



DREAMS

Soft o'er the vales and violet tinted hills,
The sweetly singing winds dance light and free.
The lazy sun his wondrous treasure spills
Upon the tender grass and budding tree.

All Nature dreams 'neath glorious vaults of blue,
And drinks deep of the sunlight's nectar gold,
And in these dreams and life that flows anew
Takes strength to brave the reign of winter's cold.

So may we, in the springtime of our lives,
Dream! and take in the light of sun;
So, when the cold of hoary age arrives,
We may have light and strength until our winter's done.

LINDLEY BYNUM, '13.

SCHOOL SONG

I

Every time we come to school
We gotta learn old Woolley's rule,
They pound his rules into our brain
And nearly make us go insane.

II

Studies are so awful dull
And yet they cram us all clear full
It makes no difference if we want to play,
They make us work like loading hay.

III

Rooksby, Osborne and Chelgrene
Make us work like a four horse team
Sometimes when we put on extra steam
They give us one for some old theme.

IV

Some day when we have our say
We'll put our old school books away
And then if we want to play
We'll let our cares fade away.

V

But then in after life
We'll look down on the world
Which will be full of strife
And say that the books were pretty good
If we could only have understood.

HAROLD BLAIN, '16.

"Pinky" wins The Mile



Prize Senior Story



THE day of the final track meet had dawned glorious and bright. It was a perfect day for famous deeds to be done and great honors to be won. All the students glowed inwardly as well as outwardly when their thoughts turned to this exciting day. The students of Green Valley especially felt proud, for were they not expecting and hoping to receive the county championship? For weeks, yea, even months, they had discussed and re-discussed this event. Now it had arrived at last, and they took their places with other schools to try the tests of strength and ability.

The bleachers were crowded with throngs of people who had come to witness the meet and "root" for their comrades and fellow-classmen. In one corner could be seen Green Valley's blue and white banner floating above an excited group of boys and girls. Often glances of hope and longing were turned toward this gathering, receiving shouts of encouragement in return. So far Green Valley had fared quite well; yet there was just one thought of fear in Manager Bill's mind. If Pinky should lose the mile! Then all would be lost, for the score was in such a position that if Green Valley lost the mile, it would lose the meet by several points. The other events counted for little, as it was believed that some school of lower rank would succeed in those. In the eyes and minds of Green Valley the mile was the chief event. Pinky, their hero, had not yet appeared. Bill was becoming uneasy, for it was *very* unusual for Pinky to miss any part of a track meet. Already the contestants were gathering in a group discussing the coming event.

"First call for the mile!" shouted the teller through the megaphone.

Bill became more uneasy. He glanced about him, but could catch sight of no red head that resembled Pinky's. Finally he approached Ike and asked him concerning the missing one.

"Haven't seen him," declared Ike, "but don't worry. Pinky is bound to be here in plenty of time".

"As you say", murmured Bill; but down in his heart he was by no means calm. He stared and watched, hunted and worried and finally became desperate as he heard in clear ringing tones, "Second call for the mile". Suddenly an inspiration seized him. There yet lay hope in the dressing rooms. Perhaps Pinky had fainted from the excitement. He banished the thought as foolish, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, he rushed to the dressing rooms.

Outside on the bleachers sat an unhappy crowd in the division called "Green Valley". No sounds of cheering rose from their section. They had discovered Pinky's absence.

"What shall we do?" moaned a brown-eyed little freshman girl. "I just know we'll lose everything."

"Oh, no, don't suggest it," said an optimistic sophomore. "Pinky'll come yet. You just watch".

But still the groans were heard. A sadder moment had never come to Green Valley High School. If only they could have heard Bill's strong voice at that instant calling, "Pinky, Pinky", their hopes would have risen at once.

At first Bill thought the rooms were all vacated; but, at last, he discovered that a faint voice was answering his call. "Pinky", he called again.

"What?" answered a gruff voice in the next room.

"Where are you?"

"In this confounded dressing room", came the disgusted reply.

"Why don't you come out?" inquired Bill anxiously.

"Come out? Come out?" roared Pinky. "Can't you see that the door's locked? Hurry up, you old piker, and get me out. I'm most suffocated and I never can get there in time for the mile at this rate."

"Yes, you can, too", encouraged the listener.

"Shall I kick the door down?"

"No; get a key".

Away Bill raced to find the janitor, owner, director—anyone who could help him save the day. He breathed as he saw that there was a dispute over the last event. One glance at the anxious faces on the bleacher and on he started, almost bumping into the little janitor in his haste.

"Lord, mistah, what's de trouble?" gasped the astonished darky. "Locked in, yuh say? Why don' yuh turn de knob from de outside? Hit's one ob dem night locks done put in by mistake. Only fum de outside, de——"

Bill heard no more. In less time than it takes to tell it, he had turned the knob and Pinky and the day were saved. Saved, did I say? No, not yet, for the race was still to be won. As the last call rang out over the field, Pinky

dashed into sight. Cheer after cheer rose from the bleachers; but Pinky had only time to wave his hand, as he took his place in the line. And as he ran he heard only the cries of "Three cheers for Pinky. Run, Pinky, run". Run he did. Boys, girls, teachers, strangers looked on in amazement at the swift, light-footed boy, who had taken his place at the last moment.

The day was saved; congratulations poured down upon him; but exclamations, cheers, Pinky heard them faintly; his mind was filled with the deed rather than the praise; he had won the mile.

CARRIE BLAINE, '13.

A FRESHMAN CLASS SONG

Tune: "*The Old Oaken Bucket*"

How dear to my heart is the class of Monrovia
Which by its first name is so Fresh and so free,
With man added to it
With strength to imbue it
For future results, how convincing 'twill be.

CHORUS:

O Freshman so hopeful,
So earnest and cheerful,
Monrovia should swell full of glory for thee.

EVELYN FLOWERS, '16.

THE LEADING MAN



Prize Sophomore Story



AUSTIN CRAIG stood in erect disapproval, silently studying the inscription of each letter. Of lavender stationery he was very suspicious; of the contents of lavender stationery that gave forth a strong lilac fragrance he was at once positive. He knew he was either being asked if he were a married man, or told how "perfectly beautiful" he made love in the second act; for he was a man well versed in the ways of the matinee girl—her choice english—her lavender stationery and her lilac perfumery. He had broken himself of the habit of tearing up letters before opening them, so he tossed the tinted, scented missive upon his rude dressing table. He turned his attention, however, to the other letter—a white, thin and very plain envelope. The feminine hand was the first thing that smote him, for he could almost detect the feminine hand with his eye closed, but there was something about the writing, a certain directness that impressed him.

At that moment, passing the half opened door of the leading man's room, Tom Westcott (character lead) caught sight of the figure of Craig within; he noticed the puzzled look on Craig's face; then his gaze fell upon the white slip of paper Craig held in his hand, and over his large round face spread an expression of mischievous mirth. "What! More!" he called, his voice pitched in a high crescendo. "O Horror! This is terrible, terrible!" Austin Craig looked up, walked slowly to the door and closed it carefully, for Austin Craig detested nothing more on earth than letters from strange young ladies, but always at every place he stopped, town, city, or one night stand, he found from two to twenty letters waiting him. Tonight he found two. He tore open the letter and drew forth a cheap piece of note paper, which he unfolded and read, "Dear Mr. Craig: I have never seen you act but I have heard of you and am going to see you act tonight. Dear Mr. Craig, could you not come to visit me tomorrow? Now, Mr. Craig, I hope you will pardon me for being so forward, but I've

heard so much about you that I feel like a personal friend to you. Please come tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, for I know you leave town early. Very hopefully yours,

MISS LUCY WATERS."

719 Congress Ave.

After studying the missive for a moment Craig determined in his mind that he would accept the invitation out of mere curiosity, so after carefully tucking the letter away in his inside pocket, he made his way to his hotel.

Clarksburg was a small semi-rural town, boasting a population of twenty thousand, but possessing in reality one of about twelve thousand. Its streets were wide and shady and its houses were well set back among large and well kept lawns. Craig learned from inquiry that 719 Congress Avenue was well on the outskirts of the town, which meant a walk of about a mile and a half. He dressed himself with exceptional care that morning, for he knew the value of a favorable impression; he selected from his ward-robe a grey suit, dark shoes, grey gloves and a soft grey hat.

It was an old-fashioned structure and seemed to Craig to be out of proportion with the rest of the houses in the block, but as he neared the front door he noticed that the curtains were white and neat and the lawn free from leaves; and he was impressed with the brightness of the brass knocker on the door—so much impressed that he hesitated a moment before placing his gloved hand upon it. The woman who answered the call was so very different from what Craig expected she would be that he received quite a shock. She stared at him a moment and he stared back, making no effort to help her with a word of explanation. Then she spoke, and it required his whole professional training to maintain an air of dignity. "Mr. Craig! Mr. Craig! Well, I do declare! Come right in. I'll take your hat and we'll go right into the parlor. Isn't this delicious weather we are having?" Craig entered with great dignity, trying to determine her station in the household. He made his way into the large parlor, not having spoken since his entrance. He now said, "Miss Lucy Waters, please," meaning, of course, the other's dismissal. "Oh, of course, of course, that's me," joyously beamed the little woman. I want to talk to you as an old friend and I'm going to start right in." It was then that Craig learned the trick fate had played upon him, for Miss Lucy Waters was an old maid; small, sharp featured and smiling. In age she was older than she used to be, and she had been—well, never mind. Miss Lucy Waters informed Craig that she wanted to be an actress. "An actress," said Craig, and he stared at her in blank amazement. "Oh, I know I'm not young nor good looking," went on Miss Waters, "but would you care to hear me recite?" She paused for a brief second, and then continued, "No, I'll not burden you with my poems, for I have too much else to speak of. First of all, I have wanted to be an actress for the last twenty-five years. I've worked over it, dreamed over it,

and washed clothes over it. The thought of appearing before people, making them laugh and cry and—Oh, Mr. Craig, you will help me, won't you?" Craig looked at her for a moment, and then said "My good woman, if I would help you, I could not. I am powerless." The words fell like a blow upon the little woman. There was a moment's pause; then she said, "Oh, Mr. Craig, don't tell me I have no chance." Craig started to laugh but checked himself. "You say you have wanted to become an actress for twenty years? Have you never tried?" "Mr. Craig, if you don't mind, I'll tell you my story, that you may know everything. I know you will be interested. That is why I wrote you the note, and—" "But how about the story?" interrupted Craig. "The story! Oh, yes, the story," and she related the story of her life. She had desired to become an actress but the death of her mother forced her to become housekeeper for her father and brothers, and when her brothers had saved up enough money to send her to a dramatic school, they had, by some misfortune, lost the money that was to pay for her tuition. After that the death of her father made her lose all hope of ever leaving Clarksburg. In the meantime her brothers had married and she was left alone in the large house, and by scrimping along she had by degrees saved a neat little sum. Then the wife of a brother had died, leaving his two children motherless, and she couldn't decide between her desire and the education of her brother's children.

Craig waited patiently until she had finished, then as if touched by her pathetic story, and being too much of an actor to proceed without an effective pause, he stared at his admirer a moment in quiet speculation and then said: "I have a little story of my own, Miss Waters," and he proceeded: "Two years ago we were playing in the west; the jumps were awful; the hotels worse; and business was poor. The play, an eastern comedy, had failed to make good out west and the show was going bad; the only thing that kept us up and going was the hope of a booking on the coast. We were looking forward to Frisco; Frisco, with her real hotels. The time dragged on slowly and at last the holiday season drew near, then Christmas." The look in Craig's eyes grew far away. "Really, I didn't know how to spend it. Most actors become used to being away from home at Christmas time. I never could. And all that Christmas week I felt glum and blue. All I could think of was my wife and little girl, my daughter Muriel. Muriel, my baby girl back in New York." The last few words were barely a whisper. He put his hand to his eyes as if to brush away some picture of the past. and the little woman watching him grew alarmed as a great convulsive sob shook his body; his eyes were moist. "Miss Waters, she was a dream child," he continued, "a fairy creature with golden hair, eyes that stared at you solemn and wondering, and her cheeks were as round and fresh as."—here something caught in his throat and Craig could hardly control himself. At length he looked up.

