THE

BROADCASTER
THE BROADCASTER
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LENA NOIA
Spanish Club (3-4); Service Club (3-4); K. K. K. (2); Secretary-Treasurer (4); Broadcaster Staff (4); Dramatic Club (4).

BERNICE ARATA
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Track (3); Captain and Manager (4); Block L (4); Senior Play (4); Service Club (4); Student Body Sergeant-at-arms (4).

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Service Club (2-3-4); Broadcaster Staff (3); California Scholarship Federation (4); Dramatic Club President (4); Student Body Reporter (4).

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Spanish Club (2-3); President (4); Service Club (3-4); K. K. K. (3); President (4); Broadcaster Staff (4); Hi Jinks Committee Chairman (4).

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Basketball (1-2-3); Track (2-3-4); Soccer (3-4); Service Club (3); Gun Club President (4).

HELENA KEENEY
Class Secretary (3); Spanish Club (2-3-4); Service Club (4); K. K. K. (3-4); Senior Play (4).

REED COWAN (No Photo)
Track (1-2-3-4); Basketball (1-2-3); Senior Play (4); Chairman Property and Scenery Committee (4); Hi Jinks Play (4).
FAREWELL! (Class Poem)

Oh! Dear Liberty! Farewell!
Farewell to the gay life you hold
For everybody, young and old;
For many things for which you stand,
Things that are done o'er all the land.
And we will always hold so dear--
Mem'ries, whether we're far or near.

Many a happy day we've had,
And, we are just a little sad,
To think that those days have gone by--
Dear old days in Liberty High.
It seems so unjust, so unfair,
That we can't take you everywhere.
Oh! Dear Liberty! Farewell!

Georgene Upham '28

TOGETHER (Class Song)

Together, together, always together,
That's how it's always been.
Now we'll be never, never together.
My, but how strange it will seem.

We've finished school, together,
Broken many rules, together,
Played "dunce's stool", together,
And we pretended
We'd be glad when it ended.
So we are here, together,
To say goodbye, together.
Now, that it's o'er,
We wish there were more
Of the days that we spent, together.

Hazel Clark '28

CLASS FLOWER
Sweet Peas

CLASS MOTTO
"Aim high, and keep that aim."

CLASS COLORS
Old Rose and Silver
his being the last month of our lives at L. U. H. S., we deem it proper to bequeath to posterity those characteristics or traits which will help them, and which we do not care to carry with us, when we go.

I, Bernice Arata, will to Kathryn Volponi, my only possession—the vanity-case which has served me so faithfully for four years. I sincerely hope that she will appreciate and get as much enjoyment out of looking at herself as I did. My sister will otherwise carry on the family traditions when I have departed.

I, Rendall Burroughs, leave:

To Joe Armstrong, my constant quietude, knowing that he will use it often and well.

To Wilda Lavere, my small feet, for which she so often enviously wished.

To Donner Wilder, my graceful slenderness, as it will be quite useful when playing tiddlywinks.

My facial treatment apparatus I leave to Iola Dainty, hoping to improve her creamy complexion.

To Henry Martin, my scholastic ability, and the trait of conscienteness which accompanies it. I most sincerely hope he will faithfully practice these in English and Spanish as I have done in the past.

I, Hazel Clark, leave my perpetual kindness to animals, my kindly good humor, and my eternal goodness to all the members of the Freshman Class, particularly, Elmer Armstrong, Ellsworth Wood, Earl Hudson, and Hazel Cecchini.

I, Reed Cowan, solemnly leave to Melbor Crandall my ability to get along with the girls, and I hope that said ability will help him to be successful for at least one year. I leave my broad-jumping traits to Robert Allenbaugh, as his length and my ability should make a good combination.

I, most auspicious Anna French, will, on this day, my slim figure to Eleanor Iverson, hoping that she will now cut down expenses in the direction of Marmola!

I, Thelma Geddes, will my recitations in English to Plossie will not spoil it by giggling.

ability to give dramatic Gilhart, in hopes that she

I, Warren, brother of ability to Leonard Pedro, better hitting and field-

Thelma, will my hitting and hope that he has a ing average than I have
had. I trust that my brother, Weston, will carry on the traditions which have been established by me, while in the worthy institution of Liberty.

I, Paul Halstead, do hereby will my track ability (?) to Dale Rimmer, hoping that he will run the hurdles as fast as I. My "permanent," I will to Glenn Geddes, as I think a permanent much more lasting than a mere water-wave.

I, Margaret Hevey, solemnly bequeath to Edgar Armstrong, my English IV note-book containing all of Miss Maston's poetry, knowing full well that he will keep it by him until he goes West. My scholarship, I pass on to Garth Rose, a worthy man who only needs a chance.

I, Freddie Heidorn, do hereby will and leave my red flannel track pants to "Butch" Columbo, so that he may draw the attention of the girls, and incidentally, smash the 440 record.

I, Helena Keeney, will to Byron Acrey, all of the gum which he may find under numerous desks throughout school. My temper I will to Helen Webber, and my laughing to Edward Renas.

I, Lena Noia, will my smiling face, sprightly attitude, and alluring walk to Laura Mantelli. My much be-jeweled typing pins, will depart with me, tho' I had considered leaving them to Harry Cordua.

I, Josephine Pimentel, will my typing ability for speed, along with the cup which I won at the Typing Contest at Martinez, to Nelson Thomas, hoping that he will not ill-use, nor abuse it. 'Tis a priceless possession, Nelson!

I, the honorable Thelma Richardson, will my ability of talking a lot and saying nothing to Theo Ella Thompson, and I hope that she will use it carefully, since I hate to part with it. My so-called "jumpiness" I leave to Cynthia, so that her dignity may change to the "fairy-like walk of youth."

I, Henry Shellenberger, will my proverbial admission slip to bookkeeping class to "Oily" Upham, as he needs one as much as I. I also will one of my old Fords, extras not included, to the Thomas Twins--Lloyd and Lionel. They may fight over it, and the winner divide the spoils. I could not tell to which one to leave this parting memory, so they must decide for themselves.

I, Charlie Snow, will all the baseball ability that I have, to Elsa Ohmstede, and hope that with it, she'll make the team next year. My blond and curling locks I will to Marlisse, as she claims that they're "preferred."

