

HEAR YE! THE BROADCASTER





DEDICATION

This issue of the Broadcaster
is dedicated to the memory of

Frank Hernandez

Class of '32
Liberty Union High School

THE BROADCASTER

Founded in 1924

Published by the students of
Liberty Union High School, Brentwood, California

Issued semi-annually

Subscription for one year 50¢, single copy 30¢

Vol. V No. 1

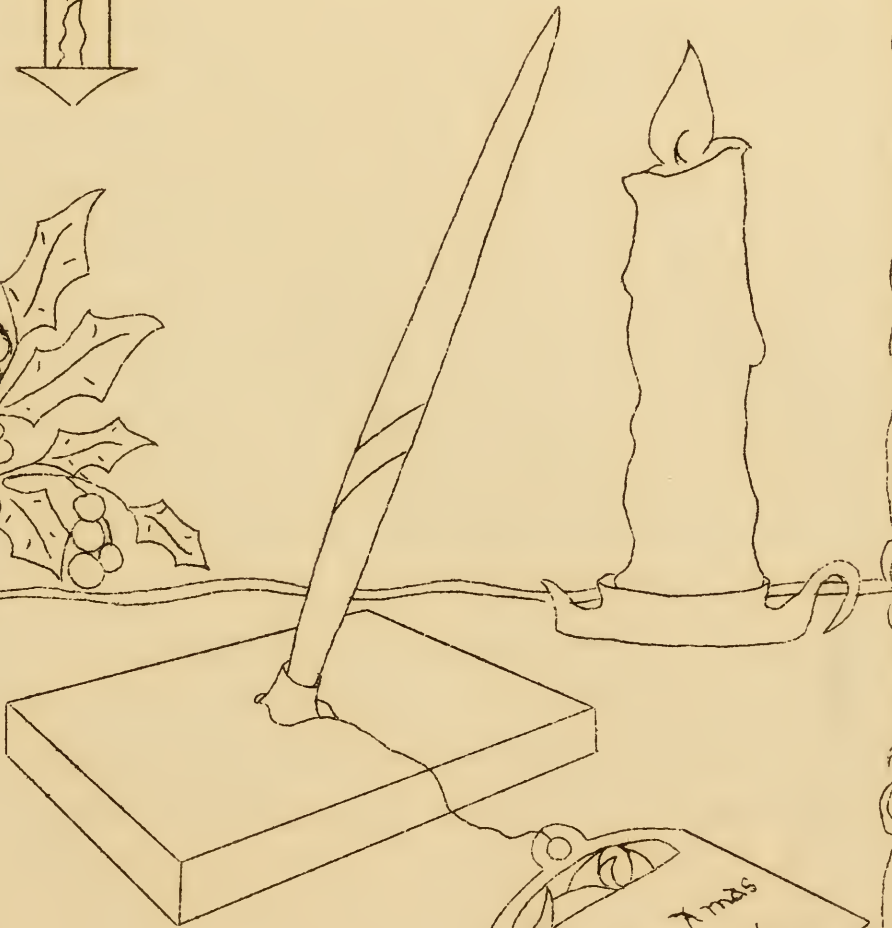
December 14, 1928

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Merry Xmas
To
Ye Editor
The Staff



EDITORIAL



OUR BROADCASTER



ur Broadcaster! Let us make it a permanent thing --an institution so fixed that there will be no further question of its stability.


In previous years, there has been a debate as to whether it shall remain in the school. There was, at one time, a small printed annual published every year. This did not go under the name of "The Broadcaster," however. Originally, the Broadcaster was a monthly, then it became a quarterly, and this year it is a semi-annual.

Our aim is to make these two issues so successful that the students will demand and expect a printed annual as much as they do interscholastic athletics. We all know that football games and track meets arouse school spirit. Since we are striving to be a "live" school, why not try to develop enthusiasm in all lines, without narrowing it down to a particular one?

When a school establishes a printed publication, it is ranked more highly among other schools, and it is immediately labeled "Progressive." We want to rank high. We want to be progressive. Let's work for a printed annual until we get it!

Cynthia Burroughs






THE SENTENCE HOUR

As the chilling strokes of the clock at the end of the room struck ten solemn notes like an anvil modeling the sythe of the reaper, a hush fell on all present. From a rear door came the first of those twelve trustees of justice. Slowly, they wound their way to their accustomed places. In the eyes of each was the unmistakable gleam of righteousness, which proclaimed that he thought he knew from whence justice came.

The accused, tall and pale, stood to take his sentence. He, so young in years yet so warped and old in soul, had at last come to reap his harvest. From a strained glass window above the judge's head the pale morning light fell on him as he stood alone against the world. Here the Master had put pliable clay in the hands of an incapable workman; here a tabernacle had been used as a house of disrepute. He thus stood as a statue might stand--cold, aloof, alone and loveless. Christ's image etched in the glass of the window seemed to watch from on high. There in that solemn tomb of all crime and wrong-doing, above the heads of all the court seemed to ring these words--

"And he gazed at those crowding about her,
As she stood there so white and alone,
And he said in a voice tinkling of silver,
"Let the blameless come, cast the first stone."

The judge stood, and lifting his black cloth, he gave the death sentence ending--"--An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life, that is what ye shall pay



to the laws of justice on Christmas morn."

The black cloth settled on the floor like a cloud over all the earth shadowing its beauty.

Another dreary procession wound its way to the scaffold, while through the air, which even those thick prison walls could not shut out, came the tinkling sound of children's voices--

"Christ was born on Christmas Day."

Marian Saldz







MR

LIBRARY





SANTA'S UNEXPECTED VISIT





he crackling of the wood was the only sound in the large, richly furnished living room. With the exception of the reflection of the dancing flames, the room was in total darkness. Before the fireplace, sat a handsome man about thirty years of age, lazily stretched in a large easy chair, gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

Upstairs, tearfully huddled in their white beds, lay two small children, a boy about four years of age, and his sister, Elaine, two years older. Why were these tiny tots crying. It was Christmas Eve. The longest evening of the year, to any small child's imagination, for at evening when they hang their stockings, it seems centuries before morning arrives when they can peek into them.

As the new moon peeped through the window to ask the reason for all these tears, a tiny face appeared over the mountain of blankets and tearfully whispered, "Eddie, when Mumsey wanted anything she used to pray to dear God, and she said if you prayed long and hard enough you'd get what you wanted. Why can't we pray too?"

The sullen father repeated to himself his children's pleas for Santa's visit and his hasty replies. As he thought of last year's happy Christmas Eve, it again brought back that ghostly scene of his wife's death, two months later. What could he do to try to fill that empty space in his little darling's hearts which now only held a memory of dear Mumsey. He was sorry he had spoken so harshly to them this evening, but he was deeply wrapped in his sorrowful memories, and






his unstrung nerves could not listen to their childish pleas. Without realizing what he was saying, he had harshly told them there would not be any Santa Claus this year and had sent them to bed. The children had understood his look and tone of voice and hastily scampered off his knee, crying as if their little hearts were breaking.

By the time the father had controlled his unstrung nerves and reproached himself for speaking so hastily, he decided to sneak upstairs and kiss his little darlings good-night, and go to bed himself. As he approached the nursery door, this is what he heard. "Dear God, please don't let Santa forget us, I've tried awfully hard to be a good girl. I want a doll, a buggy, and a set of blue dishes and a rocking chair." Then a babyish voice said, "Dear God, He been dood, too. He wants a train, a wagon, a bat and ball and some blocks." Elaine's sweet little voice said, "Now repeat what I say, Buddy. Please have Santa bring us these things, and make Daddy feel better, and Mumsey happy in Heaven. Amen."

A teary-eyed man snatched his hat from the rack in the hall and rushed out in the cold, bitter night towards the





shopping district.

The next morning, when Elaine and Buddy opened their eyes, they were greeted by a beautifully decorated tree in their nursery. Their Daddy with a smile, instead of that worried look, stood by the window with a doll in one hand and a bat in the other cheerfully calling, "MERRY CHRISTMAS DARLINGS."

Ramona Arata

THE UNLIGHTED CHRISTMAS TREE

In the center of a room stands a tree
All decorated with pretties so bright
In the corner there's a box still unpacked
On the tree there's not one single light.

In the box there's a new Santa's suit,
A fond father's play for his little babe's joy,
In another box hidden in a room somewhere
There are nuts and candy and many a toy.

In a tiny white box there lies a little girl
Who was taken so quickly from a mother and dad.
In two chairs before a glowing fire place bright
They sit, thinking of the dearest thing they had.


