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FOREWORD

We, THE Staff of the 1910 Rhododendron, believe that in issuing this, our first Annual, that we are establishing a precedent in the annals of Anacortes High School. We have "broken the ice", so to speak, for those who will follow us, so there is no reason why, with the material which this school can undoubtedly furnish, that a splendid paper cannot be issued from here each year. Each succeeding staff has the advantage of profiting by the errors of its predecessors, consequently next year's Rhododendron ought to surpass this one. There is another important fact that must always be borne in mind, and that is, that the staff alone cannot put out a successful paper without the co-operation of the entire Student Body, Faculty and the citizens of this city.

The advantages derived from a journal of this sort are manifold. The experience afforded the students in its preparation is a great help to them while at the same time it gives the reading public a splendid opportunity of seeing what is going on in the school. This book will probably find its way into all parts of the United States, thus giving other schools a chance to see what we are doing. So in conclusion we say to the succeeding staff: "Go thou and do likewise."
The Rhododendron

ANNUAL FOR NINETEEN TEN, PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE ANACORTES HIGH SCHOOL.
We, the students of the
Anacortes High School
do respectfully dedicate this, our first Annual,
to our worthy
Board of Trustees
H. S. Courses of Study

First Year.
Classical
English
Algebra
Latin
History
Scientific
English
Algebra
Physical Geography, or
Physiology ½
Zoology ½
History

Second Year.
Pl. Geometry
Rhetoric and English Classics
Latin
History

Third Year.
English
Latin or German
Algebra ½
Option ½
Physics

Fourth Year.
U. S. History and Civics
Latin or German
English
Option

U. S. History and Civics
German
English
Option
History and Purposes of Anacortes High School

The High School of Anacortes, Wash., is now in the fifth year of its existence, as a four-year high school. In June, 1906, graduating exercises were held the first time, and diplomas were issued to Mr. Joy Holiday and Miss Myrtle Finley as the first class to complete the prescribed four-year course of study. The following year, 1906-07, Henry B. Dewey, representing the state, and Professor E. O. Sisson, representing the University of Washington, after careful inspection, passed favorably upon the work being done and placed the school on the accredited list. Since that time the graduates of the Anacortes High school enter, without examination, any of the state institutions of higher learning which they may elect.

In 1907 the graduating class consisted of six persons, namely: Wendell Whitney, Bessie Chitwood, Agnes Stewart, John Blake, Mary Dewar and Sadie Bourne.

In 1908 diplomas were issued to Lillian Carleton, Rose Costner, Clarice Wilson and Anna Kellogg.

The following year, 1909, graduating honors were conferred on Edna Fenn, Tillie McFadden, Elizabeth McCaulay, Flora Matheson, Jennie Mills, Edith Whitney, Myrtle Wall, Howard Stewart, Frank Norvell, Lloyd Foster and Joshua Russell.

The personnel of the class of 1910 appears elsewhere in the Rhododendron.

The greatest aim of any school should be to help prepare young men and young women for better citizenship. A very large percent of our young people never succeed in reaching college. It is, therefore, all the more important that much stress should be laid on the work of the high school as being, in many cases, the final work of the boy and girl in school. Far too few even enter the high school, but as conditions in the state becomes more settled we may reasonably expect to see a greater percent of students between the ages of fifteen and twenty years graduating from our four-year high schools. Our earnest desire is to prepare our graduates for college, but if the college is never entered, our hope is that the general education received in our schools will advance American citizenship and be vitally useful to those whose formal training must end with the high school.
TRUSTEES
FACULTY
FACULTY

J. Frank Craig .............. Lewiston and Cheney Normal
Adella Johnson .............. University of Minnesota
Wilhelmina Hafer .......... University of Washington
Mabel Squire .............. University of Washington
Mabel McMurry .............. University of Washington
The Senior
Senior Rush

NEVER before in the preceding history of the A. H. S. have such manifestations of class spirit and rivalry been made as in the year of 1910. This is largely due to the fact that the Class of '13 entered as a bunch of game sports instead of the usual timid babies, just coming out for the first time in long trousers and lengthened dresses. "Nuf sed," in praise of the Freshmen. They tried—but failed.

The first signs of action denoting that something would "be doing" this term was, when the Freshman boys appeared upon the campus one morning resplendent in flaming red crushers. "Twas then that the Seniors came, saw and with a slight struggle, conquered, with all the red hats in their possession and also leaving some of the Freshman with a few trifling souvenirs of the battle, such as black eyes, sore ribs and broken spirits. The latter was especially visible when the eyes of the vanquished gazed longingly up at the ten which floated so tantalizingly from the school flag pole. Concerning the gameness of the Freshies, we concede so much as to say, "All Hail to the vanquished but will add in conclusion, as a word of friendly advice, never start anything that you can't finish.
REA ERNEST DUNHAM.

HARRY EGNO. 
Born at Fairchild, Wis.; entered A. H. S. ’08, from Loyal High School, Loyal, Wis.; “Griggs” in Senior Class Play.

ROY LEONARD FULTON.
Born at Westminster, B.C.; Basket Ball ’06 and ’07; Debating team ’08 and ’09; President of Freshman and Sophomore Class ’06 and ’07; Glee Club. “Prof. Locke” in Senior Class Play.
HAZEL IRENE HARRIS.


LUCY OLIVE HAWLEY.

Born at Seattle, Wash.; Basketball team '09; Declamatory Contest '08; Glee Club. "Judith Blair" in Class Play.

ARCHIBALD RENOLD McRAE.

Born at Chatfield, Minn. Football team '06, '07, '08, '09 and '10; Basketball team '06, '07, '08, '09 and '10; Basketball Captain '09 and '10; Glee Club. "Pica-dilly Jerome" in Class Play.
HENRY LORNE MORRISON.
Born at Burlington, Wash.; County and State Declamatory Contest '06 and '07; Debating team '09 and '10; Secretary of Junior Class '09; Basketball team '10; Class History; Glee Club. "John Worden" in Class Play.

EVERETT AMBROSE RATLIFF.
Born at Macon City, Mo.; Football team '06, '07, '08, '09 and '10; Captain of Football team '08 and '09; Basketball '06, '07, '08, '09 and '10; Captain of Basketball team '08; President of Athletic Association '08 and '09; Athletic Editor of A. H. S. Rhododendron; Glee Club. "Bugs Stevens" in Class Play.

IVY JUNE SMITH.
Born at Anacortes, Wash.; Secretary of Senior Class; Assistant Editor of A. H. S. Rhododendron; Glee Club; "Miss Porter" in Class Play.
MARIE REBECCA WILLIAMS.

Born at Anacortes, Wash.; County Declaration Contest '06; Glee Club; Senior Class Editor of A. H. S. Rhododendron. "Violet" in Class Play.
Senior History

A FEW days more and the Class of 1910 will close their books for the last time and receive their diplomas, the reward of their years of study, the happiest days of their lives; but they will have the satisfaction of knowing what a splendid example they have left for those that will follow in their steps. This class will leave behind, a place in the school which no succeeding class can ever fill. It is by far the most distinguished and illustrious body of students that ever graduated from this institution. It has established a prestige and name greater than that of its predecessors, and judging by the actions and appearance of the underclasses, it bids fair to hold this distinction for some years to come.

We, of 1910, entered our Freshman year numbering seventeen members, a class far superior to the usual green and unsophisticated freshman. Of these, six have had the grit, perseverance and ambition to pursue faithfully their course of study for four seemingly long years, acquiring that knowledge which prepares them for higher education in our great universe. These six are Lucy Hawley, Marie Williams, Ambrose Ratliffe, Roy Fulton, Archie McRae and Lorne Morrison. The others have gradually dropped out one by one, but with the addition of several new members we now number the ten of 1910. Through all these years we have taken a prominent part in all school activities and have contributed the leading material to football, basketball, baseball, track, oratory and debate.

Ratliffe and McRae, better known in the high school world as "Rat" and "Bones", have for four years been the mainstays of the football team and were instrumental in winning that great and glorious triumph, the championship of 1907. They have also made good in baseball and track. In the championship basketball team of this year, three Seniors appear,—Rat, Bones and Dutch Morrison.

This annual has been published under the efforts of five Seniors,—Hazel Harris, Ivy Smith, Marie Williams, Ambrose Ratliffe and Ernest Dunham. The High School Journal, the first in the history of the school, was edited weekly by Hazel Harris, a recent addition to the Senior Class.

In debate this class has offered the services of three of its members, Fulton, Dunham and Morrison, the latter having debated on the first team for two consecutive years, fighting for State honors. The class also boasts its share of orators: Marie Williams, Lucy Hawley and Lorne Morrison, and claims the distinction of being the only class in the history of the school to have one of its members winning in any State event.

Lack of space will not permit me to enumerate further the illustrious deeds of the members of this class. Let it suffice to say that it has not found or never will find a parallel in the history of A. H. S. H. L. M., '10.
Interview With Seniors on "How My Graduation Will Affect A. H. S."

Archie McRae—I'll ride away on my faithful "pony" and try not to think of it.
Marie Williams—My modesty forbids expression.
Lornie Morrison—Orators like me are born, not made.
Lucy Hawley—I have always been so quiet I shall not be missed.
Harry Egnor—They will be sorry that they did not give me the leading part in the class play.
Hazel Harris—I will never, never survive the third act so the school may as well go in mourning now.
Ambrose Ratliff—No football! No track!
Ivy Smith—They will miss my gentle little voice.
Ernest Dunham—The "Citizen" reporter could not get an interview with Mr. Dunham, as his duties as Senior Class President are extremely arduous.

RESULTS OF OVER-STUDY.

