

DEDICATION

Memorial Library *and* Memorial Window

1930

MEMORIAL LIBRARY
LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY
4825 OLYMPIC BLVD.



Los Angeles High School

DEDICATION

Memorial Library
and
Memorial Window

1930



Published by
LOS ANGELES HIGH SCHOOL
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

ALUMNI WHO DIED IN THE SERVICE

BOKENKRAGER, ROBERT J.	S'15
CLOVER, GREAYER	S'16
COLLISON, J. CLYDE	S'06
CURL, ROBERT L.	W'09
ELLIS, WALTER A.	S'99
ERWIN, JOHN HAMILTON	S'18
FRANCIS, LEON S.	S'16
HAVENS, LESTER D.	S'18
KAUFFMAN, JOSEPH L.	S'13
KERR, J. NOEL	S'17
LOCKWOOD, HARRY M.	W'12
McKINNON, ELWYN C.	W'14
MAXSON, HAROLD F.	W'13
NORTH, EDWARD G.	W'11
PHILLIPS, CECIL H.	S'07
SCHWANNECKE, HARRY I.	S'14
SETCHEL, CHARLES H.	S'12
THORPE, HARVEY L.	W'01
TURNER, HARRY C.	S'93
WIGMORE, JOHN	S'16

DEDICATED

To the students and alumni of
the Los Angeles High School
who gave their lives in the World
War, 1914-1918.

THE material of this Memorial Booklet was written by the members of the faculty, student body and alumni of the Los Angeles High School.

FOREWORD

The completion of the Memorial Library brings to fruition the plans originated about ten years ago to make an educational and recreational center for the Wilshire section of Los Angeles. In 1922 the Los Angeles High School purchased from school funds approximately three acres of land, which was presented to the city to be used as a memorial park. The ever-increasing development of this section of the city influenced the Library Board to build thereon a district library. The building is of English Manor style of the Tudor period, paralleling the architecture of the Los Angeles High School, which is of scholastic type of the same period of architecture.

In commemoration of the men and women who served in the World War the building is named "Memorial Library." Los Angeles High School is presenting a memorial window upon which is the following inscription:

Dedicated to the alumni of the Los Angeles High School
who died in the World War, 1914-1918.

May the sacrifice of these lives contribute to
the establishment of peace among the nations.

Civilization is carried forward in two ways: in memory and in books. Therefore it is most suitable that these names of our heroic dead should be inscribed in a building devoted to the living thought of the ages. May the Library with the memorial window ever be an inspiration not only to succeeding generations of Los Angeles High School students but may it be of outstanding significance to the citizens of Los Angeles.

E. W. OLIVER,
Principal, Los Angeles High School.

DEDICATION

Memorial Library

APRIL 29, 1930—8:00 P. M.

APRIL 30, 1930—9:45 A. M.

MR. ORRA E. MONNETTE, *President, Library Board*
Acting as Chairman

“The Builder” *Cadman*
BOYS’ SENIOR GLEE CLUB, L. A. H. S.

Introduction of Board Members, City Librarian, and First Assistant
Librarian, Los Angeles Public Library

Address J. L. VAN NORMAN, L. A. H. S., S’01
President, Board of Education

Address MRS. MABEL V. SOCHA
Vice President, Board of Park Commissioners

Address FRANK A. BOUELLE
Superintendent of Schools

Address JOHN C. AUSTIN
Architect, Memorial Library

“Invocation to Life” *Spross*
GIRLS’ SENIOR GLEE CLUB, L. A. H. S.

Address HARRY H. BASKERVILLE, L. A. H. S., S’00
Member of the Board of Education

Address SAM L. KREIDER, L. A. H. S., S’99
President, Alumni Association of L. A. H. S.

