JUNIOR ISSUE
OF
THE
THE BROADCASTER
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THE BROADCASTER

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RESPONSIBILITY

"Great privileges never go save in company with great responsibilities."

We often think of responsibility in connection with some position of trust which can be held only by a person able to discharge all obligations in a manner in accordance with the demands of the office. In addition to this interpretation of responsibility as a recognition of one's dependability, there comes the important responsibility or duty we each owe to ourselves: To develop and build upon the unawakened forces waiting within us. Certainly there is no Satan, turned saint over night, to whom we can say, "Cet thee behind me, Satan, and push" and expect him to prog into the inner recesses of our mind and expose to our attention and to that of others a capacious network of superior mental powers, which will attach themselves to ambition and miraculously scoop in the laurel branches. No, these gifts of the gods seem averse to being discovered, unless by the perception of the owner, and even then the stimulant must be able to exert more than ordinary pressure.

We should also consider it a responsibility to ourselves to choose with careful consideration the material we cast recklessly into the sensitive channels of our mind. As undesir-
able and even destructive outlets are opened in a stream by a mere awkwardly-shaped stick, so are our minds continually being impressed and stamped with indellible marks by the admittance of seemingly innocent thoughts. Guard the gateways and double the toll!

As for the other responsibilities which we assume (if we be so constituted that our shoulders have the proper build for burdens to rest upon and not slide off with a beautiful ease and grace) they are granted us only if we have taken advantage of the resources within ourselves which will give us powers of capability. In fact we might regard this further acknowledgment of our reliability as a reward for our success in performing our duty toward ourself. For, "If to thine own self thou hast been true, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Let us not forget even in the gaining of rather unimportant positions in our school work that we are so chosen because of our attempt to make the most of whatever powers we have. Even as we strive toward higher ends we must not forget the importance of this foundation. Each responsibility that fortune brings our way, for it is indeed a fortunate assumption, should be thought of as a further confidence in our ability; as a form of confessing that we have executed our lesser duties in a mode revealing no flaws. Above all, let us not as we meet the requirements for other positions, disregard or shirk the responsibilities of seemingly minor consequence. To shirk responsibility is an admission that we are no longer of a dependable nature.

Perhaps if we should consider responsibilities as opportunities which are power-giving privileges, we should be more in readiness for such a piece of good luck. Opportunity presents
its face only to those who have the ability to use it considerately and wisely. For "opportunity comes to sunny expectation, eager purpose, and to noble and generous aspiration."

E. B. '27

THE FAKE OF OUR FORESTS

The week of April 25-30 was set aside by President Coolidge as American Forest Week. This has been a great step for the people of the United States. Thousands of our trees are yearly being destroyed through man's ignorance and carelessness. It is now hoped that citizens will educate themselves in Forestry, guard our forests, and preserve timber.

It is often true that campers, in haste to break camp and return early to their homes, disregard any and all warnings. It is such people, who, through thoughtlessness, create forest fires, one of the greatest enemies of timber-land. On-rushing, devastating, powerful, and dangerous alike to human beings, small animals, birds and beasts, fire spreads swiftly and terribly over vast areas—leaving behind a charred, unsightly path of destruction. Where once a verdant growth of tall timber stood, there remains only skeletons of trees, stripped of their foliage and blackened. Tall, sentinel-like, they stand as if in reproach. Damage by fire is done not only to large trees, for the stunted, burnt, and blistered sapplings show that they have suffered, too.

Where will our future timber be found, if our forests are thus ruined yearly? I am reminded of the poem by Edith M. Mosher—"What do we Burn When we Burn Our Trees?" She has shown us the domestic need for wood, the commercial and the manufacturing need for it. Surely one would not deliberately set fire to his home, but he is doing worse than that when he
flings a lighted match into a forest, leaves his camp fire without due precaution, or willfully destroys our trees, for then he is destroying the homes of the future, the tall ships, and busy factories of coming generations.

The lumber-man who is careless is as great an enemy as fire to a forest. He chops ruthlessly and unmindfully of coming forests. Behind him one finds massive stumps, here and there a fallen giant, and young growth stunted by hauling and crude methods of workmanship.

For reasons like the above, re-forestation is necessary. Re-forestation means nothing more than the planting of trees where trees are removed; and encouragement of extensive timber-land is the only remedy that will ever be found for timber shortages. Until the citizens, and future-citizens of our prosperous, Nature-loving nation, educate themselves in forestry, and grasp the idea of "Chop a tree—plant a tree" let us hope that American Forest Week will tend to bring them to the full meaning of timber shortages, and the meaning of re-forestation.

M. W. '23

THE ORCHESTRA

This year marks the beginning of a new venture in Liberty Hi—a school orchestra. Considering the existing conditions here, organizing an orchestra is not an easy task—and once organized it shouldn't be lightly cast aside.