"But I must get on. Excuse me, where was I" His voice now grew tense and every word pierced his sympathetic listener to the heart. "I didn't get my usual Christmas telegram," he said, "and in response to my inquiry I received word that my little girl had taken cold and was seriously ill and my wife was trying hard not to make the fact known to me while I was on the road. It was the day we struck Frisco that I felt that something was going to happen all along; so when I received a telegram I knew without opening it what it meant. He paused a moment; his voice sounded a wonderful note of genuine resignation. "Pneumonia! Pneumonia had set in." His body straightened and he resumed: "Fifteen minutes later I had my trunks packed and was going to return, when the whole company came to me one at a time, from the manager down. Well, I knew their stories; actors in dying condition going through their parts and all that, but it wasn't I who was dying. It was my little girl and I could think of nothing but her. It was Marks, our manager, who played the card that won the day, at least for him. He wired for the crisis and found that I never could reach her in time; so I shut myself up in my room and began to think things over, and decided to go on that night if nothing happened. The next day telegrams arrived with good news and my wife advised me to go on with the company. Somehow I got through my first performance and Marks, seeing the stress I was laboring under, wired that I received no telegrams at the theatre or at my hotel. The piece took splendidly, and I acted. How I acted! The first and second acts went all well and in the third act I had a wait of a few moments before my entrance, and as I paused in the wings, Marks, for some unknown reason, handed me a telegram. I steadied myself, then tore it open and read it, then—Good Heavens!" Craig broke down completely and buried his face in his hands, "My little girl, my little girl." He looked up in a few moments, "Something within me snapped; I couldn't talk, couldn't think, couldn't see, but my cue came and somehow I groped my way to the stage. There was a short pause "Miss, my good friend, never did I carry such a scene so briskly; never did I get over so many laughs, such a riot of applause. I was amusing people, making them laugh when my soul was back in New York, back where my little girl was dead." There was a long silence. Miss Lucy Waters was crying loudly, but Craig was more able to control himself. Suddenly he stood up with an abruptness that startled Miss Waters. "I must be going now, but before taking leave I will ask your pardon for imposing upon you my story of personal sorrow. So many people fail to realize that there are two sides to theatrical life, just as there are two sides to the curtain; and the back view is very different from the front view." Miss Waters accompanied him to the door, and as he was leaving she said: "I understand, I understand. I see my place perfectly, and it is with brother Art's children. Oh, how glad I am; how thankful, how contented."

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It was late when Craig arrived at the hotel, and who should he bump into but Tom Westcott. "Hello Craig; the boys tell me you have been out to see her. What luck? Do tell me," said Westcott in his mischievous manner. Just then up walked the half crazed manager and grabbed both men by their coat lapels and swinging them together pointed to a sheet of yellow paper he held in his hand. Both Craig and Westcott gazed at the telegram in wonder. The manager yelled, "Read it, you boneheads; read it. Hartley, the author, is in town and wants a rehearsal at two this afternoon. Craig started toward the elevator, but Westcott grabbed him; "Is there nothing to tell, Craig?"

Craig stopped short and looked at Westcott, half angered by the other's reproach. "You were away off today, old man," he said. "The whole thing was altogether different. But tell me, do I in any way resemble a playwright." A look of wonder came over Westcott's face. "Old man," said Craig, "I had to become a playwright this morning. I had to manufacture a wife and little girl in ten minutes, and, believe me, I did it beautifully, and then I had to kill the little girl. Pneumonia, pneumonia, lots of realism, and, honestly, if Hartlett had seen me carry it through I'd have been a star with a contract for five years in my pocket, with a percentage of, well, that all depends.

ROY TUTTLE, '15.

THE FOOTBALL GAME



THE DAY for the contest that was to decide whether the Green and White or the Purple and White should wave triumphant over the Southern gridiron, had come. Before the sun was fairly up the van of the army of Manual rooters could be seen along the road coming in autos, and by noon the town was crowded with strangers.

Monrovia field was to be the scene of battle. On the north the Manual forces were banked two thousand strong; on the south were stationed the supporters of the Green and White. Never was loyalty more strong. The graduates of only a year or two were omnipresent, while the gentler sex, with countenances all aglow, stood ready, like the Amazons of old, to advance in defense of the flag they loved.

At half past two o'clock a great cheer, at first indistinct, but gradually

growing louder and louder, like the roar of thunder, rolled simultaneously along both sides of the field, until it seemed as though the very heavens would be rent. Then there trotted into the arena thirty brawny specimens of this "dyspeptic, ice-water-drinking" nation.

Stripping off their sweaters, the two teams made ready for play. The two scrums faced each other and the backfield was ready. Manual won the toss. Monrovia had the ball. For a moment they stood there, waiting for the word that would precipitate the awful slaughter. "Play!" called the referee, and the Manual backs had the ball. The next minute Barnes had nailed Kleinberger and the ball was down. A scrum was called. For a moment they stood, crouching, their heads well down, their great limbs tense, all straining for the word to spring at each other. There was not a sound around the vast field save the slight rustle of the wind. The next moment the Monrovia wedge shot forward and crushed with the sound of grinding canvas into the mass of purple-legged bodies that came forward to meet it.

For nearly half an hour the mimic battle was fought back and forth along the white barred field. It was even, very even; but at last a long punt to touch, and a lineout gave Monrovia the ball on Manual's twenty-five yard line. Then with their backs on their own goal line, the Manual team rallied. Now for one good push or a drop kick. Too late! The umpire had called time and the first half of the game was over—neither side had scored.

During the fifteen-minute intermission the men were surrounded by their coaches and trainers, and each girded itself for the fray that was to win or lose the day. A strong wind was blowing when the referee called "Play!" Kirk, the runner, who had saved a good deal in the first half, was now used with telling effect. In a short time an exchange of punts brought the ball to Manual's thirty-yard line. A line out was called and Ainley, the fast five-eighths, took the ball and after making a fake at a pass, held it; he went down the field for the longed for try. The fullback was heading him off, and a giant Manual fullback is not apt to miss a clear tackle in an open field.

They came together close to the line. Just as his adversary crouched for his hips, Ainley leaped high in the air and hurled himself forward head first. The Manual man, like a hawk, "nailed" him in the air, but his weight carried him on and they both fell with a fearful shock—over the line. The next moment they were surrounded by a bunch of battle-scarred warriors.

Then for fully five minutes did all the sons of old Monrovia shout with a mighty shout that made the air tremble. For five long minutes old gray-haired sires and young freshmen cheered as they never had cheered before; even the sedate teachers forgot their dignity and hugged each other.

Suddenly from the group of players a limp form was brought. Instantly all

pandemonium ceased. All faces looked aghast, fearing lest in that awful charge the poor fellow had been seriously injured. "It's Ainley," anxiously murmured the crowd. A substitute ran out to the grandstand and shouted "Nothing serious; only a broken collar bone." Those near the place where the plucky five-eighths was borne off the field could see that his face was pale, but supremely happy, and he smiled faintly as he heard the cheers of hundreds, and his own name coupled with that of Monrovia.

The try was made directly behind the posts and Sullivan made a beautiful attempt to convert, but the wind carried the ball so it hit the goal post and bounced back upon the field.

The battle began again with increased fury. Although the Monrovia's had suffered an irreparable loss in the injury of their comrade, Ainley, yet as the score was 3 to 0 in their favor, all they needed now was to keep Manual Arts from scoring. Already the Harvard-like Monrovia's had claimed a victory. Manual closed up and went in for the last chance. The Purples tried every trick in Rugbyism, but try as they would, they could do nothing. Steadily, as the Old Guard trod over its slain at Waterloo, did the Green scrum rush and dribble, rod by rod, toward the Manual goal line. And as the red faced Britons tore at Napoleon's devoted column, so did the uphill warriors tear at Manual's line-out. Monroe and Casner would throw their huge bodies under a loose scrum and bring the whole mass down upon them. As often as Manual would advance toward the Monrovia line, just so often she was driven back.

It was now growing dark and the excitement was so intense on both sides that hardly a cheer was heard. All were breathlessly watching the maneuvers of the two opposing forces, for a bad pass by Ralph or fumble by Lyons might turn the tide, and Monrovia's banners be trampled under foot.

A scrum was called; only ten yards away lay the coveted goal. Monrovia got the ball and the half sent it back to three-quarters. Manual tried to stop the rush. The little wing braced himself, but the shock was too severe and he and the other half went rolling on the ground. The fullback did his best, but it was too late; Whitcomb carried the ball over for the second try and placed it right between the goal posts. The yell that went up was one that will never be forgotten. The little halfback carried the ball back to the twenty-five yard line and held it for a moment. Then Carter made a great kick, the ball prescribing a lofty parabola, passed between the goal posts. Thus Monrovia won the championship of the South by the score of 8 to 0.

BASIL TRAUGER, '15.

A STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS

SENORITA DEL MARIATTA sat in front of her father's abode sunning herself. Exceedingly pretty and petite was she and it was little wonder that handsome Pedro Miguel walked up the path and greeted her. But there was a hunted look in his usual smiling face and his broad shoulders were slightly stooped. "Listen, dear Mariatta", he uttered, "by midnight tonight either Valaro Martiniguez or myself will be in a different world. I have sworn to kill him, and if I succeed and escape from the sheriff, tomorrow's sun will find me in Cook's camp far up the San Gabriel. So adios, beloved."

Two weeks have passed. The notes from Mariatta's guitar have a sad strain. Her beloved Pedro, now in the hills, had only succeeded in wounding Valaro, whom he had left for dead. Valaro was a giant man. He had been deformed in some brawl, and with scars on his face and a bad record of attempted murder, he was a man to be feared. He was even now searching for Pedro to have some pistol practice. Just then Mariatta's small brother Jose came running in, saying: "Valaro is down by the Plaza. He has found out some way of Pedro's whereabouts and in an hour he starts for the San Gabriel." Without a word Mariatta snatched the 44-Colt from the table, saddled her pony and was off. Her Pinto was strong and before midnight Mariatta was half way up the Iron fork. It had started to rain and was cold, dreary and desolate. But the brave girl kept on. She knew Valaro was probably only an hour behind and if Pedro was forewarned he would make short work of Valaro. Ah! at last a familiar object appeared. It was the cabin. When she knocked at the door, Pedro came out with a 45-70 Winchester leveled at her head, but on recognizing her he embraced her while she told her story. Forty-five minutes later the form of a huge giant of a man appeared on a pony down the canyon. But the lovers were ready and two gun shots sounded simultaneously from the cabin. A coyote howled mournfully in the distance.

HAROLD SLOSSON, '14.

THE MINE

A MAN of this town met a poor old man on the streets of Los Angeles. He was moved to give the poor fellow a dollar because he was so helpless. The old man was so grateful that he took the giver into his confidence and told him this story:

He said many years ago an old Spanish priest told him of an ancient Indian mine that was very rich, somewhere in these foothills. He said he had seen it

and described its position by a row of hills that looked as if they had fallen away from the range. The mine was marked by a large rock. He said the Indians had hastily filled it up when the Americans came in. It overlooked a fertile valley. The old man was certain where it was, but he had been unable to interest anyone in it. He had told the secret so it wouldn't be lost. The Monrovia man got several prominent men interested and they laid out their claim close to an old shaft. They located it by these hills between here and the Santa Anita Canyon, and they started the mine in a branch of Clover Leaf Canyon. They got the help of an old Colorado miner and went to work. They got some promising looking ore, but it did not continue. Among other things they found an old hammered out iron shovel and what they thought was an Indian bead.

When a fire swept over the hills below the fire break two years ago the men jumped into the old shaft, which was full of water at that time, and by alternately putting their heads under the water and then out to get a breath they stood the awful heat. Later on, as they struck no continuous vein, the mine was abandoned and nothing came of the romantic story of the priest.

ALAN NICHOLS, '14.



THE THREE SEQUESTERED GRAVES

ABOUT one mile from Monrovia is Sawpit Canyon, a pleasure resort for hundreds of picnickers who make daily and weekly pilgrimages to Sawpit Falls. A few hundred yards from the forks is a large open space, which has the appearance of a well kept lawn. Here are seen two large oaks, a flowering oleander and an orange tree of some years' growth. Under one of these trees is a pile of ricks which appears to have been the foundation of a house. The clew to these traces of early habitation is found in a trail which leads up to a bit of mesa. On this little eminence are three graves.

Little is known beyond the fact that the stones record the names of three children who died in 1877. Monrovia did not exist as a town, but one of the old settlers of Duarte tells this story.

Hibbard Rankin, a sturdy farmer of Lafayette County, in Wisconsin, with his wife Polly and five little children, came to the new world of California and settled in Sawpit Canyon. In a clearing made by an earlier and more adventurous settler he made his home. Under each of the oaks stood a cabin rudely constructed of forest lumber. Fruit trees were set out, a garden was planted, bees helped to furnish a living and the canyon bounty yielded the wood which was hauled with great difficulty to Los Angeles.

The father and mother were spiritualists of a type not uncommon at that time, and the oldest daughter was a would-be medium. There were many gatherings of the elect in the interests of the cult in this favorable place.

Some of the children attended school in Duarte, walking the entire distance each day.

Albert, the nineteen-year-old son, who was a blacksmith's apprentice in San Gabriel, came home for a Sunday visit and suddenly became very ill. The malady proved to be typhoid fever. There were few facilities for nursing, the only doctor being a young man who was far gone with consumption. Imagine the sorrow of the family when, in a few weeks' time, nineteen-year-old Albert, thirteen-year-old Polly, and sixteen-year-old Stella were laid to rest in this improvised graveyard.

The place soon became too lonely for the bereaved parents and they returned to their home in Wisconsin.

A canyon fire swept the cabin from the place and the flood of 1882 displaced the foundation. The only reminder of that mountain home and its sorrow is the small graveyard.

STELLA NELSON, '13.

