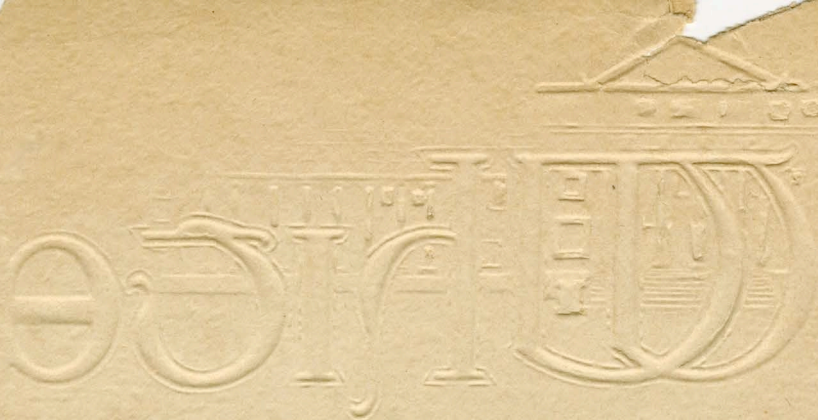


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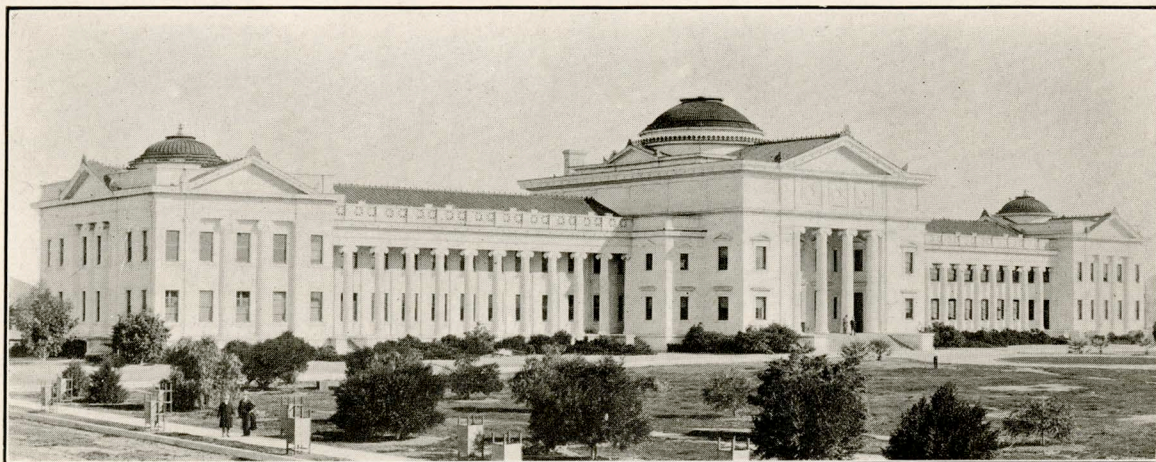
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PRESIDENT E. L. HARDY

To Prexy—

*Through whose untiring efforts
the girls have been led to a
greater enjoyment and initiative
among themselves—this book is
affectionately dedicated.*



SAN DIEGO STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Calif State College, San Diego, Senior Class



Commencement

June, Nineteen Twelve

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Class Motto

"While we live, let us live."

This Magazine is Edited Annually by the Students of the State Normal School
of San Diego

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY

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M. Cheatham

San Diego, 1915



See San Diego at her Silver Gate;
She stand with arms outstretched to welcome all.
The ships at Panama how long must wait?
While mighty engines crush and creep and crawl
Through rock and lake; through swamp and shift-
ing sands,
To cut a passage joining sea to sea
Till western continent and eastern lands
For trade and barter find a channel free.
They come to California's flower-decked shores,
Whose harbors open swing to many a fleet,
Where ships sea-weary leave their fragrant stores,
And sailors there old friends and dear ones meet.
The harbor lights of San Diego Bay
Are first to greet the ships that come that way.

—D. Partridge.



Senior Song



SOLDIERS' CHORUS

Hark to the shouts of the Senior Class,
Our days are full and too quickly pass;
We've squelehed each grade 'til it's pale and sick;
And now that it's done, we'll swear it was fun
To wield the big stick.

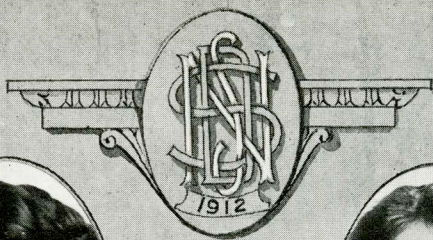
Who's caught cutting a class?—mum's the word,
Who's sure she'll never pass?—not a voice is heard.
We're not frightened to death—that's all bluff,
For we'll sure get through, as all Seniors do,
By cramming enough.

We'll love her until next June, and then
Hooray for Normal, old S. D. N.,
Sheep-skins in hand, we'll onward fly.
And school boards we'll break,
Our fortunes to make—We'll do it or die.

CHORUS:

We the Seniors stand for Normal,
Sing for Normal,
Shout for Normal;
We only cease to blow for Normal
Long enough to blow our cash.

—L. DeSelm.



Ruth Tyson
Mary Edelbrock
Georgiana Brown

Josephine Sanger
Mary Arnold

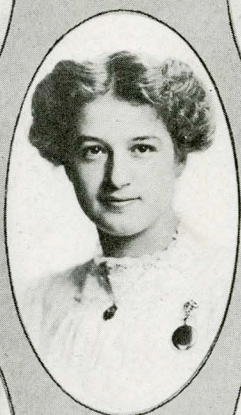
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Lottie Wiese

Alva Carothers
Minnie Works
Lella Bailey



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Mrs. Dow

Gertrude Jenkins
Virginia Bailey

Edith Kinnear
Lenna Newton
Ruth Myers



Ruth Bell
Miriam Jones
Iris Lyons

Marguerite Erzinger
Blanche Jones

Lucille Wade
Charlotte Danielson
Irma Coleman



Mary Gooch
Lena DeSelm
Josephine Smith

Margaret Smith
Mamie Bourg

Juanita Noble
Helen Landrith
Inez Beale



Leah Buck
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Helen Smart
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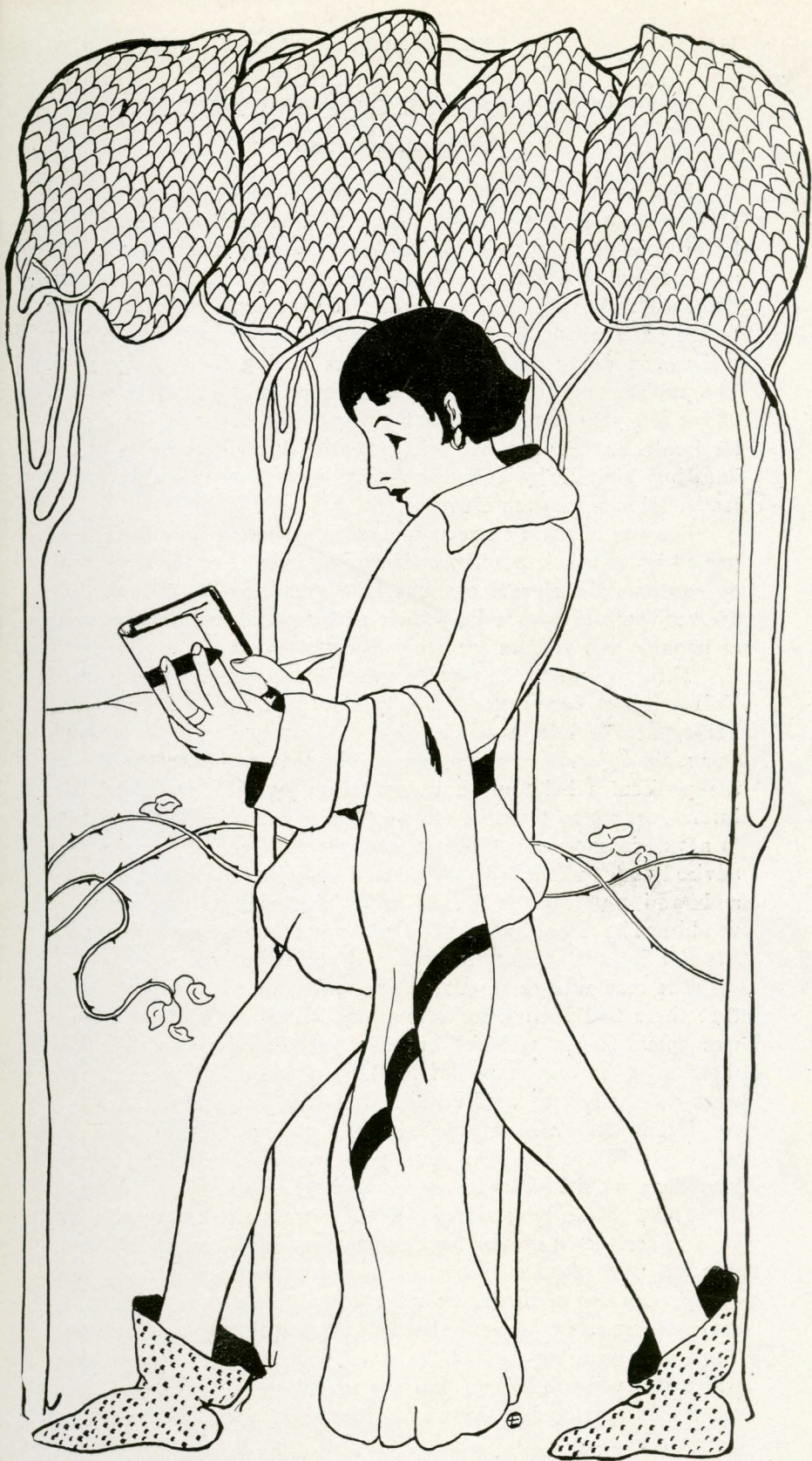
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Marjorie Garrett
Katherine Merritt



Mary Arnold
Rena DeSelm
Winifred Eldred

Sophia Reithardt
Celia Meilleur

Myrtle Barnum
Edith Odell
Vivian Beale



♦ LITERARY ♦

The Penitentes of New Mexico

BY MABEL CHEATHAM

Few people know that such a class as the Penitentes of New Mexico exist at the present time. In this territory there is a lower class of Mexicans distinguished by very unusual and peculiar religious practices. These Mexicans are all Catholics, uneducated and crude, and their barbarous customs seem to belong to the past rather than to the present civilized age. Each man believes in doing penance for his sins during Lent every year. The punishments they inflict upon themselves are horribly severe, and a few years ago it was not uncommon to hear of some poor Penitente, or "Brother of Light", beating himself to death or exhausting himself by carrying heavy crosses over rough stony trails. Men were even crucified.

Because of these extreme measures, stringent laws have been passed against their practices. However, in spite of the laws, they do continue their cruel customs to a great extent, though they are very careful now to keep their performances as inconspicuous as possible and visitors are decidedly unwelcome.

Three years ago the faculty and a few students of the Normal University in Las Vegas, New Mexico, planned to spend Good Friday at Tecalote, a small pueblo, about twelve miles distant. Our main object was to see, if possible, the special ceremonies of the penitentes held on that day. Our Spanish professor, Mr. Lucero, who was a native of the highest class of Mexicans, was to act as interpreter, protector and peacemaker. It was he who advised us to take a box of food and supplies as a peace offering and had it not been for Mr. Lucero's "peacemaking" we probably would not have been allowed to camp for the day on a hill opposite the Morada, or meeting place of the Brothers.

The man who came out and accepted the provisions, told us that there had been three ceremonies before we arrived (which was about eleven o'clock) but that, according to sacred rites, there must be one more before Good Friday had passed. We were determined to wait until midnight if necessary.

The Morada was, in this case built of logs. There were few windows. When the door was opened we could see that it was very dark within. Candles were burning in one end of the room.

Through the long afternoon, while we waited, several times visitors arrived in groups from other Moradas. We studied them through field glasses from a distance and noticed that in each group were two or three who were doing penance, but when they came nearer, they covered themselves so that we could not see. These few were stripped to the waist, wore only one garment of white and were barefoot. Some were bound with ropes. The other men surrounded them and chanted a monotonous dirge as they walked.

As evening came on, we hid in the bushes to get a closer view of the Morada and its surroundings. At that dusky period between sunset and moonrise, we witnessed the "Cross Cere-

mony". Leading from the log house was a narrow beaten path marked by crosses about thirty feet apart. The last cross, which was at some distance from the Morada, was about ten feet high and very heavy. When the Penitentes filed out of the house and started down the path, we could see that one man was scantily clothed. He was bending nearly to the ground and we could hear him lashing himself at each step. It was so dark by this time that we could not tell what kind of scourge he carried, though often a many-bladed spiny cactus is used. With this it does not take many of the heavy blows to draw the blood. To shrink from the blow, to lessen its force, or to utter a cry of pain would mean cruel penance, indeed, for one of the rules of the order has always been that any show of weakness must be expiated by long and painful ceremonies, sometimes resulting in death. The men who accompanied this Penitente wore white robes. They chanted mournfully, pausing at each cross to pray. When this slow procession reached the end of the path, the heavy cross was lowered and tied upon the Penitente's back. It was so heavy that it bore him down almost to the ground. Still he continued to wield the lash. To add to the awful weirdness of the scene, the moon rose and cast its ghostly light upon the sufferer and his cross and the sound of distant chanting came from near and far, mingling with the doleful songs of these frenzied "Hermanos". At each cross the man knelt, prayed, and then struggling to his feet with his heavy burden, resumed his stumbling way. The stones cut his bare feet. The wind chilled him. The scourge did its work without mercy. Each time he knelt, it seemed that he would not be able to rise again. But he never faltered.

