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Anacortes Museum

Created with the assistance of students in
Mr. Jim Thompson’s A.H.S. Yearbook Class - as a tribute to
all students of Anacortes High - past, present and future

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Rhododendron
Special Annual
Edition

1920

Published by the Student Body of the
Anacortes High School
WE, THE STUDENTS OF THE SENIOR CLASS
ANACORTES HIGH SCHOOL
DO RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS, OUR ANNUAL,
THE RHODODENDRON,
TO OUR WORTHY CLASS ADVISOR,
MISS BIRDIE HEDGES
IN MEMORIAM

W. A. JENNINGS,
Superintendent of Public Schools

Our late superintendent of schools, Warner Adna Jennings, was born in Pipestone Township, Berriare County, Michigan. At an early age he was engaged in teaching school, meanwhile continuing his studies at Benton Harbor College. During the Spanish American War he served in a hospital corps in the Philippines. After filling the position of superintendent of schools at Livingston, Montana, he entered the University of Chicago in, 1911. Here he received his A. B. S. degree, and completed all but about six weeks of work necessary for receiving the A. M. degree.

Mr. Jennings came to this city in the spring of 1914. During the time he was superintendent of schools, the educational activities of this city reached a high degree of efficiency. His figure stands in the memory of his many friends and associates as an inspiring monument of Patience, Patriotism and Progress.
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Birdie Hedges, English; Robt. M. Fulton, City Supt.; Inez LaRossier, Domestic Science.
Gertrude Hoppock, History; Edward Smith, Commercial.
Anna Merrick, Language; Arthur Gunn, Science.
Madge Finley, Mathematics; Leonard Hooker, Manual Training; Eva McMillan, Domestic Science.
RHODODENDRON STAFF

Top Row—Miller George, Assistant Editor; Birdie Hedges, Faculty Advisor; Helen Sundeen, Alumni Editor; Marjory Dorcy, Literary Editor; Ted White, Business Manager.

Second Row—Stanley McComas, Squibs; Grace Neely, Art Editor; Donald Schafer, Athletic Editor.

Third Row—Alene Morrison, Editor-in-Chief.

Fourth Row—Kathryne Parker, Junior Class Editor; Vivian Fowler, Freshman Class Editor; Alice Reichert, Senior Class Editor.

Fifth Row—Geneva Butler, Sophomore Class Editor; Laura Wiley, Debate Editor; Thelma Phillips, Society Editor; Ruth Davis, Circulation Editor; Blanche Davey, Music Editor.
FOREWORD

We, the Members of the Rhododendron Staff, present to the Student Body and the Public this, the second issue of our School Annual. With your support, we have endeavored to make it a success, and sincerely hope you consider it as such.

The Rhododendron

Once more a senior class is publishing an annual, with the fond desire of keeping the Present forever, and never, never letting it slip entirely into the dim shadows of the Past.

Soon each member of the senior class is to set out for himself; to play with the multitude of “funny human things” where many multitudes of such have played. Therefore this little book has been designed so that when they and their schoolmates are tired of their play and wish to “go-a-May!” in some bright spot of the Past, they have only to open their copy of the Rhododendron. As soon as the favored possessor opens his age-yellowed copy, he has climbed the hill, crossed the campus, and is in the venerable old building that is thickly peopled with friendly ghosts of yesterday.

The plaster has fallen in places, the windows rattle, the walls and desks are covered with names and hieroglyphics—over which he smiles and entirely forgets to say, “Fools’ names—.” There stands Minerva with her elbow broken off; beside her, the prize cup; and below her, long, more or less tidy rows of books—prominent among which is William Makepeace Thackery standing on his head. Of course, there on the back shelf is Webster’s ancient, misused idea of the English language.

As he goes on, the jokes on this one, the jingles about that one, or the pictures of others call lack the spirits of friends and the shadows of events. The teachers are all in their places; there is a clatter in the gym and a chatter in the hall about the old cracked mirror, while here and there in the halls—eminent old spoon-holders—are couples talking in monotone. Everything he enjoys is there—in a vivid array—and all that the charitable Past has dropped into oblivion is the little thorns of human nature.

Finally he closes the little book for he cannot revel in the Past always—nor would such a course be desirable. This little book will have served its purpose if it is always on hand.

“When memory seeks a pleasant trip,
And the joys of pathway comes,
To choose the bridge of yesterday,
The days when we were chums.”

M. A. D.
One Hundred Percent Graduation

As we glance back over the old Anacortes high school records we wonder, and then wonder some more. What is the cause of all this wondering? Just glance at the freshmen records. In every case they started with a fairly large class, taking into consideration the date of the record. However, the class dwindles progressively from year to year until they are seniors, the last stage of preliminary education. By comparing the size of this senior class with the size of the same class as freshmen, we find that 36.6 per cent of those entering high school in Anacortes in 1916 finished the course and graduated. The largest per cent usually drops out at the end of the first year.

Why should this be? Why can not we have 100 per cent graduation here in the Anacortes high school? Only 33 per cent of those entering high school throughout the United States ever graduate. And yet the United States is famed for its public schools, its free colleges and universities. Why can not we have 100 per cent graduation in the United States instead of those paltry 33 per cent who deem it advisable and worth while to complete the course. Certainly we can, if the young men and women of this country would only try.

Never before in the history of the world has the need for high school trained young men and women been so fully realized. The recent Great War has forcefully brought that to our attention as it has so many other things. And yet we go right on with our own selfish life, unmindful of the urgent call for capable men and women who have had at least a high school education. Newspapers and magazines all over the country have enumerated the advantages and demonstrated the immense value of a high school education. Eminent authors with stirring words have begged the rising generation to stick to their job of getting an education, but all to no avail. The percentage of graduation instead of increasing has been steadily decreasing.

Why should the percentage be decreasing? Perhaps we can find the answer in the present high wages paid the unskilled laborer. Young men are giving up a high school education for a temporary boom in wages. But these wages will not last forever. They are bound to come back to earth sooner or later, and when they do they will come with a rush. And then where will the young man or woman be who has not had a high school education? Even should the wages paid for unskilled labor persist in remaining so high for a considerable time, the professional class will come into its own.

It is true that the wages and salaries paid in those positions requiring of a person at least a high school education are extremely low in comparison with those paid in mills and factories. However, even now the professional class is making its demands. Their wages may be slow in making the change necessary to conform with the new conditions, but in the end they will always come into their own at the head of the list where they belong.

Let us not lose our heads over the present high wages paid for unskilled labor, for at best they are only temporary. Rather, let us heed the urgent call from Uncle Sam for high school trained young men and women and stick by our books. Last, but not least, let us pledge ourselves to conscientiously strive for 100 per cent graduation.

M. G. '21
SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President ................ Emily Rydberg
Vice-president ............ Worth Knapp
Secretary and Treasurer...... Alene Morrison
Class Advisor ............ Miss Hedges

CLASS COLORS
Green and Yellow

CLASS FLOWER
Yellow Chrysanthemums

MOTTO:
Deeds, not Words

SUNSET.

I saw it sink behind the hills,
That fiery ball of sun,
It seems to be a messenger of
"Now the day is done."
Its orange rays on turquoise sky
Were as an opal rare.
And pastel shades in water blue,
Were silently mirrored there.
The stars came out, one by one,
And twilight softly fell,
Night was here—the day was done,
And all on earth was well.

P. C. '20.
PATIENCE PRISCILLA COLLINS

"The veiled curtains of her eyes advance."

Entered from Columbian school, 1916. First semester (4) at Hoquiam H. S.

Course: General.
Activities—Glee Club (1-3-4); "Bulbul," (1); "Love Pirates of Hawaii," (4); Junior Mixer Committee; Junior Prom Music Committee; "Skyrocket" staff (4); Prize short story, "The Pleasures of Life," (4); "The Runaways" specialty (4); Class Poem (4).

BLANCH A. DAVEY

"A girl with the real 'Jamaica ginger.'"

Entered from Columbian school, 1916.

Course: Scientific.
Activities—Glee club (1-2); "Bulbul," (1); "Drum-Major," (2); Basketball, (2-3-4); Tennis (2-3-4); Class Representative Athletic Association, (3); Secretary Athletic Association, (4); Class Secretary (2-3); Texana, in "The Runaways," (4); "Music Editor," "Rhododendron" Staff (4); Class Will (4); Salutatorian.

WORTH KNAPP

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Entered from Columbian school, 1916.

Course—Scientific.
Activities—Junior Prom Decoration Committee; Class Vice-President (4); Mike in "The Runaways," (4); Class Will, (4).
RUTH STOCKWELL DAVIS

“Truth sparkles in her eyes and like a diamond gleams.”
Entered from Columbian school 1916.
Course—Scientific.
Activities—Glee Club (1-2-3-4); “Bulbul,” (1); “Drum-Major,” (2); “Love Pirates of Hawai’i,” (4); Business Manager “The Runaways,” (4); Circulating Editor “Rhododendron” Staff, (4); Roster, (1).

ALFRED OLSON

“Men of few words are the best men.”
Entered from Columbian school, 1917.
Course—Commercial.
Activities—Glee Club (1); Senior Basketball Team; Tompkins in “The Runaways,” (3).

JESSIE ALENE MORRISON

“Would there were more like her.”
Entered from Columbian school, 1916.
Course—General.
Activities—Glee Club (1); “Bulbul,” (1); Pianist for Glee Club (2-3-4); Pianist for “Drum-Major,” (2), and “Love Pirates of Hawai’i,” (4); Dance Committee (1-2); Junior Prom Punch and Programme Committee; Junior Mixer Committee; Basketball (3); Secretary Athletic Association (3); Class Secretary-Treasurer (4); “The Runaways” Specialty, (4); Editor-in-chief “Rhododendron” Staff, (4); Valedictorian.
GRACE E. NEELY

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."

Entered from Nelson school, 1916.
Course—General.
Activities—Glee Club (1-2-3-4); "Rumble," (1); "Drum-Major" (2); Lehua in "Love Pirates of Hawaii," (4); Basketball, (3-4); Chairman Junior Prom Decoration Committee, Class History (4); Art Editor "Rhododendron" Staff, (4); Jean in "The Runaways," (4).

SÁMUEL RICHARD PUSEY

"A pompadour divided against itself cannot stand."

Entered from Lopez Island, 1918.
Course—Scientific.
Activities—Operetta (1-2-3); Basketball, (1-2-3); Senior Basketball Team; "I.oe Pirates of Hawaii," (4); Alonso Willing in "The Runaways," (4).

ALFHELD TERESIA OLSON

"Quiet, unruffled, always the same."

Entered from Columbian school, 1917.
Course—Commercial.
Activities—Property Manager for "The Runaways," (3).
THELMA PHILLIPS

"A lady of sweet and gentle disposition."
Entered from Vermontville, Michigan, 1919.
Course—General.
Activities—Class President (1); Operetta, (1-2-3); "Love Pirates of Hawaii," (4); Glee Club (4); News Editor on "Skyrocket" Staff, (4); Kolah Club, (4); Mrs. Max Juniper in "The Runaways," (4); Society Editor "Rhododendron" Staff, (4).

DONALD A. SCHAFTER

"As true a 'fussler' as ever sighed upon a midnight pillow."
Entered from James John, Portland, Oregon, 1919.
Course—General.
Activities—Football (1-2-3-4); Athletic Commission, (3); Public Welfare Commissioner, (3); President Athletic Association, (3); Captain Track Team, (4); Feature Editor "Skyrocket" Staff, (4); Athletic Editor "Rhododendron" Staff, (4); Ted Keegan in "The Runaways," (4); Class Poem, (4).

ALICE LUELLA REICHERT

"Heaven match me with a good dancer."
Entered from Rainier school, Seattle, 1916.
Course—General.
Activities—Glee Club (1-2); "Bul-bul," (1); "Drum-Major," (2); Class Vice-President, (1); Class President, (2); Reentered in 1919 from Franklin H. S., Seattle; Victoria in "The Runaways," (4); Senior Class Editor "Rhododendron" Staff, (4); Class Prophecy, (4).
VIRGIL ROSE

"Luck is all right, but hustling beats it."
Entered from Columbian school, 1917.
Course—Commercial.
Activities—Class President, (1-2); Senior Basketball Team; Sheriff Jim in “The Runaways,” (3); Manager Loyal Order of S. H. R.'s, Honor Roll.

