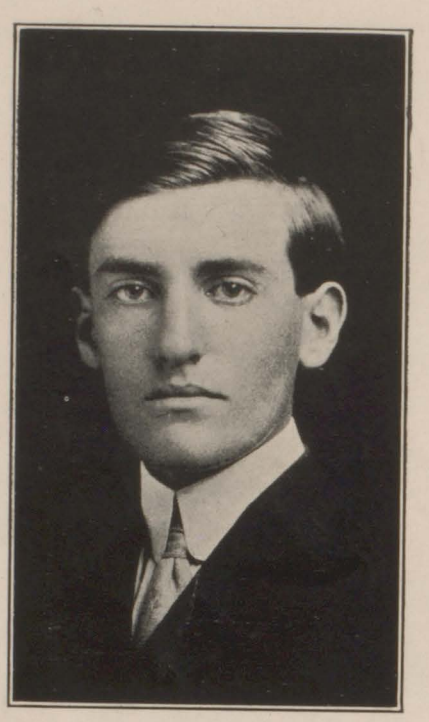
THE MOUNTAINEER
1914



EDITORIAL

In presenting this volume of the "Mountaineer," we have no apologies to make. We are only inexperienced school boys and girls, and we lay no claims to be finished men of letters. The work of issuing a magazine, no matter how so humble, is no joke to the veriest amateur. It is no soft job at all, as we have found out in our work on this little journal. But it is work!

Our object in issuing this little volume was not to set the world on fire with our literary genius, but to give to the members of the Class of 1914, a book that will contain the record of our last eventful year in High School, a book that in after years we can turn to and recall the days of our High School life.

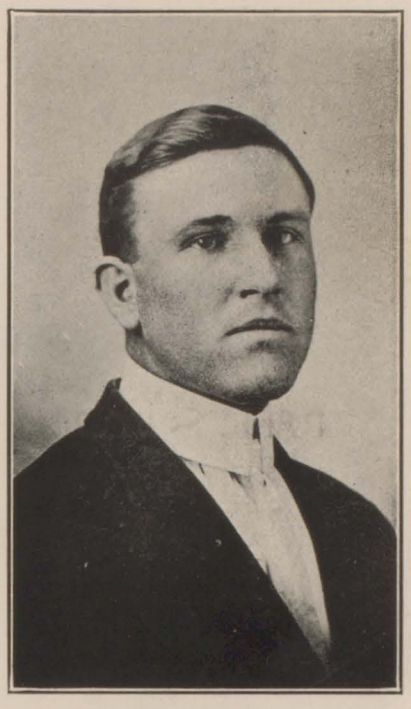
We have spent not a few busy and pleasant hours in compiling this volume for you, and now that it is finished, it is for you to judge whether or not we have lowered the quality of former "Mountaineers." We have striven to do our best. Our heart was in the work. This little journal is the product of all our labors. We take all the blame for its short comings, but as we put it into your hands we ask you, as our critics, to remember, "'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what he would do."

Yet if in after years, when you are far away from old L. H. S. and your classmates are scattered over the face of the earth, you chance to glance over the pages of the "Mountaineer" of 1914, if then you shall recall with a smile or perhaps a sigh, the friendships, deeds, pranks, mishaps, pleasures and joys of the dear old school days of yore, we shall feel that our labors have not gone for naught, and that this little book has served its purpose.

In the days to come, when you are a success or a failure; when you sigh for the days of your childhood; when you want to live again the joyful days of your school life; then may this annual be a pleasant companion as you live again, "The years that are passed."

If you like this annual tell us, tell the Seniors, tell your dog, tell everybody. We'll appreciate it. If you don't like it grin and bear it, but say nothing.

THE EDITOR.



A FEW REMARKS

Herewith we hand you a copy of our annual, "The Mountaineer." I suppose that the Editor has set forth the policy of the magazine in his Editorial, so I will not dwell at length on such.

We have tried to give you as good an Annual as was possible under existing circumstances, and with the material at hand. We had it printed on good paper; we have had it made up as neat as possible; we have used the Senior Class Colors in our decorations, not because we had no interest in the other classes, but because it is the Senior Class that is issuing the Annual, and we thought it fitting that we should depart from the old custom of using the High School colors, and use our own; we have printed as many and as good pictures as possible; we have given every class, society and organization an opportunity to have their picture in if they wanted it; and lastly, we have worked on it.

We want to thank the business men who gave us advertisements. Some turned us down, but we are proud that the majority gave us good advertisements. We realize that a school annual is not the best advertising medium in the world, and in asking for advertisements we did not promise big returns. In securing the advertisements we could not help comparing the two types of business men. We would approach the man for his ad; he would not even ask us what our circulation was going to be and very seldom the cost. He would say, "Yes, I'll take an ad. I don't need it, but I will do it to help you boys and theschool." The other type: "No, I don't want no ad; I've quit advertising. Costs too much." The comparison is obvious. When we asked one of the latter type for his ad, he was sitting by the stove gossiping at the time he refused us. When he said that he did not advertise, the Assistant Business Manager said to him, "That is the reason you have time to sit by the stove and talk about people passing your store."

Again we thank our advertisers. We also want to thank the Printer for the help he gave us, the students who helped us, and the Alumni who came to our aid with Subs.

