

1912

CARDINAL  
AND  
GOLD



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The  
**Cardinal and Gold**

The Class Colors  
**Green and Gold**

Motto  
**Alta Petens--Seeking Higher Things**

Flower  
**La' France Rose**

President  
**Katie Murphy**

# Dedication

We, the Senior Class  
of  
Nineteen Hundred Twelve  
Respectfully Dedicate This Book  
To the  
Trustees  
of the  
Liberty Union High School

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Standard Print, Martinez, Cal.





KATIE MURPHY



ESTHER DAINTY

The  
Graduating Class



JESSIE JOHNSON



OLIVE SIPLE

# The Faculty

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**W. A. Vivian, Principal**  
History and Geometry

**Miss K. McIntyre**  
English and Latin

**Miss Grace Att**  
Sewing, Drawing and Commercial Branches

**Miss H. E. Twombly**  
German, Chemistry and Physics

**Mr. H. J. Wood**  
Mechanical Drawing and Woodwork

## Class History of Seniors

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It seems but a very short time ago that we first met in the hall of dear old Liberty. We came together from all the surrounding districts. We entered the assembly room and took possession of the back seats but when nine o'clock came we were soon moved up to the front seats.

Our freshmen year was one of hard study and experience. Latin was a trial for some of us and to some algebra had no meaning. When there was a banquet with dishes to wash, we poor little freshies were always assigned the task of washing the dishes and of cleaning the hall.

Those who undertook to instruct us during our first year must have had a lot of patience. Mr. Pettit was our principal and how we dreaded to be sent to the office and receive a lecture on the carpet for not conducting ourselves as high school girls and boys should. But how should we know how to act in high school? We were nothing but children and all the other students teased us. Miss Baird was our English and History teacher. Miss Bixby the commercial teacher and Miss Comings was the one who tried so patiently to explain algebra to us. Miss Comings left us in December and Miss Newby took her place.

During the year some dropped out of the class and others joined it. After many trials and tribulations our first year of high school was brought to an end.

After spending two months vacation we came back rejoicing that we would no longer be called "green freshies." We now went by the name of "sophis."

Much to our pleasure the same faculty returned with the exception of Miss Newby. Miss Montgomery took her place. After much trouble in the translation of Caesar and in working out geometry prob-

lems and indulging in innocent fun we completed our second year of high school work.

When we returned to school to commence our Junior year we found that our class consisted of only four girls. The rest of our class had disappeared somewhere or somehow. We determined to work together and not allow the class to become any smaller. We had a new set of teachers to instruct us. Mr. Vivian became our principal. Miss McIntyre our English teacher. Miss Twombly our German and Chemistry teacher and Miss Quirk was the commercial teacher.

We planned to give our Junior Ball on April 7, but owing to a scarlet fever scare we were obliged to postpone it. We held the ball on May 5, and it was very successful. We will always look back on it as one of the happiest events in our High School days.

Our senior year has been one of the most successful years of our school lives. We stand together as a unit for the success and welfare of our school. We have always looked forward to the time when we would be Seniors. That time has come now. For four years we have toiled and struggled to attain the heights on which we now stand. We shall never forget the memories and associations of these four years. We are proud of the fair name of our High School and shall look back over the past and think of the many pleasant hours we passed within its walls. We may now separate to the ends of the world. New duties will come which will bring greater responsibilities. Life will not be the careless life of high school days but through it all the friendships we have formed here will gladden our way.

K. M. '12.

## History of Class of 1913

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Look at us now! You would never dream that we were once just plain freshmen. But of course we were and there are those who have been heard to say that we were ever green freshies, too. That was away back in 1909. On the fifth day of August of that year we entered High School an eager class of thirteen students. Were we superstitious over the double thirteen, the enrollment and year? Not a bit. We were undaunted by such trifles and bravely began to study even the hated Latin and German.

Marsh Creek gave our class a goodly number of fine looking girls—Annie, Winnie, Alma and Edith Cakebread and Emilie Gruniger. But conditions made it impossible for them all to stay very long with us. Annie, Winnie and Alma Cakebread left us at Christmas time. Now the two younger sisters are at home. And the oldest was married in September, 1910 to Mr. Ray Jones, and is now residing in Stockton. However, we have our one Cakebread with us yet—our dark-eyed Edith. She won't desert us.

From the sandy plains of Knightsen came one jolly girl, Myra Pearce. Here

we got quality instead of quantity and it is with us in our class enterprises—great or small.

Brentwood sent seven students for our class—Esther Murphey, Ruth Pemberton, Harold Collis, Van Prince, Frank Helm, Richard and Elaine Wallace. Of these only one has dropped out of school, Ruth Pemberton who is working in Los Baños.

Frank Helm and Van Prince graduated from the two year Commercial Course last year. Frank is working in an office in Oakland and Van is very busy in Brentwood.

Poor health forced Esther Murphey to leave us for a year and it is with regret that we give her brains to 1914.

The others are struggling on with the help of Everett Lemoine who joined in our second year, and of Manta Puteamp and Will Macgurn who cast their lot with us this year.

Yes, just look at us with our bench of athletes, both girls and boys, with our debators and actors and then realize the greatness of the class of 1913.

E. A. W., '13.

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## Sophomore Class '14

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School opened on August the seventh 1910 with fifteen members of the Freshmen class: Aileen Porter, Adeline Nola, Ellen Fotheringham, Fred Hoffman, Grace Paradine, Henry Plundley, John Parachine, Leland Brendt, Laverna Behn, Mary Cautrell, Mary Parenti, Mae Pemberton, Ray Goodwin, Susie Dickinson and Stanley Cabral. A "green" group indeed. During the year we lost several members and gained several.

We made our bow into Society at a reception given by the School in our honor

and after that delightful affair we felt grown up.

The class did not organize during our first year as we had our time fully occupied as it was, keeping our peace with "Sophs." The year finally closed upon the scene of hard working Freshmen.

This year School commenced with a class of fifteen Sophomores: Esther Murphy, Eugene MacCarty, Harry Hobbs, Sula Puteamp and Vivian Dye and nine of the former year's students. The class of the year before having decreased, in-

creased and at last equaled. The body organized at the beginning of the second semester. Misses Mary Parenti and Sula Putcamp were elected to the offices of president and secretary respectively.

The '14 class was well represented in the Senior Farce by Miss Putcamp and Mr. Hoffman.

Our class is also athletic, participat-

ing in tennis, basket ball and baseball. They were represented in the track meet by MacCarty.

We gave a reception and dance in honor of the Seniors in March and we feel that we are capital entertainers. The Seniors tried to ridicule our glorious class but we got the laugh on them.

S. D. '14.

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## History of the Freshmen

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On the seventh of August, 1911 there entered into the Liberty Union High School a class of fifteen Freshmen. There were Freshies of every description, tall Freshies and slim ones, fat Freshies and short ones. As we entered we were greeted with cries of "Oh you Freshies," "What a sweet little Freshie" and similar greetings, some of which we returned as saucily as they were given.

At first we had a rather unpleasant time. Everything was strange and we made many blunders such as wandering into the wrong class room, speaking when we shouldn't, etc. The upper classmen treated us like we were babies until they discovered that we really did have brains. Our respect and fear for them gradually decreased as we know them better.

The Seniors showed their good will by giving us a reception in our honor at which we consumed untold quantities of cake and sherbert. Now we know better and behave as well as anyone.

The Senior girls were very desirous of initiating us until one day the opportunity presented itself. It was the day of the watermelon feed in the basement. Suddenly some one shouted "Now's our chance" and they rushed towards us, brandishing their melon rinds and yelling madly. When they had finished, there was melon in our mouths, eyes, noses and

in our hair. Our dresses were utterly demolished. As a climax the Seniors were going to tie us up but one of the teachers interferred and we escaped.

All this for the girls. Meanwhile the boys were suffering, especially the smaller ones. Not a day passed without someone being ducked in the trough or tied in the tank house until some one rescued him.

Finally all the students ceased bothering us and we were allowed to exist in peace. We were however blamed for everything that happened, however much we raised our hands in horror and our voices in protest. "The Liberty Strike" was the only thing for which we weren't blamed. This occurred on the twelfth of February. All decided to play truant, to celebrate the day. There were a few murmurs about the Freshmen being left at home, but we promised to be good so they relented. What a glorious time we had! Never before had we done such a naughty thing. How our little conscience did prick at times. As I remarked before we were not blamed for this escapade.

After suffering a week's punishment we decided not to attempt anything similar again. From that day we have been as good as possible and from all indications we will make as conceited Sophomores as the most conceited of the class of 1914.

F. B. '15.

# Looking Backwards

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## I.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight!  
Meet me in Brentwood again for tonight:  
Take me to Liberty, the fountain of truth,  
There let me join with the friends of my youth.  
O Teachers! come out from the world's busy throng,  
And join us once more in some High School song,  
Lead us again through our English with care;  
With mistakes in our German be patient and fair.  
Then let us all join in the old-fashioned rule,  
"Stay after school, kids, stay after school."

## II.

Over my heart in the days that have flown,  
No place like the school room have I ever known;  
No other life has the sweet charm for me,  
That I left when I parted from old Liberty.  
No other city, though wealth may reign king,  
Can ever be dearer than Brentwood in Spring,  
Then down in the basement where breezes are cool  
Let us stay after school, kids, stay after school.

## III.

Oh Time! Take me back where the soft breezes blow,  
And show me those faces I knew long ago,  
There were Esther's broad smiles and Katie so quiet,  
And Ray ever ready to stir up a riot,  
Dear little Richard, with his heart full of glee,  
And Everett, the dreamer, were wondrous to see,  
Harold, our clown, took the part of a fool,  
When we stayed after school, kids, stayed after school.

## IV.

Brentwood, Oh Brentwood! The world is unfair,  
Let me return, your blessings to share,  
Many a winter the fog has hung low,  
And storm-beaten rigs have gone to and fro,  
Yet in my dreams I fancy I hear,  
The voices of our Prof, in tones loud and clear,  
"Come on Boys, get your lessons, Don't bray like a mule,  
Or you'll stay after school, kids, stay after school."

## Class Will and Testament

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We, the class of 1912, about to leave this sphere, being in full possession of a sound mind, memory and understanding, do make public, and declare this to be our last will and testament.

First:—We direct that our funeral expenses be paid from the student body treasury to which we all so willingly contributed our ten cents a month.

Second:—We bequeath to the trustees restful nights and peaceful dreams. We promise them freedom from our petitions. No more will we be called upon to bend our haughty knees; no more will they be pained to refuse. It has been hard to have our fondest wishes thwarted. It must have been hard for them to refuse such fair pleaders. They have done their duty and they shall have their just reward. For them we have also planted a tree of Friendship. May it ever be green!

Third:—To the Juniors we bequeath our ability for carrying out our plans and ask of them to bear in mind as we have done the motto, "In Union There is Strength." We also leave to them the honors and responsibilities of carrying on the Student Body affairs, draining the treasury on each occasion as we have done.

Fourth:—To the Sophomore girls we leave the tennis court, May they in the future win the championship of the county. Girl's keep up your interests! To the boys of that class and the Freshmen boys we leave the track field, and the hand ball court, asking Ernest Crockett to jump the hurdles at the next meet.

Fifth:—The Freshmen girls are given our unbounded knowledge of Current Events.

