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Odd Fellow’s Building — Healdsburg
One day in early November, in the barnyard of a small cottage on the Colorado prairies, a woman and five children stood viewing their flock of turkeys with pride and speculation plainly stamped on their faces. “This one,” the woman was saying, “we will keep for our own Thanksgiving dinner; the others we will sell.” The one in question was a young gobbler, fat and strutting, that seemed to understand the meaning of these words, for his head and tail feathers drooped simultaneously. Soon the woman and children left the yard and the turkeys remained to gobble over their approaching fate, with an energy which foretold high prices to Mrs. Thomas.

That evening Bobbie Thomas was careless about locking the door of the turkey’s coop, and in the morning every turkey had disappeared. As the town in which they lived was small, all except one of the turkeys were found. The missing one was the gobbler that Mrs. Thomas intended keeping. Though search was kept up for days, no trace was found of the lost turkey.

The gobbler, whom the Thomas children had named Vesuvius, because of his hot temper, had purposely left the flock and wandered away—across fields of stubble, cantaloupe patches and dusty roads (for the snow had not yet come) till at length he stopped at a farm house. The chickens were being fed, so he helped himself liberally to their wheat and corn and missed being captured only by depositing some of his feathers in a man’s grasping hand. Thus frightened he hastened on, and after wandering wearily on through the afternoon, he found himself at sundown in a small mining town—a mere collection of huts and cook houses, with one small general store.

Around this store a group of men were lounging, and when they caught sight of the runaway turkey, they issued a joyful whoop and ran for him, shouting “What a dinner the beast will make!” Poor Vesuvius! To escape death in one form, only to encounter it in a worse form, was unbearable, so he put all his remaining strength into his legs and ran and flapped his wings alternately till the men finally tired and gave up the chase in disgust.

No longer in fear of pursuit Vesuvius stopped to rest and to find something to eat.
After a while he fell asleep and was awakened by the barking of an impudent little dog, who had seen Vesuvius and was determined to have some fun with him. Vesuvius took refuge in a nearby tree, and if he had been possessed of the power to reason and think I am sure his thoughts would have been something on this order: "Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard."

*A* * * * * * * * * * * *

A week before Christmas one of Mrs. Thomas' children came rushing into the house excitedly announcing "Vesuvius is back! Vesuvius is out in the yard!" All rushed out to see the returned prodigal, and for a few minutes Vesuvius was the center of attraction and the object of discussion in that small world.

For six days Vesuvius was well fed and closely watched and then—alas! alas! rebellion had accomplished nothing for him.

VERA NELLIGAN, 'II.

Captured On Thanksgiving.

The first snow of the season had fallen and clothed the trees and earth in sparkling garments. It was late in November, in fact, it was the day before Thanksgiving. The settlements in Virginia were very scattered and the Indians treacherous. At the time of my story a small party of settlers were journeying to a settlement some miles distant where they were to spend Thanksgiving with their neighbors in a congenial way. The party consisted of a small number of men and women and one little girl whose name was Virginia Stuart. She was the only child of fond parents and the lone girl in the settlement.

In order that the trip might not be a tedious one they had planned to make it in the form of a turkey hunt. Accordingly, the men carried the guns, for protection as well as sport, and the women took the lunch. At this particular time a band of wild turkeys had been discovered in a thicket at no great distance, and all danger of the Indians was forgotten in the pursuit of the wild game. Even the women became excited over the prospects of so bountiful a Thanksgiving dinner, and Virginia saw her chance to slip away and hunt for hickory nuts. She thought she knew where a great quantity grew, not far off, and that she might slip over and get a few and be back before the excitement was over. And then she would have her share of the treat too. With this in mind she slipped away across the snow and into the thicket until she came to the bank of a stream. While looking for some mode of crossing she heard a rustle behind her, and almost before she could turn saw two Indian warriors standing with their tomahawks raised. She knew they had evidently been following the party, had seen her leave the rest and had taken this opportunity of adding another captive to their ranks.

Unlike our modern girls of ten years, she knew it was useless to protest or perhaps they would scalp her, so she surrendered and they led her away along the bank of the creek. One Indian led the way while she walked between them. They were very careful that she should step in the leader's tracks while the other Indian would step in hers. Thus all trace of the child's disappearance was obscured.