EMILY C. RYDBERG

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined."
Entered from Ballard High school, Ballard, 1917.
Course—General.
Activities—Glee Club (2-3-4); Drum-Major,” (2); Miss Primer in “The Love Pirates of Hawaii,” (4); Decoration Committee, (2); Junior Mixer Entertainment Committee; Junior Prom Decoration Committee; Class President, (4); Yell Leader, (4); Roster, (4); Kolah Club, (4).

THEODORE CLARK WHITE

“All great men have defects—you have a few yourself."
Entered from Summit Park, 1917.
Course—General.
Activities—Baseball (3-4); Second Team Basketball, (4); Senior Basketball Team; Class President, (3); Glee Club, (2-3-4); “Drum-Major,” (2); “Love Pirates of Hawaii,” (4); President Athletic Association, (4); Business Manager “Rhododendron” Staff, (4); Class History, (4); Max Juniper in “The Runaways,” (4).
Class History

Four long years ago in the month of September, 1916, a large cavalcade was seen approaching the imposing brick building on the hill.

"Who could it be?" was the question asked.

As they drew nearer some one cried out, "Ah, they are the class of freshmen who hope to graduate in 1920. They have come to enter the old Anacortes High school.

How green we looked and were in those days—But no sooner had we established ourselves in the halls of learning, than we made a reputation for ourselves as a live class. Literature, music, drama and athletics claimed the attention of our class. And we were not slow either. Even in our freshman year we mingled freely in the social activities of the school, even giving a dance which was a success.

When it came to our final examinations, we could not be daunted and few of our members fell by the wayside. We learned a great deal as freshmen and gave much to help the school.

Counting our roll at the beginning of sophomore year we discovered that our ranks had thinned a little. However, others came to grace the seats of our departed brethren and thus our loss in numbers was not very great. We strengthened our reputation of the year before by having the liveest class in school. It was full of "pep" from start to finish. Nothing daunted us. We had members represented in all branches of student activities, leading in athletics. Among the school's best were our athletes and very proud were we of them. They brought home the inter-class basketball and baseball championships. We gave a masque ball which made a hit with all.

In our junior year our numbers were sadly depleted by the absence of nearly half of our band, who had tired of study and went to labor in other fields. Thus we lost our prestige in athletics. However, we persisted in the literary and social endeavors and much was brought forth by our tireless efforts. The Junior Mixer, which opened our social season, was a great success and "enjoyed by all," as the saying goes. We entertained at small parties and were entertained in return. Our last attempt of the year was the Prom. A great amount of energy and brains was spent in making it the social success that it was, and many were the compliments received over the decorations and all that went towards rendering it the most brilliant social event of the high school year.

Our last year finds about the same number of seniors back as juniors of the year before. However, it is a small class that will graduate. We continued to show our adaptability to matters intellectual and otherwise. In drama we very successfully produced the time honored senior play, "The Runaways" was the name of the production and was acclaimed a "scream" by all that saw it.

As we write this, we look forward to our last event of the year, the Senior Ball, which will surpass all dances given before by the class of '20. It is to be the crowning function of the high school society season this year and one of the best of the city's social events. Much more can be said of the doings of the class of '20, but modesty prevents. So ends this history of the class which has carved its name in the school's hall of fame.

T. W. '20.
Class Prophecy

The day being warm and balmy, I prepared for my usual morning ride in my Aero Baby Grand. I must confess it was with a great deal of pain that I moved to where my trusty waited, for I was no longer young and the rheumatism had a wicked hold in my right knee. However, I was feeling in the gayest of moods, and being a stranger in New York City, thought I would "step on it." In my reckless gayety tearing through the clouds, I forgot about the most despised of all men—the "Speed Cop"—and was suddenly brought to the realization that I was being pursued by one. Forcibly I slowed down and was about to accept my fate, when a burst of surprise came from my captor's lips. I met his eyes—and Good Heavens! It was my school-day friend Richard Pusey. Having been away from Anacortes for a good many years, my first thought was of the class of 1926. I immediately inquired of Dick if he knew the whereabouts of our former classmates. He said he had recently visited there with his wife. I wasn't greatly surprised to find him married because Alonzo always did have a "way with the women." Upon asking who the lucky girl had been he said, "Thelma Phillips." The romance was, no doubt, a culmination of our senior play.

Dick informed me that it was his painful duty to escort me to the police station. Upon arriving Dick said he had a surprise in store for me, and surely enough, for whom should I see before me, but Grace Neely. She was attired in official garb, with "Garbage Dept." gracing her cap. She said that for many years she had held the position as head of above department, and was aiding New York in becoming one of the cleanest cities on the map. I wasn't very surprised to learn that Grace had carried out her suffragette instinct, and was leading a far from domestic life.

After settling with the judge, we found it time for luncheon, so we three adjourned to the "Union Hash House" to discuss old times. The waiter promptly came for our orders and we recognized, under the disguise of a full blown moustache, Alfred Olson. After hearty greetings were exchanged he told us that he had worked here for many years as head waiter, and was now president of the "Biscuit Shooter's Union." We found from Alf, who had been keeping up a regular correspondence with her, that Patience Collins had at last reached her star of fame and was court dancer at the king of Si's palace. The natives were all her willing slaves.

Worth, I understand, is high in the eyes of the world, as a botanist. He discovered a skinless potato. He is still living in Anacortes, owning half the town, and true to his fickle nature, has been married three times.

For many years Don Schafer, had successfully run a skating rink in China. It is said he is very wealthy and owns sixty palaces, not to be equaled by the Emperor's.

Blanche Davey gave up her musical career and is now "Wading" deep in the art of designing men's clothing for a prominent house in Paris. It was she who created the latest style in knee breeches and velvet cutaways for gents.

Grace said she had recently heard from Alene and that she was residing in Boston, as president of a cosmetic company. It seems her famous prescription for cold cream has brought her a world of wealth. We wondered if by using her cream, we might improve our Complexions and remove some of the wrinkles which were fast coming into view.

Emily Rydborg, our faithful senior class president, who stood with us during thick and thin, is a school mistress in Hawaii, and is still waiting for the dashing young pirate of her high school dreams.

We learned that Virgil Rose had aspired to the height of being sole owner of the "Goofy Movy Film Co." This was an example of where diligence received its reward.

Ruth Davis and Alfhild Olson are devoting their whole lives to the art
of manufacturing rolling pins soft enough to be used with safety upon the inevitable "Jiggs by the irate Maggies." "A wonderful calling," we heard Dick reverently whisper.

Last but not least, we found that Ted White, our handsome hero, was in a position of extreme responsibility, that of picking out beautiful women for the Sultan's Harem. We were glad to know that Ted's weakness for the other sex brought him only happiness.

Dick said he must get back on the job, and I realized that I had an important date within a few minutes, so I folded my napkin reluctantly, heaved a sigh, and arose from the table thinking that the class of 1920 had asserted its usual individualism in the various careers chosen.

ALICE REICHERT, '20

I always try to do my best,
To nail a passing grade.
My task undone I cannot rest,
Of toil I'm unfraid.

I hurry off the cheerful guest
And then my den invade;
I shed my coat also my vest,
In work knee deep I wade.

The consequence is manifest,
The honor roll is made,
My name in print; no final test—
It's worth the price I paid.

But now I'm outa luck for sure,
My Waterloo has come,
My rep is lost, my name obscure—
For me no more is fame.

My mind is gone I'm off my base,
My friends, I do not know 'em,
The doctor says "a hopeless case"—
I tried to write a poem.  D. S. '20
Class Will

We, the class of 1920, being of sound mind and interested in the welfare of those who are to follow in our footsteps, do hereby generously bequeath:

1. To the juniors, who otherwise may never acquire it, our already adorned class room, and our beautiful class room stove.
2. To the sophomores, the admonition to respect only the seniors, excepting the faculty on such rare occasions as examination periods when necessity decrees.
3. To the freshmen, our superfluous supply of knowledge by means of which they may attain to the pinnacle, which is expected of all students.
4. To the faculty, the memory of our adorable class, and of the few diplomas well earned, as well as the experience gained from our association during the past four years.

As individual members of the senior class, we do hereby bequeath the following:

I, Emily Rydberg, class president, bequeath my ability to doze through my classes to Edna Souliere. May her naps be undisturbed.
I, Thelma Phillips, bequeath my dramatic art to Bernard Jacobus. May he do justice to the talent.
I, Donald Schafer, bequeath my dignity and self-possession to Robert Farrell. May he uphold this dignified position.
I, Ruth Davis, bequeath my ability to smile to Philena Farrell. May it improve her disposition.
I, Worth Knapp, bequeath my timid and bashful manners to Eva Beyers. May she always be sweet and demure.
I, Ted White, bequeath my nifty-looking suit to Stanley McComas. May he discard his black sweater.
I, Patience Collins, bequeath my recipe for vamping to Jessie Lou Parker. May she have success.
I, Alice Reichert, bequeath my perpetual speech to Esther Jacobus. May she not abuse this gift.
I, Grace Neely, bequeath my sweet temper to Tyne Lowman. May she not forget herself and ruin my reputation.
I, Alene Morrison, bequeath my flirty affliction and my art of smiling with my nose and mouth to Dorothy Thompson. May she be careful and not steal all of my males.
I, Virgil Rose, bequeath my diligence to Donald Wright. May he have better success next year.
I, Alfred Olson, bequeath my good standing with Mr. Smith to Garland Okerlund. May he bluff through even as I have.
I, Richard Pusey, bequeath my ability to come to the point at once to George Abbey. May he not stay on the point too long.
I, Alfhild Olson, bequeath my lady-like manner to Alice Sahlin. May she use it daily.
I, Blanche Davey, bequeath some of my bold and boisterous manner to Chauncey Dunn. May he some day, put it into practice.

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

(Signed)

SENIOR CLASS,
BLANCHE DAVEY,
WORTH KNAPP.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names of Criminals</th>
<th>Nicknames</th>
<th>Disposition</th>
<th>Weakness</th>
<th>Always Said:</th>
<th>Ambition</th>
<th>Favorite Hangout</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Putience Collins</td>
<td>Pat</td>
<td>Vampish</td>
<td>Spiffy boys</td>
<td>You tell 'em</td>
<td>Theda's rival</td>
<td>Where jazz is needed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blanche Davey</td>
<td>Skinny</td>
<td>Pinchy</td>
<td>Small feet</td>
<td>Gosh!</td>
<td>State tennis champ</td>
<td>At the piano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Davis</td>
<td>Booty</td>
<td>Ignominious</td>
<td>French</td>
<td>My Pete!</td>
<td>Equal Miss Brower's grace</td>
<td>Wherever needed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worth Knapp</td>
<td>Pete</td>
<td>Harmless</td>
<td>Bashfulness</td>
<td>Bern!</td>
<td>To dance</td>
<td>In the limelight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alene Morrison</td>
<td>Peggy</td>
<td>Fascinating</td>
<td>Temper</td>
<td>S-a-y!</td>
<td>Second Paderewski</td>
<td>In the midst of 'em</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace Neely</td>
<td>Gracious</td>
<td>Spunky</td>
<td>Dimples</td>
<td>Phew!</td>
<td>Electionist</td>
<td>Where she belongs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alfred Olson</td>
<td>Ollie</td>
<td>Sublime</td>
<td>Chatter</td>
<td>Huh!</td>
<td>Be a woman police</td>
<td>At the fire hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alfheid Olson</td>
<td>Allie</td>
<td>Talkative</td>
<td>Large lunches</td>
<td>Mercy!</td>
<td>Be a master in shorthand</td>
<td>Hanging around</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thelma Phillips</td>
<td>Phil</td>
<td>Wimsome</td>
<td>Dick</td>
<td>Oh: Gee!</td>
<td>Country school teacher</td>
<td>Behind the scenes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Pusey</td>
<td>Dick</td>
<td>Amiable</td>
<td>Dreamy eyes</td>
<td>Oh! Dear!</td>
<td>Second Forbes Robertson</td>
<td>Wherever Thelma is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alice Reichert</td>
<td>Al</td>
<td>Superlouous</td>
<td>Vocabulary</td>
<td>Ye Gods!</td>
<td>To avoid school teaching</td>
<td>In her Chev.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgill Rose</td>
<td>Rosey</td>
<td>Lovable</td>
<td>Looks white</td>
<td>Merciful!</td>
<td>To own the Empire square</td>
<td>With The S. H. R's</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emily Rydberg</td>
<td>Em</td>
<td>Peppy</td>
<td>Ted White</td>
<td>My Gosh!</td>
<td>Get a nap during English</td>
<td>Weaverling's Spit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald Schafter</td>
<td>Cupid</td>
<td>Demure</td>
<td>Smile</td>
<td>Forget it!</td>
<td>Second Walt Whitman</td>
<td>On a springboard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theodore White</td>
<td>Ted</td>
<td>Agreeable</td>
<td>Vanity</td>
<td>Say, man</td>
<td>Hart, Schaffner &amp; Marx model</td>
<td>At Alice's heels.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
MY CREED.

