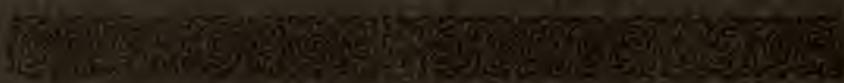


Liberty Union
High School
Annual



Ventwood, Cal.

1906

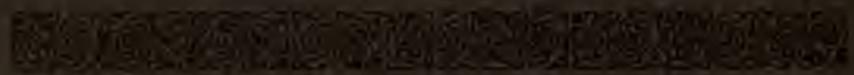


Wm. Boydston

Grocer



Brentwood, - - California.



THE Liberty Union High School Annual

Vol. 2.

BRENTWOOD, CAL., MAY, 1906.

No. 1.

TO OUR GRADUATES.

There are seven of them, O Joy,
Six are girls and one a boy.
May they all win fame
And glory in the name
Of L. U. H. S.

Some to University will go
To study for some profession,
And we hope that they will show
They did get some education
At L. U. H. S.

People may think that "we"
As a school knew nothing,
But they in time will see
That we go to school for something
At L. U. H. S.

Though these graduates win honor
They regret their high school days
are o'er,
And they think upon the time with
horror
When they will say "Au revoir"
To L. U. H. S.

NEEDS OF L. U. H. S.

Liberty Union High School was organized in nineteen hundred and two. Since that time it has had various fortunes. At first the idea of having a high school seemed utterly out of the question to some; they did not believe it could exist under the attendant circumstances.

After the high school became a certainty the next matter of importance was the selection of a building. The only one to be secured was the back room of the grammar school. So for the past four years this has been the home of L. U. H. S.

While the present rooms were adequate in meeting the needs of the school when first organized, they have now ceased to perform that duty. The number of pupils has increased as also the number of teachers while the building has remained the same in size. This fact alone should arouse interest in a new building. Hence a new building must be considered as the greatest need.

There are three rooms known respectively as Prof. Russell's room, the Freshman room and the Commercial room. There is nothing especially attractive about the first named room unless a poor floor and yellow walls are considered as such. When the Freshman room has all its members present it is full and almost crowded.

However, the most crowded and discouraging in its outlook for better things is the Commercial room. Here the pupils are seated around tables and shelves fastened to the walls. When all are in attendance there is no space for aisles and the teacher is forced to make her way in and out between chairs and tables. During the rainy season this room is cold and damp as the roof seems to be inadequate in keeping out the rain. In the summer time it is very warm on account of the close narrow quarters.

If possible the laboratory is even more cramped and crowded. We are able to have only the very necessary equipments for performing experiments. On account of the limitations some experiments must be omitted.

Thus our greatest need is a new building in which we could have the modern equipments and furnishings of a good high school.

In addition to the fact that a new building is the great necessity of our school, and something for which we have longed, it would also prove a benefit to the town and surrounding country.

Progressive people when looking for a place in which to settle naturally look to the educational advantages which a community affords. If people of this class found a high school housed in a good building they would be greatly influenced and encouraged to make this their home.

If the people wish this to become an accredited school they must encourage the matter of the new building for the reason that it will never be accredited by the university while in its present surroundings.

Therefore, let all assist and aid in carrying on the good work begun!

STATE OF ATHLETICS IN L. U. H. S.

During the past year so little interest has been shown in athletics as to hardly warrant more than passing notice in these columns. A state of indifference was manifest at the opening of the season, when the school allowed itself to be represented in the most important game on our schedule—Mt. Diablo was the opposing party—with an independent and self-commissioned aggregation, majority of whose names were not to be found on the school register. This in itself could not be helped, for the game was played without either the knowledge or the sanction of the student body; but it should have been immediately corrected by notifying the Concord school and requesting another game. This is a

fair example of the way in which affairs were conducted and may partially account for the fact that L. U. H. S. has no pennants.

The second game was played at Brentwood. Score: L. U. H. S. 12—A. U. H. S. 8. Two weeks later a double header was played at Martinez in which we split even, winning the ante meridium game from the J. S. U. H. S. and losing the "after coffee." But the latter was not a schedule game. After the game the Martinez girls served a banquet to both the visiting teams.

These games have shown us what we can do and have begot confidence. The out field was Swift while George Barkley, at second, deserves mention as the most consistent all-around player. Neither should our attention escape Lester Ludinghouse who acquitted himself very creditably in the J. S. game. To James Barkley (third base and captain) much credit is due.

It is fit that mention should here be made of the effort put forward during the past term to arouse an interest in track and field athletics. The effort, although a laudable one, failed but should not be allowed to drop. Next season it should be made to stick. The L. U. H. S. should make an effort to introduce the same among the other schools of the county, and secure for Brentwood, Contra Costa county's first inter-scholastic field day.



