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Annual



W M. BOYDSTON



The Grocer



BRENTWOOD

CALIF.



# THE Liberty Union High School Annual

Vol. 3.

BRENTWOOD, CAL., MAY, 1907

No. 1.

## SOCIAL HISTORY.

It seems appropriate in compiling a "High School Annual," there should appear in its columns some historical reference to the section in which the school is located.

In taking up the Marsh or Los Meganos Rancho as a proper subject, we find it impossible to disassociate its history from a biographical sketch of Dr. John Marsh.

His name is indelibly written in the history of the state and country.

"His name is on our waters

And ye may not wash it out."

Is the language that Mrs. Sigourney uses in pleading for the restitution of the Indian names, and it seems proper that the Skiano which drains the Black Hills and the eastern slope of Mt. Diablo should bear his name as it courses through the Rancho.

Briefly, Dr. Marsh was one of California's most conspicuous pioneers—a man of more than ordinary intelligence and education, a graduate of Harvard. He had served as a school teacher, a physician and an Indian agent in Wisconsin as early as 1826. He held a judicial office in the Territory of Michigan in 1828, and was once a merchant in St. Joseph, Missouri; a Santa Fe trader, and as a wandering explorer he traversed the wilds of Sonora and Northern Mex-

ico and came thence to California, stopping at Los Angeles and practicing medicine. From there he traveled all over Northern California and seemed to be devoting his life to the gratification of his nomadic instinct—a purposeless, unstable, floating piece of humanity who found a lodgment under the shadows of Mt. Diablo, as owner of a land grant, made to one Noriega by the Mexican government in 1835, and for which the Doctor paid the munificent sum of \$400 00 in 1837, and on taking possession, he built a hut and lived with his Mexican associates and began raising cattle. He took very little part in public affairs, or in the political troubles from 1840 to 1847, though for some cause he was arrested in 1841, but not exiled.

He lived the life of a hermit and bore the reputation of being a peculiarly disagreeable man, whose notorious parsimony kept him constantly in trouble with those he came in contact with. In 1851 he was married to Miss Alice Tuck of Chilmstord, Massachusetts. She was a school teacher and came to California in 1850, settling in Santa Clara; meeting the Doctor while on a visit to Contra Costa county, they decided to marry after an acquaintance of two weeks. Mrs. Marsh died in 1855, leaving a daughter, Alice. The Stone House

was erected in 1856, but I do not think he ever occupied it, as he was murdered in September of that year by Jose Moseno and others because of some previous trouble over the payment for services as a vaquero. The Doctor was 52 at the time of his death. A year or so previous to his death a young man called at the ranch and requested to see the Doctor. The stranger asked permission of remaining over night, as he was foot sore and it was near evening. "No," replied the Doctor, "I do not keep a hotel; you will have to go to Antioch," but soon the stranger said, "If you knew who I am perhaps you would let me stay." "Well, who are you?" "What is your name?" "Charles Marsh," he replied. "Where were you born? What is your mother's name? How old are you?" Replies to these inquiries came quickly and correctly. The Doctor stood amazed, then sharply said to him, "Pull off your boot." Charles did so and exposed a birthmark on his foot that satisfied the Doctor and he said, "all right, you are my son." The mother of Charles was said to have been a Cherokee, or a woman of Indian blood, and had remained in the East when the Doctor broke loose from the border and took trail that led into the unexplored regions of the Indian country and the land of the Aztec. At the Doctor's death the Los Meganos Rancho, with its 13,000 acres and 6,000 head of stock, passed by inheritance to Charles and Alice, the daughter by

the second wife. The Rancho was sold by the heirs to an enterprising promoter, who devised a scheme for opening the coal mines known to exist on the property, build a railroad to Marsh Landing, and built up thereon a manufacturing and commercial entrepot. The scheme failed to materialize as projected and the great property became involved in litigation which is not yet closed, though thirty years or more have passed, and further "Deponent Saith Not."—R. G. Dean

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### Nothing Unusual.

Bessie—What makes Jean look so cross today?

Iva—Nothing, it is just her way. She is quite "Moody" lately.

Ray—What is the trouble between Bessie and Harry?

Edith—Bessie got too "Foxy" for him.

Johannah—Why is Iva making such wry face today.

Edna—She is thinking about her Corn.

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L. U. H. S.—

Girls say—Let Us Have Study.

Boys say—Let Us Have Sport.

Willie (in Geometry)—I know it's right but I made a mistake.

Freshman—I should think it would kill him to die a death like that.

After they were all killed a great many were arrested.

Soph.—I am taking drawing lessons now.

**SYLVIA COMES TO THE RANCH.**

"They'll not be expecting us till tomorrow, Sylvia."

"No, mother, I know it, but that will make it so much more fun. There must be some way of getting out to their place."

