

Little Root Hiddings

**THE
APOLLONIAN**



**WASCO UNION
HIGH SCHOOL
1917**

The first school annual put out
by the Wasco Union High School
June 1/17
School colors orange and black

This school term 1916 - 1917
(my Freshman year) was the
second year of the W. U. H. S.
and its first year in the
new building.
Bldg. dedicated Mar. 31/17.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

HERBERT PRITSCHKE	PRESIDENT
SHELDON STONE	VICE PRESIDENT
HELEN HULL	SECRETARY
GLEN GRANT	TREASURER
GEORGE ROGERS	SARGENT

STUDENT BODY

1st Semester

HERBERT PRITSCHKE	PRESIDENT
EDMUND HODEL	VICE PRESIDENT
HELEN HULL	SECRETARY and TREASURER
MARY DRUCK	REPORTER
SHELDON STONE	BOYS ATHLETIC MANAGER
STELLA GILBREATH	GIRLS ATHLETIC MANAGER
MISS McMILLAN	FACULTY REPRESENTATIVE
EDMUND HODEL	SEARGANT AT ARMS

2nd. Semester

HERBERT PRITSCHKE	PRESIDENT
SHELDON STONE	VICE PRESIDENT
HELEN HULL	SECRETARY
GLENN GRANT	TREASURER
LYDIAN HERMAN	CRITIC
SHELDON STONE	BOYS ATHLETIC MANAGER
EVA MUIR	GIRLS ATHLETIC MANAGER
MISS STAFFORD	FACULTY REPRESENTATIVE
DAN CRAWFORD	REPORTER
GEORGE ROGERS	SEARGANT AT ARMS

ANNUAL STAFF

WALTER LITTEN	BUSINESS MANAGER
SHELDON STONE	ADVERTISING MANAGER
HERBERT PRITSCHKE ..	
HELEN HULL	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
STANTON KNIFFIN	ASST. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
MYRTLE MOONEY	LITERARY EDITOR
DAN CRAWFORD	SOCIETY
HERBERT PRITSCHKE ..	JOKES
GLEN GRANT	ATHLETIC
FRANCES MOORE	ART and DRAMATIC

DEDICATION

To the Board of Trustees, Charles C. Hill, F. M. Gordon,
Dr. E. S. Fogg, C. B. Crawford
and Raymond Carroll

Whose untiring efforts and unselfish
endeavor have been an everlasting help,
we sincerely dedicate this issue of the
APOLLONIAN



GRADUATES

Naomi Crawford

Louise Schmidt

FACULTY

J. B. CORCORAN, PRINCIPAL

MISS KATHLEEN STAFFORD

MISS HAZEL McMILLAN

MISS EMMA SAWYER

MRS. J. B. CORCORAN





SENIOR

Class History

Thirty timid students mostly freshies entered the old town Hall in September 1915 with many hopes and misgivings about what a high school would be and how a full fledged student should act. An assembly was held and Mr. Corcoran welcomed us and introduced Miss Stafford and Miss McMillan, with whom we soon formed a lasting friendship.

In a few weeks we found ourselves settled in a round of studies, and divided into two classes, Freshmen and Sophomores and feeling much as if we had been there for several years.

At length it was decided that we have a student body. What was a student body? No one seemed to be able to answer the question. We needed a president, so Evelyn Herman was elected to the position, but it took several meetings to teach us that we couldn't act as though we were hooting a baseball game in student body meetings. We soon learned that we were not Hoosiers and assumed an atmosphere of dignity, which made the meeting less interesting to some of the freshies.

The boys and girls organized an athletic association with Edwin Hodel and Stella Gilbreath managers. The first games were played with Delano, where our girls came out victoriously.

Farm Advisor Williams interested the boys in agriculture

Five

clubs and they planned to enter the state contest and send a boy east.

A school fair was planned to come off in April, for the purpose of raising the required fund. At first the sum seemed impossible for such a small school, but you must not forget we had spunk, so we set to work.

The second semester brought in more students and Evelyn Herman was re-elected president, Stella Gilbreath and Newton Munden managers. Tennis was taken up, and basketball was still prominent.

The old building offered no conveniences, but there was one advantage; we had the benefit of hearing three teachers instructing different subjects at the same time, and to help out, a worthy freshie would drop his book to the floor upstairs, which made the victim underneath think the ceiling was coming down. Debating was tried out in the classes, but the Freshmen refused to get up in front to talk and little came of it.

The fair came off with a great success. The hall was a lovely sight, decorated with dainty booths, which advertised sewing, ice cream, candy, lunches, hot dogs, and many others. A short play, "The Man Next Door," was rendered and was the cause of much amusement and delight. Before evening everything was sold and proceeds came to an unbelievable amount.

Arbor Day came and we planted trees on the new campus of the High School, which had become a topic of discussion, for it was to be started soon, the plans being layed.

We were glad when the warm days came so that we could carry our books home for the last time and bid goodbyes to our schoolmates for we had completed the first in the Wasco High School, and were a year older and very wise.

Au Revoir.



Class Will

We the class of nineteen hundred and seventeen, being of sound mind (we hope) and able in body (sometimes) but about to step out into the cold cruel world, and, feeling kindly disposed toward all who remain behind, do hereby bequeath these much envied treasures which we hope will be greatly appreciated by those fortunate enough to receive them.

I, Louise Schmidt, alias "Schmidty," do hereby leave my graceful carriage to Gladys Brunton, my bird-like voice to David Patterson, my "avoirdupcis" to Gladys Engle and Myrtle Mooney in order that they may adequately fill the back seat of the jitney, thereby making comfortable seats for the "top layers." To Eva Muir, I bequeath my quiet demure ways hoping they may assist her to uphold her position as a dignified Junior, to "Pussy-cat" Giddings, I leave my winsome smile and to Bernice Willey, my popularity with the boys.

I, Naome Crawford, alias "Greeny" hereby bequeath my ability to maintain friendship with the faculty to Shelly Stone and Dan Crawford hoping they live more peaceful lives for the remainder of their school days in Wasco Hi. To Edith Bergstahler I leave my stately height so that she will have the real appearance of a high and mighty Senior instead of that of a "baby doll." My curly locks, I generously bequeath to Herb Pritschke, hoping that they will eventually win for him that much desired home. My very choice "?" collection of Slang words and phrases I will to Ivy Mooney. To Gladys Peterson, I leave my almost invisible shadow knowing she will then take less room in the "Shafter Bus."