Sixth:—The erasers in the Commercial room are given to Henry Plumley, those in the assembly room to Elwin Wilson and Alvin Howard, but remember boys! Anyone that throws an eraser must stay one hour after school.

Seventh:—Our respective seats in the assembly room we leave to the following students: Olive Siple's to Ray Good-

win, so that he won't have to walk so far. Katie Murphy's to the studios Aileen Porter so that she will have no one to bother her. Jessie Johnson's to Edith Cakebread, so that she will be able to hear everything that is going on; mine, as hard as it is for me to part with it, I now willingly give to Judson Swift, so that he can see everyone who passes.

Eighth:—To the grammar school to whom we owe a great deal, we leave the remains of the glorious stars and stripes, which float over the school building day by day.

Ninth:—We, the Senior girls do also hereby bequeath our individual qualities, merits and dearest possessions.

Katie Murphy bestows upon Richard Wallace the honors which she received as Senior class president. May he have the co-operation of his class in a greater degree than he had when giving the famous "Junior Hop." Miss Murphey wills her excellent marks in current events to Gene MacCarty. To Will MacGarn she leaves her unlimited knowledge of "English Men of Letters." Her well worn black suit she wills to Mary Parenti knowing that it will fit her. Last, but not least, she gives her civic note book to Harold Collis with the plea that he spend as much time pondering over it next year, as she has done this one.

Jessie Johnson wills first of all, her noble steed and cart to Mr. Wood to use when he goes wild goose hunting. Her Civic book she leaves to Mr. Vivian. Her knowledge of German, she leaves to Everett Lemoine. Her white sweater and tan shoes she wills to Susie Dickinson. To Ray Goodwin she leaves her beautiful voice. Finally, she bequeaths to John Pardini her dancing art and grace.

Olive Siple leaves her riding horse to Elaine Wallace, the saddle to Aileen Porter and the bridle to Walter Swift. May they never forget that it was a 1912 graduate who so kindly remembered them. To Esther Wristen she leaves her excellent

mark in English and to Miss Uih, her faithful sewing teacher, she gives her silver thimble. Among Retta Green, Sula Putcamp and Frances Brown her Senior grace and dignity are distributed. With all the honors and responsibilities which she took as President of the Student Body, she now hands that power over to Myra Pearce, a most worthy successor.

All of my possessions being nearly worn out and my credits being of no honor to anyone, I bequeath my best wishes and fond remembrance to both the faculty and the Students.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our seal, this twenty-fourth day of May in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twelve.

Signed:

ESTHER G. DAINTY,  
OLIVE G. SIPLE,  
KATIE MURPHY,  
JESSIE E. JOHNSON.

Witnesses:

MISS MACINTYRE,  
MARY PARENTI,  
MYRA PEARCE.

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## Jessie's Skirt

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Jessie bolted the kitchen door, tried every window to see that it was fastened and adding a few final touches that a girl of eighteen always will to her toilet, pulled the front door after her. Then she stopped in dismay and because she had no choice in the matter. The door had slammed to on her skirt. Her mother was out and had taken the latch key. There were no near neighbors, she couldn't get free and she certainly could not afford to be seen in the scarcity of clothes that would follow if she left her skirt in the door. Besides, there wasn't a window unlocked whereby to enter the house. She might scream herself hoarse and her nearest neighbor would never hear her.

"O! What a fix," groaned Jessie, "Here it is twenty-five minutes to four and they begin playing at four, and it will break up the whole table if I'm not there; and I owe Olive so many favors besides. What can I do? I promised so faithfully to be on hand and I can't even telephone!"

She pulled at her skirt, first gently, for it was new, but soon began to tug hard. It would not slip; she turned and twisted the knob, the night latch stayed firm.

"I can at least sit down and await developments," she said to herself. But when she tried she felt as if she were

hanging from a tree limb the skirt was fastened up so high. Inside the hall she could hear the clock tick off the minutes. She fell unconsciously to counting the slow, measured strokes.

Once she stopped and laughed at her own predicament, then she stopped laughing and grew serious again. "I may be here till dark," she said. Just then whistles were heard and she gathered up courage to call, but it was a fish wagon and she let it pass before it occurred to her that she might send the man for her neighbor.

The clock in the hall marked off the minutes and she heard the little tick it made when it was just five minutes before the hour. "O, dear, what will Olive think?" At this point a small boy came strutting by, "Oh, little boy, come here!" screamed Jessie. He looked up, open-mouthed, then started on. "Come here!" she shouted. He came as if half afraid. "Go yonder to that house and tell the lady to come here and bring a skirt. Tell her Jessie wants her. Now don't get it wrong and run."

Five minutes more passed by. "I could get there if he would only hurry. Cards are always a little late." She counted sixty with the clock several times before the round face of the boy peeped



through the fence and said, "She ain't there" and he was gone.

"I guess I will be here when mother comes home," murmured Jessie in despair. But just then she saw a new ray of hope. The old wash woman of the neighborhood was passing with a basket of clothes. "Oh Aunty, come here please," called Jessie, and the old woman gazed at her, then setting down her basket, started over. "Bring the clothes," shrieked Jessie.

"Well sakes alive Miss Johnson, now ain't that a fix you's in" and her face broke into a smile. "Now don't that beat you?" "Whose clothes are those?" asked Jessie eagerly.

"Miss Dainty's down at the corner," Jessie frowned and bit her lip in vexation, for she and Miss Dainty were hardly friendly owing to a little misunderstanding over a certain social function. But this was no time to mince matters.

"Get me an underskirt, aunty quick," she said. The old Aunty brought up a pretty embroidered skirt. Jessie slipped it over her head. "Now give me a top skirt," she said.

"There ain't none but this white one."

"Give me that!" Jessie said severely and slipping this over head she fastened it and put on the belt she had taken off.

"Does my white shirt look funny with this thin skirt," asked Jessie. "No you's

look fine," reassured the friendly wash woman.

"Well I thank you very much and now I guess there is no danger of anyone stealing my own skirt if I leave it here."

It was half-past four when flushed and smiling Jessie appeared in Olive's parlors. The tables were already and the bell rang at once.

"I am so sorry I was late, but I was unavoidably delayed," said Jessie as she took the vacant seat waiting. Across from her sat Miss Dainty. Jessie tucked the snowy skirt under her guiltily, fancying she detected a look of recognition in that young lady's glance, but of course she offered no explanation then, nor did she betray any alarm when one of the ladies spoke of the trouble she had getting a servant and Miss Dainty spoke up saying, "Yes, I have such a time with my washing, I sent it out on Monday and here it is Saturday and it hasn't come yet. It's dreadfully annoying, there was a certain white dress I wanted for this afternoon."

Jessie tucked her skirt about her more closely but did not enter into the conversation.

That night a very long note of apology went to Miss Dainty and she and Jessie became the best of friends again.

K. M., '12.



# EDITORIAL



## The Cardinal and Gold

Brentwood, Cal.

May, 1912

### Editorial Staff

Jessie E. Johnson, Editor-in-Chief

Esther Dainty, Business Manager

Olive Siple, Exchange

Olive Siple, Assistant Business Manager

Katie Murphy, Issues

Richard Wallace, Athletics

Morgan Schroder, Alumni

Myra Pearce, Society

Ray Fredericks and Richard Wallace, Artists

Another year has rolled by. Another year has passed and gone. We now take pleasure in presenting to the public the Cardinal and Gold, the results of much labor, and trust that it will receive popular approval.

We have much to be thankful for this year. To our surprise and delight the Board of Trustees hired a new teacher to take charge of wood work and mechanical drawing. A shop was fitted up in the rear of the grammar school. A good supply of tools were bought and the boys constructed their own benches. We understand great improvements are planned in the future. A course leading to surveying is to be introduced. A shop will be constructed and fitted up with machinery. It will soon be possible for a young man to enter our High School and prepare himself for engineering.

Liberty has reason to be proud of the

progressive spirit shown by the trustees. They have made Liberty the leading small school of the county. We understand that other high schools of Contra Costa County contemplate following our example and expect to introduce woodwork.

On our part in return for all these favors we should endeavor to do our share and help to win glory for our high school. We need more school spirit. (Some students do not show the proper spirit in athletics. A few of them idle and loaf away their time instead of taking part in track events, baseball and basket ball. Don't idle away the precious moments. Be active and do something that will reflect honor on yourselves and glory on the school.

In conclusion we wish to thank those business men who have so nobly assisted us by advertising in the Annual. When in need of anything give them your patronage.

## Senior Prophecy

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Harvard University.

April 20, 2000.

My Dear Sister:—So well I know your sympathetic nature that I will write this to tell you my latest experience, a discovery of a new constellation in the Heavens and what it has brought forth. As you know, I have always had a firm belief in the transmigration of the soul and lately it has been proven to me, who I was when I was an inhabitant of this earth in the year nineteen hundred and twelve. Listen to my story!

Last Saturday evening the stars were very bright and I sat for some time on the piazza, viewing the different constellations. Finally my eye found one that appeared altogether different from the others. There was one large star with two points much longer than the others. The second star was a bright fiery red and stood close to the first one. The other two were not so gentle. One of them insisted on tumbling around, as if it were constantly falling down. Its mate behaved in a most peculiar manner, too, for it ceaselessly revolved around the other three darting here and there as if it were intoxicated.

My curiosity was deeply aroused and I ordered my chariot, a model aeroplane. Soon I was soaring off into space in the direction of these peculiar stars. Bang! Smash! Before I was aware of it, I had crashed into the one with the long projecting points and to my great surprise these points were shoes! I heard some one call! Great Heavens! It was my own voice and I had a dim recollection of having seen those shoes somewhere. But my mind was clouded. Voices began to call me. "Get out of my way, I'm going sporting," said one and the big tumbling star sped by me, but tripped on a moon beam and sailed headlong into space soon returning to its former position. "We've got to decide on those pins," said the blazing red star. "I shall write to the jeweler."

"I wish something exciting would happen, I'm tired of this. Let's take a day off. I don't know my lesson."

Meanwhile Big Feet stood as grouchy as ever in her corner with never a word to say.

All this was vaguely familiar to me but I could not collect my senses and busied myself with my broken machine which I had hitched to the corner of Big Feet's heel.

"Beat it! Get off the earth." Those words were too familiar. I knew now who my companions were—the Senior Class of 1912. How did I know it? Why that star with the impossible feet was none other than myself. Instinct told me that. What did I know about the Senior Class of 1912? Well, I was one of them. Did I not say that I believed in transmigration of the soul? When I was on this earth before, I was called Jessie Johnson and though I am a professor at Harvard University now, it is a fact, just the same. I was glad to meet myself and "to see myself as others see me" and also to have a proof of my favorite doctrine, that of transmigration.

Next I began to introduce myself. Of course, the girls were glad to see me again. Even my other self was sociable. We talked over old times. Esther Dainty, the star which tumbled around, related that she had become so tired of living single life, that she had taken up missionary work in an entirely uncivilized island, lying a trifle to the north west of the south pole. There she made life so warm that the inhabitants had killed her one night, by drowning her in a kettle of ice cold whale oil. She was placed in the heavens as a star. Here she remained alone until Katie Murphy, the red star, had come up to keep her company, by special permission from Jupiter. Before this Katie had lived a short life on earth and had set up a factory in Brentwood for the purpose of printing High School invitations and of designing Commencement dresses.