A few minutes later mother and daughter were standing on the platform of the Santa Inez station, looking about for some means of getting away from it.

Sylvia Hallan's older brother, Jack, had been in California for two years, on a ranch with his cousin, Harry Vincent. His mother and sister had come for the first time in these two years, and also to see California.

After some difficulty Sylvia succeeded in discovering a man who "was goin' out that way," and who consented to leave them at Tulacita Ranch. Sylvia in her pretty tailor-made suit, looked strangely out of place in the rickety farm-wagon, but she and her mother soon settled themselves as comfortably as possible and they started out on the long winding road. The ride was all a voyage of discovery to Sylvia and she found everything delightful. It was the early springtime; the poppies were blooming along the roadside, the rows of orchard trees looked like successions of snowdrifts, the scent of the blossoms filled the air. Away to the westward rose the mountain wall, the southern slopes of the ridges glorified by the afternoon sun. Sylvia

was enraptured. She wanted to know the name of every flower and tree they passed and plied the driver with questions till she was sure she knew all about ranching before the journey was half done.

"There's the gate," he said at last, "on the right hand side there with the letter-box just beside."

"Where? Oh, yes. I see. Now don't drive in; just let us out at the gate, we want to surprise them." The driver smiled and did as requested. Sylvia ran lightly up the short road, with the orchard on the other, and nearly fell over the house before she saw it.

Then began her disappointment. Jack and Harry live in that packing-house? Impossible! Jack had lived in a brownstone house at home, and this—why there wasn't even any grass around the front door, just plowed ground and one clump of violets. This house was such an insignificant, desolate looking, little affair, and she had imagined a rambling adobe hacienda, with a great broad veranda. There was only a tiny porch that you could cross in two steps. Sylvia crossed it in one as she made a dive for the front door, after her first dismayed pause.

She tumbled into the room and then stopped short. Jim Kee, the general factotum, had soon learned that young employers did not approve of too much house-cleaning and was quite willing to "let things be." And they were,—mostly on the floor. Straight

in front of her was a heap of newspapers and periodicals, with a sofa cushion on top, on the other side of the room, were scattered some old letters that had apparently been originally intended for the open fireplace, and had somehow missed their destination. Two overcoats and a package of dried fruit samples were on one chair. Jack's banjo and a broken hoe handle on another, the shelves around the room were filled with a miscellaneous collection of china, books, pictures and groceries. Sylvia opened the door to the right and shut it again with a bang; she only saw that the bed had not been made up, and you could write your name in dust on the bureau.

"Mother! Do for pity sake come here and look! Did you *ever*? And Jack wouldn't so much as have his window shade run up crooked at home."

At the sound of her voice Mrs. Hallan appeared in one door, and Jim Kee in the other. Sylvia knew of course that Chinese servants were common in California, she knew that Jack had one, but when first she saw him—well, she picked up her skirt with both hands, stepped gingerly across the floor and addressed Jim loudly and distinctly: "Where is your master?" Jim looked puzzled; when Sylvia knew a little better who managed that household she did not wonder.

"Where is Mr. Hallan, or Mr. Vincent?" even more imperiously.

"Me no savee; not come home till late."

"Don't you know what they are doing?"

"No savee; maybe iligatee," and Jim turned away as if unwilling to waste more time in such frivolous converse.

Sylvia gave him one indignant glance and dashed through the kitchen to the back door. Even in her hurried passage, however, she could not help seeing in what excellent order the room was. She flew through the door and along the path to the barn. How could her brother, Jack, intellectual, gentlemanly, well-bred, as he had always been, be living here? She had almost reached the barn when she saw a figure coming toward the house from the opposite direction. He had on an old and dingy flannel shirt, and a pair of high rubber boots. The boots were covered with soft, sticky mud, so was a large shovel he was carrying, and there was a goodly quantity of the same mixture on his face and hands.

For a moment Sylvia hesitated, wondering what new dragon she was to meet. Then a look of utter amazement came into her face.

"Jack! Good gracious, *Jack!*"

Jack raised his eyes and looked almost as surprised as she did.

"Sylvia! *Why*, little sister, how *did* you get here today? There, don't touch me. I've been out in the irrigating ditches; I'm all over mud!"

"I'm not going to—oh, yes, I am too, I don't care—Jack, dear, how *do* you exist?"

When the whole family had been engaged for some time in "tidying up and fixing things," and supper was over, Jack took Sylvia out on the porch to see the last of the sunset over "our mountains," as he called them. She looked long and silently, then glanced around at the little house and said softly, "And do you *really* like it here?"

"Yes, very much."

"But Jack, how *can* you?" Jack smiled quietly and said, "I can't tell you, but if you stay awhile, by and by you'll know for yourself."

And by and by Sylvia did know.

