

Mrs. Taylor



1918



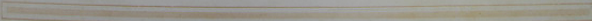


S. M. H. S.

THE ANNUAL
RATTLESNAKE

Volume I

PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
OF THE
SAN MARCOS HIGH SCHOOL
SAN MARCOS, TEXAS



S. M. H. S.



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING



S. M. H. S.

Greetings:

Dear Reader:

I am sure that you would like to know something about the career of such an important "Rattlesnake" as I am. As my name would suggest, I am a native of South Texas; my birthplace is San Marcos, in Hays County. My sponsors are the seniors of the San Marcos High School. Under their direction I have grown from a mere "idea" into an interesting record of happy school days.

The school which I represent, San Marcos High, is an A-1 school. Her students maintain a high standard of scholarship. Like all other up-to-date pupils, they are interested in many activities; such as, athletics, music, literary societies, war work, etc. Last, but not least, they have co-operated in a splendid way to bring out an Annual. I do not wish to appear egotistical, but I feel confident that, owing to my inspiration, the patrons have taken more interest in the school, the pupils have an added zeal in their work, and the teachers have been much pleased with the progress of the High school.

As one can easily see, I serve a double purpose in life. My most serious object is to promote the general well-being of the S. M. H. S.; in addition to this, I wish to be a reminder to all graduates of the "good old days" when they were in school. Owing to the interest taken in me by the student body, I feel that I am accomplishing, in a large measure, both of these ends.

Wishing you well, I am,

Yours for S. M. H. S.,

The Rattlesnake.





Dedication

In appreciation of his untiring efforts as a superintendent, his deep interest in the welfare of the high school, and his high and inspiring ideals, we affectionately dedicate this, the first volume of the Rattlesnake, to Mr. E. M. Day.

S. M. H. S.



RICHARD HAYS

HAROLD MILLER

EUGENIA DE STEIGUER

OLENE BOWDEN

PAUL ALLEN

ROBERT SAUNDERS

THELMA BECKLEY

JACK JOHNSON

LEONARD HOPSON

HAZEL CAPE

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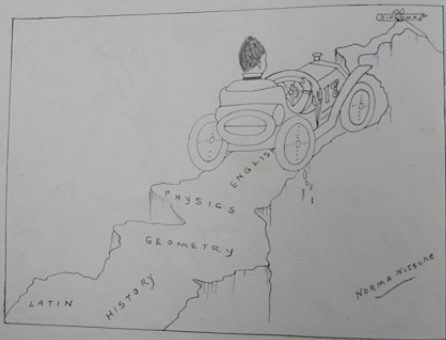
HAROLD MILLER
Sophomore Editor

S. M. H. S.



Lest We Forget

S. M. H. S.





S. M. H. S.

Senior Class

OFFICERS

President..... Frank McGee
Vice-President..... Fred Crowell
Secretary-Treasurer Lizzie Sutherland

Motto: *B² always*

Colors: *Pink and Green*

Flowers: *Sweet Peas*

YELL

Viva-la Viva!

Viva-la Say!

High School, High School, who! ho! hay!

We're the Seniors, pink and green

We're the rarest ever seen

Hokus Pokus! Sis! Boom! Bah!

Seniors! Seniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

LEONARD HOPSON
A general favorite



IVA MAE BRIDGES
*Our love-sick girl
Why?*

THELMA BERKLEY
*Justice of the Peace
Ha! Ha!*

RICHARD HAYS
"Dick"
Tennis Champion and Decliner

*Rh Hays
"Dick"*

S. M. H. S.

ELIZA GREEN

"Pretty Baby"



ROBERT SAUNDERS

"Plecky"

The Popular Guy

R.H. "Plecky" Saunders

PAUL ALLEN

The Luling Boy

EMMA EDWIN MOORE

The Latin Star

Emma Edwin Elliott

S. M. H. S.

Opal Winston

OPAL NIX

Who is never silent

FRANK McGEE

Disturber of the Peace



LIZZIE SUTHERLAND

"The Mocking Bird"

OLENE BOWDEN

Dancing Butterfly

S. M. H. S.

DOROTHY SMITH

Our Violinist

Dorothy S. Weatherford

NORMA NITSCHÉ

Of a very friendly disposition



FRED LANCASTER

"Kosical Kid"

JESSE KELLAM

Our Soldier Boy
Salutatorian

Jesse Kellam
5-30-17

S. M. H. S.

ELIZABETH FLAKE

Who always wears a smile



FRED HARTKOPF

"Old Reliable"

Fred Hartkopf

WILLIE JOHNSON

Senior Clown

FANNY SMITH

Our Pianist

S. M. H. S.

NORMA FELTNER

A winner in the Spelling Contest



JEWEL KENNEDY

Quickest girl in our class

FRED CROWELL

Better known as "Sloppy"

LURA TALLEY

Our smartest girl

Valedictorian

S. M. H. S.

CALLA DAY
The Prof's Daughter



MATTIE KING WOODS

"Our Mountain Girl"

Fred Lancaster

JACK JOHNSON

The ladies' man

S. M. H. S.

Class Poem

(Fanny Smith)

Ye readers harken; ye shall hear
A tale of seniors of this year;
The twenty-seven in our class
All others greatly do surpass.

Our president is Frank McGee,
Who always, always laughs in glee,
Forgets his Senior dignity,
And ruffles the teachers' benignity.

The violinist of our class
Is Dorothy Smith, a charming lass.
Our Mattie King, a Blancoite,
Is very sweet and always bright.

Fred Crowell is a sleepy lad;
If not asleep, he is in bad.
"Beelzebub", a well-known name,
Belongs to Leonard of Annual fame.

I know "Bill" Johnson likes to play
At Basketball 'most every day.
We have a Jewel; she's awfully quiet;
Of course, a Jewel is always bright.

Look carefully through the "Rattle-snake",
And there you'll see Dick Hay's portrait.
Fred Hartkopf hates all girls that be,
But why on earth we cannot see.

Our tee-hee crowd is known to all;
On Eliza, Thelma, Elizabeth, too,
The teachers often have to call
To stop their play, their work to do.

There's Norma Nitsche, Calla Day
Who are the artists of today.
By Norma Feltner the rules are not broken,
For she loud words has never spoken.

Jack Johnson burns much gasoline
Just driving 'round in his machine.
A frown Paul gives and then a stare
If you but mention blondined hair.

Of angles, right, obtuse, acute
Emma Edwin always can dispute.
As I have lately heard elsewhere,
In Spanish Lura is a "bear".

Both Jesse and Fred Lancaster
In foot-ball, other teams did master,
With Robert Saunders most supreme
As captain in our "fighting" team.

Whene'er there's fun, our Opal's there;
With whom it is, she doesn't care.
Another girl is cheerful and true,
Olene, of whom I'm speaking to you.

What do we know of Iva Mae?
She's very sweet and always gay.
With Lizzie's sweet and winning way,
She brings us sunshine every day.

And now I come to the very last,
A brown-haired girl of the senior class,
Who for the Annual has "done her bit";
Below the title her name is "writ".



S. M. H. S.

History of the Senior Class of '18

Jesse Kellam

"Joe, we certainly have a splendid senior class this year. Every one is very thoughtful, kind, and accommodating."

"Yes, the class of 1950 is surely the best class old San Marcos High has ever turned out."

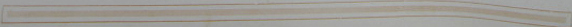
Neither boy had noticed Joe's father, who was seemingly engrossed in a newspaper, until he spoke.

"Boys, you know practically nothing of the grandest class which ever finished the San Marcos High School, that is, the class of '18. In our Freshman year excitement was not ours, for we did not even elect a class president. Miss Jeneke, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Erney, and Miss Harris were "Freshmen", too, but only one of them, Miss Jeneke, remained to "graduate" with the class.

"Red McGee was at the helm during our second year, so, of course, San Marcos knew that old High boasted of a jolly class of Sophs. Although somewhat weakened by the loss of several members of our class, still we were strong enough to protect ourselves against Juniors and other marauding animals.

"Of course, everyone who has had any experience whatsoever knows how a Junior feels. Well, we felt that way and 'then some'. By this time many of our classmates had dropped out for various reasons, and we had only twenty-five members. Of these, only Fred Crowell, Emma Edwin Moore, Norma Feltner, Calla Day, Jack Johnson, Lura Talley, Eliza Green, Frank McGee, and Thelma Berkley had been in the San Marcos schools all their lives. We had begun to realize that school spirit, congeniality, and united efforts meant more than mere members. Thus, while we had our share of fun, we were learning to cultivate those traits that were later to make so many of that little band famous.

"At last we came to the land of the 'Owls', very conscious of our new dignity and full of high ambitions. The class, always lucky, gained two new members, Lizzie Sutherland and Mattie King Woods. Being human, we had the desire to accomplish just a little more than had our predecessors, so in a suggestion that we get out an Annual, something





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new in High, we saw our opportunity. In that year naturally the spirit of service to our country pervaded the class. We, as seniors, strove to set for the school the highest possible example of deportment, scholarship, and practical patriotism. Under the judicious guidance of our president, Frank McGee, we finally came to the day of our graduation on May the fifteenth, bearing victoriously our banner of pink and green."

"Dad, you are right; the class of 1918 has certainly made its mark in the world. I had never before heard its history, but recognize among its members many who have won a national reputation."

CLASS SONG

KEEP OLD HIGH SCHOOL BOOMING

When the bell rang last September,
We were present, one and all.
And the teachers found us ready
And anxious for the call.
We have tried to do our duty
As the terms have passed along;
And oft, when our hearts were heavy,
We made them sing this glad song.

We have finished all our studies;
We must leave our teachers dear;
And our jolly crowd of classmates
May be scattered far and near.
But our thoughts will always wander
To the spot we loved so well,
And, with mingled joy and pleasure,
Of the dear old high school tell.