I, Eleanor Townsley, will to Agnes Dutro, with the hope of it than I did. My Dra-highest bidder, and may he my supreme brilliancy in Chem. that she will get more out matic ability goes to the live long and prosper.
I have taken the liberty of enclosing with this letter a brief resume of my professional qualifications and experiences. I trust this information will prove helpful to you in considering my application for the position of ...
I, Georgene Upham, hereby solemnly will my everlasting grin to Hazel Wollam, hoping that she will not try to stretch it any more than I have. My fast gait I will to Geraldine Deeney, so that she may someday beat Miss Anderson's speed.

I, Mary Watt, will to Lucille Trembley, my ability to whistle and chirp through disaster. I also will to Grace Lewis my sense of humor and hope that she will cultivate the habit of choking giggles.

Sealed, signed and delivered this first day of June, nineteen hundred twenty-eight. In witness whereof we, the Class of '28, hereby set our seal.

June 8, 1932

Dear Jean:

Gee! It's surely been a long time since I've written to you. It seems as far back as when we were lil' ole Frosh. Say! "Them were the days!" 'Member the time they took us down Main Street (?) of Brentwood in old clothes? I surely get a kick out of it whenever I think of it.

Eleanor Townsley was president then, wasn't she? Oh! Yes, and Eleanor Viera was vice president, and she was, also, the same for our Sophomore Class, too. We used to have a lot of fun in the meetings we had.

Why, isn't that odd? I was just looking at the heading and--and, just think--it is just five years ago today that we graduated. Boy, weren't we thrilled that night. I never have gone through a more thrilling experience. I was shaking from the time the curtain opened until it closed.

What have you been doing with yourself lately, anyway? Been to any dances? Have you learned any new steps? Remember when we tried to do it anyway? Wasn't it at our that's it. It was at our were the good old times, and Senior Ball? Didn't

LMN
though? Gee, it was at the Prom that you and I ditched our boy friends, wasn't it? We had a lot of fun anyway. We had some fun at the Ball, too. Some dance, and the Varsity Drag--I'll never get over that.

Have you heard anything about Mr. Callaghan lately? I wonder if he is still at Liberty. I suppose he has another class by now. If he has, I hope he still remembers us.

I went to the city the other day; invested in some new clothes, as usual, and treated myself to a show, and do you know what the name of that show was? Of course not, but, anyway, it was "Fixing it for Father"! Does that stir your memory any? The name sounded rather familiar to me when I first went into the theater, but then, so do a lot of other things. I thought that I had probably heard it at one of those "Good Books" meetings which I'm attending. I never was so surprised in all my life when I did realize what it was. Gee! I laughed and laughed. It surely is different than putting the thing on yourself. I don't care what anybody else says, but I think we were wise in picking that one for our Senior Play, don't you? Talking about plays, do you remember the one we put on in our Sophomore year? It wasn't a play, exactly, but a pantomime. I think the name of it was "And the Lamp Went Out." That was kinda cute. Margaret Hevey was our president then, wasn't she?

My little brother just got back from their big track meet of the year. He goes to High School, now, you know. He's the only one in the family that ever turned out to be good in sports. He said that he took first place in the pole vault. You'd never believe it though, would you? Talking about pole vaulting, remember Freddie Eidorn and that half point he got for us? That was what made us win the track meet that year, wasn't it? I wonder if they have ever won it again.

I often wonder how Rendall Burroughs is. He went out for track quite a bit. He was our class president for our Junior year. Boys make kinda' hard presidents, because, don't you remember how he used to bang away at the old desk in our meetings? Still, Georgene Upham surely didn't have very much sympathy for the inkwells when she was Senior President.

Do you remember the party the Juniors gave us our last year? We had a lot of fun, didn't we? I went to one the other day but it wasn't half so good. Why, our Junior-Senior Breakfast, that we gave, beat it a mile, and it was only a breakfast. Oh, well, they were good anyhow--the eats, I mean.

Gosh! It seems as if I'm writing a book. Maybe I had better stop before I really do write one.

Your loving friend,
Pattie
Georgene Upham '28
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WHAT WE'LL DO

Bernice'll go to Munson's
And Rendall to "The Farm,"
While Hazel says that she "will
Grace 'Cal' with all her charm!"

Now Reed is not quite certain,
And "Frenchy" plans on Healds.
Warren will to Davis go,
And cultivate the fields.

"Thelm" will also go to "Cal"
Methinks they'll have a group
That'll gain "Cal" distinction,
And put the "duck" in soup.

Paul says he will go to work,
And "Poots" will go to State.
Fred will be the farmer
With the "mile-a-minute gait!"

"Hick" says she will type all day.
Yes, Lena says the same.
J. L. P. is "not so sure
Of anything so tame!"

"Little One" to C. P. goes.
And "Hank" will work with soil.
Charlie, too, says "'Cal' for me!"
El'nor seeks dramatic toil.

'Gene may to Pacific go,
Or at a job she'll be.
If you drop in at Munson's,
The writer you will see.

Mary Watt '28
PROPHECY for the CLASS of 1928

In a very conspicuous place in the "Personal" Column of the leading newspapers of the world, readers, during the month of May, 1948, might have seen the following insertion:

"MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '28, LIBERTY UNION HIGH SCHOOL, call at once at home of B. J. Callaghan. Big reunion planned; come early and make the rush; departure scheduled for June 8. (signed) B. J. Callaghan."

It certainly attracted attention, and Mr. Callaghan's home became the rendezvous for some 19 not-so-young people, who began arriving on June 7.

The first member, who arrived at his call, was Rendall Burroughs. Rendall had changed remarkably. He wore spectacles of the horn-rimmed variety, a derby hat, rather a too-large flowing necktie, and loose, baggy trousers. Rendall had, through some trick of Fate, developed very muchly bowed legs, too. He brought with him his wife, formerly Thelma Richardson. Thelma had not changed very much, except that she seemed very quiet and subdued, in comparison with the old Thelma of our school days. Rendall was the United States Ambassador to Rome, and his wife said that she was "just a housewife."

We, "Major" Callaghan and I, after ushering in the Ambassador, were startled by a sudden, loud banging upon the door. Reed Cowan, the stiff-looking "English" butler who stood at the side, sprang towards the door, and, as he opened it, the poor fellow who had been panting outside, fell in. With the assistance of the "Major," the Ambassador to Rome, and the butler, he was placed in a chair, and revived. He was a grimy, be-whiskered, raggedy hobo. His hat slouched down upon one eyebrow. A pair of overalls; a blue chambray shirt which was held together by means of nails, etc., a pair of shoes which had once been better, and a roll of would-be blankets constituted his wearing apparel and his baggage. Who on earth was he? I was sure that I had never seen anyone to compare with him, but still there was something familiar about his grin and there was a familiar note in his voice when he said "Hello folks!" At last the light of recognition seemed to come to us. It was Fred Heidorn!

