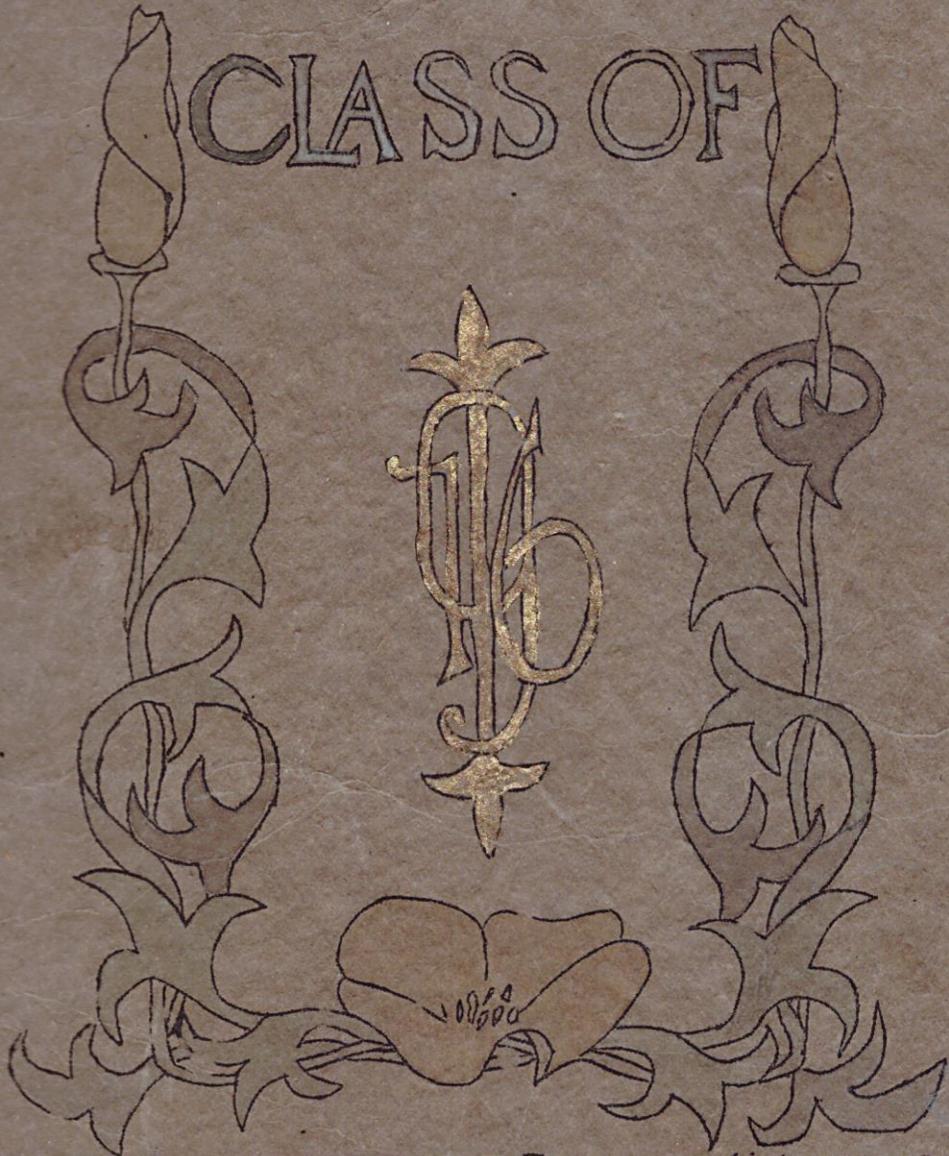


SENIOR JOURNAL

CLASS OF



LIVERMORE HIGH SCHOOL

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This 2019 revision of the original 1916 document became a searchable document file. It is not a facsimile image but a limited-scope revision. In particular, this revision removed most double-spaced typing and moved short sections to reduce the page count from 70 text pages to 38, paired for double-sided printing so a two-page article fit on one sheet. Titles are bolded here for easier reading. The source document had no bolded text.

Otherwise, the text mimics the original faint carbon copy, literally a copy made with carbon paper on a typewriter. The year 1916 predated word processors, photocopiers, flammable-liquid mimeograph machines, and even early electric typewriters.

The student could insert about five sheets with interleaving carbon sheets. It took a firm enforced manual whack to force the key to impress through the combined nine sheets. To make another five copies, the student had to retype the page yet again. It seems the graduating seniors created at least 20 copies. Thus, the student retyped a third and fourth set of every page by hand. Student typewriters had one font: Courier 10-pitch.

To produce a straight right-hand margin, the students first hand-typed a draft page, counted the spaces at the end of each line, and retyped the official copies inserting an extra space here and there to make the right-hand margin straight. An error (such as a skipped line) required re-typing the entire page from scratch. This might explain so many long poems, in that poems did not need a justified right-hand margin!

While aligned with a format button in a word processor or on a 1970's electric executive typewriter (before personal computers), these students aligned every page the hard way.

Our source copy belonged to faculty member Juanita Nicholson. **Spelling errors are original.**

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(Typed onto 2 pages)

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F A C U L T Y

---o0o---

Mr. Bruce H. Painter- Principal	Miss May G. Nissen
Miss Henrietta Balch	Miss Freda A. Wendte
Miss Juanita E. Nicholson	Miss E. S. Wetmore

GRADUATING CLASS OF 1916

---o0o---

Evelyn W. Gilcrest, President.	Hugh L. Monahan
Louis Gardella, Sec. & Tr.	Irene T. Nickerson
Robert Buffham	Beth C. Packard
Mattie S. Frost	Mary E. Quinn
Jens O. Frydendahl	Lillien M. Schneider
Charles B. Kelly	Elsie V. Trimmingham

Lauretta V. Twohey

This document lists 18 seniors but five seniors are missing from the graduation list: Reginal L. Kelly, Preston Smith, Gladys J. Laferriere, Eva Taylor, and Catherine Murray.



## PURPOSE OF THE JOURNAL

---o0o---

The Class of 1915 was the first class in the history of the school, to edit a Senior Journal. Inspired by their success and wishing to make as creditable a showing as they, we send this book into the world as a sample of the work we have done in the past, and with the hope that it may express in a measure the feeling we shall ever entertain toward our High School.

At intervals throughout the year, we have edited copies of the Journal taking up present day literary topics and topics of interest. From time to time, various members of the class have written original short stories and poems, which we have all enjoyed. This, however, combines the best materials of the monthly journals.

We are grateful for the time and work which the Commercial and Drawing Classes have spent on the publishing and decorating of this Journal.

With love for our school, pride in the achievement of our hands and brains, yet conscious of its shortcomings, we send this volume forth as a memento of our school years.

Evelyn Gilcrest, '16.  
Beth Packard, '16.

## THE POPPY

---o0o---

Oh ! beautiful golden poppy !  
Thou art fair to gaze upon,  
With thy dainty head of yellow,  
Lifted up to greet the sun.

Thou do'st bend and wave, as the breezes,  
Go playfully rustling along,  
Thru the fields and woods and meadows,  
Bringing joy with their murmuring song.

Oh ! wonderful golden poppy !  
Peeping forth thy silken head  
At the beauties of nature around you,  
From out your soft warm bed.

Thou hast crowned our golden state,  
Because thou art fair to behold,  
With thy delicate stem of green,  
And thy head of yellow gold

Oh ! chosen flower of Livermore High,  
Show your colors of gold and green,  
Waft them aloft in the gentle breeze  
Till your splendor by all is seen.

Elsie V. Trimingham, '16.

## CLASS OF 1916

---o0o---

In August 1912, forty girls and boys, we started on our High School career. We small and timid creatures sought protection in the "Scrub" room from the upper classmen. Before long we considered ourselves quite experienced, even as much so as the Seniors. However, our mistake was quite fully explained to us. Besides our various studies we were taught especially the boys, the principle of manual labor, for this must accompany our studies to develop the body in proportion to the mind. They willingly wound up the gas machine, carried shingles, washed towels and in many other ways made themselves useful as well as ornamental around the school.