Chorus

Keep old High School booming
Through the years that are coming.
Though we are far, far away,
We'll dream of home.
There will be a yearning
As our thoughts are turning
To the glad and happy days
We have all spent there.

Iva Mae Bridges.

S. M. H. S.

Class Prophecy

There are very few of the peoples of the world who are willing to go into a great scheme without first finding out their prospect for success. Until the present time the adventurous American people have been numbered by the other nations of the world among that few. Perhaps it was the influence of the ideals of the peoples with whom we have been so closely connected during this World War which caused the Senior Class of 1918 of the San Marcos High School to crave some idea as to what the future held in store for them.

So one day in March they informed me that I was to find out in some way—foul or fair, it mattered not to them—what they were to expect from life. I was puzzled and perhaps a little dismayed when I realized the magnitude of the task that had been so trustfully given me. What must I do? How could I acquire the knowledge they demanded?

It was this last question that was running through my mind as I walked down the main thorough-fare in San Antonio on April the first, nineteen-eighteen.

"Madame Teresa Schultz—Clairvoyant!" was the sign I noticed as I was preparing to turn a corner. There, I thought, may be my chance! Without hesitating for more consideration of the subject, I proceeded to fly to her rooms and ask her if she could prophecy to me on the lives of other people. She laughed, oh, so pleasantly and asked me to come in, telling me that I had very fortunately come to the right place.

She gave me a chair in a most wonderful room and instructed me to call to mind the name of the person in whose fate I was interested. I really do not remember why I thought of Jesse Kellam first.

She gazed intently into her crystal and said, "I see a very handsome boy, who, on failing to become a successful military man, will become a chiropodist. He will enjoy his work very much, indeed, as he—even now—likes to pretend that he is doctoring the hands of the fairer sex."

Does anyone wonder why I thought of Frank McGee next?

"He will go to the war. Not caring for the climate of the foreign countries on account of his health as well as his occupation, he will return to San Marcos and continue at his chosen trade of truck farming."

When she mentioned farming, it brought Fred Lancaster to my mind. But I was surprised when I heard her say, "Because of his forceful use of the expression, 'oh shuckings!': with which he begins all his arguments, he will make a very efficient lawyer."

And as it had been in the case of Fred, so it was a word she used in her narrative which caused me to think of Robert Saunders. I had always thought "Piecky" would be either a lawyer or a real estate agent because of his superior ability to "bluff". But my wise communicator told me that he would be a patent medicine man, who would exhibit himself as a physical model.

Eliza Green next came to my mind.

"She is now one of the belles of the younger set of society in San Marcos", said Madame Schultz, "but on account of her fickleness and desire to be popular, she will lose control of the hearts of her admirers. In desperation she will leave San Marcos, and, although you hear from a very reliable source that she has become a chorus girl, do not believe it. She will have learned a lesson, and later will make some man a very wonderful little wife."

S. M. H. S.

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Elizabeth Flake and Thelma Berkley because of their close association with Eliza were naturally the ones I remembered next.

"The first little girl will be disappointed in love. Her life after her loss of faith in the stronger sex will be devoted to her occupation as proprietress of a beauty parlor. This talent, I believe, she has shown during her High School days. The other one, who is an accomplished maiden, will become the wife of a Holy Roller exhorter and live happily ever after."

Jack Johnson is not destined to be a minister as I thought he might. I was informed by Madame Schultz that he would choose the career of an aviator, doing his dare-devil stunts over San Marcos.

I next called to mind the Smith sisters, Dorothy and Fanny.

"They do not care for the worldly side of life. As they do not want to be separated, they will turn down offers of marriage, and go into partnership as dressmakers. Another one of your classmates, a boy, will spend his life drawing cartoons for the decoration of their establishment." I recognized from her description, Paul Allen.

Richard Hays appeared to me next.

"Such an intelligent looking boy!" exclaimed Madame Schultz. "I would expect a face like that to mean a professor, but I see for him a future as an agent for the 'World's Series Encyclopedia.' He will travel over the whole of the United States and will gain much knowledge by his contact with the world. He will never marry."

It was very strange that I thought next of Norma Nietzsche and Willie Johnson.

"Tis well you connect these two," she said, "for, although their dispositions seem to be so entirely different now, they will soon be acting together as stars in vaudeville."

Of course, I thought of Olene Bowden when she mentioned vaudeville for to be a movie actress had been her greatest desire. However, Madame Schultz has given her another future.

"On account of the inefficiency of men and the passing of the suffrage bill, she will be in public life. Her large, expressive eyes will win for her a position as soda-jerker in Jennings' Pharmacy."

After this I wanted to find out about the rest of the girls all at once, but had to calm down and force myself to think only of one, Mattie King Woods.

"She will take the place of a man, too. Part of her life will be spent as the driver of an ambulance on the battle line. When she returns from Europe, she will become deputy-sheriff of Blanco County."

Next I thought of Calla Day.

"I see a young lady teaching. Yes, it is in the San Marcos High School, and I believe her father is still superintendent of that institution. She has taken the place of the English teacher you have now, after going to the University four years, and changing her High School grades of C's and D's in English to A's."

I felt that I must have Iva Mae Bridges' future next, so I centered my thoughts securely upon her.

"She has been disappointed in mankind, but her spirits have just about regained their normal condition. Soon after she finishes school, she will become a policeman in New York City. After holding this position for five years, she will marry a southern planter. Her training on the police force will be of much value to her in managing the negroes on her husband's plantation".

Norma Feltner next came to me.

"She has a very bright future before her. She will remain in San Marcos the greater part of her life. On account of her love for dainty and beautiful lace, she will become a lingerie clerk at Brevard's department store."

S. M. H. S.

Opel Nix popped into my mind as soon as she had finished telling me about Norma. "Oh! a girl who will attain prominence in her native town. On account of her brilliant intellect and quick wit, she will secure a position as Society Editor of the San Marcos Record, a position which she will hold even after her early marriage." I was surprised beyond reason when she told me next that Jewel Kennedy would be a very popular society lady in Washington, D. C., after her marriage to a Senator from Texas. At the same time Laura Talley would be making her campaign for President of the United States. Although she would lose the race, Madame Schultz prophesied that she would remain in Washington as a cub-reporter.

Emma Edwin Moore, the last of the girls, next came to my mind. "She seems meek, gentle, and timid to her classmates", began Madame Schultz, "but very soon she will spread her wings into a full grown butterfly. After six years of life wasted by trying to procure happiness by artificial means, she will find a man whom she really loves, and they will live unusually happy lives together."

After she had finished with the future of all the girls, I learned of Leonard Hopson's fate. "Beelzebub will become tired of driving a Maxwell up and down West San Antonio Street, and, to the surprise of everyone, will become a second Billy Sunday."

Fred Hartkopf, I learned would not fulfill the hopes of his classmates and teachers. He will buy out the business of Joe, the tailor, and spend his life driving a jitney.

Last, but not least, Fred Crowell came to my mind.

"You call him 'Sloppy' and he is well named, for he will become a hash-slinger in a restaurant at Hunter, Texas."

I laughed most buoyantly when she finished and then asked her about myself.

She looked into her crystal and exclaimed, "Oh! you have broken the spell by your harsh laughter. You will have to live in ignorance of your own future."

Lizzie Sutherland.

TO THE CLASS OF 1918

O, Classmates, if you would worthy prove,

Be true—

True to yourselves, your school, the right.

Always, no matter how hard the fight,

Be true.

In the Battle of Life before us, lies we know not what,

But what does it matter if our hearts be true;

We'll face the Future with fearless eyes,

With plenty of courage to dare and do.

Soldiers of Life, not cowards we,
With a song on our lips and smiling eyes,
In our hearts the spirit that never dies,
Battling on—whate'er the odds—fighting a way to rest and God.

So, Classmates, if you would worthy prove,

Be true—

True to yourselves, your school, the right,

Always, no matter how hard the fight,

Be true.

Lizzie Sutherland.

Class Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 3—School opened.
- 18—Our principal, Mr. Scott, left to teach at Arlington.

OCTOBER

- 24—Liberty Bond day. Seniors had a patriotic program.
- 24—We had a half holiday to sell Liberty Bonds.
- 25—Elizabeth, Lizzie, Eliza, and Thelma came to school dressed up. They wore long ear-rings.
- 31—Seniors had a Halloween party at Eliza Green's home.

NOVEMBER

- 2—Fred Crowell took a short nap in English class.
- 8—Mr. Erney bestowed upon Fred Crowell the name of "Sloppy".
- 9—Seniors went to the Normal to hear a lecture.

- 13—Miss Mahan got angry at the Seniors and gave a test.
- 14—Mrs. Coxen informed the Seniors that they lacked dignity.

16—Leonard broke his arm playing foot-ball.

20—Ask Jesse Kellam what happened in History Class!!

21—Girls did not practice basketball. Miss Mahan had to wash her hair.

28—Seniors had a Thanksgiving program.

28—Seniors had a picnic at the head of the river. "Cigarettes"?

DECEMBER

- 4—Jack Johnson sang a solo in English class.
- 13—Seniors and faculty gave Mr. Erney a farewell party at the home of Miss Foster.
- 14—Mr. Erney left for the Aviation School in Austin.
- 14—Juniors had an Xmas tree.



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JANUARY

- 9—Leonard and Frank wanted to attract attention, so wore bright colored shirts to school.
- 11—Snow.
- 18—Emma Edwin Moore entertained the Seniors at her home.
- 25—Seniors went kodaking.
- 25—Tacky box-supper at High School. Benefit Junior Red Cross.

FEBRUARY

- 15—Faculty entertained the Seniors with a Valentine party.
- 16—Seniors received their first compliment. It was from Mrs. Sayers.
- 21—Juniors entertained Seniors.
- 23—High School was presented with a Service flag by Mrs. Day.