THE VISITATION OF THE SPIRITS

SOME thirty years ago there settled in Sawpit, or as now called, Monrovia Canyon, a man by the name of Hubbard Rankin. Rankin was one of the first men to settle in this part of the country. Nobody could understand why he ever settled so far up in the canyon when there was such fertile land where Monrovia and Duarte are now situated, to be had for the taking. He built a log cabin and a barn. He planted a few fruit trees thereabouts. Some of these trees still stand and are growing where they were planted so long ago. They have outlasted their planter and his children and probably will stand when some of the people who now look upon them and wonder where their planter is, have passed away.

Now it happened that Rankin was a fervent believer in spiritualism, as were his wife and six children. The eldest daughter of not extremely good character, was the so-called medium.

Rankin had in his employ a young man by the name of Elmer Weed. Weed was a well educated young man and when he wasn't drunk he commanded a good salary as court reporter. For in those days they were few and far between.

However, when Weed was sent for he was generally drunk, and therefore took to ranch work out of the city. Weed was inclined to believe as most people do today about spirits. Weed watched the family close and whenever he thought that the time was ripe for the coming of the spirits, he went to the barn where he slept and armed himself with potatoes. When he thought it was about time for the spirits to appear he would fire away at the door. The spiritualists would keep very still while the medium translated the poundings on the door as the words and speeches of the spirits who were supposed to be pounding out their messages.

Thereafter the spiritualists told how they had talked with the spirits of their friends who had gone before them into eternity. Weed told an entirely different story, which, however, never reached the ears of the spiritualists. The spiritualists continued to hold the seances and the spiritualist messages in the form of potatoes continued to pound on the door. All the spiritualists are now dead. They went to their graves without ever knowing that they had been the victims of a young man's pranks. Three of the children now lie in the canyon and the rest lie in a graveyard in Sacramento. This story is absolutely true.

ELMER BEALL, '14.

THE LEGEND OF THE YUCCA, OR SPANISH BAYONET



MANY years ago, when the gods still governed the lives of men, there lived near the coast of what is now Southern California a very wealthy family. They owned many herds and also many acres, but their wealth was acquired through honest toil. Their eldest son, Yuccama, a handsome youth, was the pride of the family, as well as of the whole valley. He was wanted by a band of Caballeros, for they knew their ransom would be great if they captured him.

Yuccama, while riding one day, came face to face with the band of Caballeros; he saw it was too late to flee, and raising his arms heavenward, he prayed to the gods for protection. The fiends saw this act and waited motionless. Suddenly the prey of the fiends vanished. The leader rushed to the spot, but only found a shrub surrounded by long swordlike leaves, with points as sharp as steel. Completely overcome with terror they rushed to their caves in the mountains.

The plant thrived and in the spring a shoot appeared in its heart. It grew tall and straight as the youth had been and then burst out into the flowery bloom.

Later a scientist noticed it and seeing its long swordlike leaves, named it Spanish Bayonet, but after the legend became known the youth's name was given to the plant, being shortened to Yucca, by which it is best known.

ARTHUR BOULES, '15.



LAST CHAPTER OF THE TROJAN WAR

The Greeks then took a different course—
They built a great big wooden horse,
And put therein some soldiers stout,
A victory to bring about.

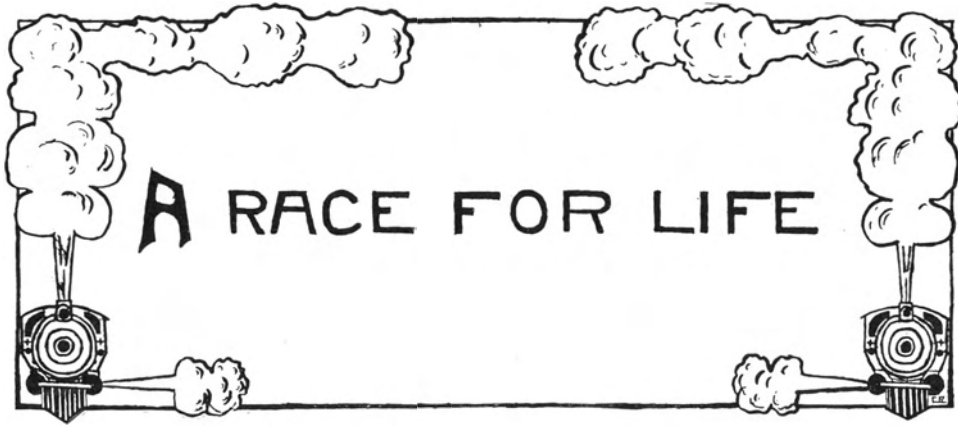
They hauled it down to the gates of Troy;
Next morn the Trojans looked with joy
To see this monstrous wooden horse;
A gift to them from the Gods, of course.

They took it in with loud rejoicing,
With flowers decked it, praises voicing
To the Gods who this great gift had sent;
And the Greeks inside were quite content.

The night then fell, and out they sprung,
And wide the city's gate they flung,
Then into the city the Greeks did pour,
And won the eventful Trojan war.

JACK NICHOLS.





IT WAS a very rainy winter for Southern California. The San Gabriel river was higher than it had been for many years. The Pacific Electric concrete bridge was not safe to use, and the automobile bridge was entirely washed away. The Santa Fe Company kept a telegraph operator stationed at their big steel bridge to give warning if the bridge should suddenly weaken.

The operator—a young fellow named Harold Brooks—had just turned in for a nap.

He was awakened very suddenly by a clap of thunder and a flash of lightning. Rushing out of his tent he saw a cloudburst over the mountains. In a few minutes he heard the rushing and roaring of a great flood of water.

"The bridge! It is sure to go now!" he exclaimed aloud.

He ran to his instrument and called Azusa.

"Has 'Nineteen' left yet?"

"Out one minute," flashed the reply.

Harold ran outside and looked apprehensively at the onrushing flood.

"I'll try again, if I get washed away for my trouble," he said as he ran back to his instrument. He called Duarte, where his chum, John Mason, was stationed.

John was very ambitious, but there seemed little chance for a promotion, so he devoted most of his time to the study of aviation and the building of a monoplane.

Just as he had finished the last inspection prior to a trial trip he heard his call. He answered and caught this message:

"Bridge down. 'Nineteen' left Azusa. Stop 'Four' at Monro-v—," a buzz and then silence.

John tried to get another answer but could get none. He stopped to think it out.

"The bridge is down. 'Nineteen' has left Azusa. Harold is on this side of the river. Two trains are in danger. Number 'Four' should have left Monrovia by this time," he thought rapidly.

Calling Monrovia he found that the train had just pulled out.

"My aeroplane!" he exclaimed, as a new idea flashed into his head; "Why can't I stop 'Nineteen?'"

Then another thought came to him.

"I will be breaking the rules by leaving when a train is due, but I must save those people."

After setting the danger signal to stop number "Four" he ran out to his monoplane.

At first it would not start and he thought that maybe he would not be able to save the train after all. A few turns of the crank warmed the engine up, however, and he sailed off with a loud whir-r-r, as the propeller pulled in the air.

"I ought to get there a little ahead of the train," he thought; "I must have time to stop it."

As he flew through the air he heard the four long screeches for a crossing.

"What if I should be too late?" he asked himself. "But I must not be!" he added with determination.

He heard the whistle again as he approached the bridge. He waved to Harold as he passed the bridge.

"I must make it now!" he exclaimed as he saw the train coming ahead of him.

John circled over the train and raced ahead to the engine. Then he dropped lower and shouted as loud as he could, but nobody realized what he was doing, or their danger.

"Now comes the race." John gritted his teeth and tried to get ahead of the train when he saw that he was not understood.

He spurted ahead of the train and alighted on the tracks and then fainted.

The engineer finally understood and threw on the brakes and then the reverse, and the great Santa Fe "De Luxe" rolled to a stop just as the cow-catcher pushed against the tail of the monoplane.

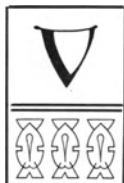
When John regained consciousness he found himself in the middle of a group of passengers.

The superintendent of the road, who had been a passenger, stepped forward and shook hands with John.

"Any young fellow who has as much pluck as you have deserves a better station than Duarte, even if you did break the rules. We will see that you get a better berth. And your chum, Brooks, won't be forgotten, either," he aided as an after-thought.

CLARENCE ROBERTS, '16.

VENGEANCE IS SURE



THE MAIN difference between the truth and its opposite, a lie, is that the truth is almost always stretched whereas a lie cannot be. What I am about to unfold is a story. A story is in a class by itself, that is to say, it is neither the truth nor a lie, but rather, either of which the reader may prefer; for the following is most certainly not the truth and as for it being a lie—well I wouldn't advise you to suggest the possibility of it being such to the Hon. George Bland, who told it to me. Notches are easily made in revolver grips. Gentlemen of old have intimated a like possibility to George. We sincerely hope they had lived religious lives prior to the time of the aforesaid intimation. But as for the story.

It was told to me at George's adobe cabin out in the Arizona desert on a day so hot as to make his Satanic Majesty blush for shame. At the time of the telling I was lying in a hammock hung in the shade of the eaves which projected four or five feet out from the dwelling and which cast the only shade in the vicinity of 2,000,000 square miles, more or less.

Looking out from this ribbon of shade to the far off horizon which rose and fell in jerky abandon, the dessert lay, scorching in a terrific blaze. The earth seemed to heave and rise and murmur under the intensity of the blistering sun. The gasps of air which struggled weakly over the dry sage brush and raised up sickly swirls of alkali, were so hot as to nearly singe the hair, and the atmosphere writhed and squirmed with wriggling heat waves. Everything which the sight fell upon was burned, dusty, repulsive, dead from continued baking. And yet in this repulsiveness lies the charm of the desert. It is this thing that compels George to return to the desert for a time each year, there to dwell on memories of the past—until interrupted by some bothersome friend like myself.

This morning the heat not being particularly stimulating to thought or conversation, neither George nor I had spoken for quite a period of time. I was occupied with the delicate act of pouring water over myself at regular intervals; finally George broke the silence. "It was on just such days as this," he said, "that a queer thing happened to me."

I threw a cupful of water over myself and waited.

"Do you think I am crazy?" asked George.

I intimated that I at times had serious thoughts in regard to this matter. He grunted, then continued.

"You may think so before I am through. What I am going to tell is a queer sounding thing, but it is true; and if you promise not to tell anyone anything about it I'll try to give what happened as nearly correct as I can.

It was about a year ago, I was sitting on a box with my back against the

cabin. The sun was blistering and the heat waves were doing Apache war dances, just as they are at present. I was just looking out over the desert not thinking of anything special, when all of a sudden there came a man around the corner of the house. He was a tall, skinny fellow, with sunken cheeks, dark eyes and a scraggly beard and a mustache, which looked rather mangy. But it wasn't his looks that made a feeling come over me that caused my spine to crawl. It was something greater—something inside of him or around him that sent an unearthly sensation through me, made me deathly sick. I finally managed to say, "Hello."

"Hello," he said, in a hollow squeaky voice, and then, as if at a loss of anything better to say, he said, "Hello" again, and sat down on a box opposite me.

There he sat with his head in his hands, never saying a word for about five five minutes; finally he looked up.

"Partner," says he, "vengeance is sure," and he sighed long and deep.

His sunken, haunting eyes, his strange actions, and most of all this grewsome declaration, served greatly to lighten the awful feeling which had come upon me, and which by now had caused my head to buzz, my blood to dry, a thousand deathly sensations which weighted down my spirits with a lead weight and yet, despite that ghostly feeling, I couldn't break away from the spot upon which I sat, and this is what I listened to, word for word.

He was speaking again, mostly to himself and keeping his eyes on the ground.

"Bill Trevis found that out. He and old Harris, and the boy. Vengeance never hesitated with them at all."

Then he looked up at me in a friendly manner.

"Listen, partner," he said. "Old Harris, Bill Travis and the boy struck out on the desert to look for gold. Old Harris he knew the land. Bill Travis could pack or mine, and the boy, well the boy was the life of the expedition."

"Never was the a human like the boy. He was the soul o' nature, a song from the throat of spring he was, twenty-two years old, six feet tall, and still he was the boy."

And stranger, you never in all your life saw such a devoted couple as he and his young wife. Just married six months they were, and happy, my! They were made for one another if people ever were. Naturally she hated to have him go off into the desert and leave her alone, for you know, stranger, people don't always come back from the desert. But Bill Trevis, he reassured her, he said.

"Never fear; I'll bring him back, miss; I by my soul will bring him back."

And she felt comforted, for Bill always kept his word. And the boy went.

The trio had provisions with them to last three weeks, besides their mining outfits. But though the sacks were heavy, they were light spirited until they grew tired from continued searching. Day after day they traveled through cactus and bush, sometimes with and sometimes without water. Walking sometimes by day and sometimes by night, they never saw any gold, nor anything else for that matter

besides rocks and bush, and just as the grub was beginning to run out and discouragement was weighting them down like a load, Good Luck came to them; yes, sir, stranger, good luck came; but mark you"—here his voice dropped to a hoarse whisper and he trembled like a leaf in the wind. Good luck is only bad luck in disguise, and this good luck came to them in the form of gold, and, stranger, from that time on they were cursed. It was like this: It was about nightfall of a hard day's journey and they had given up all hope of wealth and even life mebbby, when they, coming over to the crest of a hill, saw below them two tents and also the dump of a mine, and with joy once more in their hearts they quickly descended.