Address MELVIN S. SCOTT
Commander of the Greayer Clover Post No. 254

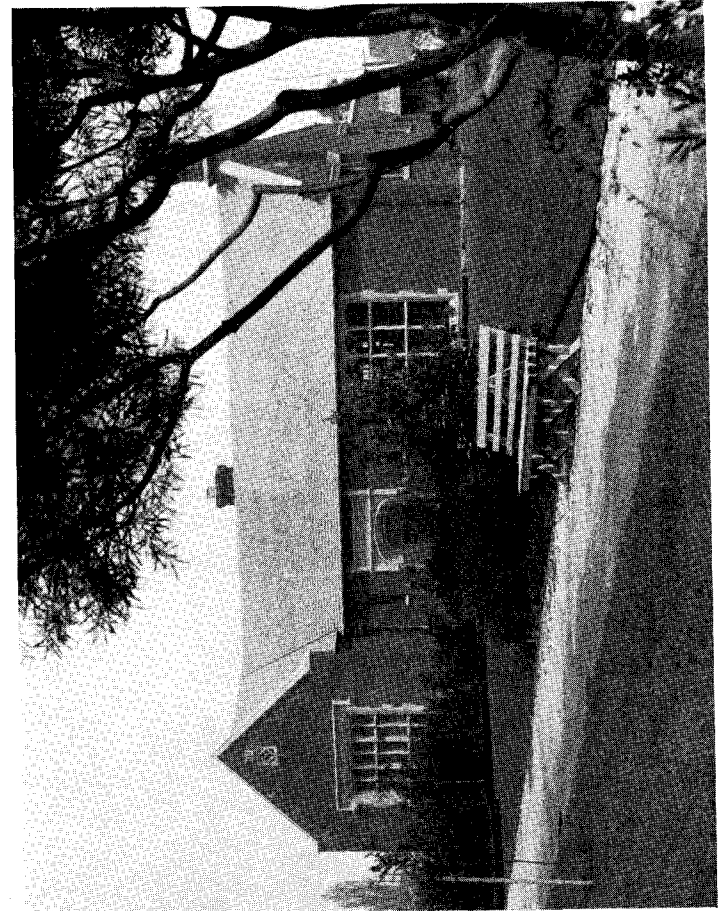
Address DONN TATUM
President, Student Body, L. A. H. S.

Address ERNEST W. OLIVER, L. A. H. S., W’95
Principal, Los Angeles High School

Introduction of Staff of the Memorial Branch Library

“Unfold Ye Portals” *Gounod*
COMBINED BOYS’ AND GIRLS’ SENIOR GLEE CLUBS
AND ORCHESTRA

MISS BLYTHE, *Director*



MEMORIAL LIBRARY

THEIR MONUMENT

For them no sculptured form
Nor marble fane,
They who from War's fierce storm
Came not again,

Brave stalwart sons of ours,
Answering the call,
Swift sped where alien powers
Threatened us all.

As they for hearth and home
Faced Freedom's foe,
Raise we a stately dome
Where Truth shall glow;

Where countless patriot youth
Daily shall read
Their names who for the Truth
Gave the full meed.

Thus from their sacrifice,
New glories shed,
Shall prove with each sunrise
They are not dead.

H. C. THEOBALD.

DIRGE

Here are the names—
We tell them one by one.

Our brothers' names,
Names linked with young bodies,
Beautiful bodies;
Bodies that raced and danced on the athletes' field

As ours have raced and danced!

Bodies that walked lustily in our corridors, our campus;

As ours have walked!

Bodies that rejoiced in sun and sky and a free wind—

As ours have rejoiced—Ay!

O bodies! Soldiers' bodies!
Soldiers' bodies sleeping . . . sleeping . . . sleeping
Sleeping in the quiet of French fields.

And you soldiers,
You—and you—and you—
What means a name to you?
Long ago you relinquished names;
Yet you were the dreamers of dreams,
Yours the bright hopes and the earnest desires,
The eager urge to find life, to build, to create—

Yours instead the ache and agony of endless marches,
The racking nights,
The hunger, the cold, the wet;

Then the final, the healing, pain,
And—Destiny!

Are you not content, soldiers?
That which you yearned to build with your minds and hands,
You builded with your lives;
For the great task was used the great tool;
That which you dreamed of doing,
You surpassed beyond the powers of dreaming.
Sacrificing all, you found all.

To us are left the small deeds and the small hopes;
The mild sedative of secured days;
The wish to live for life and not for living;
The vain craving for a star.

Stars are for those who have earned them.

May you rest well.
Sleep, O Soldiers, sleep . . .
. . . sleep . . .

TAYLOR MAXEY.

Summer 1927

WAR

THE DEAD

It is for you, the dead, to give us songs,
To give us hopes, to give us memories;
To bid us cease our talk of petty wrongs,
To hide our flabby hands and earthly ease.
It is for you, the dead, to point the way
That leads to richer love, intense ideals.
We, living youth, must look to you to say
The wrong or right that cries from rifled fields.