After the men had returned to the Morada, we crept closer, horrified, yet fascinated. We could hear strange sounds—the dragging of chains and blows of heavy scourges within. Other processions arrived as they had during the afternoon. Now all were clad in white and carried torches. From distant Moradas, mournful wails and dirges floated to our ears. The chanting grew fainter, then louder, but never ceased.

At nine o'clock, students and teachers assembled and left the terrible scene, horror-stricken and wondering that such things could be tolerated in a Christian nation, and only twelve miles from a civilized modern city.

SENIOR MUSINGS

BY MARY GOOCH

Yon Senior hath a stern and learned look.
She thinks too much—such girls are dangerous.

This, above all—hand in thy lesson plan
And it must follow, as Leovy does Miss Lamb,
Thou canst not then be failed by any man.

Fear not, that when the faculty, closing your account and mine—shall know the like no more.

The grand old Normal from her halls has poured
Hundred of students like us, and will pour.



The Lure of the Desert

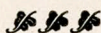


Oh, sun of the desert,
 How blinding thou art!
 With deep scorching splendor
 Thou triest my heart!
 The sands in thy brightness
 Are bathed in pure gold—
 Vast shifting wastes hiding
 Secrets untold.

Oh, moon of the desert,
 How kindly thy light!
 Ushers forth the chill breezes
 Which tell of the night!
 They breathe forth to man the old
 Vigor of life,
 Infusing new strength for the
 Morrow's hard strife.

The Desert is hot,
 The Desert is cold,—
 The heart of the desert is merciless, old;
 But the lure of her vastness,—
 The promise of gold,
 Are leading men on to glories untold!
 And who then can doubt,
 When the fight is half won—
 The Desert will atone
 For the wrong she has done!

Marguerite Erzinger.



“A Fool There Was.”

A few arguments collected to prove paradoxically that fools are philosophical and that folly is salutary.

Being one of those who hold the belief that “a smile is worth more than a crown”, that “he is great who makes a man laugh when he'd naturally rather frown”, I am suspicious of people who say folly has no place in their lives, and it matters not whether the remark comes from a feeling of superiority, from excessive narrow-mindedness, or from inactive brains. To quote Meredith, I believe, “Comedy is the saving grace, and that an excellent test of the civilization of a country is to be found in the flourishing there of the Comic Idea, just as the test of larger natures is found in the breadth of their power of laughter.”

So much for Folly in general, and now for Shakespeare's comedies and his fools in particular. The elevation of these and

of the clowns and the multiplication of their uses were a part of his reformation in the drama, with which he obtains some of his finest effects and whenever a situation becomes too tense and terrible, lightens it by an apparently aimless word-juggling exhibition by the fool and some chance confederate. In "Antony and Cleopatra"—it will be remembered, the clown enters in all the last acts—and, after answering the queen's queries concerning the asp, or "worm of Nilus," which he brings hidden in a basket—of figs, disappears with the words, "I wish you joy o' the worm."

In "Othello", the clown acts as a servant to the swarthy Moor, and taxes your patience with his verbal quibblings. And now, by means of the Flying Carpet of Imagination, we come through "The Tempest", to that enchanted and enchanting island where dwell, Prospero, the wisest of Magicians, Miranda, "O thou wonder of the world," and Ferdinand, the ideal lover, and with them as fools, the monster Caliban, the drunken butler, Stephano and the court jester, Trinculo.

In the "Merchant of Venice", I find that Shylock's servant, young Launcelot Gobbo, he who fooled with his conscience, fooled his blind father and assisted Jessica to fool her father, amuses most people as well as any of the varied troop of Shakespeare's clowns, for he is a shrewd little scamp, "nimble o' foot and tongue". Good, too, is Antonio's pun, relative to the debt of the pound of flesh: "For if the Jew do cut but deep enough—I'll pay it presently—with all my heart."

One would not expect to find the slightest trace of humor in "Macbeth"—but even here is given a bit of broad farce in the speech of the jolly porter. He is used entirely for tone relief, to separate the night's murder from the agony of the struggle of concealment—and is said to be the only ray of light which penetrates the gloom of this great tragedy.

In "Romeo and Juliet" I wish you to recall especially the gallant young Mercutio, "the very pink of courtesy", who not only died for his friend, but did it with a brave jest on his lips. "Courage, man," says Romeo, "the hurt cannot be much." "No," says Mercutio, "'tis not as deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough: 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man."

Two figures likewise claim attention from us in that romance, "A Winter's Tale", one being the clown and the other Autolycus. The former was most generous for he not only allowed his pockets to be picked by the light-fingered Autolycus, "that snapper up of unconsidered trifles," but when he meets him later at the sheep-shearing festival, with his peddler's pack and his merry songs, he buys for the maids until he can do so no longer. I like Autolycus—he is one of the most attractive of what has been called "The Army of Disreputables", and he is really of use in exchanging garments with Florizel at the latter's need.

It is in "Troilus and Cressida", little read and seldom acted, that the arrant young fool there, gives us the much quoted line, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin", and that it

is variously parodied, witness, "One touch of humor makes the whole world grin", "One touch of gossip makes the whole world chin", and "One touch of Adam (a deeply fatal touch!) makes the whole world sin."

The conversation of the two clowns and their songs and riddles in the earlier part of the churchyard scene in "Hamlet" were formerly considered humorous, but now they are termed "a mouldy impertinence. Still they form a fitting prelude to Hamlet's soliloquy on the skull of poor Yorick, the king's jester, "a fellow of infinite jest, most excellent fancy".

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," concerns itself entirely with the mistakes of a night, carried out by a whole handful of comic characters, from Puck, "the songful and merry wanderer of the night", to that droll old Nick Bottom, "who, like most of mankind would fain play the lion's part and brags of the loud roar he will make, but who, unlike his fellow mortals, wears the ass's ears quite openly."

Do not forget that gay group, too, in the park of the King of Navarre, in "Love's Labour's Lost", and the "heavenly Rosaline" there who informs us, "That a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it".

Leaving all this holiday humor, we now take up a philosophical play, one intended to show pitilessly just what life is: "Dost thou call me fool, boy?" asks Lear, and truly and sadly the Fool (called his outward conscience) replies, "All thy other titles, thou has given away; that thou was't born with." A well known critic has said that what you think of the play of "King Lear" will depend upon what you have thought of King Lear's Fool. Certainly the play offers a wide field for discussion, in its great trio of madness; presented by the real insanity of the King, the feigned craziness of Edgar and the professional folly of the Fool. My own opinion is, that while of all the books I ever read the saddest proved to be the humorous Don Quixote, so is Lear's Fool,—out in the raging storm, shorn of all of his fool dignity, nothing left in fact but his heroic devotion to a mad old man,—the saddest person I ever met. No other character, either in book life or real life, has seemed to me shrewder or more pathetic, nobler or more tender than this faithful soul, disguised in its court dress of motley wear, and carrying its coxcomb, the symbol of Folly.

Lastly, we come to that "greatest glory of the English speaking stage, Falstaff" and his group of merry satellites. He belongs to comedy, "because his big frame is so inoculated with laughter that his faults cannot take the contagion of tragedy. He is built to brag and is too fat to be brave. So large a man is seldom able to do such quick trapeze work mentally or to wriggle so unctuously through such narrow places morally." Condemn him utterly, if you will, he certainly could say with Puck, "Those things do best please me that befall preposterously", but, here is his own apology: "Thou knowest in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy?" I grant that his dismissal by the King,

his erstwhile cup companion, madcap Hal, was necessary, but there was too much truth in Dame Quickley's remark, "The king hath killed his heart," to make it pleasant to think upon,—but, then, what would you? You cannot find a merry ending for any of the troop. It was with them, as Wister says of the old times in Arizona, "The years ended gray. After the hey-day and carousals and happy-go-luckiness were all gone, in the remaining years, what? Empty youth is such a grand, easy thing, but empty age is so grim." Returning to the Defense of Fools in general, I find that the best points in regard to their usefulness and industry come from the French, but America, probably because exaggeration is a national trait, stands a close second, and we learn that "God created fools that men of wit might regret life less," and that "while the man of brains sees all difficulties, surmounts or avoids them, the fool knows no difficulties." We like the fool because, with us, the "superfluous is so necessary", and because a fool always finds a greater fool to admire him." "If people of wit could not use fools, what would be the use of their wit", and "wit is more powerful than strength of body. If you do not believe this, you are respectfully referred to the story of Sampson and Delilah." "Wit is as infinite as love and a good deal more lasting in its qualities." The Fool is precise. Does not Richard Harding Davis say, in one of his novels, "Anyone may make a mistake, but it takes a fool to make the same mistake twice"? And there is the Kipling epigram: "The silliest kind of a woman can manage a clever man, but it takes a very clever woman to manage a fool."

The only words of commendation given anyone by the melancholy Jaques are those said in praise of Touchstone, the court fool, whom Rosalind and Celia took with them into the forest of Arden for cheer and protection. Best of all, perhaps, is the reliability of the Fool, for, as the New England farmer says, "You can have your hay crop and your apple crop and your potato crop, but there's one crop there can't nothin' touch, and that's the Fool crop. You can count on that sartin as sin." To conclude, and apropos of the old adage, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," let me recall to your minds how

"One fool sailed westward till he found a world,
One found new worlds within the mind of man.
The cynics called Columbus charlatan,
And burned Giordano Bruno!—Who unfurled
The heavens like a scroll that men might know,
But foolish Galileo? Who began
Our new free art and thought and social plan
But that poor outcast, crazy fool, Rousseau?
There is one toast the future ages drink
Standing! To those who dare rush in and die,
Those who defy all rights and break all rules,
Who fight impossible battles and who think
True thoughts—at whom, with one accord, we cry,
'The fools, the fools, the fools, God bless the fools.'"

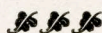
The Modern Girl

BY RUTH WILCOX

The commonly accepted idea of the modern American girl is that one we so often see pictured on the covers of the current magazines. Gibson, Harrison Fisher, Boileau and other popular "girls' heads" artists have shown her there to be a perfect model of Lady Fashion. She wears elaborate hats with feathers, wonderful and expensive gowns, heavily trimmed with laces; a beautiful Persian kitten rests on her arm and stares lazily out at you from over the vain shoulder of its mistress; often a hairy French poodle sits in her lap and blinks saucily.

As a matter of fact, the American girl spends very little of her time in "mothering dogs". She is not the insipid society beauty, but she is, rather, an active, healthy girl, with a keen appreciation for athletics and all out-door life. She thoroughly enjoys an evening at the theater or a dance, yet, on the other hand, she sews, cooks, and attends to all the duties of a woman. She meets the business world with a level, steady glance; her mind is clear and capable.

How different she is from the girls of past ages! Think of Louis the Fourteenth's petted beauty, whose only thoughts were the fluffiness of her hair or the turn of her slender ankle! Think of the demure little Puritan maid who lived within the four walls of her home and scarcely dared to look outside! Then think of our American girl (with pride)! Is not she the "happy medium" of all time?

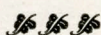


The Process of Eating Candy

Candy is a divine gift of the gods destined to rot the teeth (canines, incisors, bicuspid and molars). Some is exceedingly affectionate, clinging to the hands in a most caressing manner. Some is gooey and some is dry. Yet all is acceptable to a 10-B English class. Some is in the form of kisses and some is in the form of hearts, but all are better than tarts.

The process of eating is very simple (to those initiated into the art). First the proboscis is greeted by a fragrant odor wafted by the gentle zephyrs. Then the organ of taste (the tongue) begins to swim in the digestive juices which now freely flow from the mucous membrane of the mouth and surrounding regions. With one fell swoop, the digits (fingers) clutch the unresisting carbohydrates and convey it swiftly to the waiting organ of mastication and partial digestion, which with one relaxation of the muscles, discloses a gaping cavernous depth, into which the unfortunate sweet is thrust. With a resounding smack, the jaws fly together. The tongue begins a rhythmical motion, rotating freely about the captured dainty. With a crushing and crunching motion, the jaws endeavor to demolish and utterly ruin the mouth-watering delicacy, slowly dissolving the ruins in the gurg-

ling eddy of the digestive juices. With one spontaneous gulp, the partially pre-digested and prepared preparation sails magestically down the red canal. Lo! the tempting morsel is gone.



An Afternoon in a Tea Garden

BY EDITH KINNEAR

We struck the big gong and waited. Presently there appeared at the heavy wooden gate the daintiest little almond-eyed girl, who looked as if she had just stepped off from "my lady's teacup." Her smooth, black hair was combed up, and back from a rather high forehead. Above, it was coiled and twisted into a rather elaborate coiffure, which was held in place by numerous combs and pins. Coquettishly perched over the left

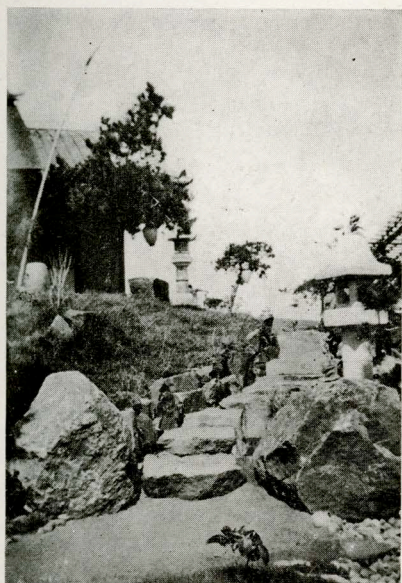
ear was a bright scarlet geranium. Her eyes had a questioning, appealing look. When she laughed, showing two rows of sparkling teeth, enhanced not a little by lips faintly rouged, she had a trick of closing her eyes also, which was charming. Something in her manner, in her appearance, took me back to fair Japan. Where and when had I seen her before?