For a while, we were not allowed in the assembly hall except for a study period. This was one of the restrictions imposed by the Seniors. The first play ever produced by the High School was presented this year by the Senior Class. The play was "She Stoops to Conquer." A Glee Club was also formed and afforded great pleasure to those who were talented. This long year at last came to an end and the following August we came back as sophomores.

We were reduced in number this year but our estimate of ourselves had however gained. We now came to school to have a good time and we had it but it was very seldom we had our lessons. The event of the year seemed to be the Brushy Peak Picnic, which was a success from our point of view.

We decided that we must give one ourselves but at the beginning of our Junior term we found it was much easier to plan than to carry our plans into effect. All our many plans met with disfavor from one source or another and at the end we gave our great picnic at school. Mr. Painter continued the Orchestra and many pupils who joined this found it instructive and enjoyable. Our class was gradually decreasing in number. Due to the two years commercial-course, many dropped out having completed the studies of that course. The term was drawing to a close and we then realized that we had only one year to make the many credits necessary for graduation.

We are now Seniors trying to gain a reputation but we find it a hard task to break old habits.

Beth Packard, '16.

Hugh Monahan, '16.

## PROLOGUE

---o0o---

Each year from the doors of Livermore High  
A graduate Class rushes out, and goes by  
The old school ever more with a grin  
At the thought of the jolly good times had within.

Now here is a bunch we're about to lose,  
We'd keep them, perhaps, if we were to choose,  
But since we cannot, and they are all through,  
We will pass them along and give them to you,  
Old World.

### **Robert Buffham.**

A Senior now we'll present to you,  
Who's ever loyal and ever true.  
"Large-brained, clear-eyed, of such as he  
Shall Freedom's young Apostles be."  
Sturdy and staunch, he stands erect,  
Some lucky maiden to protect.  
'T-was only by chance to our school Bob came,  
To gain education and distinguish his name  
He's really the genius of the Senior class  
None can compare and none can surpass.

### **Mattie Frost.**

Mattie Frost we next present  
Ever and always on mischief bent,  
Her eyes are of a greyish blue,  
They seem to stare you thro' and thro';  
She's always kind and ever cheery,  
Smiling gaily, never weary;  
Tall and graceful as a flower,  
Smiling thro' an April shower.  
At dancing, she has quite an art,  
Thro' which she's captured many a heart.

### **Jens Frydendahl.**

Blonde of hair and brown of eyes,  
Tall of stature, yet very rise;  
With head erect and shoulders straight,  
Leave it to Jens "to take the cake".  
His lore of books would gain him fame  
Prowess in athletics would do the same.  
Frankly, honest, never a shirk,  
Only occasionally neglecting his work.  
Safely in him you may confide,  
In gallant Jens, our hopes abide.

### **Evelyn Gilcrest.**

Evelyn of proud aristocratic air,  
Was the choice of the class for president's chair.  
She's a tall and slender and fair beauty,  
Who's always willing to do her duty.  
Bright are her eyes and small and blue,  
Always searching for something new.  
Her profile shows a short nose and chin,  
She stands by her class thro' thick and thin.  
Proud are we of her ability to speak,  
A course at U.C. she intends to seek.

**Louis Gardella.**

Louis Gardella's in our Senior Class,  
Ever in history, he doth surpass.  
Medium tall with shoulders broad,  
Large brown eyes concealing no fraud;  
Ambitious, and wiry, quick and strong,  
Never angry when things go wrong.  
A star athlete, he doth all excel  
Always he tries to do things well.  
Captain for the hoys who play baseball,  
Yet he's a favorite amongst us all.  
Fond of joke and jest and smile,  
Generous to all--this boy worthwhile.

**Charles Kelly.**

And Charles too is in our class,  
Courteous alike to lad and lass.  
He's not very tall and rather slight,  
He works with a will and wills with his might;  
Studying abstracts his brow he'll wrinkle,  
His Irish blue eyes, they generally twinkle.  
His appearance is always trim and neat,  
From the part in his hair to soles of his feet;  
He's jolly, good natured, and a friend true,  
Ever willing to finish what he's asked to do.

**Reginal Kelly.**

Reggie Kelly is a ' Senior now  
But do not stop to ask him how.  
Improving his time while he's at school  
Really at "business he is no fool.  
On the foot hall field, he's surely there  
With his snappy eyes and jet black hair  
The school will miss him next year, for fair,  
It won't be the same with Reggie not there.

**Gladys Laferriere.**

Next comes Gladys Julien, tall and slim  
Her black eyes sparkle, dark is her skin;  
Every spare moment a classic she's reading,  
At school her class in typing she's leading.  
Thro' out her life she's been a delicate child.  
Her manner is ever modest and mild;  
She is thoughtful, and quiet and shy,  
Ambitious and eager to please, or try.

**Catherine Murray.**

Let us present Catherine to you,  
Lark is her hair, her eyes are blue;  
Medium of height and decidedly slender,  
Her devotion to music nothing can hinder.  
With all the world her soul is in tune,  
Yet quiet is she as the midnight moon.  
This generous, merry, light-hearted lass,  
Has as many friends as heart can ask.

**Hugh Monahan.**

Next a boy we'll present to you,  
Our tall and stalwart Scotchman Hugh,  
Heavy his hair and wavy and black,  
Large are his eyes of sparkling blue.  
For a sense of humor he does not lack  
And he has a laugh that's true.  
He knows his history all the time,  
And we know one and all  
Because of cleverness in that line  
No lower than four his mark will fall.  
Gifted Hugh doth a smile possess,  
And tact and insight too;  
He flashes his smile in time of need,  
Then what can his teachers do?

**Irene Nickerson.**

A sweeter girl you'd seldom find,  
In any town of any kind.  
Cloudless ever is her brow serene,  
This little maiden we call Irene.  
At recess or noon her chief occupation,  
Is to solve physics problems or Latin translation.  
Thru<sup>1</sup> summer heat or winter rain,  
Her charming smile is always the same.  
It annoys her to blush at the opposite sex,  
But to outgrow this shyness, soon she expects.

**Beth Packard.**

Beth is stately, tall and slim,  
Rosy her cheeks and dimpled her chin;  
Dark blue eyes 'neath lashes long,  
Steady her glance and deep and strong;  
Her long wavy hair of rich brown hue,  
Is dressed, in curls or in coiffures new.  
Quiet her manner and gentle and meek,  
A sweeter maid you'll never meet.

**Mary Quinn.**

Next in our number is Mary Quinn,  
Always she's meek and modest and prim.  
Jet-black her hair and her eyes are blue;  
Warm "hearted, impulsive, generous, and true,  
Rather tall and inclined to be stout,  
Rosy her cheeks and small her mouth;  
Always she tries to do her best,  
Beguiles the time with a merry jest.  
Books, good books, is ever her song,  
And she loves to read them all day long.

**Lillien Schneider.**

From the town of Peasanton Lilly came,  
Purees the flower that bears her name.  
Of medium height and very sweet,  
Her winning smile we ever greet.  
Large snapping eyes of deepest brown,  
Broad her forehead, unmarred by frown.  
Clever her hand with brush and paint,  
Teeming her brain with fancies quaint  
That only the soul of an artist feels,  
And into her view of life it steals  
Clothing trifles in beauty's dream  
Transforming Lilly into a queen.

**Preston Smith.**

Tall and handsome is Preston Smith,  
Always he's sure to make a hit.  
Broad of shoulders and proud and alert,  
Fond of pleasure and yet no shirk;  
Always he's ready adventures to meet,  
So broad his smile he shows his teeth.  
He dresses with care and likes good clothes  
The number of his suits nobody knows.  
Dark are his eyes, his hair is dark  
He's fond of the girls and likes to spark.

