

Sta-Va-Hi, Jr.



'44

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OFFICIAL MEMORY BOOK

of the

STAR VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL

1944



FOREWORD

*Those Things That Change,
Those Things That Never Change—
This Is Our Theme*



Attitudes have changed. The fresh air of purpose has blown upon becalmed minds and fanned drowsing ambition into life.

Perhaps it took a war to thus stimulate our ambitions. People are working hard—harder than ever before.

There are many seniors who will be entering the armed forces after graduation, other students will take their places on farms or in some other essential war work. This signifies another change.

But to the things that stay the same—the tall and great mountains, the cycle of the seasons, winter, spring, summer, and autumn—the beauty of a Strauss Waltz—these things do not change.

Dedication



*"Long May It Wave O'er the Land of the Free
And the Home of the Brave."*

We dedicate this book to our hope of a new and better world of tomorrow.

In a year when the people of the whole world are dedicating themselves to the fulfillment of freedom, peace and liberty, it is more important than ever that we accept this challenge: To prepare ourselves for a new and better world.

Our forefathers wishing to prove that men of all creeds could live together on one soil under a government based on the equal rights of each person and dedicated to the continuance of individual freedom, searched and founded a new nation in which to prove their theory. Now, each generation wishing to continue the proof, and be prepared for new truths to come, holding fast to what they already believe as true, have gone forth to fight for what they know is good and, if necessary, to even die for it, if doing so will help prepare all of us for a new and better world to come.

All those from our ranks who are fighting and who will soon be fighting, those who have already lost their lives in the struggle for peace and freedom for a new and better world, we also dedicate this book.

Autographs

Faculty





Top row: H. Papworth, L. Gardner, C. Gardner, E. Papworth, M. Metcalf, C. Clark, K. Muir, Prin. O. J. Holdaway.

Front: H. Ames, J. Gomm, M. Fluckiger, B. Murray, K. Burton, E. Hanseen, C. Barrus, G. R. Clark, Supt. Metcalf.

At the close of this school year it is a pleasure to express appreciation, on behalf of the faculty, to each member of the student-body, for outstanding support and cooperation. War conditions have given us more than our share of difficult problems to solve, but throughout the year both teachers and students have worked to the best of their ability to make this a successful school year.

To the members of the senior class and especially those who are going into the armed services, it is our hope that the training you received here will prove adequate in helping you solve your difficult problems. May you uphold the high standard which has been established by other graduates of the Star Valley High School. To all of you the best of luck and happiness.

O. J. Holdaway, Principal



Student Council



Student Body President: Kay Robinson

Vice-President: Irene Millward

Secretary: Helen Johnson

Cheer Leaders: LaDean Miles, Helen Findlay and Merrill Weber

We, the Student Council, have attempted to help direct the affairs of our school in those ways which would be most beneficial to all of us. What we have accomplished has been possible through your support and help.

Many things have changed during the school year, but we have tried to effectively carry on our student organization. This is one thing which will not change.

We wish to thank the faculty for their cooperative supervision; to the seniors we say "Good Luck", and to the returning Student Body of next year, "Carry On."



Seniors



Top row: Johns, Sanderson, Halls, Wilkes, Heiner, Weber, Robinson, Haderlie.
 Middle row: Haderlie, Nield, Hcopes, Hoopes, Lancaster, Hopkins, Anderson, Roberts.
 Front: Chadwick, Jenkins, Humpherys.



Top row: Simpson, Tippetts Gomm, Walker, Allred, Skinner.
 Middle row: Anglesey, Wilkes, Wolfley, Halls, Taylor, Sanderson, Facer.
 Front: Simpson, Taysom, Lancaster



Top row: Miller, Call, Anderson, Clark, Canning, Gardner, Daugherty, Cranney.
 Middle row: Dabel, Child, Veigel, Barras, Daugherty, Brog, Bateman, Corsi.
 Front: Hoopes, Schiess, Wilkes

The Seniors are proud to be students of the Star Valley High School. During the year we sponsored two assemblies and were first to sell bonds in the bond drive. We acted as hosts at the Senior Frolic and presented a Senior play to the student body.

The Seniors were led by the following officers.

President	Darrel Hoopes
Vice-President	Kay Wilkes
Secretary and Treasurer	Virginia Schiess
Reporter	Eldene Veigel
Advisors	Mrs. Metcalf and Card Clark

During the past four years many changes have been made in the school. The Seniors probably have noticed these more than any other class.

During our Sophomore year, the United States went to war. This created many changes in the school. Teachers and students left to join the ranks. Yes, the Seniors have seen a great many changes.

However, there are things in the school which will never change. There will always be new classes coming in and Seniors going out. There will always be the old traditions to uphold, and rivalry between classes and schools. Yes, the Spirit of Star Valley High will live on forever.

Autographs

Juniors



We, the Juniors, are very proud to be members of the Star Valley High School. We have endeavored to uphold the traditions and activities under the direction of our officers: Dale Call, Max Stock, Mary Lou Shumway and Faye Beyeler. We have sponsored a war bond drive, an annual assembly, and the Junior Promenade, all of them great successes. We wish to thank our advisors, Mrs. Papworth and Mr. G. R. Clark in supporting us in these activities including our Seniors rings.

We, as a class are confident that next year, bringing the climax of high school days, our good times in the Star Valley High School, will never be forgotten.



Sophomores



President: Delworth Gardner
Vice-President: Donald Yeaman
Secretary: Jeanne Stock
Advisors: Mrs. Hanseen. Mrs. Fluckiger

We, the Sophomores of the Star Valley High School are proud to have our pictures in the '43-'44 yearbook. We do feel we have had a successful year in our class activities, in the school activities, and in our class work. We take pride in the fact that we are members of the Star Valley High School. We appreciate the friendship and cooperation of the teachers who have worked with us in our worthy undertakings. We may forget the little things we did in our sophomore year, but we will remember the things we have worked, toiled and laughed about together.

