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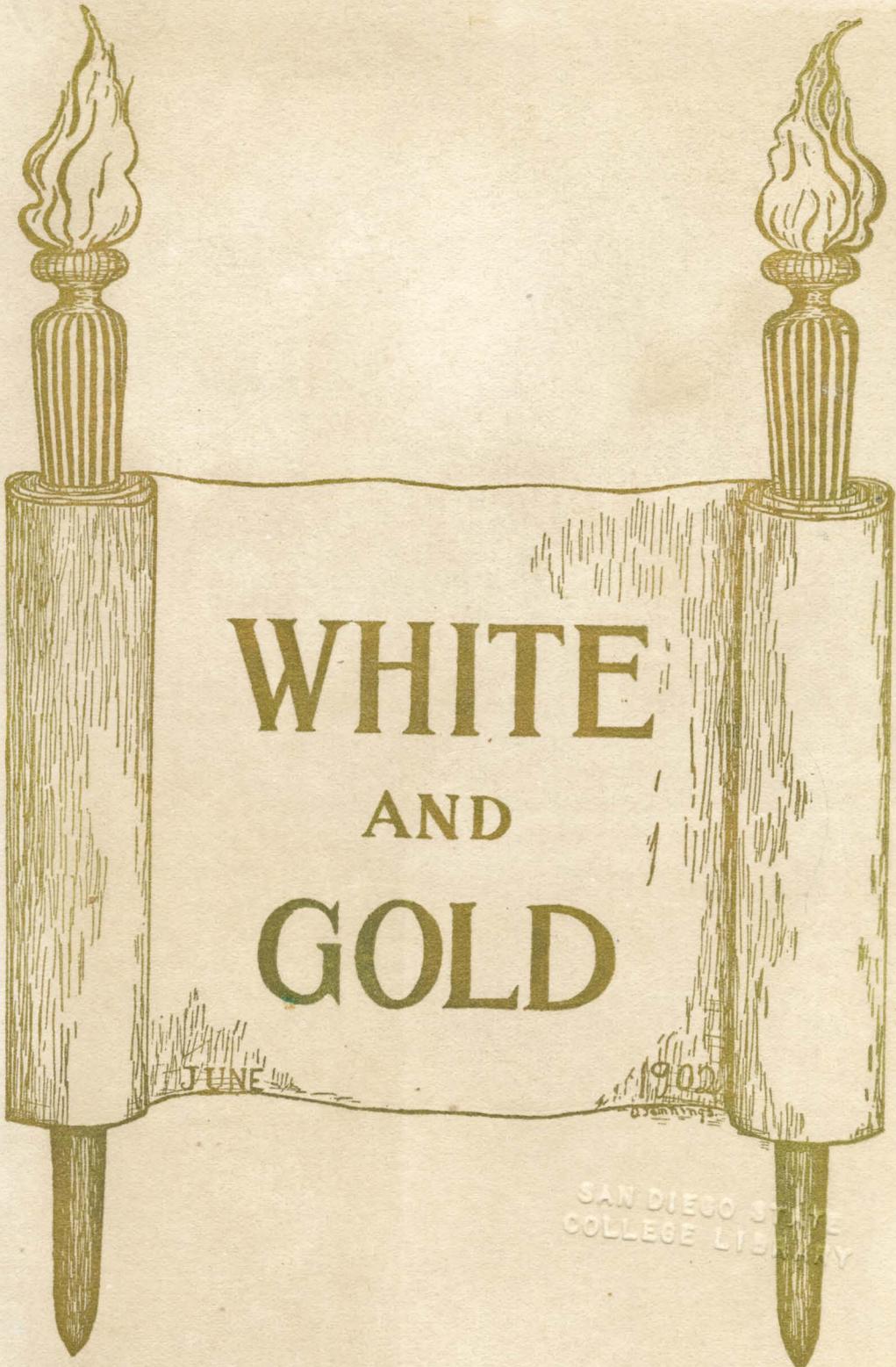
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San Diego State College. Senior
Class
White and gold

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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Dedication.

O ye Juniors, youthful, verdant,
Hitherto so free from care,
Lest your grief at parting from us
Shall be more than ye can bear,
Here today, O lonely Juniors,
We, the Seniors, fond and true,
Dedicate in loving spirit
This first WHITE AND GOLD to you.

White and Gold

P u b l i s h e d b y

Senior Class of

1 9 0 2

State Normal School
San Diego California
J U N E 1 9 0 2





State Normal School

Fitch Photo

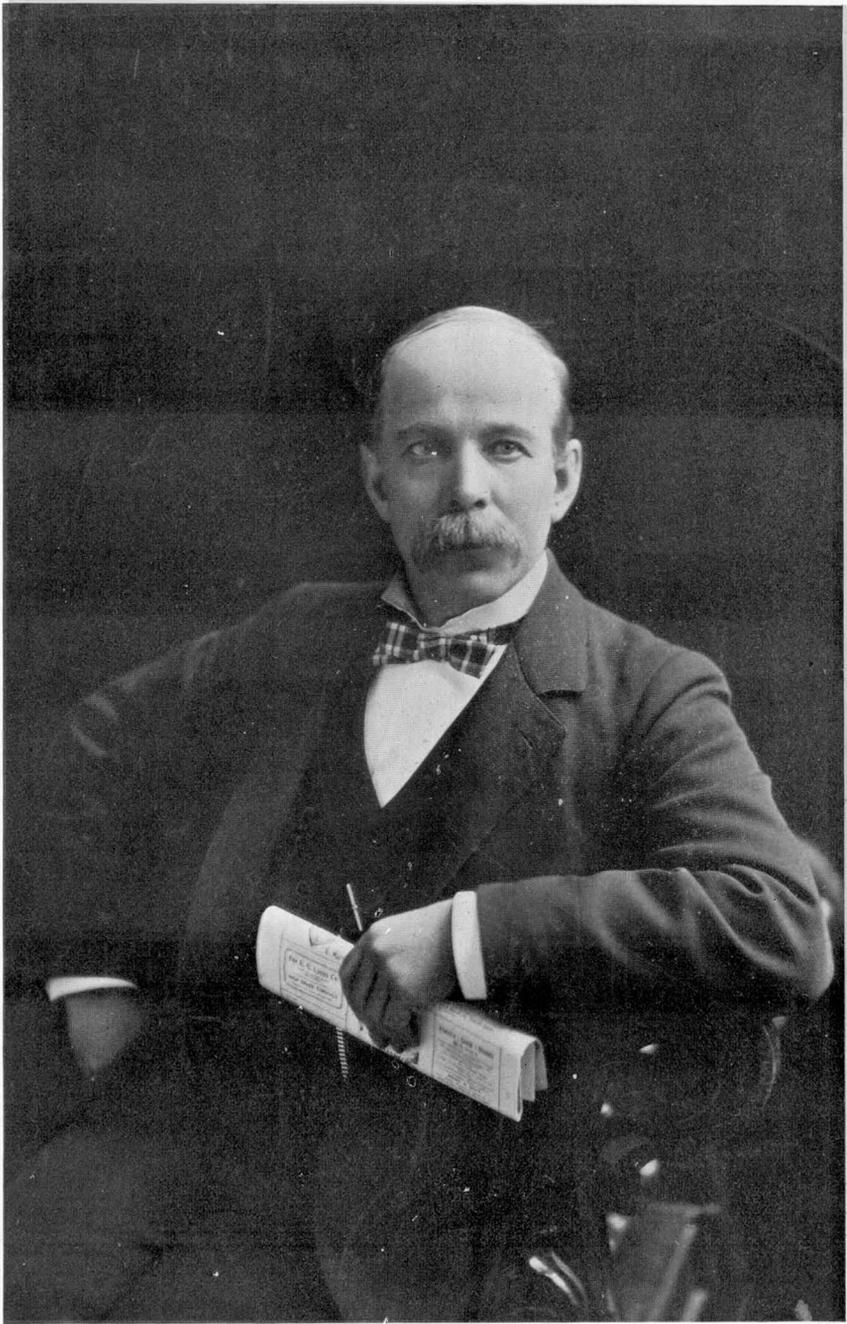
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SAMUEL T. BLACK, President.

WHITE *and* GOLD

Vol. 1.

State Normal School, San Diego, Cal., June, 1902.

No. 1.

Our Opportunities.

TODAY there seems to be a feeling abroad in many places which is inclined to regard the normal school as a place where very little is to be gained in the way of culture. The advocates of this notion hold that the normal school is a peculiarly constructed machine whose crank is turned to grind out ready-made school-teachers; that the students serve a term of drudgery, are deprived of social privileges, have all their originality stifled, and are then sent forth to apply the same method to the children of the state. If this be true, we are soon to be graduated—lifeless, narrow-minded, unlovely old maids.

Very fortunately, however, our entrance into this establishment four years ago was clouded by no such apprehensions. We came, many of us, fresh from the mountain regions, innocent of adverse criticism, light-hearted and light-spirited, our attitude marked by a singleness of purpose, to the accomplishment of which our every energy was devoted. The glorious opportunities before us formed the topic of our dreams; to our minds, to be able to graduate from the normal school meant the consummation of our highest ambitions.

With such strong prepossessions we embraced the opportunity of entrance and set out to attain our ideal.

At times the feeling came that the goal was too far away to be reached. Moving toward it was like moving through the trackless air. Bryant asks of the water-fowl, whither lies its way through the depths of the evening sky. The bird could not answer, if it heard. It cannot see the distant lake toward which it is moving steadily and swiftly. Yet it is being guided by a higher power—and so, we trusted in

our moments of doubt and went courageously on.

Four years of work have opened great vistas in the realm of knowledge. In literature, from its birth to the present time, we have studied national ideals, particularly emphasizing the evolution of the English language and literature. It is here that the harmony of mankind in thought and aspiration has been observed, and a juster estimate of character has been developed; here that the conception of life in its full meaning—man in harmony with the universe—has in part been realized.

While in literature we are studying the ideals of nations as voiced through individuals, in history we gain a view of society as a whole, representing the relations of individuals in association, one with another. Thus we have been permitted to see the development of national ideals from selfish conservatism to an approaching era of international love.

In this day of great advancement along all scientific lines, one cannot be fitted to teach, even in the elementary schools, without an introduction into the best that the world has to offer in science. Such an introduction has been offered to us here in the courses in chemistry, biology and physics, where we have touched upon the various aspects of the physical life of the universe, indirectly leading up to the truth that there is law, order, and purpose in all the works of God.

Then naturally, a glimpse into the wonderful though intricate domain of mathematical law, has offered another of our important opportunities.

Literature, History, Science, and Mathematics may seem to be largely of mere practical value, yet the Art side of life has not been neglected, since the excellent opportunities in music and drawing have furnished, perhaps, the most pleasing part of our training, lifting us from our heavier tasks up into the freer atmosphere which can be reached only through the development of the emotional nature.

In a professional way, the most valuable of our opportunities lies in applying, in actual teaching under experienced leaders, the principles of education developed by our academic work. The training school "furnishes stuff to try the soul's strength on." It is here that we feel for the first time what insignificant beings we are after all; it is here that we have the opportunity to learn the meaning of self-control and responsibility; that we forget self in our anxiety for the children; that we meet innocence and perfect trust; that we are allowed the blessed privilege of feeling that in our hands have been placed, for a brief season, human beings, the moulding of whose characters, in a very large measure, rests with us.