A tiny white bed is left so empty and cold
While a mother and dad are left in sorrow.
They will always remember the one, so little and dear
Who will be laid away on the morrow.


A mother sits with sadness and falling tears
While father stands with stricken face so white,
Both thinking of that one thing alone
Their babe, taken from them that night.

Then, perhaps as the years roll onward,
The sorrow and pain of today will soften,
And only a memory, accompanied by a sigh,
Will be heard from them quite often.


Each yule-tide will bring a tear and a sigh,
Although they know it just had to be,
Yet how could they not vividly remember
The year with the Unlighted Christmas Tree.

Kathryn Post.





ONE CHRISTMAS EVE




was going over my Christmas list one evening to see if I had included everybody, when an idea came into my mind. Why not give Miss Johnson a present, she had been so good to us all?


Miss Johnson was a woman who held herself aloof from the rest of us. She was very cold in her ways, and she was very unsocial. She was not very old; I imagine that she was about thirty-eight. She was a very pretty woman, and if you ever had the chance to see her smiling, you would say that she was very beautiful. She had small features, very beautiful, large, blue eyes and blonde, curly hair, which made ringlets about her face.

Yes, I had now fully decided to get her a Christmas present, although I knew that all the thanks she would give me would be a cold nod and a brisk "Thank you". I then set about thinking what I could get that would please her.

Just two days until Christmas, and I had not decided what to get her yet. That day I went to the city with Grace, and after hunting all day, I did not see anything which I could get for her. As I was going by a jewelry shop, I saw a beautiful necklace of amethysts. I was about to hurry by it, when I remembered that her eyes were blue, and I thought how beautiful she would look in those pretty amethysts, so I decided to get them for her, although they were rather expensive.

On Christmas Eve I was prepared to give them to her. When I arrived at her door, I opened it slowly and tip-toed to the back of her chair and put the pretty stones





around her neck. Then I led her to a mirror to show her how pretty they looked on her. "What pretty blue eyes you have," I said in her ear. "They look just like those amethysts."


This had a curious effect on her, and into her eyes came a soft twinkling light, and she said, as if in a dream, "That's just what he used to say." This sounded good to me because I thought that then she would tell me something of her past life. My thoughts were not far from right, because instantly she started to tell me her story. This is what she told me.


"When I was eighteen, I fell in love with Clifford Anderson, a rich, handsome boy of twenty. We were very devoted to each other, but as he was young his parents and mine would not let us marry.

"He was very rich, and I very poor so that also put a bar between us. Although I was poor, I was very popular in town. I was the only child of a doting father and mother and although we were poor, I was allowed many luxuries some girls did not have.

"One day as I was sitting by a trickling little brook reading, Cliff rode up and said, "Goodbye, Helen, dear, and please remember that I didn't do it." With that comment he rode away.

"A shiver went up and down my back. Such questions as, "What didn't he do? Why was he so excited and pale? Why did he say, "Goodbye" as he did?" flashed through my mind, and for a few minutes I couldn't think.





"The next thing I saw was the sheriff and his posse galloping in the direction that Cliff went. My brain was in a jumble. Whatever was the matter? I asked myself. Then I ran all the way to town to inquire.


"As soon as I got to town, a little boy said, 'Say, Helen, heard the news? Cliff shot his father and ran off with his money.' I felt faint, then I said, 'He didn't!' 'They have proof that he did,' said Jimmy and left me alone.


"Because this town was near Canada, Cliff had no trouble getting over the border, and the sheriff was forced to return without him. Nevertheless, the town still regarded him as a thief and murderer, until two years ago, when the real criminal confessed. Then a search was made for Cliff, to beg his pardon but he could not be found.

"I know that he is coming to me some time soon, though, because I received a little card the other day with the one word 'Coming.' Who else could it be, but Cliff?"

Just as she was saying this last line, we heard the words, "Extra! Extra! Extra! Read about the big train wreck. Extra!" I ran quickly outside and bought a paper.

There were big screeching headlines saying, "Hundreds killed when two trains collide." Then it told how the wreck happened. As we were both reading the dead list, Miss Johnson uttered a moan and dropped to the floor. I quickly gave her a drink and bathed her forehead, but I could not bring her back to consciousness. I then called Doctor Benton, but he said that she had died from a shock, because her heart had been weak. I could not think what could have caused





this shock until I, unconsciously, looked at the paper again. I then realized what had caused the shock. The second name under the dead list was, "Clifford Anderson age forty."

Della Crocco

THOUGHTS

I saw the stars shine brightly
In the heavens overhead,
And felt the wind blow lightly,
Through the window by my bed.

I thought how those same stars
Shone thousands of years ago,
And shadows looked like bars,
Upon the g'ittering snow.

Oscar Burroughs

"CHRISTMAS EVE"

At eight o'clock each hung a sock,
And tiptoed up to bed.
They sang their airs and said their prayers
And mother to them read.

The moon shone bright as noon-day light,
Upon the sparkling snow.
All little tots, in bed had hopped,
'Ere Santa called out "'oa."


At twelve o'clock, John heard a knock,
And tiptoed down the stair,
He had been told, 'twas very bold,
To peep if Santa's there.

There was a bell, and something fell,
It sounded all so queer,
So John was scared, though he had dared,
And trembled much with fear.

There came a sound the chimney down,
And Santa did appear.
John turned around without a sound,
And vanished, like a deer.

Joy Nelson





CHRISTMAS SPIRIT, AT LAST




Thomas Jones was the wealthiest man living in the state of Michigan, and he was also the crankiest man in Michigan. His friends estimated him to be worth about fifteen millions of dollars. He was very bitter toward children. Every time he saw a group of children playing, he would ask, "Haven't you anything else to do?" He would turn towards the largest child in the group and say, "If I were your father, I would put you to work. When I was a boy, I had to work hard. I could not play like you children."


One little boy in the group spoke up and said, "That's what all the old fellows say; they brag too much about their childhood."

This made the man very angry. He walked away very quickly from this group.

Thomas Jones was one of the stingiest men in the state. When representatives of charity societies would come to his place and ask for a donation, he would say, "I have worked hard all my life for my money, and I cannot let it go as easily as that."

Jones was called to New York to confer with officials of his company. It was December fourth, and it was a very cold day. He decided to move into the next car which was warmer. He came to seat number fourteen and sat there. After he settled himself, he found that two small children were sitting by him. The tiny baby started uttering a speech of goo-goo's, as if to say, "Hello, how are you?" This mean man





did not even smile.

"Say, conductor, may I get a better seat than this?" called Mr. Jones.

"What is the trouble with that seat?" asked the conductor.


"It is a little chilly here where I am sitting," said Mr. Jones.

The conductor finally showed him another seat.

Jones arrived home on December twenty-second. He found that there were five children in the yard that he had not seen before this. "Oh, I guess it's another new family that will cause me some sorrow," grumbled Jones to himself.

Jones was not feeling well when he arrived home. That night he became very ill. The oldest girl Evelyn had noticed him go into the house that evening. She had not seen him around the house for two days. She decided that it would be best to go and see if there were any trouble. She knocked at the door, but there was no response. She opened the door and walked in to the kitchen. It was in a very untidy condition. She walked into the bedroom; there she found the man lying in bed almost dead. His hands were very cold. The heart beat was very faint. She lighted the





stove. She called her brother and sent him to the drug store.

After a few hours, Jones regained consciousness. Evelyn told him to take the medicine which she had prepared for him.

"How did you happen to know that I was here?" asked Jones.

"I saw you go into the house a few days ago, and you did not come into the yard or go out of the house, so I thought maybe you were ill," replied Evelyn.

"Are you helping me out in view of receiving money or just to show the right Christmas Spirit?" asked Thomas.


"I always try to help someone become happy at Christmas time," said Evelyn, "I always go around asking for donations to help the crippled children and orphans."


"I never helped anyone in my life, but I sure am going to help someone now," said Jones happily. "Will you please bring me my check book?"

Evelyn handed it to him. He wrote two checks and handed them to Evelyn. One was for five thousand dollars in favor of the Crippled Childrens' Fund, and the other was for two thousand dollars payable to herself. She was very happy, but she was still more happy to have helped Mr. Jones recover.

She spent the rest of the afternoon cleaning the house. The food that she cooked was enjoyed by Jones.

After he had been in bed for two weeks, he was able to walk around the garden. It was so different. The garden had been cleaned, the flowers had been watered. Evelyn





was trimming some of the plants in the garden.

"How old are you, Evelyn?" asked Jones.

"I am nineteen years old," replied Evelyn.