They traveled this way nearly all day, until Virginia was nearly worn out. About
sunset they came to a large grove. Here the
snow had not penetrated, so the Indians
built a fire and, after tying Virginia to a
tree, they each went off in different direc­
tions.

Left with only a mouthful of dried veni­
sion to chew on and her hands tied behind
her, Virginia began to devise plans of
escape. By working her hands up and down
she found the rope had been tied rather
loose. After much squeezing and squirm­
ing and terrible pain she succeeded in free­
ing both hands. This accomplished she be­
came almost frantic lest the warriors should
return before she could untie the rest of the
numerous knots that bound her body to the
tree. She knew if they did return she
would certainly be scalped. At last the
knots were untied and she was free. But
which way to flee she knew not. Just then
she heard a shot, and then another in the
opposite direction. With these for a guide
she ran and ran until her scant strength
failed her. Observing a hollow log she
climbed into it. For some time she lay mo­
tionless, watching the stars to quiet her
childish fears. At last, overcome by weari­
ness, she dropped off to sleep, while the dew
kissed her tired cheek and the stars kept
watch from above.

Bye and bye, when the stars had ceased
their vigil, Virginia awoke with a start.
She had scarcely become reconciled to her
position when a terrible crashing was heard
and a deer jumped over the log. A few
minutes lapsed, then she heard stealthy foot­
falls and knew one of the Indians must be
in pursuit. Her heart stood still! He
mounted the log, then stopped and surveyed
the lone child. Then a broad grin spread
over his copper-colored face and he shouted
Bravo! Raising his gun he fired three times
and received an answer of the same. Vir­
ginia now gave up all hope of escape and
surrendered herself to her fate, and once
more began their journey.

After they had gone a short distance they
met the other Indian, leading a horse. Vir­
ginia was placed upon the horse and they
proceeded on their way; Virginia knew not
where. She was given some more dried
venison to nibble and a few berries which
the Indians picked for her.

In this manner they traveled nearly all
day. Towards evening Virginia saw in the
distance a column of smoke and soon she
could make out the outline of tents. Then
she knew they had reached the Indian
village.

When the signal gun was fired it seemed
as though the entire tribe of Indians came
out to hail the two warriors and their pretty
child captive.

Virginia was given to the chief and named
“Maho.” He in turn gave her to his mother
who cared for her in a kind way until Vir­
ginia showed plans for escaping. Then she
was made to go barefooted like the Indian
children, dress in Indians’ clothes and, worse
than all, given hard tasks to accomplish.
She was forced to wash the hominy every
morning in the cold river, with only a slab
of ice for her bare feet to rest upon. One
morning, when her feet had become numbed
with cold, she stepped into the hominy to
warm them. The old squaw was spying,
and Maho was then made to “run the
gauntlet.”

Each day, each week and each year Maho
watched for means of escape and the sight
of a white man’s face. But no captives were
brought in contact with her. Perhaps the
Indians had their reasons; it is not for us
to know.

At last, after ten long years, her oppor­
tunity came. It was in the spring of the
year and all the Indians were busy. They
had nearly forgotten that Maho was not
one of them. And she is turn had almost
forgotten her own language. She had been
left at the camp to look after the old squaw, who was becoming very feeble, and whom the Indians said the "Great Spirit" would soon claim.

Maho always had a leather bag full of parched corn, and in case she ever got the chance to escape she would have this as a means of sustenance. Seizing her opportunity she took the corn and a gun, which the chief had given her, and quickly plunged into the woods. She knew about in what direction her course lay and traveled steadily. For four days she traveled, resting behind rocks and under the boughs at night. On the fourth day she came to a settlement which had been deserted. For a moment she was puzzled, then she remembered this must have been a new settlement which was being planned at the time of her capture. With this suggestion she kept on until she approached familiar scenes, and at last reached home. Going straight to the old log house she walked into the kitchen and, as was the Indian custom, sat down without a word.

Imagine the surprise of her mother, who was busily kneading bread, when she saw this Indian girl walk into her kitchen alone. For Virginia had grown to look much like the Indian girls, her dark complexion having been exposed so long to the rough weather.

The woman spoke to Virginia in English, asking her what she wanted, but Virginia only stared and shook her head. The mother came a little closer and stared hard into the beautiful eyes. Then Virginia's lips unsealed and her baby song burst forth. Only a moment passed ere a mother and her lost child were sobbing heart to heart.