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Says Russell to the shorthand class  
 "Now we will see if you are fast."  
 A letter to his wife he wrote  
 And then he gave a business note,  
 "Now let me see your notes," says he,  
 And looked around quite knowingly,  
 Compared the notes, then gave them  
 back  
 And wisely looked around;  
 But never knew that all the time  
 He held them upside down.

Sing a song of sixpence,  
 Pockets full of rye,  
 Four and ten Sophomores  
 Playing on the sly,  
 When the Professor left the room  
 They all began to fool.  
 Wasn't that enough to spoil  
 The fine tone of our school?

## A MODERN CRUSADE.

The Crusades, which were so common during the Middle Ages, have been revived at L. U. H. S. This Modern Crusade is carried on by the "Faculty" for the purpose of rescuing the "barbarous language" from some of the Sophomores and for the establishing of the civilized and more cultured Anglo-Saxon. It is waged primarily against the "man he," "done," "seen" and "got." The flames of the teachers' anger has been kindled because no heed is taken when corrections are made.

There is an interesting tradition in connection with this First Crusade. It seems that once upon a time in a large room on a certain day Prof. Russell was observed in earnest conversation with a "small boy." The boy *looked* small and the Professor looked tall. When he asked the *boy* if he had ever learned the correct use of done and did, the lad fearlessly replied, "Yes, sir, I *done* that in the Grammar School. (It is evident that he did.) This incident again stirred the Faculty to a more heated contest.

By a recent edict of the Faculty, remission from scoldings, "after hour lectures," and other suitable rewards are to be granted to all who faithfully comply with the "Terms of Peace." One by one the pupils are enlisting and we hope that before this quarter ends we shall have a standard established and maintained in our school that shall be worth striving for.

E. C. H., '09

## PROPHECY.

- Last night as I lay dreaming  
 As dreams sometimes come to me;  
 I saw my present schoolmates  
 As plain as A B C.
- As I lay still as dreamers will,  
 In not the least suspense,  
 I thought the day sometime away,  
 I dreamt 'twas five years hence.
- I started off to Berkeley  
 And took the first through train,  
 And met an old acquaintance,  
 Ray Shafer was his name.
- And with him was a lady  
 Whom I recognized at sight  
 As an L. U. H. S. student—  
 Our jolly chum, Jean White.
- I took my seat, the brakeman passed,  
 'Twas Leonard, sure as fate.  
 I placed my hat upon the rack,  
 Prepared to calmly wait.
- At Sixteenth street Miss Horr was  
 waiting—  
 Such was her former name,  
 Before the train had fairly stop't  
 A young man to her came.
- She threw her arms around his neck  
 And greeted him with kisses,  
 As now, of course, her name was  
 changed,  
 For instead of "Miss" 'twas "Mrs."
- And Lester stood a short space off,  
 A book agent was he,  
 Who talked and sold to young and old  
 In gentlest courtesy.
- Then stepping quickly from the car  
 I hastened to a bank.  
 'Twas Miss Irene who cashed my  
 check,  
 For cashier was her rank.
- Then gancing in a little room  
 I saw the President;  
 'Twas Arthur Howard working hard  
 All on the future bent.
- I heard a brisk typewriter,  
 Johanna made it whiz  
 In a way that did convince me  
 She understood her biz.
- Then down the street an engine  
 dashed,  
 Going to beat the band.  
 Millard sat upon the seat  
 With things at his command.
- As I stood gazing up and down  
 A sign board caught my sight.  
 "Easter hats all up-to-date,  
 Proprietress, Miss Knight."
- I stepped into a large cash store  
 To get some fancy lace.  
 Miss Euna Goodwin greeted me  
 With a bright and smiling face.
- I glanced at the stenographer  
 As I stood there a-waiting,  
 'Twas Rosie Miller as I live  
 And Harrold was dictating.
- "Why! hello Dutch, how's every-  
 thing?"  
 "Fine, come out to dinner,  
 If I'm to be a judge of cooks,  
 Then Alma "is a winner."
- "Tonight," said Dutch, "there is a  
 farce  
 By the U. C. students given;  
 Tomorrow is a football game,  
 We have a good eleven."
- We went that night to see the play,  
 And out came Leo first,  
 And played upon a violin  
 A tune so sweet it must have been  
 in holiness emersed.



Then Edith Chadwick sang a song  
 'Twas sweet as sweet could be.  
 Charlie, Bill and Joe came out  
 To act the midgets three.

We started to the game next day,  
 Miss Peterson we passed.  
 She was talking to an agent,  
 And in Real Estate was cast.

We entered in upon the field,  
 And cheers our ears did greet.  
 We saw Earle make a noble dash,  
 Which meant our foes' defeat.