Some of our achievements are a Christmas assembly featuring Santa Claus, a bang of a party in the auditorium, another assembly on March 31, and last we sponsored the Commencement Dance for the graduating Seniors.



Freshmen



We, the "buck privates" of this institution, feel that we are its foundation. Without us the school could never exist.

With the help of Miss Gardner and Mr. Gomm, Rex Gardner, pres.; Bonnie Jean Moser, vice-pres.; Lynette Barrus, Sec'y,; James Call, reporter, we have had a successful year. We raised \$1775 for the bond drive, out doing the other classes.

We have given some outstanding assembly programs and have had two successful parties.

Although we have been on "K. P." part of the time and have been bullied by upper-classmen, we've enjoyed every minute of our Freshman year. We are looking forward to our new rating—the title of "Sophomore."



Activities



GLEE

The glee clubs this year have been successful, although there has been a change or two. Under the direction of Arch Gardner we presented a Christmas cantata. We have also been participants in several assemblies. During the last few weeks of school, Mrs. Murray conducted us in several new numbers for the April assembly.

We were unable to present an opera, but we, the glee students, feel well paid for our efforts.



BAND

With a flash of colors and a roll of drums the band appears. Yes, it's our Star Valley High School Band once more taking a hand in a school affair.

Even though the Band got off to rather a raw start by the loss of the former teacher, Mr. A.R. Overlade, he was adequately replaced by Stanley Bennion, who very efficiently made a successful year for the band.

Some of the high-lights of the band have been their splendid support at basketball games and equally as efficient at football games. They were also active in school assemblies and various other public callings.

During the year the band received an invitation to a Music Concert at Kemmerer but were unable to attend. They have also had several class parties which were highly successful.

Yes, "Hat's Off" to the splendid achievements and support given the school by our Star Valley High School Band.





STAR VALLEY STAKE SEMINARY

The enrollment in our school this year has reached an all time high—256 students.

Fifty-five of these students will have completed the requirements and will graduate on Saturday April 22, 1944.

The L. D. S. Church maintains over 108 Seminaries serving the needs of its members in these Western States.

Our aim is to develop in the life and experiences of the students an appreciation and understanding of Jesus, as the Christ, and to foster in students a progressive and continuous development of Personality, and Character which is harmonious within itself, adjusted to Society, to the physical environment, and to God.

May we all learn to appreciate the "Joy" that comes through knowledge, friendship, health, and service.



OTHER ACTIVITIES

SIGMA DELTA KI

The Speech Class organized a Speech Arts Club, which was called the Simga Delta Ki.

This club was organized for the production of plays and dramas, but with the misfortune of losing its director, Mr. Arch Gardner, the plays were dropped, although the club itself has been continued.

Members of this club will receive pins at the end of the year.

The officers were:

President	Lloyd Taysom
Vice-president	Mary Lou Shumway
Secretary	Hilda Anderson
Reporter	L. A. Allred



BOY'S AND GIRL'S LEAGUE

The boy's and girl's league meetings were carried out as usual this year.

The purpose of the leagues is to discuss the problems confronting the students and to provide recreation.

The girl's league officers were as follows:

President	Relia Roos
Vice-president	Helen Harrison
Secretary	Vella Haderlie

Due to the fact that some seniors finished school at the end of the first semester, the girl's league lost some of its officers.

The boy's league officers were:

President	Charles Wilkes
Co-Vice-presidents	Byron Thurman and Kay Hale
Secretary	Kay Wilkes





JOURNALISM CLASS

Some of the aims of the Journalism students are the yearbook, handbook, Mountain Star and other activities that have a great deal to do with the press. The Mountain Star, formerly a monthly, four page paper, has now replaced the Twinkle and goes to press every two weeks.

One of the main projects of the classes of '44 has been sending the paper to every Star Valley boy in the Service. From the many letters received by the students, this act has been greatly appreciated.

Members of the Journalism department are as follows:

Ralph Leavitt, Hilda Anderson, Verna Anglesey, Helen Wilkes, Emogene Roberts, La Nea Taylor, Aileen Taylor, Mavis Merritt, Margaret Barrus, Mary Lou Shumway, Edith Wolfley, Ramona Dana, Edward Cranney, Vella Haderlie, Elaine Turner, Reed Sanderson, Gweneth Hoopes, Farrell Jenkins, Belva Schwab, Melva Schwab, June Corsi, Vesta Astle, Arlene Jensen, Beth Schiess, La Rue Luthi, June Rainey, Ardath Weber, Lucille Jensen, Elma Wolfley, L. A. Allred, Aileen Child, Eldene Veigel, Bob Call.

Aileen Child and Eldene Veigel acted as editors of the Mountain Star, with Bob Call taking over business manager's duties. Melva Schwab, Reed Sanderson and Gweneth Hoopes were co-editors of Sta-Va-Hi, Jr. Elaine Turner and Ralph Leavitt were chosen handbook editors. Miss C. Gardner was advisor.



FUTURE HOME MAKERS

The Home Economics Club has been restored this year with Kathleen Burton as the advisor. The name of the club has been changed to "The Future Home Makers."

We realize that many women are working in industries and war plants but we also realize the importance of home makers and attempt to carry on.

The club sponsored a fat salvage drive among the school to help the war effort. We were proud to report three hundred pounds of fat were turned in.

A Kid's Party, which consisted of a school of little kids during the day and a kid's dance at night, was also sponsored by the club, as well as many other parties.

We hope this club will be carried on in the S V. H. S. for many years to come.

Club officers are:

Gweneth Hoopes, president; Leota Hopkins, vice-pres.; and Mary Bateman, sec'y.



PEPSTARS

We, the Pepstars, are a club of twenty-four girls from the "Cream of the Crop." We have one Pepstar Mother, Corrine Barrus, and we stand for service to our good old S. V. H. S. Our activities have been somewhat limited this year due to the present world condition. We sponsored a bond drive last fall, and sold some \$1,500 worth of bonds and stamps. We are also leaving to the club a \$100.00 bond, to be used by the future Pepstars.