Miss Horr (in history class)—We have just learned of the ascension of Philip to the throne—what kind of a reign would you predict?

Leo (looking through the window at the clouds)—About six inches.

IN MEMORIAM.

A dear one from us has gone,
 A voice we loved is stilled,
 A seat is vacant in our school
 That never can be filled.
 God in His wisdom hath recalled
 This dear one to Himself.

Perry Allen of the Junior class died Sunday afternoon, March 25th. His death was a great shock to his school-mates for, although his health had been failing, they little realized that the end was so near.

He entered the High School from Excelsior District and was a most promising student; he had a genial disposition and readily made friends. His teachers enjoyed his fellowship, and among his classmates he was a favorite.

—♦—

**"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL
 LEAD THEM."**

The sun smiled gently down on the ferryboat "Berkeley," as it moved slowly from the Ferry slip and quietly began its trip across the bay.

Pacing up and down on the upper deck is a young man, Robert Armstrong. He is tall and well built and carries his body erect. His head is covered with a mass of golden brown, curly hair, from which persistent brushing does not remove the wave. His countenance is open and frank and his large brown eyes seem to notice everything in sight, from the Golden Gate to the sea-gulls and the box border of red geraniums that lead up to the light-house, as the boat wends its way past Goat Island.

Although Mr. Armstrong's eyes were seemingly taking in the scenery his mind was busy trying to imagine his home-coming, for he had been East seven years. He wondered if the dear old homestead situated in among the Berkeley hills looked still the same, and if his mother and father had aged much. Robert was very anxious to see his baby sister, who had been born since he left home, and who was now at the winning age of six.

One other person engaged his thought, who was none else than his playmate and sweetheart, Lillian Summers. They were both children when he had left home, but they thought that they loved each other and had told their parents they were engaged. Robert had given her a gold ring set with one forget-me-not. Robert smiled now as he thought of the engagement and wondered if she was married.

Just then the ferryboat gave a lunge and a jerk and stopped, as it had arrived at the Oakland Mole. The crowd rushed over the gang-plank and walked swiftly to the different "locals." Robert rushed with the crowd and was soon seated on the Berkeley local, which was fast carrying him to his destination. At length he reached home. Yes, there it stood! The dear old home, nestled among the hills. And there, too, was his mother, father and the little sister he had never seen. And such a welcome as he received! Each one seemed trying to do the most to make it seem like "Home, Sweet Home."

After lunch Robert, hand in hand with his little sister, started out to see the grounds. Everything was the same as when he had left, even to the old sand pile, where he and Lillian used to make mud pies. He inquired

about Lillian through his sister, who told him that Lillian kissed his picture every morning. This fact set Robert to thinking and he immediately decided upon paying her a visit.

Robert rushed around and changed his collar several times and also his necktie, and was a great deal more excited than he would have cared to admit. At last he was ready and started to go next door by walking down the street, but on second thought he decided to jump the fence, as in the olden days, "for old time's sake."

He was met by a young girl dressed in white, who came forward and cordially extended her hand in welcome. At first he hardly could believe his eyes that this was the same girl that he had made mud pies with. But yes, it was Lillian! She had the same dark blue eyes and the same sweet smiling mouth. And on her fourth finger on her left hand she wore the ring with the lone forget-me-not.

Lillian had never forgotten Robert, and though she had had many a suitor for her hand, had considered her engagement as binding. Robert's sister had brought the two together for the first time and has done so many times afterwards. It is needless to say that their engagement was soon formally announced, and just a year after his arrival they were happily married. Leading the wedding march was Robert's sister, carrying the bride's bouquet, and they were all happy, for it was "a little child that led them."

CLASS HISTORY.

It was on the twenty-third day of August in nineteen hundred and two that about twenty-five pupils gathered at the school house in Brentwood,

eager to enter into a new life upon the opening of the high school. When the bell tapped at the hour of nine all were seated and every face turned toward our two teachers, Professor Isaac Wright, and Miss Hagmayer, who addressed us in kindly words. Such was our initiation into the high school career.

Then began the work which is now only about to end. Soon we were introduced to Algebra and Latin, which at first seemed very mysterious indeed. We made rapid strides in History and English under the instruction of Miss Hagmayer. So the first year passed quietly with much earnest and innocent fun.

The only social event of our freshman year in which the school engaged as a body was a baseball game with the Mt. Diablo High. The pupils escorted the team to Martinez, where they met with defeat, but not with discouragement.

A change in principals took place the second year when Professor Wright was succeeded by Professor Russell, who has remained with us to the present. The sophomore class numbered only fourteen, some having taken up school work elsewhere and some had given it up entirely. It was at this time that we welcomed Miss Pearl Grove, who had spent her first year in the Girl's High School of San Francisco.

On May thirteenth of the second year a Grad Ball was given by the students, which was the most important social event during our high school life.

