

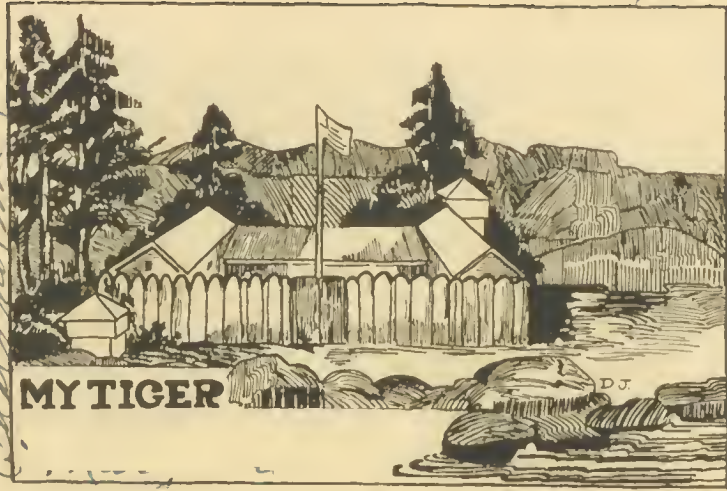
The Editors' earnest efforts have been to produce a book conforming in all respects to principles of literary and artistic excellence as well as to business economy. The dominant motive throughout has been one of appreciation for Lewis and Clark and the Northwest. This Tiger of January '26 may, indeed, be called the Northwest Edition, for all pen and ink work represents actual places, scenes, or pictures made famous by the pioneers. Thus Fort Astoria shown opposite was founded in 1811 by the Pacific Fur Company at or near the mouth of the Columbia River. The motif for Seniors is the first building of the Territorial University of Washington established in 1861. Although the Olympic Hotel, at Seattle, now occupies this space, the four Portico Columns are still standing on the University grounds and are a source of much inspiration.

The seemingly modest printing press seen in the Literary Section is of poignant meaning, for it is not only the first printing press brought west of the Rockies, but on it was printed the first school book, the first code of laws, and the first portion of the Bible ever published west of the Rockies. It was brought to the Lapwai Mission in 1839.

The Mission of the Sacred Heart in the Coeur d'Alenes, shown on the dedication page, was completed in 1848 and is still standing very much in its original state at the head of navigation on the Coeur d'Alene River.

The rearing horse shown in Athletics represents the spirit of the Pendleton Roundup, which is endeavoring to perpetuate the days of the open range.

The rabbit trying vainly to fathom the Indian Pictographs in the Humor Section is failing only as have the historians thus far. It is believed that if one could read this sign writing he would know the history of the Indians in the interior. The picture, minus the rabbit, is one of the group of writings on the basaltic cliffs along the Columbja.





The Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane, Washington

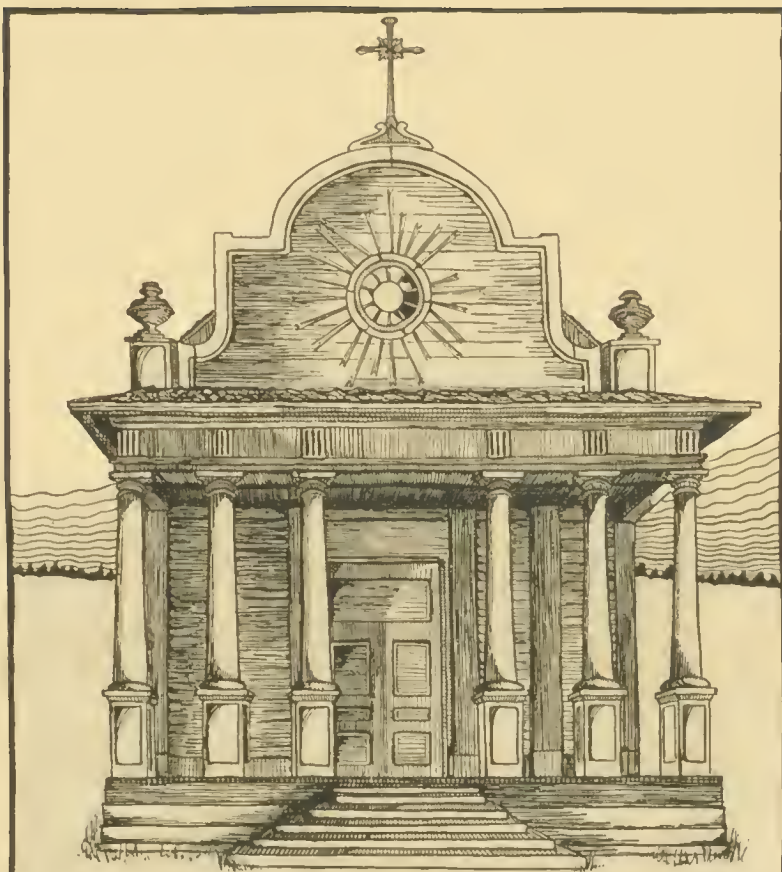
“Be it in the realm of scholarship or on the field of sport, Lewis and Clark sails out to win and honors bring to port.”

The Tiger



1920

Published by the Senior A Class of
THE LEWIS AND CLARK HIGH SCHOOL
Spokane, Washington



Dedication

In dedicating our book to Mr. Thomas Teakle, we, who call him friend, pay tribute to his interest in and loyalty to the boyhood of this school, to his efficient and devoted efforts to fulfill its highest traditions, and to his earnest zeal for our Northwest, its story and its achievements.

Pagey Orris



Mr. Thomas Trakle



Principal Henry M. Hart



The Lewis and Clark Faculty
"And many great and goodly personages were there assembled."

The Lewis and Clark High School Faculty

HENRY M. HART - - - - - *Principal*
 H. C. G. FRY - - - - - *Vice-Principal*
 A. P. TROTH --- - - - - *Vice-Principal*
 MISS FRANCES STUBBLEFIELD - - - - - *Vocational Director*

ENGLISH

R. A. Coleman, *Head* J. P. Gruber Miss M. Rawlings
 Miss P. E. Anderson B. A. Gwinn Miss Ann Reely
 C. E. Canup Miss I. B. Hunt J. M. Tewinkel
 Miss Carlotta Collins Miss Maude McDaniel Miss Gertrude Tormey
 Miss Bernice Frey Miss S. C. Meyer Miss Polly Weaver
 H. C. G. Fry C. G. Miller Weldon Williams
 Miss Nora Fry Miss Marian Pettis Miss Nelle Wright

HISTORY

Miss Ruth West, *Head* F. G. Nogle Miss Amy Shellman
 C. E. Canup P. J. Northrup Miss Lillian Siegler
 D. W. Freeman A. L. Parker Thomas Teakle
 R. C. McDaniel Miss R. M. Tewinkel

MATHEMATICS

J. L. Dunn Miss Christina Claussen Miss O. G. Fisher
 R. A. Bannen Miss Leona Coulter F. H. Gnagey
 Miss Kate Bell L. M. Elder Miss F. Krieger

COMMERCIAL

H. J. Oke, *Head* Miss H. C. Finnegan D. B. Williams
 C. E. Baten C. W. Middleton A. O. Woolard
 E. A. Orcutt

MODERN LANGUAGES

Miss Corinth Crook, *Head* R. G. Ferrer Erneste Salzmann
 Charles d'Urbal A. M. Ostness Miss E. M. Sturow
 Miss M. Pope

HOME ECONOMICS

Miss C. G. Bond, *Head* Miss Leonna Gwynn Miss L. E. Jellum
 Miss A. E. Fouts Miss G. C. White

LATIN

Miss Helen Dean, *Head* A. M. Ostness Miss M. Pope
 Miss E. K. Hummel Miss Elizabeth Stannard

SCIENCE

BOTANY AND GENERAL SCIENCE

A. P. Troth, *Head* Miss N. M. Cook Miss C. E. Lake
 R. C. Anderson W. L. Herington Thomas Large
 E. R. Jinnett

CHEMISTRY

G. F. Clukey, *Head* S. S. Endslow Rudolph Meyer

PHYSICS

J. G. McMacken, *Head* R. C. Anderson I. T. Johnsrud

MANUAL ARTS

C. H. Cross F. A. Sartwell W. N. Myhre
 H. A. Moomaw

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Miss R. K. Fiskén Miss Ann Reely C. G. Miller

MUSIC

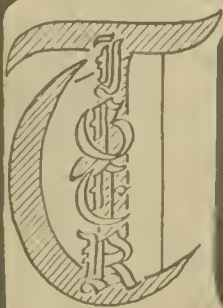
G. A. Stout, *Head* Miss E. T. Stout, *Head* Mrs. Elsie Bengel, *Boys*
 J. W. Mather Miss Mary Bacon Mrs. A. S. Lehman, *Girls*

PHYSICAL TRAINING

Miss Elizabeth Carss, *Head* W. H. Orion, *Head* Mrs. C. H. Waters, *Sec'y*
 Miss Jessie Baltezore P. G. Hupperton Miss Helen Smith, *Ass't Sec'y*
 E. L. Hunter

BOOK CLERK

Mrs. L. D. Jones



Paul Torney - Ed in Chief



Lester Kirkpatrick - Bus Mgr



Helen Lafferty - Asst Ed



28



Robert Showacre - Asst Bus Mgr



Chas Halpern - Cr Mgr



Alma Dorsey - Sect



Harold Moore - Ad Mgr



Harold Dean - Art Ed



Helen Cunningham - Jok



Elliott Forde - Athletc

BA

WS

Acknowledgments



Mr. H.C.G. Fry - Class



Miss R.K. Fiske - Art



Miss C. Collins - Literary



28



Mr. C.G. Miller - Editorial



Miss A. Reely - Dramatics



Mr. C.F. Baker - Business

Faculty Advisors

IVS

RA

Oh little hills!

Footstools of the mountains,

Lifting from the level plain

Like a strain of violin music,

How many ages have you stood there,

A hushed procession,

Deep blue

Against

The dawn-lit sky:

-Helen Brown.



Seniors



Mr. H. C. G. Fry, Class Director
"The biggest Senior of them all."

Class Officers



Russell Randall - Pres.



Ellen Gandy - Vice Pres.



26



Norman Ericson - Sect.



George Reeves - Treas.



Marion Gilbert 5th Vc.

January

W.S.

R.A.



ADAMS, MARY ELLA

"STATIC"

"You'd be surprised"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '24; Big Sister; Stairway Committee.

State College of Washington

AGOSTINO, ANGELINA

"ANGIE"

"I'll say so"

Course: Classical

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Big Sister.

State Normal School, Cheney

AMOS, HELEN

"HEAV"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Glee Club, '22, '23, '24; Social Service

State College of Washington

BAKER, NANCY PRISCILLA

The Lewis and Clark Crest

"PURCY"

Course: Classical

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Classical Club; Mathematics Club; Council Representative, '22, '23, '24; Assistant Secretary Girls' Athletic Union, '23; Basketball, '23, '24; Football Bazaar, '24, '25; Secretary Mathematics Club, '24; Vice-President Girls' Federation, '25; President Girls' Federation, '25; Secretary Crest Committee, '25; Class Play

University of Washington

BARK, ADELINE CECELIA

"ADDIE"

"Oh! for crying out loud"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '24; Big Sister

Business World

BAXTER, MARY ELINOR

"No—Really"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Racquet Club; Girls' Athletic Club; Baseball, '22, '23, '24; Tennis, '22, '23, '24; Basketball, '22, '23, '24, '25; Volley Ball, '22, '24; Treasurer Girls' Athletic Club, '23, '25; Secretary Girls' Athletic Club, '24; Girls' Federation Council, '25; Interclass Tennis, '25; Football Bazaar, '25

State College of Washington

BENNET, ELSIE IRENE

"BEN"

"Oh! Gee! I'll never tell"

Entered from Moberidge '22

Course: Home Economics

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Big Sister; Volley Ball, '25

State College of Washington

BISHOP, MABEL RUTH

"MABIE"

"Oh! Good-Night!"

Course: Home Economics

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Volley Ball, '22, '23; Glee Club, '23, '24, '25; Cantata, "The Rose Maiden," '25

University of Montana

BLACKWELL, FRANK JAMES

"BLACKIE"

"Try and get it"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Football, '21; Glee Club, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25; Barkers, '23

North Pacific College of Dentistry

BLAKEMORE, MAXINE CASSA ILLSLEY

"MAX"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Thespian Club; Football Bazaar, '23, '24

State College of Washington





BLYTON, ELVIRA JANE

"vi"

Entered from Wawawai '24

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities:

Girls' Federation

Northwestern Business College

BOLKS, LAURENCE ALBERT

"SPEED"

"What the hen?"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union;

Fine Arts Club; Class Play

State College of Washington

BRINKERHOFF, ALEDA UPTON

"Pussy"

"Well—"

Course: Classical

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation;

Glee Club, '22, '23, '24; Cantata,

"The Swan and the Skylark," '23; Big

Sister

Whitman College

BROWN, HELEN ELIZABETH

The Lewis and Clark Crest

"BILLY"

"Why"

Entered from Sunset Central

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Country Life

Club; President Country Life Club, '23;

Whitman College

BULIS, EUGENIA ADELINE

"KANDEF"

"Why?"

Course: Home Economics

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federa-

tion; Big Sister

Musical Career

BURLINGAME, GORTONA BETHEOLINE

The Lewis and Clark Crest

"LITTLE GIRL"

"Now, Listen"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Interclass Debate, '24; Journal Staff, '24, '25; Mr. Hart's Stenographer, '25

State College of Washington



BURNS, RUTH MARY

"RUFUS"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Girls' Athletic Club; Basketball, '24, '25; Baseball, '24, '25; Hiking, '24, '25

State College of Washington



BUTLER, VERNON WALDO

"ROSY"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Band, '24, '25; Football, '24, '25

Entered from Lewiston '24

University of Idaho



CADIGAN, WILLIAM PATRICK

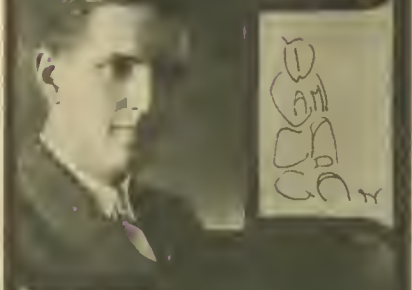
"BILL"

"Fore"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Delphic Club; Cross Country, '22; Vice-President Delphic Club, '23; Vice-President Barkers' Club, '23; Student Governing Board, '23, '24, '25; President Student Governing Board, '24, '25

University of Washington



CASTER, CATHERINE

"BOB"

Course: Classical

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Thespian Club; Classical Club; Sergeant at Arms, Girls' Athletic Union, '22; Girls' Athletic Union Council, '22, '23; Football Bazaar, '23; Secretary Girls' Athletic Union, '24; Tiger Staff; Class Play

University of Washington



Best Friends Catherine



CHASSY, BEATRICE BORIS

"BEA"

Course: Home Economics
 School Clubs and Activities:
 Girls' Federation
 State College of Washington

CHRISTISON, DAVIDA SCOTT

"DAVE"

"You don't say so?"