To live that the world may live with me.

To remember that society can get along without me, but that I can not get along without society.

To look in others for that which I would have others find in me.

To love another for his human qualities rather than for his brains or ability, and to see a Man in a man whether society does or not.

To regard my years in school as a prelude to the greater game, not as a sentence to be served.

To do my best to be a good citizen of the school and by concrete example to help others to do likewise.

To give as good an example as possible to those younger than myself or to those who might be harmed by a bad one.

To both do and dream, for a man was designed to live with his feet on the ground and his head in the air.

To regard as my compensation, not the grade, but rather the good I have obtained in getting the grade; thus the grade itself should neither greatly elate nor depress me.

To learn not alone from the masters that I may simply know, but to learn from everything and everywhere that I may grow and grow.

To regard my instructors as human creatures “with hands, organs, dimensions,” for if you prick them they bleed; if you tickle them, they laugh; if you poison them, they die.

To try, therefore, always to be on the square with them and to master an assignment, primarily for my own sake, but also as a matter of courtesy to them.

To overlook their faults as I hope they will overlook mine.

So with malice toward none, and charity towards all,

“To Love, to Labor and to Laugh.”
JUNIOR ROLL

Marjorie Dorey, Bernard Jacobus, Ida Mongan.
Lena Wolbert, Ted Graham, Esther Jacobus, Bernice Fenno.
Harold J. Secor, Ruth Strawser, Miller George, Kathrynne Parker, William Beale.
Mary E. Jason, Blanche A. Fulton.
George Abbey, Josephine Okerland, Stanley McComas.
Kathleen Ervine, Claude Neely, Ruth Ouillette.
Jessie Holding.
JUNIOR OFFICERS

President ......................... Miller George
Vice-President .................... Claude Neely
Secretary-treasurer .............. Josephine Okerlund
Faculty Advisor .................. Madge Finley
Class Colors.............. Purple and Gold
Class Flower................. Pink Roses.
Class Motto Love, Labor, Laugh

CLASS SONG

(Tune "Ja da")
Juniors, juniors, juniors, juniors all the time,
Juniors, juniors, tho we have a hard old time;
Seems as tho we have a lot of fun—
It will last 'til 1-9-21.
Juniors, juniors, juniors, juniors all the time.

CLASS YELL

Rickety, clickety, rickety, rum,
Ringle, jingle, see us come
Hilo, hilo, siss, boom, bah!
Juniors! juniors!
U, rah! rah!
Juniors

Juniors! There is something about the very name that symbolizes enjoyment and best of all, school spirit. For certainly we have supported all activities connected with the school. Of course, we represented “early spring” when we entered in the fall of 1917, but even then we were as energetic as any freshman class could be.

At present we number twenty students. Each member of the class is energetic and progressive and realizes the responsibility of making everything attempted a success.

During the year the school has been enlivened quite frequently by our social events. First we gave a party, in the nature of a mixer, for the freshmen. Then followed the theater party and an indoor picnic at the home of Blanche Fulton. The Junior Prom was given in December.

We are represented, not only in every branch of athletics, but also in debate and music. We had a higher percentage of men, including the captain, on the football team than any other class. We furnished the captain and a guard on the basketball team and the only boy on the debate team. The three boys taking leading parts in the operetta were juniors.

Unanimously we give to Miss Finley the credit for anything of value that we have accomplished. For her untiring efforts and the personal interest she has taken in all our undertakings show that we could not do without her.

So, as the old saying is “Let us hitch our wagons to the stars” and go into last year of school with a record of which everyone will be proud.

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THE VICTORY.

It was many and many a day ago,
In that school house by the sea,
That the juniors had a basketball team,
Captained by tall Stanley,
And this captain he played with no other thot,
Than to win the game you see.

The sophomore team was led by Upe,
In this high school by the sea,
And he thot with a head that was swelled too muck
That they'd cinched the victory,
So he scorned to play on his own class team
Gainst the five of lanky Stanley.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this school house by the sea,
The end of the series found the sophs
And freshies tied for place three;
And then the high-brow seniors went
And lost their Will, ah me!
And their courage to meet the juniors bold
In that old gym by the sea.

Yes, that is the reason, as students know,
In that school house by the sea.
That the juniors won the championship,
And the basketball victory;
For the fall of the sophs made the seniors fear
The men of fighting Stanley.
THE HEADLINERS

T is for Ted, a lad on the job,
his dream is to rival one Irving S. Cobb.

H is for Hedges, a Birdie most rare,
with her musical voice and her top-knot of hair.

E is for Emily, our yell "kink" of class,
as an old maiden teacher she also will pass.

H is for Harold, the teachers' delight,
and for Helen whose blushes are always in sight.

E is for Edwin, who letters each poster,
his name well deserves a place on this roster.

A is for Abbey, the chemistry shark,
and for Alice, whose sneeze is more like a bark.

D is for Donald, the freshies' prize fan,
when an athlete is injured, he rushes the can.

L is for Lawrence, with voice of big size,
when it comes to fussing, he takes the Kasch prize.

I is for Inez, her last name's LaBossier,
the commercial law students never can pose her.

N stands for Neely, there's four in the school,
and one of the quartet all admit is a jewel.

E is for Ethel and Edna so tall,
and for Eva, who's always adorning the hall.

R is for Robert, the fat one you know,
he's a miniature model of movie Roscoe.

S is for Schafer, the senior girls' pet,
in stuffing and bluffing, he's right there you bet.

DEVELOPMENT

Said a little damsel of romance,
One dreamy summer day,
"My man must have a massive chest,
Whereon my head I'll lay."

Up spake her sister practical,
With twinkling eye she said:
"Have what you wish, but mine shall be,
Developed 'round the head."

Realistically the third sister,
As a patch on her apron she eyed,
Looked up, "I hope that mine shall be
Sort of fat round the pockets," she cried.

We have a small tyrant named Finley,
Who grabs where the hair is most thinly,
We howl and we cry,
The grades never lie—
She makes us feel quite "has-beenly."
SNAPSHOTS
Sophomore Class Prophecy

The other evening as I lay in front of the fireplace, gazing into the glowing coals, and watching the sparks dance and fade, I was thinking of those at school. Suddenly the scene in front of me changed, and I was standing in front of an elegant poster, which told of the new French cabaret that was going to open that night, and showed pictures of its dancers and musicians. I looked at the bottom of the poster to see who had rendered such work, and when I saw that the artist was Helen Jordan, I decided to witness the opening of this new place. A little newsboy ran up to me with a Chancellorsville Weekly in which I read an article about the new editor, Geneva Butler. In a few minutes I was in Editor Butler’s office and there I saw Margaret Elliott taking down Adolph Messor’s latest jokes; and I thought that it was lucky for her that there were no speed cops for shorthand.

After having a chat with the editor, I found myself in this wonderful cabaret, with all its dancing, singing, laughter and gayety. Professor Lawrence Ragan at the piano was playing and singing in a manner that would have stunned any one who was not used to it. Beatrice Mitchell and Virgil Neely had stopped their vamping and flirting long enough to give a whirlwind dance that would have sent an aviator’s head spinning like a top. Then came the wonderful French musician, Mademoiselle Michelet. She played “Way Down Upon the Suwanee River,” on the washboard. The music was so wonderful that Tetsu Kawazoe was overpowered and fell in it. Being a good athlete, he swam to shore; and there stood Walter Leake, having an animated conversation with himself, as to which of the three things he should do — visit Helen Krueger’s Beauty Parlors, go to hear the World’s best debaters, or go to the Shannon trial. The three of us together decided to visit Helen first, and so we did, but Alice Sahlin was there getting her hair curled, so Walter and I didn’t stay. Anna Schwartz, Laura Wiley and Grace Burgett were the debaters, but we knew they would win anyway, so we went on to the trial, as we felt sure that all the others from our old class would be there. Speed Cop Garland Okerland had pinched the Shannon brothers for speeding, and had taken them before Judge Eva Beyer. After much arguing, and commands of “Order! Order!” the judge, while having her shoes shined by Jack Finnegan, sentenced them to thirty years on the rock pile. After Cop Schwartz had taken them out, the Honorable Judge came down from her chair and shook hands with me. The shaking became more vigorous and slowly I realized what was happening. Mother was trying to waken me up to go to bed.

F. S.
Sophomores

OFFICERS
President ....................... Anna Schwartz
Vice-President ................... Francis Short
Secretary ....................... Walter Schwartz

CLASS COLORS
Green and White

CLASS FLOWER
White Carnation

MOTTO:
Ne tentes aut perfice.

SOPHOMORES

Behind us is our freshman year,
Behind us only heartless C's,
Before us not sweet joy and cheer,
Before us not the cheering E.
The sophomore said, "Now must we pray,
For lo, our English grades are down,
Good teacher, speak, what will you say?"
She said, "Work on, work on, work on and on."
G. O.'22
Class History

As the sophomore class constitutes a very large part of the high school this year, so it has made up a large proportion of the students in athletics, debating, dramatics and other school activities. The enthusiasm of the class in all athletics has not been surpassed in any of the other classes, and its part in these activities has been worthy of honorable mention.

In an equal measure, the members of the class have taken part in debating. Three members of the state debate team were sophomores and the class team has been victorious in all encounters with debaters from all other classes.

The sophomores have also given their support to dramatics which has never before held an important place in this high school, and they have helped to make this activity one of interest and importance to the school.

The close co-operation of the class made the party in honor of the freshmen a success, which, as the second social event of the school year, brought the new students into direct contact with the interests of the school.

But the participation of the sophomores in outside activities has not undermined their general scholarship; for the class honor roll throughout the year has been generally high and the failures comparatively low.

The sophomore class also claims the distinction of harboring two of the school's best artists who have given their talent freely for the benefit of all school activities.

Considering the sophomore work this year as a class, it has indeed been of the very best and not without its honors in every field.

All for a Carr

Mr. Sun, deen of the Parish, after he had Dunn all in his power to repair the Carr which was a Mitchell, dispatched his Butler in the direction of the Leake after a very Lowman who was a mechanic.

As the Butler loitered on his way, picking Garlands for the Pearl of his thoughts, he encountered a very poor woman And'erson who asked his aid. But being Short of Kasch and so not able to Beyer anything to eat, he replied to her, "Down at the fork of the Brooks you will find a Wiley Minck which I have caught in my trap and which will net you enough Kasch to get a bed Anna square meal."

For this, the woman thanked him with Grace and he went on his way Marveling at the beauty of the Laura ls and at his own philanthropy.

Arrived at his destination, he found the man at the Leake shore building Adolph in, but he quickly followed the Butler to where he was needed. They went the longer way because some men were Grady ng th road over the hill. Soon they came to two little Brooks and the Lowman said: "We Mesford this stream Eva n if we do drown."

When they reached the Parish home they Jacked up the Carr to find that the (Le) Gear was entangled in a spider's Webb which had caused all the trouble. While Neely ng beside the wheel, he accidently stuck the Tyne of the fork into the tire and——

This would have been continued but the type lice ate the balance of the type.

G. R. B.
FRESHMEN

My Dream

I studied long into the night,
Until I could study no more,
Then the Goddess of Dreams descended,
And forgotten was all book lore.

A little mound I saw,
With a tombstone at its head,
And this is the simple inscription
Which on the stone I read:
“A freshman fair and strong was I,
But Latin I couldn’t withstand,
So I did lay me down and die,
To go to a fairer land.”