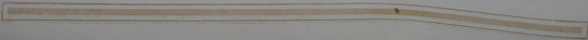
MARCH

- 4—Our dignified class president, Frank, was arrested for disturbing the peace.
- 5—Jack spelled a word correctly in English.
- 12—The planting of ivy from Mt. Vernon.
- 29—We had a holiday for the county track meet.

APRIL

- 8—If you want to get on the "good side" of the boys, just vote with them. Ask Olene!
- 9—Ask Jack and Robert if they saw the aeroplanes.
- 12—Seniors had a picnic.
- 20—District Meet was held in San Marcos.

MAY

- 10—Senior class day.
- 15—Commencement Exercises.
- 16—Senior Play, "The Claim Allowed".
- 

S. M. H. S.

Juniors



Motto—Be prepared

Colors:

Red, white, and blue



S. M. H. S.

Junior Class

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Clara Mae Adams
<i>Vice-President</i>	Paul Stevens
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Grace Rogers

Class Flower: *Zinnia*

JUNIOR YELL

Sis—boom—bah!

Sis—boom—bah!

Who in the thunder do you think we are?

Are we in it?

Well I guess,

We're the High School very best.

Sis—boom—bah!

Sis—boom—bah!

Juniors, Juniors,

Rah—Rah—Rah!

S. M. H. S.



S. M. H. S.

Who's Who in the Junior Class

The old owl knows who's who, but the Juniors are wiser. They know who's who and why.

Grace Rogers, our Basket-ball Captain, has won fame by being an expert with her "tu-lips". In Basket-ball she takes it for granted that the opposing team goes by the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you". She is able not only to come up to their anticipations, but to "spring" a few surprises of her own.

His chief occupations are wiggling his ears and making unheard-of noises. His favorite piece of poetry is "Thanatopsis". But these are not all of this Junior's accomplishments, for he is also a famous foot-ball star. Well, if you can't guess who it is, I'll tell you. It is Alfred Ivey.


Florence Sutherland seems to like S. M. H. S., but she has fond recollections of "Down Yonder". Some of the Juniors fear that she and Pearl will have to go back in the Sophomore class on account of English grades.(?)

Among our accomplished Juniors, Carroll Kerby is the Ford Specialist. In fact, he maintains the free air station of the Junior Class.

Mildred Reardon is forever getting out her "Vanity Box", for she is afraid she will see one of the senior boys. Wonder who?

The two "all-stars" of the Junior Class have for their names Rodgers Storey and Claud Kellam. They have mistaken the H. S. for a kindergarten, and they continue to bring toys and candy to school. Claud never speaks except when spoken to, and Rodgers is so very solemn that his classmates consider it a rare thing to see him laugh.

Pauline Johnson in her quiet, unassuming way has won the affection of all the Juniors. She usually does good work in her subjects; sometimes, however, she gets nervous when Mr. Erney tells her to hold her test-tube nearer the fire. Then she simply melts away.



S. M. H. S.

Once there was a rooster fight, and all the Juniors wanted to see it. But, as no one could enter without the "dough", Lathair Fischer was the only one present. However, we were told all about it the next day in English Class, although Miss Mahan objected. Lathair likes rooster fights.

As the sun glorifies the skies, Lurline's face is brightened by her eyes. Something as charming as her eyes is her music. She plays when she plays, and works when she works.

Although not very large herself, Clara Ramsay objects when our teachers address us as children. She is reading the signs of the times right and is doing her best to learn to cook. Boys are going to be scarce, and those who return from "Somewhere in France" will want a change of rations.

Charlie Kennedy is one of our "most noted" foot-ball players. Although he is absent a great deal, he makes up for lost time when he is present. All of the Juniors know how talkative he is.

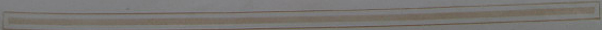
Florence Thomas gets along very well in school as she does not have to come back after dinner. We suppose that it is well that she has to go only half a day because she has to pass Coronado and we know she would be late. She does not believe in riding in Hudson automobiles.

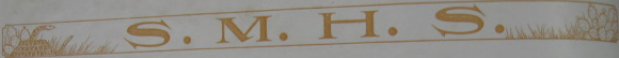
In San Marcos, in Hays county, Texas, was born on a cold, frosty morning of April in 1902 a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Nix. She is now a beautiful young lady of sixteen summers, in S. M. H. S. Some day she will take the "booby prize" in the Junior class if her teacher can only keep her from talking so much.

Poor Paul Stevens is so timid that even the look of a girl unnerves him, but he does not fail to be a good Boy Scout. The Juniors know that, when he finishes H. S., he will become a "Soldier Boy". We are sure that he will never be put in the guard house because he never disobeys the teacher.

Grace Cavness and Louise Thomas are both girls above the average. Grace is the official pianist and Louise the mathematician. Their greatest accomplishment, however, is giggling, in which they are taking a post-graduate course.

Another one of our Basket-ball Stars is Zelma Johnson. She never lets things lag when she is around. She starts





S. M. H. S.

discussions and carries her point. She likes to go swimming so well that she even takes an afternoon off in February to see if she has forgotten how to swim.

Another one of our noted members is Gilbert Zipp, our violinist. His joys in life are but three: love, spelling, and music.

Who can guess who the girl is that carries the red light of the Junior class as a top-knot? Well, you guessed it; it is Olive Burns. If you'll notice, she never smiles at the boys or laughs out loud because she says she might get her "throat-latch" out of joint. She takes expression, also, at the Academy so as to improve her vocal cords.

There's one little girl who talks continually. That is Helen Roller. She wears a curl, and that would put any girl through the Junior class. In chemistry she is very pretty because Mr. Erney frightens her so that she turns from white to pink.

The class has in Earl Swift one who is destined to far surpass old "Sam" Johnson in the knowledge of words. How much he already knows is shown by his answer to Miss Mahan's question as to the difference between the definition of the words "stop" and "stay". "Well, 'stay' means 'stop' somewhere and 'stay' awhile", said Earle. Earle also knows the definition of "Kidnapped".

We have one in our class who is noted for asking questions; this one is Joyce Connally. The Juniors are wondering if she has found out that "Kaiser" is not Wilhelm's first name. We very often hear her say, "Who? What? Where?" and "When?" all in one breath.

Mannie Salmon is a very quiet, unobtrusive little boy in the Junior class. He never speaks except when spoken to and the teachers never have to tell him to be quiet or quit laughing. He is *so, so*, good.

Hazel Cape is as awful as awful can be. She takes "expression" and then, when Mr. Montgomery asks her something, she says that she knows it but just doesn't know how to "express" herself.

Howard Hartzog has just come to our class and he hasn't had time to acquire a reputation except in spelling.

Clara Mae Adams is famed for her Latin work. She reads Latin off just as if it were a selection from "Play-mates Primer". As she is the oldest of a large family, we thought she would make a good chaperon, and, therefore, elected her as president of the Junior Class.

Sophomore Class


OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Althea McNeill
<i>Vice-President</i>	T. F. Nelson
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Tom Oliver
<i>Press Reporter</i>	Inez Jackson

Class Colors: *Blue and Gold.*

Class Flower: *Yellow Chrysanthemum.*

Motto: *Not at the top, but climbing.*



S. M. H. S.



Sophomore Rhymes

The Sophomore class are hard to beat,
 Anyway you take 'em;
 They get their lessons up on time,
 And you don't have to make 'em.

I'll tell you those who're in this class;
 Their names you must remember
 Because they will be the Junior class
 When school starts next September.

Our Sophomore class is made up, you see,
 Of the very best pupils there possibly can be.
 Now, there is Hons Richards. My! but he is a fright;
 His conduct in school is simply a sight.

Inez Jackson, though young in looks,
 Studies the boys more than her books.

Wilma Patterson, so lovely and fair,
 Is always seen with a giggling air;
 From her pranks and jokes we nearly croak,
 Though the teachers they surely do provoke.

The boy most full of vigor and vim is
 Robert, the class beauty—just look at him.

Nicola Karnes, a dainty maid,
 Would throw Cleopatra in the shade;
 Her best attraction is her curls,
 Which surpass those of the other girls.

Fred Day, with grin so gay,
 Is very fond of raisins;
 In all his classes he does nothing but play,
 And this he does on all occasions.

Smile and play, smile and play,
 That is the way of Agnes May.

Arch and her dimples are very well known;
 When she smiles at the boys, they are certainly shown.

Bertram Thomas, who answers so curt,
 Gives good promise of being a flirt.



S. M. H. S.

Oh, Jessie Donaldson so gay,
In English she wanted an "A";
But, when the reports came around,
A "D" to her surprise she found.

Now, Ellen Younger and Addie May,
Always want to talk all day;
Often we hear Miss Mahan say,
"Girls, you must not do that way".

Harold Miller is our mathematician,
He works his problems every day;
While some of us, without permission,
Sit in the study hall and play.

Althea McNeill, though not outwardly a flirt,
Even though around the boys her duty does not shirk,
But underneath her studiousness she's as lively as can be;
If you don't believe this, just try her and see.

Alice Nolan, dainty and gay,
With a little Junior likes to play.

Tom Oliver, a witty lad,
Teases the teachers to make them glad.

Lynda is one girl who has not a curl,
But oh, she does try so hard
To arrange her hair to make the boys stare,
Then dreads to see her report card.

Bernice Curry, quite contrary,
What does your report card show?
Great big "A's" and no little "D's"
With "C's" and "B's" all in a row.

Myrtle Jackson, a little blond,
Of someone in high school is very fond.

Max Smith, tall and high,
Looks for the girls with his red neck-tie.

Gertrude Nix knows how to fix
The Algebra tricks without a mix.

In Latin T. F. Nelson is sure to lead,
For all the sentences he certainly can read,
From amo to duodeviginti so crazy,
He conjugates and declines as if they were easy.

Ruth Roberts, a member of our class,
Into the tenth grade will probably pass,
We hope that Winnie Williamson will also enter
The Junior Class this next September.

