LOMOA

1937
THE Annual Staff has tried in this year's Annual to give an interesting record of the activities of the year of 1936 and 1937 so that, in the years to come, this book will bring back many pleasant memories of the happy days spent in the Peshestin High School.
THE LOMOA STAFF

OF

1937

Wish to dedicate
This Year’s Annual To
Their Lomon Advisor,

MISS ARLENE ALT

DEDICATION
Poshastin Faculty

MR. O. F. WEYERMANN, M. A.---

PAUL J. McCORMICK, B. S.---
Graduate from Idaho State College in 1926. Has a Bachelor of Science degree. Teaches Algebra, Physics, Boys' Athletics, Economics, General Science, and is advisor of the Freshman class. Principal.

ARLENE ALT, B. A. of English and Foreign Languages---
She is a graduate of Washington State College. Teaches English I, II, III, General Business Training, Commercial Law, Glee Club, and advises the Junior class and Lomoa.

ELIZABETH MANN, B. S.---
Received Bachelor of Science from the College of Puget Sound. Graduate of University of Washington. Teaches Home Economics, Civics, Girls' Athletics, Typing, and advises the Senior class, Girls' Club and the Hi-Log.
Little did our predecessors of thousands of years ago, realize that the marking which they did upon the wall would result in such a deluge of journalism and literary effort as is being thrust upon the present day world. From that marking on the wall we have come to such beautiful and realistic pictures as those drawn by nationally reknown La Cetta, Jackson, Holmengren and Pratt. The commercial artists have more then added to literature. They have inspired it. They have given us a picture around which to mold an entire theme: an entire pattern. From the illustrations in your favorite magazine are founded your liking for or disappointment in the characters found in the story. One almost wants to close one's mind to the vision of a heroine which has been grotesquely portrayed.

Clever artists can change an uninteresting bit of material to a startling blaze of color which draws the eye to it at once. Sketches portraying human interest make products more saleable.

In this year's Lomoc we have attempted to give you the best in drawing, the best in color and the best in originality. Just how far we succeeded in these endeavors, you alone can judge.

I feel that this year's drawings are the finest that have ever been put in the Lomoc. From her imaginative mind, aided by the skill of her drawing pen Verlee has given us more than an excellent set of drawings, she has given an example that should be lived up to.

The Lomoc staff present their edition of this year's annual to you for your approval. We hope you like our choice of colors, motives, and bindings. We hope that you will enjoy reading this issue as much or more than you have enjoyed the others. We hope that you not only will look at the pictures and read the jokes and dirry, but also read the editorials, articles and the Literary section. So much time has been spent in preparing it for you, so much spirit and animation are in it that all of the annual should be most interesting to you.

I only wish each one of you could have the experience of being an editor, or if not an editor as Literacy head or the director of some department in the annual. This is an experience which would be novel, and interesting to each one of you as well as working your curiosity and regard for responsibility. As editor you would have come as I came up against obstacles that must be met and conquered. You, too, would have experienced the same difficulty in sending away orders for paper, orders for cuts, orders for this and that. You, too, would have the thrill of seeing your work completed and enjoyed before the year was finished. You, too, would have plumbed the depths of despair, the heights of delight—and the middle course.

If you had had to wrestle with a mimeograph machine that was as temperamental or maybe worse than any actress or winter ever born you would have really had a new experience.

I wish you could have been with us on the evenings that we came over to the high school and to the paper room to run out stencils, type and do write-ups.
editor's note

We really had more fun over here despite the work than you can easily imagine.

One of our problems during construction of the annual was ordering the inserts for the Lomoe. Of course these are supposed to be, at any rate they always have been, a little bit heavier than the regular paper that contains the write-ups. We decided that the kind used for last year's annual was a trifle too thick because it turned so clumsily so we thought we'd order something different. We did. In addition to that I believe we picked the most unique and the hardest type of paper to work with that we could have picked. It was high gloss paper. It is for the future editors that I am stressing this little incident. Our plans for the type of work on these sheets had already been completed and we were on the whole, quite pleased with ourselves. The sheets were to be run out over the ditto machine and then the lines would be filled out with black India ink.

The paper came. But totally unforeseen was the manner in which the ditto machine acted. It seemed that again we had picked a temperamental machine. And indeed we had.

On the evening that we came over to run out the inserts, we opened the machine and applied the original copy. When this had set a few minutes our real work began. Or under the usual circumstances it would have begun. After about fifteen minutes we were well aware that these were NOT the usual circumstances.

The high gloss paper stuck to the ditto machine and when it was pulled off, or maybe I should say yanked, part of the ditto machine would come with it. Not a very large part but enough to make the greatest difference. We tried to be nonchalant about this, our very first, obstacle, but it was hard. The problem faced us of telling our disaster to Mr. Weyermann and to get permission to buy more inserts.

When we went into his office we were quailing, but he soon put us at ease and to calm our qualms about spending more money on inserts he told us the high gloss paper might be used as fly leaves, and picture pages.

Again we sent away for samples. When after a week's wait they came, we discovered that they were entirely too light a paper to run off stencils on. Again I sat down to compose a letter to Zellerbach's Paper Co., for that is the company from which we buy our paper.

When the new samples came they turned out to be not new, but the same ones. This in addition to being a great shock to us, was also a heavy disappointment.

When the final selection of inserts was made various colored ones were chosen as you will see on closer observation of the inserts.

As the days and weeks went by and the annual had not yet been sent to the printers, we kept setting dates for the time which would be the last possible day to send it in. And as we set them, so did we reset and postpone them. Many were the dark and foreboding forebodings that some of the more temperamental members had about the annual. But here they are. We hope you like it.---Maxine France.

Lomoa Staff

Editor-in-chief .......................................................... Maxine France
Assistant Editors .......................................................... Pauline Anderson, Elaine Mengelos
Business Manager ....................................................... Fred Burnette
Assistant Business Manager ............................................ Marshall Cockrell
Art Editor ................................................................. Verlea Smith
Assistant Art Editor ....................................................... Ruth Evans
Administration Editor .................................................. Phyllis Van Kirk
Assistant Administration Editor .................................... Dorothy Bersing
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Literary Editor ............................................................ Jeannette Baker
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Boys' Sports Editor ..................................................... Cecil Martin
Assistant Sports Editor .................................................. Forest West
Girls' Sports Editor ...................................................... Winifred Stephens
Jokes Editor ............................................................... Marie Towne
Assistant Editor ........................................................... Joan McCoy
Diary .............................................................................. Edward Nollmeyer

Historians——
Senior ............................................................... Evelyn Nelson
Junior ................................................................. Elaine Mengelos
Sophomore ............................................................ Dorothy Hills
Freshmen ................................................................. Howard Foster

Typists ................. Linda W., Phyllis V. K., Marie T., and Jeannette B.
Mimeograph ................. Lyle W., LaVerne H., Kenneth A., and Edward N.

The Lomoa Staff on Board the Ship of State keeps the Log. To them is entrusted the setting down of all important occurrences during the year. They are at their post rain or shine striving to put down the most information in the best possible way. They wear their importance in true piratical fashion and encourage others to do so.
DICKER WERNER—
Basket Ball 2, 3, 4; Business Manager of "And It Rained" 2; Business Manager of "Peg O' My Heart" 3; Business Manager of "The Youngest" 3; Business Manager of Operettas 4; Kitten Ball 2; Treasurer Class 3; Finance Committee 3; "And It Rained" 2; Annual 3; Hi-Log 1.

LINDA WILLSING—
Annual 2, 3, 4; Hi-Log 2, 3, 4; Executive Board 3, 4; Girls' Club President 4; Class President 3; Class Plays 1, 2; "The Youngest" 3; "And It Rained" 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Social Committee 1; Secretary of Girls' Club 2; Secretary of Student Body 3; Princess Peshastin 3; Girls' Counsel 2, 4; Class Reporter 1.

LA VERNE HILLS—
Class Treasurer 2; Business Manager of "The Queen's Husband" 4; Business Manager of Operetta 4; Annual 4; Hi-Log 3, 4; "And It Rained" 2; Class Plays 1, 2.

HENRY FOSTER—
Glee Club 1, 2; Class Plays 1, 2; Public Speaking 3; Business Manager of "The Youngest" 3; "Queen's Husband" 4; Vice President of Class 4; Athletic Manager 4; Letterman's Club 4; Hi-Log 4.

ELOISE SMITH—
Social Chairman 3; Girls' Council 4; "The Youngest" 4; Operetta 4; "And It Rained" 2; Hi-Log 3, 3, 3; Annual 3; Class Plays 1, 2; Executive Board 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Public Speaking 3.
EDNA HOGBERG—
"And It Rained" 2; Torch Honor Society 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Log 1, 2, 4; Annual 4; Literary Committee 4; Public Speaking 3, 4; Class Plays 1, 2; Operetta 4; "The Youngest" 3; "Queen's Husband" 4; Property Manager of "The Queen's Husband" 4.

EDWARD NOLLMEYER—
Annual 2, 3, 4; Hi-Log 1, 3, 4; Business Manager of Hi-Log 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Kitten Ball 2, 3, 4; Torch Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Lettermen's Club 2, 3, 4; President Torch Honor Society 4; Treasurer of Student Body 4; Finance Committee 3, 4; Executive Committee 4; President of Class 4; Glee Club 2; "And It Rained" 2; "The Youngest" 3; "The Queen's Husband" 4; Official Delegate to Pullman 4; Secretary of Lettermen's Club 4; Vice President of Class 2; Treasurer of Class 3.

MARIE TOWNE—
"Out of the Fog" 1; "And It Rained" 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; "Peg O' My Heart" 3; Operettas 4; Class Plays 1, 2; Secretary of Senior Class 4; Annual 4; Hi-Log 3, 4; Official Delegate to Pullman 4; Princess Peschaitin 4; Treasurer of Girls' Club 4; Finance Committee 4.

KENNETH ALLEN—
Class Plays 1, 2; Hi-Log 4; "Queen's Husband" 4.

ESTELLA MAE HARVEY
Class Secretary 3; Girls' Council 2; Secretary of Girls' Club 3; "The Youngest" 3; Assistant and director of "Peg O' My Heart"; "And It Rained" 2; Hi-Log 3; Annual 3; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3, 4.

DICK LYNN—
Class Plays 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Lettermen's Club 2, 3, 4; President of Lettermen's Club 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Kitten Ball 2, 3, 4; "The Youngest" 3; "And It Rained" 2.
PHYLLIS VAN KIRK—
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 4; “And It Rained” 2; Class Plays 1, 2; Secretary of Student Body 4; Annual 2, 3, 4; Hi-Log 2, 3, 4; Vice President of Girls’ Club 4; Social Committee 3; Awards Committee 2; Class Reporter 4; Official Pullman Delegate 4; Girls’ Counsel 3, 4; Yell Queen 3; Class Historian 2.

