

MALAD STAKE FAMILY  
HISTORY CENTER  
MALAD, IDAHO 83252

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by Edith Price Evans*

THE MIRROR



PUBLISHED BY  
MALAD HIGH SCHOOL  
1922

## Dedication

TO those individuals, where ever they may be, who conscientiously strive to discover and cultivate those talents which God gave, that they might be a benefit to mankind, we respectively dedicate this issue of *The Mirror*.

## Foreword

In ADDITION to being young and inexperienced, the Staff has had to contend with several other disadvantages, including financial conditions and an Influenza epidemic, which forced us to lose three weeks of school when time was most valuable to us.

We have put forth our best efforts to portray the joys and sorrows of the student body.

We ask those who have neither the difficulty, the work nor the worry to share our misfortunes and errors cheerfully with us.



T h e M i r r o r

## Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Stan Christensen
Business Manager	Gerald Davis
Senior Class Editor	Mildred Evans
Junior Class Editor	Ruth Bowen
Sophomore Class Editor	Florence Holbrook
Freshman Class Editor	Leroy Roberts
Athletic Editor	David Thomas
Literary and Music Editor	Lester Tovey
Staff Cartoonist	Kenneth Larson





DAVID W. WANGSGARD, A. B.

## The Faculty



Helen R. Vail, A. B.

Merle Thomas

Jennie Taylor, B. S.

D. T. Williams

L. Ramsey, A. B.

(Lower Row)

Gwenfred E. Jones, A. B.

Mary McDonald Perkins, A. B.

D. W. Wangsgard, A. B.

E. M. Decker

## An Appreciation

While every public institution owes its existence and its support to the public, the work, or the bulk of the work, necessary to its existence is centered in two or three leaders. It is given to some men the power to express what the public feels, and in some cases foresee that for which a resisting community will be thankful eventually. Such are the men who have secured conveniences for the proper development of our schools. It is too true that the greater the foresight, the greater the struggle.

Twenty-two years ago when our first large school house was constructed, such was the opposition that it was necessary to call twenty one elections, covering a lapse of fourteen years before the victory of public permission to sell bonds for the erection of the building was granted the diligent school board. General comment and opinion at that time seemed to be that it was an extravagant waste of means that could never be fully used. The wisdom and foresight of the board was soon shown, when in just ten years the building was outgrown by the rapidly increasing population. Then the same men or the same leaders of that band of men pushed another bond issue to a successful election and were authorized to build another building equally as large.

It is not every man who has the great conviction. The men are still fewer who have both the conviction and the courage to carry it out. Thanks to such a man, who for thirty two years so faithfully served the public for no monetary gain, and offer to an ungrateful recipient. To this man the knowledge that it was right, that it was a necessary work, was all sufficient. He felt he could best serve the public according to his judgement. He stayed with the board long enough to see the erection of the third building, so much better and bigger, and we can say more necessary, than the former accomplishments, viz. our High School Building.

Some men who have not had the opportunity to spend a great many years in one line often make up for it by speed, efficiency and industry in the time they serve. We have such another man to our credit. He can not see why we should go hungry when there is food to be had by pushing a little farther tonight. Why sleep hungry and think of a breakfast tomorrow? Press ahead and get food tonight! His unfailing energy, his hearty public interest and his high enthusiasm have accomplished or have helped accomplish achievements for which we are heartily thankful.

We, the students of the Malad High School take this opportunity to express our gratitude to, and our sincere appreciation of, the men who have been the backbone of the educational progress of the past and of the present, which has trained the men and women of today and will make the men and women of tomorrow.

Hats off to John R. Thomas and Ralph J. Harding.

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T h e M i r r o r

## The M. H. S. Band

When a group of girls and boys met one March day in the basement of the High School building to organize a band, there were few who believed that any definite and complete results could be accomplished during this school year. When these few brought horns and other instruments (some thought instruments of torture) they were inwardly scoffed and sneered at because they had the audacity to attempt what others deemed impossible. During the first month of preliminary practice, due to the noise that emanated from the cafeteria, teachers and students alike wanted to exclaim, "How long must we endure this?" But they failed to reckon with the leader who believed it could be done, and who possessed the patience and the perseverance to push it thru to completion, and who possessed that rare quality—Leadership. These qualities, combined with willing and apt students, gave us a band, a real High School Band! How one could take twenty-five students, making a conglomerate noise as they did, sort it out, correct it, and then get them tuned and toned down so that they produced harmony, and do it in so short a time, is nothing short of marvelous! Who would have dreamed that within two months the band would be on the campus playing tunes after four o'clock to cheer and rest the tired and aching minds of students and teachers? The High School is indebted to the leader of the band, who has devoted, gratuitously, his time and labor; and to the others who aided him in getting the boys and girls started. Below are the names of the charter members of the Malad High School Band. As there are but three graduates on the list, there should be a splendid band here next year.

R. H. Davis, Director.

Evan E. Jones, Ass't. Director.	Wm. Anderson
Emily Boe, Soc'y. & Treas.	Lorraine Davis
Ellie Harris, Manager.	Ada Jones
Lewis W. Jones	Genevieve Scott
Mabel Jones	Edith Evans
Gerald Davis	Ezey Jones
Stan Christensen	Mabel Mifflin
Dave W. Thomas	Glen Hawe
Orapha Davis	Annie James
Frank Warner	Roy Earl
Nathan Scott	Kenna Tovey
Timothy Smith	Royal Swanson
Dave Evans	



T h e M i r r o r

## High School City Government

Our present High School government, known as the M. H. S. City government, was organized in February, 1922. A constitutional committee composed of two students from each of the four precincts was elected. After a suitable constitution had been drawn up, it was voted upon on February 17, and after a few alterations had been made, was passed by a large majority.

An election was then called and the following officials elected:

Mayor	Claude Kerns
Councilman from Precinct No. 1	Flora Kohler
Councilman Precinct No. 2	Melvin Castleton
Councilman Precinct No. 3	Stan Christensen
Councilman Precinct No. 4	Lurline Anderson
Committing Magistrate	Mildred Evans
Judge First Judicial District	Leo Williams
Judge Second Judicial District	Ruth Bowen
Treasurer	Lavern Martin
City Recorder	David Thomas
	Merrill Ford
	Daniel Martin
	Leona Reece
	Ruth Ford

The Mayor, with the consent of the council, has power to appoint the City Attorney, Clerk of Court and Chief of Police. Ralph Hanson, Kate Richards and James McKinay were appointed to these offices.

The legislative body of the M. H. S. City is composed of 8 councilmen and the mayor. They have the power to make any laws which they deem necessary for the governing of the Student Body.

The judicial department of the government consists of the committing magistrate, judge of the first judicial district, judge of the second judicial district, and the city attorney. The trial of any student who may be charged with violating any city ordinance, is heard by one of the three judges, and their decision is enforced by the M. H. S. City, or, if necessary, by the faculty.

The executive department is composed of the mayor, the chief of police, and 12 policemen appointed by the chief, with the approval of the council. All arrests are made by one of these policemen.

The students of the M. H. S. believe this form of government to be a great improvement over the old student body type, and it is very probable that next year the entire control of the student body will be placed in the hands of the M. H. S. City officers.

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## Alumni

A study of the Alumni roll discloses some very interesting facts which point out the influence and importance of this High School on the lives of its graduates. Plain figures tell the story best and they need no explanation to demonstrate their significance.

Out of 124 graduates, there are, at the present time:

Six farmers and ranchers.  
Six farmers and ranchers.  
One merchant.  
Eight clerks.  
Six stenographers and book-keepers.  
One Federal employee.  
Eighteen students attending universities.  
Two lawyers.  
Two druggists.  
Thirty nine school teachers.  
One railroad employee.  
Two missionaries.  
One musician.  
Two carpenters.  
Forty women graduates who are married.

Up to the present time there has been no Alumni organization in the Malad High School, but efforts are being made, by the class of '22, to form an Alumni organization of the M. H. S. graduates.



T h e M i r r o r

RALPH HANSON

(Citation.) Pres. So. Cache High School '21; School play '19; Open '21; City attorney '22; Cent. Com. U. D. party '22.

"Hands off! Breakable."

MILDRED EVANS

(Mile.) Ed. Mirror '21; Vice Pres. H. S. '21; Senior play '22; Cent. Com. U. D. party '22; Comedians '22; Society editor '22.

"Mumps are sure a swell disease."

HANNAH WILLIAMS

"Don't take life too serious—you'll never get out alive anyhow."

EVAN G. JONES

(Foot.) Opera '20; Senior play '22. "Best chicken judge in high school."

MEA RISSELL

(Bio.) "Sug. kids."

JOHN McALLISTER

(Scotia.) Opera '20; Football in 20 and '22; Class president '21; basketball '21 and '22; Senior play '22; Pres. M. H. S. '22; Comedians '22.

"Nothing short of a proposal."

SADIE WILLIAMS

"The 'trol, kind and untouchable."

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ETHEL MADSEN

"Nothing less than an E."

KENNETH FREDRICKSON

(Mam.) Opera '20; football '20;  
Captain football '22.  
"Be bushy!"

LURLINE ANDERSON

Opera '20; Soc'y-Treas. '20 and  
'21; Secretary and Music editor '21;  
Class president M. H. S. '22; City coun-  
cillor '22; Senior play '22; Central  
Comm. U. D. party '22.  
"She wears a heart from St. John."

LEO WILLIAMS

(Loc.) Class vice-president in '19;  
Opera '20; basketball '20, '21 and '22;  
Senior play '22; Gen. Comm. W. W.  
Party '22.  
"Who'll fill your shoes when you  
are gone?"

FLORA KOHLER

City council '22; Cent. Comm. U. D.  
party '22.  
"Come back, Flora, we're all for  
you."

ETHEL DANIELS

(Sam.) Opera '20; Class vice-pres.  
'21 and '22; School play '21.  
"Just David."

JAMES MCKAY

(Jim.) Opera '20; Football '20  
and '22; Chief of Police '22; Central  
Committee U. D. party '22.  
"His duties are—"

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AMELIA THOMAS

Opera '20.  
"It's a good policy to leave a few  
things unsaid."

