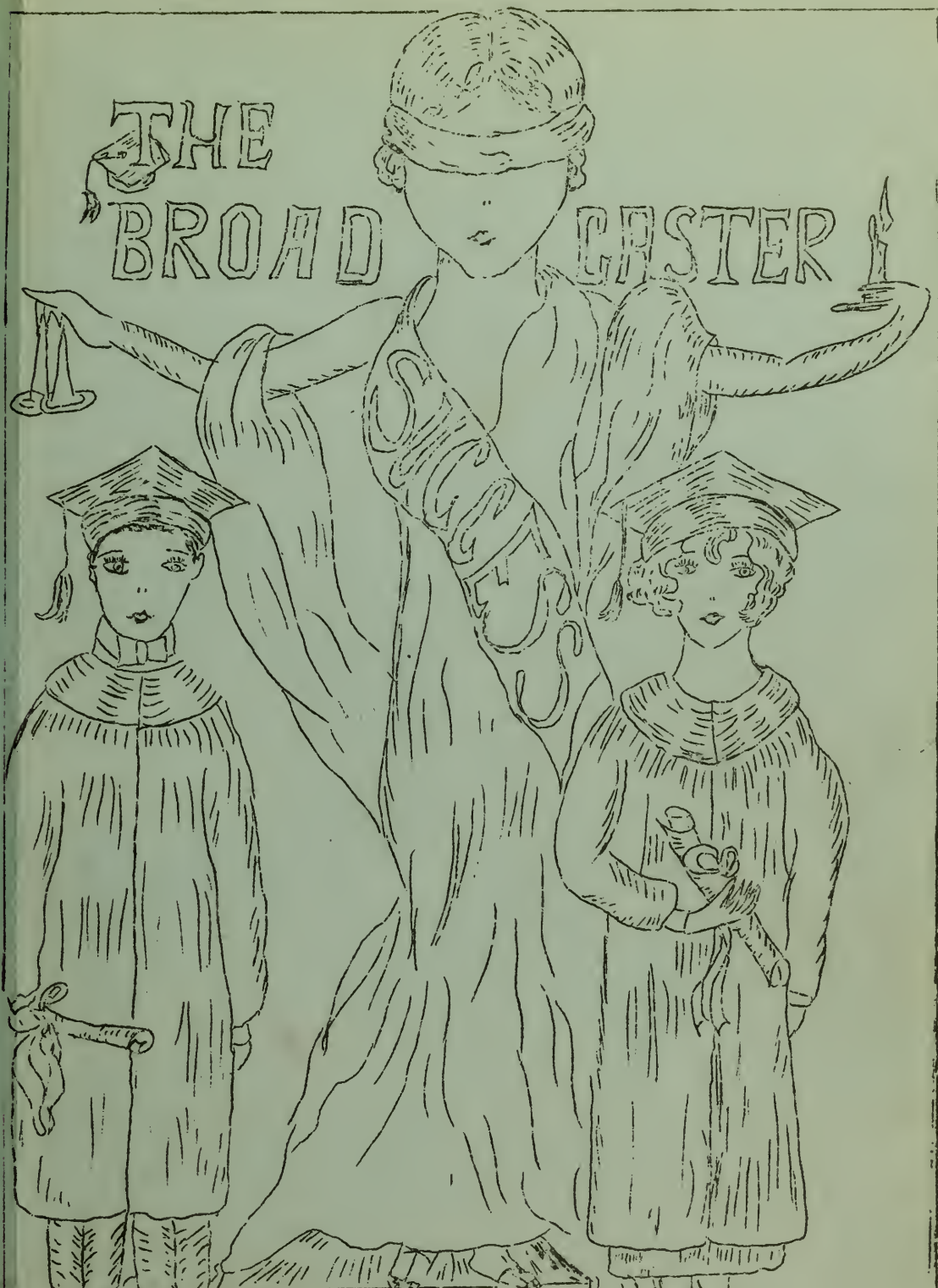
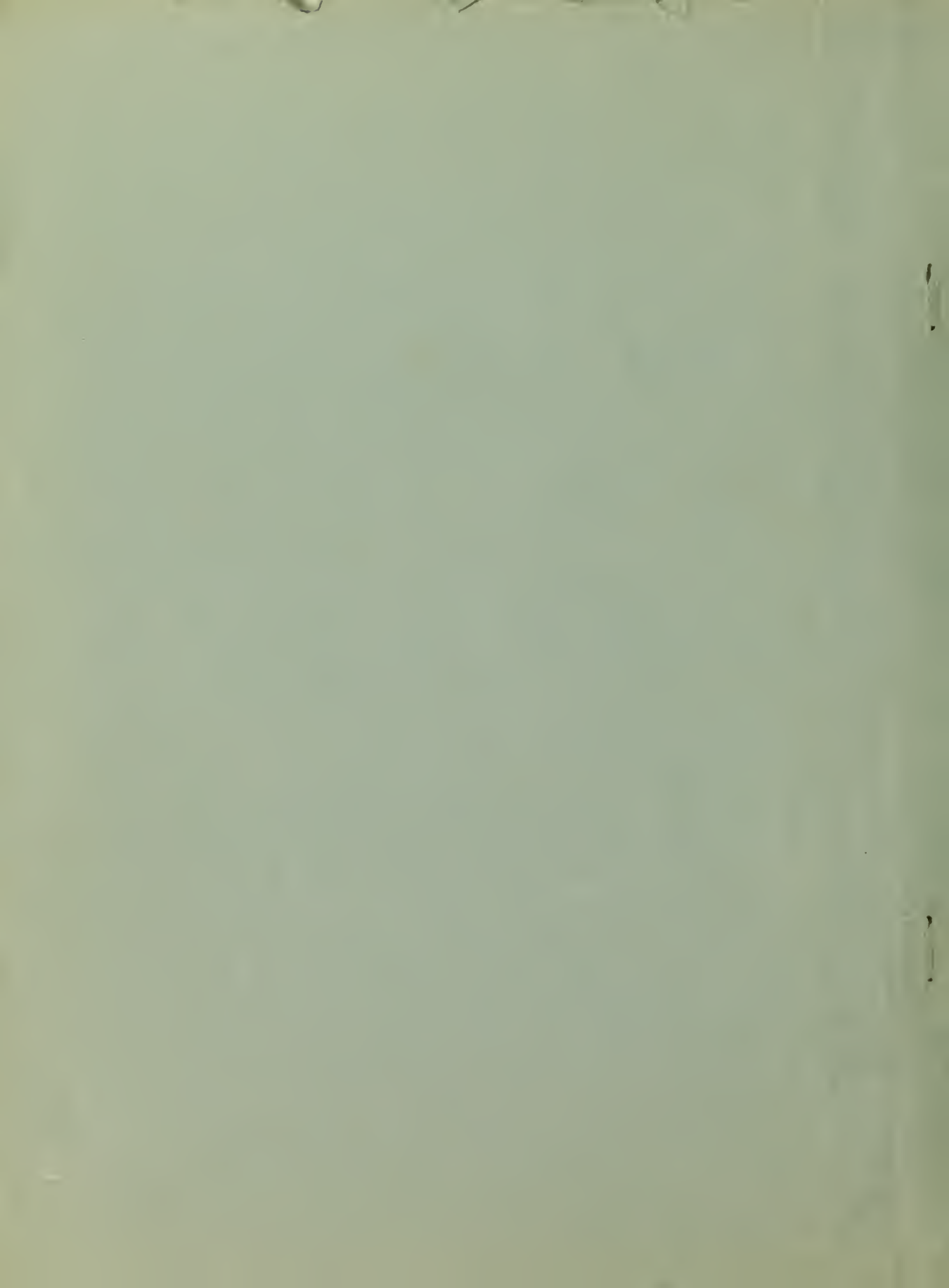
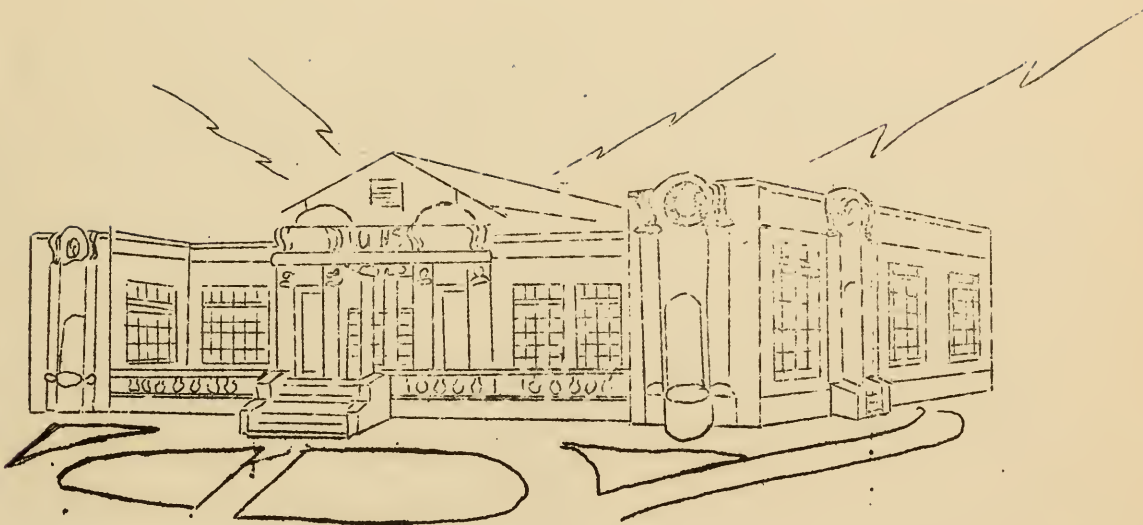


# THE BROAD GASTER



## SENIOR JUNE 11 NUMBER 1926.





THE  
BROADCASTER

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BRENTWOOD, CALIF.