**Eva Taylor.**

Eva Ray Taylor with eyes so blue,  
Is witty, and sparkling as morning dew;  
She's small and slight, brown is her hair,  
Charming her manner beyond compare;  
Notes like a bird can Eva sing,  
Joy to all her smile doth bring,  
Help in trouble to all she lends,  
A blessing indeed to her many friends.

**Elsie Trimmingham.**

Elsie Trimmingham is our next,  
Always familiar with any text.  
Rather tall and slightly thin,  
To miss one lesson is a deadly sin;  
With eyes of blue and hair of brown,  
Dimpled her cheeks and rosy and round,  
Always smiling, happy and gay  
Onward she goes from day to day,  
A joy to all who know her well,  
More thoughtful of others than tongue can tell.

**Lauretta Twohey.**

Lauretta Twohey is next in line,  
And with her work she's never behind.  
Of medium height and slender too,  
She's always at hand when there's work to do.  
Demure is she, gentle and kind  
Firm in her stand when she's made up her mind.

Jens Frydendahl, '16.  
Irene Nickerson, '16.  
Eva Taylor, '16.  
Lauretta Twohey, '16.

## MARGARET'S THANKSGIVING

- - - o 0 o - - -

It was the day before Thanksgiving and Riverton, as became its New England traditions, rested in spicy expectancy. Turkeys, sleekly stuffed, awaited the morrow's roasting; and moulds of plum pudding and loaves of pound cake ripened in the closely covered jars and flaky mince and pumpkin pies stood in cooling rows on pantry shelves. Spare rooms had been aired in lavender-scented linen, in preparation for the home gathering of exiled Rivertonians.

Only in the old colonial house gazing out upon a village square where Margaret Wynne lived with a single faithful serving-woman, disappointment sat an unbidden guest, Margaret had no near relatives, and the family of distant cousins whom she had expected to partake of her hospitality, had been compelled at the last moment to recall their acceptance of her invitation. It was now too late to replace them by other visitors. Apparently, she could do no more than to accept the situation and dine in solitary state.

Reclining in an easy chair at the library-window, her Great Dane curled upon a rug at her feet, and her usually tireless hands lying idle in her lap, an unaccustomed mood of depression fell upon her. It was not often that she allowed herself excursions into the past. Yet now with willful deliberation she began to retrace the perilous track.

Margaret was only thirty-two with form and face at the prime of gracious womanly charm, yet to herself she seemed already old. She knew, how well!, just where arose the impassable barrier marking the boundary of her lost youth. She might, indeed, gaze beyond it into the flowery meadows of heart's desire, but never again could she wander there as in the carefree morning of the world.

She had been twenty-five when Hugh Durand, four years younger, came to spend a summer at Riverton. They had been mutual friends, and the gay, unsophisticated girl-woman and the handsome, brilliant boy had been thrown much together. They liked the same books, enjoyed the same pleasures, shared the same passionate love of the woods and fields. Margaret realized nothing except that she was happier than ever before until Hugh suddenly told her that he loved her. At the instant, her own heart was revealed but she would not let it speak. She cared for him, of course, she said, but as an elder sister. After weeks of indecision, on the eve of his departure, she yielded and Hugh carried away her promises.

His letters came long, frequent, and loving. She forced herself to recall how the intervals between them had begun to lengthen a little, yet she had guessed no change. He was so busy, she told herself, so tired sometimes, working --- for her. At length when she could deceive herself no longer, she had written, and tenderly offered him his freedom. His reply came weeks later in a newspaper containing a marked notice of his marriage. The cruelty of it. Womanly pride and the resources of a strong, sweet nature had come to her aid.

More than one good man had come to woo, only to be sent gently away. Her father and mother both were gone. For once, she let herself drop the roseate glass of her courageous

philosophy and see the forward stretch of her life, as it might become, a gray and lonesome road with, in the far distance, a lagging, solitary, figure plodding toward the end.

The sound of rattling wheels checked at her own gate, recalled to her the present. Smitten with tremulous wonder, Margaret arose, and passing quickly through the hall opened the door and stood upon the threshold. The village expressman had a child by the hand and she heard him say in an undertone, "That's her, sonny. That's Miss Margaret." The boy dropped the guiding fingers and stepped forward with an odd unchildish dignity. There was no need of the printed tag with name and address on his sleeve for one look had revealed to Margaret his parentage.

"I'm Hugh Vincent Durand," announced the child. "Are you my Auntie Margaret?"

She sank into a chair and lifted him to her knee. For a full minute, the boy gazed at her silently, his dark eyes searching her face.

Then he breathed deeply and said, "You look like Father said you would, Auntie. "There is a letter," the child went on, "Father pinned it into my pocket because I might lose it you know." She took the child to the kitchen to give him cookies and milk and coming back stood at the library table and broke the seal of her letter.

"Dear Margaret," it ran, "if you were like other women, I must have asked leave to send you my boy. You, being you, to wait would have been distrust. Since his mother died three years ago, he has never been a night away from me. I cannot write much and I say nothing of the past except forgive me. I have tried above all things to teach my boy to be strong. Yet I have not had the courage, he is such a little fellow to explain death to him. He thinks me going on a journey as indeed I am. God knows how far and long. Spare him further knowledge for a while. I have nothing but my love to leave for him or for you. The little money I have remaining will suffice only to requite the kindhearted people who care for me, and to cover me by and by in the earth. God bless you forever Margaret. "Hugh,"

A half hour later, the answer sped on the wings of lightning. "He is here and safe. I love him. He is my thanksgiving to God, and you, you had my forgiveness long ago without the asking, as you now have my love."

Before the glowing grate that night with the leaping lights and shadows playing upon her Madonna face, Margaret held the child in her arms. Suddenly he brightened like the stars out of the shadow, "Father said it would be some kind of a day after I got here to you, I can't fink."

"Thanksgiving Day?"

"Oh yes, Fanksgiving! and he said p'r'aps ther'd be a turkey. Is there?"

"Yes, a big one Hugh."

"And he said," shyly, "that I might tell you that I don't like the clothing of the turkey."

"The clothing?" There was a puzzled line in Margaret's forehead, "Oh! I understand. You mean the dressing."

"Yes, the dressing.' I made a 'stake, didn't I?"

She bent over him 'while he hid his little laughing face upon her breast, and they held each other close, unknowing that far away, beside an open window through which blew the breath of the Sierras, a man with a slip of yellow paper clasped tightly in his hand was dying happily, alone.

Catherine Murray, '16.

### OUR NAMES

---o0o---

Once there was a farmer who by long experience had learned to Cope with the Frost. He had a Louie on his nose as large as a Rose. This made him appear very Savage.

One day he said "Here is a Nicholson you can go and see Hanna Anderson and I guess you can Teeter or play with her Dall, but when you go past the Holms of the Barber keep out of Harms way or you will get run over by a Packard."

He then put on his Kelly in the Hall and Wendte down to the black Smith to see if the Painter were there. It then began to rain. Seeing Johnson go by he said, "Come Inman out of the rain or you'll get Wetmore; haven't you a Cranna sense."

His little son came in and said, "What is that?" He answered, "that is a Campbell but it hasn't its right Groth or it wouldn't be stuck in the Meyer." He then pulled it out and said, "'Now it is Frydendahl is Well."

Hugh Monahan, '16.

## IN DEAR OLD LIVERMORE HIGH

---o0o---

Here's to the School we love so well,  
Our dear old Livermore High;  
Of all great deeds we love to tell,  
Of all our victories so swell,  
For you old School we'd die.

Here's to our Senior Class so great,  
In dear old Livermore High;  
In all classrooms we take the cake,  
Of our great deeds, to brag we hate,  
For you old Class we'd die.

In all athletics first we came,  
In dear old Livermore High;  
We fought and strove and gained a name,  
We fought and strive and won our fame,  
For you old School we'd die.