By way of explanation, he began a long story of his adventures, and, incidentally, his misfortunes. His Ford had "gone floozy in Minnesota," to use his own words, and he had to walk to New York. Then a "cop" had chased him, and -- "There he is!" he shouted.

Yes, there came a "cop" riding up to the door on an old black horse. "Well, for cryin' out loud," ejaculated the butler. "What's the matter with you, Freddie? That's Hank Shellenberger. He's on the Royal North West Mounted Police. Didn't he know you?"
"I didn't have time to find out," confessed Our Hero, "I thought he was chasing me so I just kept ahead of him. Anyway, I won!" he cried triumphantly.

"Oh, S'even's sakes," gasped the member of the R. N. W. P., as he entered, "Why didn't you wait, Freddie? I was going to give you a ride. I rode Blackie down to the big party, didn't I Old Boy?" And right behind him stood Blackie, steed of his first high school days.

After the guests were shown to their respective rooms, I peered through the gathering gloom, and with difficulty distinguished the next member. Reed jumped to open the door, and Anna French flounced in. She very formally announced that she was not Anna any longer, but preferred to be known as "Judge French, P. S. R. W." As she was so exacting about it, I judged that it would be best to comply, and henceforth did as she directed. She brought with her Eleanor Townsley, past Vice-President of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Male Members of the Family. Miss French, pardon, Judge French", R. S. R. W. announced that part of her jury would appear shortly. She was truly a "cause for blues," and the fact that she was Supreme Court Justice of the United States made her all the more imposing. Eleanor was almost, but not quite, as bad. She was un-married and had no prospects.

While I was wondering about the two who had just arrived someone else came. He wore a heavy overcoat, much too large, and miss-proportioned shoes. A silk hat and a long cane by which he dragged, yes, literally dragged, a slim girl, completed his outfit. He took off his coat, the immense shoes, the silk hat, and laid down the cane, but still I could not recognize him. He took off his beard, and lo! and behold! It was Warren Geddes. He had on the costume of a gymnast--tights and soft-soled "sneaker" shoes. His sister, for she was the slim girl whom he had been dragging by the cane, was similarly attired. They composed the popular "Geddes Duo Team" of vaudeville acrobats. I remember Warren's superb catching in the Libertyville Baseball Nine, and now, he told me, he caught Thelma by her long raven hair, in their acts. How people change! They, too, departed for their rooms, and I sat, blinking and nodding, before the fireplace.

I was aroused abruptly from my near-somnambulism. The butler exclaimed: "Look! Look! Here comes an army!"

"Of what?" I inquired, sleepily, "The unemployed?"

Our conversation went no further. Helena Keeney, recognizable at any time, pushed open the door, and said, "Does Mr. Callaghan live here?"

"Will you all please be seated?" I asked, and they sat.

"I'm a Foreman o' this here jury," announced Helena, "what di'ya want with us?"

"Oh," thought I, "this is the part of the jury
of which Judge French spoke!

"Well," I began lamely, "I'll show you to your rooms, and tomorrow the "Major" will have a little surprise. First can you tell me of your occupations?"

"Is that all ya want?" queried Helena. "Sure, I'll tell ya what I do. I run a house for Homeless Krazy Kats, when not on jury duty, but of course I'm generally on jury duty, so the Kats are rather neglected."

"And you?" I asked of Bernice Arata.

"Oh dear," she sighed, "I live in single blessedness since my poor husband died of despair a few years ago. I keep Judge French P. S. R. W. company in the court; she never did marry, and we have much in common."

"And you, Hazel, what have the years brought you?"

"Well, I'm not exactly single. Charlie--"

"Charlie Snow?" I broke in.

"Yes, Charlie Snow," she said. "Anyway, as I started to say, before I was so rudely interrupted, Charlie and I have had some matrimonial difficulties, and we're now estranged. You know, we were just children, you might say, when we married, and it didn't last long. He was O. K., but just not the type, I imagine."

"I believe that he will be here for the reunion," I remarked.

"Oh, dear Charles!" she said romantically. "We haven't met for two weeks, and you know, we might make up!" There was a ray of hope in her voice. How changeable are the moods of woman!

"You don't have to ask me what I do," said Lena Noia, ungraciously.

"But Lena, I would like to know!"

"Since you insist, I'll tell," she said coquettishly. "I am the manager of all the Fifteen Cent Stores throughout the United States. I do the hiring and the firing, and, with it all, I am able to do a little housework, on the side. The housework which I do is done in a house on wheels as my work carries me all over the U. S., and a house on wheels is a very economic expenditure. Oh! Yes! I'm the representative of Mary Watt and Josephine Pimentel, too. You know, of course that they are the world's newest marathon runners, and I sort of go ahead and clear the road for them. By the way, do they know of the reunion?"

"Every member of the Class of '23 is invited," I reminded her.

"Well, they're doing a cross-country spurt from
San Francisco to New York, and I imagine that they'll try to get here for it."

As it was late, the jury decided to retire. The "Major," the butler, and all of the guests had also retired, but I still sat waiting for someone else to arrive.

My hopes were not in vain. A taxi stopped out in front and a short, fat, gray-haired man ran up the steps of the house.

"Help! Help!" he cried, "I've got more than I can handle! Can't you do something?" he shouted, as he saw me blink rather uncertainly at him.

"Oh, yes, to be sure! How absent-minded of me." But still I stared, and, and he again shouted.

"Can't you see who I am? I'm Paul Halstead, most important member of the Yanks Baseball team. Anything else? Now hurry up and give a man a little assistance!"

Such imperativeness! But I moved, anyhow, and gave what little assistance I could. The poor man certainly had too much for his own good. Here he was with a fat lady, whose avoirdupois was actually astounding, and he was trying to get her into the door of a perfectly normal house! Finally, we decided to go around to one of the large French windows, and, with the help of a carpenter, we took out the window, and let the poor woman into the house. After the lady was once in the house, we had much difficulty in finding a place for her to sleep. There were plenty of rooms, but the doors! Or shall we say the woman? At any rate, they could not fit each other. So Georgene, fat lady that she was, had to sleep in the kitchen—for no other reason than the fact that she could not get into the bedroom.

After the excitement of finding sleeping quarters for Georgene, I again fell to dozing before I opened the door to find Charlie Snow. Charlie looked about the same to me. He had grown no fatter, nor taller. His hair was slightly gray, but otherwise he looked the part which he played in the world of business. For he was, he gave me to understand, the President of the "Standing Room Only" Railroad. As he seemed very nervous about something, I asked him if I could do anything for him.