Signed,

NAOMI CRAWFORD,
LOUISE SCHMIDT.





JUNIOR



On the morning of September 16th, 1915, five Sophomore students, intending to enter High School, were collected on the steps of the Wasco Hall.

This was the first High School in Wasco, and though held in an unsatisfactory building, we realized that we would be the first class to graduate, and took pride in this fact.

Our Sophomore class consisted of a collection of pupils from several different schools, Pasadena High School, Kern County High School, and the ninth grade of the Wasco Grammar School. The members of our class were Lydian Herman, Edith Burgstahler, Herbert Pritscke, Harry Katherman, and Fred Beckes.

All these took an active part in athletics, four of them winning positions on the first Basket Ball Team representing W. U. H. S.

Although there were only two classes, the Sophomores and the Freshmen, and only about thirty members in all, we were a merry bunch. Our happy school year soon drew to a close. Our members had neither increased nor decreased, but we realized with pride that at last we were upper-class men.

Another term began, and although our school still occupied the Wasco Hall, the prospect of a new High School building was being discussed. Three new members, Myrtle Mooney, Jean Working and Sheldon Stone were added to our class roll. Our

Eight



SOPHOMORE



On the eleventh day of September, 1916, there was a great stir and confusion at the Wasco High. School days had begun. We of the Sophomore class were the center of it all and were characterized by our pep and vigor. Our teachers had high hopes for us and we determined to fulfill them or die in the attempt.

We had left the now despised Freshie stage and were full fledged upper class-men who could look with calm confidence on the rest of the students.

The Freshmen were a timid class of a decided greenish hue easily distinguished by the loud clattering noise they made in going through the hall. They however, soon acquired a fearfully respectful way of addressing the upper class men that promised much for them in years to come.

The Juniors we ignored, they were a quiet sophisticated lot who studied and got their lessons as if that was what they came to school for.

After this bright and promising beginning we were challenged and defeated at a game of basket ball by the Freshmen. We returned the challenged and were again defeated. When the school took up debating it was all arranged for the Sophomores to retrieve their fallen honors. But, while the rest of the school cheered the Freshmen debaters and told them how good they were, the judges told us how NEAR we came to winning—but lost.

As we settled down to school work we organized our class and elected class officers. The following were elected: Dan

Ten

Crawford, president; Frank Updyke, vice-president, and Eddie May Seale, secretary. Miss Hazel McMillan was chosen as our Faculty Representative.

There are found also some talented beings in the Class of '16. Walter Litten as a poet and orator, Eva Muir and Francis Moore as artists, Newt Mundon who made the basket ball and track teams and Ethel Engle and Helen Hull who lead the list of honor students, the latter also being secretary of the Student Body.

Many of the officers and business heads of the Student Body were also elected from the Sophomore class. On the Annual Staff are Walter Litten, business manager, Helen Hull, editor in chief, Francis Moore, art editor, and Dan Crawford, society editor.



FRESHMAN



Twenty timid and frightened Freshmen stood about the halls of the Wasco Union High School on the morning of September 11, 1916.

They viewed with wonder and admiration the self-possession and "at-homeness" of the Seniors, Juniors, and especially the Sophomores.

After getting acquainted with the teachers and studies one of the next things done was to organize as a class.

A very snappy meeting for freshmen was held and the class officers elected as follows, Stanton Kniffin, president, Willard Hill, vice-president; Gladys Brunton, secretary and treasurer, and Miss Stafford, faculty representative. The Class motto and colors were chosen and a day of each month set for regular class meetings.

The Freshmen were not treated as they expected to be by the upper classmen, as there is strength in numbers, and we nearly outnumbered Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores together. In fact they found it necessary to call on us on all sides for school activities. The school play could scarcely have been a success without Mable, who carried one of the leading roles. Athletics called out a Freshman Basket Ball team which carried away honors in inter-class basket ball. We gave them George Rogers, star player for the school basket ball team, Willard Hill, Will Brunton and Engle Williams for track team, and Earl Johnson, George Rogers and Lysle Burton for baseball.

In debating Hattie Root, Sterling Giddings and Willard Hill also brought more laurels to the Freshman class by winning the inter-class debates.

The Freshmen got along very well without their mammas at the reception given in their honor by the upperclass-men; and



all the students seemed to enjoy themselves at the wiennie and marshmellow roast given by the Freshmen in return.

The Freshmen today are looking forward to show the Freshmen of tomorrow, as well as the rest of the school, how we can stand up for our "Blue and White," and "Age Quod Agis,"—finish what we attempt.



Spring Fever

Now the dull old winter's past,
And the spring is here at last,
With it bringing the spring fever;
See that boy in his tall beaver.

Now the boys wear their bandanas
Singing Star Spangled Banana;
While they wear their fancy socks,
And every minute watch the clock.

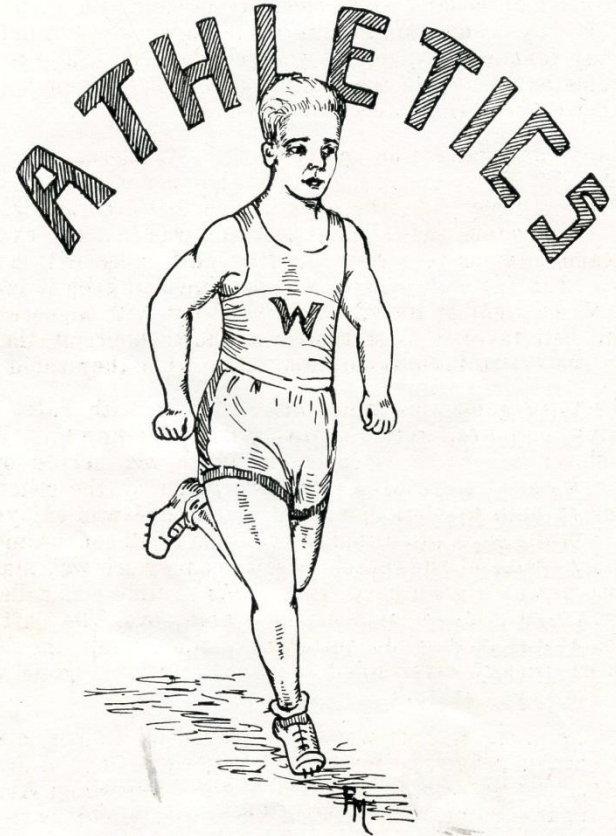
Down the path the girls come tripping,
And their feet just keep a skipping,
And their fancy bows a flopping
Just like they were Boston hopping.