CECIL MARTIN—
Basketball 2, 3, 4; Kitten Ball 2, 3, 4; Vice President of Student Body 4; Annual 4; Hi-Log 3, 4; Vice President of Class 3; Executive Board 3, 4; 2; “And It Rained” 2; “The Youngest” 3; Glee Club 2, 3; Letterman’s Club 2, 3, 4; President of Boys’ Club 3.

MAXINE FRANCE—
Editor of Annual 4; Hi-Log 2, 3, 4; Annual 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary 2; Class Historian 1; Class Plays 1, 2; Torch Honor 2, 3, 4; Executive Board 4; Awards Committee 3; Social Committee 4; Glee Club 1, 2; “And It Rained” 2.

FRED BURNETTE—
Treasurer of Class 1, 4; President of Class 2; President of Student Body 4; “Willow Tree” 2; “The Youngest” 3; “The Queen’s Husband” 4; Lomos 3, 4; Basket Ball 3, 4; Kitten Ball 2, 3, 4; Letter Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Torch Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Executive Board 2, 3, 4; Finance Committee 1, 4; Vice President of Class 1; Yell King 1; Letterman’s Club Vice President 4; Vice President of Student Body 3; Chairman of Constitutional Committee 3, 4; “And It Rained” 3; Property Manager of “Peg O’My Heart” 3; Official Delegate to Pullman Conference 4.

JEANETTE BAKER—
Editor of Hi-Log 4; Torch Honor 2, 3, 4; Annual 2, 3, 4; Hi-Log 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Chairman 3; Social Chairman 4; Class Historian 2; “The Youngest” 3; “Queen’s Husband” 4; Executive Board 3, 4; Class Plays 1, 2; Glee Club 1; Public Speaking 3.
Sixteen little Seniors
Locking very nifty,
Edward sees a pipe store
And then there are fifteen.

Fifteen little Seniors
Go one day a-sporting,
Fred rides a surf-board
And then there are fourteen.

Fourteen gay, young Seniors
Try their luck at flirting;
Edna darts a questing glance
And then there are thirteen.

Thirteen husky Seniors
In their books do delve,
Linde finds a book-worm
And then there are twelve.

Twelve gambling Seniors
Shaking dice for sevens,
Henry gets a snake-eyes,
And then there are eleven.

Eleven dashing Seniors
For Hawaii have a yen,
But Phyllis spies a sailor
And then there are ten.

Ten sprightly Seniors
Take a "Sneek" so fine;
Kenneth dives into the bay
And then there are nine.

Nine peppy Seniors
Start to celebrate,
Cecil does a High-Land Fling
And then there are eight.

Eight shouting Seniors
Go see "Seventh Heaven."
Dicker falls asleep
And then there are seven.

Seven grouchy Seniors
Have to pick up sticks,
Dick gets a cherley-horse
And then there are six.

Six naughty Seniors
Cry: "Lend Sees alive!"
The office calls for Stella
And then there are five.

Five happy Seniors
Thinking life's a bore,
Jeannette meets a drummer-boy
And then there are four.

Four singing Seniors
Try to scale high "C",
Eloise strains a vocal cord
And then there are three.

Three friendly Seniors
Find some snooze to chew,
La Vern stuggers down the road
And then there are two.

Two little Seniors
Sitting in the sun,
Merle gets a sunburn
And then there is one.

One little Senior
Sitting all alone,
Along comes a spider....
And then I'm gone.

-----Maxine France
For weeks the Seniors had been passing the tin cup around their home room, to collect pennies from heaven, nickels and tokens from the poor poverty-stricken classmen. To add to their meager fund, they held ice cream sales and roller skating parties. By April 30, the shekels had become plentiful enough to afford the Seniors a good sneak.

In the wee, small hours, the sleepy adventurers crawled out of bed and made their way to Peshastin where they met and piled into divers cars and set off on the sneak.

Over mountains and valleys they went until they arrived, safe and sound (and a little more wide awake) at Anacortes. There they boarded the boat heading for Lopez Island, where the boat stopped for a short time. Soon they stopped at Orcas Island, where they stayed about half an hour. After several more short stops, they finally put in to port at Sidney, British Columbia.

There they all crowded down the gang plank to head for food.

After everyone had consumed several hamburgers, hot dogs, ice cream cones, and candy bars, they went on to explore the town, and to spend some more of the hard earned money on more hamburgers, hot dogs, ice cream and candy.

Finally when two o'clock came around, they all found their way back to the dock and piled back onto the sturdy vessel which sped them back to the home port of Anacortes.

It was about seven o'clock when they climbed back into the cars and rested their weary sea legs all the way back to Peshastin.

It was quite late when they arrived, so by the time they crept to bed it was well past the witching hour.

Junior Class

Outside the captain’s quarters stands the boy, waiting for his turn to see the captain and obtain promotion. He has done his work well and is eager for advancement. He eyes the pirate flag with pride and vows secretly to stand by his ship although the surrounding waters be turbulent or the shore inviting. He is the Junior; the coming leader in the future.
Miss Alt—Advisor of the Junior class. She also supervised the decorating for the Senior Bell and the Junior and Senior Banquet.

Kathleen Baker—One of the more active members of the girls' P. E. class. She takes her athletics very seriously, especially Basket Ball.

Arlene Zigler—Talent, that's what the class is made of, and here is our piano prodigy. She plays for the Girls' Glee Club.

Robert Platz—Or rather Bob is the more popular title. He is the harmonica genius, but don't tell him I told or he will blush. But we can't say mean things about Bob's blush because it does get a very pretty tomato red.

Lyle Warner—Bob's side kick. Lyle is one of the basket ball champions. Also stars on the kitten-ball team with his smashing hits. "Butch" is the present attached name. I don't know why but you will have to ask one of the boys.

Mayse McGregor—She helps Mac with the terdy slips. And is she kept busy! In English class Mayseal is always the one to get nicked but she takes it like the good sport that she is.

Arthur Hopkins—Vice president of the class. One of the quieter students.

Eloise Harvey—Where is Eloise? Oh there she is way up the road. Gosh, I can't catch up with her.

Le Rue Burnette—The literary chairman of the class, and well liked but she wished that she wasn't when she started wearing up the east for rehearsing the assembly program.

Clarence Gross—A letterman on the basket-ball squad. He also plays on the kitten ball team.

Elaine Mengelos—We might say that "her glory is her hair" if we didn't also know of her charming smile and winning ways.

Dorothy Bering—The peppy Yell Queen for the basket-ball games. She and Keith made things hum or rather noisy. She gets a big kick out of developing pictures in Physics. Hats not wonder why.

Ethelene Coffinet—She's so quiet I can't even find her.

Albert Hauff—And he's not teacher's pet because he said so. "Abby" is the more popular name sometimes it's even "Mouse" but that's grown off a little bit because "Now he is a man!"

Jack Anderson—He plays on the Kitten ball team. If anyone wants a bookkeeper just call for Jack or "Andie". He loves doing it.

Spud Werner—He is favored as one of the basket ball stars for 38.

Pauline Anderson—A Torch Honor Society member, but she is not puffed about it. Not our "Gabby!"

Keith Cockrell—Honorable President of the very honorble Junior class. He is the object of the boys' pranks. But he does not seem to mind much.... In fact he thrives on them.

(next page, col. 1.)
Verlen Smith—Verlen always seems to be the center of all the laughter. But never take her too seriously for she is a practical joker. She can be very serious at times, which denotes her winning personality.

Irwin Le Bore—The class misses this member of the class. He dropped out of school the latter part of the year. We hope to see him again next year.

Bing Le Sue—His real name is Elton which makes us wonder all the more how he got the name "Bingo".

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

"There are five kinds of relationships and the most precious of these is that between friend and friend."

--- Confucius

In the last banquet of the year, that which the Juniors gave in honor of the Seniors, the class carried out a Chinese idea. There were tall candles in gleaming holders, gay little junks with orange sails, oriental screens, and swaying lanterns. Incense mingled with the scent of flowers. All that was needed was the faint tinkling of class prayers to Chinese gods.

The food was as Chinese as could be achieved on relatively short notice. There was chow suey, chow mein, crisp, dry rice with soy sauce and quantities of tea. The bird’s nest soup and those delightful eggs (aged for a year or two so that they may have just the right flavor for the most exacting palate) were missing; however, one felt that their absence did not seriously impair the menu.

The program was short, with many references in the speeches to the achievements of the departed class. Mixed with the quiet of the conversation, and with the jokes on and about all members present, there was a very real friendship and sincere tribute to a fine class.

"For who can leave the land of his trial and his work without regret?"

--- Gibran
Top row, reading from left to right: Oscar Boswell, Jim Van Kirk, Bill Spanjer, Richard Granger, Gordon Hill. Middle row, left to right: Ernest Thompson, Helen Koth, Marguerite Knappert, Evelyn Werner, Maggie May Moody, Dorothy Hills, Arnold Flick. Bottom row: Harold Warner, June Moltke, Joan McCoy, Edith Miller, Mr. Weyermann, La Verne Borgren, Winifred Stephens, Beatrice Nichols, Laurence Hazen.

Sophomore Class

Playing down by the wharf is a group of older children. No longer content to dream they have begun to play "pirates" among themselves. They are making ready for the day when they will take the helm of the ship. Many are Captains Kidds and Bloods as they run around the wharf intent on their playing. Their thoughts, like the younger children's, are on the black-sailed ship; but they are going to do something about their ambitions.

They are wise to know that dreaming would get them nowhere. They aren't wise enough, however, to know that it will take more childish playing to accomplish their aims.

"Don't pay too much for your whistle."---B. Franklin.
In the fall of 1935 our class green and untired, came trouncing up the steps of good old P. H. S. to enter in our first bit of high school training. Having had a fairly indistinct idea of how the high school was run, and having had practically no idea of where such rooms as the "Old Math", "New Math", "Science", and "Assembly" were to be found we were extremely shy.

Now after two years in which we have become better acquainted with the routine of High School life, we feel that we are no longer green and untried, but ready to take our place as next year's Juniors.

See the horde coming down the hall. That's our Sophomore Class, or the almost upper classmen. Someone seems to be herding them into the old math room, and indeed our eyes are not wrong; it is Mr. Weyermann, their class advisor. "Tall dark and handsome," that is Jimmy Van Kirk, who is a sophomore to be proud of. But what's this we hear of him being seen at the time when the county nurse came around? Rumor had it that he was seen carrying a big knife around. He must be afraid of getting inoculated.