We are full-fledged Pepstars from the day of initiation until we turn in our much loved and honored vests at the end of the year. All in all we have had a very successful year as a service club to the faculty and student body, and may the girls that wear the vests next year be able to carry on many activities and aims toward the betterment of our school and our country in a victorious democracy.



Athletics



Considering the handicap on travel due to the war, we feel that Star Valley High School has really gone places in athletics during '43-'44. Coached by Linc Gardner, the football team took second place in the district, losing only one game during the season. Later the basketball team took over and, after a hard season, came out 5th in the district. Then the Star S Club, very active this year, managed to get athletic sweaters for the football and basketball boys. The Star S. officers are: Dee Gardner, president; Ken Astle, vice-president; Jack Tippetts, Secretary.



Autographs

Literary Section

OUR FLAG

An emblem so fair
A triumph so grand-
A low, sacred prayer
Is the flag of our land.

Unity, triumphant
O'er our land it does wave,
Establishing a union,
And freeing the slave.

The meaning of Americanism
Waving on high,
A star for every state,
As it soars into the sky.

A stripe of red and white
And a heavenly field of blue,
The red is the blood of those who fight
The blue stands for the true.

Put them all together, we have our flag,
Now proudly it waves on high-
Let's keep it waving, Americans!
The flag—that will never die!
By Arla Turner

WAR DOES THESE THINGS

By Margaret Barrus

The last ship that was going to America had just pulled away. Jimmy and his little dog, Scotty, stood on the bank watching the smoke stack slowly disappear. There were tears running down his cheeks as he thought of his little sister, Anne, who was on the large ship sailing away. Perhaps he would never see her again.

The war had done many things to Jimmy. Two months previous, Jimmy and Anne's parents had been killed in a bombing raid over England and when Jimmy had tried to get two tickets to America, he had found there was only one left. Anne took the ticket because Jimmy told her he would come over on the next ship. He never told her though that she was sailing on the last one.

As he stood there watching the last puff of smoke go out of sight, he wondered what would become of him now. His home, his parents, his sister, everything he ever loved was gone. That is everything except his little dog Scotty. Good old Scotty he would stick by him no matter what happened.

Slowly Jimmy retreated along the crooked, narrow path which led back to the village he had just left. He pulled from his pocket a small white cloth in which was wrapped a tiny crust of bread. Breaking it in two he gave half of it to Scotty, and began eating the rest of it himself.

Jimmy felt so weary from the excitement that he had experienced in the last couple of months that he could hardly drag one foot in front of the other. He slowly turned off the road and went a short distance to

a large, leafy tree. Laying his head on the dog, he soon fell asleep.

When Jimmy awoke the sun was high in the sky. He sat up startled for he had forgotten where he was. Suddenly he recalled all the sorrow which has befallen him. He arose from the soft green grass and made his way back to the dusty road. Once more he was on his way to the bomb-shattered village.

Out of nowhere, suddenly was heard the sound of airplanes. It sounded as if thousands of bees were coming toward him. Jimmy stood looking into the sky when suddenly bombs started dropping on the tiny village. Like a bird dropping down to pick up a worm, one of the huge German airplanes swooped down near the where Jimmy was standing. Bullets started flashing from the front of the plane, like fire spurted from a roaring furnace, and Jimmy dropped to the ground. At his side lay his little dog who had stuck with him to the end. At last they were off to a land of peace and contentment.

WAVES SO FREE

I was like a wave of the sea
Driven with wind and tossed with glee
Happy and carefree and swept away
All by my thought that one glad day.
The waves so white were tossed so high
The wind so cool gave a moan and sigh.
But little I knew of the wind and sea
When all to myself I was glad and free.
—Eldene Veigel

A WOMAN'S PURSE

When you look in a woman's purse you're apt to see,
Articles of every description from A to Z.
Bobbypins, Kleenex, and ration books,
And of course something to improve her looks.
Lipstick, rouge, and mascara for the eyes
Nail polish, powder, a new recipe for pies.
Paper, pencils, a letter or two,
Pins, keys, and ribbon of blue.
Some money, tokens of red, blue, and green,
An odder collection you've never seen.
Oh, there's no end to what you'll find,
Things of every description, color, and kind.
—Gordon Nelson

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL "WARNING"

The day was bright and shiny as a new penny. The golden rays of sunshine shone through the open window where Brenda Kelly was washing her dishes.

At sixteen, Brenda thought it almost time for her to outgrow the curse which has been her doom ever since she had been big enough to stand on the little stool Dad had made for her, with her mother's apron tied around her and wash with all her might until every dish was bright and shiny as the sun outside.

"I rebel," she thought to herself as she poured the billowy mass of soap suds down the drain. "I'll be darned if I'm going to spend the rest of my life washing dishes."

A call from her mother brought her to the fact that it was nearly time for school, so with a fling of the dish-towel and a flash, she was upstairs combing her long brown hair with just an occasional curl now and then, and washing her face until the few tiny freckles powered across her nose fairly shone. With a hasty gesture, she rubbed the cold cream on her face, making herself appear to be a waxen angel, except for those freckles that spoiled the effect.

Grabbing a kleenex she wiped off the cream and applied her powder with patient strokes across her little, pug nose. Her blue eyes flashed as she swore to get rid of those freckles someday.

All she had left to do now was put on her green woolly sweater and her plaid skirt, find her matching socks and ribbon and change to her brown saddle shoes.

By nine-fifteen, Brenda was ready for school. She looked a typical school girl as she kissed her mother goodbye and hurried out of the gate with her books clasped tightly under her arm.

It had been the custom every morning to meet Joe just as he was coming out of his house. Then Joe would say, "How about letting a strong guy pack your books, Brenda?"

