WE WIN DEBATE

Last Saturday our Renegade team defeated the University of Southern California freshman debaters by a judge's vote of two to one, in a hotly contested discussion held in the high school auditorium. The question was Resolved: That Congress should have the power to nullify decisions of the Supreme Court by re-enacting the law.

The Southern team, consisting of Manuel Ruiz and A. Syvertson, upheld the affirmative. Edna Scofield and Louis Brandt defended the negative view for J. C. The judges for the debate were: Dr. Womer, H. A. Jastro, and Mr. Baker, principal of Delano High School.

Mr. Ruiz, first speaker for the affirmative, spent most of his time in bringing out the fact that a change must be made in our present system of government, which allows a simple majority vote of 5-4 of the Supreme Court justices to make void a law passed by Congress. Louis Brandt, first speaker for the negative, admitted that a change was needed and proposed one whereby a law must be voted unconstitutional by a two-thirds majority of the Supreme Court before it could be declared void.

The debate resolved into the question of which plan, that proposed by the affirmative, or that of the negative, was the most practical and would more nearly fulfill the requirements.

A. Syvertson was the second speaker for the affirmative and Edna Scofield second for the negative.

The rebuttals, which were very heated arguments on the effectiveness of the two plans were in the following order: Brandt, negative; Ruiz, affirmative; Miss Scofield, negative; Syvertson, affirmative.

The J. C. debaters conclusively proved that the plan of the affirmative, i.e. giving Congress the power of nullifying,
ATTENDANCE
Five J. C. people attended the debate Saturday night. Well there were several other things going on, but don't forget your school. The U. S. C. orators, even if they didn't know anything about the Supreme Court, were worth hearing.

A PROOF OF LOVE
"If you love me as I love you"—
(Ah, sweet those words to lover's ear,
Twas Lois spoke, in accents true;
So loving, tender, kind and dear.)

"If you love me as I love you"—
(Ah, heaven and earth were
Wrapped in bliss;
The wild Rose listened, drowned
in love;
The very sylphs sought her kiss.)

"If you love me as I love you"—
(Ah, strains from Paradise her words!) And if I do, want them? I asked;
While round us winged the listening
birds.

YOUTH'S ROMANCES
A farmer boy had spent a sultry
hour pulling, hoisting, and driving
a new calf toward the barn. A steer
went by headed for the pasture. The
steer followed. "Go to thunders, you
fool," muttered the boy, "you'll know
the difference when supper time
comes."

"That's a good start," remarked
the pencil to the sharpener with
a satisfied air. —Snap

IF YOU CAN USE A
CHEERLEADER
SEE ME
W. Bruce Watt
1818 Eye St.
A SONG WITHOUT WORDS

Phoenix J. C. has started their basketball season with two promising tandems on the floor this year. Sanderson is captain of the first team. J. C. football men will remember him for his "end-around" stunt.

EXCHANGE NOTES

The sherrif, N. R. D. of Placerville, had a copy of last year's "Scorpion." Anyone having an extra copy may bring it up to the "Renegade" office.

PERSONALS

Who had a copy of last year's "Scorpion." Anyone having an extra copy may bring it up to the "Renegade" office.

Some collegians attended the A large number of J. C. students attended the debate between the Junior College and the University of Southern California Freshman, held in the high school auditorium Saturday night, January 20th.

Gladys Flor, a former Junior College student, gave a much-remembered party Saturday night. Several Junior Colleges were present.

Fresh Valentine Dance is coming-to be exact-tomorrow. All J. C.'s come and help the class of '27 make its dance a roaring success.

"Do you think that Doris is really bad?"
"No, not bad; just broad-minded,"-punch.

An old pipe is one thing that is always strong for its owner.

Blessed be the rights of citizenship, and that which is on each citizen's hip.-G. C.

What are the grounds for the divorce?"
"Oh, some French girl named Siscoe saved her name on all of his shirts."

Conductor: Money in the box, please in my Fiilver. Absent-minded Prof.: (Vivian) No, I don't care to help the babies today.

F. C.: We'll expect you, Wow-wow!

Hey, Kippy! Chee-chee! Chee-chee!

Why did Ernestine blush when the minister said, "----"

Pat: What's all the crowd doing now?" at Murphy's?

Peter: Haven't you heard the news? They're laying out his poor wife.

Pat: Shore and Murphy must be a bunch of fighters. I didn't have no help the other night when I laid me old woman out with a coffee-pot.

'TIS THE HUMAN NATURE

She will go roaming in a Roomer and sit moaning in a Moon.

But when she's in my Fiilver, I can't get her there too soon.

Rothsky's Corner
5th & F Street
SAVORS, SOFT DRINKS,
CANDIES, STATIONERY

ROBESKY'S CORNER
16th & F Street
SAVORS, SOFT DRINKS,
CANDIES, STATIONERY
COURTESY SERVICE

"You can always count on me," said the adding machine.-Wasp

Tourist (gazing at volcano): Looks like hell, doesn't it? Native: How these Americans have traveled!
HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Basketball with Taft tomorrow evening in the gym. Everybody gone. Taft's beaten us once this season.

Love Tales, the Senior stunt, made a hit with everybody.

Chris Stockton has agreed to edit the Blue and White for the rest of the semester. Not all right, too; he reads the Blue and White himself.

Why are most of the H. S. students sitting—lovesick, or is it just spring fever? If the latter case, it's serious.