Aside from book learning, our opportunities have been particularly notable in our relations to the faculty and to the student body. While the knowledge we have gained will, it is quite likely, soon de-

part, the genuine interest which our instructors have taken in the personal life and development of each one of us, has left an influence that will live on to broaden our lives and direct us to "heights beyond."

Yes! to the heights beyond; for, although we have toiled four long years to attain the present moment, it is not the present which stands out brightest in our minds. Greater vistas have been opened along special lines; we have been put into that frame of mind which bids us seek farther—"A higher round of young ambition's ladder."

The ideal, which in the beginning was ours, has in a measure been realized and is no more. The immediate opportunities which have arisen in connection with it have made it possible for us to look forward to greater things. The ideal that was has paved the way for a grander one which has taken its place.

The minds of the senior class have not been idle--plans for Berkeley, Stanford, and eastern universities and such colleges for women as Smith, Bryn Mawr, and Wellesley are laying fast hold on them.

It has been said that the proof of the value of an institution depends upon whether or not at the completion of its work the student feels that the school has been only a step to a higher education. If this is true then the ambitious and aspirations of the members of our class furnishes ample evidence of the value of the work done here.

—Flora Waters, '02.

From Normal School to District School.

IT WAS finished—the journey over the path leading up to the threshold of the world—and she, who had been striving to win this height, stood hand in hand with her guiding angel, viewing the promised land.

Fair indeed was the vision now spread before her eager eyes! This was the world that she was about to enter. Naught but a divine hand could have fashioned a thing so fair. Above the mass of purple mountains that fringed the horizon, lifted the boundless sky, serene and unfathomable.

Below stretched verdant hills and valleys, flooded with sun-light and dotted with fruitful farms and quiet villages.

"I send you," said the angel, breaking the charmed silence, "into the world to deliver my divine message of Education, of peace and good will unto men. Behold"—pointing to the western sky—"that white, fleecy cloud floating about amid the gold of yonder sun. White and gold are my sacred emblems. They symbolize the *purity and wealth of life* which can be attained through Education."

"I will prove worthy," the maiden cried, "I will give to the youthful minds the key to the riches of antiquity, to the wonders of the present, and to the unbounded possibilities of the future. I will teach them to feel the sublimity of yonder mountains, the inconceivable vastness of the restless ocean and the measureless heavens, the sacredness and the beauty of every living creature; and above all, will I teach them to love and revere the mysterious Power that rules the world."

Such being the state of mind of the newly-fledged normal school graduates, when suddenly precipitated, as many of us are, from normal school life, with its lofty ideals, its atmosphere of refinement and culture, into a district school, situated in the distant suburbs of some "lesser inland center of civilization," where a man is more often known by the horse that he drives than by his good works, we are apt to think that there never was quite such a curious mingling of the sublime, the ridiculous, and the pathetic.

Notwithstanding the fact that the difficulties besetting the path of a school-teacher have become proverbial, to us they present no horrors, for have we not devised the most potent remedies for every imaginable difficulty, and classified, labeled, and carefully stored them away till the time of need?

And with high hopes we actually enter upon what the good folk of the community designate as our "juties," and meet our first problem on finding that no program of our mental stock-in-trade suits the conditions of this peculiar case. We are, therefore, forced laboriously to invent a new one.

Next comes the interesting process of getting adjusted to the new order of things. Alas! our ideal methods turn out to be "One Hoss Shays"—they go to pieces

"All at once and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst,"

for they were based upon hearty co-operation between teacher and pupil. But pupils see no advantage in "working for the good they comprehend not," and adopt "ignorance is bliss" as their principle of life. The highly diversified means by which they seek to apply this principle and, at the same time, to cultivate the admirable quality of keeping perpetually occupied, causing their teacher to fall a prey to a variety of conflicting emotions.

Then, too, it takes twice as long as the allotted time to spoil some "mute, inglorious Milton" scene in the drama, by eliciting some such information as "a fraction means two figures with a line between them"—("only that and nothing more"), or "a noun is sometimes a person and sometimes a thing."

"Well, I shall have to go through it a few times before I can do it, (referring, of course, to the successful operating of the program), and the reflection bears such a striking analogy to a story told of the



Stephens, Photo

The Faculty.

- 1—Mr. Bliss 2—Miss McLeod 3—Mr. West 4—Miss Batchelder 5—Miss Morton
 6—Mr. Shafer 7—Mr. Meredith 8—Miss Derby 9—Miss Way, Preceptress
 10—Miss Ballard 11—Mr. Skilling 12—Miss Pratt

Irishman, that our view of the matter suddenly becomes an exceedingly bright and happy one. Pat was trying to in vain to put on a pair of new boots, finally, ceasing his vigorous tugging, he observed, that he guessed they would'nt go on till he'd worn 'em a spell.

To aid pupils in relizing the need of their supporting this institution "of the people, by the people, and for the people" "lest it perish from the earth," the teacher's bite must equal her bark and vice versa; the very first exhibition of either resulting in signs of an universal awakening. The most interesting point of some story constituting a primary reading lesson is reached, when you are startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and soon a voice is heard, crying, "Where did you say we were to begin, and how far do we take?" The signal for advance being given, you are immediately surrounded, the situation demanding "immediate and unconditional surrender." "I don't know what you mean for us to do," says one, "Is this right as far as I've gone?" another, and, "I can't do these examples. Our other teacher didn't give this kind" (Poor "other teacher"! how manifold and varied are the deficiencies accounted for in thy name!) You have no sooner put down interruptions during recitations, than up come stage-whispered consultation and rapid exchange of written messages, borne hither and thither upon the swift wings of invisible carriers.

It can never be said of the ideal and the practical, I suppose, that they coincide. But do they anywhere fall so wide of the mark as in district school-teaching? One after another difficulties loom up, often the most unexpected difficulty at the most unexpected time and in the most unexpected place.

Very happily, our first enthusiasm, though largely derived from a contemplation of the practical from the standpoint of the ideal, is saved by the keen sense of pleasure and power felt in watching the slow evolution of order out of chaos, knowing that we stand at the helm.

The greatest problem to be solved, and one which ye have always with you, is to eliminate "I can't," in order to find the value of "I'll try." The great difficulty of this problem seems to come from a deplorable lack of mental confidence, which renders pupils capable of doing next to nothing of themselves. This difficulty, in turn, seems to be due to a hazy indefiniteness and lack of thoroughness in previously attained knowledge—a weakness sometimes ridiculously revealed, when, assuming too much, you attempt to draw the pupil out.

Arithmetic and Grammar, subjects on which haziness is particularly disastrous, under the Review System—there's a deal in the name of a thing—actually become tolerable. Spelling, strange to say, which with these two often forms a trio of contemptibles, presents no horrors, where the "impromptu phonetic method" is generally adopt-

ed, a method, which, in spite of its popularity, cannot be considered beautiful, being characterized by a great abundance of variety and a total lack of unity.

It is remarkable that in a district school that can scarcely boast of a dozen pupils, so many different types will be represented.

There are the active, mischievous ones, bubbling over with life and spirits, who, when their interests are once aroused, will expend as much energy upon work as upon play. There are the lazy, indifferent ones to whom work is work and will never be anything but work, for whose benefit it becomes a patience-tiring necessity to be perpetually operating some forcing system; and, sad to say, there are some who seem to have settled into a state of mental apathy, to rouse them from which is almost a hopeless task. So great is this need of effort on their own parts, that in our zeal, we feel impelled to take them by the shoulders and shake them from their "dogmatic slumbers." But knowing this to be impossible, we can but remember that slow and steady wins the race. Then let us be thankful there is the one whose sole aim in life is to please—who does his best and would like to do more.

A teacher can reasonably be engaged with but one grade at a time, and so what to do with children who are so wonderfully accomplished in the arts of "reeling and writhing" as to threaten disaster to the more elegant accomplishments of reading and writing, is a serious problem. Ink-well lids raise and lower themselves, pens and pencils roll to the floor as if by magic, and loose-jointed desks near by are so continually in a state of sympathetic vibration that you think this problem could be most easily solved by turning it over to Science, saying, "Here, at last, is perpetual motion!"

Here is another by no means simple problem. You give out a piece of work that you suppose will occupy at least thirty minutes, and in ten—perhaps less—Tom, Dick or Harry, (sometimes all three) bob up serenely with the triumphant announcement that it is finished. You are engaged in developing some other subject and your carefully laid chain of thought is thus suddenly snapped. Then you think how valuable are those suggestions contained in books not written with pedagogical intent. What, for instance, could be more appropriate and effective than "to take a canvas bag which ties at the mouth with strings; into this slip him head first, and sit on him," thus suppressing him as they suppressed the guinea pigs in "Alice in Wonderland."

There comes a time, however, when your unwritten and even verbally unexpressed law, "Say what you mean, mean what you do, and do business," is generally observed, and there will be days when all is calm, and everything seems just as it should be. But the very next day the order of things may be entirely reversed, and you may be

forced to think how much like playing with mercury school-teaching is. Whatever be your inward convulsions, outwardly you must be calm and steady, never once revealing your internal state, lest in the very revelation you add to the difficulty.

Yet whatever be the trials and tribulations of our first encounter with the world, there are also the hopes and the joys. We love our first school with a strong affection—an affection that “hopes and endures and is patient,” and rifts in the clouds give us frequent glimpses of our ideals beyond, made brighter by the dark surroundings.

—Annie Horral, '01.

The Insurrection.

The horned toad really started it. To be brought to the laboratory and put in a yellow dish surrounded by a wire screen was very trying to such an independent traveller. He regarded his fellow specimens with a degree of contempt because of their passive submission to treatment that was often disrespectful in the extreme; and did not hesitate to comment upon their lack of spirit in that particular.

When the frogs arrived a powerful impetus was given to the spirit of discontent among the laboratory specimens. Indeed, the very manner of their arrival was calculated to breed disturbance—for they were brought in by small mortals, and struggling with all their might. And when they had been dumped together promiscuously into a rusty tin can, they proceeded to give voice to their injured feelings.

The other specimens were rather shocked at the boisterous manner of the frogs, but such volubility could not fail to have its effect upon them, and they began to consider their wrongs.

“Well! this cross-section affair just wears me out!” exclaimed the sea anemone. “Those clumsy mortals poked around in my septæ and reversed my stomach till I almost fell to pieces; and then they complained that they couldn’t see anything!”

“That’s nothing!” snapped a crab, “You should have heard the mean things they said about me today when they were drawing me. If my joints weren’t so stiff from this formalin I’d show them a few things.”

“That teacher hates me,” sobbed the Medusa, “I know it. I’m the only one that hasn’t a glass top, and she told the others to throw me around all they wanted to.”

The clams had been listening to it all with open mouths, and one was about to say something when an old starfish came stiffly down

the shelf, moving laboriously upon his dried up tube feet. "I heard you talking," he said, "and came down to——"

"Keep away from my jar!" cried the trap-door spider, "you'll scratch the paraffin off my label" and the starfish stopped and stared with all his eyes spots at the rows of shining jars.

"My stars! how smart you all do look!" and as he gazed admiringly, a weak voice spoke up from one of the dissecting pans on the table: "Well, I suppose you all have your troubles, but I can't help feeling dreadfully cut up over my treatment this morning," and with a sigh it sank back in the formalin.

A vigorous scratching noise was heard, and the horned toad emerged from the sand in the yellow dish that was surrounded by a wire screen. "I'm tired of this," he said shortly.