Several vacancies will occur in the personnel of the orchestra next term. Juniors, it will be up to you to carry on—fill in these vacancies—get the under-classmen interested. That is the only way any results can be achieved. Remember, if once disbanded, it would be almost impossible to rebuild. On the other hand, it would be easy to take it up where we have left off and—carry on.

"To you from passing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!"

John McCool
"THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

Can you imagine the Junior class in the year 1627? It's rather difficult, but never-the-less quite feasible.

I saw a tiny four-roomed cabin on a plain, and from it issued violent shouts of:

"MR. CHAIRMAN."
"OUT OF ORDER--PLEASE SIT DOWN AND--"
BANG! BANG! BANG!
"MISS RICHARDSON HAS THE FLOOR; WILL YOU STOP TALKING, MISS HEVEY?"
"I MOVE--"

And then from this cabin, the worthy "Major" sauntered. His wig, so elegantly powdered, was slightly awry; his homespun trousers, bagging about the knees; and a glowering frown on his otherwise handsome face, made him appear very stern.

Upon seeing me, he came forward, welcomed me, and then led me into the cabin.

There was Rendall Burroughs, presiding in starched Puritan habiliments; Helena Keeney by his side at the desk, in flowing garments, was briskly taking notes in a confused manner. Margaret Hevey, standing in the middle of the room, stamping her foot, (which could be heard, tho' not seen) refused to sit down. Oliver Renas, in prim buckles and starch, stared at the back of Josephine Pimentel's head—long known for its waves.

Mary Watt was rapidly scribbling a note to "?". Charles Snow had just stabbed a fish with a piece of quill-pen. (This
sent squeals of fear through the room.) Thelma Geddes climbed (amidst whale-bone and pecanato) to a rafter, and then queried, "Is it a frog?"

Warren ran to the rescue of his fair Eleanor from the "slick, slippery, slimy, sardines," and Reid Cowan split his elegant waist-coat with laughter.

Marge was at this time sketching me! My Puritanical temper arose, but through sheer admiration of such artistic temperament, I controlled myself.

Henry Shellenberger, he of the mild blue eye, sprawled at full length in a dozy fashion. Elmar Stone did not doze; he snored. This occasioned giggles of delight from Eleanor Vieira and Evelyn Sundouist, who had been having a vocal and instrumental duet on a wheezy violin.

Hazel Clark sighed deeply as she read "Pilgrims Progress"; and Paul Halstead, with a club, (which I suppose he used for a baseball bat) sheepishly beamed upon her.

At this time, Fred Heidorn was stabbing at another poor fish. Probably he expected Thelma Geddes to seek another rafter.

Georgene Upham, picture of drudery, was engaged in an etiquette argument with Thelma Richardson.

Thelma had, at his point started--
"Well, now let me see--"
While Georgene exclaimed,
"He's supposed to kiss your hand, and then he--"
BANG! BANG! BANG!

"I wish that the girls would please clean up their lockers. They don't look very nice, and I clean mine up every fifteen minutes."

Thus Lena Noia rose to supremacy.
Alice Lloyd, in shockingly short pants, (I could almost see her shoes) at this point fluttered from the room to speak to "Vangie" about a sleighwreck that they had been in, and to plan for a week-end at Harvard.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Miss French has the floor!" bellowed the worthy Mr. Chairman, as he heaved a chunk of charcoal at Thelma Richardson.

"Mr. Chairman," majestically began Miss French, "I believe that in class meetings visitors are not allowed, and in that case, we'll have to discontinue one or the other." Down she sat with a ponderous thump!

Thus endeth! I was seized bodily by two man-sized lads, and borne, kicking and squirming from the scene.

As I left this worthy institution, I could still hear issuing from it:

"MR. CHAIRMAN!" "OUT OF ORDER--PLEASE SIT DOWN AND---" BANG! BANG! BANG! "MISS RICHARDSON HAS THE FLOOR, WILL YOU PLEASE SIT DOWN, MISS HEVEY?"

And then when quite a distance from the cabin, I saw the "Major" rush forth; he seemed to be running in circles, and as he passed I shouted,

"What's the matter?"

And on the return trip came the answer-- "Rare specimen--" And still later he panted, "Butterfly."

So, my dear reader, I come to the end of my brief visit to the Junior class in the year 1637. But you may see that even in those days, Mr. Burroughs banged for order, and Mr. Callaghan chased butterflies. by Jeremiah Winkle-Horn

MARY WATT '28
The wind howled around the corners of the old Shearers Bridge Hotel, banging the shutters, and causing the lights of the kerosene lamps to flicker and smoke. The swift and treacherous river foamed and frothed as if mad, as it threw itself over the falls and went twisting and whirling under the old bridge. The rain fell in sheets. Water ran from the hills in torrents. The wind raged.