"I am forty-three years of age, but--will you marry me?" Jones asked rather slowly, then added, "I love you." Evelyn loved him too. She knew there was something good in him, even if he was cranky.

"I will marry you Thomas," said Evelyn.

After they had been married five years, Thomas was the proud father of two beautiful children. When his youngest child started talking to him in goo-goos, he remembered the incident on the train. He was ashamed of himself for that. "I should have played with that little baby then," said Jones to himself. He has had a Christmas tree in his home for the last five years.

"I will have a Christmas tree every year in my home," he said to Evelyn. "It makes the home brighter and helps to bring out the Christmas Spirit more," replied Evelyn.

Every year he gives five thousand dollars to the Crippled Children's Fund. He gives a party in honor of the village children each Christmas. He gives money to charity or organizations readily, for now Thomas Jones has certainly caught the right Christmas Spirit.



Oliver Renas



A STAR

A star swings low in the east,
Over a white-walled town,
And into the desert gloom
Its light falls whitely down.

Across the waste of sand,
Under the gleaming star,
Come three wise, wondering kings,
Seeking, from afar.

And as the star glows brighter,
Heavenly voices sing--
Voices glorious and sweet
Heralding the King!

Cynthia Burroughs

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

On Christmas night,
There came a light.
It was a star
In the heaven far.

Then o'er the lands,
Came men from bands.
They were the wise
Who watched the skies.

They brought with them,
Gifts like a gem,
To give the King,
Of whom we sing.

Helen Webber

CHRISTMAS TIME


Christmas is here
We will be a cheerful lot
Every one will cheer
When it's twelve o'clock

I will hang my sock
Near the mantle hot
And be sure of no knot
When it's twelve o'clock

The Christmas Table is neat
The people for dinner begin to knock
Because the turkey looks so sweet
When it's twelve o'clock

Glenn Geddes





THE GUIDING CHRISTMAS CHIMES




On Christmas morn the homeless old man arose and left the old barn in which he had spent the night. He yawned as he walked into the large city. He put his hands into his pockets, but it did little good for they were full of holes. Perhaps someone would give him some old clothes in place of the new ones which they would receive as gifts. He wondered.


It was a very cold morning, and the old man's fingers and nose were blue. His feet felt like clumsy hunks of ice, and they were very numb, but, he had to walk, for he had no place to go.

As he passed the many houses, he looked through the windows. What scenes he saw!

There was a roaring fire in a large fire place. It seemed to radiate joy as well as heat. Even the blue and golden flames seemed to be joyfully prancing. A large ornamented Christmas tree stood near the fireplace. There were some shiny red and green apples in a golden fruit dish on the table. Two little girls were sitting on the rug near the fireplace; they were playing with their Christmas toys. The parents were sitting peacefully in large arm chairs. They were reading. What joy there seemed to be in that one room!

The old man stopped and watched for a few moments. It brought back old memories, and he pictured in his mind some of the happy Christmases he had had when he was a child. Then, the chilly coldness of the Christmas Morn returned.





In the distance, the Christmas Chimes cheerily filled the cold and cloudy atmosphere. They seemed to lightly drift to the listening ears. They seemed to summon some lonesome soul to Christmas services. "It is a wonderous sound to hear on Christmas morn," thought the lonely man. So, as if someone were saying "follow the sound of the bell Follow the sound!" the aged man guided himself to the church by listening to the chimes.

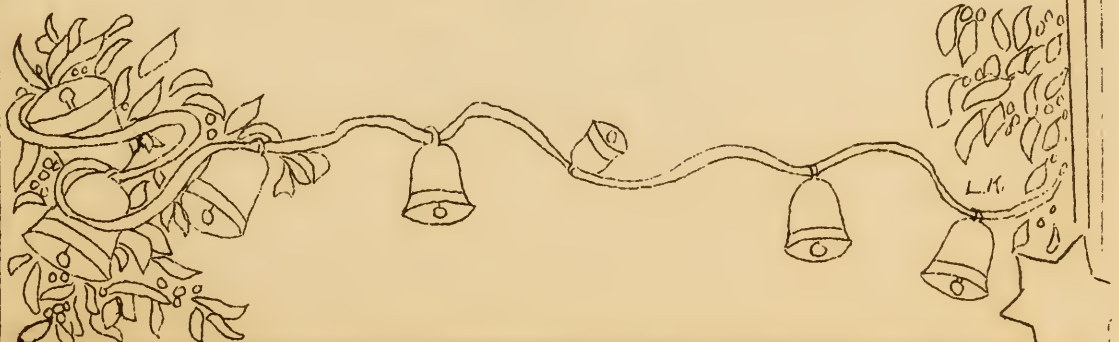
When, at last, he reached the church, it seemed to be a palace. The windows were beautifully stained, and leading to its entrance was a marble stairway.


The old man wondered whether or not he should go into the church, but soon the kind-hearted minister was standing in the doorway. He asked the tramp to enter and warm himself. It was rather early for services, so the minister and the tramp talked together.

The minister, by clever questions, learned of the tramp's past life and hard times.

"It must be rather lonely this Christmas, is it not?" concluded the minister.

"Yes, it is! Yet, I saw something that made me happy today," answered the tramp. He told the preacher of the





gospel of the scene which he had seen through the window of the house.

The minister invited the tramp to have Christmas dinner with him, and he said that he needed a janitor for the church.

A tear of joy came to the old man's eye when he was offered a Christmas dinner, and he was to be janitor of the church and was going to live with the minister. He would also soon have some warm clothes. Oh, it was wonderful!

During the services, the old man prayed and gave thanks to God for his Christmas gifts. The Christmas chimes were rung again to close the services--those chimes which had guided him.

Dorothy Register

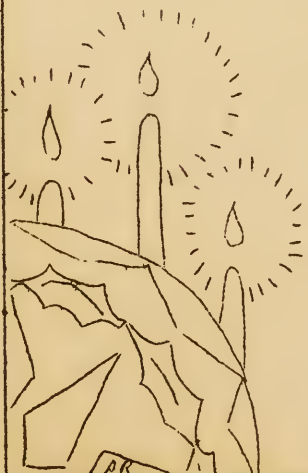
THE LAST VOYAGE

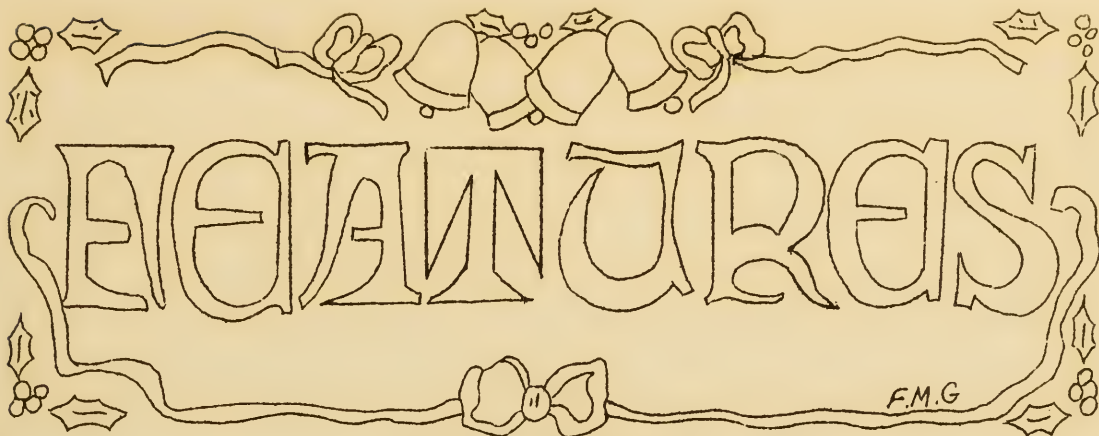
The ship was sinking,
And the sea was high.
The men were pumping
Without a sigh.

The hole was large,
And life-boats few.
The pump's discharge
Would never do.

The ship did sink
With men and mate.
Without a wink,
They met their fate.

Felix Karrer





SANTA'S AEROPLANE

Oh! dear Santa Claus is come down from above,
He owns a new plane with which he's in love.
And save his toy-shooters he weapons has none,
His classy new aeroplane couldn't carry a gun.
So faithful to children; so deuntless in air.
There never was a man like him, to compare.

He stopped not at houses where children were bad.
But after he passed them, he wished that he had.
And 'ere he alighted on top of my gate.
He got caught in a cloud; that's why he was late.
Neither a laggard in love, nor afraid of the air,
Cause he hurried his plane, so he could get there.