CLAUDE KERSS

(Brick.) Opera '20; Bus. Mgr. of  
Micro '21; R. R. '21; football '22;  
Mayor M. H. S. '22; Pres. '22; Cent.  
Comm. W. W. party '22; Senior play '22.  
"That brick can't be laid."

MARY WARD

Opera '20.  
"Yah, Mary goes to school here."

HELEN JONES

Class Sec. and Treas. '19 and '22;  
Opera '20; Comm. Com. '22.  
"She isn't everything, as Napoleon  
said."

MABEL SCOTT

"Why don't they send in their bill  
the first of the month?"

MERRILL FORD

(Judge.) Senior judge '22; Central  
Comm. W. W. party '22.  
"Don't let camp 'le M. H. S."

APTON Z. NODDIL

(Ch. If.) Opera '20.  
"Hi - See, friend - he don'tuhn."

GWENFREDAE EVAN

(Gwen.) Opera '20; Junior editor  
'21; Valedictorian '22.  
"How's the U?"

## The Mirror

### KATE RICHARDS

(Sister.) Opera '20; Senior play '22  
and Clark of course '22.  
"Always ready and willing to work."

### WILLIAM JONES

(Willie.)  
"Oh, how he loves the ladies."

### LAWRENCE EVANS

(Jap.) Opera '20.  
"Following the footsteps of Webster."

### EDITH STEWART

School Librarian '22,  
"Oh, dear, he's got the blues."

### MARGARET BUSH

Opera '20; Sec'y-Treas. '20; Senior  
play '22.  
"The baby camp."

### JUNIUS CROWTHER

Opera '20.  
"We don't know nothin' about him."

### ALLENE PECK

"Her name sounds like a hen, but  
she is really a chicken."

### ELLIS HARRIS

(Climb.) Secretary and treasurer in  
19; opera '20.  
"By Clemency."



## The Mirror

### The Student Body Officers

John McAllister  
Lorraine Anderson  
Merle Daniels

President  
Vice-Pres  
Sec'y-Treas.

James Thomas  
Tom Deschaine  
Kevin G. Jones

Yell Master  
Asst. yell Master  
Asst. yell Master



The Student Body Officers of the M. H. S. are elected during the first month of each year and hold their office during the entire school year. By the organization of the School City Government in the M. H. S. most of the duties of the Student Body officers have been turned over to the mayor and the city council. But some social events and athletic organizations are still under the control of these officers.

Our student-body officers for the school year of 1921 and '22 are:

# SENIORS



The Mirror

## Class of '22

Here's to the Senior dignity: The class of '22. How well they have fared in the beloved H. S. How often they have felt like dropping out and lessening the burden. But each time this thought has entered their heads, the hope and love for a High School education has beckoned them on and they have answered the call. The class of '22 have had their triumphs and defeats; their compliments and rebuffs, but they have come through it, all the stronger and better for it.

The class of '22, as Freshmen, were rather obscure. They did very little for M. H. S. except honor it with their presence. As Sophomores they came to the front. This year the Sophs had two members of the famous basket ball team. They know that to those two members, all honors were due.

In 1921 we entered as Juniors. Throughout the year we were in the lead in everything. Of course, the Seniors, faculty and Sophs defeated us in base ball, but we won the Junior-Freshie game which decided the season.

The class of '22, as Juniors, inaugurated The Mirror. This year, again, we boasted of two members of the team being Juniors. And wasn't the Junior Prom as delightful an affair as has ever been given by the M. H. S.

As Seniors, we are proud of the fine record the two members of the basket ball team made. Of course, the Seniors did not show up so very well in the class series. We made it known that we didn't wish to embarrass the other classes by defeating them. In baseball we hope to be more successful.

The Seniors considered themselves rather backward—it being so late in the season when they gave their party—it was a true backwards party. Everyone expressed his appreciation of the excellent entertainment.

Now, as the time for graduation approaches, we look back over our high school career and begin to appreciate what has been afforded us. To understand and acknowledge the assistance the high school teachers, Board of Trustees and fellow townsmen have given us.

The ideals and ambitions of the class of '22 have been very high throughout our career. May it be that the ideals and ambitions will remain thus throughout our voyage through life.



## The Mirror

### Will of Class '22

As we greatly fear that our journey through High School life is nearly ended, we, the contemplated graduates, do make our last will and testament, before going on to the great beyond of life itself. We do wish to take oath before ourselves (and whoever happens to be looking over our shoulders) that we are in our normal health, strength and sanity when we do this unparalleled deed. (If there are any who disagree, let them keep it to themselves.) As we are the greatest, most broad-minded body of students ever to leave this great High School, we do list some of our greatest attributes and qualities to those who are to try to follow in our footsteps. As we were ever kind and generous we beseech, in this, our last will and testament, all these qualities to those whom we think would appreciate them most.

Our President, Claude Kerne, does now bequeath his leader's ability to his brother, Marion.

Ethel Daniels has been kind enough to leave her cheerful disposition to Rowland Jones.

To Evelyn Thomas the Democrat, Mildred Evans gives her public spiritedness.

Afton Zundel wills his good nature to John James.

Lurline Anderson leaves to anyone who can get an E plus in any of Mr. Ramsey's classes, her unlimited and everlasting admiration.

Leo Williams wills his past love affairs to Mary Wooley.

To Eva Huttonhall is bequeathed May Russell's raven hair.

John McAllister's over-flowing wit is left to Thelma Hawks.

The sweet and innocent nature of Gwenfred Evans is given to Lillie Jones.

Evan G. Jones wills his ability at serenading with a mouth-organ to Edith Evans.

The great gift of girl now belonging to Helen Jones, shall go to Sarahell Hughes.

The quiet and tranquil attitude of Hubel Scott is now willed to Ruth McKay.

Ellis Harris bequeathes his size to Leroy Jones.

To Mary Hill, Ethel Madsen now wills her bashfulness.

Merrill Ford has been generous enough to leave his love of ladies to Day Hanks.

Alene Peck wills her love of school and study to Ida Ward.

Much generosity is shown in the fact that Dave Evans wills all desks on which he has slept, to the remaining sleepers of the M. H. S.

## The Mirror

Mary Ward wishes to leave her loving consideration of everyone's feeling to Irene Bigler.

Kenneth Fredrickson wills his wife to anyone who can find and handle her.

Kate Richards leaves her dignity to the Sophomores. Ralph Hanson's aggressiveness is hereby given to Reed Zundell. Margaret Bush leaves her curly hair to Ada Jones. To Vaughn, Lester Tovey leaves his surplus height. Flora Kohler leaves to Ethel Nicholas her merry laugh and love of fun.

William Jones wills his humble willingness to Leon Evans. Anna Jones bequeaths her chewing gum to Mabel Williams. Ben Deschamps bequeaths his French taste for light wines to Maude Evans.

Sadies Williams wishes her love of school and her quiet nature to be given to Pearl Jones.

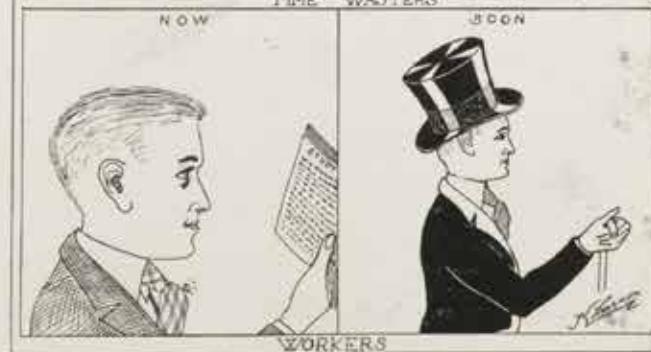
James McKay wishes to leave his executive ability to the next Chief of Police.

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# JUNIORS





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### Junior Class History

In the valley, amonget the foothills,  
In the famous town of Malad.  
The mighty leader of the students:  
He the big chief of the High School;  
Stood and called his clan together,  
Then they came in long processions,  
Came the Juniors to this High School,  
Came from St. John and Samaria,  
Came from Daniels and from Gwenford,  
Came from Malad and from Elsewhere;  
Came the lang ones and the short ones,  
Came the fat ones and the lean ones.  
Then the Big-Chief called together  
All the Juniors of this High School,  
Called them that they might their rulers  
Choose from those among their number;  
So they chose for chief, Lee Tovey,  
And to fill his place when absent,  
Chose Ruth Bowen for chief assistant.  
Benny Deschamps took their money,  
And he also took their minutes.

Then Gerald Davis and Stan Christensen were also given work to do. Stan was chosen Editor-in-Chief of our Annual, and Gerald the business manager.

On the grimy basket-ball squad was seen  
The strangest figures,  
Figures mystical and awful,  
With smiles and frowns and smiles upon their faces.  
But each figure had its meaning,  
As he played the game to win,  
Who was there but David Thomas  
With much honor and renown.  
Other warriors were among them  
Just as well known to the town.  
Autumn passed, and in the winter,  
Came the winds and falling snow,  
Whispering to them "Ever upward,  
Come on, Juniors, let us go.  
Onward, upward to perfection,  
Is just where this tribe shall go."

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Was Melvin, Ruth and Stan,  
And the way they helped to rule us.  
Certainly they had their way,  
Winter passed, and in the Springtime,  
Somewhat wiser but none the fewer,  
Once again the tribe pushed onward,  
How they worked and toiled and suffered,  
That their clan might surely prosper,  
Both the chieftans, bold and mighty,  
And the maidens fair and learned.  
Many moons have come and vanished,  
O'er the tribesmen of this clan,  
Since the year they met and organized,  
When they were but Freshies, green.  
Now again they go and each departing,  
Thinks with sorrow of their leaving,  
Their High School days behind them,  
And the good old M. H. S.



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*The  
Sophomores*

MALAD HIGH  
SCHOOL  
1921 - 1922





The Mirror

### Class of '24

We, the class of '24, came into the High School not as the ordinary Freshmen do, but with a dignified and stately manner, which made the upper-classmen rather lose heart and yet feel proud of our association. We entered one hundred and thirty strong, and chose as class officers: Leader, Stanley Christensen; Advisor, Marie Jones, and Gerald Davis as secretary and treasurer.

Our first party was given December 17. And we had some time! This class took an active part in athletics, as well as other social sports. We carried off the championship in class baseball series.