We stopped and spoke to Robert,  
 With joy he was enraptured,  
 For it did seem he coached the team  
 And that the game was captured.

The end has come, the game is won,  
 And on my ear then fell  
 A mighty shout with joy dealt out,  
 'Twas California's yell.

And looking out upon the crowd,  
 Two students met my sight,  
 Miss Heidorn and Miss Collis waived  
 And cheered with pure delight.

I made my way to where they stood,  
 They asked me to the feed.  
 Refuse to dine because of time?  
 Well, now, that's not my creed.

On the cheering mass my eyes I cast,  
 Miss Peterson I espied.  
 The U. C. yell she knew quite well  
 And searched her soul for sounds  
 to tell of joy and loyal pride.

Happiest of all this happy throng  
 Of joy exalted life,  
 Professor stood contented by,  
 In heavenly pleasures rife.

Upon his arm he held a babe,  
 And seemed in right good cheer  
 As oft the child would ask him,  
 "What is that, Grandpa dear?"

Then starting for the banquet hall  
 Our appetites to check,  
 Another student greeted us,  
 Our old classmate, Miss Heck.

Arriving at the dining room  
 We got there none too soon—  
 Dewitt was seen with a soup tureen,  
 A knife and fork and spoon.

Miss Iva rose and gave a toast,  
 Each ear attentive bent,  
 And well she carried out her part  
 Amid this fair ostent.

Dad awoke me from my dream  
 And lo! 'twas break of day,  
 A, am I am out in the field  
 Pitching wild oat hay.

J. M. B., '09

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### IN MEMORIAM.

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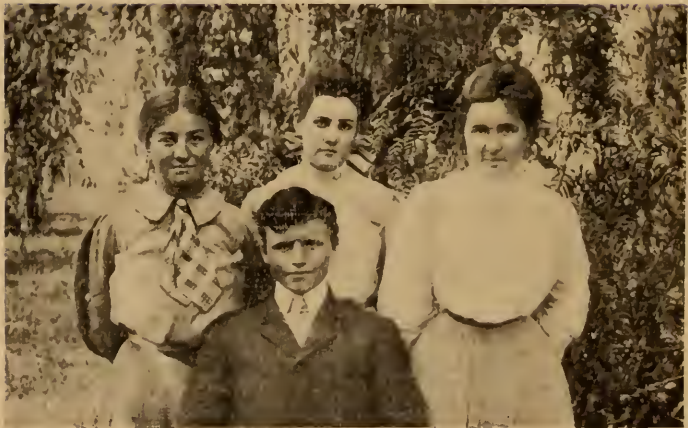
Prof. I. Wright, first Principal of  
 L. U. H. S., died in San Francisco,  
 March 1, 1907.

Mr. C. Heidorn, beloved father of  
 our Editor, Edna Heidorn, died at  
 Knightsen, November 21, 1907.

Mr. A. S. Howard, beloved grand-  
 father of Edith Chadwick and Arthur  
 Howard, died at Marsh Creek, March  
 20, 1907.



REGULAR GRADUATES



COMMERCIAL GRADUATES

## PROGRAMME.

1. Invocation.....	Rev. L. E. Scott
2. Oration Magnis para.....	Alma Allen
3. Music.....	Oakley Orchestra
4. Oration, The Value of a Commercial Education.....	James Barkley
5. Vocal Solo.....	F. A. McManus
6. Oration, The Japanese Question.....	Harold Swift
7. Cornet Solo.....	Herbert L. French
8. Presentation of Diplomas.....	Wm. Shafer, Pres. of Board
9. Music.....	Oakley Orchestra
10. Remarks by Principal.....	Geo. C. Russell
11. Music.....	Oakley Orchestra
12. Address.....	Prof. P. M. Fisher

## TRUSTEES.

Brentwood.....	Hans Bonnickson
Byron.....	Fred M. Holway
Deer Valley.....	Andrew J. Smith
Eden Plain.....	Wm. Shafer
Excelsior.....	Anderson Allen
Hot Springs.....	Henry Mehrtens
Iron House.....	Oliver C. Wristen
Jersey.....	Henry R. McCoy
Liberty.....	Alfred L. Humphreys
Lone Tree.....	Fred H. Heidorn
Oakley.....	Charles P. Horr
Sand Mound.....	Wm. J. Griswold

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Wm. Shafer, President.

A. L. Humphreys, Clerk.

Anderson Allen.

## TEACHERS.

Geo. C. Russell

Marrion A. Horr.

Ruth A. Peterson.