Dick Granger is the quiet Sophomore boy known as the woman hater. He adores no girl, but likes them all.

Maggie May Moody and Evelyn Werner are always seen together, they are the twins of the class. Even though they make it hot for the teachers, they prove quite indispensable on all the leading class committees. They are the champion basketball players, too. They succeed in making baskets even after the whistle has been blown.

Edith Miller stands at the head of the class as their president. She is capable of all the duties with which she is entrusted. She and Winifred Stephens prefer to have their report cards decorated with "A's" and they usually succeed. Winifred believes in being seen and not heard, but we hear she sings.

La Verne Bergren is a good basketball player and is also the secretary of the class.

Gordon Hill, the southerner of our class is known for his drawl and his ability to shoot spit-wads. He'll teach you both accomplishments if you come around. He will also tell you of his roller skating ability, but then may be he can skate.

Oscar Boswell, is the quietest when he is planning some mischief. He often saves the boys from disgrace in the classrooms, by answering for them. He will certainly become a great genius if he keeps on at the rate he is going.

Beatrice Nichols is a good student and always says the right thing. Her secret ambition is to become an aviatix some day and we believe she will.

Dorothy Hills may be quiet as can be when in public, but in private she is the life of the party. She has a mind of her own and will go up the ladder not down.

Beatrice and Dorothy are very good friends. They went to the festival together and from all accounts they certainly must have had a good time.

Harold Werner has what it takes to make the teachers' hair turn gray and does he use it! He is the last one to arrive in History class and yet he doesn't like to be late, or so he says.

Arnold Flick is known as our policeman's friend in Peshtatin. The red light turns green at times. He may be better known as the "Red Terror", and as a great Romeo among the weaker sex. All he needs is
some Juliet to steady Him. But even at that he is quite a guy.

June Moltke is the chairman of the social committee and a popular member of our class. She is quite our Social Butterfly.

Joan McCoy walks with a swish, and a gay, breezy air. Her sparkling smile shows the pleasantness that lies in her personality. The two of the, June and Joan, have taken over dancing instruction to teach some of the boys how to dance. They seem to prefer Freshmen. (Maybe they are easier to teach.)

Billy Spengler proves the old adage that gentlemen are made, they are not born. He also has a liking for cows even if the dog kicks back once in a while.

Ernest Thompson is always helping some one out in History class when they get stuck. He is the class booster.

Laurence Hazen likes to play with his jackknife. He and Harold Werner and Ernest Thompson are always around where the most excitement is, but the class wouldn't be the same without them.

Marguerite Knappert is everywhere at once, and always having a good time.

Helen Koth is a newcomer to the Sophomore class this year, but she has rapidly made many friends and has made herself well known among her classmates for her jolliness. She wants to hurry and get back to Trby, her home. Marguerite is trying to make her forget her homesickness by being a constant companion.

And now that each member of the class has been dealt with personally, I shall make it my duty to deal with them as a whole, as a unit contributing to the ultimate success of the student body.

SENIOR KID DAY

May 26 saw the Seniors at their youngest, at their gayest, and at their plumpest. When the first ones began to come in the doors in the morning the rest of the students tried to overlook the fact that some of the upper classmen were wearing such short dresses or short trousers.

Not until Phyllis came through the door with a perky hair ribbon and did they realize that this must be the Seniors' way of telling them it was "Kid Day" again.

Many were the Little Lord Fauntleroy's, Little Boy Blue's and Mary Mary quite contrary's on this fine spring day.

The wagons, dolls, whistles, bow ties and other accoutrements employed by the Seniors gave them a truly kiddish look.

Of all the days of the school year this one seemed to have the most enjoyment for the Seniors which put skids under the popular belief that every one in their teens likes to say--"Oh, if I were only a year or two older."

The Seniors wish to recommend a Kid Day to every class in the High School. There's nothing like them to bring back memories and restore that "School Girl Complexion." They certainly are "tops."

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Freshmen Class

Down by the wharf are sitting a group of children. Gazing out to sea their eyes are filled with dreams of pirating. Sailing into the sunset is a black-sailed ship, bearing a skull-crossbones insignia. In the boys' imagination they can see themselves aboard her, helping to divide booty which their daring has gained. Soon they will be able to charter a frigate and sail in quest of Spanish doubloons and jewels.

Now, however, they can only sit and daydream, as they are too young to realize their ambitions. Their dreams are only dreams now but some day they hope to make reality.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."—Longfellow.
Wallace MacDonald---A remarkable man who mixes golf with kittenball. He likes the Chevrolet car and will enter an argument with anybody who likes Fords.

Bob Mengelos---In time he will be a good inventor. He has been branded a G-Man by the Freshmen because he is always playing "cops and robbers."

Don Nicholson---He is any Committee's mainstay. He likes to tease. Especially the "smaller kids". Don likes to play ball and will be a good ball player by the time he is a Senior....

Clarence Nelson---Junior was a Drydenite and still goes there frequently to visit his "girl friend." He is a ladies' man and would just as soon go to a dance as eat.

Warren Phillips---A very reliable chap whom you depend on when you want something done. He is a pal of Don Dowson and you could not separate them with a knife.

Glendon Pflatz---Another ladies' man. He is a great ball player who is having some competition in the form of Bill Self. He likes to play around with Model T's, too.

Sterling Sayer---A boy who likes to work and will try anything once. He likes to play and has his own ideas on many things.

Bill Self---He come from Akron, Ohio, and is still a bit up in the air about it. His study interest him and as I have said before he likes to play ball.

Forest West---He is the youngest in the room and pretty near the smartest. He is a great horseman and a reader of mysterious murder stories.

Mildred Evans---A good little girl. I shouldn't say little because she is bigger than I am. She is fairly good in school, is a good sport and is very friendly to all.

Mary Louise Hammil---She likes everybody and everything and would do anything for you.

Helen Kirstein---A smart loving girl. Willing to work.

Leon Huff---A girl who makes friends easily, and likes to dance.

Ruth Evans---Tall, willowy blonde of the Freshmen class. She has a great many friends.

Georgine Scar---One of the few girls who like Home Economics. I wonder if she likes to wash dishes.

June Yancey---She is the note-taker in chief of the entire high school. She writes our excuses and her own.

Harry Bergren---The Frosh jester, who likes his ball games, and likes to be scorekeeper.
or rainy day you may see George sneaking across the orchard to catch the east bound train with a letter from the office. He should be an evictor and from all hearsay he wants to be one.

Don Dawson---Some day Don will copy the high honors at the ski jump. Don and George being brothers, find lots of common also being sent to the office quite often.

Jim Evans --His big ambition is to get into the big baseball league. Is an excellent ski-jumper.

Howard Foster--The class historian and believe me, it will be I who gets the boot if my fellow classmates don't like the things I say about them in this column.

Don Garrison---A very good mathematician. He has a lot of friends, especially when they have algebra problems for him to do.

Merwin Larson---Great baseball hero. Takes part in all class activities and plays.

FRESHMAN ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

April 21 saw the Freshmen at their best. They gave a program before the assembly which topped all of the class programs so far.

The program was opened with a trumpet solo by Sterling Seyer who was also the teacher in the following skit.

In the course of the program, Bill Self was assigned to the dunce seat, George Dawson received a well deserved licking, Bob Mengelos gave a poem, four boys gave a song and the trustees of the school came to visit class.

(cont. next col.)

A After the skit, Don Nicholson and Wallace McDonald played a marxophone duet in harmony. This was the best feature of the program.

After the duet, a mock wedding ceremony took place and the famous "Lohengren" was replaced by Laurel and Hardy's entrance tune.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

One Friday night in early October the entire High School came together in the gym for the annual Freshmen Reception. All the Freshmen, made conspicuous by their kid clothes and timid actions, were there for their first big High School party. Person Fred Burnett ---remember the outfit he wore?---- preened a sarongette to the Freshies and Merwin Larson

As the Freshmen marched around the room the upper classmen picked Mildred Evans and Sterling Seyer as the two wearing the most effective costumes. Then came the looked-for-to event which went over with big success: The story of the wanderings of Little Red Riding Hood, related by Verlee Smith and acted out by some of the Freshmen.

After a few good games, the entire group adjourned to the Home Economics room, where the best refreshments ever had at a school function were relished by all.

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FRESHMAN HOME ROOM

Program day! This happened every Thursday in the Freshman Home Room. Groups of "Freshies" took turns entertaining the others. On alternate days they studied parliamentary procedure.
SPANISH

On October 26, the students of the Spanish class gave three short plays. The class of nine was divided into groups of three Sophomores, two Juniors, and four Seniors.

The Sophomores' play was about a young doctor's misfortune with his first two clients. The Juniors' play was of the trouble between Napoleon and his laundress. The Seniors' play was about the outcome of a pre-arranged marriage. In this play, decorations of Spanish shawls and guitars were used and the atmosphere was truly Spanish.

The plays were given without any coaching other than that of the students.

CIVICS

Trial by jury: that is what has been amusing the Civics class during one part of this year. They chose a judge, a prosecuting attorney, witness, and a jury. They then proceeded to have a series of trials which were very interesting to all members of the class.

PHYSICS

On February 5, a man talked to the Physics class about light and its relationship to eyesight. He gave out booklets telling the correct amount of light necessary for reading.

THIS YEAR'S ADMINISTRATION

Knock! Knock! That is Fred Burnette, our worthy President wielding the gavel and does he know how to do it? Yes, sir! Cecil Martin has not been able to show his ability of taking charge of meetings, but he is still a good vice-president who helps to liven up the meetings. Sixty words a minute do not seem to be the limit for Secretary, Phyllis Van Kirk, because she always gets the minutes written. Another very important officer is Edward Nollmeyer, Treasurer. He has a nice time collecting money on student tickets and he certainly brings in the dollars.

The student body this year has been very active; some of the important business' questions were: student body tickets, Senior Ball, Princess election, minor awards and various other activities.

Cooperation is an asset in the student body not only from the upper classmen, but from the Freshmen and Sophomores as well. The students are showing their interest in student government by responding in meetings.

PLAY DAY

On Saturday morning, March 27, a group of eight girls and one teacher piled into the school bus at eight o'clock at the grade school, and drove to Wenatchee where they were to attend Play Day.

On arriving at their destination, they were given their meal tickets, which were later exchanged for animal tags, in order to distinguish the different groups. Then they went to the shower rooms and changed into their gym clothes.

After changing, they went out onto the floor, where they were grouped according to the tags they had.