Five years after Katie's arrival, Olive Siple had surprised her old schoolmates by suddenly appearing in their midst one morning before they were awake and singing "Good Night" in a wonderful alto voice

that had startled all stars there-about and nearly drove them insane. They had taken refuge by punching many holes through the floor of the sky and several had fallen to earth, one landing on the tennis court of the Liberty Union High School, then under the principalship of Mr. W. A. Vivian's great, great grandson. Olive had nothing to say for herself except that she had fallen from a box nailed on the back of an automobile while passing through Knightsen. The fall had broken her neck and ruined her pompadour, so to avoid expending too much money advertising in the county papers for her lost rats, she had been hustled off to Heaven. As she was not Christian enough to enter she had been assigned a position as a star until she should improve enough to be allowed to pass through the Golden Gates. That was seventy years ago and as yet she is still a star and spends her time, darting about here and there, discussing current events with her other neighbors who are getting tired of it now, since the woman's suffrage election is over.

My other self had an interesting story to tell. As she told it to me little by little my past existence came back to me.

After graduating from Liberty in 1912

she had gone to India, engaging there in the trade of manufacturing false teeth out of bichloride of mercury and sulphur for the natives. After going bankrupt, she had returned to America and had endeavored to invent a machine which would revive dead mice and fifty year old dried paper flowers by injecting a compound of strychnine and carbolic acid into their veins. After proving to herself that life was a failure she had ended her eventful career by cutting her throat on wall paper. Not because she deserved it but because of the sympathy of her fellow graduates she was given a place with them in the sky on condition that she should be seen and never heard. The four formed a very beautiful constellation.

Crash! I came back to earth quite suddenly. To this day I am wandering, dear sister I write this to you but expect no answer for by some queer freak of the brain, I cannot place myself or my surroundings. When I commenced this letter, I imagined I was at Harvard. Probably I am—come and look for me. Maybe I don't exist at all. I don't know.

Yours in distress,

J. J., '12.

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## Junior Prophecy 1912

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It was one of those gloriously beautiful evenings on the Nile.

During the day I had visited the Sphinx. As I had stood looking at it my mind had wandered back to the Liberty Union High School in 1912 ten years before. How I wished some of my old schoolmates were with me!

Now as I sat in my room in the dying light comfortably smoking a cigar my thoughts again reverted to the old classmates. I blew rings of smoke into the thin air and watched them vanish. But suddenly something strange happened. The last ring of smoke instead of vanishing as

the others, seems to expand. It changes into a beautiful white satin dress covered with pearls, soon a head appears dimly seen at first, then becoming clearer and I look into the face of Edith Cakebread. She seems to be standing on a platform before a great enthusiastic crowd. What is it? Ah, at last I see! A great singer has our little Edith become and the people applaud her. The picture fades.

I blow another ring wondering what would happen next. The smoke parts, goes up and then suddenly comes together and I see a figure, erect and proud, bearing on his arm a lovely bride. Will Mac-

Gurn without a doubt, millionaire banker, just married. One need only look at his face to see that he is happy.

Another ring of smoke and now I see a room crowded with people talking and laughing. Suddenly a hush falls upon them. I look around eagerly. Then from a distant part of the stage comes a woman, dressed as a girl in the Early English times. Where have I seen the costume before? In the great Shakesperian plays "Macbeth and Hamlet." The Lady is Lady Macbeth. How well she does that difficult act and with what pathos she speaks those words. The face becomes clearer and now a cry of surprise comes from my lips. It is Minnie Sheddric. She continues acting then I see her glance fearfully towards the back of the stage. The audience think her acting but no, there goes a little red flame, another and another. But Minnie bravely keeps on. Suddenly a loud voice below is heard ordering the people out. Those tones are familiar, I notice even then. The people, knowing nothing, wonderingly pass out. I follow. Yes, of course, no one but Harold Collis could speak so loud and clear. He trained his voice at Liberty. The picture becomes dim and fades away.

Another, another and another ring of smoke ascends and all disappear. Will I see anything more? Yes! The last ascends and I see a slowly moving train. As it passes by a familiar face appears at a window. It is the merry face of Manta Puteamp. She is talking happily with another girl. The train moves faster but I

follow with my glance. Into the dark night it goes on and on. Then a sudden roar and crashing and all in chaos. I think of the happy face seen such a short time before. Will it ever be seen again? "Oh horrors!" and with this exclamation I awoke from my sound sleep in my easy chair, my neck almost stiff and my fingers severely burned by my cigar.

Getting up I walked out on the cool veranda and seated myself. Sitting here I heard voices and so familiar that laugh was. And then—was I still dreaming or was it reality? There before me stood Manta Puteamp. In my surprise I saw only her and went up to her. She knew me immediately. I asked her if she had a pleasant journey. She paled and then told me of an awful wreck the night before. She asked me if I did not remember her companions. Then I looked around me and there was Elaine Wallace, Judson Swift, Everett Lemoine and Myra Pearce. They had all started for Egypt at the same time. Elaine had come over in an aeroplane, in which she had won much fame. Judson was ambassador to England and was now taking a vacation. Everett to my great astonishment was still a batchelor and was out on his steam yacht for pleasure. Myra was there to help the cause of Woman Suffrage. I eagerly asked after Richie Wallace of whom all the girls were fond and heard that he was looking for the flag planted on the South Pole.

O. S., '12.

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## Prophecy of Sophomores

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It was a pleasant afternoon of the summer of 1920 and I was lying in the hammock under a tall tree near my old country home, thinking of my classmates of Liberty, when a beautiful white dove perched on the hammock near my feet. I smiled at it and said unconsciously, "You dear little dove, I wish you would fly to where my classmates are, and then return

to me, and tell me all about them." I was thinking of Sula, when the dove seemed to be changing itself into a little girl with golden hair. She was no larger than my little finger, and she had two tiny wings upon her back. She stretched out her small arms and beckoned to me.

"How can I come with you?" I asked. "I am so large and you are so small." The

fairy waved her wand in the air and said in the sweetest voice I ever heard, "But see, you are only as large as I am." The hammock suddenly grew so large that I was frightened for fear I'd fall out, but the fairy, who was as large as I was, took me by the hand and we sailed through the air. It seemed to me that we had sailed a long way, but when the fairy lighted, I found that we were only on the rosebush just across the garden. She opened a rose bud with her fingers and led me into it between the petals.

In front of me I saw a very long hall, so long in fact, that I couldn't see the end of it. The fairy asked me which one of my classmates I wished to see first. The fact that the fairy so nearly resembled Sula made me ask to see her first. She put her hands on the knob of a door on one side of the hall and said,

"Sula, whose patience always lasts"

Is now the teacher of a Latin class."

She opened the door and I saw a tall young lady standing at a desk, holding a book in her hand. Beyond her was a large class of students, listening to her as she asked them questions. She was very enthusiastic about her work and her students were bright and attentive. I wanted to speak to Sula, but the fairy took me out and closed the door asking me who was the next person I wished to see. I thought I would like to see one of the boys, so I asked to see John. The fairy put her hand on the knob of a door, which was across the hall, and said,

"John, the sturdy pioneer,

Has become a mechanical engineer."

She opened the door, and there, amidst all kinds of machinery, I beheld John. He was tall and broad, due to athletics at school. Apart from the machinery I saw a woman in a kitchen, attending to household duties. The fairy told me that this was John's wife.

"I should like to be introduced to John's wife," I said. The fairy took my hand and led me to out of the door.

"Is there anyone else you wish to see?" she asked.

"Before I ask to see some one," I

said, "I would like to know why you will not let me speak to any of my classmates?"

"The reason is," answered the fairy, "that if you speak to them, the charm breaks and they disappear from your sight."

"Very well," I said, "let me see Aileen." The fairy put her hand on a door which was on the same side of the hall as the first one I had entered, and said,

"Aileen has surpassed all her rank,

And is now working in a bank."

When the fairy opened the door, I saw a tall young lady leaning over a counter in a beautiful bank building. She was keeping books, and around her were many other employes doing other work. I noticed one young man paying particular attention to Aileen. The fairy told me that Aileen was engaged to him.

"As long as I can't talk to Aileen, I might as well go to see some of my other classmates. Let me see Ray," I said, when we were in the hall again.

The fairy approached a door on the opposite side of the hall and placing her hand upon the knob, said, opening it,

"For hard work, Ray never cared,

So with the Brentwood Bank he shared."

I beheld a gentleman sitting on a Morris chair, near a table, reading a book. This was surely Ray, the lover of books. In another part of the room was a woman lying on a divan. I imagined this to be Ray's wife, and found I was right. The fairy told me that it was Ray's bank in which Aileen was employed.

"Let me see Esther," I said, going out into the hall.

When I saw the fairy go to a door across the hall, I supposed that the girls were all on one side of the hall, and the boys on the other. She opened the door saying,

"Esther's brightness was ne'er surpassed,  
She's teaching students now at last."

I saw Esther with a large class of students. Some of her students were larger than she was, for she was not very

tall. I was told by the fairy that it was a University in which Esther taught. This pleased me very much, and as I longed to speak to Esther, I went out before I would be tempted, and asked to see Ferd.

"To converse with every nation,

Ferd built a wireless telegraph station."

said the fairy, as she opened a door. There I saw Ferd, tall and healthy as he always was. He had many operators employed by him, for he was the manager and gave them directions. He seemed pleased with his employees and, no doubt, was happy.

"I must not forget Susie," I said as I walked out of the door. The fairy crossed the hall again, and faced a door, saying,

"Constance is Susie's fate,  
She's teaching in her native State."

When she opened the door, I beheld a young lady teaching a class of about forty students. So this was Susie teaching in Virginia! There were also two or three negro children in Susie's class. I noticed that they were even brighter than the white children. Oh, how I longed to speak to Susie, but I did not dare to, because I wanted to see the rest of my classmates.

"Eugene is the next," I said, walking out of the door. The fairy crossed on the boys' side of the hall, and said while facing a door,

"Eugene was ever Hoffman's chum,  
So into partnership they've come."

On opening the door, I saw something familiar about the place. It was precisely the same building in which I had seen Ferd. Ferd was not there now, but Eugene walked about giving directions to the operator. It pleased me to think how well Ferd and Eugene got along together. The fairy told me to hurry, so I asked to see Mae.

"Of Brentwood, worthy Mae is mayor,  
And a large salary they pay her."

said the fairy as she opened a door. Upon looking into the room, I saw Mae seated

in the Brentwood City Hall. She was holding a meeting, and I noticed that she conducted it well, (due to the 'Parliamentary Law' which she learned at Liberty). I was glad to see the school work doing some service.

Upon being reinded by the fairy to hurry, I asked to see Henry. I surely was not going to forget him. The fairy went to a door and opened it, saying,

"Henry's knowledge of autos was always large,

He's now the owner of the Byron Garage."

As I entered, I saw Henry, now developed into a man, giving orders to his employees, and at the same time, fixing an automobile which was broken. He soon had it repaired, and on trying it, found that it ran just as well as before it was broken.

"There is no one else to see," I said, as I walked out of the door.

"You are forgetting someone," said the fairy.

"Oh, no," I said, "there are no others in my class."

