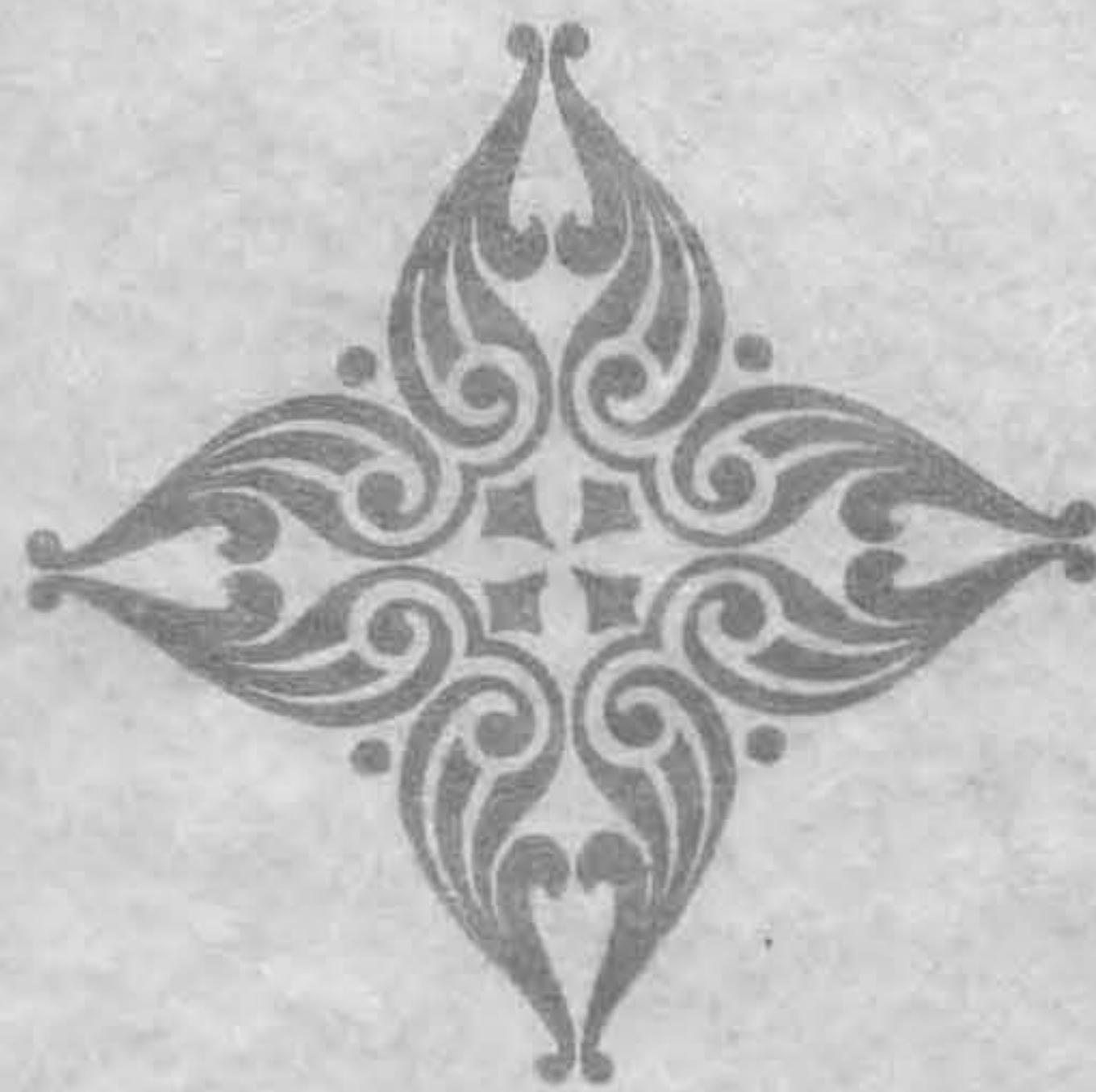


T H E
1915

Waunomah



Annual of
Washougal High School

Waunomah

1 9 1 5

VOL. 1



Published by the
Student Body
of the
Washougal High School
Washougal, Washington



Washougal High School Building

A Brief History of Washougal High School

Just six years ago a forlorn group of four students took up the studies of the first high school class in Washougal. Very unpromising were conditions then for the development of this small beginning. But to Mr. Stuckert, who was then principal, great credit is due for the exceptionally solid foundation upon which the school was begun; and the work, set on foot by him, has in this short period led to remarkable results.

During the three years following, unusual progress was made under Mr. Stuckert's capable supervision. After the construction of the new school building in 1910, expansion of the high school was made possible.

In 1912 an entirely new faculty of three teachers succeeded the former members. In that year Mr. Thomas became the principal, who, wise pilot that he is, has guided our miniature ship very near the harbor of success.

The school spirit, then quite strong, was enlivened by the boys' basketball team, which on the whole was very successful for beginners. A high standard of school work was established, and many of the students were taught that school is not an empty dream or a place for play, but one in which real problems must be met and solved in preparation for the greater problems of the future. This standard of scholarship Mr. Thomas has ever upheld and strengthened.

In 1913 the teachers were replaced and a fourth one added. The laboratory was fitted with suitable apparatus for the introduction of Physics in the curriculum. Additions to this equipment have been made from time to time, so that the laboratory has now the facilities for experimental work in Botany and Agriculture. Mr. Ferrin, who took charge of athletics, introduced football. The boys of the team made marked progress under his able instruction.

The high school that year became organized, a written constitution was drawn up, and the first student-body association organized. This was an important step, for the administration of student affairs is now controlled almost entirely through the association by the students themselves.

We realized the first fruits of our labors at the close of the school year in the first graduation of a class from W. H. S. This was indeed an important event in our history, for it brought a certain dignity to the school not known before. We will ever remember and honor the four students of our first graduation class.

The entertainment given shortly before school closed was pronounced an entire success. The girls staged a one-act farce and the boys a minstrel show. By the proceeds from this and other social events, we were enabled to meet all our financial obligations, with a round sum remaining in the treasury.

This year brought another new teacher in place of an old one, Miss Larmer, who however, was forced to leave her position a few months ago, because of ill health. Her bright smile has been very much missed in the high school since her departure. The freshmen were a large class at entrance (in numbers only) and their membership has been increased somewhat during the year. At present there is a total enrollment of 45 students in the high school.

Beside the regular classes of the Scientific, English and Classical courses, book-keeping has been established with a large class formed of Alumni, Seniors and Juniors. We feel we have gained much by the introduction of this subject, since it is one of the most practical of those now carried. As the high school expands, this beginning will probably be made the nucleus of a business course.

Thus through six years the school has grown, until it now offers nearly all the advantages of schools much larger. The generous support of the patrons of this community toward the high school ought to be highly commended, and we cannot help thinking the present condition of the school justifies their continued support.



SUPERINTENDENT WALTER E. THOMAS

In the character of Superintendent Thomas, Washougal Schools have known a very able and zealous promoter. During the past three years he has given his greatest efforts to the building up of the schools and a higher standardization of scholarship. He comes from Nebraska, a graduate of Freemont Normal School, with several years practical experience in every phase of school work. To him is due, in a large measure, the accrediting of Washougal High School.

Board of Education

L. F. RUSSELL, CHAIRMAN

GEO. W. BROCK

MARION F. WREN

L. J. MOODY, CLERK

TO
Principal Walter E. Thomas

WHO DURING THE PAST THREE
YEARS HAS GIVEN HIS UTMOST
EFFORTS TO THE UPBUILDING AND
BETTERING OF THE WASHOUGAL
SCHOOLS

This Book is Respectfully Dedicated

Faculty



HOLMAN B. FERRIN

It is rarely that a high school of the size of Washougal is favored by one of the ability of this graduate of the University of Vermont, Holman Boynton Ferrin. He came to us fresh from college, bringing a life and vigor to the school that is truly remarkable. He is teacher of bookkeeping, algebra and ancient history. Out of school hours he coaches the boys of W. H. S. in their games and sports, and to his training is due the success we have achieved in this branch of school activity.

Faculty



MISS HILDA ANDERSON

This, our instructor in Modern Languages in Washougal High School, won her A. B. at Whitman College in 1913. She is very well fitted for her position here, and the Annual staff acknowledges its indebtedness to her help in editing the Annual material.



MRS. RETA ANDERSON

In the few months she has taught in the high school, we have come to know and respect Mrs. Anderson as a very capable instructor, and one truly interested in all the activities of the students. She is teacher of the Latin branches, and has also been a leader of the girls' glee chorus. Mrs. Anderson is an A. B. graduate of Whitworth College, Tacoma.

The Alumni



MARGARET KEEP

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.

-BROWNING



LOIS HATHAWAY

"But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven,
For though a mortal, made of clay,
Angels must love "Lois Hathaway."

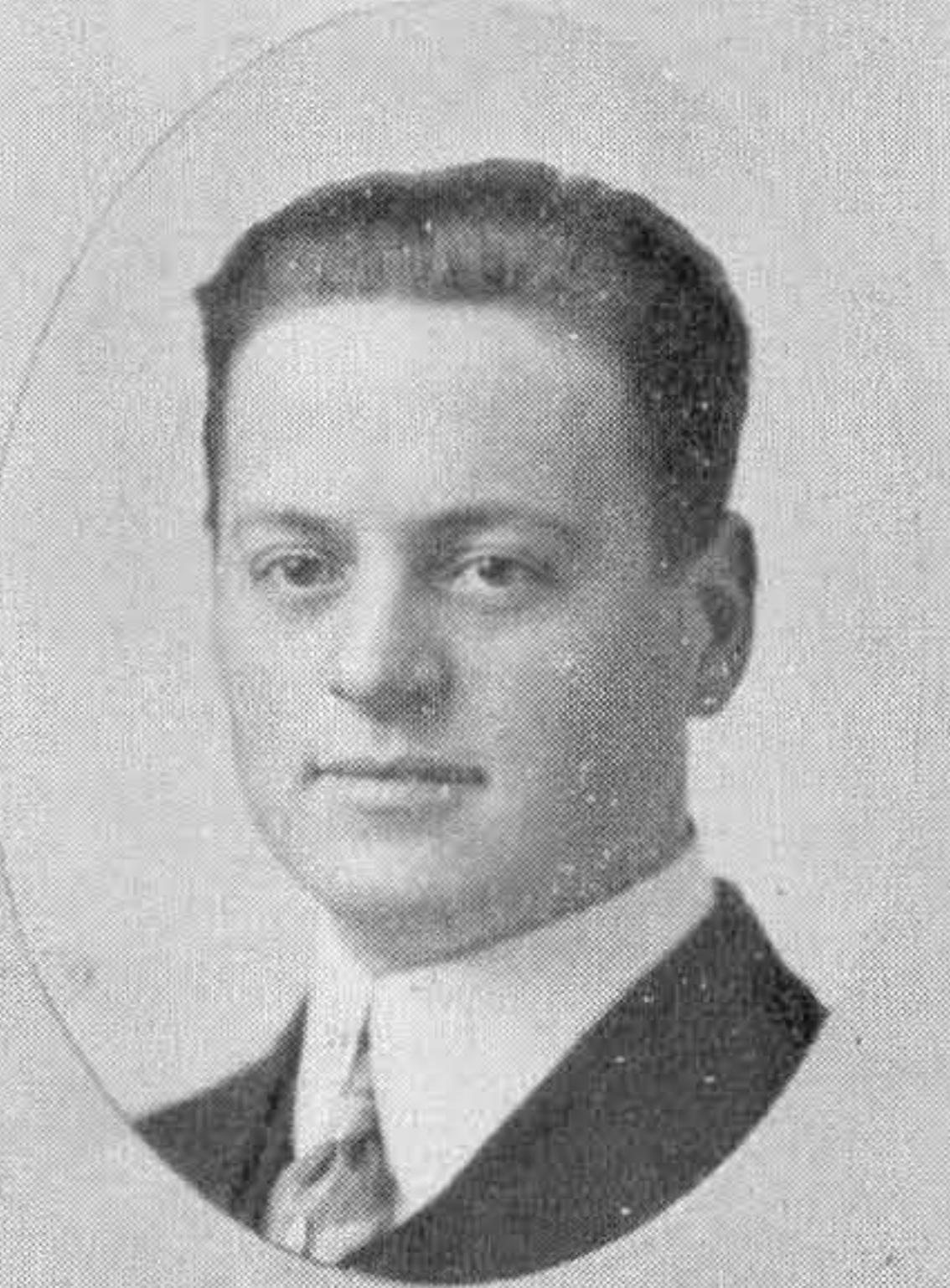
-SHAKESPEARE



ROSA KISER

"A face of gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."

