

The Mirror



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Malad High School
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Dedication

To

ANGUS M. MAUGHAN
Our Beloved Superintendent

and the

HONORABLE FACULTY

In Respect, Faith and Gratitude
We Dedicate This Book

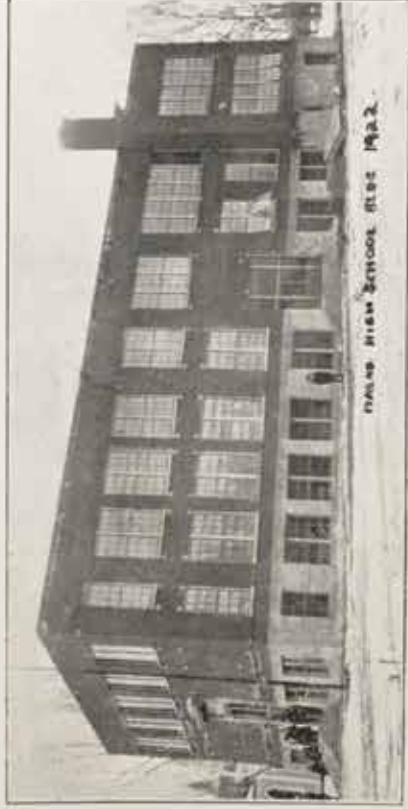
Foreword

THE third volume of *The Mirror* is a record of the activities of the Malad High School for the past year. It having been necessary to keep within the narrow bounds of financial consideration and inexperience, yet we hope the book will serve to perpetuate in some measure an ever deepening reverence for our Alma Mater, and a store of remembrances that will grow richer with the receding years.

EDITH THOMAS,
Editor.

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MILLS HIGH SCHOOL, WEST MICH.

MILLER HIGH SCHOOL, FAIRBURY, IOWA



The High School City Government and Its Benefits

The Malad high school has organized itself into a form of city government. The whole school is considered as a municipal organization and the students as citizens thereof. The city is founded upon a constitution which is likened to a city charter, and establishes the rights of citizens and creates offices to govern them.

In view of this fact the city is divided into four precincts, each consisting of twenty-five per cent of the four classes. It is so divided both for representation and closer association of citizens.

In the city as in all forms of democratic government we find the three fundamental units, namely, the executive, the legislative and the judicial.

The executive department consists of a mayor, who, with the city council, directs in general the workings of the whole city. He takes charge of all council meetings, and may remit punishment in case he is appealed to by the defendant.

Next is the legislative unit which is made up of a city council of eight members, two being elected from each precinct. This body makes the laws, or that is, takes care of the instituting of proper measures for the welfare of the citizens.

The third and last branch is the judicial part of the city. This department carries on the enforcement of the laws enacted by the city council. There are a number of different officers carrying on this work, the first of which, as the direct enforcers of the law, is the police force. This force consists of a chief of police and twenty-four policemen. The chief is appointed by the mayor with consent of the council. The chief then in turn appoints the twenty-four policemen, to be approved by the council. They have the direct enforcement of the law to look after. They make arrests, quell disorders and in general protect the citizens. When making an arrest the policeman must go before the committing magistrate and swear out a warrant. A citizen may also swear out a warrant. This brings the accused person before the first officer in the legal proceedings for trial of some person. This is also the committing magistrate. He issues warrants for arrest and presides

over the same when the violator is brought up for trial. In this trial the magistrate asks the one question, "Guilty or not guilty?" The defendant answers, and if he pleads guilty the magistrate imposes the penalty. But if the defendant answers not guilty he is passed on to another court. This court consists of two judges, one from precincts one and two and the other one from precincts three and four. If the defendant is from precinct one or two, he is tried before the judge representing those districts; likewise, three and four. If the citizen wishes he can demand a trial by jury. The jury is empaneled after being accepted by the defense and prosecution. The citizen can choose his own lawyer just so he is a legal citizen of the city. The prosecuting attorney is appointed by the mayor with consent of the council. He holds office during the whole administration unless removed for some cause or other. He prosecutes all offenders of the law and also gives legal advice to any citizen at any time that citizens desire it. Witnesses give their testimony and the jury renders its verdict. For the purpose of swearing in these witnesses and keeping minutes of the court a clerk is appointed by the mayor with consent of the council. The clerk, like the prosecuting attorney, holds office during the whole administration, not being appointed for each session of court. There is a higher court of appeals which is composed of the mayor, the judge not having previously heard the case and a citizen chosen by them. This is the last and highest court; its decisions are final.

We have noted the form of this government. Let us consider briefly the many benefits derived from such an organization. No organization can be more than what its individual members make of it. Therefore, keeping this in mind, let us ask ourselves the question, Why do we attend school? There immediately comes to our mind the answer, To broaden our minds by education. Education does not mean only book learning, but practical knowledge as well. To be good citizens we must have a practical knowledge of municipal affairs. Where can we learn this? In our city government. It teaches us our duties as citizens. We learn to use a ballot and cast an intelligent vote. Next it teaches the observance and obedience of laws. Therefore our city government helps to educate the future officials and citizens who are to serve in this great nation.

That Ukulele

The teacher looked down at the students in her class over the top of her shell rimmed spectacles, and sighed, "Dear me, when will you students ever learn to behave yourselves? I've explained this lesson a half dozen times, but you simply will not listen. You don't seem to realize that it is all for your own good, or that when you cheat you are only cheating yourselves."

These remarks were mostly directed at Dandelion Jones, the bully of Jefferson school, who was continually throwing erasers, spitwads, and pieces of chalk at the other students, and making ugly faces at the teacher whenever she was not looking his way. Dandelion was a thick-necked fellow, with the shoulders of a Hercules and the strength of a bull, and a bully he was in all his actions. The smaller children received most of the abuse, for down in his heart he was a coward, like all the rest of the bullies, but no one whom he thought he could whip escaped his taunts and kicks. With the boys he seemed to hold some strange attraction, for he owned them body and soul. Although he was inclined to be a bully, he could be very sociable and friendly and pleasing when he chose to be so, therefore they all followed at his heels. He had therefore made it his chief duty on earth to lead the boys around, showing them what he considered a very good time, and consequently it usually resulted in the injury or displeasure of someone else in the near vicinity.

Chickens disappeared from the nearby hen houses; dogs were found hanging by their tails from the highest limbs on the apple trees; cows were found with their tails knotted together or their ears nailed to their mangers; turpentine bottles disappeared from bureau drawers, and cats became mysteriously wild and unapproachable at times; tacks were always being pulled out of the upholstery of the furniture, and as often as one of them disappeared, it would be noticed that when the teacher took her seat, she would suddenly rise and leave the room, wiping her eyes as she did so.

Miss Arnold, the teacher, was a poor, maiden lady of forty years of age, entirely alone in the world, having neither relatives or friends to love and care for her. She wore her thin, gray hair in a little twisted knot on the top of her head, which

reminded the students of the corkscrew, which Mr. WeWells, the principal, always wore on the end of his watch chain. Some of the students jestingly accused her, in her absence, of having a wooden leg, one glass eye, and a set of false teeth, but these accusations were altogether untrue. Perhaps these rumors arose from the fact that Miss Arnold's front teeth were rather long and loose, that one of her legs was rather stiff and sore as the result of ten years under the influence of rheumatism, and that one of her eyes had been injured in a railway accident.

Since Mr. McWells' corkscrew watch fob has been mentioned, it might be of interest to the reader to know more about that unoffending individual, for a lesson may be gained from his character, as well as from his example. "Practice what you preach" and "Live up to your ideals".

Mr. McWells was a stern forbiddler of alcoholic beverages, speaking bitterly against it every time an opportunity to do so presented itself. But he had fallen into bad ways during his youth, and when he acquired the habit, was unable to overcome it at his leisure, as youth in its foolishness advocates to its elders. In the privacy of his own office he had a secret drawer in the wall, in which he kept a large supply of "departed spirits" for convenience at his leisure. There is no certainty as to this hidden drawer, however, for it is only a report given by Dandelion Jones. Dandelion insisted that upon one occasion, when it was necessary for him to get an admit to classes from the principal, that he found the door locked and the blind drawn, but upon looking under the blind, he saw the principal lying back in his easy chair, sipping at a glass of sherry ale. There the drawer was, pulled out from the wall, and full of the best wine. Of course there may have been no such drawer, for this was only Dandelion's tale. It is only told to reveal the character of Dandelion as a very imaginative one.

One boy there was who did not join in the boisterous revelling of Dandelion and his crowd. He was not a large boy, nor was he very strong, for he had a habit of studying while the other boys were carousing around the town. His name was David Harris. He disliked Dandelion very much, and always stood for right, instead of might, in all things. Consequently he was the object of ridicule to all the other boys in the school, but that did not seem to trouble him much, for he was going to school for an education, not to be a boastful leader.

Now that we are thoroughly familiar with the main charac-

ters of our story, it will probably be worth while to look back over the life of Miss Arnold. She was born and reared in a small country hamlet where the opportunity to obtain an education was very meager; but, somehow, although her parents were old and poor, she managed to acquire a considerable amount of knowledge by studying during her spare time. From her childhood she had supported her parents, as she was their only child, and they were helpless, so she was well experienced in combatting the forces opposed to advancement.