Now's the time the teachers frown,
"That boy, his marks keep coming down."
Then, "Those girls they will not do their work,
Every day their tasks they shirk."

But 'twill do no good to worry
That won't make the slow ones hurry;
The only thing to do is smile,
They will all catch up after while.

ELLA ENGLE—,19

Thirteen



Fourteen

As soon as school began, a try out was held and the following chosen to represent the school on the basket ball court; Stone and Katherman, forwards, Rogers, center, Pritsche and Munden, guards.

The boys got busy and journeyed to Delano for their first game. In a fast game Wasco was downed to the tune of 30 to 26. At the end of the first half Wasco led by two points but the second half Delano came back strong and ran their score up. The boys came sorrowfully home, downcast and defeated but ready for another game. They challenged Delano to a return game but the challenge was not accepted, so their hopes of doing better next time were shattered.

The second game was played with Corcoran on their grounds. The boys were in good trim and sure of victory. After a four hour jitney ride, the boys landed in Corcoran "rareing to go." The game was called at 2:30 and was fast and exciting, both teams anxious to win. The first half ended with a score of 14 to 12 in favor of Wasco. Determined to keep it in their favor Wasco went at it again and came out with a score of 34 to 23 in their favor. With the victory to their credit, the boys made a resolve to keep agoing and show what they could do.

The third game was pulled off at Wasco with Taft. The Taft boys came over in the Maricopa Bus, landing in Wasco about eleven o'clock. After lunch, which was served by the Athletic Association, short talks were given by the coach and captains of both teams and a good social time was enjoyed by all. Then the boys adjourned to the basket ball court and played the best game of the season. The teams were well matched and both put up a good hard fight. When time was called the score stood 20 to 21 in favor of the Wasco boys. The Taft boys went home resolved to do better next time, while the Wasco boys were equally determined to win the return game which was to be played at Taft.

As the game at Taft was to be played on a floor, and the Wasco team had no experience in playing on a floor, a practice game was played with Bakersfield in the Bakersfield Armory. The boys came home with skinned knees and a bad score.

The return game was attended by four loads of Wasco rooters. The boys played a good game after a splendid dinner served by the Domestic Science department of the Taft High School. A rousing good time was enjoyed by all and the boys brought home a score of 33 to 20 in their favor.

A second game was to be played with Bakersfield but they

Fifteen

forfeited the game making Wasco the champions of Kern county. The last game of the season was played with Porterville for championship of the Southern division of the San Joaquin Valley. The boys went filled with ope but came home with their plans shattered. They were outclassed and out-reached by the Portersville team. Reluctantly the boys gave up basket ball and turned their attention to the next thing on the program, viz: track.

Lo! one day the Sophomores met and took counsel together. "Let us challenge the Freshmen to a game of basket ball and chastise them severely. We will display our mighty prowess before the multitudes and gain great renown thereby. Thus they reasoned together.

When the Freshmen were informed of the intentions of the Sophomores they were glad and did dejoyce and made answer, "We will send forth our men to meet yours and if they beat we will bow before thee, but if your warriors are vanquished thou shalt be ours to do with as we desire.

The appointed day arrived and a great multitude was assembled. With a great shout the warriors met and did fight most valiantly. After some of their men had been wounded most sorely the Sophomores gave way and the Freshmen raised a joyous shout and proclaimed their victory with a loud voice. Yea so great was their shout of victory that it was heard in the habitations of the Juniors. They opened their ears and wondered. When they were informed of the great victory of the Freshmen they took counsel and forthwith sent messengers to the Freshmen desiring a contest with them. And the Freshmen were glad and reasoned this way. "Have we not vanquished the Sophomores; can we not vanquish the Juniors also." And so they called their warriors together that they might come to battle with the Juniors. The battle waged fiercely for some time but the Freshmen were dismayed by the mighty powers of the Juniors and did tremble and their knees smote together. And with great fear they sought refuge in flight. And so the battle was ended and the Juniors proclaimed themselves champions throughout all the land of the Wascoites.

Wasco Agricultural Club

The Boys Agricultural Club of Wasco was started by Farm Adviser Williams in 1916. The officers were elected and the crop to be grown soon decided. The officers as elected were, Edmund Hodel, president and Herbert Pritschke, secretary and Treasurer. The crop that was decided to be grown was potatoes. The club did well not only in growing potatoes but in raising \$250 with which to send its prize winner on the trans-continental trip. Cornelius Wedel won the prize from a quarter of an acre, which produced 39 sacks of potatoes and netted him \$76. This trip proved to be instructive as well as enjoyable. Before this year was over the officers for the Agricultural Club were elected for the following year.

The officers as elected for the year 1917 were as follows: Fred Beckes, president, Cornelius Wedel, vice-president, and Roy Crawford, secretary and treasurer. They decided to grow two crops. Potatoes were to be grown first by the club boys for the purpose of making a little money for themselves. The plan was that this money should be used for a trip to Davis, The Union Agricultural Farm, where the Davis farm boys have given a very interesting and instructive time for several years. This plan for two crops started at Wasco, has been taken up by many clubs of California. The second crop to be grown was corn and this crop was to be decided who should be the prize winner. Several varieties were chosen, representing several sections of the country, some Eastern varieties, some Western, and one from S. A. By this means it will be possible to develop the kind best suited to the community and thus we make the Agricultural Club and the community they represent, of mutual benefit.

FRED BECKES—'18.

EDITORIAL

The Wasco Union High School is now two years old. All but about two months have been spent in temporary buildings. We began last year in the town hall with about half our present enrollment which is now sixty one.

We have a fine new high school now; one of the finest and most modern in the state. We also have eighteen acres of grounds for athletics and agriculture. For all these fine things we feel very thankful to our Board of Trustees and the people of the district. We have a very large district, some four hundred and sixteen square miles, including the following grammar school districts: Cottonwood, Maple, Poplar, Cleveland, Semitropic and Wasco.