-WORDSWORTH



GEORGE CARPENTER

"One country, one constitution, one Dest-a-ny."

-WEBSTER

The Alumni

We thought our troubles were over when we graduated and became Alumni, but we find that they have just begun, for here we are, politely but firmly requested to write a class article, "original but not flowery." Considering the number of flowers showered upon us last Spring this is going to be difficult. Still worse, we are forbidden to write a history. To think that it should come to this!

We, the first graduating class! We, who selected the school colors, and who owned the first pennants! We, who had prominent parts in the first school play and who founded the Hallowe'en party! We, who played the first school marches and who first used the physics lab! Yes, we, who braved the terrors of high school inspectors and with none before us to guide us, blazed the way to graduation and an accredited school. What could be more interesting than our history? But it is not to be. Take warning, O ye students, and make the best of the present!

We graduated last May with dreams and ambitions soaring high. We confidently expected to astound the world. But alas for dreams! How many of our ambitions have come true? Most of us expected to go to college. Only one, George Carpenter, has realized his hope. At the Oregon Agricultural College he is studying to be a mechanical engineer, and incidentally having a little fun.

Rosa Kiser has been studiously preparing to become a teacher, and by next September a new "school marm," nervous but smiling, will be facing a room full of mischievous youngsters.

Visit the telephone office some warm afternoon. There is Lois Hathaway, curled up with a book and leisurely answering a few calls that come in. Peep into the school house some morning; there Lois will appear again, and with her Margaret Keep. They are taking a post-graduate course in bookkeeping and bending wearily over a trial balance.

Some Wednesday morning, were you to watch the Jessie Harkins pull out from the dock, you might see Margaret. She is beginning once more her eight-hour trip to Portland for a half-hour lesson with the director of music at the university which she had hoped to attend.

This for the present must end our tale. What the future may bring forth we cannot say. Our ambitions are not dead, but they are soaring less loftily than when we were graduated. Nevertheless, my class-mates, let us not be discouraged, but rallying all that is left us of pride in the past and hope for the future, give once more our class yell—

"Alumni, Alumni, Rah, Rah Rah!
1914, Siz, Boom, Bah!
Classes may surpass us, if they durst,
But this we know, they can never be first."



Seniors



EDITH PINN

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Janooary.

-LOWELL.

VIOLA WORKMAN

"You'd have known her by the merriment
that twinkled in her eye."

RICHARD SMITH

"His form accorded with a mind,
Lively and ardent, frank and kind."

Seniors

We, the valiant and justly renowned class of 1915, began our career fifteen strong in the fall of 1911. All through the last of our grammar school years we had planned, prophesied and told of the things WE would do when once we were among the honored. At last we were there, and with the usual impetuosity of freshmen, we overwhelmed our principal with questions, insisting that we take everything in the curriculum with scorn in our hearts for such trivial things as classes, courses and prescribed routes. Principal Stuckert soon squelched our ardor by assigning our work. We went at our studies with all vim. But after burning some of the traditional midnight oil, we were ready for reasonable measures and were soon pegging away at the regulation four. We enlivened our studies with the usual round of parties and school fun, among which the most brilliant was the Hallowe'en social given by the faculty in the old school house.

On returning to school in the fall of 1912, we found a new faculty awaiting us. Now it was our turn to laugh at the greenness of the Freshmen then entering. In a week's time the routine was fairly well established and the joy of working had for the time being seized us all. Our class had dwindled to the small number of six, but we were more ambitious than ever. The big event of the year was the launch party given to the students by Miss Schlund. We closed the year with an excursion to Multnomah Falls.

September, 1913, found us once more gathered in the assembly hall with Mr. Thomas' familiar face and three strange ones before us. Our class organized, with Chester Sappington president, Edith Pinn vice-president, Viola Workman secretary, and Richard Smith treasurer. Icophene Clendening, on account of ill health, was obliged to drop out. Our boys? Oh, yes, we were proud of our boys, for they helped to win the track meet from Camas on April 13. They also tied with the Sophomores for second place in the first inter-class meet. The Junior reception to the Seniors lived up to its traditional reputation and was one of "the" events of the year.

On returning to school in September, 1914, we reorganized, electing Viola Workman president, Richard Smith secretary, and Edith Pinn treasurer. Our class colors, green and white, are enough to inspire even the greenest Freshman with admiration. Our only boy, Dick, took a leading part in the boys' basket ball team, helping to bring his school to success in many a hard-fought game. Both of our girls were represented on the girls' team. Our class play on which we have been working steadily for several weeks, is now almost ready for presentation. Richard has the star role in the character of "Uncle John," the two girls also taking leading parts. We appreciate the help given us by the students of other classes, for which we wish to express our sincere thanks. We believe we have kept the pace set us by the first graduation class in the standard of school work. "Wise Seniors" we may not be, but we have endeavored to do the work set before us to the best of our ability.

Now as we write and think over the events of our high school days, we cannot help regretting that the happy times we have enjoyed are soon to be at an end. But to all, farewell. And to the class of 1916 we leave this history; may they ponder over it, follow its principles and strive to build higher than the last.

Juniors



Class Report

Lest we forget how we all appeared that September morning, three years ago, when we entered high school as Freshmen, let me call to mind that group of would-be students of W. H. S. Oral Neal, bashful Bookey, arrived promptly at 8:30 o'clock, making a brave effort to smile amid the taunts of the Sophs for his being nothing more than a Freshman.

Lawrence Clarke, "the fair and stately" new scholar, with much self-assurance, pranced madly up and down the school-room, changed seats, spilled ink, and sneezed, very much to Miss Kloninger's discomfiture. Here, indeed, was a Freshman in more than the name.

Next came the three girls, slightly embarrassed at being among a group of dignified upperclassmen and afraid of "what they'd do to 'em." Edith, however, soon regained her composure, and seemed to transcend the gravity to be expected from a mere Freshman. With a proud step and her chin up, she made her way to a seat near the rear and soon became occupied in conversation with other Freshmen.

Edward Reinseth, "the witty one," was making a vain effort to secure a seat near one of the three girls, and for his life could not have controlled his brow in his embarrassment.

Harland Brock, togged in long trousers and white collar, came in all puffed up, having walked to school with a Junior girl. Winfield Woodings ("Windy") came in with a slow and dignified tread, carrying Webster under one arm. Walter Strong arrived late (how remarkable), but grinning and rubbing his strawberry roan pompadour.

Our history was not unlike that of all such classes of Freshmen. Surely we may be forgiven our shortcomings, for were we not like other classes before and since? We thought we had "hit a snap," were out for a lark, and did have more than our share of fun and m'schief, quite a little to our grief at the end of the year.

We entered the Sophomore class with a growing idea of our own importance. We had lost two of our girls, Alma Kern and Flora Campen, and had gained two more. Ruby Fessenden soon overcame our prejudice toward her for being a Camas girl, and was made at home among our number. Lois Henderson, from Columbus, Washington, won instant popularity because of her charming ways and became one of the most brilliant students in the high school. She was given the leadership in all Sophomore activities.

That year, our class imagined itself on the royal road to fame. We were the first class in W. H. S. to have a class organization. For a time Sophomore class meeting announcements kept the bulletin board very busy. We thought we were running things, at least that we were quite THE class in high school. Queer how Sophomores get that impression. But we worked, worked very hard, and as all efforts have their rewards, so we had ours. But we lost our baby to the class of 1917.

We entered our Junior year with our old number of ten. Ethel Baldwin came to us from Mt. Norway, and Icophene Clendenning from the class of '15, having had to miss school the year before on account of ill health. As Juniors, we feel the dignity and importance of our position. It is mainly through our efforts that the first Waunomah has finally gone to press, and we are justly proud of this achievement. We are still working very hard to set a good example for the underclassmen. Next year—oh, well—we'll tell you of that later.

To Her True Nobeliness

(Found among the private papers of an undergraduate)

Sweet maid, to me how lovely is thy face,
That beams with joy and gladness day by day.
'Tis certain I can never turn away
From thee, nor cease to love. I would this grace
That hath so charmed me, as, in my embrace,
You stand e'en now beside me, were alway
My own to look upon. Far, far away
In realms of fancy mid ethereal clouds,
I build me many castles bright and fair,
Where some day I would have thee live as queen,
The mistress of that fancy that enshrouds
My dreamy mind is thee. Far over there
I'd live with thee, nor any bridge between.

(Editor's Note.—A beginning had been made upon a second sonnet, entitled "To His True Awkwardness." The great wonder of it is who the author could be.)

Sophomores



Members

WALLACE WEGER, Pres.

LOY COCHRAN

CARL GOOT

HOWARD KISER

ELLEN GEER

KATHRYN KEEP, Sec.

CLARENCE STRONG

WALTER STRONG

CLARENCE POWELL

ALMA KERN

LESTER KISER

LOREN COCHRAN

ARTHUR JONES

MABEL PETERS

RHODA HENION

Sophomores

On the fourteenth of September, 1913, we, the Sophomore class of W. H. S. first entered the honored assembly room, bravely to assume the title "Freshies," each and all with the desire to support and protect it. Upon meeting the other classes we were greeted in various ways by them, but all for the most part looked down upon us as mere children who had a great deal yet to learn in this world, which perhaps was true. When roll was called, the thirteen members who bravely responded to the Freshman names were Kathryn Keep, Alta Steele, Loren Cochran, Wallace Weger, Arthur Jones, Rhoda Henion, Lester Kiser, Lott'e Flemming, Carl Goot, Clarence Powell, Mable Peters, Loy Cochran and Howard Kiser. Lott'e Flemming withdrew from our number soon after we had become established; except for that our class remained intact throughout the year. We had the honor of being next to the largest class to which W. H. S. had ever opened her doors. Quickly we gained confidence and soon became an important factor both in athletics and studies. We are proud to say that a good proportion of the football team consisted of Freshmen boys, of whom one became captain. Although our honors in basketball were fewer, nevertheless, accepting a challenge from the Sophomores, we defeated them. The enthusiasm of the Freshmen girls ran high, nor were they classed among the slow players. The inter-class track meet was won by the Freshmen team and a beautiful track pennant was awarded to us by the faculty. Final exams came a few weeks later, and they also were conquered by those verdant ones who were compelled to take them. Thus our first year career was ended, and in spite of our unlucky number at the beginning, we had met with few misfortunes.

The following Autumn we again entered that well remembered assembly room, but this time our position was respected, and choosing our seats, we looked down upon the timid Freshmen with an air of superiority. Our importance, as well as that of the upper classes, we gave them to understand by tendering them a rollicking reception before the end of the first week.

Alta Steele was no longer with us; but Alma Kern and Walter Strong now entered our class, and we also welcomed Ellen Geer and Clarence Strong, two new students who quickly became popular members. After the first week, studying began in earnest and we found it a more serious matter than when we were Freshies; yet 'twas hard to put a check on youthful pranks and they still persisted in appearing occasionally. Nevertheless, our class has steadily progressed upward in all school activities, and we, the Sophomores, have the honor of claiming the majority of office holders in the school. As a result of other strenuous efforts, we won the Forest Grove Glee Club trophy, and we are quite confident that the results of this year's interclass track meet will leave the track pennant still in our possession.