In lessons too we're not behind,  
In dear old Livermore High;  
Recite in history all the time,  
To shirk our work, we're not that kind,  
For we'll get ones or die.

At orchestra too we're all right there,  
In dear old Livermore High;  
In playing music we're a bear,  
And thru those pieces we sure tear,  
But for Thursday nights we'd die.

In football too we have our place,  
In dear old Livermore High;  
We sure did set an awful pace,  
Pushed our opponents on their face,  
For you old school we'd die.

In basketball, we've Captain Weber,  
In dear old Livermore High;  
We beat them so they could but blubber,  
We beat them so they looked like rubber,  
Our fame gained here'll not die.

Our baseball team sure is a case,  
In dear old Livermore High;  
The other schools they set the pace,  
And leave us far back in the race,  
But still we hope and try.

A cooking class we too have got,  
In dear old Livermore High;  
They mixed a lot of stuff in pots,  
And put it on where it is hot,  
But to eat that stuff you'd die.

And then we sing once each two weeks,  
In dear old Livermore High;  
And while we're here we dare not speak,  
Or after school we'll serve a week,  
And so we sing,--or try.

Now don't you think we are some class,  
In dear old Livermore High;  
Your nerve must surely be like brass,  
To read this clean thru to the last.  
And still you did not die.

Hugh Monahan, '16

### SENIOR BALL

---o0o---

The Senior Ball, which took place at Sweeney's Opera House on the evening of April 29th, was in our estimation a grand affair. It was even more successful than any of the balls given by the preceding classes. The affair was one of the most delightful ever held in the round of High School affairs. Invitations, both general and private, were issued. Each pupil in the Senior Class was allowed ten private invitations.

The decorative scheme was unusual and charming. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with a profusion of ferns blended with yellow flowers. Four tennis nets were secured and in this were interwoven ferns and yellow blossoms. The stage was banked in locust and palms. The number 1916 was prettily outlined with electric lights, which was very effective.

Shields in the colors of Green and Gold also helped to carry out the decorative scheme. They were made by the Drawing Class under the supervision of Miss Nicholson.

Punch was served during the evening. The music was furnished by the Bell Orchestra.

Gladys Laferriere, '16.  
Beth Packard, '16.

## ATHLETIC RECORDS

---o0o---

### RECORD IN FOOTBALL

Hayward High -0	Livermore High-13
Centerville High--5	Livermore High--5
Richmond High--6	Livermore High--0
Livermore All Stars-0	Livermore High--34

### FOOTBALL SQUAD

Manager-Leslie Leak	Captain-Reginal Kelly
Thomas Falvey	Leon Weber
Preston Smith	James Moy
Robert Buffham	Joseph Kelly
Hugh Monahan	Henry Crane
John Ericson	John Vukota
Louis Gardella	Jens Frydendahl
Sheldon Guess	Joseph Grana

Charles Kelly

### RECORD IN BASKETBALL

Centerville High vs Livermore High-(forfeited to L.H.S.)	
Hayward High vs Livermore High--(forfeited to L.H.S.)	
Richmond High--17	Livermore High--41
Richmond High--30	Livermore High--36
Company I--27	Livermore High--55
Company I--14	Livermore High--98
L.H.S. Alumni--22	Livermore High--45
L.H.S. Alumni--37	Livermore High--46

### THE BASKETBALL SQUAD:

Manager-Louis Gardella	Captain-Leon Weber
Arthur Fiedler	John Vukota
Jens Frydendahl	Sheldon Guess

Reginal Kelly

### BASEBALL

For the lack of men, no baseball team represented the "Green and Gold" and all games were forfeited. Louis Gardella acted as Manager.

### TRACK RECORD

Centerville High-72
Hayward High--30
Richmond High-11
Livermore High-2

### THE TRACK SQUAD

Manager-Louis Gardella	Captain-Jens Frydendahl
Leon Weber	Charles Kelly
John Vukota	Thomas Falvey
Edwin Hagemann	Sheldon Guess

Captain Jens Frydendahl and Thomas Falvey scored the only two points for Livermore High School.

## ATHLETICS

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Never before in the history of our school has so much interest been invested in athletics as in this past year. Although we lack the necessary implements that have created greater teams than we have put forth in 1915-1916 season, we surely held our own in all forms of athletics and met with greater success than any of our former squads.

In football during the season of 1915 we scored more points in three games than all the football teams that have ever represented the "'Green and Gold". In the first game of the season with Hayward, we scored thirteen points and our opponents scored nary a point. It was in this game that the Seniors made their greatest showing with nine men representing the oldest class in school. In our second game with Centerville we again proved that we were superior to any rugby machine in the Central Alameda Athletic League by rushing our much heavier opponents off their feet in the early stages of the game and scored a try before our opponents really knew that the game had started. We held our own until near the end when our luck changed and due to a sprained ankle, our star player had to be removed from the game. Sorry to say, our "pep" went with him and it was here that our opponents tied the score, much to the disgust of the local players and supporters. Pretty soon we heard the final whistle which ended the struggle but this long contest did not prove which was the better team, but, from the critics that viewed the game, it was said that the old "Green end Gold" was superior. Points do not always prove the exact facts but to the distant admirer points do count the most.

Our third and final game was In Richmond and it was in this game that we were eliminated from competing for the championship in the Central Alameda Athletic League. We were beaten by a score of seven to nothing. Although we were deprived of the championship, we can unhesitatingly say that we had a much greater team than any of our opponents. The rather long trip to Richmond, which lasted through the length of four hours, caused our unjust defeat. When the whistle blew calling the struggle to an end all the boys stared at each other --no gentle reader-- not with a smile but with tears in their eyes to think that our short, but interesting football season had come to an end with defeat staring us in our faces as it has in years gone by. Our "Little Napoleon" in this last struggle was Reginal Leo Kelly, a Senior.

Following football comes the famous and popular indoor sport, termed Basketball. Following the style of our predecessors, we again were victorious and it was a real Napoleon that led us to victory, "The Smiling Frenchman," Leon Weber. We cannot overestimate the service of our tall and lanky Captain for it was he and he alone who faced the problems never before confronted by any of the previous Captains or Managers. Our season was short and very interesting and for the fifth consecutive time the old. "Green and Gold" bears the honor of the Central Alameda Athletic League championship. Our first game was with the Hayward players who forfeited it and following their footsteps, Centerville our next rival did likewise. Our third game was with Richmond but the Richmond quintet proved themselves weak under the slaughtering hands of the "Green and Gold" prides and Livermore High romped off merrily with a victory of forty-one to seventeen ringing in their ears. This victory enabled us to compete in the finals.

The final game was scheduled to take place at Richmond although we were strenuously opposed to playing on their court because of its size and shape. We finally agreed and the game was played and won there. However it was no easy victory, for when the whistle blew calling the first half to an end, our much heavier and more experienced opponents were on the long end of the score. But the "do or die" spirit was with us and by one of the greatest rushes ever witnessed by any crowd the "Green and Gold" quintet soared to the lead through the clever and brilliant work of the entire team and when the final whistle blew we were once more on the long end of the score. The final score was Thirty-six to Thirty, and another time we were acclaimed the undisputed champions of the Central Alameda Athletic League.

Great interest is shown in football and basketball but in the spring sports --baseball and track-- little enthusiasm is displayed and therefore these two forms of athletics are really thrown aside.

During the present term, a few real "stars" have illuminated our paths but they are soon to depart only to leave their shoes to some prominent Junior, Sophomore, or Freshman.

Never before in the history of our school was the Senior class represented so well on any team as the class of 1916. It was this class that was the backbone of athletics and nine men represented it on the football squad and four on the "Green and Gold" basketball team.

A word must be said in regards to the short seasons, which we are known to have. No school whether large or small can succeed in any form of athletics without the proper financial aid or backing by its fellow-students. Our short seasons are due to these very causes. We have no way of raising the necessary financial help because of the lack of spirit shown both by the citizen body of our community and the student body of our school.