Notice the new sweaters around school. Both Big B. and Circle B., either white or blue, are choosing all our chesteys off to better advantage.

The oratorical contest is crossing a lot of interest around school. Last year it was an immense success here.

Another minor sport has been added at the High School! Golf!

State track meet to be at Taft this year.

The Blue and White is taking life. Yes, it's the joke edition. We like to smile once in awhile.

Across from the Hippodrome

BILLY'S ELECTRIC WAFFLE PARLOR
Waffles that are different.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THEATRE PARTIES

Open all night

RENEE KCADE
KERN COUNTY
FIVE GRANTS JUNIOR COLLEGE

CONCERNING LITTLE WOMEN:
(Space No. 1)

At last year's, our talent is being (following) the rhythm of additional class functioning. Just look at Evelyn Derby as Jo. Why the way she harmonizes the 'old country melodies in the first act is positively re-sharpening. Peep oh yes! (Never say the other word.) If you want additional proof, there is Evelyn Rumsick as the old aunt. She is doing the cleverest and most difficult bit of character portrayal in the play and certainly walks off with her scenes. Good stuff, Evelyn! Just to see Helen walk around dignified-like with never a cheekle is worth a season ticket. And seeing Vera as March—sure n'tis great; especially when she's given to poking her nose in the oak wood door. Laurie! Ah, yes, he's the cat's whisksers. Clever! Oh boy! you ought to hear him talk. Even if she didn't take him, but then with "snappy" as his rival, Prof. Soldier competition is bound to be pretty keen, so shut can you expect? Paul and Walter are doing constant work; one constant work; and here's looking at 'em. Lloyd and Emmie are a dashing pair. You can't help but be interested. There is one paper and periodical scene made everyone cry, even to all and Browne, so that produced is very much. There are going to be heaps of flappy skirts and good lines, but what is most important, an interesting cast. Any blossoms out in the last act are surprised everyone. Jessie and Jane agree on costumes or something, anyway it's going to be good because they are doing it and Miss Robison is giving a lot of time and patience and the results are showing up.

In the School were a lot of good things about our play and cast, all of which we could and could even improve upon. Ask the Parade why their morning paper (continued on page 8)

RENEE KCADE
KERN COUNTY
FIVE GRANTS JUNIOR COLLEGE

2200,000 IN HIGH SCHOOL BONDS

A bond issue of 1800,000 for the construction of an additional classroom and gymnasium for the Kern County Union High School, and $50,000 for the education of a second unit of the student body not provided for by the high school board, and the election date has been set for March 6, which time the voters of the district will be called upon to pass upon the proposition. The items for the bond were purposely kept separate in order that the voters might have opportunity to discriminate if they choose, and favor or reject either one of the propositions. That concerning the school is submitted by the board at the request of a number of different organizations and many citizens. The vote for the gymnasium will be in the nature of a referendum. As to the $150,000 for the class rooms, there is the fact, the board members say, for provision for additional seating capacity which will be imperative with the opening of a new term.

Boys' varsity football.

BENEDICT ERROR

Ordinarily the board makes known to the supervisors the amount of money that is required for all school purposes and the tax rate therefor is embodied in the regular levy. But, through misapprehension as to the amount of taxable property in the district, $64,000,000 instead of eighty odd million, was at one time set by the board. It is evident that the increased tax rate this year, will not raise the amount of money fixed by the original budget; hence the call for a bond issue.

FRESH DANCE

The freshman dance last Friday evening was a great success. A large crowd of school people attended.

The decorations were carried out in an effective manner that spoke well for those young people.
THE RENEGADE
Published weekly by
KERN COUNTY JUNIOR COLLEGE

ANIMATED LANGUAGE
"Pipe me," said the water in the reservoir.
"Get out, dog," then they operated.
"We've got good providers," said the garters, "we support our dependents."
"I need a change," said the stocking: "I'm completely done.
"I lead a dog's life," said the chain.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Donald McDugger and his lice had been sitting together for nearly half an hour in silence. Maggie, he said, at length, "Wasa I here on the Sabbath night?"
"No, Donald, I dare say you were," "An' wasa I here on Monday night?"
"Ay, so ye were."
"An' I was here on Tuesday night, on Wednesday night, and Thursday night, on Friday night."
"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."
"An' this is Saturday night, an' I'm here ag'in."
"Well, I'm sure you're very welcome, said Donald. Whereupon Donald gathered himself for a supreme effort, and demanded, "Wangan! Dewan! Y' just begin to suspect something?"

IF YOU CAN USE A
GREENBACK
SEE HE:
W. BRUCE WATT
1818 EYE ST.

EDITORIALS

Are you a member of the Associated Readers of the Renegade? We hope that you are not, for you know the success of a paper is governed by its circulation, and this paper is no exception. It is too much that we ask five cents a week from you to support the paper. We do not think so. It is our aim to make the paper worth the money paid for it, and we hope we have succeeded. Let's start the new semester right and from now on let's everyone buy our own Renegade. Don't read your neighbor's.

FOOLISHNESS

She: Oh, that - stunningleckie!
He: It must be, the salesman got four dollars' worth of me while I was still dazed.

Dick Van: I had my nose broken in three places this summer.
Helen: Why do you keep going to those places?

The height of ignorance is not necessarily trying to start a cuckoo clock with bird seed, but it is somewhere near it.