Then, at length, when he came in my hall,
He was shaken and bruised for he had a bad fall
Then he spoke to my father, his hand on his gun
For poor little me was ready to run.
"Oh, what does she need? What does she crave?
Is there anything here that the darling would save?"


I wanted to speak but couldn't for fright,
So I cuddled in bed and hid from his sight.
Dad talked with Santy outside my door
"Give her a dolly; she couldn't want more,"
Was Daddy's reply. Santa gave a grunt
While in his bag, he began to hunt.

I jumped from my bed; I was thankful and glad
I ran to the door, threw my arms around Dad.
When I went to thank Santa, no one was there,
I listened and heard a dull buzzing in air.
Santa was gone; the dolly was mine.
I told dad I'd be good 'till next Christmas time.


Ah, children! Gallants! and Ladies so fair!
Santa loves company, and he loves the air.
His aeroplane of brown and his suit of bright red,
Sure dazzles the children, so Daddy said.
If you hear buzzing when in your room
You'll know it's Santa, and he'll be there soon.

Cebie Parker





FOR SALE



eo Collins had a good pair of pants to sell. He advertised as follows:

"Owing to my ill health, I will sell at auction at my home, in township 29, Range 15 north, according to recent school survey, one pair of good corduroys, age 6 months. They are of undoubted courage and have been torn frequently. They are attached very much to their present home with a nail, but I will sell them to any one who will treat them right. They are one half cloth and one half holes; I would rather sell to a non-resident of Brentwood."

Everett Bonnickson


POEM

T'was the night before Christmas,
And all through the garage
Not a motor was running,
Not even a Dodge.


The doors were wide open;
Socks with nuts and bolts stored,
With the hope that Old Santa
Might bring a new Ford.


Vivian Bonnickson

TOPSY TURVY HOLLYWOOD



ollywood has more Spanish homes than Spain, more Greek gods than Greece, more shieks than Arabia, more Bohemians than Bohemia, more whiskers than Russia, and more bull than Bulgaria. It is the only place where one can see Judas Iscariot, Napoleon, and a cowboy going to work in the same flivver; where Cleopatra eats chili and beans at Hollywood Bowl with Abraham Lincoln; where George Washington is told how to conduct affairs at Valley Forge by an ex-





taxi driver. Hollywood is where we see a Chicago gangster going down town with a New York police officer; where a modern flapper sits with Martha Washington in the same car; where a Jewish damsel talks to a Christian priest, and where Shakespeare goes to work with an ice man in the moving van. That, briefly, is Hollywood!

Marie Beame

WHO KNOWS

Dear Miss Maston,

I tell you what.
Writing poetry is a lot of rot.
I know that I will never be
An Edgar Guest or Whitcomb Riley.

Charles Lewis

AS THE REST OF THE SCHOOL SEES THEM

A Senior sitting on a railroad track,
The train was coming fast.
The train got off that railroad track,
To let the Senior past.

Leona Ramos

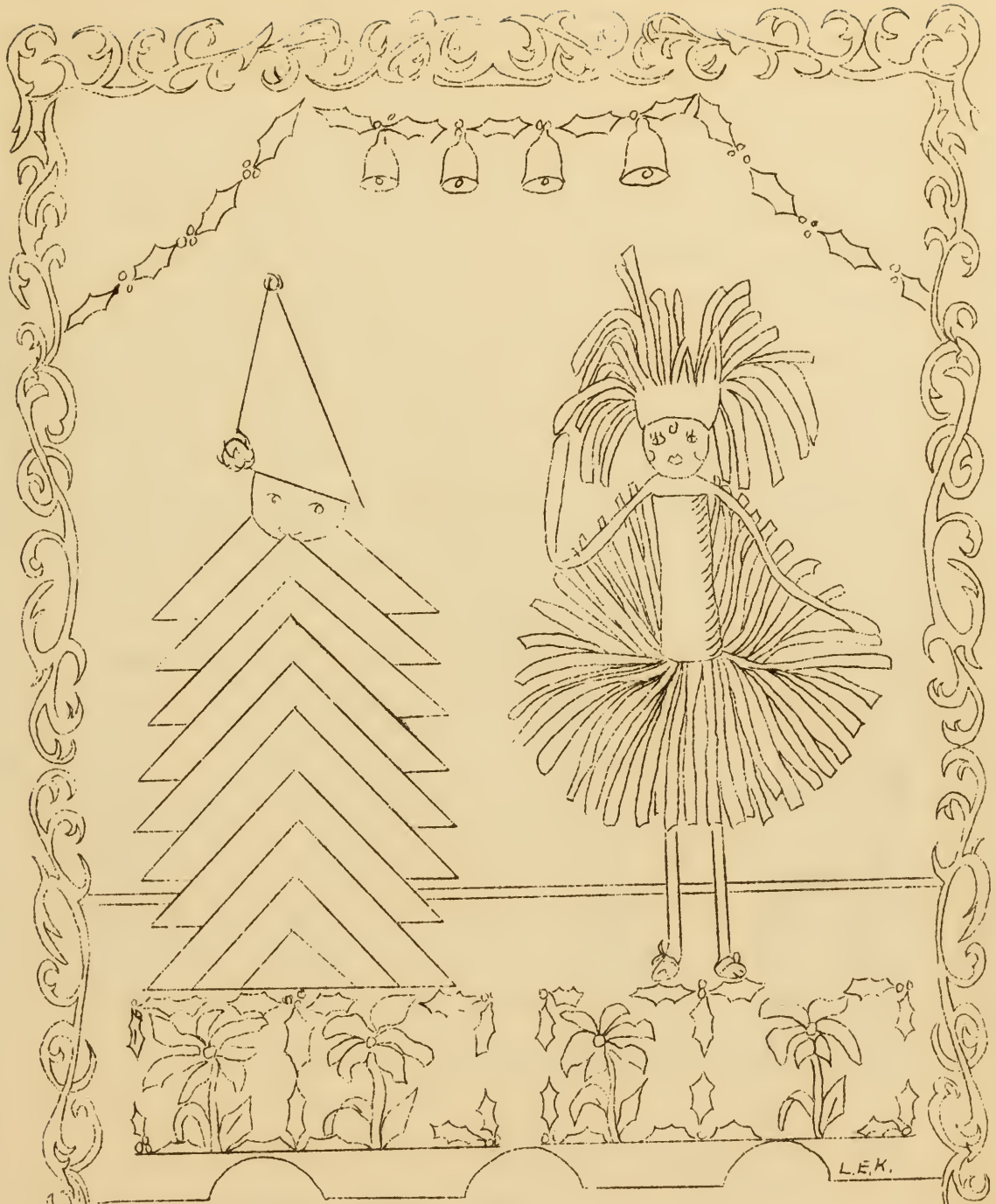
THE KITCHEN CLOCK

"Tick, tock, tick, tock," says the kitchen clock.
As it marks the time away.
"Tick, tock, tick, tock," it seems to mock,
As we waste our time away.


"Get busy, get busy," it seems to say.
As it ticks the whole day through.
"Get busy, get busy, 'tis no time for play."
Until your work is all through.

Robert Walker





SOCIETY



FRESHMEN RECEPTION

The Freshmen Reception, held October 6, was attended by a large crowd who enjoyed seeing the "green" Freshies introduced to the mysteries of high school. Stunts were given by each class. The Sophomores gave a clever burlesque; the Juniors a college skit; and the Seniors gave the filming of "Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains." Refreshments and dancing followed the initiation. Music was furnished by Link's Orchestra.

SOPHOMORE HOP


The "Big Game" was held October 16. Perhaps you have guessed that it was the Sophomore Hop given in the school auditorium by the class of '31. We danced gayly over a football field, at each end of which were goal posts, one decorated in the blue and gold of U. C., and the other was decorated in the red and white of Stanford. Around the stadium were pennants of many popular American colleges. Multi-colored pennants formed the sky of the football field.

Wilson's Orchestra of Oakland furnished good music from the bleachers on the stage.

Little footballs served as clever programs, and punch was served through a huge football in the hall.

All present reported a splendid time, and the Sophomores





were highly complimented on the success of their dance.

KLICKING KEYS KLUB

K.K.K. initiation was to have been held on October 30 but was post-poned because of the illness of so many of the members and initiates.