A group of anxious people clustered about a little boy on a white cot in the lobby of the hotel. A man, his father, knelt beside the moaning child. "Can he get here? Will it be too late to save him when he comes?" The question had been asked by every mind. Fear clutched at every heart. A prayer went up from the father, always the same: "God, give me my little boy, my baby. He's all I have left; don't take him from me now. Let me save him, let me save him." The moan was weak. It grew weaker. It died away only to begin again more plaintive than before. The women in the crowd were wiping their eyes. It was almost unbearable. Finally a man spoke, "He must be nearly here now." No one answered. The old clock on the mantel ticked loudly. The father heard nothing save the moaning of the child and the ticking of the clock. Each tick spoke a message. All seemed to hear and understand but still they hoped. "Tick, tick, he will not come, he will not come, tick took." Then it would repeat.

"Daddy!" Every one turned, startled.

"What is it Laddie?"

"Daddy, the clock--it says--He will not come. Hear it?
Listen now. He will--not--come. He will not come"--and the voice became a moan again.

LAR
On the other side of the river a horse picked its way over the rocks and miniature rivers in the road. A man rode head bent and back hunched against the storm, his hands jammed deep in his pockets, the reins hooked on the saddle horn.—The horse stopped for a moment. The man raised his head long enough to peer through the storm at the light in the old building.

The bridge was in sight now. Were the timbers still strong enough to stand the weight of horse and rider? Would the river that meant death to all who ventured, have mercy this time?

A woman went down on her knees beside the cot and whispered, "Dear God, have mercy on us to-night." That was all; but all their heads and a husky voice in the crowd said, "Amen." The child, which had been still for a moment, resumed its moaning. The wind howled louder than before. The rain fell faster. The river gnawed at the timbers more fiercely.

The man and horse were only a few rods from the bridge now. The wind howled, "Who-o-o" and in answered seemed to say, "You-o-o"

"We'll be lucky if it doesn't get us to-night, Old Boy." The man addressed himself to the horse as he had done so many times that night. "Reckon it's most midnight. It can't be there in the morning." The river roared below him. It seemed to raise its voice hungrily to him. The storm, the night, the river, all filled him with a strange horror. Not another living thing moved.

"Ah, we're almost there. Thank God, the bridge still holds."

Some unseen messenger seemed to carry the news of the approaching doctor to the waiting people at the hotel for faces peered from the windows. A lantern gleamed in the rain and then...
forms began to take shape in the flashing light. Grotesque shapes they were, with arms waving, hats pulled low, and coats whipping about them.

The horse felt its way carefully up to the bridge, stepped forward, then drew back.

"Come on, it's all right," but the horse still hesitated. Some animal instinct warned the horse, but the man could not understand.

The timbers creaked and groaned. The river opened its jaws ready to swallow all that should try to conquer it. The wind moaned like a lost child—always "Who-o-o" and answered, "You-o-o"

With a snort of pain the horse plunged upon the bridge. The boards answered the hoof beats with a hollow, death-like sound. The man slashed the horse's sides and flanks with the reins to keep it from turning back. The sky was like a black curtain ready to drop upon the last scene. The river lapped angrily at the old, wooden piers. The wind, catching the sound of the hoof beats, made a weird song of them.

The bridge creaked, trembled, shook as though in fear. The lantern danced a death dance in the rain. The seething water summoned its forces in one last great attack. And the bridge gave. A gasp went up from the crowd on the bank. The lantern flared, and went out. The moaning child lay still.

by Shirley Olds
IMPERSONATIONS

Little Willie is a funny
And eccentric little wolf
Swallowed all his sister’s money
Said that he was “playing safe”.

I’m sorry I’m an ugly guy
I wish that I was cuter
 Somehow no matter how I try
Seems like I just can’t cut it.
Hazel Clark ’28

JUNIORS

Among the Junior Class we have a very studious young man.
He is a very decided blond with his hair curling over the back
of his collar almost all the time. This young man will study at
any time and is probably the best prospective lawyer in the
school.

One of the girls in the Junior Class is a natural born
artist. She is continually drawing pictures of some member of
the faculty. This young lady is a blond and is very attractive.
She plays tennis in all her spare time.

Another of our Junior girls who has prominent characteris-
tics is______, who gets up in English III and says a—Miss—
e—r—a Rowe e—r—a— my muncle’s uncle—_____, etc.
Wiggles! that girl never sits still!

Another of our Juniors is our Ukulele Lady. Every morning
the same old story, “never did a bit of shorthand; hoy, where
do we begin?” Then her voice trails off into “Where shall I go
when I go”.