Byron Hay: Mr. Morris, I have courted your daughter for six months.
Mr. Morris: Well, what do you want?
B. H.: To marry her.
Mr. H.: Well, I'll be damned.
I thought you wanted a penning or something.

A verdant young freshman named Bertie went out with a widow quite flirtie. The Poor girl hasn't slept a night. She's so worried.

You may pick beautiful strains on a mandolin for an hour and the girls will never look out of the window, but just hark a horn-Ole Boy!

Rhodes: That girl smiled at me. "Oh, shiver me, thine," called the girl, and I have never seen her before, Iliana has that bare-back riding would be the end of him.

Evy: What does Algernon see in her?
Tyne: Her father has been arrested four times for bootlegging.

IF YOU CAN USE A
GREENBACK
SEE HE:
W. BRUCE WATT
1818 EYE ST.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS IS LESS PERMANENT WAVES AND MORE PERMANENT WIVES.-GROOLS

BAGN 1921

If party dresses become more abbreviated, sorority pins will have to be worn in the form of stickers.-Husbear

Scientists say that sleeping outdoors makes one beautiful. At last! Now we know how to account for the hobo's charming appearance.

The Foolishness is an impaired child of its mother. Why? Because it is her own child, and she is therefore more culpable for it. If you have a fool of your own, you will understand the fate of the foolishness. After all, a fool is often the best of a fool.

The Foolishness is the offspring of the College Sun. If you throw a stone at it, you may injure the Sun, and then the world will be dark for you.

Debutante: What's that horrible odor?
Dilettante: It's my perfume. Here, keep your hair in the belfry.
Deb: Can't say that I blame it.
The gang had gathered, as was its wont, in our little dingy but gloriously anti-Volstead buvette, unknown alike to prohibition officers and two-for-a-quarter arm-savers. The talk ranged uncertainly between the quality of the evening's vin-blanc and the athletic situation, and at last settled down to my pet obsession—co-eds. Bill was leading his particular house of walking holography advertisements to the heavens and it irritated me. As my time and money had always been devoted to the first part of the wine, women and song trilogy, I felt qualified to talk.

"There's not a damned co-ed on the campus that can't be kissed," was my rash statement.

Bill's eyes twinkled with an evil look. "The devil there isn't. I'll show you one that you couldn't kiss, not if you tried until you lowered the standards requirements."

The crowd was listening and I couldn't turn and run, so I went on. "Bunk—they're just a crowd of over-dressed shopgirls. Even I could accomplish such a commonplace feat as that."

"All right," Bill caught me up, "we'll go up there tomorrow night. And if you can kiss her within three months I'll throw a party for the crowd. Otherwise you'll be the cashier." What could I do but accept? My gooses was not only cooked but scorched black.

Bill and I waited in the frigid sorority parlor and I stood on one foot and then another in a vain attempt to appear at ease. At least three hundred girls and different brands of people, fat and thin, and long and short, coarselike and refined, turned on the store, came—the prettiest girl in the world. Have you ever seen the sky just after a rain has washed it clear and very, very blue? Her eyes were just that color. And such hair! Bill's voice died in through the haze. "Hurry, I want you to meet my most worthless friend, Jim Lee."

She laughed and I thought of the silvery peel of a bell. "I'm glad to know you, Mr. Lee," she said. "I always like people who do something the very best of anybody, even if it is nothing."

Somehow we got to the movies, with no greater mishaps than my dropping four pennies and forgetting to help her off the street car. The movie was about a boy and I can't even remember seeing it. Outside, Bill and I hurried for a car. "Non-cense," Mary cried, "you're growing old and sluggish. It's a glorious night and we're going to walk."

Have you ever been up Palm Drive in the moonlight? It's a picture done in silver and deepest blue. At twenty-nine minutes past ten we raced up the sorority steps. "I must see you again soon," I said. "Friday?"

"I can't Friday."

"Saturday?"

"I'm sorry..."

"How about tomorrow night?"

"My, what a persistent person. I'm afraid not."

The door was closing, and with it, all the light in the world. "When then?"

"Oh, sometimes..." she teased, and the door was almost shut. And then: "Sunday night I have to make over so many sandwiches for a crowd of fat-chinned girls. If you have nothing better to do you might come and help." The door slammed.
A stranger visiting a little Scotch community for the first time, was surprised to find no large Presbyterian churches sitting on the main street. He sought enlightenment of a passing native.

"That was the reason for building two big churches in the same religion in this place, like this," the native said. "One could accommodate the entire village."

"Yes, you're right," admitted the native. "One would be plenty big enough, but there's too many classes of Presbyterians in this place and so they need two churches."

The difference in their religious views.

DILETTANTE

By Wally Wainford, '10

The gang had gathered, as was its wont, in our little dingy but gloriously anti-Volstead barbette, unknown alike to probation officers and two-for-a-quarter arm-wavers. The talk revolved uneasily between the quality of the evening's vice-binge and the athletic situation, and at last settled down to my pet obsession—co-eds. Bill was loading his particular house of walkingniseproof advertisements to the heavens and it irritated me. As my time and money had always been devoted to the first part of the wine, women and song trilogy, I felt qualified to talk.

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Bill's eyes twinkled with an evil look. "The devil there isn't! I'll show you one that you couldn't kiss, not if you tried until they lowered the school strip requirements."

"The crowd was listening and—I couldn't turn and run, so I went on. "Bunk—they're just a crowd of over-dressed shopgirls. Even I could accomplish such a commonplace feat as that."