We have had a good school spirit from the start. When we stop to think that our school is entirely newly made, from entirely new material we can get some idea of what has been done. One of the things that builds up a school spirit is a well organized, active student body. Our student body was formed shortly after school opened the first year. As a part of the student body we now have a Debating Club, a Glee Club, an active Athletic Club and one of the most active Agricultural Clubs in the State. This year our school was admitted to the State Athletic League, and last year our Agricultural Club sent a prize winner on the Trans-continental tour. The Apollonian Staff take this opportunity to thank the student body one and all for their efforts in making this first annual a success. We wish also to thank the faculty for their kindness and friendly suggestions in helping us with this work. Lastly, we wish to thank our patrons who have advertised in our publication, without whose help this annual could not have been a success.



MUSIC

The students of the W. U. H. S., as a whole, are musical. Singing has been made a part of the curriculum school, and Miss McMillan, who has charge of the class, reports great interest on the part of the students.

A Glee Club, under the leadership of Miss McMillan, was begun as an experiment, but it grew so rapidly that the members organized as follows: Glen Grant, president; Edith Burgstahler, vice-president; Mary Druck, secretary and treasurer. Being a small school, we have only one club for both boys and girls. Practice meetings are held every Monday night.

The chorus has been in demand several times during the year and each time proved its worth. It was of great assistance to us the night of the play, "Just For Fun," when several musical selections were given between the acts. The club also sang at the entertainments given by the Congregational Church and the Parent-Teachers' Association.

Under the supervision of Stanton Kniffen, an orchestra of ten pieces was recently formed. They are: Stanton Kniffen, mandolin; Stella Gilbreath, guitar; Eva Muir, piano; Lyle Brunton, mandolin; Jennie Maes, mandolin; Harry Katherman, mandolin; Gladys Peters, ukulele; Miss McMillan, ukulele; Miss Stafford, mandolin; Miss Sawyer, mandolin.

Nineteen

School Notes

School opens. One new teacher.
Great confusion! Many subjects dropped.
Freshmen and Sophomores show a natural talent towards painting. (?)

Freshmen Reception. (They see themselves as others see them.)

Basket ball game with Delano. Wasco lost.

Inter-class basketball games. The Freshmen show the Sophomores how to play basket ball. They then accept a bitter defeat at the hands of the Juniors.

Basket ball game at Wasco with Taft. Wasco victorious.

Girls serve a dinner to the Eastern Farmers. The boys made themselves handy in amusing them.

Some come back! (School advertising.)

Mr. Corcoran gives us a lecture on issuing a year book.

Mr. Corcoran expresses the hope that committees going to town on business would return in time for school the next day. (So does Shelly.)

We have a Christmas Program. Such as a Christmas Box and other childish games.

Christmas Vacation. Dec. 22 to Jan. 2.

School again. (One week later.) Many new resolutions broken.

We play a game with Bakersfield. The boys are still wondering if it was basket ball or foot ball.

Taft feels Wasco's strength in basket ball again. Wasco it seems profits by experience.

"Just For Fun," a great success.

Cheer for Wasco High. Basket Ball Championship of Kern County.

A little thing like losing to Porterville doesn't discourage the team now.

Miss Gaynor takes up light housekeeping.

Miss Sawyer comes into our midst to take Miss Gaynor's place. We hope that she has no outside interests.

Miss McMillan gets a Christmas present. — Who gave it to her, (Question by the school.)

Election of Student Body officers or rather the reelection of the old ones.

We are still discussing the Year Book.

Mr. Corcoran gives us a half day vacation to carry in wood

Twenty

and go home and get warm for the next day.

Spring fever much in evidence.

New styles are adopted by the boys. An attempt at knee trousers, a variety in hose and big handkerchiefs.

Green and pink is a desirable color for girls hair ribbons.

The Student Body vote to publish a Year Book at last.

The staff is elected.

We have a program on Lincoln's Birthday and a debate. All joined in and sang, "The Star Spangled Bannaner." (Introduced by the President.)

A school party is given. More talent. (Shelly as a hypnotist.)

Washington's Birthday program. The Freshmen walk off with the honors in a debate with the Sophomores.

Inter-class track meet. The Juniors laugh at the Freshies who in turn laugh at the Sophomores. They laugh last.

Lochinvar gathers his first crop of alfalfa. Others are getting ready to follow suit.

Arbor Day comes. After a short program the Student Body turns out to plant trees on the new grounds.

Jitneys are in vogue for joy rides. A demoralizing effect on the honor students.

We are all invited to a wienie bake in the upper story of Hull's barn. This is on the Freshies. Another social success to Wasco High's credit.

March 31. Dedication Day for the Wasco High School.



DRAMA

"The Man Next Door."

The first attempt our school made in dramatics was a little skit entitled "The Man Next Door," given the night of the Agricultural Bazaar, April 8th, 1916.

Constance Parker comes to a strange city and tries to find her lover, Philip Melville. She at length discovers that he resides at the same hotel where she is staying and the action following this situation was cleverly and humorously portrayed by the following cast:

Constance Parker, Mary Druck; Philip Melville, Harry Katherman; Jack Wistar, his friend, Frank Updyke; Mary, the maid, Evelyn Herman.

"Just For Fun."

On the night of January 25th, 1917, we again entered the Dramatic field, this time scoring a greater hit for Wasco High School. The play was entitled "Just For Fun," and due to the untiring efforts of Miss Katleen Stafford, who directed it, it proved a great success.

The scene of the play is laid in the home of Mrs. De Smythe. Her niece, Miss Edith Morton, and the latter's friend, Miss Mabel West, arrive from the West to pay her a visit. Mrs. De Smythe mistakes Miss West for her niece, so the timid heiress and the vivacious companion decide to change places for a month. Lord Chelsea also persuades his friend, Jack Earl, to take his place during their stay in America. When the match making aunt discovers, by means of the loquacious Jane, that Mr. Earl is not the true Lord, she tries to turn the tables but does not succeed. Both couples confess to each other, their deception. Lord Chelsea proposes and is accepted. Jack Earl and Mable West also become engaged. Mrs. De Smythe gladly accepts her true niece and the play ends with Jane's "Bliss yez all."

The cast of characters was as follows: Mrs. Fitzgerald De Smythe, a would-be society leader, Mable Beckes; Jane, the Irish maid, Mary Druck; Lord Chelsea, an English Earl, Glen Grant; Jack Earl, a happy-go-lucky fellow, Dan Crawford; Miss Edith Morton, the western heiress, Edith Burgstahler; Miss Mable West, her friend, Naomi Crawford.