Feminine creatures that we are, it was her kimono that sent us into silent raptures of delight. We never saw anything so beautiful, not even in Japan. It was of golden

brown crepe de chine. It had caught the glory of the summer's sun. It held the colors of the autumn woods. It whispered the sadness of the bare, brown earth. It laughed the gladness of the first spring day, when the first green leaves come peeping up into the world of living things. It reflected the glint of a dying sunset, and the melting mists of a rainbow. It was not the subtle color alone which revealed the conjurer's art, but the embroidery. A myriad of golden butterflies fluttered down from the shoulders to the hem of the garment—each was exquisitely wrought. We instinctively held our breath lest they become frightened and fly away.

We must have been staring to the point of rudeness, for she blushed slightly, made a slight courtesy and bade us enter. Like a flash came her name. "Aito, that is your name, is it not? Do you not remember me?" She did not answer, but pattered quickly down the path to the tea-house.

When we arrived at the tea-house, a long bamboo arbor, containing rustic tables and chairs, she was talking excitedly to a woman who was holding a young baby, Japanese fashion. The older woman busied herself, preparing the tea over a charcoal brazier. Aito went after cakes and set the table. She would glance



at us shyly, if we were not looking, but quickly turned away when she caught us watching her.

Finally I said, "Aito, you remember Mrs. Wray and Elinor?"

"Yes, yes! Vera well, ees she in 'Merica? I like vera much to see her."

"No," I replied, "they are in Japan. They were well when I saw them a year ago. They spoke of you very often. Elinor was so fond of you. How did you come over here?" I had heard something about it, but had forgotten.

"I come to 'Merica with Mees Wray and El'nor. Then she go back. She want me go back, but I stay. Fuje, he love me. He say, 'You marry me. We work and save one, two, three, four year,—then we go back to Japan and live fine.' It is four years now." She sighed wistfully.

Just then, a short, brown-skinned man came running across a miniature bamboo bridge, bearing high upon his shoulders a plump, almond-eyed boy. The youngster had hold of his father's hair and was kicking his father vigorously in the chest. The man was enjoying it immensely. Aito turned, brushed away a tear and beckoned to them. The child waved his arms



frantically, thereby greatly endangering his balance. When her husband reached her side, she took the child, kissed him, then introduced Fuje to us, saying we had lived in Japan and knew Mrs. Wray. He was quite affable and asked us concerning Japan, whether or not we liked it. He told us that he like 'Merica best; Aito still loved Japan. She was homesick, now, for the cherry-blossoms. I could well sympathize with her, and wished she were going back with us.

We were soon chatting merrily. He took us through the garden, showing us various examples of landscape gardening, of which he was very proud; the artificial stream, with the ducks swimming about; the peculiarly cut trees and shrubs; the idols, the quaint benches; the stone lanterns; his pet cocks. All of these were very dear to his heart. Aito lingered a few paces behind us, gazing off wistfully toward the setting sun and the land beyond.

We had now reached the gate and stood talking with Fuje, who was telling us of his plans and hopes for this beautiful garden. Aito came from the tea-house, carrying three little packages tied up in colored paper which she begged us to accept.

The sun had dropped into the western waters. Only the pink glow remained. A cricket in the hedge chirruped merrily. The frogs were tuning up. In the shadow of the big arched gateway stood the little group waving adieu.



Introspection



BY WINIFRED ELDRED. '12

I.

The dawning of a day breaks forth,
 In Caladoral's happy land.
 The regal sun his splendor throws
 On craggy cliff—on golden strand.
 Yon purple haze, which melts away,
 Is lost, in light's o'erpowering ray;
 Still freshness does the earth display.
 How blest with hope the rising day!

Canst thou, O soul, now arise, with the dawning,
 Blest with your youth, and the joy of your worth?
 Yours is the freedom. The life of the morning
 Lends itself here, to the work of the earth.

Here, where the bright, burnished blue of the heavens
 Finds itself matched in the waters below:
 Where, divinely, each shimmer from sunlight above you
 Rocks, on the dancing wave sea breezes blow,

Where the dazzling white purity, drifting toward Never-Land,
 Leaves its chill touch in the mountain-top snow,
 Where the green fields of waving grass, wind-swept and tossing,
 Reveal and proclaim where the volets grow,

Canst thou not find for thy work, inspiration?
 Taking blest hope from the bright, shining blue?
 Promise of conquering, sureness of victory,
 Earth seems to offer them freely to you.

II.

O dream of beauty! Plenitude
 Of Caladoral's midday mood!
 Now soft, white mists embracing hold
 The sun's strong rays, in dream of gold.
 And heavy, in the atmosphere,
 The pink rose petals droop and fall.
 Far, far away the green sea breaks,
 In curling foam, its white way takes.

O blissful vision! remain yet a moment!
 Stay, happy power, that can make us forget!
 Perhaps in the mere fleeting charm of your loveliness,
 Hopes born in life's morning may bear fruitage yet.

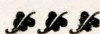
Surely the incense-fraught bursting of blossom,
 The triumph of flora, in glorious hue,
 Has but this meaning: to paint, with its brightness,
 The scene of our own cherished visions, come true.

Strange, is it not, that, when all round about us,
Earth's simplest plans breathe of promise fulfilled,
Only humanity's yearning ambitions
Fail of attainment, and striving is stilled?

Backed by an effort that cannot be nothing;
Lived by, fought for, while smiling days pass;
There comes in the pathway some circumstance greater,
Bringing a failure and heart-break at last.

III.

Come, star-lit night! serenity,
And calm, and majesty is yours.
Oblivion and peace you bring.
And rest again sweet hope restores.
Your silent beauty seems to say,
"Sleep, soul! and lay your cares away.
With hope, eternal yet, again
You'll rise to greet the coming day."



A Spanish Legend

BY MARGUERITE ERZINGER

In the old California days, before gold was discovered and the modern thirst for money had arisen, when the land was divided into the estates of the Padres, great ranchos, where mighty herds of cattle roamed at will, and tiny pueblos populated by light-hearted music and dance-loving people, dotted the land; when romance was the wine of life, and the old Spanish and Mexican dons were, by an unwritten law, feudal lords over their estates and people,—there was in the southern portion of the fertile Joaquin valley, some fifty miles from a lively pueblo, since become a large modern city, a typical Spanish ranch known as "El Rancho de las Flores" (the ranch of the flowers), owned by one Don Valentine Miranda, a worthy and honorable Spaniard, in whose veins flowed some of the proudest blood of old Castile. On the crest of a gently sloping hill stood the ranch house, a rambling adobe structure, veritably sleeping amidst the rose-vines and jasmine in the heat of mid-day, surrounded near at hand by great oak and pepper trees and various species of palm, with wild California poppies flaunting their bright faces to the sun in between everywhere. To the east, the horizon was filled with hills which sloped to meet the sky, shadowed by purple mists peculiar alone to the mountains of California and Italy. Meeting the hills were vast grain fields and grazing grounds, in which thousands of sleek cattle and horses roamed at will. A small stream running in a deep gulch or canyon back of the house watered the ranch, and marked its devious course with tender, green willow trees, while near at hand were small orchards and vineyards, a wine-press, and luxuriant berry vines.

A road leading to the ranch-house up the hill was an offshoot from the highway, about a half mile away at the foot, and was shaded by tall eucalyptus trees, whose branches met overhead. To the left of this, a short distance down the dusty highway, stood a small church, mellowed and crumbling, but smiling in the sunshine, while around it was a small cemetery, dotted with crosses of various sizes and designs, marking the graves of many good Catholics for years past.

Such, in general, was the appearance of Don Miranda's domain; everything was big and generous, and at the house was dispensed daily such hospitality as is now a romance of history, and in it his family, and around it his dependents lived to love, sing, and dance, and to absorb much of God's sunlight.

Now, I might tell you many a story of this old rancho, but this particular story concerns Juan and Sebastian, two fire-blooded young vaqueros of Don Miranda. It was from Sebastian himself, now a very old man, that I heard the story, and it is true, for Sebastian saw it, and who can doubt what he sees?

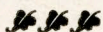
It happened in this wise, one night without a moon, when Juan and Sebastian were returning late from a fandango some miles away. Both had been riding across the country at full gallop until they came within the vicinity of the rancho, when they slackened their pace, breathed deep, and straightened in their saddles in mutual accord, half unconsciously, as men who are prepared for something. Now, the Spanish are a superstitious people, and Juan and Sebastian were no exceptions, for both were dreading the ordeal of passing the cemetery so late, on a dark night. As they neared the church both gave their ponies the rein, and, leaning well forward, broke into a swift lope, such as only the Indian pony is capable. They passed the church and that part of the cemetery on the main road in safety, with fast beating hearts, when suddenly a white object, in the road up the hill, attracted their attention as they turned the corner, by its loud wailing and singular movements. Juan would never have stopped, but Sebastian, thinking to himself that it was a child, reined in his horse, and reaching over his saddle, picked it up without dismounting, and placing it in front of him, and giving Juan a few hurried words they again pressed on, Juan casting uneasy glances at his companion.

Suddenly Juan shrieked aloud: "Por Dios! what is that? Is it a baby?"

Sebastian slackening, said yes, that it was a child, when suddenly the object rose in front of him and with terrible mocking voice shrieked at him, "I'm a baby!—I'm a baby." And as it spoke it lengthened slowly into a great height, its form was slender and its white robes showed a skeleton beneath. Glowing eyes of fire lighted up its awful countenance, and its long claws drew out a glittering sword and flashed it on high with horrible maledictions. It was an evil spirit, they could plainly see, and the horses were rearing and plunging panic-stricken, neither going forward or backward. Now, this all happened in a trice, although it seemed eternity, and as the spirit with a shrill cry was about to bring

down its sword on Sebastian, Juan, leaning over on his horse, with terrible strength hurled it off into the road, and both, without glancing backward, sped on at top speed, never stopping until they reached the corral.

And that is why to this day the road past the cemetery to "El Rancho de las Flores" is never used at night, for this story which Sebastian told me is true, and who would care to risk his life?



A Normal Consummation

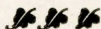
BY CAROLINE KETTLE

"Adieu!" the voice was a curved line, the ideal teacher's tone;
The maiden's poise was perfect, out curved was her breast-bone;
She was leaving her loved Normal, but she did not even groan.

The world was all before her; the ocean was there, too;
Naught was there in the both of them but what the maiden knew;
She was "efficient" and she had a character or two.

"Adieu!" she said, and started, but found she could not go;
She was grounded in the System; greater honor who can know;
In a training school they put her, to grind other teachers so.

Years roll on, life laughs, love blesses; still she stands there poised,
wise,
Keeper of the goal of childhood; and she neither lives nor dies,
For she is so very Normal she can neither sink nor rise.



Moonlight on the Desert

BY RUTH WILCOX

(A Paragraph)

It is twilight.

The desert lies, miles on miles of lifeless grey sand, stretching far to north and south, and surrounded on all sides by high mountains. Snow-capped peaks, piercing, like shining steel daggers, the dull sky, form the only light in the bleakness of the picture. A death-like silence hangs over all. A few cottonwood trees standing beside the faintest of crawling streams, droop their branches—waiting. The tree yucca alone, stands out in black, grotesque outlines against the greyness of the back-ground. Suddenly a sigh of awakening stirs the desert. Faint, luminous, shadows steal over the tops of the mountains and slowly creep along the sands. The light grows stronger and stronger, seeming to blend and soften everything as it advances. The vast landscape responds to an unseen power. The tense breath of expectancy is broken and a murmur rises on the air. Then in the sky, far to the east, appears a vivid rim of silver fire—and, slowly, in cold, majestic splendor, the great moon, Queen of the Desert, arises.

A Spanish Student's Soliloquy

BY MARY GOOCH

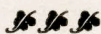


Is this a Spanish that I see before me,
 The cover toward my hand? Come, let me grasp thee.
 I have thee not and yet I study still.
 Art thou not, fatal lesson, sensible
 To memory as to sight, or art thou but
 A discipline of the mind, an unlearned lesson
 Not to be grasp'd by my oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet in print as readable
 As that which oft I've conned.
 Thou show'st me the pronouns I must learn
 And how the word *SUYO* I was to use.
 My Spanish gives not time for other subjects
 Or is worth all the rest. I see it still;
 And on the page are notes and sentences
 Ne'er so hard before. There's no such lesson;
 'Tis a mistake on Mr. Spencer's part
 That makes it thus. Now o'er the one-half page
 The lesson's learned.—A mighty one obliterates
 The work of study. Oh, thou direful Spanish,
 Alarmed by thy teacher, Spencer,
 Who assigns our lessons thus, at rapid pace
 (To Hammond's easy strides), to th' Grammar's close
 Moves like a flash. Thou weak and timid soul,
 Mind not his talks, which one he scolds, for fear
 Thy very fright at thy reciting
 Put more awful blunders in thy work
 Than now suits with it. But while I study he still assigns—
 Words for his style of work, a sore throat gives.