I sit and struggle at lessons,
Till my brain's in a turbulent roar;
I put my head down on my arms,
For the rest that seems to come no more.

I slept and dreamed of stems on pencils,
Infinitives in my bread and milk;
Radicals over my bon-bon boxes,
And parenthesis around my silk.

The teachers cubed our Latin advance,
And extracted roots from our grades;
Characterized our pedigrees,
And factored us with spades.

She called my new hat a metaphor,
And put a vinculum over my head;
I had allegory on my potatoes,
And evolution in my head.

—Sarah Dorcey.
Officers.

Ernest Dunham .........................President
Ivy Smith .........................Secretary and Treasurer
Miss Mabel Squire .....................Class Teacher

Yell.
Inside outside,
Outside in;
We're the class
Of 1910.

Class Colors.
Purple and Gold.

Class Flower.
Cream Rose Bud.

Motto.
B²
Seniors in Rhyme

Ivy Smith—A farmers' wife who churns thru all the day.
Marie Williams—Her studious habits have worn her flesh away.
Lucy Hawley—To tease her friends she always did delight.
Hazel Harris—Working on the Journal from morning until night.
Roy Fulton—A scholar learned in all the ancient lore.
Ambrose Ratliffe—So great an athlete ne'er was seen before.
Lorne Morrison—Debates while his audience sits with bated breath.
Harry Egnor—Found reading “Burke’s Conciliation” and put to death.
Ernest Dunham—A German orator of great note.
Archie McRae—On riches and an easy life did dote.

The Four Years

I took a stroll up the mountain,
My scientific brain to please;
I plucked four curious products
From vines and shrubs and trees.

From a graceful little shrub
I picked a blossom fair.
I looked into the pollen, I saw
“Freshman” printed there.

I walked on a little farther,
And from a withering bough,
I plucked a wilting blossom;
Oh! where was its beauty now.

And I kept on going farther,
I saw a beautiful bush;
But seed-pods green at on the throne,
Of a by-gone delicate blush.

But as I reached the summit,
The other mysteries to unfold,
I saw a flaunting seed-pod;
A shell of brightest gold.

Blossoms sweet and withering,
Seed-pods ripe and green,
We must all blush, wither, ripen and scatter,
Ere all the years we’ve been.

—Sarah Dorcey.
Officers.
Gunnard Lifvendahl .................. President
Hazel White ......................... Secretary and Treasurer
Miss Wilhelmina Hafer .......... Class Teacher

Yell.
On, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
We are the class of 1911.

Class Flower.
Violet.

Class Colors.
Orange and Black.

Motto.
When duty and pleasure clash,
Let Duty go to smash.
The Junior Prophecy

I HAD been busy all the fall of 1924 working up the prosecution for the state against a gang of swindlers, who had been apprehended and brought to trial, and so decided to go south for a rest. This was why I happened to be on the afternoon airship as it floated into Monterey, California.

As this city was noted for its manufacture of the “Nothing Else” brand of aviator’s equipment, I took the monoplane line out to the factory. Arriving there, I sought the office to gain admission to the plant. While waiting for the clerk to write out a pass, I happened to see a letter lying on the counter with the following address: “E. G. Lifvendahl, President of the Monterey Aerial Co.” This being the name of a former classmate I became interested at once, and asked the clerk where I could find the president of the plant, but just then a tall, heavy set man, wearing a plug hat and carrying a cane, came into the office, and the clerk, pointing to him said: “There he is now.” This remark was unnecessary, as I easily recognized him as my old friend, by his light hair and blue eyes, but he looked many years older and somewhat worried. (I suppose about his domestic affairs.) “Hello, Liffy!” I said, just as in our school days. But he evidently did not recognize me and seemed rather surprised at the formal address, since he replied: “I’m the Honorable E. G. Lifvendahl, but I don’t remember ever having seen you before.” Then I told him who I was, but had to relate a few former escapades before he recognized me.

He invited me to go home with him and talk over old times, which I did. When we arrived there, he introduced his wife, “Beth”, whom I knew to be another old classmate, perhaps because of the former acquaintance which I knew existed before them. Then he brought up some old memories by introducing his little girl and boy, as Elton and Grace. Our conversation naturally led to the people whom we had known together. So they told me about their having met two of their former classmates since coming to Monterey. The first was Kathleen Mount, whom they had met in ‘Frisco, as she was making a tour of the coast cities, lecturing on woman’s suffrage and prohibition. They said that she had not changed much and was devoting her life to her good work, but she intimated to them that she was soon to be married to a prominent young man in Pasadena, whose name they could not find out.

The other one was Hazel White, who was just departing for England with her husband, whom she introduced as Mr. James Paul Kropp, Earl of Shaftsbury. As she had to leave soon, they did not have much time to talk with her more than to find out that she had taken up music, and afterwards gave re-
citals at one of which she met Mr. J. P. Kropp, who was so pleased with her playing that an intimate acquaintance followed as did also a marriage in a short time.

In turn I told them about having met Ella Lowman in Denver, Colorado, where she had established a musical college for girls. When I last saw her she was very interested in literature as well as music, but at that time I did not think that she would become the noted author that she now is. They seemed very much surprised at this and said that they had not heard of her for years, but were more surprised when I told them that she was no other than the noted writer, “Anna Cortez,” which name she had adopted as her nom-de-plume. They said that they had read many of the popular novels by “Anna Cortez,” but supposed that it was her real name.

The next evening we all went to the theatre to see the great melo drama, “Gone With a Handsomer Man,” played by the Puryear Theatrical troupe, which was putting this play on the stage, with great success, in all the large cities in the West. When the curtain rose whom should we see but our old friend, Lilly Olson. She was the leading lady and carried her part in such a masterful manner, that it showed she had not only had training and practice, but also a great deal of natural talent. After the play we met her and had a short chat about old times.

As Monterey was not my destination, I left Mr. Lefvendahl and family, the next day, after spending one of the most enjoyable times in my life, and hoping that sometime in the very near future, we might all meet again.

WILL MILLS, '11.

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Quotations for the Juniors

Kathleen Mount—“She that was fair and never proud, hath tongue at will and yet was never proud.”

Ella Lowman—“The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good.”

Hazel White—“The lady doth protest too much, methinks.”

Lily Olson—“She was a scholar and a ripe and good one.”

Will Mills—“A gentle beast and of good conscience.”

Gunnard Lifvendahl—“My heart is as true as steel.”
IN MEMORIAM

EDWARD EVERETT BUTLER,
Born May 26, 1892;
Died May 10, 1910.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and the evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning at the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and the evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho fromout our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson.
Officers.
Nina McRae ............................................. President
Madge Davis ............................................. Secretary and Treasurer
Miss Mabel McMurray ................................. Class Teacher

Yell.
Rickety Rack,
Rickety Rack,
Alamazoo—mazoo, mazack;
Hickory dow, zickory zow;
Sophomore! Sophomore, Wow.

Motto.
"Endure and fit yourself for better things."

Class Colors.
Green and White.

Class Flower.
White Carnation.
Sophomore Prophecy

On September the seventh, 1908, 35 boys and girls started to high school as Freshies. Oh! the trials of those Freshies! Algebra and Latin and almost everything that their childish minds could not grasp confronted them on every side, until at last they mastered all these difficulties and managed to pass the final tests or, that is, most of them did. Some could not survive and when school opened again in 1909 there were only sixteen left.

Three of these left the class for greater things, leaving thirteen. Thirteen is considered an unlucky number, but in such a class as that of the Sophomores all signs fail and this was a very lucky class. Marguerite White used to own a swastika ring and Alvero Smith was going to get out a patent on a four-leafed clover presser. Although there were only thirteen in the Sophomore year to the thirty-five of the first year, only the best remained—truly, a survival of the fittest.

Laura Whitcomb and Nina McRae both left school during the Sophomore year to go to other fields so in the Junior year there were not so many and the number was still smaller in the Senior year. The class was reduced in quantity but the quality which is the most essential part, remained to the end, as I will show you.

Let us permit our imagination to go forward for a period of fifteen years until the year 1925. During that year I took a trip from my home in Washington to Germany, including in this trip all the large American and European cities.

The first large place I stopped at was Chicago. One day I happened into a Ladies' Seminary in one of the suburbs of this city, Laura Whitcomb, Nina McRae and Gladys Bolt all taught there. As girls those three were never apart and now as women they were determined to stick together. That they were teaching in a Ladies' Seminary did not seem queer to me for they always opposed coeducational institutions and the opposite sex. When I saw them, Laura was giving a lesson in Botany.

"Name the two kinds of lady's slippers," she said to one of the pupils.
"One is a plant and the other is an article of footwear, worn only by a woman," the pupil said, answering as she had been taught to.
"Correct," answered Laura, and put a 100 down in her class book. Nina was the Geometry teacher and Gladys taught Modern History.

In this same city, Chicago, I had the opportunity of hearing Hazel Layton speak. She gave a lecture on etiquette and personal appearance of women in public. She always had been an enthusiast over that question. As in the course of her lecture she had reached the importance of the coming hairdress
of women and was emphasizing the wearing of big blue ribbons—blue being the fashionable color,—the picture of the former Hazel presented itself to my mind’s eye, with her big blue bow, one which Earl Smith used to admire so much. Very greatly impressed by her lecture I straightway thought of my own plain hair and though it meant missing my train to Philadelphia, I decided to have my hair dressed in the most becoming style.

I passed a neat looking shop, over the door of which was the sign—

``Hairdressing Parlors, Amanda H. Brown."

Now Amanda H.’s are scarce in this world, so I, thinking that possibly this one would prove to be my old school-mate, Amanda Hanson, went into the shop to investigate and look over the latest styles in hair dressing. Sure enough this was the Amanda Hanson I had known years before. She had been twice widow-ed. She dressed my hair in a beautiful fashion, but I never let her know that a hairpin was almost digging a hole in my brains all the time it was fixed that way.