Course: Commercial
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federa-
 tion; Volley Ball, '23; Baseball, '22, '24;
 Basketball, '25; Girls' Athletic Council, '24,
 '25
 Business College

CLIFFORD, ALICE MAY

"FRIVOLOUS SUE"

"Oh, Baby"

Entered from Lone Fir, '22
 Course: Commercial
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federa-
 tion; Volley Ball, '25
 Business World

COATES, FRANCES

"FRANKIE"

"Such is life in the far West"

Course: Home Economics
 School Clubs and Activities:
 Girls' Federation
 Business World

COLWELL, MARION EUGENIA

"SI"

Course: Home Economics
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federa-
 tion; Cantata, "The Rose Maiden," '25;
 Big Sister; Girls' Glee Club, '24; Basket-
 ball, '24; Volley Ball, '24; Glee Club, '25
 State College of Washington

CRABILL, WANDA BELL

Course: Commercial
School Clubs and Activities:
Girls' Federation
Business World



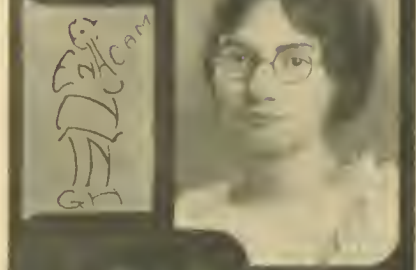
CROSS, MARGUERITE EVELYN

Course: Classical
School Clubs and Activities: Vice-President
Classical Club, '25; Vice-President Thes-
pian Club, '25; Girls' Federation: Glee
Club, '23, '24, '25; Cantata, "The Rose
Maiden," '25; Head Social Service Dept.,
'25; Tiger Staff; Debate, '24; Interclass
Debate
University of Washington



CUNNINGHAM, HELEN CHANDLER

Course: Classical
School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federa-
tion; Curie Club; Sacajawea Club; Glee
Club, '22, '23, '24, '25; Hiking Leader, '24,
'25; Vice-President Sacajawea, '25; Secre-
tary and Treasurer Curie Club, '25; Head
Big Sister Department, '25; Swimming
Team; Band, '25, '26
Oberlin Conservatory of Music



DEAN, HAROLD MALLETTE

Course: General
School Clubs and Activities: Rifle Club;
Letter "S" Club; Fine Arts Club; Lewis
and Clark Senate; Boys' Union; Rifle
Team, '23, '24, '25; Courtesy Committee
Boy's Union, '24, '25; Tennis, '25; Presi-
dent Fine Arts Club, '25; Art Editor
Tiger
Chicago Academy of Fine Arts



DIMELING, AMELIA ALICE

Course: Classical
School Clubs and Activities: Classical Club;
Papyrus Club; Racquet Club; Girls' Ath-
letic Club; Girls' Federation; Secretary
Racquet Club, '22, '23, '24; Chairman Point
System Committee, '24; Manager Tennis
Team, '24; Secretary Classical Club, '24;
Salutatorian
Smith College





DORSEY, ALMA NANCY

"AL"

"Oh, I have lived"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation Council, '25; Swimming, '22; Football Bazaar, '23, '25; Secretary Tiger Staff, '25; Head Usher, Class Play Business World

ELDENBURG, CARL FREDERICK

Course: Manual Arts

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union State College of Washington

ERICKSON, ALICE MABEL

The Lewis and Clark Crest

"ALEC"

"Say, listen!"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Sacajawea Club; Girls' Federation; Girls' Federation Council, '24, '25; Big Sister State College of Washington

ERICSON, BYRON GORDON

"LORD HELPUS"

"God—Bless our happy home"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Delphic Club; Freshman Football, '22; Sophomore Interclass Basketball, '23; Track, '25 State College of Washington

ERICSON, NORMAN ALFRED

"BABE"

Course: Scientific

School Clubs and Activities: Letter "S" Club; Lewis and Clark Senate; H. M. H. Club; Boys' Union; Boxing and Wrestling Club; Track, '23, '24, '25; Cross Country, '23, '24, '25; Freshman Football, '22; Interclass Basketball, '23, '24; Interclass Track, '23, '24, '25; Secretary Senior B Class, '25; Secretary Senior A Class, '25; Boys' Union Council, '25

State College of Washington

FLAIG, ERNA

"ERNIE"

"*For heavens sake*"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Athletic Club; Girls' Federation; Volley Ball, '22, '23, '24; Hiking, '24

University of Washington



FORDE, GEORGE KING ELLIOTT

"BURK"

"*Oh Yes*"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Courtesy Committee; Boys' Union; Class Play; Cross Country, '22; Football Bazaar, '24; Sports Editor, Tiger

University of Washington



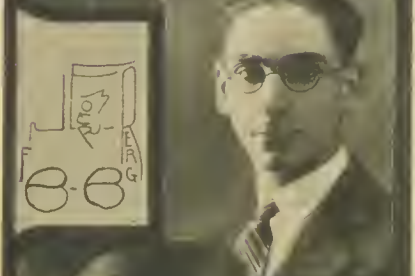
FREIBERG, JEROME HERMAN

"JERRY"

Course: Scientific

School Clubs and Activities: Radio Club; Boys' Union; Cross Country, '24

Undecided



GALLOP, VEVA MERLE

"WEE"

"*They don't hobble horses in this town*"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Adelante Club; Thespian Club; Girls' Federation; Secretary Thespian Club, '25; Chairman Courtesy Committee of Girls' Federation, '25; Football Bazaar, '25

University of California



GANDY, ELLEN MARGARET

The Lewis and Clark Crest

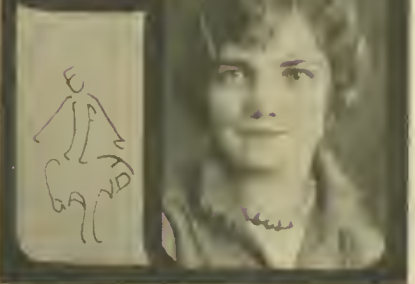
"KID"

"*Goodness gracious*"

Course: Classical

School Clubs and Activities: Classical Club; Girls' Federation Council, '23, '24; Head of Social Service Bureau, '24; Vice-President Senior Bureau, '24; Vice-President Senior A Class; Interclass Debate, '24

Smith College





GREEN, HELEN FRANCELIA

The Lewis and Clark Crest
 Course: Home Economics
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Interclass Swimming, '24
 State College of Washington

GUILBERT, MARION

The Lewis and Clark Crest
 "sis"
 Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities: Thespian Club; Adelante Club; Girls' Federation; Girls' Athletic Club; 9B Council, '22; Tennis Team, '23, '24, '25; Cafe Espanol, '23, '24, '25; President Racquet Club, '24, '25; Girls' Sport Reporter, '25; Desk Editor, '25; Federation Athletic Head, '25; Associate Editor Adelante, '25
 State College of Washington

HAGEN, VIOLET MIRIAM

"BABE"
 "Atta Boy"
 Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Volley Ball, '25
 University of Idaho

HALPERN, CHARLES

The Lewis and Clark Crest
 "CHUCK"
 School Clubs and Activities: H. M. H. Club; Boys' Union; Tennis, '25; Mailing Manager The Journal, '25; Circulation Manager, Tiger, '25; Boys' Union Council, '25
 State College of Washington

HARRIS, ISABEL

"LIZZIE"
 "Good Heavens"
 Course: Classical
 School Clubs and Activities: Papyrus Club; Thespian Club; Class Play; Track, '24; Swimming, '24; Football Bazaar, '25; Vice-President Papyrus Club, '25
 University of Washington

HAYNES, GERALDINE ERLE

"GERRY"

"Plop"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Athletic Club; Girls' Federation; Swimming Team, '23, '24, '25; Captain Swimming Team, '24; Head Girls' Swimming Department, '25; Secretary Girls' Athletic Club, '25

University of Washington



HEITZ, ROSE

"ROSES"

"You said it"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation

Northwestern Business College

HENRY, AUSTINE LEON

Course: Scientific

School Clubs and Activities: Adelante Club; Boys' Union; Football, '23, '24, '25

State College of Washington

HEWITT, BERTHA

"BERT"

"You foolish child!"

Entered from St. Theresa, Boise, Idaho, '23

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '24, '25; Messiah, '25

St. Frances' Training School, 'Frisco

HIGGINS, MARIAN ELLEN

"PAT"

"Well, for goodness sake!"

Course: Home Economics

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '21, '23; Volleyball, '21; Style Show, '25

Business College



HOAG, FERN VIRGINIA

"FERNUS"
 "But listen!"

Course: Commercial
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Big Sister
 Undecided

HOUGHTON, ARLYEN LOVERTA

"sis"
 "Piffle!"

Course: Commercial
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Sacajawea Club; Football Bazaar, '21; Style Show, '22; Interclass Swimming, '24
 Mills College

HOWARD, CLINTON ARCHER

"CIST"
 "Don't kid me"

Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Band, '22, '23, '24, '25; Football Bazaar, '23; Glee Club, '23; Baseball, '23; '24, '25
 State College of Washington

HUNTER, ERNEST FRED

"HAMBURGER"
 Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Swimming, '21; '22; Track, '23, '24; Football, '23; '24, '25
 University of Washington

JOHNSON, ETHEL MAY

"ETSI E"
 "Oh Min!"

Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '25
 State Normal School, Cheney

KANE, HELEN MABEL

"DOODLES"

"Gimme"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Sacajawea Club; Girls' Federation; Basketball, '22; Swimming, '24; Girls' Federation Council, '24, '25; Orchestra, '24, '25; Cantata, "The Rose Maiden," '25; "Legend of Don Munio"; Glee Club, '25

Whitman College



KARLSTEN, ALBERT ROY

"AL"

Course: Manual Arts

School Clubs and Activities: Rifle Club; Boys' Union; Track, '25; Football, '25

State College of Washington



KENNEDY, ARDIS CRADDICK

"PAT"

"Foolish"

Entered from Glenwood, '24

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities:

Girls' Federation

State Normal School, Cheney



KIRKPATRICK, LESTER HENRY

The Lewis and Clark Crest

"KIRK"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Letter "S" Club; Football, '24, '25; Track, '25; Student Governing Board, '25; Journal Staff, '24, '25; Business Manager, Journal, '25; Business Manager, Tiger, '26

University of Washington



KNOSTMAN, CLARENCE OSCAR

"KNOSTY"

"You tell 'e n"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union

State College of Washington





LAFFERTY, HELEN ELIZABETH

The Lewis and Clark Crest

"Oh, for heaven's sakes"

Course: Classical

School Clubs and Activities: Classical Club; Girls' Federation; Associate Editor, Tiger; Journal Staff; Sergeant-at-Arms Girls' Athletic Union, '24; Girls' Athletic Council, '24

State College of Washington

LELAND, MARGARET EVELYN

"MARK"

"Oh, where!"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Adelante Club; Glee Club; Girls' Federation; Basketball, '22; Hiking, '25; President Adelante Club, '25; Orchestra, '25; Football Bazaar

State College of Washington

LEMLEY, GLADYS CLAUDINA

"SORREL-TOP"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Orchestra, '23, '24, '25; Band, '24, '25

Business College

LINDSEY, ELBERT BENJAMIN

"CRICKET"

Course: Classical

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Tennis, '24; Cross Country, '25

Yale University

LITTELL, ETHYL MARY

"ALCOHOL"

"For heaven's sakes"

Course: Home Economics

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Baseball, '22; Style Show, '23; Track, '24; Football Bazaar, '23, '24

New York School of Interior Decoration

LOGAN, EDWARD ALBERT

The Lewis and Clark Crest

"TED"

"Yes, you bet!"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Mathematics Club; Classical Club; Boys' Union; Courtesy Committee Boys' Union, '24, '25; President Mathematics Club, '25; Manager Class Play, '26

North Pacific College of Dentistry

WOODARD, HELEN ELAINE

"TANGLE FOOT"

"Banana Oil"

Course: Scientific

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Orchestra, '23, '24, '25; Cantata "The Rose Maiden," '25; "Legend of Don Munio; Football Bazaar

University of California

LONG, ROBERT EARNEST

"BOB"

"Take a walk"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Delphic Club; Lewis and Clark Senate; Papyrus Club; Science Club; Rifle Club; Boys' Union; Journal Staff, '25; Interclass Debate, '23, '24; Courtesy Committee Boys Union, '25; Football Bazaar, '23

University of Montana

LUND, ROBERT EWART

"BOB"

"Catherine"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Student Governing Board, 24

University of Washington

MacLEAN, JEAN AGNES

Course: Home Economics

School Clubs and Activities:

Girls' Federation

Undecided



*It wishes
eat
miss
could*
Long
Robert Earnest Long



MALMGREN, KARL JOHAN
 "SWEDE"
"When do we eat?"
 Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union;
 Swimming Team, '25
 State College of Washington

MASTERSON, FRANK JAMES
 "FUNNYFACE"
"That's what I thought!"
 Course: Commercial
 School Clubs and Activities: Thespian Club;
 Boys' Union; "Poet of the Lowlands," '24;
 Class Play
 Business World

McMAHIAN, ARDRA LAVINA
 "LITTLE ONE"
"Well! It's a deep proposition"
 Entered from Kootenai, Idaho
 Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities:
 Girls' Federation
 State Normal School, Cheney

MILLER, JENNIE KATHRYN
 "JEN"
"Oh, Min!"
 Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federa-
 tion; Football Bazaar, '24, '25
 Business World

MOORE, HAROLD DE MARA
 "TUBBO"
"Whadda you say?"
 Course: Commercial
 School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union;
 Student Governing Board, '23, '24; Busi-
 ness Administration
 Undecided

MOORE, HAZEL ELIZABETH

"HAZY"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '22; Botany Play, '23; Swimming Team, '25

State College of Washington

MORRIS, MOLLY GERTRUDE

"MOLLY MAUD"

Course: Scientific

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Thespian Club

State College of Washington

MULVANEY, GLADYS MARIE

"GLAD"

"Who'da thank it?"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation

University of Washington

NEIROOD, DOROTHY MARIE

The Lewis and Clark Crest

"DOT K. B."

Entered from Oakland, California, Fall '23

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Girls' Athletic Club; Fine Arts Club; Curie Club; Swimming Team, '22, '23; Football Bazaar, '23, '24; Tiger Art Staff, '23, '24, '25; Pres. Fine Arts Club, '23, '24; Vice-Pres. Fine Arts Club, '24; Sec. Fine Arts Club, '24; Girls' Federation Council, '25; Pres. Girls' Athletic Club, '25; Journal Cartoonist, '25; Manager Swimming Team, California School of Fine Arts

NELSON, ELLEN CATHERINE

"OLE"

"Hard t' tell!"

Course: Home Economics

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '23, '24

Undecided





NELSON, HELEN RUTH

"H. R."

"Zut!"