We also have a very pretty girl in the Junior Class. She
has a beautiful brown curls. She also has a nice complexion,
and a lovely disposition. She seems to be interested in her
school work and is always ready to help others.

Another boy in the Junior Class is______, a very interested
member of the base ball team. He is dark and wears glasses.
Sadie Wightman ’27
Our Junior Prexy!
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Wanted—A good alarm clock, must be able to wake me up in time for school. K. Bonnickson

For Rent—After June 10, 30 desks in Senior major room. Dirt cheap. Senior Class.

Wanted—Solutions for all Algebra problems. K. Hevey, Rendall Furroughs

Lost—Five hours of sleep Saturday night in direction of Oakley. Finder please return to Cecil Woolley.

Eveline Venturini '27

A RARE TRIBE

If you walk around the halls in Liberty, you will see some queer specimens. Some are short and others extremely tall; some thin and others are—well—you know. All of them have two things in common. They are: a large spherical head and frightened eyes.

I will describe a creature which is typical of the tribe. It is rather tall, but not too tall. Its head is a perfect earth with a queer map on it. The hills, valleys, and so forth, are very pronounced. The globe is always rotating on its axis, the neck. I want you to be sure that you understand one thing. This creature is not as worldly as it seems.

There are many such creatures. There is also some variety. Some resemble trees with their shapely limbs. Others would make difficult trigonometry problems; they are so angular.

This tribe is noted for fighting. When they have tribal meets, their barbarous outbursts nearly deafen a person. Some, but very few, smile, if you can call the disfigurement such, when they leave the meet.

Three years ago, a human being from the civilized world was sent to rule them. They now rule him. The poor man is a wreck. He was not treated right. Can you imagine? They have forced him to become the mascot. He surely should be saved from such torture.

Would you like to know the name of this tribe? Of course you would. It is "Juniors".

Madaline O'Meara '27

COMPLIMENTS OF

Hotel Brentwood

Brentwood, California Telephone 26

ICS.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>When you hear</th>
<th>You'll know it is</th>
<th>otherwise known</th>
<th>When seen will probably be</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Meeting please come to door</td>
<td>Randall Burroughs</td>
<td>Pat</td>
<td>teasing Thelma Richardson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let me draw your picture</td>
<td>Mayrae Collins</td>
<td>Margie</td>
<td>Drawing in class</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ask your Chemistry?</td>
<td>Hazel Clarke</td>
<td>Hazel</td>
<td>working geometry, for a sport</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ask your Biology?</td>
<td>Reid Cowan</td>
<td>Reed</td>
<td>trying for a broad jump record</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warren, keep still!</td>
<td>Thelma Shultz</td>
<td>Thelma</td>
<td>scrapping with Warren</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catch that ball right!</td>
<td>Warren Shultz</td>
<td>Monte</td>
<td>Bunting out base ball players</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What was the score?</td>
<td>Paul Holstead</td>
<td>Ted</td>
<td>hitting two-baggars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Did you go to the party?</td>
<td>Margaret Hewey</td>
<td>Bet</td>
<td>talking about parties and dances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Got some gum?</td>
<td>Helma Keeney</td>
<td>Glee</td>
<td>trying to get the poker and chewing gum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She's a cute fellow!</td>
<td>Alice Lloyd</td>
<td>Al</td>
<td>talking about the fellow with this challenge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hello, Joe</td>
<td>Linda Neva</td>
<td>Lena</td>
<td>telling Mrs. Callaghan how much the lake Council society</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What's this word?</td>
<td>Josephine Benkel</td>
<td>Joe</td>
<td>talking about shorthand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hello, Joe</td>
<td>Oliver Panas</td>
<td>Al</td>
<td>loading the ball team over</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, Tim Callaghan!</td>
<td>Thelma Richardson</td>
<td>Tubby</td>
<td>telling what she learned in homemaker class</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;O&quot; sure</td>
<td>Henry Schuster</td>
<td>Horne</td>
<td>trying to crack a funny joke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where's my glove</td>
<td>Charles Snow</td>
<td>Charlie</td>
<td>working on French</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Activity</td>
<td>Destination</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Julia</td>
<td>Writing a letter</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oliver</td>
<td>Talking to friends</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellen</td>
<td>Working on a laptop</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emily</td>
<td>Out</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>Cooking in the kitchen</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Callaghan</td>
<td>Writing a short story</td>
<td>School</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter</td>
<td>Playing guitar</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Moral: Spare the gas and spoil the ride.

Alice L.—I've got the habit, all I need's the horse.