A bell rings

I go; and it is done. The bell invites me,
 Hear it not, student, for 'tis thy knell
 If thou knowest not thy Spanish well.

Exit to Room 27.

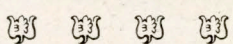


A Book Review

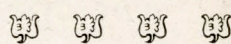


"The Winning of Barbara Worth."

"The Winning of Barbara Worth" is Harold Bell Wright's latest and best novel. It is a story of the reclaiming of the great Colorado desert from waste, to thrifty towns and farms. The author lived on the desert while he was writing the book, and seems to understand human nature so well that his characters live in our minds as real persons. There is a love story running through the book, but it does not form the whole plot, for there is also the struggle between two capitalists, and the meeting of the east and west, is also fully described. It is a story of strong people, and shows the tremendous task undertaken. It is told in such a vivid manner, that one who has never seen the desert, feels its silent strength and bigness, and no longer thinks of it as a barren waste.



POISE



O Poise! it is a wondrous thing,
 Beloved by one and all
 It marks the "diff" 'twixt old and young,
 The short one and the tall—
 The raw, untutored High School girl,
 The student-teacher young.
 It is the basic principle
 On every teacher's tongue,
 For teachers of the children in
 This world of good and bad—
 Without it all our work is naught,
 Our marks though good, are sad;
 For Poise—it is the consummate,
 High pinnacle of Life,
 In it alike, are Physical
 And Mental closed in Strife,
 Without it, all is dull, black night,
 No use is all our ken!
 O Soul, abandoned by all Hope—
 World without light—Amen!

Marguerite Erzinger.



To the Seasons

Oh! lovely Spring, the fairest of the year.
 Trips gaily forth gowned in the rainbow's hue,
 From laughing rill dips up the crystal dew
 And leaves in flow'ret cup a dew drop clear.
 Sweet Maiden Summer, dainty, gay and free,
 Daughter of Dawn, whose rosy fingered hand
 Each morn draws back Night's cloak and wakes the land,
 Then bids thee sing with birds their minstrelsy.
 Stands stately Autumn in the mellow glow
 Beneath the burnished trees of red and brown,
 While gleaners, her with golden sheaves do crown
 And sing her praises as they come and go.
 Comes aged Winter now, with bowed head,
 And draws o'er all the white shroud of the Dead.

Flora Hamil.





THE STAFF

Bernice Glagier
(Staff Artist)

Flora Hamil
Dorothy Partridge

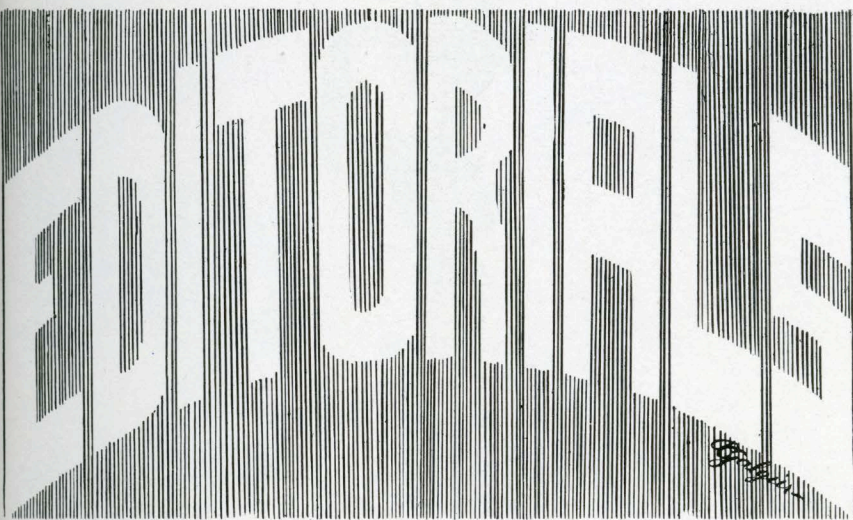
Mary Gooch
Marguerite Erzinger
(Editor)

Edith Kinnear

Miss Butt
(Faculty Advisor)
Celia Meilleur

Winifred Eldred

Ruth Ellithorpe
(Staff Artist)



To the Reader: Beg pardon for startling you, but do you like our paper? If not, why not? If you do, tell us at once, for we love approbation.



It took the combined efforts of the staff to get it out.

In fact it was like pulling teeth for a while, but in the end everyone got her face snapped in time, the drawings were handed in, necessary "ads." were extracted from business men, and



Here we are!

Getting out a magazine is a great piece of work—that is the reason the faculty let us do it.



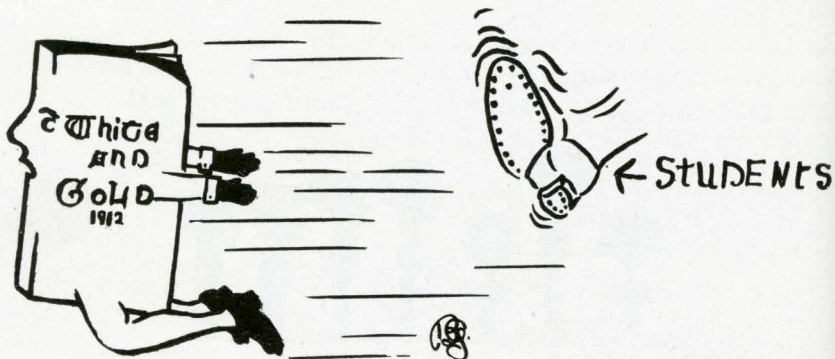
It takes judgment and poise

to look over the countless hundreds of manuscripts, drawings, ideas, effusions, and subscriptions of a wildly enthusiastic student body, and to put them in shape, not to speak of



Raising the money.

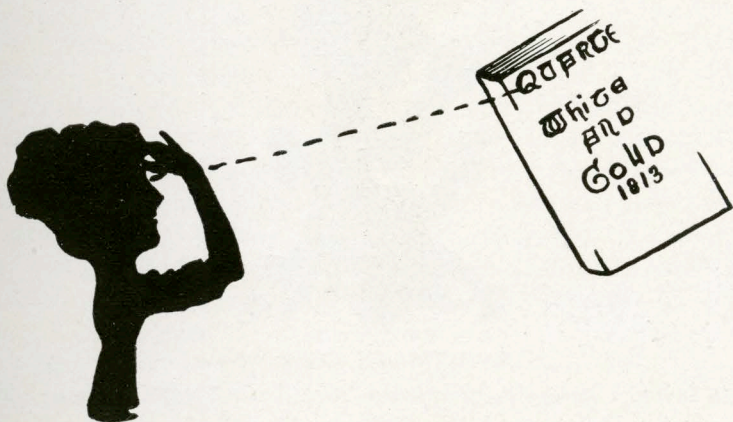
This is the first White and Gold



Put out (almost) by the students

for some time, and if it is considered a success, by all the "powers

that be" the annual magazine will become an institution and will probably lead to quarterly editions.

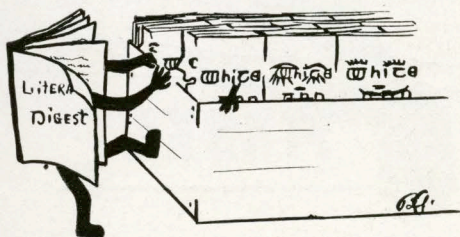


That is what we are looking toward.

As I said before, Here we are! In our opinion the White and Gold is the "classiest" thing on the market—tan shoes, red parasols, psyche knots, narrow skirts excepted.



Read it! It will do you good! It contains an assortment of jokes fully equal to if not superior to those of the Ladies' Home Journal; its fiction we consider far superior to that of the Saturday Evening Post (see Mr. Bliss), while we think



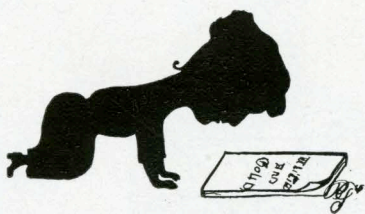
The Literary Digest is not in it with us

in the way of clever articles. Then, too, its versatility (?) is



A convincing argument

in its favor. Once you pick it up, it will rivet your attention 'till long past midnight and the foghorns blow. If you do not own the copy you are reading, consider the error of your ways and also your own interests, and buy one. Firstly, we need your small, but nevertheless important twenty-five cents; secondly, the White and Gold is too important to be lightly tossed aside after one reading.



It will bear close inspection and thought.

The White and Gold is really priceless in value, but for various reasons we have decided not to put it out of your reach. Therefore, profit by our consideration and have others profit likewise. With these last few simple (?) words we hereby place this valuable magazine



On the market

asking the indulgent reader if it is not a thing of which to be justly proud?

A Resume and a Foreword



The initial appearance of this magazine by the students, marks a change in Student Body affairs—but it is only one of many evidences of increasing activity and solidarity in the Student Body at large. The Student Body association itself, organized at the beginning of the year on the broadest and most utilitarian principles, proves to be a great factor in all activities. Already from it, has sprung the Class in Parliamentary Law, organized for the purpose of discussing national questions in so much as is possible, and especially those related to the progress of woman, and the California women in particular.

The Girls' Rest Room, so generously made possible for us by the men of the faculty, and furnished through the efforts of the girls, is another product. It is a long-needed place, where one may come through the day and do as one pleases—chat quietly, seek out a corner for studying, or just relax and rest.

In Music much loyal support has been given and infinite pleasure derived. We may justly be proud of our Philomel Chorus of fifty voices, which, as the only organization of its kind in the city (sad to say), has already attracted very favorable comment and some small fame; and the Orchestra, though organized for the first time this year, testifies well to what girls can do with instruments, in many cases entirely new to them, and has been a great source of enjoyment to all of us.

Along dramatic lines a steadily growing appreciation has been evinced all year by the many clever playlets written by the students, as well as those presented by the Training School children in correlation with the work in history. Ben Jonson's, "Hue and Cry After Cupid," given by the Senior class, June 20, was the most pretentious thing attempted during the year, and embodying, as it did, both choral music and dancing, together with the play with its chaste, classic costumes, was a most ravishing spectacular event.

In fact, we may well say that School Spirit is not an idle dream of the present or a hope for the future,—it is a live factor among us, growing steadily. There is a reserved strength and power to do within the Student Body in quantity never dreamed of, and when that force is further directed along the broad lines outlined by our president we confidently expect an institution not only of great strength and prominence as a professional school, but one which will prove to be an inspiration towards general culture, a broader outlook and interests, and personal initiative.



SNAP SHOTS OF THE GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT

ALUMNI

Alumni Records

BY CELIA MEILLEUR



Alumni Association.

The Alumni Association of the Normal School has been organized about five years. It has been customary for the graduates of the school who are teaching in and around Los Angeles to meet once a year, dine together and indulge in reminiscences and a general good time. This custom has fallen into disuse, and it is to be hoped that it will be revived at the next meeting of the Southern California Teachers' Association. The San Diego branch of this Association has officers as follows:

President, Miss Hallie Woods, '05.

Vice-President, Robert G. Sharp, '03.

Secretary-Treasurer, Howard Welty, '11.

No social meeting of the Alumni has been held during the last year. This is to be regretted. Why not get together and have a picnic?

The Alumni records are kept in the Normal School and any items of interest will be very welcome.

'01.—Myrtle E. Johnson (of the class of '01) is an instructor of biology at the University of California.

'01.—We hear that Laurence Lindsey, S. D. N. '01, is a successful lawyer, practicing in Los Angeles.

'02.—Leonard O. Bingham, '02, is principal of one of the largest city schools of Pasadena.

'02.—Mr. William S. Wright (a graduate of the class of '02) is now Head of the Department of Manual Training in the city schools.

'03.—Roy B. Stover, S. D. N., '03, brother-in-law of Mr. West of the Normal Faculty, is principal of a large city school in Long Beach.

'04.—We understand that R. G. Sharp, '04, is to soon receive his Doctor's Degree from the University of California. Mr. Sharp is vice-president of the Alumni Association.

Harry Vincent Johnson, of the class of '05, is at present taking a post-graduate course at Harvard College.

Mrs. Hodge Crabtree, nee Northrup, is with her husband at the University of Wisconsin.

Three well-known and popular members of the Alumni Association, Miss Gertrude Laws, '08, Miss Alice Greer, '09, and Miss Edith Hammack, '06, are successful teachers in the Training School.

Nan Drury, S. D. N., '09, intends going to Stanford University this coming September.

We have with us in the Normal School another member of the Alumni Association. Miss Edith Leovy, '10, is now assisting Miss Lamb.

Miss Georgia Coy, after making a remarkable record at Columbia University, will return to assist Miss Tanner at the Normal School.

'11.—Howard Welty (one of the members of last year's class) is now principal of the University Heights school.

'11.—Miss Ruth Price, also a popular member of last year's class, is making a fine record at Stanford University.

'09.—Adelle Byron, '09, niece of former President Black, now Mrs. Harry Holcomb, is living in Batavia.

Mr. Juck is now residing at Wynola, where he is both a successful rancher and teacher.

'09.—Grace Weseloh, '09, is at the present time, traveling in Germany.

Gertrude M. Irey, '10, after serving as principal of the Lemon Grove school for one year, is continuing her studies at the University of California.

Marie Coats, '10, has been in charge of an open-air school near El Cajon.

Miss Pauline Gartzmann, of the class of '11, who is now in Honolulu, returns in August to Johns Hopkins University.