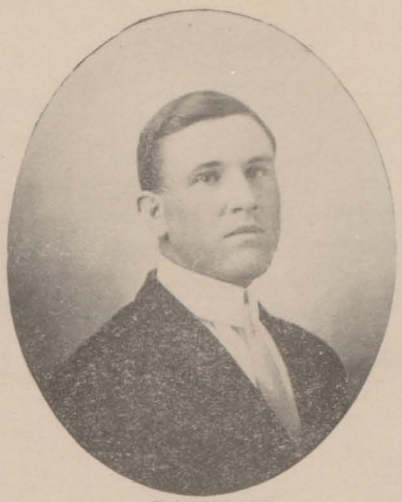
THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

THE STAFF

Archie Dalrymple	*Editor-in-Chief*
Anita Schuwirth	*Assistant Editor*
Elmo Bowmen	*Business Manager*
Harold McLean	*Ass't Bus. Mgr.*
T. J. Watkins	*Alumni Editor*
Fay Johnston	*Senior Editor*
Everett Martin	*Junior Editor*
Frank Flack	*Sophomore Editor*
John Rountree	*Freshman Editor*
Archie Dalrymple	*Athletic Editor*
Mrytle Hargon. Fay Gray	*Artists*
Thomas Martin	*Poet*

EDITORIAL STAFF


McLEAN


BOWMAN


WATKINS


JOHNSTON


DALRYMPLE


SCHUWIRTH

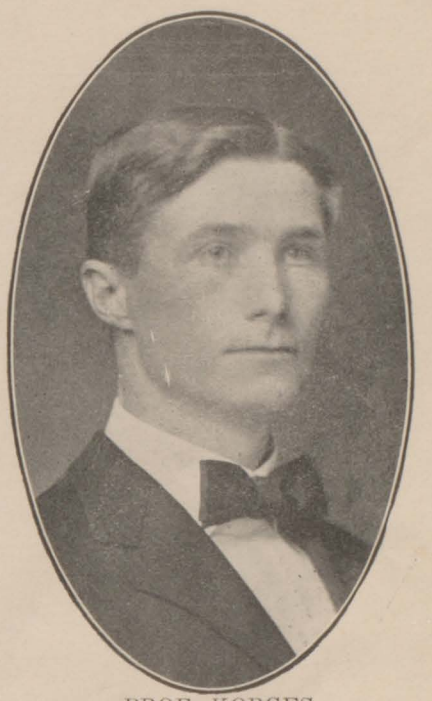

FLACK


E. E. MARTIN


T. MARTIN

FACULTY

FROF. DAVIDSON



PROF. KORGES

MISS PROVENCE

MISS BALDWIN

LLANO HIGH SCHOOL

W. I. Davidson, Superintendent ..... Mathematics
W. H. Korges, Principal ..... Science
Miss Gabriella Baldwin ..... English and German
Miss Mayo Provence ..... History and Latin
School Colors ..... Orange and Black

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS.

Senior Class ..... Viva Buttery, President
Junior Class ..... Maude Walker, President
Sophomore Class ..... Heber McLean, President
Freshman Class ..... Nell Johnson, President
Woodrow Wilson Society ..... Dalrymple, McLean, Presidents
W. J. Bryan Society ..... Ross and Fay Johnston, Presidents
Llano High School Band ..... S. E. Hargon, Instructor
Football Association ..... Louis Kuykendall, Coach

SUBJECTS TAUGHT.

Chemistry	Physics	Physiography
Geometry	Algebra	Arithmetic
Physiology	Spelling	Bookkeepiing
English History	U. S. History	A. & M. History
English	Latin	German

TO L. H. S.

Goodbye to thee, dear L. H. S.,
Alma Mater of our younger days;
Four years together, we've been no less,
In our search for the knowledge rays.

You took us in our Freshman term,
When we were young and green,
And planted in us the lesson germ
That grew, as all the world has seen.

Now, in our Senior year, we leave you,
Scene of many of our pranks!
To you, we sadly say adieu!
Our place we take in educated ranks.

You have been our home for four years past,
Where we our lessons, were taught.
But now, we are thru at last!
See what a good work thou hast wraught!

Of you we will think in the future,
When we are on other soil,
When we are resting in the future,
After our daily toil.

Wheresoever we roam, Whatsoever we do,
We could not forget you if we would,
For we will often think of you,
Dear old school of our childhood.

Farewell to thee! Farewell to thee!
We hate to leave you, we confess!
But it must be, so farewell to thee!
Good old L. H. S.

DALRYMPLE '14


MH

SENIORS

President ---------- Viva Buttery
Vice President ---------- A. D. Dalrymple
Secretary and Treasurer ---------- Anita Schuwirth
Class Representative ---------- A. D. Dalrymple
Valedictorian ---------- Viva Buttery
Salutatorian ---------- Alberta Sherman
Class History ---------- Anita Schuwirth
Class Prophecy ---------- Harold McLean
Class Will ---------- Fay Johnston

Class Motto—Life is Now Our School.
Class Flower—Daisy.
Class Colors—Orange and White

CLASS PLAY

Wednesday Night, May 20, 1914.

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

Cast of Characters.

Robert Preston—A Lawyer ---------- Archie Dalrymple
Douglas Brown—A Football Player ---------- Elmo Bowman
Dick Preston—The Groom ---------- Harold McLean
Stanley Palmer—Hawkins, the Butler ---------- Floyd Crownover
Ted Whitney—Captain of the 'Varsity Team ---------- Homer Lord
Jack Austin—Preston's Secretary ---------- T. J. Watkins
Tom—A Football Sport ---------- Cecil Cone
Marion Dayton—A Ward of Preston ---------- Mary Miller McInnis
Nellie Preston—A Bride ---------- Anita Schuwirth
Louise Ross—Known as Miss Grayson ---------- Jennie Dawn Fowler
Phyllis Lane—A Football Enthusiast ---------- Fay Gray
Kathleen Knox—Chairman Rushing Committee ---------- Lola Kyle Rogers
The Imp—A Freshman ---------- Alberta Sherman
Emily Elliott—With A Conscience ---------- Mabel Smith
Jane—A Maid with a Taste for Literature ---------- Zuma Edwards
Mrs. Brown—Stepmother of Douglas Brown ---------- Myrtle Hargon
Polly Price |
Elsa Ernest |
Marjorie Arnold | ---------- AT THE THETA PHI
Marie Swift |
Molly Bruce |
Polly Price ---------- Viva Buttery
Elsa Ernest ---------- Cora Mae Smith
Marjorie Arnold ---------- Daisy Walker
Marie Swift ---------- Lizzie Smith
Mollie Bruce ---------- Fay Johnston
Helen ---------- Willie Barnett
Sallie ---------- Elsie Grenwelge
Annie ---------- Cornelia Marschall
Chaperone ---------- Ida Kowierschke

VIVA BUTTERY

Secretary-Treasurer, 1912-13 Class.
President 1913-14, Woodrow Wilson Society.
Class Play—"Polly Price."