THE BROADCASTER

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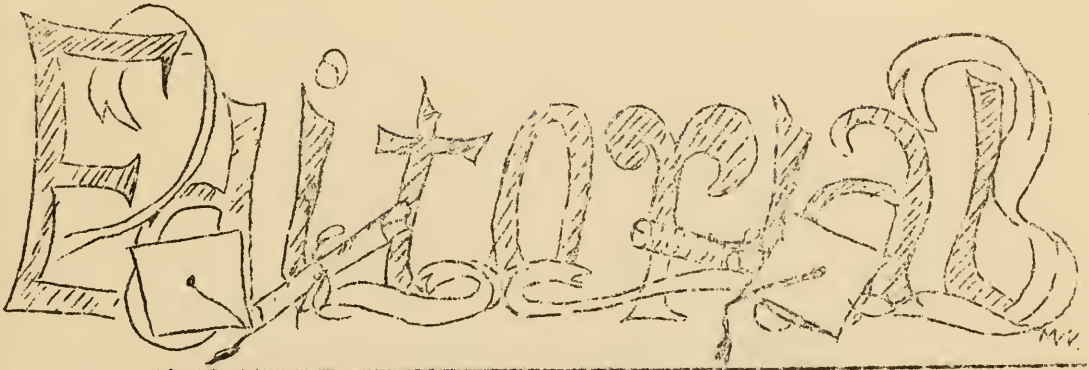
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#### TRUST, FAITH, AND LOYALTY

We placed his little feet on a stone wall, stepped back a few steps, held out our arms and bade him jump. Without the faintest shadow of doubt or fear in his merry eyes he jumped, and was caught in loving arms.

The warm and fervent response of the tiny body to our wishes thrilled us. His faith in us turned our memories back to our childhood, and to incidents that were a part of that life.

The old faith! It was firmly entrenched beneath the tangled curls, pulsating within the little breast, glowing out of the clear eyes. How it challenged the middle aged members of the family cowering in the chimney corner! How it laughed, and made light of the grown-up doubts and fears.

As we looked upon the childish face, the present dropped away, and the past came back in memories of the things in which we used to place our trust: fairies and elves; kings and queens; princes and princesses; the dear legend of Saint Nicholas; the firm unwavering belief in the Easter rabbit.

It is faith that rears the air-castles, high on the windy hills of youth with their silver spires pointing toward the changeable skies. It launched many mighty fleets on the





rivers and seas of hope to sail with the aid of bracing winds from the coral islands.

On quiet spring days we wandered through the meadows to pick butter-cups, and pull the petals off to see if someone loved us. Or we would blow the four o'clocks to see what time of the day it was. The ominous creak of the crow was almost a sure sign of rain.

Faith was a beloved companion in the evening when the fireflies began to drift above the dewy grasses; when the western glow faded out of the sky; when dim shapes took form down by the pasture lot; when we stole quietly out on the porch and climbed upon the lap of some one, leaning hard against her and listening as she told us the story of Cinderella or the Ugly Duckling or would sing nursery rhyme songs until we grew drowsy. We then went up stairs, said our little prayers at her knee, and climbed into bed. She tucked us in for the night and stole quietly away after the good-night kiss.

It was faith that kept us safe from the dark and towering shadows after the light was out and mother had left. We had faith that we were safe and that the sun in all its glittering glory for the new day would soon be back.

On the morrow it was faith that lead and guided our uncertain steps to the little wayside school house. The school teacher gave us knowledge of the heroes and adventurers that set our minds afire. She taught us how a nation righteously exalts itself. She interpreted the deep meaning of the stars and stripes of our flag and instilled in our hearts a deeper feeling of patriotism, and a more unselfish love for home and country.



The old faith! We may have it again for the asking. God knows we need it! The world, sick and faint and weary, rocking upon its foundations, may lay hold of faith, as strong as childhood faith, once more.

We have had faith in our classmates and teachers; we have been faithful to Liberty for the past four years, and now we have gained the goal of our desire--a result of faith and energy--graduation and diplomas. With such faith in each other and in all humanity let us trust to the future and the opportunities that have been opened to us. Trust, loyalty, and faith will help us to find our desires of life--HAPPINESS.

S.W. '26

#### IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE SENIORS

"The world will little note nor long remember what they said here, but it will never forget what they did here." Let this be in quotations because it is partly Lincolnized to fit the sad occasion of the final farewell of the Senior Class. By this, you are to understand, of course, that those worthy members are not going to their final resting place, (where all is peace and quiet, in spite of the Fords which continually throng into the heavenly portals, carrying cargoes of departing spirits) but out into the great wide world. According to rule and custom, you, dear departers, have passed one milestone of life's way, and are to enter new fields where vice and temptation stand ready to grab you. Heaven forbid that you become sinners; yet such could hardly be the case after issuing forth from the saintly walls of L. U. H. S.

Praise is a necessary factor in maintaining the courage of even those endowed with intrepid spirits. There are many land-



atory elements in your make-up, beloved Seniors, that are well worth intrusting to pen and ink; consequently a few lines will not be amiss. Throughout the years you have shown yourselves to be blessed with the essentials requisite to the attachment of placards, hearing the words "Good-hearted. School spirited, and Progressive", upon your coat sleeves. Our critical judges (shall we say gossips) who spare the reputation of no man send in the report, "Passing Fair", which is almost too much to expect from this body. If this is not adequate proof for the curious minds of the mob, possibly the proposition may be solved to the satisfaction of all unbelieving misbelievers.

How have the Seniors gained the title, "good hearted"? Simply understand and practise the following quotation, concocted from the Book of Sayings, never said, and you may enter the Kingdom of Wise Fools: "Treat all men, as well as dumb creatures, as you would have them treat you." Not to worry tired brains, I shall patiently explain how this applies to the Seniors attitude toward students who are not blessed with their brain power. Never mind such words as condescension, sarcasm, "know it all", and others of the like qualities been associated with their redoubtable characters. We forgive them, if in the stress of finals, their visages wear sanguine, flurried expressions, which will not permit them to speak sweetly to their inferiors.

Poor Seniors, you have heard the term, "school spirit", from the time you burst the bonds of childhood and entered the realms of the A B C's. Again you are to hear it, but this time to your own advantage. Be thankful for this, if nothing else; never will you feel the prickings of conscience when some



would-be-reformers entreat you to show a little class spirit--  
for you have it.

You have left your own tombstone behind you (or to be less  
deathly, your memorial statue) and on it is the engraved  
epitaph--Merit System. Does it not cause you to be filled  
with conscious pride, and self-satisfaction when you think of  
yourselves as the originators of this system? We only hope  
that you will not have wasted your precious moments in strug-  
gling so nobly for an end which would not benefit you; yet we  
consider ourselves capable of furthering the success of such an  
enterprise.

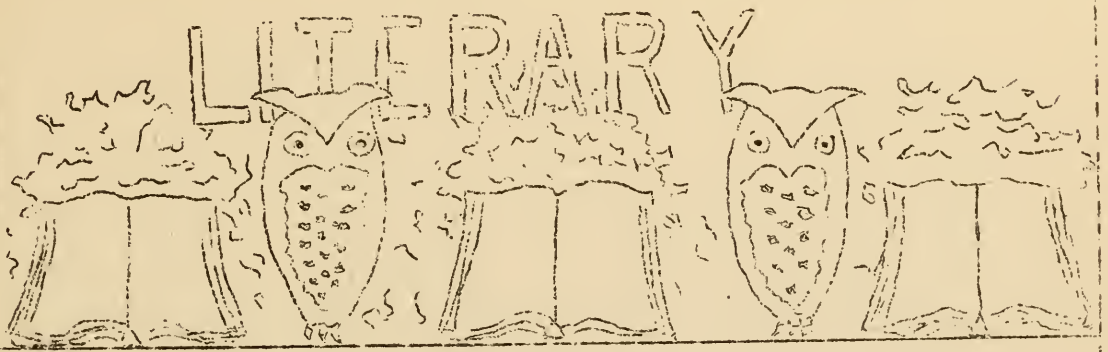
Now in closing, the Assistant Editor wished to state that  
this is not meant as a sarcastic treatise, but as a work of  
praise told in an elusive manner. The reason is as follows:  
owing to certain timid and bashful qualities of those departing,  
carefulness as to praise must be used in order to help dispel  
their extreme embarrassment and self-consciousness.

E.B. '27









## PALS

A June day of bright sunshine and cool breezes, a wooded hillside sweet in new grass, a boy with the heart and spirit of youth and the stature of a man--this portrays for you Jack Benson as he hurried through the woods to the edge of a babbling brook. There, concealed by brush, he paused and gave a low whistle. A large collie came dashing up to him, with excited little barks. At the sight of the dog a gleam of admiration appeared in his eyes.

Jack patted the dog on the head and greeted him, "Hello, Sporty, good old pal. You know that whistle, don't you? Where is Missy? You lead, old fellow, and I'll follow. Lead me to Vera, old man."

Sport turned around, and started back across the woods to the place whence he had lately come, then back to Jack with impatient barks. Finally Jack ran at full speed to keep up with the dog. In the shade of a huge aspen tree they found Vera hunting for wild berries. She looked up in time to see them approaching.

"Hello, Jack," she called. "Did I speak well last night?"

"You bet you did. I told you so last night," he replied.

"Yes, but you were so silly last night. I could not rely upon what you said. Tell me seriously whether I did speak well



or not," she pleaded.