Miss Myrtle Allen, '09, has given up the profession of school teaching and has taken upon herself the many cares and duties of a household.

Mrs. C. J. Miller, nee Nell Yates, is now residing at San Luis Obispo.

The following members of the Alumni are teaching in the city schools of San Diego:

Ione Crenshaw, '11.
 Emily Cheroske, '11.
 Ethel Hicks, '10.
 Zella Cherry, '10.
 Emma Kleinschmidt, '11.
 Ina Shafer, '08.
 Mabel Rudy, '08.
 Corinne Messer, '08.
 Helen Jaeger, '05.
 Josephine Wackerman, '02.
 Adelind Shaul, '06.
 Imogen Pierce, '08.



School Activities



A. S. B. OFFICERS

Luella Jennings
(Junior Member)

Edith Kinnear
(Senior Member)

Miss Jane Butt
(Faculty Advisor)

Sophia Reithardt
(President)

Antonia Mayrhofer
(Treasurer)

The Music Department

Music this year has been under the direction of Miss Rose Judson, who was formerly supervisor in the public schools of Elgin, Ill., and has had much experience in choir and chorus directing.

In the Training School a new and pleasant feature has been the organization of each two grades into a chorus, meeting twice a week in the Normal building. The singing has been accompanied by piano, and many pleasing and profitable selections have been sung. Among the choruses learned by the Primary Chorus were selections from "The House That Jack Built," "Lilts and Lyrics," "Song Books One and Five," by Gayner and Riley, and "Art Song Cycles" by W. Otto Miessner. The Intermediate and Grammar Grade Choruses have sung among others, "The Pilgrim's Chorus" and "O, Thou Sublime, Sweet Evening Star", by Wagner; "The Soldier's Chorus," Gounod; "O Sunshine," and "Hark! Hark! The Lark!" by Schubert.

The Normal School grand chorus comprises the entire student body and has met three times a week in regular assembly. Selections from operas, oratorios and cantatas, beside art, folk, patriotic and devotional songs have been taken up for study.

The Normal Junior Class in music has been conspicuous because of its size. The demand upon all teachers for a sufficient working knowledge of music to teach it properly has made it necessary for all students to take this course.

A special advanced class was offered at the beginning of the year and, though small in size, it has been big in spirit. Much practical work was done along the line of conducting choruses, actual teaching, supervising, outlining formal courses of study, besides a broad and general view of the growth and development of music from different viewpoints. Those receiving special music certificates in June are: Grace Jones, Marguerite Erzinger, Lucile Wade, Katherine Heuse and Sarah Graves.

The Philomel Chorus, consisting of fifty selected voices, was organized early in the year for special chorus work, and has appeared several times during the year on various programs, where it has always proved very popular. Among the songs sung on these occasions were "Cobwebs," Smith; "Carmena," Wilson; "The Lass With the Delicate Air," Arne; "Afloat at Dusk," Barnes; "The Castenet Song," Shelley.

The grand finale of the music department took place on May 29th, when a concert was given by the Philomel Chorus and the Orchestra, assisted by Mrs. Jane Litzenberg, soprano, of this city. The auditorium's capacity was taxed to the utmost by a very enthusiastic audience, and every number was a success. The program follows:

1. Serenade *Drigo*
- Solveig's Song..... *Greig*
- Ballgefluster *Meyer-Helmund*

Normal School Orchestra.



PHILOMEL CHORUS

2. Song Cycle—The Sea and the Moon.....*Brewer*
Philomel Chorus.
Incidental Solos by Mrs. Litzenberg.
3. Song—Aria, *Regnava nel silenzio*.....*Donizetti*
(From *Lucia di Lammermoor*)
Mrs. Jane Litzenberg.
4. Overture *Romantique*..... *Keler-Bela*
Normal School Orchestra.
5. Approach of Spring.....*Gade*
The Silver Bell.....*Hermann*
Cobwebs *Smith*
Philomel Chorus.
6. Crucifix (Cornet Solo).....*Faure*
Miss Esther McKee, with Orchestra.
7. Waltz Song—Nymphs and Fauns.....*Bomberg*
Mrs. Jane Litzenberg.
8. Serenade d'Amour*Von Blon*
Waltz in A Minor.....*Chopin*
Cavatina *Raff*
Normal School Orchestra.
9. Spring Song*Mendelssohn*
The Year's at the Spring.....*Beach*
Philomel Chorus and Orchestra.

Miss Rose E. Judson, Director of Chorus.

Mr. Ernest L. Owen, Director of Orchestra.

Miss E. Katherine Heuse, Accompanist.

Mrs. Amy Vincent, Accompanist.



To a School-Child

Dear little child, going to school,
I wonder what you think of lesson and rule?
If only you could play your whole childhood away
And know nothing more than just happiness gay!
To learn of the robin, the streamlet, the wood,
To sing, dance and be merry—if you only could!

Marguerite Erzinger.

The Orchestra

When, in the aesthetic life of a school such an institution as our orchestra is established, the students may feel a very justifiable pride in this achievement of its development. While we, the students, are largely in the position of appreciative and benefited listeners, yet each and every one of us feels a personal and responsible pride in the existence of our orchestra.

Trained and directed in the class of Mr. Ernest L. Owen, the conductor, the orchestra dates its formal organization from November of nineteen eleven. In its fullest number, the orchestra has included sixteen instruments, there being, at different times, five first violins, four second violins, two cellos, two double basses, and one viola, clarinet and cornet: since the addition of the double basses we have become professional enough to dispense with the piano.

Trained to a high degree of proficiency, and possessing in great measure the power of imparting pleasure and delight to the listeners, the orchestra has, on every large occasion in our school life, figured as one of the greatest attractions on our programs, and has also added its harmonious accompaniment to choral and rhythmic productions. Among these occasions we may mention Student Body programs, Glee Club and Student Body choruses as general events, and, in particular, the Rest Room Benefit, the Folk Dance exhibition, May Day, the institutes of May sixteenth and seventeenth, and the School Concert of May twenty-ninth.

The year's program of the orchestra includes such pieces as Chopin's "Waltz in A Minor," Myer-Helmund's "Ballgefluster," Flotow's "Overture to Martha," Faure's "Crucifixion," Keler-Bela's "Overture Romantique" and other classical selections; as well as some of the more recent popular material for practical purposes.

As we expect that in the future, the success of our orchestra will be as pronounced as it has been up to now, we feel that we may safely congratulate ourselves upon the possession and upon the ultimate effects of it on the cultural side of school life here.



"New skin" on his nose,
 No skin on his chin,
 And this is the fix
 That Crandall was in
 One morning when late,
 To leap o'er the chain
 That adorns our east gate.
 Repeat the refrain,
 O, long live the chain,
 And may it be used
 In a good cause again.



THE ORCHESTRA

Grace Legett	Elsa Garber	Antonia Mayrhoffer	Hazel Burnham	Elizabeth Chew	Ruth Dana
		Alice Butler	Mabel Cheatham	Molly Kleinschmidt	Zerelda Cobb
		Jennie Sikes	Esther McKee		
			Beatrice Sweet		

The Rowing Association

A very unique feature of the Normal School is the Rowing Association. This association has been in existence for twelve years, and during this time has amply proved its usefulness. Not only has it been the means of physical benefit to its members, but it has also meant much socially. Many girls coming from other cities to our school have found the girls of the Rowing Association agreeable and pleasant and many friendships have thus been formed which will undoubtedly be life-long.

A spirit of comradeship exists not only among the girls of each crew, but more than this, it exists among all the crews, and binds them together in close friendship. Many a jolly barge party and many a dance are enjoyed by the members of several crews.

As a proof of the worth of the Rowing Association, it is intended by those in charge to enlarge it. The girls are already planning ways and means whereby they may raise funds for another barge. This will enable all the girls of the school to receive the benefits of rowing. By enlarging the association in this manner and by admitting the rest of the girls of the school, we hope that the association will be even broader in its aim and will create even a greater feeling of fellowship than now exists.

At the present time, there are six crews—Pristus, Glaucus, White Ducks, Rhinegolds, Dog Watch, and Xebecs. Each one has its particular day for rowing, and it is very seldom that a day passes but that a large crew is seen on the shining waters of San Diego Bay.



A LESSON IN ENGLISH.

When the English tongue we speak
 Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak?"
 Will you tell me why it's true
 We say "sew", but likewise "few;"
 And the fashioner of verse
 Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse?"
 "Beard" sounds not the same as "heard;"
 "Cord" is different from "word;"
 "Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
 "Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
 Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose,"
 And of "goose" and also "choose."
 Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb;"
 "Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some;"
 And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
 Why not "paid" and "said," I pray?
 We have "blood" and "food" and "good;"
 "Mould" is not pronounced like "could,"
 Wherefore "done" but "gone" and "lone?"
 Is there any reason known?

—Brooklyn Eagle.



WHITE DUCK ROWING CREW

Molly Kleinschmidt
Mary Durbin

Mildred Humphrey
Anita Schussler

Abigail Durbin
Ruth Kruse

Flora Hamil
Sophia Reithardt

Etta Durbin
Merle Coolige

Ethel Gunn
Catherine Hudson

Elsa Garber



XEBEC ROWING CREW

Iris Lyons

Lena DeSelm

Rena DeSelm

Blanche Bone

Miriam Jones

Gertrude Jenkins

Ruth Evans

Marjorie Garrett

Virginia Bailey

Mary Edelbrock

Jean Powell

Grace Jones

Charlotte Danielson



PRISTUS ROWING CLUB

Phoebe Maxwell
Marguerite Fulton

Laura Lewis
Juanita Rives

Beatrice Emery
Margaret Smith

Nancy Woods

Elizabeth Chew
Alice Clough

Lucy Holborn
Irene Bradbury

Bertha Horton
Helen Dula



RHINEGOLD ROWING CREW

Edith Kinnear

Alice Butler
June Calloway

Mary Arnold
Dorothy Ramaley

Sadie Farr
Mabel Cheatham

Gladys Hosler
Aura Bailey

Helen Smart
Florence Emery

Bethel Berger
Mary Clough



DOG WATCH ROWING CREW

Lucy Brittain

Edith Brittain
Helen Pollard

Bonnie Mellinger
Lella Shannon

Lenna Newton
Myrtle Baldwin

Agnes Bennett
Mary Farrell

Bluebell Fulton
Helen Moore

Verna Hartman



GLAUCUS ROWING CREW

Adella Vreeland
 Vera Martin
 Celia Meilleur
 Ann Scheuneman
 Dora Fuller

Hazel Savage
 Dorothy Partridge
 Adeline Sharp
 Esther McKee

Antonia Mayrhofer
 Helen Bird
 Hazel Burnham
 Winifred Eldred
 Leda Eichenlaub

Kodak Club

Many girls, while not organized definitely into a club, have been carrying on very systematic work, developing and printing pictures under the direction of Mr. Skilling and Miss Lamb. The school has two dark rooms, an enlarging camera, and the various other facilities necessary for doing successful kodak work. Much of the work done has been very beautiful and artistic. The work in enlarging is very interesting. Ordinary-sized kodak pictures are placed in a specially constructed enlarging box, through which the light enters and is thrown on the printing paper. The pleasure and knowledge of developing which is derived is inestimable, but it has an added feature which is more practical. Many small kodak pictures of the ocean, clouds, trees, roadways and various bits of scenery, when enlarged make excellent model pictures for classes in drawing. Many girls who go out to teach will thus have a large fund of valuable material to draw upon.

May Day

The May Day programme this year was arranged for the dedication of the new Training School playground, which, with its elaborate and up-to-date equipment, has been obtained through the combined efforts of former President Black and President Hardy.

The first part of the programme, consisting of singing and appropriate speeches, took place in front of the Normal building, and the second part, embracing dances and drills by the students, was held on the athletic field. The exercises were well attended by parents and people interested in the Normal and its work for the good of the young people.

The entire body of students from both the Normal and the Training School were massed on the portico of the Normal building for the first part of the programme, which was as follows:

Grand March—Normal and Training Schools.

Chorus—"Star Spangled Banner"—Director, Miss Rose Judson.

Introduction—Dr. Fred Baker, of the Board of Trustees.

"Pilgrim's Chorus" (Wagner).

Address—"Play an Essential Feature of Education"—Miss Bethyl Berger, May Day speaker, class of 1912.

Address—"The Playground Movement"—Mr. Duncan MacKinnon, Superintendent of City Schools.

The entire body of students and guests then marched to the athletic field for the second part of the programme.

Part II.

Training School, Miss G. E. Worthen, director.

1. Grade III.

Swedish Clap Dance.

2. Grade IV.

Gymnastic Drill.

3. Grades V, VI, VII, VIII—Girls.

(a) Gymnastic Drill.

(b) Shepherd's Hey.

4. Grades V, VI, VII, VIII—Boys.

Formal Gymnastic Drill.

5. Song—"Pilgrim's Chorus (Wagner).

Normal and Training Schools.

Normal School: Miss J. R. Tanner, director.

1. Grade IX.

Hungarian Folk Dance.

2. Juniors—

(a) Wand Drill.

(b) Mass Rhythmic Gymnastics.

3. Class in Advanced Folk Dancing—

(a) Sappho—Finnish.

(b) Princess Royal—Morris Dance.

(c) Russian Dance.

4. Song—"White and Gold."

Chorus—Miss Judson, director.

Music supplied by Normal School Orchestra, Mr. E. L. Owen, director.



A Youthful Genius

A teacher had told the children how plays are constructed. She explained that a drama is divided into three acts, and that the story is told in dialogue between the principal characters.