We commenced our Sophomore year with Maude Evans, President; Daniel Martin, Vice-President and Edith Thomas, Secretary and Treasurer; Sergeant-at-Arms Roberts Hatch, and Ray Jones, Yell Master.

In our class organization we have more than succeeded. We were the pioneers of a real class spirit and class organization. Regular meetings were held every two weeks, in which the class was entertained by various members. These class meetings were responsible for the organization of literary and debating and glee clubs. In the beginning and carrying out of the School City government, Sophomores have always been tip-top. This notable advancement was greatly due to the help given us by our able class advisers, Mr. Decker and Miss Taylor.

Our annual party was held March 31, when the faculty and their partners and the Sophomores and their partners were entertained. "Oh you CREAM PUFFS! APRIL FOOL!"

This party proved a success in every way, adding one more to the many honors of the class.

In athletics we have taken an even more active part than was taken by us last year. In the High School baseball team there were two members of our class, who proved to be the backbone of the team. Two Sophomore boys also distinguished themselves on the football team, making records which were unsurpassed. We also intend to keep the class series championship in baseball again this year.

The girls team is now in real wonder-making games, with Florence Hollbrook as manager and Viola Palmer as captain.

The ideals of this class, individually and collectively, are highly commendable, and we hope that by their preservation and improvement we shall leave an exalted record, distinguished from that of other alumni.

MALAD STAKE  
HISTORY CL.  
MALAD, IDAHO 8-252

# FRESHMEN





## T h e M i t r o r

### History of the Freshmen Class

On the 25th day of May, 1921, the eighth grade graduates of the Malad Public School gave their graduation exercises. Oh, that was a glorious day! We felt like kings walking on a milky way, but we soon came to earth when we entered High School. We found out High School life wasn't all clear sailing.

The first thing of importance that our class did was to elect the Class Officers. The following were elected:

Harry Thompson, President; Kenneth Larson, Vice-president; Genevieve Scott, Secretary and Treasurer.

James Thomas was elected as Student Body Yell Master.

The Freshmen were also represented on the Annual staff by Kenneth Larson, Staff Cartoonist and Leroy Roberts as class reporter.

The ability of the Freshman team to play basketball was fully proven by their good standing in the class series. They took second place and played in the final game of the series.

When the M. H. S. decided to form a City Government in their school, the students were first divided into precincts, then each precinct elected its own officers. The Freshmen, as well as the upper classmen, were represented in the Malad High School City.

The Sophomores warned they would initiate us when we moved into the new building. We were given orders not to go through the front door. Of course, the majority of the Freshmen did as asked and went through the side door, but a few disobeyed. Those who disobeyed suffered the consequences. The girls were daubed with iodine and the boys were put down the coal-chute.

The Freshmen furnished the entertainment for assembly a number of times and were always highly praised.

The upper classmen were giving parties and as the Freshmen failed to receive an invitation they decided to entertain themselves. A refreshment committee and an entertainment committee were appointed. We gave on the August 1st ball "as it is" to the City officers to hold an election dance, then the next Friday we let the old folks of the community have it for an entertainment. We were then forced to hold our party on Thursday night. A good crowd turned out to the party, but the first thought to arise in the minds of the Freshmen was, "Let's see, I wonder which one of the classes gave this party, anyway?" We gave a good program and entertained ourselves for quite a while; then all went down stage to the big luncheon served by the Freshmen girls. After the lunch we adjourned.

Now that this school year is about to end, let us hope that 1922 will find us in a higher class. So here's to the success of the Freshmen!



The Literary work in the Annual consists of the individual work of the students. Some articles that fit very nicely in our School activities have been accepted. The jokes and other mirthful expressions are taken from remarks in classes and contributed by different members. The stories are selected from the best in each class. Every class is represented, so the literary work represents a united four-class effort.

## The Woodpecker

(By Carmen Davis)

A woodpecker hopped on a Senior's head  
And started on a search.  
He picked and picked then finally said,  
"This is not a profitable perch."  
And then he flew off to a Junior's beam,  
And started on an inquest.  
He scratched and scratched but had to announce,  
"It isn't even fit for a nest."  
Then off he flew to a Sophomore's block.  
Hoping to meet with a feast.  
He dug and he picked, but it was like stone.  
"At least, he said, "there is nobody home."  
So he journeyed far to a Freshie's skull.  
Still looking for something to eat.  
He scratched and picked, till his drill got dull.  
And the sparks flew off his beak.  
Then with a perplexed and solemn air,  
He ruffled his feathers to rest;  
And wearily, almost sadly, he said,  
"How in thunder do they stand the test?"

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## Faults of the Younger Generation as Told by Grandmother

"Oh Grandma, where's my shirt?" came briskly from the other room. Grandma looked up from her paper which she was busily reading, took off her glasses, placed them on the table, and assumed a surprised air.

"Land sakes! You don't mean to tell me that you're going out again tonight? Why, this would make four nights in succession. Funny you don't get tired of tramping around the streets all the time. Going to see your girl again? Worse still. It's funny to me that she ain't sick and tired of you, having you around all the time. Why, if she had any self-respect, she would put her foot down and prohibit your calling, to twice a week, at the most. When we was girls, no boy ever come more'n twice a week to see us, and if they happened to come oftener than that, or if we was seen in church with them, it was whispered all around that we was to be married in the near future. Nowadays if you spend all of your time with them its nothin' out of the ordinary. I suppose about the first thing you'll be doin' is runnin' off and gettin' married. That's the trouble with the young folks nowadays. They meet up one day and they are as nice as pie, then the first thing you know they've gone and got hooked up before they knew anything about each other and just as soon as they start to settle down, they begin to quarrel like cats and dogs and the first thing you know they're devorced. Why me and your Grandpaw kept company for nigh onto eight years before we even thought of gettin' married. We was both about thirty then. Then he was just beginnin' to have a little sense. Me and your grandpaw never had a cross word."

"Is there a fire in the parlor?" interrupted a sweet feminine voice from the rear of the house.

"Why, Sallie Smithers! Do you intend to entertain that man here again. It seems to me that you spend all of your time with him. Better tell him to bring his beddin' and stay right here all the time. It will save him the trouble of goin' home for his meals, but I guess he won't need any, 'cause I don't think he ever goes to bed. It seems to me that its high daylight on him leavin' here every time he comes. And then he never goes until your dad has yelled three or four times; seems to me like he's kinda hard to take a hint. Why, he can't even understand plain English."

"The trouble with you folks nowdays is, you've got too much time alone. Think of it! As high as six and eight hours in one night. Why, its ridiculous! For the life of me, I can't see what you find to talk about until them late hours of the mornin'. When we was young and your

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## T h e M i r r o r

Grandpaw come a courtin' me, our parents sit up with us 'till nigh onto ten, ~~and~~ they would go to bed. But you bet it wasn't ten minutes before down cold come paw's feet on the floor. We sure knew what that meant. If I was your parents I'd look into the matter a little bit myself. Why, its never late any more. Seems like bed-time never comes, 'cause I never see anybody going to bed until daylight. Here's little Freddie, only eleven year old and he's never in bed before ten, and lots of the time he hangs around the street until midnight. Common sense would tell anybody that a child ain't safe on the streets after dark. When we was children, we never dared go out after dark. Even if we dared, we was sure to expect a good shinging. That's what the young folks need nowadays, but it seems to me that people have forgotten that a shingle can be used for two different purposes.

"Oh, you don't need to giggle. You need it as bad as the children, if not worse. Why you're no more than just out of the cradle yourself. You ought to be wearing knee breeches yet. Its funny you older boys don't get sent in by the police. You are worse than the children. They go about their business and keep still while you boys have to go and get all 'soaked up' and kick up a fuss around town. Why, its gettin' perfectly natural for boys to spend a whole week locked up in the jail, or dead drunk, spending the money their dad worked so hard to get. If they were made to earn their spending money, they would learn to take care of it a little. You bet, in our day, the boys earned every cent they spent. They never threw it away foolishly, either. Why you boys don't even know what money is. You throw money here and there as tho it didn't amount to anything. You spend more money on the old girls than they are worth—always taking candy and presents to them. They get so they ain't satisfied unless you're always spenin' somethin' on 'em, and then they only laugh at you, and when you down and out they forget you. When we were young we didn't expect the boys to spend anything on us. The boys then always saved for a rainy day. Oh I know you don't believe it, but after you're married you'll find it out."

"How do you like my new dress, Grandma," asked Sallie gliding into the room.

"Well, I like it all right, what there is of it, but I can't say as that's very much. Lan sakes! If it wasn't for that fringe on the bottom and the ribbons over your shoulders, it wouldn't be much more than a belt. If I was your mother, I'd absolutely forbid your going anywhere in it. Why, when we was girls, we never thought of wearing our dresses above our ankles or without sleeves, any more than we would have thought of dancing in church. And them silk hose! Why you'd just as well go without any. Between them and your slippers its a wonder to me that you don't catch your death of cold going out in this kind of weather. The

## T h e M i r r o r

young folks surely have some funny ideas lately. Why, they go around with not much more than a belt on and nothing worth speaking of on their feet; yet they would blush, maybe even cry, if some one would happen by some accident to see their ears. If they don't leave them out in the sunlight and use them a little bit, I wouldn't wonder but what they will soon disappear entirely.

"Goodness me! I don't know what is going to become of people if they keep on. Why they are getting so lazy that they don't know what work is. The young folks stay up all night and then sleep the biggest part of the day, then they no more than get up until they prepare to go again. They parade the streets, the boys smoking cigarettes and drinking every chance they get and the girls standing on the street corners or hanging around the post office waiting for mail. Of course, we know what kind of mail they are hunting for. When we was girls, there was no idling for us. We was up at sun-rise and worked from then till dark. As for hanging on the streets, that was unheard of. Besides, there was no young men on the streets loafing in them days. They had their minds occupied with more important matters. Nowadays all the boys can think of is 'chasin' chickens.' I'll bet if anybody called me a chicken I'd make it hot for them. But the young folks now don't seem to care. That's about all they amount to, anyhow. Lan sakes! I don't know what people are coming to. They don't seem to realize that idleness is the Devil's workshop. They'll find it out after they are married."

The last few statements were made to an empty room.