"All right," Bill caught me up, "we'll go up thore tomorrow night. And if you can kiss her within three months I'll throw a party for the crowd. Otherwise you'll be the cashier."

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She laughed and I thought of the silvery pool of a ball. "I'm glad to know you, Mr. Lee," she said. "I always like people who do something the very best of anybody, even if it is nothing."

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"I can't Friday,"

"I can't Saturday,"

"I can't Sunday,"

"I'm sorry—"

"How about tomorrow night?"

"My, what a persistent person. I'm afraid not."

The door was closing, and with it, all the light in the world. "When then?"

"Oh, sometime—she teased, and the door was almost shut. And then: "Sunday night I have to make ever so many announcements to a crowd of fresh-cooked gals. If you have nothing better to do you might come and help." The door slammed.

H. K. & J. C. HEADQUARTERS
WHITE MARBLE BARBER SHOP
1636 Nineteenth Street
HAIR WASHING OUR SPECIALTY

M. B. & J. C. HEADQUARTERS
WHITE MARBLE BARBER SHOP
1638 Nineteenth Street
HAIR WASHING OUR SPECIALTY

The Evolution of a Dumbbell
Posed by "Scotty" Gunn

SCOTLAND

The Evolution of a Dumbbell
Posed by "Scotty" Gunn

A BILLIE-JUNE

Envelope so long and thin,
Piece of card-board folded in,
Just this simple Valentine,
Surely this tender heart of mine.

As I held it, tightly sealed,
She appears in memory's field—
Even hair, of texture fine,
Built-in a head divine,

Lips of red and cheeks of rose,
Sweet as my flower that grows.

Not to open it and see
What the gods have sent to me,
Tremulously I break the seals—

That is this that fate reveals?

Gone for me the lover's thrill,
For it was my laundry bill.

RENEGADE HEALTH AIDS

1. For a severe headache, apply a tourniquet to the neck.

2. A few drops of iodine applied to the nostrils will stop any nosebleed.

Hey: Don't you love this dance? She: Wait'll we start home.
Outside, Bill laughed. I had always maintained that the
most primitive form of animal life was the man who went to Sunday
night services at a security house.

At five o'clock Sunday I stumbled up the steps and
called for Mary. She appeared, all white in an apron that I
was sure was some two sizes too large, and without any
hesitation, bent over the door and said, "Was it so afraid you had to
skirt around it," she asked, "Bill told me you had a press meeting."

"Oh, no," I stammered, "that was--well--you
see--" I choked, the closest laugh in the world, and
I followed mockingly to the kitchen.

Did you ever cut bread? It is the most difficult task
in the world. One side of the slice is always thick
--bulky, the other crinkles down and the knife comes out before
you are half through the loaf. Then it all crumbles and
extravagant until you try to use it, but instead, mortar and
soap opera--for Mary is watching with an appraising smile. We
only have another two leaves, she volunteered, "perhaps you
better spread them and let me out."

Mary had only three dates during the long month. I
called up four times to recall her; then she had--with me
The first time we went to a dance in Polly and Pat's home
on the front seat of a crowded car to a more crowded porch.
There was no chance for love-making. The next time was
rainy and by some rare fortune we captured the huge davenport
that stretched out before the fire. My dance had come and I
started slipping nearer the corner where she sat, ensnared
among huge pillows. But she looked up from the fire and
her eyes met mine, questioningly, and just the least bit hurt.
Back I went, with the feeling of a man who had been let in
in view of a rose painting, and was caught trying to steal it
behind the owlet's back.

The third night we went to the Palace and danced in high
status. They tired us. The foursomes we had a whole-hour's rest to ourselves and my arm stole around behind her
"Don't be foolish, Jim," she pleaded, "it's been a wonder-
ful evening and you don't spell it out, will you?"
What could I do?

During the next two months I saw Mary some dozen times.
My bet--you can guess; how it progressed! By this time was up on a
Friday night, and the puzzle was that evening. Mary and I
went out and had the most wonderful time in the world, except
for the three dances I had to give away. We left a moment
colony to avoid the rush in the close-quarter, and found ourselves
back at her house alone. In another minute the place
would be alive with girls.

Mary: I began, "You're the most wonderful girl in the
world and--"

"Stop!"--her eyes were flashing. "We've traveled here, and
now I heard about your Horrid ex. You're terrible and I
don't ever want to see you again, ever.
"Down the hall," I exclaimed, "we're going to see me
every day of your life. You're going to marry me, Mary, and
you haven't a thing to say about it."

She stood silent a moment, gazing intently at me,
while the world throbbed round and round. Then
"I'm glad I haven't anything to say about it," she
whispered, "if I had I would probably have to refuse--principle.

The gang had gathered again around the low table in the
smoke-drenched room. Bill heavily furnished wine of a digni-
fied age. I sat back proudly. "I tell you, man," I boasted,
"there's not a co-ed on the campus that can't be kissed, God
bless 'em."

---

"THE SOCIAL WHIRL"

J. CO CHATTER

A very enjoyable dance was held last Friday night in the
High School gymnasium. The
Freshmen were the hosts for the
evening. The hall was
decorated with the Valentine
motif. Those in charge of af-
fections were: John Wells, Betty
Anderson, Elizabeth Price,
and Marie Richmond.