Entered from San Diego, California, '25

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Papyrus Club

Mills College

NICE, EDITH LAVONNE

"PEGGY"

"Oh, Heck!"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '22, '23; Class Play

Usher

Northwestern Business College

NICHOLAS, IRENE FRANCES

"NICKLES"

Entered from Waverly High School, '22

Course: Home Economics

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation

University of Idaho

PAQUIN, RALPH EMMETT

"HONEY"

"What did you say you stepped in?"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Tennis, '25; Class Play

State College of Washington

PRINGLE, HELEN MARGARET

"NELL" "RUNT"

"Of all the juicy nerve!"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '23; Tennis Squad, '25

State College of Washington

RADER, MADIE RUTH

"PETE"

"Ah - Ha - He - Speaketh!"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Big Sister; Football Bazaar, '23, '24

State College of Washington



RANDALL, RUSSELL SAMUEL

The Lewis and Clark Crest

"RUSS"

"Who'du think it?"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Adelante Club; Lewis and Clark Senate; Tennis, '23, '24, '25; Courtesy Committee Boys' Union, '24, '25; President Senior B Class; President Senior A Class

University of Idaho



RAYMOND, ESTEL SCOTT

"ES"

"Take a walk"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Fine Arts Club; Rifle Club; Rifle Team, '23, '24, '25

Antioch College



REEVES, GEORGE WALTON

"JARGE"

"Minnie, it's empty"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Glee Club; Football Bazaar, '22; Baseball, '23, '24; Athletic Council, '23, '24, '25; Boys' Union Council, '24, '25; Secretary Boys' Union, '25; Courtesy Committee Boys' Union, '25; Cantata, '25; Senior B Yell Leader; Secretary Senior B Class; Treasurer, Senior A Class; Class Play

University of Southern California



REVLING, ALICE MARGARET

"ALLAH"

"My stars!"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '23, '24; Style Show, '25

State College of Washington





RICHARDSON, FRANK GEORGE

"CLANCY"

"Nothing worries me"

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union;
Football, '24

State College of Washington

RIDER, INEZ MARY

"INE"

"Why tell me?"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities:
Girls' Federation

State Normal School, Cheney

RIPLEY, KATHERIN ASILEY

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federa-
tion; Racquet Club; Adelante Club

Mills College

ROARK, JAMES BRYCE

"WORM"

"Cheese"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union;
Letter "S" Club; Rifle Club, '22, '23, '24,
'25; Interclass Debate, '24; Captain Rifle
Team, '25

Purdue University

ROBERTS, MARY JANE

"JARY MANE"

"Oh, Min!"

Course: Home Economics

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federa-
tion; Curie Club; Football Bazaar, '22;
Girls' Federation Council, '22, '25; Hiking,
'24, '25; Secretary and Treasurer Curie
Club, '24; Track, '25; President Curie
Club, '25

State College of Washington

ROBISON, ARTHUR JACK

"BINKS"

"See you in four days"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Baseball, '23

Business World

ROWAN, ALICE FAIRE

"JIMMY"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Thespian Club; Lewis and Clark Orphan, '23; Foothall Bazaar, '24; Class Play

University of Idaho

RUMBURG, PANSY JANE

"PAT"

Entered from Malden, Washington

Course: Household Arts

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Curie Club; Girls' Federation Council, '25

University of Washington

SALISBURY, JACK SUMNER

"Ye Gods!"

Course: Scientific

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Student Governing Board; Track, '23, '24, '25; Interclass Debate, '25

United States Naval Academy, Annapolis

SCHAFER, ETHELYN FLORENCE

"SHAIF"

"Oh, Say!"

Course: Home Economics

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '23, '24; Hiking, '24, '25; Basketball, '24; Track, '24; Volley Ball, '25

State College of Washington





SHIELDS, DOROTHY MARGUERITE

"dots"
"For the love of little green apples"
 Entered from Post Fall, Idaho
 Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities:
 Girls' Federation
 University of Idaho

SHIRLEY, BRUCE

"BRUTUS"
 Course: Scientific
 School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union;
 Thespian Club; Christmas Play, 21; Govern-
 ing Board, '24, '25
 State College of Washington

SHOWACRE, ROBERT MARSHAL

"BOB"
"All right"
 Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union;
 Science Club; Tennis, '24, '25; Advertising
 Manager, Journal, '25; Courtesy Com-
 mittee, Boys' Union
 Whitman College

SMITH, PEARL ELLEN

"ZENIA"
"You'd be surprised"
 Course: Commercial
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federa-
 tion; Coach, H. M. H. Debate Club, '24

SMITH ROBERT WARDE

"BUD"
"What Host"
 Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union;
 Letter "S" Club; Rifle Club; Rifle Team,
 '24, '25; Baseball, '25; Football Manager,
 '25
 State College of Washington

SNELLING, LEOTTI ISABELLE

"LEE"

"Huh? Ya don't say?"

Course: Scientific

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '22; Hiking, '24, '25
State Normal School, Cheney



STAWE, IRMA MARIE

"DUTCH"

"Oh, Heavens"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Football Bazaar, '23
State College of Washington

STIEFEL, LEAH EUGENIA

"BOOTS"

"How do you figger?"

Entered from East Side High,
Salt Lake City, '22

General Course

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Art Club; Wardrobe Mistress, Class Play, '26

State College of Washington

STILSON, ESTHER BELL

"STILSON"

"Oh cats"

Course: Commercial

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Racquet Club, '22, '23, '24, '25; Girls' Athletic Club, '23, '24, '25; Tennis, '22, '23; Treasurer Racquet Club, '24; Interclass Tennis, '25; Tennis Team, '24; Football Bazaar, '24; President Racquet Club, '25; Tennis Manager, '25

State College of Washington

STONER, HELENE MARION

"HELENEY"

"Good gray"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Papyrus Club; Football Bazaar, '23; Swimming Team, '24

University of Washington



STREYFELLER, HELEN AMY

"SPIKE"
 "Oh, Heavens!"
 Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation;
 Glee Club, '22, '23, '24; Football Bazaar,
 '23; Cantata, "The Rose Maiden,"
 '24
 State College of Washington

TAYLOR, OLIVE

Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities:
 Girls' Federation

TORMEY, MARJORIE GRETCHEN

"FRITZ"
 "Just killing"
 Course: Home Economics
 School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation;
 Hospital Committee Girls' Athletic
 Union, '23; Football Bazaar, '24, '25; So-
 cial Service Committee Girls' Athletic
 Union, '24
 State Normal School, Cheney

TORMEY, PAUL WILLIAM

"Thank you!"
 Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities: H. M. H. Club;
 Papyrus Club; Thespian Club; Lewis and
 Clark Senate; Boys' Union; Swimming, '22,
 '23; Cross Country, '23; Secretary Papyrus
 Club, '23; Football Bazaar, '23; Glee Club,
 '23, '24, '25; Football, '24; First Prize
 Lewis and Clark Essay Contest, '24; Cour-
 tesy Committee Boys' Union, '24, '25; In-
 terclass Debate, '25; Cantata, "The Rose
 Maiden," '25; Editor-in-Chief, Tiger; Class
 Play
 United States Military Academy, West Point

VERMEERS, RAYMOND LEROY

"RAY"
 Course: General
 School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union;
 Letter "S" Club; Football Manager, '24
 Undecided

WALMER, BERNICE IRENE

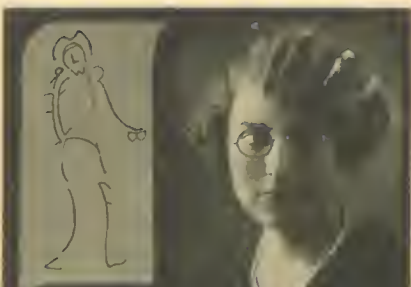
"BE"

"I don't know"

Course: Home Economics

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Basketball, '25; Track, '25

State College of Washington



WEAVER, JOHN MEYERS

Course: Scientific

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Science Club; Football, '22, '24, '25; Track, '25

Massachusetts Institute of Technology



WESTBURY, MILDRED THERESA

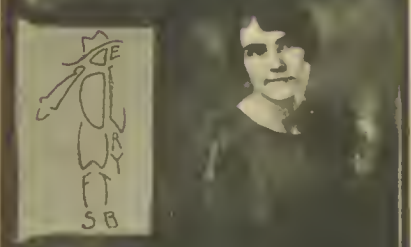
"BILLIE"

"Good Graces"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation

State College of Washington



WHITAKER, VIRGIL KEEBLE, JR.

The Lewis and Clark Crest

"VIGIL"

"Stabat Mater"

Course: Classical

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Classical Club; Papyrus Club; Lewis and Clark Senate; Valedictorian; School Debate Team, '22, '23, '24, '25; First Prize Extemporaneous Speaking Contest, '25; President Classical Club, '25; Secretary Senate, '24; President Senate, '25; Secretary Papyrus, '24; President Papyrus, '25; Class Historian; Class Play

Leland Stanford University



WHITE, WAYNE EVERETT

Course: Manual Arts

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Baseball, '23; Cross Country, '23, '24; Football, '25; Basketball, '25

University of Idaho





WILKINSON, DORSEY

"DO-DO"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Freshman Football, '22; Basketball, '22, '23, '25; Orchestra, '22, '23, '24, '25; Band, '22, '23, '24, '25

University of Idaho

WING HALSTIN

"HAL"

"I wanta be excused"

Course: Scientific

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Rifle Team, '21, '22, '23; Student Governing Board, '24, '25

Undecided

WILSON, DOROTHY

"SNUB"

"Hotsie Totsie!"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Girls' Federation; Basketball, '23; Football Bazaar, '23, '24; Mothers' Tea, '23, '24, '25; Band, '24, '25, '26; Concert Mistress, '25, '26; Class Play; Organ Committee

State College of Washington

WILSON, JOHN ALEXANDER

"GIFTY"

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; University of Minnesota

WILLMAN, ENOCH

Entered Fall, '25

Course: General

School Clubs and Activities: Boys' Union; Orchestra, '25

Fantasies

Moonlight on marble,

A smile under tears,

A softly tolling bell,

The fragment of a half-forgotten melody,

A spot of color on a clouded day,

A shelter in a storm,

The limpid dripping of a needed rain,

The hearty handclasp of a friend,

The clinging fragrance of a rare perfume,

Pale petals falling,

A snow-capped mountain breaking thru the mists,

A tiny candle shining through the night:

These, our memories,

Seem slender harvest for our years of toil,

Yet blending them, one finds a harmony

That moulds a mere existence into life.

—*Isabel Harris.*

History of the Class of January, 1926



IN JANUARY, 1922, there entered into the Lewis and Clark High School as motley a horde of freshmen as ever astounded that dignified institution. If made bashful by our ignorance, we did not show the fact, we, nevertheless, had magnificent possibilities.

The first words that met our ears were invariably the rather mysterious pair, "organ fund." We soon learned, however, that the dominant motive of all school life was the raising of the twenty-two thousand dollars necessary to install a pipe organ, and we, too, fell heartily into line. To such good purpose, indeed, were our efforts displayed that the installation of the much desired instrument was first considered in that spring. However, it did not actually arrive for several years.

The next fall we were even more fully initiated into school life by the annual Thanksgiving football season. At the pep convocation we made the acquaintance of those excellent prophets, Messers Lein and Gamble, who, as usual, were unfortunately wrong in their predictions. We consoled ourselves, however, for the loss of the game in time to enjoy thoroughly the next spring.

The spring of 1923 was marked by the formation of one of the most illustrious societies of which the school can boast, The Lewis and Clark Crest. From time to time different ones from our number have been admitted until now many of the more prominent members of the class are also among those worthy of the Crest. Priscilla Baker, Helen Brown, Gortona Burlingame, Marguerite Cross, Alice Erickson, Helen Green, Ellen Gandy, Marian Guilbert, Helen Lafferty, Ted Logan, Russell Randall, Leota Snelling, and Virgil Whitaker have been admitted, comprising together more than half the total membership of the Crest. They have been thus rewarded either for activity in school affairs or for scholastic excellence, for, although our class has not, perhaps, furnished as many athletes as others, it has attained a scholastic excellence that few other classes have equalled.

That spring the Lewis and Clark was also victorious in the annual baseball series with North Central. In the team were several who were then members of our class, but who have either moved to new spheres of activity or fallen less auspiciously by the wayside.

In the fall of this year the Lewis and Clark High School won its greatest athletic glory when its team, by defeating that of Walla Walla High School, won the right to play at Toledo for the national championship. Despite such a glorious beginning to the season, the annual game with North Central ended with a score tie.

Finally in the spring of 1924 the long-sought for, and incidentally the long-promised, organ arrived. Pupils could be seen moving through the halls on tiptoe and with bated breath in direct violation of all their usual noisy customs whenever the tuner saw fit to adjust a pipe: when finally, under Mr. Mather's able hand, the instrument sang out, they felt as though the highest goal of their ambition had been reached.

Lewis and Clark would, however, be lost without a project of some kind. Accordingly the very next fall, perhaps because the necessity had been impressed upon him by the loss of the football championship, or perhaps because he felt that something had departed along with the days of the "organ fund," Mr. Hart announced that Lewis and Clark might have a vast fifty-two acre play field up in Manito, if she would but work for it. The school responded with enthusiasm to the new movement, teachers no less than pupils.

The new fund was started with vigor when the Faculty displayed all their talent (and great, indeed, it is) and lost all their dignity in the "Faculty Follies of February, 1925." The performance was a great success, and even the most cynical pupils were constrained to remark that they could not have done half as well.

That spring the debate team covered itself with glory, as indeed it had done the year before, by again winning for Lewis and Clark the championship of the Eastern Washington Debate League.

Then finally, and as the culmination of our career, came the fall semester of 1925, when with the experienced guidance of Mr. Fry, we prepared to leave Lewis and Clark, Russell Randall was chosen president; Ellen Gandy, vice-president; Norman Ericson, secretary; George Reeves, treasurer; and Marion Guilbert fifth executive. Virgil Whitaker was valedictorian and Amelia Dimeling salutatorian. Paul Tormey was chosen editor-in-chief of the Tiger, and Lester Kirkpatrick, business manager.

“The Elopement of Ellen” was selected by Miss Reely for the Class Play. Having chosen Dr. Harper to preach the baccalaureate sermon, the members of the Class of January, 1926, prepared to sally forth to meet the world, let us hope, successfully.

—*Virgil Whitaker.*



Will of the Class of January '26



HAVING played our allotted time, and having studiously, industriously, seriously, and consistently avoided in-oculation with the germs of knowledge and truth which are assumed to be prevalent throughout the various departments of this great institution for intellectual, social, and moral improvement, we of the Class of January, 1926, being desirous that our exemplary conduct and studious inclinations may be perpetuated as an inspiration to future generations who may be privileged to "pass" this way, do hereby will and bequeath the following items, to-wit:

Item 1—To the Faculty, we leave our sincere desire that the changed atmosphere following our departure will prove soothing and healing, and that they may speedily and completely recover from the effects of our sojourn in their midst.

Item 2—To the Senior B's, we leave our most honorable class director, Mr. "Tickets" Fry. We did our best to wear him out, but he wears so well that he will still be going strong when he gets through with you. "Buy a football ticket! Now Class!"

Item 3—To the Juniors, we leave all the rich and rare perfumes emanating from the chemistry "lab," and we charge them with the serious duty of carefully guarding Mr. Endslow against over-indulgence in cigarettes or other youthful dissipations which might in any way stunt his growth.

Item 4—To the Sophomores, we would leave the painful reminder that they still have a long way to go, and from our humble position, we offer them the information that all real progress is made by very slow and laborious effort.

Item 5—To the "Freshies," we leave the following advice:

1. "Love thy teachers."
2. Do not further decorate the desks of the school. Enough "artistic ability" has already been wasted on them.
3. Do not make any definite plans for four years hence. Time, Tide and Teachers can change many plans over which even "freshies" have no control.