"Miss Caxton, you spoke very well last night at our graduation," Jack solemnly responded. Quietness reigned for a few minutes. "I have something to tell you, Vera. I want your opinion on the subject." The twinkle of fun had left his eyes; the soft merry blue had changed to steely hardness.

"Mother has supported me for these nineteen years. She has made it possible for me to attend and graduate from high school. You know that father died when I was less than a year old. Mother has had a hard struggle to make ends meet with the money she has earned by working for the neighbors. She is not going to work any more! Mr. Johnson has offered me a job in his grocery, and will pay me fifteen dollars a week if I clerk in the store and run the delivery wagon. What do you think of it?"

Vera immediately responded with much enthusiasm, "Jackie, you are a real boy. I am proud to have you for a pal."

"Thanks, little girl. I knew you would see it my way, but what will your parents say to a banker's daughter traveling about with a poor grocery clerk?"

"We will manage that obstacle some way, and be the happier for it. It will teach us to be more true. Money is not much anyway, and father is only the president of a one-horse-town bank. We haven't very much money, and we aren't any better in social standing than other people."

Monday morning Jack took his place in the Johnson grocery. He liked his position fairly well after a week's trial. Mr. Caxton nodded very coldly to him instead of greeting him with the cordial, "How's my boy," that he had recently used.

The months passed by in a hurried succession for Jack.



Vera, and Sport. They spent many happy hours on picnics on sunny days, and evenings by the fireplace in the Caxton home when it was cold.

About a year and a half after Jack had started to work, he picked Vera and Sport up on the road and invited them to go with him on the delivery. He wanted to talk with Vera on serious business. She had been graduated from a teachers' preparatory school in the mean time. "Vera, Mr. Thomas has discharged Miss Adams, and he says that the job of teaching the town school is open to you."

Vera did not answer. "Aren't you glad?" She still did not answer.

Jack looked at her, "What is bothering you, Vera? I noticed that you hesitated about getting in to ride. Are you getting too good for me?" His body stiffened with resentment.

"No, Jack, I'm not too good for you, but I don't want that school. Mother and father want me to go to Glendale to teach. Uncle John has a school located there for me."

"Why don't you go, then? I won't hold you. Our engagement is broken now. You may keep the ring though, in memory of the happy days that we have had."

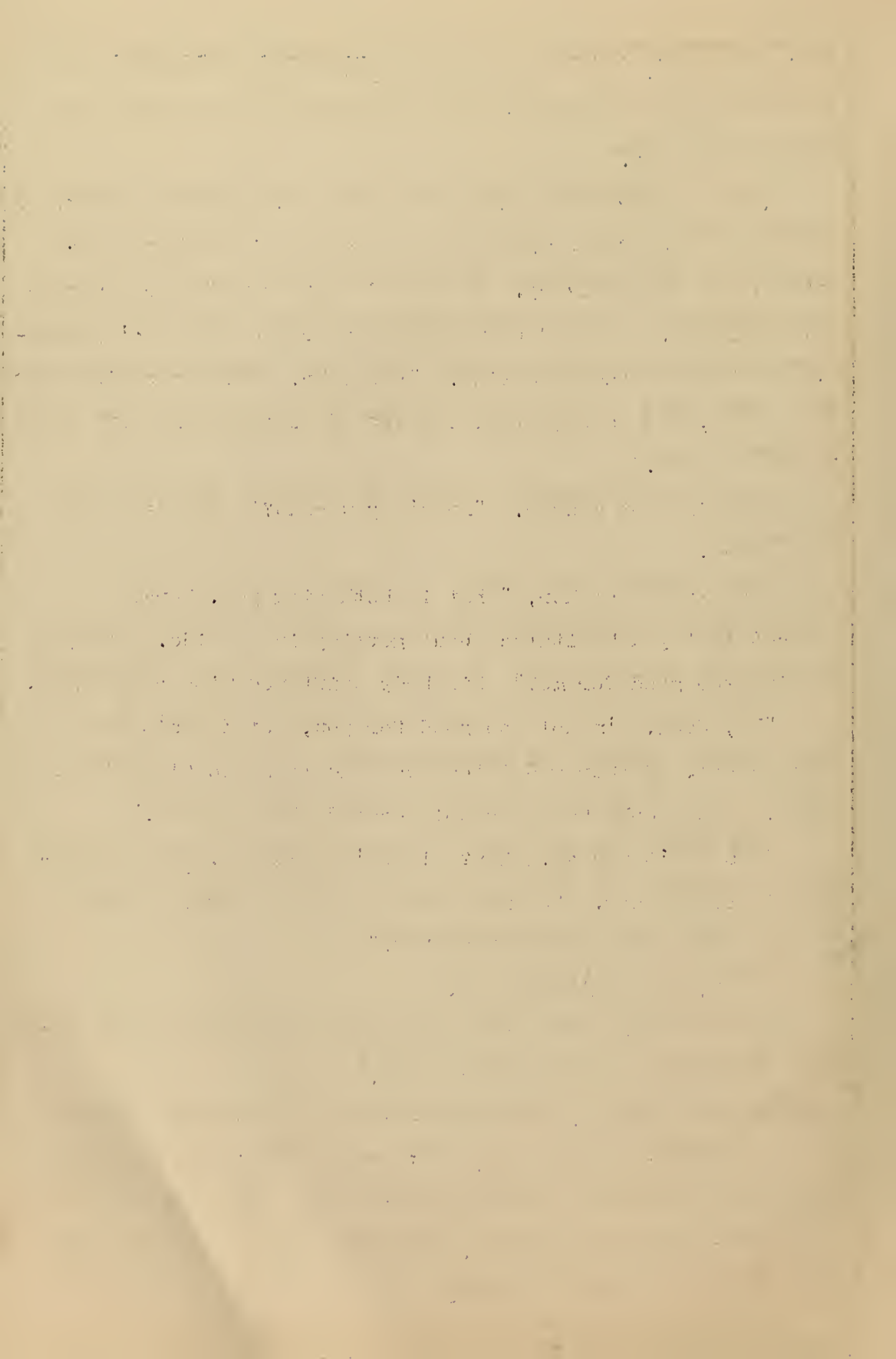
"Jack, you don't mean it."

Jack believed that there was a note of relief in her voice, "Yes, I do mean it with all my soul."

"We can still be friends, can't we? We can get engaged again someday if we want to, can't we? I don't think anybody should marry before he is twenty-five years old, anyway."

Vera's lane was reached. "So-long, Jack. See you some other time," she called gayly.

"Farewell, old pal," he retorted downheartedly.



Vera wasn't to go to work for almost two months, but Jack and his mother left for Dawson the week following the breaking of the engagement. Jack had taken in all the details of the grocery business, and a wholesale man of considerable capital had noticed him. The man liked Jack, so Jack did not hesitate to ask him for a position in his wholesale house in Dawson.

The first year in Dawson meant skimping for the Bensons, but the second year Jack received a considerable raise. He and his mother moved to the better residential part of town. The third year they were able to rent a little home in the suburbs of town where they lived almost in luxury.

A few days after Jack's twenty-fourth birthday he was called to the office. Mr. Madison, of the Dawson Wholesale House, looked Jack squarely in the eyes. After a moment's look he seemed satisfied and said, "Benson, you have worked for this house steadily for four years now. There is promotion at hand. Our salesman of Yuma territory is coming into the office and you are to take the Yuma territory. Your sedan is outside. Take a look at it." Jack stepped to the window eagerly and looked out. "How do you like it?"

"Mr. Madison, it's great," he exclaimed.

Mr. Madison slapped him on the shoulder, "The lead is yours, my boy. Be trustworthy."

Yuma territory took in Vera's home. He would be able to see her once in a while.

Months passed by, and he saw Vera several times, but always spoke to her very coolly although politely.

One afternoon he was driving down a road above the allowed speed limit. Something appeared in the road ahead. He





stopped as soon as possible. A stick had just missed the windshield. The object in the road had been Sport. Vera was standing in the brush near by. She had thrown the stick for Sport to chase.

Jack jumped out of the car. As Vera reached out her hand to pet the dog, Jack remarked casually, "Pretty dangerous business. Might have killed your dog." He turned to go, and would have said no more but the dog beat him back to the car, and refused to get out although Vera called to him.

"Won't you ride to the lane?" Jack asked slowly. She got in the car, but neither one said a word. When Vera and Sport left the car, Jack would have sworn there were tears in Vera's eyes. Maybe she cared after all.

On the way home Jack's heart ached more than it had when he had gone to town. His thoughts travelled rapidly, "Vera had been teaching at home all but that one year." A plan became fixed in his mind as he rode along. He would go to the meeting place by the brook on Sunday.

Sunday came. The Dawson Wholesale House sedan was seen to be dashing down the highway to the spot in the woods.

Jack whistled low; Sport came hurrying up the trail. Jack whispered, "Good old dog, lead me to Vera. Hurry, dog, hurry." As he pushed aside the bushes, he saw Vera leaning against the old aspen tree.

Susan Wilder '26.







# Little Folks

## THE VENTURESOME GREY DUCKLING

Upon the pond in Greenwood floated a tiny, downy family of white ducklings. In their midst a fond mama hovered over them, scolding and petting, almost at the same time.

Now in this family there was one who was more bold and adventuresome than all the rest. He was a large, bony grey-colored duckling. Perhaps he would have been white too, had he not spent most of his time getting himself dirty.

The Grey Duckling never liked to mind; he was especially fond of doing surprising things. When he found himself on the pond with all his little white brothers and sisters, he was angry, because he was afraid he might lose his grey coat. His grey coat was the one thing that he was most proud of, so it would never do to lose it.