---

Quite a few Junior Colleg-
ions attended the basketball
game between Bell Hi and
Barnesfield Hi which was played
last Saturday night in the
local gymnasium.

---

Vera Gibson and Horriet Cole-
am formed a theatre party
last Tuesday night and went to
a "Priscilla" budget. What strange
things we learn in political
sciences.

---

Walt: "I was out until 1 A.M.
with a flat tire."

Bev: "But I'm that's rather
expensive, isn't it?"

The answer at Hartwick's
"Murder is a Russia--why
didn't you hide your face, Whit?

---

On a cold Saturday night, 
the hundred yard dash
was postponed indefinitely.

Serpent: Boy, did you see the
fair damsel I showered last
night? She was as pretty my
hair was wet.

Smoo: Whaddy mean--your
hair was wet? Serpent: She made my hand
swim.

---

Roebuck's Corner
14th & F Streets

Across the Hip
BILLY'S

Waffles That Are Different

Light Lunches Tables for Ladies
SANDWICHES, SOFT DRINKS, CANDIES, STATIONERY
COURTEOUS SERVICE

---
RECENT BASKETBALL RESULTS

H. S. WINS FROM TAFT
The Taft ombudsman journeyed in to Woodfield last Saturday evening with blight in their eyes and went back to Taft leaving most of the said blood at our gym. The Taft midgets had been eluded by Woodfield, therefore they were cut for revenge. The Taft midwighten on a previous visit had played twenty minutes extra time trying to defeat the Taft, thus the way they had the Taft on a roll to return home with the news of a tie game. The Taft bandwighten thought they had the valley title all secured up, for the simple reason that they had previously defeated old H. S.
Well, this was the evening that started the candidates who were three in number. Clyde M. H., J. C., and Bob Van Pelt

Twelve members of the Taft Chapter were guests of Kern Valley Chapter. Three of the members of the Kern Valley Chapter were guests of the Taft Chapter. Three of the members of the Kern Valley Chapter were guests of the Taft Chapter.

Then the excitement started. Our unlimited team took on the Taft men who had previously defeated them. Brother, that was some game. The final score was 12-7. But he who laughs last laughs best, and the final score showed our term ahead.

Little Women (continued from page 1)
was cut to pieces! Nur! nur! Or ask Whitt about the clipping he carries in his pocket. (Sfock)

The play is going to be a wonderful and it’s safe to tell anyone who my not see it, J. C. or Bob Van Pelt, they will miss the best thing of the season.

HOBRIIGHT’S TOP & CUSHION SHOP
Curtains, Cushions, Top Dressing
Phone 756 W

SPORTS

RENEE K. G. ADE

KERN COUNTY
Five Cents
Friday, February 22
JUNIOR COLLEGE
Vol. 1, No. 7

HEARTS! HEARTS! HEARTS!

Gales of laughter, shouts of joy, and vigorous hand-clapping issued from the botany room last Wednesday morning when the class celebrated St. Valentine’s Day with an honest-to-goodness party. You see, when Christmas came around, Santa had completely forgot the science class, so Mr. Vander-Elk sent a special delivery to St. Valentine so that we wouldn’t be overlooked again.

First came the stunts—George, that monofic certainly was becoming, and no wonder Algae couldn’t help getting Blue-Belle and Lumb-Belle mixed. Harriet, your play was a masterpiece! Scotty and Paul were a surprise you should hear “Scotty” speak Italian. And there were some- spray-botany-yells, too.

“Big Tiger—-Woo!”
“Lil Tiger—-Woo-oo-ee! Botany—-Woo-oo-ee!”

Evilly Rumich, Mrs. Dodds, and Lucille Morris gave individual stunts that certainly were most entertaining. Then the grand distribution of the hall! The aquarium was full of all kinds of mysterious packages and decorated envelopes. George got some Valentine, we’ll say! Everybody picked up on Vander-Elk, but he gave the best valentine, a lovely pink carnations which he distributed among the members of the class. After stereo-Phon the room with valentines of all sizes and shapes, the class received colored balloons and candy to conclude the fun.

“Pevo” is still the criminal who handed her the cabbage-head, and Mr. Vander-Elk don’t know yet who the cross-eyed damsel came from! And that’s all!

CAP’N AND BELLIES

The Cap and Bells, the dramatic club of the school, is no longer dead! It is alive--very much so and bubbling over with restrained enthusiasm. Restained because a wonderful shock will be staged soon.

Many thanks to the excellent response to the reorganization meeting poster and Al Johnson was elected to control the pop and originality of the show. With Al, Emily Anderson was chosen vice-president; Bernice Platt, secretary; and Tom Weers, treasurer. Behind these officers there is an interested group of the pep squad and most identified students of the high school and Junior College.

Many plans have already been made and others are in the making. A committee consisting of Marc Elliot, Pat Vann, and Harriet Coleman was appointed to work over the script and stage so that all the dramatic talent in school may be included in this organization.

The club meeting will be particularly interesting because programs are to be presented which will be concerned with the many phases of dramatic life. Billie Powell, Dona Newbury, and Genevieve Roer are in charge of the program of the next meeting.

Best of all Miss Robinson is to be the guardian angel of the club and how much that means! A. Let’s all talk to the club members, Miss Robinson suggested that the Cap and Bells put on at least one “big thing” a year, r a large play, such as the student body play, or a series of one acts. This would be entirely possible since in this institution only dramatists of the school are present.