Having enjoyed the advantages, opportunities, and liberties which are the Special Concessions to Seniors, we have been making rapid progress toward the "Hall of Fame;" but as we are about to mount our respective pedestals, we find there are some things of potential value which we cannot take with us, and would dispose of them as follows:

- Item 1*—Virgil Whitaker leaves one worn out copy of "Inter-linear Translations of the Aeneid" to Esther Cuschner. We sincerely hope that Esther "gets by" with it as well as Virgil did.
- Item 2*—Helen Lafferty leaves her excellence in editorial work to Catherine Baker.
- Item 3*—Alice Rowan leaves her excellent grades and perfect scholastic record to Catherine Turnbull. Perhaps Catherine will be valedictorian of the next class?
- Item 4*—Marguerite Cross and Priscilla Baker leave their splendid loyalty and eager spirit of work and helpfulness to every member of the Girls' Federation.
- Item 5*—Helen Cunningham leaves a few musical instruments to be played by someone else. Helen tried to play them all, and we glory in her ability and "spunk," but the noblest ambition must recognize some limit.
- Item 6*—The Tormeys, Marjorie and Paul, leave their sister, Miss Gertrude Tormey, to the undergraduates. Although she has a "boyish bob," don't accost her as a fellow student, because even "boyish bobs" can have dignity.
- Item 7*—Bill Cadigan leaves his love of Chemistry and his excellence in it to any unfortunate person who is compelled to enjoy its fragrancy and delights.
- Item 8*—George King Elliott Forde leaves his "skipping ways" to someone who does not strive for the next class play cast. It is not convenient for an actor to be also a "skipper."
- Item 9*—Helen Amos and Helen Green leave their chummy companionship to Virginia and Eleanor Brown. "Sisterly love," of course, is always very "chummy."
- Item 10*—Lester Kirkpatrick leaves his "Eat and Grow Thin" book to Jack Finnegan and Ford Smith.
- Item 11*—Helen Woodward and Margaret Leland leave their musical ability to Ray "Mike" Collard and Hall

Peterson. Mike and Hall are both so energetic and eager for work that they are sure to make an "impression" on Mr. Stout.

Item 12—Catherine Caster and Bob Lund leave their new book, "Team Work," to Margie Larson and "Mike" Collard. Wrong number? No, indeed not!

Item 13—Pearl Ellen Smith leaves her former name of Riggins to any one who desires a perfectly good, scarcely used "maiden name."

Item 14—Dorothy Wilson leaves Doris Anderson her happy faculty of having a "string of five or six at a time." However, we are not saying that Doris needs this aid. She seems to have done very well, thus far.

Item 15—Ellen Margaret Gandy leaves her "golden tresses" to Eloise Caster. Maybe she thinks that Eloise needs them.

Item 16—All members of the class not previously specified do hereby will and bequeath all their known evasions, alibis, vices, and superfluities, without the least reservation, to Henry M. Hart with the earnest request that he keep them in trust, sacred and inviolate, for all time and from all future generations that may struggle over the road we have just "passed."

Finally, we desire to prove that we are yet capable of a moment's serious intention by taking this inadequate means of expressing to Principal Hart and to the members of the Faculty our deepest gratitude for the unlimited patience, untiring effort, and never failing good will which has been the dominant note in all their relations with our class during our entire stay at the school we have all learned to love, dear old Lewis and Clark.

(Signed) *Catherine Caster.*

Down the Coast in '45

June 15. Wenatchee, Wash. Today being the first day of our long anticipated vacation, we two old maids popped into our Henry duette, one of the latest models of the inexpensive car designed and sold by Austin Henry, of football fame. Our equipment consists of a Freiberg can opener, manufactured by Jerome Freiberg, and a half dozen Olson matches—a new kind of automatic match invented by Gus Olson. The can opener is to be used in cutting our way out of the Henry in case it turns turtle and pins us underneath, and the matches are to light the flames for the destruction of what remains of the Henry after we extricate ourselves. Our personnel consists of Helen Cunningham, Deer Park band leader, and Marguerite Cross, a taxi driver of Reardan. Since the writer of these chronicles is Marguerite, she will hereafter be mentioned in the first person.

We left Spokane at six o'clock and stopped for breakfast at the Medical Lake Junction "Tea-Inn," conducted by Helen Green and Helen Amos. We had fried chicken a la Tormey (Marjorie being their chef); they buy their famous milk-fed capons from their neighbors, John Weaver and Karl Malmgren, who are making their fortunes raising bantam chickens. After breakfast we started the duette toward Wenatchee. In Davenport we recognized a woman hurrying down the street. We stopped and shouted, "Oh, Ella!" and Ella Adams came to the car. She is now chief librarian in Lincoln County's flourishing metropolis. Ella pointed out various improvements made in the last twenty years and said that many of the old class have contributed to that improvement. Robert Long and Ted Logan are the owners of the Lincoln County Journal. Ella says she suspects Bob of plagiarism because many of his editorials sound like lectures Mr. Teakle used to give. Frank Masterson has a very up-to-date ice cream parlor. The girls all say they "never go to Mittens' since Frank has come to town." One of the greatest show places is the wonderful Ericson, White, and Ericson flour mill, owned and operated by Norman and Byron Ericson and Wayne White.

Much as we hated to leave we found that time was flying so we hastened on our way. At Vantage Ferry we were delayed about forty minutes because the ferry was on the west side and the ferryman was asleep. We frantically pounded our patented Knostman claxon and finally wakened the man.

In a leisurely fashion he prepared to take us across the river. Something about his movements was vaguely reminiscent of the past to us, but, nevertheless, we were utterly amazed to find that the ferry was the "Nancy Priscilla," controlled by Clinton Howard. He told us that Priscilla was now in San Francisco, presiding at a seven-day convention of the National Lucy Stone League, and that she would be home a week from tomorrow. "The secretary," he added, "is Catherine Caster Lund, who is the wife of the new president of the University of Washington."

We reached Wenatchee about four o'clock and decided to stay there over night, as there are several people there whom we want to see. Angelina Agostino teaches Virgil in the high school here, and Bernice Walmer is head of the home economics department. The queen of the apple blossom festival this spring was Christine Peterson, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hall Peterson. We used to know Mrs. Peterson as Helen Lafferty.

Our hotel is the Lindsey, operated by our old Latin shark, Elbert. He grew tired of Latin and now confines himself to keeping up with the latest slang. He told us that there was a Classical Conference here last week and that Miss Dean conducted it with her so well remembered efficiency.

June 16, Seattle, Wash. Helen and Angelina had breakfast with us at the Lindsey in Wenatchee, and we discussed the old class and the faculty. It seems that some of the faculty are still at Lewis and Clark but many have gone. Miss Sturrow has been in Peru for the last two or three years where she gives philosophical lectures in the Inca towns. Miss Stubblefield finally caught her Marcel a few years ago. They are now living happily in Paris where "Mlle. Trapue," as the students still call her, is well liked by the young people in the Latin quarter.

We left Wenatchee at ten this morning and reached Seattle about five p. m. At the Olympic Hotel we found Harold Moore was chief clerk and Irma Stawe "kitchen mistress." She sent us individual peach pies with L. C.'s made of licorice on top of them. After dinner we went out to the University to see the Registrar, Esther Stilson, and the President, Robert Lund, who has been there ever since he left our class 'way back in '25. He expressed his regret that Catherine was at the Lucy Stone Convention and assured us that she would be home next Friday. We were very sorry we missed

Catherine but we hoped to be in San Francisco ourselves next Friday. Bob told us about several members of our class who have entered professions. Isabel Harris is the "idol of the stage;" her latest success was "Footlights" by Dorothy Shields and Vernon Butler. Bruce Shirley is head chemist at Mayos' and John Wilson is his assistant. Ardis Kennedy is a judge on the Supreme Court, and Mrs. Waters is her secretary. Helen Woodward is the leading dentist of Little Rock and Leotti Snelling is in the same office as an x-ray expert. Dorothy Nehrhood is a professional cartoonist, drawing "The Campers," featuring Frye, Fisher, and Bacon.

June 17, Portland, Ore. We passed through Olympia today and spent so much time there that we decided not to try to go farther than Portland. We visited the new capitol building that was designed by Frank Richardson and Harold Dean, who are considered two of America's best architects. Eldenburg and Karlsten were the builders and they did it with their usual thoroughness. As we passed through the building, we saw several people whom we used to know at Lewis and Clark. The governor, Veva Gallop, was elected only after a bitter struggle in which she was supported by the A. A. U. W. because, they said, they had known her and realized her ability ever since she spoke at their luncheon in Spokane during Educational Week twenty years ago when we were Senior A's. Going through the door to the governor's office, we collided with a fast moving body which turned out to be Gortona Burlingame, Veva's secretary. She apologized profusely but even as she apologized she continued to run down the corridor to the mimeographing room to get the Governor's bulletins that are issued every day to every office at the State House. We found the governor as friendly as of yore and very interested in politics. In the 1948 election she predicts that Ellen Margaret Gandy will defeat Russell Randall for the presidency through the efforts of her more than efficient campaign manager, Elliott Forde. Elliott has been a political "boss" in Brooklyn for a good many years. He made Amelia Dimeling, the 1930 tennis champion, mayor of New York City on an open ticket, and through his influence Aleda Brinkerhoff was put in charge of the largest orphanage in Guam. Erna Flaig is up for Vice-President on Russell's ticket and George Reeves is Ellen Margaret's running-mate. The governor is in great sympathy with the thrift campaign that Ruth Burns, the present Secretary of the Treasury, is

staging. Every lamp post has a picture of President H. C. G. Fry holding up an accusing finger and saying, "YOU, YOU should save \$1 today. Do without candy, gum, and movies this week and deposit the money in a savings bank. Business men, why look glum? Save now, and buy up Wall Street tomorrow." All the street cars have permanent signs of blue with white letters, "Bank day tomorrow." Governor Gallop also thinks that the Treasury Department should check up more carefully the income tax returns of some of our leading citizens. She says that she is positive that some of the people connected with the "Tobacco Trust" are putting something over on the authorities.

We chatted so long that we exceeded the speed limit on the way to Portland and were arrested. The motorcycle officer was Stephen Jayne, and I do believe he had the same old motorcycle he used to lead to school back in '25. He told us to report to the judge of Centralia. We were greatly relieved to find the judge our old friend, Marion Guilbert of Journal fame. She didn't fine us, but she did make us promise to contribute something toward the Aeroplane Fund. Lewis and Clark is now paying for a fleet of aeroplanes which carry the teams to out-of-town contests.

So, after a long day we reached Portland where we sought a quiet room at the Multnomah.

June 20, San Francisco, Calif. Nothing has happened but distance and three punctures during the last three days. When the third tire blew out yesterday, Helen's language was shocking, even for a band conductor. However, she's such a good mechanic I didn't even lift my eyebrows. Her mechanical genius comes from tinkering with saxophones, I suppose, though saxophones aren't half as difficult as Henrys. No matter what one does to a saxophone, it's out of tune, but a Henry, righty treated, *will* go. This afternoon at Sacramento I dropped into a drug store for a magazine. Molly Morris, the proprietress, was one of those efficient mortals who can concoct a fountain delicacy, make up a prescription, carry on two conversations, and at the same time watch childish customers to see that they are not tempted to become childish thieves in the candy department. I bought a Movie Magazine which I carelessly scanned as we rode along. We recognized several "Film Favorites" as old Lewis and Clarkians. Fred Hunter is the "Red Grange" of the screen and is in great demand each fall for football news reels (which, the magazine

confesses, are made "on the lot"). Audra McMahan is a cruel vamp at the Baxter-Christson studio where Mary and Davida produce comedies of the "Elopement of Ellen" variety. Leah Stiefel, reputed to be the highest salaried director in America, was interviewed for the magazine by Viola Lerch. Leah attributes her success to the practice she had leading yells at Lewis and Clark.

At Roseburg we stopped for two gallons of Wing-oline. Our Henry will make two hundred miles on a gallon of Halstin's new motor fluid which is a little more than three times expensive as the gasoline we used to use for the Motor Corps at Lewis and Clark. The Wing Oil Company's stations are painted orange and black, and the attendant, Mildred Westbury wore a uniform very much like the old band outfits at school.

We drove through the college grounds at Eugene and the assistant janitor took us through a few buildings. He was a kindly, harmless old soul, but he was inclined to debate everything. Consequently, it wasn't long before we recognized our old acquaintance, Virgil, who coaches the freshman debate team during his spare time. It is a standing joke on the campus that the "Freshies" always defeat the other classes coached by that mistress of argument, Hazel Moore. Hazel always says she received her first training in debating when she argued with Mr. Fry about her Commercial Correspondence grades when she was a Senior A.

Virgil reminded us that his old flame, Beatrice Chassy, is working in San Francisco as a mannikin in Geraldine Hayne's Sport Shop, where only Rumberg and Schafer gowns are sold. We promised to call on Bea. Consequently, the first thing we did after getting a room here at the St. Francis was to look for her name in the telephone book. We were unable to find it, but we did find the number of "Francis Coates, milliner," so we called her. She said Bea was married over a year ago to Lawrence Bolks, a chemist of no mean reputation. (That is, he does not poison his friends.) Poor Virgil, it will be a sad blow to him to find he has lost Bea.

June 21, San Francisco, Calif. Frankie also told us yesterday that a number of our old classmates are living here in San Francisco. Catherine Ripley is a leading light in society as the wife of Major-General Paul Tormey, commanding officer at the presidio. Ellen Nelson is Superintendent of

Schools here and Eugenia Bulis is chief dietitian at Dr. Robert's Hospital. Mary Jane has many old friends on her staff. Ethyl Littell has justified her ancient nickname, "Alcohol," for she is in charge of the alcoholic ward. Marion Colwell is superintendent of nurses, and Mabel Bishop handles all the office work. That seems almost too much for one person, but when we remember that Mabel won a medal for typing before she entered high school we can understand the situation. Loren Lombard, Adeline Bark, and Helen Streyfeller are internes, and Charles Halpern and Frank Blackwell are staff surgeons.

June 22, San Francisco, Calif. As I walked through the lobby this morning I saw two familiar faces in the public stenographers' office. Alma Dorsey and Alice Erickson had a charming little corner where they serve tea to their customers. Needless to say, they are "swamped" with work. Alice invited us to dinner at her apartment in "The Revling" when the tenants revel in the beautiful building Alice Revling has built with the money she won for her prize suggestion on "How to avoid war." Helen Brown, head of the history department at The Hart High School and Alice's "room-mate" in their five-room apartment, was surprised, but, to all appearances, glad to see us.

After dinner we went to the magnificent new theater designed by Rose Heitz and owned and operated by Bryce Roark. It is a wonderful theater and has a thirty-piece orchestra in addition to a \$75,000 Vermeers organ. Helen Kane is the organist while Dorsey Wilkinson is the director of the orchestra. Mrs. Wilkinson (Dorothy Wilson) is the violin and saxophone artist. The film was "Utopia" from a recent novel of that title by Jean McLean. Robert Showacre was the director and Warde Smith handled the cameras; Marion Higgins was art editor. William Cadigan and Alice Rowan had the leads and were well supported by Fern Virginia Hoag, Loverta Houghton (whom we knew as Arlyen), Arthur Robison, and Lester Kirkpatrick.

Tomorrow we go to Los Angeles.

June 23, Los Angeles, Calif. We were hot and tired when we reached the Biltmore, so we deposited our grips and then drove out to the sea at Long Beach. The water was wonderful, so tempting, in fact, that one young woman ventured out too far and the life guard had to go after her. When they came in we found that we knew both of them.

He was Estel Raymond and she was Alice Clifford. Alice rode back to the city with us and told us about Tia Juana, a Mexican village near San Diego. We are going to San Diego tomorrow and the next day we shall investigate this 'dobe village with the muddy reputation.