This hairdressing delayed me so I did not get to Philadelphia for three days. That city had become the greatest baseball and art center in America through the influence of two of my classmates, Gerald Munks and Marguerite White. I saw Gerald at a baseball game. I did not know or care who the captains were until there came up a discussion over a certain play. The game was at its highest point. One of the base-runners was going with all his might for home with the third baseman right behind him. The runner shook his head and in doing so his cap fell off. The pursuer touched the cap with the ball and the umpire called, “Runner out.” Immediately a discussion arose among the two captains and the umpire. The captain on the side of the third baseman was Gerald Munks. He argued that if the cap was touched the man was out because, if his sleeve had been touched, he would have been out and a cap was better than a sleeve, and cost more money any day. Gerald won his point as he always did in arguing. Marguerite White was one of the greatest landscape artists of the day. I always did think that she was artistic in fixing her hair and in dressing. One of her best pictures was called “Old Memories.” It was the picture of her own self as she supposed she would look at about seventy. She was sitting by the fire with a dreamy smile on her face recalling old times. The scene she was recalling was in the background painted on a golden cloud. It was a picture of a school-room. The teacher was standing on her desk wringing her hands and looking much frightened and an innocent little mouse, look-
ing still more frightened, was trying to get out of a circle of girls. Among these girls was Marguerite herself. Instantly Modern History came to my mind.

My next stopping place was New York. While there I saw the latest book of Alvero Smith, who was a great writer. This book was called "The Thesis on the Death of Socrates." As I was reading it the tears would come to my eyes, it was so deep and effecting. What a great mind must have written it.

I also read an account of a grand ball given by Mrs. Louise Shaw-Garrison, in honor of Miss Madge Davis, the great poetess, musician and composer. Mrs. Garrison was a great society woman. All the early indications of Louise’s society career had been fulfilled, and Madge was a poetess and a spinster. Who could have believed it? But nevertheless it was true.

I had heard about Zay Armstrong’s power of speech so I went to Washington, D. C., to hear him. He was the senator from the state of Washington, and was giving a series of lectures to help along a campaign for the Chinese and Japanese. He wished the senate to pass a bill giving these foreigners the right of enfranchisement. From the enthusiasm of the crowd one might judge that the bill was passed soon after these lectures.

Then I crossed the Atlantic Ocean and arrived in Paris. Paris was such a queer town; bills and placards were stuck up all over the city. I took the time to read one of these. It was the announcement that the light-weight champion of America was to wrestle with the light-weight champion of Europe. There was a picture of the American champion on the bill. It looked rather familiar to me but I could not place the fact until I noticed the scrawl below the picture. It was evidently the wrestler’s signature but it took me some minutes to figure out—to my great astonishment and amazement—Chester Smith, my old high school class-mate! I could hardly believe my own eyes, but there it was, Chester Smith’s own handwriting.

But perhaps someone wonders how I could travel this way and what my reason was for doing so. Contrary to all expectations, I was married, I had been married but a year when my husband died. I had always loved languages and now my time had come to study foreign tongues. So I took this trip and went from Paris to Leipzig to complete my education there.

So you see that the sophomore class of 1910 came to be represented in every vocation, and perhaps we shall have a president from our class, if Chester Smith gives up wrestling, when there are no more worlds to conquer, and devotes his time to governmental affairs. Once more—this especially for the Freshmen—it is not quantity but quality that counts.

FLORENCE FORREST, '12.
Officers.
Courtland Temple .................................. President
Anna Joiner ............................................. Vice President
Allie Moore ............................................ Secretary
Gunnar Apenes ........................................... Treasurer
Miss Adella Johnson .................................. Class Teacher

Yell.
Zip zeen,
Rip reen,
Nineteen
Thirteen.

Class Colors.
Vermillion and White.

Class Flower.
Rhododendron.

Motto.
Fortier, fideliter, feliciter.
Bravely, faithfully, successfully.
The Freshman History

When school called at 8:30 on the morning of September 7, 1909, thirty-four freshmen rubbed their eyes sleepily and wondered what would happen next. Of course they made the thousand and one mistakes common to the first week of high school life, and were laughed at, ridiculed and called babies by the sophs; but the juniors and seniors used their wisdom to better advantage and felt sorry for them and gave them courage by telling them that they would soon get used to it, and that they must try and be better men and women and not make so many babyish mistakes.

Thus the first week passed like a thousand years to the poor freshmen, but the worst had passed, and when school called on the Monday morning of the second week of school, the heretofore weakling freshmen were ready to hold their own. They were nearly one-half of the high school in numbers and with their additional class spirit they soon had the upper classmen hot after them. The first class meeting of the year was held by the freshmen and in spite of the petty interruptions by the sophs and seniors, they elected officers and planned for the first social event of the season. It was strictly a freshman affair, and was a grand success.

This was followed by a New Year’s watch party, which was enjoyed even more than the preceding function. On Valentine’s Day the freshmen proved to the high school that they were right there with the goods, when it came to entertaining. On the night of the party the freshmen boys appeared wearing little red and white hats thus showing their class spirit by wearing their class colors. This made the seniors sit up and take notice, and after a hurried class meeting they decided to relieve the freshmen of their much loved treasures, and by a treacherous move they soon had those little emblems of class spirit carefully stored away out of the reach of the indignant freshmen. The freshmen took revenge by carrying off all the upper classmen’s hats. A bitter class fight followed, but the freshmen always held their own.

Not only are the freshmen proud of their class spirit and their social achievements, but in debate and athletics also are they proud of the part that they have always attained the highest standard. In football, handball and track work, they have always been among the leaders and have always carried off their share of the honors.

So prominent in sports, literary pursuits, and social gatherings, we will leave the class of ’13 at the close of this, their freshman year. May they ever
uphold their class and school spirit, and always strive to gain the truest and most honorable places among their fellow students. 


The members of the class under the able instructions and management of their president, Courtland Temple, have decided to give an annual picnic each year they are in high school, to the members of the high school faculty. The place for such picnics shall each year be determined by the president of the class, as his judgment determines. This year, May 21, was set aside for the event at which the Misses Johnson, Squire, Hafer and McMurry will be the guests of honor.

The Freshman Sleigh Ride

On the morning of February twenty-fourth, everyone came to school in the best of spirits and who can blame them, when the ground was covered with several inches of sparkling snow. It was after the snow had fallen heavily all morning that the Freshman boys decided that this was an opportunity not to be missed for having some sport. The "hello girls" were certainly worked over-time for a few minutes and the outcome of all the communication was the arrangement for a sleigh ride. At three o'clock sharp the sleigh drove up to the school with sleigh bells jingling out in merry peal. The crowd, numbering about thirty, eagerly jumped into the sleigh and off they started followed by a band of grade boys who took great delight in snow balling the merry crowd. From school they drove to the post-office, where several other members of the party were picked up. The fun now began in real earnest and never waned throughout the drive for an instant. After driving as far as Fidalgo the sleigh started for home with a cargo of red checked, snow covered passengers. Everyone enjoyed a thoroughly good time and earnestly wished that the snow would appear in Anacortes at more frequent intervals.
Freshman Class Prophecy

From the wall the cuckoo's calling
   Told that night was near half o'er;
As I studied, slumber falling,
   Swept my thoughts from bookish lore;
Long I sat there sadly yearning
   That my Algebra was o'er;
Long I studied, slowly learning,
   Till my eyes would see no more.

Then the god of sleep descended,
   And upon my head did look.
Quoth he, "Such was not intended,"
   So I slept beside my book.

Soon before my eyes appearing,
   Came a dwarf in queer array,
And he spoke in tones endearing:
   "Come, my son, with me away."
Then I thought that all was darkness
   As we hurried through the night,
And I felt a chill wind's sharpness,
   As we rushed on in our flight.

As we sped, the caill wind blowing,
   To my ear there came these words;—
   "We will fly where Future's glowing,
   In a land of flowers and birds;
There your classmates with their pleasures—
   We will find them every one,
Each with knowledge, best of treasures,
   Each with life-work fairly done.—"
But a roaring of the thunder
   Drowned the voice and all was light,
And I looked about in wonder
   On the sequel of our flight.

Far above the world we drifted,
   Up among the stars so bright,
And my eyes with strength were gifted,
   And I gloriéd in my might.

Through the still, soft sky I floated
   Like a feather on the breeze,
Till, on earth a friend I noted;
   It was dear old Apenes—
He and Bob and "Cobby" Collier
   On a U. S. Man-o'-war;
Then I gave a cheer and holler,
   But they heard not—'twas too far.
From the ship my vision wandered
   Through my own United States;
In my mind I slowly pondered
   O'er my friends—their lucks and fates.
Then I spied a Baptist preacher,
   It was Rev'rend Harry Cook,
Saw him walk beside the teacher—
   Ermine could not happier look,
For she soon would wed the preacher
   And forget her class and book.

So I left the happy couple,
   And a circus did I find,
With its freak, the wondrous double,
   Face in front and face behind.
Just a glance did tell the story—
   It was Oscar tied to Nat,
So they lay there in the glory
   Of a wonder on his mat.
Far above to trapeze clinging
   Irene Fry and Rita Moore,
Brought forth cheers by fearless swinging
   O'er the crowd from door to door.
From his seat, R. Knapp, the poet,
   Watched in wonder, watched in awe,
Knew the girls but did not show it—
   Stood amazed at what he saw.