## International Directory for 1930

Name.	Occupation.	Residence.
	A.	
Allen, Alma	Concerte Pianiste	San Jose
	B.	
Barkley, James	American Poet Laureate	Washington, D. C.
Barkley, Joseph	Prosecuting District Attorney Vice Judge F. J. Henry, re- signed	San Francisco
Bonnickson, Frank	U. S. Ambassador	Germany
Bonnickson, Iva	English Teacher L. U. H. S.	Brentwood
	C.	
Chadwick, Edith	Mrs. _____	Antioch
Collis, Bessie	Teacher of Latin, L. U. H. S.	Knightsen
Collis, Elmer	Experimental Agriculturist	San Joaquin Valley
Cummings, Gladys	Artist-Studio Building	Berkeley
	D.	
Dainty, Leonard	Governor of California	Berkeley
Davis, Irene	Assistant Searcher of Records	Martinez
Diffin, Millard	President Marsh Creek Nation- al Bank	Brentwood
	E.	
Goodwin, Euna	Society Leader	Crockett
Gruetinger, Johanna	Court Stenographer	Martinez
	F.	
Heck, Edna	Mrs. Capt. _____	Aboard U. S. S. _____
Heidorn, Edna	Editor of Woman's Page Sun- day Examiner	San Francisco
Howard, Arthur	Inventor of Revolving Chairs	St. Louis
	G.	
Knight, Addie	French Modiste	Sacramento
	H.	
Ludinghouse, Lester	Wall Street Speculator	New York
	I.	
Miller, Rosie	Expert Bookkeeper	San Francisco
Morgans, Willie	Inventor of Patent Thinkintg Machine	Chicago
Murphy, Katie	Authoress	San Jose
	J.	
O'Hara, Charles	Professor of Greek and Latin	Yale University
O'Hara, Leo	Manager of Electrical Engin- eering Plant	Berkeley
	K.	
Pemberton, De Witt	Editor Brentwood Daily Times	Brentwood
	L.	
Richardson, Alpheus	Automobile Tourist	Everywhere
	M.	
Sanders, Stella	Mrs. _____	Fruitvale
Shafer, Earle	Skating Champion	Stockton
Shafer, Ray	Pres. Brentwood Almond Grow- ers' Association	Brentwood
Swift, Harold	Civil Engineer	Arizona
	N.	
Walker, Grace	Missionary to Japan	Japan
Wallace, Robert	Congressman 3rd Cong. Dist.	Washington, D. C.
White, Jean	Senator's Wife	Washington, D. C.

## The Musical Director of the L. U. H. S. Has Rededicated These Old Favorites;

SONG.	TO WHOM DEDICATED.
Yes We Must Part.....	Seniors.
Merrily We Roll Along.....	Seniors.
Only Us .....	Seniors.
Ever Sweet Is Thy Memory.....	Old L. U. H. S.
Song of the Rose.....	Rosie Miller.
Beautiful Bessie .....	Bessie Collis.
Blue Eyes .....	Iva Bonnickson.
Work, Work Work.....	The Faculty.
Not for Joseph.....	Joseph Barkley.
Little Golden Hair.....	Edna Heck.
Teasing .....	Willie Morgans
	Lester Ludinghouse.
All Work, No Play .....	Irene Davis.
So Little But Oh My!.....	Charles O'Hara.
The Giggler .....	Willie Morgans.
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.....	Johanna Grueninger.
Prince Charming .....	Ray Shafer.
Scotch Lassie Jean.....	Jean White.
Alone, Never Alone.....	Alma Allen.
A Smile For Every One.....	Lester Ludinghouse.
To a Flower.....	Rosie Miller.
Sir Arthur, the Knight.....	Arthur Howard.
There Was I Waiting at the Church.....	Harold Swift.
Waltz Me Around Again Willie.....	Edith Chadwick.
I'm a Hustler.....	Robert Wallace.
For She's a Sailor's Daughter.....	Edna Heck.
Guess Little Girl Who Loves You.....	Euna Goodwin.
Get in Line for a Good Old Time.....	Earle Shafer.
Dearie .....	Addie Knight.
Lady Laughter .....	Iva Bonnickson.
Curly Pates .....	Millard Diffin.
A Sailor's Life is the Life for Me.....	De Witt Pemberton.
Bonnie Charlie .....	Charlie O'Hara.
Ain't He a Loving Boy.....	Leonard Dainty.
There'll Come a Time Some Day.....	Willie Morgans.
A Winsome Lass.....	Edna Heidorn.
Skating .....	Earle Shafer.
A Sweet Face.....	Edith Chadwick.
For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.....	Leo O'Hara.
Tender and True .....	James Barkley.

## THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

Edna Heidorn .....	Editor
Euna Goodwin .....	Assistant Editor
Ray Shafer .....	Business Manager
Robert Wallace .....	Assistant Manager

## EDITORIALS.

It is with pleasure that we introduce you to our third "High School Annual," sincerely hoping that our efforts merit your approval.