## Sad

There once was a freshy, so they say  
Who ate twenty bars in a day;  
He took very sick  
And the doctors came quick,  
But the poor fellow had passed away.



T h e M i r r o r

### A Senior's Reminiscences

Oh list, my fellow classmen, list to me,  
And I shall tell a tale that's wondrous sweet.  
Oh not the poet's rhyme of birds and bees,  
Or honeydew, or flowers at your feet.  
I'll tell you of the days when you and I,  
And others who did take another way  
All played together with no pine nor sigh,  
Or thought of what might come to pass some day.

Oh little did we thing then, Oh my friend,  
Of Father Time with hoary head and gray:  
Yes he who can our very heartstrings rend,  
By parting friends and taking some away  
To carry on their different lift pursuits,  
Away from childhood haunts they love so well.  
And in the anguish are our hearts struck mute  
With disappointments, far too great to tell.

And yet life holds its joys as well as tears.  
Most always are our faces glad with smiles:  
As when we played and romped in by gone years,  
O'er vale and hill, and ran full many a mile  
Without a thought of giving up the chase.  
But romped on thru the meadow's green and fair,  
The only thing e'er brighter than thy face.  
The radiant wild-flowers that were blooming there.

Aye, those were happy days, and still came more,  
When at that very pompous age of six.  
We marched in proudly at the schoolhouse door.  
Amid the throng of others there to fix  
Their names upon the much scrolled walls of fame;  
Where fabled Knights and King had won renown,  
And left unscarred until nished their good name.  
E'en tho the years by centuries have flown.

So passed those years and childhood's fondest dreams  
Ere the days when we might grown-ups be.  
And oft we would sit and plan and scheme  
The journeys we would take, the pleasures see.

## The Mirror

Oh some were going to travel round the world;  
While others resolved to explore the moon,  
And each was going to find some priceless pearl  
To pave the way to fortune ere life's noon.

But oh, the joy, the proud beat of our hearts,  
When high school portals opened to admit  
Us as the freshmen of that mighty part  
Of mankind-in-the-making, when one fits  
Himself to take his place out in the world,  
To wrest a living with his fellow man.  
(Continued on page fifty-nine)



## Our President's Menu

The soldiers bonus, and the 4-power pact,  
A house-boat cruise, then by railroad back,  
A big coal strike in the producing states,  
With a railroad strike cleverly in its wake.  
The farmers' bloc, then the bankers too,  
Everybody's wondering what he'll do.  
When congress hands him all the dope,  
He has more grief than the Roman Pope,  
With some its Yea, and some its Nay,  
What seemed right yesterday is wrong today.  
Then too, he must in accents grand,  
Salute the chiefs from other lands,  
Grasp their hands, and hand 'em "bull"  
Jolly 'em on until they are full,  
Satisfied that the U. S. A.  
Is the "Haven of Rest" in the world today.  
Now comes his hour of quiet repose,  
He proceeds to bed for a little dose,  
When the telephone rings right by his bed,  
Then he is promptly informed that the Pope is dead,  
"Please cable condolence, and sign it, me."  
"Good night, God bless you, and sweet dreams," said he.  
—Eva Irene Stephenson

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## The Mirror

### The Diary of a Fool

Nov. 22. This is my first entry in the new diary Mirandy got me for Xmas last year. I can't see no use in diaries, but Mirandy says all influential men keeps 'em, so of course, me bein' a member of the Social Upliftment Committee of Pumpkin Center, I got to keep up with the best of em. My bosom partner, which is Mirandy of course, has been naggin' me to write the daily happenings and leave it as a bequestment to the town when I am dead and gon'. She knows I won't have nothin' better if she keeps in her extravagant ways. I know of no worse curse to a man than an extravagant woman. When she ask me for fifty cents yeestday I lost all sense of patience.

"Woman," I cries, springing to my feet, "what on earth did you do with tthat there quarter I give you last July?" Here I kicked a stool in my anger, which brot such a twinge to my corn that I dropped the subject to Mirandy's relief. But I won't speak harsh of my lovin' wife; altho I means to hold firm in money matters from now on.

Nov. 2. I have decided to take a trip to the city as I been thinkin' bout a vacation for years now and anyway I need the rest. Mirandy was considerable s'prised and kept a hintin' an' hintin' in a round the bush way, but I pretends as tho I knows nothin' of her ways (tho I knows 'em like a book.) Women don't need vacations nohow. They never can realize how us men folks strive and works by the sweat of our perspirin' brow to get money for women to squander. But no siree with this year's profit I intends to see the annual stock show in Chicago, much as it's against my Mirandy's will.

Nov. 4. I bought me a new coat today, one of them what the clerk calls 'dusters,' but the look mighty nigh a night shirt to me. I told him so too, but he only laughed and said all swells wore 'em, so I bought me one. Well, when I got the darn thing home I didn't know which way to get into it. I thot it buttoned in the back, but Mirandy said as how that didn't look right and suggested that I wear it over my arm. Women are generally right when it comes to clothes.

Nov. 5. This morning I got up early to catch the train. Mirandy fixed my clothe in the carpet bag, and then called me to breakfast. I arose reluctantly and ate while she hooked up the old wagon. All the way to the depot she warned me of the sneaks who picks your pockets in broad daylight or sneak up behind you in the dark and you knows nothing until you arise from among the rocks minus your valuables. I looked uneasily

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## The Mirror

at my 'Elgin' watch that I got off Sa'l Dobsen for 'boot' on a horse trade, but finally decided to risk it.

Well, I got on the train and we started out after a great amount of jerkin' and backin' around 'till you didn't know whether you was a comin' or goin', but anyhow I settled down to enjoy the ride. Pretty soon a kid comes up with apples and offered me some. I was tolerably surprised as I hadn't expected refreshments. "Thanky," says I takin' a huge bite. That kid purt' night took a fit and passed some pretty fresh remarks, all about a dime. "A dime," says I, handin' the apple back, but do you know he wouldn't take it, so I had to give him a dime. I could have wept bitter tears.

I had just got over this when night began to come on; it got purty dark. I got sort o' uneasy and began to wonder if Mirandy had put my night shirt in the bag. It got still darker so I began to pull off my shoes and undo my tie; but suddenly it was light again and here we was in broad daylight. When I asked the feller what was next to me how it all happened he laughs and says "Why, you see we went thru a tunnel." I gives him some reply, but I haint figgered it out yet why they all laughed as tho somethin' funny had happened. I thot it was pretty dangerous. This goin' thru tunnels ain't nothin' to laugh about.

Pretty soon it did come night and they showed me to my berth, the why the calls 'em berths is a wonder to me. I crawled in, makin' no sarcastic remarks, and tried to sleep, but hunger kept a gnawin' at my vitals till I arose and made my way to the seat I had set in and participated in Mirandy's lunch. When I was satisfied I started back to bed; but they was all alike to me. I finally found mine and crawled in. I was startled by a terrifying screech that'd a made a Indian blush for shame and made my back go cold in the region of my spinal cord.

"Help! Help!" shrieked a female voice, and at the same time some one grabbed my beard, thinning it out by at least a half a dozen hands full a hair. Heads begun to appear from behind curtains and me, bein' an honorable man begun to wonder as I made my way to my right place, if this scandal would ever reach Pumpkin Center.

Nov. 6.—We reached the city and I was hopin' for the best as I stepped down from the train. Suddenly a man seized my grip and shout-ed "Taxi" so loud I nearly swooned but I pushed him away roughly. My Mirandy was right, this world is full of thieves. Here I had barely been in the city five minutes when I was assaulted. I heard a roar and looked up and saw a train goin' right over my head. I was so took back I couldn't move until suddenly a car whizzed by me so clost it must made my coat

## The Mirror

tails smoke. A policeman grabbed me by the shoulder an' said if I was a lookin' for lodgin' to go right across the street. My, but that hotel was some place. Everyone was a runnin' around a waitin' on me. I told 'em I wanted some rooms and to bring the proprietor as I wanted to talk to him. Well, when the teller said they could supply me for \$8 a day I actually forgot to make my usual remarks. I jus' calmly but firmly walked out, a holdin' my waist tight. Upon my reachin' the street I found it had set in to rain, so I went inter a show, a 'movie' they called it, but we didn't move much as I could see. The show was fine for a while as then they started it all over again an' I got tired. I couldn't sleep than as some teller was a thumpin' away on pianos an' drum an' things.

Suddenly I felt some one shakin' my shoulder and makin' stingin' remarks about all night joints ter hay seeds. Well, I got out o' there purty quick and spent the rest o' the night on a park bench.

Nov. 7. Woke up this mornin' stiff an' cold; the city didn't look so good to me as it did and I wisht I was home. I went to a eatin' joint and got what I usually get to home tho not in such generous amounts as Mirandy gives me. I reached for my wallet an' my eyes bulged out from their sockets as I felt my empty pockets. "Gone!" I grew numb an' finally wept in my wretchedness. I still had enough to go home on, but I had figgered on gettin' Mirandy a present at the 15e store an' havin' her do the chores for the next month to pay fer it.

My thots are gloozey an' I have decided that this here is a cold, hard world and nchin' but a place o' sin. It ain't worth my writin' about the crudeness of it all. I bid you, my diary, farewell, afore I toast you from the winder, fer I waddent have Mirandy read you fer the world. No stree!

—Helen Jones.



T h e M i r r o r

## The Reformation

"What ails papa, Mother?" said a sweet little girl  
Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl;  
"I love him and kiss him and sit on his knee,  
But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me."

"But Mother," her eyes opened wide as she spoke,  
"Do you like those kisses of bacco and smoke?  
They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls,  
I don't think they're nice," and she tossed her curls.

"Don't nobodies papa have mouths nice and clean,  
With kisses like yours, Mamma, that's what I mean.  
I want to kiss papa, I love him so well;  
But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell.

"It's nasty to smoke and eat bacco and spit;  
And the kisses aint good and aint sweet not a bit."  
And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust,  
As she spoke out her verdict so earnest and just.

"Yes, yes, little darling, your wisdom has seen  
That kisses for wives and daughters should be clean,  
For kisses lose something of their nectar and bliss,  
From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss."



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T h e M i r r o r

## The Class of Twenty-four

There's a class in the old High School,  
Called the Class of Twenty-Four,  
Whose examples will be ruling,  
This school for evermore.