Twenty-three

LITERARY

My Transconnential Tour

As the train was passing out of sight of the town of Delano and was speeding its way toward Davis, on the morning of October 12, Herbert Pritschke, Fred Beckes and I were standing on the platform of the rear car, looking back to where we could see the dim forms of our friends, standing by the station and waving their last farewells. As the faces of our friends wholly vanished, a feeling of desolation crept over me, but this was soon gone when we went back into the car and started to get acquainted with some of the other boys who were also on their way to Davis.

We reached Davis about the middle of the afternoon and proceeded to the University Campus where about three hundred and fifty young men from different High School Agricultural Clubs had already assembled for the Third Annual Convention of "Boys Agricultural Clubs."

The first ten days were spent at Davis where demonstrations were given along agricultural lines. We were then taken to Berkeley on a special train. Here we stayed one day. In the forenoon we were shown through the different departments of the University and in the afternoon we attended a football game, after which the Agricultural Club disbanded. Twenty four of us, the prize winners on the 1916 Transcontinental Tour, said good-bye to our friends and scattered to the various fraternity houses where we were entertained over night.

The next day, Sunday, October 15, the twenty four prize winners, representing High Schools from all parts of California, and their two leaders, Prof. B. H. Crocheron, State leader of Agriculture, and Prof. W. R. Ralston, his assistant leader in Agriculture for Southern California, gathered at Sixteenth Street Station, Oakland for their start. This trip of 10,000 miles, which was to take us across the continent and back, was both instructive and enjoyable as to more than repay them

Twenty-four

to give the whole twenty four, a month so filled with events, for their efforts in becoming prize winners.

Our only stop in California, after leaving Berkeley, was Shasta Springs where the train stopped just long enough for us to get a taste of the Shasta water. After leaving California we kept going northward, stopping at Salem, Portland and Tacoma, where we visited various points of interest. After reaching Seattle, Washington, our course was turned southeast, and from here until we reached Chicago the greater part of our trip was spent in our car as the stops were far apart. We were occupied most of the time in writing letters or sitting together on one end of the car, telling stories or singing songs. Some nights our sleep would be disturbed by some of the boys awakening in the middle of the night and starting to pull quilts or cushions away from his neighbor, but this would be soon stopped when the voice of the Boss would be heard saying, "Cut the rough stuff."

Probably the most interesting of our stops between Seattle and Chicago were Butte, Montana, where we enjoyed our trip through the copper mines, Denver, Colorado, with its beautiful parks and public buildings, and Manhattan, Kansas, where we had a most instructive visit to the Kansas State Agricultural College.

Our first sight of a really large and busy city was Chicago. Here we were taken to the world famous Stockyards which cover 320 acres. We were also taken through the slaughter house, a sight I'm glad to have seen once, but wouldn't care to see again. Leaving Chicago, a night's ride brought us to Niagara Falls, whose beauty and grandeur far surpassed anything any of us had either heard of or any picture we had ever seen.

After leaving Niagara, our stops became more frequent as the cities and places of interest grew thicker. We saw the grain elevator and lake shipping in Buffalo, visited the Eastman Kodak Co. in Rochester, the works of the General Electric Co. in Schenectady, saw the State Capitol and Museum in Albany, and finally arrived at Boston, Mass. Here we were taken in automobiles to Cambridge, Lexington and Concord. We could hardly realize we were actually seeing these historical places which had hitherto been but names to us.

We left Boston on a steamer and after a ride of about thirteen hours, the high towers of New York City loomed up in the distance. Before we had set foot on solid ground, Prof. Crocheron had pointed out all the large buildings until we knew them all by heart. We spent two and a half days in New York, touring the interesting parts of the city or visiting museums.

From here we journeyed to Philadelphia, where we visited

Twenty-five

Independence Hall, Carpenters Hall, and Betsy Ross' house, where the first United States Flag was made. Leaving Philadelphia, our next important stop was Washington D. C. Here we stayed for three days, touring the city. About the first place we went to see was Washington's Monument and from there to the White House, where we expected to be received by President Wilson, but he was in New York, so we were only given the liberty to look through his rooms and to sit for a second in his chair. After this we visited the United States Capitol, where we saw the Senate in session. We also took a trip to Mount Vernon, George Washington's home and farm.

On leaving Washington D. C. we toured south west by boat, stopping at Norfolk, where we visited Fort Monroe and Hampton Institute, where there are over a thousand negroes going to school. From here we again picked up our special car and went from there to Richmond, Virginia, the only place on the trip that we thought the scenery equal to that of California. "If we had to live anywhere else than California, let it be Virginia", said one of the boys.

At Lexington, Kentucky, we got our first glimpse of real thoroughbreds. At Chattanooga, Tennessee, we again revived old memories of U. S. History by visiting the Chickamauga Battle Fields and Signal Mountain.

Then we continued our trip to the next stop, New Orleans. Here we took a boat ride along the mouth of the Mississippi River. From here our faces were turned homeward. The ride from Louisiana to California was long and tiresome, there being only one stop which was Tucson, Arizona, where we visited the University of Arizona and also the San Xavier Mission.

When we finally reached Los Angeles, our first glimpse of dear old California, we felt the time of crossing fingers for fear of being called on for the next speech was almost over, and we felt both glad and sorry, glad to be over trembling at hearing the voice of our leader saying: "Our next speech from the California Boys will be by Cornelius Wedel," and sorry to say farewell to the boys and leaders who had become such good friends on the trip. Here the crowd broke up, the boys all going to their respective homes by different routes and all agreeing that this trip had been the time of our lives. When we arrived home, with our heads and note books full of ideas, none of us were sorry to go back to the grind of school work. And times when I would sit in my class and start to dream of the good times on the trip I would be quickly aroused by the teacher's sharp remark, "Cornelius, you may put the next problem on the board."

CORNELIUS WEDEL '19

Bruin, Cupid and Company

Oliver Graham stepped from the door of his log cabin built on the summit of Mt. Whitney and with a telescope scanned the neighboring peaks long and steadily. He was looking for some trace of fire for he was a lookout on the forestry service; but he saw no telltale smoke wreathing itself upward through the clear air.