"Yes!" he said, "Tell me, is Hazel here?" He consented to retire, and agreed to see Hazel on the morrow, after I told him that she was in the house.

There was still Margaret Hevey, Josephine Pimentel, and Mary Watt to arrive. I was certain that I could not keep awake any longer, so I, too, retired.

June 8, 1948 was a very lovely day for a reunion, and all of Mr. Callaghan's guests rose early, to find just what the "Major" had in store. After breakfast, the party set out for the field
our worthy Major—"Callaghan Meadows."

"Now," said Mr. Callaghan, when the whole group had assembled, "I will call the roll."

He called the roll, and all but three members had arrived. The others were a motley assemblage. Part of a bedraggled jury, a butler, a tramp, a baseball player, a fat lady in Al G. Barnes' employ and some normal citizens constituted our "Members of the Class of '28."

"To make a short story long, we're all going on a trip to Mars, in the latest Mar-plane, which I have just designed. This is its initial flight, and I have great confidence in my invention. We will leave at 9:30 A. M., regardless of what may happen. I sincerely hope that all of my former students will be able to be here. It is now 9:20," he finished pompously.

Paul Halstead, the baseball player, true to his sportsmanship, wished that he had a paper to read of the marathon runners. As if in answer to his call, a woman passed by the plane and stopped to stare. She had a paper under her arm, and at the request of Mr. Halstead, gave it to him for a moment.

"They're due here soon," blurted Mr. Halstead, as he read the paper as fast as he could before he had to return it to its owner. "It says, J. Pimentel, and M. Watt, recognized as the world's greatest women marathon runners, are due at Callaghan Meadows, New York at 9:30, today. They are planning to join the group of members of the Class of '28, who will be the guests of "Major" B. J. Callaghan when he gives his newest invention, the Mar-plane, Ghost of St. Louis, its initial flight!"

"What's that?" inquired the woman from whom he had borrowed the paper, "Who's running in this race? I hadn't heard about it."

"Oh, a couple of girls with whom I used to go to school," said Paul, disgusted at being disturbed in his reading. "Their names are Josephine Pimentel, and Mary Watt, since you want to know."

"Mary Watt and Josephine Pimentel? Why, I used to go to school with them, too. Say, who might you be?"

"Who might I be? I? Who might I be? Why, I'm Paul Halstead of the Yanks. Didn't you ever hear of me? Gee, I thought everybody knew me!"

"Paul Halstead! Of all things! I didn't even recognize you. Since you think you're so good, I'll tell you to whom you're talking. I'm Margaret Hevey, and I'm engaged to be married tomorrow, but if you're all going on this big flight, I think I'll put it off and trot along, too. What do you say?"

"Sure, help yourself. It won't make any differ-
ence to me."

"Absolutely!" came a chorus of voices, and they came toward the plane from all over the field.

The radio in the great plane was going, and a few reports of the marathon runners had come in. At 9:29 the report said: "They are due at Callaghan Meadows in one minute. Miss Watt seems to be the favored one, as she has the longer legs. Miss Pimentel is holding her own however, and the outcome of the great race is doubtful."

At this tense moment, the fat lady from the Circus spied a large cloud of dust at the far side of the field, and, as it grew rapidly larger, she thought it to be a whirlwind. The motors of the plane were started, and everything was in readiness for departure. The cloud cleared, and there stood the Marathon runners!! They had tied in their marvelous race! Joyously they scrambled aboard as the plane started down the broad field. We were off for Mars! The whole class was there, and I, Mr. Callaghan's private secretary was the pilot of the big plane. I thank you.

Mary Watt '23
He lay curled up on the grass, looking exactly like a contented little puppy in the warm afternoon sunshine. In reality he was a boy of nine years, with a shock of flaxen hair and great blue eyes, which held in them an expression of most amazing candor. He lived with his pretty aunt in the little rose covered cottage at the end of the street. He had been left an orphan at the age of four, and his father's young sister, Jean, had lovingly taken in her little nephew and had filled the place of a mother beautifully. In fact, the boy loved her as dearly as his own, for he could remember very little of any other. His name was Ralph Percival Drake, but his aunt called him Ralphie, and he rejoiced privately every time she did it, for he detested the name of Percy—much less Percival!

As he lay on the lawn, his thoughts were running something in this wise: "What fun I had on Rosy this morning! I wonder why they ever named her Rosy; she isn't the least bit pink! Her name doesn't matter much anyhow, 'cause she'll always be the same pony, even if I took it into my head to call her Ezekiel or Isahia. Those old men that we were reading about last Sunday, in Sunday-School, certainly did have crazy names all right! Why, I think they're even worse than Percival—anyway almost! But I guess they're not any funnier than Dr. Withacoff's name. It's pronounced "Witacough," but I don't see why it's not "Withacough," for it looks that way to me. Whoever heard of a doctor with a cough? I should think he'd have one though, living up there..."
on the hill in that great big cold house! I've heard people say that it's very grand and beautiful, but I'd rather live in our house any day! I wonder why Aunt Jean is always so "tall-and-proud-looking" when she meets him? I haven't seen him very many times, but he looks just about old enough to be my young uncle, just like Aunt Jean's my young aunt. His eyes always make me feel sort of sorry, too--I don't know why."

Just as Ralphie was rising to his knees to look over the hedge at the big house on the other side of the street, he heard the door slam, and he turned to see his Aunt Jean standing on the porch.

She spoke in a clear, sweet voice, "Oh, Ralphie, aren't the roses beautiful? They look like little ivory cups, all delicately carved! I wish that I could make something nearly as beautiful as these!"

Her voice was wistful, but Ralphie looked up into her face with a twinkle in his eye and said mischievously, "Auntie, you were going to call me for dinner, weren't you? Well, how about those big nut cookies; aren't they just about as good as roses?" He edged closer, "You know, Auntie, I think I like 'em better 'n roses--but o' course I'm a boy!

At this confidential outburst, his aunt laughed long and gaily. Then they went together into their pretty dining room, that was lighted by tall, bright candles, which kept out the dusk as it crept softly over the village.

Later that evening when the moon had risen, Ralphie and his aunt walked down the street towards a murmuring brook, which ran through the center of the town. Weeping willows bent over the railings of the bridge. They sat in the shad-
dow, watching the brook in the moonlight. Sitting there, they heard footsteps approaching, which suddenly turned down the path towards their resting place. They could not see the intruder, for he was hidden by the trees, but they heard him stop on the bridge and murmur softly to himself. After about five minutes, the footsteps were resumed, but as the stranger passed them, he chanced to brush against Ralphie's knee and looked down, startled.