Yes, we are indeed an industrious class, and as we lay aside the Sophomore name we hope, still striving, to bring even greater honors upon the Junior title that next year we shall claim as ours.

Freshmen



Class Report

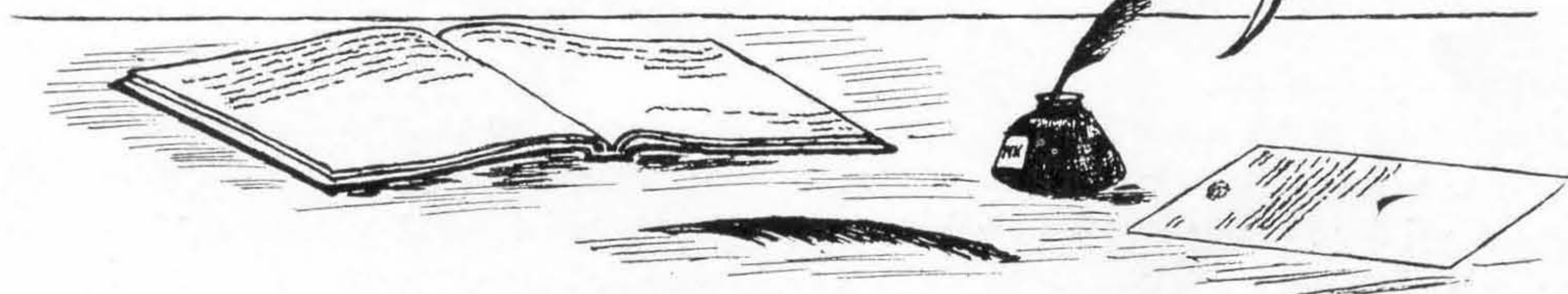
We began our career in Washougal High twelve strong. Shortly after entering four more new members joined us, making a total of sixteen; all of us have striven hard to make good records in order that we may be in a position to help initiate those who will enter the school next year.

Since we all promised to honor the Seniors, obey the Juniors, and carry out the will of the Sophomores, we have had no trouble with the upperclassmen. There has, however, been considerable rivalry between the coalition of the Freshmen and Juniors versus the Sophomores and Seniors, and we feel greatly indebted to the Juniors for the patience and protection they have shown in helping us to become accustomed to W. H. S.

Although we do not excel in athletics, we have tried to have at least one representative in every line of sport, and if the old adage, "practice makes perfect," is true, our future along athletic lines is encouraging.

Even if as a whole we are considered green, we have hopes that by the time we graduate we shall be prepared to commence our life work or continue our schooling, and none will regret that they have been Freshmen in Washougal High School.

Literary



Wauna

The western slope of the Great Divide
Is the life of a mighty stream;
Where the sun never warms the mountainside,
And the Snow King reigns supreme.

From the lower edge of its great snow sheet
Rush creeklets, a merry throng,
Nor rest till they lie at the mountain's feet,
As a river mighty and long.

It begins its journey in canyons deep,
Flowing over a vast plateau;
It roars as it tumbles and whirls and leaps,
Still cold from its home in the snow.

Sometimes it falls many fathoms down,
Spread out in a milkwhite sheet,
With a noise like demons beneath the ground,
Or the tread of a million feet.

A rainbow hangs o'er the chasms wide,
When the sunshine falls on the spray,
A bridge upon which the fairies might ride
And where water-sprits dance in their play.

At last all these wonders are left far behind,
And the mountains are hidden from sight;
New comrades there are, but a different kind,
New splendors all shining and bright.

It glides by green meadows and willowy groves,
Now it's split by an island in twain,
Oft joined by a creek in the inlets and coves,
Where the waterfalls play a refrain.

Slowly but surely it rolls on its way,
Like a man with his life's work done;
No more in the land of the snow-cloud gray,
But the land of the setting sun.

Much broader it grows, and grander still;
Scarce a ripple its surface can mar,
Till it greets its home with a newfound thrill,
And goes rolling across the bar.

—VANCE ROLEY, '18.

*NOTE.—Wauna was the ancient Indian name for the beautiful Columbia. Wau-nomah was the name of the tribe inhabiting its valley from the Washougal country to Kalama.

A Local Industry

The manufacture of blankets in the local mills brings to our notice an industry but little understood, although its product is one of world's wide and indispensable use. The Washougal Woolen Mill, our principal industrial plant, is small in comparison with the larger Eastern mills, but ranks among the first in quality of the manufactured product. While primarily a blanket mill, it is equipped with the machinery necessary for manufacturing any of the products of a textile plant. In fact, the exhibit at the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition secured for the local mill the grand prize, in competition with the best products of the great Eastern factories.

Wool, the principal article used in the manufacture of blankets, varies in texture according to the nature of the sheep producing it. The finer wool is used for the softer blankets, while the coarser wool is used in the manufacture of yarns, worsted carpets, and coarse cloth. After the wool is sheared from the sheep it is taken to the scouring plant. There the fleece is taken from the bundle in which it was tied for convenience of handling, "skirted," and divided into four or five grades, depending upon the use to which it is to be put. The wool is then put into the scouring vats and washed, as little stirring as possible being used in this process. It is next rinsed and dried and is ready for the pickers, or if for a colored blanket, for the dyeing process.

Until some ten or fifteen years ago, the textile industry was dependent chiefly upon dye made from such substances as indigo, logwood, and various other vegetable products. Advancement of the chemical art, however, has brought us the modern dyes, the product of coal tars. These are far superior to the old substances, not only because they are more easily applied, but also because of the many beautiful shades which may be obtained through their use.

The dyeing process is carried on in large vats holding about 300 gallons of water; from 200 to 300 pounds of wool is dyed at one time. The dye is first prepared according to scientific formulas and when the liquid has reached the proper temperature, the wool is put in. It is poled continually for about an hour, being kept in constant motion until the dye has reached every part of the wool. It is left in the liquid until all the dye has been absorbed and only a colorless fluid remains to be drained off. The wool is then dried and taken to the picking department.

If put into this process as it comes from the scouring and dyeing rooms, wool would break and not "work" smoothly. To remedy this, it is lubricated with an emulsion of oil and water. It is then run through a burr picker, in which all the little sticks, burrs and lumps in the wool are removed. If a blend is desired, the wool is put into a machine which tears it apart and blows it out over a large area in a closed room, thoroughly mixing the various grades of wool. It is then ready for the carding machines.

Carding is the most important operation in the manufacture of woolen goods.

Years ago this was accomplished by hand, the fibers being straightened out and rolled into a crude thread for the spinning wheel; but now the carding is done by three large machines, the wool being carried from the first to the second and then to the third, where the process is completed. The first one combs out all the remaining burrs, straightens the fiber and winds it in a thick rope on large spools. In the second machine, it is still further refined; from this, it is fed automatically to the third, in which, by a very ingenious method, the wool is gathered from the great roller, for the first time taking the form of a thread of yarn. Although still in a crude form, easily torn to pieces if roughly handled, this yarn is ready for the spinning process.

The spinning is accomplished on a large machine called a "mule." The twisting of the thread, the winding of it on the bobbins, and in fact nearly all the motions of the machine are controlled automatically. On a carriage are mounted a number of spindles which revolve at certain intervals, winding the yarn on the bobbins as it is spun. The roping, or crude yarn, is fed to the spindles through little rollers at the back of the machine. When the carriage moves out, these rollers feed the amount of yarn necessary, and the spinning commences, the yarn being twisted a certain number of times, according to the size desired. The spinning then stops, the carriage moves in, and the yarn is wound on the bobbins. About five feet of yarn is spun at a time and this motion continues automatically until the desired amount of yarn has been wound.

These bobbins of yarn are used in the weaving of blankets; this is done on a machine called a loom. Each loom has a large roll of yarn in the back called the warp, usually of about 2,000 to 3,000 ends, which are drawn through a set of heddles in the harness, thence through the "reeds," which space the yarn out evenly over the entire width of the cloth woven. The bobbins of yarn are held in a shuttle that at certain intervals is driven through the warp to another shuttlebox on the opposite side. As the main shaft starts to turn, chains raise the harness, and so raise part of the warp. This forms a "shade," and through this the shuttle is driven. The reed then moves over against the cloth, pressing the yarn up tightly to that already woven, and another thread is added to the blanket. Every thread of filling is a "pick," of which there are usually 20 or 30 to the inch; and a loom runs about 80 picks per minute.

When six pairs of blankets, or a "cut," have been woven, they are taken from the loom and carried to the finishing department. Here the "cut" is "burled," i. e., examined for errors in weaving, ends of thread cut off and the blanket made as perfect as possible. Owing to inexperienced help, carelessness and various other causes, it often comes from the loom in bad condition.

Wool, because of its peculiar nature, is the only fiber which can be "felted" or fulled. In this process, by means of the heat generated by the friction of the cloth, as it is squeezed between rollers at a speed of about 150 feet per minute, it contracts, thus forming a tight cloth. Often blankets woven 100 to 110 inches wide are but 60 to 70 inches when finished. They are then put into a machine and washed, this removing all of the oil which was used in the picking department. The "cut" having been wrung dry, it is taken to the napping machine; little wire prongs revolving rapidly against the cloth pull out the short fibers, and give the blanket a soft finished feeling. The "cut" is then put on a drying frame, and when dried, is taken to the finishing room. Here it is cut into pairs, bound, hand-carded to smooth out the napp, and the blanket is finished.

ICOPHENE CLENDENING, '16.

What Might Have Happened ?

When you were young, and foolish, too,
Do you remember the things you used to do?
How you used to cause "Shep" lots of pain,
Arranging it so he'd get the blame?
But if father had caught you in your game,
What might have happened?

When you and the boys were looking for fun,
You thought you'd make the old horse run;
So you tied a sheet on the horse's tail
And unfolded it, to make it sail;
If the fence had been barbed wire instead of rail,
What might have happened?

When a bunch of boys would come along
And you'd beg to go, until they'd gone,
Mother said she would not consent,
But when she got out of sight, you went;
If she hadn't given you time to repent,
What might have happened?

When you were running down the track,
And the train was coming a short ways back,
And the boys were shouting, "He don't dare,"
In hopes of keeping you longer there,
You never stopped to think or care
What might have happened?

When father was talking to the man in town,
And you had your mouth open standing 'roun',
And when father said, "America's right,
It's best she did keep out of the fight,"
You forgot and yelled with all your might,
"What might have happened?"

The time you smoked down by the shed,
Your feet began to feel like lead.
You got deathly sick, and then you fell,
And you didn't believe you could get well;
But it was worse than that to hear them tell
What might have happened.

When they wouldn't buy your trousers long
And you left the house 'cause they'd used you wrong,
You said you wouldn't wear babies' clothes—
Then the boys found you down where the old creek flows
And if they hadn't cheered you up, who knows
What might have happened?

When you and Jack shot that little squirrel
And afterwards had such a quarrel,
Of course you thought it belonged to you;
Jack said it belonged to him, he knew,
And if father hadn't parted you.
What might have happened?

It was sometimes said you were quite a lad.
But they didn't see you when you were bad;
For of all the things you used to do—
Not very quiet, they seemed to you.
But then, nobody ever knew
What could have happened.

Since those days are gone, and real toil and care
Have taken the place of the troubles there,
You wish you were back to the boyhood days,
Back to the same old tricky ways;
But if you had decided that mischief pays,
What would have happened?

—ETHEL BALDWIN, '16.

Hitting the Ties to Troutdale

The football squad left this little town of Washougal one early morning in a motorboat bound across the river for Corbett. Mr. Ferrin went along with us to keep us out of trouble with Estacada, and Mr. Thomas—well, he went too, for where would we be without his kindly good humor and example of gracefulness in strange company?