Well, sir, when they arrived at one of the two tents—the one from which a wreath of smake was curling—they met a man, a man who from six months of solitude, hungry for a human face, was so glad to see them that he cried, and, stranger, he took those tired travelers into his tent and they had a meal that would have served a king, and the four of them, deeply content, laughed and talked for half the night until old Harris, Bill Trevis, and the boy were beginning to get tired and sleepy, when all of a sudden he said:

"Listen, partners," and they were as silent as a tomb, "I have been so busy with your questions that I ain't mentioned it before, but, gents, I have a mine here that is greater than anything ever before imagined, and there is plenty for all. I hereby give you all equal shares with me. Four can work better than one, and—but say, men, just come with me a minute."

He took the lantern from the table and led the way out of the camp across a small space to the other tent while old Harris, Bill Trevis and the boy followed. He pulled back the flap of the tent and stepped inside. Stranger, did you ever dream of sacks of gold, of barrels of gold? Well right there in front of them were sacks stacked up half the tent full, some open with big yellow nuggets rolling out, and some were plumb full and were sewed up. It was uncanny and sort of dreamy like, only Bill Trevis and the rest knew it was no dream, and Bill grinned foolishly and the boy laughed. But old Harris, he was silent. Mark you, stranger, something came into his eyes at the sight of that gold that was not nice to look at. And then the man blew out the light and they went out under the sky and the moon just dropping over the hills cast a kind of darkened light over the whole; they stood there for a time to look. The moon lingered a moment like a hope that will not be downed and then, driven by a power it could not keep, sank; but, stranger, that moon would rise again, but with that moon sank something of which the moon was but a form, and *that* thing could never rise again. And now darkness lay over the dessert—darkness and deep calm, and they turned in.

That night was an awful night, stranger. Bill Travis dreamed, he did, and the dreams were allof gold, but the gold was blood-red, and in his dreams he heard a low moan, which woke him up and he looked over to the place where old Harris slept and old Harris was not there, but Bill Travis was too tired to wonder at this,

so he fell asleep again. And now he dreamed of a moon, a moon which hovered over a hill and then went quickly down, leaving the world in deep and awful blackness, and Bill Trevis cried aloud, and shook, and without the night was calm.

The night morning dawned bright and cheerful and as the first light hit the sleeping forms they arose. There were the two tents and there was the mine, and with cheery laugh Bill Trevis and the boy went ovr to the miner's tent, and finding the ten flap open, stepped inside, and then Good Luck threw off her disguise, for there—he was shaking again—lay the man dead. The two of them stood there and neither spoke, for they could not even think, and then old Harris came up and when he saw the man lying there he went and bent over him. After a while he straightened up.

"Must have been hit by a rattler," he said. And Bill Trevis and the boy turned away.

That afternoon they buried him. But in their hearts they knew that no snake was guilty of the deed, and Bill Trevis knew this perfectly, for, stranger, do snakes bite to the heart? and where was old Harris in the night? But the thought was awful and in some circumstances men do not speak their minds. So Bill Trevis, he fought back the knowledge. And the next day the Vengeance started in—his voice was horrible to hear—Bill knew the Vengeance was coming, but he couldn't stop it; it just rolled in on them like a landslide; rolled in on them and crushed them down.

It began with the spring. The next day on going for water they found it dry. Mark you, stranger, they left that place, had to leave, anywhere to get away from the thought that haunted them. So they took all the feed and gold they could carry and left. But that gold was alive, it was not plain gold, for it carried with it that thought and on the next day out old Harris died, just toppled over, but Bill Trevis and the boy went on, but they had no water, because old Harris had burst the canteen when he fell and it had run out. And so they struggled on, away, away from the Vengeance, which was coming closer now, so close you could hear it, and on the next day the boy dropped dead, but Bill Trevis had promised to bring him back, and Bill, he always kept his word, he did, so he took the dead body on his back and kept on, his feet burning in the blistering sand and he threw away his grub and gold, and traveled on and on and that night he sat beneath the moon with the boy opposite to him and he conversed quite cheerful with the dead body and then he slept. But in the morning took the corpse again and staggered on. His body it sweat from the weight of the dead and the sun it hit Bill hard, and Bill he fell, but he got up again and cursed the sun with his eyes, for his black tongue filled his mouth and his cracked dirt-crusteds lips could utter no sound; and he went on and on, his ears ringing from the force of the Vengeance which was coming nearer and nearer and he fell and the dead weight

shoved his face into the ground, but he got up, and crawling, stumbled on. All day he struggled, fell and rose, to fall again beneath the soggy corpse until at last he fell and lay where he dropped, did Bill, and he slept.

He awoke and found the sun straight above him and crows perched on the body of the boy, but he fought 'em off quite bravely and though he couldn't walk he crawled, did Bill, and the Vengeance now was coming nearer and nearer and he came upon a water hole, but Bill his brain wouldn't work, and he crawled on past and that night when he fell he didn't rise again. And then the crows came.

Here he stopped, and with his head in his hands, shivered as though cold. His story was ended. And now, though that awful feeling still remained, I managed to ask the question which, from the start of the story to the finish, had bothered me.

"Well, how do you know all this, and furthermore, who the deuce are you?" and my voice sounded strange and small. He looked up from the ground. He said in a flat voice: "Why, why shouldn't I know about it? I was Bill Trevis."

And he vanished onto the burning desert.

George looked away from the spot he had been gazing steadily at during the telling of the tale. He said to me:

"Now do you think I am crazy?" I did not reply.

LINDLEY BYNUM, '13.





DETECTIVE MULLEN'S SECOND + CASE

Prize Freshman Story

DETECTIVE MULLEN walked briskly down the busy street. He had made good on his first case and his chief had said so. His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by his bumping into a stout old gentleman coming out of a pawnshop. Mullen's eyes fell upon a large gold watchfob with the word "Jones" engraved upon it. Being thus so conspicuously labeled was odd enough, but Mullen had felt a revolver through the man's inside coat pocket.

Mullen backed away and excused himself, but Jones barely glanced towards him and walked past.

What was the revolver for? Mullen turned and followed Jones. After going about ten blocks Jones led him into what had once been the best residential part of the city. It was nearly deserted for some reason which Mullen did not know.

One house in particular caught Mullen's eye. It was set far back from the street amidst tall old trees and neglected shrubbery. The walks about it were grown over with weeds and grass. In one place a marble statue rose out of the midst of a briar bush. It stood a little to one side of the driveway, leaning out over it at a perilous angle.

The house itself had seen better days. There were so many trees about it that the place was nearly dark, despite the glorious sunset.

Much to Mullen's surprise Jones walked up the old driveway leading to the house. As he ascended the porch steps the door was opened by a thin, pale little woman. She seemed to cringe before him as Jones passed in. The door shut behind him.

The man, the revolver, the house, and the little woman gripped Mullen as he stood in the shadow of a tree near the driveway.

Suddenly the shrill cry of a woman pierced the gloom about the old house. Mullen automatically rushed up the driveway up the steps and onto the porch. He laid his hand on the door knob. Then he stopped, wondering whether to go in. Then came a crash and Mullen thrust the door open. He found himself in a large

hall. Looking through a doorway into a lighted dining room he saw a smashed china closet and broken dishes lying about. Walking on in he almost stumbled over the little woman. She was paler than ever, lying in a faint on the floor. Stooping over her, Mullen noticed a streak of blood upon her cheek.

For the first time he was conscious of a pounding on the ceiling as if someone was moving heavily about upstairs. Then Mullen heard the old stairs creak and he found himself face to face with Jones.

"What are you doing in here?" the old man demanded.

Mullen was in an awkward position. He had no business in the house and he knew it. Nevertheless he was not going to leave the helpless little woman who was still lying unconscious.

"Look at that woman," he said, pointing at her where she was lying on the floor.

"Get out of here; she's all right," retorted Jones, shaking his fist close to Mullen's face.

Mullen would have held his ground had it not been for the woman herself. She opened her eyes, slowly sat up and told Mullen to leave, adding, "I am all right." Jones half pushed him out and closed the door.

It was twilight now. Mullen started down the path. A rabbit scurried across in front of him. Mullen looked up and was startled by the white statue which was leaning out as if to grab him. He pulled himself together: "What's the matter with me," he said; "am I getting nerves?"

He heard a footstep on the gravel and instinctively dived into a bush, hardly noticing the shower of dew which went down his neck. In the dim twilight Mullen could make out a man, carrying a carpet bag, coming down the path. Mullen heard his muttered words and knew he was a Swede.

"I bane honest man," he said. "It's no yob for a gardener. I quit." He stopped. "The old murderer!" he cried, shaking his fist toward the house.

When he had passed Mullen sprang out of the bush. "Which way shall I go?" he asked himself. He could not decide whether to turn back to the house or follow the Swede.

He finally chose the latter course, but by the time he had reached the street the Swede had disappeared in the darkness. He saw, however, a more familiar figure—Patrolman Foggarty. Mullen hurried to him and told him what had happened.

"Shure, an' it's murder," said Foggarty. "Faith, an' it manes promotion for us baith." He fairly chuckled at the prospect of something doing on his usually peaceful beat.

Instead of going to the front door they cautiously crept round the house to the

rear. There they saw an old shed with a light burning in it. Through the open door they could see Jones. He was cursing and muttering and sharpening an axe on a grindstone.

"Faith, an' if he a'int a'goin' to do it with an axe," whispered Foggarty.

Jones gingerly tested the axe's sharpness with his thumb, and then turned the light off. They waited in uncertainty. Then by the light inside they saw Jones enter the house, axe in hand.

A moment of silence followed. Then they heard the shriek of the little woman. She dashed out of the back door and into the shed. Even the cat seemed frightened and dashed behind her and into the shed as she closed the door. Then Jones rushed out to the shed and with one blow broke the door; he dashed in and closed it. Inside the light flashed on and a crash of boards could be heard.

Mullen and Foggarty started running for the shed. A revolver shot sounded inside and a bullet knocked Mullen's hat off, but they kept on. Another shot was heard; the woman was screaming, and the yowling of the cat could be heard above it all.

They put their weight against the door. It gave way suddenly and they sprawled inside, and the little woman dashed over them.

Getting to their feet, they saw Jones ducking and dodging, getting in a blow once in a while with a broken-off axe handle upon a cat. The axe itself was buried half through a corner post of the barn.

"Come on," cried Mullen, and he fired at the cat. Foggarty followed and drew his gun. The cat was jumping all over, spitting and yowling terribly. It sprang straight at Mullen. He raised his gun and brought the cat down in mid-air.

Jones sprang forward and clasped Mullen's hand.

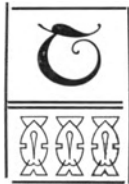
"Thank you so much," he said. "Ha, ha! Now my wife can't blame it on me." He looked at the cat. "He certainly was a terror," he panted, mopping the perspiration from his forehead, "but he will never have fits again." He turned to Mullen: "What a pretty shot that was! How can I thank you for it?"

"By saying nothing about this little incident to anyone. Foggarty and I thought it was murder. Will you do that?"

"Certainly," laughed Jones, amiably. "Come into the house and play a game of pinochle. My wife and I will stand you and your friend."

Whether Mullen and Foggarty yielded to the temptation and whether they really "stood Jones and his wife" at pinochle is not in the story, for I do not wish to give them away, especially after their kindness in giving me the story.

JACK NICHOLS, '16.



THE study of Expression and Dramatic Art has been a prominent feature in the school life of the past year. Though the work has been optional, much interest has been shown by the students of all grades. Very creditable public presentations have been given and we are led to expect that the best is yet to come.

At the beginning of the year all pupils in the English classes took up the study of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" that a cast might be chosen for dramatic presentation. In December the following students, chosen from the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes, presented the play on two evenings before large audiences:

MORTALS

Theseus.....	<i>Vernon Blythe</i>
Lysander.....	<i>Roy Tuttle</i>
Demetrius.....	<i>Paul Gaines</i>
Philostrate.....	<i>Stanley Goode</i>
Hyppolyth.....	<i>Ruby Avery</i>
Hermia.....	<i>Mary Flowers</i>
Helena.....	<i>Helen Wilkins</i>

HARD-HANDED MEN OF ATHENS

Flute.....	<i>Montaville Flowers</i>
Bottom.....	<i>Paul Rockwood</i>
Snug.....	<i>Harold Hansen</i>
Snout.....	<i>Harry Halsey</i>
Starveling.....	<i>Frank VanValin</i>
Quince.....	<i>Leon Beaman</i>

FAIRIES

Titania.....	<i>Helen Nichols</i>
Oberon.....	<i>Mabel Wright</i>
Puck.....	<i>Edna Beemer</i>
Peaseblossom.....	<i>Ruby Littlejohn</i>
Cobweb.....	<i>Nina Hunt</i>
Mustardseed.....	<i>Stella Nelson</i>
Moth.....	<i>Emma Smith</i>

This was an event which will long be remembered, not only by Monroviaans, but by the many out-of-town guests, who were very enthusiastic over the excellent performance as a whole and the marked ability shown by several of the young actors. Miss Taylor, as dramatic director, was unwearied in her efforts to make the entertainment a success, and she and the actors won well deserved laurels. One guest summed up the entire cast in these words: "Those elegant, graceful ladies and gentlemen of the Duke's Court; those fascinating fairy folk; and those dear, funny clowns, I shall never forget."