S. M. H. S.

Bennie Sue Boxley is tall and strong;
We often think she could never do wrong.

Curtis Bagley is a nice little boy;
Among the whole class he has no foes.
He eats with his mouth as others do.
But to save his mouth he talks through his nose.

"Florence, Florence!
Do you know that lesson?"
She only wishes that
She could answer "yessum".

A young girl named Ruth arose where she sat
And said, "I beg pardon;
That question's a hard 'un;
I really don't know where I'm at".

A bonny young lad is Dare;
He always wears a professional air.

Milton Lehmberg, new to our school,
Has a hard time keeping the rule.

Take it as a whole, we're a wonderful class,
Models of deportment and studies. Alas!
That we only could make the teachers see
How truly remarkable are we.

An active tongue has Howard Whipple,
Which runs just like a greased sickle.

There is a girl named Bessie Waldo,
Who in the Junior Class will surely go;
She's not very large and she's not very small,
But she beats us all in basket-ball.

Has Mamie Lindsey run away from home?
Or quarreled with her fellow?
"Oh, no indeed", cries Mamie dear,
"I've only caught another".

Douglas is tall;
Douglas has brown hair;
And the girls they all
Say Douglas is fair.

Latin is where Willie Bentley excels;
She is always ready to tell
Everything she knows so well.

John Parker cares little for his books,
But thinks a great deal of his looks.

Charlie Ramsay is not very smart,
But sometimes he knows his lessons by heart.



S. M. H. S.

Freshman Class


OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Dudley Sherrill
<i>Vice-President</i>	Herschel Hopson
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Angeline Porter

Colors: Blue and White

Flower: Blue Bowsel

Motto: "In good labor, there is profit".



S. M. H. S.



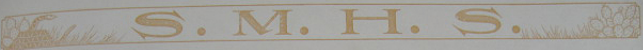


S. M. H. S.

Freshman Representation

Section A.

- A is for Alberta, a girl with a smile;
Also for Alma, who laughs all the while.
- B is for Beatrice and Buckner, too;
They always seem to have something to do.
- C is for Coxen, the principal here;
She teaches Latin and makes it clear.
- D is for Dorothy, who has blue eyes;
Also for David, who winks when he tries.
- E is for Ella and Ernest—they seem quite tall;
Also for Edwin and Edward, who laugh at us all.
- F is for fun, and we all have our share;
Also for Felix with pompadour hair.
- G is for Girard, but we call him "Judge";
Because from the girls he never does budge.
- H is for Herschel of stature small,
Who never talks in the study hall.
- I is for Ideas we Freshmen all have.
- J is for the Julias; they both sew and cook;
Also for the Joes, who like to read good books;
And for Joseph, John, and Jack,
Who all kinds of knowledge never lack.
- K is for knowledge all freshmen have.
- L is for Lura and Leonard so kind,
Who never break their promise by changing their mind.
- M is for Mary and Madalene quite small;
Also for May, tallest of us all.
- N is for nothing, which none of us do.
- O is for Odell of knowledge wide,
Tho' dignified her fun she can't hide.
- P is for Plutarch of whom our history boasts.
- Q is for history questions, a very bitter dose.
- R is for Russell, a pigmy in size;
Also for Rudolph, who has blue eyes.



S. M. H. S.

S is for Sallie Ross, who never misquotes,
But proves her point by history notes.
T is for Tom, who is our "Knight";
Always he seems ready to fight.
U is for the United States,
Who is to decide Germany's fate.

V is for vacation days that are near
To all Freshmen's hearts so dear.
W illodine and William, who are never late—
They come on time for their Algebra's sake.
X, Y, and Z And now we are thru
And have come to bid a farewell to you.

Section B.

F is for Frances, who speaks Spanish well;
And for Fay, who is always ready a story to tell.
R is for Ruth, so happy and gay,
Who flirts with the boys all day.
E is for Esta Mae, Eugenia, Elias, Estelle;
Always they're ready with lessons learned well.
S is for Sherrill, so tall and sedate,
Who thinks of the girls from early 'till late.
H is for Zell Higgs, who only wishes to pass
In that dreadful physiology class.
M is for Mary Edith, whom all the Freshmen believe
Has a brand new secret up her sleeve.
A is for Alice, whose talent is art;
And for Angelene, too, who stole Girard's heart.
N othing is left for Lucille Tate
But to end her laughing with its fate.

C is for Carrie, who does what she can;
And also for Cecil, the big foot-ball man.
L ola and Lily, who seem very bright;
They must study dreadfully hard at night.
A n old friend returned when Marguerite came back,
Now we know that she is on the right track.
S till we can't forget Julia and her wit,
Nor Bernyce and Pearl, who study their bit.
S is for Merton Swift and his big brown eyes;
Sometimes he is called "Baby", but he seems very
wise.
B is for the section and its clown,
For, really, Galen keeps his class out of a frown.

S. M. H. S.



Basketball Team

Miss Mahan—*Coach*

Grace Rogers—*Captain*

GOALS

Lizzie Sutherland
Emma Edwin Moore
Eliza Green
Elizabeth Flake

GUARDS

Grace Rogers
Willie Bentley
Norma Feltner
Florence Sutherland

CENTERS

Mattie King Woods
Lura Talley
Zelma Johnson
Thelma Berkley

S. M. H. S.



S. M. H. S.

Foot Ball

Coach: Fred Erney

Captain: Robert Saunders

SQUAD

—1917—

Parker	Right End H	Johnson	Quarter Back H
Watkins	Left End H	Saunders, Capt.....	Full and Half H
Hopson	Left Tackle H	Kellam	Left Half H
Lancaster	Right Tackle H	Ramsay	Right Half H
Ivey	Right Guard H	McGee	Left Guard H
Ellison	Left Guard H	Barron	Left Tackle H
Bales	Center H	Burnett	Left End
	Danson		Right End

GAMES

S. M. H. S.—3.....	Coronal—14
S. M. H. S.—3.....	Lockhart—0
S. M. H. S.—9.....	Normal—0
S. M. H. S.—0.....	St. Edwards—9
S. M. H. S.—0.....	San Antonio—27
S. M. H. S.—6.....	Academy—0
S. M. H. S.—7.....	Coronal—0

S. M. H. S.

The Football Season

The material for the High School football team of 1917 was very slight as there were only three men left from the year before. The coach, however, was faithful; the team, very much in earnest; and the student body, enthusiastic. Some fine work was done by the team, which won a majority of its games.

The first game of the season was on Coronal field. Coronal had a more seasoned and heavier team than ours and won the game by a score of 14-3. The high school team made a good showing, considering the fact that it was playing its first game.

Old High played a much more interesting game the second time when she came to the top with a score of 3-0 on Lockhart. The winning score was a drop kick by our full back, Taylor. The team showed much better form than in the Coronal game.

The next game was played against Normal Scrubs. S. M. H. S. won by a score of 9-0. Taylor kicked a drop kick and Jesse Kellam got away with a forward for a touchdown. The whole team did such splendid work that it would be hard to pick the "stars" of this game.

We went up against St. Edward's College next. The Catholics won by a score of 9-0. High tried many of its new formations in this game, but to no avail. The Catholics had us outclassed. Our left tackle, Hopson, broke his arm; this was the only misfortune which befell any of our players during the season.

On November 21, S. M. H. S. played San Antonio "over there" and lost by the score of 27-0. The San Antonio team is the strongest in South Texas, and, for this reason, the defeat was no disgrace. The San Marcos boys played as they had never played before, but were simply outclassed by the "Santone" aggregation. The team was treated royally by the San Antonio squad. They were taken to the Gunter Hotel and invited to a reception.

High defeated the Baptist Academy second team in a fast game to the tune of 6-0. The game was played on Academy field. Owing to the various formations successfully employed by the high school, Academy lost and was saved



S. M. H. S.

from an overwhelming defeat by the star playing of "Red" Wilson, a member of their first team. The ball, after being advanced by Ramsay and Kellam, was carried across by Saunders. Goal was not kicked.

After being defeated by Coronal in the first game, High met her again on Normal field. The teams seemed evenly matched. A large crowd of high school rooters attended the game. High started off in a revengeful spirit, and this spirit lasted until High made a touchdown. This came in the third quarter when Kollam intercepted a pass and ran behind the goal line. Saunders kicked a difficult goal. After this High settled down to a defensive game, not even allowing the Methodists a chance at their goal.

The season is over, and we feel that our hard work was not done in vain. Much of our success was due to the faithful efforts of our coach, Fred Erney, and the untiring work of our captain. The rooting of our classmates, also, helped spur us on to victory. We wish, too, to express our appreciation to the people of San Marcos for boosting for us at our games.

WHAT WE SAY

- Dick Hays—"Seventy-five cents, please."
Grace Rogers—"You scared the fool out of me."
Leonard Hopson—"For garden-seed."
Alfred Ivey—"I found that in the Ozarks."
Olive Burns—"Ignorance."
Eliza Green—"Oh! you crazy thing."
Frank McGee—"Hell, yes."
Thelma Berkley—"Lay off of that."
Fred Lancaster—"Gosh! No."
Robert Saunders—"I peddle a good line."

S. M. H. S.

Social Events

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

October 31 the seniors had a party at the home of Eliza Green. When we got there, a ghost at the front door directed us to the back. Just inside of the back door we stepped on something soft and springy. In the adjoining room ghosts were howling and shrieking in pitiful tones. We soon got into the right room and found that the ghosts were nothing more than some of the teachers and seniors. We played games, bit for apples which were hanging from trees in the yard, and had our fortunes told. After a very pleasant evening, delightful refreshments, which consisted of punch and cake, were served.

BASKETBALL GIRLS' BREAKFAST

One morning early in October, we girls of the first and second basketball teams met at Mr. Hutchin's hardware store about 6 o'clock and took our breakfast to Roger's Resort. After enjoying our breakfast and playing some games, we went to the basketball court and practiced ball about an hour.