"Pardon me," he said in a troubled voice, "I had no idea anyone else was here!"

At this, Jean rose and came out from the shadows.

"Certainly, sir," she said, looking up at him curiously, for she thought that she recognized his voice. As she glanced up, she stiffened visibly, and she continued coldly, "Oh, is it you Dr. Withacoff?"

Slowly she took Ralphie by the hand and turned to cross the bridge.

The tall man in the shadows did not stir, but if Ralphie could have seen his eyes then, he would indeed have felt "sort of sorry," for their expression was one of intense pain. Suddenly, he turned and followed the young woman and GHU
the boy. When he had reached them, he laid a restraining hand upon her arm, and she faced him.

He smiled boyishly and broke out, "Oh! I say, Miss Drake, let's be friends! You know--er--Jean, I won't be able to stand this much longer. It isn't right for you to keep an old grudge like that against me! If I could have seen your brother again before he died, God knows we would have become reconciled. We were the truest of friends, and I wouldn't have let a nasty little quarrel, like the one that afternoon, interfere with our friendship for anything on earth! When I first heard of the things he told you about me, I was furious, but I realize now that he said them in a fit of violent temper, and that he didn't mean them. He said those things merely to rid himself of the venom of his anger. Oh, Jean! Can't you see it in that light? Can't we forget all the old wounds and be the close friends that we were before?"

His last plea was made with touching wistfulness, and now he breathed her name pleadingly, and with a note of tenderness, "Jean!"

During his swift words, the girl had remained motionless, and now lifting her pale face in the moonlight, she said in a shaken voice, "No, Dick, no! I cannot!" She drew herself up proudly and continued in a haughty tone, "Besides, Dr. Withacoff I can't understand your taking advantage of this situation and making such a perfectly ridiculous speech!"

That night when Ralphie kissed his aunt before going to bed, he discovered tears on her cheeks, and he said, wonderingly, "Why Auntie, what's the matter?"

"Nothing at all, darling. Now go to bed and Auntie Jean will be all right in the morning!"

GHU
He quietly did as he was told, but he thought that something must be wrong, for his aunt never cried.

The next morning, he was still wondering over the strange scene he had witnessed the night before, as he rode through the fields on Rosy's back. He also thought of his aunt's tears and Dr. Withacoff's sad eyes and boyish smile. He was, as you have probably noticed, a remarkable thinker for a boy of nine years.

"He would make a fine uncle," he thought, "and we could play together lots. I know Aunt Jean would like him if she'd let herself. I think she can hardly help liking him now, even though she does try awful hard not to."

Ralphie was letting Rosy do just about as she liked, while he was engaged in this revery. The little Shetland wandered aimlessly from one side of the road to the other, with the reins hanging loosely. She took a nibble of grass here and there and was, on the whole, very contented, indeed.

It was in this way that a big yellow automobile, dashing around the corner, came upon them completely unprepared.
Rosy, greatly frightened by the unusual noise, jumped directly into the path of the onrushing car. A flash!—and the sound of grinding brakes; too late! A pony's whinny of terror—a child's shrill cry—and a pitiful little heap at the side of the road — — — —

They brought him, broken and bleeding, to the rose-covered porch. When Jean saw him she uttered a low cry and turned as pale as the little roses themselves. She gathered him up into her arms and carried him into her own room. She laid the unconscious little form gently down on the bed and bathed the bruised face tenderly.

Quite a crowd had gathered, and, leaving him in the care of a motherly neighbor, she went to the phone in the hall. Mechanically she gave the number.

"Hello, Dr. Withacoff? Oh, Dick, my Ralphie's hurt! Come quickly!"

She heard the receiver click, at the other end of the line, and when she had reached Ralphie's bedside again, the doctor was entering the room.

He turned to the people and said, "Please go, all of you; we can't have you here now!"

They, immediately, dispersed at the command of their beloved doctor, and he bent to give the child a quick examination. Jean stood there tense, waiting.

He muttered, "Left rib; don't know how serious—we'll see." He turned to Jean, "Will you do exactly as I tell you? It may save the boy's life. If he is still alive at the end of an hour, he'll pull through. What I must do may seem cruel to you, but I must do it if he is to live. Will you trust me?"
She looked at him steadily, "I do and I will help."

Together they worked through that long hour and if Jean felt any fears, she hid them, because she realized the necessity of a steady hand and a strong will. After about eighty minutes, Ralphie was still breathing, though he lay white and still, a pitiful little figure swathed in bandages. The doctor bent over him for a moment and then looked up, a glorious radiance lighting up his young face.

"He is saved," he whispered. "Oh, Jean!"

"Dick!"

Two weeks later, Ralphie lay propped up in bed talking to his auntie and the doctor.

"You know," said Ralphie slowly, "if it hadn't been that I was thinking so hard about you, Aunt Jean, and you Dr. Withacoff, I don't think anything would have happened."

"How is that, darling," asked Jean, lightly.

"I was just thinking, Auntie, that, if you liked him well enough, Dr. Withacoff would make a fine uncle for me—"n then I could call him Uncle Dick!"

A slow crimson mounted over Jean's neck and face, and she bit her lip, but her eyes were very bright.

"I was thinking of something like that myself, Ralphie," said the doctor softly.

Ralphie had been making little bleats in the counterpane and when he looked up the room was empty. However, the front door had been left open and the fragrance of roses filled the room. Ralphie chuckled softly to himself and snuggled down under the warm covers.

"I thought they would!" he murmured drowsily.

Cynthia Burroughs '29
September 7--TEACHER'S RECEPTION

This is an event which until this year, L. U. H. S. has never had. Parents and friends were invited, so that they might become acquainted with the teachers. A short program was given, and refreshments were served.

16--FRESHIES' RECEPTION

Oh! the great "coming out party" of the Freshmen! There was a short initiation, then refreshments and dancing.

October 13--GIRLS' LEAGUE HI JINKS

This was a get-together party of Mothers, Teachers and Girls. Each class and the teachers put on stunts, games were played, and the girls danced. Also prizes were given to the persons with the best costumes.

22--SOPHOMORE HOP

The first ball of the year! And Oh--pirates everywhere! Even a treasure chest and guns 'n everything. The decorations were novel and cleverly worked out. The Sophs worked hard and certainly got results.