This first effort set the standard high, and although all of the entertainments this year are not to be truly classical we have the promise of a steady upward tendency. We still do our part towards creating and supplying a demand for the higher class of domestic performance.

The Pantomime, given by the Junior girls, in connection with their County Fair, in February, deserves mention. The poem entitled "The Bachelor's Reverie" was well read by Mary Zerell. The Dream Girls were all charming and appropriate in pose and costume, while William Hyde, as the bachelor, acted his part most creditably.

The second regular dramatic performance had been planned as an evening with Shakespeare. Scenes from four plays studied in the English classes were

to be given, but various shortcomings and outgoings interfered with the plans of the department, and finally, on April 11, a varied dramatic program was given, interspersed with songs from the Boys' Glee Club. This was the first public appearance of the Glee Club and they were enthusiastically received. Both the boys and their efficient director, Mrs. Squires, received much applause and many words of praise.

The selections from "The Merchant of Venice" were so beautifully rendered that many in the audience asked for more, which was a decided encouragement to the students of Shakespeare.

So also with the Banishment Scene from "As You Like It." The audience would gladly have followed Rosalind and Celia into exile in the Forest of Arden.

It was left for the Seniors to give a fitting conclusion of the evening's entertainment in their rendering of Yeat's Irish play, "The Land of Heart's Desire." Every effort had been made to give the play an appropriate setting, and every member of the cast had made so careful a study of each part that the final presentation was thoroughly excellent and artistic.

Two other dramatic entertainments are to be given this term, by the Juniors and Seniors, and great expectations have been aroused. The Juniors have chosen one of George Ade's political comedies, "The County Chairman." The scenes are laid ten years ago in a small town of Indiana, where the political tone was in all probability no higher and no lower than the author gives to his dramatization of the scenes and events portrayed.

During Commencement Week the Seniors will present the romantic comedy entitled "The Road to Yesterday." This play, in four acts, has as its basis the old superstition of the peasants of Ireland and England, that a wish made on Midsummer's Eve will be granted during the year until the following Midsummer's Eve. The play opens in the London studio of a young artist, where one of the characters, talking of past centuries, expresses the wish to see the world as it existed three hundred years ago. Her wish is granted and she commences her journey along the years of 103. The reawakening into the present century comes in the fourth act.

During the past three months the classes in Expression have been making a study of several well-known plays. "As You Like It," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Rivals" and "King Rene's Daughter" have all been studied.

In a recent try-out for an entertainment to be given some time in May, during the regular period for Morning Exercises, the Freshman girls "won out." This promises well for what the class of '15 will do in the future along the line of dramatic work.

"Miss Tucker's Latin Play," though belonging strictly to her Language Department, certainly calls for mention in our dramatic report. The first scene

from Miss Paxson's Latin play, "A Roman Wedding," was given in costume by the following cast:

"A Roman Wedding," by Miss Paxson, of the Omaha High School:

Marcus Tullius Cicero.....	<i>Thomas Compton</i>
Terentia.....	<i>Helen Wilkins</i>
Tullia.....	<i>Gretchen Uhl</i>
Marcus Cicero Adulesceus.....	<i>Helen Nichols</i>
Lucius Piso Frugi.....	<i>Girard Davis</i>
Gaius Piso.....	<i>Winfred Chester</i>
Quintus Hortenseus.....	<i>Ernest Lauzier</i>
Quinti Hortense uxor.....	<i>Dorothy Taylor</i>
Juris Consultus.....	<i>Charles Ainley</i>
Servi { Anna.....	<i>Marjorie Howe</i>
{ Philotimus.....	<i>Russel Adams</i>
{ Marcipor.....	<i>Clifford Brelsford</i>

The cheers for Miss Tucker which preceded the performance have been echoing ever since both within and without the High School walls. The rendering of the lines, the appropriate action, the graceful Roman costumes, and the stage setting, all contributed to make a perfect, polished performance that would have done credit to any university class. We shall hope for more dramatic work along this line next year.

—By MRS. WILSON.



“The Ecclesia”

There were enough students in the High School interested in public speaking to form three classes averaging from fifteen to twenty in membership, as the membership shifted somewhat during the year. These classes differed somewhat from the ordinary class in that they formed a joint organization, drawing up a Constitution, and selecting the name appearing above.

Though each class ratified this Constitution, each kept its separate organization for working, with a set of by-laws, a president, secretary, treasurer, and sergeant-at-arms. The classes met regularly three periods a week, and also met four times in joint meetings, the latter being held at night in the auditorium of the old building.

The class work centered about debates prepared on assigned subjects: two speakers on each side. In addition there were extemporaneous speeches and debates, short speeches on assigned topics, and study and practice in the rudiments of parliamentary procedure. The officers' terms were made three weeks, and no officer could be re-elected, thus giving more students an opportunity to fill the various positions.

Such diverse topics for debate were used as the Monrovia skating rink, limiting the cost of the girls' graduating clothes, maintaining a city playground in Monrovia, and ordinary questions of social, economic, and political interest, such as protection of wild game, government ownership of express companies, free tolls through the

Panama Canal, the tariff, changes in the election of the president, an income tax, and the California anti-alien land law.

The first joint meeting, held in October, was open only to members of the three classes. The evening's entertainment was a mock trial. The plaintiff's and defendant's attorneys built up an amusing and interesting case upon an agreed statement of facts. The trial was so long that it had to be finished the following afternoon, when members of the student body were admitted.

Mrs. Hogg, suing her husband for a divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty, was given a clever and lifelike representation by Montaville Flowers, Jr., while John Sturgeon was the defendant. Plaintiff's attorneys were Marie Herron and Thomas Compton; defendant's, Mary Flowers and Paul Gaines. The witnesses had clever make-ups and represented their parts well, for the most part getting through the ordeal of cross examination without becoming confused or contradicting themselves materially. Some of the witnesses were Leon Beaman, Roy Tuttle, Paul Rockwood, and Stanley Goode; and both plaintiff and defendant took the stand. Charles Ainley made an excellent judge, presiding in a dignified manner, finally denying the application for the divorce. Lindley Bynum acted as clerk of the court. In the preparation for the trial, the parties to the action, the judge, and the attorneys visited two of the Superior Court departments in Los Angeles.

The second joint meeting in November was a debate, open to the public and fairly well attended, between speakers elected by their classmates to represent the class. The question was: Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished." The affirmative was upheld by Ernest Lauzier and Fred Cronenwett, representing the third section; while Burt Dunlop and Harry Morse of the first section supported the negative. After a spirited and well fought debate, the judges, Rev. R. A. Vanderles, Dr. L. D. Remington, and Miss Hallam, by a two-to-one decision awarded the debate to the negative.

The second debate, held in January, happened upon a rainy night and was not well attended. Thomas Compton and Mary Flowers of section two upheld the affirmative, and Merton Monroe and Lindley Bynum of section three the negative of: "Resolved, That the Sherman anti-trust law should be amended so as to include all trusts, whether 'reasonable' or 'unreasonable.' The judges, Miss Osborne, and Attorneys Walter F. Dunn and Clyde Burr gave their decision in favor of the negative.

"Resolved, That the United States should grant the Philippine Islands immediate independence," by "immediate," any time within a year being understood, was the subject of the last joint debate, held in March. The judges, Mrs. George O. Monroe, Miss Rooksby, and Rev. W. C. Geyer, decided in favor of Montaville Flowers, Jr., and Jack Nichols, who supported the negative; the argument for the affirmative being made by Paul Gaines and Marie Herron. The former represented section two and the latter section one.

In reviewing the joint debates, it will be noticed that each class, or section, won and lost a debate. In addition to the joint meetings, each class held a mock trial, covering several weeks. Each trial was a criminal case, and thus a jury was chosen to render the verdict. In the two cases, which were finished, the defendant was acquitted in one, in the other the jury disagreed.

The High School has not been a member of any league for several years, and this year it was thought best to wait a year before joining any league.

Some good material has been revealed for public speaking in the various classes, and with the practice afforded by this year's debates, Monrovia High School next year ought to be able to give a good account of herself in the Southern California Debating League.





TO THE WORLD AT LARGE

Owing to the mysterious workings of Fate and the corresponding votes of my classmen, it is my not unpainful duty to perpetrate to you something that will savor of the social life of the school.

The party of the second part—*i. e.*, the school—earnestly did her best to make my task an easy one; but alas—and here again one may see the working of Fate—no corresponding quill from whose end flowing word pictures might pour was provided.

And so, therefore, if my tale is not all inclusive of the subject put it down to the credit of Fate and let it go at that.

BETH DIXON, *Social Editor.*



SEPTEMBER

16. First day of school. Long lines of blinking beginners patiently awaiting their renaissance. Everyone has a perfectly fine program.
17. Somebody tries to assign a lesson; riot ensues. Mark Keppel and Supt. L. A. Bateman address student body.
18. Nomination of school officers. Miss Hill (of Public Library) shows the Seniors how impossible it is for an ignorant person to enter the Public Library service.
19. "Ginger" N. and Alice Scott come to M. H. S. 2:00-3:00, Norval McGregor of the Egan Dramatic School talks on "Shakespeare."
23. Class meetings. Election of school and class officers.
24. Athletic rally in Mr. Reed's room.

25. In order to break the monotony in school life, Mrs. Schrieber orders a fire drill.

26. Farewell address by Rev. C. A. Kent.

27. Mr. Beaman, President of the Junior class, appoints committee of five to choose staff of Junior Annual.

OCTOBER

1. Robert C. Avery, "Sand." Miss Taylor appears at school with a sweet smile and a pair of crutches.

2. Dr. Remington, "General Hygiene."

3. Assistant Josh Editor Rood slips on the slippery sidewalk. Her slenderness saves her.

4. Rev. Mr. Vander Las, "World's Opportunities."

8. Mr. Haas, "Aldrich Currency Bill."

9. Dr. Davies, "Success." "W. W. W." "Want, Work, Win."

10. Mr. Herron, Hollywood High, invites M. H. S. to join Debating League of S. C.

11. Mr. Walter Nichols, "Greek Drama."

12. Senior Class Party at "Pinky" Bynum's.

13. Misses Grace and Luella Keller, Musical Concert.

16. Walter Dunn, "Civics."

18. Dr. J. A. Millspaugh, President of State Normal, "What Industry Brings."

23. Rev. Mr. Welch, "Boy Scout Movement."

24. Reynold Blight, "Opportunities for Young People in Public Accountancy."

25. Mrs. Dorland, "Shakespeare." There is but one bleak spot in our lives—unsatisfactory cards.

30. The clocks at last are running by jerks.

NOVEMBER

1. Seniors entertain the school.

6. Edmund Jaegar, "Frenzied Health Wrecking."

8. "Junior Hay Walk" in Sawpit Canyon. (The teachers are "conspicuous by their absence.")

13. Mr. Lord addresses assembly.

16. Roy Tuttle and Stanley Goode entertain student body at morning exercise.
17. Soph girls give party for Soph boys.
18. Mr. Geyer, "Religion in Athletics."
21. Dr. F. M. Pottenger, "Prevention of Disease." Helen Beck returns from Canada.
22. Dr. A. G. Evans on extracts from Tom Daily, 2:00-3:00. Supt. Francis of Los Angeles, 3:00-4:00, "Young Citizenship."
24. Junior party at Dot Taylor's.
27. Mr. Marsh, "Thanksgiving Address." We are always glad to have him with us because of his encouraging words.

DECEMBER

4. Mr. Joseph Scott, "Courage and Patriotism."
8. Society Editor's birthday. "As she has now passed her babyhood, perhaps we will have some real news."—Dot B.
9. "Musical Recital," Ellen Shrode. 3:00 p. m., Maynard Lee Daggy, general address.
10. Domestic Science class study candy-making at Werden's.
12. "Midsummer Night's Dream."
13. "Midsummer Night's Dream." No more school for two weeks.
30. We are all glad to see our dear teachers again and get back to work.

JANUARY

1. New Year's (Holiday).
2. Some of us creep back from yesterday's carousal. Cafeteria opens for first time. Who said hash?
3. I. F. Kremer, "Life Insurance." Paul Gaines has poison oak.
8. Dr. Robinson, "Earthquakes and Volcanos."
9. Mr. Walter H. Nichols, "Greek Drama."
10. Seniors are sore because their picture taken 11 years ago is pasted on Bulletin Board.
13. Rev. Mather wore a new collar. Leon Beaman resigns from presidency of Junior class. The girls proved real politicians and put through a real "skin" game. Miss Nickerson: "Well, I tell you that motion has been voted on!" Mr.

