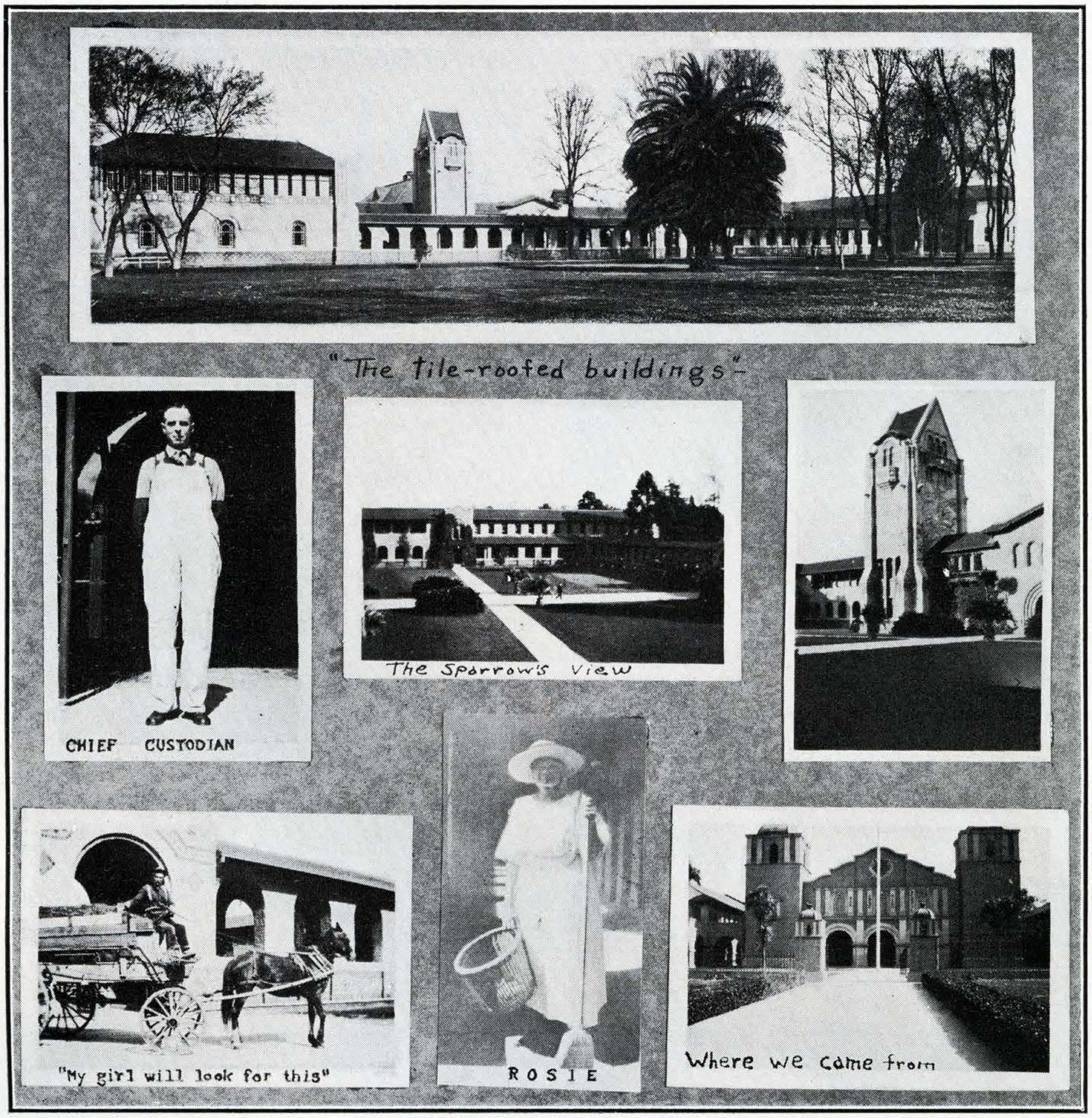
Now, how different it is. Here in this school where interest was lacking, the germ "pep and enthusiasm" has entered into the hearts of both boys and girls, and track is rapidly coming to the front. At first we held our breath, fearing that when called upon to practice for a track team our girls would fail us, but not so. Many not extremely interested came out to see whether they had any hidden ability, and lo and behold! out of the many were found would-be champions. Hard work and an epidemic of vaccinations caused a few to drop out (although they were loath to give up practice) and still we had many from which to pick the team.

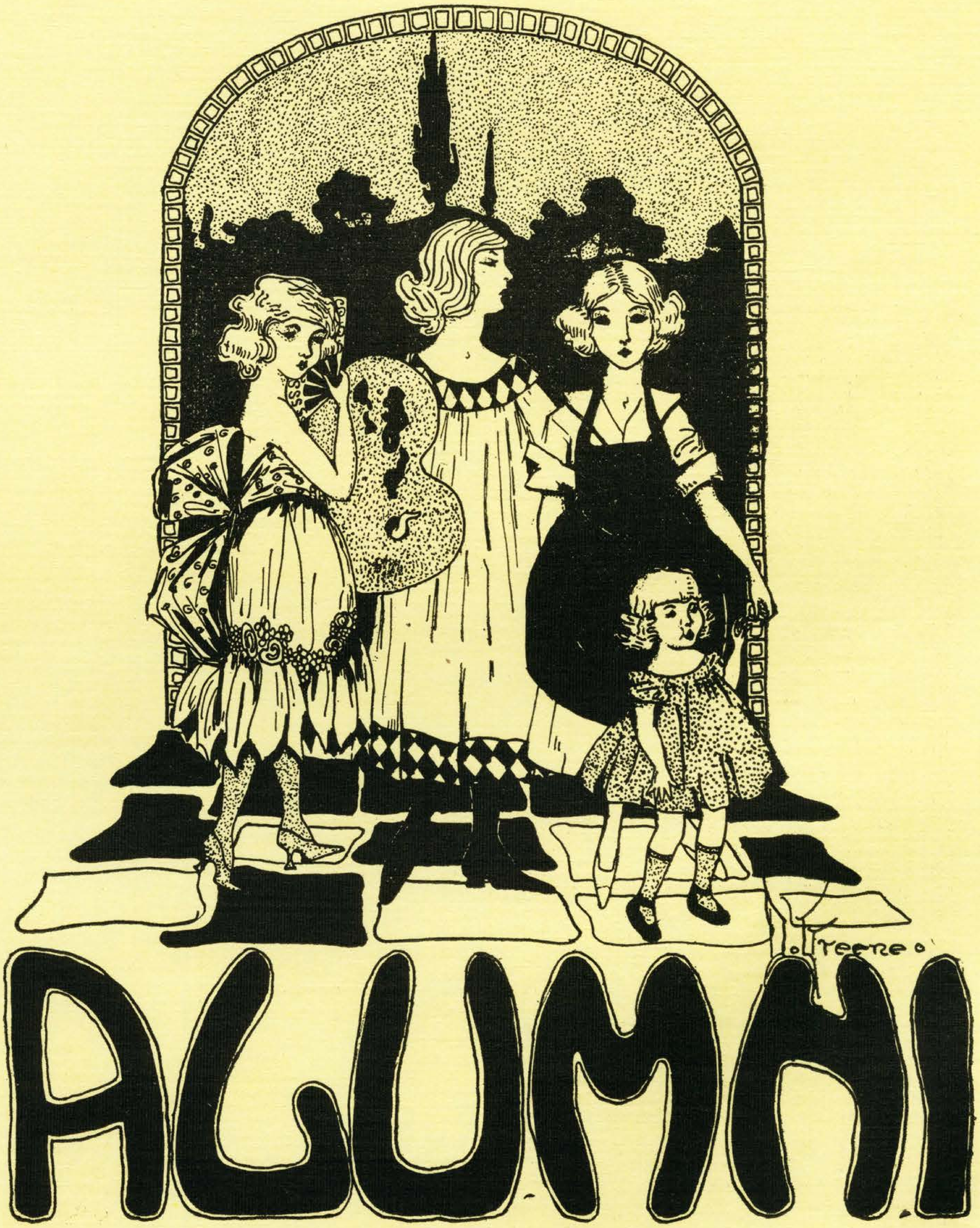
The girls practiced hard and faithfully every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, trying each day to outdo their former record. It was amazing what a little practice did—it was just the thing to add interest in the sport, for as senior captain and Mary Casey capthey wanted also to outdo their rivals.

After much debating, junior and senior teams were chosen, with Inez Feliz tain for the juniors.

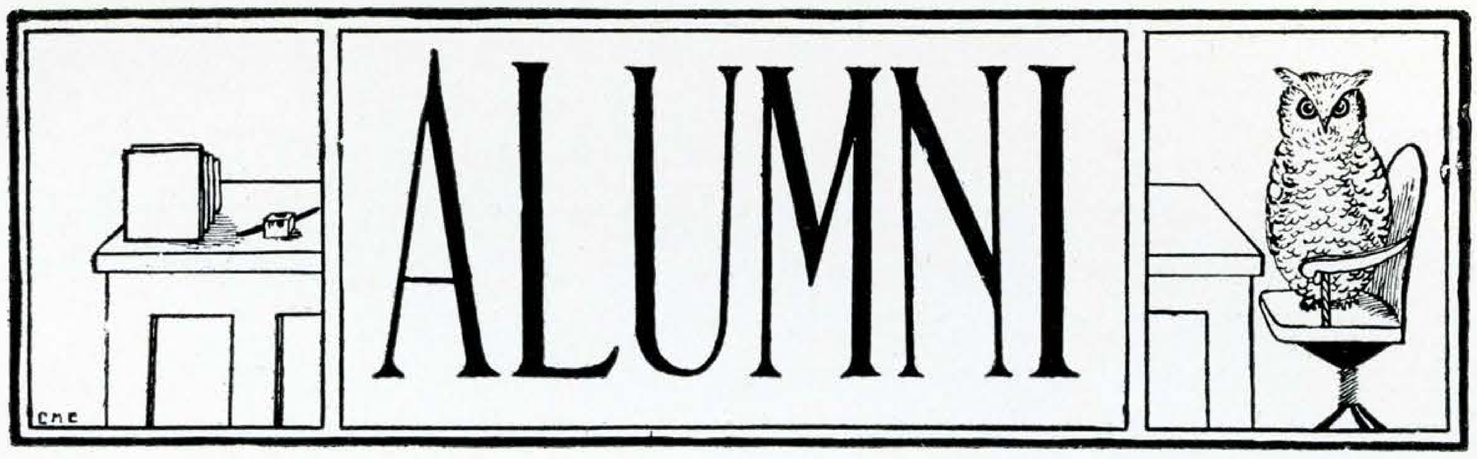
EVENTS	SENIORS		JUNIORS	
Baseball Throw	Hewitt	5	Casey	1
			Inman	3
Basketball Throw	Feliz	1	Casey	5
			Inman	3
Broad Jump	Penny	5	Cameron	3
			Inman	1
Hop, Step and Jump	Penny	5	Cameron	3
			Reimer	1
50-yd. Dash	Penny	5	Laidlaw	3
			Cameron	1
Total		21		24

Now that track is established as a major sport we expect great results in the future.





ALBUM



Our Most Distinguished Alumni Send Special Messages to the Class of 1921

Henry Suzzallo, a native of San Jose (1875), took his degree at Stanford (A. B.) and Columbia (A. M., Ph. D.) after finishing S. J. N. S. He is the editor of the little brown books we all studied, the Riverside Educational Monographs. The last of his many high positions is the presidency of the University of Washington, which he has held since 1915.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
SEATTLE

April 4, 1921.

"I send the class of 1921 my hearty greetings. They are the heartfelt good wishes of an older alumnus for those about to become the youngest ones. My wish is that you will never permit the enthusiasm for the teaching life to grow dim. At the end of twenty-six years of work as a teacher the worth of the service seems as great as it did in the beginning. In that labor our Alma Mater gave me enthusiasm, intelligence, and skill. With them every teaching day has been meaningful for me and for others. She has given the same equipment to you. If you keep and care for the tools, the work of teaching will be as rich and enchanting for you as it has been for me.

HENRY SUZZALLO."

Mrs. Herbert Hoover's letter proved that women are less verbose than men:

2300 S STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 5, 1921.

"Your very nice letter of March twenty-third has just reached me, and I am extremely interested to learn of your plans for the La Torre. The following little message occurs to me:

" 'All hail to you! Don't forget that the teachers of today, more thany anyone else, are making the nation of tomorrow.'

"Hoping that you have the best of success with your edition, and thanking you for thinking of me, I am, Very sincerely yours,

"LOU HENRY HOOVER."

To the Class of June, 1921, San Jose State Normal School,
From a member of the Class of June, 1892,

Greetings!

During the twenty-nine years that have passed since I graduated from the San Jose State Normal School, my experiences have been varied and widespread; some pleasant, others disagreeable; some placid, others thrilling; some culminating in the realization of some great ambition, others ending in utter failure; but none have brought the great immeasurable thrill of ecstasy that was mine when on that 24th day of June, 1892, at eighteen years of age, I was duly commissioned to go forth as a qualified and certificated teacher in the public schools of my native state. It is a memory that I cherish, and one that enables me to share in the joys of your graduation day.

I know that you are eager to enter your field of service, hopeful of success and determined to do your part of the world's work, be that part great or small. The effort to accomplish something, the surmounting of great obstacles, the subjecting and controlling of forces within and without which impede progress, all contribute to the development of that intangible thing we call character. In no field will you find greater opportunity for high service, and in none is there greater need of strong character than in the honorable profession of the teacher.

WILLIAM H. LANGDON, June, '92.

Presiding Justice District Court of Appeal,
San Francisco, Calif.

April 30, 1921.

Dear Students and Graduates of the State Normal School:

My heart is stirred with a glowing joy as I return again to these scenes of the struggles and victories of my young manhood. I am grateful to this great institution of learning; and I am happy in the knowledge that I have steadfast friends among you. I wish you all fair fortunes on the path of life.

Yours with a hallelujah!

EDWIN MARKHAM.

FROM THE ALMA MATER OF 1920.

Just a word to the "La Torre" about the place in which I am working. Coronado is an ideal place in which to teach. The continuous sunshine eliminates the problem of wet clothes and mud and supplies the teacher with a full room of bright happy faces.

Wealthy people from all parts of North America migrate to this sunny spot, during the winter months and place their children in school, while they proceed to drink from the fountain of youth.

However, the pleasant year in Coronado has, by no means, erased the memory of dear old Normal, and as spring advances, bringing with it all the Normal picnics, parties, renewed efforts among studious lines and finally graduation, I look in the mirror and wonder; and then hope that the year has been only a dream from which I shall waken to find myself lost in a book in the old library.

VERA I. TIPTON,
Coronado, Calif.

News of the Graduates of 1919 and 1920

OLD familiar faces and names of yesterday always bring pleasant memories, and so the names of those students who once attended our Normal bring interesting recollections to all the students. If one were to endeavor to keep in touch with the alumni, he would be confronted with a stupendous task; but we have interesting news of a small part of it. All of the graduates of the San Jose State Normal have attained remarkable success, and furnish excellent examples for the graduates who are soon to follow in their footsteps. Their successes have been a credit to the standards of their Alma Mater.

CLASS OF 1919

Gertrude Zwisler is now teaching kindergarten in the Pleasanton Grammar School.

Lois McFarland is teaching music only to eight hundred boys and girls in all eight grades of the Tulare city schools. She says: "Take heed to all Miss Fisher has to give you, for some day you may fully realize her words of wisdom."

Ina Kenney teaches in Honda District, Santa Barbara County.

Elaine Chapin is teaching in the Sunnyvale School.

Olive Durfee taught at Lemoore, and will attend U. C. next year.

Gladys Stelling is not teaching. She has just finished a four years' course at Stanford University, receiving a special teachers' certificate in graphic arts.

Fern Whitman teaches a morning and afternoon session of kindergarten at the Grant School, San Jose.

Harold Lucas is the county secretary for the Y. M. C. A. He has been engaged in Young Men's Christian Association work in San Jose and Santa Clara County since being graduated. He is now doing part time work in the county and attending the College of the Pacific.

Bernice Brown is teaching at the Bell School in San Mateo County.

Grace Morley is teaching kindergarten at the Jackson and Jefferson Schools in Fresno.

Georgia Mathewson is a student at the University of California. She received her degree of A. B. in May, 1921.

Doris Reid is teaching first grade at Longfellow School, San Jose.

Mrs. Harold Buttle, who attended Normal as Edith De Lashmutt, is living in Pacific Grove.

Florence Fisher is at the College of the Pacific.

Flint Hanner attends Stanford University. He is making a name for himself on their track team, and was one of the U. S. delegation to the Antwerp games.

Marian Stewart is attending Stanford and will receive her A. B. degree in June.

Hazel Mathews teaches at the Berryessa Union School.

Mae Wandling is in the Forty-nine school at Cedarville, Calif.

Marian Moffatt has the low and high fourth grades in the Fremont School, Stockton.

Bertha McRae is teaching school in the Van Allen District, San Joaquin County, about eighteen miles southeast of Stockton. It is a three teacher school. Bertha has the first, second and third grades.

Helen Moore is in the Manteca Grammar School as teacher of the fourth grade and of music.

Marien Osburn is teaching in Papaikon School, Hawaii, T. H. This is one of the largest plantation schools on the island and Marien has the third grade. There are about six hundred children in the school, mostly Japanese. She lives with seven other coast girls four miles out of Hilo.

Gladys Fielder passed the San Francisco examinations last June, and is now teaching the Visitacion Valley School. During vacations she attends summer session at Berkeley.

Mary Burns is teaching in the Carneras School, Napa.

Margaret Bevier attended the University of California during the year 1919-1920, and is now teaching with her sister in the Mitchell Grammar School near Turlock.

CLASS OF 1920

Helen Forbes is teaching the first grade in the McFarland School, Kern County.

Pauline Ball teaches arithmetic and grammer in the grammar grades of the Adams School, Spokane, Washington.

Ida Renz is in the Greenfield Union Grammar School.

Grace Martin is teaching sixth grade in the Austin School, Austin, Minneapolis.

Juanita Parker is taking a three months' post-graduate course at Normal.

Elizabeth O'Donnell has the primary grades at the Alviso School.

Agnes Anderson taught in Fresno County and highly recommends teaching in a country school. She will go to U. C. in the fall.

Aileen Beguhl is teaching at Makaweli, Island of Kanai, T. H. She expects to remain there another year and then journey to the Orient.

Gertrude Day feels that she has found the ideal school in the Springville School, which is five miles south of Oxnard.

Myrtle Murray teaches the 4A grade in the Turlock School.

Arlene Gill is teaching at the Central School, Redwood City.

Beatrice Bransford is principal of the Tolenas School, Fairfield, Calif.

Clinton Crow is physical director at the Petaluma High School.

Lorena Hartwig is teaching at the Sonora Grammar School. She is very happy in her work and "hopes all of the girls as they go out to teach might carry the spirit of real happiness with them which is received at San Jose Normal."

Lois Chesbro has finished the year's work at the Foothill School, Montague, Siskiyou County, and expects to go back next year.

Hazel Bruner is teaching third grade at the Ashland School in Ashland, Oregon.

Pearl King teaches at Lemoore.

Bessie Quimby has one grade in the Richland Grammar School, Richland, Oregon.

Muriel Burness is teaching at the Lone Tree School, a rural school five miles from her home, and she is enjoying her work immensely.

Mrs. Swank is teaching the Rivervale School in Placer County, Calif.

Elsa and Geraldine Clayton are both at the Las Vegas School, Las Vegas, Oregon. Elsa has the sixth grade with thirty-one pupils. Geraldine has the first grade and thirty-five children.

Miss Nessie Henry is teaching at the Gabilan School near San Juan, Calif.

Gladys Munn is in the Center School near Los Banos, Merced County, California.

Florence Schroter teaches the first four grades in the Millbrae School, San Mateo County. She has twenty-three pupils and enjoys her work very much. Besides teaching, she takes work at night school to help toward her work at college this summer.

Rae Martin is teaching Fair Play School, El Dorado County, California. This is a mountain school and Rae urges every girl to get one for her first school.

Beatrice Wainwright is teaching Yreka School, Yreka, Siskiyou County.

Clayton Streeter is teaching mathematics in the Los Gatos High School, and manual training in the Los Gatos Grammar School.

Alice Cromar teaches fifth grade in the Medford public schools, Oregon.

Lois Stewart is principal of the Lincoln School, Twin Falls, Idaho. This school has twenty teachers and 785 pupils. Lois does no teaching. She supervises the work of the fifth and sixth grades. There are only the first six grades in this school.

Edith Rahm is teaching in the Walker School, six miles from Walnut Grove. Edith has all grades but the third and

eighth, and about eight nationalities among the twenty children.

Juanita Smith teaches the intermediate grades in the Windsor School, Tulare County. She also teaches drawing in the first four grades.

Ruth Bjorklund is teaching in Berkeley at the Columbus School.

Cornelius Mathews is educational secretary for the Y. M. C. A. in Honolulu, T. H.

Sadie Sutherland teaches at Del Mar, Sonoma County.

Olga Opland teaches the primary grades and music in the Windsor School, Tulare County.

Lulu Wightman is teaching the Pine Grove School, Orcutt, Santa Barbara County. This is a rural school in the oil fields.

Mary Parks is a stenography and typing teacher in the San Jose Evening School.

Euarda Lundell is at Wrights.

Christine Hollingsworth is teaching at Denair, California.

Bernice Roach is in the Monroe School at Los Banos, Merced County. She has thirty-two pupils, all Italians but one. There are six grades in the school.

Blanche Gilson in teaching eighteen children at Nipinnawasee, Madera County.

Jean Buckley is teaching the third and fourth grades at the Kelseyville School, Lake County.

Grace Atkinson is teaching at Red Bluff, California. She began teaching in San Benito County until the holidays, when the school was closed because of illness, so she went to Red Bluff.

Irma Marks has the Galt Grammar School, Galt, California.

Grace de Villiers is teaching in the Central District School, Chowchilla, California. It is a three room school, and Grace is principal.

Irene Hnery is teaching in the Franklin School, Selma, California. It is a two teacher school, and Irene has fifty-four children in the first four grades.

Myrtle Sturges has the primary grades in the Orangevale, Sacramento County.

Louisa Lewis is teaching in the Gustine School.

Hazel Stevens of Proberta was married to Edward Baum in August, 1920. They are now living in Colusa.

Tenney Frakes is teaching in the Lakeview School, Oregon.

Adelaide Butts teaches the first grade in the Washington School, Redwood City, California.

Ava Koehler is teaching in the Sierra Way Grammar School, Dinuba, California.

Irene Cornelius is not teaching but intends to when the fall term begins.

Jessie Reynolds teaches in the Overton School, Cedarville, California.

Vivien Lillick is attending the University of California.

Zelma Riley is teaching the second grade in the Washington School, San Jose.

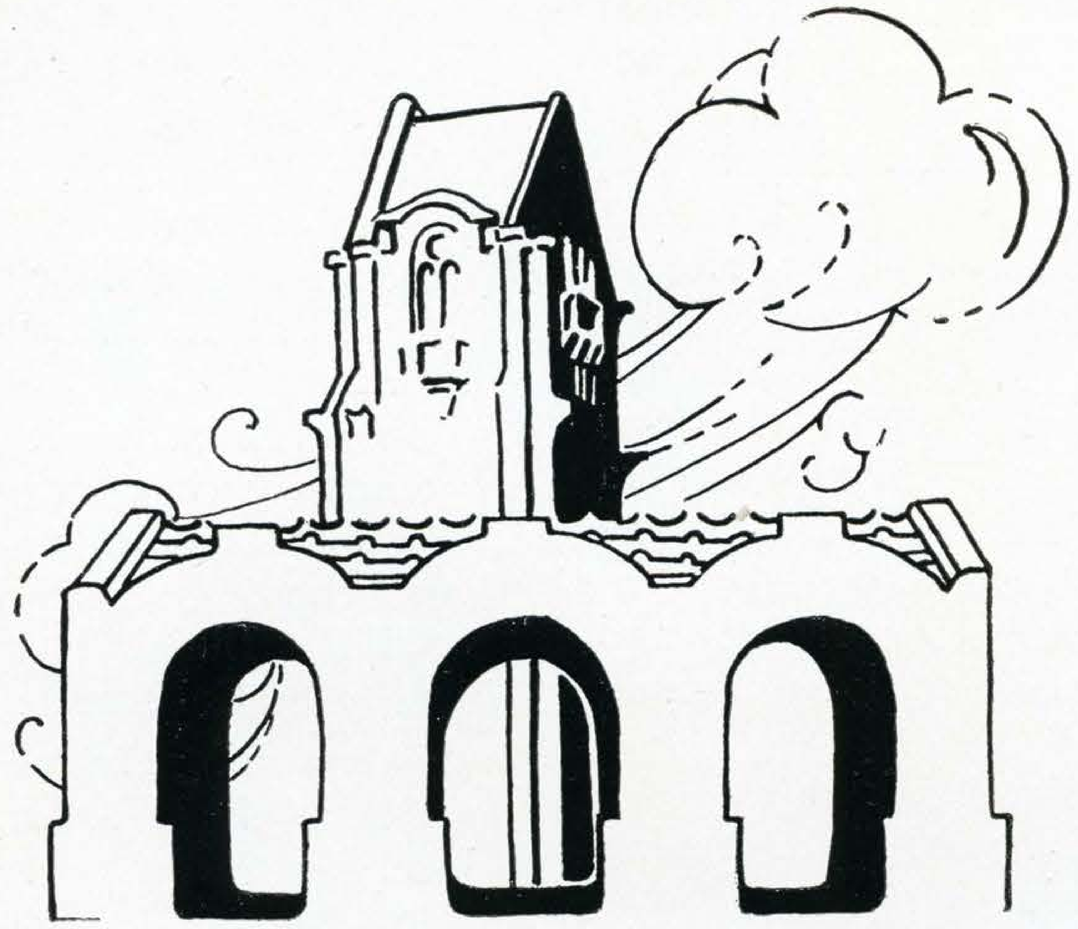
Ora Jones is teaching the third grade at the Horace Mann School, San Jose.