SENIOR PICNIC

Wednesday, November 28, the seniors met at the school building and went to the head of the river on a picnic. After playing some games, we had lunch. Some of the boys hid two of the lunch boxes, but perhaps it was well they did, or Mr. Montgomery would very likely have had to be brought home on a stretcher.

PARTY FOR THE FOOTBALL BOYS

Grace Rogers entertained the football boys at her home on Friday evening, November 9. After the guests had indulged in games of different kinds, dancing, and contests, refreshments of hot chocolate and cake were served. Everyone had a very enjoyable time.

BANQUET FOR THE FOOTBALL BOYS

The tenth grade D. S. girls gave the football team a supper the night before Mr. Erney was to leave. The tables were arranged in the sewing room to form one large table, and there the supper was served. After supper the boys presented Mr. Erney with a box of cigars as a token of their appreciation of his coaching. Several speeches were made and then some games were played, in which all gladly joined.

IN HONOR OF MR. ERNEY

We seniors and our faculty gave a farewell party on December 13 for Mr. Erney, who was to leave in a few days for the aviation school at Austin. We gathered early at the home of Miss Lois Foster, and the fun began. We played, sang, and chatted to our content, even our dignified teachers unbending more than is their wont. Later in the evening we served delicious sandwiches and cocos. It is rumored that some so far forgot themselves as to go in search of a second "helping"; but don't believe this, gentle reader. We are far too mannerly. In some mysterious manner several bunches of mistletoe had found their way into the kitchen. Some of the mischievous boys discovered them, and great was the merriment that ensued. All glad things must come to an end, so finally we reluctantly bade our hostess and each other good night and betook ourselves homeward.

S. M. H. S.

HONORING THE SENIORS

Friday evening, January 18, the seniors were entertained by Emma Edwin Moore at her home. We had music, and there was something for every one to do all of the time. There were some out-of-town guests present. Refreshments of tea and sandwiches were served to about forty persons.

FACULTY ENTERTAINS SENIORS

February 15 is a date that will long be remembered by the seniors of '18. The faculty entertained us at the high school building with a Valentine party. We assembled about eight o'clock, and the fun began. We played the game of hearts. Iva Mae Bridges, who won the most games, was given a bouquet of large red carnations. The reception room was beautifully decorated in red and white. Cupids and hearts were strung around the room. The color scheme was carried out in the refreshments, which consisted of angel food squares and white brick cream with red hearts in the center.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

The seniors were royally entertained by the juniors at the home of Paul Stevens, Thursday evening, February 21. The house was beautifully decorated in colors of both classes. As soon as we got there, large red letters were pinned on us and we were given slips of paper. We went around through the crowd matching letters to spell words. Eliza Green and Claude Kellam got the most words. They were blind-folded, given a saucer of post toasties each, and told to sit down. They then fed the toasties to each other. It was very amusing to watch them. After playing some games, working contests, and having progressive conversation, the girls were put in one room and the boys in another. The light was turned out in the room the girls were in, and they put their feet under a curtain and let the boys guess who they were. In this way the boys got their partners for refreshments. After refreshments of brick cream and cake were served, Lizzie Sutherland sang for us and then Mr. Paul Moore did some "stunts." There were about seventy-five guests present. All enjoyed themselves immensely.

JUNIOR SOCIETY

The four classes in high school were engaged in a contest to see which class could sell the most Liberty Loan Bonds. The juniors won and to celebrate their success they gave a feast. It was given in the domestic science dining room at the high school. The room was decorated with red, white, and blue, which, besides being the national colors, are the junior class colors. To carry out the effect of the scheme Lurline Glymp and Grace Rogers were dressed as "Liberty". The "war menu" consisted of sandwiches of various kinds, fruit, punch, and cake. During the feast music was furnished by a Victrola. The honorary guest was Judge Welhelm, who gave a splendid talk on Liberty Bonds. The evening was enjoyed by all.

IN MEMORY OF THE PICNIC WE DID NOT HAVE

S. M. H. S.

SOPHOMORE ENTERTAINMENTS

The members of the sophomore class were entertained on Halloween evening at Harold Miller's home. On Thanksgiving there was a class party at the home of Bertram Thomas. The next entertainments of this fun-loving crowd were "Hoover" parties following within a week of each other. They were given at the homes of Willie Bentley and Max Smith. A class picnic at Roger's followed. Games of all kinds and good "eats" helped make all of these "affairs" very pleasant.

FRESHMAN PARTIES

The freshman class has had three delightful parties this year. "Judge" Cook invited us to his home for the first two, and the third, a Hoover party, was given at Herschel Hopson's. Dainty refreshments were served each time. Of course, at the last one, "conservation" was the idea and, as a substitute, the host distributed chewing gum among his guests. Most of the class was present at all the parties and enjoyed a jolly time. Each one seemed better than the one before.

Z. F. G.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Grace Rogers
<i>Vice-President</i>	Hazel Cape
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Lurline Glimp

MEMBERS

Olive Burns	Louise Thomas	Grace Caviness
Mildred Reardon	Grace Rogers	Zelma Johnson
Florence Sutherland	Clara Mae Adams	Hazel Cape
Lurline Glimp	Robert Saunders (honorary)	

The club is social in its nature and has given a number of parties and other entertainments. During commencement the Z. F. G. intends to give a play entitled: "A Happy Day." The proceeds from the play will go to the Junior Red Cross. The club will continue to do Red Cross work during the summer.

Motto: Do unto others B4 they do U.

Colors: Green and white.

S. M. H. S.

Literary Societies

GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY

On October 27, 1917, in the San Marcos High School there was organized a girls' literary society. The house was called to order and the following officers were elected: Larline Glimp, president; Dorothy Smith, vice-president; Opal Nix, secretary. These were to serve the first term. For the second term, Hazel Cape was elected president; Grace Rogers, vice-president; Florence Sutherland, secretary. At each meeting, which was held on Friday of every other week, a program committee was appointed, which always prepared a very interesting program. The work of the society proved to be very interesting and profitable.

BOYS' LITERARY SOCIETY

The boys of the high school met on October 27, 1917, and organized a society. Robert Saunders was elected president; Fred Lancaster, vice-president; Douglas Bales, sergeant-at-arms. These were the officers for the first term. For the second term, Fred Hartkopf was elected president; Pete Fisher, vice-president; and Alfred Ivey, secretary. There was a program committee appointed each time by the president to arrange the program for the next meeting. The work of this society proved to be instructive as well as interesting.

THE GLEE CLUB

There was organized by Miss Hazel Capron, our music teacher, a glee club. In this club there were twelve girls, who, after the training of Miss Capron, sang really well. Their songs made more enjoyable our morning exercises and the programs of the literary societies.

THE VIOLIN CLUB

Last fall there was organized in the high school a violin club, the members of which were Esta Mae Bond, Paul Stevens, Dorothy Smith, Althea McNeill, and Gilbert Zipp. They were directed by Miss Capron. They often played for us during the morning exercises; their music was very much appreciated by the pupils, teachers, and visitors.

S. M. H. S.

"The Autobiography of a Pencil"

Although the different materials necessary for my manufacture were gathered from the four corners of the earth, I am a very small article. The wood, which is cedar, came from San Marcos, Texas; the lead, from Siberia; the tin, from those ancient mines in England which were first worked by the order of Julius Caesar; the rubber, from the German Congo State in Africa; and the glue, with which I am put together, from France. So you see that I was necessarily neutral on the question of this great war until the United States, my adopted home, saw fit to enter it in the spring of nineteen seventeen. I say my adopted home because it was to Buffalo, New York, that my numerous parts were shipped, and I at last became a pencil and was decorated with red, white and blue stripes.

The paint made me so drowsy that I fell asleep. When I awoke, I was in a whole box of pencils, but was not crowded because I was on top. After making inquiries of the powder puffs in the box next door, I decided that my chance of getting out of the stuffy counter soon was very little as I was in a drug store in a very quiet part of the city of Washington.

However, things happened just opposite to my expectations, for I was to leave in less than an hour. I was amusing myself by watching the door and presently saw a boy about nine years old come in. His age was evident not only on account of his size, but also because of his looks. His face was round and almost covered with freckles; his nose was pug; and his red hair stood straight up as if it had never encountered a comb. Of course, when he had started to school a few minutes before, he had been beautifully clean, but now his clothes and hands gave evidence of a mud fight which had probably occurred around the corner just out of sight of his mother. When he asked to be shown some pencils and his eyes fell upon me, I knew that my nice new paint was to be smeared up with those dirty hands.

Before we had gone a block, Harry met a boy with whom he had "a bone to pick", but, as there was no mud available, they began in dead earnest with their fists. I was in his pocket and could not see much, but I was so scared that I held my breath and grew almost stiff. First one of the boys was on top, then the other. Once, when Harry stooped over, I fell out of his pocket and bounced to one side without his noticing it.

The boy who picked me up was older than Harry and was "dolled up" as if he expected to see his "girl" soon. He was on his way to school and stuck me in one of his books where I remained until after school began. Then he took me out and sharpened me very carefully before writing the following note:

S. M. H. S.

"Dear Dora:

Do you still like me better than any boy in school? I like you better than any other girl. I sure have got a dandy pencil, but am going to give it to Bill Guthrie. You know he's that aeroplane friend of mine. I sure have got a dandy pencil, but am
P.S.—Do you care if I walk home with you this afternoon?" Jim.

I was so shocked that I forgot to look and see who "Dear Dora" was.

True to his word Jim gave me that very noon to his hero, who put me in his pocket with a "thank you kid", and never thought of me again.

That evening he flew to New York, and, of course, I went with him. At first I thought I should like it because we sailed along so smoothly, but after a while we went so high that I almost froze. When we were out over New York harbor, Mr. Guthrie began to "loop the loop", and I began to wish I had about a hundred hands to hold on with. But my wishes were in vain, and, the second time he turned upside down, I slipped out of his pocket and fell down, down, down toward the ocean.