"Come to this room," said the fairy, opening a door. I saw a strange young lady seated at a desk in an office. The place looked familiar, but I did not recognize the woman. After a few minutes of thinking, I remembered that it was the office in which I worked. What was this stranger doing here? I had forgotten that I was having a vacation and that some one else had my place until I should return. It was then only, myself that I had forgotten to ask to see. I went to speak to the woman, to tell her that I would be back in a week, but when I had spoken the first word, everything vanished from my sight, and I found myself lying in the hammock. I was no longer small, as I had been, when the fairy took me away. I sat up in the hammock, and began to wonder at what I had seen, until I was finally convinced that it was only a dream, and I had forgotten myself.

## Freshmen Prophecy

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In the summer of 1925 my friend Captain Kenneth Farnsworth, of the new twentieth century war air-ship, Deliverance, invited me to make a trip around the world with him. I readily accepted and we were soon speeding through the air.

As we were darting far above the Mississippi River I heard a crackling of wood. I sprang to my feet, rushed to the deck and at a glance saw the cause of my alarm. One of the huge wings was broken. By means of a new device which had just been invented by one of my school-mates, Alvin Howard, we were able to glide safely to the earth. We called a carpenter, whom on arriving we found to be Elwin Wilson. He repaired the damage and, after refusing compensation left us to continue our flight.

We enjoyed every moment of our trip and before we were hardly aware of it we reached Washington where we paid a visit to Bessie————— formerly Bessie Sanders who was the first woman President of the United States. Here we met another of our schoolmates, Ruth Olmsted, the president's private secretary. We finally took leave of our friends and soon had left America far behind us.

On arriving in London we were met by Alvin who after his great invention had come to England to live. After thanking him for saving our lives by his invention we left for Paris. Here we decided to in-

vest in a hat for my hostess. With this intention in mind we entered a millinery store where to our great surprise and joy we met Frances Miller and Neva Sheddrick. After making our purchases we bade our friends farewell and started out to see the sights. We next entered an art studio where we saw our old friend, Roy Frerichs at work on a beautiful painting. He was not married but we told him to cheer up that he still had a chance. Roy told that Ernest Crockett was an athletic trainer and coach in a High School in Central Africa. (Cheer up Pat, if you fail at that fall back on your artistic skill.)

On leaving Paris we steered for Japan where, in Tokyo we met Adriana Joneneel who was enjoying her honeymoon. She told us that Esther Wristen and Violet Cakebread were married and living in Byron. Also that Elyira Lucas was in India helping her husband in his missionary work.

Our next stop was in the Philippine Islands where we found Frances Brown teaching a class in Domestic Economy while Blanche Juett was teaching History.

Thus had all my friends grown up and prospered while I was————

But here I heard the dinner bell ringing and I was forced to end my reminiscence.

W. E. S., '15.





## The Debate

---

From far and near the people flocked,  
To hear the great debate.  
Some came in autos, cushions rocked,  
Some behind a skate.

And though the road was dark and long,  
And cold the atmosphere,  
The people came in numbers strong,  
The arguments to hear.

For on this cold December night,  
The question that was put  
Was to decide if Jury right  
Was really good or bad.

When Olive Siple told us all  
That judges can't be bought,  
While poor plain juries easy fall  
For a little coin or naught.

It looked as if she'd won her case  
And Mary cracked a smile,  
But Kate got up with glowing face  
And muttered, "Wait a while."

"It is far easier to bribe  
One lonely, stuck up judge,  
Then take this dull, slow jury tribe  
And make twelve of them budge."

Kate Murphy's argument has placed  
The issue in a cloud  
And now Parenti, solemn faced  
Gets up to brave the crowd.

With forceful voice and logic clear  
She makes it plain to us,  
That judges seldom wrongly steer,  
And never make a fuss.

While juries as a general rule  
Don't know an awful lot,  
And some are stubborn as a mule  
And do not care a dot.

When Mary finally sat down  
Arose a mighty cheer  
She surely now will get the crown  
And be proclaimed the peer.

With eager grace and smiling mien  
Now Myra rose to speak.  
And from the start it could be seen  
That she was far from weak.

Her point is that the rank and file  
Of voters in this land,  
Can surely beat a judge a mile  
Because they took a hand.

In placing him upon his seat;  
And if they can do that,  
They're able to perform the feat,  
Of telling what is what.

When Myra closed her argument  
The noise was simply fierce,  
The crowd their feelings gave full vent  
In honor of Miss Pearce.

Now Mary has three minutes yet,  
To finish the debate  
She argued like a suffragette  
And settled Myra's fate.

And now suspense was in the air,  
And quiet was the hall,  
While judges wrote decision fair  
To whom the prize should fall.

Award for the best argument,  
To the affirmative;  
The prize for smoothest speaker went  
To Myra, negative.

That judge should win, can now be seen  
The votes were two to one;  
Now had it stupid jury been  
Nobody would have won.

A. J., '15.

Seniors	Nickname	Ambition	Distinguishing Feature	Favorite Expression
Esther Deinty	Grandma	To be slim	Slender waist	Get off the earth
Katie Murphy	Skinny	To teach civics	Hair	Do you know your civics?
Olivia Siple	Pancake	To be fat	Curly	Loan me some powder
Jessie Johnson	Jess	To find a man	Shoes	Beat it.
Juniors	Nickname	Ambition	Distinguishing Feature	Favorite Expression
Elaine Wallace	Four eyes	To go to Concord	Switch	Keep still
Marta Putcump	Apple Sauce	To become an old maid	Flirting	Kiss me
Myra Pearce	Miss Pearce	To collect money	Her walk	Pay our dues
Minnie Smeddick	Mimo	To keep house	Brown dress	Let's get married
Edith Cakebread	Tede	To get the measles	Buggy	I can't
Will Macgarrn	Bill	To be late to class	Blue suit	Search me
Harold Collins	Yous	To hitch up horses	Speeches	You got me
Everett Lemoine	Lemons	To kiss certain girls	Motor bike	Put your arms around
Richard Wallace	Tig	To be on track	Ruff neck	Come on, fellows!
Judson Swift	Jod	To be tardy	English recitations	I don't know
Sophomores	Nickname	Ambition	Distinguishing Feature	Favorite Expression
Sasie Dickerson	Su	To be a teacher	Ribbons	Silly kid
Mae Pemberton	Kid	To marry a tall man	Admiring Will Macgarrn.	Let me show you
Mary Parent	Maria	To acquire Senior conceit	Falling up stairs	Who took my grapes?
Aileen Porter	Lena	To graduate	Talking	Oh, come on
Sala Putcump	Zu	To be good just once	Silence	Get out
Esther Murphy	Es	To be smart	Drawings	Well, what do you want
Eugene McCarthy	Mae	To learn one German lesson	Putting in	What's the lesson?
Fred Hoffman	Hoff	To talk	Auto	You've killed me
Henry Phumley	Hank	To grow up	Talking to the girls	I'm coming
John Paredini	Park	To love some one	Dreaming	Sure, I will
Ray Goodwin	Beauty	To be a great singer	His tight shoes	Cheese it
Retta Green	Miss Green	To brag	Being absent	Say kid, I've got something to tell you

<b>Freshmen</b>	<b>Nickname</b>	<b>Ambition</b>	<b>Distinguishing Feature</b>	<b>Favorite Expression</b>
Walter Swift .....	John	To argue with the Prof.	Packet book	Me neither won't let me
Frances Brown .....	Fritz	To be someone's darling	Startiness	Do you love me?
Alvin Howard .....	Howard	To hurry	Speed	Well-----
Frances Miller .....	Baby	To be faint on Current Event days	To be brave	(Too quiet to have any)
Ruth Onstead .....	Ruthie	To talk to Elwin on the stairs	Kissing the girls	How could you do it?
Esther Wirsten .....	Deacon	To accept candy from H. P.	To be dignified	Wait a minute
Violet Cakebread .....	Vi.	To make shirt waists	Talking to the teachers	I'm going to quit
Roy Freicks .....	Lengthy	To dance the Turkey Trot	Griming	I can't afford it
Edna Sanders .....	Ed.	To be silent	Spinning up town	Look'ee here
Bessie Sanders .....	Bess.	To play Hookey	Diamond	Be careful Frances
Elwin Wilson .....	Wilson	To play pool	Talking to Ruth	Humph!
Affriana Jongeneel .....	Addri	To be tall	Tennis	Has none
Blauche Jaett .....	Blauchie	To be modest	cheeks	Where's the Prof?
Ernest Crockett .....	Pat	To be High School Prof.	His lunches	I didn't do it
Robert Barkley .....	Sam	To sing "Yankee Doodle"	Glasses	Shyness
Neva Scheddick .....	Has none	To love Walter Swift	Quarreling	Leave me alone
Elvira Lucas .....	Lu	To be popular	Height	What did you say?



## Society Notes

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"Hello, is this number 57891. How are the society events in Liberty this year?"

"Oh, they have been fine.

First: On the evening of August 25, 1911 the upper classmen gave a reception in Coate's Hall. Last year graduates were invited and also each student had the privilege of inviting one person. The early part of the evening was devoted to games. Dainty refreshments consisting of ice cream and cake were served in the banquet room up stairs.

\* \* \*

Dec. 10, 1911, Miss Hughes came to school and gave us a splendid reading entitled "The Burglar Alarm."

We all appreciated it very much.

Dec. 15, 1911, a debate was given in Coate's Hall. The subject debated was, "Resolved; That the Jury System Should be Abolished." Affirmative, Olive Siple, Mary Parenti; negative, Katharine Murphy and Myra Pearce.

The judges were: Messrs. R. G. Deau, V. Taylor and Mr. Jongeneel.

The hall was simply "packed." No other word will express it.

The debators poured sarcasm and convincing arguments at each other.

The judges decided two to one in favor of the Affirmative and Miss Pearce was chosen as the best speaker of the evening.

A farce entitled "The Best Man" followed the debate.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

George Bradley.....	Will Macgurn
Dick Willis.....	Ferdinand Hoffman
Margaret Gibson.....	Sula Patecamp
Marion Gibson.....	Myra Pearce

The farce was a laugh from beginning to end. Poor George and Dick had such a hard time getting things fixed up, but everything turned out all right.

After the farce dancing continued until two o'clock, then the lights were turned out and darkness reigned supreme and the dancers departed for their homes.

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Feb. 7, 1912, Rev. Lucas talked to us on athletics. He explained how athletics helped both mind and body and advised the

boys to go in for track. The boys went to work in real earnest and they have profited by it

\* \* \*

Feb. 12, 1912, Mr. Vivian gave a speech on that great and honest man, Abraham Lincoln. Miss H. Gill also gave a pleasing reading.

\* \* \*

Feb. 16, 1912, we were honored by having Rev. Simms come to our school and tell us the ways and manners of Chinese. He sang, talked and wrote for us in that language. We enjoyed it very much and hope he will come again some time.

\* \* \*

Feb. 22, 1912, R. G. Dean delivered an interesting address on Washington at our school. Miss Zilla Cook, who is a splendid pianist, played for us also.

\* \* \*

March 1, 1912, the Sophomores gave a reception to the Seniors and the parents of the students and the trustees. Coate's Hall was decorated in pink and green, the class colors. A program had been pre-

pared by the class and was enjoyed by every one present. Miss Jean Taylor of Stockton sang several solos.

Ice cream and cake were served near midnight.