The third year witnessed another change in teachers when Miss Horr took the place previously filled by Miss Hagmayer, and Miss Klenck was given charge of the new commercial department. We were again

pleased to have another addition to our class, this time Miss Hattie Russell, of Oakland. The subjects of our Junior year were English, History, Latin, Chemistry and Geometry.

It was this year that the high school had its first graduate and published its first annual. There being but one graduate, the Junior were called upon to take part in the Commencement exercises in the way of presenting a farce.

At last we were Seniors with a class of seven, bearing our "Senior dignity" as befitted our rank.

Soon after the Christmas vacation we were reminded by Professor Russell of what would be expected of us as we took our final and formal leave of high school. This at first seemed an insurmountable difficulty but being constantly urged onward we have slowly made our way in writing and committing our essays. The task of delivering them yet remains.

The last day will come all too soon, where we will meet, receive our diplomas, and scatter, never to meet as a class again.



TERMS DEFINED.

A head light—Roy Heck.
 A small boy—Shafer.
 A vapor high in the air—Haze.
 Moving a great distance in a short time—Swift.
 A moth—Miller.
 A beam of light—Ray.
 Sound of scnorous bodies struck together—Klenck.
 Gray or white with age—Horr.
 Confusion of small sounds—Russell.
 An English nobleman—Earle.
 A "claimed" jewel—Pearl.
 An enchantress—Euna.
 A Scottish outlawed knight—Wallace.
 Vashon's native plant—Fern.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION

Education is nothing less than the perfecting of human character and the exaltation of human nature. Every person is a blessing or a curse to the world according as his character is good or evil. The spirit of gentleness and kindness invariably carries joy and gladness wherever it goes, the opposite spirit causes pain and sorrow. Character determines what kind of exertion shall be put forth by us. A noble character is the best and most permanent result of education.

Education should accomplish the training, discipline, and culture of all the faculties and lift them to as high a degree of perfection as is possible. It exercises chiefly the observing and perceptive powers and the memory. It is also valuable because it furnishes a great deal of scientific and other information. The education which we receive in early life gives also what is very important, discipline of mind at the time when such discipline is necessary to correct mental development and a preparation for life's duties. The study of any science or language or English literature is valuable at any time of life. The learning of a language requires the recollection of a large number of words and their several meanings and in this way the memory, too, is cultivated. The understanding is developed, and facts acquire new meanings as they are better understood. The learner is enabled to think and reason correctly and can advance into new fields of thought. Intellectual training culminates in the development and supremacy of reason. Education should be increased and directed toward the building up of a strong, well-balanced, pure, and perfect character.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"



Name.	Appearance.	What I Dote On.	Ambition.
Roy Heck	Grave	Arguing	To be a political leader
Fern Cummings	Neat	Writing Physics notes	To be a model woman
Effie Chadwick	Quiet	Cats and tea	To get married
Bertha Sanders	Petite	Riding in automobiles	To become a teacher
Annie O'Hara	Intelligent	Riding horseback	To be an old maid
Pearl Grove	Contented	A small "Foote"	To be a good cook
Hattie Russell	Dreamy	Theatres	To live in Oakland
Alma Allen	Aristocratic	The "Dutch"	To keep house
Lloyd Geddes	Innocent	Picnics	To rest
Ray Bonnickson	Teacher pecked	Strong language	To become a minister
Marvin Sanders	Stunted	Looking handsome	To raise a moustache
Alpheus Richardson	Important	Pouting	To be my own boss
Harold Swift	Reckful	"Just one girl"	To go to college
Leo O'Hara	Serious	Driving Jack	To get there
Gladys Cummings	Composed	Reading Caesar	To talk
George Barkley	Foolish	Combing my whiskers	To be a clown
Harry Geddes	Love sick	Fine horses	To be popular
Jim Barkley	Stiff	Grammar	To waltz well
Pern Howard	Flighty	The pretty girls	To live a strenuous life
Everett Sanders	Solemn	Picking "Ferns"	To make money
Leslie Chadwick	Corpulent	Being "Pa"	To be juvenile
Alice Haze	Fat	Dogs	To be an artist
Johannah Grueninger	Flimsy	Gems	To become a hair dresser
Rosie Miller	Cute	Pleasing my teacher	To be friendly
Edna Heidorn	Excited	Blushing	To be good
Euna Goodwin	Languid	Skating	To preserve my beauty
Iva Bonnickson	Slim	Taking anti-fat	To teach Latin
Bessie Collis	Sedate	Latin	To be somebody's darling
Edna Heck	Sprightly	Lodge	To lead the fashion
Ray Shafer	Flickerating	Talking to the Seniors	Owing to the weather
Willie Morgans	Diminutive	Curling my hair	To avoid man, "he"
Robert Wallace	Pleasant	Tattling	To raise pets
Earl Shafer	Placid	Adjusting my trousers	To be handsome
Lester Ludinghouse	Uneasy	Butting in	To appear wise
Dewitt Pemberton	Rustic	Driving cows	To be a cobbler