Luckily for me I fell on the upper deck of one of the boats in the harbor. I landed in front of a soldier, who was helping move some baggage. He looked all around, then, with a laugh, picked me up and said, "No need to be afraid of anything as long as Uncle Sam's colors come raining from the sky." From the conversation of the men around me I learned that I was on one of the warships that were to carry the first American expedition to France. Before morning we were under way and for a few days I saw nothing but water, water, water.

Once it was reported that a submarine had been sighted, but nothing more exciting happened, and all of the American soldiers landed safely at a little port in France on the twenty-seventh of June. The people cheered them when they landed, cheered them all along the way, and cheered them in Paris where they arrived on the second of July.

On the fourth the American soldiers were on parade and I peeped out of my soldier's pocket and beheld the streets of Paris lined on both sides with women, children, old men, government officials, wounded soldiers, and any others who could procure furloughs. Those people were in moods varying from laughing to crying, but the eyes of all were shining on the stars and stripes that waved above them. The soldiers all held themselves erect with their heads well up as if they were just realizing what great things they would have to do to come up to the expectations of this people whom they were determined not to disappoint.

At the end of the streets was a little girl, crying because she had been pushed back by the crowd, but, when my soldier took me from his pocket and gave me to her, her eyes began to shine through her tears and she thanked him with a little bow. I am doomed to a life of idleness because this little girl would as soon think of treading on her own beloved tri-colors as to whistle away any of my gay stripes.

Florence Sutherland.

S. M. H. S.

"WOES"ARY

The hours I spent at work, dear heart,
Are as Geometry to me;
I prove each triangle, every one apart—
Montgomery!

Each hour a task, each task a test,
No relief from Latin is offered me;
And, when I think I've done my best,
I make a D!

O Physics, that twist and turn!
O will your memories never fade!
I'll work my brain, and strive at last to learn
To make a grade,
By heck!
To make a grade!

Norma Nitsche.



S. M. H. S.

A Beggar's Varn

One day while I was chopping wood in the back yard, an old man came up and asked if there was any work he could do to earn his dinner. Of course, I willingly let him have the axe. When dinner time came, I took his dinner out to him. He was a very talkative old man, and, before I knew it, he had me attentively listening to the story of his life.

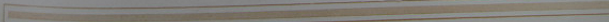
"My name is William Farrut. I was born in 1842 on a plantation near Piedmont, Virginia. My father was very rich in land and in slaves. His plantation was on the banks of the Potomac River, therefore, extremely valuable. When I was rather young, a private tutor was secured for me and I began my education. As I was an only child, I was somewhat spoiled. All the slaves were fond of me and were always playing with me.

"When I was about six years old, I rode my first horse, "Pied", a gift from my father. Afterwards I was constantly riding during the time I was out of school. By the time I was sixteen years old I was an expert rider. I did also a great deal of hunting and became an excellent shot.

"I was nineteen when, in 1861, the battles of Bull Run and Ft. Sumpter were fought. Then, thinking the cause of the South just, I ran away from home and joined the Confederate forces at Piedmont. That was the last I saw of my mother and father and the last I saw of our plantation until after the war.

"I was first sent to guard Richmond. I stayed there only three months. Then, under the command of General Lee, I went to the Shenandoah Valley, from there to Sharpsburg, and then to Frederick, being engaged in battles all along the way. In 1863, when General Lee decided to invade the north, I was one of the many to go with him. We marched all day and some nights, stopping only when forced into battle. Finally we came to Gettysburg and were met by a force larger than ours. For two days we prepared for battle. On the first of July, 1863, the battle began. On the second day the famous General Pickett made a charge. I was in the first line. After we had started charging, I had run about twenty-five yards when my whole left side pained me terribly. It grew very hot, then I fell fainting to the ground. I had received a bullet in my left shoulder.

"That was the last I knew until two mornings later when I awoke in a Federal hospital in Gettysburg. I was very angry and ill-tempered at first, but there were so many pretty northern maidens to wait upon me that I soon "cooled down". The doctors and nurses would not tell me anything about the result of Gettysburg or anything about the war for fear it would excite me and I would get worse. My shoulder was mending rapidly and in about three months I was able to sit up. I read books and magazines three years old, however, and was very well satisfied physically. But I was worrying about the South.



S. M. H. S.

"In about six months I was able to get up and walk around. It was then that for the first time the doctors told me that Lee had been defeated at Gettysburg and that it would be a matter of time before the South surrendered. They also told me that they would have to hold me until the South had surrendered. I raged around there, demanding that they set me free, but to no avail.

"On April the ninth, Appomattox Court House surrendered, practically ending the war. In about two weeks I was set free. I returned to the place that had been our plantation, to find only a place of devastation. Negroes who had been our slaves were colored ladies and gentlemen and only sneered when I passed them by. After some inquiries around town, I found that my mother had died of grief two months after war had started and that my father had been killed in action under General Johnston. I was undecided as to what to do until the assassination of President Lincoln. Then I knew the negroes would be unmanageable, so I decided to go to California.

"I managed to raise enough money from some of my friends to go, so in just a few weeks I was on my way. After a practically unevenful journey across the continent, I arrived in San Francisco some time in October, 1865. I was then twenty-three years old, strong and robust, having fully recovered from my wound. After about thirty years of prospecting, not being able to make any money, I decided to go to Texas.

"I arrived in Texas penniless. I tried to get work, but found I was too old, the people wanting younger men. I was then forced to begging, the last thing in the world I wanted to do. Having heard there was a Confederate Home in Austin I am headed that way."

The old man left me in a very thoughtful mood. Do we young people revere as we should those who risked their fortunes and their lives for our beloved Southland?

Fred Crowell.

S. M. H. S. FLYERS

We were a gay and jolly crowd
Until the summons came,
For our Math. and Science teachers,
To go hunt for "bigger game".

We have missed their aid and comfort;
We have missed their jolly smile;
We have missed them in our pleasures;
O! We miss them all the while.

How our thoughts will often wander
Far across the ocean's deep,
Where our "Fritz and Bob" are flying,
Helping Uncle Sam his honor keep.

Though our high school days are ended,
We will wait with anxious hearts
For the word that they're returning
And have nobly done their parts.

Iva Mae Bridges.

The Witching Hour


There lived in the quaint old town of Jonesville, Florida, a little girl and her father. The child's name was Dorothy, but she was called Dot by her father. She had beautiful golden curls and deep blue eyes, and her face was like a ray of sunshine. Her father was very poor and knew little of how she should be dressed. Poor little Dot often looked very shabby, but her bright little face made one forget her dirty rags.

The father was very fond of Dot, for she was all he had in the world. He had been a very devoted husband, and the fact that Dot resembled her dead mother very much caused her father to love her even more dearly. When he went to work he always took her on his back for a few blocks and kissed her good-bye. She would then run home and play around the house until she thought it about time for him to return. With her big white cat in her arms she would run to meet him. Bareheaded, she would stand in the hot sun on the corner, where she was accustomed to meet him.

One day she and her kitty, whose name was Peggy, went to meet her father. While they were waiting for her father, Peggy, being frightened by a big bull dog, ran across the street; and Dot, afraid Peggy would get hurt, ran after her. A car coming from around the corner ran over Dot, and she was hurt very badly. The man who was in the car was a skillful physician; he got out of the car and picked Dot up. Her father came up just then with the cat in his arms. The physician took the child and her father to the hospital.

Dot was very tenderly worked with and cared for by the doctor and the nurses. In a little while she opened her big blue eyes and called for her father and Peggy. Her father was standing near her bedside with Peggy in his arms. Dot soon recovered from the accident and was carried home. All the nurses hated to see her leave, for they had learned to love her very much.

Dot's father often sat around at night and smoked his pipe and read fairy tales to her, while she sat on the rug at his feet with Peggy in her arms. Often Dot would have her father down on the floor, trying to do as they did in the stories he read. She would ask her father why was it that Peggy could not talk to her as the animals in the fairy tales did.



S. M. H. S.

One morning while Dorothy and the cat were playing, Peggy jumped out of the chair which Dot had put her in and said, "Dot."

The child, very much surprised, cried, "Oh, Peggy, I did not know you could talk as the animals in the fairy-tales do."

The cat replied, "Dot, I know we are poor, and I know where there is a pot of gold; if you will get your little spade and come with me, we will dig it up."

Dot, who listened to Peggy with much surprise, said, "Come on, Peggy, let's find it."

They went out into the yard under an old oak tree; Peggy began scratching, so Dot also began to dig. There they struck something hard and Dot struggled, trying to move it, but could not. She said to Peggy, "Peggy, I can't move this; let's wait till father comes. He is strong and he can move it easily." They sat and waited for her father. While waiting Dot asked, "Peggy, why is it you have never talked to me before; you know I often wanted some one to talk to me!"

Peggy replied, "This is the witching hour; this is an hour in which all animals can repay the kindness done to them by their masters and others. You saved my life at the risk of yours, so I now intend to repay you."

Dot's father soon came home, and she told him the story of the gold which they found under the oak tree and which was so heavy that she could not lift it. He went out into the yard, found the pot, and, when he pried it open, found it full of gold shillings. He was very happy and, taking Dot into his arms, said, "My dear little Dot, you shall now be better cared for and be well educated."

Dot said, "And just think, Daddy, it was Peggy who told us about the treasure."

Thelma Berkley.

There are meters of accent;
There are meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is the met-er alone.



S. M. H. S.

A Stolen Hay Ride

It was a beautiful afternoon in late May and a crowd of pretty girls strolled happily along the campus of the Young Ladies Academy, in a pretty little southern town. There were six girls in the crowd, all about the same age and very dear friends. For four years these girls had been in the Academy together, and now, as they walked along, they discussed their graduation, which was but three weeks off.