As editors of the Annual, in behalf of the school, we wish to express our appreciation and gratitude to Mr. Dean for his contribution. We also extend thanks to our '06 representative for the Alumni Notes. We wish to keep in close touch with the graduates and we always welcome their visits to our High School. The other articles have been contributed by the students while our enthusiastic teachers are ever ready with helpful suggestions.

Some of our worthy trustees have paid the school several appreciated visits. They are all enthusiasts for our new building and when we are in our new quarters, we hope they will continue their visits and bring others with them. Our County Superintendent, Mr. Hanlon, has also visited us this term, spending the greater part of one morning in our classes. The women of Brentwood showed their interest by visiting us in such a large body one afternoon that we had some difficulty in finding accommodations for them. We extend to all a most cordial invitation to visit our school at any time.

## MANAGER'S NOTES.

## The Song of the Bu\$ine\$\$ Manager.

How dear to my heart  
 I\$ the ca\$h of \$ub\$cription.  
 When the generou\$ \$ub\$criber  
 Pre\$ent\$ it to view;  
 But the one who won't pay—  
 I refrain from de\$cription—  
 For perhap\$, gentle reader,  
 That one may be you!

The Business Managers desire to thank the business people of Brentwood, Byron, Knightsen and Oakley for the generous way in which they have contributed to the third "High School Annual."

We hope that our advertisers will be satisfied and find recompense through their transactions with us.

Again we extend our grateful acknowledgement to those who so liberally contributed to the "L. U. H. S. Annual."

Our High School days are nearly over and in a few short weeks we must say good-bye. Commencement day will soon be here, the day to which we have looked forward with so much pleasure and anticipation, but now as the time draws near a feeling of sadness comes over us as we think that no more are we to meet on the old familiar grounds.

We must now combat with the serious problems of life armed in our own strength and unaided by others. Kind friends may advise but the decisions must be our own. The friendly and social intercourse we have enjoyed will always be a source of inspiration and courage.

The foundations of our lives have been laid and now we must put forth strong efforts to build such characters as shall be worthy the instruction received. "07."

### THE LITERARY COURSE IN OUR HIGH SCHOOL.

The object and aim of a good education is to prepare us for whatever vocation in life we may choose. No matter how trivial that calling may be, a thorough preparation is necessary.

The regular literary course is designed to give a broad, general knowledge and a cultural training. It trains our intellect to think accurately, logically and concisely. It broadens our appreciation of good literature and places us in sympathy with the great political issues of the day. The literary subjects are of such a varied nature that practically all of our faculties are brought into play. Some subjects are to teach accuracy and method, some give an opportunity for the expressions of personal opinions and teach self-reliance, while still others train the memory and teach self-control.

The literary course in every High School is not only designed to pre-

pare the student for direct usefulness in life, but it also serves as preparatory work for the University or Normal School.

We need not speak at length of the inadequate equipments of our High School—we do not want a more extensive library nor better apparatus for our laboratory until we have accommodations that will warrant a greater expenditure—but we will indicate our present course of study to show what has already been accomplished.

The four years' course is represented by Algebra, English, History and Latin in the first year; Algebra, English, History and Latin in the second year; Geometry, English, Latin, and Chemistry in the third year, and, History, English, Latin and Physics in the fourth year.

I. B., '09.

### OUR COMMERCIAL COURSE.

The Commercial Course is in the High School for just one reason. The public demands it. Academic principals did not give Bookkeeping and Typewriting a place in the course of study out of choice.

When our Commercial Course was established in 1904 there was some doubt entertained as to its becoming a permanent department of our High School. But, as the enrollment of pupils has steadily increased and the course improved and its standard raised, we feel now at the end of our third year that the Commercial Department is here to stay.

The aim of this department is wholly along practical lines. It seeks to create a thorough business-like attitude and atmosphere which will breed business-like habits in method, manner, and deportment. It strives to cultivate the ideas of business honor, courtesy, and develop self-reliance and common sense. A Commercial Course should be such that its graduates can pass directly from the school into actual business life and feel no abrupt change. Even to those who never intend to take a business position the knowledge gained by this course should be invaluable.

Despite the inconveniences to which our Department has been subjected on account of our poor and crowded quarters, by faithful and conscientious work, good results have been obtained. When we have our new building with all the latest improvements we expect to accomplish still better results.

The Commercial Course consists of two years' work. The first year is devoted to Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Commercial Arithmetic, Spelling, Penmanship and English; the second year to Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Shorthand, Commercial Geography, Commercial Law, Correspondence, and English. From this, one can see that the Commercial Department presents rather a complete business course and that our graduates should go forth with a thorough working knowledge of the Commercial subjects. J. G. '07

### ATHLETIC IN L. U. H. S.

During the term of 1906 and '07 very little has been accomplished in athletics. Last year many of our best boys left school and at the beginning of this year others were obliged to give up their course in this school. It is to be hoped that in the future our boys will show more interest along the line of sports than has hitherto been shown.