June 25, San Diego, Calif. We went and, which is more remarkable, we returned. When we were in Tia Juana, all the Mexicans thought all the Americans ought to be shot at sunrise, and all on account of one small bug! It seems that a short time before our arrival an absent-minded American professor of bugology, Dr. Ralph Paquin, saw an unusual specimen on the sombrero of a very intoxicated Mexican who held a bottle of mescal in each hand; every time the professor tried to seize the bug, the Mexican moved his head, thereby moving the bug. Finally, old Ralph gave one vicious lunge after that bug. Unfortunately, the inebriated one turned around at that precise moment and received a violent blow on the nose. He howled; his countrymen grew very angry and talked of putting Dr. Paquin in the arena with the lion, but Elvira Blyton and Gladys Lemley, curio dealers and the only well-to-do citizens of the town, interceded in his behalf. So they've locked him up for a week instead. Being in a Mexican jail is just the opposite to being in a Mexican arena. In the arena you are fed to the lion; in the jail the lion, having been gored by a bull, is fed to you.

One of the things all tourists in Tia Juana feel that they must visit is the lottery conducted by Enoch Willman. It is said that Bertha Hewitt and Ethel May Johnson have won fortunes there, and also that Helen Ruth Nelson, a second Norma Talmadge, lost all the money she won from Paul in her breach of promise suit.

Sept. 1, San Diego, Calif. Since I last wrote in my diary, we have found many old friends and made some new ones. Helene Stoner and Inez Rider operate a most expensive "Salon de Beaute;" Wanda Grabill opened a business college. Helen Pringle is the executive of the Camp Fire Girls' organization here. Jack Salisbury, who has charge of the Pacific Fleet, sails into the harbor frequently. Edith Nice, Gladys Mulvaney, and Madie Ruth Rader are operators at the Naval wireless station. Elsie Bennett and Jennie Miller own a fleet of eighteen aeroplanes with which they control most of the San Diego-Honolulu air service.

We are still in San Diego and we shall be here for many

months to come. Helen has organized a municipal band and has accepted the position as head of the music department at Smith Academy, a finishing school conducted by Pearl Riggins Smith and her husband.

Margaret Leland called us a few minutes ago and invited us to go out to see her new orange grove, but before we go I shall seal my diary, the diary that helped me remember the old friends we saw this summer.

—*Marguerite Cross.*



Pan

People say that fairies, gnomes, and elves
Are creatures of imagination which we ourselves
May never see, and yet I know

Pan, at least, is so.

Can you not hear that piping reed
Which to the land of "Never-was" does lead?

For if I wish a certain way,
Pan, the elf-god, comes to play.

He is neither young nor old;
And the bronze flecks turn to gold

In his eyes all greeny brown
When he laughs. The wily clown!

Whistling wandering little airs
Of that world beyond our cares,
He shows me fascinating things
At which my troubles all take wings.

Once as twinkling lights began to loom,
There leaped before us from the gloom

A tiny wizened elf—affright.
"A Brownie man!" I cried in great delight.

Then chuckling soft and low,
Pan whirled on through the falling snow.
Strange it seems that who to me is Pan
May be to others but a man.

—*Helen Brown.*



Dramatics



Class Play Cast
"Of visage fair and seemly."

The Class Play, December 18, 1925



WHEN two people, whose daily existence is closely connected, have the same initials, the result is oft-times bewildering. It is especially so when one writes a love note and only signs the letters of his name. So it was in "The Elopement of Ellen," the three-act Senior Class Play. The initials of the Reverend John Hume and Miss Haverhill played no small part in bringing a great deal of confusion and misunderstanding.

Molly Ford, a bride of only a few months, found herself maidless at a very inopportune time. A Miss Dorothy March, to whom Molly had boasted of her "peerless Ellen," decided to visit Molly just after Ellen had eloped with the chauffeur. June Haverhill answered Molly's advertisement for a maid, in order to acquire some knowledge for her economics course at Wellesley. "Rob," Molly's brother, had known June previously, and it was only his persuasive manner which induced her to remain after she discovered in whose home she was.

The Reverend John Hume, who supplied a large part of the humor in the play, was devotedly (and hopelessly) in love with Dorothy. Another guest at Molly and Richard Ford's home was Max Ten Eyck. His aunt had left \$25,000 to Dorothy and Max on the condition that they marry each other; consequently, both of them thought it quite necessary to marry so the other would not lose the money. It was not until after they quarreled that they realized how much in love they really were. Max, however, thought it was too late: for at one time he had informed June Haverhill that whenever she wanted him, he would be waiting. He believed that she was masquerading as a maid at Molly's merely to be near him and claim his love. His fears were strengthened when he found a note signed J. H., in which the writer expressed an ardent love "burst into flame" and concluded with, "I am wholly thine." The note had really been written to Dorothy March by the love-stricken rector. The tangle was finally unraveled, and all ended well, except for the rejected lover, the Reverend John Hume.

Isabelle Harris and Dorothy Wilson played the part of Molly Ford very effectively in the afternoon and evening casts respectively. Each made an attractive little housewife. Frank Masterson, who was Richard Ford in both casts, assumed a rather fatherly attitude towards Molly in her troubles

over keeping a maid. He acted with a great deal of ease and confidence.

Alice Rowan took the afternoon performance of Dorothy March. Her presentation was very spontaneous. She was especially good in the parts where she was impertinent to Max. When she found it difficult to remove her ring, she screwed her features into a very comical "face." Catherine Caster played the same part in the evening. The character was well adapted to her ability. She was better in the less saucy parts.

Robert Shepard was played by Paul Tormey in the afternoon cast and by Lawrence Bolks in the evening. Paul was a more sedate "Bob" than Lawrence, but both presented the character very skillfully.

June Haverhill was played by Ellen Margaret Gandy in the afternoon and Priscilla Baker in the evening. Ellen played the part with real histrionic ability. She made a striking "June." Priscilla was a flirtatious and energetic girl to "Bob" and a model maid for Molly. She played her part very well, too.

Max Tenyck was presented by Elliot Forde in the afternoon and Ralph Paquin in the evening. Both gave very effective performances. Elliot was especially good when he and Dorothy quarreled.

The funniest character of all was John Hume, played by George Reeves in the afternoon and by Virgil Whitaker in the evening. George looked very comical with his glasses and adoring glances at Dorothy. Virgil was a riot. He lived the part. Whenever he appeared, roars of laughter resulted. He acted the part almost like a professional.

The play was very effective and tremendously amusing. No little credit is due to Miss Ann Reely, under whose direction the casts learned to act so well. Ted Logan, business and property manager of the play, deserves praise for the way in which he conducted the business end of it. Mr. Stout contributed to the success of the performances by the music he furnished. The orchestra played the following selections:

- 1—Overture, "Rosamonde" - - - - Schubert
- 2—Blue Danube Waltzes - - - - J. Strauss
- 3—"March of Homage" from Sigurd Jorsalfar - Grieg



"And I should laugh, and I should laugh."



*"The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sound
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,"*

The Lewis and Clark Orchestra

The Lewis and Clark Orchestra, which has so successfully contributed to the performances and entertainments of the school, is now composed of about fifty-five members. Eleven years ago in the fall of 1915, the school could boast only seven or eight musicians. Since that time the growth and improvement of the orchestra has been stupendous.



MR. STOUT

Mr. George A. Stout, the faculty director, came to the school in 1915 to take charge of the small band of musicians. In the same year the Lewis and Clark Orchestra made its first appearance at a class play. With the assistance of several alumni it contained twelve or fifteen members. Since then, under the splendid

direction of Mr. Stout, it has had a gradual but marked development. Probably one of the chief reasons for this was the introduction of the ensemble, in which students acquire enough excellence to join the more experienced musicians.

During the time since the orchestra came into existence, it has played most of the standard overtures, a few symphonies, and has accompanied the cantatas the school has presented. Accompaniments to violin and piano concertos have also been played. Not only has the orchestra performed; it has played so well that outside organizations have invited it to entertain them. During the war the musicians performed at the Armory. The Rotary Club, the Lions' Club, the Advertising Club, and the Chamber of Commerce have each recognized the excellence of the music they offer. The orchestra has played at each place.

Now the orchestra has reached the pinnacle of its achievements. There is no other activity in the high school which affords Lewis and Clark more reason to be proud.

Milton

To him, who though the light of day had fled
Sang on, and singing glorified our race,
And who transcending blindness could replace
With boundless realms of light the world now dead,
And people them with mystic natures led
From out his greater vision face to face
That we whose sight was earthbound might embrace
A vaster, nobler, broader view instead,
Be glory given. Not merely as a seer
He served mankind. A lighthouse on some shore,
Whose lamp has been extinguished, yet whose bell
Sounds on to warn the fog-bound ship to steer
Past hidden shoal, his words will ever soar
To free mankind, to break the tyrants' spell.

—*Virgil Whitaker.*



Literary

A Bit of the Old West



THE declining sun had just reached the topmost crag of Siwash Peak as "Windfall" Jake, the trapper, stepped into the river trail that marked the last mile of his homeward journey. Jake the trapper gave way to Jake the dreamer as he cast an appreciative eye over the beautiful valley through which the path led.

On all sides rose the sharp pinnacles of the lofty Cabinet Mountains; the dark green-clad slopes disappeared into the bleak stony peaks; and the peaks in turn disappeared into the clouds, dyed by the light of the receding sun. Below him the swift-flowing North Fork raced among the white granite boulders which, though formerly a part of the bordering cliffs, now choked the narrow river gorge. The native cedars that lined both banks in the low bottom lands, made a natural carpet upon which Jake traveled with a noiseless tread.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a sharp crack in deep brush which denoted the presence of life. "Windfall" Jake was now a hunter as he stealthily approached the cove from whence the sound issued. Jake saw that he was near his quarry, for at his side was a perpendicular cliff that extended into the river. It was slowly toward the apex of the triangle that Jake crept.

Just as Jake came into a clearing a large doe bounded from cover. "Windfall" was too much of a sportsman to kill a doe, but she could not wait to learn this. Jake smiled, for he saw that the deer was cornered and he expected some fun, so he stood his ground. On one side of the deer was "Windfall" Jake, on the other the cliff; there was but one choice, the roaring river and she took that. With two great bounds she cleared the obstructions between her and the river and sank from view in the swirling waters.

This was a turn of affairs that Jake had not bargained for; and as he did not think it possible for an animal to cross the boulder strewn river, he was sorry that he had so frightened the deer; but it was too late to be sorry, so he rushed to the edge of the water to see the finish of the doe's fight for freedom. The doe was not without courage, for she bravely faced the flood and struck out for the other shore. Slowly but surely she forged ahead of the current, then started at an angle for the opposite side

Jake marveled that such slender legs could propel the large body with such rapidity. But the terrible rocks were but a short distance downstream. It was an even claim between the rocks and the shore for the doe. With everything submerged but the head, the deer steadily fought the swift current, and from the glances that she sent towards the rocks, she evidently realized her danger. But life was sweet, so she determinedly put all her strength into her strokes.

Fascinated, Jake stood watching the doe's battle for life, wishing that he could in some way give her assistance. A shallow bar in the center of the river gave her a short respite, but she quickly struck out once more. Once it seemed to Jake that she had given up and his heart sank, but she regained her spirit and with a few determined strokes she passed the crucial point and entered the quiet waters of the other side.

The doe climbed to the shore, and with a derisive toss of her tail she disappeared into the gloom. "Windfall" Jake was again a trapper as he swiftly regained the trail and with a light heart, continued his journey in the semi-darkness.

—*Robert Long.*

On Family Pets



OUR family has always specialized in pets. When we were children, we had a menagerie which consisted of every known specie of domestic animal and ranged all the way from ponies to frogs. Mother and father did not care how many pets we had just so we treated them well.

The only way we ever mistreated them was by converting them into our respective children and dressing them up in doll clothes. One time we attempted dressing up one of mother's old ganders. This was an entirely new experience to him, and apparently he did not like it, for he fought and announced his discomfort in particularly distressing cries.

June's painstaking explanation to him that he would waken the rest of the babies did not interest him in the least. He got away from us and spent the rest of the afternoon sputtering to himself, and soothing his outraged dignity. Ever after that he held a grudge against us. Every time he saw one of us coming he would run out his neck, flap his wings, and start after us. Many a time he chased us up a fence, where we had to sit until someone rescued us. Mother always said it served us right, but I think he took the offense a little too seriously.

Dale even went so far as to tame a family of frogs. She maintained that they were a very intellectual family, because when she poked a stick at them, they would seize it with their mouths and hang on until she pulled them out of the water. She amused herself for hours playing with her frogs, and I think they enjoyed it fully as much as she did. She thought so much of them, in fact, that June accused her of liking them better than she did us.

The family revolted, however, when she went to the extreme of appropriating Stoner for their last name. She was enraged when father assured her that the family name would be disgraced. She protested that no sacrilege was intended, and anyway her frogs were as worthy of the name Stoner as the pig that Merle had named Dale, was of its name. Finally, to our relief, a compromise was effected. Dale agreed to call her family plain frog, and Merle was to call the pig Anne.

But the frog family was scheduled to make still more trouble. Merle had adopted a family of ducks. Now ducks

have a peculiar affinity for frogs, especially plump ones. Everyone agreed that Dale's were fat. Strangely enough when Merle's ducks visited the spring, there were always one or two frogs missing. It was a complete mystery to Dale until one day she saw the back legs of one disappearing down a duck's mouth. She was furious!

Merle refused to confine the ducks, and Dale refused to sacrifice any more frogs. Merle thought the frogs were getting too numerous anyhow, and said she did not think the frogs had much intelligence if they did not have sense enough to hide when they saw the ducks coming.

Affairs were getting rather strained between the two when mother interfered. She decided in favor of Dale. Merle either had to do away with the ducks or build a pen for them.

There were other times, also, when our pets displayed an alarming tendency to do away with each other. However, only two or three tragedies of this nature occurred. I think we tried every kind of pet at least once. We children loved anything that was alive. Of course, we did not care much about bugs, worms, or snakes, but no one can expect girls to like those. Any of the neighbors who had any extra cats or dogs always gave them to the Stoner children. Mother declared that every time I visited any of the neighbors I came home with a cat or dog under my arm.

One time I was the proud possessor of eighteen cats. There were red cats, white cats, black cats, gray cats and speckled cats. There were fat ones, skinny ones, short ones and tall ones. I loved them all. But father did not. He said he did not mind a reasonable number, but eighteen at once was preposterous. I can still remember his expressive language when he had to wade through that sea of cats with a milk pail in each hand.

We thought a great deal of all our pets, and they usually got along fairly well together. Even the cats and dogs were on friendly terms with each other.

We liked them all equally well, but I think the pet we liked best of all was a baby pig. He was of an affectionate nature and was almost as much trouble as a real baby. He had to be fed with a bottle at precisely the same time every day. He was very much annoyed if he was neglected in the least and voiced his displeasure in shrill squeals which immediately changed to pleased grunts when his bottle appeared on the scene.

When he was very tiny, he slept in a padded grape basket. Soon he outgrew it, but that made not the slightest bit of difference to him. It seemed that with his growth he had developed a mind of his own, for although we provided soft downy nests of every description, he squeezed himself into his basket every night. He could get only his head and forelegs in, but that did not bother him.

Our whole life centered around our animals. We rejoiced, triumphed, and sorrowed over them. When one passed on into the other world, it almost broke our hearts. Yes, we even cried over departed frogs. I feel, as I look back over my childhood, that the happiest part of my life was spent with our dogs, cats, frogs and pigs. I cannot help thinking that a child who has never had pets of his own has been cheated out of his birthright.

—*Helen Stoner.*



Revised Edition of Lochinvar



H! young Arthur Spall is come out of the west,
Through all Spokane county his car is the best;
Save Colt automatic, he weapons has none.
He drives with one arm, yet he rides all alone.
So artful in dancing and brave in football,
There never was man like young Arthur Spall.