Rosalind Bacigalupi is teaching kindergarten in the Wasco Union Grammar School. She has 36 children in her class.

May Garlinger, who was graduated in December, 1918, is teaching in the Educational and Vocational School at Fort Kamehameha, T. H. She teaches for the government in the army school with the rank of captain. There are about 100 students out of the 1500 soldiers stationed there. Kamehameha is only ten miles from Honolulu. School lasts from 1:00 to 4:00 in the afternoon. There is another woman teacher in the school also.

Brian Dilingham of the December, 1918, class is teaching in the Comptche District School. He teaches evening school for the parents as they are nearly all foreigners who wish to read and write English.

Mary Ricca, editor of the 1920 La Torre, has completed her year's teaching in Fresno.



The Tower Talks

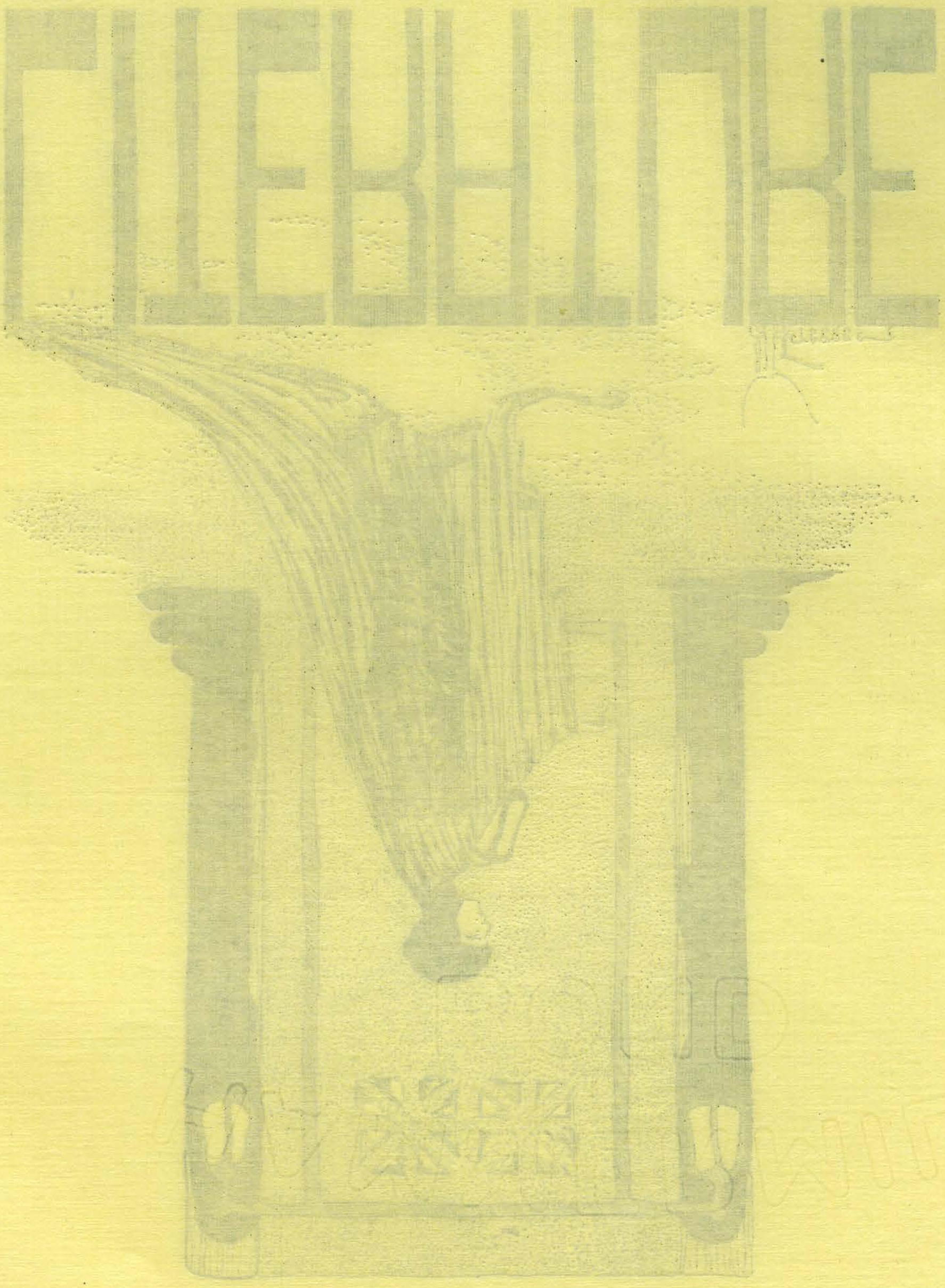
Another parting,—yet another class
To leave my halls, and through the gates to pass;
To give their best, and in giving find
That for the best will life repay in kind.

* * * * * *

Go forth to success—we wish you joy and power,
And with you go the blessing of Normal Tower.

D. B.

LITERATURE


CUCULUS
CEBALLOS

One Morning

By R. L. P. HANFORD.

POUR l'amour de Michel, be kind to her, boys and girls! She's a shrinking violet, afraid if you look at her. 'How did she get that way?' It's too long a story,—here she comes. Now, remember, boys, talk to her and dance with her. For my sake!" Phyllis turned away from the group of young people, and slipping her hand into the arm of the nearest girl, led her down the length of the room to the stairway.

Halfway down the stairs the "shrinking violet" was slowly descending. There was a look of undeniable dread on her face. Her blue frock accentuated the blue of her rather handsome eyes, and, as one of the young men expressed it, she was "exceedingly easy to look at."

Phyllis led her back to the circle, and Janet wondered afterwards how she ever lived through the terrifying ordeal of the introductions. Presently she was sitting beside Phyllis, who was pressing her hand encouragingly, while on the other side an irrepressible youth (sporting what he fondly thought was a moustache) rattled on about anything and everything without waiting for any response.

Janet danced rather well, and inasmuch as Phyllis drafted partners for her, she broke the record of a lifetime and was not a wallflower for a single minute. Between the dances was the hardest, but the young men did nobly. Afterward they voted her a "nut" but in her presence they were perfect.

Janet's mother, after a mistaken system of education and environment had made her daughter into a self-conscious and timid young woman who was a burden to herself, had, in despair at Janet's failure in "society," sent her to visit her cousin Phyllis in a college town. The remedy was drastic indeed. Phyllis was popular, and young men were "thick as autumn leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa." Janet was drawn into all the jollity going.

They say that if a baby is thrown into the water its instinct for self-preservation will force it to swim. Perhaps it was the same instinct that made Janet, as the days went by, battle her way somewhat out of the sea of self-consciousness that would otherwise have engulfed her. She didn't learn to enjoy social life, but she did learn to enter a room full of people with only a cold shiver instead of a nervous chill; and to look people in the face when she talked to them,—or rather when they talked to her. She was in despair of ever learning to talk to them.

One lovely spring morning she waked early. In the midst of her bewildering new environment she had not had time or energy to follow her favorite pursuits, but this early awakening inspired her. Hastily dressing, she slung the strap of her field-glass over her shoulder and tiptoed downstairs and out into the morning. A few minutes' walk brought her to the fields and meadows, —meadows carpeted with lupines and buttercups and just-awakening poppies, and dotted here and there with great oak trees. Janet gazed in delight, and filled her lungs with the wonderful air, scented with the odor of flower and weed and alfalfa and dew and "of the good brown earth,"—intoxicating blend that excites the pulses to a faster pace. She laughed aloud for pure joy of life.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive;
But to be young was very Heaven."

Glass in hand she followed birds from tree to tree, creeping up on them stealthily for a near view, called now here, now there by trill or flash of wings, forgetful of self and time.

Presently she climbed over a fence into a field, making for a group of live-oaks that stood a few yards from the road. As she approached them, a movement in the grass attracted her attention. It was a red-shafted flicker bus-

ly engaged in getting his breakfast. Absorbed in watching him, she gradually neared the trees, and finally, leaning against the trunk of one, she delightedly studied the movements of the bird, now only a few feet away. Suddenly, startled by a falling acorn, he took flight, the sunshine reflecting from the rosy under-surface of his wings. Then, still with the smile upon her lips, Janet sank down at the foot of the tree, and turning her head found herself looking straight into the eyes of—a tramp! If there was anything in the world that she was more afraid of than anything else it was a tramp! Her first impulse was flight but she felt too weak to get to her feet. She glanced over her shoulder; yes, there just across the road was a house with smoke coming out of the chimney. Surely her voice would carry that far. She let out her breath in a long sigh of relief, turning instinctively to face the menace. He didn't look so terribly dangerous. In fact, he was smiling at her, and his smile was so merry that automatically she smiled back. Perhaps encouraged by this, he lifted his cap courteously, then on second thought dropped it on the ground beside his knapsack. She was still staring at him, but the color was returning to her face. Then he spoke.

"Sorry I startled you. I was watching the bird, too. Fascinating little beasts, aren't they? They're wiser than most people, too. Fancy staying in bed when such a morning is holding high carnival. (Gee, I'm talking like a book, but I've got to say something till she gets her wits back!)"

Just then a soft trlil above them drew the glance of both upward to a large handsome bird that was perched overhead. All his underparts were so bright a rufous as to be orange, and a black necklace added to his striking appearance.

"A varied thrush," murmured the girl.

Still watching the bird, the tramp fumbled in his knapsack and brought out a pair of binoculars. The sight of them further reassured the girl. Besides, was he a tramp? He was clean and fresh-shaven,—both against all tramp usage.

"Does he ever sing a real song?" he asked.

"The books say he has an exquisite song during nesting time, but he nests in the far north. Have you noticed that he has been giving even this little trill only recently? All winter he was silent. Oh!"

Her delighted exclamation was called out by the sight of a bluebird, which fluttered in the air not far away, darted to the ground, and then flew up and perched on a bare twig. The sunbeams shone ful on him, and in his gorgeous blue and cinnamon dress he fairly sparkled.

"They act a good deal like the phoebes, don't they? Especially the black phoebe. Don't you know how he'll perch on the fence and then dart down like that? Oh, there's the little lady! How pale she looks by contrast!"

Janet had no eyes nor thoughts for anything but the birds, and while she watched them the tramp watched her. She was no shrinking violet this morning, but an eager, radiant girl, alert for every flutter and birdnote. For once in her life, in the presence of others, she had forgotten herself completely and showed the charming girl she really was.

Bluejays scolded, woodpeckers squawked, warblers trilled; a pair of titmice, thinking no one was about, sang their delicious spring song, and once a great blue heron flapped majestically by. The variety of birds to be seen on a spring morning is surprising

"Do you know," said Janet impulsively, "I am so glad to meet some one who knows birds! Most people's acquaintance with them is limited to the English sparrow and the robin, and if I try to talk birds with them I bore them to death. And they bore me," she added plaintively.

"Then may I infer that I don't?"

"Oh, you know a lot more about them than I do!" she exclaimed, and then went on slowly "That's the trouble with me."

Naturally he didn't see any connection between the two remarks, so he said lightly: "You don't look to me as if anything were the trouble with you."

"Oh, but there is! I'm a failure." He looked at her inquiringly and she went on. "The trouble is, you see, that I never get a chance to talk about the things I know about."

She paused and looked at him earnestly.

"I really do know quite a lot," she said naively.

Her manner as much as her words amused him exceedingly, in an entirely friendly way, but with rare perspicacity (rare in the male of the species, especially) he perceived that his mirth was ill-timed, and suppressed it.

"And I don't know anything about the things I'm supposed to talk about. So you see I'm frightened to death when I have to talk to people.

"I can well believe it," he said, half under his breath.

"If any one would start talking about birds or history or archeology,—oh, there was the most fascinating account of explorations in—" She stopped, looked at him almost reproachfully, then threw out her hands helplessly.

"You see? And so, I'm a failure!"

"Nothing of the sort You just live in a different mental world. You ought to come out and associate with the rest of us occasionally."

Suddenly Janet jumped to her feet "I came out before six and it's nearly eight! Heavens!"

She started abruptly away,—and then she saw the fence. Now, (you'll scarcely believe this!) the thought of climbing that fence brought a blush to her cheeks. Doesn't that prove what a different world she lived in? Oh, Janet, Janet! Is it possible that you live in this day of short skirts and silk stockings and Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties, and yet balk at a mere fence!

The tramp, standing by his tree, watched her amusedly as with lagging steps she approached the fence, her emotions perfectly apparent in her face. As she reached it, he was at her side.

"You're not leaving me like this?" he exclaimed reproachfully. "Am I not to see you again?"

Janet turned wretchedly from him, —if he would only go! Suddenly she was paralyzed by hearing these words:

"Well, Miss Janet Mason, what I am wondering is, don't you really recognize me or are you just 'making believe'?"

She gazed, bewildered, into the laughing eyes.

"Recognize you!" she gasped. "Have I ever seen you before?"

"Apparently not, but you have danced with me."

Her puzzlement was so evident that he stopped to laugh.

"At Phyllis's party when you first came. Surely you remember that party!"

Poor Janet! Could she ever forget it? She knew that what he said might easily be true, for she had scarcely lifted her glance from the floor that night, and had really the most hazy notion of the people she met. And how dreadfully rude he must think her! But he evidently considered it a good joke and was chuckling as he watched her. Then suddenly she saw how funny it was, and began to laugh too. And when two people have laughed together, you know!

"Denton's my name, Charles R. Now that we're acquainted, will you let me help you over the fence? Over you go! Like a bird! (Very appropriate, that!) Now may I walk with you? I'm just getting back from a week's hike."

A few minute's later they stood chatting by the gate. Phyllis chanced to look out of the window.

"Oh, my sainted grandmother! Charles Denton and Janet! And Janet is actually looking at him Mother, the smelling salts, quick!"

A Teacher's Reward

A True Story.

By S. Alice Ranlett.

"YOU are wanted at the telephone, Miss Guild," announced a messenger from the master's office to the teacher of the eighth grade.

When the teacher took the receiver, she heard a voice asking, "Is this Miss Guild of the Lincoln School?"

"Yes, I am Miss Guild."

"Did you ever have in your class a boy named Ralph Nanton?"

At the mention of this name Miss Guild's mind turned back some years to a morning when the master had come to her, saying: "There's a great trial in school, Miss Guild, perhaps a degenerate. He is not fitted for the eighth grade; but, if any one can bring light to his conscience and intellect, you can. You're the boy's last hope in the Lincoln School, perhaps in his life. He is bad. I warn you. Shall I send him to your room?"

"Please send him," the teacher had answered, and a moment later a frowning, dark-browed, heavy-faced boy of fifteen had shambled into the room.

Ralph Nanton brought with him the most anxious and trying months of Miss Guild's happy, enthusiastic years of teaching. He was accomplished in petty tricks as well as in serious evil-doing, and required constant watching against grievous outbreaks.

Yet Miss Guild loved the lad with a pitying love, and with every earnest effort and kind wile, and with frequent prayer to her own Teacher and Guide, she tried to win him to better things. Sometimes a gleam of interest in his dark eyes seemed to indicate an awakening mind, and sometimes the relaxing of the stubborn lines of his mouth gave hope of a change in character. But these brighter moments were passing, and at the end of six months Ralph was no longer seen in the Lincoln School; nor could the truant officer find a trace of him, as he was not known in the house which he had named as his residence. All this was seven years ago.

The voice over the telephone repeated: "Ralph Nanton. Did you ever have him in your class?"

"Yes," answered Miss Guild, "I had him in my room seven years ago."

"Then," continued the voice, "I have a message for you.

"I am one of the medical staff of the City Hospital. Ralph Nanton died this morning at the hospital; he died honorably from the effects of wounds received in the service in France.

"In his last hours I asked if he would like me to deliver a message from him to any one.

"He answered, 'I have neither father nor mother nor sister nor brother, nor any one in the world belonging to me.'

" 'But,' I said, 'is there not some friend to whom you would like to send a word?'

" 'I haven't a friend in the world,' he replied. But after a few moments he said: 'Could you tell Miss Guild, who is a teacher in the Lincoln School? I was once in her class, and she is the only person who ever loved me. Tell her I remember, and tell her I thought of her and fought for her over in France."

—C. E. World.

The Legend of the Oak and the Mistletoe

By FRANCES FOX

Illustration by Miss Hoisholt

IN their lodges slept the children
Of the Valley of Long Sunshine,
Slept the women and the children,
For no braves were sleeping there.
Far beyond the misty foothills,
In the Mountains of the Sunrise
Lay the Valley warriors watching
By the Panther Killers' lair.

In the Valley of Long Sunshine,
In the morn while talked the old men,
And the women fished and hunted,
And the naked children played,
Came a tall youth running, panting,
Like a deer among the lodges,
Leaped, and gave a cry of victory,
Cried out, but no longer stayed.

Sought again the misty foothills,
Where the Children of the Valley
Were returning from the battle
With the Panther Killers fought.
In the village sat the Children,
While the high sun shone upon them,
Waiting for the braves returning
With the captives they had brought.

Led by big chief Falling Water,
Soon they came with yells of triumph,
With their war-paint dulled by life blood
Of the Panther Killer dead.
And with revelry of feasting
And of shouting and of dancing
Fled the hours, till the lights shone
In the sky-roof overhead.

Then the Children of the Valley
In the red light of the camp-fire
Heard the tales told by the warriors
Of the brave deeds they had done.
But to one they all gave praises,
Red Rock, son of Falling Water,
Gave to him the greatest glory
For the victory that was won.

Praised his wisdom in the council,
And his bravery in combat;
But these things young Red Rock heard not,
He was gone with soundless tread
To the captives, silent, sullen,
In the strong lodge waiting wakeful
For a ransom from Black Mountain
And the mourning tribe he led.

Ere the Great Light of the night sky
Dimmed the lesser lights of heaven,
All the Children of the Valley
Closed their eyelids dark and slept.
Meanwhile Red Rock, stalwart, standing
By the lodge where lay the captives,
Heard a voice ere half a watch his
Moonlit vigil had been kept.

Through the wide space in the log wall
Heard the voice of one imploring:
"Son of Falling Water, hear me,
Lead me out into the wood;
Let me, son of Falling Water,
Gather long and slender grasses
For my weaving, for my weaving;
Thou art strong and thou art good."

Silent as the breezeless midnight,
Red Rock opened then the doorway;
(For the vestments of a hero
Are with kindness warmly lined.)
Timid, fearful, crawled the maiden,
Stepped into the brilliant moonlight,
Walked before her wordless guardian
Where the long grass was entwined.

And the warrior, looking on her,
Wondered why the Panther Killers,
With their captives of the combat,
Should have sent a maid like her.
On a fallen willow Red Rock,
Watching ceaselessly the strong lodge,
Sat and asked the stooping maiden,
"Why are you a prisoner?"

Then no more she plucked the grasses;
On the ground sat, facing Red Rock;
Sadly, slowly, told her story,
Weaving grasses with her hands.
"From the Father of the Waters,
Where the North Wind bares the tree-
tops,
Came my tribe ere I remember,
To the Panther Killers' lands.

"This the Robin Mother told me,
Who saved me alone from slaughter
When the Panther Killers murdered
All the others of the clan.
Robin Mother kept me, loved me
For the beauty of my child-face;
At the others' scorn I trembled,
From their icy taunting ran.

"Every day alone I wandered,
With the blossoms for my playmates,
Lay upon the ground and listened
To the music in the trees.
And the night before the battle,
As I lay out in the starlight,
Spoke the Spirit of the Father
Of the Waters, in the breeze.

" 'Why sits Broken Flower idle,
While unshrouded lies her sister
Where the Spirit of the River
Long watch o'er her body keeps?'
Chief's son, let me gather grasses
Nightly till her shroud is finished
For the whispering river spirit
To lay o'er her where she sleeps."

And the heart of listening Red Rock
Trembled, moved by Broken Flower;
He remembered not that warriors
Ever kept their eyelids dry.
And poor weeping Broken Flower,
As he led her to the strong lodge,
More than mercy did not notice
Hid within his shaded eye.

Every night the door was opened.
And as, picking grass, they wandered,
Red Rock thought no other beauty
Like to her was 'neath the sky.
And as Broken Flower taught him
How to weave her shroud of grasses,
More than gratitude young Red Rock
Saw not in her anxious eye.

In the moon of falling acorns
Came the Panther Killer wise men
To the Valley of Long Sunshine,
Came their captives to redeem.
And the Children of the Valley
And the Panther Killer wise men
With the captives all between them
Quiet sat, as in a dream.

Then to many words of wisdom
From the oldest of the Red Men
Listened all of those assembled,
Ere before their eyes were laid
Skins of panther, deer, and wildcat,
Beads and blankets brought in baskets,
Till, in Falling Water's judgment,
Every warrior's price was paid.

As all eyes on Broken Flower
Saw no ransom for her offered,
Old chief Falling Water, growling,
Asked the Panther Killers why.
But they all departed, answering,
"She is not a Panther Killer."
Saw she now that more than pity
Was in Red Rock's burning eye.

Low before the grizzly chieftain
Knelt deserted Broken Flower,
Saying, "Mighty Falling Water,
Great chief, hear me to the end;
Send me back to Robin Mother,
And the Spirits strong will keep thee;
Let me find my Robin Mother,
She is aged and my friend."

Hoarse, spoke wrinkled Falling Water,
"Not for many lonely winters
In my lodge hath woman entered;
  My new squaw you are or die!"
Hot upleaped the blood of Red Rock,
Angered at his father's speaking;
Saw much more than hopeless pleading
  In the captive's wild dark eye.

Then the heated youth, restraining
The high words upon his tongue-tip,
For the sake of his old father,
  Said, "Thy lodge she cannot share;
She has seen enough of weeping,
She must love the brave who woos her,
She is going to Robin Mother,
  Red Rock's hand will lead her there!"

As the western sky was reddening,
Streaked above the Big Sea Mountains,
Fled the two into the forest
  From the still bewildered crowd.
By the side of speeding Red Rock
Flew like lightning Broken Flower,
While upon her swelling bosom
  Lay her sister's half-wove shroud.

And as thunder follows lightning,
So the voices of the Children
Of the Valley of Long Sunshine
  Rose and followed those who fled;
Called them cursed, white-skinned
      traitors;
And the furious Falling Water
Thundered to the puzzled warriors,
"Turn them back—my son is dead."

Silent prayers the panting maiden
Offered up to the Great Spirit
That her strength might equal Red
      Rock's,
  That her girl-heart would not fail.
In the evening light they hastened
Toward the Mountains of the Sunrise,
Still in sight of, but not closer
  To the hundred on their trail.

As she weary grew, the maiden
Saw before her red eyes gleaming,
While, from treacherous Panther Killers,
  Rang a death-whoop on the air.
In his strong arms Red Rock bore her,
While from twanging bows before them
And from Valley braves behind them,
  Arrows crossed around the pair.

Ere in death their lives were severed,
The compassionate Great Spirit
Changed into a tree young Red Rock,
  Beautiful and strong of heart;
Changed the drooping Broken Flower
To a green plant in its bosom,
On the tree for life dependent,
  Never found from it apart.

Thus the warriors, troubled, baffled,
To the Valley of Long Sunshine,
To the disappointed natives,
  Bore their tale of mystery:
And the story oft repeated
In the cricket-singers' hour,
How the arrows shot at Red Rock
  Lo! but grazed a mighty tree.

* * * * * * *

In the Valley of Long Sunshine
Still below the misty foothills,
In the bosom of the tree-top,
  Cold, white tears the maiden weeps.
And the tree-brave shields and loves
      her,—
Holds the grey-green shroud half-woven
For the Father of the Waters
  Where the little sister sleeps.

San Jose' Normal.

Dear Anna, April 30, 1921.

I'm writing at last, you see. I almost lost the habit while I was at O'Brien's. I worked

there noon-hours, show-nights, and week ends, for a long time.

I wish you could see the chief

cook. If she ever bore down on you, brandishing a three-foot knife, and inquiring into your wants, you would have an uncontrollable attack of homesickness.

You'd like the porter, though. He is always ready to help us; and funny- you should see him!

homeward journey

You would have laughed to see our worked too late some nights. When we ager wrathfully for the cars the man- wonder we weren't took us home. It's a ty to Fords. arrested for cruel-

Mercy! I didn't know it was so late. I'll have to dash for school. Write soon.

M.

Students' Sidelines

By F. M. F.

PERHAPS it was hash-slinging. You recognize that customer with the purple feather, and moan to your mates, "She's here again—takes four lumps of sugar, and has to have her tea half strength. . . One dinner please!" into the kitchen. At the table next to her is one they all like to serve. He is young, takes a straight order, eats it all, and leaves a tip. Then there is the family from the country who eat in a public place once a year. They come in at the rush hour. "Bring little girl some coffee, she doesn't drink it, but father will; and do you suppose the baby could have some crackers and milk, warmed a little?" At closing time come two apologetic spinsters. "Is it too late?" they peep. "You take 'em, Mae, my teaching begins in three minutes!"

YOUR friend of infinite patience has probably spent the week before Christmas in a store. What demands it makes on one's supply of virtue! She knows how strenuous it is to put one's best self forward for eight solid hours. She accosts a customer sweetly: "Something I can show you?"

To number two: "May I wait on you?"

"No, I don't know what I want yet."

"Certainly," she smiles, shouting inwardly, "God bless the people who know what they want, why they want it, and how they're going to get it!"