Brenda always blushed as she handed Joe her books. He thought she looked cute when she blushed. Those blue eyes looked bluer, and her freckles gleamed with just the right glow.

Brenda had looked forward to seeing Joe, she had so much to tell him and a special something to ask him, but for some reason Joe didn't meet her the usual way.

As she walked past the big red house where Joe lived she wondered what had happened to him. This was the first morning Joe had failed to meet her at the gate since the time when she was a Freshie and Joe was a Sophie and Joe had said that Sue Beck was cute and she sure was a good neighbor.

This morning Brenda walked slowly not noticing another girl gradually overtaking her as she continued on.

Suddenly she turned as she heard Sue Beck calling after her, "Wait a minute Kelly, where's the fire?"

"There's no fire" answered Brenda, "I just want to be early."

"I suppose you heard about the big time some of the boys had last night. I guess they really celebrated," Sue rambled.

"No, I didn't hear anything, what about it, Sue." Brenda asked.

Sue answered amazed, "You mean you weren't with Joe last night? Why all the boys in his gang had a chicken supper up at Chuck Turley's place last night and from what I hear there was plenty of neck! Some of them even had wine, I heard Skinny Jackson ask Don Whitney to buy a quart of wine for him. You know Skinny and all those kids are too young. I don't know if Don did or not, but I heard the coach would put 'em all off the team if he caught any one of 'em drinking."

Brenda felt her knees go weak but she managed to not let Sue know

it. "Oh well, it don't make any difference to me any way I had a date with Jack Adams to go out to Riverside, but I don't like the ones who go out there."

Sue gasped, "you don't mean the John Adams, the student body President, do you? "Sure I mean John Adams, the student body president. There's only one John Adams in the school isn't there?" Brenda asked.

By now the girls had reached the school and had parted in the hall. As Brenda approached her locker she heard that silly Jean Sheldon giggle, "Too bad about Joe, isn't it Brenda? We'll sure miss him on the team."

"Oh yes, it sure is, Oh well, He'll have to get used to it. It's been coming to him for a long time," Brenda answered, and then hurried up the stairs to English III.

All through class Brenda kept thinking about Joe. How could he do such a thing? Why only a week before he had promised her she was the only girl he would ever have and that he never would drink wine.

The noon bell finally rang, Brenda had watched for Joe in all her morning classes "Guess he couldn't take it," she agreed to herself "Oh well, it serves him right."

Brenda started for home. The three short blocks were quickly covered in less than ten minutes, giving her plenty of time to eat her lunch and get back to school on time.

As she passed the red brick house she automatically turned her head to see if Joe might happen to be watching. As she stared at the big house, a thrill of joy pierced her heart. There pinned on the door of the big house was a "Warning" sign communicable disease within.

Brenda began to whistle a little tune as she entered the front door of her own home.

"Mother," she asked, "Have I had German Measles?"

"Why yes dear," she answered, "don't you remember?"

Stopping for only a glass of milk and a graham cracker, Brenda hurried out of the house.

As she approached the red brick house she smiled as she saw Joe by the window with his throat tied up and his face covered with red specks. Brenda didn't even mind her freckles a bit when she saw Joe. In fact she kinda liked 'em.

—Mary Lou Shumway

DREAMS

Beneath the mists of blue and gold

The nicest tiny dreams unfold

For sparkling brooks and tinkling rains

All try to soothe your lingering pain.

So be not afraid to have your dreams

Of golden fields and crystal streams

For after all what does make life?

Not pain and sorrow and toil and strife,

But rain and brooks and crystal gleams

And silvery songs and tiny dreams.

—Helen Wilkes

ON THE PERSONAL TOUCH

Our Constitution states: "Women are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of man." I now feel that we should have certain laws governing the methods by which man can lawfully be pursued.

Two of the main baits used in this mad race by woman are lipstick and perfume. We have all read advertisements on lipstick and perfume, such as: "Do you want to have those soft, kissable, magnetic lips that men adore to kiss?" Try "Lady Savors" scarlet lipstick today. One brand of perfume is advertised as "Dangerous Moment." "Three drops like three shots, guaranteed to make any single man scuttle the ship of bachelorhood, or any married man wish he were single."

The above type of perfume is merely a matter of dollars and scents, and guaranteed to keep your lover smell bound.

Consulting the divorce records of the past I came upon an interesting case. The essence of the case was: A newlywed husband was granted a divorce the day after his marriage, when he awoke to find a strange woman in the adjoining bed. The divorce was granted on the basis of impersonation of another girl and non-upkeep of private property.

Are there no natural beauties who are the products of nature? Woman rouges in haste and repaints at leisure. The moral of this little essay is, "At least get a look at the unpainted picture before you leap."

—Kay Robinson

THE IDEAL YOUNG WOMAN

As I see her in my mind, she is a center of attraction, has a good figure and a countenance lighted with the natural glow of abounding health. She has not only a healthy appearance but also a background of good health, both physical and mental.

In her habits and appearance, she is neat and charming. She avoids being extravagant and has a good sense of thrift.

Her temperament is vigorous, energetic, and enthusiastic. She is an optimist and fully self-controlled. She speaks in words that common people understand and avoids crowds and individuals who have the idle pastime of gossiping about and slandering others. She avoids sarcastic remarks and snobbery. She upholds human sisterhood.

She has a good understanding of humans and life. She has a growing appreciation of earth's fine arts—music, literature, and science.

She believes the drinking of beverages, which stupefy the human mind and body and leave them in a numb and senseless condition causing disgrace, is a disgusting and boresome pastime. She keeps herself well balanced between her intelligence and feelings. She is not bothered when her intelligence says "No." She is a patron to wholesome entertainments which are well supervised.

Her character is built by her honor to the tradition of the race of humanity to which she belongs by selecting a husband who is of the same race.

She is loved and respected by the wise and learned people, but very probably shunned by those who are inferior, but who, sooner or later, will respect her.