So my heart o'erflowed with gladness,
   Glad to find my mates so gay;
Glad to find them free from sadness,
   Glad to find them glad each day.
Then I searched the silent plainlands,
   North and south, and east and west,
Searched the rustling, flowing grainlands,
   Lands where Nature's at her best.
There I found my friend Leanah,
   Home at last and safe from Harm,
Also Hazel, Kate and Anna—
   Four old maids upon a farm.
In a freight that westward speeded
   Chester lay in calm repose,
Just a tramp—no home he needed;
   Just the world—its knocks and blows.

Then I felt that I was drifting
   Toward the east o'er land and sea;
Saw the scene below me shifting,
   Found the Old World waiting me.
In a grand old Spanish palace
   Ruth was ruling like a queen,
And her maid—the pretty Alice
   Was the fairest ever seen.
'Twas beyond my expectation
   Thus to find my friends so gay,
And I searched the whole creation
   As among the stars I lay.

In that grand old Roman city
   Where the Caesars once held sway
Did I find Miss May—as pretty
   As she was each freshman day.
At her side was quiet Sarah,
   Who had traveled land and sea,
Even crossed the broad Sahara;
    Always happy, always free.

In the north I found Miss Esther
   In a good old Swedish town;
With a mate the Lord had blest her,
    Best of men for miles around.

Scotland in her summer splendor
   Was the next to catch my eye;
There was Eva, tall and slender,
   Also Earl, so small and shy;
Each one always glad to render
   Help to each with lovelorn sigh.

At the yearly games and races
   On the grand old Marathon,
There were two familiar faces,—
   Ira in the mile did run,
While Miss Freda watched the races
   And enjoyed the noble fun.

Then a thriving Christian Mission
   In the wilds of Hindustan
Soon was thrown upon my vision,
   And I saw a heathen clan.
In their midst was Thyra teaching,
    Helped by Elsie, ever near,
And 'twas Courtland's truthful preaching
   Made the clans believe and fear.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

But I gazed about in wonder
    For the clock was cooing "two",
And it roused me from my slumber,
    And away to bed I flew.

LITERARY
Imitation of Rip Van Winkle

WHOEVER has made a voyage on Puget Sound must remember Mt. Baker. It is a dismembered branch of the great Cascade family, and is seen far to the east of the Sound, swelling up to a noble height, and lording over the surrounding country. Every change of the season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of this mountain; and it is regarded by the people far and near, who can see it as a perfect barometer. When the weather is fair and settled it is clothed in white in the morning before the sun gets to it, and in the evening and afternoon when the sun strikes it, it becomes a beautiful shade of pink. The mountain prints its bold outline on the clear evening sky; and sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, it will gather a hood of great vapors about its summit, which in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of this pretty mountain the voyager may have seen a light smoke curling up among the trees, with a few log roofs gleaming now and then through them. This is a little village founded by the earliest pioneers (may they rest in peace) and there are a few of the houses of the original settlers still standing, built of the native firs that were there when they came.

In that same village and in one of the very houses, while the country was still new there lived a simple, good-natured fellow by the name of Allen Fiat Layton. He was a descendant of the Laytons who figured so gallantly in pioneer days, when this country was new. He inherited, however, little of the industry of his ancestors. He was of simple nature, a good friend, and an obedient and hen-pecked husband. He was obsequious and conciliating abroad, but at home his wife ruled. His temper was pliant and especially at home, and if a termagant wife may be called a blessing, Allen was thrice blessed.

Allen was a great favorite among the wives of the village as he was continually doing odd jobs for them, which made them take his part in all the family squabbles. Allen was also a favorite with the children of the village, as he would assist what few there were, in their play, and for this reason they, and nearly all the dogs of the village were his friends.

A great error in Allen’s composition was, an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from want of assiduity or perseverance, for he could carry a gun over his shoulder all day and not see a thing. He assisted his neighbors in their work and was the foremost man in all the
dances around the country. In a word he could attend to anybody's business except his own. He found it impossible to keep his farm in order, so that now his estate had dwindled to a small plot, all that was left after so many seizures for taxes.

Allen's wife was always dinnin in his ears about his idleness and Allen always took it with a shrug of the shoulders and said nothing. Allen would have taken life easy except for this continual jawing, and it had often been said that it was a good thing they had no children. Allen's only adherent was his dog, Fox, who was as much afraid of his mistress as Allen.

Dame Layton's temper grew as the years rolled on, and Allen was nearly driven from home. He would often sneak off to an Inn, where he would gossip with the travelers as they came and went, but his wife often routed him out of here and his only recreation was to take his dog and stroll off into the woods and hunt, always to receive Dame Layton's temper when he returned.

It was on one of these rambles that he took on a warm summer's afternoon, that he found himself at the crater of Mt. Baker. As he was tired he sat down and began to think and as he thought a voice came to him calling his name and as he looked he beheld a red figure slowly climbing up the south slope, with a bundle of wood and keg of liquor on his back. As was Allen's custom he hastened down to lend the necessary aid, and the little figure seemed very grateful when relieved of part of his load. Allen deposited his load at the top and turned to descend the mountain when the little man called him back and to Allen's surprise he found an open door, which seemed to lead down into the bowels of the mountain. The stranger started to descend and beckoned Allen to follow. He did so, never dreaming then of the events which were to follow. Allen followed the stranger down the long, winding stairs which appeared to be the very heart of the mountain. Now and then he heard strange sounds and noises like the hissing of steam and once he nearly fell over and spilled the keg he was carrying by hearing a tremendous report which seemed to come from right under him. But he kept steadily on as he noticed his guide paid no attention to the noise, and he had began to enjoy the feeling of his position, when the stairs came to an abrupt end.

Allen's guide gave a rap and the door was opened by a person in the same dress as his guide and who carried a sort of mace. Allen followed his guide through the door and saw more of these strange creatures all dressed in red, one-piece, tight-fitting clothes with red skull caps and red shoes. The queer little men all bowed at Allen and their comrade. Allen's keg was set up and they all, including Allen, took a drink which was the very worst thing he could have done in this particular place, for it made him take another, and another.
Soon Allen began to wander around to see what the place was like. The place was all red and Allen saw many curious things which he was at a loss to understand, such as skulls with the inscription, “Lost Explorer,” at the top of them, and some of the names were familiar to Allen for he knew of them being lost on the mountain. Allen’s greatest difficulty was in trying to talk. He could get no answer from these queer little men that he addressed so he soon gave it up.

In the course of his wanderings Allen had an occasion now and then to take a drink, so that he found himself in a fair state of intoxication when he entered the next room, in which were to happen some of the queerest things ever known. The room was dark and Allen perceived great fires burning and these little men shoveling fuel into them while others worked over big boilers that seemed as if they would explode from the amount of steam registered by the steam gauge. Allen was pretty drowsy now from the effects of the liquor and he lay down and fell into a trance deep down in the bowels of Mt. Baker.

It was a beautiful day on the summit of Mt. Baker when Allen awoke and very much to his surprise he found himself on top of the mountain when he had been in the bottom when he went to sleep. All he could remember was a terrific explosion and his awakening on top of the mountain. His gun and dog were gone and as he got up to descend the mountain he kept thinking of meeting Dame Layton and her ever-going tongue.

Allen reached home in safety, but instead of the same place that he left he found a new and thriving little village. His home was gone and so was Dame Layton, which he thought a blessing bestowed upon him by the hand of providence. Allen now proceeded to go into town, expecting to meet some of his old friends along the way, but to his surprise he met people he had never seen before and who stared at him in wonderment.

Allen found the town changed so that he did not know it, and upon inquiring for old friends he found that nobody had heard of them and he began to wonder where he was, and who he was when he came to a window, which showed him his features and his new profile. People were now gathering fast around him and asking him questions he could not answer. Allen finally told his story to the people who laughed at him and called him crazy. From a few he heard of a recent eruption of Mt. Baker and putting two and two together he got his mind clear as to how he came to be on the top of the mountain when he had been down in the bowels of it. He found he had been in the mountain 13 years and had lain on the top for years during which time a great change had taken place in the community. He also found he came out by the ejection route in the volcano. Allen related all of this but he was less believed and began to get discouraged, when turning around he saw one of the children he
used to play with and who recognized him. There were warm words of welcome and his friend corroborated the facts of his disappearance and the truth of his tale. Allen was taken home and lived ever afterward with his friend till he went back to his friends in the mountains.

Every evening when this tale is told to some traveller, he listens with open mouth and has to be told to always take these tales with a little salt, but many of the old settlers still maintain the facts to be true.

EARL SMITH, '13.

Girls

A GIRL is a conundrum without an answer; an unknown quantity, possessed unexpected possibilities; a perennial prize package of peculiar potentialities. She is man's greatest earthly blessing and the cause of most of the misery. She is his chief inspiration, all that is grand and glorious in the universe, and, at the same time, a laborsaving device to help him make a fool of himself. She soothes his tired nerves with a coo of her gentle voice, but she always has the last word in every controversy with him, and, incidentally, about ninety-seven per cent. of the preceding conversation. She brings him into the world, and in a few years talks him to death. Most of man's trouble is caused by girls, but so deeply does she pile the load on him that whenever his burden of trouble is lifted, he wanders about uneasily, hunting more, otherwise there would be very few second wives. She will cheerfully go to the stake and lie about her age without being asked. She will grow weary of an indolent husband, but will cleave unto death to the man that beats her regularly. She will break her heart because a man does what she does not want him to and love him all the more for so doing. She scores all advice in selecting a husband, but takes two other girls along to pick out a new hat. The less actual comfort to be obtained from a thing the more enjoyment the girls get out of its possession. At sixteen she is a young lady, at twenty-five, she is a girl still, if unmarried. She will face the grim spectre of death without a tremor, and swoon at the sight of a mouse. The only time she ever does what you expect her to do, is when you expect her to do just what you don't expect her to do. The sole reason she does anything is simply because she does not know why she does it. She jumps at conclusions and lands them squarely for the simple reason that when conclusion steps to one side thinking to avoid her, it gets squarely in her way. She is the dearest little thing in the world, and the most aggravating. She is as she is, and that's all there is to do about it. The only man who ever fully understands a girl is the man who understands her and has sense enough to let her go at that.
The Girls

Hear the laughter of the girls—
    Freshmen girls!
What a world of merriment their laughter fortells!
In the dewy morn of youth;
When cares seem aught but truth;
When all is joy and delight.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a patriotic rhyme,
To the class songs and the yells,
O the girls, girls, girls;
O those happy, blithesome, joyous girls!
    Freshmen girls!