These groups played games while other groups took turns going swimming at the Y.M.C.A., after which they also went.

When each group had been swimming the girls changed back to their street clothes and went to the cafeteria.

The day's activity was concluded
by a program in which each group took part.

LETTERMAN'S CLUB

The officers of the Letterman's club for the current year were:
Dick Lynn--------President
Fred Burnett---Vice Pres.
Ed Nollmeyer----Sec.-Treasurer

The annual Letterman's Breakfast was held at the campground by the Chisakum Fish Hatchery. Spud Werner and Albert Hauff and Marshall cooked the breakfast, as is the custom for the first year lettermen to do. (A year or more of Home Economics would help these boys a great deal in their cooking.) To begin with, Spud put out the fire by spilling the hotcake batter in it. Then Keith flopped a half-cooked one on his head from which he received a horrible burn, the scar of which he bears to this day. The one dozen cakes that were left over were thrown into the creek where they sank faster than any rock ever did. Albert tried to fry the eggs, and bacon, but it turned out to be an egg bacon omelet instead. There were about eight eggs left over, and some of the boys seemed to acquire the Easter spirit all of a sudden and hid them in the other fellows' pockets. The victims found out then that they were not hard boiled eggs. Also, there was a lack of syrup as has been the case in the foregoing years. But everybody has survived the great adventure in the out of doors and you may see them on any bright and shiny day, hard at work with their books-----I mean Yo Yos and rubber bands.

EXECUTIVE BOARD

The purpose of the Executive Board is to plan the student body meetings. Every question of importance is first discussed by this board, and then presented to the student body. This board is composed of the Student Body officers, Presidents of home rooms, Editors in chief of the Lomac and Hi Log, and Presidents of Girls' and Boys' Clubs.

This year some of the questions have been: selection of committees rules for various activities, Senior Bell, and election of officers. These questions were presented to the students for action after a thorough discussion among the members of the Executive Board.

FINANCES

The Student Body Ticket was presented in this school a few years ago. Since it was such a success by offering the students of our school an Associated Student Body Ticket with the maximum amount of activities at the minimum cost, and in fact, a greater number of activities, the students unanimously voted to accept the plan this year. In lowering the cost per individual student, we have endeavored to keep the same number of activities and in fact have added more, as may be seen from the following table. The true value can be readily seen by the comparison given below:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Old Price</th>
<th>New Price</th>
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<tr>
<td>Basket Ball Banquet</td>
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<td>.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paper</td>
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<td>7 B.B. Games</td>
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<td>Junior Play</td>
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<td>Senior Play</td>
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<td>A.S.P.H.S. Dues</td>
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LITERARY COMMITTEE

The Literary Committee for the Student Association did very little this year. The Literary Committees for the four individual classes are responsible only for the work done in their respective classes and for their assembly programs.

The Student Literary Committee worked out, with the help of the Executive Board, a Christmas program.

The half hour given for the program was taken up by community singing and recitations. Santa Claus arrived at that time and after supplying the students with bags of candy and nuts, disappeared through the gym doors amid the soft chiming of sleigh bells.

The program, which had peppe up the students with the singing, was ended by the ringing of the school bell which marked the beginning of a week of Christmas vacation.

PRINCESS ELECTION

For two weeks or more, heated campaigning went on. The cause of all this was: Who will present Peshestin at the Apple Blossom Festival?

A preliminary election was held and the girls running for this office walked across the stage so everyone could see them. The next week the big election was held, and out of a clear sky I was told that I was the lucky girl. I didn't know whether to laugh or go off in a corner and cry.

Everything was all right until I received a letter from Mrs. Bushnell the Princesses' Chaperon. In this letter was a questionnaire which had to be answered and sent back. Name, address, color of hair and eyes, height, and age were just a few of the things they wanted to know. That wasn't so bad, but then another letter came, saying that Queen Janet and her court were going to visit the school and greet us on April 1.

With knees knocking and teeth chattering, I put on my best bib and tucker and waited for her arrival. She arrived at two o'clock and I was introduced to the other princesses from down the valley and to the chaperones.

During the small program, the queen, chaperones and princesses sat on the stage. Each one was presented to the students; and the two attendants of the queen, and the queen, gave short speeches welcoming me into the royal court and inviting the students to the festival. Then they hurried to Leavenworth, taking me with them.

The program at Leavenworth was given on the lawn of the school and the wind practically blew us all away. Princess Leavenworth was introduced to the other princesses and welcomed to the court.

On the way I became better acquainted with Princesses Monitor Sunnyslope and Dryden. Mrs. Bushnell told me the girls' dresses were to be made of taffeta, and to wear either silver or white sandals. She gave me a brief resume of the things that were to be done while in Wenatchee.

At the Senior Ball, April 3, I was greatly surprised. Bert Paul gave a speech about Princess Peshestin and asked me to step forward. With Linda and Verlee, one on each side of me, I walked out to the center of the gym where Mr. Paul was standing. He took me by the arm and went to the end of the hall where there was a throne, and I was crowned with a beautiful crown of metallics and sash.

The day before the festival, I went to Wenatchee to the Y.M.C.A. which was to be our home during the (con't. on page 9, col. 2, Literary Section.)
GLEE CLUB

Under the able direction of Miss Arlene Alt, the girls of Peshastin High School accomplished something worthwhile as well as entertaining in their work this year. Musical selections that were presented this year at the Parent Teacher’s Association consisted of "Sylvia" and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" with Arlene Zigler accompanying at the piano.

On April 26, 1937, the Girls’ Glee Club presented at the Grade School Auditorium, a musical program which received hearty applause from the audience. The evening’s entertainment was composed of two operettas, "The Nifty Shop" and "Margie Goes Modern." A little sailor “ditty” introduced between acts added to the success of the girls' efforts. A select group of girls from the Glee Club danced to the waltz melody of "Alice Blue Gown."

This program will not only be remembered by the girls who put forth their effort to make it a success, but by those who saw it appreciated its full value.

The final efforts of the Glee Club were exhibited May 28 at the graduation of the Senior Class.

BOYS’ CLUB

The first nighters are hurrying down the aisles to their seats. The last call is given—First Curtain! First Curtain! The house lights are dimmed and the curtain rises on our exciting show, "The Silent Enemy."

This show presented by the Boys Club at the Grade School Auditorium was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience for its entertainment as well as for its educational value.

Again, the Boys’ Club presented to their credit another show, "The Cougar." This plot showed the true experience of a man who captured cougars in Northern California. This show especially interested the Grade School pupils who attended.

"Abraham Lincoln", another show of the series presented by the Boys' Club gave us a different type of picture. This play, in contrast to the other two, was appreciated for its historical value and realistic flavor.

The credit of these successful entertainments goes to the members of the Boys’ Club of Peshastin High School and to the following Boys’ Club executives: President----------Lyle Warman Vice-President-------Elmer Werner Sec. and Treas.-----Kieth Cockrill

TORCH HONOR SOCIETY

"To the victor belong the spoils," said Andrew Jackson; but in P. H. S. to the student who gets in and studies belongs the honor. The Torch Honor Society was originally started to help foster scholarship among the students, and to date it has presented a picture of high standing, fellowship and scholarship. Its duties have been those of computing and averaging nine weeks' grades, of giving a grade limit to the students desiring student body offices, and of selecting on a point basis, those receiving graduation honors.
SOCIAL EVENTS

SOPHOMORE PARTY

All out for a good time, the Sophomores and their guests left the Grede School in trucks and cars for Bruce Smith's niclie grounds. On arriving, they built a large bonfire so they could later roast wiener and marshmallows. Entertainment was provided by a large swing. After swinging for about an hour, wiener and marshmallows burned, but delicious, were relished by everyone.

A party was given in the gym for the Freshmen. It was a Major Bowes program, with Arnold Flick as Major Bowes. After the Major Bowes program, games were enjoyed in the gym, followed by dancing.

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SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

On November 18, 1936, the Sophomore class presented a short play before the assembly. It was "The Play's The Thing" given to advertise the Senior-Junior play "The Queen's Husband." Maggie May Moody and Ev- ely Werner directed and prompted the play. The leading parts were taken by Edith Miller and Beatrice Nichols.

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SOPHOMORE CANDY SELLING

This year the Sophomore class has been very active in their selling of candy and gum. They were given twenty dollars by the finance committee and turned back to the Student Body thirty-five dollars, fifteen being the profit.

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SENIOR ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

Talent! Where? Why right here IN OUR OWN "HIGH SCHOOL." The Senior illustrated this fact by giving a program. It consisted of readings given by several of the girls, a song by the boys of the class, a tap-dance given by Edna Hogberg and a song from our Blues Singer, Marie Towne. Although the Seniors find they are very busy this year, they are not too busy to show their interest in their fellow-students by a form of entertainment. The program proved to the other classes that beneath the dignity of the Seniors a very good sense of humor can be found.

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OPERETTA'S

The two operettas "The Nifty Shop" and "Margie Goes Modern" were presented by the Girls' Glee Club on April 22.

"The Nifty Shop" was a story of a dry goods woman's dress shop. Madame Larzère, played by Marie Towne, the owner of the shop, had her many worries and tribulations. The Swedish maid, Olga, presented by Edna Hogberg, who was very homesick for her sweetheart added a bit of comedy to the operetta. Mrs. Goldore and her two daughters Besse and Jackie, played by Dorothy Bersing, Arlene Zigler and Elrane Mengelos, respectively, were the rich customers who came to buy clothes. Lyric songs, comedy and a style show with many of the latest fashions were other features of this operetta.

(con't. on next page, column 1.)
"Margie Goes Modern" was an operette about a school for girls. The Cecilian Art Medal was to be awarded to the girl who turned in the best piece of art. Margie, a niece of the founder of the school, has been kept from winning the medal by the trustees of the school, LaRue Burnette, Evelyn Werner and Maggie Moody. If she wins the medal, Margie will inherit a million dollar fortune which would otherwise be given to the school. With the help of her best friends, played by Phyllis Ven Kirk and Arlene Zigler, and the cooperation of the other girls of the institution, Margie wins the medal and her fortune.

Before and between operettes, the girls entertained the audience with "Hey, Bebe, Hey" which added a bit of modern swing music to the evening and "Alice Blue Gown" sung by Moeie Towne and danced by Phyllis Ven Kirk, Eloise Smith, Evelyn Werner and Winifred Stephens. Drizzly gowns of Alice Blue, showing off to advantage the attractive dancers, made this the most beautiful part of the evening.

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THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND

Long live the King...Alias the queen's husband. King in name but not ruler, for he was married to a domineering person. The queen took charge of affairs beautifully...especially those of her husband and daughter.