When she was still very young, she was wooed by a jolly, good natured sailor, and promised to be his bride, but he was too poor to support her aged parents, so she broke the engagement to care for them. He was very sorry, and went away on a freighting vessel, apparently never to return, and had never been heard of since. She, also, was broken hearted, but duty demanded her attention, so she struggled on. Soon afterward her father died, but his bones had not quite settled in their eternal resting place when her mother followed him to the dark beyond. The death of the ones so dear to her was a shock to her almost beyond endurance, but in spite of that, the burden had been lifted from her shoulders and she was free to marry.

But, alas, no wihat she was free to marry her lover, he had gone from her, she knew not where. To her it seemed as if the earth had opened and swallowed him forever. Then, as the years rolled by, she grew gray and old, a flower crushed by time and circumstances. Deprived of the lover of her youth, she was like a bird without its mate. Still she waited. Teaching school to earn a living, she pined herself into much misery and dejection.

The past two years had brought her a very dear friend. One of her pupils, David Harris, understood and loved her, and they became the best of comrades. He was the star pupil of the school, and showed his sympathy for her in many ways. He had a ukulele which he played with considerable skill, so he would often call at her home in the evening, and they would spend the evening playing and singing old fashioned songs.

One cold, crisp night, as the dismal wind howled sad tales to the rafters and eaves of Miss Arnold's house, David sat before her open fireplace picking sadly at his ukulele while the flickering light cast ghostly shadows upon his face and the gloomy walls. Near behind him stood Miss Arnold, playing an

old sweet-toned violin. If one could have seen her standing there like a Greek statue, he would not have wondered at the dignity of her appearance, for she was very proud of her New England blood.

Presently a light tap was heard at the door, and Miss Arnold bade the visitor enter. The door quietly opened, and Mr. McWells entered the room, followed by the daintiest little creature David had ever seen. Her blue eyes sparkled with laughter, while around her slender shoulders her curly tresses fell in a deluge of brown glory.

"Good evening, folks," Mr. McWells greeted them. "I have a pleasant surprise for you tonight. This is my daughter, Edith, who just arrived from home today. She is intending to spend the remainder of the winter here with me." Then turning to David, who had risen and was standing beside Miss Arnold with the ukulele in his left hand, he said patronizingly, "Why hello, David, I am delighted to find you are a musician, for I am an ardent admirer of musical talent. I had very little opportunity in that field of endeavor when I was your age, but come, let me present you to my daughter, Edith. I was telling her about you when we came in."

The necessary formality was observed on this occasion, but David heard almost none of it, and stumbled over his words in a mumble when he acknowledged the introduction. He was in love—love at first sight. Only a boy who has passed through that stage of puppy love can realize the way he felt, and sympathize with him.

He held her hand rather too long, and when she laughingly withdrew it, he felt as if he had been robbed of a treasure. But the admiration was not altogether his, for she took a liking to him the moment she first saw him. They were destined to become close friends.

David was last awakened from his trance by the voice of the principal. "I have still another surprise for you, Miss Arnold, one that will probably be even greater than the other one, or at least a more pleasant one. A large ship, which has been exploring the south seas for the past five years, touched port here early tonight. With it came a man whom you would probably like to see. He is rather fat now, but he is still as jolly as ever, and enjoys his pipe like all good sea men. I talked to him for a little while, and he told me of his adven-

tures, but the one that interested me most was how he received the large scar which is under his right eye.

"While in the Indian ocean several years ago, he was appointed first mate by the captain of the vessel. His nearest friend, a large but unintelligent fellow, had been expecting that appointment himself, so when his friend received it, he was very jealous of him. Soon his jealousy changed to hatred, and cautiously concealing that hatred, he planned and executed a mutiny. The captain was killed in the ensuing fight, but Arthur took the captain's place, and then put down the mutiny with much fighting and great severity. During that fight, he had encountered his enemy in a hand to hand combat, both of them being armed with cutlasses. By quick fighting, he drove his opponent into a corner, where followed a desperate struggle. It was there that Arthur received a deep gash under his eye. At length Arthur drove him so closely that the man became desperate and jumped into the sea, never to be seen again."

He had no sooner finished the tale than a loud knock came at the door, and then a large seafaring man pushed it open and came into the room. Miss Arnold rushed into his arms with the cry, "Arthur", while David and Edith, who had been sitting on the chimney seat, rose to their feet, impatient at being disturbed from the very interesting conversation they were having. Then followed a loving embrace between the two—I mean Arthur and Miss Arnold—which afforded considerable mirth for David and Edith, for it really was a strange sight to behold. The principal had also arisen to give a word of welcome to Arthur as he entered the room. He now stood watching the newly united couple, adjusting his spectacles rather uneasily. He then turned to the youngsters and bade them stop their giggling.

With his arm locked in Miss Arnold's, Arthur turned to the other occupants of the room, and winking like the red parrot that was perched on his shoulder, he said, "Well, since we have a musician here with us," looking at David, "let's have a real lively time. I play the flute a little and Nell plays the fiddle."

"And I play the bass drum," interrupted Mr. McWells, taking up the challenge.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the band was all ready to play. There happened to be no bass drum handy, so the

principal found a dish pan and a large spoon to serve as a substitute. Although Edith was a good musician, she consented to dance the jig. The name of that dance does not recommend it, but just the same, if it is danced by a graceful person, there is no dance more beautiful.

And so the lively time began, with the flute and dish pan leading in volume, but the violin and ukulele doing the musical part of the tune, for the flute was a rather battered one, and the dish pan was of gray granite. Edith stepped to the center of the room and placing her dainty white hands on her slender hips, seemed to glide through the difficult steps like a fairy. Into the small hours of the morning this lively dance continued, and would have lasted still longer had not Mr. McWells remarked that it was not right to keep lovers from their own companionship.

But before anyone had prepared to leave, or could have done so, the whole crowd was startled by a heavy object striking the side of the house. Then the midnight air was literally shattered by the most unearthly yells and screams imaginable. Next a loud tramping of feet began around the house, to the rhythm of "I won't go home until morning, till daylight doth appear." In due time this stopped, and everything was still, to the apparent relief of everyone in the little room. But presently a chorus of male voices began chanting harmoniously.

"We're going to get that David,
And ride him on a pole;
For he has been a-courting
A haggard, ancient soul."

As this song came to a close, the door was thrown open, and Dandelion Jones, at the head of a large mob of boys stood on the threshold. They all started into the room, but at the sight of the principal, Dandelion Jones stopped, turning a deathly pallor.

"Wh-why, I didn't know you were here," he mumbled, twisting his hat out of shape with his hands, and gazing sheepishly at his feet.

The principal arose, his eyes blazing like hot coals, and his face twisted into an angry smile.

"So it's you and your games again, is it? You would have disturbed the peace here had I been absent, would you not?"

This time Dandelion wrung his hat like a dish rag, and

squirmed in his position like a trapped eel. He protested weakly, but the principal interrupted him.

"Your boisterous conduct has been a thorn in my side ever since you came to this school. Now you'll get out and stay out for good."

Dandelion now became furious, and turning his convulsing face towards David, shook his fist at him and growled, "You'll pay for this, you hypocrite."

David deliberately removed his coat and laid it on the back of a chair. Then, rolling his sleeves up to his elbows, he began advancing towards the bluffing bully with a coolness that made everyone present start with surprise. Edith caught him by the sleeve as he passed her, and tugged so persistently at it that he paused in his advance. Tars were in her eyes and a sob was in her throat as she implored him not to take part in such an unequal combat.

"But I must," he insisted; "it will have to come sooner or later. This brute wants trouble." Her words and tears had done their work, however, for as he began to cool off, he could see the folly of having a scene. But after all, there was no need for trouble, for when they again turned to the doorway, it was empty.

Dandelion Jones had literally succumbed to fright, and was no longer a dangerous enemy.

David was very flattered when Edith softly touched his sleeve again, and his shoulders went back with a snap when she whispered in his ear, "Oh, David, how brave you are. I really believe we are going to be great friends."

KENNETH LARSON



Our Faculty

Our superintendent had left us,
Our hope had almost gone;
When we found a man to lead us,
His name was Mr. Maughan.

Miss Gwenfred Jones is married,
Changed her name of course;
Now she tries to show us how
To rule a house by force.

Miss Taylor, she has left us,
And Mr. Williams, too;
But Mr. Decker still is with us
To tell us what to do.

Mrs. Perkins still is with us,
We hope she will always stay;
For we know she will teach us
And help us on our way.

Students, don't be so snappy,
Miss Vail still is here,
To make our sad hearts happy,
She is Mr. Ramsey's dear.

Miss Daines is for the girls,
At boys she never looks;
But she teaches all the girls
How to sew and be good cooks.

Miss Johnson, do you know her?
She is always dealing fair,
And you'll always find her
Willing to do her share.

We have a man of music,
He leads our H. S. band;
If you're a judge of music
You will know just where he stands.

ROBERT DENNING.

The Malad High School Study Hall

The Malad High School is a new and interesting building, but the most interesting and prominent room is the study hall. When one steps into this large room he is struck with the quietness, the studiousness, the almost sleepy stillness that prevails within.

Scattered all through the room are the pupils, some busily studying, some fixing their hair, some trying to whisper to their neighbors, unnoticed by the disciplinarian, some sleepily waiting for the bell to ring, feeling as though the period is as long as a decade, and others trying to smother the laughter that is overflowing in them.

The quietness is occasionally broken by the crash of the book upon the slippery ink-stained floor. A leaf is torn from a tablet. The intermittent rapping of the teacher's pencil, calling for order, and often by Mr. Maughan who comes in with a "May I have your attention a moment?"—all these things tend to disturb the sleepy stillness of study.