For who are we who dare to name you great?
And who are we to speak of you at all?
We only live, we cannot talk of fate,
But ever make this our eternal call:
God give us courage strong to breast our seas,
God give us hearts and hopes as brave as these.

JANET BROWN.

Summer 1930

IN MEMORIAM

These graven names upon the window,—stars
That shine from out a welkin black with night
Of death and wrong,—these names by sacred rite
We glorify. Our sacrificial wars
Have poured Youth's blood into the cup of Mars,
And stilled with fever's fire or fateful blight
The bounding hearts that yearned to spend their might
In contest. But no ruin now debars
Their splendor. For from altars where they bled
Creative sparks kindle the torch of learning
That lights this hall we dedicate to those
Who now remembering shall feed high yearning,
Transforming dormant clod to radiant rose,—
Youth's blood their wine, those broken bodies bread.

ALMA E. GUNNING.

OUR UNFORGOTTEN DEAD

We here today, in beauty's light rejoicing
This building dedicate to those who fell,
Scrolling their names in colors of the morning
Far from the menace of shrapnel, mine and shell;

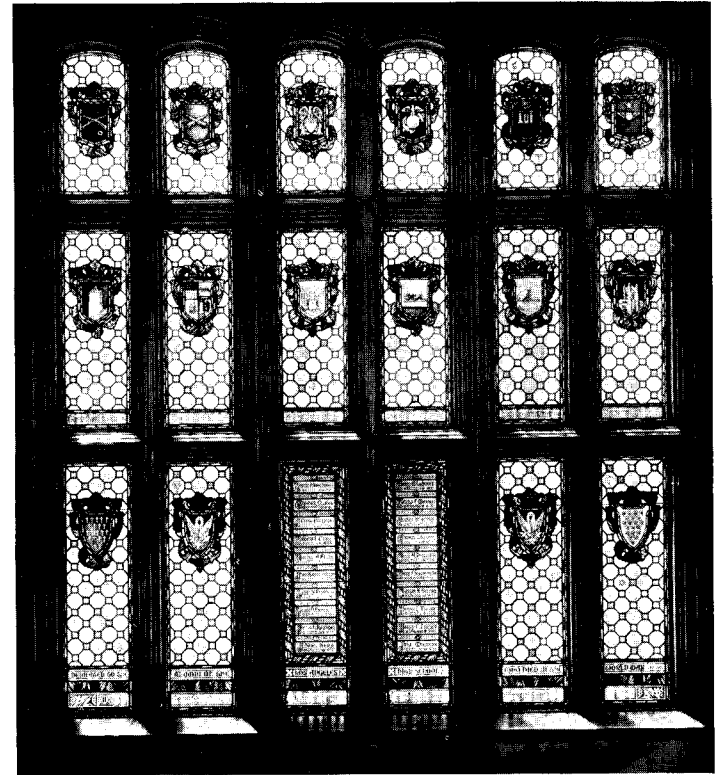
They changed their homes of comfort, ease disdaining,
To tents, weak walls against the cold and rain,
Crawling in dust, marching in mud for training,
Or digging trench with arms that ached in pain;

Disease-besieged, their throats afire with fever,
Ill-cared for, dying a dull sacrifice;
Or flying, unskilled, with treacherous wing and lever,
Crashing to earth from far, unpyting skies;

Or where machine guns spoke their hideous rattle,
Or shrapnel sprayed the field, with whine of death—
Reeling of stricken comrades, rush of battle,
And sudden choking, groaning, gasps for breath!

When we remember how their stout enduring,
A wall of safety ringed us, paid our debt,
Their land inviolate with their blood securing,
We deeply swear that we will not forget.

I. D. PERRY.



LUX DUCAT

Strive by the light that streams out of a great day gone by.

NANCY YERKES.

DEAD SONNETS TO THE LIVING

I.

Into the splendid interlude you pressed,—
Nor felt quick clutching fingers loose their hold,—
Fingers strong with love and life . . . grown cold,—
Nerveless . . . feeling your break from play to quest.
And what you sought you could not find. And they,
Who flung their banners at your feet and fled,
First—laughed to die at dawn, . . . then thought instead
That luring *Thing* within your knowing lay.

Heroes of dead books are wearying things . . .
Deeds, whose fame to printed pages clings,
Whose memory—a selfish ego brings.

You were never heroes, merely men
Who lived a life—a short, sweet hour and then
Stepped from interval through space to play again.

II.