HIGH JINKS

The ninth annual High Jinks was given in the school auditorium December 7. The program consisted of:

1. Burlesque Stunt, "And the Villain Still Pursued Her", which was given by the entire Student Body. The cast was

Jack Screwluce-----	Glenn Geddes
Emaline Handout-----	Vilda Lavere
John Handout-----	Oscar Burroughs
Lena Handout-----	Della Crocco
George Grabum-----	Bill Baxter
Jim Spyout-----	Edwin Mathison
Mary Innigan----	Vivian Bonnickson
Lizzie Leaping-----	Laura Mantelli

Back stage were Leo Collins, Prompter; and Alfred Devalle, Property Man.

2. Spanish Dance--Florence Gilhart and Elmer Gauger. The dance was coached by Miss Evelyn Higgins.
3. Chorus--Glenn Geddes, William Baxter, Ervin Wells, Leo Collins, Elmer Gauger, and Bernard Jansse. The chorus was trained by Mrs. Pasmore. They sang "Me and My Little Banjo."
4. "Thursday Evening" and "Green Shadows" were produced by the dramatic club members. These plays were directed by Miss Maston who was assisted by Cynthia Burroughs and Virginia Carpenter.

The cast for "Thursday Evening" consisted of

James Columbo-----Gordon Johns
Marian Saldz-----Creature
Ramona Arata----Mrs. Sheffield
Helen Reese-----Mrs. Johns

Those who took part in "Green Shadows" were

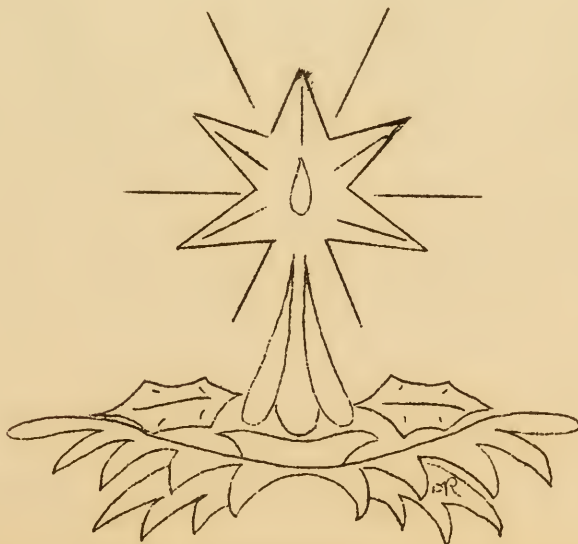
Aunt Harriet----Cebie Parker
Barbara-----Geraldine Deeney
Mother-----Freda Mathison
Robert-----Donald Jacobsen
Gordon-----Elmer Gauger
Drayman-----Horace Mathison

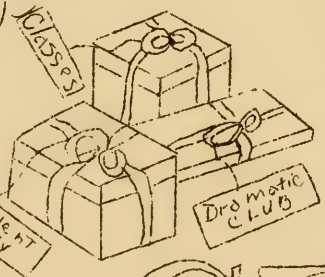
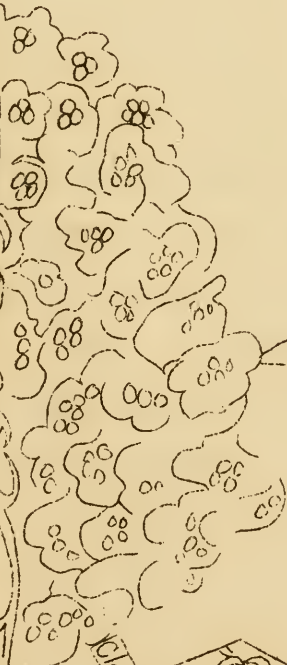
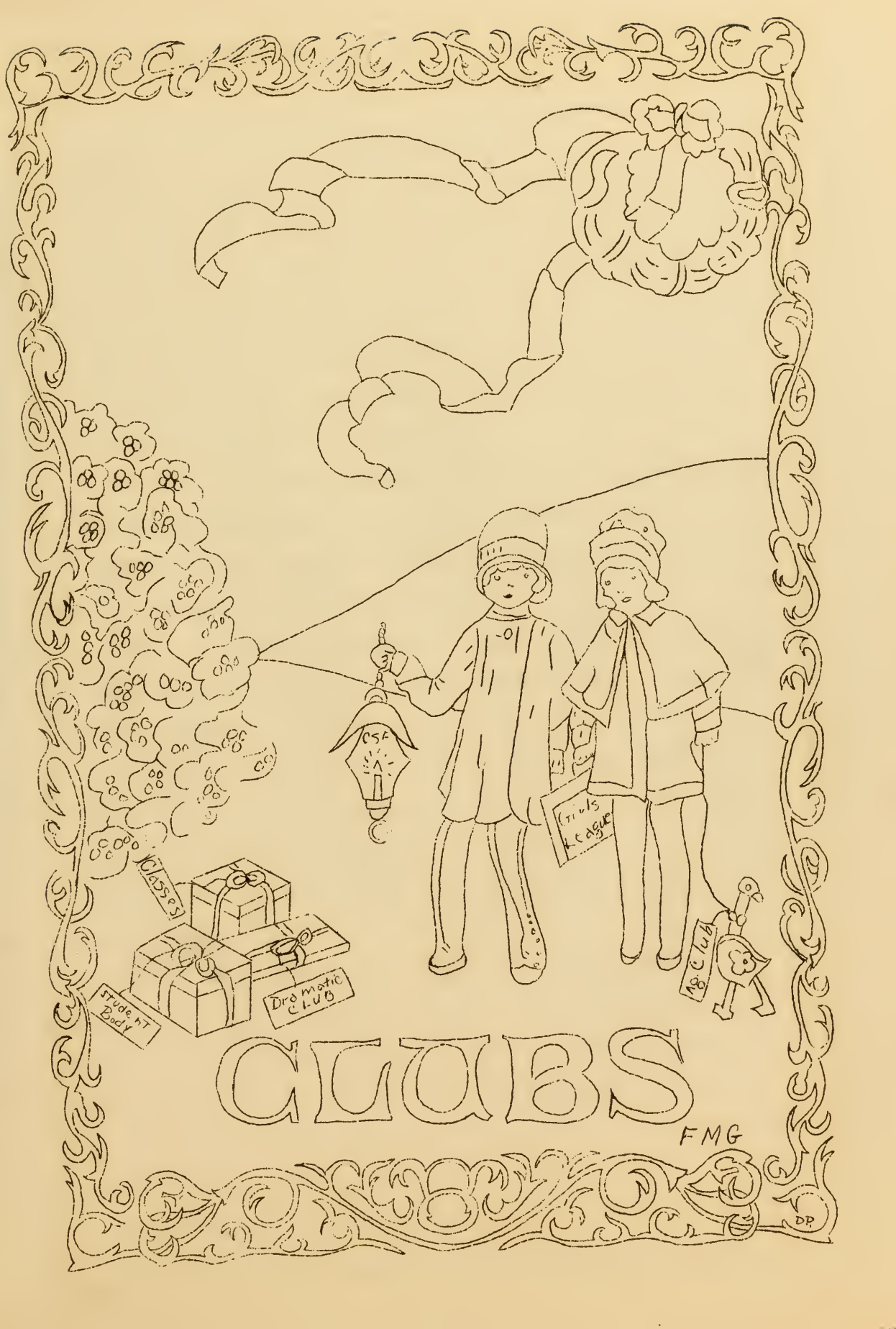
5. Varsity Drag--Geraldine Deeney and Florence Gilhart

6. Song--"Memories of France" by Sadye Cooper

Several door prizes were won and everyone enjoyed the fortune telling booths where predictions for the future were given. Those who assisted as fortune tellers were

Kathryn Post	Della Crocco
Grace Columbo	Laura Mantelli
Ruby Frey	Floy French
Beryl Lynch	Irene Kasdorf
Marie Beame	Eileen Hanson
Lillian Larson	Dorothy Register
TheoElla Thompson	Marlisse Strehlan
Vivian Bonnicksen	






CLUBS

FMG

DP



STUDENT BODY NOTES



The Student Body of Liberty Union High School, under the leadership of President Melbor Crandell, has succeeded in starting the year well. On Labor Day, many comical costumes and characters assembled here. Classes were held in the morning and in the afternoon everyone "pitched in" to some good hard work and was rewarded with a lunch which was served by the girls.


As our yell leader, Oliver Upham, who was elected last year, has moved to Richmond, one of our first problems was to elect another. Robert Walker was elected leader, and Donald Jacobsen was chosen assistant.

During the month of October, Miss McDonald, sponsored by Mr. Hannum, president of the American Trust Bank, at Byron, introduced the banking system into our school.