THEN there is the job of the library dog, who feels like an encyclopedia with the pages torn out. This is a job for a second Bacon who takes all knowledge to be his province, or for one whose formidable exterior is proof against interrogation.

"Who was the scientist that taught David Starr Jordan?"

"Do you know what a valence curtain is?"

It all comes from a clear sky; and what a joy it is to be able to answer an inquiry: "Can you tell me some famous man living today besides Luther Burbank?"

By V. C. F.

WOULD you consider a person a fool who would leave a ten thousand dollar job to become a school teacher? That is just what I did and they still let me run around loose!

I don't mean that I was paid that much, but I handled that amount every day (in checks, not in real money). After graduating with the class of '17 from the Sacramento High School, I tried my hand at banking in the California National Bank.

Before taking the position I dreamed about the $85 which I was to receive each month, the short hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and the numerous holidays which fall to the lot of bankers.

But my day of awakening arrived! Bank employees were expected to report at 8 A. M. and could not leave until their books balanced at night. Did you ever work about six hours adding columns of figures, and then find out you were thirteen cents out, and work six hours more finding it? If not, you do not know the joys of bank life. The rule of the bank was that no one could leave until every person's book in the department was balanced. And they balanced any time from 3:30 P. M. until 1 A. M.

That $85 which seemed so big before seemed to vanish like smoke as soon as received, and there was nothing to do but count the days and hours until the first day of the next month.

Holidays do not bring the same thrill to a banker that they do to a teacher. There is just as much money in circulation even if the bank closes; and if we do not handle it one day, we must the next. That means if we picnic one day, we work until 12 P. M. the next.

Talk about noisy classrooms! It can't be compared to the banging and buzzing of twenty typewriters and ten adding machines. Be thankful you're a teacher.

I tried my hand at various other kinds of work and all that I can say is, "So far, it's me for Pedagogy!"

The Birthday of Mercedes Bernal

By THELMA A. ROBERTS

"WELL, Lopez, what are you doing here on this day? Isn't this the birthday of old Mercedes Bernal? I thought that you always went up there." "Si, senor. It is her natal day, but she is no more. She die—oh—yesterday, last week,—I don't know when. They tell me yesterday—Manuelita bring the news. Very old she was—more than a hundred, but one can't hope to live forever, so we have no more birthdays. Muy bien. My hour is coming, too."

Indeed, it seemed that it could not be far distant, for if Lopez continued to wither, a good strong wind might soon blow him away. I had known Lopez for a number of years, in fact, ever since I had bought my ranch near Evergreen. I got him with the ranch. He had been there for years, and was perfectly content to die in the same place. The change in owners did not bother him at all, so he stayed. Except for an occasional spree and an annual visit to the old Bernal place in Hall's Valey Lopez remained on the ranch. Almost any night I could hear him down in his cabin playing on his old fiddle. Lopez could play—after a fashion. Sometimes he did strike a real plaintive song—especially after some old, old friend had answered the great call; but it was said of Lopez, by the younger Mexicans on the ranch, that he could play all night at a dance and never play the same tune twice.

Besides being able to fiddle, Lopez could tell stories to perfection—stories that teemed with the life of the "good old days" when he was young.

On this particular morning Lopez was sitting at his cabin door, mourning, I knew, because, I, too, had heard that Mercedse had left this world, and Lopez would attend no more birthday parties. Lopez could talk well when he was talking of an old friend who had passed on, so I felt that, at last, the time had come when I would be able to get the whole story of Mercedes Bernal and her family, for I had been interested in the occasional fantastic tales about her which I had heard from the young Mexicans working on the ranch.

"So old Mercedes is gone," I began, hoping to "get him started," so to speak.

"Si, gone, and no more birthdays will they have," he replied, seeming to be more interested in the birthdays than in Mercedes herself, the cause of the birthdays.

"Well, Lopez, she was a friend of yours. Suppose you tell me about her—how she got the ranch up there, and all about it," I said.

Lopez pretended to be disinterested, but his pretense was ill concealed. So he began. Had Lopez been something else besides what he was, he might have been an artist, or at least he would have been had he been able to paint the scenes he spoke of. I shall not attempt to write the story as he told it—in his broken English, mixed with Spanish phrases—for it would be impossible. This is simply the "jist" of the story:

AGOOD many years ago, when Alta California was a part of Mexico, and before the old missions had entirely declined in their power, Don Carlos Pedro Bernal set forth from the house of his father in Sonora with his young bride Mercedes, a few yoke of oxen, a cart, and a few household belongings. One would not think that Don Carlos would care to leave his father's luxurious house—for his father was rich. Indeed, he would not have gone, had he not incurred his despotic old father's wrath. Carlos had broken a family custom—a thing looked upon as a disgrace in the old family of Bernal. He had married the beautiful Mercedes de Ybanno, the maid of his heart, against his father's wishes. Old Manuel desired that his son take as his wife the wealthy Carmella de Riando—who had the temper of a coyote and more money than good looks. Don Carlos had objected, and, having won the sym-

pathy of Padre Jaime, the village priest, had secretly married Mercedes. Hence, after a stormy scene, the departure.

Don Carlos knew where he was going. He had heard of the rich lands in Alta California. He had heard, too, how easy it was to secure a grand of land; so thither he was taking his bride. One would think it a dangerous trip, and a hard one. Yes, it was a dangerous trip, but no more so than many others Carlos had taken, so what were the odds? A hard trip? Well, they were both young—Carlos probably about twenty and Mercedes about fifteen—and they were in love; so what difference if the trip were hard?

It took a long time for them to reach the town of San Juan and the mission, but by that time they had secured their land grant from the governor in Monterey, so they felt that their journey was nearly over. Then, in Monterey, Carlos had met his counsin, also a Bernal. He had agreed to bring his wife and family, and, after securing a grant near that of Carlos, to come to live near them. Carlos and Mercedes waited in San Juan until they came.

SOON after the arrival of the cousins, they all set out for the pueblo of San Jose and Mission Santa Clara. When they finally did reach the mission and made known their destination, the old priests sent an Indian with them as guide. It was late late spring when they reached the heart of Santa Clara Valley. The young trees along the Alameda had already put forth their leaves, and offered pleasant shade to the travel-worn strangers. How different from the dry northern plains of Mexico! Carlos was half glad that he had been forced to leave his father's house.

Soon they approached the eastern foothills of the Santa Clara Valley and began the ascent to their grants along a narrow, rough trail. The fields were beautiful. The spring skies were so blue, almost as blue as the lupines themselves, and the poppies—why, they were indeed copas de oros. And the grass—never in all Mexico had they seen grass so green.

(Lopez was quite carried away in his description of the virgin valley. In fact, he had no use for it as it now is—cultivated. He could remember it quite clearly though he was a very young child when the Bernals had settled on their land.)

There is little else to say about the settlement of Bernal. In time the family of Carlos and Mercedes numbered fourteen, eight of whom were boys. The cousin's family increased, too, to ten.

At length, after years of hard labor, which truly shortened his life, Don Carlos Pedro Bernal was called to his fathers. His was an early death, for he had not yet reached fifty. To Mercedes fell the task of rearing her family as well as the managing of the ranch. True, the cousin was older than Mercedes, but he was a sickly man—lazy, too, so Mercedes, upon the death of Carlos, became the head of the familiy, acknowledged by all.

All went well with her. Her sons and daughters thought much of her. So, after the first successful harvest since the death of Carlos, all the cousins, sons, daughters, grandsons, and grand-daughters decided to give Mercedes a surprise party on her birthday. Great preparations were made unbeknown to Mercedes, who purposely had been called to nurse, for a few days, one of the grandsons of the cousin. She went, willingly, to her duty. In the meantime, an ox was killed, also several pigs and sheep. On the great day they were roasted whole. Such preparations had never before been made on the ranch of Bernal.

Mercedes was expected home on the morning of her birthday. In truth, she had been so busy that she had forgotten that it was her birthday, until reminded of it by one of the small children, who had caught the spirit of the event, but who had been threatened into secrecy. So she came home. Nothing seemed unusual, for all traces of the feast had been hidden, to reappear at the proper time.

Mercedes was tired, so she went into the house and took her daily siesta, then she was up and about her work. There was plenty to do. Mindful sons and daughters had seen to that. In fact, there was more than usual, and she

hurried about, as was her usual fashion.

Dusk came. Mercedes started the fire, and hung the iron pot of frijoles over the fire to cook longer. Her sons would not be home until late that night, they had left word; so there was no hurry about food. Mercedes sat down to her drawn work. Suddenly a great din arose outside. Mercedes was startled. She dropped her work and sprang to the door. What a sight greeted her eyes! There, beneath the lighted torches, were the faces of a host—all familiar faces—those of her sons and daughters, her cousins, and all their children, and their children's children. Such a merry crowd. They shouted and called birthday greetings to Mercedes. Mercedes was dumbfounded. She knew not which way to turn. Her sons, though, soon came and, picking her up, carried her to the store room, with the noisy crowd following after. There they had set the tables, which were fairly loaded down with food.

Gradually Mercedes recovered from her surprise and joined with the rest of them in merrymaking. After the feast the tables were cleared away, and a dance began. It was no ordinary dance either. It had no special length, but lasted until the best of dancers could dance no longer. Mercedes was one of the best.

Such a dance! And to think that every one of the dancers was some relative of hers, some very distant, it is true, but they belonged to or were connected with the family of Bernal. Mercedes could not but be solemn even on that merry occasion. All of her own children were there with their wives and husbands and their children. Then there were the cousins and all of their children and their grandchildren, and there were the brothers and sisters of the daughters and sons-in-law, and so on, until the tracing of relationship became a great tangle, but everyone had some connection with the family.

(I could not refrain from interrupting Lopez to inquire how he was connected with the family. It seemed that he was the son of a cousin-in-law of the cousin of Don Carlos. It sounded ridiculous, yet that is the way Lopez gave it, and was proud of his distant connection with the great family. Lopez had attended this first great celebration. He was more than welcome, for he was a fiddler, even in his youth.)

That was the first celebration of the birthday of Mercedes Bernal. Many other celebrations followed, though none was so grand as the first. Then, as the years advanced, bringing with them all the rush and growth of American civilization, the family scattered, and the great holiday became, as many great holidays do become, a mere orgy of eating and drinking.

MERCEDES lived on. Each year she grew older, not so much in looks as at heart. The old days had gone, taking with them her friends and even her own sons and daughters. The family of cousins had died, dwindled, or scattered. And with the onrush of Americans, even her lands dwindled in expanse. The Americans pushed closer and closer, and still Mercedes lived on.

Every year though, in spite of the scattering of the family, in spite of the dwindling of the property, and in spite of the advances of the Americans, the birthday of Mercedes, the head of the family, was duly celebrated. Each year, as nearly as possible, the details of the first birthday celebration were carried out. On the day before the celebration a side of beef was brought from San Jose. (The oxen were no longer to be had on the remaining acres of the Bernal ranch.) Of course, a pig or two was killed, and a sheep, if there chanced to be one. On the morning of the day, the great preparations were made. On that day, Mercedes pretended (and every year she acted her part) to be unaware of the great preparations going on about her. She stayed in her own house. Then, in the evening, just at dusk, Mercedes would put the iron pot of frijoles over the fire, and take up her drawn work. She liked to do that on her birthday, although on ordinary days she never touched it, and hadn't for a year—in fact, not since the last birthday celebration. But every birthday she brought out the same piece that she had been working on that first day. It was

yellow with age, yet it brought back to her heart the memories of the many years past.

Then she would wait. Presently the great cry would arise from without, always the same. True, it was not the same sort of shout that she had heard in the old days; however, it had a deep meaning to Mercedes, though it lacked the old spirit. Then she would go out on the porch and speak a word of thanks to those gathered there, so few, it seemed. So many had gone. Then the two nearest and oldest male relatives would come and carry Mercedes to the warehouse (a large galvanized tin one now, with cement floors) followed by the remaining members of the family.

Once begun, the merrymakers seemed to lose sight of the fact that the celebration was in honor of the little old, old woman. In truth, she was treated with respect, but it wasn't the right kind. It, too, belonged to the new day. The old was gone.

ONE custom remained unchanged, however. That was Lopez (for he had become a custom). He still furnished the music with his fiddle. Though his fingers were somewhat stiff, the music still served its purpose, and they danced to it. Mercedes no longer danced. She would sit and watch the dancers for a while and then she would go quietly to her house—to bed. Occasionally, she would have long talks with Lopez, for he was the only one left who remembered or knew anything about her days. And both of them were old.

Lopez had about finished his story. How his cheeks glowed when he talked of the early days! How his voice saddened when he remembered that they were gone forever.

So old Mercedes had passed on, after a long, long life. Manuelita had brought the news of her death. She had been ill for just a short time, but she knew that her time had come. She had sent a token to Lopez—a small crucifix of ebony, brought from her home in Mexico years and years before, and with it the message: "Adios. Hasta la vista"—for Lopez was the only true friend who had remained.

Lopez became silent, and presently, seeming to forget my presence, arose and walked away. That night, from his little cabin, borne on the evening breeze, came one of his rare plaintive songs. It was from the heart of an old friend to Mercedes Bernal. That heart, too, longed to say, "Adios! Hasta la vista", and follow Mercedes.

A Mexican Wedding

By LEAH THOMPSON

IT is curious and very interesting to observe some of the marriage customs that prevail in parts of our country. I once had the good fortune to attend a wedding in one of the isolated communities in the mountains of the southwest, where the customs are very different from ours. The social mingling of the young people is not so free as is ours, so that when a young man wishes to marry he sends to the father of the young lady of his choice a letter asking for the daughter. It seems that this affair is handled through a commit-

The Bride's Table

tee, who do the proper investigating. The answer must be given in two weeks and if the answer is "yes" the groom-to-be buys a trunk and the trousseau for his beloved. On the day of the betrothal we were gathered at the home of the bride. The groom, with his relatives and friends, marched to the house, bringing with them the trunk which contained the wedding garments, including the veil and artificial flowers.

The two familes and their friends gathered in the main room, where the bride was formally presented to her future husband. Representatives from each side made speeches, and then the bride and groom solemnly shook hands. The girl passed to his relatives, and began embracing them, while he embraced her relatives. I was standing with her relatives and, as I did not know whether or not the friends were included in this part, I started to slip out from the crowd. One of the girls told me that friends were not embraced, so I remained.

After this ceremony, the bridal party was escorted to a wedding table on which there were cakes and raisins and candy and at each place a bottle and glass. When they had eaten a little they went into the kitchen for the dinner, and other guests took their places at the wedding table. The afternoon was spent in visiting and eating.

The bride and groom went that evening to a town eight miles away, where a priest resided, and early the next morning were married. They returned to the bride's home. When within a half mile of the house they were met by all the guests. We formed an aisle, the men on one side and the women on the other, through which the bridal party passed. The procession was led by two fiddlers. No matter how cold the day, the bride walks in her thin wedding outfit without a wrap.

At the house there was a wedding table just as there was at the betrothal, with the addition of a huge bride's cake. The groom always furnishes everything for this feast. Everyone goes to the bride's table first, then to the dinner table. As I was an honored guest, I sat with the bride and groom. People returned to the bride's table frequently during the afternoon. In the days when the bottles could contain something stronger than ginger ale, the trips to the table were very frequent, and the dance that followed was the scene of much excitement.

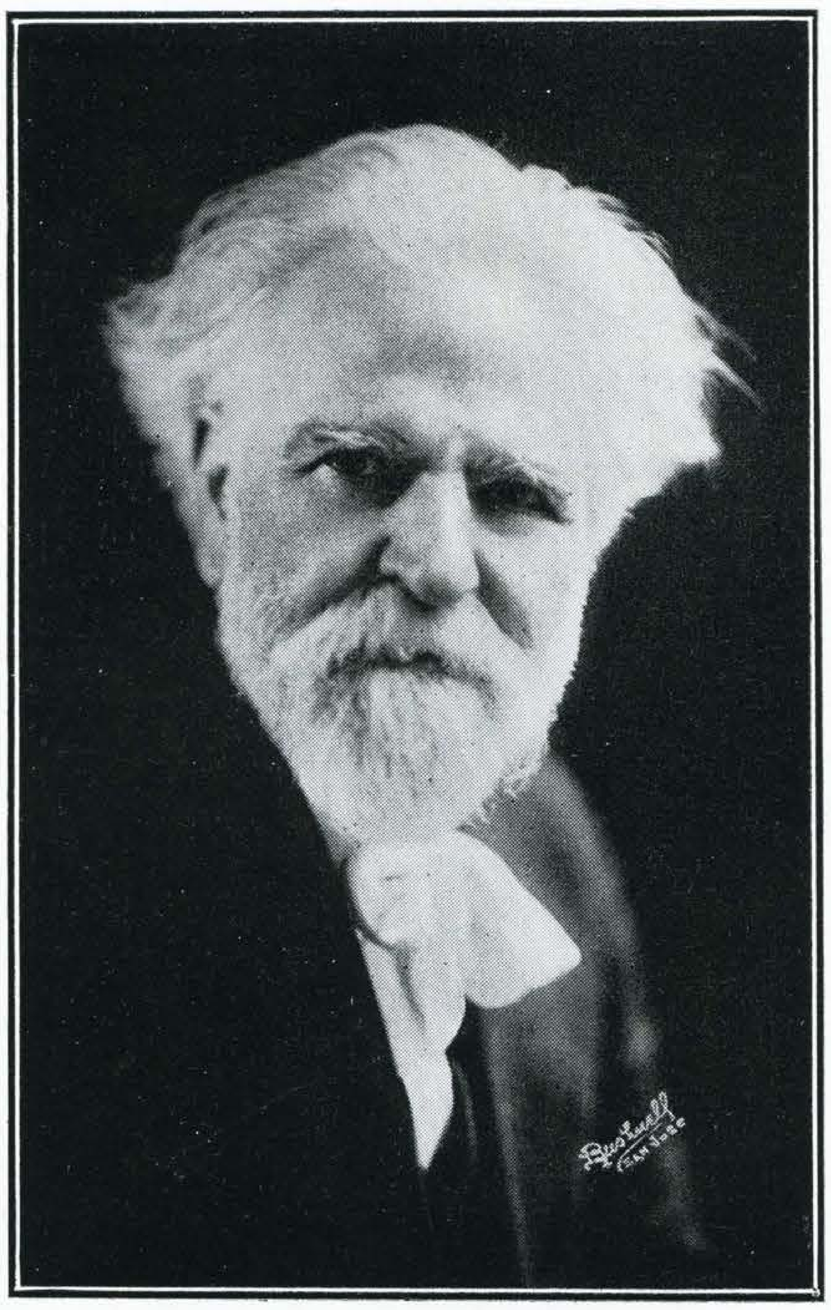
There was dancing all afternoon and most of the night. The bride and groom sat upon a table at one end of the room except when dancing.

A master of ceremonies called the names of the men who were to dance each time, and they selected their partners and danced until another group was called.

The Hawthorne Tree

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks.
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—*As You Like It.*



EDWIN MARKHAM

TUESDAY, April 26, a group of Shakespeare students and literary aspirants drove out to Dr. Bland's home to plant a young hawthorne tree which Samuel Alexander had sent him. On the way out they were facetiously christened "ladies of the hoe." "I understand, Mr. Bland," the poet said, "that we are to sit on the fence while the ladies dig the hole, is that it?"

If Edwin Markham had not already won the hearts of the girls from the platform, he certainly did when they were introduced to him with a real handshake. His heavy beard and hair are scarcely whiter than his face; and his deep-set brown eyes seem to see more than other men's do.

The party arrived soon after five and was welcomed by Mrs. Bland. Later began the excavation for the tree, accomplished chiefly by Gertrude, Frances and Zelma; and to this process Billy the goat, Nicky the cat, and Tige the dog were interested spectators. Dr. Bland appointed Mr. Markham master of ceremonies, who asked that they begin with the reading of a tree poem; and after some arguing as to whose poetry it should be, Dr. Bland read appropriate lines from one of his poems.

The master of ceremonies, with a broad gesture, declared, "This is the Forest of Arden, and these are the nymphs sporting on the green." Then, with the honored shovel in his right hand, the poet recited the last stanza of his poem on Lincoln.

With some difficulty the master of ceremonies deepened the "cavern," and as he finished he remarked, referring to Dr. Bland—"Homer of the event," "The bard of the occasion has it easier than the master of ceremonies."

A nymph "brought the young tree hither," and it was duly anchored in the soil. Standing erect, with his right hand still grasping the shovel, and with his left hand extended over the wee hawthorne, the master of ceremonies pronounced the solemn words: "I declare this tree dedicated to the poets of the future."

In the house the muses and graces partook of "the divine drug" and listened to the poets twain; and it was seven o'clock before the damsels bade good-bye to their friend, and returned to San Jose, glorying in the last three hours, and saying:

"I could live the rest of my life on that."

"I believe Longfellow must have been like him when he was alive."

Normal Students

By MARJORIE SHOUP, Training School, Eighth Grade

Ever since I entered the fifth grade, I have been studying, more or less, normal students; but about all I have concluded without several contradictions is that all students are different. There are no two exactly alike.

Of course, they can in a general way be confined under two types, those with strong characters who can make the children behave, and those with weak characters who let the children "run" them. As for strong charactered teachers, we get them, with few exceptions, in grammar, arithmetic, history and science.

There are students who have not forgotten that they were once children themselves, and others who are so dignified one hardly dares to look at them, let alone make friends with them. One or two are still in the "giggling age," but they are as few and far between as men in the normal school. Most of the teachers are willing to make friends with us, though we are so young.

In a few words, if you are looking for an interesting study, study normal students.

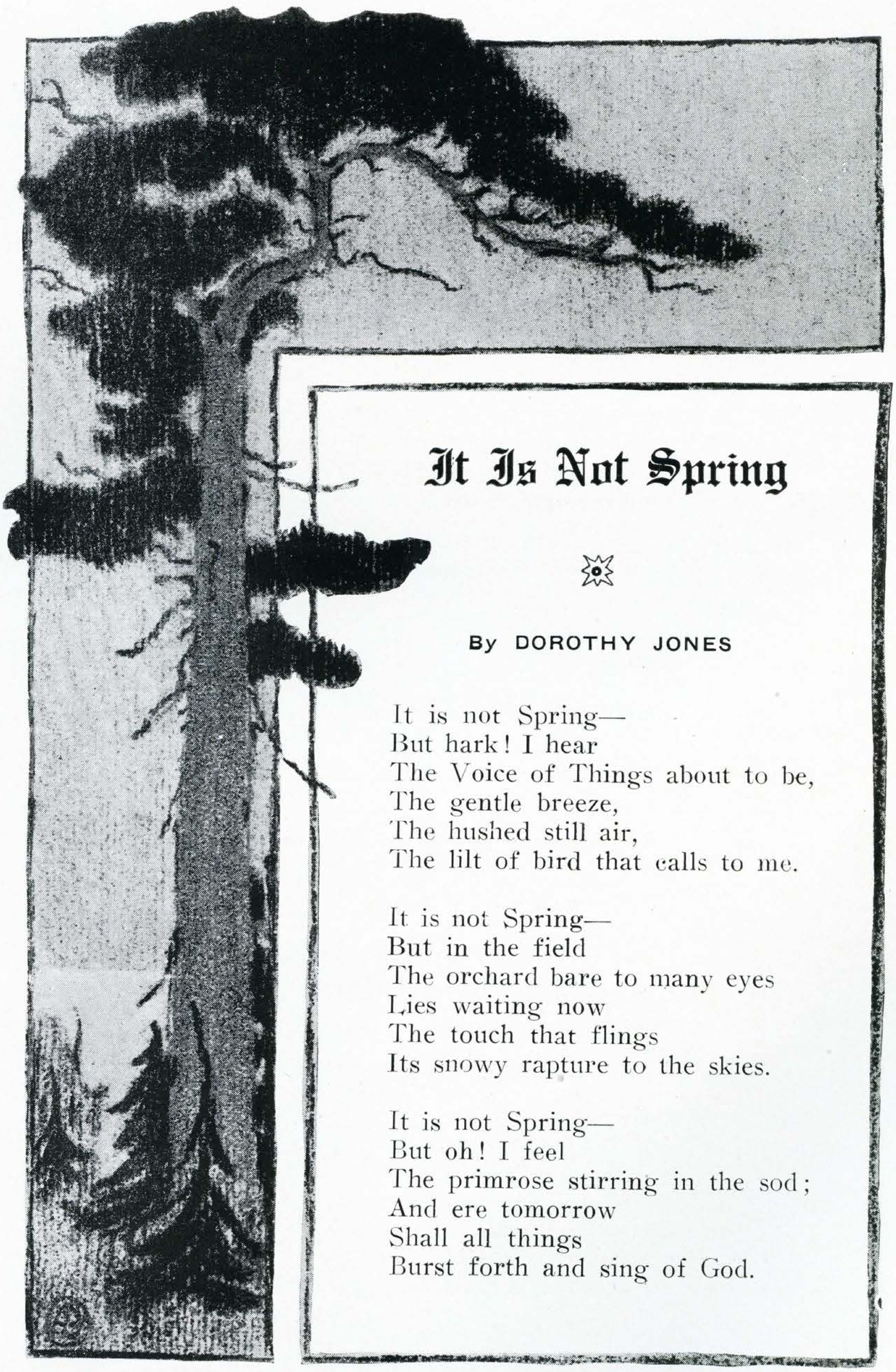
The Fairies Came

By EUNICE V. BRIGGS

THE wee fairies came to the Normal ground;
Out under the tall trees they danced around.
Little white daisies came up where they stepped.
They were there and away while students slept.