From Corbett we were to go by train to Troutdale; but on reaching the depot we discovered that we had failed to make connections, and that the only means of reaching Troutdale would be by recourse to Shank's horses. And fate had given us but one hour in which to make the trip. With rather downcast spirits, we pulled out from Corbett like a band of Indians; our appearance would have made a better moving picture film than any ever put on the screen. Each fellow carried a heavy suitcase and before we had fairly started, we were shedding very noticeable quantities of that aqua foeda that is sometimes called perspiration.

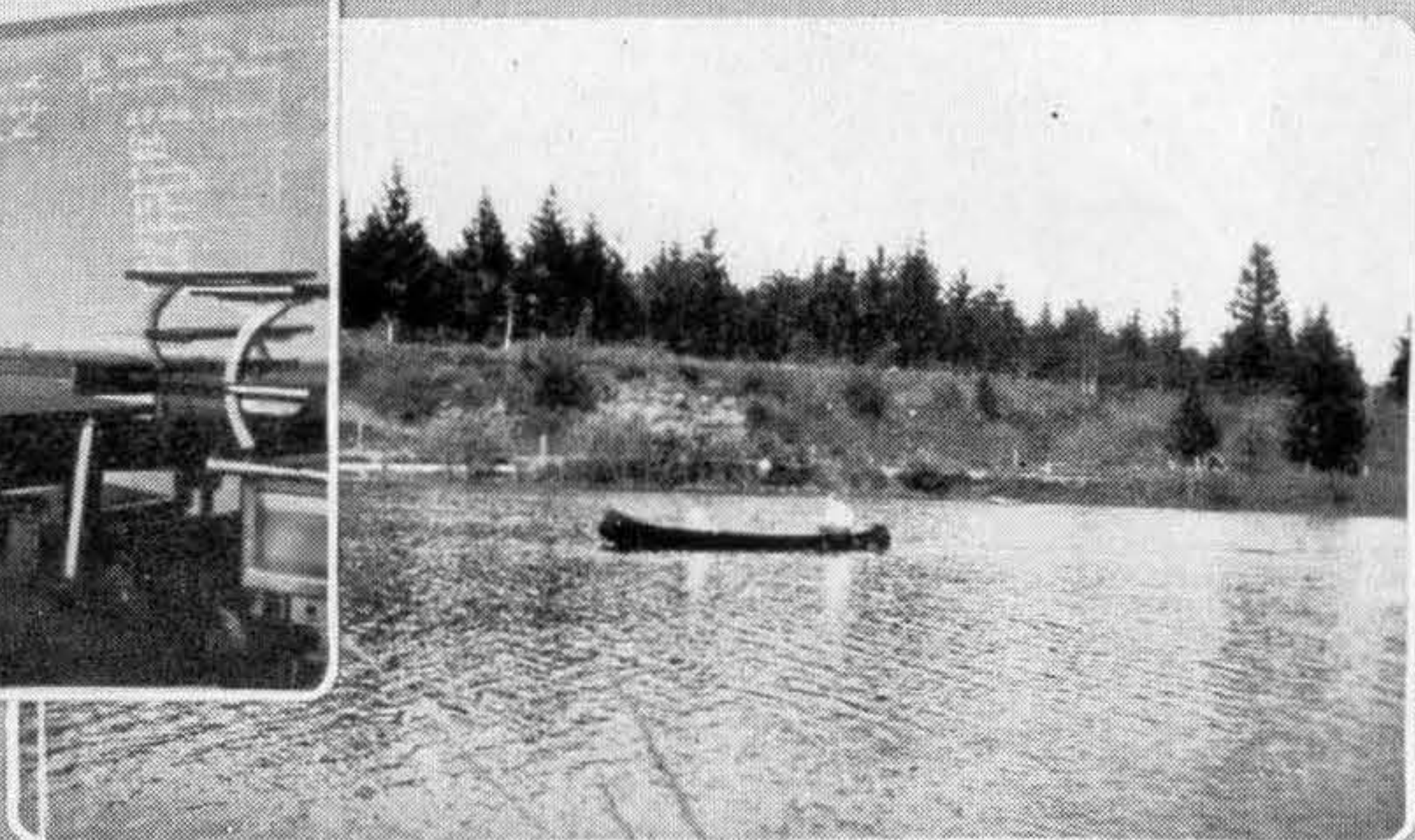
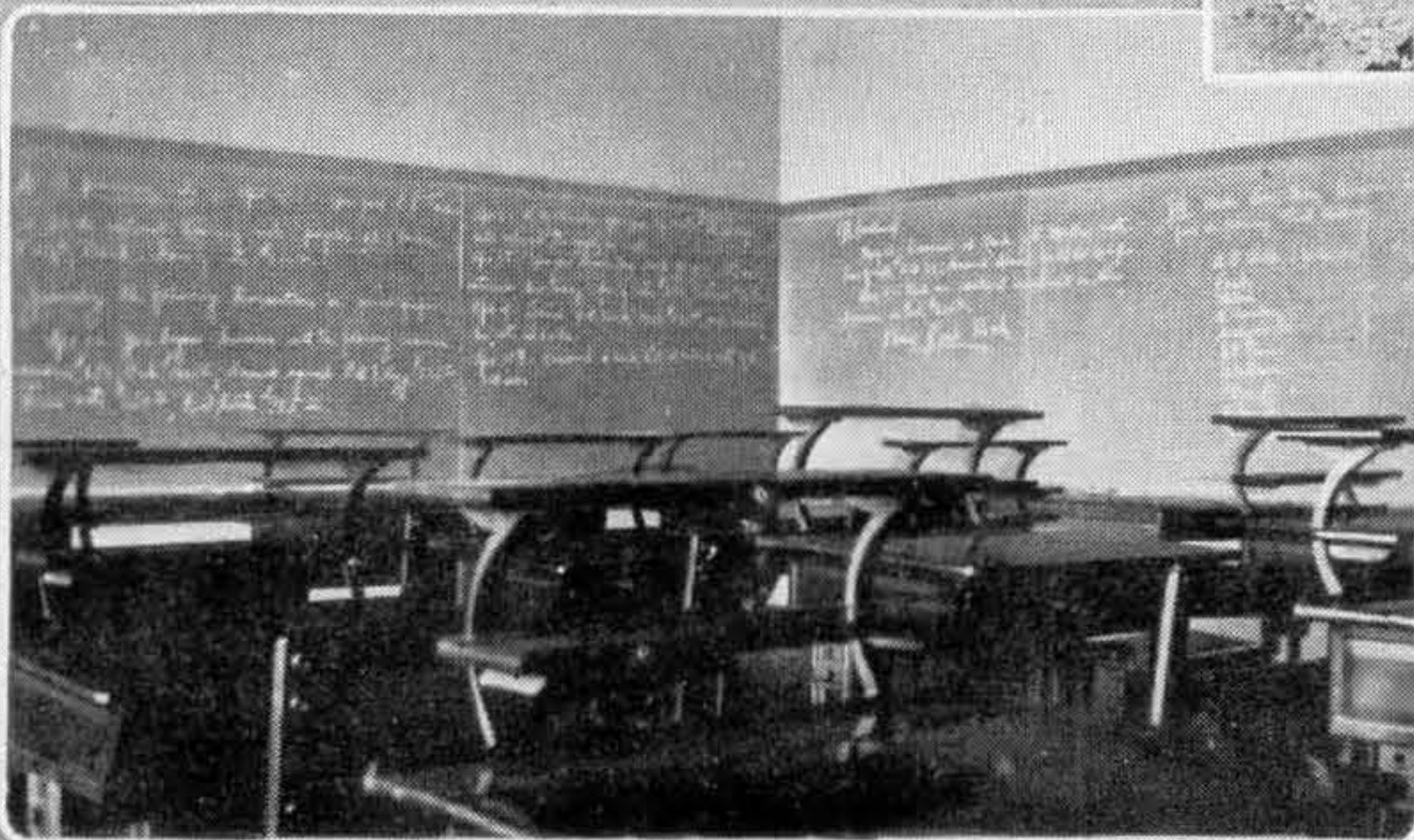
Clarke, that lean lank and disjointed member of the team, whose gait resembles the speed of a limited mail train, offered a wager with Mr. Thomas that he could walk three miles in twenty minutes. But Mr. Thomas remarked that he was from Missouri and would have to be shown. So out started our Clarke down the track, covering ground with the agility of a greyhound, and hitting every fourth tie; while W. E. followed close behind, puffing and snorting like a wind-broken horse.

This went on for about a mile, when Mr. Thomas spied a small spring and stopped for refreshment, remarking, "What's the use? That fellow's too long-legged for me to keep up with him." Clarke, in the meantime, was rounding a curve 440 yards ahead, with legs and his one free arm flinging like a windmill. Before he had gone out of sight Mr. Ferrin hallooed to him and told him to hold the car for the rest of the team when he should arrive in Troutdale.

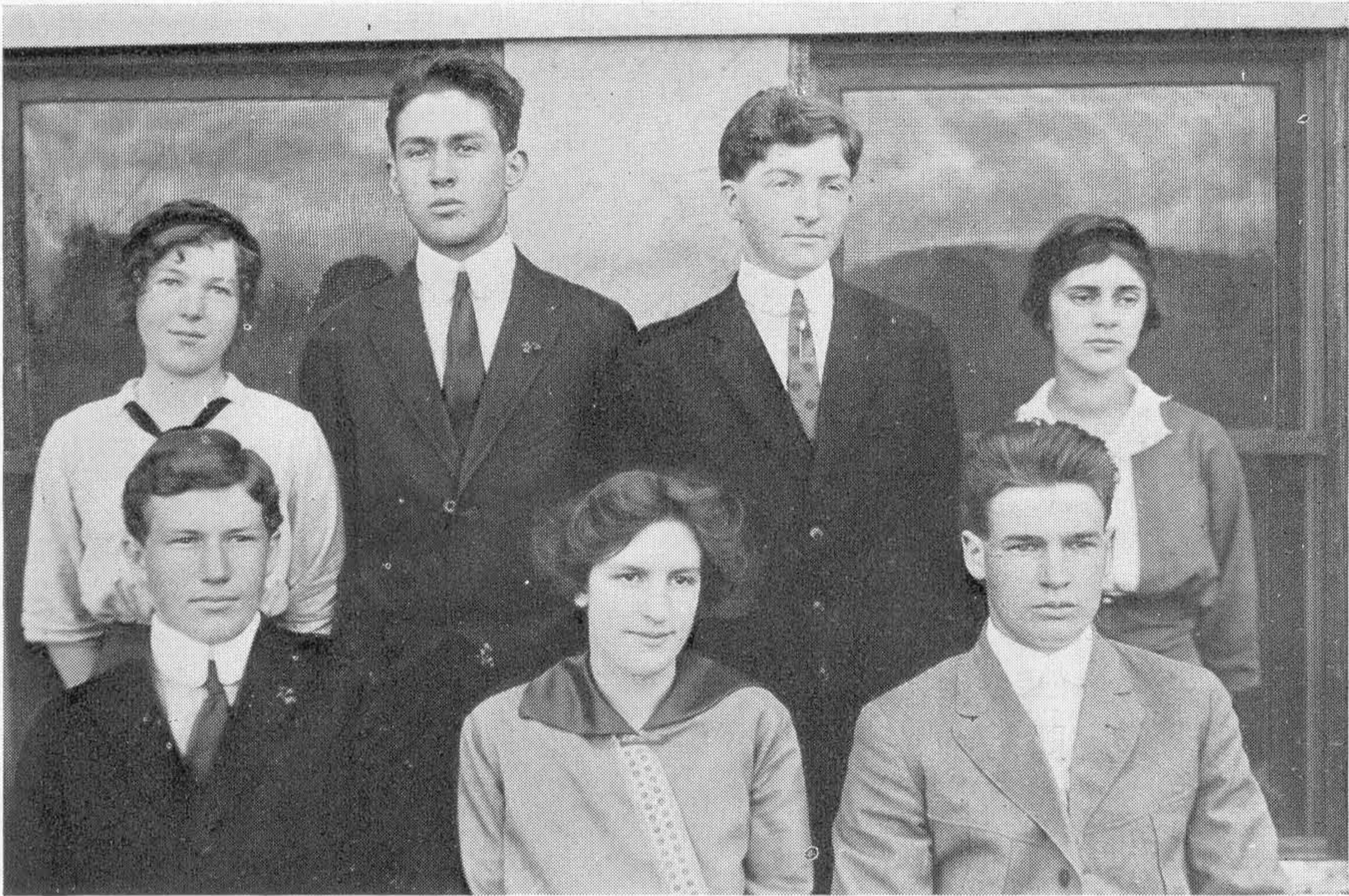
On and on we went, with no sight of our destination. At last, however, to our great relief, the bridge that crosses the river at Troutdale came into view, and we knew that by this time Clarke was there and holding the car. But other difficulties confronted us. Two of the fellows were about a mile behind, one carrying a surplus of avourdupois, and the other plodding along with a tack in his shoe. Leaving two fellows as an aid for these, the rest of us set out for the depot on a run, though running was not easy with a heavy suitcase beating a tattoo on one's shins the while. We arrived at the depot in time for our car, and wilted down like weeds in late summer. Whether Clarke won his bet we know not, for we were too far behind to see the finish. But we do know that he can show his heels to any of the rest of us, and we must give the credit due to Mr. Thomas, for he managed to keep a pretty close second.