By the next Thanksgiving Virginia had become civilized again, and all the members of the settlement resolved to spend that Thanksgiving in true thankfulness and at home.

By Veta Adams, '08.

The Thanksgiving Harvest.

On the evening before Thanksgiving Mr. and Mrs. Grey sat beside the glowing fireplace, in the cozy little sitting room of their country home.

The room was not elaborately furnished, for they were simple country folks. A few shelves, partly filled with books, occupied the side of the room on the right of the fireplace, and on the opposite side was a small writing desk. In the center of the room was a stand table on which was a large lamp, a weekly newspaper and several magazines.

Mrs. Grey sat in a rocking chair knitting with ease upon a pair of gloves, while Mr. Grey sat near the bookshelf, apparently looking at an almanac. But his mind seemed troubled, his eyes wandered from object to object until at last they fixed themselves on a picture upon the wall; a tear came into his eye, and he bowed his head, for it was the picture of his only son, whom he had not seen or heard from for three long years.

"Mother," said he, "to-morrow is Thanksgiving. What all have we to be thankful for?"

"In the first place, father, we can be thankful that our harvest is safely stored away, for the thermometer has dropped and snow is falling very fast. But best of all, that we have been permitted to witness the reaping of the harvest of another year."

By Veta Adams, '08.
“That is true mother. We have lived a life of simple happiness. Yet looking back over the past years it seems all disappointment. Fifty years ago we started on life’s journey together. Life was all promise then but now, alas! we have nothing to show for the trials and tribulations that we have overcome. We are now tottering on the grave with nothing accomplished. Our only son and the pride of our hearts is gone and we know not whether he is dead or alive. It did not seem so lonesome until three years ago; although he was not with us all of the time we saw him often and it did not seem so hard.”

“You are right, but we have waited these three years for George to return and now we should not give up all hopes of his return, but wait patiently until the end. Listen, father, I believe I hear the ring of sleighbells, perhaps a neighbor is ill and someone is coming for help.”

“It might be a traveler lost in the blinding snowstorm. At any rate they shall find us ready to lend a helping hand.”

The sound drew rapidly nearer and soon a sleigh stopped before the door.

The silence within was interrupted by a knock and, on being asked to come in, the door opened and in stepped a tall, well-dressed gentleman.

“It is George, our lost son,” exclaimed both Mr. and Mrs. Grey, as they sprang to embrace him.

“Where have you been?” and “Why did you not write to us?” were the first questions to reach his ears.

“Sit down and I shall tell you all,” said George, and he began to relate his story.

“Three years ago I went from where I was working to San Francisco on business, for which I intended to take several days. On reaching there my attention was called to a steamer which was almost ready to sail for a new and rich gold field that had just been discovered in Alaska. I decided to go at once, thinking I could write to you from there. I sailed with the ship. But to my dismay there was no way of communicating with the world from that point. After several days’ prospecting I staked one of the richest mines in the field. I have returned to you wealthy, and now you shall go with me to the city and live in ease and luxury.”

“Mother,” said Mr. Grey, “the returns from our labors are often small, but they sometimes exceed our expectations. We have lived here so long planting and reaping the harvests each year, and now that George has returned, our life’s harvest is reaped and we shall spend the rest of our days in the quiet surroundings of the country which we have enjoyed so long. Tomorrow our Thanksgiving dinner shall be relished a great deal more, for we have a great deal more to be thankful for on this Thanksgiving day.”

“B.,” ’09.
Miss Anna Amesbury, '91, is teaching in Berkeley.

Arthur Price, a former Healdsburg boy, who graduated with the class of '98, was here during the early part of October with his bride, formerly Miss Edna Stone of Berkeley. The young couple met while attending the California University. Mr. Price took up journalism as his vocation, and has been employed on several of the city papers. For some time he has been on the reportorial staff of the Call, where he is doing commendable work. While here Mr. Price met many of his former schoolmates and friends, and the visit was greatly enjoyed. The H. H. S. join with their many friends in wishing them a life of bountiful happiness and prosperity.

Mrs. Marion Grant, '97, is enrolled at the Santa Rosa Business College.

Misses Hazel Baker and Edith Silberstein, '04, are taking stenography in the commercial department.