The Sophomores did themselves justice and it is hoped all other Sophomore classes will do as well.

\* \* \*

March 22, 1912, the Annual Junior Ball was given by the members of the class. The hall was decorated in the class colors purple and gold with sprays of smilax entwined here and there.

The Oakley orchestra played popular and mirth inspiring music and every one was able to keep perfect step to it. About ten o'clock the Grand March took place led by Richard Wallace, the president of the class, and Miss Edith Cakebread. Ice cream, cake and punch were served between the hours of ten and twelve.

A few minutes after two the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home" and soon the happy revelers journeyed homeward.

Did you hear all of it, Sue?

All right, then, good-bye.



## A Night of Horror

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"Who are you?" I asked, when, after some delay, the door was slowly opened, and, to my great surprise, a small head, tipped with two tiny horns, followed by a long, skinny, yellow neck peeped in at the door.

I received no answer to my query, except that the rest of the creature, consisting of a pair of long front legs with feet similar to those of a cow, then a slender brown spotted body, and finally a pair of short hind legs slowly moved into the room and mischievously stretched his neck in order to nibble at the picture frames and book-cases. Meanwhile he surveyed me with malicious glances.

"Who are you?" I asked again when a huge tawny lion sprang into the room, with a terrific roar. After this I was speechless, for still they came—panthers, leopards, coons, each singing his own tune which had a hair-raising effect upon me. I was too bewildered to ask myself what it meant. Faster and faster they came in until every known animal, so it seemed to me, stood arrayed around me in a circle. I can not begin to describe them. Some stared, some grinned; others growled and

howled and the remainder of them amused themselves by biting at my shoe-strings and perching on the back of my chair and pulling out my hair by the roots.

Then in one instant every member of this menagerie perched upon his hind legs and the next instant all made one grand spring at my head, each screaming at the top of his voice. But—with one mighty groan the center of the floor raised itself up to the ceiling, scattering the animals headlong; and then with a groan tenfold mightier, it sank down again—down, down, down into inky blackness into which the beasts were drawn. But, worst of all, I felt myself going down with them. And then, I screamed at the horror of the situation.

That scream saved my life! It awakened me from my nightmare and I found myself kneeling in front of the Morris chair grasping both its arms like a man overboard. A mirror opposite showed me the misery upon my face and I resolved never again to visit the Zoo on my Saturday afternoon off.

J. J., '12.

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## The Sophomore Class

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The Sophomores are all so wise  
That they don't have to study;  
They are a class of seven and five  
I'll describe each one fully.

First I'll tell of Esther Murphy  
Who is graceful and erect;  
Hard work and patient study  
From her you would expect.

Ford is always late to class  
And usually knows his lesson,  
Not because he studied it  
But merely from the guessing.

Mae never cares to say a word  
And when she's asked a question,  
She likes to speak so she can't be heard,  
Or she'd just as soon say nothing.

Susie never fails to laugh  
At anything that's funny,  
And when she's joined by all the class  
She thinks it more amusing.

The one with the least vocabulary  
Is our friend Eugene,  
He usually guesses at his words  
And doesn't know what they mean.

There's one unversed in Classic Myths  
And that is Retta Green,  
But as for being Portia  
We all admit she's keen.

Ray is usually half dreaming,  
Or something his attention takes,  
But when a question's popped at him  
He suddenly awakes.

At five minutes to one o'clock,  
Sula takes her book,  
She goes to somebody else's desk  
For her English words to look.

When John is asked a question  
That he does not know,  
He says a lot of useless words  
And calls it answered so.

All that her name doth call her  
Is dear little Grace,  
And now that it is leap year  
She'll surely win the race.

Aileen and Mary always smile  
At some German joke,  
And no one else thinks it worth while  
Because Geometry is their stroke.

M. P., '14.

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## The Freshmen

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I know some Freshmen very gay,  
Who go to Brentwood High,  
They learn their lessons every day,  
For if they don't, Oh, my!

They burn a quart of midnight oil,  
And off to school they go,  
Their faces showing marks of toil,  
But charming yet you know.

The girl with freckles on her nose,  
Is Ruth without a doubt,  
And Bob in spite of intarned toes,  
Is never known to pout.

Our Adriana's smiling face,  
Grows brighter still when praised  
About her taste in Frills and lace,  
With teasing Pat is crazed.

When John makes eyes at Neva shy  
It causes her to blush,  
And when he sees her almost cry,  
Remorse comes with a rush.

Alvin, who comes from up the creek,  
Excels in History,  
To Esther English seems like Greek  
From it she fain would flee.

As Frances comes within his sight,  
How sweetly Kenneth smiles,  
He tries to learn with all his might  
The object of her wiles.

We have another Frances too,  
Who is so very shy,  
She always has a smile for you,  
And is never known to sigh.

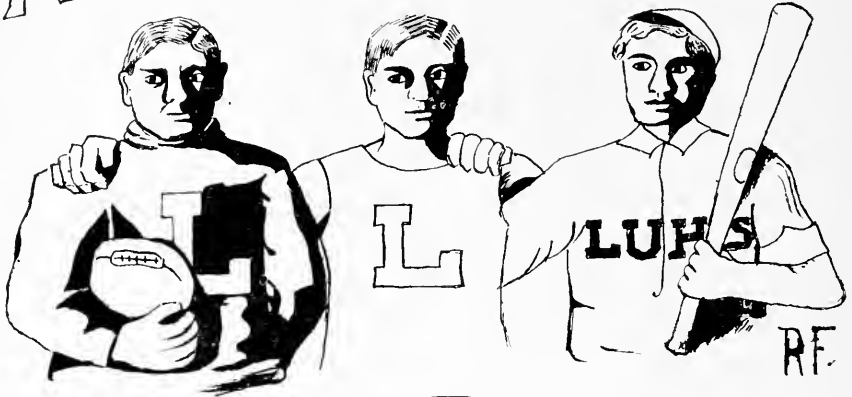
Poor Elvin is so very slow,  
On one foot doth he stand,  
He cannot go as fast you know,  
As bipeds on this land.

Elvira is a youthful scribe,  
She writes from thesis to pun,  
But Roy is brief: (except in night),  
Loquacious but to one.

A seamstress Violet is to be,  
(She always likes to sew),  
While Edna, Bessie and Muree,  
Stenography will know.

B. I. J., '15.

# ATHLETICS



## AT LIBERTY

Liberty has been rather active in athletics this year. When school opened on August sevenths we found some very promising material for certain lines of athletics.

We first took up baseball and on September thirty-first we went to Richmond. The game which followed was hotly contested until the last of the sixth inning when our team took an ascent to the clouds and stayed there. The score was 5-5 up to the last of the sixth but from the sixth on it was a merry-go-round for Richmond. The score was a very large one for Richmond but we managed to score seven times. The team lined up as follows: Cabral, pitcher; Prince, catcher; Goodwin, manager, first base; Mc'arty, second base; Wallace, short; Collis, Captain, third base; Earnsworth, left field; Swift, center field; Parachini, right field.

We next took up basket ball and although we did not play any outside games we had some very interesting games between the different classes. We have some good material for a basket ball team and hope next year to have a team and be able to play some of the other schools of the county.

The girls also took up basket ball and were more successful than the boys. Two teams were organized. Esther Dainty was elected captain of one team and Elaine Wallace of the other. Some very close games were played between the two teams and a game was arranged between the girls of this school and Alhambra but on account of weather conditions was not played as both schools have outside courts. In another year the girls expect to have a team which can compete with any in the county.





After the Christmas vacation we took up track work but not in earnest until about two weeks before the meet. We entered five men in the meet but only two were point winners. Wilson and Macgurn took the points and won their letter, Wilson taking third place in the 880 and Macgurn taking a place in every event in which he was entered. He tied for second place in the high jump, took second in the low hurdles and third in the shot put. All together we got six points. We also had two men entered in the 220 and had a strong relay team which we expected to place but on account of darkness these

events were not run and thus we lost our chance to increase our score. We hope next year to put a stronger team in the field but in order to do so more school spirit is absolutely necessary.

Many of our students have taken great interest in tennis and some very good players have been developed among the girls as well as the boys. It is our intention to have a tennis team, both girls and boys, next year if we can get enough of the other schools of the county to take it up.

R. W., '13.

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## Sir Patrick Crockett

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A man sat in old Oakley town,  
Holding a coal black cow,  
"Oh whar can I get a good boy,  
To shoot this cow of mine?"

Then up spoke a gray bearded man,  
Who stood near by eating a bun,  
"Sir Patrick Crockett is the best hunter,  
That ever shot a gun."

The man then called a little boy,  
Who was eating a piece of meat,  
And sent him for Sir Patrick,  
Who was walking up the street.

"Oh who has done this deed,  
This ill deed done to me,  
To call me back this time of the day,  
To shoot a cow for ye?"

Mak' hast! mak' hast! my bicycle,  
For good Sir Pat must scoot,  
He's in a great hurry,  
For he has a cow to shoot.

He raised the gun suddenly,  
Straight at her dark blue 'ee  
He aimed one second more,  
And then the cow must 'dee.

Then bang! The old gun exploded!  
Poor Sir Patrick Crockett  
Will never more be seen,  
He went straight up like a rocket.

W. S., '15.



There have been many who have graduated from dear old Liberty Union High, more from the glorious new Liberty and still many more to do so in the future.

The grads going out into the big world, walking on strange grounds and performing strange stunts, are anxious to stop and look around once a year to see what has become of his or her former school-mates. Miss Edith A. Sellers, our first graduate from L. U. H. S., is still continuing her course in music with the celebrated Mansfeldt club of San Francisco. Annie O'Hara teaches in the Black Diamond public schools. Roy Heck holds a high position with Dunham, Carrigan and Hayden of San Francisco.

Three members of the class of '06, Effie Chadwick, Mrs. Ray Bonnickson, Byron, Hattie Russell, Mrs. O'Banion, Oakland and Pearl Grove, Mrs. Henry Sellers, Knight-son have taken the bonds of matrimony upon themselves.

Bertha Sanders resides at her home in Oakland.

Fern Cummings is now a trained nurse in Berkeley.

Fern Howard is farming in Brentwood vicinity.

George Barkley holds a position as deputy county clerk at Martinez.

Alma Allen resides at her home in Escalon, (San Joaquin county).

Harold Swift is in Southern California. Leo O'Hara is spending his time in propagating fancy nursery stock.

Enna Goodwin works at Selby.

Johanna Gruniger, Mrs. J. Jesse resides in Oakley.

Rose Miller is teaching in the Oakley school.

Leonard Dainty has a position with the California Fruit Canner's Association.

Millard Diffin is farming about twelve miles from Brentwood.

Addie Knight is married but her name and address have not been obtainable.

Edna Heck teaches the Vasco Grant school.

Bessie Collis is assistant teacher in the Live Oak school near Oakley.

Edna Heidorn teaches the Eden Plain school at Knight-son.

Iva Bonnickson resides at her home in San Jose.

Willie Morgans and Ray Shafer are attending the College of the Pacific near San Jose.

James Barkley is also attending the College of the Pacific.

Robert Wallace is managing a large grain ranch near Brentwood.

Charles O'Hara is engaged in horticulture near Oakley.

Joseph Barkley is the first graduate to represent L. U. H. S. at the University of California and is making a splendid record.