The background of the play was mythical and anonymous kingdom, situated on an island in the North Sea, somewhere between Denmark and Scotland.

The entire action of the play was concentrated in King Eric's private office, on the second floor of the royal palace.

The Royal Princess Anne, although in love with Granton, His Majesty's secretary, was engaged to Prince William of Greece whom she disliked intensely. During the Queen's absence on a business trip to America, Princess Anne and Granton had planned to elope with the aid of the King. However, revolution in the kingdom put an end to the lovers' plans.

When the Queen returned home, plans were immediately made for the wedding of Princess Anne and Prince William. When the hour of the wedding arrived, Princess Anne found she could not go through with it. The King, having read the constitution and finding it his right to perform a marriage ceremony, married Princess Anne and Granton. Heroines shed for every one except the King who was left alone to face the Queen.

THE CAST:

King Eric VIII----Edward Nollmeyer

Queen Mertha----Jennette Beber

Princess Anne----Verlee Smith

Phiono, a footman----Henry Foster

Laura, an Anarchist----Jack Anderson

Phellman, a Liberal----Warren Phillips

Prince William of Greece----Kenneth Allen

Petley, Mistress of the Chamber----Arlene Zigler

First Lady in Writing----Edna Hogberg

Second Lady in Writing----Pauline Anderson

Major Blent......Marvin Larson

Sergeant...........Wallace McDonald

Soldier...........Don Nicholson

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The Hi-Log Staff contains some of the best journalists to be found on board. They give us our periodicals in the form of a newspaper that is released every two weeks. Daily happenings, editorials, news features, sports, jokes and many other features make it a popular edition. It is one of the things which makes the pirate life a more united one, bound by the exposure to the more concrete side of living.
Glen Platz: (ignoring a red signal, threatened the traffic policeman's knees, missed the street island by a hair, and lightly grazed a bus, all in one dash.)

The policemen heiled him, then strolled over to the car, pulling a big handkerchief from his pocket en route.

"Listen cowboy," he growled, "On yer way back I'll drop this and see if you can pick it up with your teeth."

Jim Evans: "I have a cold in my head."
Marvin Larson: "Thank goodness you have something in it."

The Mad Engineer's latest research deals with a speedometer that will play "Nearer My God to Thee" when the pointer hits the 90 mile an hour mark.

Miss Mann: "Why all the quotation marks on your exam paper?"
Bob Mangelos: "Courtesy to Clarence Nelson who sits on my left."

Albert Houff an irate guest of a high class hotel could stand it no longer.

"Say," he roared over the phone, "How do you expect me to sleep with all this racket going on?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the desk clerk, "but they're holding an Elks' convention."

"I don't care if they've got him by the entiers. I want some sleep."

Leona Houff: "How'd you find the men out West?"

Elaine Mangelos: "What's the difference between dancing and marching?"
LeVern Hills: "I don't know."
Elaine: "I didn't think you did. Let's sit down."

Oscar Boswell: "I've got a wonderful family tree."
Jim Van Kirk: "You're the sap, I suppose."

Kenneth Allen: "Is that your train?"
Spud Werner: "No, it belongs to the Baltimore & Ohio."

Evelyn Werner: "I'm generally the first to laugh at my own foolishness."
Maggie Moody: "What a merry life you must lead."

Harold Werner: "I'd be willing to go to the devil for one of your smiles."
Elaine Smith: "Please don't make me laugh."

June Moltke: "You're going to give up this lovely apartment? What's come over you?"
Winifred Stephens: "An opera singer."

Mr. Weyermann: "What made you walk out of my class this morning?"
Bill Spanjer: "I was moved by your lecture."

When we look at some of
Marie Towne: "When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do about this?"
Miss Alt: "Stuff cotton in your ears."

Edith Miller: "Has the carrier had it both yet?"
Servant: "Yes, Ma'am. You can come in now."

Glen Day: "Do you like short skirts, Bill?"
Bill Self: "Now, they get lipstick on my shirt when I dance with them."

Keith Cockrill: "There is the whole theory in a nutshell."
Jennette Baker: "Oh, how well you retain those things in your head."

Ruth Evans: "I got a bright idea out a corner of my brain today."
Georgene Sauer: "Ah! A stowaway."

Jack Anderson: I'm engaged in a new campaign ag inst noise. Have you any suggestions?"
Pauline Anderson: "Sure, you might swear off drinking coffee from a saucer."

Forrest West: "Yes, I once fell through some ice and fell into 26 feet of water."
June Yancey: "Did they get you?"

Judge: "Twenty days for vagrancy. Lock him up, Dan."
Henry Foster: "But, your Honor, I am not as corrupt as Swift, as dissipated as Poe, as depraved as Byron, or as pervert as--"
Judge: "That will do. Get the names of those other fellows, Dan, and bring them in. They're a bad lot."

Country Cop: (On guard at scene of tragedy): "I tell you you can't come in here."
Lyle Warman: "But I'm a reporter. I've been sent to "Do" the murder."
Cop: "You're too late; the murder's been done."

Mrs. Weyermann: "What do you mean by saying that Benedict Arnold was a janitor?"
Clarence Gross: "The book says that after his exile he spent the rest of his life in abasement."

Dicker Werner: "How dare you tell mother what time I came in this morning when I gave you strict orders not to?"
Ma'ed: "I didn't. When she asked me what time you got in, I said that I was too busy getting breakfast to look at the clock."

A frantic man ran into a police station, and handing the desk officer a woman's picture, said, "My wife is missing and I want to find her."
Officer (after looking at the picture): "Why?"
Operetta

ADMINISTRATION
"......two federal milk cans with labels, four extra fancy winesaps, and old tub, a horseshoe, an old fashioned corset, a frayed rope and a five gallon oil can. Each group will have half an hour in which we will return here. The winning group will be given a prize. Such was the gist of the game instructor's introductory speech at the Scavenger hunt party given by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors, October 30.

Ensued a wild scramble for wraps and a mad dash against time, climaxed by the return of the hunters loaded down with various articles from the tin pan alley. Their already depressionistic clothes were even more tattered and torn by climbing over back yard fences and scaling across wires strung purposely to keep out stray cats.

SOPHOMORE SKATING PARTY

One March day the brilliant idea of having a skating party was planted in the heads of the Sophomores. Accordingly the date was set for April 8 and forty tickets were made by the next day. On April 1 only two tickets had been sold, and the Sophomores were running frantically around to all the home-rooms begging students to buy tickets and when no one responded to their pleas, they went forlornly back to their own home room.

With bated breath, the Sophomores watched the doors of the Legion Hall, hoping against hope that more tickets would be sold at the gates than were sold during the preceding weeks. Suddenly the crowd began to arrive and the hall began to fill.

When the evening's fun drew to a close, three cases of pop had been sold and the Sophomores were once more financially independent.

In an endeavor to raise money for their sneek, the Seniors gave a roller skating party. They sold tickets for a few days and on Thursday night at 8 o'clock the hall was filled with a gathering of freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors and oh, lots of others.

The party was a huge success and brought in several dollars for the Seniors. They sold candy and pop at the rink from which they also made a profit.

Although the spills were many, the thrills were in equal balance to them. When the time came for the last number, the dusty crowd tired but happy took off skates and scudded forth into the evening towards their homes.

Another Senior activity this year was that of an ice cream sale. Three freezers of sherbet and one of plain vanilla ice cream were made one spring morning in the Home Ec. Room and much to the delight of the Seniors and the consternation of the teachers, excuses were signed enabling the students to turn the freezers instead of the pages of their school books.

When noon came the Home Ec. Room was crowded with pupils who were ready to buy the ice cream and sherbet.

All of it was sold by one o'clock even the sherbet which was later proved to have had a super abundance of salt in it. When the customers came around in quest of sherbet the Seniors would exchange amused glances and then sobering they would sell the sherbet to the unsuspecting buyers.

The approximate returns of this sale was a little over three dollars.
THE COUGAR

Bill and another redskin bit the dust, or rather, I should say cougar. "The Cougar," was a talkie presented through the auspices of the Boys' Club. It struck a new high in entertainment. It was the first "talkie" to be given in the school and was a great improvement over the shows that have been given in the past.

The picture showed the thrills and dangers of cougar hunting in the Sierras. Going into caves after cougars with only a noose to catch them is but a mere detail in the life of these hunters. One of the many thrills of the picture was the attempted capture of the largest cougar known. After several attempts to capture the huge cat alive, the hunter finally had to shoot it. The picture also showed a battle in which the deadly rattling snake was conquered by a king snake. Such a battle is very seldom witnessed by man.

ORENDO

Presto! and then, it vanishes. The ball has been completely dissolved in front of our eyes. Now a handkerchief is torn up. We put it in the magic liquid and now what have we?---It is mended with a piece of another. Again it goes into this magic potion, and now? It has been shrunk to half of its original size. And so on for an hour did "Orendo," the magician, hold us spellbound. This was probably one of the best performances given to the students of dear, old Peshastin. "Orendo" was also an escape artist, although due to the lack of time, he could not show his (cont. next col.)

skill in this; he held the pupils mystified until the final trick. He did not use the usual "cut and dried" tricks but showed many new and difficult ones. For several days afterward the students were discussing the amazing cleverness of "Orendo" and his fascinating tricks.

I shall now do a trick and vanish.

MAJOR SHOAF

"Any person who has a high school education and a good constitution with backbone can travel the world over---if he doesn't smoke or drink," Major G.H. Shoaf, seventy years old, told the assembly.

Major Shoaf, who rides fifty miles every day in summer with the Canadian Border Patrol, showed trophies of his war experiences in Africa and Mexico to the assembled high school on December 17.

"Bearing six feet three inches like an army officer, without being stiff is no trick at all," the Major said. "It is all due to correct living; particularly being an abstainer of liquor and tobacco." To show his agility he entertained the students with difficult sword tricks which very few younger men can do.

Major Shoaf was born in Germany, and at the age of fifteen was in the last stages of tuberculosis. Having no money, he worked his way to America, where he became a Nebraska cowboy. In six years he was cured of his disease, learned to speak English, and had a modest fortune.

He lectures in the winter time because he froze his lungs and cannot stand the northern winters.
Top row, reading from left to right: Maycel McGregor, Pauline Anderson, Edith Miller, Joan McCoy, La Verne Bergren, Winfred Stephens. Bottom row, left to right: Maxine France, Fred Burnette, Edward Nollmeyer, Mr. Weyermann, Dorothy Bering, Jeannette Baker, Arlene Zigler.