Miss Lucile Bolles, '03, was in town last month visiting her parents.

Miss Edna Metzger, '99, is again teaching in the Healdsburg grammar school.

Miss Addie Brown, '01, was in town for a couple of weeks in October, and is now on duty as nurse in San Francisco.

Miss Bessie Wolfe, '06, is clerking in Von Tillow's stationery store.

Ernest Washburn, '97, is working in Pool's grocery store, Windsor.

In a letter received by one of the students a short time ago from Chas. Widlund, '06, who is with a surveying party at Wendling, California, he spoke of "those dear old High School days" and inquired after the welfare of the school.

By some mysterious means or other Cupid has gained admittance to the Alumni Association and already has accomplished great results.

The marriage of Miss Matin Newland, ?, to Mr. Geo. L. Gunn, was solemnized October 14 at the home of the bride's parents in this city, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newland. The affair was an elaborate one, and was witnessed by relatives and a few intimate friends. Mr. and Mrs. Gunn are at present residing in Healdsburg, where Mr. Gunn holds a position with Rosenberg and Bush. The Sotoyoman joins with their many friends in wishing them a long and happy wedded life.

Already Cupid has claimed one of '07's graduates in the person of Miss Cora Craig. Our former schoolmate became the bride of Mr. L. J. Engle on October 12. The couple have made their home in Eureka, where Mr. Engle is a young and favorably known engineer.

Miss Florence Dargitz, '04, was married in Stockton, October 15, to Mr. Thos. A. Botts.

The wedding of Harvey C. Frost, '03, to Miss Elizabeth McBride occurred in Santa Rosa on October 16.
On Friday evening, October 4, a rally was held in Fox's Hall. This was the first High School function of this term and was well attended by the students. The time was spent in dancing, playing games and in singing, making the rally a most enjoyable one.

The girls have organized a choral club with Stella Lufkin as director. Miss Chapin is giving the girls encouragement and assistance and, too, Mrs. Grant has consented to instruct them in singing. This club, when it has had enough experience, will, no doubt, play quite an important part in our social affairs.

On Friday evening, October 25, 1907, a number of the friends of Herbert Amesbury arrived at his home to give him a surprise. The evening was spent in a most enjoyable way, and at a late hour delicious refreshments were served, after which the guests departed. Those present were Veta Adams, Addie Crispin, Audry Walters, Kathleen Swisher, Genevieve and Geneva Gladden, Ray Welch, Royal Vitousek, Floyd Bailey, Dallas Wagers, John Fisher, Frank McClish, Hurwood Griffith and Herbert Amesbury.

The Senior class gathered at the home of Rachel Fisher on the evening of November 4th and tendered a farewell surprise party to Veta Adams. As is invariably the case with the '08's a jolly evening was spent. A gift was presented to the honored one by the class as a token of remembrance. Miss Adams left the following Wednesday with her folks for Colorado, where she will complete her High School education. Deep regret is felt by her classmates for the loss of one of the jolliest and brightest in the class of '08.

Another farewell party was that given to Gertrude Coffman, '07, by a few of her friends, prior to the young lady's departure for Philadelphia, where she has entered a preparatory school for girls.

The Hallowe'en raid this year was a glorious success. Those participating met at the school house, after darkness had set in, and from there went on their way rejoicing. Many points of interest throughout the length and breadth of the town were taken in and no effort was spared in making the march one of lasting victory. The revellers misplaced several gates, found swinging on loose hinges, and enjoyed one or two wagon rides, but no serious mischief was done.
Our advertisers are our best friends—without them “Ye Sotoyome” could not exist. It is only just that the students patronize the business houses who have given us their co-operation.

Every department of school activity is represented in our paper, but we would gratefully receive any comments or suggestions which our readers might have to make.

At this writing the Student Body is enthusiastically engaged in the tasks of contesting for the piano, offered by the Wiley B. Allen Company as a prize for the most popular local institution or person taking part. The aim is two-fold—one purely selfish, for we want the piano—the other carries the idea of effort or strong cooperation. The latter is to be placed foremost, however. The students have had the handicap of coming into the contest rather late in the day, yet we occupy a very unique situation—we are strongly representative of the entire community. Should we have lost the coveted prize ere the appearance of this number of the paper, we will say that the effort has not gone unrewarded, for we have gained added strength by it; if we should have won the piano, we will feel that we have been more than repaid for our labor.