Claude Wristen, Arthur Sheddrick, Willie Murphy, Willie Cakebread, Ellis Howard and Dewitt Richardson are devoting their time to farming on different ranches near Brentwood.

Camille Sresovich holds a position as stenographer for a real estate firm in San Francisco.

Margaret White works for Newell and Mathews Co. in Stockton.

Frank Helm works for a large grocery firm in Oakland.

Van Prince lives the life of a prince in Brentwood.

Marguerite Geddes is devoting herself to domestic science and society at her home near Byron.

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## The Student Body

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On August 11, 1911, the members of the Student Body met for the purpose of electing officers for the coming term. Mr. Vivian presided and election proceeded. Those elected were: President, Esther Dainty; Vice President, Ray Goodwin; Secretary, Jessie Johnson; Treasurer, Myra Pearce.

Harold Collis was elected third member to represent the Student Body in the Executive Committee, the President and Treasurer being Ex-Officio members. Miss Utt was elected the Faculty member.

On January 12, 1912, another election of officers for the second semester was held. Those elected were: President, Olive Siple; Vice President, Ray Goodwin;

Secretary, Jessie Johnson; Treasurer, Myra Pearce.

Esther Dainty was elected member of the Executive Committee, Miss Twombly, Faculty member and Sula Putcamp School Editor.

The Student Body has been very active this year. On the last Friday of each month a meeting has been held for the purpose of discussing matters pertaining to the Student Body and also to hear the reports of the secretary and treasurer and of the committees.

A great deal of Money has been taken in and paid out this year. We now have \$56.22 in the Bank of Byron.





Our exchange department has not been very well kept. We have neglected it but will endeavor to do better from now on. We have received a number of annuals and would like more. All will receive a warm reception.

The "Torch" of Martinez. A very well arranged paper. The cuts are very good. I think the cover design very appropriate.

"Oak Leaves" of Morgan Hill—Very glad to receive your book. We like your stories and especially your prophecy. One thing we would criticize, the table of contents is lacking.

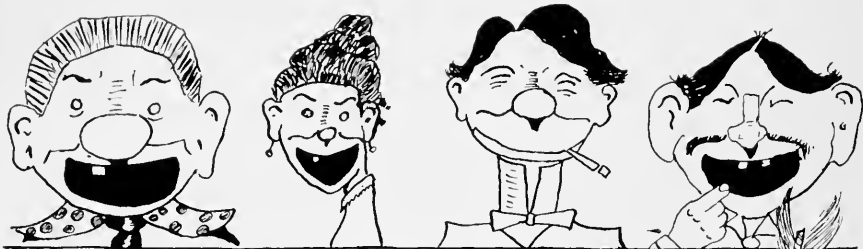
"The Echo" of Lincoln—You are a very good paper but where is your department of exchanges? One feature which we like very much is the Concert Band and Orchestra. It is a very good addition to the school.

"The Cardinal" of Corning—A very good paper. I like your class poem very much. But don't you think your book would look better if you would not put any ads in the front. Reserve the front of your book for the material and put the ads in the back.

"Acta"—Concord—We did not hear from you last year. The edition for 1910 was very creditable.

We would like to hear from these:—

- Golden Bear.....Sonoma
- Echo ..... Santa Rosa
- Skull ..... San Andreas
- Green and Gold....Sonora
- Oak ..... Berkeley
- Richmond Rodeo..Richmond
- Lick ..... San Francisco



C. M. F. U.  
1970

## An Episode of the Firecrackers

---

In room four at four thirty one day,

Was gathered a merry crew.

There was Jessie, Harold Everett and Jud,  
And Edith studied there, too.

Miss Twombly did chance to go out of  
the room,

Which gave them some time for fun  
And how they had it you'll very soon know,  
Before my story is done.

For Harold, who dearly loved trouble to  
hatch

Did have a firecracker in each pocket.

To these he touched a sulphur match,  
And bang! It went off like a rocket!

The remains of the cracker he quickly hid,  
In an empty old inkwell.

But no matter what might have done,  
There remained a far from sweet smell

Quoth Miss Twombly, who entered the  
room just then,

"What has made this odor terrible?"

And Harold answered, "It may be gun-  
powder."

For he loved not the truth to tell.

Miss Twombly then marched to her desk,

Without any more ado

But the Prof., who had entered the room,  
Had noticed the odor too.

He sniffed and sniffed and sniffed again.

He sniffed both high and low,

Then turned around and left the room  
But the odor did not go.

When he reentered the room in a very  
short time,

He saw a smile on the face of each boy

Then into the office he bade them to come,  
And they went, not showing any great  
joy.

What he said to them then on the carpet  
that day,

Not one of the boys will tell.

But we may be sure that room number four  
Will never more have a powdery smell.

F. B., 1915.

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## JOSHES

Miss Mac Intyre: (10:20 a. m.)  
"Probably you are immature, Mr. Mac-  
gurn, and have had none of these feelings  
of love." (At 3 p. m.) I would at least  
behave like a gentleman in class if I were  
you.

Mr. Macgurn: "Well, you know, I'm  
very immature."

\* \* \*

Elaine: "Hello, Ernest. I see you  
have a new pair of trousers."

Crockett: "Yes, but they're not mine.  
They're my father's."

### THE OBVIOUS

Prof: (to the Senior class, four in  
number) "Yes, if two of you should fail,  
only two would graduate."

\* \* \*

### WHAT WAS THE USE?

Will MacGurn (in Current Events)  
"William Waller has just been given a  
medal for saving a drowned boy."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre (to MacGurn who has  
just finished reading a stanza of Keat's  
poetry) "What two words did you see in  
that stanza that——"

Will (quickly): "I didn't see any."



Harold (translating German) "The pencil lays——."

Miss Twombly: "The hen might but the pencil doesn't."

...

Frances: "Gracious, Retta, you have a terrible cold."

Retta: "Yes, it's in my head. They say a cold always attacks one's weakest parts."

...

Miss MacIntyre: "What did the Queen of Hades look like, Mr. Frerichs."

Roy (crossly): "Well, how do I know?"

...

Prof: (to Harold who has just come in late from the wood-shop) "Did you remind Mr. Wood of the time, Harold?"

Harold: "Yes, but it was too late then."

...

Minnie: (In dressmaking—holding up a skirt) "I guess it is wrong."

Miss Utt: "It is all-together-wrong."





### AN INQUIRY

Minnie Sheddric, in chemistry, gives a list of oxides, including heptagon oxide (heptoxide). We would like to know if it has seven sides.

### HEARD IN ENGLISH IV.

Olive Siple: "Venus was son of Jove."

Edith Cakebread: The muses are characters introduced in the "Faerie Queene."

### HEARD IN CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

Edith to Judson, who has placed a strong acid upon a piece of cloth in a bottle:

"What kind of gas are you making?"

Judson: "Rag gas."

Mr. Vivian: "Miss Siple, was it easy to sell U. S. Bonds?"

Olive (dreamily) "Yes Ma'am."

## HOW FOOLISH

Minnie (noticing a pan of water sitting on a hot stove): "Surprising how that water becomes warm, isn't it?"

Minnie says that gas heats better when it is cold. She also advises us to keep cool in summer by sitting on a block of ice.

## HEARD IN U. S. HISTORY

Mr. Vivian: "Miss Dainty, what occurred to the British trading posts?"

Esther: "They were excavated." (evacuated).

Miss MacIntyre: "What is an interlude?"

Edith: "It is an act between the courses of a banquet."

Miss Twombly: "When a young man wishes to marry a girl, what does he do, Miss Wallace?"

Elaine (puzzled): "Squeezes her hand."

Miss MacIntyre: "If another says, 'I don't know' he shall stay after school." Smart Freshie: "I can't recite."

Minnie (translating German): "An Americanness travels in Germany."

## TRANSMIGRATION OF THE SOUL

Miss MacIntyre (in English IV): "Some students have spent whole lives studying Shakespeare."

## WHO

Er weiss nicht viel Deutsch zu reden,  
Und alles, was er spricht,  
Ist immer nur dasselbe,  
Ist nur, "Ich weiss es nicht."

Breathes there a man with a soul so dead  
who never to himself has said,  
As he stumped his toe against the bed,  
"— — — ? ? ! ! ! — — — ? ? ! ! ! ! !"

Myra Pearcee sees a rig by the school house and runs to the laboratory window and waves.

Miss Twombly: "Miss Pearcee! Miss Pearcee! You have no chemical reaction (to Katie Murphy.)"

Where's her grammar

\* \* \*

Minnie Sheddriek (as Miss Twombly leaves the room): "She has went."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre: "How do you pronounce the word 'Genii,' Mr. Macgurn?"

Macgurn: "Gimny."

\* \* \*

Miss Porter: "Are the Freshmen going to be on the table?"

Esther Dainty: "No, we're going to put them under it."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre: "What kind of plays were written during the time of Shakespeare?"

Esther Dainty: "During the time of Shakespeare nearly all the plays were dramatic."

\* \* \*

Frances (who has just learned a new word): "Say Muree let's go over in the park and hunt relics."

Miss Helm: "No, we'd better not. We might fall into one and get drowned."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre (Eng IV): "Do you know your lesson, Mr. Swift?"

Judson: "I don't know."

"Well then" what do you know?"

Judson (dreamily): "I don't know."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre: "Mr. MacGurn, name some of the characters in 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

Mr. Macgurn: "The Bunco-man"

\* \* \*

## ONE ON THE JOSH EDITOR

Jessie: "I think this magazine is a fake."

Minnie: "Katie has been using it."

\* \* \*

## WAS IT A SLAM?

Esther Dainty: "Look out there Ray. Don't stretch my new sweater."

Ray Goodwin: "You stretched mine yesterday."

## WAS HOFF TO BE THE VICTIM?

Mr. Vivian (in Current Events): "Miss MacIntyre, what topic do you suggest?"

Miss MacIntyre: "I have none but Mr. Hoffman suggests number forty-eight, the shortest one in the paper."

Ruth Olmstead (in Current Events): "The way to sterilize milk is to pass it through a prism."

Gene Macarthy (dreamer translating German): "Mariette went strolling on the bay."

Conjugating German verbs: "Imperfect (past perfect) I shall see, or I would see."

Olive Siple: "Say Esther, I have chicken for dinner today."

Esther D.: "Have you?"

Olive Siple: "Yes and it's dead, too."

Miss MacIntyre in English IV: "Mr. Macgurn, can you explain that word?"

Will: "No ma'am."

Miss MacIntyre: "Why not?"

Will: "It's not in the notes."

"Maybe it's in your head, then."

## OH WOOD!

How much wood would saw if Wood would saw wood? He would saw as much wood as a wood-saw would saw if Wood would saw wood.

## HEARD IN CURRENT EVENTS

Do we have to digest it?

Prof: "There is a picture of a little animal there. This paper contains plenty of meat this week."

## WHO?

Esther D. (to Seniors, who are planning a social event for the school): "We don't want a big crowd, but just one outsider."

Harold comes in late from workshop walking very heavily.

Miss MacIntyre: "Mr. Collis, can't you lift your feet a little?"

Harold: "They're too big."

Miss MacIntyre: "When does a candle burn more quickly?"

Mae P.: "When it is lit."

Mr. Swift (in English IV): "What does 'illiterate' mean?"