Then his eye wandered down the mountain side to the little log school house a mile below. The last time he had gone to the neighboring village for supplies he had heard that a new school teacher was coming to take the place of the one who had given up the school a few weeks before on account of sickness. He wondered what the new one would be like. The old one was inclined to be too stiff and dignified and once when a mouse ran across the floor she had screamed and climbed on a chair so some of the pupils had reported. He turned and went back into his cabin and proceeded to wash his breakfast dishes; he had been washing dishes three times a day for the last two years and was tired of the job; and besides it wasn't a man's work anyhow.

Then his thoughts wandered to the girl he left behind when he said goodbye and went to the mountains to take up the work of a forester. He was just a guard then but now he had been promoted until he held a high position with good pay. He smiled to himself as he hoped that the new teacher would be like her.

His mornings work out of the way, he shouldered his axe and went down the mountain side whistling as he went.

About a half mile above the school he set to work cleaning some brush that had been left when the logs for the school house had been trimmed up. After working steadily for an hour he sat down to rest. He could see the children coming from all directions to the school house. He unslung his glasses and watched them. Some gathered in small bunches and talked earnestly while others played wood tag. Suddenly they all turned and looked down the crooked trail that wound down the mountain side. Turning his glasses in that direction Graham discovered a buckboard slowly coming up the steep grade. It was Steve Tolliver the chairman of the school board bringing the new teacher. As they drew up in front of the school house Graham started. Could it be—No, it wasn't,—still it looked like her. He started down the mountain side, then stopped. It couldn't be, yet he was half sure it was. He went back to his axe and set to work.

As soon as Steve Tolliver drove away he laid down his axe

Twenty-seven

and slipped over to a small ravine close by. Then down along the trickling mountain stream there he went gliding like a wild savage. At last he found himself within a few rods of the school house. He crawled into some bushes and waited until recess time came and the children came out to play. Soon she came out and started to instruct them in some new games. One look and he was sure.

He slipped silently back into the ravine and went slowly up the creek. Should he go to her and make himself known. He had no right to do that for she had never given him any real encouragement. He decided to wait and let things take their own course. He was walking slowly along with his eyes on the ground, trying to solve the problem when he suddenly stopped and bent over examining some tracks in the soft sand. There was no mistaking them. Bruin had passed that way recently. Then he remembered some mysterious tales the school children were telling about the unaccountable disappearance of their dinner pails. Wondering if there could be any connection between the missing dinner pails and the tracks in the sand he went back to his work.

The next morning after the drudgery of dish washing he started to work, but remembering the tracks in the sand he went back after his cartridge belt and gun. About the middle of the forenoon as he glanced toward the school house his attention was attracted by a dark form ambling from the ravine toward the school house. He quickly brought his glasses to bear on the object, then he started down the mountain side on the run. The bear went to a tree in which the pupils sometimes left their dinner pails and then went to the anteroom of the school house. He pushed the door open and, rising to his hind feet went in. There was a crash of tin dinner pails followed by a scream. Praying that he would be in time Oliver sprang to the doorway of the anteroom. As he appeared the bear dropped an armful of dinner pails and rising to his haunches advanced on the school teacher who was standing in the school house door. Three well directed shots from Oliver's six shooter and Mr. Bruin crumpled up on the floor. "Oh Oliver" was all the school teacher said as she sank to the floor in a faint.

Six months later Oliver Graham stepped from the doorway of the cabin on the summit of Mt. Whitney. He doesn't have to wash his own dishes any more and they have a new teacher in the little log school house down the mountain side. Whistling gaily he shouldered his axe and set out to work looking back for the wave of her hand from the doorway.

Twenty-eight

GLENN GRANT '18

A Nevada Romance

Nancy Conners was an Irish girl with dark curly hair, rosy cheeks, mery blue eyes and plenty of Irish wit. She lived on a large cattle ranch in Nevada. Her mother had died when she was a little girl so her father tried to be both father and mother to her. They had a good woman as housekeeper and she was very kind to Nancy, and tried to teach her how to do the things most girls like to do. But Nancy was not like other girls; She would rather mount her horse and ride all day with her father than to attend to the usual feminine tasks about the house. Sometimes she rode alone and dreamed of the great cities and many things to be seen there. She had visited only a certain small town where she occasionally went with her father and these trips made her wish more than ever to see a really large city.

One day her father called her to him as she was about to saddle her horse for a gallop over the desert. "Nancy," he said in a worried tone, drawing her close to him, "You must give up your old dad, your horse and freedom for a few years and go to school. I can't have a wild Indian for a daughter. You will inherit a good deal of money some day, little girl, and I want you to have the necessary education to manage things properly. What do you say?" "Daddy," she said rebelliously, "I will not go! Give up you and my horse? I will not!"

"Not to please your old dad?" said her father. "You know Nanie, I don't ask much of you." To please her he wheedled, telling her of the pretty clothes and the fun she would have, and the splendid girls she would meet.

In the end Nancy was persuaded, much against her will, to attend this detested school. Her father took her to the station a week later. Nancy prattled merrily, trying to appear brave on this momentous occasion of her leaving home alone for the first time.

Upon entering the train she noticed a pretty girl sitting with an elderly lady. Nancy could not help thinking wistfully how pleasant it would be to have a nice capable mother for company on this lonely journey. "If only dear daddy were with me," she thought, as the tears welled up in her pretty eyes.

The girl and her companion exchanged pitying glances as they noticed the lonely girl softly crying. The mother whispered a request to her daughter, whereupon the girl slipped quietly into Nancy's seat and said, "Won't you sit with mother and me? We would love to have you!" Nancy gladly complied, smiling a

Twenty-nine

tearful, grateful "Thank you." In two minutes the girls were talking and laughing like life-long friends. Nancy learned that the name of her new friend was Lucy Brooks; also that they were on their way to Virginia, where Lucy was to enter Miss Plympton's Seminary. "How strange!" said Nancy opening her eyes in delightful surprise. "Why that is where Dad is sending me!"

The girls hugged each other ecstatically while Mrs. Brooks smiled her pleasure. From that time on they were fast friends and roommates at school.

Such gorgeous times as they had! Nancy, who was a great favorite among the girls, brought an atmosphere of the wild, free places of the west. How she thrilled her audiences with tales of Nevada ranch life. The wild riding, the "broncho-busting," the rodeos, the splendid cowboys!