In front of the seats is the stage, where is found the teacher's desk and chair, and in one of the corners opposite the stage is found the literary and magazine stand, while in the other is the table where students may read the papers and magazines. The walls have several beautiful pictures that were given to the high school by our dramatic club of preceding years. At the farther end of the hall a door opens into our library.

The hall is often greeted with a scowl by some few pupils who enter unwillingly; by others it is greeted with a sigh of relief and a look of joy.



PROF. ANGUS M. MAUGHAN



SENIORS

"EVER SINCE YOU WERE SO HIGH"



Senior Class History

Four years have sped quickly by since we as a class of one hundred thirty Freshmen, entered the Malad High School. We commenced our high school career by having the largest class which had ever attended this school. This was our first record-breaking feat but since that time we have held our place as one of the leading classes in the M. H. S.

Last fall we entered this school as seniors, proud of our past reputation and determined to hold the standard of our school as high as any other. After registration we set ourselves at work to complete our last year in this school.

We have been very successful in all school activities, athletic as well as scholastic, having had members on the football and basketball squads.

We have always given the Malad High School our heartiest support and although we will not be back next year, we will continue to "boost our dear old High".

We trust that the Malad High School has been made a better school for our having attended it.

Goodbye!

STANLEY CHRISTENSEN



Senior Class Will

Behold, the day hath come, when we, the Senior class of 1923, in this city of Malad, County of Oneida, State of Idaho, do deem it fitting to draw up this, our last will and testament, before departing from this high school life:

Let not the Juniors rejoice, nor the Sophomores rebel, nor the Freshies mourn, for we do here testify to the soundness of our physical and mental health and do with all wisdom and impartiality draw up the following document:

Carl Evans does here bequeath his success in love to Day Hanks.

Walter Williams wills his brilliant basketball career to Ray Jones.

Owen Davis bequeaths his oratorical ability to Ben Lusk.

Angelina Deschamps does graciously leave her ability at telling fish stories to Thelma Dredge.

The grave judicial manner of Daniel Martin is bequeathed to Rulon Jones.

It has been mutually agreed that Daniel D. Jones shall leave his best girl to Reed Zundel.

Edith Price wills all her smiles to Verlin Williams.

The uncontrollable giggle now possessed by Elmina Kohler and Hettie Dredge is willed to Grace Howell and Nettie Earl respectively.

Lydia Williams (by special request), wills her bobbed hair to Lucile Anderson.

Hannah Stuart bequeaths her ever ready wit to Hattie Madsen.

Earl Madsen wills his love of school to Byron Jones.

The duties of librarian, now exercised by Ethel Nicholas, are willingly given to anyone who is desirous of the burden.

Mary Woolley wills her tall slender figure to Ocul Hughes.

Edith Reese wills her love of science to her sister Leona. The studious and willing nature of Ruth Ford is hereby given to Denice Evans.

Spencer Hall wills his undying love of argument to all the followers of Samuel Johnson.

Very generously Daniel W. Jones wills his success in al-

ways having the last word to any young man who may some day take a wife.

The quiet dignity of Sara Bell Hughes is here bequeathed to Kenna Tovey.

Stanley Christensen wills his ability as a cook to any fellow contemplating a life of single blessedness.

The shy sweet nature of Erna Evans will hereafter be in possession of Merle Daniels.

Raymond Landy consents to the willing of his scientific mind to Fred Waldron.

Gerald Davis wills his popularity with the ladies to LeRoy Roberts.

The musical talents of Evan E. Jones are here given to Daniel Davis.

Thelma Hall wills her pep and class spirit to Maria Evans. Ruth Thomas gives her office of policeman to anyone who can work as harmoniously with the chief of police.

Lillis Jones wills her heart to Evan on condition that it shall be handled with the utmost care.

Mary Davis bequeaths her sunny disposition to Carryle Pelton.

Edith Thomas wills her high standards as a student to Parley Deschamps. A pair of ruby lips now in the possession of Eunice Ward are henceforth given to the keeping of Mable Hancock, upon promise that they will be used with discretion.

The carefree nature of Edith Evans is willed to Ardella Anderson.

To them that hath shall be given. Emily Reese wills her tendency to flirt to Ada Jones.

Isabel Thomas bequeaths her dark hair and eyes to Sara Thomas.

To the Juniors, we, the Senior class, leave an example worthy of imitation.

To the Sophomores, our super-intelligence and dignity.

To the Freshies, our sympathy in times of algebra, geometry and physics.

To the faculty we leave our gratitude for the help and instruction they have so willingly given us.

To the Malad High School we leave our desire that it may continue to grow and improve and that it will in time become famous.

Senior Roll

STANLEY CHRISTENSEN	MARY DAVIS
SPENCER HALL	MARY WOOLEY
GERALD DAVIS	RUTH WARD
EVAN E. JONES	ERMA EVANS
ELI BRADOCK	THELMA HALL
CARL EVANS	EMILY REESE
LEON EVANS	SARA BELL HUGHES
APPA MADFIELD	RUTH THOMAS
DANIEL D. JONES	KATH PRICH
DANIEL W. JONES	KATH REESE
DANIEL MARTIN	HANNA STUART
RAYMOND LUNDY	IRABELL THOMAS
HARL MADSEN	LYDIA WILLIAMS
ANGELINA DEBCKAMP	ETHEL NICHOLAS
LILLIE JONES	EUNICE WARD
HETTIE DREDGE	BURLAC NUNNALLY
HEMINA KOHLER	



EVAN E. JONES

(Dean.)
"My Lily is just as soon."

EUNICE WARD

(Dor.) (Councilman, '21) sec'y
gov. team, '22; sec'y and treas.
senior class, '23; sec'y and treas.
music dept., '23.
"Oh, me, I'm!"

EMILY REESE

Sec'y and treas. of band '22
pres. Dom. Science class, '23.
"I am only an innocent girl."

STANLEY CHRISTENSEN

(Roy.) Football, '22-'23; busi-
ness, '24; student body, '25; pres-
iding attorney, '22; pres. Student
Association L.L. Soc., '23.
"That's nothing to my young
life."
(Mae.) "I'm going to give
Harry a hard time before he wins
Mary."

GERALD DAVIS

(Jerry.) Sec'y and Treas., '21;
high school play, '21; Freshman
editor, '21; Annual book, '22;
councilman, '22; mayor, '22 and
'23; speaker, '23; Senior play, '23.
"I love them just as I love."
The hero of Barnstaple has
captured Jerry.

MARY WOOLEY

(Wm.) Debating team, '20;
senior class vice-pres., '22; coun-
cilmans, '22; orchestra, '22; sec'y
and treas. M. H. K., '23.
"Ah, come on!"

MARY DAVIS

(M.)
"Of course I'm from Greenford."

HETTIE DREDGE

(Julia.) Chief of police, '22;
recorder, '22; opera, '22; work-
shop, '22; vice-pres. L.L. Soc.
No. 2, '23.
"To the altar we must go."





ISABEL THOMAS

(1914)
"My heart's divided"

ELI ELCOCK

(1914) Senior play; '21; book-
boy, 2nd year, '23.
"Why should I worry 'bout my
name?"

EDITH REESE

(Little brown lady.) Clerk of
court, '22; team of M. H. S., '22.
"Nothing but an E"

ANGELINA DESCHAMPS

(Angel) Councilman, '22
Some sport

DANIEL MARTIN

(Judge) Vice-pres of Sopho-
more class, '22; District Judge
(city gov.), '22; basketball, '21-
'22; football, '21; '22.
"They go wild simply wild over
me."

ELMINA KOHLER

Councilman, '22; Senior play
'22

EDITH PRICE

Clerk of court, '22.
"I own much, have nothing, and
give the rest to the poor."

RUTH FORD

(Fudge) December, '21; '22;
Councilman, '22; vice-pres W. S. S. S.
(school L. B. S. S.), '23.
A money tramp

DANIEL W. JONES

(Speed) Police, '22; council-
man, '22; basketball, '22-'23; foot-
ball, '22.
"He's jumping to every girl in
high school."
(Cheerily) "Watch the ladies
smile when I come by"

THELMA HALL

Yell-master, '22.
"Why should I worry?"

HANNA STUART

(Haw)
"It's enough to drive a man
mad."

SPENCER HALL

(Shanty) Chairman W. W. S. S.,
'22; '23; mayor, pres. com., '22;
and, pres. attorney, '23.
One rummy bun.

LYDIA WILLIAMS

(Lard)
"She can't stop them though to
leave her blood."

SARABEL BUGHES

(Lard)
The most attractive girl in High
School.





DANIEL D. JONES

(Dad)
He's crazy about architecture

EARL MADSEN

(Dad)
"The ladies almost sent me to
death."

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CARL EVANS

(Dad)
"He's a real baby, minus the
kisses though."

ETHEL NICHOLAS

(Dad)
"Don't let the team of my
trousers."

ERMA EVANS

A city little miss.

EDITH EVANS

(Daddy)
"A kid of his made a million
dollars."

ARFA HADFIELD

(Dad)
A business gentleman.

RUTH THOMAS

(Dad)
"I can't stand a noisy study
hall."

LILLY JONES

(Dad)
"Pretty boy."

RAYMOND LUNDY

(Dad)
"Just like a man in a hat."