December 3--HI JINKS

This year a radio play was given by members of the Dramatic Club, entitled, "Station W.Y.Y."). The K. K. K. also put on a number of short plays, giving us their ideas of model "Stenos." Dancing, as usual.

January 28--JUNIOR PROM

Again we see how the minds of our young students are always working in new channels. A Dutch scene! Doesn't that sound interesting? And it was. A Dutch windmill on the stage was the outstanding feature. The rest of the decorations all went toward making a typical picture of Holland.

February 15--PARENTS' NIGHT

Another of the annual affairs sponsored by the Student Body. As usual, speeches and a short program were given. There were prizes awarded to the best essay writers on "Abraham Lincoln."

March 10--SENIOR PLAY

Due to the cooperation of the Seniors and the splendid work of the coach, Mr. Callaghan, the Senior Play was a huge success. It was entitled "Fixing Father," and they certainly fixed it according to the response of the audience.

JG

D.R.
14--PARTY for Miss Anderson

An engagement party given by the Girls' League in honor of Miss Anderson at the Hotel Brentwood. Everyone had a good time playing games and dancing. Later, refreshments were served.

23--SPANISH BANQUET

Ojala, and other and other Spanish expressions of joy! A regular banquet with good things to eat and, of course, speeches in Spanish. Afterwards games were played, and everyone danced.

May 2--MAY FESTIVAL

This was different in the way of entertainment, sponsored by the Girls' League. A May Queen was selected with all of her attendants and a jester. A program was given, ending with a May Pole dance. Then everyone passed into the court where refreshments were served.

18--MOTHERS' TEA

The Girls' Annual afternoon party for their mothers. A program, including a short play "Mother Pays" was given, and refreshments were served in the court.

21--BETTER HOMES PROGRAM

Since this was during Better Homes' week, a program was given to discuss it. Miss Maude Murchie, of Sacramento, Chief of the Home-Making Bureau, visited our school.

22--Richard Werner, formerly Commissioner of Secondary Education now Regional Director of Agriculture, and Professor at San Jose State Teachers College, visited our school.

June 1--SENIOR BALL

The last spurt of the Seniors was their Senior Ball. As the fountain happened to work, it provided something "different" between dances.

4--"DITCH DAY"

"Where, Oh where, have our gay Seniors gone?" was the only query as to Ditch Day. To be trite but true, a good time was had by all and they all returned home tired, but happy!

5--JUNIOR-SeniOR DINNER

Rah! Rah! Rah! Hotel, Pittsburg, the ing banquet. A few of we had read the Etiquette Book when we saw the array of silver! Juniors! At Los Medanos Seniors were given a part- us finally were glad that Thelma Gaddes '28
BASEBALL

well, our wonderful pennant winning track and baseball team turned out to be nothing but contenders, both finishing in fourth place.

The baseball team got away to a good start by winning four out of five practice games, but couldn't get going in the league games. We defeated Tracy High twice in a two game series, and also defeated St. Agnes High of Stockton, twice in a three game series.

In the first league game against Antioch, the Liberty Nine came through with an 11 to 10 victory, after coming from behind on two occasions. It was a loosely played game, but interesting and had the fans on their toes at all times. Batteries: Antioch, Vanderbunt and Vanderbunt; Brentwood, Hannum and Columbo.

Liberty lost the second game of the season to the Concord Nine in a close battle which ended 7 to 6. We were enjoying a 6 run lead at the beginning of the eighth inning, but three hits and three errors, put Concord in the running with four runs. Jimmy Hannum our pitcher was then replaced by Melbor Crandell. This failed to stop the Concord attack, and they came back strong in the ninth inning, pushing over three runs, enough to win by one run.

The next game was with Martinez High and this time the Liberty team took a bad beating by the score of 10 to 5. Due to bunched hits and erratic fielding by Liberty, Martinez was able to put over ten runs. Little Eddie Minta, Liberty's third sacker, was the leading hitter of the day with 3 hits out of four trips to the plate. Eddie is surely playing a good game this year, and should go even better next year.

We lost another close game to Pittsburg in the next to the last game of the season. Melbor Crandell started on the mound for Liberty but gave way to Jimmy Hannum in the fourth, both pitchers were hit hard. Pittsburg also used two pitchers, but they received better support than did our twirlers. Liberty tied the score in the first half of the ninth on a long homer by Warren Geddes, but Pittsburg scored the winning run in its half of the ninth on a single, sacrifice and a long double against the left field fence. Charles Snow collected 4 hits, one being a homer with two men on bases. Belleci of Pittsburg connected for two homers.

The Liberty Baseball team ended the 1928 season by trouncing the Crockett nine by a 20 to 1 score. Melbor Crandell pitched nine innings, allowing only 3 hits, and was at no time in any danger. "Red" Armstrong carried off the batting honors by collecting 5 hits out of 6. Crockett pitchers were hit hard and errors by the Brentwood team enabled
20 runs.


**BATTING AVERAGES IN LEAGUE GAMES:**

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<th>Hits</th>
<th>Ave.</th>
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<td>Lawrence Trembley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Melbor Crandell</td>
<td>5</td>
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**FINAL STANDING OF LEAGUE TEAMS:**

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<tr>
<td>Antioch</td>
<td>0</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**TRACK**

n the county track meet this year, held at Concord, the Liberty team did not live up to what was expected of it and finished fourth. Diablo High, of Concord won the meet, with Pittsburg second and Antioch third. Our track team had defeated Concord, Antioch and Pittsburg in practice meets but failed to make much of a showing in the "Big Meet."

Reed Cowan was high point man for Brentwood with 5 points; Fred Heidorn made 4 points and Garth Rose, Melbor Crandell, Bernard Jansse each made 3 points; Henry Shellenberger 2 points; Edwin Minta 1 point; and James Columbo 2 points.

Reed Cowan is the only track man to earn his L.

**SOCCER**

Soccer a minor sport in the High Schools of the county, is the only sport that Liberty had any success in this year. We played Antioch and Danville twice each and won all 4 games.

**TEENNIS**

A tennis tournament is now being held to determine the person of the team for next year. Those who have won sets so far are: Cynthia Burroughs, Ella Thompson, Virginia Mantelli, and Lillian Larson their first round. Margaret Ivy, and Theo Carpenter, Laura each have one set in
Organizations
The Girls' League, with Eleanor Townsley as president, and Miss Maston as advisor, had a very successful year. First there was our annual Girls' Hi Jinks which was held on October 13. We had much fun that night playing games and "letting loose in general. The Sophomore girls won the prize for having the best stunt.