Torch Honor Society

On this ship sailing with us is a rated group. They belong to the rank of the Torch Honor Society. They help us financially and encourage all extra-curricular activities. This organization has a very high scholastic standing and “carry the torch” for us. At their round table the affairs of the ship are discussed and rounded out. With their help the loot on shore is more easily distributed.
NO MORE FRONTIER

"No More Frontier" was presented by the Washington State Theater group in Wenatchee, March 11, 13, 15. All the schools of the valley bought tickets, put themselves into cars and went to see it. Many of the students of dear old Peshastin High and Grade schools went Friday afternoon.

The opening scene disclosed the front porch of the Bailey home in Indians. The family is listening to Captain Jack Bailey tell stories of the life in a wagon train going across the plains to the west. The dancers and thrills of the stories cause Flint to leave home and go with his Uncle Jack to the new land of promise, Idaho.

He goes into partnership in a cattle ranch with Jim Steel. Here they are troubled with Indians who insist that they did not sell their land to the white men.

Gail, Flint's fiancee, comes west, and they are married. Their life is one of hardships and worries.

Their sons, like most sons, do not want to follow the same occupation as their father. One becomes a bencher and the other went to live in the hills he loved.

The bencher was interested in the irrigation project and he sold his father's ranch to the government so that a reservoir could be made on the property. When the father was told about this move he unconsciously used the same arguments that the Indians had used when he had taken their lands away from them.

Flint Bailey moved from his ranch to the home of his son. He lived there and watched his grandson grow up to become a well-known man.

ARMISTICE DAY

As the High School did not have a program of its own, on Armistice Day, the students went to the one given by the Grade School.

Many patriotic songs were sung, accompanied by the Grade School orchestra. A Legionnaire gave a speech, a story of the life of the soldiers in France was read, and the Boys' Glee Club sang war ballads brought home from France.

PULLMAN CONFERENCE

This year the annual student conference at Pullman was held April 23 and 24. The two official and the two attending delegates, sent by Peshastin, left on Thursday the 22.

In Pullman they stayed with delegates from other schools with whom they had a chance to talk and discuss school happenings. They attended several lecture classes, and were shown over the campus.

At the next student body meeting they gave detailed reports of the trip and the conference, telling of the lectures, the sports, the place in which they stayed, and the persons with whom they talked.

MOTHER'S TEA

The annual Mothers' Tea was held at the High School on May afternoon.

A style show was given in the assembly and the girls modeled the dresses which they had made in Home Economics. A brief program followed the style show, after which the group went to the Home Ec. Room where lunch was served.
PUBLICATIONS

Two girls led the publications staffs this year and fostered the high school paper and annual. They are respectively Jeannette Baker and Maxine France.

The school paper which is supposed to come out once every two weeks had an excellent editor in Jeannette. She reconstructed the set-up for the paper and reorganized the staff by which changes the paper was greatly improved. Ads were introduced for the first time in an effort to make the Hi-Lo at least partially self-supporting, and in the Thanksgiving and Christmas issues color was used to a good advantage. Clever designs made the ads interesting to the eye and the stencil cutting was “more closely supervised” this year, resulting in a cleaner mimeographed page. The jokes proved to be newer and more humorous.

Cautions on the front page and on the inside sheets made the publication seem more like a real newspaper, and the column of world events gave us a wider perspective in our reading. The Writer Winchell II column, which has always been good, was looked forward to each week because of the short-short stories which caused such hearty approval and admiration on the part of the readers.

The Loron, too, underwent revision. Some color changes were just a few of the new things. The whole annual beginning with the picture on the cover was united into a spirtic 1 edition.

The drawings in the Loron were especially good this year. Verlee put the real spirit into her etchings. Also the cover design which you see on the front was designed by her, and sent to the Acme Engravers in Seattle. There (cont. on next col.)

the identical drawing was photographed and an engraved plate was made of it.

The annual was bound together differently this year. In addition to this the color was changed from the ordinary browns, greens, blues, and blacks of other years to a brilliant red bound in black.

SENIOR BALL

This year we find the third annual Senior Ball, given on April 3, 1937. It had been looked forward to, ever since the successful one presented last year, and we all held high anticipation for the fourth annual Senior Ball in 1938.

An added surprise attraction to this girl event was the crowning of “Princess Verle,” one of the Seniors for whom the ball was given. The ceremony was carried out beautifully, with the help of a nine-piece swing orchestra and resplendent decorations.

The great success of this Ball was credited to the General Committee headed by Verlee Smith, Kieth Cockerill, Elrma Mangalos, Spud Werner and Albert Huff, with the help and encouragement of the faculty advisor, Miss Alt.

To the theme song “The Blue Danube Waltz” the grand arch was led by the proud and dignified Seniors. The decorations were carried out in a musical idea with huge and tiny notes painted in metallics and hung along the two sides of the gym. White and black streamers dropped across the gym. Four colored flood lights illuminated the floor, adding a certain mystifying elanor; the punch booth and the background for the orchestra were set in two large arches. The programs were cleverly done in black and white with music notes on the outside, and all in all they made the whole evening one of enjoyment and admiration.
ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL HIGHLIGHTS

As leader of the squad, there is Captain and Guard, Edward Nollmeyer. Ed, who is slow moving, has a very good eye for the hoop. This year he will complete his third and final year as a player for the Peshastin Loggers. The other guard, on this year's team who is leaving the ranks is Dick Lynn. He is a star point-getter and a very good player. This year he was out a few games because of an injury. Cecil Martin who is Forward for the Loggers, might be classified as the runt of the team but don't let his size fool you. He is fast and can handle the ball. He is a senior and will leave the Loggers this year. He has played three years on the team. The center, who is the big work horse for the Loggers, is Lyle Warmen. He is only a Junior and will have plenty of fight in the team next year. We wish him luck. Clarence Gross a tall, lanky guard plays a good game of ball and will be with the Loggers next year. Fred Burnett, Forward, will complete his second and final year as a member of the team. Members of the second team and substitutes for the first team were Irwin La Brea, Albert Heuff, Elmer Werner, Kieth Cockrill. All of these players and Lyle Warmen and Clarence Gross will be the nucleus around which the next year's team will be formed. Mr. McCormick has coached Peshastin teams for ten or eleven years and was well pleased with this year's team but he plans to develop a better team next year.

The second team played very good ball this year, in which many freshmen turned out. In the future there will be much material to pick a team from.

GIRLS SPORTS

In looking over the list of girls sports, there are two that are favorites here. These are basketball and kittenball. Which of the two is liked the best, is impossible to say, but after interviewing several members of the girls P. E. class, I have found that it is more or less a fifty fifty affair.

Another pastime which comes "between the dark and the daylight", or more coherently expressed, between winter and spring, is hiking. Not only do the girls frequent well known trails by also they discover and traverse byways that are for the most part unfamiliar to the group as a whole.

The basketball girls got a stop-watch and made use of it by playing competitive games with the grade school teams, and among themselves.

UPPER VALLEY TOURNAMENT

Since the Basketball season ended so early this year the four upper valley schools: Cashmere, Dryden, Peshastin, and Leavenworth held a tournament to decide the champion of the upper valley. The meet was held in two different schools. The first night at Dryden in which Leavenworth played Peshastin and Cashmere played Dryden. Leavenworth defeated Peshastin by a very close score and Cashmere beat Dryden. This victory for Cashmere and Leavenworth gave them the chance to play for the title at Leavenworth and Dryden and Peshastin to play for third place. In the finals, Peshastin beat Dryden by a large score. In the second game of the evening, Leavenworth and Cashmere
clashed to determine first and second places. This game was very fast and rough. At the end of the game the score was tied and they had to play overtime. The trophy that was given for first place was a large gold Basketball. In order that a team may keep this trophy they must win it three times, and then it becomes their permanent possession. We hope that these games will be continued in the future.

TOURNAMENT

Sunnyslope and Leavenworth started the ball rolling in the first game of the Chelan County Tournament Friday, February 26. The hard fighting Sunnyslope cagers pulled over their one and upset the Leavenworth boys by the close score of 25 to 23. The Sunnyslope hoop men started things rolling in the early part of the game and had piled up a 15 to 5 lead in the first half. The Leavenworth Lads did not get started till it was too late.

In the second half, the Grizzlies fed the ball to Kester, who scored 13 points in the last half of the game. He was checked very hard in the first half and could not get away to score any. At the last of the game it looked like most anybody’s ball game.

Kester and Dieke were high point men for Leavenworth and Sunnyslope respectively.

In the second game of the tournament was between Dryden and Chelan. The Dryden hoopmen were hot and turned out a very neat game of ball. The Chelan Gorts were handicapped by the loss of two top players. Snyder was sick with an attack of appendicitis and Hare tore a ligament loose in his leg.

To add to this, Novotny went out of the game on fouls. The game was very close and rough all the way through. The score at the half was 10 to 10.

Carlson of Dryden was high point man with eleven points and Moon of Chelan topped the Chelan squad with seven markers. The final score was 24-19 with Dryden on the high side.

The Peshastin Loggers clashed with Wenatchee for the third game of the tournament. The Panthers, who were taken out of the tournament last year in the first game, made sure that it did not happen again. The Wenatchee team started right out after the title in the early part of the game and had a 14 to 3 lead at the half.

The Peshastin Loggers were not playing the brand of ball that they are capable of playing. Nollmeyer and Werner, who was playing good ball, kept the Loggers going and they came back and made a better showing the rest of the game.

Jack Harris and Jim O’Connor played heads-up ball for Wenatchee Panthers. Nollmeyer led the Loggers in points with 5. The final score was 25 to 10.

The last game was between Cashmere and Entiat. Cashmere won easily by a score of 34-8. The Entiat cagers did not have a chance against them. Nelson set the pace by scoring 14 points. Entiat had plenty of fight but they were just outclassed.

The first game in the morning was played by Sunnyslope and Dryden. It was a hard fought game, which was rough and full of fouls. In the second game, Wenatchee won, from Cashmere.

In the final game, Wenatchee won an easy victory, and gets to go as a representative of this valley to the District Tournament.
Basketball Boys

Aboard a pirate ship is a group of pirates, returning from their plundering. Most of them are Captain Bloods but some are apprentices and even younger. They have been gone for about four months in search of treasure and are now returning, empty-handed. Luck is not theirs on this trip for although they have engaged many a ship, they have taken nothing in the deciding battle.

Hope still is theirs for there is still another year. Another year for the apprentices although not for the Captain Bloods. The Captains must retire and give way to the apprentices who, next year, will be captains in their own right.