However, as he floated slowly about, he suddenly noticed his reflection in the clear water. To his horror he was almost white. Then a wonderful idea came into the Grey Duckling's head. Such an idea would have come to no other duckling in the world. It was very bold and daring, but so was the Grey Duckling.

He watched his chance, and

when he had fallen behind the rest of the family, he steered carefully for a shallow spot near the shore. He didn't dare leave the water, for Mama Duck had given orders against it, and disobedient ducklings received a terrible punishment. But the Grey Duckling was planning something far worse for one so small and young as he.

Quick as a flash he dived --straight into the mud at the bottom. Everything went as he expected--that is, his feathers were covered with mud. But--he stuck in the mud at the bottom of the pool. The poor little Grey Duckling struggled and struggled, but could not get free.

The water above him became muddy and ripply with his struggling. Mama Duck, at the other side of the pond, saw the commotion, and swam to his rescue.

Although the results were not fatal, the Grey Duckling had had his lesson, and ever since has been as white and good as any of his brothers and sisters.

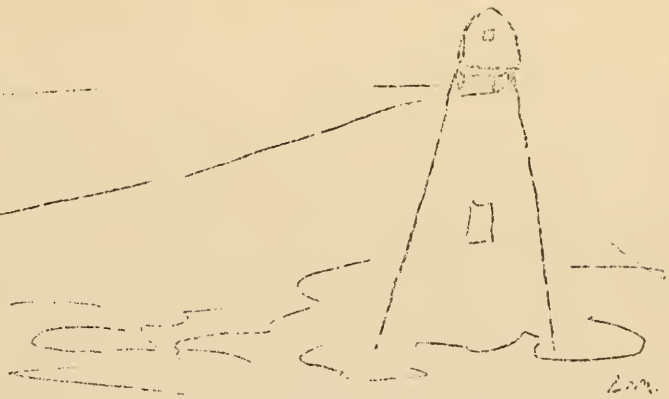
M.C. 127

Why is a stick of candy like a race horse? The more you lick it the faster it goes.

When is a chicken drunk? When it is stewed.



# Alumni



Many of our L. U. H. S. Alumni were seen at the Senior Ball on May 28. Among them were:

Henry Karrer  
Elvira Holway  
Martha Holway  
Sonoma Goodall  
Aileen Kendall (McHale)  
Willma Dainty  
Harold Prewett  
Vivian Estes  
Geraldine Sherman  
Arthur Somerholder  
Leo Jansse  
Julia Gordon  
Clarke Brown  
Lawrence Honnegar

Elise Hoffman, a student of the University of California, is visiting at the home of her parents in Byron.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Christiansen (Vivian Merchio) attended the graduating exercises of the Liberty Grammar School at Marsh Creek on May 29.

Harold Prewett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Prewett of Antioch, was graduated from the University of California in May. He has just finished a pre-medical course.

Marie Heidorn has completed her business course at Munson's Secretarial School in San Francisco. She is

spending several weeks with her partners of Lone Tree before taking a position.

Elvira Holway is spending a few days with friends and relatives in San Francisco.

Maude Honnegar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Honnegar of Almond Avenue, was married last week to Frank Dittmar of Martinez.

Marion Cakobread spent Memorial Day with his parents Mr. and Mrs. William Cakobread of Marsh Creek.

Elise Hoffman attended the Baccalaureate Address at the High School Auditorium on Sunday Evening, June 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Honnegar spent the week-end of May 28 with his parents on Almond Avenue.

Several of our recent graduates were present at the Senior Play on June 5. They were:

Aileen Kendall (McHale)  
Angelo Bailey  
Elise Hoffman  
Martha Holway  
Clarke Brown  
Marie Heidorn  
Ray Houston  
Henry Karrer  
Icyle Barr





### SENIOR BALL

The graduating class of 1926 were hosts and hostesses for the last time, at a high school affair, when they gave their Senior ball Friday evening, May 28.

The auditorium was made to look very attractive with a lowered ceiling of blue and white crepe paper, chimes suspended from the lights, and greenery in jardinières on each side of the stage.

During the evening Evangeline Venturini entertained the guests with a Russian dance. She was accompanied by Blanche Plumley.

Appropriate music was furnished by the Happy Harmonizers.

### SENIOR BANQUET

The Senior class was given a delightful banquet at the Los Medanos Hotel in Pittsburg, Tuesday evening May 25, by the Junior class.

The table was decorated very prettily with baskets of sweet peas, and silver candlesticks with tall blue candles. There were two dolls dressed as graduates, placed in the

middle of the table.

Many of the students, and the patron and patronesses gave short and interesting talks.

After the banquet they all attended the California Theatre

The patron and patronesses were:

Miss Eline Anderson  
Miss Chloe Logan  
Mr. E. G. Nash

### GIRLS' LEAGUE

The Girls' League gave their Mothers' Tea, Friday afternoon, May 21.

The mothers were taken into the auditorium where a short entertainment was given by the girls. The numbers on this program were:

"O Lovely Night" by a chorus of girls, accompanied by Melba Cakebread.

A monologue--"In the Usual Way" by Amorette Crawford, accompanied by Frances Diffin.

An old fashioned dance by Alice Lloyd and Evangeline Venturini, accompanied by Cynthia Burroughs.





A song--"Mother Machree" by Jennie Cooper, accompanied by Frances Diffin.

A piano Solo--by Emily Bailey.

Miss Alice McInnes, Dean of Girls of the Stockton High School spoke to us on "What is the Essential Training for a High School Girl". Her topic was very well chosen, and was one that was interesting and inspiring to both the mothers and the girls.

After the program everyone adjourned to the library where refreshments were served by some of the girls.

The annual Mothers' Tea has proved to be a very worthwhile gathering. It is nice to have the mothers meet, and we hope that we may see more of them next year. The girls enjoy a close acquaintance with their classmates' mothers and the privilege of being hostesses to them.

#### DANCES

The boys working on the Mokelumne project in this district, gave a dance in the Oakley Hall Saturday evening, May 29. The Diablo Valley Syncopators furnished fine music.

During the evening there were several exhibition of the Charleston, and also of the latest dance, The St. Louis Hop.

Everyone had a good time, and will be looking forward to the next dance that these boys are going to give.

\* \* \* \*

The Brentwood Glee Club is giving a dance in the Mem-

orial Hall in Brentwood, June 12. It will be the first dance given by this club. The members hope for a large attendance in order to make this dance a great success.

Remember! American Legion Hall in Brentwood, June 12! Fine music will be furnished.

#### PARTIES

A surprise birthday party was given for Georgene Upham by a group of her friends, Thursday evening, May 13. The evening was spent in playing games, and dancing.

The young people present were:

#### MISSES

Evangeline Venturini  
Frances Diffin  
Madalein O'Meara  
Thelma Geddes  
Eleanor Townsley  
Ruth Baxter  
Helena Keeney  
Georgene Upham

#### MESSRS.

Charles Cogswell  
Glenn Geddes  
Forrest Sullivan  
Kenneth Bonnickson  
Marion Lawrence  
Paul Halstead  
Warren Geddes  
Jack Bradbury

\* \* \* \* \*

Fred Heidorn was host at a party given at his home in Lone Tree on the evening of May 15.

The home was decorated very attractively with yellow crepe paper and greenery.

The girls and boys enjoyed themselves by playing games and dancing. During the evening refreshments were served.



# SCHOOL NOTES



## FRESHMEN

The Freshmen class elected their class officers for their Sophomore year. They are as follows

President.....Cynthia Burroughs  
Vice-Pres.....James Hannum  
Sec.&Treas.....Donner Wilder  
Sar.at Arms....Melbor Grandell

The Freshmen class will wait until next year to elect their Basket Ball and track captains. Instead of electing them this year for we do not know who will be back.

The Freshmen have had quite a few sales this year and have a fairly large amount of money in the treasury. We expect to use this to help finance our Sophomore Hop.

During this year the Freshmen went on a picnic and had a very enjoyable time. We hope to have another one next year.

The Freshmen wish to thank the upper classmen for our Freshmen Reception. Although we were initiated, in the truest sense of the word, it was a lot of fun. We were served with refreshments and given a dance. We almost wish it would happen all over again next year.

## SOPHOMORE

Our class officers for this term are as follows:

President.....Margaret Hevey  
Vice-Pres.....Eleanor Viera  
Secretary.....Thelma Geddes  
Treasurer.....Anna French  
Sar.at Arms.....Paul Halstead  
Student Affairs.Eleanor Townsley