PROGRAM

- | | | |
|-----|--|---|
| 1. | Invocation..... | Rev. J. Telfer |
| 2. | Oration, The Crisis..... | Bertha Sanders |
| 3. | Oration, Non Scholae Sed Vitae Discimus..... | Effie Chadwick |
| 4. | Piano Solo..... | Edith Sellers |
| 5. | Oration, The Influence of Reading..... | Fern Cummings |
| 6. | Oration, The Press..... | Roy Heck |
| 7. | Volcal Solo..... | G. O. Meese |
| 8. | Oration, Ideals..... | Pearl Grove |
| 9. | Oration, Evolution of the Drama..... | Hattie Russell |
| 10. | Cornet Solo..... | Prof. G. A. Wright |
| 11. | Valedictory..... | Annie O'Hara |
| 12. | Presentation of Diplomas..... | Wm. Shafer
President of Board of Trustees. |
| 13. | Class Song..... | |
| 14. | Remarks by the Principal..... | Geo. C. Russell |
| 15. | Orchestra..... | |
| 16. | Address to Graduates..... | Prof. P. M. Fisher |
| 17. | Orchestra..... | |



TRUSTEES.

- | | | |
|-----|------------------|----------------------|
| 1. | Eden Plain..... | Wm. Shafer, Pres. |
| 2. | Iron House..... | O. C. Wristen, Clerk |
| 3. | Deer Valley..... | X. Smith |
| 4. | Sand Mound..... | J. J. Eppinger |
| 5. | Brentwood..... | Hans Bonnickson |
| 6. | Oakley..... | C. P. Horr |
| 7. | Lone Tree..... | Fred Heidorn |
| 8. | Excelsior..... | A. Allen |
| 9. | Liberty..... | A. Humphreys |
| 10. | Hct Springs..... | |
| 11. | Byron..... | F. Holway |
| 12. | Jersey..... | H. R. McCoy |



TEACHERS.

Geo. C. Russell

Marion A. Herr

Virginia N. Klenck

THE CONFLAGRATION OF OUR METROPOLIS.

Conflagration it was for the most part though its origin was an earthquake!

Only forty-three seconds of shaking caused the ruin of the finest city on the Pacific Coast. The quake alone did not do the entire damage but, within ten minutes after, twenty fires were seen in the various districts of the city.

The water pipes were wrenched and twisted and many burst; for this reason the water supply was gone. Thus the fire had full sway and swept away nearly everything from the ferry building to Van Ness avenue, north of Market street, where by the use of dynamite (though in some places it crossed and destroyed a block or two), the fire-fighters saved most of the city beyond. South of Market the fire reached as far as Townsend.

The streets, especially those close to the water front, were sunken and upheaved in such manner that in some places it was impossible to cross. Street car tracks were torn from the earth and bent just as if they were nothing more than mere wires.

The entire business part of the city is gone. Where once there were large buildings filled with wares, now lies a mass of bricks and steel. The Chronicle building, which is an old landmark, was ruined so completely that the wall, which is standing, is being torn down. The Spreckels building, more commonly known as the "Call," still stands though the entire furnishings have been burnt. The Palace hotel, which at Easter entertained some of the wealthiest of the West, leaves nothing to tell of its festivities, but a few walls, which look like ghosts towering in the air. The Grand hotel, an annex to the

Palace, leaves not even a wall to tell of its existence. The St. Francis, which of late has been one of the most fashionable of hotels, was badly damaged by the fire. The Fairmount yet stands. The Mark Hopkins Institute, which crowned Nob hill, is no more. The beautiful Hibernia bank may still be repaired. The Examiner is a heap of stone, brick and steel. The Mint was saved only by hard work. The new Postoffice still stands, though considerably damaged. There are so many buildings with which one is familiar that it is impossible to mention all here. Thousands and thousands are in the same pitiable condition. But two more buildings of importance I will mention now. These are the City Hall and the Ferry building. The former is an entire wreck and little does it look like the beautiful City Hall of old. The latter, fortunately, was only somewhat damaged and can be repaired.