To many, this treatise may be considered as a day dream or mental lapse. I have observed many young women in Star Valley who are in this rating and many more who have not had guidance in the correct way of living while young.

Surely God never made a finer creature than the ideal young American woman.

—Morrell Gomm

NATURE

Nature is a funny thing

At the first of the year there comes the spring.
Spring brings the life back to the trees
And with it comes a soft cool breeze.

Summer comes but once a year.

The sun is shining bright and clear
Birds are singing merrily
And life goes on so happily.

But worst of all, comes next, the fall

Harvesting the crops, includes us all.
The leaves on the trees turn yellow and die
And directly south the birds do fly.

Winter brings us ice and snow,

And it gets darn cold as you all know.
But in the end, nature is the best
It gives each season a time to rest.

—L. A. Allred.

ANNELLA

On a cold night in December,
In a dark and fearsome wood,
Where the wind was howling madly,
A lonely cabin stood.

And the trapper in the cabin,
As he watched the embers glow,
Knew, that as the embers
His life was ebbing low.

He thought his whole life over,
Of the sorrows and joys he'd had,
He thought of his wife, Annella
And his life when he'd been a lad.

How he'd loved his dear Annella,
With all the love of a man,
And he knew as he watched the embers,
That he'd loved as few men can.

He tried to get up, for the fire,
He saw, was almost dead,
And he thought again of Annella,
"I wish she were here," he said.

And then, as in a vision,
He saw her, "Oh beautiful one."
For around her shone a brilliance
That was brighter than the sun.

"Annella," he cried, "Annella,"
"Are you really here, please say,"
And as the last spark flickered and died,
His Annella took him away.

—Bonnie Jean Moesser.

SILAS GETS IDEAS

Silas Whippedinkle isn't exactly what you'd call a romantic name, but it does suggest certain ideas—especially when Silas Whippedinkle is good looking and twenty-one.

This was the idea that went through pretty Constance Lane's head as she saw Silas ride into town on his old pony. Constance smoothed her blonde curls and her heart skipped a beat when when she saw Silas stop at the hitching rail in front of the bank.

Mr. Lane was the banker and has little use for Silas. When he noticed that Silas intended to drop in at the bank he retired into the back part of the bank, (Mr. Lane called this his home,) and told Constance to tell Mr. Whippedinkle that he was not at home.

Constance was glad to oblige because she rather liked Silas, so she hastened into the bank. Silas opened the door and eased his six feet into the room. "Howdy ma'am, is Banker Lane In?"

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Whippedinkle," gushed Constance, "but father is not at home."

"I'll wait," decided Silas, and sat down in the nearest chair. "It's a nice day, isn't it?"

"Very nice," said Constance. "You're very nice, too," she added quickly. Silas looked startled and twisted his hat in his hands.

"You're kinda' pretty, Miss Lane," said Silas after a quarter hour of silence.

Constance slid her chair up closer to Silas and sighed, "Just call me Connie. That's what people that care for me call me."

"Alright Connie."

After an hour of blushes from Connie and sighs from Silas—and soft curses from Mr. Lane, Silas suddenly got to his feet, announced that he wouldn't wait any longer, and stamped from the room.

This went on every day for a week. There was no doubt about it. Connie was in love with Silas, and she intended to have him.

On Saturday, Silas again came into the bank, and Connie sat down beside him. Today she was going to make him propose.

Connie sat close to Silas, sighed and placed her hand where Silas could easily reach it.

"Connie," sighed Silas, "You've made me realize that a man needs a woman in his ranch house."

"Yes, Silas," breathed Connie.

"Do you think a dainty, sweet little woman like you could stand life on a ranch?"

"Oh, yes, Silas".

"May I speak to your father at once, Connie? Where is he?"

"He's in the kitchen, and Silas, I just know he'll give his consent." Silas strode to the kitchen, his eyes blazing "Mr. Lane," he demanded, "I want to speak to you. I've a great favor to ask."

"Yes, Mr. Whippedinkle?"

"Well," said Silas hardly stopping for breath. "I want to borrow fifty dollars. I'm going to the city to find me a wife."

—Aileen Child

THE TRAVELING SMILE

I am a smile. I am just a little thing, but probably lots more important to many people than they realize. I have traveled far and brightened up many lonely lives. I've driven away tears and brought sunny days to many people—old and young, boys and girls, large and small. But let me tell you about Johnny and how I cheered him up.

Johnny was just a common, everyday soldier who was trying to do his part in the war effort. Most of the time he was really a jolly sort of a person, always cracking jokes and sending me to his buddies when they were "down in the dumps". Johnny has been places and seen things that even I dare not talk about. He has been through many hair-raising experiences that turn me upside down. But not for long! Johnny was always cheering the other guys up by setting me right and flashing me at them.

I remember one time, in particular, when Johnny was on the front lines, shooting Japs and battling for his life. He was in very dangerous territory but he was victorious and I always lurked on his face, brightening him up in spite of the hateful things he saw. Then one day he wasn't so lucky. He was the object of a Jap bullet that reached its destination. It hit Johnny in the shoulder. I heard him cry out in pain and then I ran away to hide from the dreadful scene. Johnny was crying with pain and I wasn't there to cheer him up. "I am so little" I thought, "I can't cheer him now." But nevertheless I decided to try. I ran back to him but the horrible sights that met me sent me scurrying back. Several hours later—it must have been hours later—I tried once more to make it to Johnny's lips. This time I made it, but it was a lovely scene which I beheld. Johnny was opening his eyes. Everything was white. Then I saw a very pretty girl in a white uniform. It finally dawned on me that Johnny had been brought to a hospital. Johnny's eyes were opened wide now. I was there at his service. He threw me across to the pretty nurse and she returned me to him. I was so happy, and I think they must have been too.

But all of that happened many long months ago. Johnny is well now and out there getting even with all those hateful Japs. He never leaves me behind. He is lots happier when I am along and he and his buddies toss me at each other continually, always brightening up the hard work out on the battlefields. But I don't intend to desert Johnny even after he leaves this place. We rather enjoy being together.