Just pause a moment in your work,  
And backwardly recall,  
When a bunch of bright green Freshmen  
Came trooping through the hall.

In that year of Nineteen-Twenty,  
When our Sophomore class began,  
We were afraid of the upper classmen,  
Said "We'll dodge them if we can."

But now these days are over,  
And we are counted in the throng.  
We'll show you our ability,  
Just how we are never wrong.

Just two more years before us,  
And then we'll make a start,  
To gain a loftier ascension,  
In which we must all take part.

Now just keep your eyes wide open,  
And fixed upon the door.  
In college you'll see us ascending,  
Our big class of Twenty-Four.

—Edith Price

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## T h e M i r r o r

The 9:15 Student

Of all my most unlucky fate  
My saddest fault is being late.  
Just drifting in is my greatest vice,  
I'm late every day not less than twice.  
This morning when I entered school,  
I set just like a big, slow, fool.  
My teacher sent me for an excuse,  
I thought I'd shuff, but what's the use?  
So I've got my permit and I've wound "Big Ben."  
You won't catch 'yours truly' behind time again.



## Old and Pleasant Custom

Kissing is an established custom in all countries inhabited by white people who refrain at times from eating onions. It is a practice that insures the longevity and universal distribution of germ life, and encourages the habit of matrimony.

Some one who didn't know much about kissing said years ago that stolen kisses are sweetest. The opinion is still quoted, but all persons who have had any experience in kissing know better. A kiss is never wholly satisfactory unless the kisser and kissee show an equal degree of enthusiasm for the project.

Kissing a pretty girl does not afford the unallowed bliss it is commonly supposed to afford. If she has never been kissed before, her performance is crude and lifeless and, therefore, a little bit disappointing, and if she has been kissed too often she displays a degree of technique that robs the kiss of its flavor. In the old days the flavor of a kiss was imaginary; you couldn't taste anything but girl. But frequently the modern girl's kiss has the stale and unprofitable flavor of rouge. Some day a shrewd manufacturer will put out a line of rouge in all the popular flavors, vanilla, strawberry, lemon and the like—and then each girl can offer her young man the flavor he prefers.



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## Just By Watching

Did you ever sit in assembly,  
When the Students were at work,  
And look about you—just for fun,  
To see how some folks shirk?  
There's some who are really trying  
To concentrate in a book.  
While others are just loafing;  
If you don't believe—just look.  
There are some who are even smiling,  
And some who always frown;  
You'll get all these impressions  
If you slowly look around.  
There's some who sit up wide awake.  
Some are floundering in a bog:  
And some who wear a troubled look  
Resemble Tom Brown's dog.  
Now Tom Browns dog was a good old dog,  
Until he sat on the "burr,"  
And then he immediately began to howl  
Just like a lazy cur.  
So when you sit in the assembly hall,  
No matter if you are in a fog,  
Sit up and look as live as you can;  
Don't be like Tom Brown's dog.

L. T.-23.



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# MUSIC

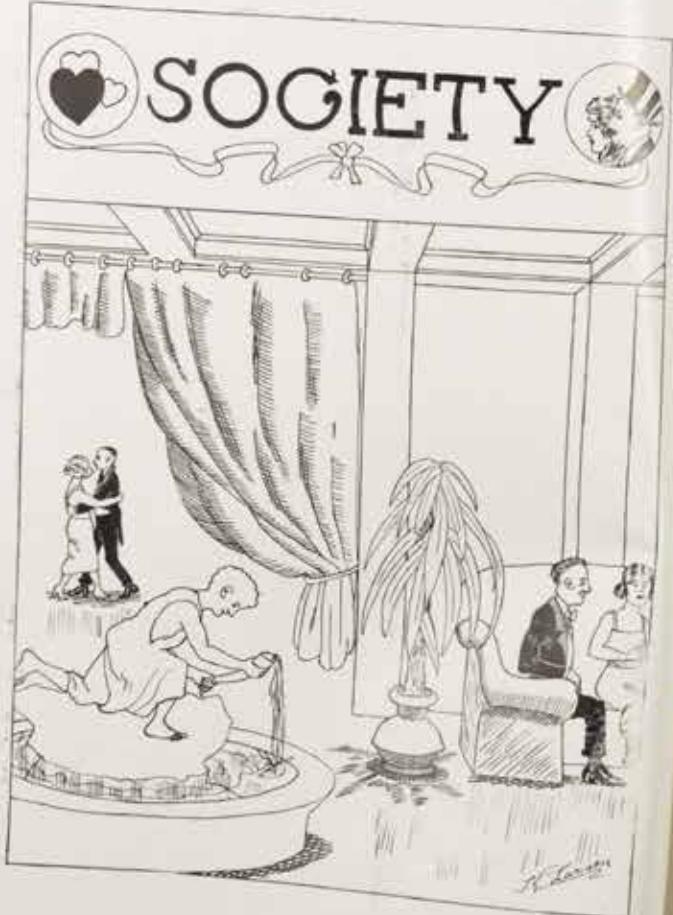


T h e M i r r o r

# MUSIC

The musical organizations of the school this year are: The Girls Glee Club, The Boys Glee Club, the Girls Double Quartette, the Boys Quartette, and the Band. Other musical organizations have taken an active part in the public and school entertainments. The different divisions were represented in public entertainments, as well as solos, both instrumental and vocal. The students taking vocal training were under the direction of Miss Merle Thomas. Mr. R. H. Davis acted as the band instructor.





Society was not as prompt as usual this year at school. This may be explained by the fact that everyone attending was waiting to enter the new high school building. Since we entered in January the social calendar has had many additions.

The social life of the school for this term began with the All-School party, given in December, at the old H. S. building. Everyone was merry, and it was a real Christmas party from the first number of the programs to the serving of sacks of nuts and candy.

Great was the delight when Sunday, January fifteenth, came. This day the Juniors and Seniors, with the Faculty, proceeded to the hay-lands in large sleighs for the purpose of spending the day skating. The ice was fine—and oh, those weenies! About seventy-five were present and all report a most wonderful time. However, many were harboring bumps and bruises for weeks.

On February third, after we entered the new H. S. building, we felt that it would be a good time to test the new floor. It was arranged that the dance should be given under the auspices of the Annual staff. It netted a good time for the dancers and a neat sum for the Annual.

On the evening of the M. H. S.-W. H. S. basketball game was played, the Juniors and Seniors, to show their appreciation of the work and sacrifice of our boys, spread a bounteous luncheon in the cafeteria. The boys declared that it was wonderful and expressed the greatest gratitude.

One week later the City Government felt that they, too, needed a little extra change. A dance was given by them. This proved to be as successful as the one the previous week.

After we returned from our "Flu" vacation, everyone felt like dancing. Inasmuch as the Annual again needed money, the dance was given under the auspices of the staff. To make it different, a basket dance was planned. All went well until time to partake of the dainty lunches, when it was learned that there were two boys for every girl present. Oh, Girls, where were you? The boys managed to get along on a half share apiece and all went well. Saint Patrick decorations were carried out on all the baskets.

The Seniors, in being somewhat backward, made their party of

## The Mirror

March 24th a genuine success. The members of the faculty, with the Juniors, were the guests of the evening. From the singing of "Home Sweet Home" by the Seniors, to address of welcome, the party was a real success. Music, dancing and light refreshments were the entertaining features.

On March 31st the Sophomores gave a delightful party for themselves, faculty and partners. Every moment was enjoyed by those present—even to the cream puffs. How that red pepper did burn! The evening was spent in a short program, games and dancing and refreshments. A jolly crowd left late that night for home.

The Annual Prom, given by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors, was a decided success. The hall was artistically decorated in the class colors. Punch and wafers were served from a very prettily decorated booth. Youth was present in all its splendor, and from the Grand March by the Juniors and Seniors, to the "Home Sweet Home," everyone had a wonderful time. A special orchestra furnished the music.

April 14th, being the election day in the Malad High School government, the City Council officiated at the election dance, and during the evening election returns were given. Each of the winning candidates gave a short talk. Everyone present expressed the idea that they had had an excellent evening.

On Thursday, April 20th, the Freshmen entertained the faculty and their partners at a well-arranged party. Easter decorations were in evidence. Games, dancing and light refreshments furnished the entertainment for the evening. The president of the Freshmen did not arrive at exactly the appointed time. Dame Rumor has it that he was kidnapped by the boisterous Sophs. Everyone reported a splendid time, even to the Frosh president.

Taking it from all points of view, it has been a very successful year.



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## The Mirror

### A Senior's Reminiscences

(Continued from page forty-four)

From nature's elements and then to hurl  
Aside the things that aid not in life's plan.

Perhaps, sometime in future's distant day,  
We shall be as fortunate and win success;  
But even then we'll think of high school days  
With hearts of longing and with deep regrets  
That those days could not last, aye and anon.  
We'll long for those whose friendship brot us joy,  
And wish that we might always be as one  
Great lasting union with no false decay.

—Lucille Anderson.



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# SPORTS



R. Larson

# ATHLETICS

## Basket Ball

Out of ten players of last year's squad two responded when the whistle blew for practice. Somehow the outside towns knew that the M. H. S. was in need of players and responded nobly. Samaria sent us Walt Williams, Dan Martin, Dan Jones and Virgil Evans. Holbrook and Mount View were not to be out done and contributed Joe Earl and Glen Haws, respectively. These with Dave Thomas, Leo Williams, Stan Christensen, Fred Howard, Earl Evans, and John McAulister made up the squad for the year. The season, though short, was really a successful one; from the games won, the spirit aroused in the school, the support received from the townspeople and the good sportsmanship displayed by students and team. Out of nine games played, seven were won, on account of the flu since the team was unable to go to the Pocatello tournament. This was a severe blow to the hopes of the team and students, for they firmly believed that the team would have been able to make a very creditable showing at the tournament. In fact, the Weston players stated that had Malad gone, they would have won second place.

Walt Williams, the smiling center from Samaria, played his first year for the M. H. S. and did exceptionally well. Walt, as a player has everything in his favor; is built for it, is speedy, aggressive, keeps his head in a pinch and likes the game. No matter how far ahead or behind his team is he plays the same and, coupled with his ability as a basket shooter, great things are expected of him next year.