I walked on a little farther
In this mysterious land,
And read this on a headstone
Which on a grave did stand:
“A sophomore herein does lie,
And it was a loss to the nation
When he did very nobly die,
Giving his English oration.”

I wandered down by an ocean,
Where another grave I did see,
And this was the mournful epitaph
That was disclosed to me:
“Here lies a junior bold,
His death was no mystery,
For he did sadly die
From American history.”

I gazed on the troubled waters,
When, approaching on the tide,
I saw a grand and mighty barge,
And read this on its side:
“Enclosed within is a senior
Who worked like a busy beaver—
But his endurance gave way,
He suddenly died of brain fever.”

I was thinking o’er these sad events
When the clock did loudly chime four.
I awoke, and hurried off to bed,
Resolved to dream no more.

E. M. F.
The Freshmen Class

OFFICERS
President .................. George Andersen
Vice-President ............... Beatrice Michelet
Secretary ................... Vivian Fowler
Treasurer ................... Charta Michelet

CLASS FLOWER
The Violet

CLASS COLORS
Violet and Green

MOTTO:
Petite pluie abat grand vent.

WHEN TWO FRESHIES GO WALKING

At first, as natural, they talked of the weather,
How hot and how sultry the day proved to be;
Then they spoke of the last swell high school party,
And how he got home at a quarter past three.

The next thing in order, of course, was more personal,
With the darkness of night, you all know how that is—
And the piece of court-plaster, when they parted at midnight,
Had changed its position to her chin from his.

B. P. F.
History of the Freshman Class

“Where’s the freshman rollroom?”
“What course are you going to take?”
“Who’s going to be our class advisor?”
“Who do you think would make a good president?”

These are some of the questions the upper classmen and sophomores made fun of, the first day of school. There were about seventy freshmen registered that morning, by far the largest class in high school.

Well, the freshmen were rather green, until they got onto the run of things and had a class meeting, where they elected officers.

Of course, the kind sophomores were always ready with advice, and although the freshmen were warned, large '23's appeared like magic everywhere. (Say, did anyone ever hear why Wakie suddenly disappeared that noon? And the next morning his hair looked so strange.)

After this, time rolled on very smoothly for the freshmen. They were getting used to the daily routine, the dignified, reserved airs of the upper classmen, and the shocking impudence of the sophomores.

The sophomores somewhat redeemed themselves when they showed their entertaining ability by giving the freshmen a masquerade Halloween party, which the freshmen enjoyed very much.

The freshmen then gave the whole high school a Christmas party, which was a great success and was enjoyed by everybody because it was “different.” There was a huge Christmas tree and everything that goes with it, including a Santa Claus. That evening the freshmen orchestra played, and the Dramatic club gave a play called, “Cinderella,” in which the characters were all freshmen.

Another big day for the freshmen, tho later in the year, was Freshman Day. The little freshman girls looked so sweet, all dressed up, with dollie in one hand and an all-day-sucker in the other. An assembly was called in the afternoon, at which the freshmen gave a very pleasing little program. Then there were yells and Freshman Day ended happily.

The freshmen also took part in an inter-class debate and in athletics. Their basketball team played the graders and some of the other class teams. A few of the boys played on the football team, and, as every one surely remembers, Donald was their “handy medicine man.”

The freshmen encouraged the Dramatic club by voting a contribution, and they also contributed to the Rhododendron.

The freshmen wish everyone to know that their achievements are partly due to their most efficient class advisor, Miss Anna Merrick, and that they appreciate her generous help.

V. F. F.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN

When Robert Bettener hasn’t a chew of gum?
When Snakie, Wakie and Meanzie don’t get kicked out of ancient history class?
When Philena stops talking?
When Robert Farrell makes a mistake and gets his lessons?
When Meanzie ceases to know everything?
When Ruth takes Anti-Fat?
When Donald runs Bud Fisher out of business?

Teacher—“Is it possible to take the greater from the less??”
Freshman (thotfully)—“Yes, when you take the conceit out of a sophomore.”
His year has been one of accomplishment for the Anacortes high school as far as debate is concerned. Third place was secured by the state debating team in the northwest, Nooksack and Everett winning the first and second places. Since 1910 the high school had not taken part in these contests, but Miss Birdie Hedges saw the value of such work and early in the year held a tryout, in which nine students participated. Elizabeth Taylor, Miller George and Geneva Butler made the team, while Anna Schwartz was chosen as alternate. The question for all the debates was: "Resolved, That the immigration of foreign laborers to the United States should be prohibited for at least eight years."

The Anacortes team took the negative side of the question in the first debate, which was held at Everett, November 7, 1919. Although Anacortes put up good arguments, she was defeated.

The next debate was held at Anacortes, December 12, 1919, with the Mount Vernon team as an opponent. Anacortes upheld the affirmative and this time won the honors.

Ferndale forfeited the third debate, which was to have been held in that city, February 6, 1920. According to ruling, this secured her one point and gave Anacortes two.

For the second time a victory was won on the affirmative side of the question by Anacortes, when she debated against the Deming high school team in the fourth and last debate of the year, which was held at Anacortes, March 15, 1920.

Owing to the fact that Elizabeth Taylor left town, Anna Schwartz took her place in the last two debates.
Class Debates

As an evidence of the growing interest in debate work, several inter-class contests have been held during the year. These were started by the freshman class which challenged the sophomores to a debate held February 6, 1920. The freshman team, composed of Pearl Farley and Catherine O'Grady, upheld the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, That the United States should abandon the protective tariff." The decision of the judges was given to the sophomores, who were represented in this, and in subsequent debates, by Grace Burgett and Laura Wiley.

The juniors challenged the sophomores to the next debate, which was held March 31, 1920, on the question: "Resolved, That the study of mathematics is of more value to the high school student than the other non-vocational subjects, exclusive of English." Marjorie Dorcy and William Beale made up the junior team and upheld the affirmative side of the question. For a second time the sophomores obtained a victory.

The seniors, not wishing to give up the championship without a struggle, were the next to challenge the sophomores to a debate on the negative side of the same question which the sophomores and juniors had previously debated on. The senior team is composed of Donald Schafer and Ted White and the debate is to be held in the near future.

A debate on the question: "Resolved, That hairpins are of more importance than neckties, promises to be one of the most entertaining events of the year. Two juniors, Stanley McComas and Miller George, are to have the affirmative, while Anna Schwartz and Geneva Butler, two sophomores, will uphold the negative. The debate is to take place April 26, 1920.

A debating club was recently organized under the direction of Miss Madge Finley, for the purpose of interesting more students in this line of work. Miller George was elected president of the club, William Beale, vice-president and Grace Burgett, secretary and treasurer.

Work in debate has been very successful this year and there is every reason to believe that it will prove even more so in the future, because of the enthusiasm and interest which has been aroused.
Kolah Club

President ......................... Geneva Butler
Vice-President ..................... Kathryne Parker
Secretary .......................... Ruth Ouillette
Treasurer .......................... Thelma Phillips

The Kolah club, open to any student in the high school, was organized early in the fall of 1919, with a membership of twenty-eight. Its purpose, as stated in the constitution, is "the furthering of all literary, dramatic and debating activities" in the Anacortes high school.

At present, the Kolah club has two subdivisions, the Dramatic and the Discussion sections, which meet separately once a week for three consecutive times. A program is given on Monday of the fourth week, when all members of the club meet together. One of these programs, which was in the form of an old-fashioned school entertainment, was given before the student body. The club members were dressed appropriately for the occasion, MacGregor Allan acting as schoolmaster.

DISCUSSION DIVISION

Chairman .......................... Marjorie Dorcy

The Discussion division of the Kolah club has had some amusements and good times along with its more serious work. Besides those at school, meetings were held once at the home of Emily Rydberg and once at the home of Miss Hopstock, and those evenings were very much enjoyed. The questions discussed ranged from "The Ideal Man" to the "Need of a New High School Building."
DRAMATIC DIVISION

Chairman .......................... Josephine Okerlund
Vice-Chairman ......................... Ruth Strawser
Secretary-Treasurer ................... Maurine Holton

The Dramatic division of the Kolah club seems to be the most favored, judging from the number of members, and it has given three plays this year.

The fairy play, "Cinderella" was put on by the freshmen members of the club and was a feature of the Freshmen Frolic.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Cinderella .......................... Maurine Holton
Goodwife .......................... Edna Souliere
Goodman .......................... MacGregor Allan
Scratchcatty ........................ Helen DeRush
Vailabetty .......................... Ruth Nicholson
Prince ............................... Carl Sahlin
Counsellor ......................... Berent Rydberg
Lieutenant .......................... George Manchester
Dame Truly .......................... Edna Fite
Herald ............................... Donald Wright
Ladies-in-waiting ..................... Lorene Hird and Norine Kasch

The next play given by the Dramatic division was "The Burglar," a one-act comedy, which showed the silly fears of five young women over nothing but a cat. The seating capacity of the upper hall of the school building, where this play was staged, proved inadequate, as many people were turned away. A small admission was charged in order to secure money to buy a permanent curtain.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Peggy Borton .......................... Ruth Ouillette
Mabel Dover .......................... Katharine Parker
Valerie Armsby ........................ Ruth Strawser
Edith Green .......................... Jessie Holding
Freda Temple ........................ Bertha Sunden

"Our Aunt From California," the third play put on by the Dramatic section, was a one-act comedy, given in April, before an assembly of the high school students.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Rosalie ............................... Jessie-Lou Parker
Felicia ............................... Grace Burgett
Sally ................................. Catherine O'Grady
Mrs. Muntoburn ........................ Josephine Okerlund
Miss Wilcoxngibs ........................ Esther Jacobus
Maid ................................. Lorene Hird

THE SENIOR PLAY

The senior play, "The Runaways," given at the Empire Theatre, February 12, was a howling success. The cast of characters were:

Max Juniper, Texas ranch owner .................. Ted White
Jean—the Governor's Daughter .................. Thelma Phillips
Alonzo Willing .......................... Richard Pusey
Victoria ............................... Alice Relichert
Ted Keegen ............................ Donald Schafer
Texana, maid .......................... Blanche Davey
Country Sheriff ........................ Virgil Rose
Mike .................................. Worth Knapp
Pete .................................. Alfred Olson

Those in the specialties were Blanche Fulton, Patience Collins, Mary Karch, Alice Sahlin, Beatrice Mitchell, Tyne Lowman, Amy Woodburn, Emil Rydberg, Miss Irene Brown, Alene Morrison and Reva Carr.

Miss Birdie C. Hedges, was coach of the play and Miss Grace Brower had charge of the girls' specialties.

The boy's trio, consisted of Donald Schafer, Claude Neely and Lawrence Ragan.

The orchestra was directed by David Lincoln Burnam.
"THE RUNAWAYS."

SENIOR PLAY SPECIALTY
THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

It's ever as before, I know I am a bore
Yet again,
The sounds you hate to hear are the constant scratching drear
Of my pen.

I'm the editor-in-chief writing copy by the sheaf
   With vacant stare—
Forgotten board and bed, pardon if I now have said
   A petite swear.

But once upon a time ere my birthright for a rhyme
   I did hock,
Heights of joy I did mount and my friends I did count
   By the flock.

But as scavenger of news, I wear out many shoes
   In my flights
To save my precious hair which my patrons would tear
   For their rights.

No cauld, 'tis not a sin for you to sit and grin
   At this dip
For the stuff that I compose I am sure must you expose
   To the pip.

But when you have the grief of editor-in-chief
   In the spring
They will laugh as you do now at the joy-forsaken bough
   Where you cling.  

M. D.'21

PLEASURES OF LIFE

"No, I wont—yes, I will—no, I wont!" were Gordon's words as he paced before the fireplace. Gordon was the son of Col. Audre, a widower, and Col. Audre was the richest man for five plantations around.

"You won't what?" asked the stately old gentleman, as he entered in time to hear Gordon's last words.

"I won't go back to school. You need a manager here and I can learn more on the ranch than I can at school," he replied.

"Humph!" grunted the Colonel. "A lot of good you'd be here on the plantation. Why, ever since you've been home on vacation, you've been burning up the roads from here to Memphis in that racer—and what's more ————"

"What's more," interrupted Gordon, "I'm cutting out the pleasures of life from now on. I want to stay home and learn how to manage a plantation. What good is all that college junk?"