Please don't think I am conceited, but I do think this would be a very dreary and gloomy world without me and all of my cousins.

—Gweneth Hocpes

When I was free and twenty-one
I thought I owned the very sun.
When I was free and twenty-two
I thought I owned the moonbeams too.
When I was free and twenty-three
I kinda longed to married be.
Then I was bored at twenty-four
I knew my single days were o'er.
But now I'm tied at twenty-five
I wish to heck I hadn't lied
About my age at twenty-five,
For I was fifty-five you see,
And I might still so happy be
If I hadn't known that Guy McGee
Who married me.

—Emogene Roberts

WRITING POETRY

I sure have a time
To think of something that will rhyme,
With little success
I'll have to quit, I guess.

—Kay Wilkes

MY AMERICA

When I think of the country in which I'm proud to be a citizen, a country hanging threadbare in my hands, like all others, I often wonder what I really hold dear, and why we, here in the most promising nation on this vast globe, are contributing our help, however small.

The other day I passed the drug store. In the good old days, we could buy all the ice-cream, candy and gum we wanted.

The service station on the corner. We take stamps there when we want gas.

The grocery store with points for what we get.

The shoe stamp—to save valuable materials needed on the front lines.

If anyone thinks these are sacrifices I'd like to see him in the place of some of the boys we all know—lying at midnight in a small muddy foxhole with the rain beating down upon his back, no ammunition to shoot the enemy he can't see.

Turning the corner, I encounter a head-on collision with a Boy Scout collecting paper for the drive. When I stop to help him retrieve the load (my, these are old papers) I see before me "Pearl Harbor Attacked," "U. S. Declares War on Japan," "Germany, Italy, and Japan at War With U. S."

It's times like these that I wonder what it's all about.

Why are the recruiting stations swamped with young men, ready and willing to leave their homes, their decent, clean way of life—to go out in the mud and dirt, grime and filth—perhaps never to return? Why do women skimp their time so they can sew or roll bandages for the Red Cross, or take part-time jobs? Why do children spend the times they could use for enjoyment to gather scrap rubber and iron?

I have a home.

I have parents, brothers, sisters—many more relatives, and I can choose my own friends.

I have the food I need, the clothing I need—more than I would have if I were a conquered victim under the barbarous tribe we are now trying to exterminate.

I can do what I want to, when I want to, without the thought of a dark, damp dungeon, or the fear of facing a firing squad in a dirty alley, or doing what I choose to do.

I can go on hikes, skate, read the books I want to.

I can listen to the radio.

I have the privilege of going to the church I choose; not having to worship a dictator as though he were God.

I can go to school and learn in the way my ancestors were accustomed.

Maybe this answers the question. If it doesn't, I could keep adding to this list of things that mean a great deal to me.

My America is free—I can stand up without fear of anything or anyone. My America is blessed—I can lead the life I feel fit. My America is LIFE!

—Melva Schwab

THE BOBBY PIN

The Bobby Pin is very rare,

In these grim days of save and share,
Without it what would a girl do,
Especially when she has a man to woo.

So fellows take a hint from me,

Whenever a stray bobby pin you see,
Think of the little maiden's hair,
Perhaps your dream girl you may snare.

—Gordon Waring

SENIOR ANTHROLOGY

(Twenty Years Hence)

Here lies the body of Margaret Barrus,
She tried to dance on an icy terrace.

Here lies the body of poor Kay Wilkes,
He came to school wearing Irish kilts.

This is what's left of Verda Dabel,
She tried to rhumba on a rickety table.

The battered remains of Morrell Gomm lie here,
He thought he could mix alcohol and beer.

Ben Canning's body has gone to rest,
For good hard coal he's now in quest.

This is the grave of Aileen Taylor,
She fell hard for a genuine sailor.

The body of Reid Sanderson lies enclosed in this coffin,
He mixed his drinks just once too often.

The rain beats down on the grave of Bob Call,
He decided for Mrs. Metcalf he'd fall.

Darrel Anderson lies in his grave,
At a red headed cutie he tried to wawe

A mouse, Lynn Chadwick brought to the ladies,
Now he's residing down in Hades.

Bill Miller liked to sleep in class,
And for such a deed he's under the grass.

Dean Lancaster took a brunette for a ride,
So Neva poured buckshot into his hide.

Wilbert Skinner stood in the door,
When school was out, and he's no more.

Dee Gardner now is pushing up daisies
And shoveling coal way down in Hades.

L. A. Allred died last week,
He didn't know when to, and when not to speak.

Edward Cranney passed the test,
He's now in H--- with the rest.

Here lies the body of Delbert Clark,
He walked into a door one night in the dark.

Jack Tippetts has fought his last great duel,
He tried to swim in an empty pool.

Lawrence Pead's life is completely nil,
He swallowed the box instead of the pill.

Kay Robinson's life has come to an end,
He was doing 90 when he came to the bend.

This sod covers the Simpson twins,
Who made the most of a gallon of gin.

Jack Walker lies all stretched out in state,
For a date with a red head he was two minutes late.

Here lies the body of Rex Hepworth, Esq.,
For a little blonde's address he would inquire.

On the tombstone of June Corsi is left this thought,
"That women can't wrestle" is just plain rot.

Here lies June Rainey, a gorgeous fem,
She died of old age at the age of ten.

Marcia Erickson is buried here,
She was attacked by a wolf while hunting a deer.

La Rue Luthi is buried beneath the turf,
She got water on the brain while riding the surf.

Here's Irene Millward, burlesque queen.
She froze to death in the second scene.

Arlene Jensen wasn't one to fail,
'Til she told a joke that was too, too stale.

Lucille Jensen will never awake,
She took someone's advice and jumped in the lake.

Elma Wolfley is buried there,
She tried to reduce and vanished in air.