ARTHUR JONES, '17.

Just Snaps



Waimanah Staff



Editor-in-Chief	Winfield Woodings
Associate Editor.....	Ellen Geer
Business Manager.....	Harland Brock
Literary Editor.....	Rhoda Henion
Society Editor.....	Kathryn Keep
Sporting Editor.....	Wallace Weger
Joke Editor.....	Oral Neal

Editorial

THE ANNUAL.

After almost six months of constant and painstaking work, this first annual publication of Washougal High School has gone to press. We cannot but feel a little relieved that the great task of this initial effort is almost at an end, but yet we are not assured of its success. Still we feel that a little more work might have been done,

Editorials

something more added to these pages to make them the thing worthy of pride which we had hoped and worked for.

Nevertheless, considering the many difficulties we were forced to surmount, the results of our efforts are gratifying. The Annual was a thing quite unknown to the majority of students a few months ago. It was a long time before the interest of these students could be aroused, especially since they believed our school was too small to meet the financial cost of an Annual. Despite these prejudices, the staff has worked unceasingly, both in the collection of material and in financing our undertaking.

Our aim has been to produce something which would be of interest to the students and a credit to Washougal High School. Though our attainment may fall short of this, we hope that we have at least established the Annual permanently in W. H. S., and smoothed the way for Waunomah in years to come.

THE STUDENT-BODY ASSOCIATION

The Student-Body Association has a greater significance for the high school than the average student seems able to comprehend. It is first of all a democratic body, at least in theory. Each student has an opportunity to express his opinion upon every measure which is being acted upon.

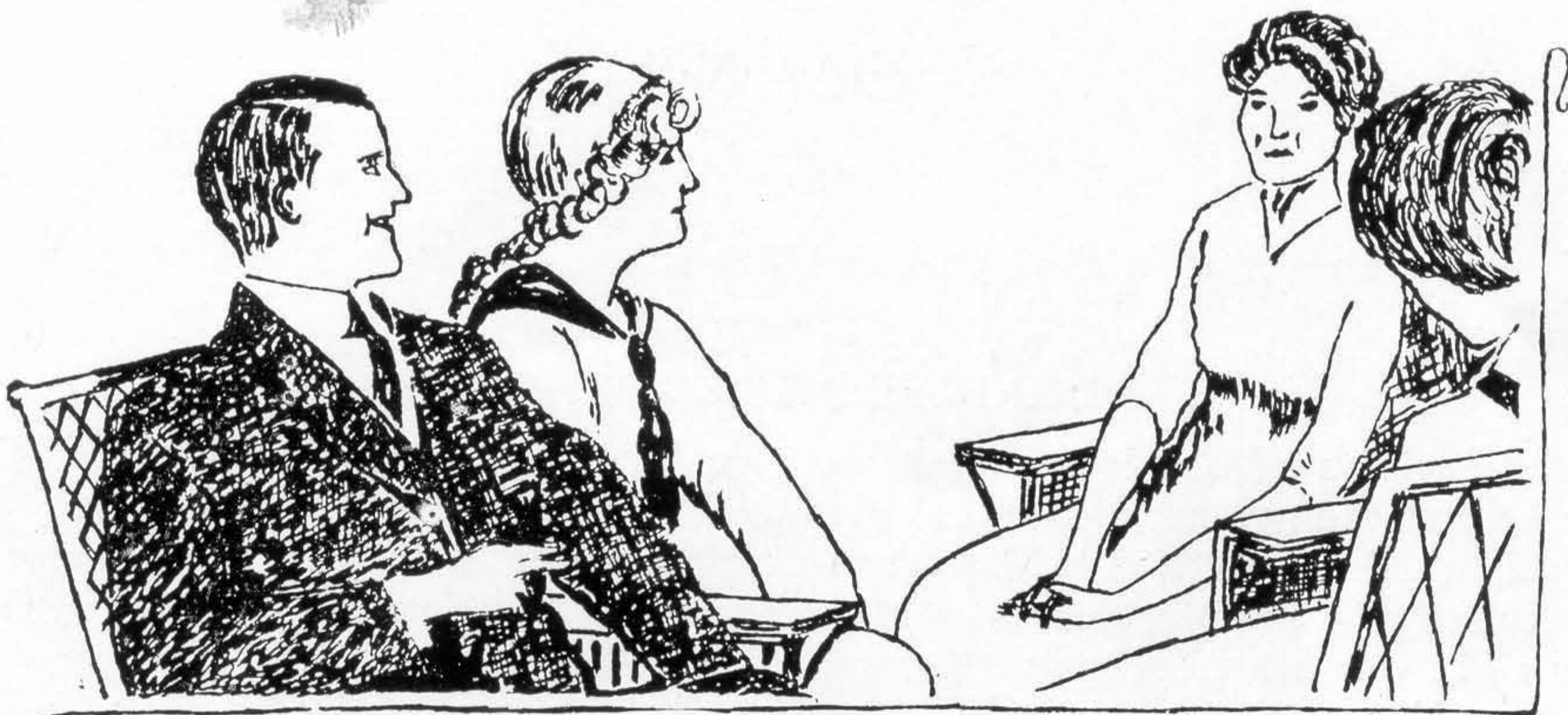
When conducted in a serious way the meetings of the student-body may be of great value, more than the mere business that is transacted. On the whole the meetings during the past year have been quite satisfactory, but there is still much room for improvement. A greater confidence on the part of the individual student to stand upon his feet and speak his mind is most desirable. The real purpose of the association will then have been reached, for why does it exist if not to manage student affairs in the manner most desirable to them? It is hoped that the students will become more aware of their executive abilities through the student-body association.

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

Seniors! How much is expressed by that one word. What recollections it must bring to your minds of diligent study and continual application to lessons during the four years that are past. And more than this, the hearty fellowship of those who were seeking learning like yourselves fill the remembrance of the many happy times you have spent in W. H. S.

And now you have finished your course; you are soon to leave our midst to take up your chosen profession in life. We reflect with sincere regret that when we return here in the fall, you will not be among us. Perhaps you will continue your studies in higher collegiate work; or will begin upon your chosen profession at once. Life to you will seem a drudgery compared with the old high school days, until you have settled upon a definite work, and set out for the gaining of that point.

Wherever that life-work may take you, you may be sure the happy memories of you in the minds of your school-mates is not easily erased. We have looked up to you as Seniors; and now we may hope that you leave us with the determination to make old W. H. S. proud to claim you as her graduates.



Society Notes

THE FRESHMEN RECEPTION.

The first social event of the year took place on the evening of September twenty-fifth, when the three upper classes of Washougal high school entertained the Freshmen at the Congregational church. The twelve Freshmen who were present were confined in a room on the second floor. When the upper class men had arrived, the Freshmen, one by one, were brought down, blindfolded, and put through a very interesting performance. First, they gave an imitation of a certain animal; secondly, as a reward for their performance, they were given a small amount of a mixture consisting of water, milk, lemon-juice, salt and sugar. Next they were branded with the seal of Washougal high school, the branding iron being a piece of ice; after which each one was made to repeat this oath: "I hereby solemnly swear to honor the Seniors, obey the Juniors, and carry out the wishes of the Sophomores, so help me, Washougal high school." Now the folds were taken from their eyes, and to prove their worth, they had to undergo various performances, such as singing, dancing, or turning somersaults.

This interesting program, which was greatly enjoyed by the audience, especially Ernest Sault's imitation of a donkey, and Ingwall Husby's skirt dance, took up most of the evening, and refreshments were served immediately afterwards. Bowls of bread and milk were given the Freshmen as well as the punch and cake, which was served to all, and the evening was finished by the time-honored "Coffee March."

HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

On the evening of October thirty-first, the high school gave its Annual Halloween party. It was held in the Grange Hall and was well attended, nearly every member of the student body as well as the Alumni being present. After all had grown tired of the usual games which are appropriate to this occasion, the Virginia reel was played, in which all took much interest. Pumpkin pie, doughnuts, apples and cider were served for refreshments and after the inevitable Coffee March, the party broke

Society Notes

up. Every one reported a good time and it was certainly true if appearances speak the truth.

THE HIGH SCHOOL SKATE.

The students of the high school were entertained by the faculty at a skating party held at the gymnasium, on the evening of February twenty-sixth. Most of the students, whether practiced in the art of skating or not, attended. The evening was spent entirely in skating, and since many were only learning, the sight of a pile of six or eight was not uncommon. However, they showed their mettle and trying hard, were soon able to skate admirably. Punch and wafers were served during the evening, which greatly refreshed the weary skaters. The crowd that left the gymnasium that night was happy and enthusiastic although tired and stiff from numerous falls.

Class Play, "The Uninvited Guest."

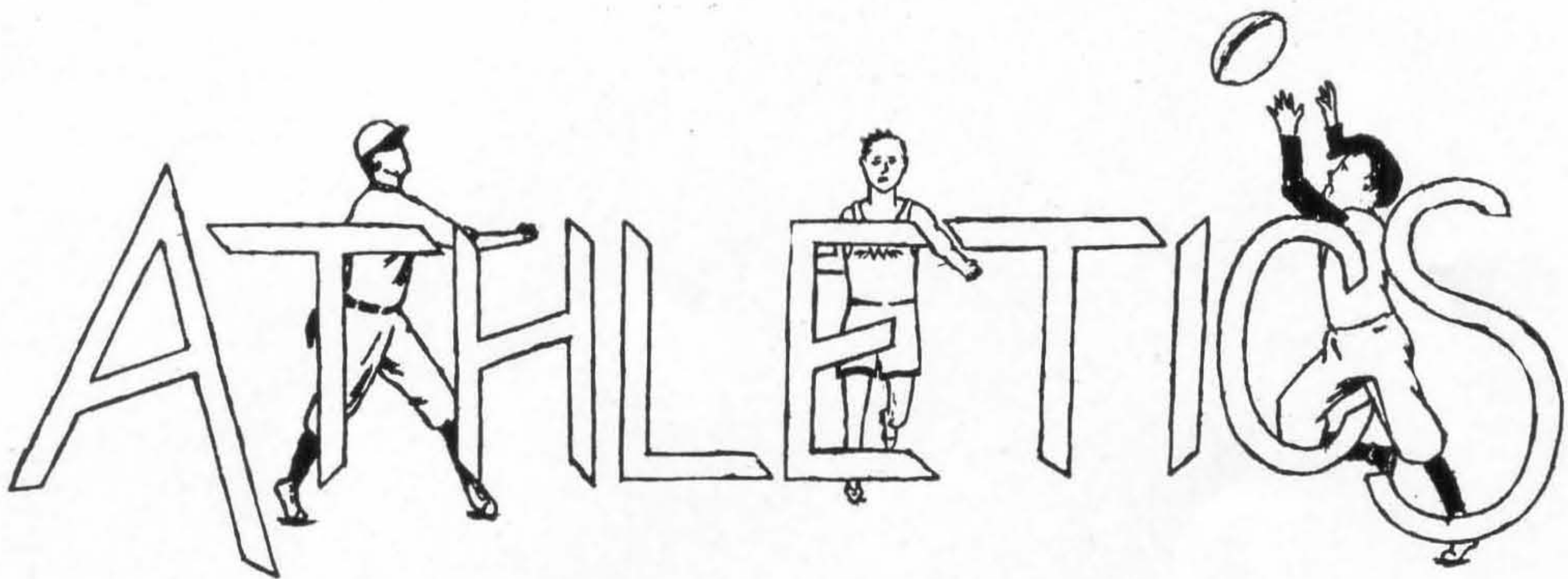
CASTE.