Now for a brief description of the resident portion of the city, and brief it must be for it would take volumes to tell of the ruins of the "Queen of the Golden Gate." Many of the beautiful homes on Van Ness avenue were utterly destroyed. Some were dynamited, others shaken so badly that they are unsafe to be tenanted. Many homes were thrown flat on the ground. In one block that I particularly noticed, the houses, which were built up off the ground about four or five feet, and under which were basements, sank to the very ground, and one house in particular, fell into another. The stairs, which before had twelve or fourteen steps, now, instead of reaching to the bottom door sill, reach the top sill. Another house on this same block fell entirely to pieces but the lumber did not crack. It looked more like a pile of lumber than a wrecked house. The beautiful

homes, which had marble steps and fancy tiling look like uncompleted buildings, because the bricks and tiles lie on the sidewalk in heaps and nothing but rafters are seen in the basements. The people who still have their homes are not allowed to have fire in their houses. Passing along the street at meal time is a sight to behold. Men, women and children running down stairs (if stairs they have) and back again with kettles and pans. Some have stoves on the street, others have bricks covered with a grate on which they cook. One clever invention met my eye as I passed down Devisadero street. Some one had found an old sink and had turned it upside down, cut three holes in it and used it for a stove. In one hole was placed a chimney and over the other two were placed the lids of an ordinary kitchen stove. The people pull shutters off their houses to put around their stoves to protect them from the draft. In all this calamity, the people have not forgotten the St. Francis, Palace, Grand, Winchester and Golden West hotels because their signs are seen on every "stove house" as the people call them.

Now for the refugees themselves and that is all I will speak of, for I do not intend to write a book.

Refugees are to be seen on every bill or place they can stay, Golden Gate Park and North Beach being

the principal camps. Some of the refugees saved a little furniture and clothing, others barely escaped with what they had on.

Many people, who read the papers say they have exaggerated. Nothing can be exaggerated and I think in many cases, half is not told. And now as we bid adieu to the ruins it seems hard to think where once everything was splendor, there lies nothing but a mass of ruins.

Oh! such a state!

For the "Queen of the Golden Gate"
For fifty years or more
Men have been telling what was in
store

For the city which was the best
In this great Golden West.

Not such a fate

Was predicted for the "Queen of the
Golden Gate."

Who on Easter morn did think
That her streets would rise and sink
And that fire would destroy
The city which to Californians
Was their pride and joy?

Like a huge grate

Lies the "Queen of the Golden Gate,"
Nothing but ashes and bricks to tell
Of the city, which was, before it fell,
Nothing but toppling walls.
No grand parks or halls.

They will build it up again, but it
will not
Be the old familiar "Garden Spot"

Here's to the girl trim and neat.

A vision to make one sigh;

Here's to the girl pretty and sweet—

The girl from Liberty High.

She comes to school so early

And studies until nine;

Has a smile for everyone,

And gets her lessons fine.

PRETTY SHAFER.

“Here’s to Pretty Shafer,
Who really knows it all,
From writing Latin sentences,
To playing snappy ball.”

To do the first quite well, you see,
I run a great big bluff,
So every one will know right off
My dope is red-hot stuff.

Of course, my High School studies
Are a secondary thought—
They’re all so very simple,
It’s a shame they should be taught.

For Latin is so plain to me,
What’s coming I surmise,
In English, just content myself
With trying to look wise.

And all the other subjects,
They’re so easy, it’s just fun;
So I manage to keep busy,
Seeing how the school is run.

Besides all this, I’m also
On the editorial staff,
For I’m the editor’s pet, you know,
Of honors, I get half.

The girls at school just worship me;
They think I’m awfully swell;
But I’ve thrown them down you
know,
Though there’s one I can’t throw
well.

I always lead the fashions,
And I look so very cute,
No matter what I wear, if it’s
A salt and pepper suit.

And there’s my nifty little cap,
Way back upon my head,
There are plenty of other colors
But for me, I’ll take the red.

“So here’s to Pretty Shafer
Who knows not be knoweth not,
And when dear pretty graduates,
This school will lose a lot.”

CLASS PROPHECY.

It was a beautiful day in spring.
The sun shone brightly over head and
the birds were singing and flitting
about for joy. I was wandering along
the banks of a quiet stream vainly
endeavoring to see what the future
held in store for the graduates of
'06. For some time my pathway led
along the bank in the shade of the
willows.

Coming to a slight bend in the
stream, I saw, what from the distance
appeared to be a small inclosure sur-
rounded by thick foliage so that only
the outline was visible. On arriving
at the spot I found it to be a cave
formed in the side of the mountain
and extending partly over the stream.
The entrance to the cave was guarded
by two large boulders. Within, a
beautiful fountain was playing, and
as I gazed in admiration upon the
pretty scene the spray gradually as-
sumed the form of a goddess. At
once I asked her if she would assist
me in spying into the Future of the
class of '06. She kindly replied that
she would, then vanished for a moment.
When she reappeared she carried
a scroll of white parchment.
“Whose fortune would you know
first?” she asked. “Pearl Grove’s,”
I replied.

At the waving of her golden wand,
a death-like stillness prevailed—then
a picture, engraved in gold, appeared
on the scroll, of an elegant home in
the city in which an evening recep-
tion was being held. The gracious
hostess proved to be none other than
Mrs. Foote, formerly Miss Grove.