Gayle Brog will ne'er be forgotten,
She swallowed an apple that turned out rotten.

Vella Haderlie was a dear old friend
But she got in late and that was the end.

Here lies the bones of Eldene Veigel,
She rotted away for a deed—illegal.

Verl Halls gave the throttle a vicious yank,
And man and car rolled over the bank.

Helen and Thede Harrison lie in this tomb,
A domestic quarrel was the cause of their doom.

Lloyd Daugherty causes no more trouble in class,
He lit a match to check on the gas.

Lynn Fluckiger lies buried beneath the grass
At a cute little waitress he made a pass.

Gawinn Gardner's left this life of toil,
He lost too much sleep burning midnight oil.

Bruce Graham's vacationing up in Heaven,
He jumped ere he had counted seven.

A bottle of that and a bottle of this,
And Ralph Heiner left this life of bliss.

Colleen Hall died yesterday,
She saw Frank Sinatra and swooned dead away.

Here's to Darrel Hoopes, may his mem'ry ne'er die,
He choked to death while tying his tie.

Allan Humphreys was a fine little lad
'Til he wrecked the car and was wrecked by his dad.

Here's to K. Haderlie, Long live his name,
He was choked to death while out with a dame.

Rowland Johns lies in his grave,
He was mobbed by the girls for some gum he'd saved.

Here lies Tex Luthi. How did he die?
He forgot his parachute when he tried to fly.

Here lies Farrell Jenkins—his bones and all,
He sat on a pin that was six inches tall.

Here lies Louise Porter. Her spirit has fled,
She picked up a firecracker she thought was dead.

Leota Hopkins, a sour old-maid,
Was bitten by a flea when from home she strayed.

Audene Lancaster—five times married,
In a pedestrian lane she too long tarried.

Gweneth and Lenore Hoopes are buried here,
They mixed aspirin with a bottle of root beer.

Here lies the body of Virginia Schiess,
She tried once too often her deluxe goodnight kiss.

Ann Sanderson passed away in her sleep,
She dreamed from a 90 foot cliff she had leaped.

In the morgue Merrill Weber so peacefully lies,
He ate one of his little wife's very first pies.

Charles Wilkes met with this awful fate,
He tried to kiss over a picket gate.

Ardath Weber met this sad plight,
She saw a spider and died of fright.

On Emogene's tombstone is written, I quote:
"A great little songbird til she choked on a note".

Mary Corsi is dead and gone,
She fell in a hole while sprinkling the lawn.

Hilda Anderson's name lives on,
She swallowed herself when she started to yawn.

Mary Bateman has gone to rest,
With four sets of twins her home was blessed.

Here lies the body of Lenna Nield,
When out with a wolf she carried no shield.

La Nea Allred lies in this mound,
Thought to be a bone, she was chased by a hound.

Here's Verna Anglesey, a synthetic redhead,
In her dream one morning, she fell out of bed.

Helen Wilkes rests in this heap,
She lost her head while driving a jeep.

Widow Miles lies in a flat heap there,
When washing, she caught in the wringer, her hair.

Here's the headless body of poor Beth Schiess,
In Japan she was first on ToJo's list.

Edith Wolfley is in Heaven at last,
She sat on a tack and rose up fast.

Glenn McCoy is dead and gone
In Skeeter's Pool Room he tarried too long.

Vesta Astle will never again talk,
When sailing the sea she decided to walk.

Atha Graham's spirit claims these remains,
She disagreed with a group of dames.

Donna Facer's spirit has gone below,
At a railroad crossing she was two minutes slow.

Letha Mae Daugherty in this grave resides,
At a great mass wedding she drank to each bride.

Here lies the body of Aileen Child,
From writing these epitaphs she went quite wild.
Amen

A SENIOR'S MEMORY

While looking through my last school year,
I recall the friends I'll miss, so dear
With their cheery good mornings and pleasant hello's
How much they'll be missed is more than one knows
Their happy spirits are always glittering,
And when we part they'll all be lacking.
It's just a Senior's memory.

Though studies sometimes seemed to be boring,
And many times sluffing was very enduring;
I still loved my books for what they contained,
And it wasn't really right to always complain.
Visions of short hand homemaking and such
Will always remain with very much.
It's just a Senior's memory.

The teachers too I'll ne'er forget,
For they taught me things I'll never regret;
Prin. Holdaway, too, is one of the best
That could be found anywhere in the West.
It's soon good-bye to most of whom I knew,
Take my advice, students, to your school be true.
It's just a Senior's memory.

—Mary Bateman.

AMERICA

Oh, to be in America
Where the very clouds blow free,
Where the birds still rule the heavens,
And it's safe to cross the lea.
You can't hear the burst of bombshell
Nor the cry of dying men.
Fortunate are they who herein do dwell.
—Wilda Barrus.

THE U. S. A.

I've got the "Navy blues,"
I've got some "Wacky" shoes,
Quite a combination,
In this free but war-like nation.

I just had a permanent "Wave,"
And I've been taught to "share and save,"
But it's a tempting situation,
In this free but war like nation.

Now don't ruin your car,
To go sparking with a "Spar,"
But it's such a great temptation,
In this moonlite pretty nation.

So let's hope this war will end,
No more "Marines" we'll have to send,
To keep this population,
In a free and happy nation.

—Karla Hill

THE BIG FOOTED MEXICAN

While riding through the desert,
Through the hot and burning heat,
I met a big, fat Mexican
Who had the biggest feet.

His hat was clamped down on his eyes,
His cheeks stuck out like peaches,
And when he stretched his weary limbs,
He almost burst his breeches.

He waddled up to meet me,
And I was about to say—
I don't know how it happened,
But his feet got in the way.

I can't tell you all about it,
But there's this much I can say
If you ever meet this Mexican,
You'd better keep out of his way.
—Deola White.