Hear the moaning of the girls—
    Sophomore girls!
What a world of misery their countenance fortells!
Keeping time, time, time,
To the twenty per cent rhyme;
How oft' they appeal to the mercy of the teachers;
In a mad expostulation with the cruel, cruel, teachers.
    How with desperate desire
And with resolute endeavor,
    To be Juniors they aspire.
Now, now to pass or never—
Now to pass or to be Sophomores forever!
Hear the girls, girls, girls;
Hear the moaning and the groaning of the girls!
    Sophomore girls.

Hear the clamor of the girls—
    Junior girls!
How much responsibility in each bosom swells:
They've the spirit of the school,
Too root for Anacortes is their rule;
But study—'tis not worth it,
They can bluff—when they cannot earn it.
When those three long years have passed
And their Senior years at last;
Then the working and the striving,
And the long hours' toil arriving,
For the girls, girls, girls;
For those loyal, care-free girls;
    Junior girls!

Hear the wisdom of the girls—
    Senior girls!
What a world of knowledge beneath
Their puffs and curls!
How they study, study, study,
    Till the wee, small hours of night,
Always working, always striving
With ambition and delight.
Still keeping time, time, time,
To the fun of social rhyme,
And the rush of social whirls;
O the girls, girls, girls;
O those grave and learned girls;
Senior girls!

Boys
(With Apologies to Mankind).

A BOY is also a conundrum without an answer, or else a conundrum with many possible answers and few unexpected possibilities, wavering every hebdomadal period. He is a specie of animal life beyond analysis. He always expects the impossible as a matter of course, and is insulted if it is not granted. His motto, from infancy, is, "The World Owes Me a Living." He takes, as universally understood, that he is monarch of all he surveys on all occasions and still thinks he is the most abused of all creatures on the face of the earth. He is the pink of propriety to outside observation, but I would, as a rule, hate to guess the state of affairs early in the morning, when a clean collar or a certain necktie cannot be readily found. A boy longs for death for days and even weeks after his first "turndown", instead of bracing up and taking his medicine like "a man for a' that", but after the first few trials he becomes more confident, and then how he worries the whole of womankind.

It is said, that woman is cunning and has an end in view, for every favor asked for, but who can beat a man for being like Ceneus of old? Men do not admire a woman who has masculine ideas or tastes, but what woman really admires an effeminate man, "a molly coddle", so to speak. Few, if any do. A man will spend dollars in an evening entertaining a couple of his male friends, but beware patient wife, if you ask for your allowance of a little small change, to defray car fare expenses and other incidentals. Woman has the name for being patient and kind; do men practice this? How many are willing to eat a cold supper without grumbling and being at odds with all for hours. A young man is at times, very agreeable, so much so that you hold your breath for fear it will not last, that is, if you care a snap of your finger whether it lasts or not. They are so egotistical that they think a girl cannot possibly live a week without seeing them, but many do, and do they miss them? He is not, as a rule, overly endowed with bravery, for he has been known to scream
and even run around the pantry when a timid mouse puts in his appearance. If a man has an insight into human nature, he cannot help but, sooner or later, find a girl who is congenial and who will not "pile a load on him", and cause him trouble without bounds. But, what if he has not this insight into human nature, you ask, then let him rely upon his practical, common, sense. As one of their own sex, Darwin states, man is in a stage of evolution, the highest stage of which will appear, perhaps, in the next century. We have no visible evidence of it, as yet.
School Activities
Rhododendron Editorial Board

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Assistant Editor ......................... Ivy Smith, '10

Associate Editors.

Society ................................. Ella Lowman, '11
Athletics .............................. Ambrose Ratliff, '10
Senior Class ............................ Marie Williams
Junior Class ............................. William Mills
Sophomore Class ........................ Florence Forrest
Freshman Class ........................ Chester Nicholson
Artists: Sarah Dorcey, Robert Chitwood, Esther Johnson
Business Mgrs., Ernest Dunham, '10; Gunnar Apenes '13

Some of our readers will, without doubt, wonder how our annual came to be named "The Rhododendron." Among the names proposed by the individuals of the staff, was the name "Rhododendron", and it seemed, to all of us, that this name was very appropriate, as well as unique, since the flower is found in such abundance on some of our neighboring islands, and is also the state flower of Washington.
HAZEL HARRIS,
Editor-in-Chief.

IVY SMITH,
Associate Editor.

ERNEST DUNHAM,
Business Manager.

GUNNAR APPENES,
Associate Business Manager.
THIS is the first Annual which has ever appeared from the A. H. S. and we hope it will not be the last, in fact there is no reason why it should be. If the underclassmen have the enterprise and ambition which we give them credit for possessing, they can, with a well selected staff, put out an Annual each year which will be second to none in any high school of relative size. The members of the present staff have worked faithfully and untiringly to make this book a success, not without much valuable assistance from the Faculty and Student Body. The Editor wishes to thank anyone who has helped the paper in any way, especially the Amaçortes American, which has so readily given its aid and support to our interests.

And now, with a last farewell, with the wishes that the Rhododendron may have a long and prosperous career, the staff resigns its trust into the hands of its successors and wishes it future success.

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Let us hope, in the near future, we shall have a new high school building and one that shall be built in the centre of this city, in that it may be easily reached by pupils and visiting parents. Then cannot some of the rooms in the building be arranged so as to be used for basketball games, class parties, graduation and classday exercises, and school entertainments in general, to decrease the expenses which we have yearly in connection with renting of hall and the opera house.

If the only thing that is keeping the project of a new, model building in the background is the fact that the district will be farther in debt than ever, will not this remedy the matter some? It has been proposed that the district go the twenty thousand dollar bond for twenty years, but the taxpayers, will not be heavier taxed than at present, if we do away with the yearly rent of the Whitney school. This bill, if saved for twenty years, would, in the end amount at least to twenty thousand dollars, and it is far more satisfactory to those interested in the growth of the town and of our public school to see, at the end of the twenty years, a good, substantial building used and enjoyed by the growing generation, than to have to show for the money spent, a large number of bills on file, merely marked paid.

Some of our loyal citizens have expressed a willingness to help in several ways, and more would give a few days, and even a week of work, to help clear a block or two, if some proposition should, as we hope, be decided upon in the near future.
COURTLAND TEMPLE.

HENRY LORNE MORRISON.

NINA McRAE.

MABEL SQUIRE,
Coach.
Debate

IT CANNOT be said that the Anacortes High School is a back number as far as debating and oratorical contests are concerned. Its efforts in encouraging students in these branches have been untiring. Nothing in the high school course is more instrumental in developing and training the mind than debating. It enables the debaters to express their thoughts clearly and concisely and bring out their power of expression. Some think it a gift to be able to stand before the public and hold the attention of the audience. This is, without doubt, true but anyone having a fair command of the English language can, with proper training acquire that ability, and this training has been certainly given to the debaters thru the splendid efforts of Miss Squire and Miss Johnson. Neither time nor energy was spared by these teachers, who combined their ability with their zeal, for victory and success, and tho our last debate did not result in a victory, their efforts were by no means, in vain, such training can never remain unrewarded, as this is not an accomplishment for one time, but for all times.

The question debated in for state honors this year, was: "Resolved, That the cities of the Northwest containing a population of fifty thousand inhabitants, or more, should adopt a commision form of government, modeled after the plan of Des Moines, Iowa; provided that the negative shall substitute no other form of common government."

The first debate was held in Anacortes, December 17th, 1909 and the teams were as follows:

Sedro-Woolley, Affirmative.
Bell Edwards
Kate Lederle
Mannie Johnstone

Anacortes, Negative.
Courtland Temple, '13
Lorne Morrison, '10
Nina McRae, '12

The decision was unanimous in favor of the negative. After the debate a reception and dance was given in honor of the teams.

The greatest victory won by the local high school this winter was at Lynden, January 28th, 1910.

Anacortes, Affirmative.
Courtland Temple
Lorne Morrison

Lynden, Negative.
Gertrude Barnhart
Carl Cline

Anacortes again received the unanimous vote of the judges. The sixteen enthusiastic rooters, who accompanied the team, thoroughly enjoyed the trip, the victory and the reception, which was given by the Lynden High School.

The most hotly contested debate was the one with Snohomish, at Snohomish, February, 18th, 1910.

Anacortes, Affirmative.
Courtland Temple
Lorne Morrison

Snohomish, Negative.
Clyde Noel
Walter St. John

The judges delivered a decision of two votes for the negative and one for the affirmative.

We are justly proud of our debaters and of the wonderful progress which our school has made in this line and we sincerely hope that the '11 team will do as much for the honor of A. H. S. as the retiring team has done.
SOCIETY
The Freshman Watch Party

Undoubtedly the most exciting Freshman affair of the season was the New Year's Watch party, given in the K. of P. hall, on New Year's eve.