We had but one game of baseball this year. That was with Mount Diablo Union High on Sept. 15th, and resulted in the score: Mt. Diablo 20, Liberty 17. The boys played a lively game and from the indications at the close of the fifth inning were sure of victory. But it was after this that the Concord umpire did his good work and of course, our boys couldn't beat ten men.

Before the game dinner was served in Coate's Hall, where all sorts of good things were served. The boys all had a fine time seeing how much chicken and fruit they could hide. The boys told me this as I cannot vouch for its authenticity. If it's all true the boys should feel very grateful toward the girls who, of course, did the cooking? (I scrubbed the floor.)

Considerable interest has been aroused recently in handball. We have had several closely contested games for candy rewards, and for the championship. It is not decided yet who are the champions for the year as there are still three sets with about equal chances competing for the honor. These sets are: Robert Wallace and William Morgans; Leo O'Hara and Harold Swift; James Barkley and Ray Shafer.

H. L. S., '07.





ECNA GOODWIN  
Assistant Editor

RAY SHAFER  
Business Manager

EDNA HEIDORN  
Editor

ROBERT WALLACE  
Asst. Business Mgr.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

Edith Sellers is devoting much of her time to music. She is giving piano lessons to a large class.

Fern Cummings is at the East Bay Sanatorium, Oakland, training to be a nurse. All her friends know that she will make a success of her chosen profession.

Illness has prevented Bertha Sanders from entering the State Normal to continue her studies, as she had contemplated. We are all glad to know that her health is now much improved.

The many friends of Effie Chadwick can find her at her home near Brentwood.

Pearl Grove has been spending her time at her home near Knightsen and visiting friends in Berkeley.

Roy Heck is in the employ of Duni-gan, Carrigan, Hayden Hardware Co., San Francisco.

Mrs. Harold O. Banion (*nee* Hattie Russell), is residing at 1821 M street, Sacramento.

Annie O'Hara is learning the do-mestic arts at her home near Oakley. She has devoted some time to music.

Geo. Barkley has a responsible po-sition with the W. A. Davis Co. of Brentwood.

Fern Howard is devoting his time to agriculture.

### JOSHES.

Why does Earle always whistle, "Won't You Be My Sweetheart" when Euna is around?

Prof. Russell—Now, Willie, didn't you ever learn the proper use of *did* and *done*?

Willie—Yes, I *done* that in Grammar School.

### Free Advice.

To Lake Tahoe for your health,

To Goldfield for your wealth;

To Oakley for your lady fair,

But to Lester for "hot" air.

Miss Peterson (in Latin)—What is the Latin for "to rout"?

Lester—Skido, skidare, skidavi, skidatus.

W. is for Willie, that dear little fellow,

Whose eyes are so blue and whose hair is so yellow.

Leonard—Why does Prof. Russell wear rubbers in April showers?

Millard—Because he is out "canvass" ing shoes.

Commercial Law Teacher—An agent assaulted and beat a customer. Where will the customer look for redress?

Jim—In the solar plexus.

Miss Horr (in English)—And Webster's idea of the Carolina doctrine was what?

Leo (with his book open)—I don't know.

Miss Horr—What are you doing there?

Leo—Trying to find out.

Miss Peterson—Don't ever come into this classroom again with your lesson prepared like that.

Earle—All right.

Miss P.—It isn't all right; it's all wrong.

Earle—All right.

Prof. Russell (in Physics)—Yes, this galvanometer is very delicate. Looking at it this morning I broke it.

### WHAT THE "SOPHS" WANT TO KNOW.

Where James gets his first hand information about the "Johnnies" at the theatre?

What Willie knows about courting—he claims Morroco could have lots of fun courting without ever breaking his oath?

Why Miss Horr hears *every* grammatical mistake they make?

Why Lester has a fondness for Portia's "golden hair"; why Earle would wish it dark?

Why they are always caught when in mischief?

Whether Euna can tell the grades of the English nobility—what comes after Duke?

At the L. U. H. S. one day a very energetic boy named Willie was chewing gum and had extended his feet out into the aisle of the room instead of keeping them under his desk.

Prof. Russell, upon noticing this, said in a severe tone, "Willie Morgans, take your gum out of your mouth and put your feet in immediately."

Fresh.—Really? I suppose you are doing well.

Soph.—Yes, I can draw a long breath now.

Teacher—In looking over your lesson, mark all the points you don't see.

R is for "RAP": She's a dear little lady,

Who likes all the pupils no matter how shady.

She's clever indeed, and she's young for a teacher,

And her looks, I am sure, are not her worst feature.

---

### SCHOOL NOTES.

We regret to say that several of our number have left us.