Furthermore, we have not the necessary implements to produce a team of any sort that will compare with any in the state. We have no football field, no baseball field, no track and we lack a gymnasium, which is necessary for the success of any school. We surely have the men but how can we develop a team when we have no means whatever to develop one?

Yet, fellow-students and fellow-citizens, we both arrive at the conclusion and unhesitatingly say that it is athletics with all its valuable lessons that is backbone of our glorious nation and the backbone of the man that has really achieved success in this world.

Louis Gardella, 16.

The students co-built an 800-seat gymnasium, dedicated in December 1925. The Gym later became the music building when moved to the Maple Street location. – The Torch

**ORCHESTRA**

Louis Sachau, Director.

Violin

Jeanette Williams  
Beatrice Langlois  
Hugh Monahan  
Reginal Kelly

Lauretta Twohey  
Bernice Meyers  
Mary Azevedo  
Grace Stanley

Wilma Johnson

Mandolin

Georgia Budworth  
Harvey Podstata  
Florence Cardosa

Mayree Twohey  
Clara Groth  
Gladys Holm

Clarinet

Philip Savage

Delbert Johnson

Cornet

Cyril Twohey

August Hageman

Trombone

Angus McVicar

Piano

Dorothy Stanley

Drums

Dixie Teeter

Flute

Edgar Acker

Guitar

Olyve Langlois

Three-Act Farce Comedy

**THE PRIVATE SECRETARY**

To Be Presented By

Senior Class of

LIVERMORE UNION HIGH SCHOOL

Sweeney Opera House, Livermore

F R I D A Y , M A Y 1 9th

- CAST-

Douglas Cattermole.....Hugh Monahan  
Cattermole, His Uncle.....Arthur Feidler  
Gibson, a Tailor.....Louis Gardella  
Spalding.....Peter Owens  
Marsland.....Robert Buffham  
Harry Marsland, His Nephew.....Sheldon Guess  
Edith Marsland. ....Evelyn Gilcrest  
Eva Webster, Her Friend.....Dorothy Stanley  
Miss Ashford.....Dixie Teeter  
Mrs. Stead.....Elsa Barber  
Knox, a Writ Server.....Jens Frydendahl  
John, a Servant.....Thomas Falvey

## OUR CAMEL

---o0o---

On the rim of a fertile valley were gathered a strange company of animals. An Armadillo from South America had made his warm weary way through the region of the equator and with much peril of life and limb he had hurried through the dangerous war zone of Mexico and gradually had worked his way to the Land of Plenty. He had come to explore this wonderful country and see if it were in truth as marvelous as reports made it seem. Over hills and through canyons he went till at last he came to a mountain overlooking a beautiful valley. Here he paused to inquire of a friendly turkey the location of a nice anthill.

"Because I'm awfully hungry," he said mournfully, "I haven't had a single juicy ant since I left Equador."

Thus conversing sociably, they were startled by the sound of rapid hoof-beats and turned to see advancing swiftly over the hills a pair of reindeer. Seeing the Turkey and Armadillo, they turned toward the latter and, as they slowed down they began pantingly to gasp, "Say, where's some snow, quick, we want some snow."

But the Turkey calmly looked them over, not in the least flustered by their sudden appearance or their imperious demand and said crushingly, "Snow! Why, what do you fellows expect down here anyway? This is Sunny California, I'll have you know and we're proud that we don't have snow. The nearest snow is on the tips of the Sierras, 300 miles from here."

"By the fur on my antlers, Donder, I'll die the death of a truck horse if I go another step!" cried out the one Blitzen.

"I'm in the same fix myself,"' wearily replied the other, "But what do you say to a meal of moss and liekens?"'

They looked inquiringly at the others and at last the Turkey uttered in disgust, "Well you poor green horns! It's back to the North Pole for you! But say," his contempt changing to surprise, "What's that big cloud rolling along over there?"

They all looked in wonderment at the object, which was in the shape of a huge funnel, yellow brown in color and sweeping swiftly towards them. It broke within a few feet of the astonished assembly and there walked calmly out of its midst a Camel, He ambled slowly up to the others, quietly chewing his cud and asked in a little bewilderment, "Well say, fellows, where am I anyway?"

"You're a long way from where you belong, that's sure," the Armadillo answered.

[Missing a line here]

Turkey, "but, tell me, what land am I in?"

"This is the world-famed Sunny California—the land of honey and wine," replied the Turkey, "but it's no place for you, I'll tell you that right now. What would you do without your desert and unbearable heat?"

"Oh, I don't know about that- I see palms and olive trees and vineyards, and they all grow where I came from."

"Yes, we have some mighty good vineyards here but the dates on these palms you see are all pits."

"Well, Nature brought me here and I guess she can take care of me. Anyway I have lots of patience and I'll just stick it out and see what the future brings,"

Then he slowly wandered away, browsing.

"Well, Fellows, California's all right but it hasn't got the juicy ants I like. I'm for good old Equador. So long!" And the Armadillo scurried southward.

The reindeer recovering from their long trip, concluded they were fools and had better return to the North,

And the Turkey left alone on the ridge, went to its roost on the far side of the mountain.

But, the Camel *may* still be seen patiently watching the changes going on in the valley,

It was a young girl fancy as the trees along the ridge took shape against the setting sun.

Evelyn Gilcrest, '16

### **BLESSED ARE THE SENIORS**

No doubt you all have noticed them  
Among the High School crowd,  
A group of handsome girls and boys,  
Of whom the school is proud.

Of course you've wondered who we are,  
And what our aim may be,  
And so we'll tell you, good and loud  
We're the Seniors yes, sir-ree.

Of labors hard or jolly sports,  
As basketball or such kind,  
If you should seek what we have done,  
You'd surely very much find.

And with gay hearts and footsteps light  
Old Learning's hills we've climbed,  
Hoping to be a beacon light,  
For those who come behind.

Reginal Kelly, '16,

## INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY

---o0o---

Daily we hear the cry, "Politics is corrupt." Why is it so? How often do we see or hear of unkept houses? Why? How often do we hear that a certain community lacks progression? Why? How often do we, during our school days hear Athletic Captains speak of and deplore the lack of school spirit? All these things are due to the same thing: the lack of responsibility.

Naturally we ask ourselves the question, "What is individual responsibility? Every individual is placed upon the earth with certain demands made upon him --demands touching not only active duties to be performed, but also his attitude toward and relations to his fellowman and his environments. He who faces these demands and meets them, be he laborer or capitalist, feels individual responsibility. A useful life and generally a prosperous life results, and one of high standing, moral, social, and political. By moral, I mean man understands man; political, man acts with man; and social, man feels for man. All great movements in the world's affairs have resulted from a strong sense of individual responsibility.

It's our responsibility, as students, to make ourselves worthwhile by studying; not only ourselves worthwhile but to make the class of importance, and give the school a standing in other institutions. Every student should encourage education, the greatest social uplifter there is, by showing the community the value of the school. This is not only shown by scholarship, but by the conduct of each individual, whether on the school grounds, on the streets, at home, or at public places. The community judges the school by its students and even if just a few do not bear themselves as they should, they bring the censure of the community on the whole school.

A school is often measured by the success of the students in athletics. No school can succeed in athletics unless the student exerts himself. How often do we sit back, not being able to take the responsibility of arousing school spirit, and wait for a leader, then jealous of his undertakings make his task hard for him? The lack of individual responsibility results in idleness and indifference. Should not each and every one that is capable and has it within his means, take part in athletics and have a responsibility of seeing that he does his share well? Should not each and every student desire eagerly and strive to make his school the greatest? The student who bluffs who tries to make others laugh at his own expense in answering questions, who cares not whether he knows his lessons, or whether his school is the best, thus undertakes no responsibility, and will never attain worldly ends.