"To the winner belongs the spoils."—A. Jackson.
LILY BELLE

Lily Belle was a sweet young thing. One of the long willowy type with black hair and eyes that shine like the reflectors on a stop sign was she. Hurrying down the road she was too excited to feel the cold night air. She could think of nothing but of hurrying on. Faster and faster went Lily Belle. She liked the feeling of running away, away from everything. Others had run away, endured hunger, cold, and suffered hardships, but what was that to her? Lily Belle didn't care what happened as long as she had a chance to fend for herself instead of having Mama always right there to protect her. Now she could show the family that she didn't need their riches more their pull to get her anything. By running away she would never have to endure one of those beastly "coming-out" parties. Dad would miss her and she would miss Dad, but she knew he would understand. He always understood. Dad had done the same thing once, and he had made a success of himself. Wasn't he the richest Papa round Clarksdale?

Gradually Lily Belle slackened her gait for it was hard to run on the sharp gravel. No matter how tired, she couldn't stop now. She must go on and on. Anything to get away. By morning the news would be spreading like fire. Mama would see to that. Mama saw to everything like that. Wouldn't it be fun to have everyone talking about you, wondering where you were, and whether you were dead or alive; and all the time you would be happy doing things you wanted to do.
the way you wanted to do them? Some day she would go back and show these small town folks how things are really done. Thinking of this bright future Lily Belle hurried on into the night.

II

He was a typical villain—tall, dark twirled black moustache, and a rather all round greasy appearance which made him seem the more villainous. He pressed the throttle to the floorboards and there it stayed. The car responded with a speed far too great for safety. It swerved on the corners, swerved dangerously. He seemed to be running away too. Was it from his M'ma? Who knows? No, from the look on his face it must have been the police. He zoomed along. Suddenly something dark appeared a short distance down the road.

Lily Belle was startled by the head lights glistening towards her. Blinded and altogether unnerved, she floundered out into the middle of the road. The head lights came steadily on, then a tail-light disappeared into the distance.

III

Next morning we happened to stop at the ranch home of M'ma and Ded. The body has been found. Ded is consoling M'ma, "Quit yore b'wlin' M'ma, I told you that dern fool cat would get run over some day!"
ordinarily I didn't mind the rain to feel it patter cool and sweet against my face nor did I usually mind the wind, but tonight it was different. The rain pelted against my face blinding my eyes and making it difficult for me to breathe. The wind whipped and tore at my threadbare coat and its icy fingers found the tatters. I clutched with blue hands the cloth tighter about my throat and surpressing a shiver I stumbled on. I must find shelter!

Must find shelter! God! what if I was hunched and my hair unkept and my body thin could I help it? I was hungry and I was cold but perhaps it was partly the night, so cold and thick, that made the people act as they had. Yes, that was it—it was the night. Still I must find shelter.

I stumbled on muttering to myself little noticing the time or place... . . . . .

Was it minutes or hours afterward that my numbed brain began to function and I became suddenly aware of my surroundings?

Deep shadows and underbrush was ahead of me. I swung around and peered into the darkness behind me—deep shadows and underbrush! Too late to turn back now. I could never again follow that small trail in this blackness and so I pushed on not daring to think of what might meet me at the end of this—this nothing.

While I pushed on the branches stung my face and unseen burs from the sharp undergrowth bruised and tore at my legs. Still the rain pelted and the wind shighed. On and on I went now and again a limber branch switching back to credit me with a smart blow on the face and at the same time releasing the leaves of collected water sprinkling my already soaked clothes.
As abruptly as I had noticed the denseness, I noticed it ended. I stumbled on and became aware that nothing was tearing my legs and no longer were branches marting my flesh. It was as if something heavy and suffocating had been taken off my head. I was no longer frantic and panic-stricken so I stood there a long while breathing deeply.

I finally found a block or was it a rock? I don't remember but I do recall that I sat hesitatingly down upon it. Although the rain had died the wind was still playing hide and seek with the good earth's irregular features--every now and then finding the sought after and giving at first and faint and then louder and louder whistle in victory.

I sat there a long time my hands tightly clasped together in front of me listening to the wind and to the sighing of the majestic trees in the distance. Then suddenly--what was that! Listen--an errie creak accompanied by a dull thud. There it was again--again and still another. It sounded, I thought, like the beng-ing of a door. What could it be out here so a-way from everything. I stood and glanced around but not a thing could be seen--too dark. I remained motionless for a time until I became stiff and cramped in the position. Nothing happened--not even a sound so I sat again swearing softly to myself that I was letting my nerves go. Elbows on my knees, I rested my face in my hands, and when finally I glanced up the moon had come from behind the black screen of the sky and was giving a finst glow to my surround-ings. I don't know what I first saw--only that finally my eyes came to rest upon a monsterous
form. My first thought was that it must be a mirage but as my eyes became accustomed to the light I saw it was a rambling old building. Boards had been nailed across some of the windows but others were free and I noticed the shutters locally swinging. Ah, that explained the dull thud I had heard some time before.

Then as I walked toward the homely structure something pierced my brain like a hot needle sending impulses to my nerves and setting them tingling. Where before had I seen this place? Why was it so strangely familiar? The old grown over garden, the cobble stones and there back farther the old stables. Why could I not remember?

Oh, but that was wide the least of my cares. This place offered me shelter even if it no longer offered me food and drink. I slowly walked up the steps, crossed the veranda and tried the door. The rusty hinges gave and so I found myself again in this old, old inn.

The room had a musty odor about it, and odor which usually is found in very old attics or cellars. I could not move without brushing cobwebs and they left a queer sticky feeling on my flesh. I reached toward a place where I supposed a table would be, leamed forward but instead found an upturned chair and feel crashing to the floor, my head making a dull thud as it struck against a small hard object. I sprang quickly to my feet and with a curse I again went on my search for a table which I reasoned would hold a candle.

After a few moments of frantic searching I found a candle and reaching inside my pocket I drew out a sodden box of matches. I finally found a match that would strike and lighted the candle. Holding it high above my head I walked about the room, finding it was very large and that it contained a long bar stretching from one side to the other. I examined it closely and saw that some glasses still sat upon the dusty surface as if someone had left suddenly never to return. It was the same as the moment it had been vacated. The upturned chairs helped to signify that. Perhaps some untold tragedy had happened and the supposed owner being unable to bear his own thoughts had locked his inn and left.

Deciding my theory was just about right I turned to examine the opposite wall. I caught sight of two doors--two doors. Surely I had seen before two doors that were exactly as these were. Why could I not remember where?

Making my way over to investigate these doors I lit another candle pinching the small one out and dropped it on the floor. The first door proved to lead to an old store room or tap room where years ago the barrels of liquors were kept. I thumped a barrel with my clenched free fist and it gave off a deep hollow sound. It was empty. So was the next and the next. Well no drink for the parched throat here. And with that I turned and went to the other door opened it and saw that beyond the short hall was a stairway. I stepped into the hall, being quite sure to leave the door open after me. Again the cursed cobwebs blocked my way and as I swept them aside I noticed the grotesque form my shadow made upon the wall. Every step my shadow made upon the wall. Every step my shadow took was accompanied by an eerie creak.

Just as I reached the landing my candle's flame began to flicker and so I opened the first door I came to, paused to let the flame return to former strength of light and then lit the candles in their holders about the room. Aside from the
dust, cobwebs, and dry cracked wood the room seemed to have once been beautifully furnished, the old can-opied, four posted bed, the heavy bureau and most beautiful of all the old chest. I knew nothing about wood, but the least intelligent of people on this subject could tell that this chest was nothing well worth its beauty. Not only did its beauty attract me but the thoughts of perhaps there was something of value inside that I might be able to take with me after tonight.

I crossed the room placing my candle upon the bureau ad kneeling before it I lifted the heavy carved lid. 

A lady's soft undergarments and clothes were packed there with a slight scent of perfumed candlewood. I snorted in my disappointment-----perhaps that was all there was in it. A young lady's boudoir. I flung the garments aside probing deeper and deeper into the chest. The Devil! that was all there was. Wait! there was something, a small square object. Her jewell box! But when I drew it out I saw it was only a small leather-bound diary. I set there paging through it until I came almost to the middle of the book and before I knew it I was following with my eyes the large free script---

Wednesday: Ye diary, I perceive, I know have found him. I knew the moment I heard his voice commanding for wine in the tap-room below. I wonder do he be tall or short, dark or light------

Thursday: Rain all day, betimes, descents, until he came. I do say I have given up hopes of ever meeting him. Father was angry when I asked his name and he doth gravely reply: "A pox on such a mercenary fellow". Nut diary, his dress is so perfect not even a wrinkle As he galloped away I saw he'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, cloak of scarlet velvet and breach-

es of brown doe skin---and so to bed.

Friday: Good Friday! Diary, I do believe it is wonderful Friday. He is coming end I do be so happy it doth make me look, heaven help me, like a zany.

Saturday: Have lately finished polishing classware and general cleaning, but did I mind it? Oh, no, ye diary, I sang during my work ignoring the reproachful and astonishing looks from father. If only he knew what had happened to me---If he could but guess---when before I thought it a wrong to smile at the deeds of my honorable father---I now smile at the expression benefited me every now and then on his dear face.

Sunday: A dreary day---no one come, no one went except queer, silent Tim, the stable boy---I wish only for tomorrow.

Monday: Ye diary, could he but realize the agony I experienced feeling for his life--realize the moment he doth leave me for one of his "prizes". I do worry until again I hear the tal-lot of his horses hoofs, clattering over the cobble stones and do hear his whip sounding on the shutters. But is it the prize so much as it doth be the adventure?

Tuesday: Have just lain aside my book in which I have great need of having found to-night he doth go after his greatest prize---after King Georges', General B---who will in betime bring money for the Red Coats expenditures, but he promises, "I'll come to thee by moonlight though hell should bar the way!"

The diary looked as if it had ended here but I found as I turned
a few more blank desolate looking pages scrawled sideways, the last of her diary looking as is it had been written in haste.

"Diary, Dame Fortune scorns upon me---the Red Coats army is bursting in the door of my father's inn. God smile upon my lover nor may my smile stay still[nor stay me still my heart but God know upon they that told he would be back by moonlight the hell should bar the way. Who could have heard? Who could have told?"

The last lines were hardly distinguishable for the writer had not even allowed the ink to dry but as in a hurry had snapped the secretive little book shut and had pushed it at the bottom of the chest.

* * * * * * * * *

I could see the Red Coats pounding at the innocent inn keeper's door---could see him hurry in his night robe and cap to undo the securely fastened bolt. They came in brisk from the chilly night air stumping the caked mud from their heavy thick boots---cursing and laughing---while outside stood poor hunched, jealous Tim, the unkept stable-boy. Tim, who also loved the inn keeper's daughter but had kept it hidden but also had burned like a cinder in his breast. Poor Tim faded away as the soldiers ordered. "Rum on the house!", and then wavering and boisterously searched the rooms for the inn keeper's red-lipped daggar.