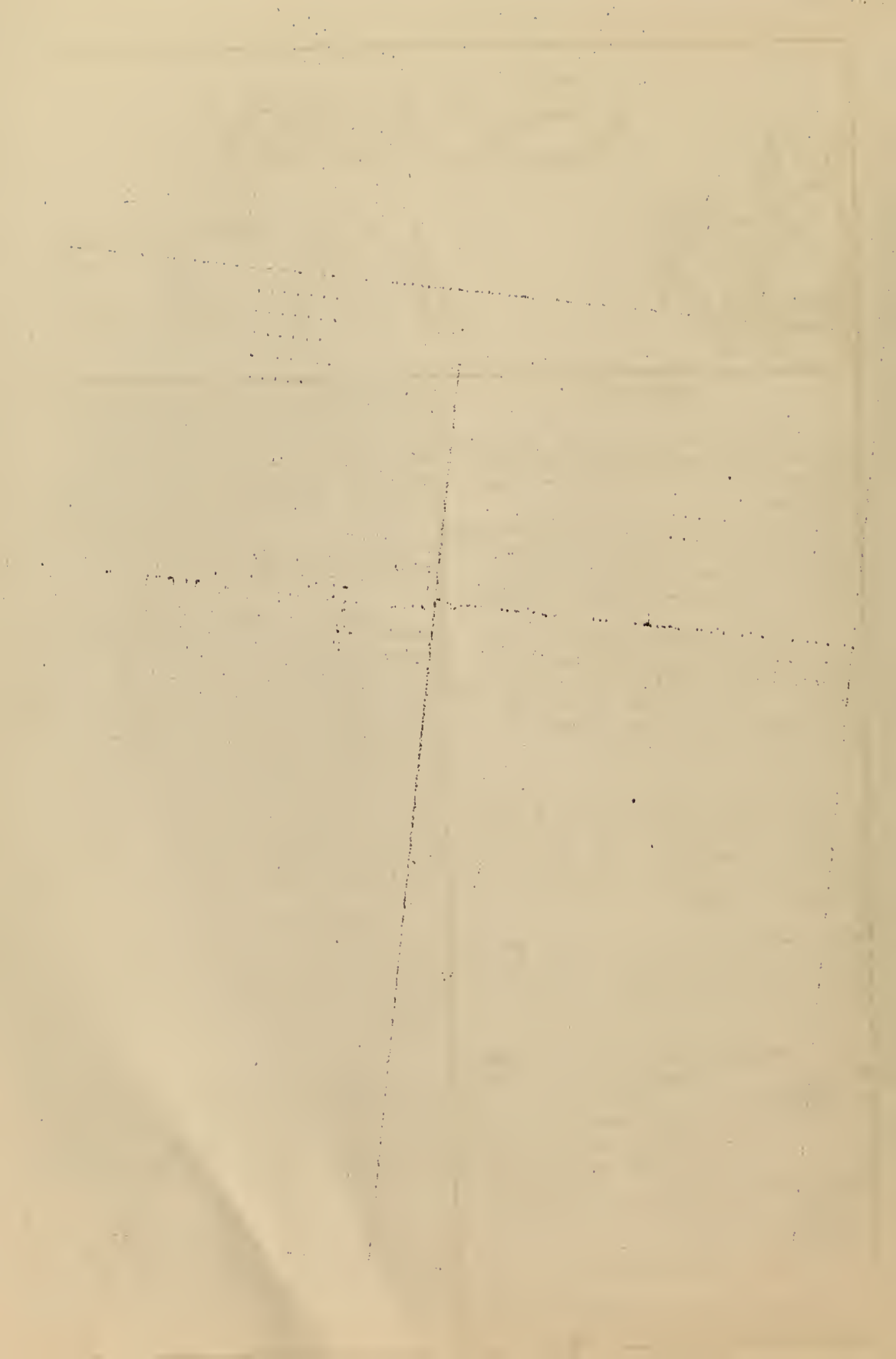
Warren Geddes  
With a good group of officers we started out well.

Our President appointed a committee to raise funds for our Sophomore Hop, and as we already had thirty dollars in the bank, the work was not difficult. After a series of sales we had earned about forty dollars making a total of seventy-five dollars. The Hop went off with a bang, and we cleared fifteen dollars which brought our total bank balance ninety dollars. The Hop ended our money raising campaign.

The main activities carried on by members of the class were athletics. We had several members on the basket ball, baseball and track teams who did well.

During the year we lost and gained several members. Audrey Laipple and Arline Carson went away, and Albert Zipf, Edward Tanaguchi, and Alice Lloyd joined our class.

Next year we intend to do big things as Juniors to make our class the best class of Juniors the school ever had or will have.



## JUNIORS

Now for our final say! Never again shall we be able to chronicle our activities in the Junior notes. That is the reason we're going to try to make a big showing now.

Among other memories of last August (the most vivid remembrance is of the heat) our pleasure at being Juniors stand out. It feels good to be a Junior! Ask any Senior if they didn't feel that way; just wait and see if you don't, Sophomores.

We know that when we are grown men and women, we shall look back with pleasure upon this past year. We have enjoyed it to the full.

We began by being extremely and unusually humane: we did not initiate the Freshmen at school; we simply welcomed them at the Reception. They should be everlastingly grateful for that!

Then we elected officers. In case you may have forgotten, the results were as follows:  
President.....Cecil Woolley  
Vice-Pres.....Jimmie Watson  
Sec.& Treas.....Delmer Wilder  
Student Affairs.Ruth Baxter  
Bud Hill

Although I do not recall the exact order of events, we got our class pins and rings around the first of the term. We were, for the most part, quite well pleased with them.

Of course, we began giving sales then to make money for the Junior Prom, and our Treasurer got busy collecting class dues.

Our Junior Prom was a splendid success: the Auditorium was very prettily decorated in green shamrocks and green

and white streamers for St. Patrick's day. The Happy Harmonizers played for us, giving us the best and latest jazz. It was especially fitting to have this orchestra as its drummer, J. Geiselman, is a member of our class.

Just a few days ago we gave the annual Junior-Senior Banquet at the Los Medanos Hotel in Pittsburg. The Banquet hall was appropriately decorated with sweet peas and Graduate-Kewpies. Afterwards those who wished to do so attended the show. The dinner was splendid. Everyone had a good time, even the one whose shoestrings unexplicably caught on fire.

The finish of the record of the talented Junior class seems to be the final exams-- here's hoping they won't prove to be the finish of the Juniors themselves!

## SENIORS

The Seniors started out very enthusiastically by giving sales, helping with Broadcaster, and helping with different entertainments of the school.

The Senior Ball, May 28, 1926 was very successful. A large number of students, alumni and guests were present. Our Senior Ball takes the place of dancing after Commencement. The affair was so enjoyable that without doubt it will become a tradition in the school.

We started from the very first of the year to select a play that would be appreciated by all. We found it "MISS SOMEBODY ELSE." We gave it the fifth of June, and it went over with a "BANG!" How could it go over any other way when we had Miss Perov as our coach?

\*\*\*\*\*  
PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS  
\*\*\*\*\*



# SENIORS



*This issue of the Broadcaster is dedicated to  
the Class of 1926*







SUSAN WILDER, *President*

*"I like work; it fascinates me. I love to keep it by me; the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart."*

THEODORE OHMSTEDE

*"An honest man's word is as good as his bond."*

MELBA ACREY

*Efficiency is the keynote of success. Her efficiency will surely mean success.*

RACHEL VEALE

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

LAWRENCE AUGUSTA

*"There is no better ballast for keeping the mind steady on its keel—than business."*

VIVIAN CHASTEK

*"The richest minds need not large libraries."*





BLANCHE PLUMLEY

*"Youth! Youth! How buoyant  
are thy hopes! They turn, like  
marigolds, toward the sunny side."*

ANTHONY SILVEIRA

*"Earth is here so kind, that just  
tickle her with a hoe, and she  
laughs with a harvest."*

SARAH BARR

*"A thing seriously pursued affords  
true enjoyment."*

GEORGE BROWN

*"Joking decides great things  
Stronger and better oft, than  
earnest can."*

MARIAN MORCHIO

*"I'll be merry and free  
I'll be sad for nae-body."*

JULIET FIRPO

*"Happy am I; from care I'm free!  
Why aren't they all contented  
like me?"*





LAURA HAMMOND

*"Who can foretell for what high  
cause this darling of the gods was  
born?"*

LOWELL GRIFFITH

*"It is something to hold the scepter  
with a firm hand."*

AGNES FREY

*"Art recompenses the careful  
student with riches, praise and  
honor."*

FRANCES JUNE DIFFIN

*"Her enthusiasm will achieve  
great things."*

JENNIE COOPER

*"I wonder if ever a song was sung,  
but the singer's heart sang  
sweeter."*

FORREST "BUD" SULLIVAN

*"O, it is excellent to have a giant's  
strength."*



## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '26

One day in August, 1922, Mr. Nash was confronted with two dozen or more, what seemed to be, green spots. As his vision became more clear, he realized that he had before him a new band of Freshmen to train.

We were frightened at first and didn't know which way to turn. We were herded into our Major Room, where Mr. Nash told us all of the rules and regulations of the high school. Our first day was a torture, for from all sides and angles came the cry, "Oh, some more Freshmen! Look how green they are! Don't know where to go!" and so on. We barely got comfortably seated in one classroom when we had to head for another one. Oh, weren't we glad to get that day over!

It was not very long before we held our first real meeting, and we elected our officers. After much competition, we elected Lowell Griffith as president. We were the proudest class in school after that election. Didn't we have a president and weren't we considered part of the student body?

Everything went on beautifully until we heard vague rumors of 'initiation'. Not many days afterward the boys were in for a good ducking at the old horse trough at the grammar school, and we were painted up, until we looked like wild Indians. We were afraid to go to class for one of the teachers was sure to give us a scolding. Finally most of us got the bright-hued makeup off and ran to class, late.

And so we progressed on our quest for knowledge until our Freshman reception came along. We had to go through a lot of performing--from saying our prayers to boxing, almost every-





thing imaginable. After the reception we, most of us I should say, buckled down to work for the rest of the year.

In August, 1923 after our vacation, we came back, and we surely felt important, for we were now considered "Honorable members of L.U.H.S. and we could watch the freshmen coming in just as green, if not greener, than we were.

Without a moment's hesitation we called a class meeting and elected our class officers. This year they were: President, Laura Hammond; Vice President, Melba Acrey; Secretary-Treasurer, Susan Wilder; Representatives to the Student Affairs Jennie Cooper, and Lowell Griffith.

We began the year right by giving numerous sales and when our Great Red Letter day came along we were more than prepared for it. Chimes and Japanese lanterns were only a part of the beautiful decorations we had at our Sophomore Hop. Lattice-work, greenery, flowers, and everything to make the auditorium beautiful were used.