"Viva" "The Class"

Viva is an original member, and a good one at that. She was rightfully selected for Class President in our Senior Year

"To all she gave a kindly thought or word,
From her, unkind remarks were never heard."

ARCHIE DOWD DALRYMPLE

Vice President, 1913-14, Class President 1910-11-12-13, Class Editor 1910-11-12, Editor-in-Chief 'Mountaineer' 1914, President Athletic Association, 1912-13; Manager Football Team 1913, Represented Track Team in Austin 1912, Vice President Dem. Debating Society, 1910, Corresponding Secretary, 1911; President W. W. Society, 1913; D. D. Class Representative 1914. Class Play "Robert Preston." Wearer of "L"

"Abe" "Senator"

Original Member.

"A chronic Joker, keen in intellect,
Who toils today for yesterday's neglect.

ANITA LOUISE SCHUWIRTH

Secretary-Treasurer, 1910-11-12-14; Assistant Editor 'Mountaineer' 1914; Captain Basket Ball team, 1910-12-13; W. J. Bryan Society, Class Historian; Class Play, Nellie Preston.

"Neezer"

Neezer is so original that it need not be mentioned. Lucky man that wins her.

"Her happy spirit is her priceless dower,
She is refreshing as a summer shower."

LOLA KYLE ROGERS.

W. J. Bryan Society; Class Play, "Kathleen Knox."

"Tibbie"

Tibbie is an original member. She is one of the class Beauties and is admired by all. She has always done good work and is a model student.

"Her kind and sunny nature won her fame,
And many friends rejoice to hear name."

THOMAS JEFFERSON WATKINS.

Class Disturber, 1912-13; W. J. Bryan Society, D. D.; Alumni Editor "Mountaineer" 1914; Class Play, "Jack Austin."

"Torpid Jane" "Waskins" "30c."

Torpid joined us in 1911. A jolly good fellow, a pleasant companion. He is All Right. His one prayer is, "May God bless the man that first invented sleep."

"Watkins, Watkins, is my name sir,
Thomas Jefferson, but I am not to blame sir."

MABEL EUDORA SMITH

Vice President Woodrow Wilson Society, 1913; Class Play, "Emily Elliott?"

"Mabel."

Mabel joined us in 1910 and is one of the hardest workers in the class. She is quiet and reserved and never misbehaves like some of the boys do.

"Her duties manifold fill well the day,
And from her studies she derives her play."

FLAVIUS CAROLYN JOHNSTON.

Class Editor 'Mountaineer' 1914, President W. J. Bryan Society, 1914; Captain Basket Ball Team, 1912-13; Class Will. Class Play, "Molly Bruce."

"Fay" "Baby"

Fay is one of the old originals. We all like Fay, we can't help it. She is an independent chap, the more glory be hers.

"She, true and staunch a friend as one could find,
She's game' and loves a 'lark' of any kind."

DAISY ALLENE WALKER.

W. J. Bryan Society, Class Play, "Marjorie Arnold."

"Daisy"

Daisy joined us this year. She is a member of The Brilliant Nine. If it was named after Daisy it is a fitting name.

"She is a good and quite attractive girl,
And often found wthin the social whirl."

MARY MILLER McINNIS

W. J. Bryan Society; Class Play, "Marion Dayton," The Leading Lady.

"Merry"

Mary Miller is another one of our good original members. As Leading Lady in the Class Play she showed good dramatic power. She is one of our Society girls, and she makes good here as elsewhere.

"I never let my studies interfere with my education."

HOMER RAY LORD

Critic Woodrow Wilson Society, 1913; Football Tackle, 1912-13; Demosthonian Debating Society, 1912; Class Play, "Ted Whitney."

"Hank"

Good old Hank is one of our original members. Easy going, takes his time, but when he starts he goes. Wearer of the "L".

"Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again."

CAROLINE CORNELIA MARSCHALL

Woodrow Wilson Society; Class Play, "Annie Baker."

"Graduee" "Baby" "Miss Priss"

Cornelia, also, is one of this year's acquisitions. She is one of the members of The Brilliant Nine. She is a hard worker and an earnest pupil.

"A conscientius worker at her task,
Who cheerfully performs whate'er you ask."

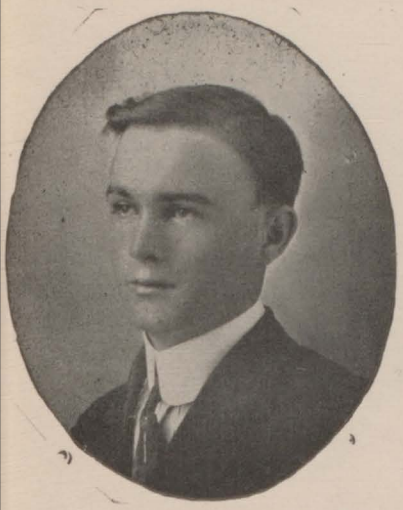
MYRTLE LILLIAN HARGON.

Artist 'Mountaineer' 1914; Woodrow Wilson Society; Class Play, "Mrs. Brown."

"Myrtle" "Spot"

Myrtle improved our class by joining us this year. We were glad to have her. She is a jolly pleasant companion, a friend to be sought.

