

JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



WE ARE one week nearer to Christmas than we were last Saturday, and the Christmas holidays are just one week away. Christmas, with its many delights, its reunions, its festive gatherings, its loving gifts and its joys, is coming to meet us. It is just around the corner, and we are peering forward into the shadows of these rainy days, watching for it, on the tiptoe of expectancy. Some of us are so eager for its coming that we can hardly wait.

It is not that we are unhappy today or that we shall not enjoy tomorrow, but we have formed the habit of looking forward to things—to holidays, and visits, and special occasions of all sorts—so that we perhaps miss entirely, or at least do not appreciate as fully as we should the measure of joy that is ours today.

In our plans for dispensing happiness two weeks hence we may overlook entirely the opportunity for making some one very happy this very afternoon. In looking forward into the future we overlook the opportunity of the present.

This does not mean that juniors should not look ahead and plan for the future. It means, rather, that by enjoying the present and turning every moment to good account, the things that they wish for and hope for in the future will become easy of achievement.

There's many a man with gray coming into his hair today who will tell you with all seriousness that he would give almost anything if he could be a boy again and have the educational opportunities that he once had, but did not prize and take advantage of. The sad thing about such regrets is that they seldom come until it is too late to remedy matters.

The right time to fully prize the educational opportunity is when one is going to school and still has in his hands the saying of whether that which he gets out of it will be little or much. It is necessary to think carefully on this subject in order to realize the high value of schooldays and the wisdom of making the most possible of them.

Among other good habits which juniors should develop in the formative years is the habit of work—the ability to take hold of a job and carry it through with thoroughness and persistence. There are many people who have no bad habits, and yet when it comes to doing anything definite and positive are never able to accomplish it. In striving to be good there should be a definite purpose to be good for something.

SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

Oh, boys! There is going to be war in Nicaragua! Where is my gun?

All the younger juniors in the city schools are studying French now, so I have started in to learn that language, too, as I can't afford to be behind my little friends. Three words a week is enough for me, and even that is pretty hard. I have been barking at those three words for seven days, and here they are:

A dog—un chien,
A junior—un jeune,
A newspaper—un journal.
Alonzo—Alonzo (this one is easy).

I have received a great many letters from juniors recently, asking me what I want for Christmas. Now, my dear little friends, I really don't know what to say. What can a dog like me want? A good soup with some biscuits in it, fresh water, once in a while a big bone with some meat around it, and then? Nothing else that I can think of. I have a good collar and an old rug to lie on which I value greatly because they tell me it came from my grandfather. So, really, boys, I don't think I want anything except lots of petting.

I don't see how Santa Claus can ever gain access to our office because there isn't any chimney—just a steam radiator. And where shall I hang my stocking? That bothers me a lot.

An eminent clergyman in his first sermon at a new church talked a lot about thrift and the necessity for savings bank accounts for even little babies. That seems very sensible to me, and hereafter I am going to save something every week from my salary.

The other day I was caught by the poundman for the third time. I don't know how it happened, but he had pity for me. There were two big bull dogs in the tonneau of the buggy, so he put me close by him on the seat. I made believe to be very innocent, but at the first opportunity I jumped straight into a passing auto and landed on the lap of a very fashionably dressed lady. She recognized me at once, of course, as The Junior Call dog and took me along with her to San Mateo before bringing me back to the office.

The stenographer in our office had a terrible fright one morning this week. It was very cold before the steam heat was turned on and I crawled into the waste paper basket and curled up on some nice warm papers for a snooze. She came in at 9 o'clock and opened many letters, throwing the envelopes all over me. I jumped up suddenly, with a bark, scattering the papers in every direction. Poor girl, she didn't know I was there, and you should have heard her scream. I had to lick her hand for a long time before I could quiet her.

We hear of Santa Claus only at Christmas time. I wonder what he is doing the rest of the year?