This is a treacherous month when autumn days
With summer’s voice come bearing summer’s gifts.
Beguiled, the pale down-trodden aster lifts
Her head and blooms again. The soft, warm haze
Makes moist once more the sere and dusty ways,
And, creeping through where dead leaves lie in depths,
The violet returns. Snow noiseless sifts
Ere night, an icy shroud, which morning’s rays
Will idly shine upon and slowly melt,
The treachery, at last, too late, is plain.
Too late to bid the violet live again.
Bare are the places where the sweet owers dwelt.
What joy sufficient hath November fell?
What profit from the violet’s day of pain?

HELEN JACKSON.
October, "the month of carnival of all the year, when Nature lets the wild earth go its way," has come and gone, and already November is partly sped. Who is there that will fail to recall, at this fitting season, that familiar and pathetic bit of history about the true-hearted little band of exiles, seeking that freedom of religious worship so dear to them; who moored their storm-tossed barks on the wild New England shore; how they rejoiced on reaching the haven and made the air resound with their quaint and holy hymns of cheer? Hence the origin of Thanksgiving Day, that joyous American institution, signifying gratitude to the Creator for the abundant yield of the harvest.

It is our unpleasant duty, thus soon, to remind the students of their needful support of the Sotoyoman. The one essential feature of the paper is good literary material which will be representative of the ability of the students along that line. The literary editor has had some difficulty in securing stories for this number and is solicitous of your help for the next issue of the school paper. Make up your mind to write a story. Give the task a due amount of effort and you will be surprised at the result.

A word or two should be said in regard to the financial condition of the paper. The more money gained through subscriptions and purchases of single copies the better the paper. Send in your subscription money—and perhaps it would be well to buy an extra copy once in a while for some friend interested in High School work.

Ward Smith, formerly a member of class '08, spent a few days with friends in Healdsburg last month.

Wise and Otherwise.

Three characteristics of the Freshmen:
Small, empty heads.
Green countenances.
Big feet.

Why do K. S., '10, B. M., '10, and A. W., '10, desire an ad in the Sotoyoman? Are they thinking seriously of becoming old maids?

For the latest styles in boxmaking, ask E. B., '09, C. W., '09, and H. M., '09. Office hours, 4 p. m. to 6 p. m.

H. C., '09 (in History Class)—They raise their own wool in Scotland.

F. M., '08 (Hist.)—Before Geo. Calvert took the charter he died.

I.
Harry, Harry, every day,
Goes a-courting, so they say;
By writing notes to Freshie girls
Who look so pretty with those curls.

II.
Alas! one day the teacher saw,
And proceeded to lay down the law;
When Harry turned and with great care
Wished for bliss and a Teddy Bear.

A good many are anxious to know whether the sorority pins have come.
As yet not one of our Eastern exchanges of last year has come to us this term, although we have received several from schools in California. We were quite late in getting started this year, and therefore expected to have many exchanges by this time, but it seems as if we will have to take the initiative in exchanging.

The papers thus far received are not up to their usual standard, but this can easily result from the inexperience of the new editorial staffs and from the fact that the first issue is generally smaller on account of lack of funds.

Several of the first exchanges have been lost and we will only comment on those now at hand.

First of all came the Cardinal and Black from Clear Lake Union High School. This was only the second issue, and being the commencement number was quite interesting. We only hope that the students will again take up the work this semester.

The Trident has a very neat cover design, but most of the cuts could be improved. The sketch of “The Old Boathouse” is very good. Is it a work of a student?

The Loyal Sons Gazette is very good to be issued by an organization of that kind. A story or two more would greatly improve the appearance of the paper.

The only thing to criticize; after a hurried examination of the Normal Record, is its total lack of cuts.

The Keene High School Enterprise seems to have a brighter character than last year. All of these exchanges came in the day this paper goes to press, therefore we have not read any of the stories in the Enterprise or other papers.

The general appearance of the Tiger, published by the California School of Mechanical Arts, does not compare favorably with those received from the same school last year; although when we have time to examine it more closely it may surpass our expectations.

---

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HEALDSBURG HIGH IN THE A. A. L.