"How oft' in her calm eyes a flash doth leap—
'Tis where the water's still, the currents deep."



FLOYD SIDNEY CROWNOVER.

Secretary Woodrow Wilson Society 1913; Secretary, Treasurer Demosthonian Debating Society 1911-12. Class Play, "Stanley Palmer."

"Crownie" "Floyd Sally."

Coming to us this year, Floyd raised the standard of the Class. He is both a literary man and a society man, being equally proficient in both.

"When he begins to talk everyone crosses their fingers."

ELSIE EMILIE GRENWELGE.

W. J. Bryan Society; Class Play, "Sallie Jones."

"Elsie."

Elsie joined the class this year, and has made us a good member.

"A quiet girl of unassuming mien,
Whose diligence prevents her from being seen."

JENNIE DAWN FOWLER.

Vice President W. J. Bryan Society 1914; Class Play, "Louise Ross."

"Jennie" "Jennie Dawg"

Since 1911 Jennie has been with us. In our brilliant society lady now, one would not recognize the timid, bashful little girl that came to us in our Sophomore year.

"A gay and laughing girl, so full of mirth,
We need have more like her on this earth?"

JUAN HAROLD McLEAN

Assistant Business Manager 'Mountaineer' 1914; President Woodrow Wilson Society, 1914; Class Play, "Dick Preston."

"Mack" "Harold"

Harcld entered our class this year. Eccentric, comical. Humcrous with dry wit. Oratorically inclined he has been amusing us right along.

"Woman adds nothing to the goal for which I run."

FRANCES MARION GRAY.

W. J. Bryan Society, Class Play, Phyllis Lane." Artist 'Mountaineer' 1914.

"Fay" "It"

Fay has been with us since 1911. Wherever the argument is Fay is generally there.

"I am not the first that love hath led astray."

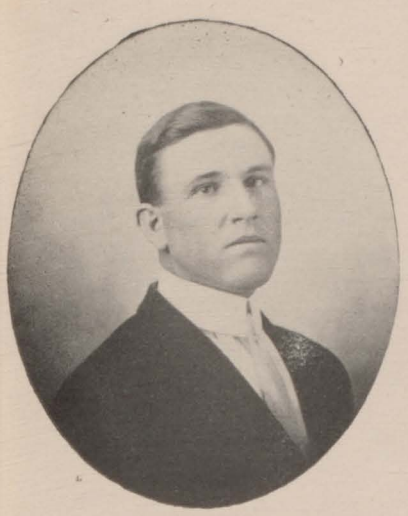
QUINNA ELIZABETH SMITH.

W. J. Bryan Society; Class Play, "Marie Swift."

"Lizzie."

Two Smiths was not enough for the class so Lizzie rejoined us this year. Lizzie before was a member of the class, but she wandered from the fold only to return this year.

"Her thoughts lie not with books nor school at all,
She harkens more to play's sweeter call."



CHARLES ELMO BOWMAN

Business Manager 'Mountaineer' 1914; Football Tavkle, 1912; Fullback, 1913; Class Disturber, 1911-12; Secretary W. J. Bryan Society, 1913; Corresponding Secretary Athletic Association, 1912-13; D. D.; Class Play, "Douglas Brown."

"Bolby" "Caesar" "Pecan "

Bolby has been original for about twelve years. He has always shown an inclination for night raids, otherwise he is good.

"A strong and sturdy lad who nothing fears,
From heavy work to lovely lady's tears."

He is a wearer of an "L."

WILLIE MAE BARNETT

W. J. Bryan Society; Class Play, "Helen Hale."

"Willie" "Bill"

Willie joined us this year and has helped liven things up ever since. She is one of the charter members of The Brilliant Nine. She is another of our Class beauties.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

CORA MAE SMITH

Woodrow Wilson Society; Class Play, "Elsa Earnest."

"Cory"

Cora Mae has been with us long enough to be called original which means ever since we have been a class. We could not get along without her in the class.

"Note with her the passing of a landmark."

JAMES CECIL CONE

Woodrow Wilson Society; Class Play, "Tom Crawford."

"Jack" "Cecil"

Jack, in times gone by was originally a member of our class but he wandered from the fold, and we had to do without him until this year when he rejoined us.

"He finished well the task that he began;
A model student, every inch a man."

ALBERTA VIVIAN SHERMAN.

W. J. Bryan Society; Class Play, "The Imp."

"Alberta"

Alberta is an original member of our class, altho in her grammar school days she went to school in North Carolina. Their loss was our gain.

"Thou art ever a favored guest,
In every fair and brilliant throng."

IDA CHRISTINE KOWIERSCHKE

W. J. Bryan Society; Class Play "The Chaperone."

"Ida"

Ida joined the class this year. She is a good quiet student, tends to her our business and bothers no one else.

"I have done my best."

ZUMA OLIVIA EDWARDS

Woodrow Wilson Society; Class Play, "Jane"

"Zuma" "Zuzu"

Since 1911 Zuma has been with us. The Valley Spring school has never recovered from the loss that was our gain. We were glad to take her into our class.

"One minute she is mad,
One minute she is glad,—'Tis sad."

GRADUATION

(Dedicated to the "Mountaineer" and Class of 1914.)

Dear schoolmates the day will soon be past,
Life's joys will begin at last;
Oh, wonderous days soon to come,
That marks the end of the schoolroom home.
Oh, dreadful day with all its strife,
That cowers within every worthy life.
The friendships formed in days of yore,
Shall be severed more and more,
As we swiftly drift apart,
And to our divers vocations start.
Those companions you have loved so long,
Will love you still at the sound of life's gong.
Gone are the kind faces we used to see;
Gone are the boys and girls we used to be;
No more little notes to our best girl,
For we are out in the business whirl.
No more teachers unkind and cruel,
Never again to taste their bitter gruel.
Let us strive each and every one
To finish well what we have begun;
That we may ever look back with the kindest thought
To what we, The Class of '14, hath wrought;
That none may ever be occasioned to say,
One of the 1914 Class failed today.
Whatever our life's work may be,
Do it well with joy and glee,
That L. H. S's. name may ever be free
From the stain of an unworthy son,
Who has his life's calling begun,
And has failed before he is done.