"Humph!" came again from the Colonel. "Junk is it, after the money I've spent on you?"

No, Governor; not junk exactly," Gordon stammered as he backed against the fireplace. "Only in one sense of the word. It will be about as valuable as junk when I'm thru because none of the things I'm studying will teach me how to run the ranch. I told you I wanted nature work, 'Near to nature,' is my motto, Governor, and the ranch here, is what I'm coming back to. No, I won't go back to school. I'm only wasting time and your money.

During this little declaration of independence, the Colonel had visibly shown his displeasure. Never before, had Gordon told him what he was going to do. He'd always said "may I?"

"Supposing we both be sensible about this now," he said, after an awkward silence.
"Sure," Gordon murmured. "What'll it be Governor?"

"You go back to school."—(Gordon started to speak)—"finish the year, and when you come back, I'll let you manage the ranch." His father finished and as he saw a smile spread over Gordon's face, he knew all was well.

"By golly, Governor, you're a brick! I'll go and when I come back, you'll keep your promise?"

The Colonel nodded his head yes, and Gordon flew out of the door, and was gone before he realized it, burning up the road that headed to Memphis. He had intended to cut out the pleasures of life. Oh, well! he would after he came home from college, as manager of the ranch. Not very much later he was turning two-wheel corners on the residential boulevard and suddenly stopped at a handsome, big brick place with a tennis court on one side of the spacious lawn. Two boys and girls were playing, but as he leaped over the door of the racer, ran across the court, and jumped over the net, they stopped and looked at him.

"Gordon Andre!"

"Have you gone crazy, or are you playing 'Fairbanks'?"

"Neither one!"—he answered breathlessly, "but say!" He stopped to smooth back his hair and wipe off the perspiration from his face. "I knew I'd get it!"

"I told you I could have anything I asked for." Jim, his pal, threw the tennis racket across the court and the two shook hands vigorously. The other three looked on.

"Well, why not advertise a little bit?" they asked.

"No advertising to it," Gordon answered. "Fact is, I'm going to run the ranch when I graduate."

"You always did run the ranch," one said laughingly. Gordon was deaf.

—and I'm going to give up all the pleasures of life and—"

"Ha! Ha! That's rich!" Jim bellowed. "Feature that will you, gang! No more wild Paul Revere midnight rides or anything?" he asked.

"Absolutely not!" Gordon replied solemnly. "I'm going to be a hard-headed business man in a few months. The Governor is going to discharge the overseer a month after I return and get a few points from him, and then! You can come out and see the kind of a ranch Gordon Andre, jr., is running. I'm going to make a lot of changes you know, because I am the next owner of it. At present I am going to run out to the club for lunch; then I've got to go up to the Lake. See you later, gents!"

"He's making a peach of a start giving up pleasure of life. Isn't he?" said Jim. They all laughed as they returned to finish the game.

Gordon went back to college—no question about it—first, because the Colonel said he should, and secondly, he wanted to run the ranch, when he finished his education. One night, while trying earnestly to give up the "pleasure of life," he was having a stag party and while two of the regular fellows were doing some "Vernon Castle" on the table, a picture fell to the floor—a picture of a girl. (You notice this is where the story starts, for what's a story minus a girl?) Anyway, as we were saying the picture fell.

"Gimme that quick!" blurted out one of the "Castles," but Gordon had picked it up. "Some class. She'd make the Kaiser kiss Woodrow—that girl!"

"I tell you its my picture, old dear. I just got it tonight. Hand it across now!" But Gordon didn't seem to hear. He felt tho, of a sudden, that something was missing—no doubt something was, because as he looked down to see the face again, all he saw was his hand.

"Where'd it go?" he asked blankly.

"Snap out of it buddy; you just naturally lost it."

"Yes, I guess so; but believe me boys. I'm going to have one like that before I graduate," he said. And the party went on. Somehow, Gordon had lost all interest. That night he couldn't sleep. The next day he urged with the table dancer, but the only satisfaction he got was that "she" was Miss Adair. So that evening he had an exciting time calling several different "Adairs" and being told several times, by old men, little
children, and boys, that he had the wrong number.

"I'll judge by voice," he concluded, and tried again. This time a faint sweet "hello" came from the mouthpiece.

"A-er—I say! Is this Miss Adair?" he ventured. His voice seemed miles away. Was he really speaking?

"Yes, why, yes, of course." (silence.)

"Er-a-the Miss Adair that knows Ray Dickens?" he asked. ((He was progressing a little, the thought).

"Yes; I know Ray quite well. Why?"

"Oh! I don't know. You see I know him, too; and he called me up, to call you up—that is—he's sick." Gordon blurted out. (He had to say something)—"and he wants to see you—" (A stifled cry at the other end)—"and I'll call for you in my car if you'll tell me where you live."

"But who is this?" the girl asked.

"This? This? Oh, this is Ray's bosom friend," he solemnly replied.

"All right: I'll be ready." She gave her address, but now——

"Ye Gods!" Gordon moaned. "Where'll I take her when I get her? Sometimes I'm an idiot, but I can't be a cad. I've got to keep my word."

One of the Gang broke into the room. "I say Gord—, poor old Ray just got knocked out, on the field—two ribs broken and——."

Gordon was out of his seat in a second.

"Has he?" he blurted. "Good stuff!" And as he bolted out the door and flew down the steps the messenger opened his mouth—and shut it again.

A few minutes later, Gordon had the adorable Miss Adair in the seat and as they tore madly on to the hospital, he forgot—and she forgot—to get acquainted. A minute or two later they were at Ray's bedside. He had been hurt, and as he opened his eyes, he cried: "Oh, Peggy, dear—you came. I knew you would, but how——." And as he noticed Gordon at the foot of the bed, he added: "Did you bring her here?"

"Yes," he stammered, "I did." And as he came to Ray's side, they shook hands—and Ray handed him, from the table, the much coveted picture. "I donno what a fellow wants to guard a picture of his cousin for so closely, anyhow," murmured—then smiled.

Gordon looked dumbfounded, then blushed.

"Your cousin?" he repeated.

"Yes, and she just gave me that picture last night," Ray answered.

"Maybe you'd better introduce us," Gordon suggested.

"Why—that's funny—I forgot—yes, of course—you can explain to me later about the clever scheme, at present," said Ray, forgetting pain and laughing heartily. "Mr. Audre, meet my cousin, Miss Peggy Adair."

I'm going to stop here. Anyway I'll just add that one day soon after, Colonel Audre got a letter from Gordon, saying that running a ranch might be a pleasure in life, but running a home for two, and the racer, was lots nicer. He didn't see how he'd ever intended to be a farmer anyway—and he guessed he wouldn't come back till—after the honeymoon.

You can't never always tell about these boys who get all they ask for—sometimes they're cured! (That's what she said).

PATIENCE COLLINS, '20.

(FINIS)
Society

This year has been unusually filled with social activities. Because of the number interested, we feel that the society news should share a few pages of the annual.

The social season opened with a mixer given by the juniors in the gymnasium. Almost every one obeyed the invitation to come dressed as kiddies. Prizes were given to those dressed in the most childish fashion. Those receiving the first prize were Grace Neely and Miller George; second, Miss Madge Finley and George Shannon. During the evening Miss Birdie C. Hedges, Mr. Robert M. Fulton and Miss Gertrude Hoppock, with masks on their faces and their clothes fastened behind, entertained the crowd by singing a parody on "Clementine." This was required of them in the way of initiation.

The first theatre party was given by the junior class with Miss Eva McMillan and Miss Inez LAbossier, as chaperones. They attended the Elks’ play, "We Should Worry."

The sophomores proved themselves excellent hosts at the party given the last of October in honor of the freshmen. The gymnasium was artistically decorated in Hallowe’en symbols and class colors and the dim lights gave a ghostly effect. In the middle of the evening they had a grand march, after which every one unmasked and seated themselves on the straw-covered floor to be entertained by a program. The male quartet, consisting of Ted White, Charles Farrell, Stanley McComas and Claude Neely with Lawrence Ragan at the piano, sang several songs. A shadow play, "The Modern and Medieval Ballad of Mary Jane," was read by Geneva Butler and acted by Anna Schwartz, Walter Schwartz, Thelma Miney and Margaret Elliot. To wind up the pleasant evening refreshments of ice cream cones and candy were served.
The school was invited to a Frolic given by the freshmen in the gymnasium December 18. The hall was artistically decorated in Christmas bells and fir tree limbs. A huge tree decorated with popcorn, candies and presents filled one corner of the gymnasium. Santa Claus had his usual place. Anyone could draw a number and if the number was a lucky one, the person received a gift or a bag of candy, popcorn and nuts. In an opposite corner, hot chocolate and cookies were served by Miss Eva McMillan and Miss Inez LaBossier. There were booths along the walls where you had a chance to have your fortune told by a gypsy, vote at the baby show and hit the Kaiser. After a pleasant evening they were invited to the hall downstairs to witness a farce, "Cinderella," given by the Dramatic club, under the supervision of Miss Gertrude Hoppock.

The juniors enjoyed an indoor picnic at the home of Blanche Fulton November 3. During the evening games and music were enjoyed.

The seniors held their first affair of the season November 5, with a box party at the Empire theatre, where the Lyceum circuit presented "The Old-Fashioned Girls." After this, they journeyed to Alice Reichert's home where refreshments and music were enjoyed. Miss Birdie C. Hedges, the senior class advisor, acted as chaperone.

The elaboration of Christmas decorations was a marked feature of the Frolic given at the Pavilion by the Class of '21, of the Anacortes high school, December 5. The walls were artistically decorated with holly and cedar boughs and the windows were festooned with small red curtains held back by green bands. The roof was hidden by green and red streamers arranged in circular fashion. The fireplace, with the Christmas stockings, gave the hall a very home-like appearance. Just opposite the orchestra under a roof of evergreens, two freshman girls, Maurine Holton and Helen LaRush, resembling fairies in their dainty white costumes, served punch during the evening. The extras in the early part of the evening succeeded in filling every one with the dancing spirit, so that when the programs were presented after the grand march, every one danced the rest of the evening. The march was successfully led by Miller George and Blanche Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Trafton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Fulton and Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Fulton were patrons and patroesses for the evening. Those in charge of the arrangements were, Miller George, Blanche Fulton, Claude Neely and Edward Laing.

Under the supervision of Miss Eva McMillan, the freshmen of the domestic science department served a banquet November 6, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lyons.

The high school domestic science rooms were the scene of a banquet given Saturday, March 4, by the seventh period English class to the members of the sixth period class. During the last semester a contest was arranged between the two groups in sophomore English, the class showing the greater increase in scholarship to be entertained by the other section. Lawrence Ragan acted as toastmaster. Toasts were given as follows: "To the Sixth Period Class," Walter Schwartz; "To the Seventh Period Class," Garland Okerland; "To the Girls," Claude Neely; "To the Boys," Margaret Elliott; "To the High School," Francis Short. Mr. Robert M. Fulton responded to this toast.

The last of a series of luncheons given by the girls of the second year domestic science class, was one tendered the faculty Thursday, May 6. The long table in the sewing room was centered with a bowl of red tulips, and the same motif was used on the invitations and place cards.

The luncheon was delicious and daintily served by Blanche Fulton, Virginia Shannon, Amy Woodburn, Laura Wiley and Velma Parish.
A dance was given by the Athletic Association March 19, at the Pavilion. The music was good and although the crowd was small, everyone had a good time.

A happy precedent was inaugurated by the juniors on May 18, when they gave a banquet to the seniors in the parlors of the Presbyterian church. The large room was artistically decorated in green and yellow, the senior colors. Ruth Ouillette had charge of the decorations.

The same color scheme was used on the table. The senior flower, yellow chrysanthemums, formed the nut baskets and place cards. Blanche Fulton was chairman of the committee having charge of the menu.

The banquet was prepared by the junior girls under the supervision of Miss Eva McMillan and was served by six freshmen from her cooking classes.

Claude Neely made a capable toastmaster and after the clever responses, the pleasant evening was concluded with music.
The interest shown in music this year has been unusual. The chorus assembled under the direction of Miss Vina O'Callaghan but the organization of that department was hardly completed when illness necessitated her resignation. Mrs. Grace Lincoln Burnham has very successfully carried on the work begun by Miss O'Callaghan and under her direction the students have shown considerable interest in this phase of our school activities.