ALL ROLLED UP



"How 'EM GANG"



Got off her eye



THE WHOLE GANG



Julia



Mexicans



Take of the Beauty



Just say



Junior Class History

The crowns for which we are working are yet a long way off. The veil which hides them from our vision is getting dimmer with age. The reefs which have lain in our pathway are disappearing, leaving us with a greater realization of our duties to humanity.

We, as members of the Junior Class, are preparing, by constant effort, to scatter the clouds. We consider our honor and association important forces in our development. We have faith in our fellow students. Therefore, we have chosen as protectors of our activities Viola Palmer, Ben Harding and Edna Illum. Their efficient leadership sets the example which we as their respecters follow. But, elevated as if by a supernatural power, are the following names: Mr. E. M. Decker and Miss Carmen Daines, our class advisors. Expressions fail to impart to them our gratitude.

Mr. Decker has been our guardian during our entire high school life, and forever reverence for him will remain. Miss Daines is a new member of our faculty, but by her companionship and unpretentious advice her name and friendship are indelibly stamped upon our lives.

But, we cannot enumerate our successes without praises for all the faculty. To Mrs. Perkins, Miss Vail, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Tovey, Mr. Ramsay, Mr. Maughan, Mr. Alfred and our class advisors, we extend the heartiest wishes for further success and happiness in life and sincere thanks for all the efforts they have exerted in our behalf in preceding years.

As a class we have always stood and still do stand for sportsmanship; not in the sense of the fleeting victory, but of permanent satisfaction. If we lose, we are satisfied, feeling that we had met a superior team. So each year members of our class participate in athletics.

For the perpetuation of friendship and happiness we annually hold a party at the amusement hall of our high school. These affairs are events of significance, as old acquaintances are renewed and new ones acquired.

What we put into life by honest effort we take from life in Golden Treasures, which are Wisdom and Power. The two come only when the price is paid and the goal is not reached by short cuts. Our ambitions are marked by that attitude which dignifies man above all else—Faith.

KOITH THOMAS

Junior Roll

DELLA BORN
DOLPH MOON
DOREIA JONES
KENNA TROYEV
IDA HOWELL
EVAN PIERCE
VERNA BELL
EDNA ELLUM
ROLAND JONES
LEOLA JONES
EDNA SAWYER
BETH WALDRON
DELTA ARBON
ROSCOE COLTON
BOY EARL
THOMAS DAVIS
WALTER WILLIAMS
MAUDE EVANS
ELVITA DEBOLANDER
EDITH THOMAS
VELMA WILLIAMS
RACHEL MITTLER
ELEANOR GIBBS
MARY SMITH
WM. ANDERSON
BIRD RUNDL
FRED HOWARD
JOHN LERK
JOSHUA DAVIS
ESTHER THOMPSON

MYRTHE EVANS
MARY JONES
VIOLA PALMER
KATHERINE WILLIAMS
LEROY JONES
LOUIS L. JONES
CLEON THOMAS
MELVIN CAPLETON
RICK LORCK
LARRY JENSEN
STRELLA ANDERSON
DAY HANES
EVA STEPHENSON
VAUGHAN EVANS
PEARL CHRISTENSEN
RICH BOLINGBROKE
NORVILL MOSS
ROYAL SWENSON
MILTON JONES
BEN HARDING
RAY JONES
OWEN DAVIS
EVA MONSON
ROBERT DENNING
THELMA HILL
GLADYS SWENSON
BERTHA RODERICK
HUBERT NUNNELLEY
LEON EVANS

BEN HARDING
("Ben") ("Editor") ("vice-pres. of Junior") ("Editor") ("Football") ("22-23") ("has sup. of "Mirror") ("22")
"Oh, the high school spirit."
"Me too, Luddy, when we grow up."

VIOLA PALMER
("Lulu") ("Junior pres.") ("23")
"I'm your most devoted wife."

EDNA ELLUM
("Ed") ("Boy's and Glee") ("Junior") ("23")
"He rightly belongs to me."

EPH BOLINGBROKE
("Eph") ("Football") ("22-23") ("captain of football team") ("23") ("editor") ("22")
"Do you like St. John, too?"
"Oh where, oh where has my Mary forever gone?"

WALTER WILLIAMS
("Billie") ("Counselman") ("22-23") ("editor") ("22") ("basketball") ("21-22-23") ("captain of basketball team") ("23") ("football") ("23")
"Oh, how he falls for the ladies!"
"Body's!" "Where's Dada?"

EDITH THOMAS
("Short") ("Boy's and Glee") ("editor") ("22") ("editor-in-charge of "Mirror") ("22") ("counselman pro tem") ("22") ("editor") ("22-23") ("program committee") ("Lit. Soc.") ("No. 2") ("21") ("paleontologist") ("eighth grade") ("19") ("subeditor") ("high school") ("22")

THOMAS DAVIS
("Tom") ("Counseling administrator") ("22") ("pres. Lit. Soc. No. 2") ("22") ("has sup. of "Mirror") ("23") ("football")
"They are heavy shoes who are accompanied by noble thoughts."
"21."

DELTA ARBON
("Dell") ("Counselman") ("22") ("pres.") ("22")
"He was a loving youth."

MAUDE EVANS
("And her name was Maude") ("Soph. pres.") ("22") ("counselman") ("22")
"How does she know so much about Salt Lake?"

OWEN DAVIS
("Owe") ("Community magazine") ("22") ("social calendar committee") ("22") ("sup. of Lit. Soc. No. 2") ("22")
"His orations almost drove us to tears."

ROSCOE COLTON
("Roscoe") ("22")
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

EVA BUTTEBALE
("A heart unspotted is not easily damaged.")



FRED HOWARD
("Fred") ("22")
"We've got the biggest county, more and people."

PEARL CHRISTENSEN
("Pearl") ("22")
"I ought to get higher than that."



HOLLAND JONES
 ("Squid")
 "Another sunny one"

LEOLA EVANS
 ("Sunny")
 "Would that she were better known."

DOLPH MOON
 ("Daughter") Basketball, '22.
 "Wisdom flows from his front,
 Friendship from his pen."
 (Whisper.) "There isn't a girl in
 town I haven't went with."

EDNA SAWYER
 ("Squid") Politics, '22.
 "The shallowest mortals but the
 deepest are dumb."

ELEANOR GIBBS
 "Quit it with."

VAUGHAN EVANS
 ("You")
 "I won't pay till I see where my
 money goes."

EVA MONSON
 ("Squid")
 "St. John's special."

LEROY JONES
 (Whisper.) Politics, '22.
 "He was heard but not seen."

HEN LUSK
 ("Wood")
 "St. John's the place for me."

ELVIRA DESCHAMPS
 ("Viva") Councilman, '22.
 "Oh, how she loved the gentle-
 men!"

VERNA BELL
 ("Viva")
 "She is not in a lower ether."

DELLA DUSH
 ("Della")
 "She talks fast, but says little."

ROY EARL
 Councilman, '22.
 "You've lost her, Roy."

JOHN LUSK
 ("Eagle")
 "I'm not invited, but I'm not go-
 ing."

GLADYS SWENSON
 "I'd give a kingdom from earth."

KATHERINE WILLIAMS
 ("Kate") Politics, '22.
 "No boy ever had a chance to
 shirk me."

WILLIAM ANDERSON
 ("Bill") Poetry, '22.
 "He's hip, honey!"
 "Mother calls me William,
 Father calls me Will,
 Sister calls me Willie,
 But the boys they call me BILL!"

EVAN PIERCE
 ("Pier") Football, '22.
 "I'm off the women's team, now."
 "The fire home here."

BETH WALDRON
 ("Elizabeth")
 "Beth, if you please."

KENNA TOVEY
 ("Ginger")
 "Kenshin all the time."

HAY JONES
 ("Hay") Football, '21-'22; basketball, '22; politics, '22.
 "If our usual cards are in your
 hand, where's your vocabulary?"
 "I am on my way to see Beth."

JOSEPH DAVIS
 ("Doc") Councilman, '22.
 "A woman's prize,
 "I bet the girls go to have my
 picture taken."

ESTHER THOMPSON
 ("Et") Politics, '22.
 "Hands off, breakable!"

LARUE JENSEN

MARY JONES
 ("My-de") For me.
 "Inquire of knowledge as you will,
 The woman, woman rules us still."

RAY BANKS
 ("Sunlight") Politics, '22.
 "His friends were numberless."

WALTER MARLEY
 ("Tom")
 "That another one, Will."



MILTON JONES
 ("Milt")
 "He never missed a day."

NOVEL MOSS
 "He here I mind that, every
 Could not but call fair."

T H E M I R R O R



ROYAL SWENSON
 ("Beverly") - Volume, 22-23.
 "Wait till I get dressed, then watch
 the girls."
 He could make the chatter talk

HULLAH SUXNELLEY
LEON EVANS

RACHEL MITTIN

("Back")
 "I have a heart with room for
 every joy."

EVA STEPHENSON

("Eve") - Opera, 22.
 "There's nothing half so sweet and
 true as love's young dreams"

ROBERT DENNING

("Bob")
 A "romantic" one with little whimsical
 thoughts.

HEITHA BODERICK

("Heath")
 "Boys are necessary indignities"

VILDA WILLIAMS

LOUIS L. JONES

DOSHIA JONES

("Dosh")
 "She was there and over"

IDA HOWELL

(M) -
 "My heart was always in Maid"

REED ZUNDEL

Volume, 23.
 "I'm not afraid to tell any girl not
 to talk to me"

ARHELLA ANDERSON

("Ard") - Opera, 22.
 "Her sensibility is so acute,
 One fear of sinners makes us nuts."