MY BROTHER

Tears as large as raindrops, falling, falling fast,
Falling from mother's lashes, that are long, silken, and vast.
Yes, he was my brother, on his way to war
Going off to fight for the right that we adore.

Oh he's my handsome brother, tall, broad, and grim
And may the light from heaven, always shine over him.
We go about our tasks each day, but still our minds are far away—
Across the ocean deep and wide, oh, how I wish I were by his side.

There are many other brothers that are far away today,
And we pray that God will bring them marching—
Marching home to stay.

—Beth Allred

WELCOME, MR. SMITH

"Where am I? Why all the mist? What is it trying to choke the very life out of me for? Why doesn't someone try to help me? I can't even struggle. Everything seems so quiet. Where am I? Doesn't anyone know I'm a very sick man?"

"Oh! Now the mist is starting to lift. If all of this is a dream when I wake, I'm going to tell that doctor something. Wake up? I am awake. But this mist was never in the room before. Say, what's going on here? Where am I? That noise, what is it? It sounds like some kind of a murmur coming through the cloud. It's getting clearer and clearer as the mist rises. Listen! What is it trying to say?"

My thoughts and speculations were interrupted by a voice saying, "Welcome, Mr. Smith. Welcome. I hope you don't find us up here too different from those in your accustomed abode."

"Up here! What do you mean 'up here'?" I asked in alarm.

"Don't be excited, Mr. Smith. You will get used to us. Come now, Mr. Smith, the rest of us are waiting for you. Hurry, we mustn't delay."

I wished that someone would explain everything to me. The mist was just about gone now. The atmosphere seemed to have cleared, but the strangeness of the situation remained.

"Say, where am I? I have never seen this place before. Everything is so peculiar around here."

The voice answered my puzzlings with these words. "Come, Come Mr. Smith. Just follow in the direction of my voice. Matters will take care of themselves."

"But where . . . where am I going?" I insisted.

"Follow me," the voice said with finality.

I started to walk but sank knee-deep into mist. Panic seized me as the voice became faint and I realized that I was falling behind. I increased my pace, struggling blindly to keep within hearing distance of the voice. The voice sounded hollow and desolate, like a man speaking against the roar of the wind—faint and mysterious.

I didn't know where I was going, and, at times, I wanted to stop, but the fear of being alone in this awful mist and the desire to clear up this mystery prodded me on.

This eternal walking through clouds seemed to lengthen out into hours. Still we walked on. I say "we", because, although I couldn't see anyone else, I could feel the presence of someone besides myself. The voice of this invisible being seemed assuring and superior to mine.

One bank of mist rose and fell after another, and still we walked on. My conscience fought desperately for a chance to overpower my soul and burst forth into questions concerning this strange place. "Where is this place? There is no scenery. Nothing but clouds of mist."

The voice now assured me that presently we would reach our destination. After being introduced to save all question and to remain silent, we walked through the last cloud of mist. Upon reaching the other side, my astonishment was beyond description. There before me lay the most spectacular and magnificent scene that I had ever witnessed. The splendor of the town-like formation of arrayed structures was so marvelous that it seemed to glow in the sunlight. Again I was instructed to remain silent and refrain from asking any questions.

All the time we were walking nearer and nearer to the gates of this beautiful establishment. It was not long until we were standing before the gate-keeper. His body seemed so perfected and refined that one would almost imagine that he was not a human being; or, if he was, one would guess that he must be a very extraordinary one.

At this time my conscience seemed to fight forth again to ask ques-

tions, but remembrance of my former instructions soon overcame all temptation of combat.

Then I heard the voice which I had been following speak to the gate-keeper. "Agent 6751 reporting, sir. Area, New York, District No. 14, Mr. J. W. Smith, March 17th. Death by illness. Cause—alcohol."

To my extreme amazement, this uncanny voice and the gatekeeper seemed to be of the very best acquaintance. While my mind was still perplexing on this whole ambiguous affair, the conversation continued, and I was too mystified to even move.

"Just a moment," said the gatekeeper. "I'll have to check records on your applicant. You know my orders."

"Yes, of course. Of course," the voice agreed.

I did not realize at that time that I was their subject of discussion. However, I did not try to interrupt. I just stood there as if memory had complete domination of my mind. Everything seemed so strange in this wonderful place. All my powers of observation seemed to become more acute and my whole structure seemed invigorated as to the beauty and strangeness of this new habitation.

The gatekeeper's voice broke in upon my marvelings. "Something is dreadfully wrong here, Agent 6751. Your subject is not contained anywhere on the records."

The voice, designated as Agent 6751, spoke incredulously. "But that can't be right. This has never happened before. Are you sure you are right?"

"Well, I'll check with headquarters on the official documents. Are there any symptoms after death to be reported?"

"Why, I arrived before he was dead. He was so far gone, I thought that I would spare him the pain and agony."

"Agent 6751, you know very well that that is against your orders. I fear you have caused a great deal of trouble in this affair. We aren't in the habit of making mistakes around here. This work is of too great importance for negligence. Here is the report. 'Mr. J. W. Smith is to live on earth for twenty-five years and four days yet.' You see, you made a blundering error. You had better return him immediately."

"Yes, I will at once," the voice of Agent 6751 said hastily.

My mind had partly sunk into dreams when the same undaunted voice commanded me to follow him again. I was in no condition of mind to resist his orders, so I soon fell into step and followed. We started walking again into the choking, unending mist. The city of beauty was gradually disappearing until it was entirely gone from sight. The time that we trudged through the ever-thickening cloud seemed ever so much shorter on the return trip. It was not long until the mist was getting in my eyes and seemed to want to choke the very life from me. Thicker and thicker it became until I seemed to pass into a trance.

Then I felt a hand of longed-for assurance on my brow. "Oh, what a comfort and relief," I thought. Then a voice, warm and familiar, spoke to me.

"Lie still, Mr. Smith. You're a very sick man. You had us scared for a minute. We thought you were dead."

—Gawinn Gardner