The glee club rendered pleasing numbers at an assembly held in the early part of the year. The boys' chorus made its debut at the state debate where they sang several numbers to an appreciative audience. Our boys' trio, consisting of Claude Neely, Donald Schafer and Lawrence Ragan, made a number of successful appearances, the first being at the senior class play, "The Runaways," and again at the state debate. As a trio they cannot be surpassed.

On Christmas Eve, the glee clubs joined together and endeavored to entertain some of those who were unable to leave their homes. They also visited the city hospital, singing Christmas carols as they drove from place to place, after which they were served a delightful repast at the home of Blanche Fulton.

The high school orchestra was well organized this year. The seniors were the first to call upon them and they contributed two selections, "The Hope March" and "Semiramide" at the senior play.

The paramount event of the year was the production of the light opera, "Love Pirates of Hawaii," staged under the personal direction of Miss Birdie C. Hedges as dramatic coach and Mrs. Burnham, director of music. The staging was most artistic and the fine surf and beach made one think they were all but in sight of old Diamond Head, down in the land of sugar plantations and fields of pineapples. Marvel Templar was a winsome "Dorothy Dear," the daughter of a plantation manager. Emily Rydberg made a prim "Miss Primer," instructor of the girls' academy. Stanley McComas was a long, rangy, supposed to-be-heartless "Pirate Chief." Cloude Neely as "Lieutenant Billy Woods" of the U. S. Cruiser Tennessee, was handsome in his naval garb as a naval officer. Grace Neely, Tyne Lowman, Grace Burgett and Blanche Fulton portrayed the typical Hawaiian girls, daughters of rich plantation owners. The operetta was hailed by everyone as a grand success, due to ambition, perseverance and hard work.

The glee club is ending this year's work by turning its attention to music for the commencement exercises and it is certain that it will work hard and do as well as it did with its former numbers.

We feel confident that the music department of next year will be even more of a success than it has been in the past.
Football

Nothing but unusual ability could pilot the light team we had this season into second place in the county league, but we had that unusual ability centered in Coach Fulton, a leader of men and the best liked coach who ever come into contact with the present generation of high school students. That he understands football, is proved by the science in his team's work.

Only five letter men came back this fall and barely enough more to fill out an eleven. There was no second team to give them practice. All they could do with their plays in practice was to run signals. The practical working out was left to the game. But in spite of these handicaps they tied Sedro-Woolley for second place at the end of the season. The one chance at the championship lay in playing Mount Vernon, but in order to save useless slaughter, Anacortes forfeited that game.

Our season then was a success. Teamwork was the keynote in every play, and the season was a perfect tribute to our Coach.

BURLINGTON, 0—ANACORTES 12

The first game was an easy victory. The result was never in doubt. The Anacortes boys showed up well and surprised every one, including themselves. Calvin starred by making both touchdowns and Beale followed close by making big gains. Claude Neely hooked several impossible looking passes and Kawazoe made some spectacular open field tackles. Our rooters were out in full force and aided materially in subduing our rivals.

SEDRO-WOOLLEY, 29—ANACORTES, 0

Misfortune was at our door in this game as well as the wolf and a lot of black cats. Woolley was at least ten pounds to the man heavier than Anacortes and had no difficulty in scoring regularly.

Beale was our only star and made enough yardage through the line to cover their main street, but to no avail. We had journeyed there to bad luck—nothing else.

BLAINE, 7—ANACORTES, 0

This was an outside game for practice, but our fellows put up more fight than they ever had before. We rushed them off their feet from the start, and if our touchdown had been counted, we would have been tied. Several times we were in striking distance of the goal, but failed.

Claude Neely and Frank Stevenson were the individuals who showed up for Anacortes.
BURLINGTON, 6—ANACORTES, 7

A more exciting game was never played on our local field. A touchdown and a kick in the last few minutes of play saved the game for Anacortes. A small dispute arose over the score, but it was unreasonable and was cast aside as such.

McComas and Virgil Neely starred on the line, while Beale and Laing starred in the tackle field.

SEDRO-WOOLLEY, 6—ANACORTES, 6

Another game full of thrills. Woolley was pretty confident of repeating the victory of the first encounter and was surprised at our improvement. It was hard fought throughout. Beale was our heavy man for line smashes, while Calvin pulled the wide stuff. McComas starred on the line.

FERNADE, 23—ANACORTES, 6

This was another trip to a hard fought defeat. Ferndale later forfeited the game to us for playing an ineligible man, but their team as we played them was sure a winner, and we are proud of the fight we put up. Leake was the donor of our touchdown which he found lying behind the lines after a scrimmage. All of Ferndale’s scores were made by long runs.

Walter Schwartz was a high light in the back field, while Schafer cut up in a personal scrap on the line.

ANACORTES, 7—AMERICAN LEGION, 6

This Thanksgiving game was the biggest surprise of the season. We, classing ourselves as “just kids,” against all the old football heroes of Anacortes, went into the game with the determination to show these “Tin Gods” just what we were made of, expecting to lose at least fifty to nothing. However, we were not defeated at all, and by a clever string of defensive tactics, managed to humble the ex-soldiers.

Laing and Beale starred as usual.

INDIVIDUAL PLAYER’S CRITICISM

Captain Beale, left-half—An ideal captain who led his men by setting a good example. He’s a regular tank in a game and a stone wall can’t stop his smashes.

Tetsu Kawazoe, quarter—Our “clever kid” at carrying a ball. He never fumbles.

Edward Laing, full-back—A steady, consistent player, who can always be depended on for yardage. The only way to make him quit is to knock him out.

Stanley McComas, center—Covers the ground in more ways than one. He likes to grab ‘em by the head and throw ‘em around.

John Calvin, right-half—He’s there at running interference. The best drop kicker on the field.

Virgil Neely, right-guard—He’s a terror to the enemy’s line and a rock of Gibraltar on defense. Flying tackles are a habit with him.

Lawrence Ragan, left guard—He plays an aggressive game and enjoys tormenting his opponents by tangling in their feet.

Frank Stevenson, left-tackle—He’s always found on the bottom of a pile-up. The only thing he doesn’t like about football is the rule book.

Walter Schwartz, end—Replete in all the tricks of the game. No team ever scores over his end.

Donald Schafer, right-tackle—The editor has never seen this player in action and therefore cannot pass judgment upon him.

Walter Leake, end—He played his man in fine style, opening up holes for the pile drivers. Leake’s hobby was pulling down sensational passes.

Claude Neely, end—He never missed a pass in his career. Insensible to pain, he plays after he’s unconscious, and loves to bring to earth anything carrying a pigskin. Shoe string tackles are his worst habits.
FIRST BOYS’ BASKETBALL TEAM

Basketball

Records of the 1919-20 basketball season at Anacortes will not be handed down to posterity as an example of a terrific success.

Looking at it from all angles, however, gives it a less gloomy aspect, and considering the fast company in the league, A. H. S. did well to end up in third place.

Without offering any over-used “alibis,” several real difficulties may be mentioned as confronting our team. As before mentioned, the league this year was fast company for any team, which necessitated a speedy team if competing for anything but the coal flag. Our men were good, clever, fast and consistent players and as far as floorwork was concerned, outplayed every team in the league. The defects were the result of superior basket-shooting by the enemies.

Our gymnasium was divided during the week between the girls’ and boys’ teams, and neither received the drilling necessary for a pennant-winning team. Our turnout was small, but we did get our quota of good players. That they were unable to take first place does not reflect on their playing as individuals.

RECORD OF BASKETBALL SEASON

Anacortes, 10. ......................... Sedro-Woolley, 26
Anacortes, 20 ......................... Sedro-Woolley, 16
Anacortes, 23 ......................... La Conner, 39
Anacortes, 2 ......................... La Conner, (forfeited)
Anacortes, 14 ......................... Mount Vernon, 28
Anacortes, 16 ......................... Mount Vernon, 24
Anacortes, 39 ......................... Burlington, 14
Anacortes, 19 ......................... Burlington, 32
INDIVIDUAL BASKETBALL PLAYERS COMMENDATION

Kawazoe, forward—Most agile forward in the county. "Upe" is a whirlwind dribbler; an unsurpassed passer and an excellent shot. He’s all over the floor at once.

Schwartz, guard—Most tenacious guard in the league; would not permit a forward to touch the ball. An incomparable passer when covered.

Laing, forward—His supremacy lay in "ditching" his guard. Always reliable for the steady kind of basketball that wins games. He never fumbles.

Beale, guard—A running guard who scored deciding baskets, taking care of his man at the same time. Would not permit a forward’s intimacy with the basket.

McComas, center—All-county center. Undoubtedly the best tip off man in many a moon. He is an accurate long-shot and his record speaks for itself.

Andersen, guard—He plays the roughhouse type of basketball that keeps the opponents out of humor. He is a shark at taking a ball away from a forward.

Our second team was also a credit to the school, furnishing practice for the first team besides playing a little schedule of its own. They won four of the five games they engaged in and put up a style of basketball that made their games fully as exciting as those of the first team.

SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM
Baseball and Track

Up to the time of sending this publication to press these two sports have not progressed very far.

Baseball looks promising from the line-up but concerning the prospects in the county league it is safest not to say too much. Captain Leake and McComas compose our pitching staff, while Bill Beale holds down the catching end of the battery. The rest of the infield is taken care of by such notables as Schwartz, Andersen, Kawazoe and Schaefer. The outfield, from left to right, is Johnny Jordan, Gussie Okerlund and Ted White. Up to date Jordon is heavy hitter for the outfit, making two home runs and a three-base hit out of three times up in practice. Other steady hitters are Okerlund, Kawazoe, McComas and Beale. As a whole, the team is fast and clever in the manipulation of plays and the players cover the whole field with remarkable efficiency—wild throws, fumbles and “bone-head” plays are conspicuous by their absence and the only real handicap to overcome is weak hitting.

Track, up to date, has been limited to one inter-class meet which was captured by the junior class. However, this one meet, although of a small consequence on our sporting calendar, uncovered nearly all the track talent in the school, not to mention covering up some. George Abbey is undoubtedly its best distance man in school and can be counted on for a place in the county meet. The sprinters are Virgil Rose, Claude Neely and Virgil Neely. McComas, Beale and Abbey will probably represent A. H. S. in the high jump, the former clearing five feet six inches with little or no practice. The discuss honors also go to McComas, as well as the shot and javelin. The probable pole-vaulters have not been selected as yet on account of delay in getting a pole.

Considering everything, it is possible that the A. H. S. track team may come home from the county meet heavily laden with medals, but here again enters the uncertainty of a prophecy.

D. S. '20.
Girls' Basketball

This year there has been a greater interest taken in basketball than in any previous years, due to the splendid coaching of Miss Brower. The turnouts were such that we were able to have class games for the first time since 1916.

The first county game was played with LaConner at LaConner, in which the girls won by a score of 32-8. Happily they returned to Anacortes and started to practice eagerly for the next game which was to be with Sedro-Woolley. But this game was not so easily won, for when the whistle blew announcing that the time was up, they found that the score was a tie. Five minutes was given the teams to play off the tie. Anacortes made one point, leaving a score of 13-12. The girls returned home joyful at heart, and prepared to meet Mt. Vernon. The practicing was not in vain, for they won from them by a score of 14-7. The girls' next game was with Burlington at Burlington. But sorry to say they lost to Burlington by a score of 19-15. This closed the girls' basketball schedule for Edison was unable to play Anacortes, due to the illness of some of their players. Four games were not enough for our team, so they played the Sedro-Woolley town team and were satisfied with a score of 30-12 in favor of Anacortes.

We regret to say that three cities, Mt. Vernon, Burlington and Anacortes were tied for county championship and only wish that it could have been decided by playing off the tie. As only two of this year's team will be lost by graduation, there is no reason why the Anacortes high school should not have a champion girls' team in 1921.

Those who were awarded letters are:

Amy Woodburn, captain; guard—Her opponent was never at ease for she was always on the alert.

Tyne Lowman, forward—She was over the floor all at once and there with the ball.

Beatrice Mitchell, forward—Her guard was kept busy, when she was in action.
Girls' Basketball Team

Mary Kasch, guard—The ball never escaped her hands, for her eye always followed it.