If you these people from elf-land would see
Be young again and come out there with me.
Out on the green grass in the pale moonlight.
Close eyes—be still—very still—then the sight.

You'll hear the swish of such tiny white wings;
No wonder you think there are no such things,
But they come of this, you may be quite sure,
For there under the trees are daisies pure.



It Is Not Spring

By DOROTHY JONES

It is not Spring—
But hark! I hear
The Voice of Things about to be,
The gentle breeze,
The hushed still air,
The lilt of bird that calls to me.

It is not Spring—
But in the field
The orchard bare to many eyes
Lies waiting now
The touch that flings
Its snowy rapture to the skies.

It is not Spring—
But oh! I feel
The primrose stirring in the sod;
And ere tomorrow
Shall all things
Burst forth and sing of God.

Trochaic Tetrameter

Though the dweller on the mountain
First beholds the morning sun,
Creeping, climbing, slowly upward
When the new day is begun;

He within the shadowed valley,
Waiting longer for the light,
When at last its splendor does come,
Finds it many times more bright.

To the Owl That Lives in the Tower

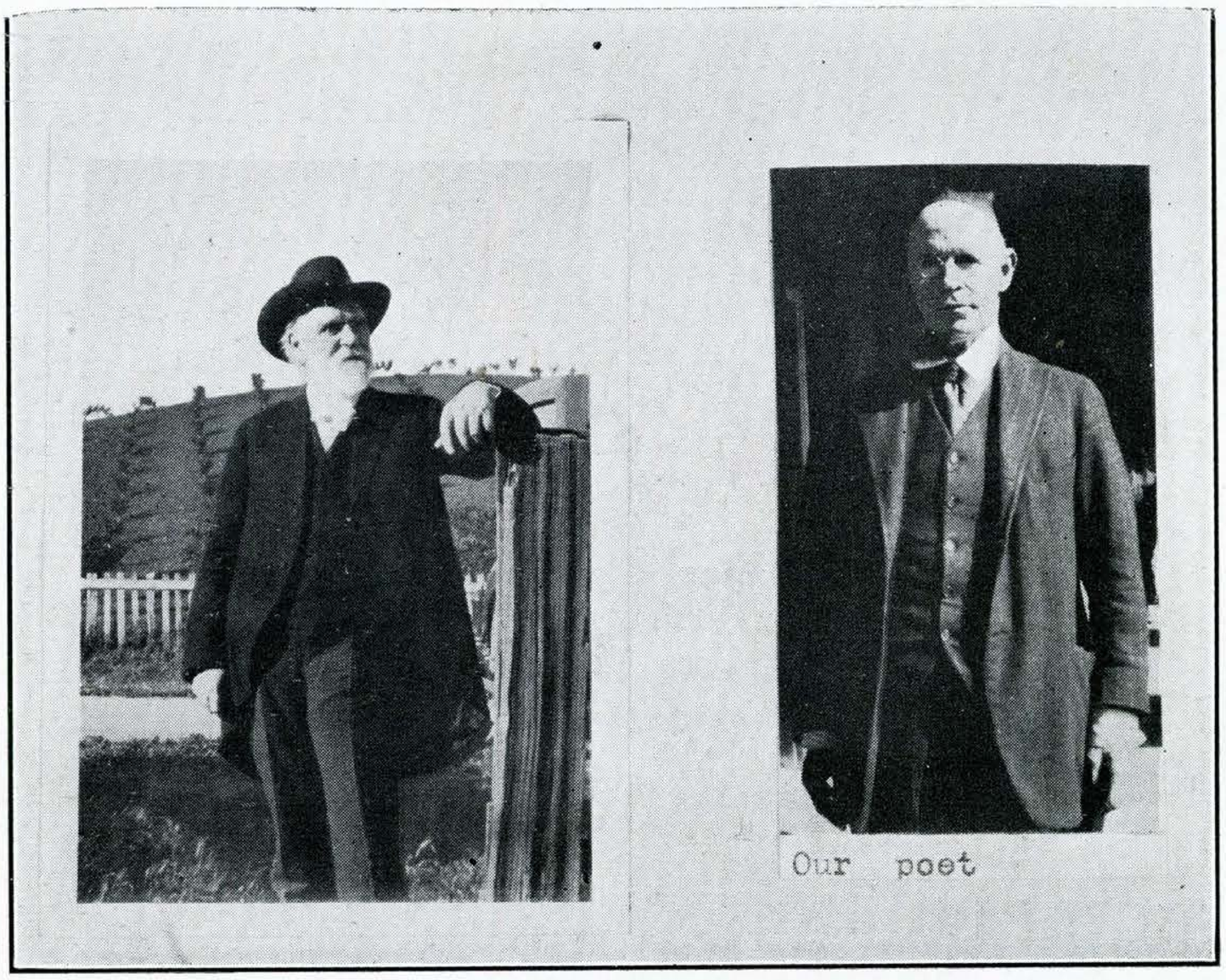
By THELMA ROBERTS

What do you know, queer bird of night,
As you flip and flap without the light
Of teachers and books, of knowledge and things?
Yet they say you possess the wisdom of kings.
What can you know, queer bird of night,
When you flip and flap without the light,
When you keep your eyes shut by light of day?
How can you learn asleep that way?

Write, write,
What shall I write?
The spirits have gone from
My inkhorn tonight.

The candle is short,
And my wit sunken deep;
Unmarked is the parchment,
My quill is asleep.

—*fmf*



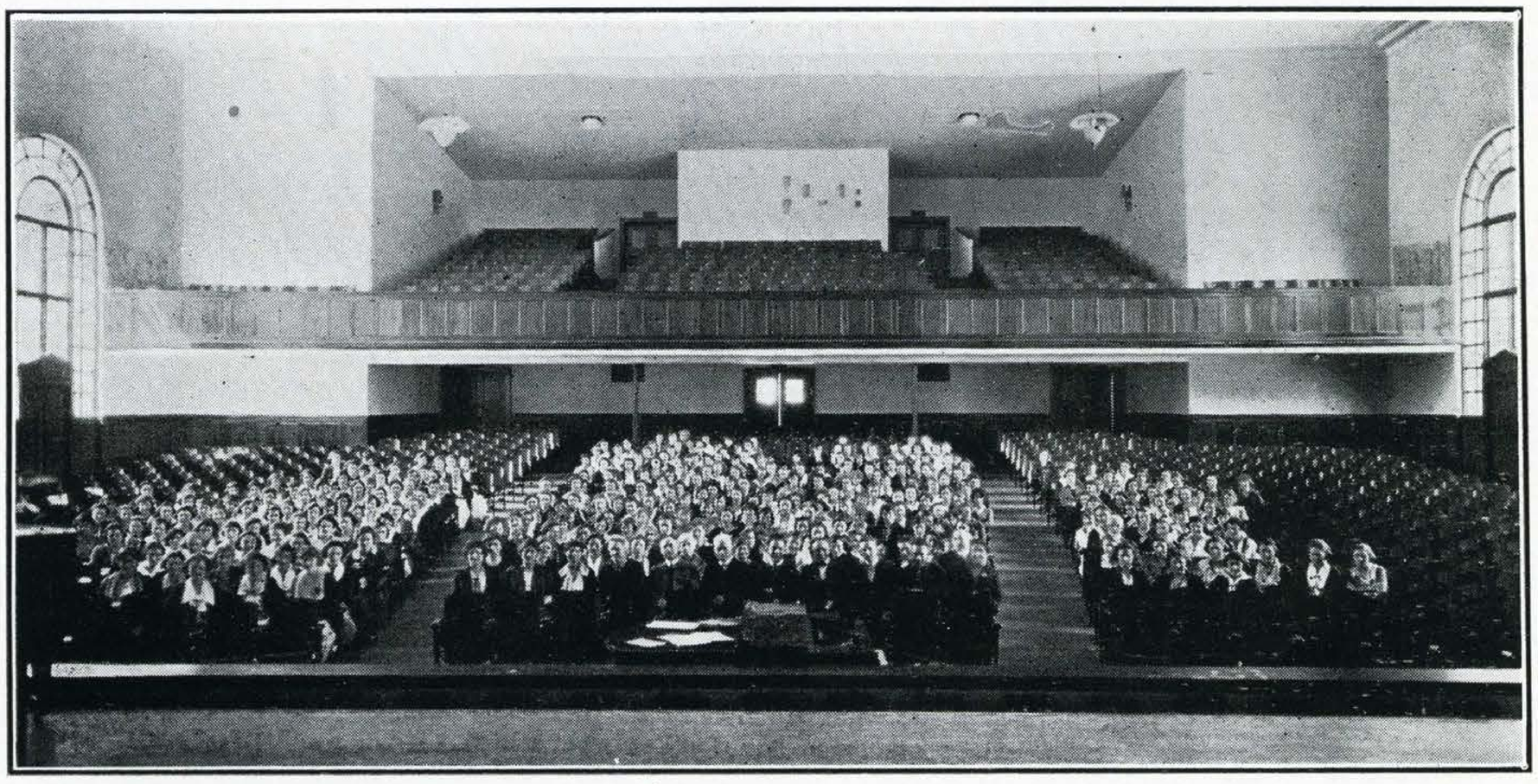
Lovers of the Muse

THE CALENDAR

ЗАСЕЛЯЙСЯ

The Log of the Normal

By THE EDITOR



The Morris Elmer Dailey Assembly Hall

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages and kings."

—*Carroll*

THE CALENDAR 1920-21

Although the primeval days are gone when as juniors in the old assembly we watched the feet of the faculty keep time to the tune on "page 50," and wished our favorites sat in the front row on the platform; we were glad to move into our new abode, "The Morris Elmer Dailey Assembly Hall." Many and varied are the things that have happened there; and when the beautiful wooden panels have become dark with age, when the youths of the bas-relief have grown to be bearded philosophers, it may be the class of '21 will have turned with curiosity often to this record of some of the occurrences which they witnessed there.

SEPTEMBER

September 21—

Annual congestion around programs in the corridor. Showers of kisses, and other demonstrations of affection.

Evening—Pres. Tully Knoles of C. P. gave first of a series of four lectures on American Politics. Miss Bradley's students attend diligently.

September 22—

The 1920-21 mob met in the assembly hall. Dr. Kemp introduced the new members of the faculty and the student body officers for our consideration. Speeches and speeches. Pat announced that she is not related to Mildred.

September 23—

President Kemp, as he admitted, showed his descent from a line of preachers by leaning on a support. Sermonized thus: "Have a regimen of life, a definite time for business and recreation. Henry Suzzallo's saying, 'The world will stand aside for the young man who knows whither he is going,' now applies to women. Teachers, try to develop in yourselves and in the children a sense of achievement."

A French worker, appealing for the French orphans, told this story of the American flag: "A discouraged man, passing the flag in the evening, wondered why he should show reverence to a rag. He climbed up the steeple, tore out the starry corner of the flag, and came down, expecting to see it look like a real rag. But nature would not allow it; the night breeze lifted the wounded flag, and where he had torn the corner, there were the stars of heaven shining through on their own blue field."

Mr. Wilson: "Any faculty announcements?"

"Student body announcements?"

F. Fox: "Miss Roberts has lost a Times receipt book. Return to Mrs. Greathead."

Dr. Kemp (in rear of room):" Can't hear."

F. Fox: (Repeated announcement).

Dr. K.: "Atta boy!"

September 24—

Dr. Margaret S. McNaught urged that young teachers not spoil good voices in the children.

Mrs. McNaught: "I congratulate you upon having at your head a great educational leader." Loud applause, notably from Dr. Kemp, conversing with Mr. Wilson on the platform.

Dr. Kemp (at the close of her address): "I always know a good thing when I hear it."

The "Times" came out—No. 1, Vol. XXIII.

September 27—

Will C. Wood, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, showed us two attitudes toward problems: "I guess that's so," and "I wonder why." Mr. Wood corrected the popular idea that he would abolish vacations, by stating that he favored summer schools, shop work, and play to prevent habits of idleness and worse habits.

"There isn't anything that's written that hasn't a heart." (O dear, he hasn't read all that we have!)

September 30—

"What shall we debate with Chico—the single tax, Japanese question, or government ownership of coal mines" After some argumentative enthusiasm, the students voted for the last, a heating subject.

OCTOBER

October 1—

Horrors, some H. S. girls were insulted by a strange man speaking to them on the Normal Campus! Dr. Kemp has spoken promiscuously to the pretty girls in our corridors at noon and didn't know that they are not all members of our immediate family.

Miss Amerine did add unto our pleasure by singing about the owl who went to woo in the rain.

Ocotber 4—

8 P. M. Dr. Knoles' lecture. Saw a wee, wee spider on a big, big lady's hat.

October 5—

Big S'prise!! Telegram to Miss Sprague from Salt Lake, Utah:

"Miss Payne is no more. Geepy still lives and loves her old friends. Will you call them together and give them my announcement. . . Love them and hope to see them in my home.

"Gertrude Payne Bridgford."

(Scribe's comment—Mr. B's gain is our loss.)

Noon—Newman reception to juniors.

October 7—

Student body meeting. We voted to join the faculty in the president's reception, to hold a Kermess, and to give ourselves a Hallowe'en party.

6:30—Y. W. C. A. Banquet. Aeroplane flight.

October 8—

David P. Barrows, president of the University of California, told us of travel in Europe; that the constitution, the president, and the president's wife of Czecho-Slovakia are all American; that Americans get along better in Europe if they use only their own language; that women purchasing food buy one cabbage leaf, one potato, and a bit of meat; that Paris does not smile, and that America should "recognize that to whom much is given of him is much required."

October 12—

Charles Brandon Booth:

"No person can fall so low, but the spark of good still lives."

"Every human being on earth can be divine sometimes."

"The greatest God-given mission in the United States is that of the school teacher."

October 15—

Hon. Vaughn McCaughey, head of education in Hawaii, told of the need for American teachers, of the beauty of the real Hawaiian and his language, and that as part of his "empire-building program," he conducts the largest matrimonial bureau in the territory.

Evening—S. F. Symphony Orchestra played for packed house.

October 18—

President Kemp thanked the students for their help in the Colbert Concert, especially the "visions of loveliness who brought us safely to our seats."

October 20—

County teachers' institute.

October 21—

Ditto.

Evening—President's Reception.

October 22—

Ditto. Prof. Bagley of Columbia (jolly man with big specs). Teaching is not so much a profession, related to law and medicine, as it is an art, analogous to music, painting, and poetry. "More than half of the votters of the next generation will be educated in the rural and village schools of today."

October 25—

Dr. Kemp: "Will the august and dignified debaters come to the platform?" Mgr. Feliz introduced six termbling logicians who tried out.

October 26—

More tryouts. Sing-master and yell-provoker.

October 29—

Assembly. Dr. K.: "Election day is not a holiday except where the school buiiding is used for voting."

Dr. Stockton: "Can't we get them to use this?"

Evening—Hallowe'en party.

NOVEMBER

November 1—

First meeting of the great class of June, 1921.

November 2—

Faculty and students elected Harding in a straw vote. The state passed amendment 16 for our benefit.

November 5—

Guy Fawkes' day. See encyclopedia.

May Mukle and Laurence Leonard, 'cellist and baritone, second Colbert Concert.

November 9—

June class nominations. Y. W. girls happily entertained at Newman Club after school.

November 10—

Kermess rally Mr. Wilson is a good serpentiner. And who came back amid the rejoicing of old friends! The bride returned to her old haunts, Mrs. G. P. B.

November 11—

Tempus fugit. War has been over two years.

November 13—

Meeting of California Library Association in the Library.

November 17—

Oodles of us (hist! and faculty members) looked down from a crowded heaven at the Victory on the scenes of "Robin Hood."

November 18—

Senior election. Congratulations.

November 19—

3rd Colbert Concert, harpist Attl, and Alice Gentle.

Worried look of Carolyn Smith, chairman of Kermess central committee.

November 22—

Kermess. "This way to Dreamland!"

November 23—

Ditto—"Everybody goes to the Crazy House!"

November 24—

Dr. Kemp read President's proclamation for Thanksgiving, and congratulated us on the character and success of our Kermess. Thank you.

November 25—

"O, it's home again and home again."

Turkey. Pumpkin pie. Mince meat.

November 29—

Address by C. W. Childs, former president of S. J. N. S., who gave us some light on her early history, the first normal west of the Rockies.

DECEMBER

December 3—

Three appeals from President Kemp for County Welfare Federation, Red Cross Seal sale, and Hoover's European relief.

Mr. Marvin, working for industrial women, said: "There are bread and roses enough for everybody."

December 9—

Dr. Wirt of Gary, Indiana, told of the Near East. Italy represents a boot, and Turkey a tooth, which has been aching ever since Adam's time. In the old lands of the Arabian Nights, Alladin, Sindbad—all are dead except the forty thieves. Monks and soldiers guard the Christian shrines in Jerusalem where robbing Turk Moslems were wont to fill their greed. The prophecy of the Koran, that the power of Islam will be broken from the waters of the Nile cross the Arabian desert, was fulfilled when the English piped the Nile water, tunneling under the Suez Canal, to Arabia.

December 10—

The diary of an old school master was read by Dr. Kemp. He "boarded around," and complained of a five-days' fare on one patriarchal gander.

December 15—

Observation of Pilgrim Tercentenary. They landed on the "stern and rock-bound coast" just 300 years ago. Rev. King, pastor of the Congregational Church, gave an address.

Carols by Capello Choir from the College of the Pacific.

Assembly—"Family Symposium." Little talks by our teachers who gave us what they received at the Institute called at Sacramento by P. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education:

Miss Smith—In one of her classes was a tow-headed boy, a great reader. He is Dr. Barrows. His message was the importance of learning to read intelligently. National wealth is in *natural resources, native ability* and *education*. Since the first two are constant, progress must come by the improvement of the third,—education.

Miss Riebsam—Rural schools need supervisors as much as city schools.

Miss Twombly—Impress aims and ideals so that the finished student is good for something. Hero-worship is good. Big people, like Claxton, are inspiring but they reach few. Ideals reach all through literature, not by analyzing it, but by "soaking it up."

Miss McFadden—The U. S. spends more money on education than all the rest of the world. Other countries send representatives here to study our education. Our teachers are responsible not only for the ideals of our own country, but for the ideals of the world. *Are you fit?*

Miss Hinze—The great impression of the

Institute was the idealism expressed. "Be impractical once in awhile."

Dr. Stockton—"We must build into the children what we want to happen thirty or forty years from now." Rousseau's dream has come true, education is used by the nation for working out its program. A definite ideal is not enough; the ideal must be right.

December 16—

Evening—Piano (Colbert) Concert by a wonderful, ungainly, temperamental young Russian composer, Serge Prokofieff.

December 17—

The end of a long, long week. Assembly program of Christmas music. Mr. Wilson wonders which is his biggest stocking, and Mr. Spaulding wonders where Mrs. S. keeps that fruit-cake. Mr. Minssen has some new experiences in the line of Christmas shopping.

Christmas class graduation exercises in the afternoon. Dr. A. E. Winship, "an institution," as he called himself, in the educational world, gave the address.

"Merry Christmas!" S'long, Seniors!

JANUARY

January 4—

We, the great class, began our fifth term.

January 6—

Assembly—Preliminary debate: "Resolved, That all those who do not plan to go to Chico should be hung by their feet from the tower till their teeth drop out." Mr. Wilson introduced the speakers, Miss Viola Limberjaw, Miss Frances Nimbletongue, and Miss Carolyn Wigglechin. The affirmative completely volatilized the arguments of the negative by their tongue-lashes.

January 7—

Evening—Count Ilya Tolstoi, son of the great Leo, lectured. (He looked more agricultural than blue-blooded.) Told about Russia and about his father's struggle to answer three great questions: "Is there a God? What is his will, and how can it be followed? If there is not, what is the purpose of life?"

January 12—

P. M.—Program of historic English songs, by a bonny English woman, Mrs. Delmer Call.

January 20—

Evening—Mme. Claussen.

The beginning of the march on the enemy—sundry 37 people, uncommonly dolled up, bearing suitcases and smiles, roam the corridors till train time, pitying the unlucky loved ones left behind, especially those who to *their* teaching.

January 21—

The day after that night. Peruse page.

January 22—

Chico—we conquered not.

January 23—

Home with the bone, without shields.

January 24—

Serpentine of cheerful losers in assembly.

"Chico got the ham, but she didn't get the bone."

Ruth told how glad the Governor was to see them, and enumerated the victuals they surrounded on the boat (D. Gillham prompting her from the rear.) K. Hazeltine told how a San Jose girl fell for him. It was a grand home-coming from a ditto trip.

FEBRUARY

February 3—

Lieutenant-Governor C. C. Young (he was a teacher 15 years, we may yet be famous) addressed the assembly. We wish that school law books, etc., could be read as the bills are in the assembly—by title only.

February 4—

Old and new executive committees inhabited the platform while Ruth sweetly poured forth praises on all who had helped her as president, and Ethel King, the "living advertisement" of Kermess fame, expounded a platform of democracy, good-fellowship, loyalty, and happiness. Ray! Ray!

February 7—

Mary Casey and Frances Fox are suddenly the most popular members of the student body. Cause found in certain boxes of sweets they were presented with, for best song and yell.

Miss McFadden entertained the old and new ex. committees at her home.

February 8—

Ruth Murphy consumed $50 worth, the student body's share, at the "Invisible Guest" banquet at the Vendome. Dr. Kemp, Miss Sprague, and Miss MacKenzie represented the faculty.

February 9—

English major-adventurer thrilled kiddies, dignitaries, and all grades between with his tales, and trophies,—guns to shoot elephants, cobra skins, references to grasshopper hash and monkey soup.

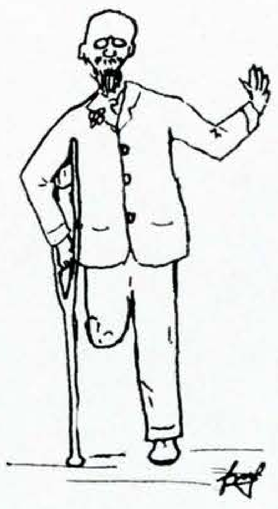
February 10—

Some of our charges were graduated from the training school. O, to be young again!

February 11—

10-12 A. M.—G. A. R. program. Dr. Kemp called the roll of the greatest battles, and the survivors are noticeably fewer each year.

D. Greene, S. Rich, H. Martin, E. Amerine, with T. Wanzer at the piano, all in old silk and hoops, sang some sweet old songs. Dr. Tully Knoles, the speaker, told of Lincoln's part in the unification of America. "Americans accept too much, they do not appreciate the cost of this country in thought, energy and blood."



February 15—

The faculty gave a hilarious reception to their brides.

February 17—

Paul Althouse in Colbert Concert.

February 18—

Americanization conference. We were surprised and delighted plus at the histrionic ability displayed by Dr. Kemp in his Hawaiian Adam and Eve story!

Evening—Wonder if Gov. Stephens recognized the fair ones who called on him a month ago. The student body greeted him and C. L. Seavey with songs and yells.

February 25—

Marsden Argall delighted some 500 damsels with his beautiful voice. When we shall have become wealthy school teachers, we expect to hear Marsden at the Metropolitan.

February 28—

Some of us discovered the rest of us at "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Victory.

MARCH

March 1—

A charming young woman demonstrated the use of the Victrola in schools.

March 2—

6th hr. Stevenson program. Songs by Miss Estabrook. Talk by David Starr Jordan. "Two of our Stanford boys, Kemp and Bland, asked me to speak about a friend or mine." This was R. L. S., whom he used to meet in San Francisco, and the talk was such as only Dr. Jordan can give. Thelma Roberts presented him with the student body pin, on behalf of the Short Story Club.

March 3—

"Welcome, sweet Springtime"—we greeted her in song; then listened to Rabbi Meyer. "The tragedy of life is not so much the limitations on the poor, but the refusal of the wealthy to take their opportunities." "The introduction of the tooth-brush and the gospel of fresh air may mean the physical salvation of a community."

Evening—"The Importance of Being Earnest," presented by the Greek Theatre Players.

March 4—

Republicans smile. Inauguration of President Harding. Wonder where *we'll* all be at the time of the next inauguration!

March 7—

R. C. A. girls and training school children gave a Bird Pageant at assembly hour.

March 9—

Male Quartette from the College of the Pacific, and everybody fell for them. There is something about C. P. students which always betrays them.

March 15—

Rally for Field Day. More Hazeltine specials. Miss Sprague announced that the coroner will be present at the Senior (March)-Faculty game.

March 16—

The game came off at assembly hour. Faculty received their due in spite of Song-Leader Baker, Yell-Leader Wooster, Dr. McFadden, Nurse Sours, and Bennie Spaulding's assistance to the ball from a step-ladder. Probably the team were disturbed by Mehitabel Hoisholt in a hat from Paris, Wild Injun Hazeltine, and that shocking Hinze girl. Shame forbids to mention all that was seen during that game. Oh!

March 17—

"Yis, and it's glad Oi be for the sunshine, for this be Saint Pathrick's birthday and Field Day at the Normal Shkule."

Pat and Norah (V. Feliz and W. Carter) jigged to the crowd in assembly. Faculty gasped once.

Later wails were heard at the door. We turned our heads as one man, and saw a one-eyed, bandaged, bloody, feeble figure limping down the aisle. On the back it was labeled "Faculty." Then we understood that this was the injured remains of yesterday's defeated.

Miss Lytton of the Y. W. C. A. appealed for co-operation in educating the women of other lands, especially China and India. There is no career more promising than that of the missionary, and high standards are demanded of the candidates.

March 18—

The last stunt to help the training school boys buy baseball suits was a musical entertainment given in assembly.