"Why don't you do something? For me, I intend to get out of this place of torment." With this he lurched against the wire screen again and again, until he had pushed it over the edge of the table, and then, through the hole thus made, he dropped upon the floor. There he paused, looked up at the astonished specimens and said:

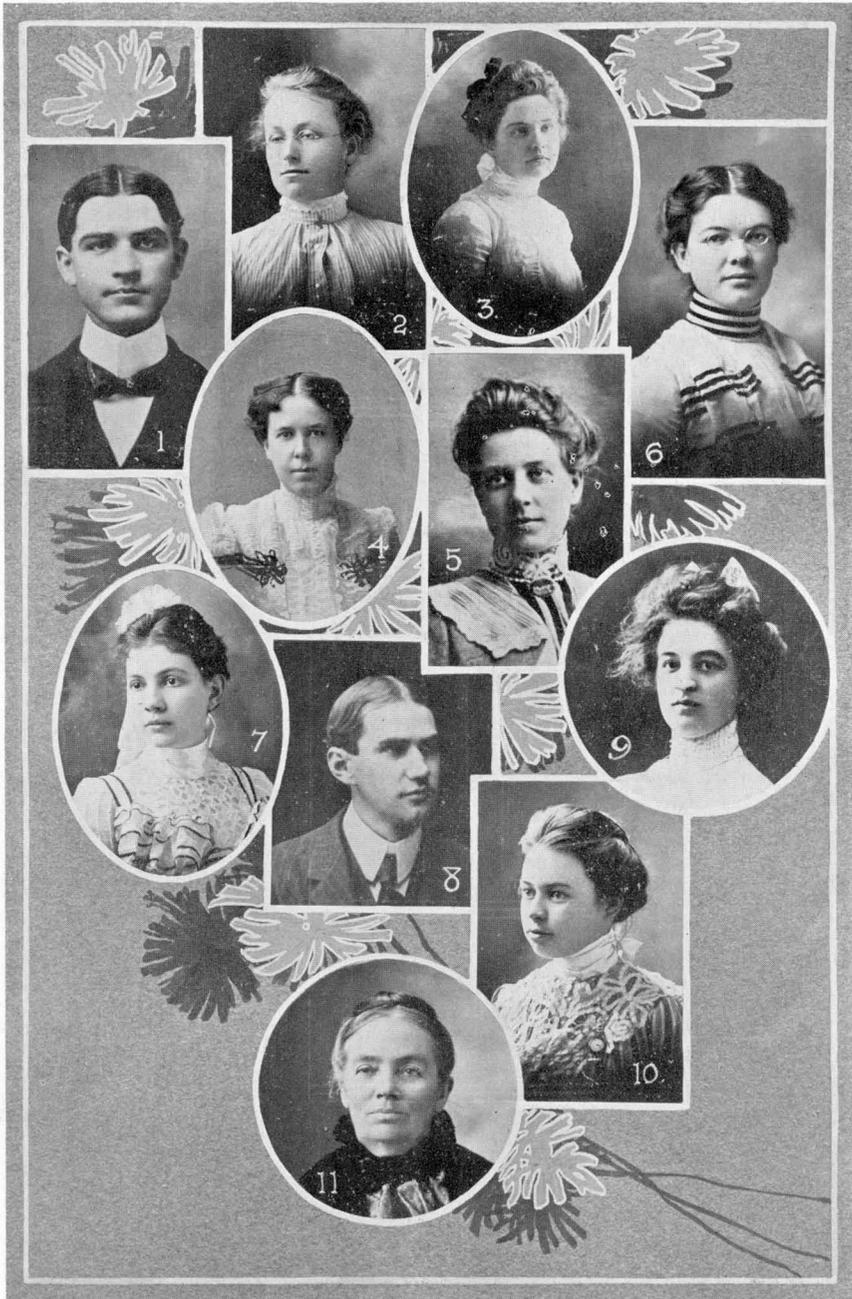
"There! did you see that? It's a good thing to have a little common sense." With which wise remark the horned toad started off in quest of freedom and new adventures.

The frogs in the tin can had been too much occupied with their own squabbles and grievances to pay much attention to outside affairs, but the daring act of the horned toad excited their interest, and they listened with much sympathy as their unfortunate fellow specimens told their tale of woe. At its conclusion the frog leader said: "Dear fellow creatures, we feel deeply for you, and would be very glad to help you. As you doubtless know, we are musical people and frequently give open air concerts. Perhaps if we were to sing to these mortals in your behalf, they might be more merciful to you."

This plan met with unanimous approval, and it was decided to have the concert in the morning when the mortals assembled in large numbers. So in the morning, until the appointed time, nothing was heard from the frogs beyond a little preliminary tuning up.

When all the mortals had assembled and the room was hushed, the frogs began.

There were solos, duets, trios and whole choruses, separate or blending together in wonderful profusion, and sometimes in several keys at once. They sang the woes of their fellow specimens in low gurgles of pity and sympathy; or soared aloft in the expression of the joys of living in the open air. They threw themselves into the song with such abandon that the laboratory fairly rang.—When a rude jerk startled them and they were thrust out into the hall with no thanks, no signs of appreciation, but another demonstration of the right of might.



February Class, 1902.

- 1—Leonard Bigham 2—Louise Balch 3—Jessie Butler 4—Mrs. Emma Wisler, President
 5—Ida Merritt 6—Mantie Cochran 7—Josephine Wackerman 8—Roy Roberts
 9—Marion Coop 10—Agnes Paden 11—Mrs. Hattie M. Wallian



Stephens Photo

Business Staff

1—Guy Paden 2—Gladys Drew 3—Benita Frederick 4—Frances Taylor, Manager
5—Belle Jennings, Manager 6—George Maxfield 7—Onie Ross

The inhabitants of the laboratory were stunned, and listened breathlessly to the story of their wrongs, and had felt confident that no living creature could be unaffected by such eloquence. But when the blow came, they dropped hopelessly into the formalin.

The door opened and a mortal walked in and dropped into the yellow dish that was surrounded by a wire screen—the daring Horned Toad. —*H. Hayes, '04.*

An Allegory.



ONE night as I lay sleeping, I had a dream, which I hereby relate for the benefit of struggling normal school students.

A shadowy form stood by my side and bade me come with her along the road which mortals must travel in order to be fitted for the mysterious art of teaching.

I started out and soon found myself in front of an immense gate on which was the encouraging inscription: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." In front of the gate was an immense pile, composed of papers, which must be rolled away before an entrance could be made. By dint of much struggling I removed this first obstacle, whereupon the gate swung back by the aid of something Black.

Before me lay a field, smooth and fertile, and full of flowers. I walked slowly along, loitering frequently by the way to pursue my own pleasure. Suddenly, two little creatures, each half black, half white, and wearing an immense figure 4 on his forehead, appeared at my side. These two little fellows interfered greatly with my pleasure by nagging at me and trying to make me hurry, but I had not sufficient sense to send them away. Soon they were replaced by two other apparitions; these last, clad in deepest mourning, bore the figure 5; they proved to be very undesirable companions, because they made me retrace my foot-steps and try again. This time I did not waste so much time, but, profiting by bitter experience, I managed to pass over the first two fields, stumbling only now and then.

The third field was much less inviting, in that it was uphill and full of pitfalls. As there was nothing by which I could tell my direction, I once traveled too far West. One of my little black and white enemies pursued me, but I managed to knock him down and run away.

I was now at the top of a steep hill. Looking down, I could see, far below me, a deep, dark valley, my fourth field of conquest.

I started bravely down and soon arrived at a veritable vale of tears. Everyone was weeping, so that the air seemed very blue. The

ground was full of hidden stumbling blocks. Moreover, a swarm of small children crowded around me, plaguing me in many ways, and trying to lead me into new dangers.

I managed to struggle through, and broken in body and soul, clambered slowly and wearily up the farther side of the valley. At the top stood a round, white column tied around with a golden ribbon. It waved to me and beckoned me on. I eagerly seized it and instantly my troubles left me; after which I travelled joyfully onward with my new companion through fairer and brighter scenes.

Have courage! —*Marjory Johnson, '03.*

Echoes From The Training School.



THE little girl has golden locks of hair. She is dressed in warp. Her quaint was very pretty.

"The spider is very avariciousness and greedy. He is often very ferociousness and fierce. He is an insect because he has six appendages and legs."

AN ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.—"Just at this moment, a splashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod."

This sentence means that a dirty tramp caught hold of Ichabod by the ear.

"His eyes are brown and shaded by heavy eyebrows which are generally bright and sparkling. His hair is very luxuriant in growth, very curly and so thick and wavy as to cover a good part of his forehead, the color of which is dark brown. His mouth is large and partially hidden by a mustache, the expression of which is jolly and good natured."

IN THE MUSICAL WORLD.—"Does the treble clef mean we will have lots of trouble with it?"

"A rest is a place where you stop and rest, and wait till the next note comes."

"How do you know that is a whole note?" "Why, because I can see the hole in it."

"What are the five lines and four spaces called?" "A cane."

"THE DICTIONARY SAYS SO."—"Ingredient, means one of several parts. He took an ingredient part in the play."

"Subsequent, means succeeding. The man was subsequent in his education when he died."

"Tenacity, is to hold on to. The monkey will tenacity the tree with his tail."

"An aperture is an opening. The girls all buy new hats at the aperture of the season."

"Adipose, means fatty. They killed an adipose cow for beef."

"Intercede, is going between. He will be intercede the two houses."

Anxious teacher to 2nd grade.—"See this bean in my hand, class. What can you say of its surface?"

Mary.—"It is smooth and shining."

Teacher.—"Good, Mary. Now what is this in my other hand?"

Class.—"A pea."

Teacher.—"What can you say of its surface?"

Johnny.—"I don't know."

Teacher.—"Oh, yes, class, you all know. What does your face get on it when you get old?"

Johnny.—"I know teacher,—whiskers!"

Teacher.—"Johnny, what river flows through Turkey?"

Johnny.—"I don't know."

Teacher.—"Oh, yes you do. There is a beautiful song about the river."

Johnny.—"Oh, yes, the Swanee river."

Teacher.—"Use the word 'radii' in a sentence."

Bright pupil.—"The sunset was very radii."



Social Events.

Edited by Vera Sturges, '03.



ONE of the most pleasing social events of the season was the banquet tendered to the February class by the Juniors, on the eve of its graduation.