MELVIN CASTLETON

MARY SMITH

JOHN LUSK

MYRTIS EVANS

GLENN THOMAS



Is It Right?

Is it right to condemn one whose sin is so great
That you feel it is greater than yours?
Is it right to make light of a fallen one's fight,
As they struggle to keep from the moors?

It's not right to turn down an unfortunate one;
For some in a fix you will be;
But the man with the gold that turns down his God cold
Should be east into fire-riden say.

It is right to be helpful to our afallen sons,
Fallen daughters should too share our love;
But the soul that is cold should be left here to mold,
For it gets but just wrath from above.

If your helps needed prove true, give the best that's in you,
And some day you'll be dealt with the same;
For it's not one whose slack gets the pat on the back,
Nor the man of the gold or the name.

If the cards are against you your opponent has stacked,
Just play with a cheerful grin;
And say to the dealer, "I don't have to be backed,
But can manage to get myself in."

It's not right to be reckless or carelessly gay,
When a soul needs returning to God;
But again it's not right to fust sorrow away,
For a body that's undes the sod.

So just go along and help all you can,
Here or there, it won't matter how,
For the helpful hand is the real true man,
Who'll get honored sometime if not now.

GENIE M. HUSHEL.



Sophomores

Sweet Sixteen



A Toast to The Sophs

We're not up with the Juniors,
But of course we're just as smart;
Just because we're better than the Seniors
They needn't take it all to heart.
I guess we know our business,
We're not looking for some help
To keep us on the credit line,
We can do it all ourself.

Of course we're all picked on,
But that's all clear enough;
We're just ahead of the Freshies,
Who they say are treated rough.
We can not help our failings,
Though we work to beat the dutch;
And when it comes to smartness,
We're the artists with the stuff.

VIRGIL CAMP

Sophomore Class History

The class of '25 came into the High School with a very stately and dignified manner, being very self-confident and determined. We entered ninety-eight strong, and all were eager to help in elevating the standards of the M. H. S.

The first thing we did was to elect our class officers, who were: President, Lucile Anderson; vice-president, James Thomas; secretary and treasurer, Mabel Jones; yell master, Glen Haws.

Our first success was our class party given December 15.

We also took a very leading part in athletics and city government. Joseph Eral, one of our class members, is at present chief of police and is filling the position in a commendable manner. He was also the class representative on the football team. Our men on the basketball team were Harry Thompson, Glen Haws and Virgil Evans.

We have also received due praise for our assembly programs.

The success of the class in general has been due to the efforts of our able advisors, Mrs. Perkins and Mr. Ramsey.

We sincerely hope that the ideals and activities of this class will always remain as lofty and strong as they are at present. Here's to the success of the class of '25.

VIRGIL EVANS

Sophomore Roll

MABEL ANDERSON	LOUIE JONES
LUCILE ANDERSON	CLAUDE JONES
WARREN ARMYON	MARDON KEENE
LESTER BUSH	MAE KOHLER
VICTOR BELL	LINDA LEITMAN
VILDA BURSHAM	KENNETH LARSEN
HELEN BULLIE	BETH MCKAY
GENE BURREL	GEORGE MCKAY
SVELYN BOLLEGERHOICE	HELENETTA MORGAN
DELOLA COLTON	EUGENE MORE
VIRGIL CAMP	CHARLES NELSON
OPHIA DAVIS	MARILANNE PIERCE
BEULIE DANFELS	CLEOPHIA RICHARDS
CARMEN DAVIS	THEO RICHARDS
EMMA DECKER	VERNA RICHARDS
THELMA DEDDGE	JULIAN RICHARDS
PEARL DAVIS	STANFORD RICHARDS
DANIEL DAVIS	LEN RICHARDS
MARY EVANS	VIRGINIA ROBE
MARIA EVANS	LEROY ROBERTS
VIRGIL EVANS	LEONA REEK
JENNIE ELCOCK	GENEVIENE SCOTT
NETTIE EARL	PAUL STUART
JORRIS EARL	GEORGE STUART
DAVE EGELL	TIMOTHY SMITH
GRACE HOWELL	ELMER SMITH
GLEN HAWS	DEVOLA SORENSON
MARTIN HALL	THEODORE THOMAS
MABEL HANCOCK	ELIRA THOMAS
WALTER HUGHES	LIZZIE THOMAS
REG HAROLD	NEOLA THOMAS
FRED HORNACHER	JAMES THOMAS
VILDA HANSON	WARREN THOMAS
HELEN HANSON	SARA THOMAS
KATHIE HILL	KENNETH THOMAS
WALLACE HILL	CYDIL THOMPSON
MARY HILL	GEORGE THOMPSON
MARY IRVEN	ROBERT THOMPSON
ATA JONES	HARRY THOMPSON
WINNIE JONES	HONK THOMPSON
LEOLA JONES	IVA WILLIAMS
MABEL M. JONES	LAYON WILLIAMS
MABEL T. JONES	LAMAR WILLIAMS
LOTTIE JONES	LOUIE WILLIAMS
MABEL JONES	MABEL WILLIAMS
LAURA JONES	JENNIE WILLIAMS
ANNIE JAMES	VERLEN WILLIAMS
SARA JONES	IDA WARD
DYRON JONES	



MACAULAY HIGH SCHOOL, SOPHOMORE CLASS OF 1914-15

Visa-Versa

A crepe de chine in Labrador, a fur coat in Palm Beach,
Put a polar bear away down there where icebergs never reach;
Serve ice cream in Baffin Land, and chili in Brazil,
Sleep in China, eat in France, I wonder how we'd feel.

This thing visa versa makes me laugh, and when I stop to think
If everything is really it, or some things are what ain't;
It's "If you do, I won't do that", or "If you do, I won't,
So tell me please now if you know, for I admit I don't.

Now don't do this and don't do that, for if you do it's wrong,
We gain our knowledge from mistakes as we go along;
If we place confidence in friends, and think they are just right,
That confidence is apt to wane in the passing of one night.

If everything that is was plain, and that ain't were not,
Then everything we said or did, would be right to the dot;
We'd need no teachers here nor there, or even think of schools,
We'd all be wise as wise could be, or else we'd all be fools.

So this visa versa bothers me, and then again it don't,
Sometimes I try to think it out and then decide I won't;
I'll leave the subject as it stands, and forget it while I can,
The chances are, the answer is, "Now how old was Ann?"

BY A. BRIDGEMAN



FRESHMEN

A HARD CLIMB AHEAD



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Freshman Class History

The eighth grade class of 1922 was the largest graduating class in the history of the Malad public school, and we could be safe in saying that practically all of them returned on the following year as freshmen. We were very proud on that day when we received our certificates, and felt that we were in a newly found paradise. But, alas! this idea was not to last long, for on entering high school we found ourselves to be abused and insulted on all sides. But as good nature conceals dignity, we swallowed up the scorn showered upon us by the upper classmen.

A short time after the opening of school, our class elected its officers, who were: President, Lynn Williams; vice-president, Isabelle Monson; secretary and treasurer, Edna Richards.

The class representative on the annual staff was Dorothy Fredrickson.

The Sophomores frightened some of the "green" out of the Freshmen when they talked of initiation, but a few days of squabbling brought things to a climax and the subject and action diminished together.

The Freshmen's ability to play basketball was not limited to the class series, but found a favorable place for exertion in the first team of M. H. S.

All our assembly programs have been of the highest type.

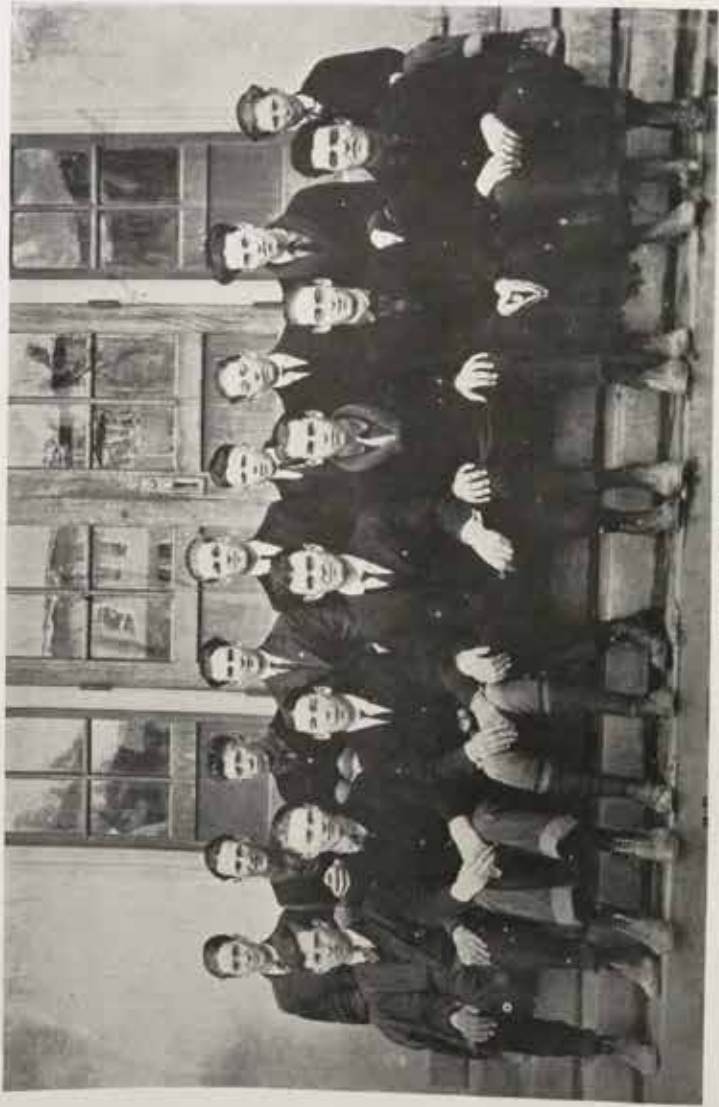
Our annual party was held in January at which all Freshmen invited their partners as guests of honor. A large crowd was present and again we were praised for our conduct and success. Dancing, program and refreshments were the means of entertainment, and each served its purpose to excellent advantage.