During October the Student Body was entertained by Chief Hail Stone of the Cherokee Tribe. He not only presented a number of Indian dances and songs, but he enlightened our minds on many points concerning the Indians and their lives.

November 13, 1928, Mr. Bridges of Heald's Business College gave an interesting talk on "Helps on the Way to Success." Mr. Bridges ended his speech with an amusing little story of a locomotive very determinedly puffing "I-think-I-can,--I-think-I-can,--I-think-I-can----" the significance of which, none of us missed.

On December 3, 1928, Captain McCullen, veteran of the Civil War, told us of some of his experiences while



crossing the plains to Oregon Captain McCullen was introduced to us by his son-in-law Rev. Crowe of the Methodist Church of Brentwood.

Theo Ella Thompson

GIRLS' LEAGUE NOTES



The Girls' League started this year by preparing the lunch on Labor Day.

Iola Dainty and Agnes Distro were our representatives to the Girls' League Conference, held at Santa Rosa.


The question of compulsory wearing of uniforms has been settled by an amendment which has been added to the constitution.

Our Girls' Hi Jinks, which is an annual affair, has been postponed until next semester, because of so much illness.

The Girls' League did all it could to make the High Jinks a success. One of its enterprises during the evening was a novelty booth.

Josephine Columbo





SCHOLARSHIP SOCIETY CHAPTER 150 C S F



This Scholarship Society has the following members on its roll: Oscar Burroughs, Virginia Carpenter, Della Crocco, Ruby Frey, Marjorie Hannum, Lucille Trembley, Cynthia Burroughs, Agnes Dutro, Gladys Frey, Golda Frey, Wilda Lavere, Elizabeth Lawrence, Freda Mathison, Dorothy Register, Donner Wilder. Those of the society who graduated in June, 1928 were Hazel Clark, Thelma Geddes and Margaret Hevey.

Virginia Carpenter-----President
Marjorie Hannum----Vice-president
Agnes Dutro-----Secretary

Agnes Dutro

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES




At the first meeting of the Dramatic Club, the following officers were elected:

Wilda Lavere-----President
James Columbo----Vice-president
Donald Jacobsen-----Secretary

Throughout the coming school term the club plans to produce plays before the Student Body. The plays are to be coached by the students of the club under the supervision of Miss Maston.

The club did its part for the Hi Jinks by staging two plays, "Thursday Evening" and "Green Shadows."

Donald Jacobsen



THE LIBERTY AGGIES' NOTES



The Liberty Aggies' Club was organized this year.

Only those taking agriculture are qualified to become members. The club is under the direction of the instructor of agriculture in this school, Mr. Hilliard.

Mr. Hilliard is a graduate of Davis Branch of the University of California. Last year he taught at Dos Palos.

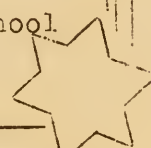
The officers elected for this year are as follows:


Pietro Dematei-----President
Lawrence Rosa----Vice-president
Lloyd Thomas-----Secretary
Lloyd Thomas-----Treasurer
Horace Mathison-----Reporter
Lionel Thomas--Sergeant-at-arms

The purposes of the club are to keep the members informed on the latest and most important advancements pertaining to agriculture; to secure information on any agricultural, or related subjects, within a reasonable length of time, for the members; and to promote better social relationships among those engaged in agricultural work.

On September 29, Ralph Lambdin, Byron Houston, Arthur Frey, Ellsworth Wood, Robert Fletcher, Lausten Armstrong, Charles Lewis, Jack Nash, Professor Nash and Mr. Hilliard attended the county fair at Hollister. Vegetables, fruits and animals were displayed there.

Pietro Dematei, Horace Mathison, Donald Jacobsen, Robert Fletcher and Mr. Hilliard went to Lodi on November 10, to judge grapes. When they went through Stockton, they stopped and examined a variety of grapes. They then watched other school teams judge apples, cream cheese, and butter.





On November 15, Elmer, Joseph and Luusten Armstrong Donald Jacobsen, Arthur Frey, Robert Fletcher, Pietro Dematei, Horace Mathison and Mr. Hillard went to South San Francisco to the California Live Stock and Baby Beef Show. Various types of prize stock were there from the Western States.


After lunch, they were shown through the Western Meat Company's building. They watched from the time the animals were killed until they were packed and ready for shipment to markets. The most interesting feature was the making of bologna and "hot dogs."

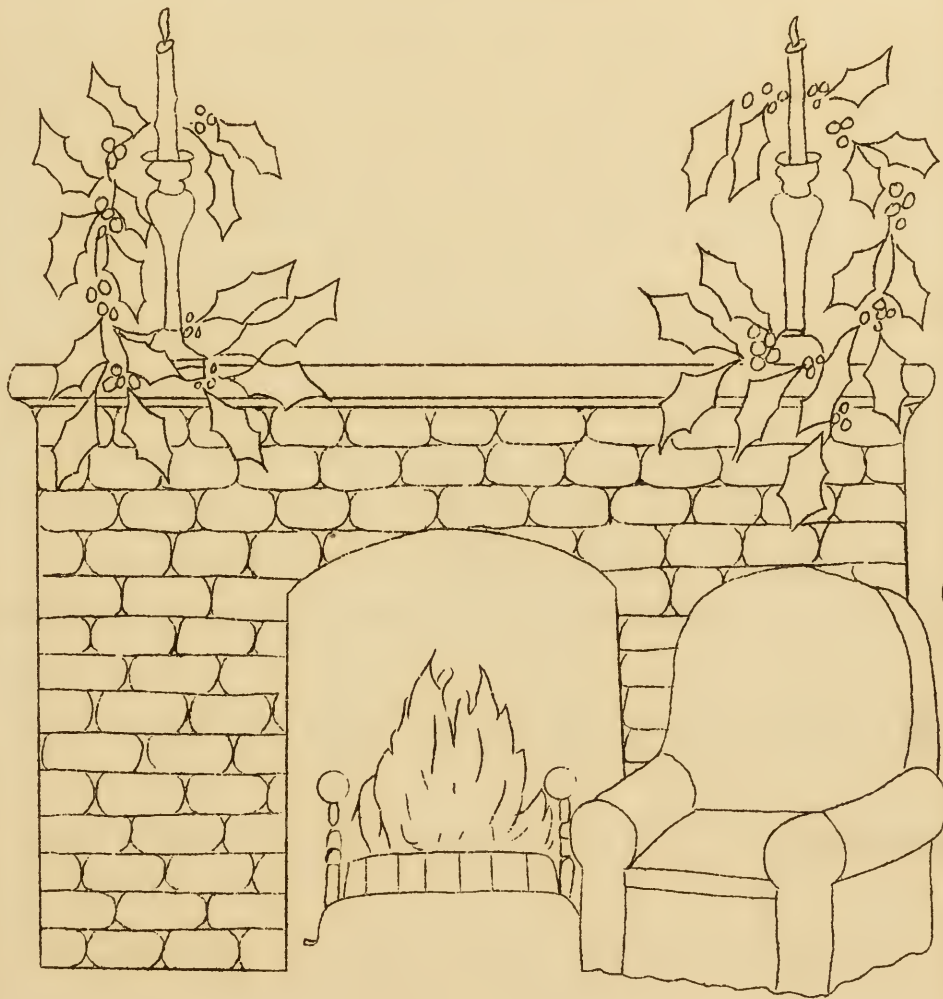
Tuesday, November 20, Leonard Augusta, Mervyn Evans and Alvin Jesse of the Animal Husbandry Class accompanied by Mr. Hillard visited the Pacific Slope Dairy Show which is held annually at Oakland. This was the second largest show of its kind in the United States. All of the best dairy animals in the Western States, graded samples of butter, cheese, and milk and ice cream, and the latest development in dairy machinery and equipment were exhibited there.

On December 1, two teams of three members each went to Davis, one to judge grapes and the other to judge truck crops. Arthur Frey placed second in the truck judging contest.

For this Christmas vacation, the club members are planning a trip to Yosemite Valley.


Horace Mathison





CLASSES

L.K.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES



The Class of '32 entered the high school one bright August morning with high hopes. (For that is all a freshman can have at such a time.) Some shook and trembled to think of what they must face.

After a few days they had settled themselves, and were on their journey for education. The class has a group of brilliant and progressive officers. Vivian Bonnickson, its hopeful President, is beginning to think the class' future will be a startling success. Evelyn Johnson is the Vice-president. The up and coming little Secretary and Treasurer is James Cooper.

Miss Logan, the class teacher, has been a constant help to us.

Donald Krumland and Vera Braga are the class representatives.