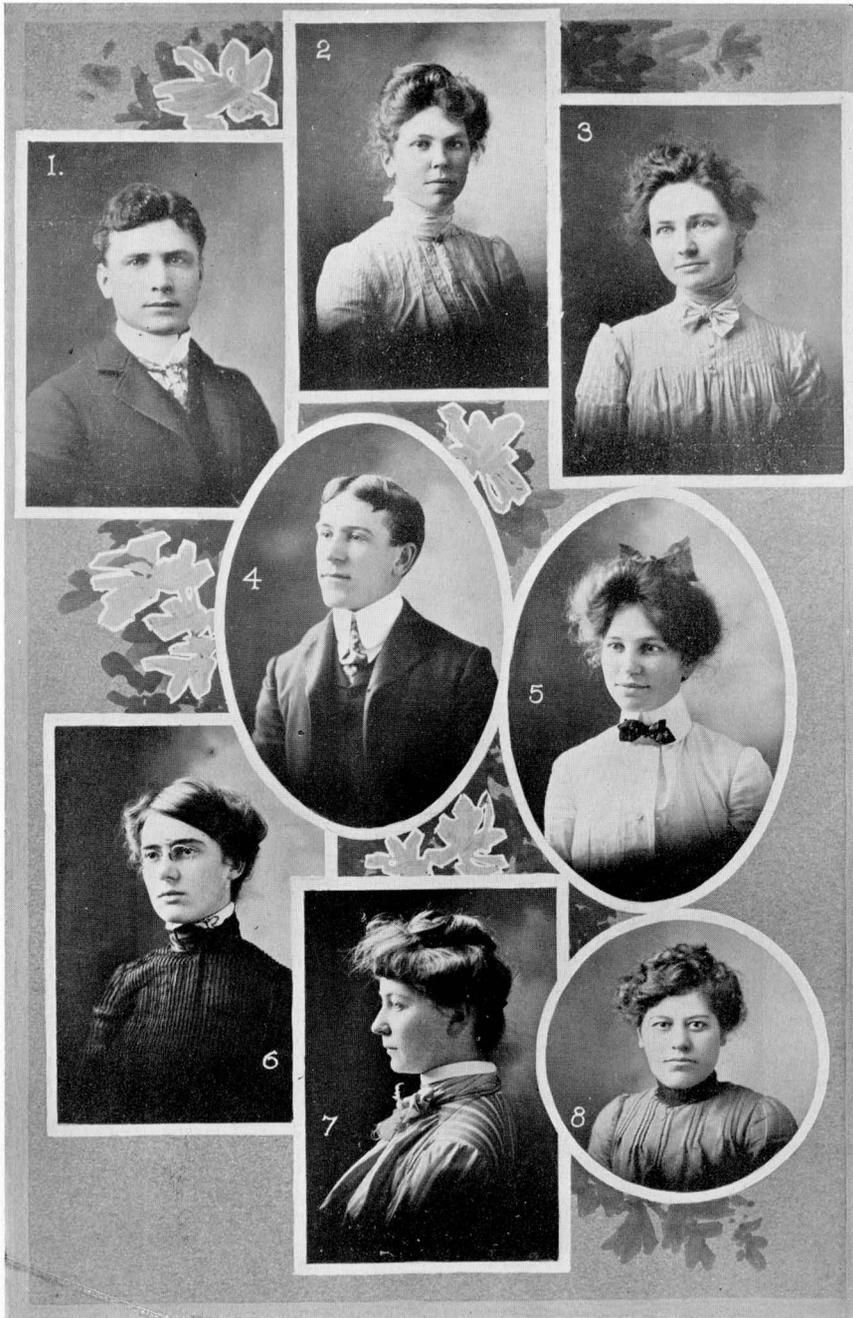
The Seniors, students, and friends gathered, to the number of one hundred or more, and, after spending an hour in social chat, were seated about prettily decorated tables in the banquet room, where a bountiful spread was enjoyed.

President Black acted as toast master, and right royally filled his office. Among the toasts offered, one was "The Seniors," presented by Mr. William Fanning, to which Mrs. Emma Wisler, President of the class, responded in a very characteristic speech. "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," was presented by Mr. Bliss, of the faculty. Miss Way paid a compliment to "Our Boys." Mr. Roy Roberts and Miss Marion Coop of the class, responded to toasts in a very happy vein, and the evening closed with dancing.



The enterprise that made the most money during the year, was that undertaken for the benefit of the Rowing Association, given in November last. The performance was eminently successful.

The entertainment had two ends in view: to get money and to furnish enjoyment. It took the form of a country fair, at which all the attractions customary to such places were to be found, including the fantastic costumes of the sight-seers. There was the mysterious maiden who dealt in fortunes, the "hay-seed" fakir with a rack of Helen's Babies, the shooting gallery, the candy booth, lemonade stand, ring toss, etc. And then there was the original "Chamber of Horrors." A real skeleton stood guard at the doorway, and a real witch guided you through the mazes of the interior, pointing out the "babes brewed in alcohol," introducing you to "icy-fingered ghosts," and among other things, showing the closet in Bluebeard's house, where the heads of his victims hung, ghastly and bloody against the wall. Passing out with a feeling of relief at having escaped so horrible a night-mare, one was led to the entrance of the "Greatest Show on Earth," where were to be found "Winged Monsters of the Air," "The Great White Bat," "The Giant Flea Catcher," and kindred sights too numerous to mention. In the great pavilion was to be seen the greatest vaudeville performance ever seen in the United States, "A Box of Monkeys." The artists were especially imported from the "Normal School Dramatic Club" for the occasion. The stars were Guy Paden, Ernest Peterson, Hulda Olsen, Belle Jennings, and Onie Ross.



Stephens, Photo

Student Body Officers.

1—Vernon Rood 2—Elsie Davidson 3—Gertrude McRae 4—Roy Stover, President
 5—Onie Ross, Secretary 6—Vera Sturges, Vice President 7—Ruth Winnek 8—Christine Ellis



Officers Rowing Association

Stephens Photo

1—Alice Dill, Captain; 2—Margaret Woods, Captain; 3—J. F. West Manager; 4—Elizabeth Butler, Captain; 5—Laura Wescott, Commodore; 6—Laura Fenton, Treasurer

The evenings entertainment was voted a great success by the entertained, while the profits of the game were applied to the relief of one hundred dollars worth of Rowing Association bills.



From what we have been able to find out, for the faculty are painfully shy when they want to be, the reception given by Miss McLeod, at her residence on the evening of April the 4th, to the faculty, for the purpose of lamenting or celebrating (a point we are in the dark upon), Pres. Black's departure, was a grand success. Whether Miss McLeod issued the invitations for 2:30 a. m. or 2:30 p. m., is another dark point.

The guests were highly and uniquely entertained until banqueting time, which they no doubt enjoyed, but, manlike, all that Mr. Bl——s said, was that they had "lots of good things to eat."

Mr. Bliss was toast master, and introduced his toast by remarks on Mr. Black's educational work, especially that connected with the Normal School. The sentiment of the toast was: "May his friends on the other side welcome him as heartily as we shall receive him on his return." Mr. Black responded appropriately, with remarks about his trip to Europe, but was unusually sober, we understand.

Other members of the faculty knew some toasts too. How they found time to study and learn them by heart on so short notice is a mystery to the school, but Miss Pratt gave him some motherly advice as to his behavior in the land across the sea, drawing from and enlarging upon her own experiences, pointing out pit-falls, and the value of having Pauline as a chaperone, until Mr. Black almost decided to stay in San Diego, where the faculty could watch over him.

Before Miss Derby began, the toast-master placed a guard at each door (but they all confessed this was not the reason they staid till 2:30 a. m.). Her toast was for the purpose of revenge upon the faculty for breaking in on her chorus time with numerous long and useless announcements, and she started in to read a MS. that rolled the full length of the table, containing the geographical and political statistics of forty-five states. Miss Rogers was afraid she would forget her toast, so cut in upon Miss Derby with a talk on "Scraps;" not "scraps," with the faculty, or student body, nor boarding-house scraps; but scraps of wit, wisdom, and information concerning members of the faculty. Mr. Shafer gave a toast on "Innocence Abroad," but we fail to see the application unless he meant Pauline.

Mr. West got so sleepy that they had to stop toasting, though we wonder that he had not been given food enough for thought by Miss McLeod's conundrums, some of the best of which were: Why is our Normal School likely to be unpopular with southern people?

Because its President is Black.

Why is our new History teacher like one of Dudley Buck's creations?

Because she is a popular Balla(r)d.

Our faculty is the peer of any woman's club in America. What gave it its finishing touch?

The arrival of the Ba(t)chel(d)er girl.

Why is the Normal School the envy of every Englishman?

She has won the Derby.

Why has it not been necessary for the Psychology students to walk to school this year?

There's a big, stout Sha(y)fer all of them.

With such conundrums and such toasts, no wonder the faculty say they never spent an evening (and a half) that was so filled with interesting and novel entertainment.



All who failed to attend the anniversary of Dedication Day of our Normal School missed a treat.

The introductory remarks by Judge Fuller, outlining the work thus far accomplished by the Board of Trustees and Faculty, were highly commendatory and full of interesting facts. Commenting on the large increase in attendance and the progress being made, he said all gave promise that the institution might become the strongest of its kind in the state, and, being the youngest, might in the line of prophecy, fulfill the scripture, "a little child shall lead them."

Miss Waters, to whom the faculty awarded the honor of delivering the senior address, fully met, in "Our Opportunities," the expectations of the entire body of students. She is a close student and has been an indefatigable worker. She has lost none of "Our Opportunities," and will undoubtedly make a charming "school-marm." Her grace of person, perfect enunciation, and beauty of thought, captured the the entire audience. There were no stale platitudes. It was a feast without pedagogical dressing, and with just enough humor interspersed to add zest.

The closing address upon "Intellectual Inheritance," by W. F. Randall, Dean of the University of Southern California, was a masterly effort. His "fanciful application" of the laws of heredity was certainly encouraging. If his statements are correct that genius can be acquired by association, that we may be born again intellectually, that one may become what he desires to become, then "our opportunities" certainly afford us the means of becoming "intellectual giants." As teachers, he says, we shall live and conquer in the boys and girls we teach. We presume this applies to Normal School teachers as well as the "country school-marm." If we are being born again intellectually, will it not be gratifying in after years to say we are the intel-

lectual offspring of this teacher, or that teacher or of all combined.

The music was up to its usual standard. Altogether, May the first was a day of pleasure, and afforded us the welcome opportunity of learning much without effort.



One of the most successful events of the year was the historical entertainment in commemoration of Washington's birthday, tendered to the school by the faculty, February 21st, 1902.

The object in view was to represent, by music, recitation, dialogue, farce, etc., the course of American history, from the discovery of America to the inauguration of Washington.

The stage decorations were most appropriate, the rostrum being transformed into a perfect representation of an old colonial living room, with its big fire-place, its rusty flint-lock and powder-horn, its spinning-wheel, its strings of dried apples, and all the objects of which we are told by our grand-parents.

"America," spiritedly sung by the school chorus, and a recitation, "Our Country," by Miss Elder, constituted the prologue of the program. What followed was divided into four periods: The period of discovery; the colonial period; the revolutionary period, and the national period. The first section naturally had to do with Columbus and his discovery; the second dealt with the colonies and our forefathers, the Pilgrims, whose old love and loyalty to England was expressed by the singing of the British National Hymn by the chorus. In this period the leading characters in the tableaux from "The Courtship of Miles Standish" were especially well impersonated by Miss Sturges and Mr. Rood. The revolutionary period presented incidents of the war and our independence. Here the training school took a prominent part. Dear old "Yankee Doodle" was sung by the chorus, and "The Origin of Yankee Doodle" was recited by Miss McRae with great enthusiasm. The last period dealt with our country as a nation. A pantomimic presentation of Judge Tyler's "Independence Day" was much enjoyed. The evening closed with the song "Uncrowned Kings of the West," unusually well rendered by the chorus.

On the whole, the evening was a most successful affair, and an example of a high class school entertainment well worth following.



We were most highly entertained for an hour on April 17 by Miss Katharine Stockton, who, accompanied by Miss Bristol, sang to us in her usual delightful manner. The selections were well chosen and formed a varied program that appealed to us all. Among the numbers rendered were: "Allah," Chadwick; "Ah! 'Tis a Dream," Hawley; "Since First I Met Thee," Rubinstein; "The Land o' the Leal,"

and "Love Me if I Live," Arthur Foote; "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doone," by the special request of Miss Derby. Brownell's "Four Leaf Clover," last on the list, was perhaps the most charming song on the program.