With the close of this school year we hope our success will continue and those through whose efforts this year has increased in value, will return in 1923 and 1924.

DOROTHY FREDRICKSON

Freshman Roll

LEO TOVEY	HOWAIN LARSEN
FRANK ATKINSON	HOWARD MADSEN
ARCHIE BROWN	LEONARD MADSEN
LOUIS BURDAM	ANALYK MACULLOCK
HAROLD BARRIT	ISABEL MONSON
VERNAL BLAISDELL	FINTON MORGAN
BEATRICE BOLINGBROKE	WILLIE MORRIS
MARY BURROWS	ADA RIFFLIN
ALBERT BUSH	MILDRED PIERCE
LEONARD CASTLETON	ALBERT NUNNELLLEY
LAVRON BARRIT	VERNON PETERSON
ALTA CAMP	DICK OWENS
TOM CLOTHWORTHY	ARCHIE ORRISON
JESSE DEEDGE	CAROLLE PELTON
MARILET DAWC	EDNA RICHARDS
MARCEL DAVIS	EMMA PRICE
PAULY DEBHAMPS	BETH ROBERTSON
WILDER EDICKSON	HUBBELL STEPHENSON
DENICK EVANS	JOHN RODERICK
MOLLY EVANS	THEODORE REESE
ZELLA EGGOCK	HARTEL SWENSON
MAY FALLER	MAUDE REESE
BIRDNA FLINT	CELESTIA RICHARDS
MARCEL JONES	MERILE REYNOLDS
MARY EVANS	CHRISTIE STUART
EVA HATFIELD	VENICE SWENSON
DOROTHY FREDRICKSON	LEOLA SMITH
EVELYN HARRISON	ELDA THOMAS
MADONA HUTTEGALLE	THELMA WILLIAMS
LOHRAINE HANSON	STEPHEN THOMAS
HUBERT GLEED	JOE AKRON
ALFRED GIBBS	DANIEL THOMAS
OKEL HUGHES	CHARLES TOVEY
MAY HENDRY	ELIAS THOMPSON
CARRIE THOMAS	FRED WALDRON
KELPRA WHITE	LELAND WILLIAMS
ORVILLE HARRISON	GEORGE YATES
JAMES HUGHES	RONA WERT
ORLEN HUNKARER	INA WERT
DAVID HARRISON	OPAL WILLIAMS
RULON JONES	BEATRICE WARD
MARVIN JONES	ANONA JOHNSON
EDNA JENSEN	JUNE THOMAS
ALENE KINGSBURY	LYNN WILLIAMS
EDWARD JAMES	HOWARD PECK
ROYAL JENSEN	DANIEL JENKINS
MAY JAMES	STANLEY HANSON
DICK JONES	LEROY THOMAS
MARY LEDMAN	CLAUDE THOMAS
HATTIE MADSEN	GEORGE BRANTSGO
LOYAL LEWIS	



BOYS' ATHLETIC TEAM



BOYS' ATHLETIC TEAM



Музыкальный коллектив школы №1





MALAD HIGH SCHOOL, BENTON

Our Glee Club

The Glee Club of the Malad High School since its organization has come to play a very important part in the affairs of the student body. It has grown in strength and popularity until it now has the support of the majority of the students.

Mr. Allred, the instructor, is responsible for its rapid growth during the last year. The students who are members of this club were systematically examined along the lines of voice culture. Twenty-eight girls and eighteen boys were chosen and have attained considerable success.



A few angelic years from now,
 When very cellar's dry,
 And "health, old fellow", and "here's how",
 From lack of usage die.

When pipes are in the discard thrown,
 And stogies we eschew,
 When cigarets we leave alone
 Because they are taboo.

When crap and poker are extinct
 With every other vice,
 And human nature closely linked
 With all that's pure and nice.

When, wholly sanctified, mankind
 Flees each satanic wile,
 What will the poor reformer find
 To make his life worth while?

MR. MAUGHAN

W I T

Some Printer

"May I print a kiss on your lips," he said,
 And she nodded a sweet permission,
 So they went to press, and I rather guess
 They printed a large edition.
 "One edition is hardly enough,"
 She said, with charming pout;
 So again on the press the form was placed,
 And they got some "extras" out.

Lovely night — crescent moon,
 Chance — opportune,
 Ruby lips — slight mustache,
 Combination — a flash;
 The maiden speaks whene'er she can,
 Slightly whispers, "Naughty man",
 Hesitates — and whispers then,
 "Be a naughty man again."

Mr. Maughan: "Did you ever notice, my dear, that a loud
 talker is usually an ignorant person?"
 Mrs. Maughan: "Well, you needn't shout so; I'm not deaf."

Waiter: "Pardon me, sir, but this bill does not include
 any waiter."
 Mr. Ramsey: "Well, I didn't eat any waiter, did I?"

Miss Daines: "What have you in the shape of cucumbers
 this morning?"
 New clerk: "Only bananas, ma'am."



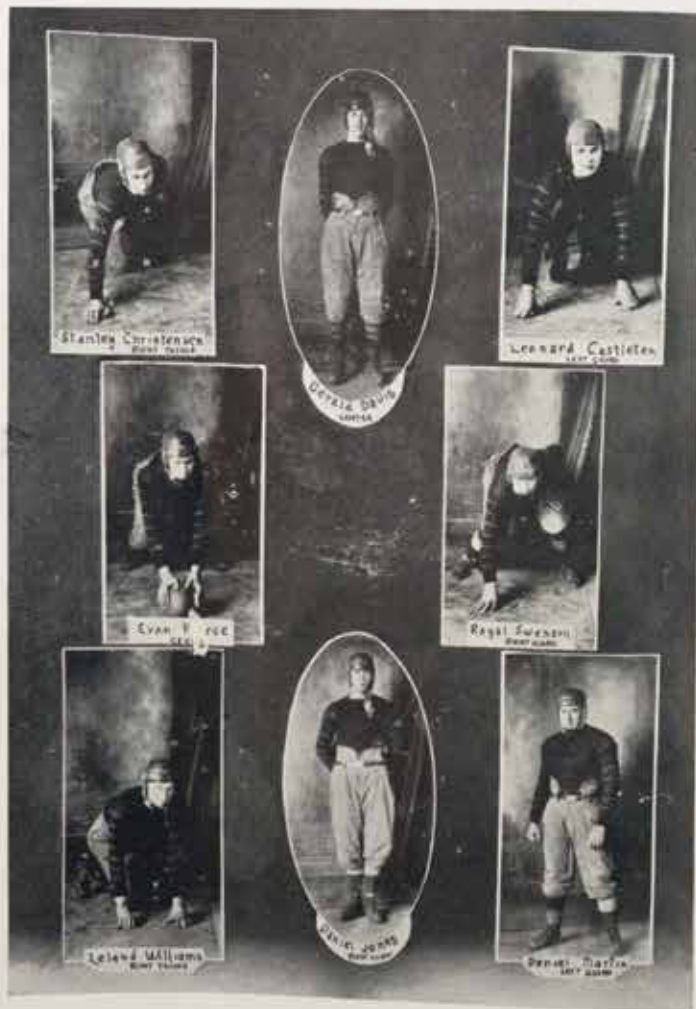
Senior Athletics

The honors of the Senior Class are not limited to the social or political activities of the school. Three of the football players for 1922-1923 were Seniors. We secured the tie for first place in the interclass basketball series, and furnished one member for the High School team. Here's to the Seniors of next year! May they continue this enviable record, making this, the last class in High School, the first in athletics and scholarship!



Junior Athletics

The Junior Class has had a very successful year in Athletics. Last fall we challenged the entire High School for a football game. We practiced hard for two nights, but it was of no value, for when the night of the game came, the other team disappeared, and remained so. This, as well as many others, added to the forfeited victories of this class. In basketball we won three games and lost one. Ah! but we were tied for first place in the class series by the seniors.



Sophomore Athletics

Three members of the Sophomore Class, who were on the basketball team, proved the efficiency of this class. In the class series the Sophomores were defeated in the first game by the Freshmen, but, as everyone knows, they need to be encouraged. The Seniors succeeded in defeating the Sophomores by a narrow margin in an extremely swift and well balanced game. In the following game the Sophs came back strong and defeated the Juniors, after they had defeated the Seniors and Freshmen. The series was not completed, therefore it is impossible to say who would have been victorious. Besides this favorable position in basketball they can also boast of one very strong man, Joe Earl, on the football team.