She said, "Now we will write a little play in three short acts. For your plot you may use the story that I told you about the making of our American flag." The following play appeared:

THE MAKING OF THE FLAG.

ACT I.

Character: Soldiers of the Revolutionary Army.

First Soldier—Fellers, do you know we ain't got no flag?

Other Soldiers—We know it—ain't it fierce!

ACT II.

Characters: Soldiers and George Washington.

Soldiers—George, do you know we ain't got no flag?

George Washington—I know it, fellers—ain't it fierce!

ACT III.

Characters: Betsy Ross and George Washington.

G. Washington—Betsy, do you know we ain't got no flag?

Betsy Ross—I know it, George; ain't it fierce! You just tend the baby a minute and I'll make the flag.



TRAINING SCHOOL TRACK TEAM

Training School Notes

It may be that a sketch of the work of the Training School would be of interest to many Alumni readers of "White and Gold" who have not had the privilege of visiting the Normal since the erection of the new building and the installation of the playground apparatus. It may be that a brief sketch, such as this must necessarily be, will induce some of the Alumni to make an extra effort to revisit the school and observe for themselves the changes that have taken place since their departure. That is what we should like to have them do. It would be so much easier and pleasanter to go about with them and show them what we are doing than to try to write to them about it. But we must tell them a few things, even if we do have to make use of the printed page as a means.

We want them to know that our Training School has been growing. This year it has been necessary to turn away more than two hundred children, even after an overflow room had been filled to its capacity. In the first eight months of the present year we enrolled 445 children and most of them live within walking distance of the school.

Teachers and Leave of Absence.

It is a common practice in most progressive schools to grant leave of absence occasionally to different members of the faculty in order to give them a chance to travel or study, as they may desire. In accordance with that practice, Miss McLeod was granted leave for the first half of the year and Miss Rogers for the second half. Miss McLeod spent her well-earned leave in the East, visiting friends and important educational institutions. Miss Rogers, after spending some time in the eastern part of this country, crossed over to Europe. She is in England at present, but expects to travel through the different countries of the continent before she returns to her work. She expects to return for the opening of school, if she can see enough of Europe by that time.

The New Library.

Inside the Training School building the one room that every one is most pleased with is the new library and reading room. It was formerly an assembly room on the second floor. It has the usual rows of books on the shelves around the wall, the tables and chairs, the desks and the card catalogs. But it has a rug on the floor, curtains at the windows, and plants and flowers at different places in the room. Altogether, it is very homelike, and is much appreciated by pupils and teachers.

Athletics—Field Day.

The new athletic field, and the playgrounds with their excellent apparatus, have created a strong interest in various forms of out-door athletics. The different school sports have had their turn on the field, while the playgrounds and every piece of apparatus have been in use at all times when the gates were

open. The girls have been so eager in the use of the playgrounds that it has been found expedient to set apart a girls' day once a week. On that day the boys play elsewhere and the girls are allowed to use all the apparatus. Needless to say they make good use of it.

The greatest day of the year, from an athletic point of view, is Field Day. It is the crowning event of the year's sport. On this day all the elementary schools of the city meet together for a trial of strength and skill. This is the second year that the Training School has entered. The points taken were just doubled over last year and the school has reached the middle of the list, notwithstanding the fact that it still ranks as one of the smaller schools.

Scholarship.

From what has been written it might be supposed that our glory is to be along athletic lines. But we have begun the making of another record, of which we expect to be justly proud—we expect to stand high in scholarship. Our students in the local high school stand well in their studies. We have good reports of the last group we sent and we expect that better reports are yet to come.



Senior Song

(Tune, Boola, Boola)

From far and near such a noise you hear,
'Tis the sound of many Seniors in the hall.
Now list ye well, for with pride you'll swell,
When you hear these Seniors give their mighty call.

Our voices rise and grow in size,
Been growing since last fall;
We're on our way to Commencement Day,
For the faculty can't surely flunk us all.

Chorus:

Matchless colors, Seniors, hail them,
High we'll nail them, gaily fly them,
And our pledge, "We'll never fail them,"
Heart and hand for white and green.

—L. DeSelm.

Lecture Notes



Sept. 19—Frederick S. Hughes, of the American Safety League, gave a valuable and instructive talk upon the prevention of accidents.

Oct. 6—On this evening Dr. Edward Hewitt, president of the Archæological Society of America, gave an illustrated lecture upon "The Holy Cities of Central America."

Oct. 13—"Noodles Fagin" gave a talk on "Cigarettes and Their Injurious Effects Upon Boys."

Oct. 20—Lyman J. Gage, former Secretary of the Treasury, gave a very clear and effective interpretation of the value of "Money and Banking", in a short talk. Two weeks later he addressed the students upon the same topic.

Ncv. 7—President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of University of California, gave a wonderful talk upon the "Function of Education." At the same time former President Black made a few remarks to the students, who received them with great enthusiasm.

Dec. 8—Dr. Winship of Boston, gave an address upon the subject of "Modern Educational Methods". He is a splendid speaker and is very witty and his audience was won to him from the beginning.

Jan. 5—Elizabeth Wilson, national secretary of the Y. W. C. A., gave a splendid talk upon the subject, "Opportunities for Young Women." Helen Salisbury, state secretary of the Y. W. C. A., also spoke a few words upon the same subject. Miss Ruby King, the third speaker, who represents the George Junior Republic, of Pomona, California, gave interesting sidelights on the work accomplished there.

Jan. 12—Mrs. E. C. Baird gave a chalk talk on "Temperance". She is very clever with the chalk and proved very instructive as well as entertaining.

Jan. 15—Paul Pearson gave a lecture recital, subject, "Some American Humorists."

Jan. 29—Dr. Alfred Mosely, the distinguished English educator, gave students and the members of the faculty a rare treat when he addressed them upon the subject, "Defects in American Training and Citizenship."

Jan. 30—Mr. Hartranft gave an illustrated lecture entitled, "Snapshots in the Orient."

March 8—Dr Charlotte Baker, spoke on the topic "Woman as a Citizen."

March 28—Henry George, Jr., spoke upon the subject, "The George Junior Republic."

March 28—Professor James Main Dixon, of the University of Southern California, spoke in Assembly. Robert Burns and his poetry was the subject of his talk. He recited several of Burns' poems, which were greatly appreciated by all.

April 8—Mr. Pratt of El Cajon, Professor Sheldon and Mr. Sanford, addressed a few remarks to the students on what is expected of the teacher, considered from the principal's point of view.

April 12—Mr. Johnson, present warden of the Folsom penitentiary, as a member of the State Board of Control, whose business is to look after the financial matters connected with State institutions, gave a brief talk in Assembly. He spoke of efficiency and what that means in the business world today.

May 8—Dr. Charlotte Baker gave a short talk on "Civics". Particular stress was laid on the fact that as women had been granted the vote they should make use of the privilege.

May 10—Dr. Ernest Bryant Hoag, of the University of California, and Mr. Henry M. Echlin, who were visiting the school, made short speeches.

May 14—Mr. Byers gave an interesting illustrated lecture upon Alaska, which he said was a land of golden opportunity for the settler.

May 20—President Malloch of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, in a fine talk compared the American schools with those of his own country.

Former President Black also spoke, and was greeted with a storm of applause.

May 24—Ex-Congressman Bowers and Judge Luce were detailed by the G. A. R. to deliver the Memorial Day addresses. Their subject was "Patriotism"—not only in times of war but in times of peace.

June 5—Mrs. Bainbridge of the State W. C. T. U., the first California woman to graduate from a State Normal in California, gave an interesting talk.

Dramatics

Senior Evening, Thursday, June Twentieth.

Ben Jonson's Masque

THE HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

Cast of Characters:

Venus	Ruth Myers
Graces—	
Aglaia	Helen Smart
Thalia	Sadie Farr
Euphrosye	Gertrude Jenkins
Hymen	Sophia Reithardt
Vulcan	Mary Gooch
Epithalamion	Eva Miller
Cupid	Master Alfred Fisher
Sports	Boys of Training School
Lightnesses	Girls of Training School
Priestesses	Senior Chorus
Bride	Celia Meilleur
Groom	Winifred Eldred
Dancers—Misses Wiese, Berger, Arnold, Clough, Smith, Lem —, Robb, Price, Sanger, Holderness, Hosler, Powell, Humphrey, Lyons, Graves and Stiles.	

Produced under the direction of the Music, Expression and Physical Culture Departments.

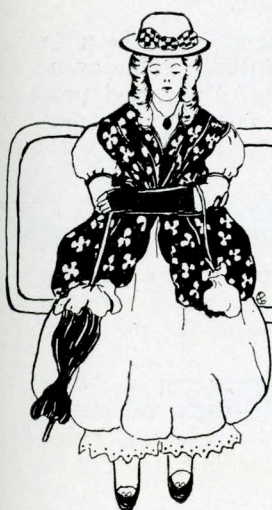
A dramatization of scenes from the Story of the Cid, the Spanish hero, was given April 11th by the 6B history class of the training school. The dramatization was written and arranged by the teacher, Miss Mamie Bourg. One of the special features was a Spanish dance. All costumes and scenery used in the production were made by the teachers and pupils of the training school.

During the month of April the 3A class of the training school presented scenes from "The Story of Aneas." Miss Styles and Miss E. Bourg wrote the play-book in correlation with their history teaching. The rehearsals were under Miss Greer's supervision. The playlet was repeated at the County Teachers' Institute held at the Normal School.

THE COURT OF THE WHITE AND GOLD.

Tuesday afternoon, March 26, the performance of Winifred Eldred's clever farce, "The Court of the White and Gold," took place. This performance will go down in the annals of the school as the highest of successes. The farce was witty, snappy, and bright throughout, and kept the large audience assembled in roars of laughter from beginning to end. The faculty attended in full force, little dreaming what was in store for them. Numerous jokes and witticisms fell upon their defenseless heads, and the climax was reached when Mr. Bliss was brought upon the prisoner's stand and tried. This original and clever idea of bringing the members of the faculty to task for crimes committed within the sacred precincts of the school, will always be remembered by the students as well as the faculty themselves.

This entertainment was given for the benefit of the "White and Gold", and realized some \$15.



Social Events

BY

WINIFRED ELDRED AND DOROTHY PARTRIDGE

SENIOR DAY, JANUARY 27, 1912.

Friday after school the Seniors marched into assembly wearing their colors, white and green. They sang several songs which were written by girls in the class. A short program, consisting of songs, recitations and piano solos, by various members of the class, was concluded, by a Dwarf Pantomime, in which most of the class took part. They represented the faculty in an old-time village school. Miss Ruth Donohoe, as a typical New England school-teacher, conducted class exercises. The children responded in a very entertaining and instructive manner, showing the great promise of the future. The squibs and jokes on members of the faculty were taken in the good spirit in which they were given. A visit from the school board, three young ladies carrying large boards, held stiffly, in front of them caused much amusement. The grand finale consisted of the song, "School Days," sung in several different keys by the "village school".

PREP. LAUNCH RIDE.

Saturday, March 23, the launch ride so long planned by the Preps., was actually accomplished. The weather and moon were both exceedingly kind and added greatly to the success of the affair. The jolly party, after going out into the ocean, went to the Point Loma Pavilion for supper, the crowning event of the occasion. Afterwards dancing was enjoyed for a short time, and the party once more boarded the launch and took a joyous tour round the bay.

CHRISTMAS DANCE.

A Christmas Dance, given in December by the Juniors and seniors, proved one of the most enjoyable events of the year. The spirit of the season, carried out in the decorations, filled the atmosphere with jollity, and marked proceedings with an absence of formality that added zest to everyone's pleasure. The attendance was large, and unusually well balanced.

REST ROOM ENTERTAINMENT.

Friday evening, March 29, an entertainment was given to raise money for the rest room. In spite of the disagreeable evening the affair was a great success. The delightfully varied program was enjoyed by all. The proceeds of the entertainment amounted to nearly \$30.

HIGH JINKS.

The most amusing and successful High Jinks in the annals of the Normal School was given under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association on October the twenty-seventh. The date falling near Hallow'een, the character of the program, decorations and refreshments was in keeping.

After the very clever and entertaining program a dance was enjoyed, in which the participants were clad in a variety of striking costumes. During the intermissions, refreshments, which took the novel form of brown bread, sandwiches and cider, were distributed and speedily consumed.

SENIOR LAUNCH RIDE.

This event, enjoyed by about fifty of the senior B's, took place on the moonlight night of November eleventh. Starting at eight o'clock, the "Golden West" bore the lively crowd out on the ocean west of Coronado Islands, and cruised around for about two hours. School yells were given, songs sung, and refreshments partaken of, the full moon and ocean breeze giving the touch of hilarity that caused the grave and reverend seniors to live up to the possibilities of the occasion.

TERTULIA DE LUNA

Under this title, a Spanish supper was given by the Senior B.'s on the night of February second to the Seniors of the February graduating class, in the charming garden of Ramona's marriage place. The rare beauty of the night, enhanced by the moonlight, and the romantic atmosphere of the historic place, was felt and appreciated by everyone. A program consisting of Spanish music, dancing and readings was given in the lecture room.

Annual Commencement Exercises

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1912.

Hon. M. L. Ward, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Presiding.

PROGRAM:

Music—The School Orchestra.

Invocation—Rev. W. W. Hull.

Music—Approach of Spring.....*Gade*
Philomel Chorus.

Address to the Class of 1912—

Hon. Samuel T. Black,

President of the School from 1897 to 1911.