Into an old world young with battle-play—
Marched ten thousand feet—yea ten on ten—
Out of a western world a sea away
Into a whorl of peace-forgotten men,—
Feet that bore quick hearts and curious eyes,
Clean young tongues first-tasting unclean spite,
Old bloods stirring strange thought and vague surmise,
Legions of dawn advancing into the night.

How soon those eyes forgot the smile of the sun—
How soon those tongues were silenced, scarce begun—
How soon those questing-grail feet were done.

You were here so short a time ago . . .
Your step so firm—your tan cheeks all aglow . . .
Your absence makes time empty and so slow . . .

III.

Your splendid interlude to Heaven's Play—
Filled with new worlds to conquer and achieve—
New grails to follow . . . new ladies to reprieve,
You forged a mighty flame to melt away
The sacrificial altars of our hate,—
The cruel grinning God who killed our souls,
The passion of your youth and love made coals,
Paled that treacherous fire we feared to sate.

You have branded our souls with the word
Peace. We still have memory and we feel
The eager quickness of your youth again
Stirring our knotted fingers and dulling pain.
Sweet'ning our hearts with strength to bear with zeal
The cross that is the sheathed hilt of a sword.

HARRY HAY.

Summer 1929

IN MEMORIAM

Our valiant boys, with hearts wrenched to the core
By sad farewells, like men, marched to the fore,
When the trumpet call rang sternly through the land.
With mettle tense and true all dared to stand
Behind the guns, or linger long in camp,
Where many fell a prey to cold and damp,
Paying their lives on altars of disease,
That cheated them of what they dreamed to seize,
A victory near the Marne or glorious end
In front line trench, while striving to defend
The bleeding allies and their country's cause.
But scores reached France to fight and scorned to pause
While spilling their blood for Peace and Freedom's gain.
Oh Lord, we pray the gift be not in vain!

Why has the world not learned the road to peace,
Still struggling stupidly to seek release
From shocking havoc,—fearful waste of men?
Our dead boys cry, "Peace, peace by voice and pen!"

BERTHA HALL.

YOU GAVE YOUR YOUTH

You gave your youth, and you were glad;
You gave the dreams you might have had;
You sacrificed your love of life
Because a call from o'er the blue
Held out a needing hand to you.

Your deed was great, and your reward
Was just to hand the flaming sword
To other lads, some yet to know
The shock of misery and death
That came to you and took life's breath.

We praise you though it does not give
You back your chance to laugh and live.
Our hearts cry out in memory
Of what you've done, and so we pray
With muted taps for you this day.

LOUISE FOSTER.

Winter 1931

LIFE — A SONNET

“Youth shows but half,” the thoughtful poet sings;
That only age attains the broader view
And dares to judge between the false and true
In all the issues old experience brings.
To honor noble youth our tribute rings,
To show, when earthly years are only few,
What high emprise the spirit may imbue
To act a finished part before death flings
His shadow over all. Who shall deny
That those we gave to make our peace secure,
Through tortured days of never ending strife,
With shocks of death from sea and land and sky,
And shattered dreams of love with all its lure,
Drank deep an overflowing cup of life?

DELLA NICHOLS.

MEMORIAL

Youth heard a call of dying men
Who fought to keep the freemen free,
Faced Hell to save democracy.
Youth, hearing, laid aside the pen,
Took up the sword of freedom, then
Marched forth to war, a company
Of hearts that faced death gallantly,
Knowing they would not return again.
They slept in mud 'neath cannon roar,
Then crossed the line to win the day,
Ground down young fear of shells that tore,
And did not count the price they'd pay.
Their names who braved the bullets' drone
Are written in immortal stone.

VIRGINIA BRASIER.

Winter 1930

BLOOD OF WAR

I.

Through blue space red clamour came,
And men—as mites in a universe
Of swinging, chanting universes—
In ranks of a myriad million stars
Crept endlessly to inglorious death.

II.

Gathering each cry of terror
That came as life-warm bodies sank
In the spring-green, blood-red grass—
The unheard hiss of aimless bullets
As, free, they leapt from ice-blue muzzles—
Surgery of bayonet,
The whirr of blood that followed as
Gristed, gray-green steel retreated—
And the utter silence of the millions
Of uncounted silent moments when
Blood dropped from life-quickenened bodies
To the ashy, bloody earth beneath—

III.