After our Sophomore Hop we only looked forward to our next year in high. We did not wait long for the summer soon passed and we came back to be called "Juniors". Our officers for this year were: President, Lowell Griffith; Vice President George Brown; Secretary-Treasurer, Juliet Firpo; Sgt. at Arms, Melba Acrey; Representatives to the Student Affairs, Rachel Vcale, and Forrest Sullivan.

We began planning for our biggest event of the school season, our Junior Prom. Our purse was rather flat when we first started out, for as inexperienced Sophomores we had not learned to save a little for a rainy day. We had to replenish it by first giving one sale after another. This would seem



rather tedious, but it did not take many tempting exhibitions of our ability as cooks, before we were known by everyone in the whole student body.

About a week before our Prom three fourths of our class were down with the "mumps". We surely were in for a nice time, but we weren't daunted and the few of us who were left continued with the plans and, although we didn't have as large a crowd as we had hoped to have, our Prom was a success.

We could not stop with one thing, but hurried on and arranged to give a Minstrel show. We worked hard and everyone of us did our best to make up for the misfortune we had at our Prom. We left our Junior dignity at home that night and blacked our faces until only by close inspection could we be recognized as honorable students of Liberty Union High School, instead of wandering minstrels.

At the end of our Junior year we elected our Senior officers. Again we had a lot of competition, and finally the officers elected were: President, Susan Wilder; Vice President Vivian Chastek; Secretary-Treasurer, Melba Acroy; Representatives to the Student Affairs, Frances Diffin, and Theodore Chmstede.

And now, last but not the least, came our Senior year. We were now dignified Seniors! The little Freshmen and even the big Freshmen looked up to us, but we didn't seem to mind, nor did it turn our heads.

We started planning for our Senior play, and in order to be able to have enough time to spend picking one out, for we were a busy class, we took a whole day off. What fun we had that morning, coming to school without any books, and what



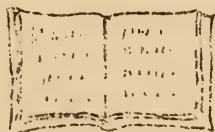
looks of envy other students bestowed upon us. We spent the day at Brushy Peak and while we were there Miss Anderson, our advisor, read us the play we had decided to take. The name was "Miss Somebody Else".

After this outing, we all settled down for our school work and to practice for the play. We chose Miss Perow as our coach for the play, because it was impossible for Miss Anderson to take it herself. After the practicing started there was very little time left for our studies.

Besides practicing for our Senior play every spare moment that we had, we had to decorate for our Senior Ball, which came the Saturday before the play. Greenery, cat-tails, and crepe paper made the auditorium look a typical ball room. Invitations were sent out and pretty programs were used--in short, everything, that would make our last entertainment a pleasant evening.

During our Senior week we had Kid's day and some of the girls forgot they were dignified Seniors and went back to their carefree grammar-school days. On Sunday, June 6, the Baccalaureate Sermon was given in the auditorium.

And so our Senior week ended and with it the end of our high school career. We are going to take our places as citizens of the world. We hope that we may prove ourselves worthy, and that the oncoming Senior Classes will continue where we have left off in building on to the School History as we have.





SENIOR PROSELYCY.

By

Junior Class.

I ran into a snowstorm one winter afternoon, as I was strolling down the avenue in Washington D. C. With bowed head I sought refuge in the nearest doorway. Upon looking up I found myself in the entrance of one of the city's most prominent theaters.

It would be impossible to venture out in such a storm, so I looked idly at the billboards, having it in mind to while away the time by taking in a show. Emblazoned in bold letters I beheld the sign: "Extra: Sights of the City."

Comfortably ensconced in a reserved seat, I enjoyed the regular picture, then watched interestedly as the extra began.

It was merely a series of disjointed scenes showing everyday Washington scenery, including some of its most noted people. After several views of driveways and show buildings, they began showing people.

First they announced "Tennis Champion on Capitol Court". The next instant before my startled eyes ran the airy figure of Susan Wilder, who was playing the deciding game with Helen Wills before she attempted Suzanne Longlen. She surely was a great player and I put up \$20.00 on her right then against a corresponding amount from the enthusiast in the seat next to me. (By the way, I have the \$20.00 now). I recalled to my mind pictures of Susan holding tennis balls on hot summer afternoons for Ellsworth and Donald.

I thought that I would talk of seeing her when I was old and grey, but I was destined to see wonders that shared her glory.





Melba Acroy who had aspired to become first lady of the land, was shown in Congress, where she follows her school-day hobby of closing nominations.

Then the scene changed to the Universities, where I recognized two former Liberty Students: Forrest (Budd) Sullivan, who had just attained his B. V. D. degree and was progressing rapidly. The other, Agnes Frey a Professor of the Philosophy of Physiological, genealogical, psychological criminology of flea-bites. This scene brought vivid pictures of Agnes doing the rhythm drill on her typewriter while she studied for the Biology ex next period.

I hadn't quite recovered from the shock when a sleek-haired, smooth-talking gentleman with a smug face flashed on the screen advertising "Sticktite-Hair-Glue". Lawrence Augusta's curls were all gone now.

A moment later Juliet Firpo appeared giving setting-up exercises over the radio. Through doing them she had kept her "Figger".

Before my astonished vision flashed a picture of Sara Barr, composing Jazz hits on a battered piano in her individualistic apartment.

A corner of a Newspaper office was portrayed, Vivian Chastek was shown writing the Comic Strip for a prominent Washington newspaper.

Then next was introduced, as a distinguished visitor, Blanche Plumley-The-snake-Charmer of the Mohave desert. She showed by her face that hers was a magnetic personality.

A railroad scene flashed on the screen. A special train pulled into the station; everyone gathered about the car



excitedly to do homage to the personage about to "disembark." Franced Diffin descended the train steps. I hardly recognized her, she was so tall and austere. She wore a severely tailored black suit with a high much-starched collar, high black shoes and a plain sailor hat. She was dignity personified. It was plain that she was a noted teacher of girls. I learned later that she was the Dean of Mills College.

The next picture staggered me completely, and I'm sure it would have done the same to you. A busy figure bent over a huge desk which was littered with papers. A sign over the office door announced: Editor of Advice to the Lovelorn." The Editor himself was scribbling furiously, presumably giving advice to some heartbroken lover. A moment later Lowell Griffith raised his head and looked calmly out from his engrossing work. Sort of a case of "Weep on Lowell's shoulder."

Then a wild beautiful scene flashed before my eyes. I saw a gypsy camp, surrounded by a dark, mysterious forest. In the center glowed a bonfire, casting a weird, red light over the scene. Fantastical shadows danced over the group in the center. Dimly I made out a band of gypsies, bowing before their Queen. When the spotlight flashed upon her it revealed the features of Marian Morchio.

After the dark restfulness of this scene the following one was glaring blinding. Before me was pictured a dentists office. It was very white and sanitary. The dentist, a slender, efficient-looking young woman in white smock, was extracting teeth from a screaming patient. Laura Hammond had become absolutely heartless, but in return had become the



best-known Painful Dentist in the world. What is this world coming to?

Another film pictured Rachel Veale seated in a long, low Studebaker racer. The latter was considered the fastest racing car in the U. S. Rachel drove it in the race which won it that title.

I wasn't extremely surprised when I saw Theodore Ohmstedt in the prize fighter's ring, announced as the light weight champion I recalled how he used to practice on his poor little helpless brother, Fritz, and decided he ought to be champion of something.

The next scene showed George Brown as Mayor of Washington. Very handsome he appeared, too, for he wore a high silk hat, frock coat, and grey striped trousers he looked quite natural.

An authority on the great Pyramid was announced. A slim, dainty little figure in coal grey flashed on the screen. She wore a flappy, broad-brimmed grey hat with a pink rose. She looked quite natural standing there so easily and gracefully. She removed her hat and thrust it under one arm. The other was occupied with maps, and papers of the Pyramid. The benignly smiling face belonged to Jennie Cooper. A moment later the Mayor of Washington appeared on the scene to welcome her to the city. Very ceremoniously he presented her with the keys of the city and incidentally to his heart. The picture faded, went blank and I saw no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

On behalf of the Seniors we wish to thank the Junior class for these prophetic statements, and to say that we feel sure that the Senior Class will accept this Prophecy with the proverbial grain of salt.





# Exchange

I hope the students of L.U.H.S. have enjoyed reading the exchanges as much as I have enjoyed writing them. There will be no more exchanges this year as the other schools have put out their last publication. May everyone look forward to next year's exchanges with the same pleasure that they have looked for these.

A pleasant vacation to everyone.

Exchange Editor  
L.U.H.S.

\* \* \* \* \*

We wish the student publishers of the following papers a very pleasant vacation.

High School Anchor  
Anchorage, Alaska

The Echo  
Templeton, California

The Analyan  
Sebastopol, California

Station L.B.H.S.  
Los Banos, California

The Badger  
Prescott, California

\* \* \* \* \*

A Boy's Composition  
On the Goose

"The goose is a low, heavy set bird, composed of meat and

feathers. His head rests on one end and he sets on the other. He cannot sing much on account of the dampness in moisture in which he lives. There ain't no between his toes and he carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep him from sinking. A goose has two legs and they are set so far back that they come near missing his body. Some geese when they get big are called ganders. Ganders don't have to set or hatch, but loaf, eat and go swimming. If I was a goose, I would rather be a gander."

Ex. The Badger.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Badger is a very interesting little paper. Their stories hold your attention and please your sense of humor.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the "H.S. Anchor" we are informed of High School work in Alaska. Next year we hope to continue our exchanges with them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Los Banos High School puts out a paper very similar to our own. The clever cover designs alone should make a person want to read their paper.

Here are several bits of humor from "Station L.B.H.S.":  
"All hard-boiled eggs are--"  
"Yellow inside."

State college experts say





we need more hogs. Not on the highways, however."