FLOYD S. CROWNOVER, '14.

CLASSES OF L. H. S.

The Freshmen are a studious set;
They'll go about their work
With a way which says, "We've reached High School,
Our lessons we'll never shirk."
Not so with the silly Sophomores
They have got to where they think they are bright,
And knowing they studied so hard last year,
To play is now their delight.
And the jolly (?) Juniors are a sight to behold,
With their happy-go-lucky air.
They're teachers favorites, (they know it too)
So pray, why should they care?
But give me the Seniors every time,
When it comes to some mental feat;
In work or play, they are the same fine folks;
They are certainly hard to beat.

ALBERTA SHERMAN, '14.

THE PROPHECY

My school work had been extra heavy that day, so when I returned to my room, I threw myself down in a chair to rest. Suddenly a mist gathered before my eyes and began to take size and shape. I was astonished at what I saw. There before me lay one of the South Sea Islands, and underneath a palm tree sat my old classmate, Viva, teaching her pupils, the South Sea Islanders.

After a convulsive movement, the vision changed into a very different scene. I seemed to be sitting in a theater in one of our largest cities. The curtain rose and amid great applause, two women came upon the stage. One went to the piano and the other came to the front of the stage. I did not recognize them at first, but the minute they began to play and sing, I recognized Alberta and Fay Johnston. Here my apparition was changed to another stage scene. Macbeth was the bill, and Lady Macbeth was none other than Jennie Dawn, who had first learned to play the part of a villianess in our High School days.

Another moment and then an entirely different scene came before me. It was a large California orange grove. As I was naturally expecting something else, I began to look around. Soon I spied a woman beneath a tree embroidering. She did not look up for sometime, but when she did, I knew in a moment that it was Daisy. She said that she had been married for several years. I asked her if she knew anything of Willie Barnett, and she said she heard from her once in awhile; that after teaching for several years she married and was then living in Canada.

From here my vision was transferred to Mexico. There I found Cecil with thousands of acres of land and herds of cattle, he being one of the richest ranchmen in this country.

But wonders never cease, I looked up one of the streets of Juarez, and saw advancing toward me a band of suffragettes. I at once recognized the leader as our own quiet Lizzie. She asked me to join them and help advance the cause, but I refused and my vision changed.

The next place I saw was a large studio. There at work, surrounded by her most valuable paintings sat Fay Gray.

Following this scene, I saw a large Football Park, and leading the victorious team was our old Full-Back, Elmo, selected by Walter Camp for his All-America Team.

How things can change within a few years! The remainder of my classmates (with the exception of four or five) were all out of North America.

Before leaving the Western Hemisphere, I saw on a large plantation in South America my old classmate, Mabel, performing the duties of a housewife for a wealthy Brazilian. From Brazil, I went to Cuba, and found Mary Miller, the wife of the American Minister.

Passing to Great Britian, I found Zuma, now a woman of title, living in a beautiful old English home.

One of our number had become a foreign Missionary. This one was Elsie, and she was at that time in Southern India. Cora Mae was the wife of a wealthy man, who was the owner of a Diamond mine in South Africa, where they made their homes.

Passing to Germany, I visited the city of Bon Here I visited Frau Katrina Spurlmutter von Heidelburg, to me, just plain Cornelia. She took me to the principal colleges and Universities, and in one of these, among the best of musicians, I found Floyd, a tenor instructor.

My next place was gay Paris. Here, fast becoming wealthy from the sale of Oriental rugs and laces, was T. J. While in the city of fashions another lovely vision flitted before my eyes. With difficulty I recognized Tibbie, one of the most beautiful women of Paris, and a woman of fortune.

From Paris, I returned to my old homeland. On the return from Europe, we passed another ship and on the deck was Anita. I asked her where she had been and she said she had been traveling in the old world for three years. Being a disappointed lover, she had never married.

When I arrived in the United States I visited the capital, and here, one of the most prominent members of the Senate was Archie. I also visited the Public Schools of Washington, and there I found Ida, the head of the German department.

When I arose from my dream, revelation or whatever you may call it, it had grown dark.

I had been sitting there for three or four hours I began to think over what I had seen in my vision, and happened to think there had been two of my classmates I had not seen, but I was soon to find out about them.

I had not opened my mail, but when I picked up my paper, I saw in large black print where a promising young lawyer had won a lawsuit of International importance. The whole nation was praising the lawyer, none but Harold.

As I had been teaching in the German school, I had not paid much attention to the High School books, but as I picked up a new Plain Geometry, I noticed that it was Lord's revised edition. Homer evidently still loved Geometry

This finished up my class, and I thought of how fortunate most of them had been, while I was here, far from my old home town, an old maid school teacher.

MYRTLE HARGON, '14.

HURRAH FOR LIFE

When buds of spring begin to peep
From 'neath their shaggy covering,
When sluggish sap begins to seep,
And birds on wings are hovering.
The poet takes his rusty pen
And writes a melancholy lay,
As poets have done again and 'gen
To mournful graduation day.
They seem to fear the cares of life,
The cares of life, I do not fear,
For what's a care? 'Tis but a strife,
To make the peace of each more dear.
Oh life is but a field of flowers,
Where some may mourn and pine away.
And some will thrive and wile their hours
In manly work and manly play.
Hurrah! for fields unrivalled green!
Hurrah! for buds of sunset gay!
From musty tomes, today we wean,
Hurrah! for graduation day.