Our fondest hopes are that young America will awaken to the idea of individual responsibility. It is at school that our life is trained. Opportunity of getting knowledge is given us, but the responsibility of getting it must be undertaken by us. It's you, not your teachers or parents whom your studies will benefit. Therefore, the school, its standing in scholarship, in athletics, its usefulness, depends on individual responsibility of the student.

We see then that the student in the school considers not alone self. If he has the sense of meeting the demands fully aroused, the student will take his part in the community, not alone as a founder of business and a builder of homes, but a creator or preserver of public sentiment. The pride displayed in his school in his profession, and home communicates itself to the community. Here aside from those material things which make his community a pleasant place in which to live, he helps create or feeds a public sentiment, which defines the standards of the community and forms the boundary of the official's duties. He makes of this sentiment a positive thing and the community takes up its position with definite principles bearing the title of progressive, ruled by no one man or party, but by individuals with the same idea in mind. An unprogressive community shows lack of attention paid to demands upon citizens and disregard for fellowman. Does the indifferent shrug of shoulders coupled with the cry "Politics is corrupt" display good citizenship or the assumption of regard for anything other than self?

Our great and glorious nation we owe to the unselfish consecrated work of our forefathers. Was not the Declaration of Independence, that wonderful constitution the results of many interested individuals? Each one should at least take part in the elections so as to do his share in the government, instead of with his hands in his pockets crying, "Politics is corrupt."

America expects the aid of every citizen, and as we enjoy the comforts of life from her, it is our responsibility to do our share towards her welfare.

Therefore, individual responsibility is necessary to the life of a man, to the life and progression of a nation. A man without responsibility is like a man without a country, a ship without a rudder. So let us not shirk whatever demands may be made upon us.

Robert Buffham, '16.

## CLASS PROPHECY

---o0o---

Listen *my* friends and you will hear  
Of the graduating class to leave this year,  
Honor and praise and victory they've won  
By giving up pleasure and lots of fun.  
We'll leave this school the world to see,  
And now to give our prophecy.

Smiling ever comes our **Lillien**,  
Artistic and generous -to work ever willin';  
Tall and fair with eyes of blue,  
As a housewife but surpassed by few;  
She is very decidedly not a coquette,  
And blessed will be the man she'll get.

**Evelyn Gilcrest** to college will go,  
Represent us there with a brilliant show;  
With her dimples so sweet she can entrance.  
She's fond of flowers and books and dance.  
She'll study and study till a late date,  
A bachelor maid will be her fate.

**Charles Kelly** who in history excels,  
And always answers the telephone bells,  
Is short of stature with eyes of blue,  
And to teachers and studies he's ever true.  
An unselfish life he means to live,  
And freely of himself to others give.  
He's going to be something worthwhile,  
If he don't fall in love with that winning smile.

Bashful **Beth** is next in line,  
A winsome lass that oft does pine.  
Her lessons always are to the mark,  
But she's afraid to go home in the dark;  
We're going to send her to normal school,  
So that after a while, a class she'll rule.

**Gladys** is another of our brilliant grads,  
She studies hard and follows no fads.  
She is slight and tall and a pretty brunette,  
No doubt she'll be a suffragette,  
And if she is, she'll win the fight,  
And hold up firmly women's right.

A man of means he says he'll be,  
Mr. **Robert Buffham**, for this is he;  
Fond of the foxtrot and of the three step,  
As happy a lad as ever we've met;  
He excels in history and sparking you bet,  
And his little romance, we'll never forget.

There's a modest lass with winsome eyes,  
And always away from the boys she shies;  
**Lauretta** studious, witty and wise,  
A great name she'll have before she dies;  
Where in some strange foreign land,  
A missionary she will make a stand.

The next of our Seniors is **Mary Quinn**,  
She is rather dark and not very thin.  
A shy and coy maiden is she,  
A Red Cross nurse we think she'll be;  
And as the story always goes,  
She'll find a lover among the foes.

Beloved among us is **Catherine**  
Known to all by her merry grin;  
Her charming ways and sweet shy glance,  
Put all young men in a happy trance.  
High School students she'll be helping much,  
Giving instructions in high and low Dutch.

Here is our tall and gallant duff,  
Who often tries his teachers to bluff;  
A youth of energy, wit and skill,  
He will toil and labor incessantly till  
A politician honest he'll be and bold  
And his name **Hugh Monahan** we now unfold.

**Elsie** is next in our- Senior number,  
Serene and gentle--a girl of wonder;  
An English teacher--she'll dispense knowledge,  
And dream sweet dreams of a new girl's college;  
In cap and gown and with torch in hand,  
She'll found this school without aid of man.

**Irene Nickerson** is our studious one,  
She toils hard with no time for fun.  
A modest maiden shy and sweet,  
She arranges her soft brown locks so neat;  
A teacher she'll be of little tots,  
And when they leave. they'll sure know lots.

And **Louis Gardella** our athlete brave,  
The basketball team from ruin did save.  
Each night he, history o'er and o'er repeats  
Except on Thursday when orchestra meets;  
He's going to be a professor great,  
It gives us pleasure this to relate.

**Eva Rae Taylor** is brief but sweet.  
Has the power of enchanting whom she may meet  
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,  
And some day soon she'll win a crown;  
As a prima donna she'll win fame  
And we'll be proud of this little dame.

**Preston Smith** is of the smartest boys  
who has shared our many woes and joys;  
He is tall and stately with very dark hair,  
And with the queenin' he's right there;  
A speaker great some think he'll be  
And will travel much o'er land and sea

Merry, loving and full of fun  
Is **Mattie Frost** our noble one;  
Fond of tease and peanut candy.  
When it comes to flirting, she's a dandy;  
In this world, she'll take her place  
As a society leader with becoming grace.

**Reginal Kelly** who is known as Pat,  
Is neither lean nor very fat.  
He's a ladies' man and a great athlete,  
Has won many games on his nimble foot  
He'll be a doctor and hand out pills  
Making no difference whom he kills.

**Jens** is another who is praised by all,  
He's a decided blonde and rather tall;  
He likes to play and likes to work,  
For in school his lessons he'll never shirk;  
We think he'll be a lawyer great  
And then he'll find a lifelong mate.

We, **Mattie Frost** and **Catherine Murray**  
Have prophecied this in a great hurry;  
We described our mates all pretty good;  
We would have done better if better we could;  
We wish them all the joys of life  
With little sorrow and troublesome strife.

Mattie Frost, '16.  
Catherine Murray, '16.

**PICTURES NO ARTIST COULD PAINT**

---o0o---

Irene Nickerson holding a monopoly on the porch with a boy.

Wilma Johnson with a dirty dress oh.

Marguerite Mayo coquettishly handing a note to any boy but Louis at present.

Hugh Monahan sitting erect and waving his hand to answer the next question in English IV.

Robert Buffham taking a real interest in school since little Eva left.

Dixie Teeter sitting quietly in a corner tatting with Lucile Campbell.

Esther Ericson arriving home from school at 3.30 P.M.

"Heine" good-naturedly opening a door at noon.

Alma Martin going home from school weighed beneath an armful of books.

Harriet Kaiser walking home alone.

Bert Inman remaining in the Algebra Room one period without being sent to the Study Hall.

Catherine Murray, '16.

Mattie Frost, '16.

## THE SNIPE HUNT

---o0o---

In the spring, Cousin George came to visit us on the farm. He had always lived in the city and therefore enjoyed the outing and freedom of these vacations. In the mornings he would come out in the field and watch us work but he never offered to help us for fear that he might soil his hands. At any rate, he claimed that such labor was degenerating for people of any standing. Instead of lending a hand, he would play pranks on us, which really kept us from our duties.

One day, we were all out digging postholes to fence off the pasture from the summer fallow. George came along trim and neat in his norfolk outing suit with a fishing rod in his hand, and with lunch-hamper and basket over his shoulder. He was off to spend the day at the river. When he saw us working so hard he stopped and said, "Say, you fellows, how much dirt is there in a hole, six by seven by thirteen feet?"