He used not his brake, and he stopped not for sign,
He speeded on highways where cops there were nine,
But ere he drove up to the apartment house gate,
The bride had consented, the poor man came late;
For a bonehead in tennis and a cheat in football
Was to marry fair Ellen of bold Arthur Spall.

So boldly he entered the flat's oaken door
The people all thought 'twas a new janitor;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his purse,
(For the bridegroom was wedding for better, not worse),
"Oh, come you by chance here, or come you by call,
Or to work cross-word puzzles, speak up, Mr. Spall!"

"I long stepped your daughter, you kicked me right out;
Love goes like an auto, it hates a blow out;
And now I am come with this lost love, you bet.
I'll dance but one foxtrot, smoke one cigarette
There are swell girls in Portland who haven't got gall,
To say 'no!' to a fellow like me, Arthur Spall."

The bride found the "Camels," young Spall took a few
For that was his custom, she already knew.
She looked down to primp, and she looked up to sigh;
With rouge on her lips, and black near each eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could squall,
"Now we'll do some dancing," said young Arthur Spall.

So collegiate his form, and so tinted her face,
That never a hall such a Charleston did grace,
While her mother did scold and her father did fume,
And the groom bit his fingers in petulant gloom,
And the bride maidens whispered, "'Twere better for all,
If our merry young cousin had kept Arthur Spall."

One nod of his head, and a word in her ear,
They reached the huge window, and the auto stood near,
So down in the front seat the lady he dropped,
And right down beside her he carefully plopped,
She is won! They are gone over hole, rock and all,
"We'll hit out for Idaho," quoth young Mr. Spall.

There was cranking 'mong Fords of the whole jolly clan,
Buicks, Hudsons, Pierce Arrows, they drove and they ran,
There was racing and chasing 'long Trent Avenue,
But the runaway bride they never did view,
So daring in love and so brave in football
Have you ever yet seen a man as that Spall?

—*Isabelle Harris.*

With due apologies to Sir Walter Scott.

The Failure's Christmas



THE "Failure," otherwise James Dison, stood at the corner of the rain-beaten street. His coat, thin and threadbare, afforded but scant shelter from the gale. Aimless, hungry in mind and body, he seemed to fit in with the general air of desolation of that London thoroughfare.

The picture of poverty, Dison stood on the threshold of the rich, without a penny with which to bless himself, or an idea of how he might earn the same. Christmas was near, but a fine Christmas it would be for him.

"I'm a failure," he muttered, "a failure, a waster, and yet—Heaven knows I've tried hard enough to earn bread and butter. I suppose the parson would say it was justice for the way I deserted my wife and baby twelve years ago. I wonder where Alice is? Dead, I suppose; and little Ruth. She would be twenty now—that is to say, if she's alive. Yes, I deserved all I got, but God knows I couldn't get work there and had to leave."

Dison shivered. A keener blast swept around him, causing him to turn up his coat collar around his neck. He started as a man's voice fell on his ear.

"I say, my man, you had better move on. It's only us and dogs who are allowed to be out in this drip, without question. What are you hanging around for?"

Dison turned to face the constable, who had advanced as he spoke.

"Why aren't wastrels allowed to be out, Constable?"

The constable started on hearing the toneless question. He looked sharply at the man standing before him. The clothes were those of a beggar, but the voice was that of an educated and refined man.

"I ain't here to answer questions! You had better be moving on," he said, and as the "Failure" started to walk away, he followed slowly at a distance, to see that the man, *kept moving*.

James Dison's thoughts, as he moved on, were anything but pleasant. "Hang it!" he thought, "I have only been in London three weeks, and yet I have already fallen foul of the police on three occasions. Does it necessarily follow that because a

man is shabby, he must be a crook, or—By Jove! That would be a quick way out of my misery, at any rate. A quick way!"

He turned, to scan quickly the street along which he had been passing. The constable was nowhere to be seen. He paused. In his life Dison had been many things, but never a thief. Now, a vicious smile contracted his clean cut mouth, as, halting, he looked around him.

"A suspicious character am I?" He snarled beneath his breath, "A man to be watched? To move on? Good! If society persists in warring on me, I will war on my enemy. I'll give the police reason to be suspicious of me, with a vengeance. I'll burgle for the wherewithal to live, and if I'm caught well—prison is better than the open street, and the starvation of honesty."

In the distance, the town clock struck the hour of eleven. It seemed to announce the birth of a new criminal.

The street was deserted. A quick glance told that much to the desperate man. To his left lay the street that led to the back gardens of the wealthy people. Well, if he must begin, he would start on the block nearest him.

He hastily slipped across the street and into the garden of the second house on the block. This house was wrapped in darkness. From attic to cellar it gave every promise of safety.

"Owner's gone away," he muttered, "The house is small, but there is sure to be something worth taking. It will give me time to pawn tomorrow what I may find tonight. Jimmy, my boy, luck is with you tonight."

He stole swiftly up the path toward the house. Trembling with cold and excitement, the man drew a thin bladed knife from his pocket. It was one of his few possessions. With a quick jerk of the wrist, he forced the catch of the sash, and a moment later stood in the kitchen.

Its warmth proved to him that the house was not uninhabited, as he had thought. The knowledge frightened him. He stood listening for the slightest sound that would warn him of danger within the building. It was silent as a grave. Reassured, Dison removed his boots and stole noiselessly up the stairs. Coming to an open door, he passed to the room beyond. He pulled down the blinds, then noiselessly he crossed the room and finding the switch turned on the lights.

The room in which he stood was daintily furnished, its tables and cabinets betraying the wealth of its owners. A solid

gold inkstand attracted his gaze. Stepping to the table, he transferred the ornament to his pocket, to observe an open letter lying on the blotter before him.

"Dear Ruth," he muttered, reading the firm masculine hand aloud, "I shall not be back before two. If, when you return from the theatre, you decide to go on to the Belling's, phone me, 83297 Girrard. I'm having a game of billiards at the club. I shall come on to the Belling's if you go there, dear.

Yours with love, Cyril."

"Ruth," he muttered, "My girl's name."

He half drew the inkstand from his pocket, then dropped it back again.

"James, you're a fool," he snapped. "What's in a name? Gone to the theatre, has she; that means she will be home any minute; I must clear out unless I want to meet this Ruth."

Thus talking he moved to the mantle, there to be confronted by a picture whose smiling features startled him. Across the bottom of the picture was written, "To Captain Meredith from Ruth Dison."

He gave a low cry. "My girl," he said, "My own baby. I have tried to rob my own girl. Thank God, it's not too late!" He took the picture from the mantel and raised it to his lips. Two large unrestrained tears slipped down his cheeks and onto the glass of the picture. "She knows me as a deserter," he said, "but she shall never know me as a thief."

He placed the picture back on the mantel, and turning, retraced his steps to the desk where he replaced the inkstand from his pocket. In doing so he noticed a gold-handled revolver, lying in an open drawer of the desk.

He slowly reached out his hand and taking the revolver, began to examine it. It was fully loaded. "Ah!" he thought. "Only one thing shall my daughter miss from her house. With this I shall end my miserable and useless life." As he was thinking thus, he moved toward the door of the room and turned out the lights. Deep in thoughts of regret, he started out the door, and was startled to hear footsteps coming up the stairs. In a moment of terror and frenzy, he stepped behind the door, and remained perfectly still.

As he stood there, his heart beat so loudly that he feared the person coming up the stairs, must surely hear it.

He watched and listened, with bated breath, for the man (for the steps told him that it was a man) to come into the room and switch on the light; therefore, he was surprised to see a flashlight turned full upon the desk, and its gold ornaments. In a minute he knew what had happened; another man had taken advantage of the darkened house, supposing the people to be out.

For a moment he stood paralyzed thinking, "Shall I stop this man from taking the things that belong to my daughter? And if I do, how shall I explain my own presence here?"

The man had now entered the room, and at that moment Dison made up his mind. Taking the revolver in his right hand, he turned on the lights with the other, getting the drop on the startled man, who stood before him half masked with his hands slowly rising above his head.

"Put them up and keep 'em high," said Dison, "I'm a dead shot, Sonny."

The startled man, noticing the poor clothes of the man before him, took courage and said, "Say, you're here for the same purpose as me, ain't you? Well then, let's split the booty and make our getaway."

James Dison's face was pale, and his eyes glittered with a deadly gleam. "Sit down in that chair and stay there. Keep your hands up! I'm going to phone to the police," he said in a low firm voice.

"But, my man, you can't explain your own presence here, so why not listen to reason," said the masked man.

For a moment the "Failure" hesitated, then, with steady stride he crossed to the desk, and taking the note, proceeded to call the number thereon.

In a few minutes he was connected with Captain Meredith, and in a few words he explained the situation, adding that the Captain had better bring the police with him when he came. Then he hung up, and proceeded to keep watch over the man in the chair before him.

Soon the door downstairs closed, and a tall, handsome, well-built man entered the room. He took in the situation at a glance, his puzzled eyes resting upon the face of the "Failure."

"All right, Dison," he said, taking the revolver from the startled "Failure," "Stay here till I return," and so saying he led the burglar from the room, after first having relieved

him of his stolen treasures. Back in the deserted room, James Dison stood dazed and weak, wondering how Captain Meredith knew his name. At last the Captain returned.

"I let the man go," he said, "because I realized that *you* would have a hard time explaining *your* presence here to the police. That was pretty brave of you, to take your own freedom in your hands for the sake of your daughter. I suppose you wonder how I knew you? Well, when I first came in the room I knew there was something familiar about your features, but it was not until I looked at the picture behind you on the mantel, that I recognized you. You haven't changed, except to grow older!"

Dison turned, to be confronted by his own portrait of younger days. "Oh!" he gasped, and turned to the Captain with questioning eyes, for by its side was the portrait of his own wife.

"Yes!" said the Captain, reading Dison's unspoken question. "She is alive and prays every day that you will return to her. Brace up, my man," for Dison had dropped into a chair, "she thinks an awful lot of you, because she realized that you did your best to get work, to take care of her. Come with me to my room and change those clothes."

"What for?" asked the "Failure."

"They are not quite suitable to greet the ladies in. They will soon be in from the theatre," was the answer he received.

Twenty minutes later, neatly dressed, James Dison, descended to the room in which the Captain awaited him, and at that moment the front door closed and voices of two ladies were heard in the hall.

"Brace up, my man, she loves you," said the Captain, as he rose and patted Dison on the back.

As his own wife entered the room, he took her by the arm and led her out again to the library, leaving Alice, his mother-in-law, to go in to her husband.

And as he closed the door behind his wife, a woman's cry of joy and a man's sob rang in his ears.

—*Leah Stiefel.*

From out the maze of problems ever new,
Away from ceaseless questions ever old,
To which the answers never will be told,
There comes a Presence when the day is through
Her gentle mission to perform; to woo
Away the bonds which care imposed and mould
The perfect pattern of a soul controlled
By faith alone. At last the image true!
She is the Spirit of the Night so filled
With quiet beauty and the vibrant life
Of those celestial beings from afar
That we can feel our souls expand to yield
The satisfying sense of ended strife,
And catch a glimpse of what we truly are.

—*Paul Tormey.*



Athletics



Senior A Letter Men and Letter Girls
 "In the days of real sports."

Football

Football this season has been quite successful. We have not any Granges or Heffelfingers, but we have McCluskeys and Elders. The Lewis and Clark backfield is the strongest that this school has ever had. McCluskey has taken the places of "Butch" Mecker and Ray Luck, former backfield stars. Ahlskog and Kirkpatrick have perfected the well-known stonewall defense of the Tiger line.



MR. ELDER

The first game of the season was with Gonzaga. Through lack of experience of both teams, the score resulted in a tie. McCluskey and Hunter starred. The Tigers easily outplayed the Bullpups in line scrimmage and gained more yardage, thus showing the relative merits of the players. The score was 6 to 6.

On October sixteenth the Tigers defeated the Hillyard eleven by a score of 57 to 7. Hunter made the first touchdown a few minutes after the game was called. Soon after, McCluskey passed 40 yards to Phillips, who ran across the line. In the backfield McCluskey, Odell, and Peterson ripped off long gains through the Purple eleven. Hillyard gave all they had, and they never stopped fighting.

The Lewis and Clark Tigers made the seventh straight victory over the White and Blue of Walla Walla high. McCluskey, the high school edition of "Red" Grange, led our team to a total of five touchdowns.

Walla Walla pays tribute to the Tigers in saying that the backfield cannot be matched in the West. Toward the end of the first quarter McCluskey ran around left end 90 yards to a touchdown. Again, in the fourth quarter Peterson broke lose and ran 50 yards to the goal. The playing of Ahlskog, Phillips, and Green stood out, and McCluskey played the usual strong game. Hunter and Odell made many gains. The final count stood 33 to 7 in favor of Lewis and Clark.

A crowd of 1500 watched the Tigers defeat the fast Everett team from the Coast by a score of 6 to 0. This game was one of the the toughest of the season. Last year the Everett warriors beat our Tigers by the same margin. Both teams were strongest on the offense. The Lewis and Clark

men were powerful end runners. Sherman, Everett halfback, through a series of punts, kept the pigskin in Tiger territory. Lewis and Clark made many gains through the efforts of Peterson, Odell and McCluskey. Youse, Phillips and Davis played a superior game. Lewis and Clark scored right at the start and for a while the game seemed cinched by the Tigers.

In the Wenatchee game our team defeated the apple eleven by a score of 32 to 0. McCluskey, as usual, made many gains through the Wenatchee line. The opposing team fought hard, but could not make headway under the many Tiger attacks. At the close of the game many second string men were in the scrimmage.

Thanksgiving Game

All prizes at stake were captured by Lewis and Clark Tigers.

It was the Lewis and Clark line that paved the way for the first score of the day, to the first victory in many years of gridiron battles. If it had not been for costly fumbles and other misfortunes, the Tigers probably would have piled up a much larger score on the Indians. The final score was 9 to 0, made by one safety and a touchdown by Hunter in the last two minutes.

The victorious Tigers made twelve first downs to North Central's none. The Indians were forced to make eleven punts, Lewis and Clark only six. North Central made only fifty-three yards, while our team made two hundred seven yards. Lewis and Clark completed only three out of ten passes while the Indians failed in all four attempts. The great game was played in the short time of one hour and forty-five minutes, the shortest in Spokane's history.

McCluskey was the outstanding star of the game, making several great gains. Odell, Hunter, Peterson, and Miller played great games. It was Davis who blocked the North Central punt which gave us two points. Pritchard of North Central



McCLUSKEY



HENRY



MILLER



HUNTER



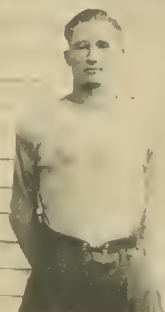
DAVIS



T. SMITH



AHLKOG



KIRKPATRICK



YOUSE



NELSON



PETERSON



FINNEGAN



GREEN



ROBLEE



PHILLIPS



ODELL

Handwritten notes:
I think
so
in
and
no

The 1925 Football Team

"Go out and win, Oh Lewis and Clark, go out and win."

played the best game of his career, both on offensive and defensive.

Those starting the game were:

Philips	Ahlskog
McCluskey	Roblee
Odell	Smith
Youse	Green
Finnegan	Kirkpatrick
Nelson	

Others in the scrimmage were:

Hunter	Miller
Peterson	Durkin
Davis	

Along with the great Football victory of the Tigers, Lewis and Clark won the W. P. Price "Sportsmanship" Trophy.