The track team which represented Healdsburg High in the A. A. L. meet held on the Berkeley oval on October 19, came off with 9\(\frac{1}{2}\) points won by Edward Beeson (third place in the 120 high hurdle and second place in the high jump). Hubwood Griffith (tie for fourth place in the pole vault), and Homer Cooledge (second and fourth places, respectively, in the hammer throw and the shot put).

Berkeley High won the day with 39 points, Oakland High came second with 35\(\frac{1}{2}\) and Lick High took third with 14 points. Then came Ukiah with 14, Lowell High with 12\(\frac{1}{2}\), Santa Rosa with 11, Healdsburg and Cogswell tie for sixth, with 9\(\frac{1}{2}\), Santa Clara 4, and Wilmerding came last with 2 points.

The meet was exciting throughout, and the result, which was in doubt to the last, was decided by the relay race, which was won by Berkeley High.

THE S. M. A. A. L.

The track team representing Healdsburg High in the S. M. A. A. L., which was held at Ukiah on November 2, took second place with their excellent field work, almost irrespective of the track work.

Ukiah High School, which has long been known as one of the best on this coast, was beaten by both Santa Rosa and Healdsburg High Schools. Ukiah's showing was a surprise to others as well as to herself. The events were as follows:

**Track Events**

- **220-yard dash**—Won by Lambert; Whitney second, Gray third, all of S. R. H. S. Time, 23.
- **880-yard run**—Won by Saxon, W. H. S.; Squires, W. H. S., second; Lockhart, S.
R. H., third. Time, 2.5.
Mile run—Won by Saxon, W. H. S.; Squires, W. H. S., second; Lockhart, S. R. H., third. 44.59

Field Events
Pole vault—Won by Young, H. H. S.; Proctor, S. R. H., second; Lee, S. R. H., third. Height, 10.63'.
High jump—Won by Beeson, H. H. S.; Ruddick, U. H. S., second; Prather, U. H. S., third. Height, 5.10'.
Discus throw—Swisher, Baily and Coolidge took first, second and third places, respectively, all of H. H. S. 95.5
Shot put—Won by Ruddick, U. H. S.; Wooley, S. R. H., second; Coolidge, H. H. S., third. Distance, 46C.
Total number of points: Santa Rosa High, 56½; Healdsburg High, 33; Ukiah High, 30½; Willits High, 23; Petaluma, 1.

HEALDSBURG HIGH IN ATHLETICS
Athletics in the Healdsburg High School have been of such varied character during the past that very few athletes have specialized on any particular event or game, to which they may have been best adapted naturally. Consequently very few good athletes have been developed on account of this lack of specialization.

Now there has been a Healdsburg High School for a great many years, and it has taken an active part in athletics most of the time, but there were always so few boys to take part in the comparatively large number of games that the Healdsburg High has been a "Jack of all trades and master of none.''

Another reason, too, why more has not been accomplished in this line has been the
lack of school spirit which has prevailed here.

But now lack of school spirit is beginning to be a thing of the past and we have more good track and field material than many a larger school can boast of. In fact, the only thing that stands between the Healdsburg High and victory—yes, a golden age of athletics—is a sad lack of specialization on track and field athletics.

INTERCLASS TRACK MEET
On Friday, October 5, a track meet was held on Luce's track between the allied classes—the Seniors and Sophs vs. the Juniors and Freshies.

The meet was interesting throughout and was won by the former by five points. There were several records broken, but as our stop watch did not work correctly none can stand. The result of the discus throw was the surprise of the day. Riley Swisher won with a throw of 95 feet, which stands as a High School Record.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS
On Friday evening, October 18, a basketball game was played in Truitt's theater between our team and that of Alameda.

This was our first game of the season and it was exciting as well as interesting, as both teams entered the struggle with the determination of carrying off the honors.

The Healdsburg line-up was as follows: Forwards, Kathleen Swisher, Aubrey Butler; Centers, Una Williams, Grace Butler and Edith Fields; Guards, Audry Walters, Bera Mothron; Substitutes, Hazel Long, Annie Foppiano, Crystal Gullaway, Eva Beeson.

The Alameda girls arrived here on the Friday morning train and remained over until Saturday afternoon. They were entertained royally while here, and on Saturday afternoon enjoyed an automobile drive.