I heard two men quarreling on the street. One said to the other, in a very contemptuous tone: "You are a dog!" Now what could he mean by speaking in that way? I am a dog, and am I not the sweetest thing you know?

THE CONTRA COSTA HILLS

By HAROLD FRENCH

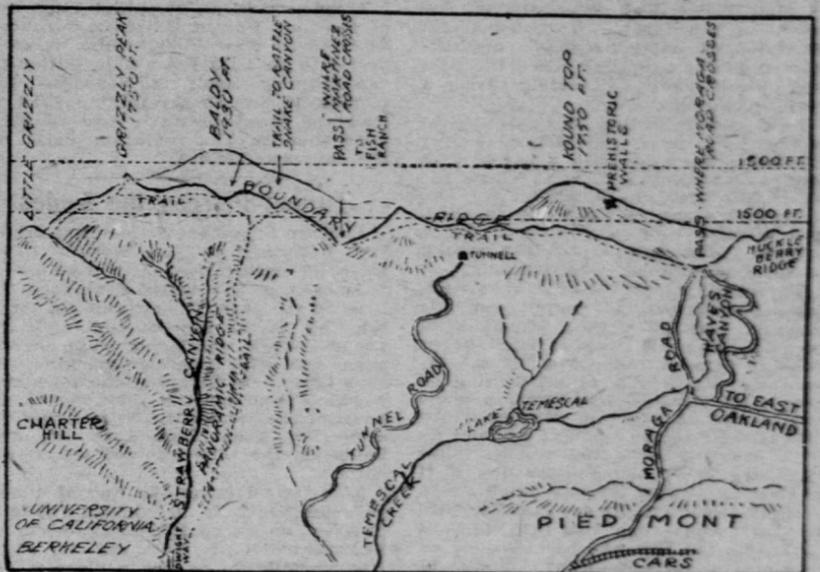
"When the roads are wet and muddy we stay at home and study," said Robinson Crusoe to his visitors, "Davy and the Goblin." However the rain has deluged the dales and drenched the adobe, it won't be necessary for the Junior trampers to stay at home and "dig" this Saturday. Though the highways may be soggy and the byways all be boggy, you may keep from taking up a square foot of greater Oakland real estate at each step if you hit the high places of the Contra Costa hills. By following the drier rocky ridges over the range described in this article you may return to your home showing a clean pair of heels, which will put you on a different footing with your mothers than if you returned with mud plasters poulticing your legs. If you are commanded to "wear your rubbers," obey the injunction, of course. They will undoubtedly prove useful in a few soft spots, if you are not wearing heavy shoes with hobnails. When you come to a dry, rocky trail you may remove them and carry them in a bag until they are really needed. Thus you may ease your feet, practice economy and resist the rapacious rubber trust by prolonging the life of your more costly than ever goloshes.

Experienced pedestrians prefer the protection of oiled leather. You, who are following in their footsteps, will show your wisdom by preparing your

feet in elevation. While you may reach this point most directly by winding around the shoulder of the Boundary ridge by a marked path, you will be a more consistent explorer if you continue to go up the pass where, at an elevation of 1,400 feet, you may look upon the wild Rattlesnake canyon, which empties into Fish Ranch creek, a mile and three-quarters below. As you follow the Boundary ridge south-eastward, you have frequently your right foot in Alameda county and your left in Contra Costa county.

ON TO ROUND TOP

Three miles toward your general direction you will note a huge mass of a mountain, whose mushroom shaped dome suggests its name, Round Top. This peak is a splendid objective point, and on its sheltered shoulder you will better enjoy your lunch as you survey the contours of the Contra Costa hills, which sweep in seemingly endless waves and in the trough of which nestle the beautiful Moraga and San Ramon valleys. Twenty miles away to the east the mighty form of Monte Diablo looms above all earthly things, unless the far white sky peaks of the Sierra happen to be visible. To reach Round Top, continue along the crest of the boundary range over the tunnel 200 feet below you and past the emerald of the foothills, Lake Temescal. Beyond a deserted ranch you will come to a pass where the water drains northwesterly into San Pablo creek, or southeasterly