The fountain bubbled forth again. The scene on the scroll changed from that of a brilliantly lighted home to that of a well furnished room overlooking the Rhine. Two ladies were seated in the room, one reclining on a couch, the other sitting at a window reading aloud in a clear sweet voice. So that I knew that Annie, the pride of her class, was touring Europe as a traveling companion.

For a moment all was silent and the scroll was a blank then the fountain trembled slightly and these words appeared on the scroll: "Miss Hattie Russell, the famous story writer, has returned from Europe, where for the last few months she has enjoyed the acquaintance of the European potentates."

The goddess disappeared and for a while I feared that she would not return. Suddenly the water trembled again, and once more the goddess appeared with her scroll. As I sat waiting another scene came to view. It was that of an office of a noted lawyer and seated at the typewriter performing faithfully and graciously the tasks set before her was Bertha Sanders.

The scene changed rapidly to that of a parlor decorated with beautiful flowers, and to the strains of the softly played wedding march, Effie Chadwick, leaning on the arm of her father, marched to the groom awaiting her under a bell of roses and ferns.

Once again the goddess waved her golden wand and the picture represented showed Fern Cummings dressed in a nurse's garb, leaning over a wounded soldier in the hospital and trying in her sweet way to alleviate his pain and suffering.

The goddess stood waiting "Ah but

there is another," I said, "a boy." For a moment she seemed disconcerted then a silence fell over the place and at the agitation of the scroll another scene appeared upon the scroll. This time it was the Assembly Hall crowded with its members who were listening very attentively to a speaker. This speaker was eloquently defending a bill in railroad legislation which he had introduced. On account of the characteristics and appearances which had been his in his high school days, I recognized Roy Heck. Yes, Roy had become prominent in the State Legislature.

Suddenly there was a roaring sound and the fountain that had played so peacefully became greatly agitated. With a farewell and an expressed wish that I had not been disappointed, my beautiful goddess vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared and all was quiet.

THE HIGH SCHOOL AND THE COMMERCIAL COURSE.

The average graduate of the grammar school has little more than the elements of knowledge and is yet of little use to himself or to the community, as shown by his small earning power. His proper place, therefore, is in the high school, or its equivalent.

The secondary school in the United States is of comparative recent growth, though dating as far back as the founding of the Boston Latin School of 1635, for in 1850 there were but eleven schools in which a two or four years' course was given. But the number has since rapidly increased to 800 in 1880, and in 1900 to

6000. The number of secondary schools has since 1880, we can safely state, increased to eight times that number, in city and county alike, and today there are thousands of boys and girls enjoying the benefits of a high school education, who, if they had lived even nine years ago, could not have gone beyond the grammar school. These facts show better than argument that these schools are meeting the wants of the people, and the people want the schools.

At the present time a boy may go to a secondary school for three principal reasons. He may go to prepare for college; or he may go for more schooling or a general preparation for life; or he may go for special technical or business training. The original purpose of the American secondary school was to prepare those who were planning to become clergymen for college. Later provision was made for those intending to enter other professions, and within the last few years courses have been arranged to prepare for other vocations. Some of the most efficient men of the present generation are graduates of the manual training schools and institutes of technology.

The commercial course is the next and latest development of the high school idea, and has been growing gradually in favor with all concerned. Until recently education for business life was to be had only at private institutions, and consisted of six months' course in mere essentials. Such preparation has been proved by experience to be too short, and inadequate; but as part of the secondary school system, a great change for the better has taken place and is taking place.

At a conference held at Berkeley last March between the school men

and the school committee of the University of California, the subject of commercial education in the high school was discussed at length and a resolution unanimously adopted recommending that the three commercial branches, bookkeeping, stenography, and typewriting be accredited by the University. The results of this will be many and important, not only lengthening, enriching, and strengthening the commercial course of study in the high school, but also the opening up of a road to the University for any who may desire at once the most complete preparation for a business calling in particular and a splendid one for life in general.

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Although our equipment for laboratory work has not been the best, yet the physics and chemistry classes have been able to accomplish a great deal in the science department. About three hours a week is spent by each class in performing experiments prescribed in the text book.

The chemistry students have learned to prepare many of the common salts by the action of the different chemicals on each other. The unpleasant odor of the gases seemed only to add interest to the work. The powers of observation have been stimulated by the colored liquids and precipitates and by the explosion of the gases.

By the use of instruments made by Prof. Russell and some new apparatus the physics class has studied mechanics, properties of liquids and solids and also has experimented with heat, light, magnetism, and electricity. In this way they have learned for themselves the application of scientific laws and the relation between physical forces and their effects.

JOSHES.