"All joking aside, these intelligence tests do indicate those who have brains. Those who have, don't take them."

Ex. Station L.B.H.S.

\* \* \* \* \*

Laphs from "The Echo"

"A telephone pole never hits an auto except in self defense."

"How many days are there in each month?"

"I know: "Thirty days hath September,  
All the rest I can't remember.  
The Calendar hangs upon the wall,  
So why bother me at all?"

Ex. "The Echo"

"Pin Points"

OF Different Papers

Cop: "Hey, there, Barney Catfield. What's the idea of doing 50?"

Barney: "I'm just trying to get away from my spare tire."

A country woman took a taxi into town. Every once in a while the driver held out his hand and this annoyed her. She said: "You tend to the driving and if it rains, I'll tell you."

Ex. Station L.B.H.S.

Teacher: "Ole, give me a sentence using the word "poppy"

Ole: "My ma bane German, but my poppy bane Swede."

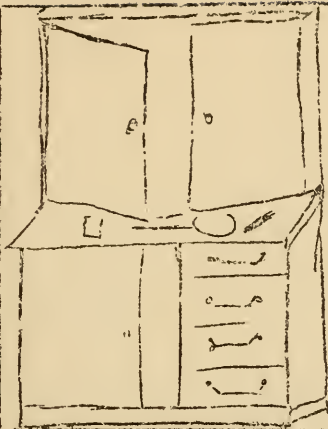
Ex. "The Analyan."



We take High School Photographs

531 E. MAIN STREET  
STOCKTON, CALIF.





# Pantry

# Shelf



## STRAWBERRY ICE

- 3 cups water
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups crushed strawberries
- 2 lemons

Cook sugar and water six minutes. When cool, add the berries. Strain the mixture through a cloth, add the juice of lemons, and freeze.

## A GOOD CAKE

Use the ordinary plain layer-cake recipe; make two layers and save out the egg whites. When baked and cooled, put crushed strawberries between the layers. Make a frosting of the white of the eggs for the top by beating stiff, add:

- 1 tablespoon sugar
- few drops of vanilla

Cover thickly with whole berries and dust over lightly with powdered sugar. (Cake should be served immediately after it has been iced.)

## RASPBERRY AND PINEAPPLE JAM

- 1 cup crushed pineapple
- 3 cups sugar
- 2 cups raspberries
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt

Boil the pineapple and one cup of sugar for ten minutes. Then add the remaining sugar, the salt and raspberries. Boil

the mixture very slowly for about twenty to twenty-five minutes. This recipe makes two and one-half pints of jam.

## CREAM SHORTAGE

If a recipe calls for one cup of cream, and you have only half a cup, what are you to do? You may overcome the difficulty easily by adding to the half cup of cream the whites of two eggs and whip together. The cream beats much more quickly and the flavor is not changed by the addition of the egg whites.

## HELPFUL HINTS

For washing sweaters take the measurements of the width across the shoulders, the length of the sleeves, and the length from shoulder to bottom of sweater with a tape measure. While the article is still damp, stretch back to the original measurements.

## FOR SINKS

To clean a black, greasy sink: dampen a cloth freely with kerosene. Rub the sink with the cloth, and wipe with a dry cloth to remove the kerosene.

\*\*\*\*\*

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE BROADCASTER NEXT YEAR.



# NEWS

The Contra Costa County Memorial Marker, at Bridgehead, was dedicated May 31. This marker was dedicated to the seventy-four boys and one girl who made the "supreme sacrifice" in the World War.

The marker is a bronze statue of an eagle protecting her young. The eagle and nest are mounted on a stone base. On the north side of the monument is the tablet bearing the seventy five names.

Mrs. Sargent, Past President of the American War Mothers' Association unveiled the monument. The principal speaker of the day was Mr. Mahig, former governor of Utah. Mr. Roy Davis, president of the East Contra Costa Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Fiske, Adjutant of the American Legion, gave interesting talks.

Apricot Day will be celebrated in Diablo Valley, June 20. The center of the celebration will be at Antioch. There will be many different types of amusements, varying from ferris wheels to dancing. Girls of Diablo Valley will pass out small cartons of apricots to everyone.

June 18 and 19 will be the Antioch-Sherman Island Bridge celebration. This celebration and Apricot Day will be, in a way, combined in three days of enjoyment.

Mrs. E. Bryner of Oakley.

died at her home, May 5. Mrs. Bryner was a great church worker, having helped to start the Baptist church there. Before organizing the Baptist church, she helped the ladies of the Methodist church. Mrs. Bryner was also an early settler of Oakley.

Mrs. Elizabeth Shafer, celebrated her 83rd birthday at her home here. Mrs. Shafer came over the pioneer trails from the East. She has lived in California for a great many years. Mrs. Shafer is able to tell many interesting and exciting stories of the settlement of Contra Costa County.

Elger O'Meara, of Brentwood, was struck by an automobile while riding his bicycle. The lad was delirious for about 48 hours. He is much better now, and is rapidly improving.

James Llewellyn of Brentwood, was drowned near Brentwood, May 31. The accident happened in an irrigation ditch. When found he was already dead.

The farmers of Diablo Valley are starting to irrigate their orchards and fields. As a result of the good year, everything is growing fine. The fruit is starting to ripen and the plants of all kinds are doing splendidly. Before the irrigating stops,



we shall be in the midst of our fruit and vegetable season.

The Sewing and Drawing Classes had a very nice exhibit for the parents on "Parents Night." I think all the parents are well pleased with the different works of Art that their children have accomplished.

Our athletic teams have done fairly well this year. However, they certainly could do better if they had a GYM. The parents were rather surprized to see the boys' showers, and still more surprized to see the girls' imaginary showers.

#### ENGLISH

The English Classes of L.U.H.S., under the direction of Miss Rowe, have entered many contests during the past year.

A girl from the English IV class was selected to go to the Annual Shakespearean Contest at Berkeley. Many of the students have entered essay contests. The English II Classes have studied News Writing. We now have many reporters, who can write thrilling stories. Some very attractive note books containing classical references have been turned in by members of the English I Classes.

#### SCIENCE

The Chemistry Class had a very interesting visit to the Steel Mill at Pittsburg. I believe that if the class had enough money, they could construct a mill. Mr. Callaghan the instructor, and Mr. George Upham, Secretary of the C.C.C. acted as chaperones.

The Latin Classes, under Miss Logan, had a most enjoy-

able picnic and swim. Each student had the privilege of asking one person. Many other students had a chance to see the fun that is missed by not taking Latin.

The Spanish Club held their last party of the year. Many out-side students were invited. Everyone had an enjoyable time.

Evelyn Sundquist was elected president of the Spanish Club for next year.

The French Club has decided to wait until next year for the election of officers. The students will not know until next year whether or not French III will be taught. The Club planned to have a French day, but because of too many other activities, it was not held.

#### TYPING

The typing classes have been very busy this year working for awards, for speed and accuracy and to win honors for L. U. H. S.

A list of the individuals who have won certificates or emblems would take too much space, but the following is a list of the number of awards that have been made to typing students this year:

HAPPY

HARMONIZERS

ORCHESTRA

DANCES PARTIES

Social AFFAIRS

See Mrs. R. Swift

Brentwood  
California





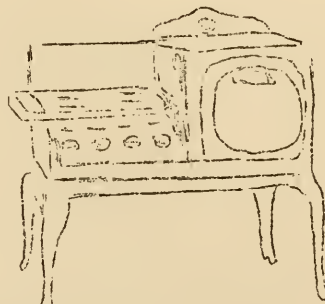
Laura Hammond '26 and Vivian Chastek '26, won the speed contests averaging 56.6 not words per minute for 15 minutes and the team composed of Jennie Cooper '26, Marian Morchio '26, and Laura Hammond '26, won the accuracy contests, averaging 84.6 percent.

We hope to win these cups again next year and are going to try to do so. But, who knows? If we are successful in winning the Contra Costa Second Year Speed Cup and the North Bay Accuracy and Contest Trophy Cups they will become the permanent property of L.U.H.S. for we won them last year.

When these awards were

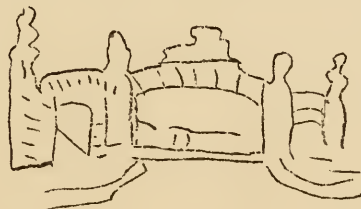
given, it was agreed that the school that won any cup three times would become the permanent owner of that cup.

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BRENTWOOD ELECTRIC CO

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR PHONE 28-W



For many years we have been gaining a wider and better fame as a bookshop of the highest character. That fame has been built only through years of careful service and a belief that we are right; that California needs and will support a shop of the right type.

And during these years we have come to be one of the showplaces of the Bay Region--as a shop which will leave you a definite memory of your visit, of having seen a host of the best and newest books of every sort.

Get in touch with us; try our service. If you want to know the price, or date, or anything about any book--or if you want a book suitable for any purpose, we can meet your wants and will gladly supply any information. When you are in the Bay Region, step into the shop. You are sure of a cordial welcome and a pleasant visit.

THE SATHER GATE BOOK SHOP  
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Phone Thruwall 670



As to winning honors for L. U. H. S. the classes did their best. At the combined Contra Costa County and North Bay Section Typing Contest, the teams together brought home seven out of a possible 8 cups and 21 out of a possible 29 medals.

The first year team com-

posed of Irvin Somerhalder '27, Agnes Frey '26 and Amorotte Crawford '27 won the speed contests averaging 43 net words per minute for 15 minutes and the same team won the accuracy contests averaging 82 percent.