It was a strictly Freshman party, even if the upperclassmen were the most important factors of the evening's revelry. It was when the Freshmen trooped out into the street and gave some good, hearty Freshman yells to welcome the New Year, that the excitement began. The upperclassmen dashed around the corner, raided the Freshmen and carried off two of their best men, after which they made a hurried flight up a side street, dragging their captives with them.

An indignant bunch of Freshmen followed and succeeded in rescuing the captives and putting their captors to flight. Then they proceeded back to the hall and were just in time to save the refreshments from the upperclassmen who had sneaked around the side streets and come in ahead of them. Once more they were driven off and this time they received more than they expected for all the "feed" they were lucky enough to get, was buckets full of cold water. The Freshmen now proceeded to enjoy the early morning hours and only one other disturbance was recorded, as it was nothing more or less than a couple of Sophs, who were easily driven away. The Freshmen again resumed their games. After the games were over the refreshments were served and the Freshmen wended their way homeward at 3 o'clock a.m., vowing to have had the best time of their life.

Earl Smith

Sophomore Party

Little Willie's mama washed his face, brushed his hair, placed his handkerchief in his pocket (with many an admonition to use it), allowed him to the front doorstep, planted a kiss on his rosy cheek and steered him off to the Sophomore party the last Friday night in February, to part with the other little Freshies. "How pure and innocent," she thought, as she glanced lovingly at him. "If I could always keep him so." But alas! Other mothers have thought the same. He was going to the Sophomore party, that was enough.

Merrily he tripped down the walk to the front gate, his little red hat carelessly placed on his childish locks. He was not afraid, altho it was getting dusk. His mother had so often called him her "brave little m
and this gave him new courage. Onward he sped until he reached the K. of P. hall. The sound of merry laughter from within reached his ears and he soon found himself in the midst of a group of children as gay and happy as himself. They laughed and talked and played games for a long while. One of the games was called “Tucker.” It was a little bit like “Ring Around the Rosy,” Willie thought, but lots more fun. You choose partners and form a ring while some one calls “Grand right and left,” and “face your partners” and “Tucker”; it ends with a grand scramble for partners. Another game was called “going to Europe.” Willie did not like that so well, because he had to sit still.

After they had played and talked for a long time, they were told that supper was ready. This suited Willie exactly, for he had played long and hard and was hungry. Placing his bib under his chin, as his mother had taught him to do, he eagerly partook of his bread and milk. The little Freshies, for their good behavior, were each presented with a little doll to play with in school after they had their lessons prepared (but loving dollies as they all do, they did not wait to prepare their lessons first). After they had finished the bread and milk, cocoa, cake and sandwiches were served to them. A toast in honor of the Sophomores was offered by the Freshmen. I had almost forgotten to mention the fact that some wicked Junior or Senior (presumably) stole one of their cakes; a large birthday cake, with the figures 1913 on it. Toward the latter part of the evening some of the Bellingham and Anacortes basketball players came to join the party. They danced for awhile after supper and played more games. The kindhearted teachers and Sophomores, who had so carefully guarded the little flock, reminded them that they must go home early, so they took their departure at about 1:30 a.m.

Willie’s mama was sitting up waiting to tuck him into bed when he came home. He did not stay up long but was soon fast asleep, to dream of more Sophomore parties and good times.

Junior-Senior Party

THe second Junior and Senior affair of the year was a Valentine party given in honor of the Seniors, February 12th, at the home of one of the junior girls, on Cap Sante. The rooms had been very artistically decorated with strings of hearts, crepe paper, and various other Valentine decorations. Although the night was very dark and stormy, nearly everyone managed to get there. Miss Hazel White was the Queen of Hearts. Quite a number
of appropriate games were played, music and games furnished the chief amusements. At a late hour dinner was served in the dining room, where re-shaded candles lent a rosy light to the whole room. A slight noise was heard in the adjoining room, where the refreshments, that were not needed, were kept. No one paid any attention to them and in the morning it was discovered that a number of the Freshmen boys had made a midnight visit and had disposed of nearly all the leftovers in sight.

Senior-Junior Party

The night of December tenth will always be remembered by the Junior Class and the faculty of ’11. That night dignified teachers and serious-minded Juniors came dressed in short frocks and knickerbockers, much to the amusement of the Seniors, who surprised the rest by appearing in sober garb, representing gray-haired men and women. Children’s games were played and later in the evening a Christmas tree, fairly ablaze with candles and loaded down with toys, was brought in. An oyster supper was served in the dining room, where the Juniors gave a toast in honor of the Seniors.

Freshmen Entertain

The Freshmen surprised the upper classmen one Friday by presenting each of them with an invitation to a Valentine party for the following Monday. By the evening of February fourteenth, the kindergarten rooms were very artistically decorated with hearts, cupids and red and white crepe—Freshman colors.

The entertainment committee under the direction of Allie Moore, had planned several unique games, one of which was “Hearts”. Besides these fitting games several songs that have become popular with all basketball and football rooters, were sung. A number of piano selections were rendered by Miss Johnson and some of the Freshman girls.

Light refreshments were served by girls wearing white aprons, which were dotted with red hearts. The party broke up at about twelve o’clock and everyone felt well repaid for leaving their books at home and attending the Freshman party.
Glee Club!
Glee Club

THE Glee club began work last year under the able direction of Miss Johnson. Nearly all the students appeared for enrollment and all declared themselves to be ready for good hard practice. At the first meeting after organization the following officers were elected:

Lucy Hawley, President.
Elizabeth Quillan, Secretary.

During the organization of the Club it did conscientious work and good results were obtained, taking into consideration the fact that all the members were new and nearly all their voices untrained.

The initial appearance of the Glee Club before the public was at the debate with Sedro-Woolley. The songs were excellent and well rendered. Due to the absence of so many of the members and the basketball season coming on, enthusiasm waned and the members decided that it would be advisable to discontinue the Glee Club for the remainder of the term.

The following is the High School song rendered for the first time by the Glee Club.
The Purple and the White

(Tune—"The Orange and Black").

Here’s to Anacortes High School, to her
Colors we’ll be true,
Keep her banner ever waving,
Neath skies so fair and blue.
May her sons and daughters battle,
For purity and right
And always stand defenders of the
Purple and the White.

Through the happy years of High School
'Mid the scenes we know so well,
As the mystic charm to knowledge we
Vainly seek to spell;
Or win athletic victories, by
Courage and by might;
Still we work for Anacortes and the
Purple and the White.

When the cares of life overtake us,
Mingling fast our locks with gray;
Should our dearest hope betray us,
False fortune fall our way,
Still we banish care and sadness,
As we turn to mem'ries bright
And recall those days of gladness,
Neath the Purple and the White.

Here’s to the Seniors,
So blithe and so gay;
Who said to the Juniors,
Oh, come, let us play.
Bring dollies and games
And all of your toys
And for this one night
We’ll be just girls and boys.

Here’s to the Seniors,
So brave and so strong;
We’ll remember your friendship
And cherish it long.
When we become Seniors
And step up in line,
We’ll look back with pleasure
To nineteen and nine.

Here’s success to the Seniors,
And in closing our rhyme,
We’ll thank you most kindly
For this jolly good time.
A Member of the Glee Club Going Home.
Dramatics
SCENE FROM "THE FRESHMAN"
The Class Play

The play selected this year for the commencement exercises is by name—"The Freshman." It is a splendid little college comedy in three acts and the Senior class possesses the talent required for making this charming play a decided success. Clean humor is a very noticeable feature throughout "The Freshman", which is sure to provoke peals of laughter from any audience because it is such a true representation of college life. Each member in the class has been cast for a part in the play suitable to their individual ability. The assignment of the different parts was left to the discretion and superior judgment of our English teacher, Miss Squire.

Lorne Morrison is cast as John Worden, "The Freshman", and is one of the centres of attraction throughout the play.

Archie McRae, Ambrose Ratliffe, Harry Egnor and Ernest Dunham, take the respective parts of "Picadilly" Jerome, "Bugs" Stevens, "Owl" Griggs and "Tiny" McGrath, the Sophomores at the Lakeville University. These are the characters which furnish most of the action and are fine specimens of college students.

Roy Fulton is cast as Professor Locke, the instructor of mathematics and astronomy and the part could not be better adapted to his natural temperament.

In the portrayal of Mary Locke, Hazel Harris is all that can be wished for. Marie Williams, as Violet, shares in a great part, in the comedy of the play.

Lucy Hawley renders Judith's part in an excellent manner, while Ivy Smith, as Miss Porter, who was of a very old family, is well adapted to her part
SCENE IN ACT III. FROM "THE FRESHMAN"
Basketball

Basketball started this year with a turnout hardly large enough to compose two teams. Ratliff and Captain McRae were the only men left over from last year's team and formed a veritable nucleus around which the new men were broken in. With Ratliff center, and McRae at guard they are undoubtedly two of the strongest players in the county, this year.

After two weeks practice, the team with a large bunch of rooters, journeyed to LaConner, where they played a match game with the local team. Their team was composed of big huskies and nearly all last year's men but the light, fast, little Anacortes team won from sheer pluck by a score of 22 to 21. Ratliff was the star scorer, making sixteen out of the twenty-two points.

The second game of the season was lost to LaConner in Anacortes, the next Friday. On account of sickness the team was not in condition to play, and was consequently beaten 20 to 10.

The next week a double headed game took place in Anacortes between the A. H. S. boys' and girls' team, and the two teams of Burlington. The boys came off victorious by a score of 37 to 8. Munks played the star game. The girls were not successful, however, losing by a score of 12 to 3.

The game which took place two weeks later, in LaConner, to decide the championship, was won by Anacortes, the score being 26 to 18. McRae played wonderful game as guard and the scoring was evenly divided.