All of the items within these columns are written with the best intentions. If a "josh" comes your way and "hits," take it good naturedly, profit by it, and think of your neighbor who needs none.

Experiment in Physics—Take some Mg S O and cautiously observe results.

Write the reaction.

Heard in History—Luther burned the papal bull.

Pupil—He ought to be arrested for cruelty to animals.

Etc. is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do.

Marvin.—Nickel is found in the United States and in Missouri.

Banty.—Rich, give me a word that means the same as satisfied.

Rich.—Contented.

Banty.—No, that won't do. Now, I'm satisfied that my girl is going with another fellow, but I'm not contented.

Why does Earle Shafer play the races?

He is playing for a Good win.

Teacher.—What is meant by "feats of strength?"

R. B.—He had strong feet, I guess—must have been an athlete.

There was a young lady named Ann
Who had a nice home in the sand,
But to Oakley she'd go,
The cause we all know
Was simply to see a young man.

Earle—Ray, have you heard the latest?

R.—No, what is it?

E.—Miss Pearl Grove will soon be able to kiss her own "Foot."

There was a young man named Swift
To whom Latin came as a gift.
After school he would stay
And to Alma would say
Come, won't you give me a lift?

Question.—Why did Effie C. blush when called on in Physics?

Ans.—Because she had to define "Ray"—an impossibility to her.



A DOUBLE VICTORY.

Everything was excitement on the steps of the "Frat" house at Western College. The boys were wildly speculating as to the recent change in a certain Junior of the school. "I'll bet some of the sports have been after him," said Tom Clarke. Rick Walton spoke up "I know better; he's got a queen on his mind."

The cause for all this discussion was Will Newton. He was a large awkward-looking fellow, who had always faithfully devoted himself to his studies in his first two years, but in his Junior year he relaxed slightly and was "trying out" for Quarter on the colleg team.

He was as eager for success in training as in his studies and spent much time in learning the ins and outs of "old Rugby." There were three candidates for Quarter, one, a veteran of last year's team, the other two were at a disadvantage, so it was with difficulty that Newton made the place of "First Sub."

The one great event on the grid-iron for Western College was its annual contest with the team from the University of Minnesota. All others were mere preliminaries in preparation for this meet.

Newton was gloomy in the weeks preceding the game. He saw no chance of getting into play. The Quarter was one of those lucky fellows who seldom gets hurt, and there was little possibility of acting as "sub." Newton felt so badly that he decided to give up going altogether; but the night before the great event he received a telephone from the Manager stating that the old Quarter was unable to play.

Newton was so excited that he hardly closed his eyes that night. Only to think he was to play in that great contest! He would be one of the few upon whom thousands of eyes would gaze! But it wasn't the thousands he thought most of, only two—and those eyes belonged to Garda Halliday.

Garda Halliday was a Freshman at college. She was a tall, slender girl with brown hair and eyes. As some of the boys had guessed, a girl was at the bottom of Newton's sudden change, and this was the girl! Newton had met her some years before and she told him of her fondness for manly sports, and since, she had "shown up" at college. He had exerted all his powers to make a "solid stand"; she, on the other hand, had always "cut" him.

Upon hearing that he was to play, Newton had gone to her and asked for the third time if he might escort her to a farce to be held in the college auditorium. She had refused him on the other two occasions, but this time treated him better, telling him that she would let him know later.

The day of the game dawned bright and clear and the prospects were for a good game. Long before the teams "showed up" the seats were well filled and as the time wore on standing room could only be had at a high price.

At half-past one the Minnesota team stepped in to the grounds, mid wild bursts of applause. They were a set of large, well built men, easily outweighing the college team. A few minutes later the college men came through the gate. One could easily see that they were greatly over-matched. As they viewed the oppos-

ing team, the Manager said: "It looks like a case of down and out, but do your best, boys." "That's what we will, and we'll beat them, too," Newton replied.

The game was called and the University men had the ball first. The signals were given and they went through the college team like a shot. Newton succeeded in tackling the opponent with the ball, but only after many yards were lost. The next time they lined up and rushed, it was a repetition of the first performance. The University scored a touchdown, but their Captain failed to kick the goal. This made the score 5 to 0. In the last encounter the Center of the college team was disabled and Newton, being the heaviest man in the team, took his place.

Both teams seemed to be equally determined to win, so throughout the remainder of the first half the ball never came near either of the goals. But at the end of the half the college team, to all appearances, was "about all in."

During the intermission the men talked over the strong and weak points of the opponents. "Well, they're pretty heavy," said Newton, "but I think if we "ginger up" a little towards the last we can "put it all over them for speed. I'll promise you fellows if you'll put that ball across the line about five minutes before the whistle that we'll win. Somebody can call for 'time out' and then I'll kick the goal."

While they were talking the whistle blew and they went back to the field. As they were going out the Captain said: "Well, boys, keep hammering away until near the last and then we'll try a few fakes."