Gee, but this is terrible climbing! Yah, that's the hill of it!
JUNIOR WHY'S

Why has Margaret pink cyes?
Why does Elmer wear no ties?
Why has Alice a long nose?
Why does Charles affect such a pose?
Why has Eleanor no toy drum?
Why does Hank always chew gum?
Why has Evelyn dimples so round?
Why does Randall never look at the ground?
Why has Lena such a loud call?
Why does Paul like to play ball?
Why has Helma such a kiddish look?
Why does Reed always fall in the brook?
Why has Eleanor such curly hair?
Why does Freddies' car get so much care?
Why has Tim no dignified manner?
Why does Warren keep on getting tanner?
Why? Is all this (why) tell me?
Because they're just Juniors don't you see?
Helen Honogger '27

A SKETCH OF THE JUNIORS

One of the most variable classes in High School is the Junior Class. They are a very strange looking group for the most part-- tall and angular, awkward and self-conscious. As they are halfway in between almost everything, some affect a very sophisticated, grown-up air, while others prefer to play the youngster but a little while longer.

So we see a conglomeration of every type and color in the Junior Class (color referring to shade of rouge used). There is the demure, dimpled maiden, the "clinging vine" blonde, the masculine, athletic girl, the haughtly brunette, the jolly, mischievous, all-round good sport on one side.

On the other, we find the braggart, the conceited sheik, the collar-ad type, the rough-and-ready cowboy, the cave man, the athlete, the effeminate sissy and--the jolly, popular, unassuming all-round good fellow.

Our Junior class boasts some good-looking students, also some otherwise inclined—in fact, they may lay claim to every type but the fiery-tempered red head—and some meet those requirements with the exception of the brilliant hair.

Melba Cakebread '27

Brentwood Pharmacy

WE SELL WILSON'S CANDIES

"THE CANDY WITH A COLLEGE EDUCATION"

Brentwood California
Sooner or later it had to happen. And on April 9 it did! For the first time in six years the Liberty High track team won the Contra Costa County Track Championship, and we are now the proud possessors of the large silver track cup.

As was predicted beforehand, it was the most evenly matched and most thrilling track meet held in years. The Liberty team won by the small margin of a point over its nearest competitor, Martinez.

Cecil Woolley was the outstanding performer of the meet, winning three first places for a total of fifteen points. Woolley won the high jump, 120 yard high hurdles, javelin and helped the relay team to take second place. But every member of the team who made a point or a fraction of a point is responsible for the victory, as it took every fraction of a point to win the meet. The following is the summary of the points made by the members of our track team: Woolley 15, Hill 8, Cowan 7, Stone 5, Wells 2, Geiselman 1, Jassie 1, Heidorn ½ and 3 points in the relay.

Lloyd Thomas made 5 points in Class 3 when he won the 220 yard dash.

Cecil Woolley won first place in the 120 high hurdles at the Sectional meet of the C. I. P. at Stanford on April 29.

For some reason or otherwise, predictions never run true to form, and especially in baseball. Our baseball team this year is nothing to brag about, but it was thought that we... would at least defeat Antioch and Concord. The game was upset when Antioch took us down the line 4-0 and Concord did the same with a score of 6-2. Our third game was with Crockett (supposedly the strongest team in the league,) and we were figured to be "easy picking" for the John Swett Nine, but again the game was upset when we trounced them 7-5.

Our first string pitcher, "Wee Jimmy" Funnun has pitched winning baseball, but has had poor support and a pitcher cannot win unless his team mates hit and hitters on our team are about as scarce as lakes in the Sahara desert.

Captain Warren Geddes is in a slump and has not gotten a hit in the last three games, but he is expected to snap out of it and do some hitting in the remaining games.

Charlie Snow, the boy who hit them on the nose last year, is also in a slump but he collected 2 hits in the last game and is now expected to hit his old stride.
Captain Geddes after making a few changes, now has what he thinks is a well-balanced infield and outfield. "Red" Armstrong is now playing first base. Halstead second base, "Babe" Jansse third base, and Lawrence shortstop.

Geddes, Snow and Hinta are taking care of the outer garden. "Butch" Columbo and Joe Armstrong are doing the receiving and "Wee Jimmy" is doing the twirling. Looks like a pretty good team but there isn't a one of them who could hit a balloon!

The following is a standing of the clubs and the batting and fielding averages of the members of our team at the end of the third league game:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEAM</th>
<th>WON</th>
<th>LOST</th>
<th>AVERAGE</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Concord</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cockett</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburg</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antioch</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberty</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.333</td>
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<tr>
<td>Martinez</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Danville</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>.000</td>
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Laura Hammond gave a shower at her home for Katherine Jacoby, April 16. Katherine and Gordon Ralphs are to be married May 15.

Rachal Veale and Clark Brown have announced their engagement. Liberty High extends the heartiest congratulations to them.

There were a number of the alumni who attended the Senior Play. I am sure they will all agree that it was one of the best plays put on.