Gathering these,
A searing soundlessness moved up
'Til at the heart of the crimson clamour
The unchanging crystals of silence gleamed!
Forever, in the midst of war—
Blood—remorse—reasonless death—
This flame that grew from dust of your silence
Shall burn!
O! men of youth, whose blood runs still
In the unknown depths of the gray-green sea,
Life's false flame, kindled deep in you,
Burned brightly 'til this brighter flame
Consumed its inarticulate radiance!

CHARLOTTE WILSON DOEBLER.

Summer 1927

MEMORIAL

Spring comes in sorrow to the mourning heart.
Though ash-gray buds of willow break in light;
Frail stalks of stately lilies lift their white
Petals, star-tipped; though fires of beauty start
Among dark winter boughs and, leaping, dart
From limb to limb, evangels of life's might;
In these cold breasts no rising flame is bright;
In spring's awakening they have no part.

Yet we who watch the somber seasons run,
The heavy years drop slowly to decay;
Follow the changing cycles of the sun
With dimming eyes, are we more blest than they
Who, sepulchred in love's remembering,
Hold in their quiet hearts youth's changeless spring?

SNOW LONGLEY HOUSH.

HERITAGE

Your eyes shone calm and brave because you thought
You died for centuries' dreamed and longed for things;
Greater than the power of nations or kings
Was that high glorious hope for which you fought.
The vision which in screams of war you caught,
Above that dread-filled darkness spread white wings;
In voice as when a new-freed soul sings,
It sang with all the joy your hearts had brought.

The task is ours of building temples new
That visions of heroic eyes may grow
And prove a living blessing, holy, true;
No matter if our feeble steps are slow,
The hope that filled you, made you strong to do
Now lights and points the way that we must go.

LOUISE ANNA CREIGHTON.

Winter 1930



MEMORIAL WINDOW

*This radiance on the Book shines through
Their window out of Yesterday.*

NANCY YERKES.

IN MEMORIAM

The hurried seasons turn the waiting years
 Into the dim discard of history's pages.
The war with all its load of blood and fears
 Is drifting backward to forgotten ages.
Unreasoned hates are gone as goes the mist
 Before the warming sun of glorious day.
But these brave boys, the while we scan the list,
 Live with us still as when they went away.
We see the cheery smile, the flashing eye
 As clearly as when marching to the beat
Of martial music their column hurried by
 The acclaiming multitude that lined the street.
 With gratitude we dedicate and give
 A park in which their memories may live.

W. A. PAXTON.

IN QUIET TIMES

Treading these peaceful halls,
In quiet times,
Let us keep a portion of our hearts
Apart,
For those who met death
Clear-eyed
For our sakes.

LAELIA KAUFFMAN.

Summer 1928

OUR BOYS

Dead dead
Death's clammy hand
Tore petal after petal
From their perfect bud of youth
Wrenched, crushed, scattered
Glorious youth.

Changed changed
Splendid glowing bodies
To shifting, lifeless dust.
Their souls?
Not changed to sod,
But flung beyond.
Be tender, God.

JUNE OAKS.

Winter 1931

HERO BOYS

The Angel Death unfolds his shadowy wings
And night falls on the earth; the veil expands
Its mystery across the sea to sands
Where feats allure and blinding glory sings.
An ardent call the brazen bugle rings
And golden youths erect on ocean strands,
With eager zeal speed forth to foreign lands;—
Though clad in dusk they shine like sons of kings.

A breathless hush—the day so short for them!—
Now crystal tears of dew bedeck the ground
Where they, perchance, repose in graves unknown;
But from Old Glory's stars, a diadem
Unfading, shall those hero brows surround,
While in each mother-heart they mount a throne.

CONCEPCION O. DE CLARK.

FAREWELL

Your names are limned where mellowed sunlight flows
Past blossoming trees and smiles of youth,
Lads, who are gone.
The heart of dawn
Holds your freed souls; and clear-eyed Truth
Bids us rejoice in your divine repose.

SARAH FOSS WOLVERTON.

FINIS

Here we leave their names enshrined,
Hero souls who found release
From the battle, with their kind—
Jason of the Golden Fleece,
Bold Achilles, questing knights
Famed in Medieval story—
Leave them with these tender rites,
Heirs of freedom, sons of glory.
Here, perhaps, some wide-browed lad,
Dreaming, too, that wars shall cease,
May catch the gleam our dear ones had,
Find their blood-stained Grail of peace,
Bring dreams true because of these.

SNOW LONGLEY HOUSH.