The Cap and Bells will gain an important part in our school life. It has a high aim and the sort of members who “never say die.”
A frivolous young English girl, with no love for the Stars and Stripes, once exclaimed at a celebration where the American flag was very much in evidence, "Why, what a silly-looking thing the American flag is! It suggests nothing but checker-berry candy." 

"Yes," explained a bystander, "the kind of candy that has made everybody sick who ever tried to lick it."

They were sitting on the beach looking at the moon; stars, etc.--he was holding in his own hands. "Jim," she whispered. "Huh." "Do you believe the stars mean anything?" "Yes, I always consult them before I do anything." "Honey," she snuggled closer, "have you noticed the dipper tonight?"

A young tour; join, for goodness sake, a take that knife out of baby's mouth. Young Father: Oh, that's all right, my dear; he's cutting teeth.

One hand was all he used to steer. The other arm hugged myrtle. They did a skid, and then oh dear! The beastly car turned turtle. 

The Brute: Are you doing anything this evening? She (sagely): No, nothing at all.

The Brute: What a terrible waste of time!

First Tourist: And how do you find Rome? Second Tourist: Easy--all roads lead to it.

Where there's a will, there's a dead man.
THE REVOLUTIONS OF A ROUNDER

I was madly in love with Hazel, Her gypsy-like slenderness and vivacity allured me, and I longed to possess her. But ten years and chocolate creams have transformed her into a stylish stout woman who has to be poured into her evening gowns.

I am not sorry that she turned down and married George.

Mary's hair was magnificent. It shone in the sunlight like rings of spun gold and shed such a shower of splendor around her that I was blinded, and married her to be my wife. Since it has been softened and bobbed, I notice that she has a graceful nose and protruding teeth.

I am not sorry that her alimony checks are signed by Harry. It was Helen's divorce dancing that first drew me to her. The lilt of strains of the victrola I was sure that I could take her in my arms and glide serenely oblivious over the rough floor of miney. I learned the other day that she has chronic rheumatism.

I am not sorry that she picked a husband or a partner. There was nothing particularly attractive about Alice. She was just a little tallow-haired girl, given from the country. She seemed so lonely in the big city that I took her to be the seventh success story. Last night at the ball I could not keep my eyes away from her. The years have served only to bring out her hidden beauty, and she was the best dressed woman on the floor. When I asked her for the seventh successive dance she eluded me for being stiff and said that she would have to give the other men a rest. She refused to take part in the dance.

Everybody envies her husband. He is the luckiest man in the world.

I am not sorry that she married me.

NEW STUDENT

Miss Frances Victor who had been attending the Southern Branch of U. C., has registered here.

Frances attended high school last year and is a welcome addition to our college.

AFTER THE EIGHTH GRADE

Junior College offers the following for the education of the Freshman girl: however, we feel that seniors may find good food for thought.

Where do we go from here?—Where are we? We remain at the stage that started with us. Shall we keep on—or drop off on the ways which have been done? They have earnings money now, and making us feel but useless children in comparison. Why can't we, too, get into it all well, now we can—we're free. The schools can't force us on now that we've passed the eighth grade. We, too, can go to work—most of us will. A few of us will linger here in school and study for the work we are to do—and in later life look down disdainfully upon that horde of us who all too early came to grips with life, and found ourselves unfitted.

And maybe one or two will join that tiny band that dreams and ponders, and wonders on this splitting in our ranks and why such a thing has been and if they must. —E. B. T.

Sierra-Educational News

EXCHANGES

Ontario J. C. has just finished on oratorical contest.

The girls of Riverside J. C. have organized a hockey club.

Chaffey Union High School seniors are going to present "The Great Gatsby." They use an airplane to advertise their production.

I was just crazy to get married, but I didn't know it until after I was married. "Crazes"

R. T. HAMPTON

at

BILLY'S WAFFLE TRUCK

across the Hippo

Tables for Ladies

Tea room—Sandwiches

J. C. SPIKE

So glad, he's stepping out again—we wonder if her hands are "soft and white?"

Fire Fire! And after the house was totally consumed (she lived in time to save the lot!

Mr. VanderKlis was heard to remark that the grades in study Hall this term were better—now we know he means the High School.

What, Ellen? Not even for five minutes?

Pigion! Pigion! Harriet, what did you run for?

"Bud" Cummins certainly has a most distorted sense of humor. He handed Professor Kern a young jaybird instead of the pointer he asked for.

Three Jolly Corn!—Oh gee! we forgot. This belongs in Heart Songs. Erratum!

Mr. Ryan ominously: "Tell me about state legislatures." Arthur weakly: "Ah—you mean state legislatures?"

An article in the Blue and White evidently written by a masculine crank, says that in the girls can powder and rouge in the corridors—why not let the boys comb their hair and shave in like manner? The girls answer: It would greatly improve some of you, and we have no objections.

Emily to Lloyd: "Why don't you shave?—You know we were going to take this scene today!"

He: "Sweets to the sweet." She: "Thank you, my I pass you the nuts!"

The Shrinking Koo-Hoo's are giving a dance in the gymnasium tomorrow evening.
SPORTS

MILO THE GREAT

Milo, famous strong man of ancient times, developed his strength by a simple system. He would walk on a young bull and carry it in his arms around a race course every day. Each day the bull grew larger, and each day Milo's strength increased. When the bull was full grown, Milo still could carry it in his arms. Then he killed it with one blow of his fist.