Captain Dave Thomas, the sensational little forward, was at his best this year. When Dave is good, he was very, very good, in fact, he just couldn't be stopped. His basket shooting was sensational and, coupled with his speed, made him a very hard man to guard. As he is a graduate, he will be lost to next year's team, but we know that Dave will be boasting as hard for us next year as if he played for M. H. S.

Last year Leo tried out as forward and could not adjust himself to the scoring end of the hall. This year, after a few days trial as guard, he quickly found himself and surprised his most ardent admirers in the splendid way he performed. He quickly picked up the art of dribbling; was a splendid floor man and was the best interceptor of passes on the team. Time and time again his opponents would work the ball down the

T h e M i r r o r



Reading from left to right the players are:  
Daniel Martin, David W. Thomas, Leo Williams, John McAllister, Virgil Evans, Daniel Jones and Walter Williams.  
Coach Dan T. Williams seated.

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T h e M i r r o r

floor only to have him step in and get the ball and send it down to Dave or Dan. Leo too, will also be lost to M. H. S. by graduation, at the end of the present year.

The end of the hall to receive the most censure and the least praise in the guard end. Last year John showed to best advantage in the game with Cherry Creek and if any one doubts his mixing ability, ask an old graduate from that place. After a poor start, John quickly found himself and was a power of strength on the defence. He became especially good in getting passes by the opposition. He expects to join the Alumni Association when school closes and will leave a hole in next year's team that will be hard to fill.

When the fans heard that Dan Jones, the big, awkward boy, had made the team they came to censure; but when they saw him play, they remained to praise. They thought him slow but somehow, he eluded his guards and shot basket after basket. As baskets are what wins a game, great praise is due him. He was an accurate passer, a sure shot at the basket and was the best man at jumping up and tipping the ball into the basket. He was always in the game and if he can surprise everyone as much next year as he did this, he will be an indispensable asset to next year's team.

Too much praise can not be given to the reserves, as they make the first team. The seconds were put in up at Inkom and played practically the entire game. When they were taken out, the score was even and during the remainder of the game, with the first team in, Inkom won. With Stan and Dan back for guards, Fred Howard for center, Glen Haws, Virgil Evans and Joseph Earl for forward and some of this year's regulars back, the hole left by graduation will be filled up in a creditable manner. Next year, Maist High should have the best basket ball team in its history. Success to them.



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T h e M f r r o r



Heading from left to right, the Second team players are:  
Joseph Earl, Earl Evans, Glen Haws, Stanley Christensen, Harry Thompson  
and Fred Howard. Coach Dan T. Williams seated.

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T h e M i r r o r



#### RECORD

For M. H. S.	31	McCammon	22
For M. H. S.	47	Arimo	16
For M. H. S.	37	B. R. H. S.	35
For M. H. S.	18	Arimo	11
For M. H. S.	19	McCammon	17
For M. H. S.	31	B. R. H. S.	12
For M. H. S.	16	Weston	32
For M. H. S.	24	Hyrum A. C.	28
For M. H. S.	21	Mahal Legion	19
TOTAL	241	TOTAL	189

In the class basket ball series, the Juniors finally won first place, defeating the Freshmen in a tie-off game.

#### Our Coach

The success of the M. H. S. basket ball team during the past two years are due to our coach—Mr. Williams. The adverse conditions under which they played and practiced—cold hall, no bath, and a mile from school—added greatly to the responsibility of the coach and detracted from the success of the team. He taught the team to be clean and to play at all times in a sportsmanlike manner.

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## The M. H. S. Football

On account of the M. H. S. being so far away from schools that play foot ball, it was impossible to play many games. Two were played with Downey, M. H. S. winning both easily. The first game at Downey was won by the score of 24-0 and on their return, 33-0. The outstanding features were the line plunging of Scottie and the drop kicking by Ben Harding. All players did exceptionally well and splendid material was developed for next year. It was clearly demonstrated that if expense could be overcome, M. H. S. could hold her own with the best of them.

The pre-season dope on base ball favors the Sophomores to win first; with the Freshies and Juniors fighting for second place. Leaving the Seniors to fight it out with the losers of the Freshie-Junior game for the cellar position. If the faculty can furnish one or two stars out of their unknowns, the Juniors may be doomed for the booty prize.





## Seniors

LUBLINE ANDERSON  
MAE BISSELL  
INES BEULHEI  
MARGARET BUSH  
RUTH BOWEN  
RENNIE DESCHAMPS  
ETHEL DANIELS  
DAVE EVANS  
LAWRENCE EVANS  
MILDRED EVANS  
KENNETH FREDRICKSON  
MERILL FORD  
GWENFRED EVANS  
EVAN JONES  
MILDRED JONES  
HELEN JONES  
CLAUDE KEENS  
FLORA KOHLER  
ETHEL MADSEN

JAMES MCKAY  
JOHN McALISTER  
ALLENE PECK  
KATE RICHARDS  
EDITH STUART  
MABEL SCOTT  
DAVID W. THOMAS  
AMELIA THOMAS  
LESTER TOVEY  
RALPH HANSON  
ELLIS HARRIS  
JUNIUS CROWTHER  
ANNA JONES  
MARY WARD  
SADIE WILLIAMS  
LEO WILLIAMS  
HANNA WILLIAMS  
APTON ZUNDL  
WILLIAM JONES  
DANIEL O. JONES



## Juniors

RUTH BOWEN  
INES BEULHEI  
MELVIN CASTLETON  
STANLEY CHRISTENSEN  
THELMA CROWTHER  
MARY DAVIS  
GERALD DAVIS  
BEN DESCHAMPS  
HETTIE DREDGE  
ANGELINE DESCHAMPS  
EARL EVANS  
DAVE EVANS  
LEON EVANS  
EDITH EVANS  
ERMA EVANS  
ELI ELDOCK  
RUTH FORD  
THELMA HALL  
SPENCER HALL  
MAMIE HILL  
ARTA HATFIELD  
ANNA JONES  
LILLIE JONES

MILDRED JONES  
EVAN E. JONES  
DANIEL O. JONES  
DANIEL D. JONES  
DANIEL W. JONES  
LAVERN MARTIN  
EARL MADSEN  
ETHEL NICHOLAS  
EDITH REESE  
EMILY REESE  
ANN THOMAS  
EVELYN THOMAS  
RUTH THOMAS  
DAVID W. THOMAS  
LESTER TOVEY  
KLMINA KOHLER  
KUNICK WARD  
JOE WARD  
LYLE WILLIAMS  
UNELLA WILLIAMS  
DARRELLE THOMAS  
MARY WOOZLEY  
KARA BELL HUGHES

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## Sophomores

MAUD EVANS  
DANIEL MARTIN  
EDITH THOMAS  
ROBERTS HATCH  
EPH BOLINGBROKE  
JOHN LUSK  
BEN LUSK  
ROLAND JONES  
JOE DAVIS  
CLEON THOMAS  
VAUGHN EVANS  
WILLIAM ANDERSON  
ROBERT BENNING  
DOLPH MOON  
ROSIE COLTON  
LEWIS L. JONES  
ELVIRA DESCHAMPS  
VIOLA PALMER  
KENNA TOVEY  
MARY JONES  
KATHERINE WILLIAMS  
EDNA SAWYER  
GEORGE ZUNDL  
MYRTUS EVANS  
RAY JONES  
EDITH REYNOLDS  
EVA STEPHENSON  
MARY SMITH  
EDITH PRICE  
VIOLA SHERIFF  
ELIZABETH COX  
EDNA ILLUM  
FLORENCE HOLBROOK  
IDA HOWELL  
LARUE JENSEN  
BOY EARL  
GLADYS SWENSON  
DELILA BUSH  
ELEANOR GIBBS

ELIZABETH HARNETT  
VERNA HELL  
REBECCA JONES  
THELMA HILL  
EVA HUTTERBALE  
VELDA WILLIAMS  
LARUE ROSE  
WALTER WILLIAMS  
BEN HARDING  
DOSHIA JONES  
DONALD JENSEN  
ROYAL SWENSON  
OWEN DAVIS  
MILTON JONES  
ROYAL MOSS  
WALTER JONES  
THOMAS DAYES  
ILDE WILLIAMS  
LORIN PRICE  
WARREN HILL  
LEROY JONES  
EVAN PIERCE  
LESTER RUSH  
DELTA ARBON  
FRED HOWARD  
BYRON JONES  
LESEA EVANS  
MYRTLE CALL  
EVA MONSON  
WALTER MARLEY  
HESSEE HARRISON  
RAYMOND LUNDY  
EARL EVANS  
V. UTORIA WILLIAMS  
BETH WALDRON  
HANNAH STUART  
MELVIN HANSON  
GENEVA HANSON  
DAVID E. EVANS

Page Sixty-nine



# freshmen

WELTON ALLEN  
MABEL ANDERSON  
LUCILE ANDERSON  
WARREN ASHTON  
IRENE BIGLER  
GENE BISSELL  
EVELYN BOLINGBROKE  
VICTOR BELL  
VELDA BURNHAM  
ELIZABETH CHRISTENSEN  
DELORA COLTON  
CARL CHAPMAN  
CARMEN DAVIS  
PEARL DAVIS  
OPHAA DAVIS  
UTHER DAVIS  
DANIEL DAVIS  
THELMA DREDGE  
JOSEPH EARL  
VIRGIL EVANS  
MARIA EVANS  
MARY EVANS  
MARY J. EVANS  
DAVE EZELL  
JENNIE ELCOCK  
ERMA DECKER  
MERLE DANIELS  
MILLIE FIFIELD  
CLOTEAL HARDMAN  
LEE HARDMAN  
MARY HILL  
KATIE HILL  
WALLACE HILL  
FLOYD HILL  
FLOYD HOUSE  
GLEN HAWS  
EDITH HUGHES  
FRED HORBLACHER  
KEAO HERALD  
MARTIN HALL  
THELMA HAWKS  
HELEN HANSEN  
VERDA HANSEN  
LUCILLE HOLBROOK  
GRACE HOWELL  
MABEL HANCOCK  
LEWIS W. JONES  
MABEL JONES  
HAZEL T. JONES  
HAZEL M. JONES  
LAURA JONES  
LOTTIE JONES  
SARA JONES  
WINNIE JONES  
CLAUDE JONES  
ELEANOR JONES  
LEOLA JONES  
PEARL JONES  
ADA JONES  
JOHN JAMES  
ANNIE JAME S  
MAE KOHLER  
RUTH KINGSBURY  
MARIAN KEEBS  
KENNETH LARSON  
MAE LARSON  
HENRIETTA MORGAN  
GEORGE MCKAY  
LOWELL MILLS  
RUTH MCKAY  
EUGENE MOSS  
LAWRENCE MORGAN  
RACHEL MIFFLIN  
JOHN MARTIN  
ELENE NOBLE  
CHARLES NELSON  
CLEOPHIA PETERSON  
MARIANNE PIERCE  
CLIFFORD RIPLEY  
CLARENCE RIPLEY