JUAN HAROLD McLEAN, '14.

MY BRIAR

When things go wrong the whole day long,
  And fortune flits farther away,
And clouds hover low to shut out the glow,
  That cheers the close of the day,
All that remains to burn up my pains
  Is an obliging funeral pyre,
I always keep near to comfort and cheer—
  My friend—my dear little briar.

When others betray me and knock me and flay me
  And wish me all manner of ill,
When others I loved far from me have roved,
  When misfortune lingers round still,
When remorse wants to fight and conscience may smite,
  No confession hears priest or friar,
For my troubles and trials, sacrifice and denials,
  I take to my comforting briar.

The girl I'd adore, loved me she swore,
  In a woman's own ficklesome way,
But like all her kin she was sallow and thin,
  Meant never a word she'd say.
So my weary conclusion is quiet and seclusion,
  And those who want her can try her,
She provokes my ire-Devil take her and fry her.
  I'll stick to my dear little briar.

LONGHORN '10

THE JUNIORS

Yes, we are Juniors this year, having mounted another step in the ladder of knowledge. At the beginning of the term of 1911-1912 we began our career in the High School as the little "Fishes" but now we have the satisfaction of looking back upon two divisions of High School that are lower than us.

Passing from the Freshmen to the Junior Class has changed our membership considerably. Only five of our Freshmen members are with us this year, and out of the five originals of the class that began in the first grade in 1903, two only remain, Robert Lindsey and the Editor. As the class stands now there are ten boys and eight girls. We are out-numbered by every class in the High School, but when the teachers are having discussions as to the brightest, most studious and best behaved class, they always have to hand it to us. Miss Provence would wager one whole month's salary on the Juniors out-spelling any class in Texas. Now so as to let those that read this page get a better and more complete view of the class of '15, as it is at present, I will name them as they appear to my sight:

Maude Walker—She is our class president and is always working for the good of the great est class in school. Maude came to us this term and made friends with all at once.

Roland—He also joined us this term. He is our baseball player and hails from Willow City.

Oscar—Another who joined us this term. He is called the Nightingale of Central Texas.

Mildred—She is our secretary and general class overseer. This little freckled-face maid joined us in 1912.

Juanita—She also joined us in 1912. She is liked by everyone and she likes everyone as far as can be learned.

Jenney—Joined us in 1912. We never fool with trifles, but she thinks the third time is the charm.

Alma—Another of our many new members of 1912. She won her standing in the class by never getting angry.

Bertha—One of the North Side members. She joined us in 1912.

Ruth—She studies some; never over does the thing tho. Joined the class in 1912.

J. M.—He is the only member of the Junior Class to have the good fortune to belong to the L. H. S. Band. He joined us while we were Sophs in 1912.

Marl—He also joined us while we were sojourning as Sophs. If it were not for a little learning he would probably some day be elected to the Senate.

Edgar—A great believer in woman suffrage. He joined us in 1912. He never troubles Miss Baldwin during English.

Doyle—He joined us in 1912. Doyle is often seen, seldom heard and always comes up with his lessons.

Lee—She is one of the musicians of the class She joined us in 1911, when we were still babies. Lee is eagerly looking forward to the day when she will teach school at the Valley.

Raymond—He is also one of the prospective school teachers of the class. Joined us in 1909. Raymond is one of our famed baseball players. Will answer to the name of Woodrow.

Howard—He is one of the old scholars of the North Side School, joining us in 1906. Was on the football squad the past season. Knows how to ride a bicycle.

Rob is one of the original two of the Junior Class. He is the Orange and Black Football captain, therefore the Juniors are proud to have him in their midst.

Everett—The other of the original two. He likes baseball, studies some and is picted on by all the class? Every time there is anything to be written about the class he is pict to do it and can't back out. Wants to trade the position of Class Editor.

Class Editor ---------- Everett Earle Martin
President ---------- Maude Walker
Vice President ----------Marl Ricketson
Secretary ---------- Mildred Bourne
Class Colors ---------- Crimson and White
Class Flower ---------- White Rose

CLASS ROLL.

Everett Martin	Howard Blodgett
Robert Lindsey	Maud Walker
Raymond Rogers	Juanita Knowles
J. M. Mizzell, Jr.	Ruth Barnett
Marl Ricketson	Alma Hennig
Oscar Lange	Jenny Lauterstein
Ralond Rennick	Mildred Bourne
Doyle Lowe	Lee Smith
Edgar Hennig	Bertha Blodgett

SOPHOMORES

OFFICERS

Heber H. McLean	President
Irene Breazeale	Sec'y. and Treas.
C. Lee Atkins	Sergeant at Arms.
Frank H. Flack	Class Editor

COLORS:

Light Green and Pink.

FLOWER:

LaFrance Rose.

MOTTO:

Build for Character, Not for Fame.

CLASS ROLL

And Names Pupils Are Better Known by:

Irene Breazeale	"Irene"	C. Lee Atkins	"Pig"
Fay Byfield	"Dixie"	Oscar F. Brown	"Skillet"
Zora Cage	"Dough"	Frank H. Flack	"Frank"
Irene Cone	"Chet"	Heber H. McLean	"Skinney"
Minnie Lee Gray	"Minnala"	W. Elmo Simpson	"Swede"
Elizabeth Hector	"Lizzie"	John B. Stribling	"Johnnie"
Lennie Kuykendall	"Lenny"	Milton D. Shirley	"Pockets"
Dokie Long	"Doceo"	Grace Robinson	"Grace"
Nettie McInnis	"Peggy"	Zuma Ray Rouse	"Zumie"
Omie Beal Mizzell	"Omie"	Dorothy Tarrence	"Dorothy"
Helen Oatman	"Behavior"	Ida Maud Wallace	"Ida"

BITS OF HISTORY.