Our part in the Leap Day events on February 29, was to serve refreshments after a day of hard work out on the field and inside of the building. They were good, too—sandwiches, 'n olives, 'n ice cream, 'n cake.

Then came May Day. If you didn't come to our Festival, you missed a jolly time. Eleanor Townsley as Queen and her many attendants presided over the events. Ruth Edgell announced the program. There were piano solos, vocal solos, readings, aesthetic dancing, folk dancing and a Maypole dance.

Last of all came the Mothers' Tea which was held on May 18. The Mothers were entertained with a playlet entitled "Mother Pays" by the Girls' League. There were vocal and piano solos, also. The last number was the installation of our new officers using the beautiful candle installation service that has been adopted by Girls' Leagues in many High Schools in the state. After the program, we adjourned to the court where refreshments were served.

Our officers for next year are: President, Agnes Dutro; Vice President, Grace Lewis; Secretary-Treasurer, Josephine Colombo; Social Manager, Geraldine Doeney.

Georgene Upham

The orchestra, though organized rather late in the year, has had an exceptionally active year. Among the programs at which it has contributed numbers are: Hi Jinks; Senior Play; Educational Program; Queen: Esther Operetta at Brentwood and at Pittsburg; Parents Night and a Brickley Meeting. At present the orchestra consists of the following members: Grace Lewis, Gladys Sullivan, Piano; Anna French, Mandolin; Freda Mathison, Piccolo; Melbor Crandell, Edwin Sellers, Saxophones; Garth Rose, Harry Cordua, Clarinets: Elmer Gauger, Violin and director; Miss E. M. Higgins, Advisor.

With the incoming new members we expect to have even a stronger organization next year.

Elmer Gauger
The California State Scholarship Federation, as you know is a state wide organization. It holds the same place in the High School as the Phi Beta Kappa does at college.

This year we have nineteen members who are: William Beaman, Oscar Burroughs Virginia Carpenter, Beryl Lynch, Cebie Parker, Robert Walker, Robert Kelso Lucille Trembly, Theo Ella Thompson, Gladys Frey, James Hannum, Cynthia Burroughs, Golda Frey, Freda Mathison, Dorothy Regesteer, Hazel Clark; Thelma Geddes and Margaret Hevey.

The officers for the first semester of this year were: President, Cynthia Burroughs; Vice President, Golda Frey; Secretary and Treasurer, Wilda Lavere.

The officers for the last term. President, Margaret Hevey; Vice President, Freda Mathison; Secretary and Treasurer, Theo Ella Thompson.

Representatives from the Scholarship Societies in Contra Costa County spent April 11, with us as guests of our chapter. They attended classes with us, enjoyed a Student Body dance and were served a banquet at noon by our new members.

The three delegates representing our chapter at the third annual convention of the C. S. F. in Sacramento were Margaret Hevey, Golda Frey and Hazel Clark.

We now have Novitiate Pins which signify our scholarship achievement. It is a small torch, which represents the light of learning.

Theo Ella Thompson

RIFLE CLUB

This year a new organization for boys was formed--The Rifle Club. At the beginning of the year, we elected our officers. "Lanky Hank" Shellenberger was winner in race for president, and Glenn Geddes captured the honorable position of Secretary-Treasurer.

The rifles and all ammunition which is used furnished by the Government, and "Colonel" Spindt instructs. This is the first successful Rifle Club of L. U. H. S., and we hope that it will continue next year.

Henry Shellenberger
SERVICE CLUB

Our officers for the year '27--'28 are as follows:
President, Rendall Burroughs; Vice President, Golda Frey; Secretary and Treasurer, Leon Wells; Sergeant at Arms, Warren Geddes.

During our meetings this year we have discussed important topics of the day. We learned some very interesting facts about the Lindbergh Good Will flights and debated the question of a thirteen month year.

Membership has increased, and those students who are members seem to have developed a different attitude toward their school. At the Antioch-Pittsburgh-Liberty Track Meet held here several members of the Service Club acted as officials.

Resolved: "It pays to be a member in good standing of the L. U. H. S. Service Club!"

At the last meeting, we elected our officers for the coming year. Those who were selected were: President, James Hannum; Vice President, Theo Ella Thompson; Secretary and Treasurer, Geraldine Deeney.

Leon Wells

STUDENT BODY

The Student Body of Liberty Union High School has succeeded in making this a very interesting year. At the beginning of the year and again on the twenty-ninth of February, we held Labor Days. Many comical costumes and characters were assembled for the purpose of cleaning school and school grounds, as well as making them pleasure days. A lunch was prepared by the girls on each occasion and was thoroughly enjoyed.

The Annual High Jinks, which consisted of a vaudeville and the only student body dance of the year, was the most successful ever given in this school.

During the month of May, Miss Maude Murchie, Chief of the Better Home Making Bureau at Sacramento, gave an interesting talk on Better Homes. Essays on Better Homes written by members of the English Classes were read. Prizes were awarded as follows: First, ($1.50), Virginia Carpenter; Second, ($1.00), Thelma Geddes; Third ($0.75), Dorothy Regester.

On May 22, Mr. formerly Commissioner and now of the San Jose Richard Werner, of Secondary Education, Teachers' College visited
our school

On May 24, nominations were held for Student Body officers.
The election, which was held on May 31, resulted as follows:
President, Melbor Crandell; Vice President, James Columbo;
Secretary, Marjorie Hannum; Sergeant-at-arms, Bernard Jansse;
Reporter, Cynthia Burroughs.

The Student Body wishes to compliment the old officers on
their work, to welcome the new officers and to give them the
whole-hearted support of the school.

We have received word of the successes of two of our former
members and congratulate them. Richard Truett, '23 is now hold-
ing a secretarial position with the Robert Dollar Steamship
Company. In this capacity, he is traveling in Europe with the
Vice President of the organization.

Ray Houston, '25 a degree student in the Agricultural
College of the University of California at Davis, received the
honor of having his name engraved on the perpetual trophy by
the Horticultural Club for 1928.

KLICKING KEYS KLUB Hazel Clark, '29

One of the first activities of the K. K. K. was the
initiation of the new Typing Class Members. Twenty-one
students were initiated at our impressive Ritual
Service.

On Hi Jinks night, we presented two playlets; one
"Diogenes Looks for a Secretary," and the other "The
Stenographers Three."

Then came the Typing Contest. The first year team, Iola
Dainty, Wilda Lavers, Geraldine Deeney won the County Speed Cup;
Sayde Cooper, Gladys Sullivan, and Gladys Frey also went as
first year students. Josephine Pimentel and Georgene Upham rep-
resented our second year writers.