Page Seventy

# The Mirror

STANFORD RICHARDS  
BEN RICHARDS  
DALE STUART  
NATHAN SCOTT  
DOROTHY STOWE  
GENEVIEVE SCOTT  
GEORGE STUART  
ALVA SCOTT  
ELMER SMITH  
TIMOTHY SMITH  
DEVOLA SORENSEN  
MELBA THOMAS  
SARA THOMAS  
WARREN THOMAS  
LEONA REESE  
VIRGINIA ROSE  
HILLIE REYNOLDS  
LEROY ROBERTS  
LEROY ROBERTS  
VERNAL RICHARD  
THEO RICHARDS  
ELIZA THOMAS  
THEODORE THOMAS  
JAMES THOMAS  
MARGARET THOMAS  
KENNETH THOMAS  
LIZZIE THOMAS  
MARY THORPE  
HARRY THOMPSON  
EDNA THOMPSON  
CLYDE THOMPSON  
ROBERT THOMSEN  
IDA WARD  
GLADYS WILSON  
VERLIN WILLIAMS  
JANNIE WILLIAMS  
MABEL WILLIAMS  
LAVON WILLIAMS  
HAROLD WILLIAMS  
EARL WILLIAMS  
IVA WILLIAMS  
LAMAR WILLIAMS



Page Seventy-one

T h e M i r r o r

Will of Class of '22

(Continued From Page Twenty-six)

The large and innocent, wide-awake eyes of Mildred Jones are to be given to Leroy Roberts.

Dave Thomas' love of argument is hereby given to Thelma Dredge.

Ruth Bowen desires that her matrimonial ideals be bequeathed to Edith Reese.

To all future Freshies, Amelia Theonus leaves her love(?) of geometry.

Daniel O. Jones wills his heart to the Junior girls.

Edith Stuart leaves her playful giggle to Ida Howell.

Lawrence Evans leaves his great ability at public speaking to Fred Horlacher.

Inez Benhier leaves her love of M. H. S. boys to Ruth Ford.

Junius Crowther leaves his promptness and class spirit to whom-ever will take that burden.

Very graciously Hannah Williams consents to the willing of her smile to Theodore Thomas.

We Seniors as a class leave:

To the Freshies the various notes and rolls of waste paper which we may have left lying around, to be used in making spit-balls for their own entertainment.

To the Sophomores, our high base-ball record.

To the Juniors, our hopes of their becoming just as strong and enterprising as we.

To the M. H. S. as a whole, we give our best wishes for its growth and progression in the future, and leave our undying gratitude for the good times we have had and the lessons we have learned.

—Lurline Anderson.



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OUR HERO

For days I arrived at that hour,  
And listened, not daring to stir,  
In his case held me in silence  
Outside the old oak door.  
The voice of the stranger grew stronger,  
or  
in accents of splendor divine  
And name in my ears than a keyhole  
In sweetest of music outline.

Then one day I stood there in silence  
The voice staid as if from the dead.  
The sunlight swept into the hallway  
From a transom just over my head.  
The voice was so plaintive and pleading  
"Oh, dear, were there quenches and  
long?"  
Then trembling I turned slow the door  
Knob.  
Tear Ramsey there with the bugs-

IF — IF — IF

If a carafe rings does Verna Bell?  
If the H. C. L. would stop would  
Edith Price?  
If we were threshing grain would  
Spencer Hall?  
If a cow barks does Grace Howell?  
If James McKee is chief of posies is  
Viola Sheriff?  
If Edna saved your door would Edna  
Sawyer window?  
If bears are grizzly is Mary West-  
ley?  
If Hanson is Edie's, is Kathryn Wil-  
liams?  
If a dog was chasing Mary would Joe  
Ward it off?  
If grapes are raisins is Claud Karn?  
(curtains)  
If a possum tree is Margaret Bush?  
Larie sat down on a thorn; Larie  
Rose.

IF

A baby cock's cock-rel,  
And a baby hen's a pullet,  
And a baby cow's a butter-  
Is a baby bull —  
A bullet?

Page Seventy-three

# The Mirror

I.F.

If you save money—you're a miser,  
If you spend it—you're a rouser.  
If you keep it—you're a tightwad.  
If you make it—you're a graftie.  
If you don't—you're a fool.  
(So what the h--- the use?)

Speaking of hard luck, how about  
the girls who spent all her allowance  
on the famous "robed king" and then  
got her knees all black and blue from  
dancing with a fellow with a wooden  
leg.

## Tragedy Recipe

One reckless, natural-born fool,  
Two or three drinks of bad liquor;  
A fast, high-powered motor car;  
Soak the fool well in the liquor,  
place him in the car and let him go;  
in due time, remove from wreckage,  
place in black satin-lined box and  
garnish with flowers.

Two Freshies were engaged in conversation when one of them became very much annoyed at the persistent attentions of a large fly.

"Harry, what kind of a fly is that?"  
"Why, that's a horse-fly."  
"What's a horse-fly?"  
"A horse-fly is a fly that buzzes around horses and cows and mules."  
"Do you intend to call me a male?"  
"No, I ain't aintin' to call you no name, but you can't fool them horse-flies."

Mrs. Perkins was endeavoring to explain to her sociology class that both parents have an equal influence upon the life of a child. "For," she concluded gravely, "you will find that a man is as much the son of his father as he is the daughter of his mother."

"Well," said Mr. Perkins one morning, "I have just been reading that there are 600 ways of cooking potatoes."

"What of that?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"Don't you think if you tried real hard you could learn one of them?"

## HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

As I slept one day I dreamed  
All things were turned about,  
Miss Taylor came and spoke to me  
But she was short and stout.

(Chorus)

A thin pole next came to my view,  
I started up to see,  
But Mr. Williams craned his neck  
And said "Do you know me?"

(Chorus)

Then came a man so sour and grim,  
I could not speak for fear,  
Twas Mr. Decker. Sure as fate  
He'll fail all this year.

(Chorus)

Next came a man whom everyone  
Was buffeting about,  
They blessed him right and blessed him  
Left;

Our Principal, no doubt.

(Chorus)

A woman came, extremely large,  
As silent as could be;  
With dimples set in sternness;  
Miss Jones, as I could see.

(Chorus)

A little man held by the hand  
A woman five feet tall,  
Who whispered softly in his ear,  
"Let's run away next fall."

(Chorus)

I'm sure you'll be surprised and shocked  
at,

To know this couple's name,  
Mr. Ramsey was the handsome man,  
Miss Vail she was the dame.

(Chorus)

And then a sin burst on my ears  
The halls with laughter ring,  
It was Miss Thomas' hour at noon  
And all began to sing.

(Chorus)

Highschool days, Highschool days,  
Good old Highschool days,  
Assembly music with music,  
In good old Highschool days.

Mr. Decker: "Who's there?"

Burglar: "Lie still and keep quiet.

I'm looking for money."

Mr. Decker: "Wait, I'll get up and

look with you."

# The Mirror

Miss Vail: "It seems that every time I open my mouth today, I put my foot in it."

Hannah H.: "I don't see how football players ever get clean."

Gusell: "Well, we have a scrub team."

Miss Jones: "What tense are you using?"

Hatch: "Present."

Freshie: "Pa, won't you buy me a microscope to help me with my mathematics?"

Pa: "What good will a microscope do you?"

Freshie: "Ramsey said it would multiply rapidly."

Lee: "Ever hear the story about the two trumpets?"

Beth: "Yah, a-hum John."

Ramsey, in Physics: "What would you do if you had an eight-sided yours?"

Larline: "I'd go jump in the river."

Father, lecturing his son: "Suppose I should be taken away suddenly; what would become of you?"

Son: "Oh, I'd be here all right, Governor; the question is: What would become of you?"

Dave E.: "Your pocketbook didn't seem to grow any fatter."

Lee: "No, there's no change."

Decker, in assembly: "Order, order at once!"

Sleepy Junior: "Roast beef 'n a cup o' coffee."

Sophomore—Up,  
Junior—Nearly Up,  
Senior—Coming Up,  
Freshie—Starting Up,  
Faculty—Blown Up!

## The Mirror

When Freshies fight they scatter  
But when Seniors fight one gets hurt

**A Sophomore Girl's Affair**  
I've encouraged you with singing,  
And I've caused you an ailing song.  
I've tried weeping on your shoulders  
All to help my soul along.

I've been innocent, and dare I say,  
Bashless, gay—and when no  
Other man fell just like me, just  
Darn you, dearest, was that a sin?

**Fundamentals of Arithmetic**  
He was trying to teach me arithmetic.  
He thought it was me sinning.  
He kissed her nose,  
He kissed her toes, and said "now  
that's addition."  
Then there followed minus, by which  
In arithmetic meant,  
Tinily she gave me but,  
And said "Now that's subtraction."  
Then he kissed her and said minus  
him.

Without an explanation,  
Then both together kissed and  
said,  
"That's multiplication."  
But dad appeared upon the scene,  
And with his great decisiveness,  
He kicked him miles away and said,  
"This is long division."

Teacher—"What is space?"  
Freshman—"I have it in me, mind  
but I can't explain it."

**A woodpecker** flew into Freshie's  
head.  
He jerked and he picked, but as usual  
He fell dead.

### LOST

- 1—A new overcoat he going to a  
freshie with a green lining.
- 2—A pair of shoes belonging to a  
sophomore with a red work out.
- 3—One hundred narrative poems  
by a junior with a blue binding.