Grace Neely, guard—Short, but that made no difference; she was just as tall as the rest of them when she jumped.

Blanche Davey, side center—Just give her the signal and she will do the rest.

Anne Schwartz, jumping center—She could not be surpassed when it came to team work.

Anacortes vs. Sedro-Woolley, 13-12.
Anacortes vs. LaConner, 32-8.
Anacortes vs. Mount Vernon, 14-1.
Anacortes vs. Sedro-Woolley, 30-12.

B. D. '20.
A SUPPLICATION

From the tangled mass of primaries, conventions, candidates and their celestial platforms; from memory work and its little bird twittering forth a sermon; from quadratic surds and other absurdities found in algebra; from squares on the hypotenuse and the irregular jargon passing for French; from the boresome attributes of grammar; from international trade and note-books; from history outlines and 5,000 word theses on things we know nothing about; from athletic assemblies; from so many teachers in science next year; from another man-forsaken faculty; from all these and many many other things that plague us thus; O Fates, deliver us.

AHS

A HAIRPIN AGAIN

At an assembly, April 26, the junior and sophomore classes met in a formal debate on the question: Resolved, That hairpins are more important than neckties. The debate was highly appreciated as the negative was upheld by Geneva Butler and Anna Schwartz, while the affirmative was supported by Miller George and Stanley McComas. The laurels were won by the juniors. It must have been hard to judge this debate when the dazzling smiles and manly necks so coquetishly nude were taken into consideration.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES

Dr. Clark Bissett of the law school of the University of Washington, was selected to give the main address at the commencement exercises of the class of 1920, held May 27.

As valedictorian and salutatorian respectively, Alene Morrison and Blanche Davey made their last appeal to the public. Virgil Rose, the only senior to make an average of 90, and hence be on the honor roll, presented the $50 Liberty Bond that the class bought in its sophomore year. As he was enrolled in the three year commercial course, he could not be considered for commencement honors.

AHS

SENIORS’ SWAN SONG

A student has a dismal life,
He works to beat the band,
Just when he thinks he’s thru the strife,
Misfortune takes a hand.
It wouldn’t be so blooming bad,
If students were to blame,
But when a teacher gets a fad,
For work it is a shame.
I cannot mention this one’s name,
The editor objects,
She rates a lot of local fame,
For lessons she selects.
She never spares herself no work,
Her intellect’s intense.
I think she should employ a clerk,
Our lessons are immense.
We gaily enter thru the door
With ribald shouts and whoops.
She looks us o’er and knocks us for
A row of chicken coops.
Besides assignments from the text,
And outside reading, too,
And thesis work up to our necks,
We have some more to do.
Special reports and other junk,
And outlines up to date—
I’ll tell the world it is the bunk,
We work or set the gate.
We sit in misery and wait,
And listen to her sing
Assignments for a coming date—
Oh, death! where is thy sting?

AHS

Miss Hedges mounted to the commercial room in search of the last of her “Faculty Favorites.”
“What’s your pet expression, Mr. Smith?” she asked.
“Nothing that you care to print. What’s yours?” he countered.
“You’re a dear,” she chuckled, fleeing.
SENIOR BALL
In spite of all the recent antidancing agitation coincident with the spring anti-everything movement, the Senior Ball was planned, prepared for, and staged with success in every detail. No work or expense was spared to make it the most charming event of the season.
The “New Pavilion” hall was converted into a veritable trellised garden with artistic lattice fences and archways covered with flowers.
The programs, in class colors, were unique in pattern and proved past a doubt the seniors’ good taste.
The punch stand and cozy corner in harmony with the garden scene completed the southern summer-evening effect of the decorations, leaving the merry-makers in a stupor of shock and surprise when they stepped back into Anacortes after the last dance.
War, little jazzers,
Don’t step high,
The Antis will get you
If you try.

TRACK OUTLOOK BRIGHT
With only three men entered in the three-county meet at Mt. Vernon, May 1, Anacortes captured points in four of the seven events entered. In all these events except the javelin, Whatcom, who won the meet, took the other points. Abbey, captain of the Purple and White, took third in the mile, 880 yard and javelin, and second in the broad jump in which C. Neely took third. McComas was defeated by three Whatcom men in the high jump.
V. Neely, Rose and Leake plan to enter the county meet May 15.

OFFICERS ELECTED
At the annual election of the athletic association, Stanley McComas was unanimously chosen president; Miller George, business manager; Anna Schwartz, secretary, and Walter Schwartz, junior representative. Claude Neely was chosen senior representative by a large majority. Ernest Means captured the position of sophomore representative in a close contest. John Jordan was elected yell leader and Francis Short and Beatrice Mitchell were tied for assistant.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES
Hi diddle, diddle,
Both in the middle,
Under the silvery moon,
A little boy laughed
From under the porch;
So Fate did away with the spoon.
A dollar, a dollar,
A half a day scholar,
What makes you leave so soon?
You used to sneak
At three o’clock,
And now you cut at noon.

Finley had a little team,
A turning out for track;
She promised them divinity,
For each point they brot back.

Humpty dumpty stood in the hall,
Humpty dumpty took a great fall,
And all the king’s horses,
And all the king’s men
Couldn’t stick that plaster up again.
Answer—Newly oiled floors.

E.—“Did you drop French, Marjorie?”
M.—“No, I haven’t picked it up yet.”

Miss Hoppock—“Stanley, are you chewing gum?”
Stanley—“No, mam; I’m a boy.”

Editor—“Patience draws well, doesn’t she?”
Sport Editor—“Yep; there were ten of us there last night.”

Among the things not arranged for display at the Spring Exhibit were:
The handwriting on the walls.
The stages in the upperhall.
Miss Hedges’ broom.
The litter and lunch in the assembly.
The sophs’ daily eraser fight.
The tattered curtains stuck at half mast—and the lack of them.
The playfully intermittent clock and bells.
The gum gobs—here, there, everywhere.
The bare laths smiling benignly at us from the ceiling.
Alumni

The average high school student has air castles and dreams of some future powerful position he will attain. He leaves high school, a boy in his youthful zeal, expecting to accomplish those ends with little or no trouble. For a time we lose sight of him in his struggle and when we meet again, find him a man, who has "rubbed shoulder with the world." From the friction of a business life, practical ideas have replaced his boyish dreams, leaving him a 'mere' man, but after all a splendid citizen that the world could not be happy without.

Without wishing to disappoint the present high school dreamer, let us meet again some of his older brothers.

1909
Edna Fenn, Easton, Washington; Mrs. J. Henderson.
Tillie McFadden, Anacortes, Washington; Mrs. Charles Deane.
Elizabeth McCauley, Anacortes, Washington; stenographer.
Flora Matheson, California; Mrs. Frank Norvell.
Jennie Mills, Burlington, R. F. D.; Mrs. Lucious Davis.
Edith Whitney, Ronan, Mont.; Mrs. Guy L. Sperry.
Howard Stewart, Anacortes, Washington.
Frank R. Norvell, deceased.
Lloyd Foster, Anacortes, Washington; Farrell's Grocery.

1910
Ernest Dundam, California; clerical work.
Roy Fulton, Anacortes, Washington; manager of Booth Fisheries.
Hazel Harris, Portland, Oregon; married.
H. L. Morrison, Seattle, Washington; manager Used Car Dept., Northwest Motor Co.
Ivy Smith, Anacortes, Washington; teaching school.
Lucy Hawley, California; Mrs. Frank Quinty.
Marie Williams, Bellingham, Washington; teaching school.
Ambros Ratliff, Anacortes, Washington.

1911
Ella Lowman, Anacortes, Washington; Mrs. John Brisky.
Kathleen Mount, Portland, Oregon; teaching school.

1912
Madge Davis, Anacortes, Washington; Mrs. Fred Stafford.
Gerald Munks, Fidalgo; farming.
Alvero Smith, New York City, New York; engineering.

1913
Anna Joiner, Anacortes, Washington; in Judge Joiner's office.
Alice Moore, Seattle, Washington; employed in that city.
Rita Moore, Seattle, Washington; employed in the Bank of Commerce.
Irene Fry, Anacortes, Washington; Mrs. John Richards.
Grace Johns, Bellingham, Washington; teaching school.
Ermine Forrest; married.
Robert Collier, Seattle, Washington; employed in that city.
Earl Smith, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Gunnar Apenese, Anacortes, Washington; Anacortes Lumber & Box Co., employee.
Harry Cook, Fidalgo; farming.
Lena Daily; married.
Sarah Daily, Aberdeen, Washington; teaching school.
Dr. Harry Single, Anacortes, Washington; dentist.
Courtland Temple, Anacortes, Washington; employed at Temple's Store.
Freda Rydberg, Seattle, Washington; married.
Nat. Mount, Burlington, Washington; instructor of manual training.
Elsie Hartman, Yakima, Washington; teaching school.

1914
Thelma Temple, Anacortes, Washington; employed at Temple's Store.
Catherine Matheson, Anacortes, Washington; at home.
Marion Polis, Rosario, Washington; teaching school.
Molly Dorcy, Seattle, Washington; stenographer.
Alice Belch, North Yakima, Washington; teaching school.
Prudence Abbey, Blaine, Washington; teaching school.
Arthur Carlson; deceased.
Elwood Davis, Bellingham, Washington; Bellingham Normal.

1915
Bernadine Wiese, Pullman, Washington; Washington State College
Winnifred Smith, Dewey, Washington; teaching.
Helena Dally, Anacortes, Washington; bookkeeper at Anacortes Lumber & Box Co.
Edith Sahlin, Anacortes, Washington.
Bertha Anstenson, Bremerton, Washington; stenographer.
Nellie Moore, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Edith Lifvendahl, Anacortes, Washington; teaching school.
Orin Conolly, Anacortes, Washington.
Tom Glenn, New York City, New York.
Jim Glenn, Port Angeles, Washington; foreman in local mill.
Charles Lenning, Anacortes, Washington; employed at Anacortes Ice Co.
Harold Goodman, Kansas; attending college.
Horace Burroughs, Seattle, Washington; employed at Skinner & Eddy yards.
Eric Feno, Anacortes, Washington; employed at Great Northern Mill.

1916
Edward Larimore, Bellingham, Washington; employed at Standard Oil Company.
Edgar Shaw, employed in Alaska.
Lee Stevenson, Anacortes, Washington; married.
Erving S. Cook, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Guy B. Lowman, Anacortes, Washington; employed at the Coast Fish Company.
Fanny Abbey, Blaine, Washington; teaching school.
Alice Parchman, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Annice Sutherland, Anacortes, Washington; employed at Garmann's Store.
Ida Dorcy, Seattle, Washington; in training at Providence Hospital.
William Erickson, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Jenny Jocobus, Seattle, Washington; stenographer.

1917
Don Fry, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Earl Means, Cordova, Alaska; employed in a cannery in that locality.
Keith Belch, Annapolis; attending Naval Academy.
John Westbrook, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Metta Allen, Anacortes, Washington; Mrs. Harry Smith.
Teresa Mitchell; deceased.
Clare Taggart, Colville, Washington; married.
Doris Whitmore, Seattle, Washington; married.
Violet Edens, Laurel, Washington; married.
Fred Ellison, Anacortes, Washington; married.
Pat Finnegan, Anacortes, Washington; employed at local mill.
Rose Sahlin, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Nurt Kawazoe, Seattle, Washington; employed in that city.
Gertrude Beale, Belfast, Washington; employed in that city.
Ruth Carlyle, Vancouver, Washington; teaching school.
Mildred Moore; attending Park College, Missouri.
Annabel Robinson, Alaska; married.
Phyllis Rademacher, Anacortes, Washington; farming.
Alma Steffens, Anacortes, Washington; Mrs. E. Leadbetter.