Gaines: "Well, I don't care. I'll get Mr. Mather!" Bravo, Mr. Mather! You saved the Junior class from a riot.

14. Raining.
15. Raining.
17. Dr. Beach of Los Angeles, "Athletics for All Students."
20. "Ginger" and "Hen" hold lengthy conversation in History (They are interrupted by the teacher).
23. Dr. A. G. Evans, "Lord Tennyson."
24. Chemistry classes visit Los Angeles Ice & Cold Storage plant.
26. Social Editor has poison oak and "Hen" will substitute.
29. Dr. Edmund Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo, "Time Is Opportunity."
31. Douglas Donaldson, Los Angeles Manual Arts, "Applied Art."

FEBRUARY

3. Society Editor returns.
5. Mr. Fred Ainley, "The Effect of School Upon Later Life."
8. Junior girls give "County Fair."
10. Have a few Junior girls become Seniors? Why all this superfluous white string? Junior motto chosen.
12. Marian A. and Roy T. absent. Had to celebrate by getting married.
13. Rev. Vander Las, "A. Lincoln."
19. Harold Kiggins, "Self Government at Manual Arts."
19. Miss Hutchins, "Cavalier and Puritan."
27. Dr. J. L. Pomeroy, "X-Ray Demonstration."

MARCH

1. Pinkey becomes hero of day at San Fernando meet by winning the mile.
3. Dr. A. G. Evans, "Farewell Talk." "Tom Hood." 3:00.
13. Madam S. Lora Bona of Los Angeles, "Recitations."
14. Mrs. Craig encourages and gives sound advice to the thick skulls.
- 17th to 24th. Spring vacation.
22. About 40 attended Dr. Van Dyke's lecture in Los Angeles on "Tennyson."
29. Junior girls have Pure Food Candy Booth at Dr. Wiley's lecture.
31. Mascot presented to Juniors by Miss Hallam, accompanied by a poem from Miss Daniells.

APRIL

1. Who was fooled?
4. Thomas Compton, "Arbitration." Seniors entertain Juniors in evening at La Vista Grande Hotel.
5. Soph boys give party for Soph girls at school. Miss Tucker, Miss Chel-grene and Miss Newby, chaperones.
9. "Ted" C. and "Art" B. enjoy the delights of having an upper berth to San Francisco. Percy and Gerard come to school all dressed up. They must be going to have their pictures taken.
10. Miss Cone really got cross today. Surprising!
11. Glee Club and "Land of Heart's Desire." Junior girls have Candy Booth.
14. Dr. Perry Worden, "Germany and England."
15. Linley B. has pair of new tan shoes.
16. Nothing but work, work, work.
19. New benches are installed in Greek Theater.
18. Weighed down with the full realization that there are only ten more weeks of school, each sedulous Senior grinds wearily. Get that haunting look!—Write a Senior essay.
21. Dean of Throop, Mr. Geo. Damon, "Success Lies in Supplying Demand."
24. Mr. Walter Nichols gives last talk of the series on Greek drama; subject, "Aristophanes."
28. "Crimson and White" goes to press. Henceforth the staff will "enjoy life."

MAY

1. Latin play, old Auditorium. This new feature was greatly appreciated by the students.

ATHLETICS



PAUL E. ROCKWELL '13



EVER before in the history of M. H. S. have we been so successful in athletics as during the past year, and it was not due to luck that we have been so victorious, because we were out of luck all year. It was due to the loyalty and grit manifested by all who have taken part in the various lines of athletics.

Last year we made practically no showing in athletics and therefore lost the attention of the citizens of the town, so it was up to the student body to promote the athletics alone.

The support of the student body has been very good. In most cases the students have shown their appreciation of the body's efforts by attending the games, both on our own field and the fields of our opponents.

Monrovia has had a most successful football team this year and had it not been for the fact that it was our first year at this game we probably would have defeated any school in Southern California.

The boys' basketball team this year has not been so successful as we hope it may be another year. This deficiency was to some extent due to the newness of the men.

We are also proud of the fact that the class of '14 produced the most athletes in each line of athletics. Of course this is only natural for the class of '14, for in anything that we have undertaken we have always led.

Football

HARD, brutal, merciless fight. A game of brain as well as of muscle and brawn now holds our attention.

Our football season was a successful one, although the first two games resulted in a defeat for Monrovia. Our team did not lose its good, clean "M. H. S. pep," for which our teams have always been noted.

During the season of 1912 football was born in Monrovia; although during previous years we had possessed much heavier men. It was Prof. Leslie Reed who introduced it among us, and if we had had the good fortune to have Prof. Reed with us during the whole season there is no doubt in our minds that we should have had the best football team in Southern California.

Prof. Reed coached our team during the first three weeks of their practice, but owing to the fact that our campus was at that time being leveled the fellows had to play in an empty lot which was hardly suitable for a chicken pen. Nevertheless we practiced daily with our coach, and before he left us we had a fairly good team.

Too much praise cannot be given to Captain Fred Cronenwett, "halfback," who did a great deal toward making the team what it is.

Even though we had hard luck in keeping a coach, he worked hard and conscientiously and put forth his very best efforts to make the team as good as he could. As a "halfback" he was a marvel; he was unrivaled for his head work.

Manton Barnes played "left wing" and he certainly played his position well, showing extraordinary speed.

Joseph Sullivan, our brainy "fullback," deserves a great deal of praise for winning in so many games.

Although everyone had thought Vernon Blythe a trifle light to play football, all soon changed their opinion as to "B. M." His speed need not be praised—it speaks for itself.

Harvey Relph, "2d $\frac{5}{8}$," won fame upon the football field. Though he is "only a Freshman," he was a crack football player.

Elbert Lyons did not participate in the first two games, owing to the fact that his frail constitution would not allow him to play too much football, but after he had witnessed our team go under in defeat twice he decided that he would better join the squad, for which we are truly thankful. His brainy work and his whirlwind speed brought our team to the front.

O. Whitcomb, " $\frac{3}{4}$," was there when it came to football, and he deserves especial credit for his courageous work on the field.

George Kirkenlager did not participate in all of the games, but he certainly did star work when he did play.

"Chuck" Ainley, one of the players furnished by the class of 1914, won distinction not only for headwork, but also for spirit.

Kenneth Carter, our star "2d rank," was of great assistance to our team. Having played the game before, he was able to give the boys many good points.

Trauger came to school at least half of the time and thus managed to keep up in his studies in order to play on the football team. We give thanks accordingly, because the strength of the team would have been greatly decreased had he not been one of the players.

John Casner, another member of the class of 1914, played "2d rank." Johnnie was our best goal kicker, and whenever we were allowed a free kick we knew that it meant a goal.

Merton Monroe, a member of the class of 1916, was our crack "back."

A. Whitcomb played "forward," and he was a scrappy player, and when it came to speed he was there with bells.

L. Bynum, of course, was a "brick" if there ever was one. You could always find "Pinky" in the center of the fight.

Don Bulger, our speedy "1st $\frac{3}{4}$," cannot be given enough credit for his playing.

The first game of the season was at Pomona, and, owing to the fact that it was our first game and that our fellows had not been able to get their signals down "pat," the result was a defeat for Monrovia.

The first half resulted in a walkover for the Pomona boys, but during the second half "real" football took place. Our boys had by this time begun to get their bearings, and even though Pomona had played football for many years our players made such a showing as to teach Pomona that Monrovia will bear watching in the *very* near future.

Although the game was exciting, the *real* excitement came about 7 p. m. One of the fellows had been informed that a car leaves for North Pomona about 7 p. m. and arrives at 7:10, just in time to meet the train for Monrovia. So we waited until 7 p. m., and no car arrived. A kind stranger informed us that this car leaves at 7:40, 30 minutes after our train is due to leave.

Time was brief, and it was either run for about two miles or camp in Pomona all night; we decided to "hoof it."

It was a "free for all" race, which was won by Mr. Mather; but all of the fellows except one ran a record-breaking race, and that "one" I don't care to mention.

The second game was played on our home grounds, but the team had not practiced that week because the football field was not in condition; therefore the game on Saturday, which was played with Manual Arts High School, resulted in a defeat for Monrovia.

During the next week our boys played hard and conscientiously, and on the following Saturday they played Harvard. Monrovia had already suffered defeat twice, but in this game they showed that good old "M. H. S. pep" and when the game with Harvard was finished the score was 3-0 in favor of Monrovia.

During these weeks Tom McCray coached our boys, and he deserves a great deal of credit for making the team at least the equal of any other high school squad.

Gardena was next on the program. The defeat that the team had received during the first part of the season had discouraged the fans, and the victory on the Saturday previous had reawakened the interest among them, so it was up to the M. H. S. squad to keep up the good work. So with resolute hearts and purpose grim, we "waded" into Gardena, and, "believe me," this was a game of real football. The ball was carried to the center of the field and it stayed there and neither team could score. After forty minutes of hard fighting, the game ended with the ball about twenty-five feet from our goal, and had the teams played five minutes more the game would have resulted in a victory for Monrovia. As it was the score was 0-0.

The last game of the season was played at Harvard Military Academy.

Our team was so confident of victory that it spent the evening previous to the game in having a "big time," and the after effects resulted in a defeat for M. H. S., the score being 3-0.

Although our team met defeat three times during the season, we have reasons to be proud of it, as it is its first year at playing football, and such a good showing has never been made by any other school with an enrollment of 200.

Track

WITHOUT a doubt our track squad was the most successful of our athletic teams. Our boys trained hard and faithfully and co-operated with their coach, Clifford Bihn, and as a result of their labors they won during the season for Monrovia High School the victory over fourteen schools.

Last year, owing to the fact that we had lost so many strong men at the end of the preceding term we did not make a very good showing among the other schools, but this year our track team has won a reputation that has made all schools throughout Southern California sit up and take notice.

The first meet of the season was the inter-class meet, held on February 6, 1913. The Sophs were the winners; the Seniors came next, followed closely by the Juniors; the Freshmen showed their good judgment by keeping out of most of the events, but even at that they won 11 points.

On February 22, 1913, Monrovia won the Quadrangular meet that was held on the home grounds. The meet was not very interesting, owing to the fact that our boys did not have to run fast enough to keep warm in order to win. At the end of the meet Monrovia led with 78 points; Covina and Citrus tied with 16 points for second; El Monte was found to have captured 6 points during the contest.

The next meet was the San Fernando invitational meet, in which Monrovia was again victorious, winning over Huntington Park, Harvard Military Academy, Glendale, San Fernando, Hemet, Burbank, Thatcher School, Citrus, South Pasadena, Huntington Beach and Oxnard. Although no records were broken in the contest, it was one of intense interest and excitement from the beginning to the end. In this meet we were able to see how our men showed up, and they certainly proved themselves a great credit to the school.

But this was not the last of our victories. In the county meet that was held at Tournament Park at Pasadena Monrovia was again victorious, winning over Huntington Park, Whittier, South Pasadena, Harvard Military Academy.

Clifford Bihn deserves much praise for having turned out so good a track team. Some of our men had never entered track events before and were entirely new in this phase of athletics, but by the efforts of their skillful and never-tiring



coach a new set of track men has been developed and in another year our men should be strong enough to win over any high school in Southern California. Mr. Bihn is noted throughout the Eastern States as a middle distance runner, and he is the possessor of a great many beautiful cups and medals. We cannot thank Mr. Bihn too much for the good work he has done for the Monrovia High School.