Again, taxing my brain, I could see the next morning how they---Tim and the inn keeper made their way to tell to the dark-haired girl the pitiful story of how the young dauntless highwayman was killed when he tried to turn and flee after a gunshop warning. He had been shot down like a dog in the highway. Everything was quiet as the emptiness of their ringing foot steps echoed.

They paused and Tim rapped on the door---no answer. He rapped again, only this time more persistently. Still there was no answer. They waited a while longer and then pushed open the door and walked in.

She was standing, faced toward the window and she was unmoved by their voices and not uttering a sound. Her dark head was drooped low upon her barred, white shoulders.

They stepped closer and as they did so they could see a bit of blood, dark blood, upon the floor. Her blood!

It was then too they noticed the strong cord holding her erect and the musket tied beneath her breast. As their startled eyes followed from her drooping head and rested upon the trigger there was her fingers grasped tightly about it. Her hands were blue, white, blood had stained them as it had flowed from the cuts on her wrists, resulting from the twisting and turning in the tight cords that held them.

She had given her life to warn the highwayman but it had come too late.

The inn keeper had not moved from his first astonished position. He stood there, tears in his eyes as he gazed at his daughter's etherial body. Slowly he turned and as he did so the pain in the eyes changed to that of complete hate and revenge. If only, he thought, he could find the scoundrel that had given the information the highwayman would come by moonlight. If only the Red Coats had not come for the highwayman, his daughter would be alive and smiling, now! Who could have told? And as these thoughts ran through his mind he began to repeat the last few words and then his voice became more shrill until he was at last shrieking at the top of his voice. Who could have told?

But Tim was crouching and trying to get to the door. His eyes were wide and dislaked with terror as he gazed upon the girl's slim body. He knew who had told. Had there not been a shadow creeping from the stable doors that eventful night and had not that shadow crept and jealously listened to the whispers of the two lovers? Hadn't the shadow seen the highwayman kiss the love knot plaited in her dark hair and had not the shadow heard, "I'll come to thee by moonlight tho hell should bar the way!"
Tim's face was distorted with horror as he thought of this and doubled his efforts to get out of the room. Finally escaping without notice of the inn keeper, he hid in the shadows of the stable.

Ta-lot ta-lot, ta-lot ta-lot----what was that? Ta-lot ta-lot, no it couldn't be! He and his horse were dead! Ta-lot ta-lot, ta-lot ta-lot. It was upon him now—the pounding horses hoofs. With a scream Tim ran, ran and ran. On through the years, every breath being the echo of a shot and every beating of his heart sounding ta-lot ta-lot. He was running from the past, living in desperate fear that someday, sometime it would catch up with him.

And it did.

I am Tim!

Festival. That evening we went to a big banquet in our honor. From there we went to the Queen's Ball. After the Ball, we went swimming in the Y.M.C.A. tank, and then to bed. With from fifty to sixty girls in one room, you can imagine how much sleep we got.

Saturday morning we got up, dressed and went to the Cascadian Hotel for breakfast. From there we were taken to the starting place of the parade. Eleven o'clock and we were put on our respective floats and told to look our prettiest.

After the parade we were entertained at a luncheon given by the Commercial Club.

In the afternoon we went to the park where Queen Janet I was to be crowned. When the crowning was over the princesses were through and we went back to the Y.M.C.A., changed into our clothes, and became ourselves once more.
Aug. 31--Greetings my friends! School has opened at last. My, what a joy I have in my heart. As I opened the door, I was greeted by the sight of very small and very green freshmen, completely filling the end of the hall. At the other end the Seniors were critically looking these small infants over.

Sept. 1--Spent most of the day helping lowly freshmen open their lockers.

Sept. 2--My debut in typing. In a year or so I hope to be able to write my name. Freshmen all are studying every available minute.

Sept. 4--The first week of school is over. How will I ever be able to stand 36 more weeks of this grueling grind? Did you say we have a vacation Monday? Aw--heck, school's not so bad anyway.

Sept. 11--Another week passed. How time does fly. Love is in the air. La, la. See you next week

Sept. 18--Fresh Reception. All Fresh bedecked in all their kiddy clothes. Sodas for refreshments. Yours truly spills his over his white tie. How bout a bib?

Sept. 25--Sophs have an outdoor party with hotdogs on the menu. Nice time reported...with tummy-aches.

Sept. 28--Electrical show. All the wonders of electricity explained. Nobody shocked.

Apple harvest starts tomorrow. Work hard. An apple a day----

Oct. 6--Harvest vacation is over. With a swollen hand, one sore shoulder, and a very rusty mind, yours truly returns to the steep and very rough path to knowledge.

Oct. 12--Play cast chosen--many smiles and frowns.

Oct. 19--Play practice starts. All arrive at 7 A.M. Many yawns mar play practices.

Oct. 22--Yours truly's happy...day of birth arrives. My how these youngsters do grow.

Oct. 26--Only three days of school this week and then two days of teacher's institute. That's one thing we can be thankful that we have teachers.

Oct. 30--Halloween and High School pupils go to bed early. What's coming of this younger generation? Now when I was a kid----

Nov. 1--Juniors give the Seniors a party. And what a party! It must have been a scavenger hunt or did someone already tell you?

Nov. 1--Basketball practice starts. How these old bones of mine do creak.

Nov. 2--Will the snow never fall? I'd like to use my new skis.

Nov. 11--Armistice day--half of the kids skip the afternoon to go to the football game. Penalty inflicted. Did you get six, eight or twelve hours?

Nov. 20--The great Shakespearean drama takes place--"The Queen's Husband." Big success.

Nov. 25--Thanksgiving. But why be thankful for a tummy ache? Did you notice all the long faces on the turkeys?

Dec. 1--Where, oh where does Old Man Winter think he is?
Dec. 1--How time does fly!

Dec. 5--The first B.B. game of the season. Entiat the opponent. Victorious or defeated? You can guess first.

Dec. 8--B.B. team defeated in close game by Wenatchee--'Stoo bad.

Dec. 23--Jolly old Saint Nick paid a visit to school. Delivering candy and oranges--Merry Christmas to all.

Jan. 1--Recovering from last nite, but am very glad to welcome the new year. Although it looks less rosy then it did last night. Listened to the football game--aw nerts. I'm too sleepy to write any more today.

Jan. 15--B.B. team wins another game--good going.

Jan. 30--The first month of the year has disappeared very quickly--love to all.

Feb. 5--The mercury fell down. Boy is it cold! Do you want to know?

Feb. 12--Still cold, if not colder. Alt arrives at school with a very blue nose--well just so it isn't red.

Feb. 19--B.B. team finishes schedule with a victory over Dryden.

Feb. 26-27--B.B. tournament----no remarks necessary.

Mar. 1--In like a lamb and out like a mouse (or is it a lion) so is March. Well it entered snoring. The only connection I can see is that a lamb is white and so is snow.

Mar. 11--Roller skating party by Seniors--fall down and go--not boom.

but a mere bang.

Mar. 15--Murray--afternoon off to go to the State Theater play: No More Frontier. We remember the pioneers.

Mar. 15--Ha-Ha--excuse me, but I just felt humorous today--Ha-Ha.

Mar. 28--Easter! Bunny comes to see us. All girls shine in new Easter bonnets.

Mar. 31--Marie is elected Princess Peshastin. Do you get a Prince, Marie?

April 1--April Fool--Fooled you. Thought I was going to write something didn't you?

April 3--Senior Ball--All the girls in swanky dresses--quite the event of the year. Glitter, Glitter.

April 7--Spring vacation the rest of the week. Goody, goody.

April 22--"When troubles, trouble you,
Sing, Baby, Sing."
Glee club operettes--rose gardens and pretty girls.

April 23-24--Student conference at Pullman. Four seniors learn about college life--good and bad.

May 1--Apple Blossoms (we don't see any, do you? Well anyway there are a lot of balloons and peanuts--we go to the ball game.

May 5--The Seniors decide the unified theme for commencement. What a speech? Who, me? Say, let's get an outside speaker.

May 7--A week after the festival and we have blossoms. Who blundered?
May 8--"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest: Ho hum and a bottle of rum" [grape juice] We are fed and overfed. Now we can get new sweaters to wear our letters on.

May 13--"Happy birthday to you-, happy birthday dear editor. Happy birthday to you."

May 14--Scions take 24 hours of snack. Took our sea logs with us and left them in the cars. Anybody was sick?

May 28--Velly, velly nice. Seniors likee banquet michee. In light of flickering candles, we remember glorious class now fast fading too.

May 28--Strains of the procession march, solemnity of commencement Seniors bid adieu.

June 4--Seniors give weiner roast for Juniors. Recollections of party Juniors gave the Seniors. No accidents this time. Did my good deed by saving a forest from the bonfire the Seniors built.

June 8--Alas, alack, dear friends. This very meek and intelligent Senior departs into the cruel world while the rest of the school is given vacation.

And so, dear diary, with many regrets, I leave you. 

EMN

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JOKES

Don Garrison: "Hello, is this the weather bureau?"
Voice on phone: "Uh huh."
Don: "How about a shower this afternoon?"
Voice: "I dunno, if you need one take it."

--------

A high school paper is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The binder gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

--------

Howard Foster: "What's a glacier?"
Sterling Sayer: "It's a glacier interested, it's a big chunk of ice."

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Arlene Ziger: "Jack was the goal of my ambition, but alas!"
Kathleen Beker: "What happened"
Arlene: "Father kicked the goal"

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Visitor: "And what is your name my good man?"
Arnold Flick: "9742."
Visitor: "Is that your real name?"
Arnold: "Now, that is just my pen name."

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Mac was giving some advice to his son. At the end of the lecture he said, "Now, my boy, you understand perfectly what I mean?"
"Yes," said the boy, "It boils down to this, doesn't it? If I do well it's because of heredity; if I fail it's my own fault."

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Art Hopkins: "Out ther, every man carries a shooter. I was out alone one night and came face to face with a tiger. Up came my shooter, and what do you think?"
Bob Platz: "I know. You forgot your peas."

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Judge: "Bud, madame, how could you marry a man you knew to be a burglar?"
Edna Hohberg: "Oh, I thought he'd be so quiet about the house!"

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(12)
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AND NOW I KNOW YOU'RE ALL PEPPED UP FOR A
BRISK WALK TO YOUR EARLY CLASS.
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.

---Longfellow