walking boots the night before you go on a scheduled tramp. A cent's worth of neatfoot oil carefully rubbed into the grain and particularly the seams of the shoe by means of a swab will render your footgear almost waterproof. Tie a thin strip of flannel around a piece of kindling wood to make your swab, and with it give the leather a second soaking early in the morning. This treatment will also preserve the straps of leggings, haversacks, etc. A 10 cent pair of cork insoles will add greatly to your comfort, while two pairs of socks will protect your feet from blistering. Remember that wet feet chafe easily, and if you are so unfortunate as to lose skin in this manner the application of a little adhesive tape will enable you to continue on your way rejoicing.

PANORAMIC RIDGE AND BOUNDARY RANGE

The tramp scheduled for today is a patent reversible one, good in either direction between Piedmont and Berkeley. It is difficult even for Professor McAule to forecast the weather four days in advance; but from the way the rain drums the eaves this (Monday) eve, I am willing to guess that Saturday morning, December 11, will dawn clear and frosty with a nippy north wind. If such be the case you will enjoy your walk more if you turn your back on Boreas and make the old blusterer help you along as you follow the skyline of the boundary ridge. Ascend Dwight way, Berkeley, past its rows of leafless elms and maples to the end of the blind asylum's wall, where you may step from dry pavements to a trail equally so. Steep, but direct, it heads up the hill to a nearly flat dome, 1,000 feet above the directly opposite Golden Gate. An inspiring view greets the eyes of those who linger here as they look down upon Berkeley, the saloon-less city of schools, colleges, churches and lucky children. Southward as far as one can see stretch the checker-boarded streets of Greater Oakland, where more than 300,000 people have their homes. East-northeastward this panoramic ridge rises in graceful folds to a saddle, 1,200 feet in altitude and two miles distant from the College avenue cars. On its left slope lies the broad basin of Strawberry creek, above which a trail swings northerly past a lone bay tree, 1,400 feet above the bay to its more distant cousin, 250 feet farther aloft, and aloof from its more sociable family, gathered on the flanks of Grizzly. Swinging around the southern curve of the saddle the Fish ranch trail overhangs the deeply carved Claremont canyon, out of which the Martinez and Walnut creek road winds to a summit, 1,300

into the San Leandro. Turn to the left and press upward to the crest, where a Sierra club cairn marks the highest point as 1,750 feet. A splendid group of the prehistoric walls is an interesting feature of the southern slope. From the summit you may espy several fine ridges and wildwood canyons, which will make bully trips later on. Three miles further to the south still the beautiful Redwood peak allures you on, but, inasmuch as you have already walked seven miles, you would better plan to return by way of the Moraga road, which crosses the range three-quarters of a mile to the south. From a low pass, but 1,250 feet high, it descends hastily into Hayes canyon and down three miles to the Piedmont cars. You will then have covered 11 miles in all and have climbed a total of nearly 2,000 feet, and it is far better for you to start back from the main crest before 4 o'clock, for darkness and its forerunning chill comes with a fell swoop.

By all means go to Fairfax Saturday, December 18, and range over the ridges to Lily lake for Christmas berries. The Junior Call will tell you how to get there that morning—if you take the supplement along with you.

Shakespeare's House

The house in which the master bard was born is located in Henley street, Stratford on Avon, England. Washington Irving said of this famous abode of genius: "It is a small, mean looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language by pilgrims of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the prince to the peasant, and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature."

Several years ago the house was purchased by subscription with a view to the careful preservation of it and of its contents for the inspection of future generations.

The Way Down

They had been making hay while the sun shone, and when they had finished a high haystack the farmer's boy shouted from the top, "Say, mister, how am I goin' to get down?"

The farmer considered the problem and finally solved it. "Oh, just shet your eyes an' walk round a bit."—Everybody's.