March 21—

Kindergarten benefit. Stunts by the kiddies,

JENNY LIND

BUBBLE BLOWERS

GRANDMOTHER'S GOWNS

ANOTHER ONE

OLD FASHIONED GARDEN

NELLIE GRAY

MAGGIE

INJUN SQUAWS

JAPANESE SANDMAN

bless their hearts, and dancing by Philippa Parker.

March 22—

Bravo! The Normal men's quartette entertained with several songs. They were coached by Mr. Urmy.

March 24—

Colbert Concert—Kathleen Parlow, violinist.

March 25—

"There's no place like home." Some were interested in discovering impossibilities in next term's program. Happy Easter!!

APRIL

April 5—

The day after vacation. All who smile are either heroines or hypocrites.

April 6—

Sang "Come, Thou Almighty King" and "America the Beautiful"; and listened to S. J. H. S. "Indian" quartette.

April 7—

Prof. Benj. Spaulding announced an optional, teaching things everyone ought to know; for instance, how to fix a faucet, and what to do when the lights go out. Few registered for the course since our men are scarce.

April 13—

Mr. Berwick, an old man from Monterey, brought a big idea, "Have your patriotism not parochial but planetary." Uncie Sam spends from each $1 of federal tax: one mill for education, research, and sanitation; and ninety-three cents for wars, past, present, and future. The millions spent in building one warship, which may be sunk in a minute by a torpedo, would build from fifty to seventy normal schools.

April 19—

"We have too much knowledge stored in books and professors' heads, and not enough brought down to the worker." So said John E. Lapp, editor, and a framer of the Smith-Hughes bill, a wise man with a big dimple.

April 20—

Our beloved President King (now isn't that a mixture of the democratic and the monarchic?) welcomed the new juniors. The piano thundered to the far corners of the earth at the hands of our "new man", Zimmerman.

April 25—

DIGNITARIES! The platform looked like a section from the hall of fame itself. Never did our humble eyes feast on such an array of *lights* before. Samuel Alexander, shy San Mateo poet; Mrs. Edith Daley, local celebrity; our own Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bland; and Herbert Bashford; all these were before us; and ere we had finished singing "My Sunshine," Dr. Kemp brought forth another wonder; and the student body of the Normal stood to greet its most distinguished alumnus, Edwin Markham.

Herbert Bashford read from his poems in a way we won't forget, especially *The Wolves of the Sea, On Newbrasky's Fertile Shore, The Song of the Forest Ranger, Song of the Out-o'-doors, The Freedom of the Height* (to H. M. B.), and *Boland's Boy.*

He wore the regular poet's tie, a soft bow, black.

Then Dr. Kemp introduced Edwin Markham, who was once prominent as a school superintendent. (Mr. Markham's tie was white, and bigger than Bashford's.) Our most honored guest was very striking in appearance, with erect carriage, white skin, heavy white hair and beard, and piercing black eyes. We waited breathless for him to speak and he began, saying, "Well, I am very happy to be here, friends, because I am happy to be anywhere." He told of his graduation in 1872; of his first school, a sapling fence around a rain-proof live oak—"the first open air school in California"; and left the message: "Wisdom is the knowledge that tells us what to do next." He recited three quatrains; and threw kisses at us as we applauded

Afternoon. An event whose importance is not yet known took place when the house at 432 South Eighth Street, Edwin Markham's San Jose home, was dedicated as a literary shrine. This was his home as a young man, and here he wrote *The Man With the Hoe,* "a protest against drudgery." Features of the afternoon were a masterly essay, "The Poetry of Markham," by Herbert Bashford, the singing of Markham's "Aprilia" set to music by Mr. Urmy, and the poet's impassioned reading of the poem which made him famous. He said in explanation, "A complete life consists of three things: bread, beauty, and brotherhood." The man with the hoe had only the first and not much of that. Judge John E. Richards closed his address by dedicating "the Edwin Markham Memorial Home to this and future ages as long as the name and honor of him whose name it bears shall endure."

April 27—

Assembly. W. E. Ellsworth, author of *A Golden Age of Authors,* and well acquainted in the publishing world, talked on monthly magazines. He spoke of Benjamin Franklin as "the originator of more new ideas than any other man that ever lived"; and told how Jack London's life was changed by reading a St. Nicholas story in the Oakland library. The first class American magazines are the *Atlantic, Harper's, Scribner's,* and *Century.* "Only the real thing abides in literature." Mark Twain would not wear pajamas—an old-fashioned embroidered nightgown for him!

Evening—wild sounds in the darkness around the stately gate to S. J. N. S. about 7:30. The students gathered there, rode noisily by a circuitous route to the camp of the enemy (the debate with C. P. would show whether we could battle with a *college*), and serenaded the inmates of the dormitories.

April 28—

Evening. Mr. Markham talked to his friends. "Poetry completes science." "The greatest questions that touch humanity are answered by art—by religion too, but religion is only an art, the art of life." "If a starry night were revealed only once in a thousand years, the great tradition would go down through the ages; and when it came time for the starry night to be revealed again every human being would turn out to see it." "The automobile is that modern device for dividing us into the quick and the dead." The poet, our most distguished guest of the year, closed by reading from his poems.

April 29—

Debate rally. Miss Hinze objected to the enunciation in our songs, "facultea and studentstew." Miss Smith said a good word for debaters. (It is hard to be a debater, and it is hard to be an editor; but when one is both, it is *terrible.*)

April 30—

Saturday. Normal's first contest with a college! Ray! Ray! Debaters! Poor College of the Pacific. See "Debating."

MAY

May 2—

Class of 1921 voted to wear organdie in pastel shades.

May 6—

Evening. Greek Theatre Players presented "Pygmalion."

May 11—

This marvelous book was put on sale. "Buy a La Torre!" "Get your La Torre from Carolyn Smith, Al Sarzin, Frances Fox, Myrtha Riley, Irene Campbell, or Sarah Rich!" Rumor said it would be an extra good book.

Evening. "Homage to the Arts" program for the State Board.

May 13—

"What's she all dressed up for?" Students and faculty of S. J. N. S. dance around in go-to-meetin' togs, and brush up on *ne plus ultra* manners for the State Board of Education and their satellites. "Pleased to meetcha."

The whole crowd sat on the platform and some of them made good speeches. We don't remember what they talked about. One thought occupied the mind of every one of us: they are very ordinary people.

May 14—

Indoor baseball game between the Normal School Presidents and the State Board, 19-20. Dr. Kemp starred.

May 17—

One of Prof. Adams's four semi-weekly addresses on the map of modern Europe. How does he remember it all!

May 18—

Evening—the American Legion in San Jose gave a patriotic program for the public in our hall.

May 21—

The first of the two performances of "The Romance Rose," a musical fantasy by Mr. and Mrs. Don Richards of San Jose. Mrs. Richards coached the fine array of stars; and the house was well-filled.

May 24—

At last—a real spring day!

May 27—

We were entertained by a group of dusky Jubilee Singers.

JUNE

June 1—

Wilbur Hall, one of our many local celebrities in the line of letters, talked about the American short story, and announced the Los Gatos pageant for this year.

Sign-up for teachings in the Training Schools. Seniors, ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'? We don't have to.

June 3—

"Coffee's ready!" Student Body picnic.

June 10—

Senior Ball at the Hotel Vendome.

June 16—

Election of Student Body officers for next year, mostly a white ballot. We expect big things of President Al.

June 17—

Six trucks with noisy cargoes rolled up to Mt. Hamilton.

June 20—

Faculty reception to the graduates.

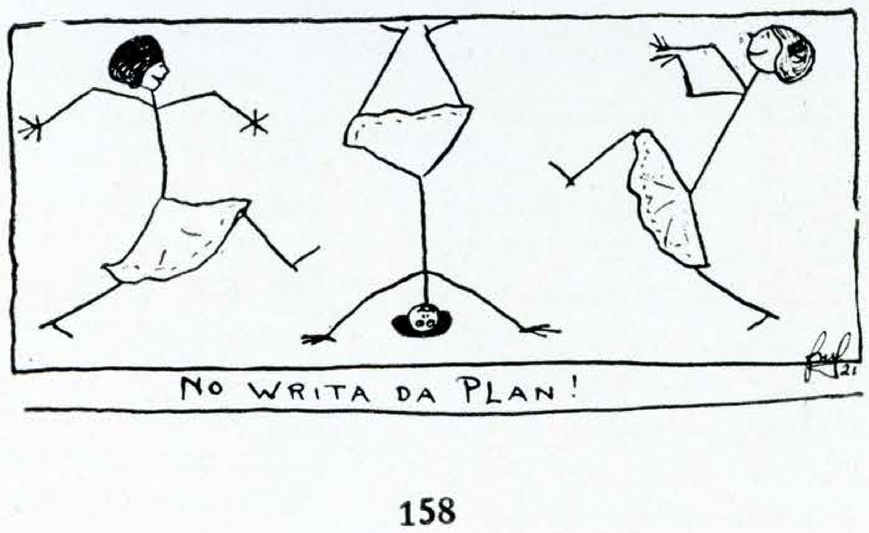
June 22—

Junior-Senior Day exercises.
Class night pageant.

June 23—

"Aloha Oe." Graduation. We have reached the end of our journey only to set sail in stranger seas.

Thus endeth the Log.



FAREWELL

LUCEMET

II.

And we'll show her more devotion
When in time of future days
We shall prove our adoration
By the fullness of our praise.

CHORUS:

PRAISE TO YOU, NORMAL.

MRS. FRANK HERRMANN.

Our hearts are filled with pride, our eyes with tears o'er - swell; When we rise and sing our hom - age to the School we love so well. The quad, ar - cades and elms will live with us thru' life With re - mem - branc - es of com - rad - ship that o - ver - came all strife.

Your praise is sung by grad - u - ates who hold you dear, 'Twill be sung by men and wom - en who will take our plac - es here; You hold the love for - ev - er of your le - gions true, Who will ev - er raise their voic - es and sing this song to you.

poco rit.

poco rit.

CHORUS.

Old Nor - mal, how we love you, hear us sing to you our praise, 'Tis from

you we're gain - ing know - ledge, us to guide thru fu - ture days. This

know - ledge from our books and from true Friend - ship's Gold - en Rule, Will

make us long re - mem - ber San Jo - se State Nor - mal School.

rit:

rit:

Commencement Season

MANY things have helped to make this a most unusual year not only for every student, but for the school. The whole impression of the graduate's last week at Normal, for many a girl her last week as a pupil, if dwelt upon, is overwhelming. For most of the graduates this is the most uncertain period in life, and is the beginning of a complete change of activity.

And this year great changes come also to the school itself. The very buildings will be enlarged; there will be, as there was this year, surprising changes in the faculty, which we wot not of; the courses of study, and the name of the school will be changed,—the next class will be graduated from the San Jose State Teachers College.

Time only will be able to tell the significance of the hard work of our president in his fight at Sacramento to give us collegiate status. We are glad for what he has done, but it will be the classes of the future who can truly appreciate his work.

Change! Even the words of our songs will be heard no more as we sang them. For "the Normal that we cherish" will be something greater.

But tempus fugit;—let us pass on to the events themselves.

Mt. Hamilton

FRIDAY, JUNE 17

EVERY year Dr. Campbell, director of Lick Observatory, gives one evening to the graduating class of the Normal. This year six trucks loaded with students, teachers, and food, left school at nine in the morning for the summit of Mt. Hamilton. Picnic lunches were consumed at Smith's Creek, and in the evening the crowd was privileged to inspect one of the world's greatest observatories, and actually to look through the famous instruments at "the forget-me-nots of the angels." The scientists lectured to the students and introduced them to the wonders of the astronomers' work. The trip home late in the evening was no unmentionable part of the fun; and the hours of arrival and the incidents of the trip furnished topics of conversation for many a day.

Faculty Reception

MONDAY, JUNE 20

THIS was one of the most unique of the receptions which are given annually to the seniors by the members of the faculty, and for which the Faculty Women's Club is responsible.

The scene was the old assembly hall; and the theme of the whole affair was "Memories,"—memories of our junior days, when that hall, now gaily decorated, was the place of our daily meetings.

Soon after three the seniors came, grouped with their class teachers, and were received by a committee of the faculty. Then, seated in their accumtomed seats, with the faculty and their guests on the platform as of yore, they listened to the program, presided over by Miss Beal. One of the features was a chorus from the faculty and Mrs.

Spaulding and Mrs. Hazeltine, alumnae. The formal talk was given by Mrs. Miller, until last summer Miss Mary Helen Post, best loved of all who have come into the lives of her students.

What brought back the past probably more than anything else was Mr. Wilson's insttutional "Faculty announcements?" and "Student Body announcements?" These gave opportunity to exercise the abundance of wit which had been largely lying dormant during the last busy weeks.

At the close of the program, everyone went behind screens which divided the hall, and discovered beautiful tables, decked with flowers and pretty remembrances, little ladies of paper in dainty hues like the organdie dresses of the graduates. Ice cream and extraordinary cake was served to all; and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" with hands clasped closed the afternoon's entertainment.

Afterwards the girls scattered, carefree, for the seniors' study is done. Miss Twombly's class, which includes so many of the workers in student affairs, was given a dinner by their teacher in Society Hall.

Junior-Senior Farewell

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22

IN all the time spent at Normal, there is no event more beautiful or more touching than the exercises in the quad on Junior-Senior Day, which marks the end of the companionship of the juniors and seniors and the departure of the latter from their Alma Mater.

The allegory, the most sacred tradition of the school, was participated in by every student. Alma Mater, as usual was impersonated by the president of the graduating class.

The seniors all wore white dresses and the juniors white Greek costumes. The garlands were of yellow ribbon and white flowers.

As the seniors marched away by twos through the arches, more than one was seen to shed tears; and to them the strains of "Aloha Oe" will always bring back this beautiful scene of farewell.

Order of Farewell

FIRST MOTIF

Heralds Announce the Processional.
Entrance of Alma Mater and attendants.
Entrance of Undergraduates.
Entrance of Graduates.
Song by School—

Hark! the awakening call!
From valley and plain and hill;
Hark! how the echoes fall
  By river, brook and rill.
High are our hearts and strong,
  Ready for help and devotion,
Spurning all action wrong,
  Shunning all vain commotion.
Heed the awakening call,
Far may its echoes fall.
  Press on! Press on! On! Press on!

SECOND MOTIF

Alma Mater summons School Spirit.

Come forth, I pray, School Spirit staunch and true,
  Thou giv'st each heart the courage,
Thou mak'st the world seem new;
  Thy joyful song, now shout it loud and long,
Forever will we praise thee,
  Mighty spirit, Hail!

Response

Hail, three times hail!
  Our noble Gold and White;
In thee, our Alma Mater,
  Is wisdom, truth and light;
To thee will be strength, all honor, power and might,
Forever will be praises, to the Gold and White.

Representatives of School Spirit herald approach of Symbol-Bearer.
Symbol-Bearer brings tribute to Alma Mater.
Interpretative Dance.

THIRD MOTIF

Alma Mater summons Science.

Come, Science, forth, 'tis thy turn now
  To bear our fond farewell;
Thy many praises far and near,
  We'll always love to tell.

Response

The happy hours spent with thee,
  We'll ever fondly hold
Treasured in our memory
  Till all the world be old.

Representatives of Science held approach of Symbol-Bearer.
Symbol-Bearer brings tribute to Alma Mater.
Interpretative Dance.

Alma Mater and Attendants

SONG BY SCHOOL

'Mid blossoms and flowers,
In sweet-scented bowers,
The tile-roofed buildings
Rise up to the skies;
With loud acclamation
And glad exultation,
We sing to thee, this happy day.
Let all voices ring,
Joyous we sing,
Hail, San Jose! All Hail! All Hail!

FOURTH MOTIF

Alma Mater summons Music and Art.

Awake, O Muse, awake;
Awake, O Muse, awake;
Advancing slowly is the morn,
And joy on every breeze is borne.
Shed all, shed all thy beauty round
And make the world seem bright;
Flood the heavens with praise, with praise,
And clearer still thy voices raise;
Sing high, sing low, that all may hear
Thy joy in merry song.

Representatives of Music and Art herald approach of Symbol-Bearer.

Symbol-Bearer brings tribute to Alma Mater.

Interpretative Dance.

FIFTH MOTIF

Call to Graduates.

Come, Seniors grave, with measured pace,
Come, let us to thee sing;
Come, let us give thee honored place,
The quad with praise will ring.

Response.

We come, we come, dear Juniors all,
Our loyal hearts we give;
We pledge our lives whate'er befall,
That Alma Mater's fame may live.

TRIBUTE TO ALMA MATER

We love thee, Alma Mater,
Most famous in the land;
We love thy gold-white standard,
Held by a loyal band.
'Tis thou, dear foster-mother,
For whom we work with zest;
In all the years that come and go,
We'll ever love thee best.

Our hearts are ever loyal,
To thee we sing with might;
Thy arms that stretch above us
Will lead us to the light.
'Tis thou, dear foster-mother,
For whom we work with zest;
In all the years that come and go,
We'll ever love thee best.

Silent farewell to Library, Training School and Class Rooms.

Garlanding of Graduates by Undergraduates.

Departure of Graduates through outer portals.

Return of Undergraduates through inner prtals.

Class Night

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22

After many hours of practice, the senior girls presented a pretty pageant, the setting of which was the notrhwest corner of the quad. The theme was as follows:

THE THEME

Day, with her Hours, comes to Mother Earth, bringing light and cheerfulness. Day slowly recedes as Night advances and a myriad of twinkling Stars peep forth. But the quiet of the summer evening is disturbed by the spectacular advent of the Comet. Faith, Hope and Charity spring from its head, bringing in their wake their respective followers: Happiness, Joy, and Goodwill, who divulge to Mother Earth the magnitude of their gifts. Each being duly recognized and accepted, they all join together in a final burst of rhythm and color.

Graduation

THURSDAY, JUNE 23

LAST of all the events of Senior Week was the graduation in the quad, late in the afternoon. The graduates, a mass of pale colors, in their organdie dresses, were seated with the speakers of the program on raised bleachers. The guests filled the quad, and listened to the following program:

THURSDAY, JUNE 23

Processional March of the Graduates

Invocation
Rev. E. A. King

Songs—(a) "June" (Words by Lowell) ..*Schnecker*
(b) "A Little Advice" ..... *Adams*
Graduating Class

Presentation of Class Gift
Miss Olive Eklund
Class President

Acceptance of Gift
Alfred Sarzin
Student Body President

Commencement Address
Hon. Elizabeth Lorentzen Hughes
Member of California Assembly, 7th District

Administration of Oath of Allegiance

Song—"Land of the West" ..... *Chadwick*
Graduating Class

Presentation of Diplomas
President W. W. Kemp

Song—"Summer Night" ..... *Forman*
Graduating Class

Recessional March of Graduates

Following the exercises, the graduates received their friends on the lawn of the quad.

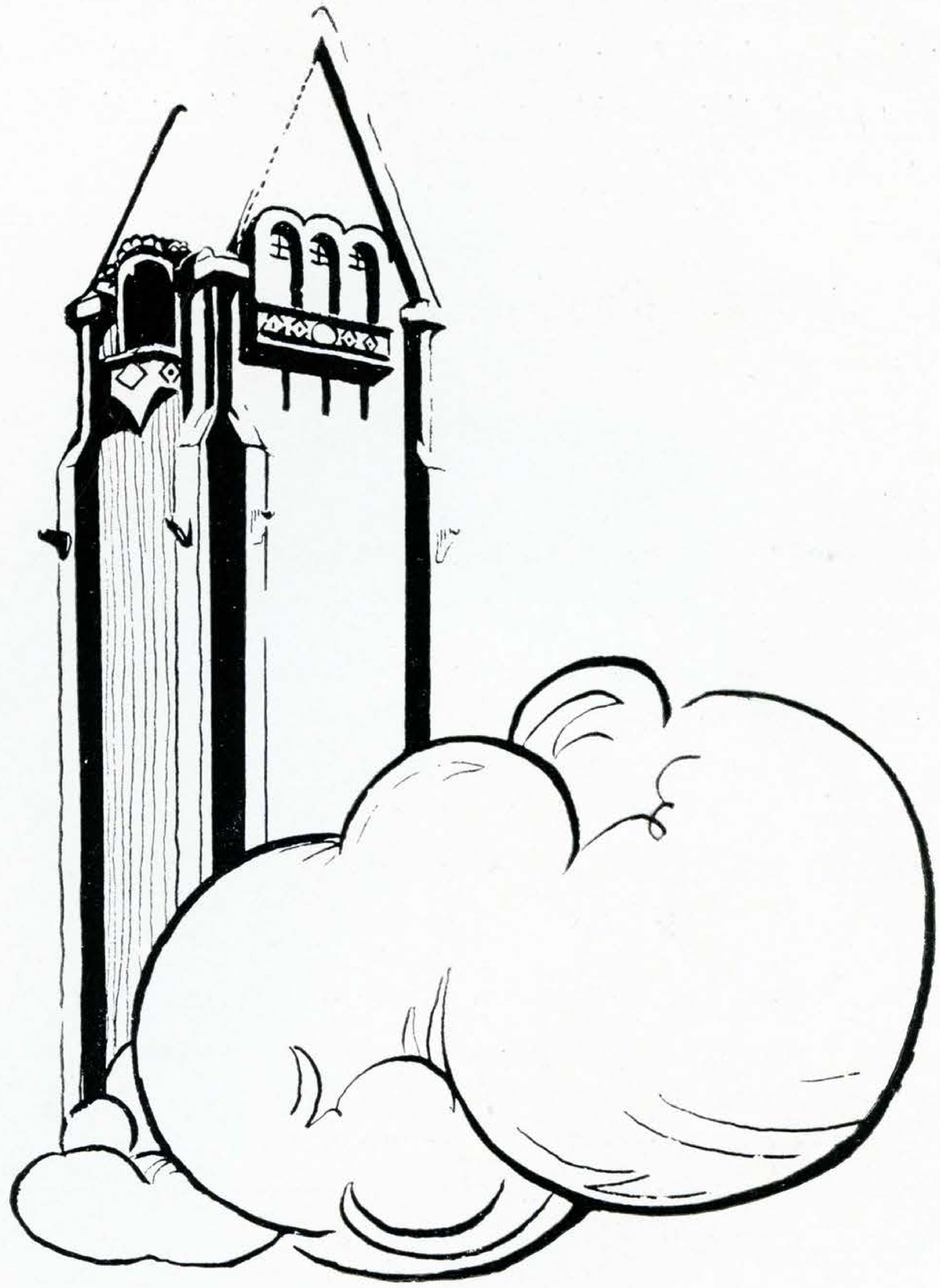
A Dream of Youth

By MAUDE SLAWSON

I hate to think the peaceful days,
That mark my childhood yearnings,
No longer shall reach my view;
The sorrows now are dear to me,
They fill my life with thoughtful tears,
And are fading slowly, year by year.

And as the days more swiftly pass,
Toward the long and peaceful dream,
That follows life—so short a race!
Sweet memories of childhood days
Come swiftly back in glad procession,
To greet me kindly, heartily.

And with them comes a longing now,
To live those joyous hours again,
And yet I know they never can come back
To bring my carefree heart to me;
A stern necessity bids me to forget—
It is God'swill to move ever and ever on;
Now to my dream in a life that must be new!



S. J. S. N. S.

By EDITH E. SMITH

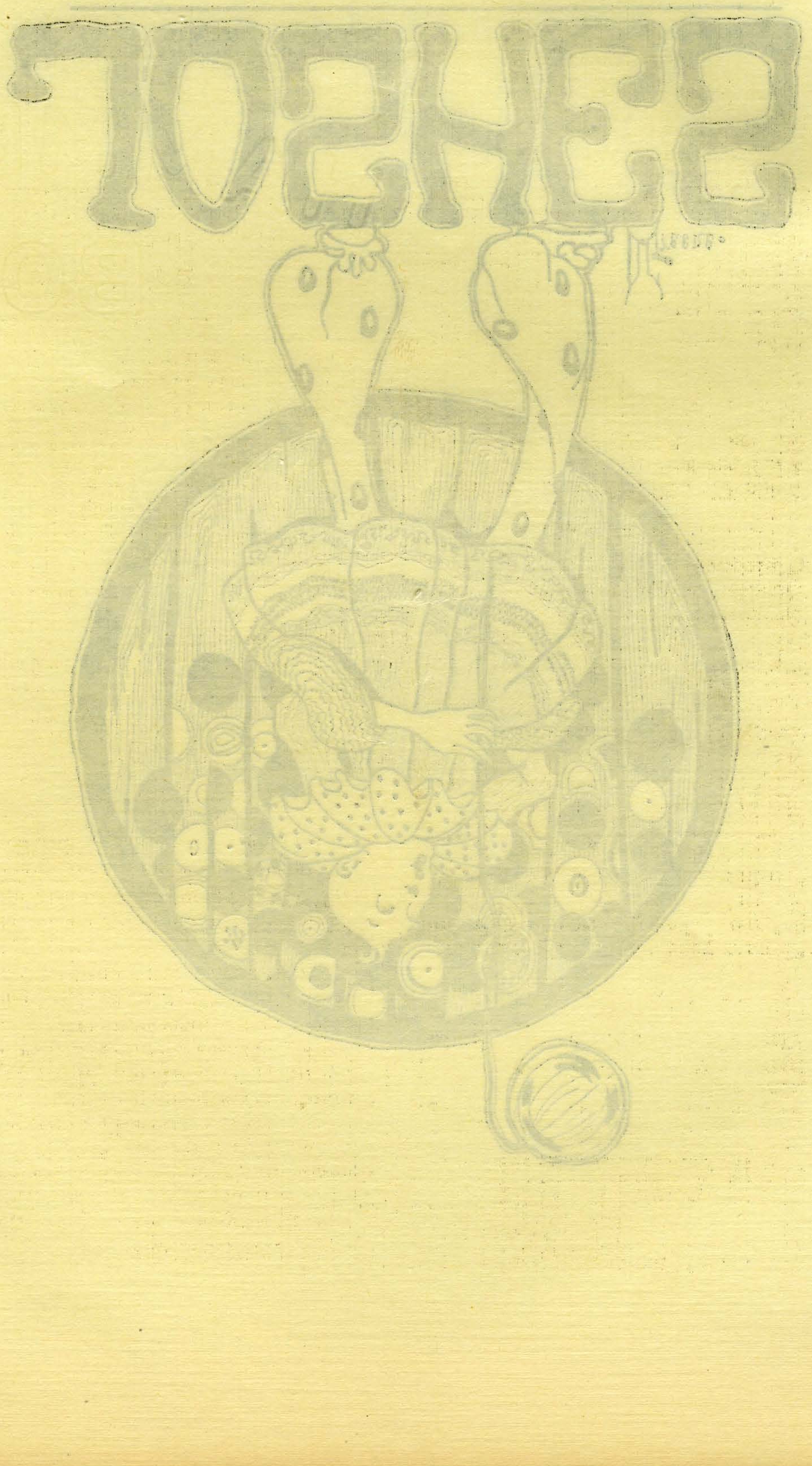
Sadly we're leaving you, dear Alma Mater,
Justly we've gained our diplomas from thee;
S. J. State Normal, we love thee most fondly,
Now and forever our slogan shall be:

San Jose State Normal, our S. J. State Normal,
We love the State Normal of dear San Jose.