Mr. Williams was explaining the  
different cuts of beef. "Well—" in-  
quired a Freshie, "where do they get  
the pork chops?"

### One at a Time, Girls

The locker bell began wof the  
coach on the bulletin board, "will was  
their new coach, on Friday night.  
The trustees have not arrived yet."

### BLESSINGS

Blessed is the Freshie who doesn't  
consider His Parents a couple of idiots.  
Blessed is the Sophomore flapper  
who isn't decorated like a red herring.  
Blessed is the teacher who thinks a  
student is intelligent enough to belong  
to one of his classes.

Blessed is the girl who can refrain  
from saying "I told you so," when  
some boy makes a mistake in answer-  
ing a question.

Blessed is the only child of some  
family who does not enjoy telling us  
how to treat our brothers and sisters.  
Blessed is the teacher who can  
be asked the same question by every  
member of the class and yet hold his  
temper.

Blessed is the student who can study  
a lesson after a day's absence and not  
have to go to the teacher and get the  
assignment.

Blessed is the student who can get  
all the problems assigned in Geometry  
and not be called upon to explain one  
of them.

Blessed is the president of any class  
who can put a proposition before a  
class and have it passed without being  
changed.

### Great Light

The skipper was examining an am-  
bitious sophomore who wanted to be  
garners mate.

"How much does a six pound shell  
weight?" he asked.

"I don't know," the Sophomore con-  
fessed.

"Well, what time does the 12 o'clock  
train leave?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"All right, then how much does a  
six pound shell weigh?"

"Ah," said the youthful skipper,  
"Twelve pounds."

A pair in a hammock  
Attempted to kiss,  
In less than a jiffy,  
They landed right side down.

## The Mirror

### Friends of the Mirror

Let us now introduce us to our advertisers. The advertisements that appear on the following pages stand off the biggest and most prominent concerns in this community. These advertisers are back of the M. H. S. and the Mirror.

We gratefully say that their patronage has made this edition of the Mirror possible, so let us return their kindness and make them feel that their patronage has not only aided us, but has increased the volume of their business also.



MALAD STAKE FAMILY  
HISTORY CENTER  
MALAD, IDAHO 83252

*A Suitable Gift*

## *for the Graduate*

Ladies' Wrist Watches

Gent's or Young Men's Watches

(All Standard Makes)

Class Rings or Class Pins

(Made to Order)

Shaeffer or Conklin Fountain Pens or Pencils

Eastman Kodaks, *the Best by Test*

**R. B. DAVIS**

DRUGS and JEWELRY

## THE VARIETY STORE

Decorations  
Party Supplies



**EVANS**

Co-Op. Company

*Malad, Idaho*



We are Headquarters  
for

*Wearing Apparel,*  
Ladies Ready to Wear  
Dry Goods,  
Notions,

*Boys and Young Men's Furnishings.*

*Shoes for all Ages and Any Purpose*





That fellow has just come out of.....

## The Toggery

I'll bet he saved some money, and got perfect fitting clothes.

Parquette & Hanson

UTAH-IDAHO SCHOOL SUPPLY  
COMPANY

"Everything  
for Schools"

155 South State Street  
Salt Lake City, Utah

WATCHES

JEWELRY

Graduation Gifts  
of All Kinds

## The Gift Shop

WEBB, The Jeweler  
*If It's From Webb's It's Good*

REPAIRING

SONG HITS

## Barber Shop

If you are looking for a shave and a hair-cut—or anything else in the barber line, why not give us a chance to serve you?

All work first class, and we strive to satisfy.

We have the coolest shop in town in the summer.

## Baths In Connection

Known as Nelson's old stand, under Brannock Street Pharmacy.

S. H. AVEY

# CASH!

We pay the Highest Cash Price for

Cream, Eggs  
and Poultry

Make Your Cream Cheek Bigger by  
Bringing Your Cream to Us.

Full Line of Chick Feed and  
Poultry Supplies

W. J. Francis

Next to Jones & Richards'

All Individual Pictures, as well as the photographs of Classes and Athletic Teams that are reproduced in this book, were taken by—

C. A. ERICKSON

WE congratulate you—our boys and girls. Graduation, another life's epoch. Not burdens, but merely added responsibilities await you.

Selling homes, hardware and paint is our profession. You are our future customers; we are interested in you.

To be given the opportunity to assist you with our experience, we believe, will be of mutual benefit.

*Malad Lumber & Hardware Co.*

## *Quality and Service*

This store stands for Quality and Service. That's why Kuppenheimer Clothes, Brown's Shoes, No Name Hats and Munsingwear are here, and their same Quality Standard is evidenced in every thing sold by this store.

T. M. THOMAS' SONS  
*The Quality Shop*  
MALAD CITY, IDAHO

SAFETY ORGANIZATION SERVICE



J. N. IRELAND & CO., BANKERS  
MALAD, IDAHO

"Let This Bank Be Your Bank"

D. W. JONES

FULL LINE OF

FANCY GROCERIES  
CONFECTIONERY

SCHOOL SUPPLIES  
of Every Description

*Ice Cream and Soft Drinks*  
*Try Our New Fountain*

SERVICE AND DEPENDABLE  
MERCANDISE ALWAYS AT  
YOUR COMMAND HERE

*Give Us a Call*

*Henry's Cafe*

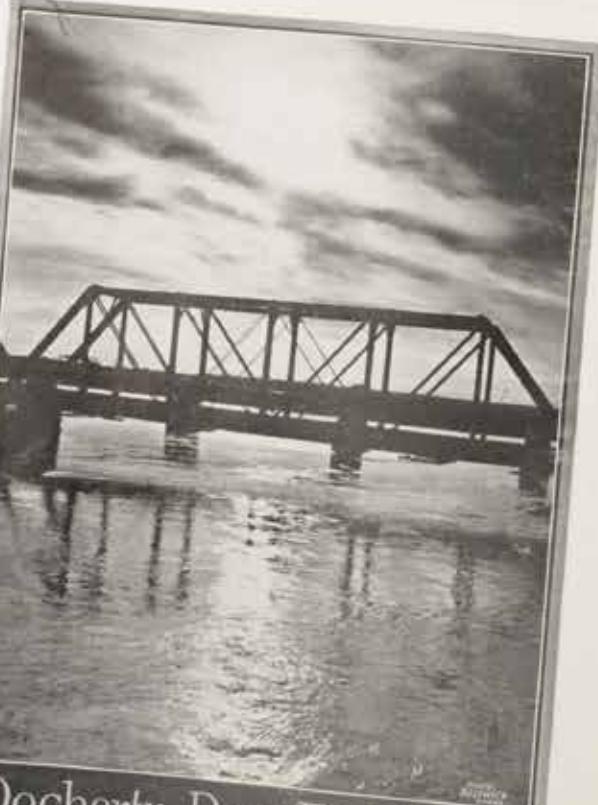


Open From 6 to 12

PARTY DINNERS  
A SPECIALTY

*Best Cafe in Town*

IT'S SO CLEAN AND  
HOMELIKE



Docherty Deep Etch "Cuts"  
Halftones • Zinc Etchings • Color Plates  
Commercial Art.  
The Chas. R. Doherty Company

Value -- the Watchword  
of the careful and economical  
housewife—is being demonstrated  
here!

The alluring combination of style-value, quality-value and wearing or service-value, as exemplified in all J. C. Penney Co. department stores, is an inspiration to the careful and economical housewife who is determined to place no greater strain upon the family purse than she can possibly avoid.

Value is another word for saving. It is not what you pay that gives value but rather what you get in style, in quality, in workmanship and in service.

That's the real, the actual test—the only conclusive proof of real value!

Unfortunately, time alone can decide some elements in establishing or determining value.

Consequently, you are safeguarding your expenditures and guaranteeing yourself real value when you buy from us for saving to the enormous quantities of merchandise we buy for our 312 stores we are assured the very best of everything at prices which large volume commands.

Better than usual values are always assured you here.

J.C.Penney Co.  
A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION  
Incorporated  
312 DEPARTMENT STORES

*To the Class of 1922:*

WE admire your attainments. *Use your talents.* Keep on studying and you will keep growing. There is no quitting in life—you will grow if you apply yourself. You will soon be forgotten if you quit.

*We wish you success, and ask you to do your business with us from now on.*

ONEIDA FARMERS' UNION  
H. F. KUNTER, Manager

WHILE reading the contents of these pages allow your mind to think of the pleasure in using

BIG "C" FLOUR

CROWTHER BROS.  
MILLING CO.

Nelson Bros.

FANCY MEATS



and GROCERIES  
*Everything Good to Eat at NELSON'S*

*Fred's Cafe*

Men are Judged....



YOU get the benefit  
of twenty years experience when you patronize FRED.

WOODLAND FURNITURE CO.

**Victors and Victrolas**  
**the Phonograph Supreme**

Shakspur has said: "He that is not moved by the concord of sweet sound is fit for treasons."

Without exception the greatest artists of all time have selected the Victrola and Victor records to reproduce and leave to coming generations the best in music.

That being the case, is it not good policy when selecting your phonograph to follow the example set by those WHO KNOW.

We have a full line of Victrolas and hundreds of records from which to choose. Let us demonstrate to your satisfaction the superior merits of the original VICTROLA.

**Dives Furniture Company**

MALAD, IDAHO  
"The Home of Quality."

JEDD JONES, President

H. E. THOMAS, Cashier

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK MALAD, IDAHO

*OUR MOTTO:*  
"Don't Spend It All."

*Four per cent paid on time deposits*

## OVERLAND LUMBER COMPANY

"A safe place to trade"

Natald, Idaho

## HORSLEY BROS. COMPANY

Now folks in this book you've found lots of jokes.

These clever young editors have composed but here's one they were going to insert, but They found it the truth instead of a spoof.

Gerald: "How do you feel?"  
Jack McAllister: "Like the bottom of a stove."  
Gerald: "How's that?"  
Jack: "Grate! I ate dinner at Horsley's."



We have your text books.  
We have your pencils and paper.  
We are specialists in soup and hot dogs—and we treat your pocket-book right.  
We appreciate your trade and we make every effort possible to be courteous and obliging.  
Remember us always.

"Me for Speed."



OWYHEE  
COUNTY NEWS  
MALLARD, IDAHO