"Why, 546 square feet," answered Tom, proud of his skill in mathematics and of an opportunity to display it to this city cousin who always made us feel that we were much his inferiors.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Who ever heard of a hole containing so much dirt," shouted George and with this, he left us.

He had been with us for a week and we were heartily sick of him. The girls all thought that he was a nice looking fellow just because he was tall and dark, but we fellows didn't. He always dressed like a dude and talked about "boning it" at school and called us "sourbald" and other tomyrot that we didn't understand, until we were ready to lick him. We couldn't do that either as he was strong; he had played basketball, football and could run the mile. He was much older than us, and had been most everywhere except on a ranch, and we had been nowhere else. He knew how to make himself agreeable to elders and so Father took a liking to him and Mother gave him all the goodies she knew how to cook. In return for all this, he praised her, too. With us boys, especially when there were girls around, he was mighty high handed. Every day we had plotted revenge, but it was all in vain.

That night mother had prepared a delicious chicken supper. After planning, we decided to tell George that it was snipe and then if possible take him for a hunt. As city folks don't know what they're eating half the time, this could easily be done.

"Urn, but doesn't this taste good George?" asked Tom.

"You bet it does, never tasted anything so good in my life," replied George, "What is it?"

"Why it's snipe," I answered, glad to see that his question worked in with our plans.

"Snipe? Snipe?" asked George pondering, "Seems to me I've heard of the animal before."

"Did you say animal?" laughed Father.

"Well, isn't it an animal," asked George.

"No, no, it's something like a mud hen," I explained, "it lives near water and can be caught only at night."

"Oh I see— you mean a fowl that flies," said George.

"Say, George, how would you like to go out tonight with us on a hunt to get some?", exclaimed Tom, "We'll show you how to catch them if you don't know how."

"Oh, that will be great —sure I'll go and then —I can tell my pals of my new experience," said George.

That evening we sneaked my dad's best gun and gave it to George. Then taking sacks and lanterns, we started out for the lake two miles off. When we arrived at the shore Tom gave George the sack and said, "You stay here and hold the sack open while we go to the other shore and chase the snipe over. You will be surprised to see how quickly the sack is filled."

After giving George all the necessary information, we went to the other side of the lake, shot our guns a few times and then went home in a roundabout way. Before we were half way home a terrible storm arose.

"I wonder how George likes snipe hunting?" said Tom joyfully.

"I bet he won't want to play any more tricks on us after this," I replied.

"My, but this is an awful storm," said my smallest brother sympathetically, "it seems almost a shame to leave the poor fellow out there in the rain."

"Huh! whad'a we care," I answered, "he surely needs to suffer for what he has done to us."

We were drenched when we reached home but little we cared so long as we could get even with George for once. We were chatting and laughing merrily over this affair; but this ceased when we opened the living room door and saw the folks sitting around the hearth popping corn and in their midst was George.

"Why, hello boys, how many snipe did you get?" cried George when he saw us. "The rain seemed to drive them away from my direction so I came home but left the things out there."

"What?" said Tom, "did you leave Dad's new gun out there in the rain?"

"Did you say you left my gun out in this rain, you rascals? If you did, go and get it at once," said Father.

How dejected we felt as we started out in the rain to get that gun. After that, we left the snipe to keep watch over the lake in peace.

Elsie Trimmingham '16.

## JOSH DEPARTMENT

---o0o---

Do you know that California has one of the finest climates in the World? When I was in South America, I was burning up; When I was in Alaska, I was freezing to death; and when I was in San Francisco, it was Fair.

When I arrived in San Francisco, I asked a hackman to drive me to a good hotel.

He said, he couldn't do it, for he didn't have any harness that would fit me.

When I got to the hotel, I asked the clerk to give me a room and bath.

So, he gave me a room, but said he didn't have any spare time to give me a bath.

Out I went to the telephone office and there I asked the girl, what it would cost to telephone to Denver City. She said: "Fifty Cents."

"FIFTY CENTS" Why, when I was in New York I could telephone to London for "Fifty Cents".

"Yes", she answered, but that was in the City Limits."

Next I landed in a butcher shop and let me tell you "I got an awful roast."

San Francisco is in a splendid condition.

Livermore in in the same State.

Why look at Chicago, the whole town is sick.

I picked up a newspaper and it read across the heading in big letters "CHICAGO, ILL."

---o0o---

Miss Nissen- (to her 4th Latin Class) Why do you like Caesar so much better than Virgil?

Fourth Latin Class- Because we feel more at home in the wars with Caesar than among the gods with Virgil.

---o0o---

Miss Nicholson- (after giving dimensions of a house) If you were to fall off this roof, how many feet would you fall?

Arthur Feidler- There's only one way to solve that problem as far as I can see --that is to try it-- but I won't be the first.

---o0o---

Miss Wendte-- You should not laugh in school, Angus!

Angus - I did not mean to ma'am, I only smiled and it burst.

---o0o---

Dixie- Why does Wilma wear her pencil in her hair

Marguerite M. - So it may become inspired.

---o0o---

Miss. Nissen- (To Jack Safford and Delbert Johnson) Where have you boys been? Don't you see you are late?

Delbert- (Scratching his head) We've been somewhere else.

---o0o---

Mr. Painter- (To a member of his Agriculture Class) How do you expect to learn this lesson?

Carl Anderson - By coming to class and having it explained.

---o0o---

Philip Savage - How do you like Algebra, Harvey?

Harvey- Oh, we are in transportation now and it is hard work.

---o0o---

Evelyn- (to noisy Frances in dressing room) Hush! Frances, can't you mind me? I am a Senior now!

Frances - Well, I guess you forget that I am a Freshy.

---o0o---

Miss Balch- (In Cooking) Alma, how do you dress a chicken?

Alma-Latest style,

---o0o---

Miss Nicholson- (In Drawing) Edgar, what are you doing?

Edgar- Nothing.

Miss Nicholson- Well, it's about time you are doing something.

---o0o---

One day, the Pleasonton jitney began to smoke.

Jimmie - Oh, Mr. Clark, Lizzie is smoking, you are teaching her bad habits.

---o0o---

Feidler--(In C.A.I.) How much did you say it was?

Miss Nicholson- Fifty Cents.

Feidler--But I haven't any.

Miss Nicholson- I always knew that.

---o0o---

Miss Wendte--Into what body of water does the Mississippi river empty?

Pupils--Gulf of Mexico.

Miss Wendte- Yes; and where does it rise, Reginal?

Reginal--Why at the other end.

---o0o---

Robert Buffham--"What would you give for a voice like mine."

Hugh Monahan - Chloroform.

---o0o---

## THOSE SUFFRAGETTES

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"Be sure and vote early, dear," reminded her husband, as he hastened out the door, to catch his car that morning, "Remember the polls close at six o'clock."

Like the dutiful housewife she was, she quickly hurried about her morning work, for this must be done before she would think of going to the polls. This new right of hers must in no way interfere with her home. "Hubby first, politics afterwards."

At nine, the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Harrington Champ Clark Jones.

"Voted yet?" she called. "I was the first woman there and you should have seen the mob of newspaper photographers on the scene," she chatted. "You want to be sure and vote "dry" town -- course you will-- be careful not to make a mistake and mark on the wrong place-- you know the temperance question is the big issue of the day. A dry town, a dry town I say. Down with the sopping taps, that undermine to the very mire and infamy of the city."

"Exactly right," affirmed Mrs. Blair, trying to edge in a word without collision.

"Right! I should say so! And yet this city is full of the pie-faced bloats whose rum blossom noses will pry into the very earthworks of our campaign for a moral community. Smash the villains! Oh me! Oh my!"

Here she paused for breath and Mrs. Blair suddenly realized the importance of her duty. She must rally for the noble cause without delay; which she did by quickly and tactfully hanging up the receiver before another outburst could detain her.