Miss Sarah Adams (a rich spinster).....	Viola Workman
Mable (her niece).....	Edith Pinn
Inez (younger niece, the maid of honor).....	Rhoda Henion
Frances Page.....	Lois Hathaway
Evelyn Birch Bridesmaids.....	Kathryn Keep
Ethel Ross.....	Edith Clendenning
Anna (the colored maid).....	Ellen Geer
John Phelps (a rich uncle).....	Richard Smith
Chester Phelps (his nephew).....	Clarence Strong
Parker Glen (the best man).....	Loren Cochran

SYNOPSIS.

On account of a family quarrel, Chester Phelps has not seen his millionaire uncle for years—not since babyhood in fact. On the day on which Chester is to be married to Mable Adams, his uncle, John Phelps, comes to the bride's home disguised in black whiskers and asks permission of Mable's aunt, Miss Sarah, to be allowed to see the ceremony, confiding to her that during these years of estrangement, he had kept his eye on Chester and considered him a fine fellow and wished to leave him a sum of money. Aunt Sarah, complying with his request, conceals him in a small telephone closet.

It so happens that Chester that very morning is evading jury duty and fears that the sheriff, a "fat man with black whiskers," will find him. The bridesmaids think Uncle John is a burglar after the wedding presents and in their alarm call up the police. While Chester and the best man, sure that he is the sheriff, gag and bind him to prevent his interfering with the wedding. Aunt Sarah, however, comes to the rescue and explains the seeming mystery. Uncle John is at first a bit ruffled, but later realized that what had transpired was partly his own fault for coming uninvited. The strains of the wedding march heard just then seem to clear the atmosphere and Uncle John, insisting upon giving away the bride, offers her his arm and the curtain falls on a scene of happy faces and general satisfaction.



This branch of high school activity may be said to have begun two short years ago, when Mr. Ferrin came to take charge of athletics in the school. Previous to this little real work had been done. The spirit of "play to win" was left to Coach Ferrin to instill in the hearts of the boys of W. H. S. The growth of the athletic spirit and the splendid success of the school in every branch of athletics has been almost phenomenal.

Football was firmly established in the fall of 1913, although with the green players only two games were won of five played. Basketball that season showed a better record, with seven out of ten games to our credit. The high-water mark in athletics that year, however, was reached in the track meet held with Camas H. S. This was literally carried away by Washougal by a score of 75 to 47. The first places in every race from the relay to the fifty-yard dash, and many second and third points, were scored by Washougal. The 440-yard run was a complete victory. Washougal won every point in that event.

The results of the county meet that year were also gratifying, Washougal, winning third place. Our relay team defeated that of Vancouver High, although first place was won by Ridgefield.

The activities thus favorably begun have been followed out with greater success this year, and through them there has grown a more marked spirit of unity among the students and of loyalty to the school.

Football

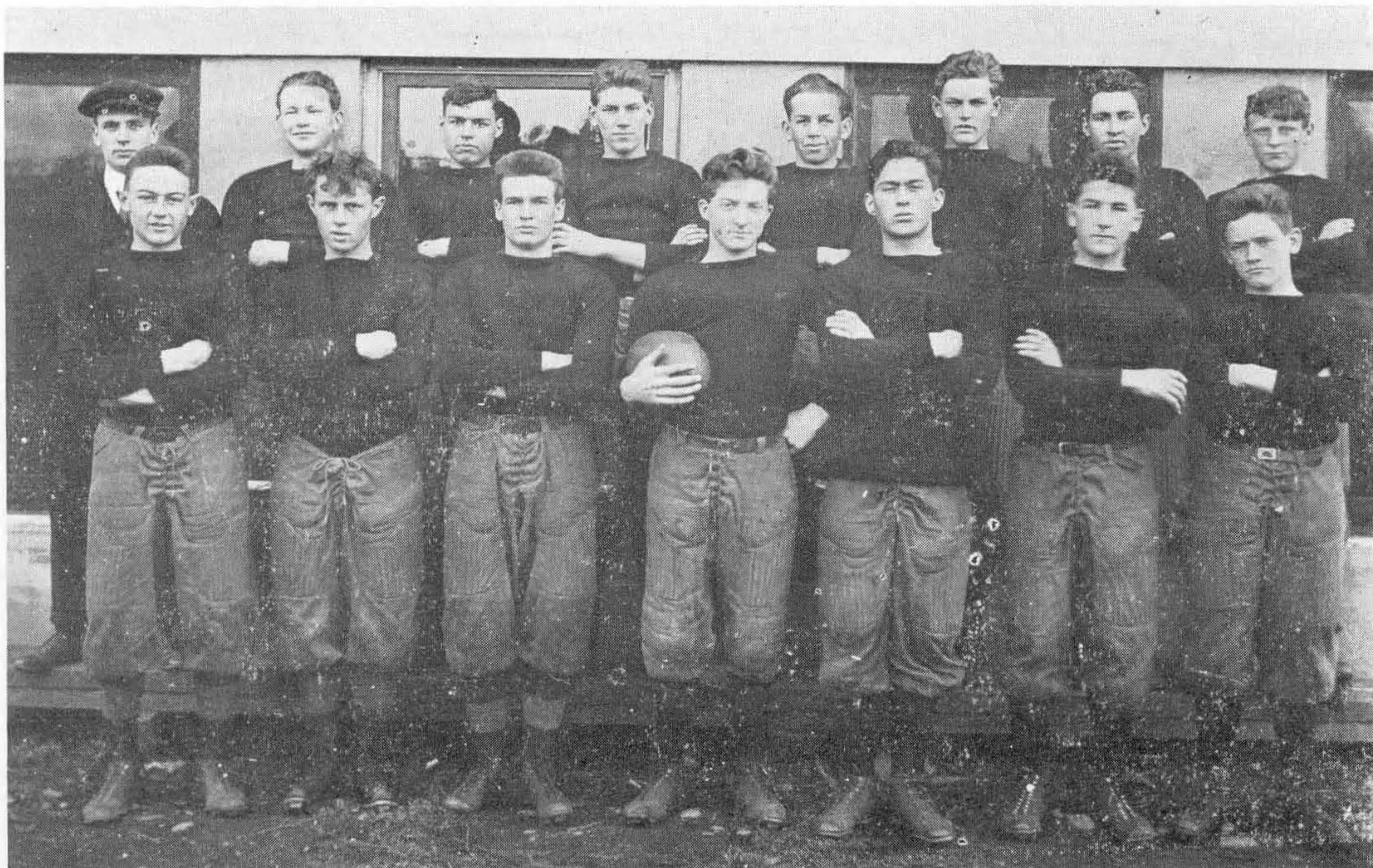
The remarkable record of the football squad last fall can hardly be explained. The games were all played with heavy teams of more or less experience, and of the five games played only the first one with Camas was lost. The team as a whole was comparatively light, weighing an average of 144 pounds. When the size of the school is considered and the fact that the squad comprised nearly all the boys in high school with no great choice of players, the results of the season were very creditable. The constant work of Coach Ferrin in training the team is to be highly commended. Rain or shine, he and the squad were out each evening after school to prepare for the difficulties they had to face. Not a serious mishap befell any member of the team during the whole season despite the heavy teams which were played.

THE GAMES.

2—W. H. S., 7; Estacada, 6.

The trip to Estacada was one never to be forgotten by the football squad, for it was on the occasion that they missed the train from Corbett and had to run five miles to Troutdale to catch the car. All were ready for the sumptuous dinner served them at their destination. The field, slippery with recent rains, made playing diffi-

Athletics



Football Team

cult and the game a slow one. The scoring was made in the last part of the first half, Weger forward-passing to Neal across the goal line. In the last half, everything else having been tried in vain, the opponents made two beautiful drop-kicks, bringing the score up to 6 to 7.

W. H. S., 19; Stevenson, 0.

Hopeful after their victory over Estacada and with old basket-ball scores to be settled up, our players met the heavy untrained Stevenson squad on the home field. This must be undefiled and so the little Washougal band played a fast, clean game, winning an easy victory. The day, except for a little east wind, was particularly fine and a large body of rooters showed much interest in the contest.

W. H. S., 38; Ridgefield, 7.

The game against Ridgefield high school, which defeated us last year by a score of 47 to 0, was by far the best ever witnessed on the home grounds. The opponents were very much surprised with the nature of Washougal's plays, being taken quite off their feet in the first half. At this stage the score stood 38 to 0 in Washougal's favor. In the last half, however, "quite-a-baby, Josie" proved too much even for Weger playing safety, and a 35 yard run was made for the only touchdown scored by Ridgefield during the game.

W. H. S., 19; St. Johns, 0.

This, the last game of the season, was as might be expected, a poor exhibition of football. A strong east wind was blowing, spoiling the chances for forward-passing

Athletics

which had been working well all season. However, the game was easily won by Washougal. Several line bucks for large gains and a sixty-yard run by Brock for Washougal were important features of the game.

Lineup—Clarke, center; Strong, left guard; Reinseth, left tackle; Goot, left end; Kiser, right guard; Loren Cochran, right tackle; Neal, right end; Weger (captain), quarterback; Brock, right halfback; Jones, left halfback; Loy Cochran, fullback; H. Kiser, W. Strong, Powell, utility.

Basketball

In view of the number of games won, our basketball quintet was not very successful last season. But we count it more to the team's credit to have played teams much stronger than themselves and lost, than never to have had the courage to stretch themselves. In consequence, we do not look upon the many defeats the team suffered as discreditable, for most of their opponents represent the strongest schools in the lower Columbia valley. The team was composed of the same players as last year and their former experience served them well.

Neal, at guard, was ever ready for the strongest of opponents, and not the tightest team work could confuse him, always cool-headed, always "there." Captain Weger, his sandy team-mate, as running guard covered the floor admirably; not content with only defensive play, he often followed the ball into the forward's territory. His quick return of the ball often outwitted his opponents; and with his fellow-player, Neal, was almost always on the spot to break up fast team-work. Clarke played his position at center very well. In the warmest play he was ever at all parts of the floor at once, ready to recover the ball should it threaten the Washougal basket, and at the next moment with his own forwards.