Vivian Chastek has a new Ford Coupe. We wish her all the success of a new driver.

Wilma Dainty was home for the week-end. She attended a picnic on Brushy Peak given by some of her friends.

Agnes Frey was home May 2, because the San Francisco Teacher's College was having a May-day holiday. She is now living in Berkeley, commuting to San Francisco.

"Bud" Sullivan is going to be transferred from Byron to Stockton by the Standard Oil Company.

Blanche Plumley is taking pipe-organ lessons in San Francisco. Quite frequently she has engagements to play out.

Ray Houston will be home for his summer vacation, May 6.

Lawrence Augusta was transferred to Rio Vista by the California Packing Corporation.

"Ed" Hevey spent Easter Vacation in the Sierra Nevadas. He had a fine time skiing in the snow.

Rose Reichmuth was a visitor to Yosemite the weekend of April 23.

Ellen Golden spent April 24 with Sadie Wightman.

Laura Hammond is home now for the summer vacation. She visited Liberty May 10.

Doris Ackerman has announced her engagement to Andrew Mikkelsen.

Vivian Lavere was a visitor at Liberty last Tuesday.

Louise Augusta and Jack Arlington were married on May 10.

Juliet Firpo was a visitor of Sadie Wightman May 8.

Oscar Wilfert attended the dance at Byron, Saturday evening, May 7.

Susan Wilder attended the Educational Program given at Liberty Union High School.
CALENDAR
For
March-April-May-June

1927
March 6
Frances Diffin was a delegate to the Epworth League convention held in Oakland. Frances is Treasurer of the District.
March 7
Mrs. Pearl Lamb, the Grand President of the Native Daughters of the Golden West paid her annual visit to Antioch.
March 11
The Antioch Epworth League gave a one-act play "Two of a Kind" in the Liberty Union High School Auditorium. A short program followed.
March 12
A dance was held in Senderman and Israel Hall. A prize dance was given.
March 17
St. Patrick's dance was given at Antioch in American Legion Hall.
March 19
The P.T.A. gave a card party and dance in Brentwood at the American Legion Hall.
March 26
A dance was held at Senderman and Israel Hall in Pittsburg.
March 26
The Odd Fellows gave a dance at American Legion Hall in Antioch for benefit of homeless children.
March 26
The Farm Bureau gave a play at the Knightsen Club house entitled "Safety First."
March 30
The Seniors had their annual "Ditch Day."

APRIL
April 1
Many friends enjoyed "April Fools" parties.
April 9-17
During the holidays Miss Anderson returned to her home in Oregon. Miss Rowe went on a trip to Yosemite. Other teachers returned to their homes.
April 26
The Masons gave and Education Week program at Liberty Union High School.
April 30
The Senior Class of Liberty Union High School gave as their senior play "Am I Intruding?" in the Auditorium of the High School.

MAY
May 6
Shirley Olds gave a birthday party in honor of seven high school friends.
May 6
A Minstrel Show was given in Byron Hall for the benefit of the Library funds.
May 7
The Annual Odd Fellows dance was given in the Byron Hall.

May 13
Mothers' Tea given by the Girls' League of Liberty Union High School.

May 17
Girls' League party in Liberty Union High School Auditorium.

May 19-20-23
A Carnival in Pittsburg.

June
Senior Ball in the Auditorium at Liberty High.

June 3
A play "Renting Jimmy" will be given by the Camp Fire Girls in the Odd.

June
Senior Breakfast given by the Junior Class in honor of the Class of 1927.

June
Commencement Exercises will be held in the Auditorium at Liberty Union High School.

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Our exchanges have been rather widely varied this year. However, some of our old favorites still remain on the job. A few of them are:

The Grantonian--Portland, Ore.
The Armijo Student--Fairfield, Calif.
Anderson Hi News--Anderson, Calif.
Spilled Ink--Emeryville, Calif.
E. U. H. S. Echo--Escalon, Calif.

The Girls at Fairfield have a track season and field day as well as the boys.

The Grantonian Seniors have the privilege of occupying the first six rows in assembly now. Couldn't that be fun? Why not? At Santa Cruz High only Seniors and Faculty are allowed to use the front entrance. The Seniors at Grant avoid all confusion by having all graduation arrangements made by committees.

Emeryville is going to have its first annual this year. Best of luck!

And now for a couple of later exchanges:

The Boomerang--Pittsburg
Oak Leaf--Morgan Hill

The first mentioned is surely a lively, spirited monthly, well-printed and full of good material. It contains an abundance of cartoons, jokes and news.

The Oak Leaf--a pretty name--is rather a pretty copy, too, reflecting the ambition of the Morgan Hill High.