THIS PAGE *was left for the graduate to write in herself whatever has not been included in print. It may be something from an address, a joke from the reception, or the description of her dress. It is hers to use as she likes.*

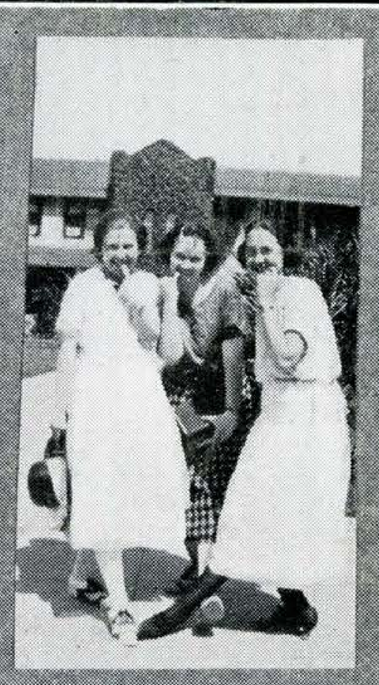
JOSHES

Freene.



BIG GIRLS NOW

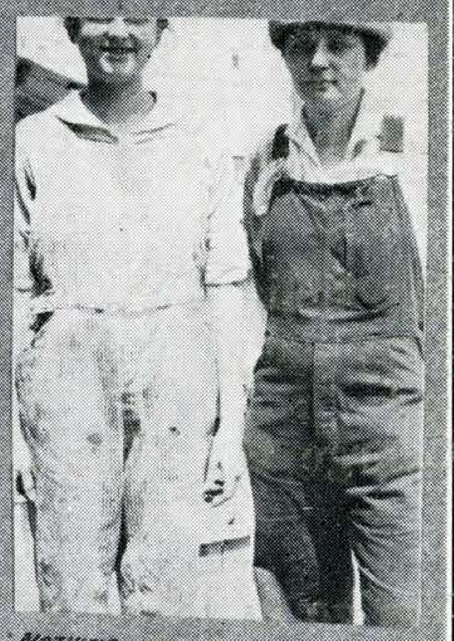
JR. A



BABIES

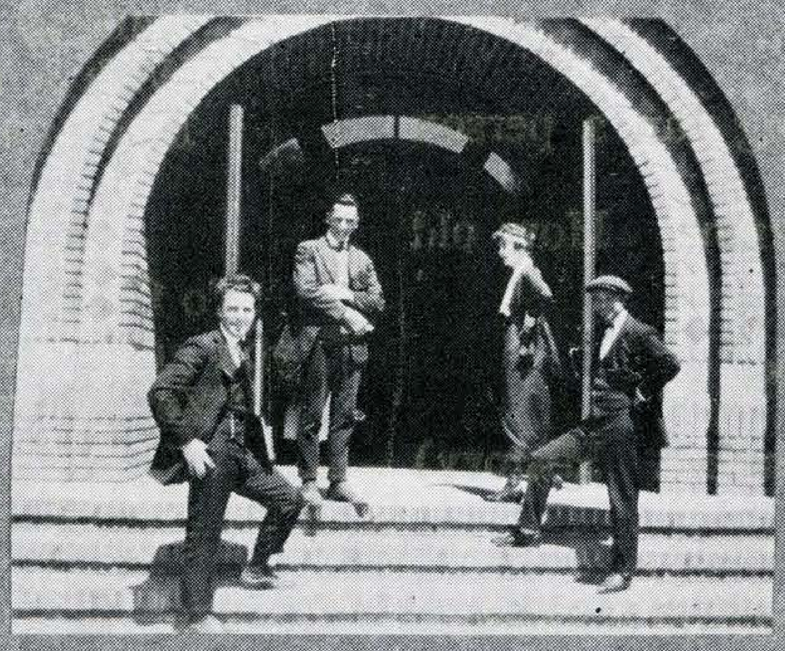
JR. C 8

MADAME PRESIDENT



NOTHING ABOVE THE EYEBROWS

UM-M-M-!



THREE - AND ONE

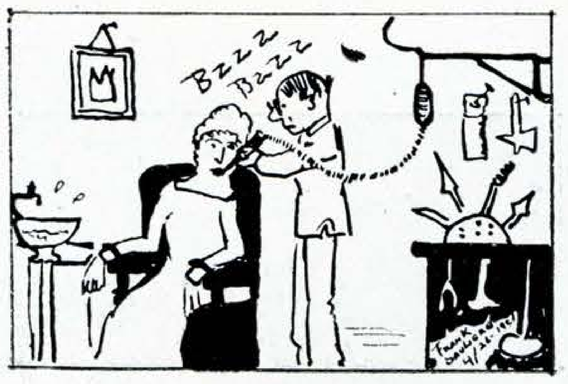
THREE GRACES

He was seated in the parlor,
And he said unto the light,
Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned out tonight.

Caesar loved the Irish.

Why?

When he came to the Rhine, he proposed to Bridget.



Veryl C.: I've had the most boring afternoon.

Nell T.: Who was the boy?

Veryl C.: Oh, that horrid dentist again.

* * *

"I want your advice, old man. Jones called me a donkey. Should I consult a lawyer?"

"Hadn't you better see a vet, first?"

* * *

Mr. Feliz: How is it I find you kissing my daughter? Answer me, sir, how is it?

George G.: Fine, sir, fine.

* * *

We go to school to improve our faculties.

Teachers are our faculties.

Therefore we go to school to improve our teachers.

* * *

Wilda C.: How long can a person live without brains?

M. Inman: I don't know. How old are you?

* * *

Miss Bradley (in Ancient History) What became of Troy?

Maurice R.: It fell.

Miss B.: What became of Babylon?

Maurice R.: It was destroyed.

Miss B.: What became of Tyre?

Maurice R.: It burst.

* * *

Elopements Made Public

Sign on Library Bulletin Board:

ELOPENMENT

Al Sarzin Zella Dudley

News Items Extracted from The Daily News—1949 A. D.

Social and Otherwise.

The Faculty of the San Jose State Teachers' College gave a formal reception on Tuesday last for the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Streeter. Mrs. Streeter was formerly Norma Ward, who as president of the Vamp-em-quick Society, had many warm friends here. Mr. Streeter holds a responsible position in Milpitas as foreman of Street Sweepers.

Irene Campbell, the world famous prima donna, was entertained at luncheon.

"Ten Eycks in the Bathroom" by Pearl Ten Eyck. Guaranteed clean reading.

"Women Who Have Made Love to Me" by Howard Provan. 56th Edition just out. Fascinating, heart gripping, sensational lyric of the day.

* * *

Not Understood

The Artist: Will you sit for me?

Cockney Lady: Wadger think I am—a blinkin' hen?

* * *

Little bits of satin,
Half an inch or less,
With a pair of slippers
Make an evening dress.

* * *

To George (making lemonade: "Hey, you got a steady job, George?"

"Yep, I am a lemon squeezer."

* * *

Life

A dainty kiss, a litle hug—
To the parson then skedaddle,
For food and raiment then to tug—
Then o'er the Styx to paddle.

* * *

There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going. When they seem going they come: Diplomats, women, and crabs.

Resolutions Adopted by Senior Class

We, the members of the senior class, move that the following resolutions be adopted Sept. 21, 1921:

Let it hereby be resolved that Miss Bassler and Mr. Minssen clean all erasers for the training school. They may, with the permission of Ethel King, President of the College of Pacific, ask the First Graders to help them.

Resolved that a dance be given every Wednesday night in old assembly hall by the Fisher, Bates and Urmy Jazz Orchestra, to which all Santa Clara youths be invited. Further, that all "studes" of both institutions attending be excused from all lesson preparation for ensuing day.

Resolved that all societies sit on platform in the assembly so all the school may see them.

Resolved that Sacramento leave Dr. Kemp alone so we may see more of this intellectual marvel.

Resolved that the course of study for Masculines be as follows, that they do more for feminine would-be teachers and less for feminine pedagogues.

Resolved that Mr. Spaulding do all school work previously designated for printing classes.

Resolved that every Friday afternoon be declared a holiday.

(Signed) Senior Class.

June 23, 1921.

* * *

Miss Twombly (in discussion of diseases in Public Health course): Name diseases that can be transmitted to man by using meat.

Z. E.: Tuberculosis, anthrax, and tric—trico (thinking of trichinosis) — I can't think of its name.

Miss F.: Was it tricotine?

Zelma: Oh yes, that's it.

* * *

"What made you send Earl Page the Russian alphabet?"

"I thought it ought to interest him," replied Helene M. "It is the only thing I ever heard mentioned that he did not assume to thoroughly understand."

Carolyn Smith believes in having asylums convenient. She has applied for schools in Stockton and Ukiah. She says Mr. Biggers wants to know "Why not Napa, too?"

This is really true.

* * *

Whooda Thunkit?

T. Roberts writes to A. Crow, April 17, 1921:

"Last night there was a big supper and dance down at the hall, next to the school. I went and had a real nice time. I danced with a fellow who is actually 6 feet four and a half. Can you beat it? My head came about to the bottom of his necktie."

* * *

One smile makes one flirtation. One flirtation makes two acquainted. Two acquainted makes one kiss. One kiss makes several more. Several kisses make an engagement. One engagement makes two fools. Two fools make one marriage. One marriage makes two mothers-in-law. Two mothers-in-law make one red-hot time.

* * *

Questions That Make Teachers Die Young

"Miss Beal, inspelling 'too' meaning also, which 'o' do you put first?"

"How many peanuts are there in a square barrel, Mr. Baker?"

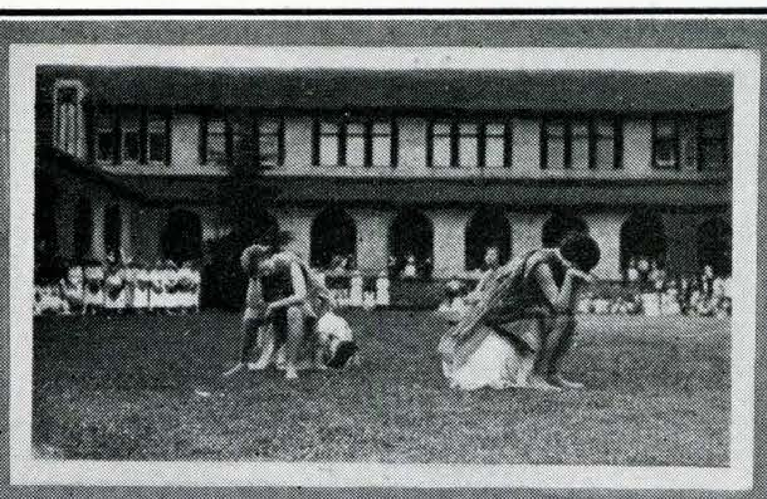
"Miss Bradley, did Andrew Jackson's mother know he swore like that?"

"Hey! Miss Waterman, do I have to take gym today?"

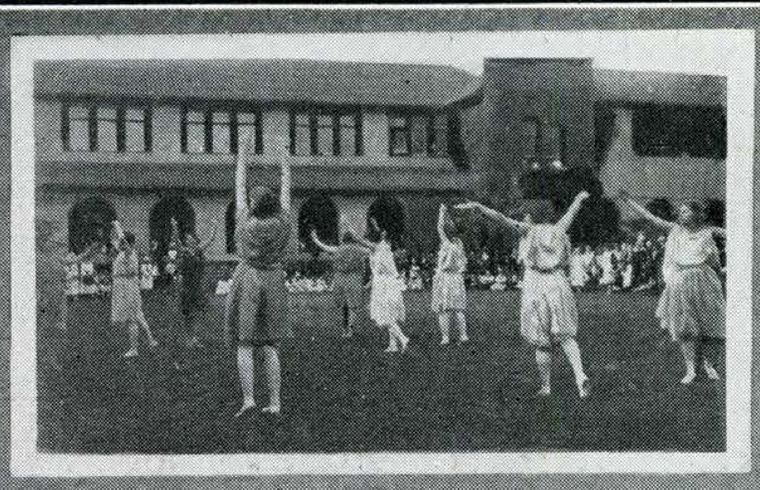
* * *

G. Biggers: Mi, sol, do mi.

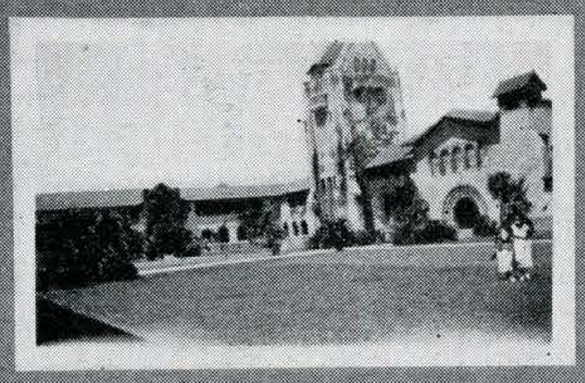
I. M. F.: Your sol is off.



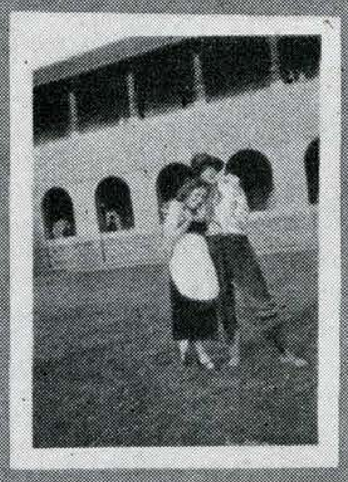
SO TIRED!



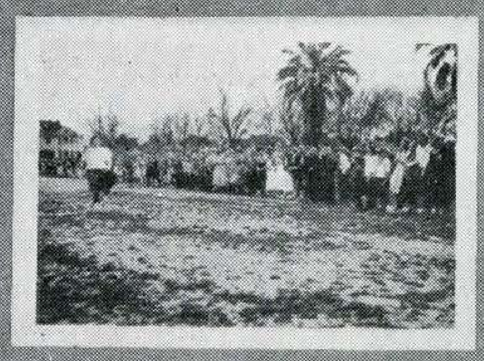
MORNING EXERCISES



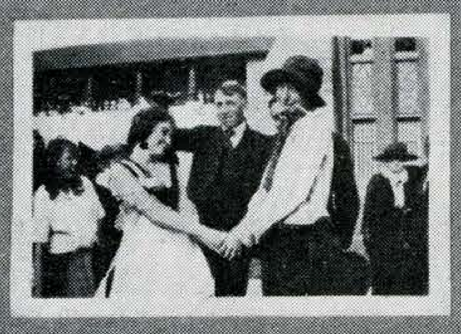
LEANING TOWER OF PISA



JUST MARRIED



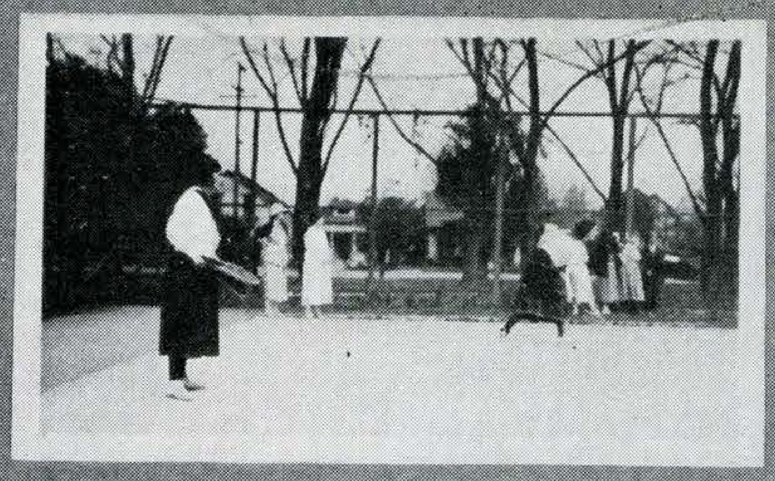
SONIE DASH



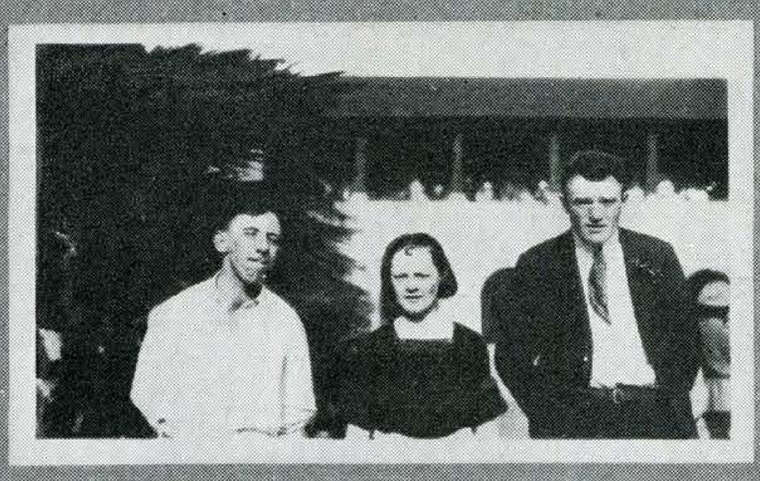
I PRONOUNCE THEE--

HICKTOWN BAND

HEAP BIG INJUN



30 LOVE



PIE FACES

The Burglar

A cautious look around he stole,
His bags of chink he chunk,
Many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

If Venus now were on the earth,
On one thing you could bet,
Her picture would be given with
Some third-rate cigarette.

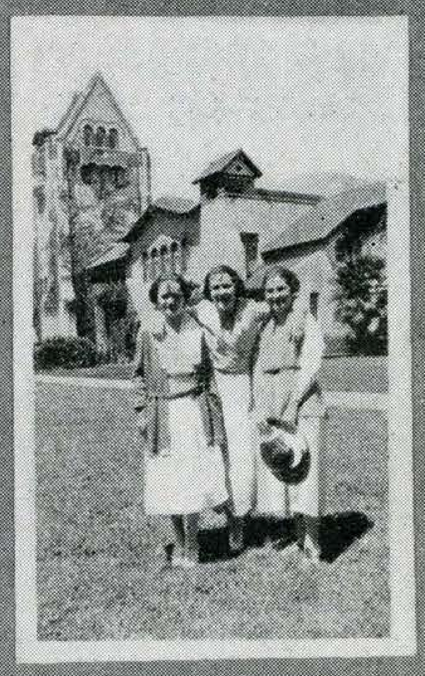
CHUMMY

SOME KICK

TAKE IT QUICK

THREE TWINS

NEWMANITES



THREE MORE

BRAINLESS BUT HAPPY

SUNFLOWER HAI HAI

BROWNIES

RUMMY

I cannot wail the same old wails
I used to wail of yore,
I haven't the worries I used to have—
Only a million more!

Mr. Minssen (in Arithmetic Methods): What is your answer?

Miss Hysman: $3,250 is my answer.

Mr. Minssen: Have you no sense at all?

Imaginative Junior: I wonder what this old oak would say if it could speak!

Scientific Senior: It would probably say, "I am an elm."

* * *

Proverb

To those who talk and talk,
  This proverb should appeal;
The steam that blows the whistle
  Will never turn the wheel.

* * *

A Proper Fraction

A fraction leaned over and touched the whole number on the shoulder. "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"

* * *

Daisy: They say Ruth often wanders in her mind.

Violet: But she never takes long trips.

* * *

"Popular Mechanics," thought the magazine reader as he noticed several girls talking to the men repairing his automobile.

* * *

A Chink by the name of Ching Ling
  Fell off a street car, bing-bing.
The con turned his head, to the passengers said:
"The car's lost a washing, ding-ding."

* * *

A student on the Mount Hamilton trip last year was watching the man looking through the big telescope. Just then a star fell.

"My heavens! that fellow is a crack shot."

Mary had a little lamb,
  But now, poor thing, it's dead.
It went to school with her one day,
  Between two slabs of bread.

* * *

There was a young lady named Earp
Who displayed a great fondness for syrup;
  So much she consumed
  Her voice it was doomed,
When she sang it was only a chirrup.

There once was a teacher named Urmy
Who made all his pupils feel squirmy;
  When he called them to sing,
  There was never a thing
Could appease that man's wrath when they wouldn't.

* * *

And It Was True

Scene—school-house. The teacher was Edwin Markham. Enter county superintendent, who talks to the children. He sees the stars and stripes, points to it, and asks them, "What is that flag for?"

Boy in rear of room raises hand.

"What do you say it is for?"

"Mister superintendent, it's to cover up a bad spot in the wall."

* * *

Hints from Miss Fisher

Our dear teachers all remind us
  We could make their lives sublime,
If we'd only pay attention
  And not cut all the time.

* * *

Miss Bradley: Where is the best place to hold the world's fair?

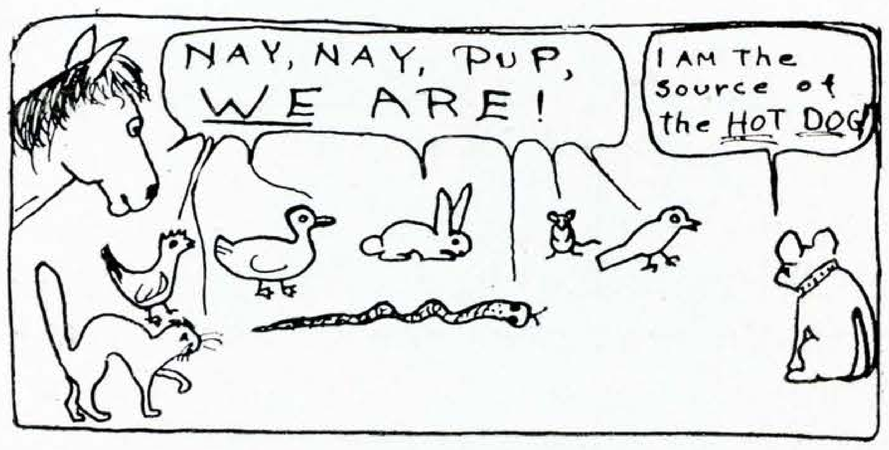
Bright Student: Round the waist.

* * *

"I stole a march on them all right," said the kleptomaniac as she walked out of the ten-cent store with a sheet of music in her muff.

ON THE ANATOMY OF A HOT DOG

Thou liest there imbedded in a downy feather bed,
With pungent mustard sticking round thy steamy fractured head.
Whence came thy epidermis, which such peppery joy contains,
From rolling Iowa porker, or slim calfy from the plains?
And thy stimulating stuffing, flesh of what, O, may it be?
Canine, bovine, equine, feline, snake, or shark of slimy sea?
Superannuated gander, strutting, feathered lord of hens?
Or patriarchial emperor of messy, muddy pens?



Was it Minnesota hill where grew the grass on which you lunched?
Was it rancher wild of Argentine who raised the corn you munched?

Who mixed the wondrous blend that makes your seasoning perfection?
What turbaned merchant's spice doth fill our gustative delection?
O, marvellous, O, piquant, biting admirable ration,
O, exquisite, O, consummate, luxurious combination,—
How many an unknown beast, how many a man and occupation,
How many a rolling hillside, how many a distant nation,
Has played its little part in one hot dog's conglomeration!

Why not base our geography on the hot dog's preparation? —fmf

Gertrude Biggers claims she is so lazy she hates to wind her watch nights.

What time does he leave?

* * *

"Early to bed and early to rise
Is the way to be stupid and have red eyes."

* * *

Monday

There are many and many kinds of blues,
Blues that are various and sundry,
But the bluest of all the bluest blues,
Are the blues that come on Monday.

There are blues that you feel are coming on,
There are blues that come without warning,
But there's never a blue that's half so bad
As the blue of Monday morning.

* * *

Snappers

Mistress: Now, Bridget, there's no use of further argument as to how the dish should be prepared, but our ideas on the subject are so different that it is evident one or the other of us is crazy.