Nancy shocked the dignified Miss Plympton during one of her thrilling recitals, by giving a practical demonstration of how a wild steer was lassoed and how "Kim" her favorite cowboy, rode a bucking horse. Such hoydenish "carryings on" were forbidden for the future, but the stories of Nevada life continued unabated, nevertheless.

At last vacation came and she was eager to be home and could hardly wait for the train to take her. How dissatisfied she was not to find her father waiting for her. Instead there was a tall handsome stranger who took off his wide sombrero and said, "Pardon me, but are you Miss Conners? I am Jack Preston, your father's foreman. Your father was thrown from his horse and his leg injured, so he sent me for you. Don't be frightened, it is not serious, and the Doctor said he would soon be as well as ever." It was one thing for a handsome man to implore her not to be frightened; it was an entirely different matter for her to obey. Nancy was frightened. Her dear, dear, old dad! Injured! She was in agony until she reached her home and threw herself into her father's eager arms and assured herself that he was not really badly hurt.

"Oh Dad," she said laughing and crying at the same time, "school was perfectly lovely! I had no idea that I would like it so much; and Dad all the girls are coming to visit me sometime. You will love every one of them. But as splendid as they are and as much as I adored going to school, I am so glad to be back with you and the boys. I missed you so, Dad."

Her father's eyes glistened with tears of pride as his pretty daughter prattled on of her love for home and the home-folks. "Say Nannie," he said finally, after he had listened delightedly to her accounts of each and every one of her numerous school friends, their pranks, and good times, Did you notice that big

Thirty

Jack Preston who met you at the train?" "No! Daddy dear, of course not, I was too worried about you to have noticed the handsomest man in Nevada." "Who said anything about him being handsome, Snookums?" said her father with twinkling eyes as he pinched her cheek. Nan blushed and laughed as she hid her face for a moment in a bowl of roses by her side.

"Well," said her father, after a teasing chuckle, "You know Nancy, I would just naturally have died of a broken heart after you left if it hadn't been for that young fellow. He came here soon after you went away and say, he is the best company you ever saw. Night after night he came to the house and played "Crib" just to keep me company, when he saw that I was lonesome for my little girl. And I'm blamed if he didn't just about save my life in that smash-up I had. You will have to thank him for having any dad left at all. Now be nice to him, Kitten, he deserves it."

"Very well Dad," laughed Nancy gaily as she kissed the top of his head and ran to see Kim, and the other boys, the Chinese cook and the dogs and the horses.

Then came the long happy days of that never-to-be-forgotten summer. Sometimes she read to her father, told him of her life at school played cards, cheering him by her sunny presence. Then during the afternoons while her father slept she saddled old Pinto and raced over the ranch for an hour or two.

Mr. Preston formed the pleasant habit of being off duty during that part of the afternoon. He met her quite by accident each time and what was more natural than he should accompany her. And so the golden days went by in laughter and gaiety. Her father became well enough to ride again, which added much to her happiness.

All too soon came the time when Nancy must return to school. The members of the whole household from her father to Ah Loon, the cook, began to look as if they had not a friend on earth as the day of Nancy's departure drew near. "Kitten," said her father plaintively as he put her on the train, "it's all right for you to get an education, but it is certainly hard on your poor old Dad. Now you hurry up and get through school, I can't stand much of this."

As she wiped her eyes and tearfully but smilingly waved goodbye, her father noticed with great interest and pleasure that she wore a beautiful diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Well," he said, nudging with his elbow a certain disconsolate young man standing on the platform gazing sadly after the

Thirty-one

train, "It looks to me as if this is Nancy's last trip away to school!"

"It certainly is if I have anything to say about it—Dad," answered Jack as he and Nancy's father laughed and clasped hands.

NAOMI CRAWFORD '17

Antelopes, Wolves and Coyotes

Coyotes are about the size of a dog and are to be found near herds of cattle, or they are often to be seen roaming around over the prairies in small bands or alone. In the evening one can hear the coyotes howling and one coyote sounds like a half a dozen or more.

One night in the summer of 1903 my mother had two hens with young chickens in some small pens. A coyote decided to get his breakfast here, and about four o'clock he tried to catch one of the hens but was attacked by both of them and after a severe fight the coyote was defeated by the hens and a small dog who had been attracted by the noise. There were hen feathers scattered all over the chicken yard.

Wolves are not so plentiful as coyotes, but are much larger and of a gray color, and are usually leaders of a pack of coyotes. The Wolf leader keeps his pack of coyotes around herds of cattle where they can kill young calves; and if driven by hunger they will kill large calves and full grown cows. There is a bounty reward of from two to three dollars for a wolf skin if shipped to certain governmental points in Canada.

The antelope is a small, fleet-footed animal, living in the southern part of Canada. It eats grass and the leaves of trees and does no harm except to eat crops that are unfenced and unprotected. During some winters the antelope is very hard to find because they are in sheltered places, along the ravines and cliffs near the river and mountain. If the weather is cold the antelope will seek shelter along the river banks where trees and ravines protect them from the severe snow storms. If the weather is warm they will be found seeking grass upon the prairie. It is here they are hunted.

One day, after I had been after the cows, I saw about a dozen antelopes and told my father about it. He went to the neighbors about half a mile away and two of them and myself went to hunt them. We took a team of mules and hitched them to a bob-sled and started out. Soon we saw the antelope feeding and formed a large circle around them. When we came within

Thirty-two

gunshot of the game we stopped and my father and his neighbors got four before they got away.

One time in the summer we were trying to smoke some coyotes out of a hole, and, as we did not succeed, one of the men who was with us said, "Let's try to kill that antelope that is down there watching us." He showed us where it was, and my father said, "All right, have you got a red handkerchief to tie on that shovel handle?" "What do you want that for?" ask the neighbor. "Well," said my father, "If the antelope see the red flag he will come to see what it is and we can shoot him." So the flag was made and it proved to be the truth.

LYLE BRUNTON '20

Works of Nature.

There is, I believe, nothing more wonderful, or beautiful than the works which Nature is performing daily, and has performed through the countless ages which have come and gone. Many of these works are so great and yet so small that we pass them by every day and fail to see their beauty.

It is a thoughtless and wasting mind and life that cannot or will not recognize the glory and beauty of the works of our Creator.