Gladys Cummings, '08, has moved to Berkeley, where she is attending the Berkeley High.

Grace Walker, '10, has returned to her home in Downieville, where she is continuing her work.

Frank Bonnicksen, '10, is away for the term but will be with us again next August.

Alpheus Richardson, '08, has a position with the S. P. at Stege.

Stella Sanders, '10, has moved to Oakland.

Katie Murphy, '10, dropped out the beginning of this year, but we expect will begin her work with us next term.

Elmer Collis, '10, is busy in the fields these days. We wonder as we pass, which Elmer likes better, High School or farming?

The Seniors have chosen "Magnis Para" for the class motto, and cardinal and gold for class colors. Both departments will "flourish" their class pins on Commencement night. E. G. '07

### L. U. H. S. GRADUATES.

Our first mention is of a maiden true.  
The only girl among the three  
With winsome face and eyes of  
brownish hue,

Who of Languages and English  
Knows so very, very much.

The next mention is of a boy, all  
know

Who in motions is so very "Swift."  
To University, to become a scientist,  
will go,

Because to him all science is a gift,  
And honor will be gained in such.

Just one more, a credit to the school.  
In Physics asks questions by the  
score.

He always works and never stops to  
fool.

Of knowledge he could never ask for  
more.

But alas, all too soon, they bid Adieu.  
E. C. H., '09.

We notice that the popular "fad" of celebrating birthdays has worn off among our L. U. H. S. girls. Wonder why?

Miss Horr (expectantly): Lester, what are you chewing, candy?

Lester: No, Miss Horr, coffee beans.

We have always spoke Professor  
In a rather jolly mood;

But now we wish to mention him  
To express our gratitude

For the photos he has taken  
And has kindly given away

To each and every pupil  
Without a thought of pay.

We're indebted for our half-tone cuts,  
To his kodak and his art,

And to him we are all thankful  
In the bottom of our heart.

## THE GRADUATE

Dear little graduate, winsome and gay,  
 With volumes of learning equipped for the fray,  
 For the battle of life is her banner unfurled,  
 Her heart all untouched by the cares of the world.  
 Her spirit undaunted, no failure she fears,  
 While glancing down the dim vista of years.  
 Her tresses no longer hang braided, instead  
 They are coiled in a knot on her wise little head.  
 And oh, to what heights does her dignity soar  
 For her gown for the first time, is touching the floor,  
 A fond mother fashioned those garments of white,  
 And patiently toiled far into the night;  
 As with feeling of pleasure, half mingled with pain,  
 She seems to live over her girlhood again;  
 And in each stitch is woven a memory bright,  
 Of her vanished youth, and her fancy takes flight.  
 'Till she sees the old schoolhouse, with desks so wide,  
 Where in childhood the goddess of wisdom she.  
 And she sighs as she prays that the fates may be kind  
 To the girl who is leaving the schoolroom behind.  
 Oh, brave little graduate, eager today,  
 In life's fitful drama a proud part to play.  
 May she ever be ready with courage and love,  
 To meet the task set by the teachers above.  
 His wisdom her guide in the hour of her need,  
 Going forth on her journey, we bid her God-speed. J. G. '07

## The Latest Musical Compositions by L. U. H. S. Students

SONG.	COMPOSER.
It Was A Dream.....	L. U. H. S. Students After the Exes.
Looking Back .....	Our Alumnae.
Some Day .....	Our New High School.
Tired .....	The Old High School.
Waiting .....	The Old High School.
Weary .....	The Old High School.
Dear Little Shamrock.....	Leo O'Hara.
Always in the Way (R—e).....	Ray Shafer.
It Was the Dutch .....	Alma Allen.
I Like Your Way (J—h—na).....	James Barkley.
I Love Only One Boy.....	Jean White.
Just One Girl.....	Harold Swift.

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## THE NEW SCHOOL BUILDING

That a building will be erected suitable for the needs of a high school is now an assured fact. It is expected that the building will be ready for use by the beginning of the coming school year. Plans are being submitted and one will be selected before this reaches the reader.

The building committee are working along safe and economical lines. It is proposed to erect a building at a cost not to exceed \$9,000, leaving the balance to furnish the building, improve the grounds and add such other facilities as later requirements may seem to demand. The building committee are endeavoring to forestall any need or call for an additional tax to complete or even furnish the building. It is intended that the only expense in the future will be the current running expenses of the school.

It is hoped that this policy will meet with the approval of all supporters of the school.

It is thought that a one-story building of four rooms with a basement for laboratory work, would meet all the requirements of a small high school.

The building will be erected on what is known as the Chapman lot, which was purchased some months ago.

With the completion of the building it is hoped that the "knockers" will join the ranks of the "boosters" to advance educational interests in this part of the country.

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