Strength developed, Milo became a famous character. Six times he was victorious over all comers, at wrestling, during the Olympic games which were held every four years.

One of Milo's pet tricks was tying a strong cord around his head, across his forehead. Then, compressing his lips and holding his breath, he'd make the vein in his neck burst with blood that the expansion of the veins burst the cord.

Another trick was to extend his arm, with elbow close in his waist, thumb turned upward, fingers straight and close together. His strongest rival was never able to separate Milo's little finger from the rest.

Milo would do well in China, where dentists pull teeth, grip their fingers, practice first on pegs or nails driven into hardwood.

Voles ate Milo eventually. Wondering in a forest, he found a fallen oak in which woodsmen had driven wedges, attempting to split it. Milo was overconfident of his strength that he thrust his fingers in the crack and tried to pull the oak to pieces.

The wedges slipped out; the split closed, and Milo was held by his fingernails. Then came a pack of wolves.

From his experience with the bull we learn that our powers increase as we face obstacles unalteringly.

H. S. WINS GAME

The H. S. Heavyweight Basket ballers continued on their way by defeating Wasco H. S. last Saturday. The game was on the cinder, 10: Wasco H. S., 5. This game clinched the county title. The middleweights pulled their game, defeating the Wasco team with a score of 16 to 15.

The lightweights were out-classed and beaten.

TRACK SEASON IS HERE

Spencer Salby, captain of the H. S. track team has sounded the call for training, and as soon as the raw track is finished, regular practice will be held every day.

The prospects for a champion H. S. team are very bright. Left over from last year's team are Salby, Hansen, Freer, Spann, Griffith, and all other men capable of taking points in any meet.

Junior College

Several of our men have already commenced training, and when the inter-class meet comes on, Mr. J. C. will have its men in the running. The Junior College has always entered a team in the inter-class meet, but whether we will enter our team in other meets this year remains to be seen.

Among those who we will depend upon for points in the inter-class are: Froeman, who will enter in the high and broad jump; Newberry who will probably compete in the 220 and 440 events; Rigg will enter the hurdles; Scotty Gunn will run in the mile and possibly half-mile; Brandt will trot the 440 and throw the shot. Other men are out for the team so other competent performers will probably appear.

IF YOU CAN USE A GREENBACK

SEE ME
BRUCE HATS 1825 Ely St.

RENE K GAZE

KERN COUNTY JUNIOR COLLEGE

FIVE CENTURY FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1924

J. C. PLAY

"LITTLE WOMEN" COMES NEXT WEEK

Next Friday and Saturday nights the Junior College will present "Little Women." This is the second dramatic attempt of our college. Last year the "Come Out of the Kitchen" was put on with great success and was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. So it will.

"Come Out of the Kitchen" was a real comedy. "Little Women" is more quiet and dramatic play. It will be played by an all-Junior College cast directed by Miss Robinson. The cast complete is as follows:

Mr. March............ Walter Daily Mrs. March............ Helen Erbhuber Mr. Lawrence............. Paul Dickey
Mr. Laurent............ Evelyn Derby Mr. Laurence......... Foul Dickey
Miss Laurence......... Whit Martin
Miss Laurence......... Harriet Coleman
Miss Laurence......... Elenore Humfries
Miss Laurence......... Prof. Buerkeh
Miss Laurence......... Gertrude Brown
Miss Laurence......... Hannah
Miss Laurence......... Vera Gibson
Miss Laurence......... John Brooke
Miss Laurence......... Floyd Metzner

Costumes are being brought up from Los Angeles that promise to be an extremely delightful feature of the play.

Herman Rhodes is business manager for the play and announces that tickets will go on sale Monday morning. The reserved seat sell will commence next Thursday at noon.

ADDITION TO THE STADIUM

A great deal of work is now being made to the stadium. Workmen have for several weeks been engaged in constructing a running track that will, when finished, rate with any high school track in the state.

The third and fourth period class-in-surveying have surveyed the stadium and established the levels for the track. It is interesting to know that our stadium is six and a half acres in size.

The track will be the standard length of four hundred and forty yards. It will have over a hundred yard straight-away so that all races may be finished in front of the grandstand.

The turns will be banked to such a degree that a runner may maintain full speed around the corners. The track will be surfaced with a mixture of sand and clay that will be satisfactory.

Mr. Spindt states that the oval should be ready for intensive running in a few weeks. At the present time several men are engaged in banking the turns. An assembly has already been put in and the track is taken on a better appearance every day.

J. C. ASSEMBLY

The first assembly in many moons was held in Science Building at 10 yesterday morning. The third period. Many business matters were cleared up and some time was devoted to boosting the play.

At the same time the Columbus Entertainers were providing diversion for high schoolers. At a paid assembly. The program, which was musical and mainly humorous, was greatly enjoyed by everyone. Adjourned to fourth period classes.

THEY SAY

That at Annapolis instead of "queening" all the seniors "drag a team". If they don't know the young lady, they "drag blind". If the girl is a success, they "drag well". If not, they "feel like a cat."


FOOLISHNESS

Three young ladies employed as waitresses were spending an enjoyable Sunday afternoon out in the audience listening to a band concert.

As the selection was being rendered, one of the afore-
said young ladies spoke up and said, "I know that that
place is. It's the 'Sixtette from Dact.'"