Music—The School Orchestra.

Presentation of Diplomas—President Edward L. Hardy.

Music—The Year's at the Spring.....*Mrs. H. H. H. Beach*
Philomel Chorus.

Benediction—Rev. W. W. Hull.

JOKES

BY FLORA HAMIL AND MARY GOOCH

Mr. West (in Arith. conference)—“Only like things can be added. Now, eggs and flour—What?”

Bright Class—“Cake.”

Mr. Bliss (in Economics)—“Why were cattle not used longer as money?”

Miss M.—“Because it was too hard to carry them around.”

Student (studying electricity)—“Will those two wires spark?”

Mr. Skilling—“Ye-es, in the dark.”

Paul—“Do school teachers get tired and cross because they talk so much?”

Miss Laws—“Yes, because they talk too much.”

I sent my application through the country,
Some letter from a trustee to compel;
And by and by my blank returned to me—unanswered.



A. MAYRHOFER
WAS ANY BODY HERE HERD Tony?



E. GARBER
AN ANGEL?



F. HAMILL
ON HER Hobby.

Fr. Class, after one of the twins has fallen down on a verb.

Mr. Sp.—“Now, I don’t know whether to give this 5 to you or to your sister.”

Haughtily—“Please remember that I’m always my sister unless I make a 1+.”

Who was Noah’s wife? Joan of Arc.

Water is composed of oxygen and Cambridgen.

Lava is what the barber puts on your face when he shaves you.

A blizzard is the inside of a fowl.

The bite of a flea,
Isn’t much bigga
Than the point of a pin,
But the lump that it raises,
Itches like blazes—
And that’s where the rub comes in.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, what is a hypocrite?

Tommy—A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face.
—Ex.

The Normal girls say,
As at Vespers they pray;
“Help us good maids to be,
Give us patience to wait
Till some subsequent date,
World without men—Ah me!”

Should W. C-2, would Molyneaux?

Of freely writing manuscripts
I’m grieved so much is said,
One-half will never be believed
The other never read.

A Junior on a winter’s day
Wrote an essay, light and gay,
And she thought of the one it would hold
When she later should the paper unfold.
Alas for the student, alas for the one,
The hopeful feelings soon were done.

“Strange, is it not, of all the myriads who
Before us, passed the door of Normal through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road
Which, to discover, we must travel, too?”

When do the seniors have “Visions of Bliss”? After going in late to a history conference.

Daffydils

BY GRACE JONES

If the author thought he could make the Winning of Barbara Worth his while, was Harold Bell Wright?

If Mary G. dreads Spanish exams, what does El-dred?

If the White Ducks went rowing would they take a Kruse?

If Crandall is thirsty does he go to a Cold-well?

If there were no history, where would Bliss be?

Miss Judson—"Why was the singing so choppy yesterday (Feb. 22)?"

Bright Student—"Because it was Birthington's Washday."

If Jonsie can swim can Lucile Wade?

If Verna is a Pickle and Dorothy is a Partridge, what kind of a Bird is Helen?

Would Miss Hammack be more useful if she were hung up?
R. S. V. P.

If there were nothing to do would Minnie Work?

Seniors: Don't McLeod noises in the halls, but be as gentle as a Lamb.

Where should one go to see Graves?

Where music is murdered.

If Cain was Adam's son, who is Jud-son?

Why does the Student Body get along so well? Because it has a Reit-hart.

What's the best direction for solving cube root? West.

If the school has Laws why does it need a Bobbie? To be a Miller.

It was hearsay in class one day.

Hard out lines you must not display—

Put purple in your distant hills

And shadows in your laughing rills.

I cannot say how sure I am

But I think this came from Lamb.

Destructive as Well as Constructive.

A story is told of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's habit in mentally rehearsing his speeches of "sawing the air" with his arms. One day he gave an imperative order to his gardener that in future no strangers were to be shown over his orchid-house. "I will not have my orchids broken," he said, pointing to a spoiled plant.

"Pity you didn't see it done."

"I did," replied the gardener.

"What, you saw it done? And did you not say anything?" exclaimed Mr. Chamberlain.

"No, sir; I hardly dared," was the reply.

"Then tell me who it was!" demanded the statesman angrily.

"Well, sir," answered the gardener, "it was yourself, yesterday, while you was—er—speechifying!"

Definitions and Answers

The following are definitions and answers to questions given by the "wise freshy", who don't like to admit his ignorance, so makes a bluff.

The young pretender was so-called because it was pretended that he was born in a frying pan.

Grace Darling was a light housekeeper's daughter.

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the invisible armada.

The saddest thing King John did was to lose his crown in the laundry.

The American war was started because the people would persist in sending their parcels through the post without stamps.

Prince William was drowned in a butt of malmsey wine; he never laughed again.

Richard the Second is said to have been murdered by some historians; his real fate is uncertain.

St. Andrew is the patient saint of Scotland; the patient saint of England is Union Jack.

The Home Office is where Home Rule is made.

A centipede is a French measure of length.

In Astronomy.

The tides are caused by the sun drawing the water out and the moon drawing it in again.

In Mathematics.

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.

Question—A man has X miles to travel; he goes A miles by train, B miles by boat and C miles he walks; the rest he cycles. How far does he cycle? Ans.—D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, miles.

Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you're talking about.

An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

A circle is a straight line drawn as round as possible with a dot in the center of it.

Physics.

The mechanical advantage of a long pump handle is that you can have some one to help you pump.

If the air contains more than one hundred per cent. of carbolic acid it is very injurious to health.



Good Preparation.

Theatre lessee—"We must put a great deal of realism into this woodland scene. Can you get some one to growl to resemble a bear?"

Stage Manager—"I think so. There are six or seven chorus men who haven't received their wages for three weeks. I'll call them."

Citizens Savings Bank

1040 FIFTH STREET
Between C and D Sts.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

START A SAVINGS ACCOUNT
with our bank, and watch it grow. We
allow you 4% Interest on Term Account
and 3% on a Checking Account.

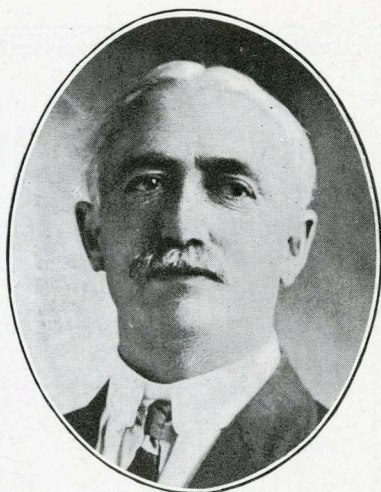
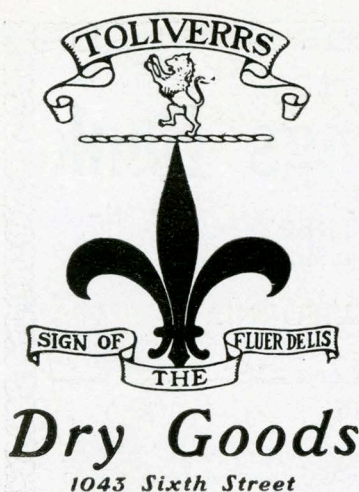
If you contemplate the building of a new
home, we can help you, as we have
MONEY TO LOAN at 7% interest.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES for rent.
This department is open for your service
from 9 o'clock a. m., to 5 o'clock p. m.

Banking Hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.
Saturdays, from 10 a. m. to 12 m., and
from 6:30 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m.

I. ISAAC IRWIN, President
G. E. JAEGER, Asst. Cashier

C. B. WHITTLESEY, Cashier
JOHN ZWECK, Asst. Cashier



Phones, Main 3110, Home 9261

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The Only Drug Store in University Heights. Fine Line of Rubber Goods, Guaranteed as to Quality :: :: :: ::



Strictly Modern and Up-to-date. All New Goods and Best of Each Kind. Prescriptions Our Specialty :: ::

Park Boulevard and Howard Avenue :: :: San Diego, California

Now is the fatal hour in sight when the faculty smile and Hardy himself breathes forth congratulations to the class.

LEAH & KANE

House Furnishings of Every Description

We rent Furniture to responsible parties.

We will buy or exchange Furniture.

We make a specialty of Refinishing and Upholstering Fine Furniture.

We also carry a complete line of Fine Rugs, Linoleums, Draperies, Etc.

Call up Main 698 and we will be pleased to call on you in regard to anything in our line.

We make Shades to order.

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San Diego, California

New York Millinery

ELWYN E. PARKER

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WE SOLICIT your patronage. If you haven't visited our store, we invite you to come, and you will find that we have the **BEST STYLES** and values obtainable in new, up-to-date merchandise.

Buying direct from the New York manufacturers and importers, we can and do sell better goods for less money than others.

We retail the same qualities others have to charge from **THIRTY-THREE TO FORTY PER CENT. MORE** for, because they pay more money for inferior goods. We eliminate one profit, which you save if you spend your money here.

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Frames, Flowers, Feathers
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Our **TRIMMED HAT DEPARTMENT** is an attraction which will interest you, and we maintain a first-class order department at your service.

D. F. GARRETTSON, President

J. S. AKERMAN, Secretary

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COAL, COKE, WOOD, HAY, GRAIN

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Home Phone 1301

Pacific, Main 445

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Tackle, Athletic Goods, Hunting Clothing, Boots & Shoes

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San Diego, Calif.

Peu de Enigmes.

2. Why is Fr. II an exceptional class? Because the Strong
is always in the right.**CHEAP FUEL**Home Phone 4647
Sunset Phone 239**WOOD**Suitable for Stoves, Grates or Furnace.
Clean, full of heat, economical.FOOT OF 22ND ST.
NEAR BAY**OREGON FUEL CO.**

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Special Attention Given to Auto Trade

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Automobile and Picnic Lunches

It isn't necessary to prepare the Automobile or Picnic Lunch at home. You can simply phone or call at Hamiltons and order a luncheon, daintily prepared and carefully packed, that is certain to prove delightful. Prices are reasonable, too.

O, carefree Junior, how glad is your lot, your ringlets are red, your lessons are not.

Like Money, Air Is Benefited by Circulation

When Nature goes off the job, then comes the opportunity of the

ELECTRIC FAN

ELECTRIC FANS never get tired or wear out

The hotter the day, the better an
ELECTRIC FAN likes to work.

And they cost less than one cent an hour to operate

Ask our New Business Department to tell you about *ELECTRIC FANS*

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*San Diego Consolidated Gas & Electric
Company*

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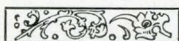
San Diego, Cal.

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Pay Cash and Pay Less



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All Good Lines of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums,
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In Complete Assortments and at Money-Saving Prices

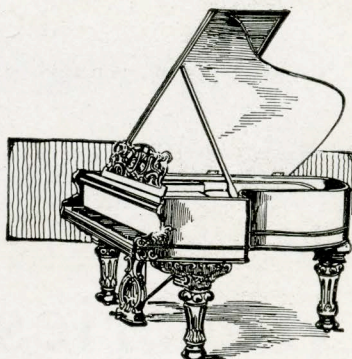
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San Diego, Calif.

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ADAM SCHAAF PIANOS

*At the World's
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1. For excellent tone quality.
2. Sustaining power.
3. Well planned scale.
4. Excellent action, with easy, responsive touch.
5. Superior material and workmanship.

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“Where there's a will, there's a ‘weigh out’.”

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DRUG STORE SERVICE

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Let Us See You Often at “The Busy Corner”

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SUCCESSORS TO
JOHN B. STARKEY.

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San Diego, California

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Pioneers In the Cash System of Selling Groceries

The Cash Plan is the best and most economical for all concerned.
We solicit a comparison of our goods and prices at all times.

Corner Fifth Street and University Avenue
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Yon quiet Way, that looks for us again,
How long hereafter shall she still remain?
How oft hereafter, rising, look around
Through these same corridors, but for us in vain?

Home Phone 4069

Pacific Phone 672

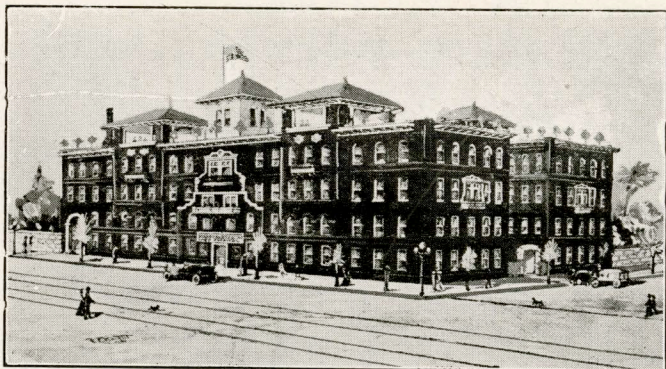
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Ocean Beach Park is an ideal place for a seaside home. Every investment made by me guaranteed as represented.

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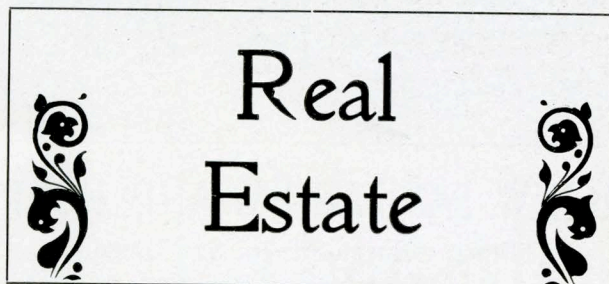
M. HALL

1310 D Street

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1429 D STREET

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Study hard, O worthy Senior,
 Hard and long, acquire that poise
 That shall scorn all light demeanor
 And avoid all things like noise.