This year's officers, President, Josephine Pimentel; Vice
President, Georgene Upham; and Secretary and Treasurer, Lena
Noia; wish the next years' officers, President, Wilda Laver; Vice
President, Gladys Sullivan; Secretary and Treasurer, Gladys Frey;
much success and pleasure in the execution of their duties.

SPANISH CLUB Lena Noia '28

a Tortulia had for its project this year, a Spanish
Banquet. The table was decorated in Spanish colors and
a Spanish menu was served. Our president, Josephine
Pimentel, acted as toast mistress. Each member gave a
speech in Spanish, and our adviser, Miss Higgins, also
addressed us in Spanish. Miss Stevenson and Mr. and Mrs.
Nash were the guests of honor. After the banquet,
games were enjoyed.

The officers for next year are: Presi-
dent, Edwin Minta; Vice-
Secretary, Henry Martin;
Treasurer, Beryl Lynch.

Gladys Sullivan '29
SOPHOMORE CLASS

We, the class of '30 will soon be upper classmen, and no one can say to us "you can't do that, you are lower classmen."

Our biggest event this year was the Sophomore Hop. All the talking, laughing and arguing which went into the pirate scene can never be forgotten. Then we had a jolly weenie roast at Edwin Mathison's home with the Freshmen.

Our class officers were: President, Leon Wells; Vice President, Lucille Trembley; Secretary-Treasurer, Eileen Hanson; Student Affairs Committee Representatives, Florence Gilhart and James Columbo; Social Manager, Iola Dainty.

Last, but not least, we thank Miss Higgins, for guiding us through this year. We hope that she will be with us next year.

Theo Ella Thompson '30

FRESHMAN CLASS

At the beginning of the year the Freshman class had the following officers: President, Robert Talker; Vice President, Myrtle Middleton; Secretary-Treasurer, Marjorie Hannum; Student Affairs Committee Representatives, Ruby Frey and Ervin Wells.

We gave candy, food, and ice-cream sales shortly after the Freshman Reception. In spite of the fact that we were inexperienced, we believe that we have made a great success of the year and Miss Manley deserves much praise for her cooperation.

The officers for next year are: President, Oscar Burroughs; Vice President, Helen Webber; Secretary-Treasurer, Myrtle Middleton; Sergeant-at-arms, Charles Lewis; Student Affairs Committee Representatives, Ruby Frey and William Beaman.

Ervin Wells '31

JUNIOR CLASS

Under the guidance of our new Major Teacher, Miss Maston, we have carried on our class activities with splendid success.

On January 28, we had our prom, using a Dutch setting.

We invited the Freshmen to a Class Picnic on May 12. We lunched near Marsh Creek, and later went to Oak Grove to swim.

On Monday evening, June 4, the Freshman gave a dinner and dance at the high school and invited us Juniors.

The Annual Junior-Senior Banquet was held at the Los Medanos Hotel in Pittsburg on June 5. After dinner, there was a theatre party at the California Theatre.

We are proud to have next to the largest number of classmen in the Service Club and the largest number in the Scholarship Society.

Donner Wilder '32.
Miss Logan: "Did I see you chewing gum?"

Bernard: "I tried to put it in the waste basket, but I missed it."

Ben: "Who fiddled while Rome was burning?"
Dick: "Towser."
Ben: "No."
Dick: "Who was it?"
Ben: "It was Nero."
Dick: "Well, I knew he had a dog's name."

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Wells: Why does a tramp always buy a short coat.

Devalle: Because it will be long before he gets another.

---

Miss Maston: What's wrong with these sentences? 1. I will do my home work tonight. 2. I always do my home work.

James C. I'm not sure about the first one, but I know the second one is a lie.

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MFV.
Little Jackie did his best but could not succeed very well with his lessons.

Oh, Jackie! exclaimed the teacher, "Can't you do these sums? I don't believe you are really trying."

"Why Teacher!" returned Jackie looking up reproachfully, "yesterday you told me I was the most trying boy in school.

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MFV
Nothing Doing

Junior Partner (to pretty typist)—Are you doing anything on Sunday evening, Miss Dale?

Typist (hopefully)—No, not a thing!

Then try to be at the office earlier on Monday morning, will you?

Identified

An Englishman was visiting this country for the first time, and as he was driving along the highway, saw a large sign, "Drive slow. This means YOU!"

The Englishman stopped in surprise and exclaimed, "My word! How did they know I was here?"
"Number please."

"Never mind, Central. I wanted the Fire Department, but the house has burned down to the ground already. You were too prompt in answering my call."

Geraldine: "Oh, I just love your new suit, it is so seasonable."

Freddie: "Well, it's one of these salt and pepper creations."

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NOTICE! NOTICE!

The editor will give a large reward to the person who can give the name of the party caught walking under the arch of his mouth to cross the bridge of his nose so that he might sit in the shade of the palm of his hand. He feeds the corns on his toes and the roots of his hair to the calf of his leg while he has his shoulder blades sharpened.

DEAR EDITOR:

The following description might aid in your search:

This man plays on the drum of his ear while he wears the cap of his knee. He carries a whip made of the lash of his eye and a key to the lock of his hair. When he was last seen, he was shingling the roof of his mouth with the nails of his fingers and toes. He has killed all the hares of his head with the bow of his legs. His favorite sports are spinning the top of his head and rolling the balls of his eyes as the waves on the strands of his hair break on the shell of his ear.

Golda Frey '29
Prof: "What is the most common conductor for electricity,"
Student: "Why--er--er--"
Prof: "Correct."

FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES

Once upon a time, there were four animals, a duck, a frog, a pig, and a skunk, who went to a circus. The duck had a bill so he could get in, the frog had a green back and he entered, and the pig had four quarters and he also was admitted but the poor little skunk could not get in because he had a bad scent.
Quite matchless are her dark brown
She talks with perfect
And when I tell her she is
She says I am a great big

Sis: "That's the Prince of Wales' new horse. They call him dandruff."
Mary: "Why?"
Sis: "Because he makes the heir fall."

Two old Scotchmen were found crying recently because they had spent their youth together.

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Some men are born insane
Trouble drives others that way
And some are editors of school jokes

Miss Manley: "Now, let's run over the lesson."
Oliver Upham: "Honk! Honk."

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MFV.
Habit

A dentist says that he had an absent-minded motorist in his chair the other day. "Will you take gas?" he asked.

"Yeah," replied the patient, "and you'd better look at the oil and water."

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