On Thursday morning, April 10th, the students and faculty of the Normal School were in a state of insurrection, prior to the departure of President Black on an extended trip through the eastern states and Europe. The object of the insurrection was to express the good feeling which existed in the school for Mr. Black, and, as Mr. Bliss expressed it, "To show him what the students and the members of the faculty could do in the way of running things."

The uprising was opened by a few words from Mr. Bliss, which were followed by the singing of "Bonnie Dundee" by the chorus. Miss Ethel Paine voiced the sentiments of the senior class regarding the departure of Mr. Black, and Marjorie Johnson, of the student body. Mr. Black responded with a few words to the members of the school, and just as he was closing, the training school raised its voice in the shape of a tiny maiden who made her appearance in the assembly room, and after an appropriate little speech presented Mr. Black with a bouquet of yellow violets and maiden hair ferns gathered by the children.

Mr. Black responded in a very happy manner to this greeting, and we are sure that the picture of this scene will long remain as one of the brightest spots in the memory of our worthy president.



The annual school picnic, May 3d, was, in point of numbers, the most successful one we have had. Lakeside was looking her best, and the picnic grounds were in prime condition, inviting all the "old maids" to throw off their reserve and enjoy themselves by amusing the boys, who were useful articles—for what would we have done without that lemonade! Two of the boys disappointed us greatly, however, by refusing to make even the simplest remarks after lunch. Next time we will ask for remarks before we give them anything good to eat. Experience is valuable even at picnics.



An event which will be long remembered on the part of the Senior class was the Library Social on the evening of April 11. The first part of the evening was spent in guessing the titles of the books represented. The time passed in this pleasant puzzling broke the usual reserve and the genial spirit thus invoked permeated the whole evening. Here we met many distinguished personages, among them "Don Quixote" (donkey O tea); "Oliver Twist" (all over twist), and "Lucile" (loose heel). Our preceptress, as usual, had "The Right



Senior Class, 1902

Stephens Photo

- 1—Belle Jennings 2—William S. Wright 3—Theodora Wackerman 4—Cora Evans 5—Orell Jennings 6—Florence George 7—Lucy K. Johnston 8—Dollie Rowlee 9—Daisy Merritt 10—Olive Elder 11—Frances Taylor
 12—Anna Harrison 13—Margaret Warren 14—Elizabeth Butler 15—Ethel Paine, President 16—Fannie Rowlee, Secretary-Treasurer 17—Lena H. Christian 18—Lurien Fuquay 19—William E. Fanning
 20—Maude VanArman 21—Bird Hildreth 22—Adelaide Evans 23—Nellie Christensen 24—Ellen Gray 25—Harriet Read 26—Jennie L. Williams 27—Myrtle Campbell 28—Lois Murray
 29—Benita Frederick 30—Laura Fenton 31—Zelia Toy 32—Ena Watkins 33—Kathryn Hudson 34—Emma Field 35—Ruth Patterson 36—Page Kerns 37—Julia Butler 38—Flora Waters 39—Ada Cleave

of Way," while our dignified history teacher assumed the character of "Innocence Abroad" (in no sense A broad), and it is needless to say that he was scarcely recognizable by his old friends. Our editor-in-chief as the "Man before Metals" gave us the Wright conception of this ancient race. Other books represented were "Plain Tales from the Hills" (fox tails); "The Lamp Lighter" (two matches); "The Light that Failed" (an extinguished candle), and "The Last of the Mohicans" (ans).

One of the most unique and interesting features of the excellent program was the reading of the first issue of the "White and Gold." As it was ready to go to press, so the editor says, the press broke. Miss Fannie Rowlee, the editor-in-chief, consequently read from the original manuscript—a roll a little less than a mile long, and containing many humorous character sketches.

Our wise committee, recognizing the weakness of some of the faculty present, and fearing their inability to recover unassisted from the effects of the glimpses of themselves as others see them, now called us to the banquet. Dancing then followed, after which, with the singing of some familiar songs, we closed our evening's pleasure.

Who?

WHO ran to help me when I fell,
And kissed the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who bored me with a long, dry speech
About exams and "How to teach"?
Our President.

Who saw me answer with a frown,
And coolly turned my ticket down?
Herr Shafer.

Who froze my blood with looks of scorn
And sent me out disgraced and worn?
Miss Derby.

Who caught me bluffing cheerfully,
And called me down most fearfully?
Dr. Moore.

Who wanted ideas up-to-date,
And marked my work "in-ad-e-quate"?
Miss Batchelder.

Who found me in the long base hall
 And said, "The study is for all"?
 The Preceptress.

Who gave me taffy by the yard,
 And said my heart was cold and hard?
 J. F. West.

Who wink'd me winks so cute and sly,
 But left me "stranded" high and dry?
 Miss Ballard.

Who spoke me out with calm delight,
 And made me feel way out of sight?
 N. Dunlop.

Who made me outline old harangues,
 That filled my soul with bitter pang?
 Dr. Pratt.

Who, fascinated by a bird,
 Left me without one hope or word?
 Mr. Skilling.

Who scared me with his looks so stern,
 And made me for my sweet home yearn?
 The Forceful Bliss.

Who dabbed my work with old red ink,
 And made me hunt the missing link?
 The Major.

Who held my drawings up in class,
 And caused those mean remarks to pass?
 Miss Morton.

Who slipped upon me unawares,
 And multiplied my load of cares?
 Miss Rogers.

Who heard me teach, with ideas dark,
 And put me down a long black mark?
 Miss McLeod.

What made me o'er the wide world roam,
 And landed me in Highland's home?
 The Normal.—*Vera Sturges, '03.*



“For That Tired Feeling.”

TRY Dr. Dewey's Sure Cure for Insomnia. It never fails. Demonstrations of the efficacy of same given every Friday morning at the Normal School.

The following is one of about forty testimonials received of late. These are the words of Miss —, a Senior:

“If it had not been for one of my friends I should not be here to tell the tale. It is really remarkable that I did not lose my life. For four long years I was troubled with a weary feeling in my heart and brain. I could get no rest day or night. By the time I was twenty-six I was as thin and bloodless as a ghost. I scarcely had strength enough to climb the stairs. But then came my rescue!

At about this time Mr. S. advised me to try Dr. Dewey's Cure for Insomnia, as he had been cured of a somewhat similar trouble by its use. I tried it, and before I had taken a third of the treatment, I found it was doing me good. The strain on my heart and brain was relieved, and a drowsy feeling, such as I had not had for years, was induced. Now, in contrast to my previous state, I sleep continually night and day. It cured me. I hope that this testimony may be the means of hundreds of sufferers finding a cure for their ills.”

The A B C of '02.

A STANDS for Adelaide, so sweet and so fair,
Who is dearly beloved for her womanly air.
B is for Belle with ideas so bright,
Who always has all of her lessons just right.

C stands for Cora so small and petite,
Who sometimes is naughty, though usually sweet.

D is our Daisy, the pride of us all,
For while she is with us our Merritt shall ne'er fall.

E stands for Ellen, so pensive and sad,
And yet there are times when she's merry and glad.

F is for Flora, so fond of book lore,
By night and by day o'er her books she doth pore.

G is for George, not a boy, Oh! no, never!
But our own beloved Florence, so pretty and clever.

H is for Hildreth, and a real lark is she,
So happy, light-hearted, so gay and so free.

I is for Interest. This doctrine I mention,
To impress on your minds that through it comes attention.

J stands for Julia, whose only delight
Is in study of nature, or a sail by moonlight.

K is for Kathryn, whose sweet winning smile
The minds of the Seniors from tasks will beguile.

L is for Lena, a fair little maid,
Whose brilliance of mind throws all in the shade.

M is for Myrtle, with whom all would change places.
Myrtle, Frances and Lourien are the three Graces.

N is for Nellie, with wonderful wit,
Who can make a commotion whene'er she sees fit.

O is for Orrell, so studious and good,
She never did aught save just what she should.

P is for Patterson, a wise maid, I ween,
And for Page, who possesses the grace of a queen.

Q is for queer, for quaint, and for quiet.
We write the epithet, you may apply it.

R is for Rowlee, of which we've a pair.
Where'er you see Fannie, why Dollie is there.

S is something the class don't possess,
For there's no Senior's name that commences with S.

T is Theodora, who cannot help wishing
That she were a small boy going a-fishing.

U is for usefulness Bennie possesses,
She makes enough tatting to trim all her dresses.

V is Van Arman a maid of sagacity,
Who sticks to a point with splendid "tenacity."

W is for Will and also for Wright,
Our only two boys, who are just "out of sight."

X stands for exams, which always we pass,
For excellent is always the mark of the class.

Y stands for youths, who need tenderest care,
For in the whole class there is only a pair.

Z is for Zelia in whom we have joy,
For in the whole class she's our one single Toy.



Stephens Photo

Editorial Staff

1—William S. Wright 2—Robert G. Sharp 3—Ena Watkins 4—Vera Sturgis
5—Marjorie Johnson 6—Myrtle Campbell 7—Lena H. Christian

S T A T E
N O R M A L
S C H O O L

White and Gold

SAN DIEGO
CALIFORNIA
JUNE 4 1902

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Our Bow.

UR initial bow was made in private on the evening of April 11th, 1902, and the circumstances were something after this fashion. It fell out on a certain day that the Senior Class of the State Normal School, of San Diego, did organize themselves into a body corporate. The great desire of this class was "to be felt." In order that the class might appreciate the feeling it desired to impress upon upon its contemporaries, a Paine was elected to preside over its deliberations, and a Row(lee) was elected to make its record(s) and keep them.

Closely following the proceedings above chronicled, a number of committees were appointed by the worthy Paine above mentioned, not the least of these was a committee styled the Publication Committee, and another, styled the Social Committee. Other committees, too numerous to mention, were also appointed.

Two things were soon decided upon, to wit: That the class should publish an annual to be called the WHITE AND GOLD, and that we should entertain a few friends on the evening of the day aforesaid.

In order to insure the success of the entertainment, the editor of

the WHITE AND GOLD was consulted in regard to the advisability of issuing the first number of this publication on the evening above mentioned.

It was a stupendous undertaking. Time was short and every minute full to overflowing, but we cheerfully consented to accept the responsibility. There were but two days yet till our paper must be presented. The offices were filled with busy men and women. Contributions arrived by messenger, by telephone, by telegraph, by the wagon load, and by the handful. The composing rooms were fairly clogged with copy. Our "devil" was at his wits end, but he wearied not. His almost superhuman exertions were at last rewarded, however, and his smiles expanded into beautiful grins as he saw "that tired feeling" slowly but surely settling down upon us. He knew that he would soon be in his element—the editor's empty sanctum.

At last all was in readiness. The copy had all been set; the forms made up and the press was about to start—in two hours the paper would be ready for delivery. The editor sat dreamily contemplating the empty waste basket. (All contributions had been accepted). Visions of renown hovered lovingly over the various cortical areas of his wearied brain; his heavy eye-

lids sank lower and lower until the light of day vanished from his hazel orbs. He was fast asleep. The smile of serene content that had settled upon his benign countenance, was of short duration, for, at the very moment his upper and nether lids met, a great commotion arose in the press-room. The machinery that had but a moment before been set in motion, suddenly ceased; then all was confusion!