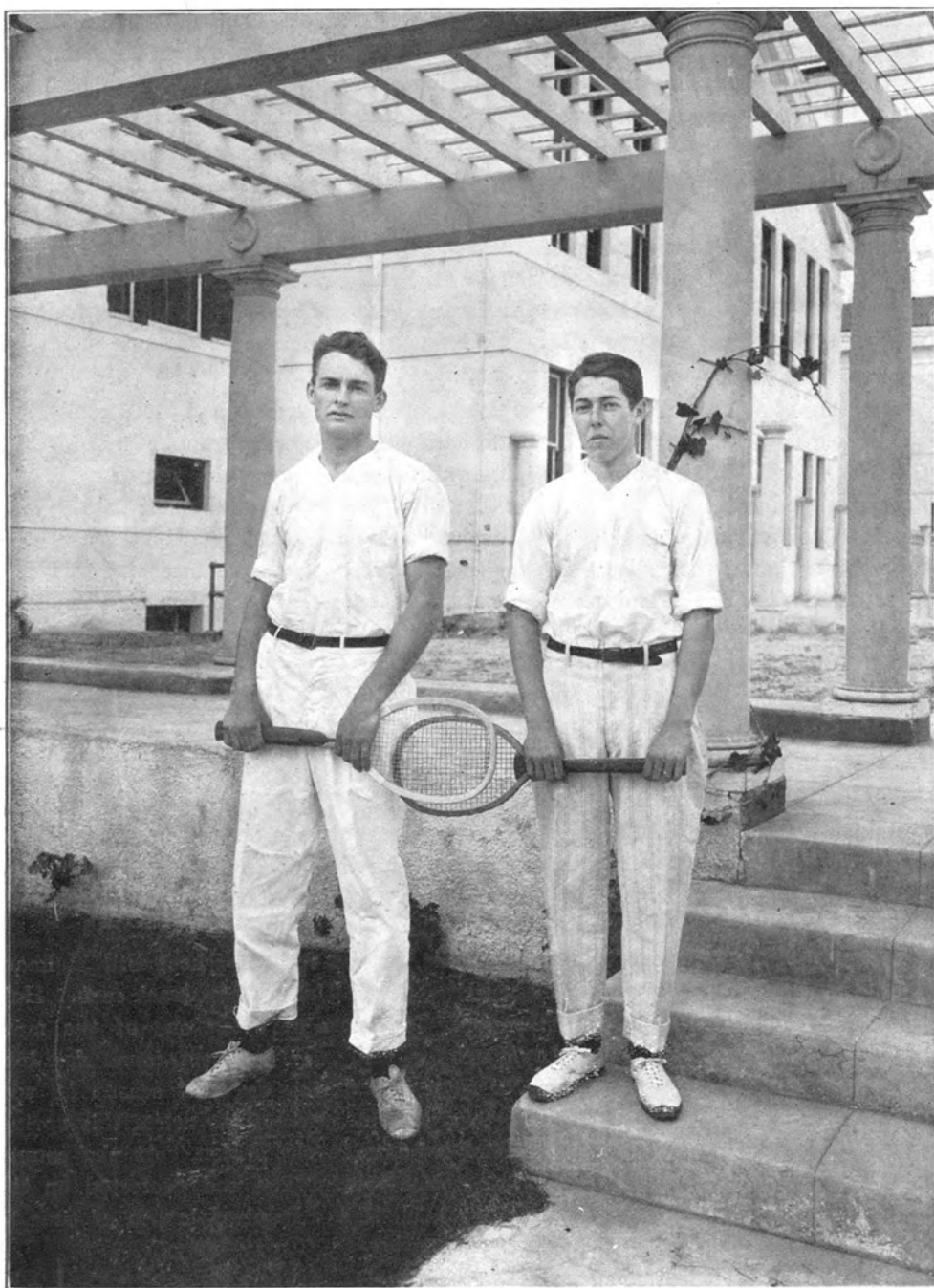
Capt. Lindley Bynum, our crack miler and 880 runner, also deserves commendation not only for our track victories, but for our success in other athletics. In the invitational meet, held at San Fernando, Bynum was the winner of the mile, and he won second place in the 880, defeating twelve opponents. In the county meet he received second place in the mile run, defeating nine of his opponents. Bynum is one of the men Monrovia loses this year, as he finishes high school and will enter Stanford, and we all wish "Pinky" good luck, for we are sure that he will have a prosperous career as a miler.

Arthur Boyles, Monrovia's star low and high hurdler and 440 runner, is probably the most promising of our athletes. At San Fernando he won first in the 440, second in the low and high hurdles. He started the season well and kept the good work up during the season. Boyles won second place in the high hurdles and second in the 440 in the county meet, and at the All-Southern meet he won in the high hurdles. In the Stanford interscholastic meet he was sent to represent M. H. S. and won every heat he entered in the low hurdles, high hurdles and 440-yard dash.

The first final race that took place was the high hurdles. In this he was far ahead of all entrants, when he slipped and hurt his foot, which put him out of the running completely. He would undoubtedly have captured first prize easily but for this bit of hard luck.

Although Stanley Goode had considerable hard luck during the season, he sustained his reputation as a sprinter. He is probably the best sprinter that Monrovia has ever had, or ever will have for a long time to come. We are looking forward to him to lower the 100-yard record, and there is no doubt in our minds that he will some day be possessor of the 100-yard title.

We are to be congratulated upon having secured for our school Bill Holman, who during the last two years has been one of Citrus Union's best track men. Holman has the reputation through Southern California of being one of the most promising 440 men that have shown up for years. We expect much for him in the 440, but he is also a good 220 man, and during the next season he will be a bright star. He was not able to take part in many of the meets this spring owing to the fact that he entered school too late in the season. At the county meet he was kept out because Pasadena was afraid of him and protested on the ground that he had not been enrolled in M. H. S. the required length of time to be eligible.



Barnes, another distance man, won many honors during the season.

Joe Sullivan was one of our strongest men in the ball throw, while Ainley won honors in the sprints and in the hurdles.

John Casner was Monrovia's foremost representative with the shot.

Ivan Mason does not need any praise for his achievements at high jumping and putting the shot. They speak for themselves.

Our relay team was our surest winner. With Boyles for first man, Cronenwett second, A. Whitcomb third and Stanley Goode to finish the race we were always sure to win. This relay team won every race that it entered during the season of 1913.

Basketball

ALTHOUGH our basketball year was not a decided success, we are confident that in another year M. H. S. will win the cup with flying colors.

Our fellows played the game fast, consistently and clearly, and during the season they won three games and lost five. In two of the games that were lost the opponents were victorious by a very small margin.

We were unfortunate in not being able to secure a coach, but even so, they worked hard with only three of last year's men and succeeded in making a fairly good showing.

Captain Oliver Whitcomb played his part as a guard well, and he is to be thanked for having put out so good a team.

Although O. Dolin was on the crippled list during a portion of the season, he was undoubtedly our star player. He had a great deal of trouble with blood poisoning in his hand, but this did not keep him from playing, and in spite of his hand he won honors.

Beany Baker, our crack forward, also deserves great credit for our team's making such a good showing.

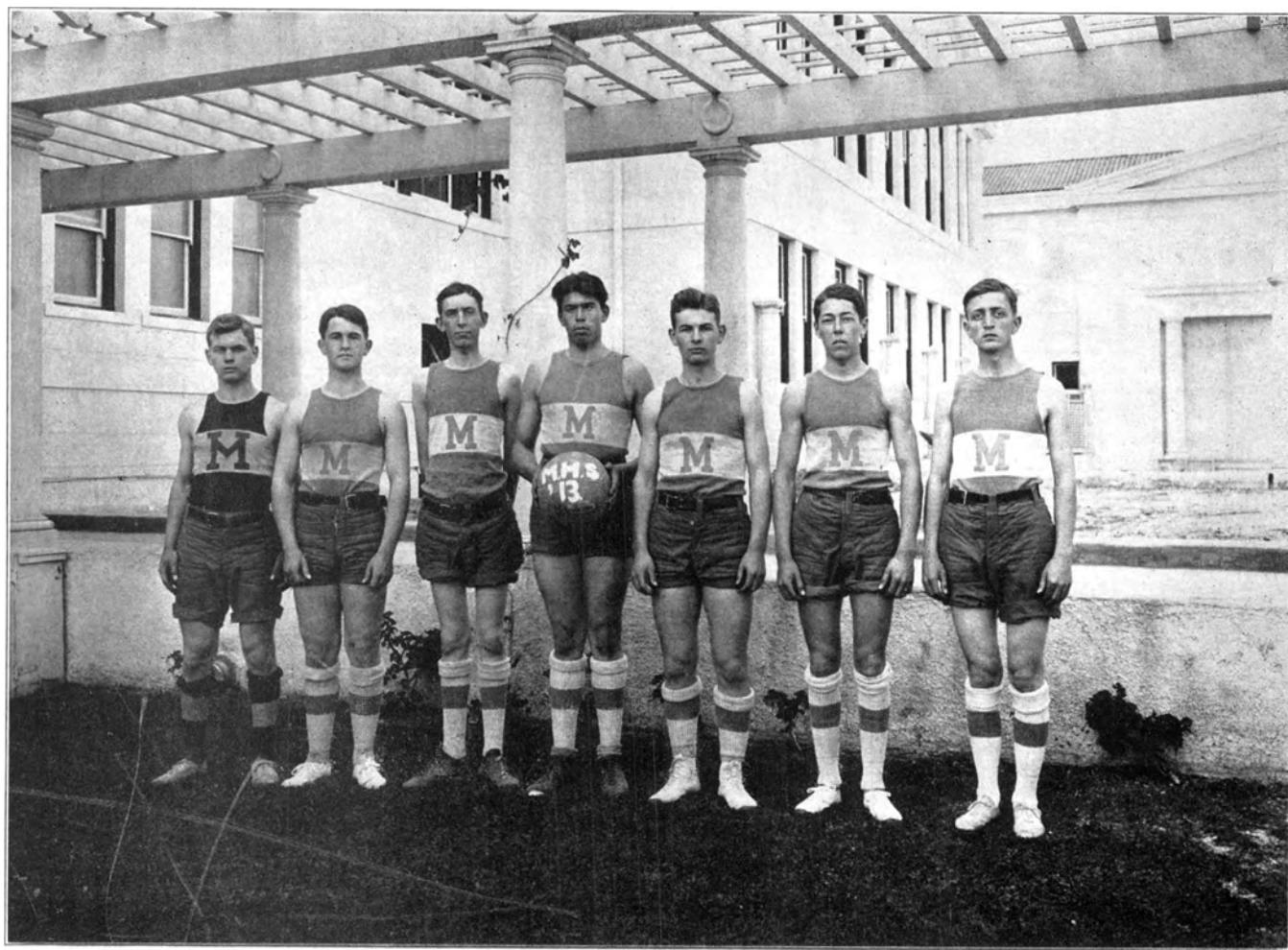
Beany was not only a fast, never-tiring player, but also a wonderful goal shooter.

Chuck Ainley, our other crack forward, was a fast, brainy player and was undoubtedly our best goal shooter.

Johnnie Casner and Carlyle Hampson took turn about at playing center.

They were both excellent players, and it was hard to decide which was the better, so they divided the time in playing.

Our only substitute was Merton Knox. He was a very good player, but he lacked experience. We expect to see Knox our star forward in the coming season.



Girl's Basketball

THE girls met during the first of the school year and organized a Girls' Athletic Association. It was said that the enthusiasm would not last long, so the association adopted as its motto, "We'll Show Them." A manager, secretary and treasurer were elected as the officers of the association.

Each class organized a first and second team, and a tryout was held to determine the members of the first school team. The result was as follows:

Evelyn Flowers (Freshman).....	Jumping Center
Virginia Nickerson (Junior).....	Running Center
Frances Scott.....	Forward
Clarice Spear (P. G.).....	Forward
Irene Bliss (Soph.).....	Guard
Helen Wilkins (Senior).....	Guard

Clarice Spear was elected Captain.

Miss Newby, a former member of the University of California, now instructor in the Art department, kindly coached the team, and a very efficient coach she proved to be.

Games were arranged with Pomona, Azusa and Covina. The weather prevented the games with Pomona and Azusa. The game with Covina was played on the Covina grounds. The girls astonished the faculty by chartering a truck and making arrangements for the transportation of about thirty students. Our girls played a strong game and showed true sportsmanship in the manner in which they accepted their defeat.

The Covina team provided entertainment for our team after the game. Delicious refreshments were served and our team returned home well satisfied.

The teams have had many inter-class games and much class spirit has been shown at these games.

The basketball season ended by all the members of the class teams, accompanied by Miss Newby, going on a picnic to Maple Leaf Cabin. This picnic was greatly enjoyed by all and resolutions were made by the girls to work even harder next year for a good basketball team.

FRANCES SCOTT, '13.



Baseball

AT the time of this publication our baseball season has just begun and our boys have been practicing hard for the past two weeks. We have much good material. Although some of it is new, it is made of excellent stuff. We have hopes of turning out the champion baseball team of the county. At least we know we shall not be ashamed of our showing along this line.

All those interested show much enthusiasm for hard work. We have hopes and it now remains to be seen whether they are to be realized or not.

ERNEST LAUZIER.

MANUAL ARTS



A WORD FOR THE MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT



THE manual training department has been progressing as rapidly as any other department in school work. Under the instruction of Mr. Hester the boys are proving that when they have the opportunity to show their talent and a good teacher to give them a few pointers they can turn out just as good furniture as the furniture manufacturers.

However, strange as it may seem, as this department was only started in the middle of last year, the boys handle the large machines as well as experienced mill men.

Although woodwork is the only art that has been taken up so far, it will not be long before the graduates of Monrovia High will be skillful machinists and blacksmiths, as well as furniture manufacturers, as there are departments for all lines of mechanical arts, which have not had the time to be thoroughly developed.

At present in the finish room there is every sort of furniture, from lamp fixtures and footstools up to large library tables and davenports, all finished, stained and polished. In looking over this fine display of workmanship one can easily realize the great importance of a mechanical art department in every school, as it gives the young man a start in the practical lines of work that many of them will follow.

HARRY MORSE, '14.



HOME ECONOMICS



THE Home Economics department of the Monrovia High School offers a two years' course in Domestic Art, open to the girls of any class, and a one-year course in Domestic Science, open to the girls of the three upper classes. It is to be hoped that next year this latter subject may be offered for two years—making a complete four years' course in Home Economics.