Here's looking forward to the Senior Numbers with their accounts of graduation, and that most interesting issue of the whole year--the Annuals.
Student Body Notes

The eighth annual Shakespearean contest to be held in Berkeley, May 14, 1937, for students of the High schools of the state of California will be again represented by Berkeley. The contestants will be judged according to the genuine feeling shown in their delivery of the Shakespearean passage, and their sincerity and freedom from mannerisms.

Those who took part in the try-outs held in our school auditorium April 28 attempted as nearly as possible to conform with the requirements. The contestants of the day were:

Cynthia Burroughs
Wilda Laverre
Amorette Crawford
Rendall Burroughs
Thelma Richardson
Eleanor Townsley
Emily Bailey

Cynthia Burroughs, a sophomore, was chosen as the one showing the most genuine feeling for her part as Cordelia from "King Lear", and for simplicity in actions and freedom from that which is termed "theatre". It is our hope that she will meet with success in the final contest at Berkeley. Both the preliminary try-outs in the morning at Wheeler Hall, and the finals in the afternoon at the Greek Theatre will be open to the public. Everyone who can possibly go down on May 14 is urged to attend.

Emily Bailey

Girls' League Notes

It is the custom of the Girls' League to give the mothers of the student a tea for the purpose of getting the mothers acquainted with the teachers, students, and with the other mothers. This year the tea will be held on May 13 and hope to entertain a larger number of mothers than ever before.

It has been voted that the girls will be permitted to put aside the regular uniform and will be able to wear spring dresses from May 1, to October 1 because of the weather.

Instead of the track-meet and picnic which was to have been held May 7, we're to have a party Tuesday evening, May 17.

Mothers, don't forget the Mothers' Tea on May 13!

Marjorie Veale

C. S. F.

Five hundred delegates, representing sixty schools of California, attended the second annual spring convention of the California Scholarship Federation at Fresno, April 9, 1937. Chapter 45 of Fresno High School was the host.
The business meeting was held in the morning, Donald Lyon, president of Student Union, presiding. The discussions were carried on mostly by students. At the time it was decided that a publicity manager was necessary for the purpose of the C. E. F. and Virginia Smith was elected to this office.

Gold was chosen as the color and "Scholarship for Service" as the motto. A design was chosen for a novitiate pin. Dr. Schneider, secretary of Phi Beta Kappa at the University of California, told of the relationship between P. D. K. and C. S. F. Students of several schools gave talks on subjects related to C. S. F.

A banquet was held in the High School cafeteria after the meeting. The decorations were all in gold. Students had previously indicated the round table discussions in which they would be most interested and accordingly found their places at the tables. There were also a presidents' table and a faculty table. Selections by the school orchestra and community singing furnished entertainment.

After the banquet the various groups adjourned to classroom to continue their round table discussions, while the advisers, who were the representatives of the member-school of C. S. F., held their official semi-annual meeting.

Following the discussion the students were given a reception in form of a dance in the school library. The High School orchestra furnished the music. The advisers were given a tea by the Fresno faculty.

Medalein O'Veara

Brentwood News
Estimates given for
COMMERCIAL PRINTING
Sam Hill, Proprietor, Brentwood

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OIL SPRAYS—BORDEAUX
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Balfour Guthrie & Co.
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SERVICE CLUB NOTES

We have always seemed to depend on Miss Rowe at our meetings. At our last one, she told us that Miss Anderson had done much for the Service Club and she felt that Miss Anderson should be the faculty adviser.

We are now having a difficult time arranging the membership section of the Constitution. We haven't discussed anything else for that reason. After the regulations are worked out we will have other topics to talk about in our meetings.

We believe that there are going to be many more in the Service Club next term. Remember "the more the merrier."

Wilda Levere '28

SENIOR NOTES

Just think! Commencement is just a month away. That thought is also followed by this one: "Have I enough credits to graduate?" Thanks to plenty of hard work and industrious study, most of the Seniors will graduate. That is, they will graduate if they continue to work and don't loaf.

The Senior Play was indeed successful. The cast and Miss Logan surely deserved the innumerable compliments they received. Also thanks to Miss Rowe for putting on the finishing touches! To use a famous Liberty Expression, "WE made expenses and a little more."

Following on the heels of the Senior Play comes the Senior Ball. This is the long-looked-for event of the year. The Seniors have decided to make the ball a very formal affair.

NEW SHOES and
FINES REPAIRING

F. Busby

Brentwood

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Antioch Meat Company

Brentwood

Phone 3J
Cecil Woolley, one of the Seniors in the track team which went to Stanford, won first place in the high hurdles.

Dorner Wilder

JUNIORS NOTES

We Juniors haven't been doing much except that we held a few meetings. In one of the meetings we were informed that this Broadcaster was the Junior issue. We all promptly took the weighty matter upon our shoulders and we have tried to produce a "Junior number."