Freshman Athletics

The Freshmen have taken great interest in the athletic activities of the Malad High School. We had four football heroes who made a good showing. We started basketball with a team picked for the class series made a record that was not expected from the Frosh. We also placed one man on the main basketball team. We are working to make athletics a success in the following years.

LYNN WILLIAMS

Page Sixty-two

Basketball

At the beginning of basketball this season, two players sponded from last year's main team. This being the case it was necessary to play a few games between the classes in order to get new material. After the class series were played Coach Keller was able to pick out those players whom he thought were efficient for the team. After a few strenuous practices the coach selected the following men to represent the first team of the Malad High School:

Walter Williams, the speedy center of this year's team, was a star player from the team of last year. He was a mighty valuable asset to his team at all times. Being elected captain he more than fulfilled the position. At the tournament he was chosen center for the all-star team from southern Idaho. This being his last year, he will be missed by the team of 1924.

Dan Jones, forward, another player from last year's team, was the cleverest feeder on the floor any day he played and is a brilliant team man. We are sorry to say that he will not be with us next season.

Lynn Williams, a new but efficient player, performed cleverly at forward. Much is expected from him next year, as he proved his worth as a sharpshooter by caging many field goals.

Dolph Moon, a new player, filled one of the positions as guard. This fine young athlete, speedy and with plenty of endurance, was quick to outguess the opposition and frustrate plays.

Verge Evans, a sub from last year's team was Moon's partner as guard. It was a common occurrence for him to get the ball away from his opponents, race through a broken field and make long passes to his goal-throwing team mates.

Harry Thompson, Ray Jones and Glen Haws were the reserves for the main team. Too much praise cannot be given to these players. Thompson was a good player at any position on the team. Jones and Haws are a pair of flashy forwards and much is expected from these three players next year.

The fans of Malad were pleased with the showing that the team made this season. They made a good showing at the tournament of southern Idaho. Only two players graduate this year so we expect to have a good team next year.

ERIC DOLINGBROOK

Page Sixty-three

Football

At the opening of the school term of nineteen-twenty-two, the boys of the M. H. S. were very anxious to get into suits and start practicing for football. A large number came to the practices at first but due to the lack of suits and playing under many inconveniences, they were discouraged.

After several nights of hard practicing Mr. Keller, the coach, was able to choose a squad of eleven men for the first team. The decreased number afforded no opportunity for a second team, so the regular team could not practice "tackling" and "holding the line". As a result, they lacked both these experiences during the entire season.

Three games were played away from home with Poatello Blackfoot, and McCammon. One game was played with Logan High School, at Malad. The Black and Orange team, put up a hard fight, but being late in entering the field, it was defeated in every game.

However, Malad High proved that she had the material for an excellent team. Here's to the future, may it bring in success.

BY H. BOLINGBROKE



Honesty

Too often we forget in our daily doings our conduct in regard to truth and honesty. We are likely to think that unless we break in upon someone else's premises and steal valuable property that we are honest. But there are things that occur here among us every day, seemingly of little importance, that will brand us as cheats and liars, just as will the greater crime. For during our school days here we are men and women in the making and what we are in after life depends for the most part upon what we do here.

From day to day we are building up our character and every action and every thought of ours forms a part of it. What it will be depends entirely upon us.

Why do we attend school? Is it entirely for the sprinkling the knowledge of the sciences, history and mathematics that we gain? No. How long, after we leave our high school days behind us we will remember these things? Likely not for long. But if we can say, "I have learned to be a friend, to be courteous, truthful and honest", then we have a foundation upon which to build our lives.

In order to make this foundation strong we must watch and guard our every action every day of our life. In class, during an examination, when we see a person glancing across at another's paper, maybe they are not cheating, but if not, why are they not watching their own paper? Immediately what opinion do you form of that person? Later if you happen to be around when it is being suggested that this person be allowed to fill a responsible position, what comes into your mind? This: "I saw him cheating in an examination at school and no really honest person would lower himself to an act of that kind; therefore he is not the man for the position."

What golden opportunities we lose from just such seemingly small things.

It is the same in any other of a number of such acts which mean so much to us and to which we give so little consideration.

If you borrow a pencil is it not a good thing to remember to hand it back to the person from whom you borrowed it?

Another is the matter of class organization. The class

gives a party and the members are asked to contribute a small sum toward it. They will probably go to the party but they never pay the sum they have been asked to. A person who does this is not honest either with himself or his friends.

The person who sits and talks and whispers during a study period is a thief. He deliberately steals the time of the person to whom he is talking and those who sit around him.

Worst of all is the person who will take a coat, rubbers, books or any other article which does not belong to him. Any person who would intentionally do this is not fit to belong to our high school. He is not a fit citizen for our high school city.

We must carefully consider the impression we are making upon the townspeople and those who are interested in us. Many times when there are speakers here who are doing their best to say something that will be of interest to us there is so much noise, audible laughs and whispers and supposedly funny exclamations that they can scarcely be heard even upon the first row.

This kind of conduct will do more toward tearing down the name and standard of our high school than probably anything else we can do. It is a deplorable condition and one that with a little thought can be easily remedied.

Let us all resolve that we will be courteous and honest above all things, that we may be called, first, a good student; second, a worthy citizen, and last and best of all, an honest, upright man or woman.

MAUDE EVANS



Dangerous Reefs

Our lives are merely little ships adrift on this big ocean of time. Out there is the bright, warm sun, or the goal for which we build our hopes, plans, ambitions and works. And what a far off goal that seems to be, when standing, as a young man or woman, at the harbor, ready and waiting. Waiting? Yes! Waiting for that great ocean to pull us forward.

There are those golden rays leading to the sun, which are called sunbeams; toward our goal they are called the right pathway. How easy it is for us to stay on that path when the sun is bright and the ocean is calm; but when our goal seems no longer bright, the sun goes down, the same as in all storms; or we lose sight of our goal. That happiness and success we should all fight to gain.

It is then those poor little ships are tossed about on the waves. Then we are hopelessly lost on that big ocean, as a ship without a guide, searching for a harbor. Temptation has claimed us her victims, and we are lead off to that unknown sea.

All at once our ship is dashed against the rocks. It is a reef upon which we all stumble, the reef of Falsehood. Some go there deliberately, others unknowingly. Children are sometimes driven into these reefs by their parents or friends. Those who have been here for a long time have not enough faith in themselves to try to get back to the right pathway.

Then others scheme by this means to attain a reward. What a small faith we have in people. If we could only see that truth is superior to falsity! Sometimes we use falsehood as a protection, while it is nearly exposure. Not until we have enough faith in people, to face the truth, will people have faith in us.

We land on this reef unaware of the effect it is to have upon us. We fight, gain, and once more we have a view of our goal and set out on the path.

Then comes the second reef, the clouds gather and opportunity comes. Perhaps the article we need is before us and none are watching us. What is the crime? Yes, we take it, at the same moment forfeiting our place among the people who can say: "I am honest!"

We have hit the reef called Stealth, which is the turning point of our lives. We shall either be lead so far that there is

no hope of regaining things lost, or we shall gain that lesson, "that to steal is wrong, and wrong will not raise our ideal."

A thing stolen does not need to be very valuable, before the deed is branded as theft.

There are several other reefs, among which is Immorality. As we drift on toward our goal, life seems all happiness.

All at once from afar comes the faint sound of laughter. The ship hesitates, then seeing a sudden flare of light, changes its course, and sets forward to explore the fair village, or whatever the place may be. Can you seek your old path again? Only the strong can do that! Are we strong? We are if we can turn from immorality. This reef is like quicksand to the weak. Once a person ventures near, he is drawn in, and struggle however hard he can he can never get away and be the same as when he went there.

Some people say: "I will fight my child's battles of life." Let us pity these children; they are nearer the reefs.

May we then remember that we should have a goal, and when we lose sight of it we drift into these treacherous reefs.

This world would go forward more if everyone would say, "There is my goal, I must cross the ocean of time to get there, and 'beware of the dangerous reefs'."

BUREAU KUNNINGHAM



Domestic Science

Our Domestic Science class is a practical class in the principals of cooking and food study. To know the value of foods and their importance in the diet is our aim. Any school girl can learn how to plan, cook and serve meals if the principles of cooking are fully understood and they can be so by the practical lessons given in our class.

We learn the nutritive value of foods, and cooking no longer becomes a drudge, but an interesting study in the planning of nutritious, well balanced and wholesome meals. One learns economy and practices it by purchasing the best at the lowest cost.

Very often in the homes, the meals are costly besides nutritious. It is to guard against this that cooking is taught in high schools. It prepares the school girl to calculate the cost of wholesome meals at home, teaching her to cope with the markets and in every way making cooking a pleasure.

EVELA PALMER



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Domestic Art

The importance of Domestic Art in the high school can scarcely be over-estimated. It is entirely necessary, if we wish to become well dressed, that we should be acquainted with the principles which are taught in this course. To be well dressed does not necessarily mean that our clothing should be elaborate or costly, but that it is chosen according to one's means and from the view point of suitability of style and color, and its simplicity of design and decoration, for as one authority on dress says: "To be over-dressed is never to be well dressed."

One should know his own type and select styles and colors which are becoming. The use the costume is to serve should be taken into consideration when it is chosen; for instance: the requirements for the morning, afternoon or street dress and the conventional evening gown are vastly different. This difference is the distinction which makes a costume designed for one of these purposes unsuited for any other.