Miss MacIntyre: "I wouldn't think you would have to ask that. Miss Siple tell him."

## ES TUT MIR LEID

Esther Dainty (entering German class): "This is an awful death to die."

Miss MacIntyre: "Who came to the throne after William and Mary?"

Olive: "Annie" (Queen Ann).

## HEARD IN GERMANN II

Edith (translating): "Emmanuel sets himself on the sofa."

Esther: "Imitations (intimations) are hints."

Miss Twombly: Miss Sheddrick, what part of speech is that word?"

Minnie: "It's an adverb, isn't it?"

Miss Twombly: "Mr. McCarty, what part of speech is the verb?"

Eugene: "I don't know."

Professor to Harold, who has come in late to class: "What's the matter, Mr. Collis?"

Harold: "Just late that's all."

Prof. to Howard in Ancient History: "When ladies begin to vote, they won't vote for anyone but the good looking men. They won't vote for you and I then will they, Alvin."

Freshmen: "I lived in a cottage, when a child which still stands."

Mr. Vivian: "How can you get 2000 sacks of barley if you have only 1000 sacks?"

Katie: "Crush it."

Miss MacIntyre: "What is a tree?"

Olive S.: "A stick of wood."

# Some of The Boys Ten Years From Now.

"PAT" Will Be A Genuine Carpenter.



"TIG" Famous Artist

"PARK" Was Always Fond of Music



Wilson has a steady Job

Goodwin Stays Home While Wife's Out



IN The Mean While



We Want OUR RIGHTS Ray's wife

Miss MacIntyre (Eng. IV) "Why did you learn those lines? Did you like them better than any others in the poem?"

Will: "Yes ma'am."

Miss MacIntyre—"Why?"

Will: "Because they sounded easiest to learn."

Miss MacIntyre: "Have you read any of Lamb's Mr. Macgurn?"

Will: "No but I have eaten chops."

Miss Dainty (in U. S. History): "The two houses of Congress proposed to have a fiscal co-operation (corporation)."

A Freshman once in Hades went  
for something he wished to learn  
They sent him back to earth again  
He was to green to burn.

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre: "What is a kid?"

Mr. Hoffman: "I am one."

Miss MacIntyre: "Well, what is a kid?"

Mr. Hoffman: "A young goat."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre: "What is a subjective poet?"

Judson: "It is a poet that gives subjects to other poets."

\* \* \*

Macarty (translating German) "I have the honor to present to you my comical (clerical) brother."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre: "Why would you not like to live in the desert?"

Mr. Hoffman: "I'd have to go too long before I'd get anything to eat."

\* \* \*

Mr. Vivian (in a speech to the assembly): "I want every boy and girl to be a man."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre (in Physical Geo.): "What is the occupation on a plateau?"

Neva: "Fishing."

Miss M.: "What do you fish in?"

Blanche: "A bucket."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre (Eng. IV): "Judson tell me what you know about the 'Faerie Queene.'"

Judson: "Shall I begin at the beginning?"

Miss M.: "No begin at the end and tell it backwards as we usually do."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre: "Who was Barbaras?"

Ray Goodwin: "He was a cruel king of Egypt in Jerusalem" (meaning a Jewish tribe.)

\* \* \*

Judson (explained "murmurous haunt of flies on a summer eve")

"Yes, even the flies haunted Keats."

Miss MacIntyre: "Was it possible, Mr. Hoffman, that Shylock could take a pound of flesh from Antonio's body without taking any blood?"

Ferd: "Well couldn't Shylock catch the blood and give it back to Antonio?"

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre (English IV): "What is the other name for the Fountain of Youth?"

Esther: "Florida Water."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre: "Temperance is a virtue, what is its vice?"

Judson: "Wine."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre: "What kind of people have brassy bosoms?"

Ray: "Statues."

\* \* \*

Roy (in English): "He went up simultaneous."

Miss MacIntyre: "Change that to an adverb, Mr. Frerichs."

Roy: "He went up in the air simultaneous."

\* \* \*

## TRANSMIGRATION

Miss MacIntyre (explaining transmigration of the soul to the sophomore class) "For instance, Cicero's soul may have entered John \_\_\_\_\_."

John Parachini (quickly): "It did."

\* \* \*

Mae: "Where is Adrianna?"

Neva: "She went to see the marriage (mirage)."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre: "What is our Sunday to the Jews?"

Mr. Goodwin: "The day the world was made."

\* \* \*

## WILL HE BE PRESIDENT?

3:30 p. m. John Parachini: "I can't get this lesson."

Prof.: "You are too popular with the girls."

John: "Well, I'm working for the next election."

Miss MacIntyre: (explaining how to punctuate the sentence John's hat is lost):  
"Put a John between the apostrophe and the 's."

\* \* \*

Roy Frerichs: "That paper was financed."

Miss MacIntyre: "What does finance mean?"

Roy: "I know but I've forgotten."

\* \* \*

Miss MacIntyre: "Miss Siple did you hear the rain pattering on the grass?"

Olive: "No ma'am."

Miss MacIntyre: "Then you must be deaf."

### TOUCHING VERSE

At first she touched up her hair,  
To see if its in place,  
And then with manners debonair  
She touches up her faee,  
A touch of curls behind her ear,  
A touch to silken collar,  
And then she's off to daddy dear  
To touch him for a dollar.

\* \* \*

### AN ODE TO LATIN

All the people dead who wrote it;  
All the people dead who spoke it;  
All the people die who learn it;  
Blessed death—they surely earn it.

Ex.





**Please patronize our  
Advertisers.  
It is to them, mainly,  
that we owe our  
Financial Success of  
The Cardinal and Gold.**



Freshman: "Just look at Jessie's swell puffs."

Senior: "Oh rats."

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and  
Estimates  
Furnished  
Upon  
Request*

*Residence  
Work a  
Specialty*

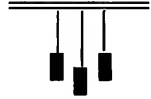
**N. H. Bateman**

*Designer and  
General Contractor*

*Retail Lumber*

OAKLEY

CALIFORNIA



**J. W. HAMMOND, M. D.**  
BYRON, CAL.

Miss Porter: "Mae, who was Phaeton?"

Mae Pemberton: "Oh! Phaeton was the son of his father."

**W. P. Anderson**  
BRENTWOOD, CAL.

The place to seek  
**FRESH VEGETABLES, ICE CREAM, FRUIT AND NOTIONS**  
**POST CARDS A SPECIALTY**

April 24, Goodwin goes to sleep in the English Class.

# HOTEL OAKLEY

S. DALPORTO, PROPRIETOR

NICE ROOMS, EXCELLENT MEALS SERVED. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO  
TRAVELING MEN. REASONABLE RATES. BAR IN CONNECTION.  
POOL AND BILLIARDS

OAKLEY, CALIFORNIA

April 30, Seniors celebrate raisin day by chewing gum.  
Several seats in school take a fall.

*Balfour  
Guthrie  
& Co.*



OWNERS  
*RANCHO LOS MEGANOS*

*WAREHOUSE  
and GRAIN*

*Agent, A. Burness, Brentwood, Cal.*

April 30, The Prof. introduces the Editor to the publishers by saying "That's Her."

March 3, Minnie Sheddric destroys her best gown with acid and has to leave school until she makes a new dress.

# R. E. LeMOIN & CO.

Dealers  
In



**Staple and Fancy Groceries**

CANDIES, CIGARS

AND TOBACCOS

QUICK SERVICE—RIGHT PRICES

**Brentwood,**

**Cal.**

March 12, Great Day! Macgurn threw an eraser.

P. H. Schirmer

C. H. Ellsworth

## Schirmer & Ellsworth

**General Blacksmithing  
Horseshoeing**

**Agents Buggies, Wagons and All Kinds of Farming Implements  
Satisfaction Guaranteed**

**KNIGHTSEN, CAL.**

March 12, Feather weight Crockett and Eight weight LeMoine pulled off a one-round bout in the wood-shop.

Feb. 26, Rev. Simms gives Chinese definition of a school teacher. We agree.

## Byron Meat Co.

BEEF, VEAL, LAMB, MUTTON, SAUSAGE, ETC.

Fresh Fish Every Friday



BLAKE & HOHMON

Byron, Cal.

Greatest Fruit and Nut Section  
in the State

Telephone Knightsen

Small Homes at Low Prices  
Easy Terms

Oakley is situated on  
the Santa Fe railroad  
50 miles East of San  
Francisco and Oak-  
land. First class fare  
\$1.60; two hours run.  
Take boat at Ferry  
building for Rich-  
mond and change to  
cars, or from 40th  
and San Pablo,  
Oakland

**George Sellers**  
Vineyardist and Orchardist  
**Real Estate--Insurance**

Oakley, Contra Costa County, Cal.



BOOSTER FOR  
**GRAAFFS' HOTEL**  
A FRIEND

March 1, The Senior quartette wins fame at the Soph. Reception.

*Byron Restaurant*

*Mrs. S. Plummer*

*Home Cooking a Specialty*

*Byron, Cal.*

*Oakley Home Bakery*

*FINE BREAD, CAKES, PIES*

*AND*

*All Kinds of Pastry*

*Call On Us*

*A. VALLVE*

**Armstrong Bros.**

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING, HORSESHOEING

Agents Buggies, Wagons and All Kinds

MACHINERY

**Byron, Cal.**

March 8, A school King and Queen are appointed by President Siple.

Jan. 8, p. m. Jessie Johnson makes the acquaintance of Prof. Wood of Woodwork

**FRANK L. LUDINGHOUSE**

*Dealer In*

**Hardware and Agricultural Implements**

*Agents for Sharples' Cream Separator    Areomotor Windmills  
and John Deere Plows*

**A. G. RAMOS**

*Manufacturer and Dealer In*

**HARNESS, WHIPS, ROBES and BLANKETS**

*Repairing Given Prompt Attention*

*Shoe Repairing While You Wait*

**Oakley, California**

Jan. 24, Mary falls on the basement floor due to tight skirt.

**WALTER BARKLEY**

**BRENTWOOD, CALIFORNIA**

**Painting, Paperhanging, Tinting and Graining**

**NATURAL WORK A SPECIALTY**

*All Work Guaranteed*

*Contract or Day*

**DR. F. S. COOK**

**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**

**BRENTWOOD, CAL.**

February 12, the day of the great Liberty Strike.

February 13, 14, 15, the Prof gets mad and he who laughs last laughs best.

Go And See  
**J. M. Augusto**  
For First Class

**Implements**  
Of All Kinds--Wagons, Buggies,  
Carts and Heavy Hardware  
John Deere Plows and Deering Harvesters

General Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing

OAKLEY, CAL.

**ROSS'**  
**Candies and Ice Cream**

ARE THE BEST IN TOWN

ANTIOCH

CALIFORNIA

February 15, Mouse enters cloak room--exit girls.

**L. W. MOORE, D. D. S.**  
DENTAL OFFICE

Over First National Bank  
HOURS: 9. A. M. TO 12. A. M.  
1:30 TO 5 P. M.

Corner Wyatt and Boobar Sts.  
PHONE AT  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

ANTIOCH, CAL.

**A G. Gibson**

BARBER SHOP



POOL ROOM

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Brentwood.

Calif.

**CHARLES COWAN**

*General Blacksmithing and Repairing*

*All Orders Promptly Attended To*

*Satisfaction Guaranteed*

BRENTWOOD, CAL.