Many of us look at a gorgeous sunset, a beautiful rainbow, with its many wonderful colors, a grand snow scene, a winding brooklet, a fountain of cool crystal water, mountains valleys, trees, a field of golden nodding grain, a garden of lovely flowers, and breathe the balmy air, but with all, we are so wrapped up in our own selfish pleasures and conceited ways that we do not see the glory which God has so plenteously bestowed upon Nature.

IVY MOONEY'20

The Yellow Violet

This little flower, a symbol of modesty, is found in sheltered places upon a northern exposure, nestling in the grass, and hiding its beautiful golden head under its broad leaf. One of the first flowers to blossom in the spring, after the ground has thawed from the winter snow, it blossoms until late spring. This little violet, hidden by its rough foliage, is a good example of the old proverb, "A rough exterior oftens covers a heart of gold." You must look carefully to see the little flash of gold, and then, on lifting its drooping head, the blossom smiles up at you like the face of an innocent baby.

ELLA ENGLE 19
Thirty-three

Debating

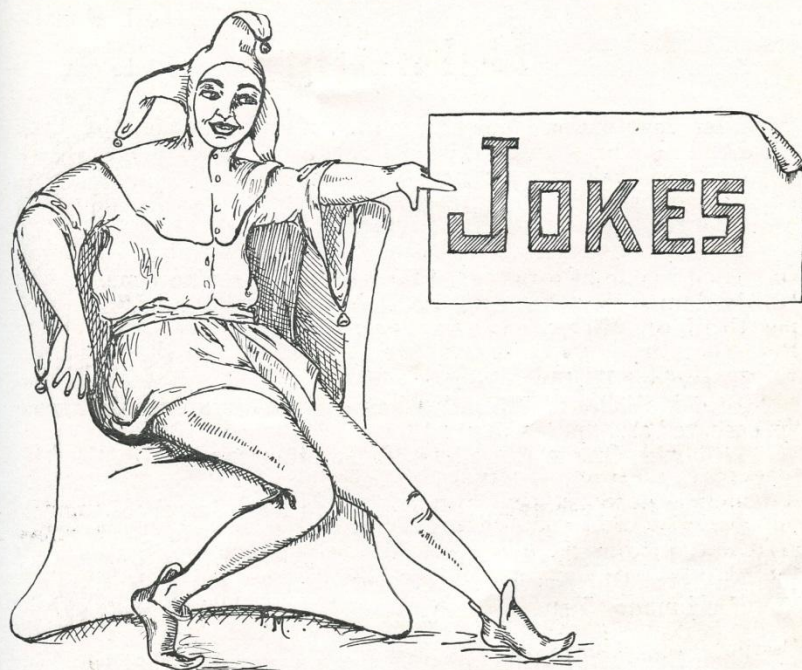
Last year our students attempted nothing in debating, but this year they have entered it with a vim. Since our school has been in force only a short time, it is doing remarkably well considering its youth, the number of students, and their lack of practice.

The first debate was given on Lincoln's birthday, the topic for debate being, "Resolved; that Lincoln did more for the United States than Washington." The affirmative side was supported by the Modern History class, Roy Crawford, and Gladys Peterson; the negative by the United States History Class, Robert Robinson and Louise Schmidt. In the absence of the judges, the students were given the privilege of judging; they decided in favor of the negative.

The next debate was given on Washington's birthday. The foregoing question was reversed, "Resolved; That Washington did more for the United States than Lincoln." The Freshmen, Williard Hill, Sterling Giddings, and Hattie Root supported the affirmative; they were opposed by the Sophomores, Walter Litten, Daniel Crawford and Helen Hull. The decision of the judges favored the affirmative.

A debating league was formed by the principals of the Kern County high schools later in the year.





Teacher. Give a sentence illustrating the use of sit and set.
Sophomore. The United States is a country on which the sun never sets and on which no other country sits.

Ask the Sophomores how many games of basket ball they beat the Freshmen, and also ask them what they received in the first interclass track meet.

The Freshmen English class were discussing, why a certain character in the lesson got married.

The teacher responded: "Many foolish people get married." She had forgotten that she wore a diamond on her left hand.

Ask Earl Johnson what caused the excitement at noon, on February 19, 1917.

Wanted: Fly paper, by the Freshmen girls to keep their boys until they graduate.

Thirty-five

First Junior: "Why are the Sophomores like the bookmakers on a race track?"

Second Junior: Because they need the ponies to win out.

Miss McMillan: "George, what is the gender of that word?"

George: I don't know."

Miss McMillan: "Why its neuter."

George: "Its new--ter me alright."

Freshie at a party: "We are havin' a fine time."

Junior: "Say that again, and don't forget the 'g'."

Freshie: "Gee, we are having a fine time."

In ancient History class:

Miss McMillan: Willard, what is the difference between "prosecute" and "persecute"?

Willard: One is singular and the other is plural.

Father to Freshman: What did you learn in school today?

Freshman: I learned to say "Yes Sir," "No Sir," "Yes Mam," and "No Mam."

Father: Did you learn all that?

Freshman: Yep.

Glen Grant in Latin class: Is there a plural to that word in Latin?

Miss Stafford: No! of course not. Socratis would be high-offended if he thought he had a plural.

Boyibus---kissibus,
Sweeti---Girorum,
Girlibus---likeibus,
Wanta---Someorum.

Miss McMillan: "Now, Earl, give me a declarative sentence and then we will change it to the imperative form.

Earl: The horse draws the wagon.

Miss McMillan: Now change it to the imperative.

Earl: Giddap.

Mr. Corcoran: David, can you tell me where the stomach of a camel is located?

David (very quickly): Yes, Sir; in the hump of the animal's back.

Thirty-six

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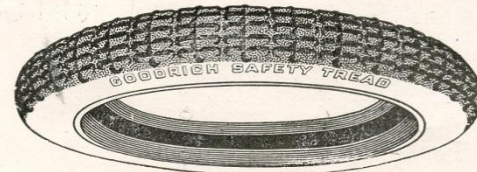
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Frank trembling. Nobody.
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ODE TO A SOPHOMORE

A haughty Sophomore cursed and c swore
That he would hate Juniors for evermore;
He wished that he could find a place
Where he'd never see a Juniors face.
Of such a place he did not know,
Or to it he would surely go.
Alas! One day quite dead he fell
And now he makes his home in—well,
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