"Just think," said Kate Livingstone, the prettiest and most beloved of all the girls, "we shall all finish together and— —"

But she got no further, for, suddenly turning a corner, they came upon a crowd of boys hiding behind a tree. They were from a boys' Academy situated a short distance away and had quietly slipped up to the girls' campus without being seen.

"O, what if Mrs. Dodd should see you all?" cried Lucy Turner, her black eyes round with astonishment.


Now, Mrs. Dodd was the principal of the school and a very strict one, the girls thought. However, most of the pupils, especially these six girls, loved and respected her and had always kept out of trouble.

"Yes, but she won't catch us, we will see to that," replied John Livingstone, Kate's brother.

After a little joking and laughing, the boys told the meaning of their secret mission to the Academy. There was to be a hay ride that night and they wanted the girls to slip away and go.

During all the four years in the school, none of these girls had disobeyed a rule and now it seemed to them that it would be more fun if they had to slip off to go. Therefore, five of them readily promised to go, and were so excited that they did not notice Kate. She stood a little behind the others and at first said nothing.

"Girls," she said at last, "We can't afford to lose our diplomas on account of a picnic. Think what Mrs. Dodd would do if she should catch you. I am sorry, but I can't go."



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All the boys and girls stared in surprise and then Lucy cried in anger, "O, very well, you may stay if you like, but I shall go." All the other girls agreed with Lucy and so the picnic was planned while Kate walked slowly back toward the building.

That night, when every one was quiet, five girls slipped very carefully down the hall and escaped into the night unseen. Kate sat alone in her room.

Lucy and her friends had a glorious ride. As they slipped back across the campus, they discussed a little too loudly Kate's queer actions and talked about what she had missed by not going with them.

When Lucy reached her room, she related all the good times to Kate, who was in bed, but not asleep.

The next morning as Kate sat trembling in chapel for fear her friends should be called to the office, Mrs. Dodd arose and said, "I would like to see number forty in my office after chapel." Kate turned very pale, for forty was her own number. Now she would be called upon to tell what she knew of the hay ride.

Her five friends gathered together in one corner and talked in awed whispers. Any one could plainly see that they were frightened almost to death.

"Now she's gone and told," cried Lucy, always too ready to blame. "What else could Mrs. Dodd want with her?"

"That's it," sobbed another girl. "Kate just told. If she didn't want to go herself, I don't see why she wanted to tell on us."

While these girls were falsely blaming Kate and resolving to hate her until their dying day, poor Kate was knocking timidly on the principal's door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Dodd.

As Kate closed the door, Mrs. Dodd turned from her desk and fixing her eyes, full of anger, on Kate, demanded: "Miss Livingstone, kindly explain to me the particulars of last night's escapade."

Kate grasped the desk, but looked Mrs. Dodd straight in the eyes, and said, "You are mistaken, Mrs. Dodd; I was in my room last night."

"Now, Kate, don't try to tell me that; I have good proof—well, I will just tell you the truth. The old janitor was crossing the campus last night when you were returning and overheard your name mentioned. Yours was the only one



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heard. If you were not of the party, tell me all you know of it, for I see you are not ignorant of the affair."

It had come at last; Kate sank into a chair and burst into tears. She knew it was her duty to tell, but still she was too loyal to her friends. All she said was, "Mrs. Dodd, I can tell you nothing."

Mrs. Dodd raved and threatened, but still Kate remained unmoved. At last she exclaimed, "All right, you are expelled. Go pack your things and take the next train out. I suppose you were the leader or you would tell who the others were."


No one heard that Kate was expelled, and, as Lucy did not go to her room until noon, she knew nothing of the affair. Then she learned from Kate that she was resolved on leaving because she thought it better for one to leave than for five to have to go.

Lucy waited to hear no particulars, but turned and walked down the hall and knocked loudly on the principal's door. Girls standing in the hall saw her enter the office, where she remained over an hour. When she came out, she had been crying, but no one learned what passed behind that closed door. All they could learn was that Kate did not go home and that each of the other four girls had a trip to the office, but none were sent home. This was on account of Lucy's confession and pleadings and also because of their past records.

All the girls of the Academy were delighted that evening when they saw the six friends walking together on the campus with their arms about each other.

Emma Edwin Moore.

"I stood upon a mountain,
I looked adown the plain,
I saw a lot of green stuff
That looked like waving grain.
I took another look at it;
I thought it must be grass,
But goodness, to my horror,
It was—the Freshman class."



S. M. H. S.

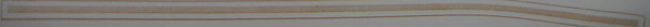
What San Marcos High School is Doing to Help Win the War

San Marcos High School is not behind in helping Uncle Sam to win this war. In the first place, we have had several patriotic speeches and programs. On October 14, 1917, Liberty Loan Day, the seniors gave a patriotic program. The high school pupils were told about the Liberty Bonds and about ways in which we could help win the war. On another occasion Judge Wilhelm made a speech about the Liberty Loans. He told the high school about the National Working Reserve and got some of the boys to help in this way. The Mother's Club has sent members to the high school several times to talk on patriotic subjects. One afternoon the entire high school went to the court house to hear a patriotic speech by Mr. Davis. These speeches and programs were for the purpose of inspiring a greater spirit of patriotism in the pupils, and they have taken their larger conceptions of patriotism and loyalty home to their parents.

Our High School has helped by selling Liberty Bonds. In the second Liberty Loan campaign the High School was given a half-day holiday in order to sell Liberty Bonds all over the town. That day the High School as a whole sold bonds amounting to two thousand and five hundred dollars. In addition, the High School Boy Scouts have sold about fourteen thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds. Beside this, the pupils' influence helped to awaken the town and caused people to buy bonds later, for which the High School was not given credit.

The High School also helps in the matter of food conservation. A little play was given by two junior domestic science girls to illustrate the need of food economy. The domestic science girls are taught how to conserve the food and how to prepare meals which will save the food needed for the soldiers.

Last December almost all the pupils gave twenty-five cents and some gave more, in order to raise the required amount for a Junior Red Cross. Early this year the San Marcos High School was enrolled as a Junior Red Cross Chapter. Since then the pupils have done good work. Fifty of the girls and boys make surgical dressings one afternoon in each week. Many of the girls are making refugee garments. The eighth grade sewing class sews on these garments once each week;





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the ninth grade, twice each week; and the tenth grade, twice each week. Beside this, some of the High School girls sew after school as there are two sewing classes which meet after school hours once each week. In all, there are forty-one girls sewing for the Red Cross. The manual training boys make the boxes in which the Red Cross garments are to be sent to headquarters.

High School has been helping by raising war gardens. The pupils were encouraged to make gardens at home, and many have done so. Each of the high school Boy Scouts has a garden, and many of the other pupils have plots in the co-operative school war gardens. The pupils work in these gardens two afternoons out of every week under the directions of a supervisor. The vegetables from the gardens may be used by the pupils at home or may be sold. The object is to raise as much garden food as possible for home consumption.

Another way in which High School is helping is by buying the Thrift Stamps. There were one hundred books for Thrift Stamps sold to the pupils in one day. Each of these pupils pledged himself to buy one thrift stamp every week.

The last, and probably the greatest service of the High School, has been the giving of its pupils and teachers to the army and navy. The service flag hanging in our study hall has one hundred and sixteen stars. Four of these stars represent High School pupils who have given their lives for their country. Their names are: William Harris, Robert Watson, Wharton Jones, and David Hale. Four of our teachers, Mr. Erney, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Williams and Mr. Alves, are serving in the army. Surely, we are doing our bit to make the world "safe for democracy."

Pearl Nix.

"A senior stood on the railroad track;
The train was coming fast.
The train got off the railroad track
To let the Senior go past.

Latest Additions to the Library

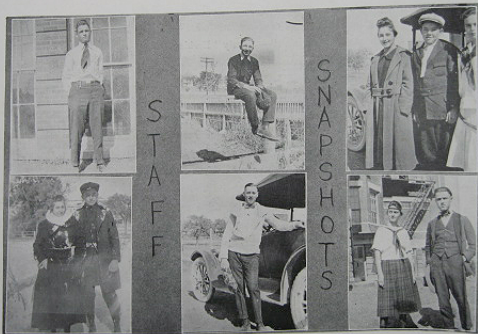
(Collected by Claud Kellam)

- "Tempest and Sunshine"—Opal and Pearl
- "Conduct of Life"—Mr. Day.
- "Red Pepper Burns"—Olive Burns.
- "A Man from Out Yonder"—"Buddy" Ivey.
- "How to Keep Order in the Study Hall"—Mrs. Sayers.
- "My Life as a Star"—Dick Hays.
- "My Lost Youth"—Herschel Hopson.
- "When I Was a Girl"—Clara Ramsay.
- "Deserve Success"—Claud and Rodgers.
- "Being a Chauffeur"—Carrol Kerby.
- "The Flirt"—Eliza Green.
- "The Gentle Art of Persuasion"—Mrs. Coxen.
- "How to Avert Chemistry Tests"—Fred Lancaster.
- "Beautifying the Country Home"—Ruth Jackson.

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- "Secret of Writing Good Themes"—Florence Sutherland.
"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"—"Pete" Fischer.
"When a Man's a Man"—"Rusty" Berkley.
"The Reign of Terror"—Miss Mahan.
"Wood and Married"—Mr. Beard.
"Great Expectations"—Jesse and Jack (while in the Army).
"Sweet Bells Out of Tune"—Songs we like to sing.
"To Have and to Hold"—Paul Stevens and Alice Nolan.
"Reveries of a Bachelor"—Fred Hartkopf.
"Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm"—Lizzie Sutherland.
"Freckles"—Edward Terrell.
"Peck's Bad Boy"—Dudley Sherrill.
"Twin Stars"—Smith Sisters.
"Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow"—Earl Swift.
"Fanatics"—Robert Reed and Wilma Patterson.
"Hand in Hand"—Leonard and Thelma.
"Won by Waiting"—Hons Richards.
"Much Ado About Nothing"—Miss Foster.
"Mile a Minute"—Grace Rogers.