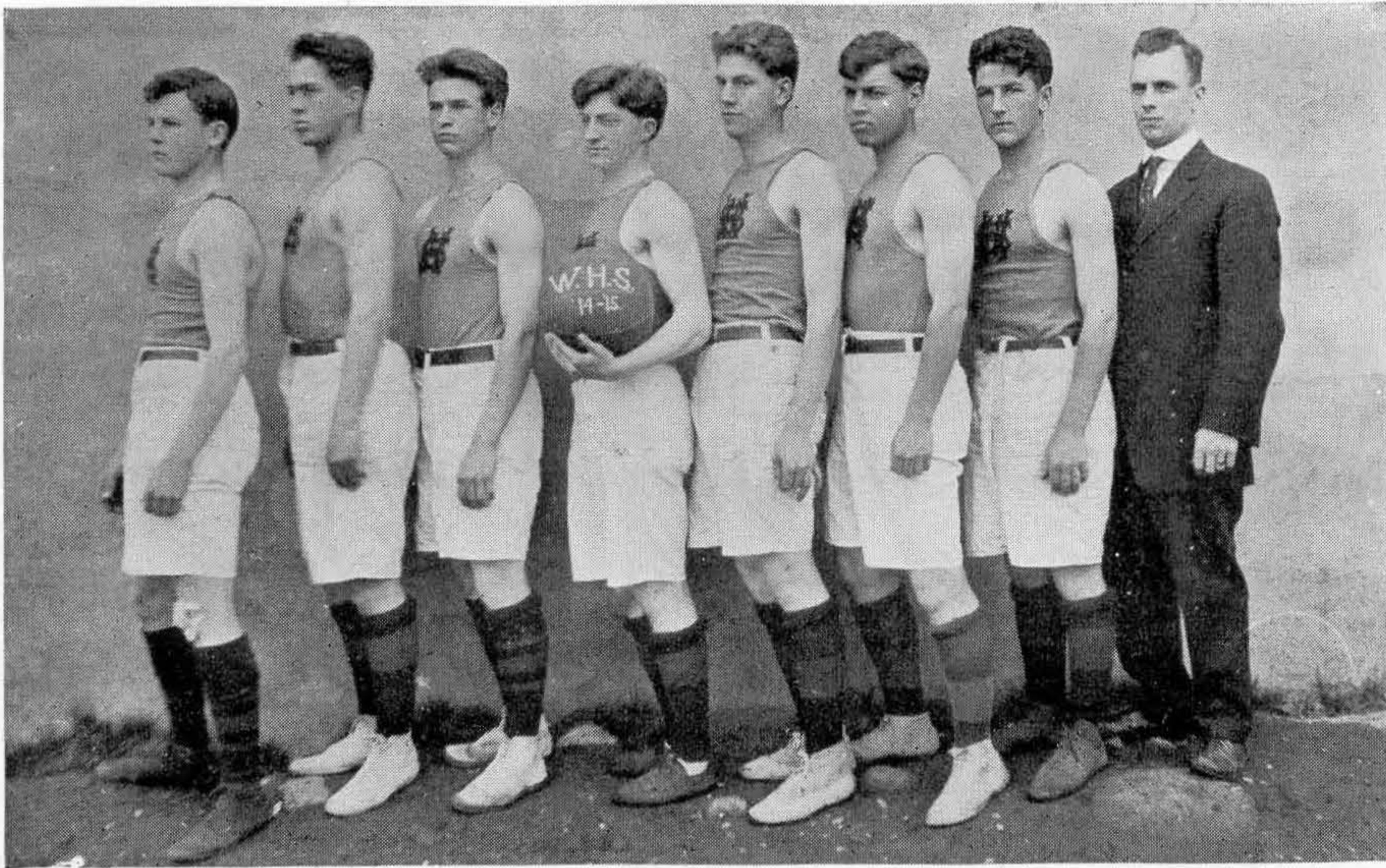
Richard Smith, the Senior at forward, brought action and "pip" into team-work, and was a very good shot in throwing baskets. He showed much improvement over last year's work. Harland Brock, his team-mate, was always a dependable player and the mainstay in offensive play. His mettle was strongest in the hardest of the game, and not the most strenuous playing could either overwork or discourage him. On him much depended whether the score came to Washougal's credit or not.

Overshadowed by this valiant group of athletes, the boys who worked through the season as utility players are apt to be forgotten, but without them the team could never have attained the success which it did. Such were Lester Kiser and Carl Goot, good players both, whose interest in the practice made possible the regular team.

THE GAMES.

1. Cape Horn High School vs. Washougal, at Washougal: C. H. H. S., 17; W. H. S., 33.
2. Camas H. S. vs. Washougal, at Camas: C. H. S., 29; W. H. S., 27.
3. Lincoln H. S. of Portland vs. Washougal, at Washougal: L. H. S., 26; W. H. S., 24.
4. Estacada H. S. vs. Washougal, at Estacada: E. H. S., 11; W. H. S., 40.
5. Camas H. S. vs. Washougal, at Washougal: C. H. S., 17; W. H. S., 20.

Athletics



Boys' Basketball Team

6. Gresham H. S. vs. Washougal, at Gresham: G. H. S., 13; W. H. S., 7.
7. Vancouver H. S. vs. Washougal, at Washougal: V. H. S., 14; W. H. S., 8.
8. Oregon City H. S. vs. Washougal, at Washougal: O. C. H. S., 28; W. H. S., 20.
9. Stevenson H. S. vs. Washougal, at Washougal: S. H. S., 25; W. H. S., 10.

One of the best games of the season was that played with the fast Lincoln High team of Portland on the home floor. The score throughout nearly the whole game stood in Washougal's favor, although the opponents managed to tag so close behind as to make the game of the most thrilling interest. Our team on this occasion appeared at its very best. In the last few seconds of play, with a tie score, the L. H. S. center made a fluke shot from almost the center of the floor, winning the game.

The second game with Camas High, on the home floor, was a close, hard-fought battle, witnessed by the largest crowd ever inside the local gymnasium. The game was very undecided until the last few minutes of play, when Brock made two field baskets in rapid succession. The pent-up feelings of our old rivals broke loose upon the sound of the whistle, and for half an hour the gymnasium was the scene of pandemonium and a general entree, in which neither side could rightly claim the laurels.

A third game of interest during the season was that played with Vancouver H. S. for the county championship. This was a hard-luck game for Washougal, for although our boys vastly outplayed the big and fast Vancouver team, the score resulted against them. On the open floor the opposing team was no match for the quick action and splendid team-work of the home boys. Each team scored three field baskets, but the difference was made by a number of successful foul-throws by forward Van Atta of Vancouver.

Athletics



Girls' Basketball Team

Girls' Basketball

The girls' basketball team had a very interesting season, in spite of a late start and numerous interruptions. The first game was played between the Freshmen, Juniors vs. Sophomores, Seniors, in which the latter won by a score of 14 to 8. The victory was due to the swift playing and accurate basket shooting of Rhoda Henion, the little Sophomore forward.

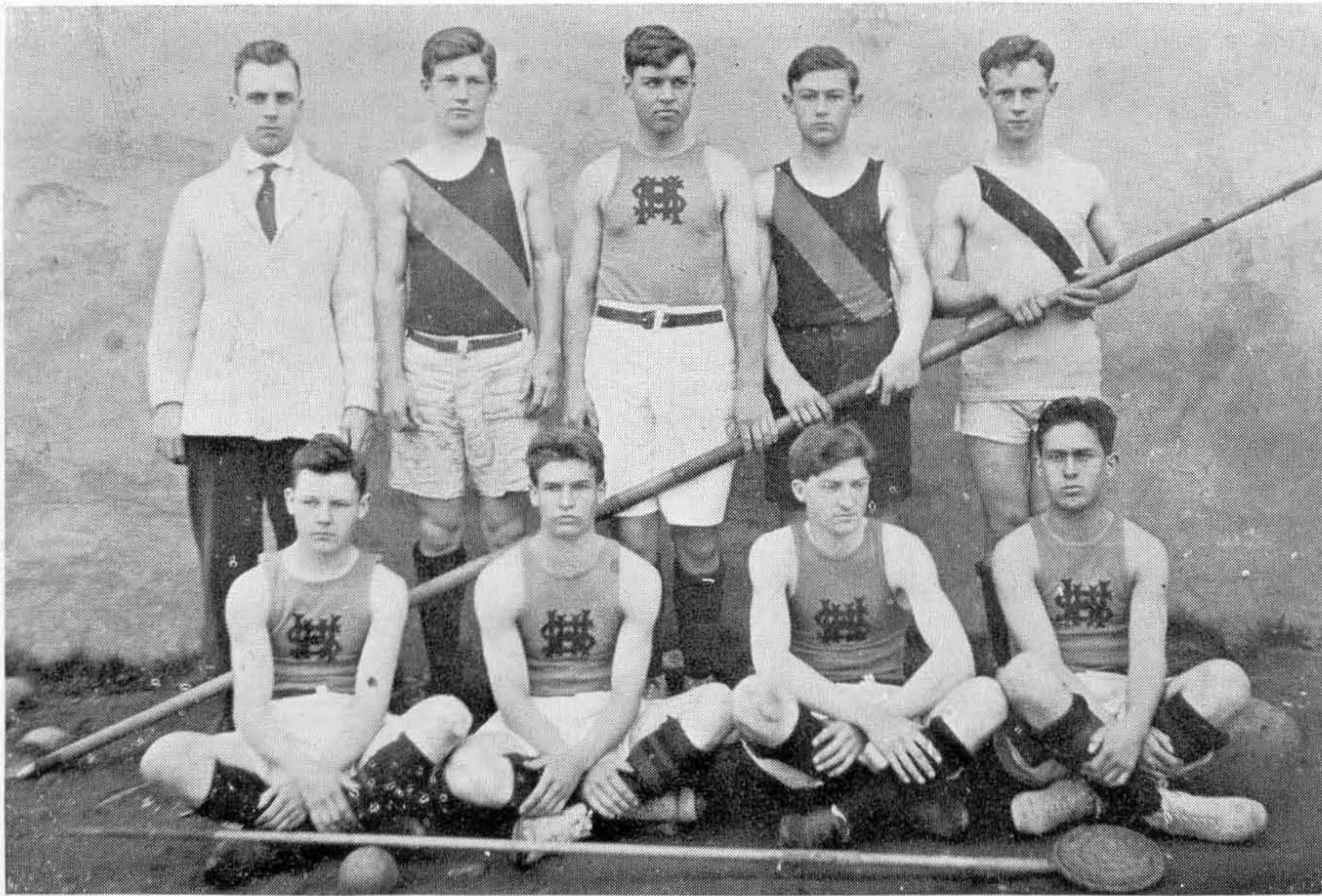
We encountered our friends from Camas on the same memorable night on which the boys' team defeated their Camas rivals. Ours was a double victory. The girls easily won the game, setting the example which the boys followed.

But we met our superiors in the Stevenson team, when we were defeated by a score of 8 to 5. However, we showed that we could be sportsmanlike in the face of defeat, and our visitors seemed greatly to appreciate the entertainment we gave them. This we consider is the only spirit of athletics for Washougal High School: whether we lose or win, we will always remain sportsmanlike.

Each girl played hard and did her best toward team-work and fast playing under Mr. Ferrin's steady coaching. Rhoda Henion and Ruby Fessenden are swift and reliable forwards, "dead shots" at the basket. Alma Kern and Viola Workman displayed wonderful guarding. They always managed to keep the enemy's score comfortably low. Kathryn Keep, no matter where she is put, does her part nobly. Lois Henderson and Lora Brock play center and running center respectively, and do it well.

What shall we do without Viola Workman, our captain? Her enthusiasm and hard playing has done much for the team, and we shall find it hard to part with her. Still, with her loss, we have high hopes for our success next season.

Athletics



Track Team 1915

Track Athletics

Track athletics, although they have never been as popular in Washougal as other lines of sport, have nevertheless received much attention during the past two seasons. Mr. Ferrin last year believed that a track team was possible here in spite of the fact that baseball was taking much of the best material available. With his characteristic zeal he trained a small number of enthusiasts into a fairly successful team. The interclass meet of that year proved to be of unusual interest. The Freshmen surprised themselves and everyone else by winning the meet by a very small margin; they scored 40 points, while the Juniors and Sophomores tied for second place with 37 points each. A beautiful pennant was awarded to the winners which becomes their property if they win the meet again this season.