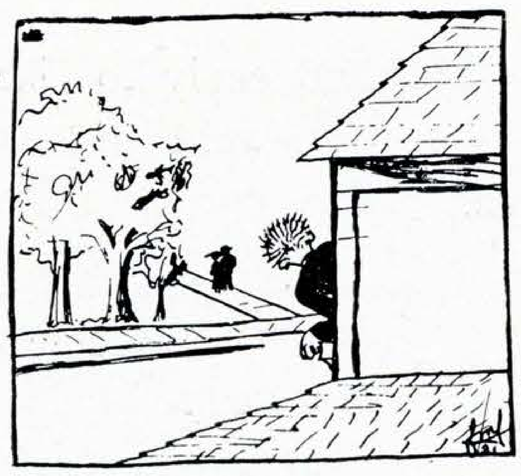
Bridget: True for ye, mum—an' sure it isn't yerself 'd be kapin' a crazy cook.

Fluffy: Miss Oldun thinks that hotel clerk just lovely.

Ruffles: Why so?

Fluffy: He wrote opposite her name on the hotel register, "Suite 16."

* * *



She was walking with my rival,
As they chanced to homeward roam;
It was from my garret window
I was seeing Nellie home.

* * *

ECSTASY

Behold a senior dignified
In the latter end of June,
A-hopping wildly from side to side,
Whistling a screamy tune.

She elevates her feet in air,
And waves her arms on high,
Turns handsprings down the stony stair,
Uttering a gleeful cry.

She grins and skips and whirls around
As one in joyful pain,
And gurgles as she kicks the ground:
What mean these acts insane?

Ah, list to the words she mutters o'er,—
Then understand, ye can,—
"Department meetings for me no more!
I've written my last, last plan!"

—fmf

* * *

H. Northup—horribly nonsenscial.
V. Feliz—very fearless.
C. Liebe—careless liver.
M. Dixon—meek damsel.
M. Gray—mere girl.
E. Amerine—elegant actress.
C. Smith—cold storage.
J. Rose—just rose.

* * *

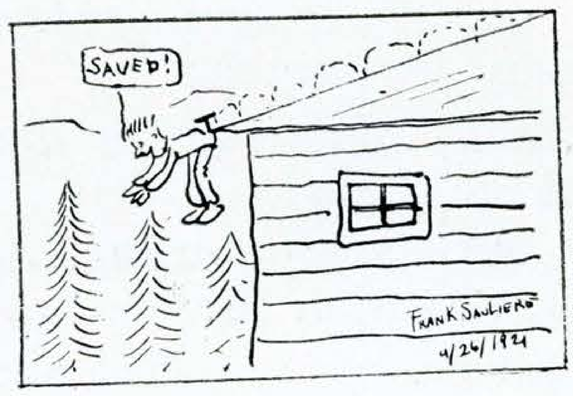
Irate Mother: I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!

Insolent Youth: You're late. I've learned already.

Definition of a boarding house strawberry short-cake:

A circular solid, every point in whose perimeter is equidstant from the strawberry.

* * *



Carl Hazeltine, having climbed to the pinnacle of the roof of his very steep barn, lost his fothold and began to slide with terrifying swiftness toward that point where the roof swept gracefully off into space.

"O Lord, save me!" he prayed. O Lord, save me! O Lord— Never mind, I've caught on a nail."

* * *

Lillien McIntosh, seating herself between two much-engrossed youths, exclaimed:

"A rose between two thorns!"

"Nay, miss," retorted one, "rather a tongue sandwich."

* * *

A Cabaret—That which takes the rest out of restaurant and puts the din in dinner.

* * *

From a normal student's ex. paper:

"The Illustrated World is a periodical which appears monthly and which has been entered as second class mail matter in Chicago."

* * *

M. Casey: I do admire the little waves; they're so affectionate.

George: Affectionate?

M. Casey: Yes; they're always kissing the sand.

* * *

Rosie: Did you ever have a proposal, Miss Sours?

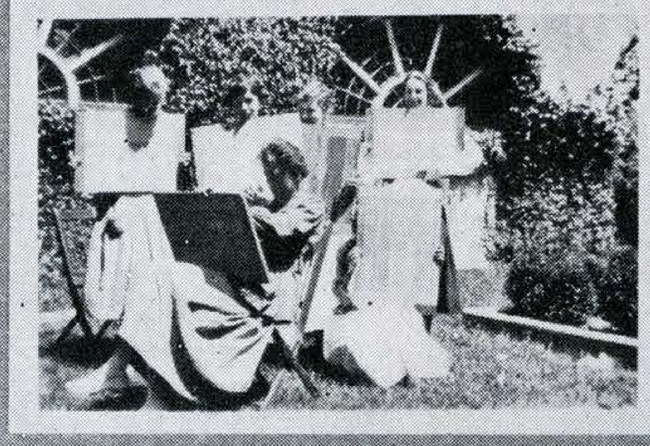
Miss Sours: Once, my dear. A gentleman proposed over the telephone, but he had the wrong number.

BIBLIOMANIAC

TASTE GOOD?

CALL TO ARMS

HOW WE'LL MISS 'EM

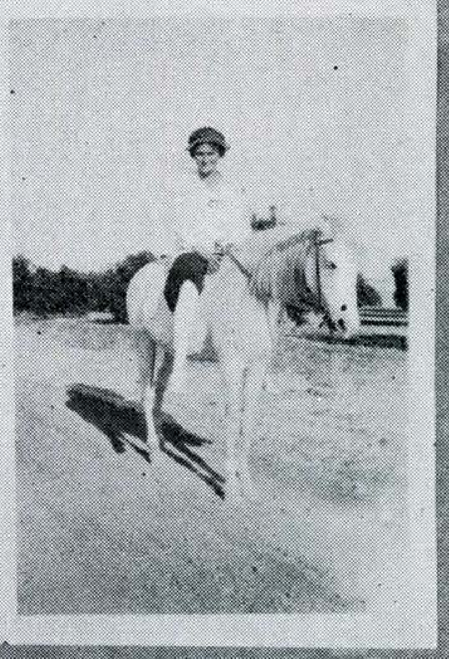


ARTISTIC ASPIRANTS

FIRST AID

OUR "BABE" RUTH

SOBER STEADFAST DEMURE



OUR DIGNIFIED EDITOR

"Do you know what time your sister's young man left last night?"

"I think it was about one, dad, because when he was going I heard him say, 'Just one, only one, dear'."

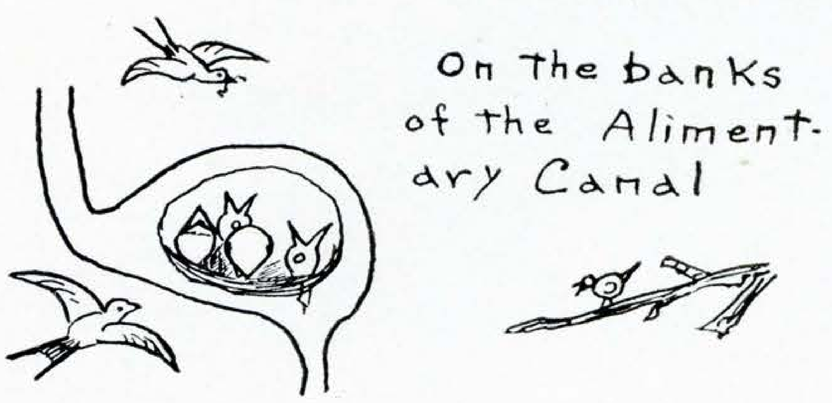
"May I print a kiss on your lips," I said,
And she nodded her sweet permission;

So we went to press, and I rather gues
We printed a full edition."

John (changing receiver): Wait a minute. I have to change hands. I never tried to hear out of this ear before.

(Wonder if he thought it was an ornament?)

* * *



Bird Study

Miss Kinney (to 4th graders): What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?

Arthur: Please, teacher, I ken.

Miss Kinney: Well, Arthur?

Arthur: The home of the swallow is in the stummick.

* * *

"I'm Hungary and Chile," said the tramp, thinking that puns might bring him better success than putting on a long face. It just happened that the man who came to the door enjoyed puns himself, so with a twinkle in his eye, he said:

"Well, I'll Fiji! Uruguay sort of a fellow, aren't you?"

"Yes, Siam. I find it Greece with me more than moping."

"All right; Yukon come in, but as soon as I Servia, Denmark time in getting away."

A Stickler For Style

"Pa," said a young lady to her farmer dad, "I wish you wouldn't say 'I seen.' I don't know how many times, pa, I've corrected you on that."

"Now, Mamie, you look-a here," said the old man, shoveling a generous piece of peach pie into his mouth with his knife, "you make yer livin' by good grammar and eddication, but yer ma and me, we're obliged to take in summer boarders, and, by jiminy, they demand the dialect if they pay the rates."

* * *

"I'm in a pretty pickle," said the worm as he crawled into the sour dill.

* * *

Beulah: Al didn't blow his brains out when you rejected him. He came around and proposed to me.

Zella: Well, he must have gotten rid of them some other way, then.

* * *

Carmichael (in rapture): There's something dovelike about her.

Pansy: Yes! She's pigeon toed!

* * *

Viola F.: I want a husband who is easily pleased.

Inez F.: That's the kind you'll probably get.

* * *

Inman: Is that a second-hand watch?

Carter: It was, but I broke the blame thing off.

* * *

Nell T.: Veryl, you look ill.

Veryl C.: Well, the dressmaker was here today, and I had one fit after another.

* * *

Dorothy Greene's latest is:

"When I go out to promenade,
I look so pretty and gay,
I have to take the dog along
To keep the boys away."

Which doesn't sound like Dorothy a bit.

TO MY FIRST WISDOM TOOTH.

Thou hard, white harbinger of age
Too soon, alas, art found
In that damp cavity wherein
My sustenance is ground.

Thy flinty edges, in the earth,
Shall still Old Time defy
When, thriving on what once was me,
The rank, green grass grows high.

—fmf

* * *

A girl's kisses are like pickles in a bottle—the first hard to get, but the rest come easy.

* * *

A funny little bird is hims frog,
Hims ain't got no little tail almost hardly.
And when hims runs hims hops
And when hims don't runs
Him sits on hims little tail
What hims ain't got almost hardly.

WHEN THE BELLS WILL RING

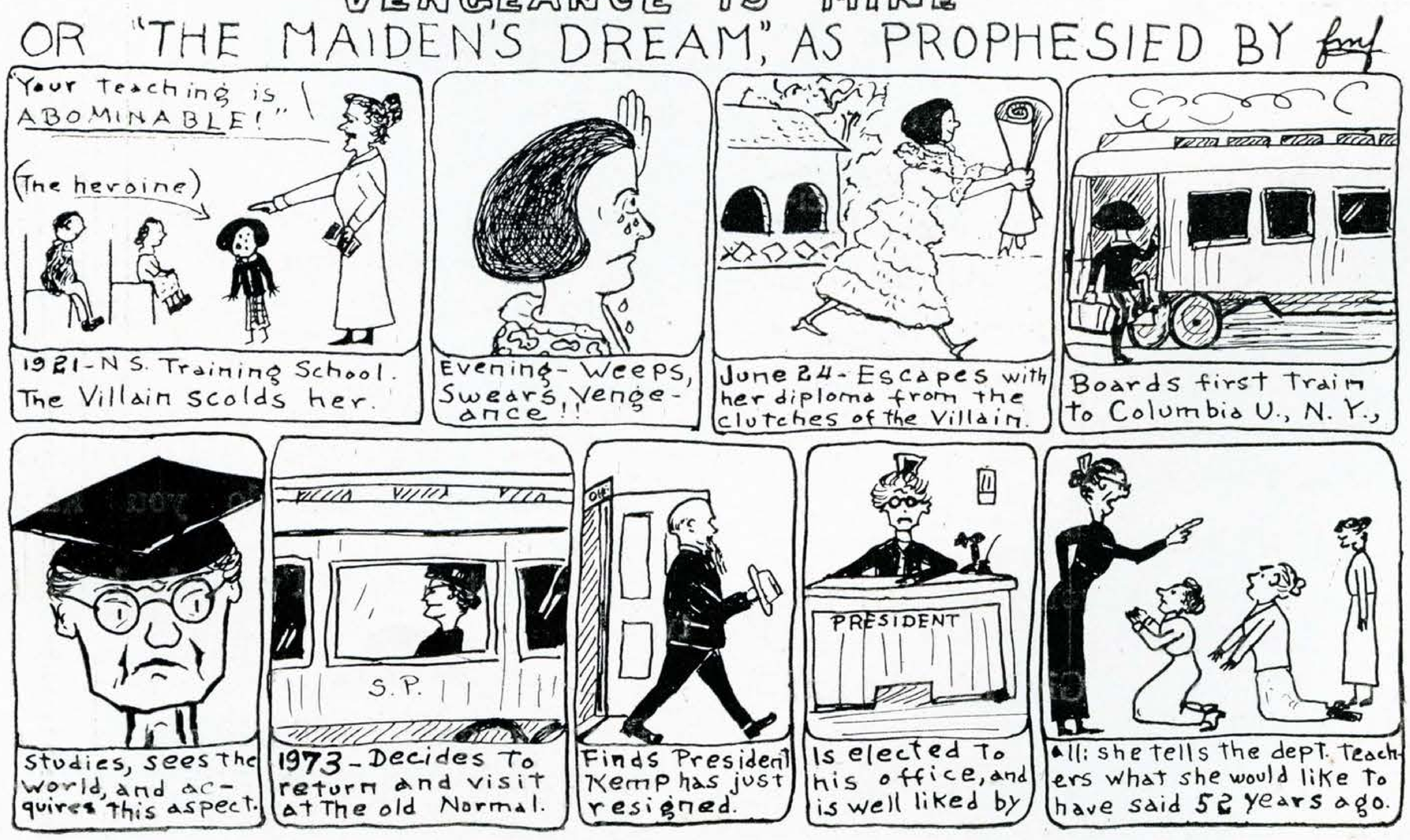
The Bells in the Tower will ring
When plans are abolished forever,
When girls in assembly all sing,
And nobody tries to be clever.
When faculty counsel is heeded,
When pigtails for all are the thing,
When reminders no longer are needed,
The Bells in the Tower will ring.

—fmf

* * *

"Why do you keep shouting, 'Oh, electricity!'?"

"I want to say something shocking."



Riddle

Tell me this wonderful word if you can;
"My whole is the name of a great, well
known man.
Take off my first, and a boy's name am
I.
Divide this in two, and find if you try
A word which is female and two which
mean men.
Now put me entirely together again.
My first three are female, but cut off
her head,
And a masculine pronoun confronts you
instead."
(Answer: "Sherman.") —fmf

* * *

They sat on the steps at midnight,
But her love was not to his taste;
His reach was 36 inches,
While hers was a "46" waist.

* * *

As Miss Beal was coming down her front steps one morning she tripped and tumbled head-first. She landed at the feet of a kind-hearted gentleman, who, leaning over to assist her, asked solicitously:

"Did you fall, my dear lady?"

Miss Beal was injured in dignity but still socially poised. "Oh, no, indeed," she retorted acidly. "I always come out of the house this way."

* * *

Provan: Say, have you forgotten you owe me five dollars?

Roach: No, not yet. Give me time and I will.

* * *

Luther Burbank may yet be able to make a wall flower look like a perfect peach.

EXPLAINED

One sultry day I chanced to pause
Beneath a welcome shade,
And there espied a lad and lass
Were selling lemonade.

"How much?" I asked in merry mood.
"One cent, sir," said the lass.
"Mine is two cents," the boy exclaimed.
"Say, mister, buy a glass!"

I sipped wee samples from each pail,
And really found it true,
The drink that cost one cents a glass
Surpassed that costing two.

I slipped the litle girl a dime,
And quaffed her lemonade,
Then quaffed thrice more, declaring it
The best drink ever made.

"Yet why," I asked, "charge half his price
When yours is twice as fine?"
In quivering tones her answer was:
"A kitty fell in mine!

—Our Dumb Animals.

* * *

Streeter: I got the 32nd degree last night.

Provan: Oh, are you a mason?

Streeter: No, the woman I was with froze me.

* * *

Mr. Wilson: What do you know about cells, Sarzin?

Sarz: Not much; I've only been in two.

* * *

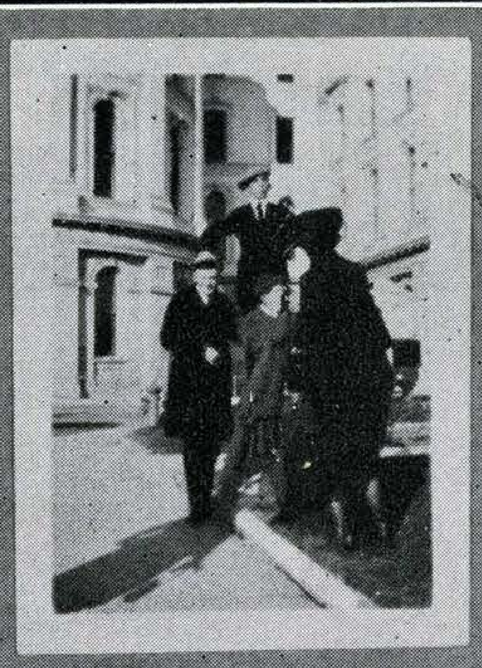
Bee: I've got a swell story to tell you. I don't think I ever told you it before.

Ethel: Is it really a good story?

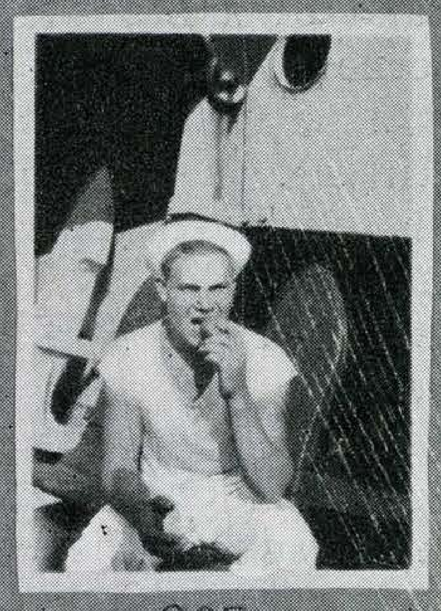
Bee: Oh, yes, a fine one.

Ethel (wearily): Then you haven't told it to me before.

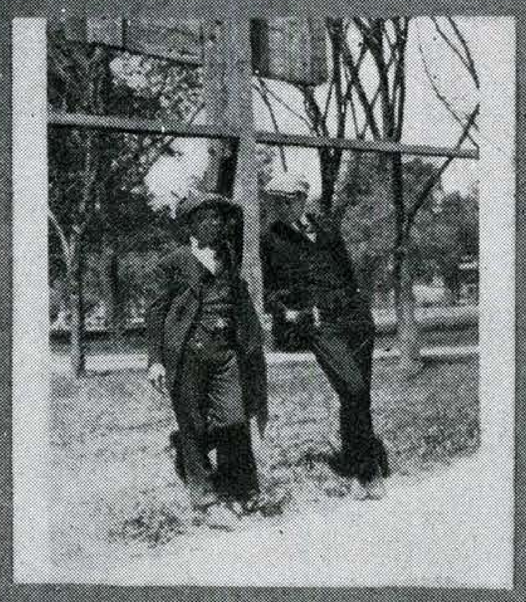
ALL DRESSED UP



WHATS ALL THIS?



GOB



SO COY

WATCH YOUR BALANCE!

BRIGHT EYES

OUR BOYS

OH MAWRUSS!

WHERES LIZZY?

Ellen Powell: That's a fine lot of pigs there. What do you feed 'em?

Farmer: Corn.

Ellen: In the ear?

Farmer: ....o, in the mouth.

Bright Student: Do they have Fourth of July in Canada?

Miss Bradley: Why, no. How very stupid of you!

Bright Student: Oh, do they skip from the third to the fifth, then?

A MODERN FAIRY STORY.

Thomas, the Taylor, ate some Taft cake,
And then his head it began to ache.
He dreamt of a bed of Rose(s) and
Thorne(s)
Hardly a Spann from Brunner's
Barn(es).
Through the Hayes he saw a Green-
wal(d) of Birch.
There sat Ben son playing with Ben's
bow,
While the Martin threw Pebbies that
made them Quail.
And the Crows that Daley flew that way
Aroused the Fox and Filippini Fisher.
Over a hill, riding on a Campbell,
Came Henderson, the Mayer(s).
The Campbell stumbled on the Green.
"Oh, Helen Shaw!" he cried as he tried
to Turner Wright;
But, alas, she fell, and her knee began
to swell.
Not a Bean would I give for such a
high Price beast,
For now must I Walk-er stay,
For the Knight is growing dark
And Roger's Ruth will be waiting,
And, then, we shall Spoon
As we catch the sparks from the Christ-
mas log.
Thomas, the Taylor, cried to the May-
er(s),
"Since Adam's fall so Beauchamp (big
a chump) I have not seen
Cried the Mayer(s), "You Muck a
Muck,
I'm Liebe (liable) to Lynch or throw
you into the creek."
Thomas, the Taylor, flew into a rage:
"I'll grind your puny bones
Like William's son, the Miller,
Doth grind his ear of corn.
Or I'll pound you with the strength of
a Smith,
Both from east and West,
Or I'll knock you into the far a-Wey-
land of next Week."
Then Bigger's life his strong right arm
Thomas boldly threw out,
Only to find he'd bumped his head on
the Garret floor,
And with a feeble voice he called for
his Carpenter.

—Georgia Brumby.

Why The Editor Left Town

Somebody sent the editor of the Poketown Gazette a few bottles of home brew. The same day he received for publication a wedding announcement and a notice of an auction sale. Here are the results:

"Wm. Smith and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast and two white calves, before a background of farm implements too numerous to mention in the presence of about seventy guests, including two milch cows, six mules and one bob sled. Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial knot with 200 feet of hay rope and the bridal couple left on one good John Deere gang plow for an extended trip with terms to suit purchasers. They will be at home to their friends with one good baby buggy and a few kitcheen utensils after ten months from date of sale to responsible parties and some fifty chickens."

* * *

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You're partly right, doctor," said the young man sheepishly, "only that ain't her name.'.

* * *

On the way to Chico some sentimental boob cried, "My heart is with the ocean!"

Mr. Hazeltine (sea-sick, taking a firmer grip on the rail): "You've gone me one better."

* * *

Speaking of flowers—don't you admire the cauliflower, though, Agnes?

* * *

"What a horrid tail," said the dog, as he glanced backward at himself after he had been trimmed.

Horrid Boy!

"I don't know what it is," said Muriel Tupper, "but there is something about cats that sort of takes hold of me."

"Oh," said Jack, "I bet it's the fleas!"

* * *

Olive E. (in Owl Drug Co.): I want some powder, please.

Clerk: Which kind? Insect, face or gun?

* * *

Mrs. Greathead: You have a machine now, haven't you, Miss Reimer?

Gertrude R.: No, indeed. Why?

Mrs. Greathead (innocently): Well, I see the same machine in front of your house every evening, and I thought it must be yours.

* * *

The kindergarten had been studying the wind all week—its power, effects, etc., until the subject had been pretty well exhausted. To stimulate interest, Viola Feliz said, in her most enthusiastic manner:

"Children, as I came to school today in the trolley-car, the door opened and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

And the children joyfully answered:

"The conductor!"

* * *

From Ex. Papers!

The main provision of the "Mayflower compact was potatoes.

The function of the stomach is to hold up the petticoats.

Four animals belonging to the cat family are the father cat, mother cat and two little kittens.

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from the Vatican.

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.

Three kinds of teeth are false teeth, gold teeth, and silver teeth.

Typhoid can be prevented by fascination.

The qualifications of a voter at a school election is that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks.

The invention of the steamboat caused a network of rivers to spring up.

??: What is the shape of a kiss?

Lovena D.: Er—er, I don't know.

??: Give me one and we'll call it square.

* * *

Teacher: Edward, give me the definition of "excavate."

Edward: To hollow out.

Teacher: Give me a sentence containing the word.

Edward: I hit Will and he excavated.

* * *

Jackie, upon returning from Sunday school, was asked to repeat the text. In all seriousness he answered: "Don't get scared, you will get the quilt."

A questioning of his teacher followed, who revealed: "Be ye not afraid for the comforter shall come."

* * *

Caller: Is your pap home, young man?

Boy: Yes, sir, He's out there in the hog-pen. You can easily tell him, he has a broad-rimmed straw hat on."

* * *

A Milpitas lady dropped in on one of her neighbors for an afternoon call. "How is your daughter?" she inquired. "Splendid. She has just got back from the state nominal school, where she has ciphered clear through from ambition to chemical fractures, and then she took up pottery and jobbery, and says she can speculate the internal calculations."

* * *

"And so you are not ever going to marry?" asked M. Stoppleworth. "Are you a woman hater?"

"Oh my, no!" replied Earl Page. "You see, I hate to make five hundred normalites unhappy just to make one of them happy."

* * *

Gertrude B.: I am going to devote my life to a career.

??: Whose?