The pressman rushed about like mad; the foreman "said things;" the innocent little "devil" saw things, and wisely hid. The editor, thus rudely awakened, strode angrily into the room, ready to "do things," or die in the attempt. He "buttonholed" first one, then another, of the occupants of the room in a vain endeavor to learn the cause. Suddenly he saw the foreman emerge from a thin blue haze of sulphurous odor, and heard him announce that he had made a discovery. Through an error, the "make-up" man had placed the class poem in the editorial columns, and, being unused to such honors, it had swelled, in its pride, until it burst the chase and pied the whole form.

Here was trouble indeed! A whole day's work undone in a moment. What was to be done? At this juncture, a member of the Social committee came in, and sug-

gested that, as our friends would be greatly disappointed with the rest of the programme, we might present the paper in the proof sheets. A happy thought! The ubiquitous "devil" came from his hiding and right royally hunted up the "scraps." The heterogeneous mass of copy and proof were soon ready.

Our friends gathered to the number of fifty or more. In due time we made our appearance, "sadly disfigured but still in the ring." We made our bow, and, to our immense delight, received a hearty encore. Our success was assured. Our efforts had received the recognition due them. Henceforth we were to feel that the kicks and spurnings of our disgruntled patrons would become "beautifully less."

We have deemed so long an explanation necessary in order that our friends may fully comprehend our modesty at this time. We beseech you, dear readers, one and all, to look upon our humble efforts with eyes blind to our few defects and minds ready to magnify our good qualities to the utmost.

We cannot at this time resist the temptation to make our parting bow to the dear Juniors. We are SENIORS now, and have experienced the pangs of knowing that the San Diego Normal School could not get on without us. Now

as we are about to leave you our eyes fill with tears, not for our loss, great as it is, but for yours, which is still greater. We feel sure that you have not realized fully the great and growing importance of our presence among you, and the thought of you, slowly wandering about the halls, seeking in vain for our smiling faces, fills us with deepest sorrow. But cheer up, Juniors! cheer up! We leave with you the WHITE AND GOLD. Our faces are all there. The picture man has caught our beaming smiles, the sunlight of our eyes, the golden "psyches" of our hair, and transferred them to this book for your special benefit. Gaze upon them often. Let the light of our superior intellect inspire you to grand thoughts and noble deeds. Let the lessons of our successes sink deep into your hearts and cause you to "open your eyes and see, open your minds and understand, open your souls and feel" that the example we have set has not been in vain.



Most of the organizations of our school, which, by the way, are far too few, are in a flourishing condition. Not the least useful, perhaps, is the Y. W. C. A. This association is composed of some hundred or more girls, and is under the leadership of Marjorie Johnson, president. The girls are quiet in

their work, but very effective, nevertheless, and their influence is being daily increased.



We are very glad to have the opportunity of saying a few words about "The Russ." The present commencement number is very artistic, and, judging from general appearances, the High School should be proud of its journalistic representative. Our inexperience as editors is our only excuse for the brevity of this notice. But here's to you, Russ! Long may you prosper and continue in usefulness!



We regret that through an oversight on the part of the Editor-in-chief, the photo of Wm. Fanning, which should have been in the cut representing the Business Staff, was not included in the photographs sent to the engravers. Mr. Fanning's face may be seen, however, in the Senior class group and we hope our readers will recognize his efficient service by looking it up in connection with the staff group.

WM. S. WRIGHT,

Editor-in-Chief.



TO OUR READERS: We desire to call your special attention to the advertisements that appear in our columns. A glance at the business houses represented here shows that they are all of that class

known in the business world as "sound and substantial;" that they are all enterprising and worthy of your patronage. We respectfully urge you to recognize the worth of these houses by giving them a fair share of your patronage. We would still further request that, when trading with them, you tell them you read their advertisement in WHITE AND GOLD. It may seem a little thing to do, and it is, but it will please them and give us what we most need—encouragement.



THE WHITE AND GOLD is our maiden effort in the editorial line, and as such we sincerely hope our readers will receive it. We are not bidding for sympathy nor making excuses for mistakes. Every one knows that an editor's chair is not an easy chair by any means, but, such as it is, we have done our best to fill it with credit to the school and to the student body and senior class represented by us. How well we have succeeded let our readers judge.

It has been our aim to make this first publication by a senior class of the State Normal School of San Diego, a model of its kind. We have spared no pains to make it acceptable to our patrons. The reading matter has been prepared entirely by the students of the institution.

The photographic work was done by Mr. A. J. Stephens of this city, to whom our thanks are due for the interest he has taken in the success of our venture.

The mere fact that the WHITE AND GOLD is issued from the press of Baker Brothers is sufficient ex-

planation of the excellence of the typographical work.

We cannot close our remarks without mention of the business men of this city who have so generously supplied us with advertisements, and we bespeak for them the success and prosperity that is justly due them.

Athletics.

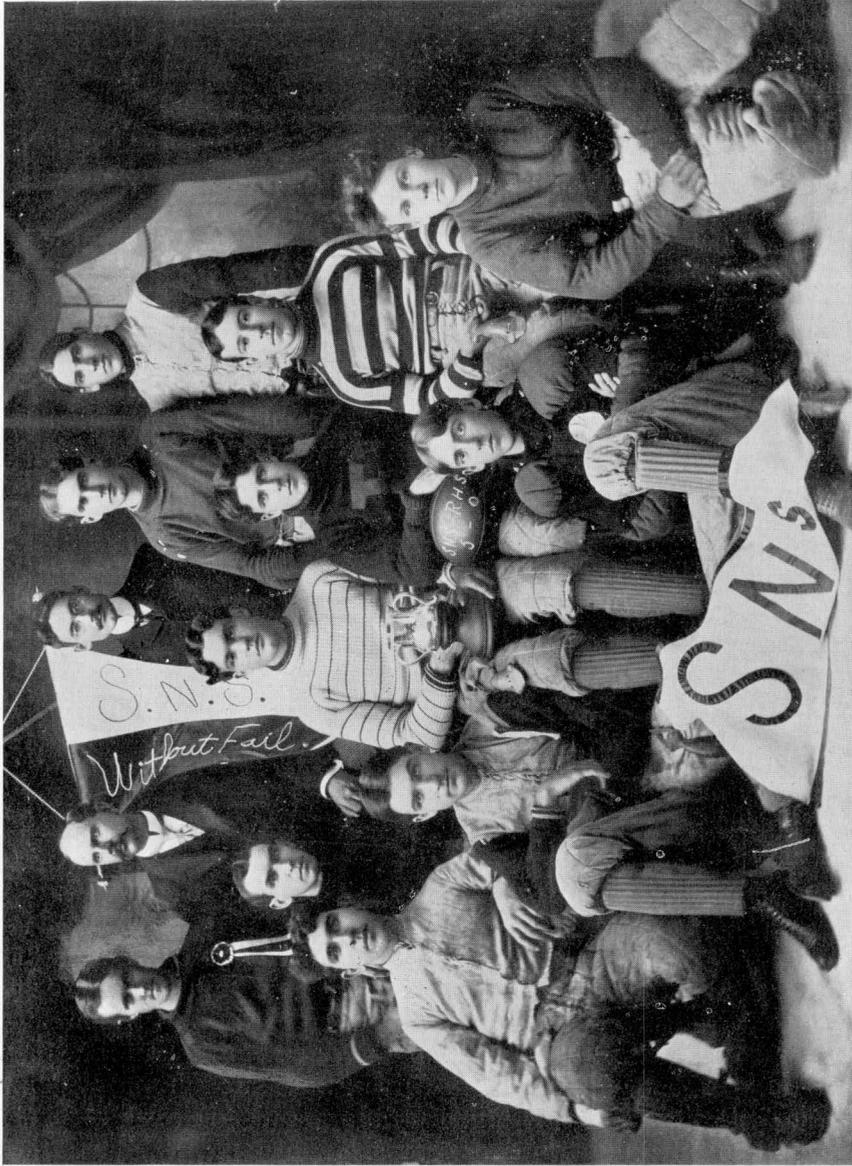
Edited by Robert G. Sharp, '03.

It IS customary, I suppose, to begin an article on the athletic interests of a school by sending greetings to its friends, hurling defiance at its enemies, singing the fame of its victories and recounting its deeds of might and valor. But we can abandon the worn ruts of custom and pursue the brighter and simpler paths of history. It becomes my simple duty to make a brief review of the facts connected with the athletics of the past two years.

Athletics are now recognized as a distinct feature in student life; so much so, in fact, that with probably no exception every institution of learning throughout the land has its athletic associations, teams, and champions. Not behind other similar institutions, our Normal School has its various athletic associations, champions, heroes and trophies. Our associations, al-

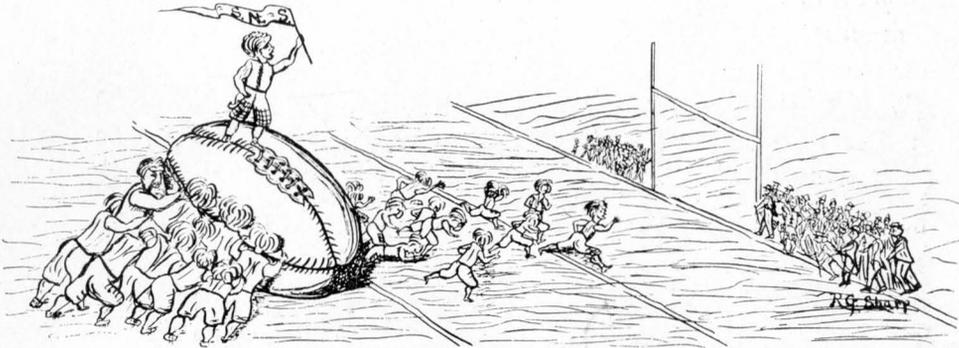
though small in point of numbers and placed at a disadvantage because of their infantine age, have been so stimulated by the spirit of their faculty and the success of their teams, that they have won for the institution a creditable place and rank.

Probably the most important, and certainly the best known of the different athletic associations of our school is that named "The Athletic Association of the State Normal School of San Diego." This association became an organization on September 24, 1900, and was composed of all the male members of the institution, among whom were such men as Alexander Graham and Arthur Greeley. The spirit shown by the members of the faculty in mingling with the students in their athletic sports has ever been a feature of our school, of which we have been duly proud.



Stephens Photo

1902 Foot Ball Team



Some of the athletically inclined members of the faculty advanced means with which to purchase football regalia, and on October 10, 1900, the embryo foot-ball team of this institution met on the campus for its initial practice. We had chosen for our captain, Lawrence Lindsey, a man cool, keen and collected in any emergency, one who knew what to do and how to do it.

At about this time (October 10) we received a challenge from the Russ High School team to play a match game on Thanksgiving day for the interscholastic championship of San Diego County. We accepted this challenge and from this time on bent every energy toward winning the Thanksgiving game.

Our manager, Mr. Graham, had arranged a practice game with the Escondido team and on October 30 we realized, for the first time, that there was going to be somebody in front of us to dispute our right of way. We shall never forget that game. We had gone up happy, expectant and confident. We came home a sorry, silent set. Every man in the team was hunting for the softest part of the seat, and

muttering threats of extermination at the driver every time a chuck-hole was struck.

Our next practice game was with the U. S. S. Iowa team, and a marvelous game it was, a contest between science and weight—and science won. The sailor team with a weight advantage of over thirty pounds to the man, would by the successive bucking of its heavy guards and tackles, work its way straight down the field toward the Normal's goal.