In September 1913, the Sophomore Class of the Llano High School began the second lap in the race for knowledge; that race which is composed of four laps and ends when we come under the wire of final examinations for the fourth time, proudly grasping our sheepskins in our hands. We had one addition to our class, Irene cone, who was with us in the Gram mar School, but attended San Antonio High School last term. From those starting with us this term we have lost three: John Watkins, Linden Foster and Gertrude Moore, leaving a class composed of twenty-two members, the smallest we have ever had. We have gained the reputation of being a class of the most excellent all-round ability in both studies and behavior, and this year we have sturdily upheld that "rep." We will continue to do our good work until the end of the race.

I must add (for fear that if I don't I'll hurt the feelings of some of the members of the class), the fact that we have shown the most fatherly care to the small, inexperienced and innocent Freshmen for the past nine months.

FLACK '16.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

FRESHMEN

President ..... Nell Johnson
Vice President ..... Hallie Buchanan
Secretary ..... LeRoy Selman
Editor ..... John Rountree

CLASS ROLL.

Robert Duncan
Libbie Fichtenbaum
Iva Breazeale
Ida Lauterstein
Latham Barnett
William Willbern
Joe P. Smith
Ralph LaHatte
Leslie Crownover
Zula Rouse
Nell Johnson
Ola Mayes
Nora Watterson
Anna Mae Tarrence
John Rountree
Robert Duncan
J. C. Buttery
Clifton Hackworth
Walter Watkins
Lewis K. Knowles
Esther Altgelt
Lorene Kuykendall
Orville Buttery
Hubert Atchison
Damon Willbern
Hallie Buchanan
Lora White
Carl Shirley
Othello Shults
G. C. Breazeale
LeRoy Selman

The Freshman Class is the largest class in the High School, although it is run a close race by the Seniors. It will be interesting to note how many of the members of the class drop out before their senior year. This is the only class in the High School in which the boys outnumber the girls. As this class is a Freshman Class, it naturally has a very brief, uneventful history but it is to be hoped that 1917, when they graduate, they will have left behind them, a history that will be as eventful as that of Napoleon Boneparte.

THE ORANGE AND BLACK

Altho Lampasas has always favored
The violet's dark blue,
And the sons of San Saba
To the crimson rose are true,
We will own the lillies slender,
No honor shall they lack,
While the Tiger stands defender
Of the Orange and the Black.
We will own the lillies slender,
Nor honor shall they lack,
While the Tiger stands defender
Of the Orange and the Black.
Thru the four long years of school,
Midst the scenes we know so well,
As the mystic charm to knowledge
We vainly seek to spell;
Or, we win athletic victories
On the football field or track,
Still we work for dear old Llano,
And the Orange and the Black.
Or we win athletic victories,
On the football field or track,
Still we work for dear old Llano,
And the Orange and the Black.
When the cares of life o'er take us,
Mingling fast our locks with gray,
Should our dearest hopes betray us,
False fortune fall away,
Still we banish care and sadness
As we turn our memories back,
And recall those days of gladness
'Neath the Orange and the Black.
Still we banish care and sadness
As we turn our memories back,
And recall those days of gladness
'Neath the Orange and the Black.
—Adopted from the Prinston Song.

ALUMNI NOTES

The last "Mountaineer" issued gave notes on all the Alumni up until the Class of 1912. Believing that it would be tiresome to our readers, we will not repeat notes that would practically be the same thing. But let us take a few brief moments and tell of the doings and whereabouts of the classes of 1912 and 1913.

CLASS OF 1912.

Miss Bessie Holmig is teaching school at Woodsboro.

Miss Annie Lange, the Class Artist of 1912, is at home with her parents at Llano.

Miss Iris Cone is teaching school at Oxford, Texas.

Miss Winnie Simpson is at home with her parents at Llano.

Miss Sallie Smathers is a student at Baylor University.

Miss Zula Winkler is at home with her parents at Dallas.

Miss Margaret Mae Knowles is teaching school at Waters Park.

Mr. Arthur Reisman is a Sophomore in the Engineering Department of the State University.

Mr. Carl Blodgett is at the present time at his old trade of cutting stone, in Llano.

Mr. Maxie Fichtenbaum is attending the Law Department of the State University.

Mr. Lynn Ward holds a position as clerk in a large mercantile store in San Benito.

CLASS OF 1913

Miss Wiley Mae Everett is attending a business college in Austin.

Miss Hester Wilson is a student of Baylor University.

Miss Mary Bourne is teaching school at Click Texas.

Mr. Owen Watkins holds a nice position with the Houston Post at Houston, Texas.

Mr. Owen Barnett is attending a business college in Austin, Texas.

Mr. Sylvan Simpson is continuing his course of study at the Baylor University.

Mr. Dale Delevan is taking a business course in Austin, Texas.