Also we won possession of the Krause and Tong Trophy which is given to the team winning two successive games.

Basketball

Great interest was shown in inter-class basketball this season, as eighty-seven men turned out. In the upper class league there were six teams having thirty-nine, and in the freshman league there were eight teams with forty-eight men.



MR. HUNTER

The captains of the upper class league were: Blair, Deatherage, Randall, Engstrom, Mossuto, and White; those captaining the freshman league were: Canwell, Hoagland, McVermeers, Chisholm, Vigil, Tytherleigh, K. Peterson and H. McClure. The schedule started October nineteenth for the upper class leagues and October twentieth for the other, ending November eleventh and November seventeenth respectively. The winning team was to play a quintet composed of Buck, Miller, Campbell, and two other stars.

After many weeks of hard fighting for both leagues, in which White and Mossuto were strong contenders for the championship crown, White came out victorious. McClure and Canwell tied for first place in the freshman league.

As for the school team, the last call is on December the first, and by that date a large number of candidates are expected to turn out for the squad. Campbell, a three-year letter man, will be back on the team. Hal Buck and "Tubby" LeVeaux, last year letter men are turning out for the team. Also "Les" Miller, a past forward, will be back. Kuhn, Roberts, McNeel, Crane, and Little will also fight hard for positions on the team.

The Indians will invade our Tigers in the Lewis and Clark gym on January the fourteenth, for the first game. The other games will be played each week after that.

Doubtless, the Tigers will repeat last year's victory, for it is quite impossible not to win when "Squinty" Hunter is the Lewis and Clark coach.

Cross Country

Although beaten by a more experienced and better team, North Central, we are not down. With many of the same men, Lewis and Clark expects to turn the tide in next year's cross country race.



MR. HUPPERTON

North Central won the recent race of November the tenth, with eighteen points. The team with the lowest number of points wins. Eight out of the first nine to cross the finish line were Indians. White, North Central captain, was first, while Dunham made an easy second. White's time was seven minutes and twenty-one seconds. Schatz, Ryan, and Johnson were next in line for the North Siders.

Chuck Geiger of Lewis and Clark finished third, and Sampson was tenth. The latter was closely followed by Weidemen, Leendersten, and Murray; other Tiger men finished soon afterward.

Herbert Sutherland was starter and referee; Al Papst and Dr. Neely were timers; and J. B. Varner, A. B. Prindle, Bruce Turnbull and F. M. Allen were judges.

The first twenty-five men to come in were:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. John White, N. C. | 13. Les Murray, L. C. |
| 2. Oroville Dunham, N. C. | 14. Clifford Austin, N. C. |
| 3. Charles Geiger, L. C. | 15. Clair N'Rren, Hillyard |
| 4. Victor Schatz, N. C. | 16. Gordon Rice, L. C. |
| 5. Kenneth Ryan, N. C. | 17. Ted Raid, L. C. |
| 6. Hill Johnson, N. C. | 18. Wilmer Siegert, L. C. |
| 7. Paul Bernard, N. C. | 19. Willis Weiss, L. C. |
| 8. Wentzer Hansen, N. C. | 20. Ed. Stevenson, Hillyard |
| 9. Gilbert Wollin, N. C. | 21. Kenneth Roberts, L. C. |
| 10. Clarence Simpson, L. C. | 22. Gerald Walsh, L. C. |
| 11. David Weideman, L. C. | 23. Donald Studelska, N. C. |
| 12. Howard Leendersten,
L. C. | 24. Jack Friedman, L. C. |
| | 25. David Blackmer, L. C. |

Rifle

Coach McMacken has had his squad practicing down at the Armory every Monday and Thursday evening since September. This semester is all practice as they expect no matches until early spring. On the first team there will be ten boys and two substitutes.



MR. McMACKEN

Arrangements are being made for many telegraphic meets with high schools, Phoenix, Arizona; Arlington, Oregon; Salt Lake City, Utah, and two Boston schools, the Commercial High and the Boys' Latin School. Our team will also enter the three National Interscholastic Matches. The principal contest, however, will be with North Central. Last

year Lewis and Clark won by 54 points.

The following men have shown up well in practice and have been on the high ten list, three or more times to date

Harold Dean	Kenneth Klapp
Bryce Roark	William Krause
Estel Raymond	Vernon Robertson
Harry Cody	Richard Smith
Robert Long	Bruce Powell
Albert Vordhal	Everett Renshaw
George Heimback	Erkheart Boehme
Thomas Kilby	

The first three are former letter men and candidates for graduation in January. Dickinson Tate is the manager.

Girls' Tennis

The Girls' Fall Tennis Team was not victorious, but they did their best. In the two matches with North Central, October third and tenth, Elizabeth Gilbert and Glenna Jacobs were the only winners for Lewis and Clark. The final score was 18 to 4.

Miss Gilbert defeated Genevieve Hanlon of North Central, by a score of 6-1, 6-4, and Miss Jacobs won from Dorothy Dickson, 6-2, 6-0.

Lynn Cowgill and Doris Kennedy, North Central stars, won hard earned matches from Marion Guilbert and Jane Dunning; these scores were 7-5, 6-3 and 6-3, 6-4.

Genevieve Foster's contest with Helen McCannon of North Central, was by far the most thrilling of the season, as the match ran for over two hours. It was necessary to carry it to three sets before the final score of 6-3, 6-8, 6-4, in favor of North Central was reached.

The Lewis and Clark team was made up of the following girls: Elizabeth Gilbert, captain; Esther Stilson, playing manager; Marion Guilbert, Jane Dunning, Genevieve Foster and Glenna Jacobs, all of whom are former letter girls. Grace Norwell, Mary Baxter, Dorothy Wagner, Marguerite Fuhrman and Lois Deatherage were the other members of the team.

Only the Misses Gilbert, Wagner, and Dunning will be back on the squad next year, as the rest expect to graduate before the next tennis season opens.

Girls' Swimming

Each year Lewis and Clark and North Central have clashed in the annual swimming meet. This year the contest will be as exciting as ever before. Last season North Central won, but we expect to this time.

Coral Moran, who has won many city and Northwest championships, will be captain of the Tiger team again this year, and Opal Garret manager. The Misses Geraldine Haynes, Carol Seeds, Ethel Kuist, Marion McGonigle and Jean Woodroffe, members of last year's team, are the nucleus around which this year's team will be built.

The interclass meets will be held December fourteenth, fifteenth, and seventeenth, and the North Central match will be held May seventh and fourteenth, nineteen hundred twenty-six.

Coral Moran, who has been more active than any other girl in swimming, has the following championships to her credit:

Pacific Northwest—150-yard Backstroke.
Northwest—100-yard Free Style.
Northwest—100-yard Backstroke.
City—50-yard Free Style.
City—150-yard Backstroke.
City—220-yard Free Style.
Northwest Olympic—100-meter Backstroke.





The Class of June '26
"They'll rush our seats!"

Graduating Classes of Lewis and Clark

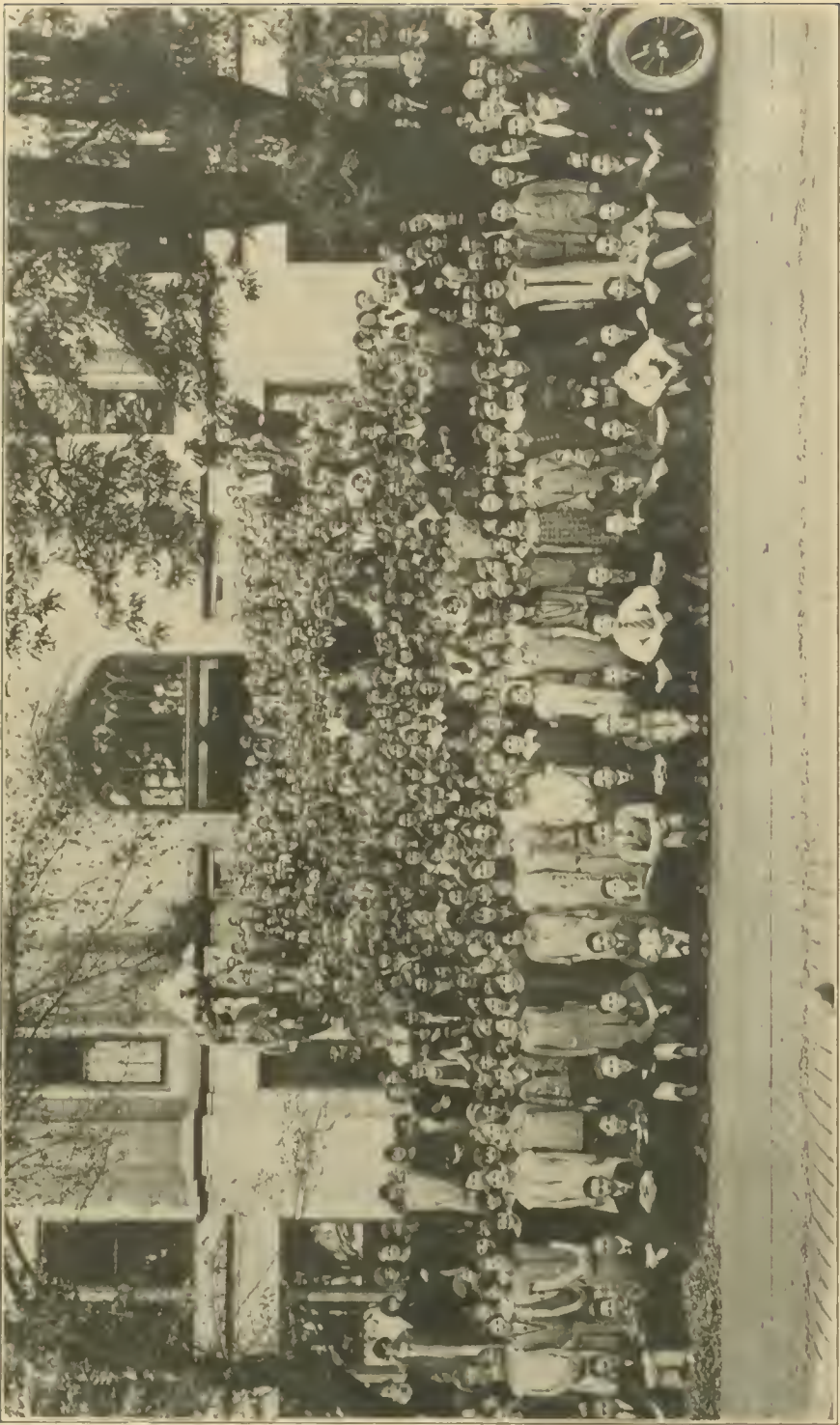
June 1891.....7	
June 1892.....8	
June 1893.....21	
June 1894.....20	
June 1895.....20	
June 1896.....37	
June 1897.....31	
June 1898.....26	
January 1900....13	January 1899....12
June 1900.....25	June 1899.....23
January 1901....19	
June 1901.....39	
January 1902....24	
June 1902.....42	
January 1903....23	
June 1903.....41	
January 1904....32	
June 1904.....58	
January 1905....39	
June 1905.....77	
January 1906....44	
June 1906.....91	
January 1907....47	
June 1907.....104	
January 1910....70	January 1908....73
June 1910.....147	June 1908.....111
January 1911....98	January 1909....66
June 1911.....144	June 1909.....127
January 1912....56	
June 1912.....85	
January 1913....58	
June 1913.....96	
January 1914....62	
June 1914.....127	
January 1915....78	
June 1915.....128	
January 1916....90	
June 1916.....165	
June 1917.....15	
January 1920....80	January 1918....87
June 1920.....176	June 1918.....164
January 1921....95	January 1919....75
June 1921.....192	June 1919.....169
January 1922....85	
June 1922.....208	
January 1923....106	
June 1923.....208	
January 1924....140	
June 1924.....197	
January 1925....127	
June 1925.....214	
January 1926....125	



Juniors



Sophomores



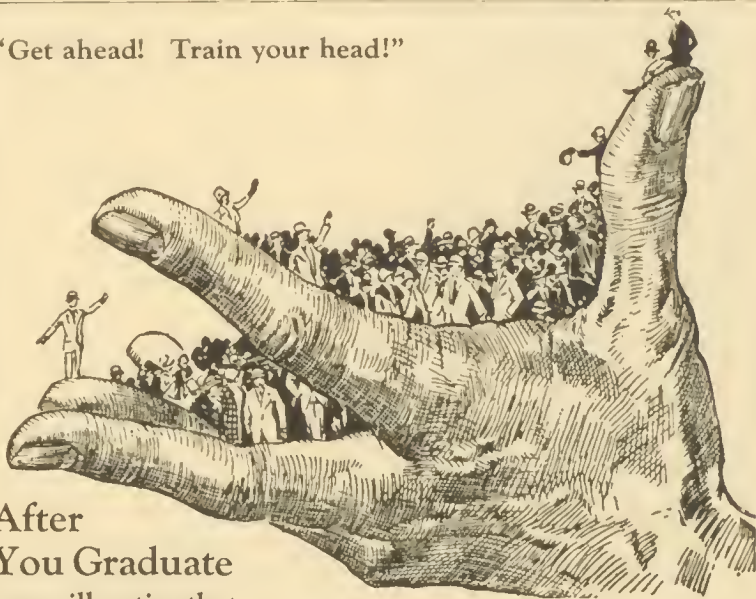
Freshmen



Humor and Advertising



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business notices those who

"Step Out of the Crowd" with a Trained Head!

DON'T FLOAT listlessly on the sea of experience. Unless you have the proper pilot to show you the way, you cannot expect to get anywhere.

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S. 317 Howard

M. M. HIGLEY, President

Riv. 61

Foreman: "How'd you come to leave your last place?"

Applicant: "I was discharged."

"Discharged, huh? What for?"

"Doing well."

"Huh? Where was you?"

"In a hospital."

"Mother, may I go out to ride With handsome Johnny Bates?"

"Yes, daughter dear, but don't forget

To take your roller skates."

A man's first attempt to hold a girl on his knee might be called a trial balance.

Miss Bell (to Algebra 3 class): "Work this sum: Two eggs at 5c each, a pint of milk at 6c and half a pound of sugar at 10c a pound. What do they make together?"

Marguerite Cross: "Please, Miss Bell, a custard, but you forgot the salt."

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Service will Please
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City Dye Works

Isabel Harris: "Horrors! I've never heard such swearing since the day I was born."

Frank Blackwell: "Why, lady, did they cuss much when you were born?"

Racternehacxtzaperahedsaqpue, which is the verb meaning "to love" in the language of a certain Eskimo tribe, probably accounts for the long nights in the Arctics.

Jack Salisbury: "Dad, I ain't going to school any more."

Mr. Salisbury: "Eh, why?"

Jack: "It's no good, I can't learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words."

Rastus: "Whyfo' does you call your gal 'Valspar,' Sambo?"

Sambo: "Cause all de boilin' watah in de world ain't gwine to turn her white."

Judge: "Have you ever been up before me?"

Accused: "I don't know. What time do you get up?"

Wayne White: "Marry me and the world is mine."

Lorna Brittan (who lisps): "Asthma."

Wayne: "That's all right, dear, I have broken arches."

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf and watched with expressions pained, the milkman's stunts, and both said at once, "Our relations are getting strained."

Mr. Stout (after a hard band practice): "I feel just like a cake of soap after a Monday wash."