On February 12th, the two teams went to Sedro-Woolley. The boys, although in a crippled condition, won by a score of 30 to 13. Sedro-Woolley was in the lead at the end of the first half but Anacortes scored 27 points in the last half and little “Dutch” Morrison was the unhappy (?) cause of most of them.

This game undoubtedly gave the championship of Skagit County to the Anacortes High School boys.

The girls, however, were again beaten by a score of 16 to 6.
Football History of A. H. S.

Men who have won fame for themselves and for our school.

Team of 1906.

John Blake, left end.
Lawrence Prescott, left guard
Vivian Davis, right guard.
Ray Lowman (Capt.), right end.
Carlyle Davis, right half.
Ambrose Ratliffe, left half.
Claude Robinson, left tackle.
Chester Kellogg, center.
Howard Stewart, right tackle.
Frank Norvell, quarter.
Harry Bell, full back.
Rev. Mitchelmore, coach.

Record.

Bellingham H. S. 2nd team...6 to 5 LaConner H. S. ...............25 to 5
LaConner H. S. ...............5 to 0 Mt. Vernon H. S. ...............0 to 0

Bellingham H. S. 2nd team ...9 to 5

This team never lost a game and there was a tie for the county championship with Mt. Vernon.

Team of 1907.

The outlook for football here in 1907 was not very promising. Several of the members of the 1906 team had either left school or graduated and only five of the members of the old team remained. Glen Wilkins, an Iowa player, was secured as a coach and it was due, largely to his efforts, that Ana-
cortes had the most successful team the school has ever seen. The team was the lightest that ever played in this part of the country but it played with vim, dash and energy that won games. Ratliff, who was about ten pounds heavier than in 1906, played full back and was undoubtedly the best line plunges and punter in the high schools of the Northwest.

Those of the team who won sweaters were:
Keith Philips, left end.
Claude Robinson, left tackle.
Lawrence Prescott, left guard.
Chester Kellogg, center.
Archie McRae, right guard.
Hiram Amsberry, right tackle.
Ernest Alexander, right end.
Richard Trafton, end (sub.).
Burl Wilson, tackle (sub.).
Frank Norvell, quarter.
John Stone, left half.
Roy Fulton, right half.
Ambrose Ratliff, (Capt.), full back.
Glen Wilkins, coach.

**Record 1908.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bellingham H. S. 2nd team</td>
<td>18 to 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LaConner H. S.</td>
<td>4 to 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Vernon H. S.</td>
<td>11 to 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sedro-Woolley</td>
<td>16 to 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bellingham Normal</td>
<td>18 to 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broadway H. S.</td>
<td>0 to 10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Football 1908.**

There was more good material in school that year than ever before, but on account of injuries the team lost several games. It was only due to hard luck.

Men who won sweaters:
Archie McRae, left end.
Claude Robinson, left tackle.
Gerald Munks, left guard.
Glen Howard, center.
Arthur Munks, right guard.
Hiram Amsberry, right tackle.
Richard Trafton, right end.
Frank Norvell, quarter.
Howard Stewart, left half.
Josh Russell, right half.
Ambrose Ratliff, (Capt.), full back.
Burl Wilson, (sub).
Ernest Dunham, (sub).

Gunnar Apenes, (sub).

**Record.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LaConner H. S.</td>
<td>5 to 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. Vernon H. S.</td>
<td>0 to 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bellingham Normal</td>
<td>5 to 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everett H. S.</td>
<td>0 to 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bellingham H. S.</td>
<td>0 to 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broadway 2nd team</td>
<td>10 to 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Football 1909.**

Little interest was manifested in football this year, and only a few games were played.
The Freshman.
Baseball

Anacortes High School has only had two Baseball Teams in the past four years. One was in 1907 and the other 1909.

Members of the team of 1907:

Ratliffe, catcher.
Hutton, first base.
Stone, second base.
Trafton, short stop.
Lowman, third base.

Robinson, center field.
Davis, left field.
Philips, right field.
White (Capt.), pitcher.
McVay, coach.

Team of 1909:

Russell, catcher.
McRae, first base.
Monks, second base.
Robinson, third base.
Trafton, short stop.

Norvell, third base.
Barnes, center field.
Howard, left field.
Ratliffe (Capt.), pitcher.
Wilkins, coach.
Want Column.

Wanted by Oscar Dobers—A tin sword and a mustache.
Archie McRae—A remedy for that tierd feeling.
Ira Nicholson—A curling iron.
Ambrose Ratliff—Somebody to write excuses.
The Freshman—Nestles Food.
Nat Mount—Someone to answer questions.
Lucy Hawley—A new giggle.
Gunnard Lifvendahl—To become naturalized.
Harry Cook—Some radium to keep him warm.
Roy Fulton—A new stride.
Earl Smith—Stilts.
Chester Nicholson—Some more boat rides to Guemes.
Courtland Temple—A larger female faculty.
Lorne Morrison—A battalion of toy soldiers to command.
Marie Williams—A sneeze cure.
The Seniors—A diploma.
Hazel Layton—Self control.
Kate Burpee—To be a prima donna.
Lily Olson—A larger rat.
Editors—To apologize for any injured feelings.
Nina McRae—An alarm clock.
Gunnar Apenes—Some more penant letters to boast on.
Will Mills—To be a Cicero teacher.
Miss Johnson—A trip to Alaska.
Ella Lowman—A picture to put in my new watch.
Gerald Munks—A less manly voice.

Policeman—A never present help in trouble.
A Dachshund—A low down dog.
Rogues' Gallery.

Can you wonder why the jails and reformatories are crowded when you gaze upon the blighted records of the following:

(They were too young to die and too good to hang).

No. 38942. Archibald McRae, alias "Bones", two weeks in city jail for counterfeiting postage stamps.

No. 86507. Roy Fulton, alias "Mother", eight months for covering a city block at three steps.

No. 53962. Harry Cook, alias "Cookey", three and one-eighth days for cracking a smile.

No. 45788. Robert Collier, alias Cobby, two years for stealing Ermine's nightmare and riding away on it.

No. 87544. Lorne Morrison, alias "Dutch", five years in Chicago for planting his "enormous dainty number nine" on Miss Squire's lunch box.

No. 16589. Courtland Temple, alias "Steve", ninety-nine years of married life for staying so late at school every night.

No. 23339. Marie Williams, alias "Stand Up and Fall Down", three years in a convent for letting her thoughts wander to the Freshmen.

No. 311311. Ivy Smith, alias "Slim", seven years in LaConner or $50,000 fine for trying to represent a straight line.

No. 201107. Hazel Harris, alias "Heartless", committed for encouraging a worthy but bashful suitor and then turning him down.

No. 102201. Harry Egnor, alias "Eggnog", five years in the penitentiary for attempting to commit suicide.

No. 503207. J. F. Craig, alias "The Prof.", nine months on the Island of Guemes for undue cruelty to animals.

No. 705233. Zay Armstrong, alias "Boots", eleven months at Steilacoom for trying to fake a little wisdom.

Soph. (singing): "Just kiss all the teachers for me."

Fresh: "Always looking for someone to do your dirty work, aren't you?"

Zay Armstrong, proving a proposition: "And so these lines are equal respectively." (respectively).

Here's to those who bring greenness into the H. S. and cannot keep it from themselves.

Miss Squire (speaking of meter in the 9th English class): "Now Ira, what kind of feet have we?"

Ira (grinning): "Most of us have pretty big feet, I guess."
The Freshmen and Their Hats

The Freshies bought some hats,
In colors white and red;
They turned up at the rear,
And flattened to fit the head.
The Seniors soon got wise,
And took four of them one day;
The Freshies sought revenge,
So they stopped their work and play.
They took all the hats in sight,
And hid them all away.

They might have been held for ransom,
But the Freshies didn't say.
The other boys sought along
And a few hats were found,
But 'twas all they wanted
('Twas enough to go around).
One red hat was torn up
To make some 'souvenirs;
Some said that it was Nickles'
But I think it was Shakespeare's.

The Menu.

Courtland and Lorne at the restaurant giving orders:
Courtland—"Say, Lorne, did you ever have cerebro spinal meningitis?"
Lorne—No, and I don't want any. I'd rather have lemon pie any day.

Oh! How True.

A good Freshman is one who keeps the Sabbath—and everything else that he can lay his hands on.

A four-year-old came into the house and reported to her father: "I just had a big stone in my mouth, papa, and I bit it hard, and one of my teeth came unbuttoned."

Musin, the violinist, visited Duluth on a starring tour and apologized to the audience in the following language: "Ladies and zontilhommes, I crafe your onduljhounse, my tenor he hafe a awful colt."

Ambrose and Archie, kissing each other in English history class, to the general amusement of the students.

Miss Squire (turning suddenly around and with grieved expression): "Boys I am so sorry you would do anything behind my back that you would not do to my face."

Why Not Use the Dictionary.

Miss Squire—"Really, it is quite nice to go to the menagerie if only to see the wonderful rhododendrons."
Zay Armstrong—"Is it? I like to look at the great clumsy beasts toe—but it always smells so unpleasantly around the cages."

"Well, Johnnie, I hear you go to school now."
"Yes, sir."
"What part of it do you like the best?"
"Comin' home, sir."

Unsophisticated.

Will Mills (who has begun to contemplate serious things), "What makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?"
Liffy—"The woman."

In Algebra.

Teacher—"Now class, if three feet make a yard, how—"
Freshie—"How many bottles of mucilage makes a yard stick."—Ex.
Additions to Our Library.