The Domestic Art classes, under the direction of Miss Nevenzel, meet in the large north room of the Girls' Building. Here the north light is especially desirable, and one has a most attractive view of the mountains. The room is finished in white enamel, with buff walls and cork linoleum floor. It is completely equipped with work tables and chairs, cutting table, machines, lockers, ironing board and electric iron; while the small fitting room adjoining contains cupboard, mirror and fitting platform.

The course in sewing covers all the fundamental hand stitches, simple embroidery and machine stitching. The garments made constitute a complete outfit for each girl. Besides this personal work the girls have hemmed curtains and table linen for the Domestic Science classes and embroidered a centerpiece—they have mended baseballs—and, finally, they have made the greater part of the costumes for the Latin play. In theory work the classes have learned something of textiles and of the sewing utensils. The exhibit of work, in June, to which the public is invited, promises to be of great interest.

The Domestic Science classes, in charge of Miss Daniels, occupy a south room of the Girls' Building—this is the laboratory, with a pantry on one side and a dining room on the other. Across the hall is the lecture room. The color scheme of the laboratory is green and white—a cool and restful combination. The dining room is in the brown tones, with stained wainscoting.

The practical work covers all forms of cookery, cleaning, laundering, meal serving and house planning. The theory deals with the composition, production, cost and food value of the various classes of food, also home making and balanced diets.

A candy sale at the two nights' production of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" netted the class \$24.50, and the money was expended on various necessary furnishings for the dining room. A trip to the Arden Model Dairy proved enjoyable, and other trips to near-by factories may be arranged.

In conclusion, one may say that the Home Economics course is designed not only to teach the girls practical sewing, cooking and home making, but to develop in them a love of the home itself and to teach them that manual labor is both dignified and noble.



WE wish to thank our exchange friends for the interest and pleasure which their publications have afforded us, and we sincerely hope that no one will misinterpret the spirit of any of our criticisms.

The Kodack, Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

You are to be congratulated on this first issue of your paper. We wish you a long and successful career. We would suggest that news from the classes would be welcome, and that the appearance of the paper would be improved if the advertisements did not come first. An index would surely be advisable.

The Russ, San Diego, California.

We find the frank and spirited discussion of school problems an admirable feature of this book. In the January issue the articles regarding the school's production of "Going Some" are full of significance to everyone interested in high school dramatics. All the various activities of your school are well represented. From beginning to end *The Russ* is good.

Ye Chronicle, Pomona, California.

The February number, the only one which we have received, contains a great deal of interesting school news. There are some clever joshes.

Topa Topa, Nordhoff, California.

A very creditable book for your first production. Your stories are good. Don't you think it would be well to have an Exchange Department in your next issue? *Orange and Black, Twenty-First Avenue Intermediate School, Los Angeles, Cal.*

This little annual shows originality and character. It sets forth all the many phases of the school life in a readable manner and gives evidence of much enthusiasm to fire school spirit.

The Caerulaca, Long Beach, California.

Without exception, the best of our exchanges. Your literary and athletic departments are excellent. The cuts are exceptionally good. We have nothing to criticise.

Olive and Gold, Santa Barbara, California.

This is attractive in appearance and is very worthy of commendation. The Literary Department is strong. Your somewhat detailed accounts of football games add a keen interest to your Athletic Department. Your Exchange Department is certainly in the hands of a person well fitted for that position.

The Tatler, Gardena, California.

A worthy representative of a live, progressive school. A few more good stories would add greatly to the interest of your book. We would like to see an index and an Exchange Department in your next issue.

The Manual Arts, Los Angeles, California.

An interesting little magazine, gotten up economically and with good taste.

GLEN RIVES.



Jokes

Laugh and Be Fat, Sir

— Ben Jonson.

CHOKE DEPARTMENT OF THE CHUNIOR ANNUAL

Joshes, Joklets and Ticklemakers

MOTTO: *We should worry and crack a smile.*

Halsey—I always forget whether to spell a word with ie or ei.

Rives—Oh, I write them both alike and put a dot between them and nobody knows the difference.

* * *

Miss Hallam (in Chemistry)—How can you tell whether water has typhoid germs or not?

Rocky—Drink some and wait for results.

* * *

Rives—Gee, I feel crazy today.

Monty—Feeling like yourself again, hey?

* * *

Boyles—Learned much German lately, Bill?

Holman—O, only enough so they can't understand me.

* * *

Mrs. Schreiber—How many times have you been tardy lately?

Mason—Wait 'till I count up the recitations I have had.

* * *

E. Lauzier—Our electric meter is out of order and runs when the lights are out.

Gaines—How do you know?

E. Lauzier—Because I got up at midnight and turned on the lights to see and the darn thing was still running.

* * *

Pete—I hear Gaines is taking a course in Biology.

Monty—Yes, he is making a specialty of Flowers.

* * *

Miss Osborne (in third year English)—Yes we must take Hamlet, as we must have at least one tragedy in this class.

Miss Hallam—What cause typhoid germs?

* * *

Bill Hyde—The insanity of the water.

Bultman—How's your liver?

Tsuneishi—Oh! me liver up the street.

* * *

If I should cultivate "Flowers," would there be any "Gaines?" Oh! you might make a few "Nichols."

* * *

Mr. Mather—When you get through your debate you want to leave the platform on tiptoe.

Davis—Why on tiptoe?

Mr. Mather—So as not to wake the rest of the audience.

* * *

Sturgis—Late again? This makes the sixth time.

P. Rood—Yes, but don't you think it would help to start the class an hour later?

* * *

Mrs. Wilson—Give me an example of a double negative.

Monty—I don't know none.

Mrs. W.—That's right.

* * *

Miss Scott—But, Mr. Mathers.

Mr. Mather—Excuse me, Miss Scott, I am singular, not plural, please.

* * *

Annual Health Hint—Don't eat too much cyanide at one time.

* * *

Mr. Sturgis—I went into the bank the other day and they gave me a lead dollar.

Davis—That's nothing. I went into a bank and they wouldn't give me anything.

HEARD ON THE COURTS

Mr. Mather—Deuce.

Shocked Freshman Girl—Why, Mr. Mather. I never thought that of you.

* * *

Miss Hallam—Mr. Hansen, name an element with a valence of two.

Mr. H. (taken by surprise)—O.

Miss Hallam—Yes, that's right.

* * *

P. Beaman—Did you know that the vibrations from a kiss can make the lights flicker?

Scotty—Let 'er flicker.

* * *

H. Morse—What's the difference between a barber and a sculptor?

P. Gaines—Dunno.

Morse—A barber curls up and dyes and a sculptor makes faces and busts.

* * *

Miss Hallam—There is enough phosphorous in a person's body to make 90,000 matches.

Chuck Ainley—Well, I should think if a man dropped out of an aeroplane he would light easy.

* * *

L. Beaman—There is going to be a new player on the baseball team named Buck Wheat.

He surely ought to make a good batter.

* * *

Mary Flowers—What makes Leon always walk home so fast at noon, he surely isn't walking for money?

Scotty—No, but maybe he is walking for his dinner.

* * *

Miss Tucker—Making a lot of noise again, Mr. Campbell?

Mr. Campbell—No, not again, it's just the same noise.

* * *

Monty Lauzier (relating gruesome story)—Yes, sir, I shivered from the bottom of my \$1.98 sample shoes, clean up to my 98c fire sale hat.

Miss Tucker. (in Latin)—Give the gender, number and case of Peullas.
Accusative gender, feminine number and plural case.

* * *

Rives—What's ailing you, Monty?
Monty—Ginger ale.

* * *

Mr. Aiken (in public speaking)—Does the treasurer have to pay, too?
Mr. Mather—No, only for one.

* * *

Miss H.—Give me Avagadros hypothesis.
Beaman—Stop calling me names.

* * *

Miss R.—Give me an example of a concrete number.
Van Valin—Portland cement.

* * *

It wasn't the cough that carried him off. It was the coffin they carried him off in.

* * *

What are you coughing about?
I am not coughing, that's just a German vowel.

* * *

Miss Osborne (in History)—The roads in Germany were very poor and often very muddy.

S. Harwood—Was the mud dry?

Daffydils

If Lois Gibson were drowning at the junction of the Los Angeles and San Gabriel Rivers, who would save her?

Why Paul Rockwood, of course.

* * *

What is the "Mather?" Is Melvin Payne or is Henry Aiken with Boyles?

* * *

If lost would Whitcomb home? Oh! I'm sure he would find the Way.

* * *

If Otis Dolan lost, would Jennie Bald-win?

* * *

If Merideth is Waterman will he keep Cronenwett?

* * *

The other day Miss "Halam" basted Miss Taylor over the head. Of course, "Dannys" and Mrs. "Will'son" comes running and called an ambulance, and "Mary" "Tucker" home. Then Mrs. Schrieber gave Miss Navenzell."

The moonlight lay upon the lake,
(As it had lain before,)
No racket did the silence break,
(It doesn't break no more.)

She nestled in a trim canoe,
Anon the moon grew brighter,
The air was still; what could it do?
('Tis governed by the writer.)

The skiff tipped o'er from the bank,
How't happened no one knows.
She hit the lake kerplunk! and sank,
And sank, and bubbles rose.

PINKY.

JOKES

Mason—My good lady, the last place I was in the landlady wept when I left.
Landlady—Yes, but I always collect in advance.

* * *

Dr. B.—You want to marry my daughter.
Bill M.—I am not certain, but I'd like an option on her hand.

* * *

Hyde—Say, Miss Hallam, only one more question, who is going to bury the last man?

* * *

Prof. Knepper—Young man, do you study diligently at school?
Milk Dolan—Nix, they ain't got no such course.

* * *

Mary (at the piano)—How do you enjoy this refrain?
Gaines—Very much. The more you refrain the better I like it.

* * *

LOVE IN A COTTAGE

A drama of the present.

Scene—The cottage. Time—After the Honeymoon.

Ginger—I'm going back to mother.
Linley—I hope you do.
Ginger—Then I shan't go.

* * *

Miss Newby—Women always contradict each other.
Miss Tucker—They do not.

* * *

No class is too long for a girl with a new dress.

* * *

Mary—Hen, will you come with Stanley to our church sociable?
Hen—Stanley isn't sociable anywhere.

* * *

Does Pete ever talk with authority.
Yes, when he talks with Scotty.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MARY'S LAMB!

The Juniors have a little cat,
Its coat is like a crow,
And everywhere the Juniors are
The cat will surely go.

It guards them well in school each day—
It helps them keep each rule—
For Juniors love to laugh and play
When they are in the school.

"What makes the cat love Junior so?"
The Seniors all do cry,
"He is their mascot brave, you know,"
The teacher will reply.

"He helps them win in class-room—
On the field he gives them pluck—
For he's a black cat, don't you see?
And black cats bring good luck."

DORIS DANIELS.

LYMERICS

A guy whose first name is Barnes,
To young ladies oft spins his yarns,
But his principal thought
Is of singing (Mine Gott!)
His voice is not worth several darns.

Mather's the name of a prof,
(Alas, Chawncey don't make me laff.)
His marvelous flow
Of language I know
Would put shame to a phonograwf.

A rhinoco y' clept Basil T.
Is so full of cheese sandwiches he
Only needs (this is true)
About four quarts of brew
To become a Welsh Rarebit, ah me!

PINKEY.



"R Kat"

Saived!
A Runnerway
Miss Tayler Saives a Hoss !

Missus Taylor a unsuspeckted heeroyne of M. H. S. saived a waiward hoss who out of the constraining arms of his mama not 2 say his numerous papa was swiftly going to the bad. missus Taylor who has been quite a figure in uplift work and who is a pious Sunday Skewl teacher told him about the smooth road of the transgressor and the transfer man and then told him of the good that comes of walking in the strait rode. (She also grabbed the disolute equine by various parts of his moving anatomy. This might have helped to turn him back in the paths of ritchusness.) We dont want to dout these above set forward motives but it may be that she was trying tew find a new way of riding hoss bech (or hoss side). (The animel sustained only miner injuries.)

Miss Taylor says that aside of a few busted ribs and a twisted back that she is all rite and expects soon to be actively engaged in Christian work. Missus Taylor is a reel genuine heeroeen. Just think that hoss might have dented our nic macadam road with his rude hoof had she not gotten between them and the aforesaid macadam rode. She has Pokehauntus beat to a juicy pulp. Well did Missus Taylor.

P.S.—Oh! why didn't the hoss Miss Taylor?

PINKY and ROCKEY.

Equations—Chemical or Otherwise

1. THE TROUBLE GROUP.
 - (a) 1 girl+2 boys==trouble.
 - (b) Mrs. Wilson+Anna Clark in Junior English class==more trouble.
 - (c) Mr. Mather+Gwen S.=much more trouble.
2. Roy Tuttle+group of admirers==large amount of gas known as "hot air."
3. The Glee Club+1 practice==almost music.
4. 1 Chemistry class+lab. work=="odors sweet fill the air."



Rocley.

FINIS.

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