1918

Rose Lundberg, Seattle, Washington; private secretary.
Ted Shaw, Alaska; fishing.
Margaret Shannon, Bellingham, Washington; attending Bellingham Normal School.
Hazel Means, Hoagdale, Washington; teaching school.
Julia Lenning, Anacortes, Washington; Mrs. Alfred Rydberg.
Harlow Magill, Guemes Island; farming.
Misao Kawazoe, Arlington, Washington; employed in a logging camp.
Evelyn Rydberg, Seattle, Washington; "hello" girl in Western Union office.
Madge Straw, Tacoma, Washington; employed in that city.
Charles Rutherford, Anacortes, Washington; employed in Bank of Commerce.
Elizabeth Carmen, Sumner, Washington; teaching school.
Emma Jeffries, Anacortes, Washington; at home.
Marie Jordan, Seattle, Washington; employed in that city.
Esther Lifvendahl, Seattle, Washington; stenographer.
Dorothy Latimer, Seattle, Washington; Mrs. Fry.
Lillian McFadden, Anacortes, Washington; Mrs. Henry Stedman.
Helena Davis, Quincy, Washington; teaching school.
Maxine Dodge, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Katheryn Davis, Bellingham, Washington; attending Bellingham Normal School.
Ruth Mitchell, Seattle, Washington; in training at Providence Hospital.
Claire Stitt, Anacortes, Washington; bookkeeper at Phillips' Grocery Store.
Marie Stewart, Bellingham, Washington; in training at St. Luke's Hospital.
Dorothy McCallum, Anacortes, Washington; employed at Leadbetter's Jewelry Store.
Helen Hansen, Dewey, Washington; farming.
Betty Allen, Anacortes, Washington; Mrs. William Marrs.
Esther Sherby, Mount Vernon, Washington; employed in that city.

1919

Marie White; Alaska.
Florence Lundberg, Anacortes, Washington; employed at Phillips' Store.
Gladys Graham, Anacortes, Washington; at home.
Harold Smith, Anacortes, Washington; employed in that city.
Menzo B. Mattice, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Gladys Okerland, Anacortes, Washington; at home.
Helen Sundeen, Guemes Island; teaching school.
Virgil Bettner, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Adella Mesford, Anacortes Washington; stenographer.
Willa B. Lowman, Seattle, Washington; U. of W.
Trygve Lorenston, Anacortes, Washington; employed in that city.
Peder Lorenston, Anacortes, Washington; employed in that city.
Hilda Woodburn, Bellingham, Washington; Bellingham Normal School.
Francis Spradley, Anacortes, Washington; at home.
Wallace Erhlom, Anacortes, Washington; employed at Apex Fish Co.
Clifford Lancaster; Alaska.
Lila Concrice, Tacoma, Washington; attending college.
Norman Fulton, Anacortes, Washington; at home.
Wanda Fulk, Mount Vernon, Washington; at home.
Alice Westbrook, Seattle, Washington; Mrs. Robert Collier.
AUTO-GRAPHS
SHAKESPEARE'S SLAMS.

Alice—"She never yet was foolish that was fair."
Ragan—"Howl, howl, howl, howl."
C. Farrell—"Was ever man so weary?"
Hedges—"For she is wise if I can judge of her."
Geneva—"Brevity is the soul of wit."
Mary, Ragan, Tyne—"When shall we three meet again?"
Dorothy T.—"Frailty, thy name is woman."
Ted—"He seems to be of great authority."
Grace—"I hear a voice shriller than all the music."
Upe—"Is this a holiday?"
Emily—"Some come to take their ease, and sleep an act or two."
Miss Finley—"Why look you how you storm."

FACULTY FAVORITES.

Miss Hedges—"You're a dear."
Miss La Bossier—"Put that gum in the basket."
Mr. Jodson—"Cut out the French."
Miss Hoppock—"Absolutely." "Let's pick up all the paper," "and so forth."
Miss Finley—"This problem is an easy one."
Mr. Smith—"Stop looking at the keys."
Miss Merrick—"You may leave the assembly."

Shannon has a little car,
You cannot fail to mark her,
For every time he takes her out
He always turns to Parker.

We had a small prof. named Gunn,
Who was everyone's darling sunn,
Each girl powdered her nose,
And as you may suppose
For safety he had to runn.
Miss M.—"Robert can you name a Cape in Alaska?"
Robert F. (plainly stumped)—"No'm.'
Miss M.—"That's right, Nome."

George A.—"Are you trying to make a fool of me?"
Jack F.—"No indeed. I never attempt to improve on the works of nature."

The second question in a physiology test was to name the parts of the alimentary canal:
Freshie—"Mr. Gunn, may I write about the Panama canal instead?"

Ragan—"When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do for this?"
Friend (?)—"stuff cotton in your ears."

Patience C.—"I could die dancing with you."
Don S.—"I am."

Clerk—"Now see here little boy. I can't spend the whole day showing you penny toys. Do you want the earth with a little red fence around it?"
Snakey—"Let me see it."

Miss Merrick—"Has Kenneth gone yet?"
Donald—"No, he is still going."

Hello. How many pennies did you get this noon?

She spurned the fond attention
Of a dozen I might mention,
And it seemed her firm intention—
To lead a spinster's life.

In manner most dramatic,
She said with tone emphatic,
That her taste had too much static—
To make a happy wife.

But this maiden soon attended
A football game and ended
What she before contended—
Was sentimental mush.

She struggled hard to quell it,
But nothing could dispel it;
She lost her heart (I'll tell it)—
To Bill Beale's center rush.  G. A. '21.
New Definitions.

Forty—A number, also in music fast.
Scrutinize—To assemble.
Insolvency—Can't solve.
Parallel—A straight line beside each other.

Donald S.—“I'm glad Miss Hedges put her foot down on that senior party. I tried to, but mine didn't have enough weight.”

Mr. Fulton—“Kenneth, how is it that you can drink lemonade through a straw?”
Kenneth—“Why, it's the air pressure in your mouth.”

Good morning! Did you escape injury in the plaster barrage this week?

Bill Beale (calling Fry's Meat Market)—“Hello, is Don there?”

Miss Hoppock—“Our glorious past was all in the future.”

Smokey—“Why are the seniors the sleepiest bunch in school?”
Mokes—“Well, don't they have a Knapp most every day?”

Mr. Gunn—“Gilbert, in what part of this state is little vegetation found?”
Gilbert—“On the roads.”

If you want to borrow money, see Ragan; he always has Kasch on hand.

Pupil—“What stops a sailing vessel?”
Miss Hoppock—“The propeller.”

Bernard (giving the life of Emerson)—“The next years of his life were saddened—he got married.”

It was a sophomore girl who slipped up gently to Miss Hoppock on that opening day, and asked: “What class are you in?”

And then there is the freshman who changed “The stag at eve had drunk its fill” to “The stag had had all he wanted to drink that night and as usual had gone to bed.”

In French class the weary one in a monotone pauses before the phrase, “cote a cote,” yawns and continues, “cootie a cootie!”

Farrell (at dance)—“There is a girl over there who wants to meet you.”

Schafer (on guard)—“What's the matter with her?”

There once was a teacher named Hoppock,
Who tried to put boys in the lock-up
For whispering and shooting,
And laughing and hooting.
But she could not succeed—
Alas! who would indeed
With the boys of the A. H. S.?

Ted White, (trying to make a hit)—“Say, I got some gum!”
Alice—“So I hear.”

Miss Merrick (in Ancient History)—“Roman numeral two, General Reorganization.”
Donald (to Louisa)—“Who's that gink?”
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HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

for many reasons, not the least of which is the fact that its founder, Mr. W. F. Robinson, was for many years a member of the School Board and always deeply interested in the progress of the schools, which he lived to see grow from three teachers in the Columbian building, to the present six buildings owned by the district with.

The Company shares his often expressed conviction that our country's future depends upon education and that the schools should have the active support and personal interest of every member of the community.

Yours truly,

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Sixth and Commercial
Two lovers lean on the garden gate;
The hour is late.
At a chamber window her father stands;
And rubs his hands.
For a while he watches them unawares;
Then goes downstairs.
He loosens the dog from his iron chain;
The rest is plain.
The moonlight falls on the garden gate;
The hour is late.

G. A '21

Pusey jumped into the strawberry patch,
Very careful about his landing.
But alas! the owner was wide awake;
Now Pusey sits a standing.

---

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THE VILLAGE VAMP.

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The village vamp, she stands.
This vamp, some classy dame is she,
With diamonds on her hands.
And the perfume from the 10c store
Is strong as Sousa's band.

Her hair is frizzled, black and long,
Her face a sea-side tan;
Her brow is wet with honest sweat,
She grabs what 'ere she can,
And looks the whole world in the face—
She trieth every man!

Thanks, t'anks to thee thou worthy vamp,
For lessons thou hast taught,
Thus with paint and powder puffs and jewels,
Our partners must be sought;
But men are such foolish things,
They simply won't be caught. M. D. '21

Donald Wright (who was watching some men working a pile driver)—
"Isn't it a shame, those men have been trying ever so hard to lift that
great big weight, and each time it reaches the top it slips down again."

Sample Sayings.

Mary Kasch in English—"Dross is the refuge from gold."
Margaret T. (in the course of a recitation on the life of Coleridge)—
"And it said in his biology in the front of the book."
Richard P. (in chemistry)—"Oxygen is never found in the free state
except when it is mixed with something else and then you have to dig it
out."

Claude N.—"I want to model myself after one of the great operatic
singers. Which one would you suggest?"
Alice R.—"Oh, Lamagno or Glittert."
Claude—"But they're both dead."
Alice—"I know it. Imitate 'em."

George Abbey stood on the train platform ruefully contemplating his
dusty clothes.
Ted Graham—"Tip the porter two bits and he'll brush you off."
George—"All right. When he's through, I'll tip him off."

Lawrence (rubbing his head after bumping his elbow on the seat—
"Ouch, I hurt my crazy bone."

"Yupe" (paying his manual training bill)—"Say, which would you rather
have, an old five-dollar bill or a new one?"
Dedson—"A new one if you don't mind."
"Yupe"—"Gee! Now I can save four dollars."
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LAMENTATIONS.
I'm goin' where it never rains,
Because I just hate rain,
I'm goin' where it always shines,
And live my life again.

I'm goin' where the water's warm,
In the old swimmin' pool,
I'm goin' where they never teach,
Geometry in school.

I'm goin' there, but meanwhile
Tho maybe I'm a fool,
I'll get up in the morning
And trot along to school.

TO AN "E."
O dear and pleasant little thing,
No fable of a wizard—
Just curling up around my heart,
A tickling my gizzard.

Gay and sporting
He went a courting
In a shower of rain,
Stepped in a puddle
Up to his middle,
Never, ah! never again!

TO A FRIEND
Once there was a clumsy pup
Without claim;
His tail it wagged so friendly,
Ne'er the same.
One day he found a friend,
O blessed name.

Like that friend and little pup—
You and I;
A happy dog's life I would lead—
Ne'er to sigh;
Just to wag and to tag you—
'Till I die.
"WALT W. DORCY."

Claude Neely came to me one day
And bashfully speaking, he said:
"You are very much wiser than many I know,
And by your advice I'll be led.
Now tell me how I can the question propose
To some pretty maiden I know?
I'm anxious to marry, but cannot because
The asking, it puzzles me so."

I told him my thoughts and urged him to try
The pleading a favor so sweet,
For life without love is like a field that is bare,
With love like a field full of wheat.
When next I saw Claude, so happy he seems,
I asked him if love prospered so—
He laughingly answered, "The feeling's so nice,
I've asked every girl that I know."
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A LAUNDRY QUEEN ELECTRIC WASHER.
A BUSY BEE VACUUM CLEANER—AND A HOT POINT ELECTRIC IRON—
'AND OTHER THINGS,' YOU WILL NOT HAVE ANY BLUE MONDAYS—OR OTHER DAYS.
Comfort and Grace in Arch Preserver Shoes

These shoes have nothing freakish or conspicuous about their shape. They are as smart as can be. Their comfort results from special construction and new last modeling that provide an instep which comes up and stays up snug to the arch of your foot.

They are anatomically designed and scientifically fitted to prevent flatfoot and other arch troubles, and to preserve the high sweeping arch you were born with. By their comfort and support they permit a springy, youthful step and promote a graceful carriage. They assist in restoring health, beauty and comfort to unhappy feet.

Every active woman will be keenly interested in the wonderful story told in the booklet, "The Story of Beautiful Feet". It tells how this Arch Preserver Shoe has brought comfort and grace to thousands of women. Others will also be surprised to learn how much their shoes have to do with the weak ankles and foot troubles of their children. Come in and get your copy. It is free.

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