At the beginning of the second half

the University men beat the College team back to the twenty-yard line and there they were stopped. The College men fought doggedly for every inch of ground and many of their men were laid out.

Within about fifteen minutes of the close the college team tried a fake play. The "Quarter" gave the signal for a play around left end and then passed the ball to Newton, playing center. Newton seized the ball and started, but the opposing center was on to the game and tackled low. Newton tried to leap over him, but the fellow was too quick and caught him by the foot. Newton succeeded in passing the ball to one of the guards, who made a large gain. By a succession of fake plays and speedy work the University team was beaten back to the five-yard line. There they stood solid until the ball was forfeited to them on downs.

They then tried to regain their lost ground, but the College team stood firm until the ball was returned to them, and by a series of hard plays sent the ball over the line. Newton took the ball and kicked square between the posts, making the final score 6 to 5 in favor of the College. Just then the whistle blew.

Thinking the victory might make some difference in Garda's answer, Newton called again. She received him cordially, and when he asked for her answer, said "Yes, I always wanted you to be a winner. Now you've won all around."



THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

Alma Allen	- - - -	Editor
Harold Swfft	- . -	Assistant Editor
Jame Barkley	- -	Business Manager
Earle Shafer	- - -	Assistant Manager

EDITORIALS.

We find no fault with the way our trustees treat us financially, but we do regret their lack of interest in our daily pursuits. We are always "at home" and we extend a cordial invitation to the Board of Trustees to come and spend an afternoon with us—come often, for in this way, alone, will you be able to keep in close touch with our school activities and appreciate our needs.

Although an effort has been made to increase our library, still there remains another demand. We need more books by standard authors, if we are to become acquainted with the best literary productions. We suggest an addition of good, standard fiction.

School spirit is nothing more nor less than patriotism confined in close quarters. It is the pride we take in our own institution and our own achievements. We, as individuals, can help create school spirit, and we, as a Student Body, working together for a common end, can foster it.

This is the second edition of the "High School Annual." Both faculty and pupils have labored earnestly and faithfully to make it the best possible. Owing to the great San Francisco calamity we have been unable to have the cuts inserted in the paper according to our original plan.

All the articles have been contributed by the students, with the exception of one which our Alumna has kindly furnished. Some were written directly for the paper and others have been selected as representative of our daily work. The productions have come from all classes in both literary and commercial departments.

By the publishing of the "Annual" we hope to arouse public interest in our school affairs and if possible to show some of the benefits derived from high school education.

We have tried to reveal the school in its best light and to represent to the public the local events and happenings of interest that have transpired during the year.

The Business Managers wish to thank the business people of this locality and nearby towns for the generous way in which they have shown their appreciation of our efforts by freely contributing their advertisements for the financial benefit of our second High School Annual. Especially do we thank those who placed their "ads" in our Annual last year and who have handed in the same or larger ones this year. Now if the "ads" are a success they will not only bring in money to the Annual but also to the advertiser. So it can be plainly seen that it is the duty of every one who reads the L. U. H. S. Annual to patronize its advertisers as far as possible.

MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

The ancients did not have such paper as is now in common use. They used a kind made from the inner bark of a reed-like plant, called the papyrus, from which our word paper comes. The barks of trees were used for similar purposes by our European ancestors. The Chinese were the first to make paper from pulp and the knowledge of this method reached Europe through the Arabs. Cotton and linen rags, old paper, straw, esparto grass and other substances were for a long time the only sources of supply of paper-making materials. As time advanced and the uses for paper increased, the paper-makers were not able to supply the demand, and this led to the invention of wood pulp for use in its manufacture.

In making paper from rags and other similar materials they were chopped and the dust blown out of them; they are then boiled in water with soda and lime and put into a pulp machine in which the rags are washed clean, bleached white and beaten into pulp. Coloring for colored paper is added to the pulp, clay is used to make it heavier and smoother, and casein to harden the surface, otherwise the ink would run on it just as it does on blotting paper.

When wood pulp is used, the wood is chopped and put into a digester with sulphite of lime. This separates the impurities from the cellulose fibre. After washing and bleaching it is made into a sheet like blotting paper for ease of transportation, and run over a heated cylinder to dry out the moisture.

**A LIBERTY UNION SCHOOL BOY.**

Who is the boy, and where has he been,
 With a bunch of whiskers on his chin?
 He is jolly and full of fun
 And as noisy as a gun.
 As he sits at his desk in school,
 Little does he care about the rule
 For the spit balls he likes to fly,
 To make the teacher frown and sigh.
 At his recitations he likes to play
 But always has something to say.
 You may consider him as a boy
 For he loves to tease and annoy.
 When, as the teacher hears a whisper,
 She knows it's the boy with a chin whisker.



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