February 16, My, but it was a long week. We won't play "hookey" again.

Prof.: "Alvin, what is the meaning of the word Missouri?"

Alvin H.: "Show me."



## *Hoien Jewelry Co.*

*Established 1892*

*Antioch, Cal.*

*It Makes You Feel Good  
to Have Your Friends  
Set Their Watch  
By Yours*

When you buy a watch here you know you are going to get a timekeeper, carefully selected and adjusted to your needs. We sell no other kind.

We have watches for everybody and for every purse. Have your watch cleaned regularly, your watch should give a lifetime of service, barring accidents.

"Who sits back of you, Walter?"

Walter S.: (hastily changing his seat) "I do."

Miss MacIntyre: "We will take Shelley's life tomorrow, so come prepared."

## Brentwood Lumber Co.

Lumber, Lime, Cement  
Builders' Hardware

The very best grade

RAIL AND WATER SHIPMENTS SOLICITED

F. E. Slutman, Mgr., Brentwood, Cal.

Student (translating *veni vidi vici*) "I seen, I heard, I went."

Two cats were sitting on a fence. "Don't yawn so wide, I can see your dinner," said one. "Oh, dear, does my rat show?" said the other.

## **Brentwood Garage** **BRUNS BROS., PROPS.**

AGENTS FOR  
**OVERLAND AND KISSEL KAR**  
**GASOLINE ENGINES AND MOTOR CYCLES.**  
**AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES, GASOLINE AND CYLINDER OIL.**  
ALL KINDS OF REPAIR WORK NEATLY DONE  
AUTOMOBILES FOR RENT

## **REAL ESTATE**

**F. R. GREEN SAYS:**

"I have something to say to you people of every sort, good, great, wise and otherwise: Don't sell your land. But if you hesitate and are lost just walk into my parlor and I'll find you."

Esther Weisten: "Henry says I have the prettiest lips he ever saw."  
Elwin W: "I'll put mine up against them any day."

# **Brentwood Market**

**BEST OF BEEF**  
**VEAL, PORK**  
**and MUTTON**

**BUCHOLTZ BROS., Props.**

Miss T.: "What is steam?"  
Judson: "Water gone crazy with the heat."



The ones who think our jokes are poor,  
Would straightway change their views,  
Could they compare the ones we print  
With those that we refuse.

# The Belshaw Company

(Incorporated)

A R E

SQUARE DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

A T

Antioch, California

For sale: Ray's corduroys.

Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings  
Millinery and Notions



Ladies' Gent's and Children's Shoes



Miller Sisters

Oakley, Cal.

For sale: Four civic books. They have been in use six months—doubtful condition.  
Senior Class.

**Hotel Brentwood**  
**BRENTWOOD, CAL.**

**BEST MEALS IN CONTRA COSTA COUNTY**

**THAT'S OUR WINNING CARD**

Professor: "There was no woman in Heaven."

Pupil: "Surely you must be mistaken."

Professor: "Doesn't the Bible say there was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour?"

**J. W. DE WITT, M. D.**  
**ANTIOCH, CAL.**

The five senses are sneezing, coughing, crying and yawning. The other extra sense, the sixth, is snoring.

**Antioch Shoe Store**  
**Ladies High Button Shoes**  
**In Latest Shades**

Misses and Children Patent Pumps. Scuf-  
fers for Children in button and Blucher  
carried in Tan. Patent and Gun Metal.  
Shoes that can't be beat to wear.

**SHOE REPAIRING**

**R. H. WALL**

Miss McIntyre: "Blanche, where is Ellen's Isle?"

B. J.: "In the water."

August 7, school opens. An unusually green class enters with the famous twins, "Spine-ribs" Frericks and "Pat" Crockett.

# W. W. MORGANS

DEALER IN

## General Merchandise

\*\*\*\*\*  
**T**he Store That Wants  
Your Business . . . . .



WE HANDLE

C O A L

and are agents for

Stockton City Laundry

\*\*\*\*\*

Brentwood,

California

August 11, Pat gets a ducking in the clear water of the horse trough.

August 15, the Freshmen girls take a real wash in watermelon rind.

TELEPHONE, MAIN 91

SEE  
*M. A. Farrell*

FOR  
GROCERIES AND FEED

OAKLEY,

CALIFORNIA

September 5, Mary Parenti loses her grapes and her temper beside the office window.

**Byron Hotel**

MRS. M. E. GRAY, Prop.

FIRST CLASS in its APPOINTMENTS

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO  
THE TRAVELING PUBLIC

At Southern Pacific Depot, BYRON, CAL.

**L. G. PLUMLEY**

DEALER IN

General Merchandise

BYRON,  
CALIFORNIA.

**W. Z. CONWAY** ■ Plumbing and Tinning

GALVANIZED IRON TANKS A SPECIALTY

Orders Taken for Stoves and All Kinds of Hardware, Windmills and Pumps

BRENTWOOD, CALIFORNIA

December 16, we give a three handed show—debate, farce and dance.

## WHO IS YOUR DRUGGIST



# Palace Drug Co.

"The Cut Rate Druggists"



Kodaks, Stationery, Music and Supplies  
Office Supplies, School Supplies  
LEATHER GOODS AND CIGARS



Antioch,

California



December 22, Five months end, Hurrah.

# Byron <sup>Branch</sup> of <sup>of</sup> Bank <sup>Tracy</sup> BYRON, CALIFORNIA

Is prepared to attend to your banking requirements and will be pleased to receive your patronage. Banking in all of its branches is transacted. Drafts are drawn on all parts of the world. Loans made on personal notes and real estate at prevailing rates. Interest paid on savings deposits at 4 per cent per annum, compounded semi-annually if not withdrawn. Safe deposit boxes rented at low rates.

**Alfred Bovo, Cashier**

January 8, a. m., Prof. Wood of Woodwork makes the acquaintance of the school.

September 30, Mr. Bangerter takes his team of All Stars to Richmond and brings home a score of 22 to 8 in favor of Richmond.

*The Most  
Modern  
Department  
Store  
in  
Contra Costa  
County*

\*\*\*\* THE HOME OF \*\*\*\*

*Collegian Clothes  
Walk-Over Shoes  
Fownes Gloves  
Dutchess Trousers  
Keyser Back-wear*

*L. Meyer & Co.*  
ANTIOCH, CALIFORNIA

October 24, Esther falls over backwards in the office.

# Young Man

It is up to you whether you succeed or fail. If you want to succeed one of the best things you can do is to start a savings account with a good bank and keep adding to it. With a little capital and a reputation for saving you will soon be able to take advantage of your opportunities. Don't forget that it takes money and credit to make money. We pay 4 per cent interest and compound it semi-annually.

## The Antioch Bank of Savings

Affiliated With

### The First National Bank of Antioch

November 6, Olive does not recognize a shirt waist pattern.

April 24, Mr. Wood does a stunt at bronco-busting. Jessie seems nervous.

H. G. KRUMLAND, PRES  
F. P. ROGERS, VICE-PRES.  
A. J. COPLAND, SECY. & TREAS.

THE  
**Byron Mercantile Co.**

INCORPORATED



DEALERS IN  
**General Merchandise**  
Hay, Grain, Coal, Etc.

April 30, The annual goes to print. Here endeth the record of the Red Letter Days and Blue Mondays for the school year 1911-1912.

April 30, The Prof, announces that he intends spending his afternoons with a saw and ax on Wood.



**TO OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS:**

**GREETING:**

We have light expenses while the big city stores have enormous expenses for rental, taxes, advertising, lighting, heat and high priced help. They must make big profits in order to live. We buy cheap. We can and do sell cheap. We carry a large and well assorted stock of standard and good goods as carried in a regular General Merchandise store.

**H. W. HEIDORN.**

Knightsen, Cal.



April 23, Goodwin bids his girl "good night" at the ball diamond in a romantic manner.



April 13, the track meet ends in blaze of glory for Liberty when Mr. Vivian breaks the Southern Pacific fast time between Concord and Avon.

GEORGE SHAFER

EARL B. SHAFER

Telephone Main 24

## BRENTWOOD LIVERY

|| ||  
**Feed and Sales Stable**

**SPECIAL ATTENTION TO DRUMMERS**

Undertaking Parlors in Connection.

Prompt Attention Guaranteed

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS**

GEORGE H. SHAFER & SON

BRENTWOOD, CAL.

April 18, Skimp Shroder spends the day in the office, looking wise writing Alumni notes. Oh, you Has-been!

IF YOU' AREN'T A READER OF THE

|| **BYRON** || **TIMES** ||

DON'T YOU THINK YOU' ARE MISSING

**SOMETHING GOOD**

IT'S A PAPER OF QUALITY, CLEAN AND FEARLESS  
STANDING EVER FOR THE RIGHT  
WOULD BE PLEASED TO RECEIVE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

**Fast Approaching the 2,000 Mark in Circulation**

April 19, A busy day. Maegurn takes a holiday. E. Wristen takes a spill. M. Sheddric takes a drink of wood alcohol.

April 12. Hoff invents a hat lifter and uses it on Mr. Wood.

# Fountain Service



One of our great conveniences for those who like rapid service is our modern Sanitary Clinker Brick Fountain, the only one of its kind in California.

All Candies and Ice Cream are made in our own factory, under the best help possible with absolute sanitary conditions. Our pleasure will be a visit of the factory at any time.

# Palace of Sweets

W. E. CALAHAN, Prop.

ANTIOCH

CALIFORNIA

H. VOX KAATHOVEN

H. VAN TUENEN JANSEE

OUR MOTTO: "Special attention to each Customer."

## *Oakley Mercantile Company*

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS AND HARDWARE.

WOOD AND COAL, HAY AND GRAIN.

TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES A SPECIALTY

Agents for Sampson's Windmills and Lee's Poultry Foods, Oakley, Cal.

April 10. Esther Dainty announces that most of the students are going to Concord for the dance

That which you sow you must reap  
That which you rip you must sew.

# Robert Wallace

BRENTWOOD, CAL.

Agent for Kenilworth and the Wellington

COAL

Home, London Globe, Phoenix, Connecticut, London and New Zealand Insurance Companies. Fresno and California Nurseries.

Esther: "What is a chestnut?"

Crockett: "A cocoanut's little brother."

WHEN IN ANTIOCH REMEMBER

## *Antioch Hardware & Furniture* COMPANY

Complete lines of

*Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Furniture  
Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Matting  
Paints and Oils, Crockery, Etc.*

GET OUR PRICES ON PLUMBING







# BANK OF ANTIOCH

(ESTABLISHED IN 1891)

Savings  
AND  
Commercial

Capital, Surplus and Undivided profits \$120,000. Careful attention given to all banking matters placed in our hands.

The large capital and surplus, through experience of management, and the conservative character of our methods together with all the best up to date facilities for handling the banking business makes a connection with our institution especially desirable.

The Savings Bank Department accepts deposits from one dollar up and pays four per cent interest compounded twice a year. Large fire-proof vault for the use of our patrons and safe deposit boxes cared for without cost.

## Officers and Directors:

C. M. BELSHAW,	- - -	PRESIDENT
J. RIO BAKER	- -	VICE-PRESIDENT
R. HARKINSON	- - -	CASHIER
H. F. BEEDE	- - - -	

Donated by:

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