The novelty of it filled her mind; the child's-play of marking a cross and returning home a voter. It would be all easy and thrilling. Only one slight precaution stood in her way, she must remember not to make a slip and rashly vote "wet" instead of "dry."

Almost before she knew it, the grocer came. As he set down his goods on the table, his face became serious. He scratched his head for a moment.

"If this- town goes dry it-- it will be hard times," he said gloomily.

Mrs. Blair was quickly attentive. "Hard times?" she breathed.

"You bet it will be uncommonly hard times on everybody; taxes'll go up with the saloon-license revenue cut off; folk'll be thrown out of work--scores of 'em; and men'll simply choke in the summer. Now I ain't no hard drinker, you understand, but mark me if it won't be a sorry lot here! Take for instance them O'Tools over there. He can't do anything but tend bar; and with the bar closed-- Lord: what'll become of the family? Six O'Tools all a-crying for victuals and none coming in. Its a bi-ig proposition, I tell you."

A shadow of uncertainty fell over Mrs. Blair. For the first time she realized that the question might have three sides. Compassion for the O'Tools filled her heart. Oh Jack! If only he were here! What did he think?

Hurriedly she prepared luncheon and at twelve walked to the gate to meet him. Fifteen minutes passed. Oh! Now she remembered! He was not coming home for lunch today. "Business too urgent. She must go to him. No, he would think her foolish. She must decide for herself. All afternoon she could make no headway. Finally five o'clock came. The polls would close at six. Only one hour left. She put on her hat and gloves and with affected calmness started down the street watching eager for Jack and missed her car. Well, he might come while she was waiting for the next.

But she did not see him. She reached the polls. At last, her mind was made up, she would vote "wet, and save the O'Tools. Proudly she entered the booth.

"Too late" snapped the clerk, "Six-two, Sorry."

She hurried away with shame. She had not voted. But then she was not to blame whichever way the election went for she did not have a hand in it.

Supper was hardly started when Jack reached home.

"Hungry as a bear," he said in his big breezy way which she generally admired.

"Supper isn't ready yet," she answered. "I had to go to the polls."

Jack took her in his arms in a mighty hug. "My little wify a voter," he exclaimed with genuine admiration.

She nestled quietly against his shoulder for some seconds to hide the blush. "Jack," she said faintly, "Which way did you vote "wet" or "dry."

"Dry," of course," he answered.

There was a flutter of delight, which she could not conceal. Her failure to vote had not effected his worthy voice in which way the town should go, but she did not tell him that.

Hugh Monahan, '16,

California passed an amendment giving women the right to vote in 1911, nine years before the states ratified the Nineteenth Amendment to the U. S. Constitution in 1920. The Nineteenth Amendment prohibited the states and the federal government from denying citizens of the United States the right to vote based on gender.
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## CLASS WILL

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IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. We, the Members of the Class of One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen, of the Livermore High School, of the City of Livermore, County of Alameda, State of California, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last WILL and TESTAMENT in manner following, that is to say.

FIRST: We will, our remarkable record of scholarship, and our high standing in the eyes of the teachers to the Class of 1917, providing that such record shall in no way be degraded but shall be held up as a standard for the succeeding classes to follow.

SECOND: We will our dignity, honor, and beauty to the Freshman Class, whom we have noticed to be sadly in need of the former and to whom the latter will not go amiss.

THIRD: We bequeath to our most humble followers our wisdom, to wit: Our knowledge of History to Miss Wendte to dispense with as she sees fit among her lower classes. Our knowledge in English, especially of the Bible, to the Juniors whom we fear will have great need of it. To any who want to tackle the subject we hereby will our sparse wisdom in Physics. Our depth of learning in Latin is too great to be given to any individual, so perhaps we had better keep it!

### PERSONALLY

I, Mattie Eloise Frost, do hereby bequeath my distinct individuality and my unconquerable desire to follow new paths and ideas, or at least not those desired by others, to Elsa Barber. Also my abundant hair, my most cherished possession I bequeath to Clarmond Perry whose many cares and anxieties will make him bald early.

I, Mary Quinn, do hereby will my seat in the truck to Irene Dall, that she may have room to grow.

I, Charles Bertrand Kelly, do hereby will and bequeath my self-possession and my millionaire stride to any person who may secure my position of greeting visitors.

I, Gladys Julien Laferriere, do hereby bequeath my timidity and absolute silence to Dixie Teeter with the express wish that at the end of a year of service she hand it on to Mona Detjens.

I, Laurette Twohey, do hereby bequeath my outwardly fearless spirit to Frances Thompson, hoping that it may modify her over exuberant spirits.

I, Lillie Schneider, do hereby will and bequeath my artistic temperament and skill to Philip Savage; also my perfect - indifference to the other sex to Gladys Holm and Jeannette Williams, hoping they will guard it as I have.

I, Robert Buffham, do hereby will my powers as a "lady killer to Delbert Johnson, who only needs a little encouragement to follow in my footsteps.

I, Irene Nickerson, do hereby bequeath my unexcelled power of translating Virgil to Bert Inman, an apt pupil of first year fame.

I, Elsie Trimmingham, do hereby will and bequeath my passion and fondness for studying, to be divided between Edwin Hageman and Grace Stanley.

I, Louis Gardella, do bequeath my position as Star Athlete of L.U.H.S. to Joseph Kelly, who shows signs of following in my footsteps; also my excellent record made during the Senior year to Angus McVicar.

I, Eva Rae Taylor, do hereby bequeath the coquettish sidelong glance by which I melt the heart of any man to Maggie Tribble.

I, Jens Frydendahl, do hereby will my hair comb to Joe Grana, with the request that he use it frequently.

I, Reginal Kelly, do hereby will and bequeath to Arthur Feidler, the mumble, with which I have covered my daily lack of preparation.

I, Kathryn Murray, do hereby bequeath to Philip Callaghan my superfluous flesh.

I, Preston Smith, the Beau Brummel of the school, do hereby will and bequeath all my suits and neckties to John McGlinchey. Also I will my tonsils to be pickled and saved for any class in Biology which may be formed hereafter.

I, Beth Packard, do hereby bequeath to Chester Stanley all my coquettish arts, having in the future no need for said arts, because of my intended profession as a "School-ma'am."

I, Hugh Monahan, do hereby will my well-known and amiable grin, to Edgar Acker, with the hope that it may gain him as many good marks as it has me. I, also bequeath part of my height that is over and above what I need to Peter Owens.

I, Evelyn Gilcrest, having found it exceedingly useful both in and out of school, do hereby will and bequeath my persistency, which knows no defeat end generally gains my own way, to Wilma Johnson. Also the hauteur which I can assume when occasion demands, I will to anyone who feels the need of it and will promise to make as good use of it as I have.

FOURTH: We hereby nominate and appoint the Juniors of said school and city of Livermore the executors of this our last WILL AND TESTAMENT.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we hereunto set our hands and seals, this last day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen.

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

## FAREWELL TO FACULTY

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From over hills and valleys,  
Over lands and oceans wide,  
To extend a parting greeting,  
And with you, success abide.

May not a care or sorrow  
E'er shadow your sky today;  
But a glow of heaven's splendor  
Illumine your earthly way.

We wish *you* future blessings  
With the health and joy and cheer;  
And *we* always reverence your memory,  
In distant future years.

Lauretta Twohey, '16.

## FAREWELL TO L.H.S.

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At last my parting hour appears,  
So fare thee well, beloved school!  
I sought thy joy for many years,  
And long to tarry with thy rule:  
But now to thee *I*'ll say in tears  
To L.H.S. farewell, farewell!

And now the parting hour so near,  
Yet, in my heart, "when far away  
I will remember thee for years,  
Thy glowing scenes will seem to say  
Forget not days that once were dear,  
So L.H.S. farewell, farewell!

Lillie Schneider, '16.