"Laughing as a Fine Art"—Lucy Hawley.
"Administration of Pills"—Zay Armstrong.
"How to Regulate Price"—A. H. S.
"The Fear of Girls"—Harry Cook.
"Pins"—Nat Mount.
"Pleasure and Benefits of Geometry"—Louise Shaw.
"Seeking the Left-Overs"—Lorne Morrison.
"The Road to Lake Erie"—Miss Johnson.
"The Proper Method of Becoming Engaged"—Hazel Layton.
"My First and Only Love."—Marie Williams.
"The Latest on Class Skipping"—Gerald Munks.
"Financial Difficulties"—Archie McRae.
"Pedro"—Gunnard Lefvendahl.
"The Best of Writing"—Ella Lowman.
"Artistic Dancing Lessons"—Will Mills.
"Wonders of Wisdom"—Madge Davis.
"Later Modes of Flirtation"—Oscar Dobers.
"My Guiding Star"—Courtland Temple.
"Day Dreams Never Come True"—Marguerite White.
"Tearing Crushed Reason"—Harry Egnor.
"No Practical Jokes"—Bob Chitwood.
"A Criticism on Dickens"—Roy Fulton.
"Etiquette"—Allie Moore.
"The Students of A. H. S. That Will Become Famous"—Gunnar Apenes.
"How I Came to Know It All."—Chester Nicholson.
"The Pipe Line"—Ambrose Ratliff.
"Ten Days In the Schoolroom"—Sarah Dorcey.
"The Trials of a Sophomore"—Nina McRae.
"Track and Its Expectations"—Ira Nicholson.
"The Maid Forlorn"—May Morley.
"An Essay on Great Scott"—Ernest Dunham.
"How I Became a Good Skater"—Lily Olson.
"Skunk Cabbage"—Robert Knapp.

Adages.

As ye sew, so shall you rip.
Soap, long deferred maketh the dirt stick.
Hard Luck.

Anna Joiner—"Can you tell me the resemblance between a sigh, a fawn and a donkey?"
Courtland—"I pass it up."
Anna Joiner—"A sigh is Oh dear! and a fawn will be a dear."
Courtland—"But what about the donkey?"
Anna Joiner—"Why, that's you, dear."

Oh You Blockhead.

Miss Hafer—"Chester, you must study harder."
Chester—"Aw, but I've got a splinter in my finger.
Miss Hafer—"Well, no wonder, I saw you scratching your head a minute ago.

Don'ts for the Freshies.

Don't come to school with your hands in your pockets.
Don't think the school was built for your special benefit.
Don't put your notes in the dictionary.
Don't bother the upperclassmen with your nonsense.
Don't tell the teacher when you get the nose bleed.
Don't start eating your lunch at half past eleven. Wait till noon.
Don't cry in the class rooms except in Botany, where you can do the plants some good.
Don't put red ink on your fingers and then ask to be excused.

Ode to Latin.

All the people dead, who write it;
All the people dead who spoke it;
All the people die who learn it;
Blessed Death; they surely earn it.

Does This Apply to Juniors?

Bob Chitwood (Fresh)—"Are you a Sophomore?"
Liffy—"No, I'm a Junior."
Bob—"Well, then you must be a heap smarter than you look.
Miss Squires—"What are you and Marguerite looking at?"
Gunnar—"Each other."

Progress.

"There's an opening in the world for somebody," said the Senior, as he gazed at the newly made grave.
Absent Minded.
Miss Hafer (in Civics)—"And the speaker of the house had in his hand — had in his hand —
Archie—"A cigar."
Miss H.—"Yes, that’s about the trend of a young man’s mind now-a-days."

How to Succeed.
With Miss Hafer—Cultivate a fondness for “tracing” in history.
With Miss Squire—You can’t help yourself.
With Miss Johnson—Ask the Freshmen.
With Miss McMurray—Study, study, study and then study some more.

Kiss.
Kiss is a noun generally used in conjunction. It is never declined. It is more common than proper. It is not very singular, and is generally used in the plural and agrees with “me.”

Scanty Meal.
Mr. Lion (to Mrs. Lion)—“How’s chances for a good, hearty evening meal?”
Mrs. Lion (who sees Dunham just passing the den)—“I fear chances are rather slim.”

A Few Recipes.
Table Manners: In carving, should the bird slip from under your knife, do not appear covered with confusion, although you may be with gravy; but simply say to the lady in whose lap the bird has landed: “I’ll trouble you for that hen,” or words to that effect, and proceed with the autopsy.

To Fry Fish: Pick off the scales, remove the teeth and fry in a frying pan—or anything which fancy dictates.

Angel Cake: Chop up green apples, raisins, bananas, in quantities to suit; stick them in dough. Feed to the kids and the angel part will materialize.

Witty.
Miss Johnson—“Put a thousand horses in Latin.”
Archie—“Look out, you’ll get pinched for cruelty to animals.”
Roy F.—“What do you know about your Civics?”
Harry E.—“I know a lot.”
Roy—“Yes, a vacant lot.”
High School Dictionary.

Importance, subjunctive only, felt in one’s mind, made manifest by words and actions—Courtland Temple (example).

Bluff—A sudden display of knowledge, where no manifestation was previously shown; warranted to condense with pressure—Ambrose Ratcliffe (Ex.).

Recitation—Saying as much as you can in a round-about way—Lucy Hawley (Ex.).

Geometry—“Stuff” that makes our head feel queer.
Physics—No word to describe it.

The Bell—Something which disturbs your mental equilibrim.
Teacher—A person who gives you a lift over high places.
Latin—A punishment made use of by the Romans, recently revived.
The Office—A place to be avoided when you are tardy.

Good for Their Health.

Freshman—“May I put the curtain down? The sun shines in my face.
Teacher—“No, leave it up; the sun is good for green things.

Enough Said.

Miss McMurry—“Zay, give me a definition of a vacuum.”
Zay—“A vacuum is—a—well, I can’t express it, but I have it in my head.”

Not Far Wrong.

Earl S.—“Pa, what is a football coach?”
His Pa—“The ambulance, I should imagine.”

Gems of Thought.

Possession is nine points in law and self possession is the other one.
Poetry is not dead, it is merely buried at the bottom of magazine pages.
Saying the wrong thing is a misfortune but trying to explain it is a disaster.

When money talks it often merely remarks, “good bye.”
Idle bodies are generally busy bodies.

Too Late.

Chester Nicholson—“Smith told me I looked like you.”
Harry Egnor—“Where is he, I’ll beat the face off that guy.”
Nicholson—“Oh, you needn’t mind, I beat him already.”
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Dream</th>
<th>Ambition</th>
<th>Qualities</th>
<th>Personality</th>
<th>Appearance</th>
<th>备注</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Teacher</td>
<td>Holier maid</td>
<td>ever after</td>
<td>&quot;They lived happily ever after.&quot;</td>
<td>Tired, happy</td>
<td>Tired, happy</td>
<td>Miss Harper</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leader of W. C. T. U.</td>
<td>To be a leader (ess.)</td>
<td>To help the students</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sympathetic</td>
<td>Sympathetic</td>
<td>Miss Harriett</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Smith</td>
<td>To read the students</td>
<td>Her eyes</td>
<td></td>
<td>Intelligent</td>
<td>Intelligent</td>
<td>Marie Williams</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scholarship</td>
<td>To be truthful</td>
<td>A student</td>
<td></td>
<td>Honest</td>
<td>Honest</td>
<td>Hazel Hart</td>
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<tr>
<td>Missy Donahue</td>
<td>To be a leader</td>
<td>Her voice</td>
<td></td>
<td>Gracious</td>
<td>Gracious</td>
<td>Breezy Mary</td>
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</table>
| Math Teacher | To be a teacher | Good nature | | Glad | Glad | Jolly Li Ivy 
| Bachelor | To be a teacher | His smile | | Happy-go-lucky | Happy-go-lucky | Larry Johnson 
| Valedictorian | To be a teacher | His eyes | | Sharp | Sharp | Anna Johnson 
| Valedictorian | To be a teacher | His eyes | | Sharp | Sharp | Anna Johnson 
| Coach | To be a teacher | His eyes | | Sharp | Sharp | Anna Johnson 
| Coach | To be a teacher | His eyes | | Sharp | Sharp | Anna Johnson 

Synopsis of Character
HOME MADE CANDY

We make ALL our own
Candies and Ice Creams

at the

CANDY KITCHEN

J. S. HOFFMAN, Prop.

---

LET US DO YOUR BAKING

We have experience.
We have the best materials.
We have the facilities for making good wholesome bread.

REMEMBER THE PLACE

THE VIENNA BAKERY

Corner Fourth and Commercial Ave.
Leaves From Diaries.

Lucy Hawley—May 1. Got a letter from Elton today. Didn’t think I would get one so soon since yesterday.

Chester Nicholson—April 14. Saw Bob looking sideways at Miss McMurry today. He’d better cut that out or I’ll—I’ll—blot.

Zay Armstrong—May 20. Knew my lesson today, but don’t intend to know it again for sometime, because it makes my head feel heavy.

Marie Williams—April 3. Put my hair up on top of my head today but I’m going back to curls to-morrow. Why, one of the boys told me I looked like I was seventeen years old.

Lorne Morrison—March 24. Treated Marian and Flora to an ice cream soda today. Can’t buy any more gum for three weeks.

Archie McRae—May 6. Said “I don’t know” again today. I really did know, but I didn’t want to spoil my reputation by answering.

How the mighty Seniors
Say little Freshies,
Don’t you care
At you stare;
Perhaps they forgot
That they were once like you,
So toss your youthful heads
And Say skiddoo.

Wisdom.

Miss Squire—“What is an Iambus?”
Nina—“A poet’s foot.”

Thou art a pippin, love, I cry,
In fact the apple of my eye,
But to my plea she sighs alack,
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