This first year's work stimulated a lasting interest among the boys here, and we are planning upon greater results this year. Dual meets are to be held with Gresham high school and with Ridgefield, in addition to the Annual County Meet at Vancouver.

100 yard sprint—Brock, Jones, Cochran.

50 yard sprint—Brock, Jones, Cochran.

220 yard low hurdles—Jones, Brock, Cochran.

120 yard high hurdles—Cochran, Smith.

One mile run—Woodings, C. Strong.

Broad jump—Weger, Cochran, Brock, Jones.

Shot-put—Jones, Brock, C. Strong, Cochran.

220 yard sprint—Brock, Jones.

440 yard run—L. Kiser, Jones.

880 yard run—Woodings, Kiser.

High jump—Brock, Smith.

Pole vault—Cochran, Powell.

Discus—Weger, Neal.

Javelin—Weger, Smith.



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Men's Toggery

Camas, Wash.





Art—"Say, if you wanted your patch of strawberries hoed, who would you hire?"

Howard—"Why I would hire Clarke."

Art—"Why?"

Howard—"Because he always watches the hill."

Brock, to Clarence S. and Edith P. in assembly one day at noon—"You seem to be enjoying yourselves."

Edith—"Yes, won't you join us?"

Brock, drawing swiftly away—"Oh, no, I am no minister."

In student-body meeting, Loy G.—"Mr. President, I move that we make the Freshmen sell these tickets by a canvass of the town."

Floyd W., rising timidly—"Mr. President, I think that motion is kind of lop-sided."

Mrs. Anderson, in operetta practice, teaching fairies how to dance—"Now, girls, this way, take three steps forward, one backwards, and then bend the rear knee."

Ellen Geer, going into the meat market and seeing a dressed chicken hanging up—"Is that chicken engaged?"

Butcher, with a knowing smile—"No, that is an old hen."

Wallace Weger, who had visited Rhoda Henion on the hill during the afternoon, was heard to say: "My, I was never nearer heaven in my life than I was today."

Icophene C.—"Oh, to be a movie actress!"

IF—

If Dick was to go after a girl, would it be for Keeps?

If Fay started to leave her seat, would Julius sieze 'er?

If about to ask for Grace, would Oral Neal?

If the girls were to have a foot-race, would Ethel Baldwin?

If Edward were out walking, where would Ry(by)?

Miss Anderson (in English IV, studying life of Charles Lamb).—"Whom do we always associate with Lamb?"

Edith P., excitedly: "I know,—Mary."

Mr. Ferrin (in physiology class).—"What can you say about the care of teeth?"

Ingwall—"The teeth should be brushed every day with a toothpick."

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CAMAS

WANT ADS.

A high school girl of the correct size.—Ingwall.

Some kind of a pet; either a Shrimp or a Fishworm will do.—Edith C.

A girl I can entertain three nights out of the week.—Carl G.

Something mushy, but not soft. A nice little girl preferred.—Edward R.

Harland B., seeing Lois Henderson and Edith Clendening standing together one day, remarked: "Why not call them Spareribs and Gravey?"

And Clarke immediately thundered out: "Pass the spareribs."

Hints and helps:

Don't chew gum in Mr. Ferrin's classes. (I guess he likes it too well himself).

Don't wink or look at a girl twice in Miss Anderson's room. (Afraid to comment).

Don't talk out loud in the assembly at noon or recess. Cor:—then too again, in other words, the proposition is:

Boys, be careful of what you say, and how loud you speak in the basement. (For it may be a little hard for the grammar school teachers to explain their troubles to Mr. Thomas).

Don't carve or scratch your desk, or you may be slow in getting to your class the first period next morning.

And last of all, don't go to sleep in history class. (The result might be O).

"That Booke isn't very good about paying his debts," said Lester K. one day; "I tried to get the two-bits from him that he has owed me a month."

"Wouldn't he pay?" asked Ernest S.

"No; all that he could say was 'Give me grace, give me grace.'"

Shrimp gave Ede a piece of gum,
it was as white as snow;
Everywhere that Edith went,
That gum was sure to go.
She chewed it in Bookkeeping class,
Which was against the rule.
Ferrin said, "If chew you must,
Please wait 'till after school!"

Miss Anderson (in English class, studying "As You Like It").—"What character do you consider the most witty?"

Edward (who is athletically inclined).—"Oh, touchdown, of course."

"Why?"

"Oh, his interference and play on words is the most clever." (We guess he meant inference).

Miss Anderson (in Sophomore English class).—"Scientific exposition is limited to very intellectual and brainy people." It is out of our class entirely.

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That is why we smile when our work
comes back from there

Viola (in Caesar class, translating "boni leges Caesaris")—"The boney legs of Caesar—."

Vance—"Say ,Loren, what is the best imitation of a rising moon?"

Loren—"Why, Weger stretching his head up from behind a stump."

A little nonsense now and then
Makes bachelors out of married men.

Mr. Thomas (in physics class)—"What is wind?"

Richard S.—"Wind is a large breeze blowing in the air, but you can't see it."

Brock stood on the burning deck,
Dreaming of days long past,
He thought his arm was 'round her neck,
But in truth, 'twas round the mast.

Mr. Ferrin (in history class).—"How was Alexander of Russia killed?"

Edward R.—"By a bomb."

Mr. Ferrin—"How do you account for that?"

Ed.—"It exploded."

Arthur J.—"Say, Howard, who is the smallest girl in school?"

Howard—"Kathryn, I guess."

Art—"And who is, after her?"

Howard—"Dick, of course."

It may or may not be an egotistical trait of Harland Brock's that he always speaks of Mr. Ferrin as H. B.

Miss Anderson (in German)—"Wie kommt die, Herr?"

Clarke—"Nobody; I comb it myself."

Songs popular with certain people:

1. Any little girl that's a nice little girl is the right little girl for me.—Julius Millet.

2. Be sweet to me, kid.—Clarke.

3. Call me up some rainy afternoon.—Ellen G.

4. The longest way round is the sweetest way home.—Wallace Weger.

5. Coax me.—Kathryn Keep.

6. Next to your mother, who do you love?—Harland B.

7. She does not care for me; not a little B-I-T.—Winfield W.

8. Curry went round and around.—Ernest S.

9. A lemon in the garden of love.—Edith C.

11. I want to be the leading lady.—Edith P.

12. Nobody knows, nobody cares.—Ruby F.

13. It's got to be somebody I love.—Mabel P.

14. Harry Dear.—Icophene.

15. I need sympathy.—Joke Editor.

For sale or exchange, cheap—Some goose eggs, real fresh, from Mrs. Anderson's Latin class.

Mr. Ferrin (in basketball practice).—"Haven't you a handkerchief, Lawrence?"

Clarke.—"No, won't you lend me yours?"

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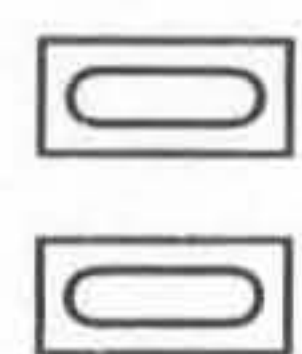
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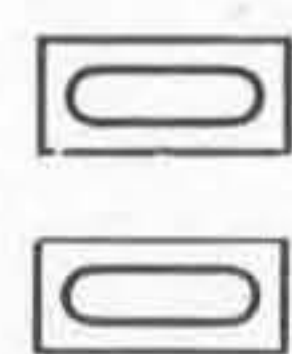
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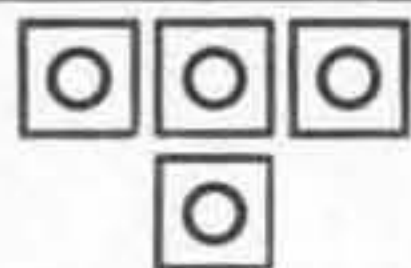
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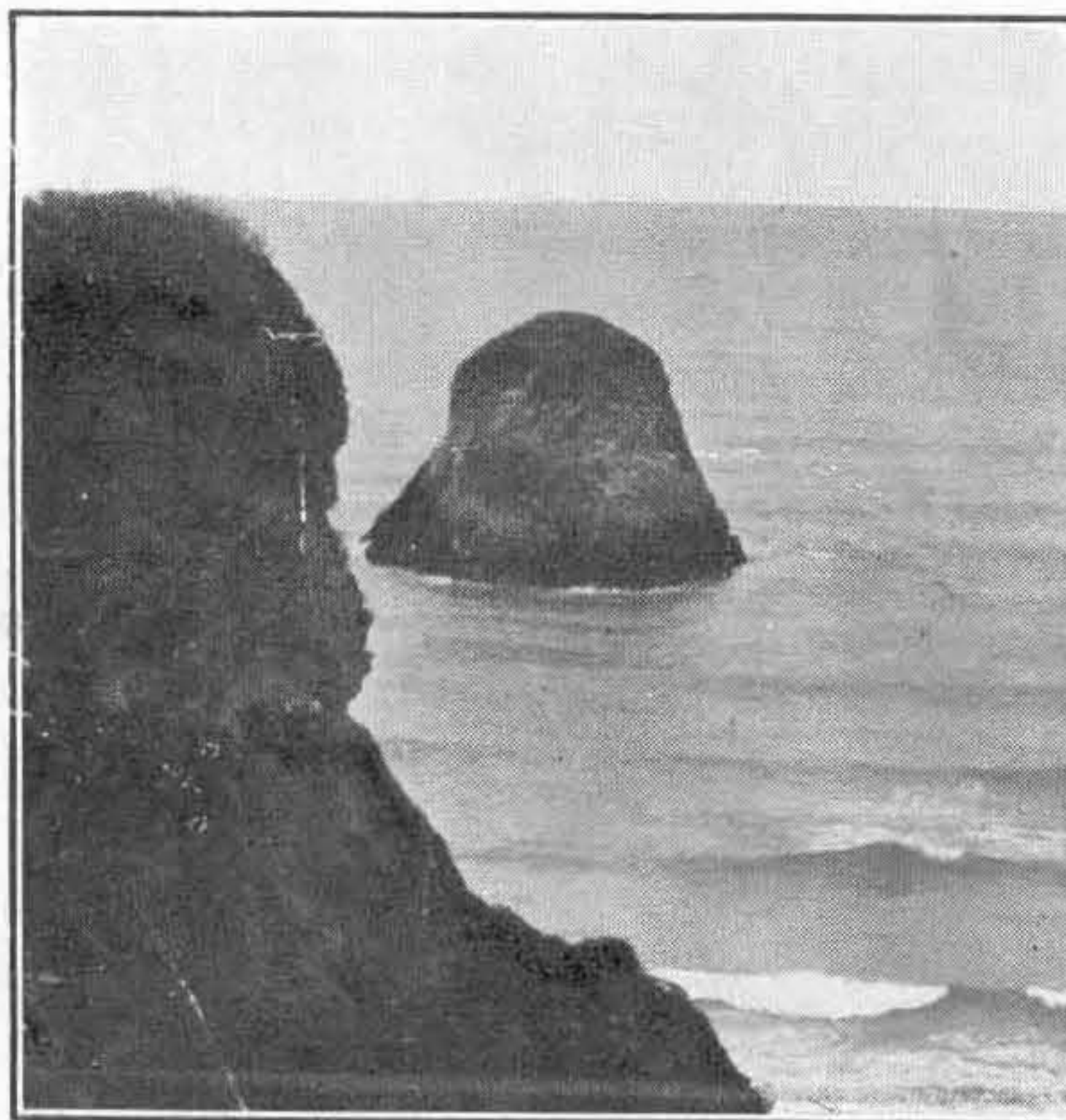
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