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Expert Prescriptionists

THE ARTHUR DRUG CO.

Dependable Druggists

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When You Get It at Arthur's, It's Right.

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Special Reduced Prices for the summer months in all Made-to-Order Suits, from the very latest fabrics and fashions in cloth, mohair, imported silks and linens.

If you are contemplating a suit for your vacation, see Mr. M. Klein. Suits made on the very shortest notice. Fit and workmanship absolutely guaranteed. If not satisfactory, you are not obliged to take the suit. This is my guarantee.

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University Cream Bread

Sold Only in Sanitary Sealed Wrappers. 5 and 10c Loaves

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UNIVERSITY BAKING CO.
Smart Boy.

 "Aren't you afraid you'll catch cold on such a night as this,
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"No, sir; selling papers keeps up the circulation!"

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A Misplaced "M".

A provincial newspaper in reporting the speech of a celebrated politician, intended to add as comment, "And the masses believed him;" instead of which, by a typographical error, the addition read, "Them asses believed him!"



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and
Quality
Made

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STIMSON'S

KORN KRISP

5c

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Irwin & Co.

HAY, GRAIN, POULTRY, FEEDS,
WOOD AND COAL

TRY US!

Any Quantity Delivered
Any Place On the Heights

PHONES:
Pacific 3134 Home 9243

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Mr. West's voice was sad.
And Mr. West's voice was low,
And darkly looked he at the "ad",
And darkly at the "dough."

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION
— OF THE —

SOUTHERN TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

OF SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

COMMERCIAL

At the Close of Business, April 18, 1912

SAVINGS

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans	\$1,238,729.95	Capital Stock	\$ 200,000.00
Bonds	234,126.41	Surplus and Undivided Profits	37,619.44
Furniture and Fixtures	19,400.00	Deposits	2,020,919.51
Cash and Exchange	766,282.59		
Total	\$2,258,538.95	Total	\$2,258,538.95

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

G. A. Davidson, President	Philip Morse, Vice-President	E. O. Hodge, Cashier
G. Holterhoff, Jr. R. C. Allen	Chas. W. Pauly A. H. Frost	John E. Boal B. M. Frees

Branch at La Jolla, California

S. W. BONE

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS AND MILLINERY
McCALL'S BAZAAR PATTERNS

Home 2319
Sunset 705

631 Fifth Street

San Diego, Cal.

American National Bank

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Capital and
Surplus
\$205,000.00



Total Resources
Over
\$2,000,000.00

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

<i>J. W. Sefton, Jr., President</i>	<i>C. L. Williams, Cashier</i>
<i>I. I. Irwin, Vice-President</i>	<i>L. J. Rice, Assistant Cashier</i>
<i>T. C. Hammond, Asst. Cash.</i>	<i>H. B. Day, Director</i>
<i>E. Strahlmann, Director</i>	

Give each supervisor thy ear, but few thy voice.

Take each one's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Pierce-Field Hardware Co.

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751 Fifth St.

If these is a Special Tool that you need
for Manual Training Work,
Pocket Knives, Razors,
Scissors, or anything
with a cutting
edge

COME TO US!

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Women's, Misses' and Children's Ready-to-wear Apparel
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Reliable Goods, Sold on Merit. Every Article as Advertised. Prices Marked
In Plain Figures. Courteous treatment whether you buy or not.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE

FIFTH AND H STREETS

University Heights Furniture & Auction Co.

1621-23 UNIVERSITY AVE.

IT is now conceded by everybody on the Heights that this company is the leader in low prices and varieties in Furniture. Those who are not familiar with this concern should visit their store and learn how to save money. Martin Kelly, the manager, is most certainly a wonder in the furniture business, and makes a study of low prices and fine selections in furniture. He should therefore be complimented on his efforts, and should receive the patronage of everyone who wishes goods in his line.

Mr. Young—"Miss Pickle were you absent because of orchestra practice?"

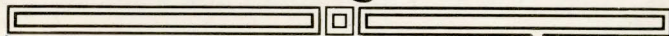
Miss P.—"S-i-r?"

Bright Student—"Sure; she plays the piccolo."

AMERICAN BOOK Co.

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School and College Text-Books



SEND FOR

"A Guide to Good Reading"

An Illustrated Catalogue of Excellent Books for supplementary reading in grammar schools.

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STRONG & McCURDY

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3903 University Boulevard

San Diego, Cal.

Miss G. (translating hesitatingly)—“Well—er—Oh yes! He held her hand.”

Mr. Hammond—“Exactly! Why, that’s simple enough.”

Students of Domestic Economy

KNOW THAT

Citrus Washing Powder

Is Best for Fine Fabrics and Delicate Hands



Cook-Haddock Co.

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W. P. FULLER & CO'S

Washable Wall Finish

on your walls means that you can patch
up the wall, no matter how large or small
and finish it with NO LAPS SHOWING.

GREASY OR DIRTY MARKS

Removed with water and soap. Being
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FULLER'S WASHABLE WALL FINISH

is a Sanitary, Economic Wall Coating
and, like all FULLER Products, is one
of merit.

We Sell Sash, Doors, Glass, Mirrors
Art Glass, Etc., as Well as

Pure Prepared Paint

The Merchants National Bank of San Diego

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Surplus and Profits (all earned) 390,000

Nineteen years of successful business has enabled this bank to build up the largest SURPLUS of any bank in San Diego. Every accommodation consistent with good banking is extended its customers.

RALPH GRANGER, President.
A. H. FROST, Vice-President.

W. R. ROGERS, Cashier.
H. E. ANTHONY, Asst. Cashier.

The Voice of the Charmer.

“What! You call me pretty? Why, I’m an old woman! My hair is turning white, and look, here is a wrinkle!”

“A wrinkle! No, madam, it is a smile that has drifted from its moorings.”

NEARPASS’ SEED STORE

ESTABLISHED
1896



THE LARGEST STOCK of seeds in the city.
Everything fresh and reliable.

A carload of Cypher Incubators just received.
We are exclusive agents for San Diego county.

Planet Jr. Tools and Poultry Supplies.
522 SIXTH St., SAN DIEGO.

Both Phones

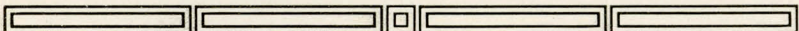
Notes from the Normal School

Look Best on Crane’s Papers

AREY-JONES CO.

932 FOURTH ST.

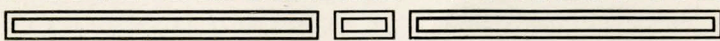
Sell them



San Diego Ice and Cold Storage Co.

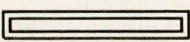
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PURE DISTILLED-WATER ICE

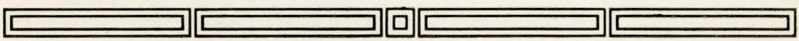


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Cold Storage of all kinds of
Perishable Commodities



Furs, Rugs and Woolen Goods
Stored Dry and Free from
Moths and Dust



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ITS BRANCHES

BLOCHMAN BANKING COMPANY

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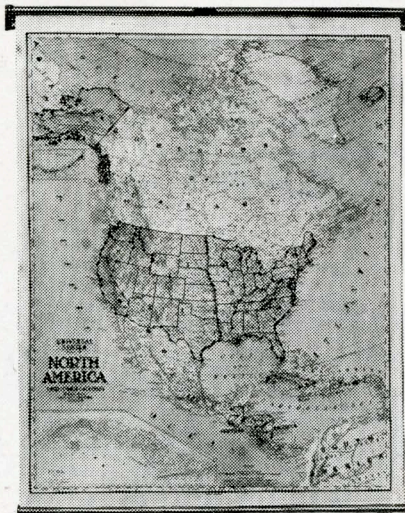
635 FIFTH STREET
SAN DIEGO, CAL.

No Doubt.

Family doctor to young lady patient—"You should take a tramp through the woods before breakfast."

Patient—"Oh, doctor, I can get better company than a tramp."

The Most
Attractive
Accurate and
Durable
Maps
Published



They are
Comprehensive
Legible
and
Artistic

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WHERE

Point Loma Heights, of course! Overlooking Ocean Beach and the City and Bay of San Diego.

WHY

Beautiful View Lots, 50x140, all cleared and improvements made. Water, electricity, sidewalks, etc., close to car, on fine boulevard, good deep soil. Price, \$600; easy terms.

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Real Estate, Fire Insurance

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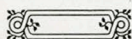
SAN FRANCISCO

An Irish landlord, passing through a village, said to a local butcher, "Well, Jim, how's trade?" "Bad, yer honor," said Jim. "The people are so few and so poor that it's hard pushed I am to dispose of a carcass before it gets tainted." "Why not kill half a cow at a time?" suggested the squire.

San Diego Savings Bank

CORNER FIFTH AND F STREETS

*San Diego's Oldest and Largest
Savings Bank*



Interest Paid on Your Account

Resources Over

\$3,800,000.00

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VICE-PRESIDENT

E. M. BARBER
CASHIER

C. L. REED, ASST. CASHIER

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A Change of Climate

COLD, CRISP NIGHTS.

Hunting and Fishing at
LAKE TAHOE.

Fine Hotel Accommodations. Or, You Can Rent
Camping Outfits.
\$29.00 Round Trip.

OTHER PLACES THAT ARE FINE

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Call for Literature On
These. Special Summer
Rates.

Plan Your Vacation Rest

Southern Pacific

CALL US UP

Main 128 Home 3608

A. D. HAGAMAN, C. A.

San Diego, Cal.

Or, you can make a Side
Trip to These Places on
Your Back East Excursion
Trip in May, June, July,
August and September.

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AND SUPPLIES

Any book in print can be obtained from us. We are Headquarters in San Diego for

School Desks, Black-boards, Maps, Etc., Etc.

Flags of All Sizes, in Silk, Wool and Cotton

Special Agents for Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

PENNANTS MADE TO ORDER

Teachers can obtain from us any article wanted for School use

Drawing Materials, Chemical Apparatus, Kindergarten Supplies, Raffia and Reed

Loring's Book and Stationery Store

762 FIFTH STREET

In our big Toy Department on Second Floor, we have Tennis, Croquet, Basket Ball and Out-door Sporting Goods, and Flags of all sizes

Innocent Junior (in room 17)—“What cracked the plaster overhead?”

Wise Senior—“When you've been here as long as that plaster your head will be cracked, too.”

G. W. FISHBURN
President

F. A. GARETSON
of Garetson-Greason Lumber Co.
St. Louis, Mo.
Vice-President

O. L. SELLERS
Cashier

Marine National Bank

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$150,000.00

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B. P. CHENEY
Director A. T. & S. F. Railway



C. H. WAGNER
General Mgr. Russ Lumber Co.

G. W. FISHBURN

F. A. GARETSON
Of Garetson-Greason Lumber Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

J. E. FISHBURN
Pres. National Bank of California
Los Angeles

INTEREST PAID ON TIME ACCOUNTS





Lumber Dealers' DIRECTORY

Wholesale and Retail

Benson Lumber Company.....San Diego, California
Hillcrest Company.....San Diego, California
Russ Lumber & Mill Company....San Diego, California
San Diego Lumber Company.....San Diego, California
Western Lumber Company.....San Diego, California

Retail

Blanc, F. L.....Julian, California
Barger, J. C.....Ramona, California
Bentley Brothers.....San Diego, California
Chula Vista Lumber Company...Chula Vista, California
City Lumber and Wrecking Co....San Diego, California
Coronado Lumber Company.....Coronado, California
Escondido Lumber Co.....Escondido, California
Graffin, S. H.....Fallbrook, California
Hall & Co., W. B.....El Cajon, California
Homeland Building Co.....National City, California
La Mesa Lumber Co.....La Mesa, California
Lane, Fred.....City Heights, California
National City Lumber Co.....National City, California
Oceanside Lumber Co.....Oceanside, California



Bank of Commerce

AND TRUST COMPANY

SAN DIEGO,
CALIFORNIA

Southwest Corner Fifth and E Streets

Capital \$500,000.00

Surplus and Profits over \$200,000.00

—RESOURCES—

NEARLY FOUR MILLION DOLLARS

Lost between 9:59 and 8:00 a. m.—One golden minute set with 60 precious seconds..

Call at the “Lost and Found Dept.” where there’s plenty of time to spare by Mildred Humphrey, manager.

SIMON LEVI COMPANY

OF SAN DIEGO

Wholesale Grocers and Produce

Provisions, Honey, Wax,
Green and Dried Fruits

400-414 Fifth Street

San Diego, California

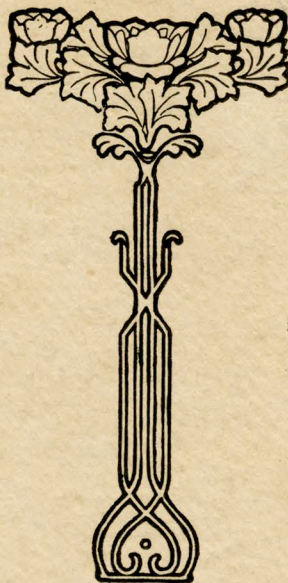
First National Bank

SAN DIEGO

RESOURCES, \$3,750,000.00

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

We welcome accounts of corporations,
firms and individuals in any amount,
and assure courteous treatment
and adequate banking
facilities to all.



OLDEST : BANK : IN : SAN DIEGO