Kathryn Post, the class teller, assures the future success of the freshman to save money.

Two of the class have made the Dramatic Club. They are Helen Reese and Julien Wagenet. The class wishes them luck, and hopes that they will be the great dramatists of the school.

On the whole, the class thinks it is a success as far as it has gone and hopes to be able to prove this soon.

Kathryn Post





THE SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES



sophomores! Rah! Rah! Rah! Sophomores! We're still the same old peppy class this year, except that we aren't freshmen any more. It surely feels good not to be called, "Hey, you Freshman!"

Before our Hop we gave a dancing party at the Auditorium to which we invited the Junior class.

Although our Hop has past, we haven't stopped hopping. We were very busy during the first part of the year giving sales and preparing for our Hop. We are taking an active part in the Annual High Jinks. We also have second highest number of memberships in the C. S. F.

Our class officers for the year are:

Oscar Burroughs-----	President
Helen Webber-----	Vice-president
Myrtle Middleton----	Secretary-Treasurer
Ruby Frey-----	Student Affairs
William Beaman-----	Student Affairs
Charles Lewis-----	Sergeant at Arms

Della Crocco




THE JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

e Juniors have had several sales this year to raise money for our greatest event of the year, our Junior Prom, which is to be held January 26. We have planned to have the theme of our dance Oriental, and we hope that it will be as successful as our Sophomore Hop of last year.

Besides working hard for our Prom, we have done a little towards the success of the Ninth Annual High Jinks. We have won the one hundred percent Banking Pennant nine





times, and we feel mighty proud of it!

Our officers for this year are as follows:

Iola Dainty-----President
Robert Kelso-----Vice-President
Henry Martin-----Secretary-Treasurer
Harry Cordua-----Student Affairs
Theo Ella Thompson----Student Affairs

Lucille Trembley

THE SENIOR CLASS NOTES

All senior business and social affairs come in the latter part of the school year, and, of course, the biggest, grandest, and most thrilling affair of all comes on the last day, graduation! The best is always left for the last.

Our officers for this year are

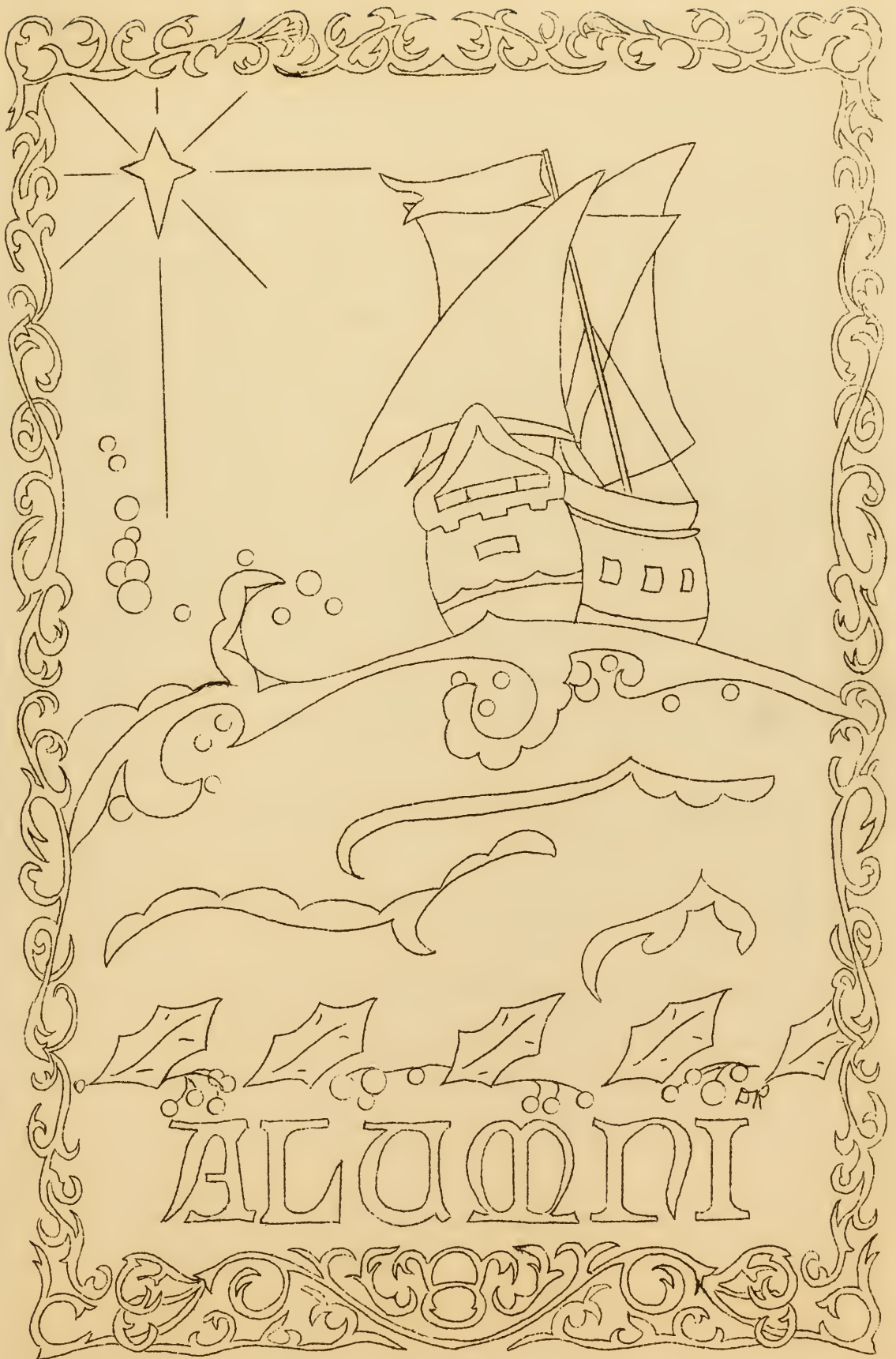
Golda Frey-----President
Edgar Armstrong-----Vice-President
Ramona Arata----Secretary-Treasurer
Zelma Hudson-----Student Affairs
James Hannum-----Student Affairs


We have selected our Senior Play, which will be "The Lion and the Mouse." We plan to stage it about the first of March. Try-outs are to be held before Christmas vacation.

We won the one hundred percent Banking Pennant eight times and this shows that the Seniors can save.

Elizabeth Lawrence







NEWS OF OUR ALUMNI

Lena Noia is employed at the "Pay and Take" store in Antioch. She plans to attend college, later.

Margaret Hevey, Thelma Geddes and Cecil Woolley are attending the San Jose Junior College.

Amorette Crawford, Madalein O'Meara, Laura Hammond and Angelo Bailey are attending the University of California.

Donald Houston, Thelma Richardson, Alma Beaman and Helen Honegger are attending the College of the Pacific.

Mary Watt is attending Armstrong's Business College, where she is on "The Journal" staff.

Rendall Burroughs is now working at his home. He plans to attend the college at Davis next August.

Warren Geddes has a position at the Standard Oil Company in Byron.

Lucille Reichmuth is employed at Katten and Morengo's in Stockton.

Myrtle Vertu has announced her engagement to Al Pickeron of Knightsen.


Minnie Pitau is employed at the Brentwood Post Office.


Irvin Somerhalder is now working at his father's ranch in Knightsen.

Lauretta Minta is spending this month with friends in San Rafael.

Wallace Regester is working for the Santa Fe as an apprentice at Shafter, California.

James Watson is employed at Crandell's store in Oakley.





Mrs. Dewey Mansfield, nee Irene Crocco, is the mother of a boy born on the twenty sixth of November.

Ellsworth Wells and Melba Cakebread, graduates of 1927 announced their engagement last September.

Theodore Ohmstede is working in Knightsen as bookkeeper for John Kristick.

Emily Bailey is now taking music lessons in San Francisco.

John Hill is employed at his father's printing office in Brentwood.

Bernice Arata is attending Munsen's Business College in San Francisco.

Jennie Cooper is working at the Brentwood Bank.

Ray Houston is attending the Agricultural College at Davis.

Melba Acrey is employed as a stenographer at the office of D. D. Watson in Brentwood.

Dudley Hudson is working at the Highway Garage in Byron.

"Bud" Sullivan is employed at the ranch of H. P. Garin.

Leo Jansse is employed at the Jansse and O'Meara store. He plans to attend the University of California in February.


Lawrence Augusta is in Visalia working for the California Packing Corporation.


Anna French is attending the College of Commerce, Stockton

Charles Snow is employed at the Snow Ranch in Placerville

Frances Diffin is employed at the "J & O" in Brentwood.