The second year team composed of Jennie Cooper '26,

"They do run easier"

"Compare the work"

ROYAL TYPEWRITERS

The above sentences are found in all national advertising of the  
ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY

We appreciate the order just given us for

NEW REMINGTON #13

for use in the Commercial Department of the LIBERTY UNION HIGH SCHOOL

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY

House of Quality and Service: Catering to Those Who Appreciate the Best.

# Cottage Inn

Home Cooking

Sandwiches

Refreshments



Opposite Auto Park  
Brentwood, California



From the Underwood Com-  
pany to first year students,  
there have been 17 certificates,  
10 bronze emblems, 3 silver em-  
blems and to the second year  
students: 4 bronze emblems, 3  
silver emblems and 3 gold em-  
blems.

pany to first year students  
there have been awarded 2 cer-  
tificates, 1 bronze emblem, and  
1 silver emblem; and to second  
year students: 3 bronze em-  
blems and 1 silver emblem.

From the L. C. Smith Com-

pany to first year students there have  
been 2 certificates awarded.

READ THE  
**BYRON TIMES**  
THE PAPER THEY TALK ABOUT

Some of its Features:

2-Page Colored Comix

Flivver Sam--Correct English

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\* \* \* \* \*

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Diablo Valley

FOR YOUR JEWELRY NEED WE RECOMMEND

**PESCE & COMPANY**

"CASH JEWELERS"

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Stockton

They have recently adopted a policy which meets with  
the approval of most out of town customers. Their new policy  
is a strictly cash system. This enables them to sell at a  
great discount.

You can buy from them at the following discounts:

- Diamonds.....10%
- Any make of silverware.....10%
- American made watches for ladies  
or gentlemen.....15%
- Parker and all other makes of pens  
and pencils.....10%
- All other jewelry.....10%



IT WILL PAY YOU TO VISIT THEIR STORE WHEN YOU  
ARE IN STOCKTON



# Sports



## BASKETBALL

Basketball is the game which opens the sports of the year. The L. U. H. S. teams put up very good fights in all of the games played, but lack of a "GYM" was an important cause of their defeat in all games but one.

Following is the summary of the League Games of Contra Costa County:

### The Heavyweights:

Antioch vs. Liberty at Antioch--10-8--Antioch's favor  
Diablo vs. Liberty at Brentwood--14-2--Diablo's favor.  
John Swett vs. Liberty at Crockett--19-2--John Swett's favor.  
Pittsburg vs. Liberty at Knightsen--18-17--Pittsburg's favor.  
San Ramon vs. Liberty at Knightsen--21-10--San Ramon's favor.

### The Lightweights:

Diablo vs. Liberty at Brentwood--23-3--Diablo's favor.  
John Swett vs. Liberty at Crockett--21-2--John Swett's favor.  
Pittsburg vs. Liberty at Knightsen--13-8--Pittsburg's favor.  
San Ramon vs. Liberty at Knightsen--11-8--Liberty's favor.

Those receiving L's for basketball games played and won were: Cowan, Hill, Lawrence, Crandell, Watson, and Halstead.

## TRACK

The first competition in track this year took the form of an interclass meet. The Juniors walked away with the honors, for they secured first place with a score of 69½. The Sophomores captured second place with a score of 34. The Freshmen and Seniors received 16½ and 12 points respectively.

At the County Track Meet on April 27 held at Concord, Diablo took first place; Pittsburg took second place; and Liberty came in for third place. The 1926 track team selected by Mr. Spindt included: Hill, Bonnicksen, Cowan, Wells, Griffith, Tanaguchi, Medeiros, Crandell, Shellenberger, Watson, Stone and Geiselman.





"Bud" Hill and Reed Cowan both received stars for making nine and five points respectively at the meet.

### BASEBALL

Baseball is the leading sport of L. U. K. S. It is the one game in which we really have the same chance to win, as any other school which we play; but before we can win games, we must have a team. Our team is as follows:

"Eud" Sullivan is the boy who can catch the ball when it is thrown over the pan. Seldom does he fail to pick it out of the air.

Next in line comes Zipf, the fast playing new Sophomore. He can twirl the ball right over the pan at any time. Does he fan the opposite team out? We all say, "Yes". You cannot expect a true pitcher to be a good batter. In this respect Zipf stands true to form.

Eddie Tanaguchi should not be left out while we are speaking of pitchers. He not only pitches, but also plays second base. Eddie is known by his grin; even when he is put out on third, he will grin, and hope to do better the next time.

Our next hero is "Kennie" Bonnickson. This is the lad who puts so many out on first. "Kennie" has hopes of playing with the Seals, and all of us, I know, will go to the first professional game he plays, and "root" for all we are worth.

"Halstead, the shortstop," is the name given to Paul. He is a real baseball player, for when a ball is hit his way, the batter might as well stop running to first, for he will be out when he gets there.

The third baseman is Marion Lawrence. It is not often that a freshman makes the team; and he is quite proud of the fact that he has made it. Tho' Marion has made errors in some of the games which he has played, we all have great hopes for him in the years to come.

I have yet three important positions to tell you about, and they are the fielders. Fielders are very important members of a team. They have to be fast, to be able to throw the ball quite a distance, and when flies are hit, to catch and hang on to the ball. Warren Geddes, "Hick" Griffith, and Tony Noia are the boys who can do these things the best.

Following is the schedule of the 1926 games:

Antioch vs. Liberty--18-4--Liberty's favor  
Diablo vs. Liberty--14-1--Liberty's favor  
John Swett vs. Liberty--7-5--John Swett's favor  
Alhambra vs. Liberty--14-5--Alhambra's favor  
Pittsburg vs. Liberty--15-8--Liberty's favor  
San Ramon vs. Liberty--28-7--Liberty's favor





### HELPFUL HINTS

Cecil: "Now that I have detailed all the circumstances, what would you do if you were in my shoes,"

Emily (stifling a yawn); "I'd point the toes toward the front door and give them a start."

### EURALIA

The conductor and a brakeman on a Montana railroad differ as to the proper pronunciation of the name Euralia. Passengers are often startled upon arrival at this station to hear the conductor yell:

"You're a liar! you're a liar!"

Then from the brakeman at the other end comes the cry: "You really are! you really are!"

### FOLLOWING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS

Lylah: (In Science) "Grant, you're getting hump-backed."

Grant: "So was my grandfather."

### BAD PLACE TO LOAF

A kind-hearted gentleman, hearing a dog howling mournfully, decided to investigate the animal's ailment. He found

the dog sitting calmly upon his haunches, but still emitting agonized yelps.

"What ails your dog," he asked the hound's owner.

"Oh, he's just lazy," returned the owner unconcernedly.

"But laziness won't make a dog howl."

"Yes, but that dog is sitting on a sand-burr."

### ONE SOLD REASON

"Aw, what good is percentage," growled Glenn G.

"Now, Glenn," asked Mr. Spindt, reproachfully, "don't you want to learn how to figure batting averages?"

### HIS OBJECTION

Ellsworth Wells, out to dinner, thrice refused chicken gravy of which he was very fond. His hostess, who had added macaroni to the gravy finally said:

"Why I thought you liked chicken gravy?"

"I do sometimes," replied Ellsworth, "but when mamma fixes it she never puts in the windpipes."

### WOULD RATHER RIDE

"You will never get anywhere unless you have higher ideals than this," preached the



woman at whose door the tramp had applied for assistance. "Are you really content to spend your life walking around the country begging?"

"No, lady," answered Wearly Willie. "Many's the time I've wished I had an auto."

#### HAD IT HER WAY

Miss Rowe: "Give me a sentence with the word 'and ante'."

Blanche: "I love my uncle andante."

Miss Rowe: "Give me a sentence with the word ammonia"

Blanche: "Ammonia track" cried Sherlock Holmes exultantly."

Miss Rowe: "Blanche,

Give me a sentence with the word 'toothache.'"

Blanche: "Turn on the water, I want toothache a bath."

Miss Rowe: "I'll give you only one more chance to redeem yourself. Give me a sentence with the word 'boycott' in it."

Blanche: "Smith chased his son, and didn't catch him till his boycott on a wire fence."

#### OBVIOUS

Although he was a particularly long-suffering parent, there were times when his nerves gave way under the fire of the innumerable questions of his small son.

One evening as he was

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settling down to a quiet perusal of his paper a small voice piped, "Dad, ar I made of dust?"

"I think not," was the weary reply; "otherwise you would dry up now and again."

QUITE SO

Mr. Callaghan: "What can you tell me about nitrates?"

Laura: "Well--er---they are cheaper than day rates."

• MAKING SURE

Mr. Nash: "What's the idea of dating this letter 6th when today's only the 1st."

Mrs Nash (Sweetly): "I'm going to ask you to mail it for me dear."

HE KNEW BETTER

"Where's you-all get that derby hat?"

"A surprise from mah wife."

"A surprise?"

"Ah came home the other night unexpected and found it on de table."

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### -ETIQUETTE OF THE HAT

Without consulting any of the authorities on Etiquette, we shall answer the question: "When is the proper time for a man to lift or remove his hat?"

At the following times, and on the followings occasions respectively, the hat should be removed or lifted as the circumstances indicate: "When mopping the brow; when taking a bath; when going to bed; when taking up a collection; when having the hair trimmed; when being shampooed; and when standing on the head."

### OUT FOR BIG GAME

An immigrant from Ireland was just stepping off the boat

to the dock in New York, when he saw a fifty-cent piece lying at his feet, and started to stop to pick it up. Suddenly he straightened again.

"No, be the saints!" he ejaculated, "This is the land of opportunity. I'll wait till I find them thicker."

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Boatman (to merrymakers):  
"I must ask you to pay in ad-  
vance, as the boat leaks."

Mr. Nash's pet saying:  
A single man has marriage to look  
forward to. A married man has  
nothing but death.

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