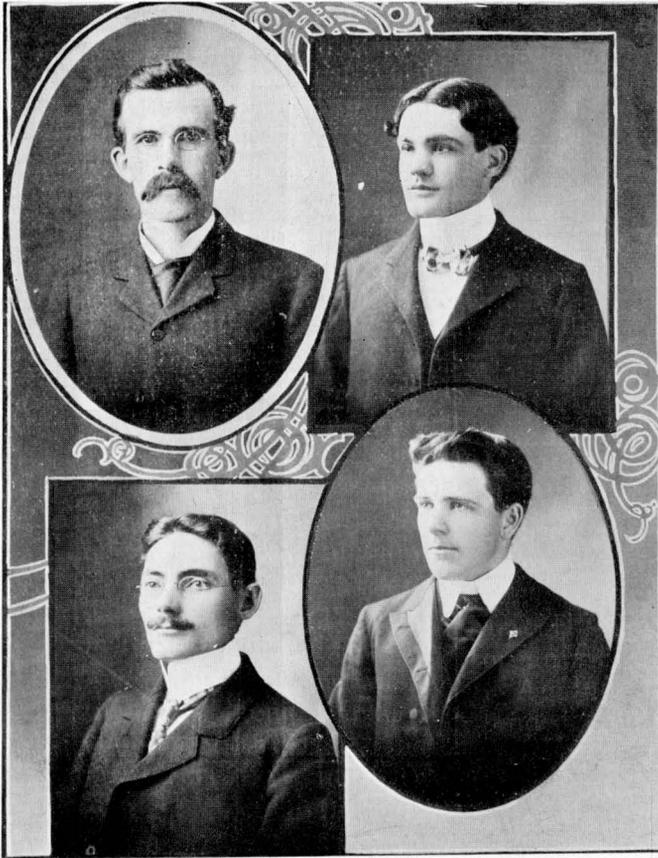
Many and many a time things would look hopeless for the Normal boys, when just at the critical moment, by some brilliantly executed play, one of our boys would carry the ball back up the field. Then the sailors would hold us down for bucking; their line was like bucking against a mountain of flesh. Again and again did they carry the ball close to our goal, and again would one of our boys break through their midst and carry it back. The sailors were vehemently urged by their mates to "eat 'em up," "chew 'em up," "break their line;" while the Normal boys were filled with life, grit, and determination by the intense

enthusiasm of President Black and other members of the faculty, who, like true football enthusiasts, stood on the side lines yelling themselves hoarse with, "Boys! they can't eat you up!" "They can't chew you up." "Go it, Bigham!" "Go it, Greeley!"

appeal. The boys responded, and for three hard downs held the sailor giants in their tracks. The ball was ours. Twice we tried to advance it, but failed. "Third down, six yards to gain," called the umpire. "Now or never. Signal!" yelled the captain. "7-

4 11." The Normal boys looked at each other, a new light on their faces, a new joy in their hearts. This was the long waited for signal; this was the play we were so hopeful would win. The instant the ball was passed it seemed as though the whole team, like a great projectile, was hurled against a single point of the opponent's front.

Their line held. The yell of their mates was like the war-whoop of a thousand Comanches. They believed we had lost! But in another instant they were undeceived, for far down the field sped our beloved quarter-



Athletic Association Officers. [Stephens, Photo

William S. Wright, President.
W. T. Skilling, Manager.

Charles Bigham, Captain.
Dr. Claire I. Foote, Coach.

The second half lacked only a few minutes of being over; the ball, even then only a few yards distant from the Normal's goal, was being rapidly advanced by the sailors. Our captain made a last

back, Prof. Greeley. The quarterback pass had not failed. The line was crossed. The game was won, the victory ours. The sailors had been outwitted, tricked and beaten.

It was with the winning of this

game that the Normal School team became something in the eyes of the world, something which has been growing ever since and is today recognized as one of the best teams in the southern end of the state. It is for this reason that so much stress has been laid upon this particular game. It gave us confidence in ourselves, commanded respect from our enemies, and won admiration from our friends.

From this time on we practiced with lighter hearts and better spirits.

November 29. At last the day had come, the day for which we had undergone six long, hard weeks of steady, constant practice. Time was called at half past two o'clock, and the playing began.

From the start it could be easily seen that the

Normal team was the better of the two. It was only a few minutes before we had made our first touchdown, and then in a few minutes more we made another. The game was one of the most spectacular ever played upon the local gridiron. It was characterized by brilliant individual playing on both sides.

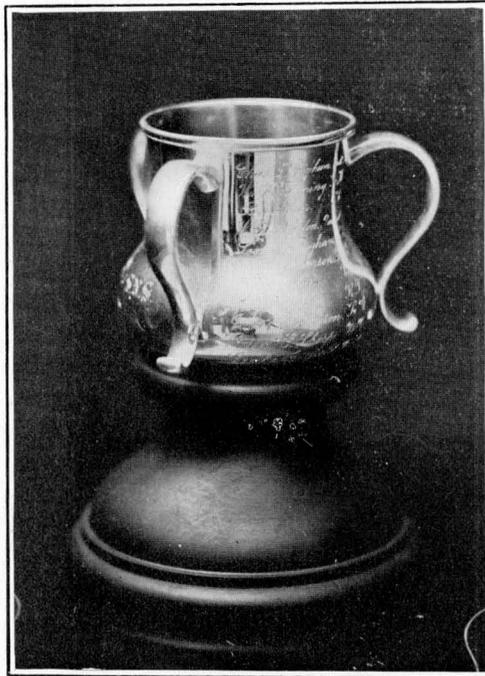
The long runs of Roy Stover for twenty-five, forty and sixty yards,

were by all odds the features of the day. Stover, Lindsey and Greeley were considered the stars. The game was prolonged until almost dark. With the end of the second half the score stood twelve to fifteen in the Normal's favor. This was the last game of the season, and a very creditable season it was for the Normal team. It had organized itself, won two games out of three,

and gained for the school the championship of the county. The football season was closed by a banquet at the Brewster, given to our boys by their proud and appreciative manager and faculty. After this other and lighter athletic sports were pursued. A tennis association was organized.

Again well attended and enthusiastic meetings were held.

Funds were advanced and in a very few days two of the finest courts in the county were ready for use. And they were used. Every evening after school, on Saturdays and on holidays they were filled with happy, students. Here again our faculty mingled in good comradeship with the pupils. Evening after evening student and teacher strove in friendly contest to outpoint each other.

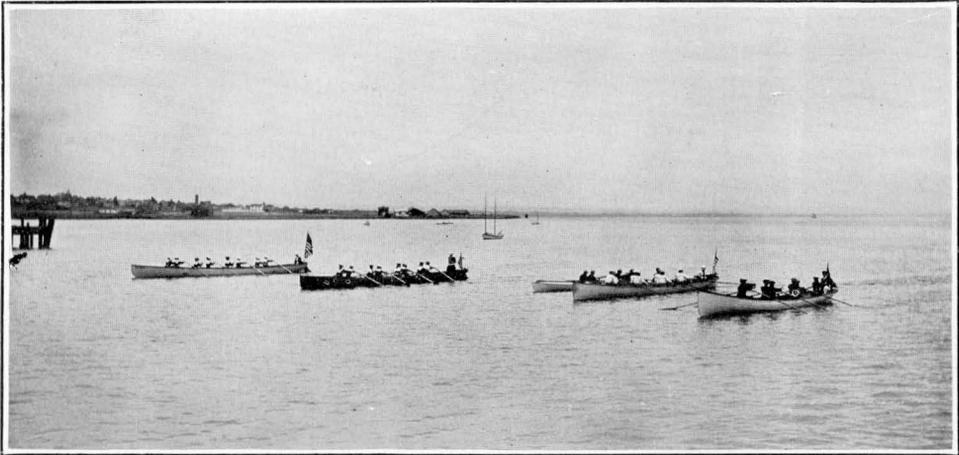


Our Trophy.

Rowing also has received its share of attention. Our school has never failed to appreciate its God-given franchise to the broad, beautiful bay, and not a day of the week passes but some of our crews may be seen, going through their nautical maneuvers, or skimming lightly over its surface. Then, there is our baseball team. Let me not forget to mention its existence and the score of 33 to 13, which it piled up in one game,

fered a cup for a series of three football games between our team and the Russ team. Before the series was completed an agreement was made whereby the Thanksgiving game was to decide which team should hold the cup.

By hard playing we came off victorious, and the cup was ours. This game was perhaps the best ever played on the park gridiron, and both schools have reason to be proud of their teams.



Our Fleet.

Fitch Photo

"enough to last for a while," it was said.

Thus, when in June, 1901, examinations were over, and the school year had drawn to a close, we could look back over as bright and successful a year of athletics as any school could hope for. For had we not in a single season organized teams, made friends, conquered enemies, won victories, and gained for ourselves health, wealth and happiness.

Early in the present school year the Bay View Park Association of-

One of the most pleasant phases of our school life on the athletic side, is the rowing on the bay. Early in the history of our school its situation in a rented building in the heart of the town was such as to greatly limit our field for physical exercise. But there was the broad, beautiful bay, and there was a beautiful barge waiting for a purchaser, and there were seventy or eighty students waiting to use it. The barge was bought, crews were organized, and a commodore was selected to direct the

movements of the "Jolly Tars." Henceforth a crew of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Normalites in their natty uniforms could be seen moving bayward each pleasant afternoon.

The association has grown in numbers and in spirit from the very first. There have been no empty seats in the barge, and many applications are on file for seats as soon as any become vacant.

A unique feature of the association is what has been termed the "Crack Crew." This crew is organized by selecting the strongest and most skillful members from

the several crews, and is captained by the Commodore. On several occasions this crew has competed in friendly contests with local crews, and has always sustained the honor of the school in a creditable manner, on one occasion securing a beautiful flag as a trophy.

We hope that the time will soon come when instead of one "Pristis" we will have ten such barges, and count every member of the school on a crew, and find every crew a "crack crew." Then will the San Diego Normal School be famed for the physical as well as the mental prowess of its graduates.



STRANGER—"What causes that questioning look on the Seniors' faces?"

JUNIOR—"They are wondering if you will buy a "WHITE AND GOLD."

Nelle: "The only thing about me that's going to graduate is my flounce."

Why is Fan a Democrat?

Answer: She votes for Bryan every time.

Some naughty little boys (?) put paraffine under Mr. Skilling's desk. Who was it?

Mr. B-g-am in physiology reports that there are thirty-three vertebrates in the spinal column.

Student—What would you do if you forgot to go to a recitation?

Teacher—Well, that's different.

What was Onie thinking about when she deliberately pulled twenty-six pounds of iron off onto the floor?

From the number of cats and kitties we see posted around we are beginning to think the school will turn out some old maids yet.

Mr. S-i-l-ng—How is heat produced?

Miss W-rd—By raising the temperature. Brilliant recitation, Miss W-rd.

In Memoriam.

John Joseph Hollenbeck.

John Joseph Hollenbeck was born in Kansas City, Mo., March 17, 1878. He died in San Diego, Cal., March 12, 1902.

From his earliest years it was his ambition to become a teacher, and the desire became a passion long before he was able to begin its accomplishment. Although his opportunities for school were few in his early years, he worked hard and improved every opportunity for study, never losing sight of the teacher's profession. His was one of the first names to be enrolled in the membership of the San Diego Normal School, and had he lived he would have graduated with honors with the present class.