The Alameda line-up was as follows: Forwards, Irene Wood (captain), Martha Gordinker; Centers, Alice Bliss (touch), Ethel Murray, Cecelia Bernstein; Guards, Ruth Saxett, Grace Dudley (manager); Substitutes, Nita Diamond, Constance Mulvaney, Miss Nabler. Referee, Miss Howarith.

The score was 15 to 4 in Healdsburg's favor.

We have received a challenge from Ukiah wishing us to play a series of three games with the Girls' Basketball Team of that High. The challenge was accepted, and the first of the series will take place at an early date. So far we have had a few very good practices, and if the girls show up in the future as well as they have lately the High School will have a team to be proud of.

On the schedule at this writing we have the following games: Series of three with Ukiah; one each with Alameda, Santa Rosa and probably with Vallejo and Petaluma, but the last two are undecided.
Rachel Fisher, '08, was greatly honored by winning the grand gold medal in the contest held in Petaluma October 18, 1907; Jessie Skee, '07, and Veta Adams, '08, were also contestants for the medal.

H. H. S. was represented at the A. A. L. by a few students besides those that went to take part.

We are very sorry to lose one of our students, Averil Hall. She is compelled to stop school on account of her health.

Veta Adams returned October 22 from a few days' trip to the city.

Bertha Meyer spent a week of the latter part of last month visiting in San Francisco.

Beth Fox spent a few days in the city last month.

A large number of students and their friends attended the S. M. A. A. L. meet at Ukiah.

The girls of the H. H. S. have organized a chorus in which they are taking a great interest and hope to make a good showing soon. They have elected Stella Lufkin as director. Miss Chapin has kindly been instructing them and they have also procured Mrs. Grant's services.

The boys have a quartet organized and are having splendid practices under the instruction of Mr. C. P. Ferguson.

A great many of the students that were absent during the first part of the term have returned to their old places.

We miss Gertrude Waterman and Eva Chappari this term. They were formerly members of the commercial department.

Bera Mothron, '10, spent several days last month on an automobile tour through Sacramento and Stockton.

Hurwood Griffith was elected captain of the inter-class field days for the Seniors and Sophomores, and Fred Young for the Juniors and Freshmen.

Chester Ferguson, '10, spent several days with friends in the city in October.

We are glad to have Alfred Passalaqua, '10, back with us this term.

Miss Ellen Nally, a recent graduate of S. R. H. S., visited our school one afternoon of last month.

Stella Lufkin, '08, was called to Sacramento October 14, by the death of her uncle.

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Teacher—"Una, at about what time was Christianity introduced into England?"
U. W., '09—"In 54 B.C."

Does Miss L. know that it is against the rules of the school to take two steps at a time, even if it is only the platform steps?

Has C. F., '09, lost his preference for Brown? If not, there is a Freshman by that name.

H. M., '09 (when the second bell rings for the close of the English period)—"Ah! one more hour of torture gone."

A. C., '08 (holding up a book on Bacon's life)—"Miss Leddy, do you want this bacon?"

A. B., '08 (to Mr. H.)—"Shall we write with pen or ink?"

The Freshmen are very musical this year, but don't use the piano. They think the air is better.

Teacher (on entering the room where H. M., '09, and F. M., '09, were having a good time)—"Now, if any of you wish to play I will bring you some rag dolls for toys."
H. M., '09—"Bring me a Teddy Bear, please."

H. C., '09, to R. S., '11 (who was copying algebra on the blackboard)—"From the looks of those lines your head is not level."

Mr. H. (to several girls who were standing around Miss C. in the Assembly Hall listening to her explanation of the algebra lesson)—"Girls you will have to quit talking out loud in the study hall."

The color of his face could not be determined when he saw that Miss C. was doing the talking, for he turned his back to the assembly.

A very remarkable specimen of antique humanity has been discovered in the H. H. S. It is the mummy of Rhoderick Dhu. (A. S., '11.)

Hark! Listen to the giggles from the Freshman Class.

Why did A. C., '08, go after the mail so often for awhile.
On Monday, October 7, the Healdsburg High School Congress was called to order by the president, Dallas Wagers, for the purpose of electing officers. The following officers were nominated and unanimously elected:

Dallas Wagers, President.
Aubrey Butler, Assistant Clerk, and Edwin Kent, Sargeant-at-Arms.
The meeting was then adjourned.
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