Ed. Notes: We will be glad to hear of the death of any of the Alumni.



Oh, where was "Marcel" then?

Aleda Brinkerhoff: "What are you taking for your cold?"

Angelina Agastino: "Make me an offer."

Just Real Good Shoes—

Built for wear. Every bit of style that it is possible to tailor into them. Careful fitting service that is unsurpassed. And popular prices. That's all we offer---told in 28 words---But somehow Eggerts shoes get over with high school and college students. And both the fellows and the girls like to buy their shoes at

Eggerts

S. 10 Howard Street

Between Sprague and First

Dorsey Wilkinson: "Ella Adams is a noisy girl, isn't she?"

Helen Green: "Yes, she combs her hair with bangs."

Miss Bond: "Why is cleanliness next to godliness?"

Bernice Walmer: "Because it comes the day before Sunday."

Mr. McDaniel (in civics class): "What is a medium of exchange?"

Helen Pringle: "The divorce court is one."

Ted Logan: "Mr. Teakle, I am indebted to you for all that I have learned in L. C."

Mr. Teakle: "That's all right. It was a mere trifle."

Priscella Baker: "So you flunked in French? Why I can't understand it!"

Warde Smith: "Same here. That's why I flunked!"

Our Best Wishes
go to you of
the January, 1926
Graduation Class



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Our Own Shop - Granite Bldg - RIVERSIDE WASHINGTON

John W. Graham & Co.

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"Crippled" Fountain Pens Restored
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And the cost is but a fraction of the pen's actual value



"There are many working days left in us if you only knew it"

Parker Duofold, Waterman, Swan, Sheaffer, Wahl, Conklin, Moore and other good makes repaired instantly by our experts. We carry all parts and repairs in stock and promise to serve you the day we get your order.

Fountain Pens for All Hands
That Write

are sold here and any pen purchased is exchangeable until the writing point satisfies.



Authorized

Parker Repair Station for the
State of Washington



The lion and the lamb had just lain down together.

"As for me," remarked the lion, "I should like to be called at 7:30 in the morning."

Said the lamb: "Don't bother to call me; I'll probably get up when the lion does."

Mr. McMacken: "Lester, what is steam?"

Lester Kirkpatrick: "Water crazy with the heat."

Wes Lambert: "Now everyone please be quiet and give Mr. Elder three cheers."

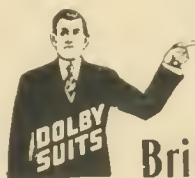
COMMENCE FIRING!!

¶ Say fellows, if you want to get in a live organization, enlist in Co. "A" 161st Inf., Washington National Guard, winners of the 1925 Sweepstake Trophy in Baseball, Swimming and Track.

¶ Become an expert Rifle Shot---we will teach you.

¶ Call at Co. "A's" quarters at the State Armory any Tuesday night, and let us talk it over with you.

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RAPID PROMOTION PAY ACCORDING TO GRADE



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All Right
Bring It Back




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Quality Automobile

At
Low
Cost



**MARCH-STRICKLE
MOTOR CO.**

Star Distributors




Dick had had his first lesson in astronomy, and when he came from school he began to enlighten his little sister on the mystery of the stars.

"Do you know," he said, "that little star over yonder is bigger than our world?"

"Then why doesn't it keep that rain off us?" she asked.

A deaf old lady came one day from other parts to the church near Andrew Carnegie's place in Sutherlandshire.

Owing to her infirmity, she was armed with an ear trumpet. The elders had never seen one before and viewed the strange instrument with considerable suspicion. After a lengthy consultation one of them went up to the old lady and, wagging his finger at her, whispered warningly: "One toot and ye're oot!"

Pointing out to his court that a witness wasn't necessarily to be regarded as untruthful because he altered a statement he had previously made, the judge said: "For instance, when I entered this court today I could have sworn that I had my watch in my pocket. But then I remembered I had left it in the bathroom at home."

When the judge arrived home that night his wife said: "Why so much bother about your watch? Sending four or five men for it?"

"Good heavens," said the judge, "I never sent any one! What did you do?"

"I gave it to the first one who came; he knew just where it was."

Margaret Leland: "Would you advise me to cultivate my voice?"

Austin Henry: "Sure, cultivate it, but for heaven's sake, plant it deep."

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FRESHIE'S PRAYER

I want to be a senior, and with the seniors stand;
With a fountain pen behind my ear, and a note-book in my hand.
I wouldn't be a president, I wouldn't be a king,
I wouldn't be an emperor for all that wealth could bring,
I wouldn't be an angel, for angels have to sing,
I'd rather be a senior, and never do a thing.

A woman in the suburbs was chatting over the back fence with her next door neighbor.

"We're going to be living in a better neighborhood soon," she said.

"So are we," volunteered Mrs. Nextdoor confidentially.

"What? Are you moving too?"

"No, we're staying here."

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A writer on the Boston Herald recalls the story of the village pest. He had passed from mortal life. No one had loved him. All united in saying good things of him when he had gone; and so great was the enthusiasm that men drew lots for the privilege of acting as pall bearer. As these were passing through the gateway of the cemetery one of them stumbled and the casket hit against the post, breaking open. The supposed dead man sat up. He was not dead.

However, after the passage of some years he died again. Memories of the earlier fiasco were revived. This time as the bearers were carrying him through the cemetery gate, one of their number, recalling the event of the earlier day, shouted a warning: "Hey, there, look out for that post!"



"Ruth, hold little Joe tight, so that he won't fall."

Violet Nagen (as milk boils over): "Mummy, come quick, the milk has gotten bigger than the saucepan."

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ICE CREAM



BOUNDED between the covers of this annual, is the story of many happy recollections. Here are memories of bygone days of happiness---adventure---achievement.

It has been our privilege, one which we are decidedly proud of, to have assisted in making the appearance of the book entirely worthy of the glorious traditions of your Lewis and Clark High School.

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Riverside at Monroe

A man entered the lobby of a hotel and placed his umbrella in the stand, but before going upstairs tied to the umbrella a card on which he had written:

"This umbrella belongs to a champion prize fighter. Back in ten minutes."

In twenty minutes he returned, but the umbrella was gone. The card, however, was still there, and on it some one had written:

"Umbrella taken by champion long distance runner. Won't be back at all."

An army officer was showing Miss Dean about the camp when a bugle sounded.

"What's that for?" inquired Miss Dean.

"Tattoo," the officer explained.

"Oh, I understand," she remarked, "I've often seen it on soldier's arms, but I didn't know they had a special time for doing it."

Page One Hundred Nine

"Fellow citizens," said the candidate, "I have fought against the Indians. I have often had no bed but the battlefield and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood."

His story took well till a dried-up looking voter came to the front.

"I'll say you've done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."

Mrs. Waters: "I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

Mrs. Jerry Dunn: "Yes, it is a lock of my husband's hair."

Mrs. Waters: "But your husband is still alive."

Mrs. Dunn: "Yes, but his hair is gone."

Chinese laundryman in Seattle: "Wa Shing."



"Congratulations
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SPOKANE

"I think that a nine-hole course is more difficult than the eighteen-hole course," remarked the visiting fellow golfer.

"I'm not so sure about that," commented the host.

His wife stopped knitting and said: "But it must be more difficult to play on the nine-hole course, as Mr. Brown says."

"Why?" asked her husband.

"Why? Where there are eighteen holes, it must be easier to get the ball into one of them."

"We guarantee this to be genuine skunk fur and that it will wear for years and years."

"But suppose," said Pansy Rumburg, "I get it wet in the rain. What effect will water have on it? Will it spoil?"

"Ma'am, did you ever hear of a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

The children of the family were, according to their respective accounts, all first in something at school. Tommy was first in reading, Alice was first in arithmetic, Sammy in sports, and so on. Janet alone remained silent.

"Well, Janet, how about you?" her uncle asked. "Aren't you first in anything?"

"Yes, Uncle," said Janet, "I am first out of the building when the bell rings."

Two vocalists whose talents existed entirely in their imagination asked Mr. Stout to decide on their relative ability.

After hearing them he said to the first, who was Erna Flaig: "You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life."

"Then," explained Ellen Gandy, the other, "I win."

"No," answered Mr. Stout, "you can't sing at all."

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A boy considered himself a lady killer, though the ladies seemed unaware of it. He was walking with a friend when they passed a pretty girl. At once he turned to his companion with a superior smile. "Did you see that charming young lady smile at me?"

"Oh, that's nothing to worry about," replied his friend consolingly. "The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

Sailor: "I just seen some orange peels and a banana skin floating on the water, sir."

Columbus: "Was there any chewing gum?"

Sailor: "No sir."

Columbus: "Then we must be near the West Indies. it certainly can't be America."

In Waterloo, Kan.: "Mr. Fountain Wetmore Rainwater."

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"Bob," Mr. Myer asked. "why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

Bob Showacre: "After the first time there ain't nothing left to strike."

Policeman: "What do you mean by running down this person in broad daylight on a perfectly straight stretch of road?"

Halstin Wing: "Your honor, my windshield was almost totally obscured with 'Safety First' stickers."

Miss Gwynn: "What's a post-graduate?"

Helene Stone: "One of those fellows who gets a diploma from a correspondence school, I guess."

At church supper in Iowa: "Coffee, cake and tea, or tea, cakes and coffee."

Asked by her school teacher to describe the backbone, Marjorie Tormey said: "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck."

Norman Ericson: "What do you do when you meet an irresistible talker?"

Bill Cadigan: "I introduce him to an immovable bore."

Ellen Nelson: "I want that dog shot at once."

Policeman: "I can't shoot him here in this residence district. The bullet might go right through him and hit somebody."

Ellen: "But couldn't you shoot him lengthwise?"

Frank Masterson: "Pa, it's raining."

His Father: "Let it rain."

Frank: "I was going to, pa."

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Clinton Howard: "My girl said this last poem of mine caused her heart to miss a beat!"

Paul Tormey, the editor: "Then we can't use it. We can't print anything that will interfere with circulation."

Dorothy Nehood: "I paint a picture in two days and think nothing of it."

Miss Fischen: "I am of your opinion."

Two elderly men, both extremely deaf, met on a country road. Dave had a fishing pole in his wagon. When he saw his friend Jim he stopped the horse.

"Goin' fishin'?" shouted Jim.

"No," Dave replied, "I'm goin' fishin'."

"Oh," said Jim. "I thought mebbe you was goin' fishin'?"

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Judge (to culprit): "So they caught you with this bundle of silverware, eh? Whom did you rob?"

Inexperienced Burglar: "Two fraternity houses, sir."

Judge (to orderly): "Call up all of the down town hotels and have them claim this stuff."

Russell Randall: "Hullo, Ted, are you using your lawu-mower this afternoon?"

Ted Logan: "Yes, I'm afraid I am."

Russell: "Splendid! Then you won't be wanting your tennis racket—I've broken mine!"

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PHONE FOR APPOINTMENT

MAIN 1971

Helen Woodward (in drug store): "I want a little pink tablet."

Druggist: "What is your trouble?"

Helen: "I want to write a letter."

Mr. Endslow: "When water is transformed into ice what great change takes place?"

Paul Tormey: "Change in cost."

"When you found you hadn't your fare did the conductor make you get off and walk?" asked Bruce Shirley.

"Only get off," answered Ethel Johnson. "He didn't seem to care whether I walked or sat down."

Miss Hunt: "Can you tell me a part of the Bible which forbids a man's having two wives?"

Alice Erickson: "Yezz'm. No man can serve two masters."

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Ed Sanders: "I tell you, my love for you is making me mad, mad, mad!"

Ether Kuist: "Well, keep quiet about it. It's had the same effect on my father."

At sub-postal station in Chicago: "Please count your change before leaving the window, as errors will not be corrected after you have done so."

Have you noticed how much less talkative the barbers are becoming now that so much of their business is woman's hair bobbing? They are getting out of practice.

Miss Bond: "If you were getting dinner for six people and had but five potatoes, how would you divide them and give each one an equal share?"

Ethel Littell: "I'd mash 'em."



"Soul Fire"

OUR CONGRATULATIONS

To the Graduates of January '26

The management and staff of The Crescent are happy to add their congratulations to those of your host of friends, and to express the wish that you may be successful in a large measure in whatever you undertake.

May we also venture to hope that with the passing of the years, we may learn to know you better and serve you satisfactorily?



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Third and Post

Esther Stilson: "Now what are you stopping for?"

Harold Dean (as car comes to halt): "I have lost my bearings."

Esther Stilson: "Well, at least you are original. Most fellows run out of gas!"

"Do you play golf?" Redmon Stout asked of the simple but gushing maiden.

"Dear me, no." Peggy Hipper-son replied. "I don't believe I should even know how to hold the caddie."

James Triplett: "How many fools are there on earth?"

John Weaver: "Just one more than you think there are."

Miss Tewinkle: "George, if you don't behave I'll have to send a note home to your father."

George: "You better not, Ma's as jealous as a cat."

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Stammering student: "I-I-I was sick."

Mr. Fry: "You don't look sick."

Student: "I-I-I-I wa-was home-sick."

Physics Teacher: "And can anyone tell me what thought passed through Sir Isaac Newton's head when the apple fell on it?"

Voice from class: "Glad it was not a brick."

Albert Karlston: "I hear Pearl had an accident with the car."

Mr. Smith: "Oh, it was not serious?"

Albert Karlston: "Oh, no; just a little paint scratched off of both."

On Chicago west side boulevard: "Autos will slow down to a walk."

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Ambitious College Youth (to Senator): "How did you become such a wonderful orator?"

Senator: "I began by addressing envelopes."

John Wilson: "What's the matter with 'Bob?' Got lumbago or spinal curvature or something?"

Kall Malgram: "No, he has to walk that way to fit some shirts that Catherine made for him."

Mr. Teakle: "Ralph, wake up!"

Ralph Paquin: "I can't."

"Why can't you?"

"I ain't asleep."

Housewife: "I saw the store-boy kiss you this morning. I'll take the groceries myself after this."

Maid: "It won't do you any good, ma'am. He promised to kiss nobody except me."

Catherine Caster: "Cupid is not in it as a marksman."

Bob Lund: "Why not?"

Catherine: "He is always making Mrs."

Harold Moore: "Woman is more beautiful than man."

Mary Jane Roberts: "Naturally, of course."

Harold: "No artificially."

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"Would you like to take a nice long walk?" Catherine Hoyt asked.

"Why. I'd just love to." replied Laurence Bolks joyously.

"Well, don't let me detain you."

In Erie, Pa.: "Otto B. Schott."

Miss Wright: "My, what a long tunnel we're goin' through."

Miss N. Frye: "This isn't a tunnel—it's Pittsburgh."

"The noive of dat guy," he complained, "offeru' me six dollars a week! Wot does 'e think I am—a college graduate?"

Best Wishes and Success

to the Class of January

1926

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Vernon Butlér: "Will these shoes wear long?"

Dealer: "Wear long? Why sir, nobody has ever yet come back for a second pair!"

Man: "You're an honest boy, but the money I lost was a \$10 note."

Boy: "Yes, I know; I had it changed so you could give me a reward."

Old Lady: "Here's a penny, my poor man. How did you become so destitute?"

Beggar: "I was like you, mum, a giving away vast sums to the poor and needy."

Mr. Troth: "When I was at lunch today a man came up and called me by name who hasn't seen me for twenty-three years."

Mr. Gruber: "How much did you owe him?"

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Mr. Baten: "How would you classify a telephone girl? Is her's a business or a profession?"



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