She is also giving piano lessons.





Juliet Firpo, who graduated with the class of '26 is taking a Post Graduate Course at this high school. She is living with her parents in Knightsen.

Agnes Frey is attending the State Teachers' College at San Francisco.

Ruth Baxter is working in the Bank of Antioch.

Marjorie Collis attended the Sophomore Hop which was held here on the twenty-sixth of October. She is attending school in San Jose.

After visiting nearly every state in the union, Lowell Griffith has returned home.

Hazel Clark, a graduate of '28 and Norman Rudineck of Stockton, were married at San Jose in November. The young couple will make their home in Brentwood.

Ellsworth Wells is teaching violin lessons.

Edith Ackerman is staying at her home in Deer Valley.

Georgene Upham is employed at her father's office in Richmond.


Blanche Plumley is taking music lessons in San Francisco.

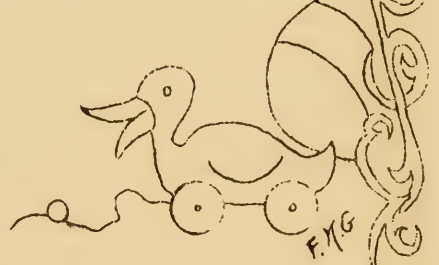
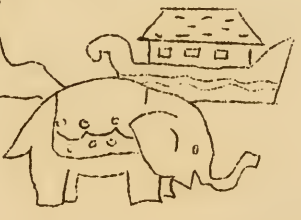
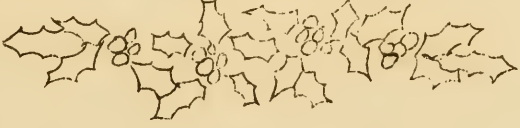
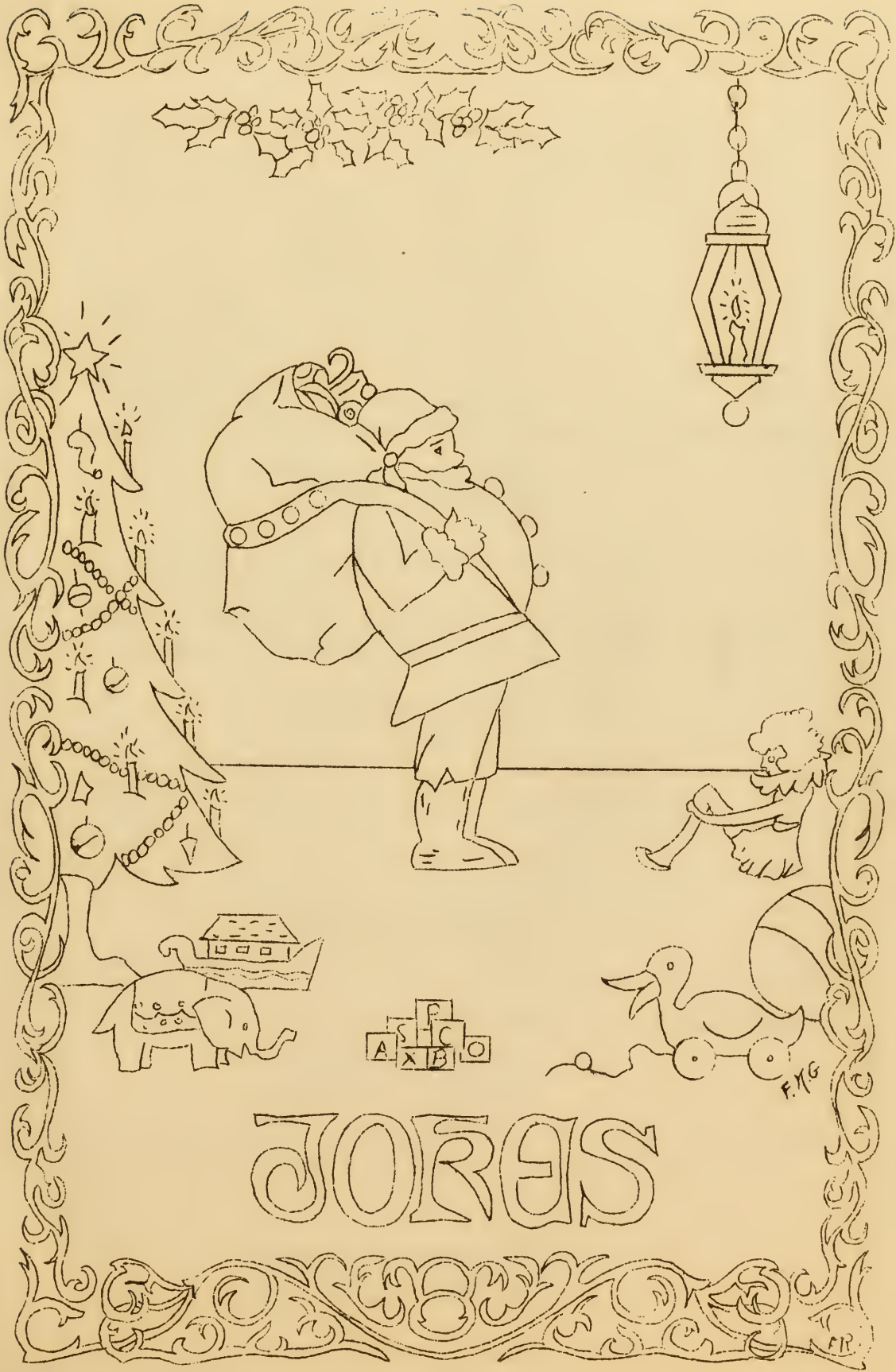
Rose Reichmuth is employed as a stenographer at Sam Aaron's in Stockton.

Fred Heidorn is working at his father's ranch. He purchased a new Chevrolet Coupe, a month ago.

Melba Cakebread is employed in the office of the paper mill at Antioch.


Link Geiselman, not to be outdone by Freddie Heidorn, has a new Ford.





JONES

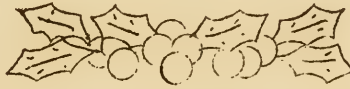
F.Y.G.



Mr. Spindt: "Why are you late, Florence?"
Florence: "It was late when I started from home."
Mr. S: "Then why didn't you start early?"
Florence: "It was too late to start early."



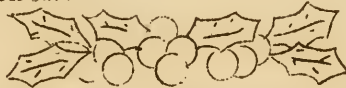
Boss: "What are you two darkies doing walking so slowly up those stairs?"
Jackson: "We is workin', boss. We is carryin' dis here desk up de stairs."
Boss: "I don't see any desk."
Jackson: "Fo' de lands sake, Thompson, we done forgot de desk!"



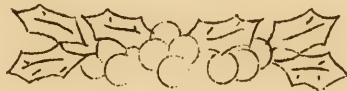
As soon as the traveler entered the office, said the manager hurriedly,
"I am sorry, but I cannot see you to-day."
"Well," replied the traveler, "it's lucky I called here I represent a firm of spectacle makers!"



Lady: "I bought three hams here a month ago and they were very good. Have you got any more of them?"
Butcher: "Yes, Ma'am, there are ten of those hams up here now."
Lady: "Well, if you're sure they're off the same pig, I'll take six of them."




First Simple Nimrod: "Hey, don't shoot. Your gun isn't loaded."
His Partner: "Can't help it. The Nigger won't wait."



When her neighbor's son came over to borrow her scissors she asked him if his mother hadn't a pair.
"Yes," he replied, "but her's won't cut tin."





Proud Father: "No, my son. I do not know the Latin word for people."

Latin Student: "Populi."

Proud Father: "Johnny, how dare you speak to your Father that way!"



Mr. Spindt: "Do you plan on going to College?"

Soph: "Sure, I've already bought me a cut down flivver."



Mr. Callaghan: "What is energy?"

Robert Fletcher: "I know, but I can't explain it."

Mr. Callaghan: "Well, then, illustrate it."

Robert: "Energy is what is wasted when I try to work these Physics problems."



First Wit: "What things grow larger the more you contract them?"

Second Wit: "Debts."



First Nut: "Why do they have knots on the ocean instead of miles?"

Second Ditto: "Well, you see they couldn't have the ocean tide if there were no knots."



Andy: "I had my nose broken in three places this summer."

Jean: "Why do you keep on going to such places?"



A young man who had taken his Ford out on a cool, wintry day was covering the engine with a blanket.

Little Boy (looking on): "Don't cover it up, mister, I saw what it was."