S. M. H. S.



S. M. H. S.



S. M. H. S.



S. M. H. S.



S. M. H. S.



The Seniors' Farewell

Our last days are drawing nigh;
 We've tussled with history and math;
 We've written our names in "scarlet" (uh-uh!)
 And fled from the teachers' wrath.

Outsiders called it class spirit;
 Those on the inside called it "pep;"
 But I'm afraid the principal and the faculty
 Have us down with a terrible "rep."

Of course, the freshmen adore us;
 They're in the eight, you know.
 The ninth is where begins the fuss;
 Do they like to start things? Oh, no!

The juniors started to run high school.
 They didn't count the Seniors in that;
 But we were in with a capital "S"—
 About that they found we were "pat."

Well we're sorry to have to leave you—
 We, the twenty-seven Seniors of today,
 You, who in our steps must follow
 Along the same old beaten pathway.

Listen, then, as we leave you;
 This is what we have to tell;
 Cherish our San Marcos High School
 And believe, we wish you well.

—Frank M. McGee.

S. M. H. S.

Rattles

Miss Mahan—"Fred, what is the matter?"
Fred Lancaster—"Oh, these girls back here are trying to get me to screech like a bat."

Mr. Day—"Jack, who was Nathaniel Green?"
Jack Johnson—"Was he that man who woke up one night—?"

Miss Williams—"Who was the first king of Rome?"
Mary—"Romeo."

Miss Jencke—"What is pasteurized milk?"
Ruth—"Where the cows graze in the pasture."

Miss Jencke—"Ruth, be sure you don't make both sleeves to fit the same arm."
Ruth—"But I cut 'em both by the same pattern."

Miss Capron—"Galen, take that rock down that you hung up by that string."
Galen—"Oh, Miss Capron, just think, its hanging between heaven and earth."

Leonard Hopson—"Mr. Brack said some of us could come Saturday to have our pictures made for the Annual."

Jack Johnson—"O, he will have to take mine on Sunday because that is the only day I am dressed up."

Dorothy Smith—"Fanny, please decline bad for me."
Fanny Smith—"Why, certainly, bad, better, best."

Mr. Erney—(to Frank and Jesse, who were talking in physics class) "Cut out that talking, this is no hen party."

Paul Allen—"Mr. Montgomery, who is the ruling man in Russia now?"

Mr. Montgomery—"Search me—I haven't seen the morning paper."

Alice in an English exposition was selling a poultry farm.
Douglas—"Alice, what kind of chickens have you on your farm?"

Alice—"I've told you a half-dozen times—pullets."

Miss Foster—"Howard, what was the German Diet?"
Howard—"Sauerkraut and beer."

Miss Jencke—"Willodene, have you an emory?"
Willodene—"No, but Mamie Lindsay has."

Lurline Glimp was asked if her cousin was a National Guard.
"No," she said, "he is a Corporal."

Mr. Montgomery—"Where could the circumcentre of a circle be?"

Olive Burns—"Outside of the circle, I guess."

Mr. Mont—"Olive, we will ask you to draw a circle with the center outside."

Grace Rogers—"I am one minute fast by Knight's time."

Carroll Kerby—"My watch is with Day's time."

S. M. H. S.

Miss Mahan—"What kind of sweetness is 'long drawn out sweetness'?"
Frank McGee—"A kiss."

Miss Crawford—"What is a beat?" (Meaning a beat in music)
Frank McGee—"A red turnip."

Miss Mahan—(To Senior Class) "Your conduct was good today; if it is as good in the next two or three weeks as it has been the past two or three days, I shall expect you to sprout wings."

Mr. Montgomery—"It has been a pleasure to me to go with the foot ball boys when they played the out-of-town teams to show them what the little button on the wall in the hotel is for, and to show them which end of the street car to get off at."

Miss Mahan—"What is an ode?"
Fred Crowell—"An ode is a weeping poem."

Miss Crawford—"If there is no light on an object, it appears black."
Frank McGee—"There is no light on a negro then, is there?"

Miss Crawford—"Jack, don't talk so loudly."
Jack Johnson—"I can't talk low. If I whisper, I squeak."

Miss Mahan—"Alfred, you'll make a good Santa Claus."
Alfred Ivey—"Well, I have to get me a few pillows."

Miss Barham—"Samuel Johnson touched all of the telephone posts because he thought it good luck."
Alfred Ivey—"Why! they didn't have telephone posts then."

Mr. (Bob) Montgomery—"Hazel, is this proposition correct?"
Hazel Cape—"No, sir-re-Bob."

Miss Williams—"Why, yes, a volcano just shakes until everything falls to pieces."
Dudley Sherrill—"Yes, even shakes your teeth (false) out."

Miss Jencke—"What kind of buttons are you going to put on your dress, Mary?"
Mary—"Artificial ones."

Mr. Day—"Fred, tell us about John Brown."
Fred Lancaster—"O, I don't know—only that he had four children."
Mr. Day—"He had eighteen."
Fred Lancaster—"O, no wonder he left home then."

Miss Crawford—(To Senior physics class) "You pupils made such low grades on that test that I will give it over."
Leonard Hopson—"You have a garden, haven't you? It's a bunch of blooming idiots."

Mr. Day—"Thelma, tell us about the 'Ostend-Manifesto'."
Thelma Berkley—"If I could just think what it was, I would tell you."

Frank McGee—"Did you see that car load of frogs that passed through here the other day?"
Miss Crawford—"No, where were they going?"
Frank—"To San Antonio."
Miss Crawford—"What for?"
Frank—"They were taking them to the brewery to squeeze the hops out of them to make beer?"

Mr. Montgomery—"We have the best sub-marines in the world. The German sub-marines can go under the water and stay two weeks, but ours go under and stay always."

S. M. H. S.

Graduates of the San Marcos High School

1905

Dewitt Hunt

1906

Alice Lovelace

Ethel Blair

Elmer McBride

Edna Oldham

Loulein Harris

Carey Storey

1907

Ed. Cape

Iola Dailey

Hallie Davis

Louis Dügger, Army

Elizabeth Edmondston

Ethel Mooney

Maud Hughes

Louise Hutcheson

Annie Hutcheson

Emma Taylor

1908

Marie Lovelace

Henry Bateman

John Blair, Army

May Goforth

Annie Goforth

Lora McKinsie

Tom Nance, Army

Edwin Porter

Ruby Powers

Margaret Ramsey

Maude Smith

Martha Harris

Mabel Koehl

1909

Addie McKinsie

Pat McMeans

Adeline Neighbors

Olive Presley

Mildred Subert

Henry Griffin

Clara Harrison

Ben Johnson, Army

Willie Williamson

Leland Winston

Kitty Yarrington

1911

Sam Caruthers

Dewitt McGee, Army

Maude Ruborn

1912

Dorothy Arnold

Frank McBee

Bernadine Brevard

Eloise Crawford

Howard Davis, Army

Lois Foster

Ivey Peel

Ruth Reed

Mary Harris

John Hill

Grace Howard

Constance Johnson

Leonora Voss

Gertrude Williamson

Henderson Yoakum

1913

Jesse Allen

Jennie Camp

Leona Cook

Ellene Cowan

Pansy Cowan

Aileen Gillespie

Mary McGee

Amy Motheral

John Preece (Army)



S. M. H. S.

Leta Hogan
Willard Storey
Harold Taylor, Army
Edwin Terry
Newton Wilson

1914

Jessidine Crawford
Josephine Crawford
Ouida De Shields
Arthur Flake, Army
Clara McGee
Amelia Pettitt
Mary Porter
Maude Smith
Josie Smith
Burnyce Stevens
Paul Harrison, Army.
Julia Howard

Annie Lewis
Allyne Story
Maggie Joe Talley
Susie Taylor

1915

Amy Allen

Ruth Bavid
Frank Byrd
Curtis Day
Charles Devinney
David Donaldson, Army
Lois Eidson
Opal Gardner
Ralph Gardner
Bessie Griffin
Marion McGee, Army
Charlotte Nance
Roseoe Partlow
Fred Piper
Eugene Posey, Army
Mary Ramsay
Rudolph Talbot
Dailey Terrell
Eula Ward

1916

Sara Arnold
Winfred Barnes
Tom Collier
Wilma Craps
Henry Day

Gladys Dailey
Nellie Doyle
Mammie Doyle
John Dobbins
Gladys Fourquarean
Allene Jones
Margee Partlow
Thelma Patterson
Nora Pope
Julia Ramsey
Mary Rosson
Hazel Talbot
Bonnie Williams
Edgar Frankie
Joe Mitchell
Roy Mitchell, Army
Ed. Travis
Ralph Watkins, Army
Erwin Woodson

1917

May Arenstein
Alma Bales
Lucile Bridges
John Cape

John Coers (Army)
Frank Crowell
Julia Dailey
Jesse Edmonston
Thala Foster
Sam Wood Gardner
Merle Hays
Daphnie Heath
Franklin Herndon
Ella Johnson
Elizabeth McBea
Theo McNeill
Harold McKay, Army
Kitty Neighbors
Nora Ogletree
Vivian Patterson
Katy Riley
Irma Roberts
Paul Rogers
Ruth Smith
Robert Styles
Julia Storey
Blanche Taylor
Julia Terrell
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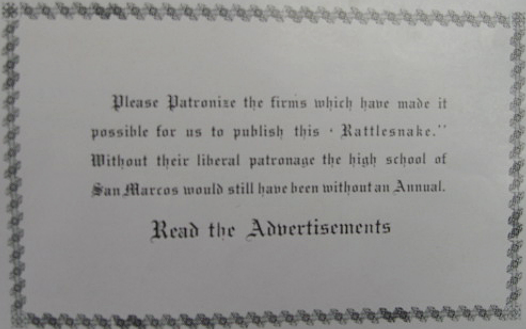
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