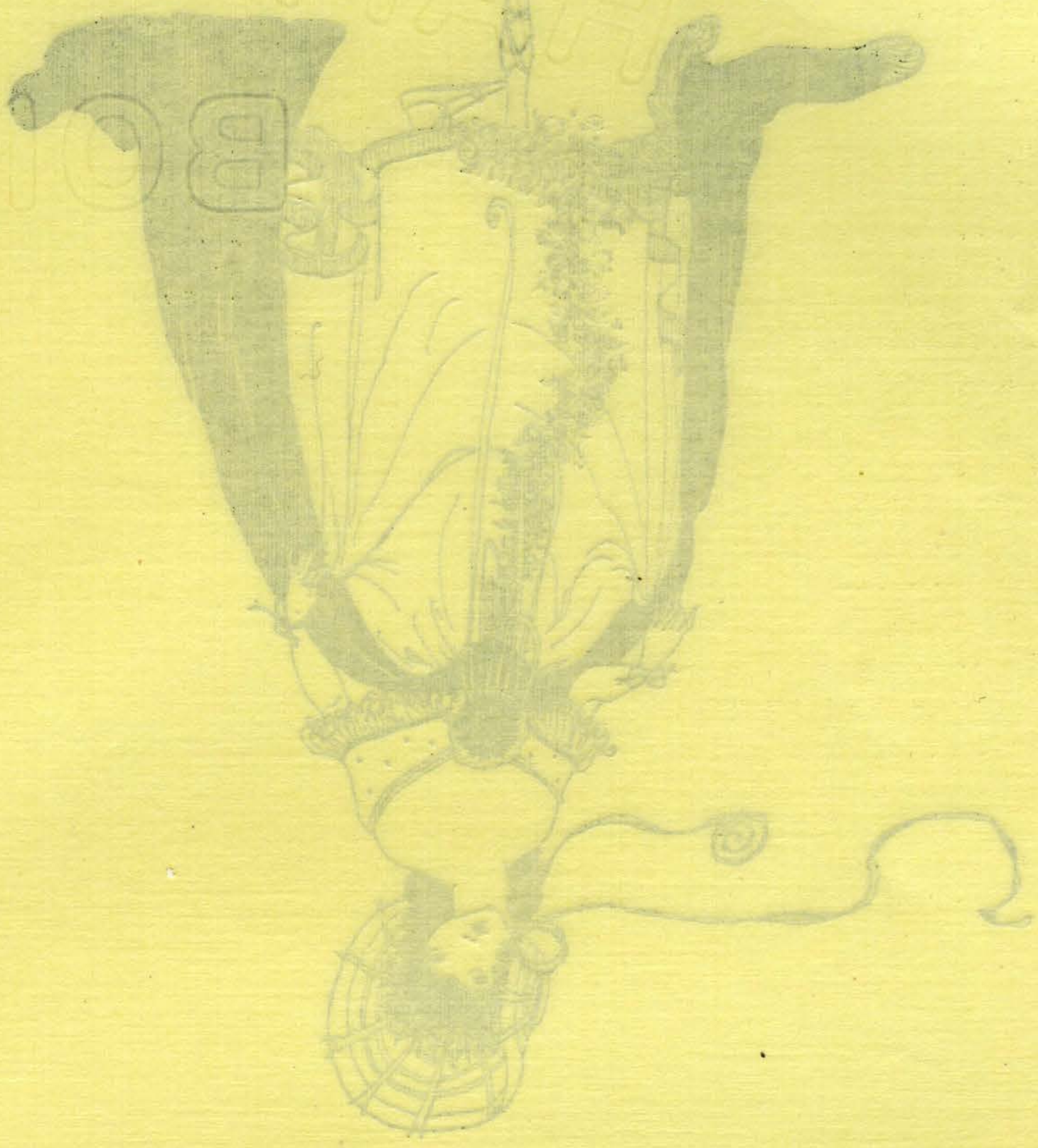
* * *

Mr. Wilson (in Physical Geography): In that country it rains sometimes for six weeks in June!

THE Senior Class wishes to thank the people of this city whose patronage has made possible the publication of this book. These include all who attended "The Romance Rose" and our Advertisers---the five Societies and the Merchants of San Jose---whose notices appear in the remaining pages.

SOCIETIES

ГОЛОС ЦЕРКВИ



Allenian

One more year has come to a close, leaving many happy friendships for the Allenian girls.

The first social event of the year was a dinner party at the Hotel Vendome, which proved to be a huge success.

The first initiation ceremonies were held at the home of Ora Jones. Those who became members at this time were: Mildred Button, Elda Eustis, Edna Smith, Pearl Hutchins and Mildred Curtis.

In honor of Ora Jones, our Christmas graduate, a movie party was given at the T. and D., followed by a Christmas party at Alice Howels, where everyone enjoyed the Christmas tree and presents.

One of the most enjoyable events of the year was a dance at the Saratoga country club, which was cleverly decorated with Japanese parasols and lanterns.

Initiation again took place in January, this time at the home of Myrtha Riley. Those who became members at this time were Hazel Reynolds, Doris Eddy, Lucylle Marsh, and Florence Tamblyn.

In honor of our faculty, we gave a dinner at the Hotel Vendome in May.

Dorothy Allen, Grace Gillispie and Alice Walsh became members of our society in May.

OFFICERS.

First Term.

President ..... Mildred Tuttle
Vice-President ..... Beulah Baer
Secretary ..... Helen Henderson
Treasurer ..... Levia Lenini
Reporter ..... Ruth Beauchamp
Sergeant-at-Arms .... Myrtha Riley

Second Term.

President ..... Beulah Baer
Vice-President ..... Levia Lenini
Treasurer ..... Mildred Tuttle
Secretary ..... Maude Miller
Reporter ..... Lillian McIntosh
Sergeant-at-Arms .... Alice McInnis

Third Term.

President ..... Claire Sullivan
Vice-President .... Ruth Beauchamp
Secretary ..... Levia Lenini
Treasurer ..... Ethel Kantz
Reporter ..... Alice McInnis
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Elda Eustis
Historian ..... Doris Eddy

MEMBERS.

Maude Miller, Levia Lenini, Alice McInnis, Lillian McIntosh, Mildred Tuttle, Claire Sullivan, Ruth Beauchamp, Goldie Marsh, Ethel Kantz, Florence Tamblyn, Hazel Reynolds, Grace Gillispie, Myrtha Riley, Beulah Baer, Helen Henderson, Mildred Curtis, Mildred Button, Edna Smith, Elda Eustis, Pearl Hutchins, Doris Eddy, Lucylle Marsh, Dorothy Allen, Alice Walsh.
Pledge—Helen Denbiegh.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

Miss Sprague, Miss McFaden, Miss Rowell, Mr. Wilson, Miss English, Miss Hall, Miss Ruebsam, Miss Evans, Miss Twombly.

Doris Eddy
Lois Lemon
Alice Wales
Beulah Bain
Myrtha Tilley
Ruth Beauchamp
Edna Smith
Hazel Reynolds
Niland Tuttle
Clare Sullivan
Goldie Marsh
Lillian MacIsaac

Helen Henderson

Pearl Hutchins

Elda Eustis

Alice McInnis

Ethel Kautz

Florence Tamblyn

Wilma Dutton

Mildred L. Curtiss

Maude Miller

Browning

Another year has been added to Browning history. A pleasing memory for the new Browning alumni and a happy background for future Browning activities.

The first event of the social season was a delightful tea given at the home of Mildred Dunlap, where old Browning girls held reunion and had the opportunity of meeting a large number of new students.

The first Saturday of the term we enjoyed luncheon at O'B's before attending the Pantages en masse.

We were hostesses of the evening at a most enjoyable formal dinner party at the Vendome.

After burlesque initiation ceremonies the girls retired to the home of Dorynda Hayes, where dancing and refreshments were in order. Those who became members at this time were: Evlyn Dillon, Zella Dudley, Phyyis Caton, Olga Harms, Mildred Fox, Birdie Luttrell, Helen McLean, Genevieve Ratz, Margaret Whale, Grayce Mills and Marjorie Baker.

In honor of our Christmas graduates, Mary Biaggini and Eleanor Smith, we entertained at a theater party, after which we found Browning specials waiting for us at O'Brien's.

We again entertained our graduates at a luncheon at the Vendome. At this time we welcomed to our midst Genevieve Sullivan from Fresno Normal

In response to a plea from the Near East Relief we adopted an orphan for the term of a year.

We were glad to welcome Montana Murray, Mary Reager and Dorothy Warren into Browning at a theater party followed by a midnight supper.

On January 29th, Browning entertained at a dance at the Saratoga Foothill Club.

One of Browning popular members, Birdie Luttrell, was showered with gifts and good wishes at a unique little party at the home of Margaret Kirtland. The motif of the affair was apparent on the third finger of the left hand.

At a charmingly informal party given at the home of Genevieve Ratz we welcomed our new member, Evlyn White, into Browning.

We attended the Y. W. C. A. vaudeville in a body and were entertained afterwards by Dorynda Hayes at her home.

Browning was well represented at the Inter-society dance at the Hotel Vendome.

One of the last events of the year was a house party at Brook Dale. We were agreeably chaperoned by several of the facuity members.

Last of all came the dinner dance given the seniors by the juniors at Abbey Inn, Los Gatos.

In June the following Browning members were graduated: Violet Quail, Mildred Dunlap, Dorynda Hayes, Margaret Kirtland, Jessy Pedreira, Loreine Ruth and Birdie Luttrell.

Those remaining are Marjorie Baker, Phyllis Caton, Evlyn Dillon, Zella Dudley, Mildred Fox, Olga Harms, Mildred Mason, Helen McLean, Genevieve Ratz, Margaret Whale, Montana Murray, Mary Reager, Dorothy Warren, Evlyn White and Mary Elliot.

We are honored by the following faculty membership: Alma Prouty, Winifred Estabrook, Elizabeth McFadden, Caroline Bradley, Mrs. J. J. Miller, Clara Hinze, Edith Reubsam, Alice Cronin, Corrine Davis, Estelle Hoisholt, Eleanor Gratz and Margaret Twombly.

The following have served as officers for Browning this last term:

President ——..—— Loreine Ruth
Vice-President ..... Phyllis Caton
Secretary ..... Marjorie Baker
Treasurer ..... Mildred Dunlap
Reporter ..... Montana Murray
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Violet Quail

Copa De Ora

O Time! Hast thou no regard for youth?

Through all thy days thou hast hastened us—but in all thy haste we have gleamed and gathered into our midst many delightful hours.

The first initiation ceremony was held at Masonic Hall, and it was followed by a delightful dinner. Those whom we welcomed were Ethel King, Amelia Finnemore, Gladys Reimer, Margaret Geissman, Mollie Stevens, Lorene Phillips, Ellen Powell, Gertrude McCracken, Terrel Cambs and Emma Hook.

The house party given by Muriel Tupper was full of surprises. First came a shower for Melba Garrett and Catherine Adams; and a shower indeed it was, which was followed by a candy pull, "the kind that mother used to have."

Again in Masonic Hall the initiation was held. Ethel King presided over the ceremonies. Dainty refreshments and a few hours of dancing completed the evening. At this time the following girls were taken into Copa de Oro: Mabel Izant, Agnes Henry, Mae Dodson, Eva Riechs, Irma Laidlaw, Beatrice Langlois, Janet Thain, Dorothy Dam, Carolyn Smith, Thelma McCracken, Dorothy Crippen and Naomi Smith.

Eva Riechs and Dorothy Dam were hostesses at a farewell party given in honor of the March graduates, Jennie Logan and Orma Emery. The evening was spent in dancing and games, being brought to a close at the supper table with appropriate talks. Remembrance gifts were sent our graduates.

An invitation to dance which was extended to us by the Sciots was accepted and the evening proved to be a very pleasant one.

So that our lives may broaden out from the pleasurable things in life we have been caring for a child in Armenia. We have met the men in the naval base hospital and sent goodies to them. And wherever we see a bit of cheer needed we gladly and willingly do it. For the more we give to others, the more we are increased.

OFFICERS.

First Semester.

President .....Ethel King
Vice President.....Lorene Phillips
Secretary .....Amelia Finnemore
Treasurer .....Helen Ulm
Reporter .....Jennie Logan

Second Semester.

President .....Lorene Phillips
Vice President.....Beatrice Langlois
Secretary .....Amelia Finnemore
Treasurer .....Helen Ulm
Reporter .....Dorothy Dam

FACULTY MEMBERS.

Miss Hoisholt, Miss Ruebsam, Miss Prouty, Miss Riebsam.

MEMBERS.

Halcyon Acton, Catherine Adams, Lois Burch, Dorothy Burk, Viola Feliz, Philoma Ferguson, Amelia Finnemore, Terrell Gambs, Melba Garrett, Margaret Geissman, Ethel King, Florence Knight, Gertude McCraken, Ella Pelton, Lorene Phillips, Ellen Powell, Gladys Reimer, Mollie Stevens, Muriel Tupper, Helen Ulm, Dorothy Crippen, Dorothy Dam, Mae Dodson, Emma Hook, Agnes Henry, Irma Laidlaw, Beatrice Langlois, Eva Riecks, Carolyn Smith, Janet Thain, Mable Izant, Thelma McCracken, Naoma Smith.

GRADUATES.

Carolyn Smith, Ella Pelton, Muriel Tupper, Florence Knight, Philoma Ferguson, Lois Burch, Viola Feliz, Halcyon Acton, Irma Laidlaw, Ethel King, Catherine Adams, Mae Dodson.

Browning

Josie Pedreira

Phyllis Eaton

Lorraine Kuth

Evelyn White

Dorothy Warnes

Mary Reager

Helen McKean

Margaret Whale

Marjorie Baker

Genevieve Ratz

Browning

Margaret Petland

Mildred Thorp

Zella Lindley

Olga Harms

Mildred Lenlap

Mildred Mason

Violet Peard

Dorothy Hayes

Birdie Lutte

Copa De Ora

Viola Feliz
Agnes Hong
Thelma McCracken
Ethel King
Terrell Gamble
Carolyn Smith
Janet A. Jones
Laura Phillips
Gertrude E. Lewellen
Beatrice Langlois
Amelia Timmons
Mabel Grant
Florence Wright
Lois Burch
Gladys Turner

Copa De Ora

Dorothy Dam

Mary Foster

Elsie Powell

Dorothy Crippen

Ella C. Pelton

Philoma Ferguson

Haleyon Acton

Margaret Eichman

Helen Ulm

Dorothy Burk

Catherine Adams

Mollie Stevens

Emma Hook

Eva A. Reeches

Orma Emery

Jennie Logan

Ero Sophian

The past year, with the many good friends it has brought, leaves us with such a host of pleasant memories it is hard to relate them.

Ero Sophian began activities very early in the season with a most successful progressive dinner. The various courses were served at the homes of Frances Summers, Dorothy Ainsley and Helene Martin, where special talent pleased with dancing and recitations. For final refreshments the party motored to O'Brien's.

After several minor parties, the formal Ero Sophian initiation banquet was held at the Hotel Vendome. The faculty members present were: Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Minseen and Mr. Spaulding.

The next form of entertainment was an informal dance. The country club proved a charming place for such an occasion, and everyone had a splendid time.

Miss Margaret Jeoffroy invited the girls to her home for a final gathering before the Christmas holidays.

At the beginning of the new term a shower was given for Jessie Miller at the home of Mildred Carroll.

As a farewell to our March graduates a barbecue was held at Kendall Dell, followed by a dance. This was voted one of the most pleasant parties of the year.

Ero Sophian then entertained at an informal tea at Abbey Inn. After unique refreshments were served, social and solo dancing were enjoyed.

The spring initiation terminated in a dinner served in Society Hall.

The numerous events of a never-to-be forgotten year were concluded with a lovely tea at the home of Adaline Williams. One hardly needs to say that everyone thoroughly enjoyed herself.

OFFICERS.

First Term.

President ..... Marjorie Gray
Vice-President ....Frances Summers
Treasurer ..... Helene Martin
Secretary ..... Ethel Amerine
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Helen Shaw
Reporter ..... Dorothy Ainsley

Second Term.

President ..... Patricia Carroll
Vice-President .... Dorothy Ainsley
Treasurer ..... Calthea Ynostrosa
Secretary ..... Phillipa Parker

Third Term.

President ..... Helene Martin
Treasurer ..... Dorothy Ainsley
Secretary ..... Zada Aubrey
Reporter ..... Dorothy Denny

FACULY MEMBERS.

Dr. Kemp, Miss Bradley, Miss Reubsam, Miss Davis, Mr. Hazeltine, Mr. Minssen, Mr. Wilson.

Sappho

September, and the Normal opens. Sapphos from far and near greet each other and the year of fun and work begins.

The first rush party was a luncheon at the country club. A clever party was given at the home of Margaret Martin. The juniors had the pleasure of seeing their ancestors return to earth and a great deal of excitement was caused when Theo Wanzer hypotized Dorothy Gillham. Miss Martin proved herself an able hostess and everyone had a wonderful time. A dinner dance at the Vendome concluded the rushing events

On a dark and dreary night ten awed juniors were initiated. The new members were: Doris Fowler, Elsa Schneider, Lilian Argall, Catherine Yager, Dorothy Berner, Deliah Franck, Ruth Carey, Doris Beard, Laverne Husted and Helen Cobbledick. Sappho was also glad to welcome as members Dr. and Mrs. Kemp, Dr. Stockton and Miss Waterman.

At the Hallowe'en party, Sappho gave the "Family Foty-graph Album." Each page of the album showed an interesting family portrait of many years ago Several performances were gone through during the evening.

A majority of the members enjoyed the Colbert Concerts together as Sappho sat in a body during the season.

Elizabeth Cameron was initiated in the winter term. Following the initiation a dinner party was given in Society Hall in honor of Miss Waterman and Elizabeth Cameron.

Sappho's annual reception to the faculty was given at the home of Miss Belle Eaton.

Three members, Ruth Murphy, Theo Wanzer and Maude Thomas, were graduated in March and a supper was given in their honor.

In the spring term Marjorie O'Keefe became a member.

The officers for the year were as follows:

First Term.

President ..... Dorothy Gillham
Vice-President .... Margaret Martin
Secretary ..... Maude Sinnot
Treasurer ..... Theo Wanzer
Reporter ..... Ruth Murphy
Sergeant-at-Arms ..Lucile Wayland

Second Term.

President ..... Helen Angier
Vice-President ..... Sarah Rich
Secretary ..... Veryl Christmas
Treasurer ..... Doris Beard
Reporter ..... Gertude Melville
Sergeant-at-Arms .... Theo Wanzer

Third Term.

President ..... Catherine Yager
Vice-President ..... Sarah Rich
Secretary ..... Irene Campbell
Treasurer ..... Doris Fowler
Reporter ..... Dorothy Gillham
Sergeant-at-Arms.... Elsa Schneider

The members of Sappho are as follows:

Winifred Allen, Lillian Argall, Helen Angier, Doris Beard, Ruth Cary, Irene Campbell, Veryl Christmas, Helen Cobbledick, Doris Fowler, Dorothy Gillham, Betsy Graves, Mabe Haines, Margaret Martin, Ada Nudd, Sarah Rich, Elsa Schneider, Maude Sinnot, Lucile Wayland, Mildred Wright, Catherine Yager, Elizabeth Cameron, Marjorie O'Keefe, and Gertrude Melville.

Ero Sophian

Dorothy Linsley

Margaret Williams

Francis Summers

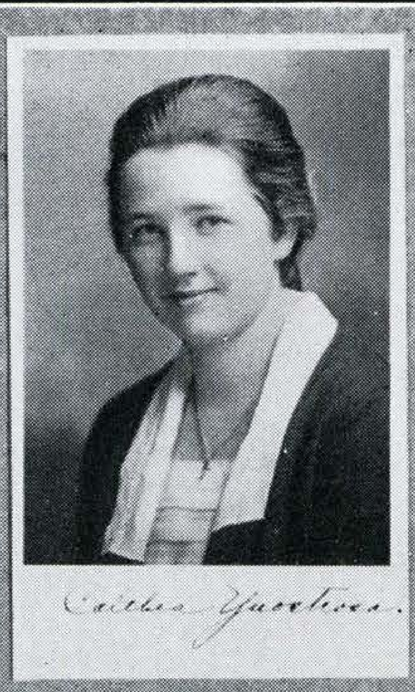
Ruth Pebbles

Patricia Carroll

Philippa Parker

Ero Sophian

Dorothy Greene



Cecelia Jacobson

Marjorie Grey

Helen Shaw

Pearl Granillon

Dorothy Keeney

Madge McClish

Ethel Amerine

Margaret Loffing

Celia Martin

Winifred Allen
Lisa Schmidt
Sarah Rich
Helen Cobbledick
Dorothy Gillham
Lillian Hyatt
Ted Wright
Theo Wanzer
Doris Fowler
Helen Angier

Sappho

Irene Campbell
Maude Thomas
Ruth Gary
Ruth Murphy
Gertrude Melville
Mabel Haines
Margaret Martin
Maude Simcoe
Elizabeth Cameron
Catherine Yager
Doris Beard

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117-119 South First Street

Geographical

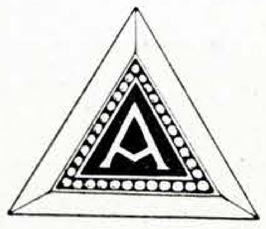
"Papa, where is Atoms?
"Atoms? I don't know, my boy. You mean Athens, probably."
"No, I mean Atoms—the place where everything is blown to."

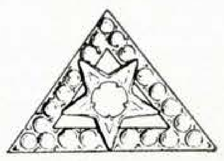
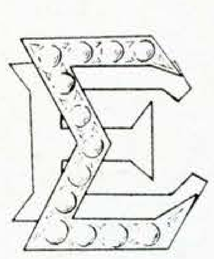
* * o

Funeral Arrangements

Teacher: What is the presidential succession law, John?
John: The presidential succession law provides that if both president and vice-president die the cabinet members will follow in succession.

Headquarters For All Normal Society Emblems



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"Do you think," said the intellectual young woman, "that there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better-natured than small ones?"

"Yes," answered the young man, "I do. Look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow."

* * *

"So your son isn't going to attend the normal?"
"No; he's going to work for Uncle Sam."
"How's that?"
"He thinks he'd rather be a mail-man."

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"Mamma, I want a dark breakfast."

"Dark breakfast! What do you mean, Bobbie?"

"Why, last night you told Mary to give me a light supper, and I didn't like it."

* * *

Reassuring

A nervous passenger on the first day of the outward voyage importuned the captain to know what would be the result if the steamer should strike an iceberg while it was plunging through the fog.

"The iceberg would move right along, madam," the captain replied, courteously, "just as if nothing had happened."

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"Man? Why, the very idea! That's Professor Spaulding!"

"Is that so? But isn't he rather fat?"

"Well, you know, he's from the Stout Institute."

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"Mamma, do all angels fly?"

"Yes, Willie; why do you ask?"

"'Cause I heard dad call the hired girl an angel the other day. Will she fly, too?"

"Yes, Willie!"

* * *

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"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"A short, funny tale," answered the little fellow.

"Quite right," said the teacher; "and now, Johnny, you may write on the blackboard a sentence containing the word."

Johnny hesitated a minute, and then wrote:

"A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

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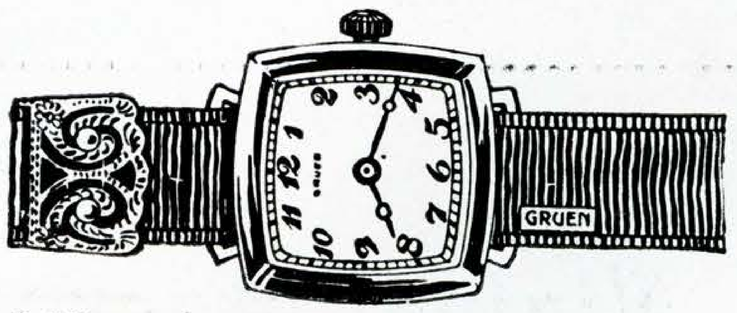

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"By gosh, if it ain't, I'm out four bits."

* * *

Mr. William Doodle: Yes, Miss Frost, I always wear gloves at night; they make one's hands so soft."

Miss Frost: "Ah! and do you sleep with your hat on?"

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"Going to make up?"

"I guess so. But I think I'll stay mad about a week and spend some of my money on myself."

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Little Tommy to the stout old lady who was hauling herself into the car with difficulty): "If they'd given yer more yeast, missis, when yer was young, you'd been able to rise better."

Stout Old Lady: "An' if they'd given you more yeast, my boy, you'd a-been better bred!"

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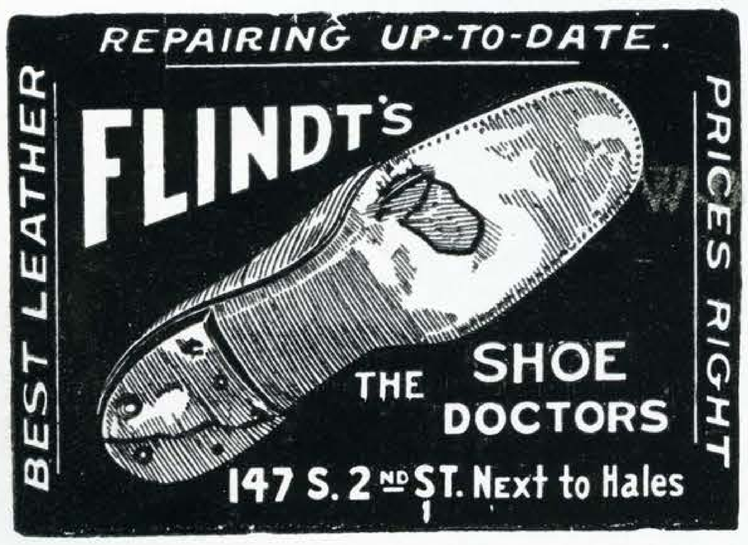

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Dentist: Thought you said this tooth hadn't been filled before?
Patient (feebly): No, it hasn't.
Dentist: Well, there are traces of gold on my instrument.
Patient (more feebly): Perhaps you've struck by back collar stud!

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An Irishman had just joined the army and was out for the first day of drilling. The officer gave orders something like this: forward march, company halt, to the rear, march; squads right, squads left, company halt, mark time.

At this the Irishman rushed from the ranks saying: "Begorra, I'll not work for a man that changes his mind so often."

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Autographs

"This must my comfort be,
The sun that warms you here, shall shine on me."

—Shakespeare.

"Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well!"

—Byron.

Autographs

"Thine be every joy and pleasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and treasure."

—Burns.

"The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction."

—Wordsworth.