Of every person we see we form some sort of an opinion. Just what this opinion shall be is determined largely by their clothes. We owe it to ourselves to look well at all times. If we wish other people to have a high regard for us, we must have a high regard for ourselves. No two individuals have exactly the same temperaments; therefore, they cannot wear precisely the same styles. The design and color of clothing should combine to bring out the personality of the wearer.

The Domestic Art course also offers many beneficial suggestions on the care of clothing. Every girl should be interested enough in the designing and making of her clothing to take advantage of this most valuable course.

IDA EDWELL.



Page Twenty-one

Faculty



T H E M I R R O R

Our M. H. S.

Why should we not support
The High School of Malad,
And do our greatest share of work,
For it's the best we ever had.

Although we have some faults,
We have some good ones too,
We each must strive to be better
And show them what we can do.

"We" stands for all the pupils,
While "them" for the teachers proud
Who try to teach the jolly gang,
Though all are whispering loud.

At this very highest point
In our class of English IV
Miss Vail gets awful angry
And smiles at us no more.

But when she is good natured
Things glide pleasantly along,
And when she reads a story
In steps dear Mr. Maughan.

We know he does not like it,
By the way he looks us o'er;
Thinks we ought to have our lesson,
If we are prepared quite poor.

He greets us very cheerful
Each morning bright and clear,
But when we go to get an admit,
He sure questions us to fear.

In every morning assembly
The announcements he does make,
It scares you just about to death,
But keeps you wide awake.

T H E M I R R O R

Although we do get frightened
He does his loyal best
To bring back the wayward ones
To the standard of the rest.

The next is Mrs. Perkins,
She comes after Mr. Maughan,
With a pleasant looking face
And her blond bobette pinned on.

She's always looking pleasant
And delights in giving aid
When the pupils stop to thank her
She says with joy she's paid.

Mr. Decker says "Good morning",
While we all say "Hello";
For we all know very well
It's about ten degrees below.

When we recite in Ethics
In his morning class each day,
He gets our minds all cornered
And we don't know what to say.

He is always sure to attend,
Whenever the council meets,
For he thinks they need his advice
And there should be no vacant seats.

Now Miss Johnson and Mr. Ramsey
They're quite a curious pair,
But the Mr. has a bald spot,
And the Miss she has blonde hair.

She teaches us debating,
And oral expression too;
While he the science teaches
And has other things to do.

T H E M I R R O R

But the girls all have to study
Domestic science and art,
And Miss Daines, who is the teacher,
Has each one do her part.

She seems so very quiet
And always clean and neat;
She teaches us to cook a lot
So we'll have good things to eat.

Through all our trouble and grief
We hear music in the halls,
And the students must be present
When Mr. Allred the numbers calls.

This is not all he teaches,
For there's geometry and algebra too,
And he looks more like a teacher
When he wears his shirt of blue.

Last and best comes Mrs. Tovey,
Because she guides the Freshmen,
She always has a lot of trouble,
For it's very hard to teach them.

If it were not for the dimples
Showing through her gentle smile,
To get the students interested,
Would be a serious trial.

Now if we all work together,
And forget the faults of all,
We might each gain a step
To start out right next fall.

Suppose the Ku Klux Klan Visits Malad

(Original)

When the Ku Klux Klan visits little old Malad,
There will be some who cry for mercy,
And some who will feel glad,
But when we move the tieyard
I guess no one will feel sad.

The next thing on the docket,
Looking at the score card now,
We'll straighten out those crooked streets,
Quite a job, will you show us how?
They were laid out somewhere near '86,
And whoever laid the plans, we fear,
Has got their heads to fix.

Five barber shops in that one little town,
Why that will never do;
We'll move one out to Samaria,
And one to Pleasantview;
And when the hairy gents come in,
And start to look around,
And cannot find their barber,
They'll know we've cleaned the town.

Then there's that road just west of town,
Some good old greasy soil,
Getting stuck, and cussing,
That's useless farmers' toil;
We'll see that it's all gravelled,
The best we can afford,
And then we'll hear the farmers shout,
"Twas the Klan, oh thank the Lord".

Next we'll move the farmers' barn
Down the road a mile,
Mr. Ballaine will have to cuss,
But we knew it all the while.

What a blessing, no more stink,
And to think of that beautiful building near by,
Would turn their liver pink,
And now we're going to move it,
Say, fellows, what do you think?

The next and greatest problem,
Is the graveyard on the hill,
We'll beautify the premises,
We must, we must, we will;
We'll plant some flowers and shrubbery,
We'll plant all kinds of trees;
Our main ambition, as you see,
The people all to please.

Oh yes, another dance hall,
That one's not big enough,
For when they dance on holidays,
There isn't room to snuff,
Besides foul air in a dance hall
Is running a dreadful chance,
Of getting disease, hiccoughs and sneezers,
So look for some more space to dance.

Why, of course, they need a gym,
They're getting so confound lazy,
If they don't get some exercise,
Their minds will all be hazy,
And say, we're going to build one,
For you folks, aren't you glad?
For we want a healthier, wealthier
Little old town of Malad.

We'll take all desperate characters,
To the river down below,
And when we bring them back to life,
They'll say we're not so slow.
In case of a desperado,
We won't listen to such stuff,
We'll take him along to Sing Sing,
Then he'll have enough.

And after all our efforts,
Of bettering the town,
We haven't gained no headway,
Or a name of great renown,
Let us all remember,
This much for aspell,
Would you rather live in heaven
Or would you sooner dwell in hell?

VIRGIL CAMP

Stop, Count Ten, and Spit!

I've heard about the saddest sights, but that which stuns me
worse
Is to see a pretty girl get mad and then start in and curse;
If they just knew how bad it sounds, this swearing they would
quit,
When they got mad they'd bite their lips, stop, count ten and
spit.

I'll stand for paint and powder, too, and let you wear bobbed
hair,
And trousers also, if you like, but please, oh please, don't
swear;
There's other words that you can use, don't let a cuss word slip,
Instead of swearing like a man, stop, count ten, and spit.

Now, boys are just as bad as girls, if not a little worse,
They think that they are not real men, until they learn to curse;
It's not for me to take the task to make you swearing quit,
But when you feel a cuss word start, stop, count ten, and spit.

So, boys and girls, it's up to us to cease this kind of chatter,
We'll swear no more like we did before, no difference what's
the matter;
Profanity we will erase, from cussing we have quit,
So altogether, girls and boys, stop, count ten and spit.

BURNELL STEPHENSON.



STAFF OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT OFFICE. PHOTO BY BERTIE



MALAD HIGH SCHOOL CITY GOVERNMENT OFFICERS SECOND YEAR

W I T

The Mule

The mule he is a funny sight,
 He's made of ems and dynamite;
 His heels are full of bricks and springs,
 Tornadoes, battering rams and things;
 He's fat as any poisoned pup,
 It's just his meanness swells him up;
 He's always scheming how to do
 The things you most don't want him to.

The mule he lives on anything,
 He's got a lovely voice to sing;
 And when he lets it loose at noon,
 It sounds like buzz-saws, out of tune;
 He stands around with with sleepy eye,
 And looks as if he'd like to die;
 But when there's any dieing done,
 It ain't the mule, I'll bet a bun.

Some folks don't treat mules with respect,
 They say they ain't got intellect;
 That may be so, but if you've got
 To go to heaven on the spot;
 And want the way that doesn't fail,
 Just pull the tassel on his tail;
 The mule just tends to his own biz,
 He don't look loaded, but he is.

Mr. Allred: "This ham is bad."
 Waitress: "Rubbish, it was cured last week."
 Mr. Allred: "It must have had a relapse."

T H E M I R R O R

Little boy, boastingly: "My great-grandfather carried a drum all through the Revolutionary War."

The other bright boy: "And whenever he sighted the enemy he beat it, I suppose."

✧
In the parlor there were three,
The girl, the parlor lamp, and he;
Two is company; no doubt
That is why the lamp went out.

✧
Mrs. Perkins: "Is that noun neuter?"
Student: "Yes, quite neu-ter-me."

✧
Do your shoes fit?
No, they give me 'em.
What, the shoes?
No, fits.

✧
Teacher, to the class: "Does anyone know how iron was discovered?"

Pupil: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "Well, tell this class your information."

Pupil: "Please, sir, they smelt it."

✧
He said her teeth were like the stars,
Which simile was right;
He didn't know that like the stars
Her teeth came out at night.

✧
Jimmy: "Dearest, I must marry you."
Shimmy: "Have you seen father?"
Jimmy: "Often, honey, but I love you just the same."

T H E M I R R O R

Doctor: "Your boy is alright; all he needs is a little soap and water."

Mrs. Maughan: "Before or after meals?"

✧
Guide (on sightseeing bus): "We are now passing one of the oldest houses in the country."
Daniel W.: "What for?"

✧
Father: "My boy, what do you expect to be when you get out of school?"
Son: "An old man, father."

✧
May: "This controls the break; it's put on very quickly in case of emergency."
Jane: "Oh, something like a kimona."

✧
I hear Delta is to be married.
Who is the lucky man?
Her father.

✧
He: "How do you like your new gown?"
She: "It doesn't quite come up to my anticipations."
He: "Yes, they are wearing them low this year."

✧
"Papa," said Mr. Maughan's little boy, "what do you call a man who runs an auto?"
Mr. Maughan: "It depends on how near he comes to hitting me."

✧
Stranger: "Rastus, do the people who live across the road from you keep chickens?"
Rastus: "Dey keeps some of dem, sah."

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They Will if You Buy Them at The TOGGERY

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