There is something quite important that we have been centering our thoughts upon. Would you like to know what it is? Oh, goodness, isn't it too bad we can't tell you? Have patience, dear friend, for next month you'll find out.

Thelma Richardson

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Shakespearean try-outs were held at school Thursday, March 22 and lo and behold, a Sophomore won first prize! We are sending Cynthia Burroughs to the Shakespearean contest in Berkeley. You'll have to say something good about us even though this is a Junior issue.

Another girl, Rose Gursky, has entered our class. We hope you'll like it here, Rose, and I think you will. We have fifty students and we're always glad to get more.

Wilda Lavere

QUALITY MILK

George Davis

Brentwood

H.P. GARIN COMPANY

S. E. RAMOS—DISTRICT MANAGER

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B-G Warehouse " 44 Eixler Warehouse Knightson

MAIN OFFICE

405 Sansome Street
San Francisco, California

LAR
FRESHMAN NOTES

The newly organized Freshman baseball team defeated the Brentwood grammar school in a game two weeks ago, then, Wednesday of this week, the grammar school was victorious over us.

The swimming party planned for three weeks ago was a disappointment, but we're hoping for more favorable weather next time.

Geraldine Deeney

--- K. K. K. ---

The members of the Klicking Keys Klub are not saying very much regarding the County and North Bay typing contest held at Martinez on Saturday, April 30.

We would like to say to the winning schools of this year that we hope they will get as much joy out of having the trophies in their possession as we did last year.

One of our members, Minnie Pitalu, came home with a medal.

Cottage Inn

WAFFLES
HOMEMADE PIES AND CAKES
TAMALES

and

COFFEE

Brentwood

Brentwood

California

Brentwood Bakery

BREAD, PIES, CAKES ETC.

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If you pay cash for your jewelry why pay at a credit price?

We sell for cash but for much less.

See our prices for your graduation gifts.

We also do all kinds of repair and guarantee the work.
having taken second place in second year accuracy.

As Mr. Nash says, "Better luck next time!"

Della Silvas

LA TERTULIA

At the regular meeting of La Tertulia, the Spanish Club, on May 10, it was decided that a one-act comedy, "Que Felicidad" should be presented for the Student Body and any others who might care to attend. It promises to be a clever piece of work and there will be songs and dancing at intervals. Watch for it, as you'll miss an unusual item if you don't see it.

Mary Watt

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Joe Rolando

Brentwood

California

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| GENERAL BLACKSMITHING |
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D. D. WATSON

Engineering

Brentwood

Real Estate
Customer: "How much is that big ham over there?"

Clerk: "Sh-h-h, that's the boss, lady."

COMMON SENSE

Miss Rowe: "How shall I tack this notice so the students will read both sides of it?"

Bill B.: "Paste it on the library window."

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

Willie Pig: "Good morning, Queen! How's the folks?"

Bee: "My folks are laid up with the hives. And yours?"

Pig: "Oh, I still have a sty."

OUT PLEASING HOUR

"Do you see much of your husband."

"About an hour a day, I should say."

"Oh, what a shame dear."

"It's all right, darling. An hour soon goes."

WHY SHOULD HE CARE

"Young man, the lights go out at eleven o'clock."

"That's all right! I've got a flash light."

MIND READERS

Hostess: "That gentleman you just danced with is a mind reader."

Guest: "Indeed! Then I'm sure he won't ask me to dance with him again."

"Linnie, it's the butcher for his bill. Should I tell him we're out of town?"

THE REAL REASON

Scatena: "I know a man, married for thirty years, who stays at home every night."

Mrs. Hoffman (with feeling): "That is love!"

Scatena: "No! It's rheumatism!"
She: "The Lord made us beautiful and dumb."

He: "How's that?"

She: "Beautiful, so men would love us—and dumb so that we could love them."

Mistress—Look here, Mary, I can write my name in the dust on this chest.

Maid— Gawsh, there is nothing like education, is there, ma'am?
Mr. Callaghan giving lecture on Better Homes Week—"The wash bowls should be lower so that children could get into them easier."

A mother went into a footwear shop to buy a pair of shoes for her little son, who accompanied her.

An assistant came briskly forward and, learning the shoes were wanted for the boy, looked at his feet intently for a moment.

"French kid?" he asked.

"Visit—oh, yes, and you're keeping it for them while they're away."

A related

Prof—how this plant belongs to the begonia family.
"It's none of your business whether he be French or Irish, "flashed the mother. "I want a pair of shoes fur 'im."

TARDY

A certain country minister posted this notice on the church door:

"Brother Smith departed for heaven at 4:30 a.m."

The next day he found written below: "Heaven, 9:00 a.m. Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."

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