Another said, "I'm sorry, but you are wrong. It's the
"Rogerson Song from Cerro."" The third one being just
a trifflc dumbler than the other two, stated that she
would go up and see that they were playing. After going up
and looking at the sign near the band she returned and said,
"You're both wrong. It's the
"Ridley from Spitting.""

Snape: "Then you're listed in a
tight as usual, I've

Do: "Sure, if Ol can speak

Ed: A co-ed and her car were in

Tinker: Is Professor 1111

Blinker: ell, a little.

Murial: "I don't intend to be

Habel: "And I don't intend to

"He's my hero, and I'm proud

of him. I have a right to

be, because I made him what

he is. I made him what he is.

People admire him. Girls
dream of marrying a man just

like him. They think of him

and his fame. They look at his

good qualities. Yet he is

mine and mine alone. He's my

hero. I am the author.""

Branie: "Well did you learn
to ride a horse?"

Boastie: "On the back, sir."
HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Next Monday and Tuesday are snapshot days at the High School. Bring your cameras and shoot your friends.

The Drillers are to be presented with another trophy. This one is a silver replica of the Stanford bowl.

Girls' track meet comes soon.

The basketball stars have resumed practice.

Go over and look at the running track.

Jack and Jill went up the hill And drank a quart of liquor. Jack rolled quickly down the hill And Jill rolled adamsite quicker.

Izzy: I saw a girl without rouge today.

Lindy: Zeh?

Izzy: And she didn't look bad either.

Eve: What's the date, Adam?

Adam: It's Christmas, Eve.

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CHAP TER

Whit: "I wish to ask you a question concerning a tragedy.

Mr. V. P.: "Well?"

Whit: "What is my grade?"

The shades of night were falling fast,

When for a kiss he asked her;

She must have answered yes, because

The shades came down still faster!

Scotty was brought into court.

"Nurse, "Gunn, your Honor.

"Gunn, you're loaded."

"It won't happen again, your Honor."

"Suspended sentence, Gunn, you're discharged."

The above report appeared in the Morning Echo.

OF COURSE

Emily: "What do they do with all these skulls?"

Tom: "Make noodle soup; I guess."

It was a dark night and the motorist was lost. He saw a signpost and climbed it with much difficulty; struck a match and read, "Hot point!"

AN EPIGRAPH

Here lies the remains

Of Esper O'Meara
His chest was no match

For a bully ol' Pilveh.

So beautiful she seemed to me

I wished that we might wed

Her neck a pillar of ivory

But alas! so was her head.

Consider the caitshund

Oh, woe is the beast.

He trots on four legs

When he needs six at least.

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SOC IETY

Some popular young men gave a very enjoyable dance at the Bekersfield Garage Hall last Friday night.

The Shrinking Hoo-Hoo's gave their first annual dance in the Gym last Saturday night. The hall was decorated in blue and white. The programs which were designed by Eva Assay were very appropriate. Those on the committee were Virginia Murdock, Eva Assay, and Grace Hattie. The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Spindt, Miss Grace Bird, Miss Ethel Robinson, and Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Griffith.

Several Junior Collegians went on a picnic in Kern River Canyon last Sunday. Those enjoying the affair were Whit Martin, Harriet Coleman, Virginia Assay, Paul Dickey, Arthur Brown, Paul Frost, Jessie Winn, and Vera Gibson.

Last Saturday night a surprise dinner was given for Miss Edith Osborne by Miss Frater. The guests assembled at Miss Frater's apartment, and were then given slips of paper on which directions for the preparation of the dinner were given. The dinner was prepared in record time—one hour to be exact. The guests were Harriet Coleman, Eric Bart, Emily Anderson, Walter Burke, Virginia Murdock, Edith Osborne, Tom Veets, Hinman Rhodes, Miss Miriam Bart, and Miss Grace Bird.

No keem time!!! I'll say!!!

Evelyn Derby and Vera Gibson spent an enjoyable afternoon last Saturday at the Stockdale Country Club.

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After the De Holcy Dance

Try our famous waffles

BILLY'S WUFFLE PARLOR

2025 Chester Ave.

Open Tabs for all night Ladies

"How do you like the "Pammon" with American Explorer (absent mindedly) I was a fool ever to marry her."

Teacher to Ikey: "Use the word pencil in a sentence."

Ikey: "If I don't wear mine belt de pants'll fall down."
COPE OUT FOR TRACK

At the meeting yesterday morning George Newberry was elected track captain. Last year George was on the High School team. He ran the 440, 220, and relay. With Newberry as our captain, we are sure of a fine season in track.

Newberry states that everyone who intends to be out for track should commence to practice immediately. If possible, George encourages us all to be out tonight.

With the inter-class meet only three weeks away, our men will have to put in some hasty training. According to George, we need men in the field events: men who can broad jump, high jump, pole vault, and spin the discuss.

Show a lot of pep, fellows, and come out tonight. Everyone who turns out for practice can and is encouraged to enter the inter-class meet. Come one and we'll show 'em we're still around the campus!

RIGGS BUSINESS MANAGER

Upon the acceptance of the resignation of Editor Daily, Leslie Riggs was elected business manager yesterday at the assembly meeting.

Riggs is a new student who registered at the start of this semester. Old students, however, will remember him as a former K. C. football man and track captain. He will be a valuable unit in our track squad. Pull with the new business manager.

If you can use a greenback

S E B
B R U C E W. T T
1828 Ewe St.