Mr. Hollenbeck won a place in the hearts of his fellows by his strict integrity and steadfastness of purpose. His presence among us made us better men and women, and we shall always hold his memory dear.

Frances Webber.

Miss Frances Webber was born August 6, 1880, and died June 17, 1901, after an illness of only three weeks. Prior to her enrollment in the Normal School, she was a member of the Russ High School for two years, where she is remembered for her sweetness of temper and her ability as a student. These qualities followed her to the Normal School. Here her earnestness was apparent from the first. By her grace and nobility of character she soon won the hearts of her fellows and teachers. Her loss was deeply felt by her class-mates. Had she lived, Miss Webber would have graduated with the class of 1902.

Alumni Notes.

Kate Irwin, '00, is teaching near Escondido.

Ira Wertz, '01, has a good position in Orange Co.

Flora Head, '01, has the home school at Garden Grove.

Hallie Williams, '00, still holds her position at San Marcos.

Viola Justice, '01, enriches the youthful mind at Richland.

Julia Flynn, '01, will enjoy a part of her vacation in the city.

Elsie Gregg, '01, just closed a very successful year at Oneonta.

Catherine Green, '01, gathers about her the youth of Coronado.

Maude Wood, '01, has had a very successful year at Oceanside.

Frances Mulvey, '01, sends greetings from Twin Oaks school.

Annie Horrall, '01, is creditably filling the teacher's chair at Balena.

Miriam Faddis, '01, will be missed by her Mesa Grande patrons.

Robert Neely, '99, holds a responsible position in the Philippines.

Louise Balch, '02, February class, is "skilled to rule" at Ocean View.

Margaret Ladd, '00 has just finished a very successful year at Alpine.



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A full line of School Books and School Supplies.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, the Best in use.

A Large Supply of Tennis Goods.

Ping Pong, the Latest Craze.

Prices Always the Lowest :

Burbeck's Big Book Store 1051 Fifth St.



Lily Lesem, '02, February class, will spend the coming year in Chicago.

Frank Lynn, '01, has a position with the Los Angeles street car company.

Ethel Judson, '01, is enjoying a year's vacation before taking up her work.

Elfrida Hatch, '01, conducts a school in the Oak Grove District, this county.

Jessie Butler, '02, February class, is teaching at Gallatin, Los Angeles county.

Nora Vanfleet, '01, instructs "Young America" in the Mount Fairview district.

Daisy Padrick, '01, is enjoying a much needed rest at home after a hard year's work.

Marion Coop, '02, February class, "wields the birch and rule" at San Luis Rey.

Belle Banks, '01, maintains the inalienable rights of the "school ma'am" at Miramar.

Ida Merritt, '02, February class, discharges the duties of a primary teacher at Ventura.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS . . .

A woman's "rights" are never ignored at this store. These are a few of her "rights:" She has to pay cash; should, therefore, get things cheaper here than elsewhere. That's one of her "rights," and she gets it—ALWAYS. She has the right to examine every piece of goods in the store, if she has the time—only too glad to show them. She has the right to come here every day in the week, and a dozen times daily—always welcome. She has the right to expect the best qualities, the most correct styles; we won't disappoint her. She has the right to have her money back if the goods are not as represented; we refund cheerfully.

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Agnes Paden, '02, February class, has taught successfully, since graduation, at Hillsdale.

Asa Skinner, '01, will occupy a post in Iloilo, Island of Pauay, P. I., for the next two years.

Ethel Meredith, '01, has spent most of the year visiting friends in the northern part of the state.

Roy Roberts, '02, February class, is at work in Los Angeles, but will attend summer school at Berkeley.

Mrs. Emma Wisler, '02, February class, has been appointed to a position in the Los Angeles city schools.

Orville Wood, '01, resigned a good position at Barstow to accept an appointment in the Philippine Islands.

Fred Crosby, '00 has been director of physical culture at the Y. M. C. A. in San Diego for the past year.

Leonard Bigham, '02, February class, will teach his home school at Woodville, Tulare Co., the coming year.

Stuart Laughlin, '01, after a successful year near Los Angeles, has accepted a position in the Philippines.

Josephine Wackerman, '02, February class, teaches the "young idea how to shoot" in the River District, near San Luis Rey.

G—, don't you know that it is getting warm again, and that you will need fanning?

A MODEL GROCERY



Superior goods and correct prices are the merits on which we have gained our reputation, and mean to sustain it. : : : : : :

HELLER'S, Sixth and E Sts.

Gertrude Price, '01, revels in work at Garden Grove.

Lawrence Lindsey '01, (refreshes his memory) at Picacho on the desert.

Helen Oden, '01, teaches at Punta Gorda in Santa Barbara county.

What the Seniors are going to do this Summer.

Dollie Rowlee will recuperate.

Zelia Toy will hunt for a school.

Ellen Gray will be a country lassie.

Daisy Merritt will visit in Santa Barbara.

Elizabeth Butler has no plans thus far.

Olive Elder will be at home in La Mesa.

Maude Van Arman will go to Escondido.

Julia Butler will go to her home in Downey.

Emma Field will go camping in the Yosemite.

Our President will go to her home in Julian.

Margaret Warren will climb the mountain steeps.

Theodora Wackerman will go to the mountains.

Lutie Williams thinks she will summer at La Jolla.

Lourien Fuquay will "leave no stone unturned."

Page Kerns will return to her home in Los Angeles.

Lena Christian's plans all point to "Home, Sweet Home."

Bird Hildreth hasn't the "remotest idea what she will do."

Orrell Jennings will spend the entire summer at the beach.

Frances Taylor will return to her home at Arroyo Grande.

Laura Fenton expects to go to the country to make tatting.

Benita Frederick is just going "to do tatting" to her heart's content.

Myrtle Campbell is going to forget for a while that she is a school teacher.



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SEE THE NEW
LINE OF MEN'S
OXFORDS DISPLAY-
ED, AT :: :: :: ::

E. M. Roberts & Co.. ⁷⁵⁰ Fifth Street

Ena Watkins is going to keep house when she isn't out hunting for a school.

Belle Jennings will swell the number of summer girls at Ocean Beach. Beware!

Ruth Patterson has so many plans that she really can't decide what she will do.

Lois Murray thinks she will hunt for a school but it "depends on what turns up."

Ada Cleave is going to while the hours away hunting and boating on the Escondido river.

Harriet Reed "really don't know what she'll do, but thinks she will sleep and sleep and sleep."

Anna Harrison will stay at home and clean house, sew and make herself miserable generally.

Adelaide Evans hasn't decided where she will go, but to have a good time seems to be uppermost in her plans.

Both our boys will leave us. Mr. Wright goes to Pasadena where he will take a course in manual training at Throop Polytechnic Institute. Mr. Fanning will go north to Chatsworth Park.

What should be the class tree?
The Elder.

Why does Ellen appear so old?
She is so Gray.

What great literary work does Lena represent?
The Christian.

Why is the present class so sure of success?
Its Merritt is a Daisy.

What makes this class so much more stylish than previous ones?
It sports two Butlers.

Why will the WHITE AND GOLD be sure to be well dressed?
It has a Taylor on its staff.

Why should the senior class have a physician in its employ?
Because it has a constant Paine.

Why does the senior class remind one of hot weather?
There is always Fanning amongst us.

Why does Ada's age resemble the line along which minerals break?
It is a Cleave-age.

The senior class is never without something to amuse itself. Why?
There is a nice Toy for all.

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Training School. Best of refer-
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ican fluently. Apply Z, WHITE
AND GOLD office.

Found—Three pearly tear drops
on the cover of Dewey's Third
Year Book. Owner can have
same by proving property and pay-
ing for this insertion.

Everyone who has that tired
feeling in the spring should send
for a copy of McMurry's General
Method. Warranted to cure in
twenty weeks or money refunded.

Miss A. (sitting by the stove in
the west part of the Assembly
Room): "Did you ever notice how
much nicer the boys keep their
stove than we do?"

Miss B.: "Yes; it seems queer,
too, because they all gather around
it so often."

Miss A.: "All, did you say?
Ah no, not all. How about Mr.
Rawson?"

J. C. Packard

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Faculty Notes.

Miss Derby hasn't planned for her vacation.

Mr. Skilling anticipates a trip to Yosemite.

Miss Ballard will honor San Francisco with a visit.

Mr. West has no definite plans for the summer months.

Miss Rogers is looking forward to an Eastern visit.

Major Meredith goes north as soon as school closes.

Miss McLeod probably will remain at home all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bliss will enjoy their vacation at Idyllwild.

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Writing Desks, Library Tables, Book-cases, and every sort of household furniture.

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Cor. 5th and B

Miss Morton expects to spend the summer in Indianapolis.

Miss Pratt will return to her old home in Northern California for a brief visit.

Mr. Shafer will remain in San Diego during the summer, and will probably work in the library.

Miss Way, Miss Batchelder and Dr. Moore have planned a delightful outing at King's River Canon with the Sierra Club.

EUROPEAN Students will be CHARACTERS much interested in this new and instructive game. Five hundred items of information about one hundred historical characters. You can find out about it by calling at Gray's Book Exchange, 1641 F St., San Diego.

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She was waiting for the car, when a small boy happened along. The two drifted into conversation. "Going to be a teacher?" he asked. "Yes," she answered. "Gee! I wouldn't want to be a teacher. I know of three who went insane." "Is that so!" "Yes. I guess they can't help it. They have so much r'sponsibility—have to stay after school

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with the kids, an' keep order. I'd rather be an actress." "An actress!" "Uh-huh. There's an actress up in 'Frisco who gets two thousand dollars just for singing! You don't have to be good looking, either; sometimes the homliest ones have the best voices." They parted as the car came, his face still quizzical. Why in the world should people prefer school teaching to getting two thousand dollars "just for singing?"

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manufactured; When your jewelry needs repairing; When
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What the Students Will Do This Summer.

Lola Ward--Don't know.

Mamie Steffgen--"Me too."

George Maxfield--"I'll do without."

Guy Sharp--"I expect to mill-dew."

Harriet Hayes--Rusticate, rusticate.

Marjorie Johnson -- "Just call and see."

Lilian Cathcart--"I am going HOME!!!"

Ida Brown--Seek pleasure in the windy city.

Ernest Peterson--Will work on a hay press.

Guy Paden--Will NOT work on a hay press.

Ina Rolf--Shall spend the summer at home.

Elsie Davidson--"I'm going to Los Angeles."

Lulu Fulton -- "I'm going to rusticate, too."

Vernon Rood -- "Goin' to see my kinsfolks."

Edith Bostwick -- "I think I shall rusticate."

Cora Libby -- "Home is good enough for me."

Bertha Stork will visit San Diego for a change.

Genevieve McConville--To roam in the mountains.

Flora Mack--"Sprout my wings at the Angel City."

Helen Hack--To have a good time in Santa Ana.

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Office and Cut Flower Depot

919 Fifth St., bet. D and E Tel. Red 1735

Gertrude McRae—"I don't know;
go crazy, I guess."

Alice Brown—"Los Angeles is
my stopping place."

Wiley Escher—"Right here in
the city; that's what."

James Rawson—"Shall spend the
summer on the ranch."

Charley Bigham—"More than I
know; guess I'll rest."

Maude Mayes—"Shall visit friends
for a month in Pasadena."

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Nora Lindsey—"I am going
home just as quickly as I can go."

Hazel Schulenberg—"Haven't
the slightest idea; depends on my
pocketbook."

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