Mr. Ozrell Cone, who has been a student in the State University, is now at home convalesing from the measles.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Miss Leola Moss, 1900 (Mrs. J. B. Cage.)
Miss Emma Alexander, 1901 (Mrs Newberry)
Miss Ruth Buttery, 1901.
W. H. Wallace, 1901.
Miss Marcie Ligon, 1901 (Mrs. Maxwell)
J. B. Winkler, 1901
Miss May Oatman, 1901 (Mrs. W. B. Collins)
Miss Julia Moore, 1901.
R. E. Thompson, 1901.
Miss Jessie Wever, 1901 (Mrs. H. Owens)
Ralph Porter, 1901
Miss Lula Moore, 1902 (Mrs. Samuels)
Glen Greer, 1902.
Miss Bessie Freeman, 1902 (Mrs. Wood)
Henry Buttery, 1902
Miss Edna Haywood, 1902
Hardy Alexander, 1902
O. G. Porter, 1902
Will Biggs, 1902
Miss Etta Clymer, 1902, (Mrs. Vest)
Miss Dede Mathews, 1903.
Miss Inez Moss, 1903.
Milton Wilkes, 1903.
Miss Byrdie Henry, 1903, (Mrs. Phillips.)
Miss Lea Hedeman, 1903 (Mrs. Lewis)
Miss Charlott Thomas, 1903.
Stanley Canine, 1904.
Miss Ellerbe Woods, 1904.
Miss Alma Davis, 1904 (Mrs. Schell)
Roy Inks, 1904.
Miss Elizabeth Newsom, 1904.
Albert Buttery, 1904.
Miss Ethel Selman, 1904 (Mrs. Ransom)
J. P. Flack, 1904.
Harvey Cone, 1904.
Miss Mary Hamilton, 1904.
Clarence Gosch, 1904.
Ray Moss, 1904.
Miss Alice Cone, 1904 (Mrs. Lockhart)
Roy Townsend, 1904.
Miss Maggie Davis, 1905.
Miss Kate Brown, 1905. (Deceased).
Miss Kate Flack, 1905 (Mrs. Ellis.)
Miss Mattie Swanson, 1905, (Deceased).
Miss Marie Johnston, 1905 (Mrs. Homer)
Miss Ethel Landrum, 1906.
Miss Bessie Atkins, 1906.
Miss Madie Holmig, 1906.
Miss Charlie Roberts, 1906.
Miss Bessie Townsend, 1906.
Miss Kate McInnis, 1906 (Mrs. Casbeer.)
Miss Ada Jester, 1906 (Mrs. Hill)
Miss Pearl Rogers, 1906, (Mrs. Parkhill)
Miss Helen Tidd, 1907.
Miss Julia Russell, 1907, (Mrs. Long.)
Miss Mae Ratliff, 1907, (Mrs. Moss)
Miss Nina Lindsey, 1907 (Mrs. Fowler.)
Miss Ethel Hedeman, 1907.
Miss Ida Rouse, 1907.
Miss Minnie Zachariae 1907.
Miss Sweet Oatman, 1907.
Miss Ruth Justus, 1907.
Elmer Smith, 1907.
Vernon Wilson, 1907.
Ruby Dunaway, 1907.
Roy Frazier, 1907.
Gordon McAdoo, 1907.
John Lee, 1907.
David Norris, 1907.
Miss Elsie Finlay, 1908.
Miss Josephine Robinson, 1908.
Emil Zachariae, 1908.
Miss Althea Farris, 1908.
Miss Edith Roberts, 1909.
Miss Annie Fichtenbaum, 1909.
Miss Irene Marschall, 1909.
Miss Florence Anglin, 1909 (Mrs. Fishbeck.)
Miss Myrtle Batson, 1909.
Miss Bessie Parkhill, 1909.
Miss Velma Smathers, 1909.
Henry Copeland, 1909.
Roy Buttery, 1910.
Miss Ora Buchanan, 1910, (Deceased.)
Wayne Bowman, 1910.
Will Bourland, 1910.
Paul Slator, 1910.
Regnor Cone, 1910.
Eric Slator, 1910.
Lewis Lauterstein, 1910.
Maud Moss, 1910.
Miss Anna Hartman, 1911.
Miss Mary Moss, 1911.
Miss Kathryne Cage, 1911.
Miss Winnie Justus, 1911.
Miss Dalah Hargrove, 1911.
Hugh Galloway, 1911.
Miss Alice Mayes, 1911.
Miss Norma Buchanan, 1911 (Mrs. Laning.)

MATTIE D. SWANSON

BORN 1888

DIED JULY 3, 1913

CLASS OF 1905

When the Teacher Plys the Paddle

O, the glory of our school days, the best of all our life,
With somebody borrowing our pencil and somebody borrowing our knife;
When the days come brimming over with work and dear old play
And society and athletics both going night and day,
These days would be forever with us if we had our will,
When the teacher hears the lesson in the schoolhouse on the hill.
O, the glory of our school days—O, the fun of all our games and bouts,
When the hills and valleys echo with our victorious shouts,
When our Full-back makes a touch-down or our Shortstop steals a base,
Our Vaulter wins the vault, and our Miler wins the race.
You may talk about your promised land—I've got it at my call,
When the teacher cheers the athlete and our batter hits the ball.
O, the glory of our school days—those days that now are gone—
The days, when we as kids, were always in the wrong.
When we threw a paper wad, or put a tack in teacher's chair,
Played hookey, fought other boys or pulled some girl's hair.
O, I don't want no better times than these my life to fill,
When the teacher plys the paddle and the boy cries fit to kill.

DALRYMPLE, '14.

PERCIVAL, THE "SISSY"

"I told you knobs it would be this way. Here it is December the twenty-fourth; we have been out in the woods six days and haven't seen any deer or any wild game except wrens, and we have only enough bacon for one more meal! I've passed eighteen Christmases and as far back as I can remember I've had turkey every time; but we have a fine prospect of going hungry tomorrow. D—! I wish I had never heard of the Blue Mountains." Ed cast a rueful look at the grub box. "All the potatoes and canned goods gone, and if we don't down anything today we'll eat some of my good biscuits and old black sorghum molasses tomorrow. Ain't that a fine Christmas dinner? You things get up from there and let's go out and kill something, even if it's lizards."

"I agree with you, Ed," said Jack Jones, arising, "I'm going out and kill something. You've got to get out today too, Percival. You've laid around all the time while Ed and I have done the work. Now I want you to get out and don't you come back until you kill something. If you don't slaughter anything you will have to do the work for the rest of the trip. Do you get me?"

Fifteen minutes later the camp was deserted. Jack had gone west from camp and Ed went East. Percival Brown, who had never been in the thickets alone, before, went up the bank of the James River (of Texas) so that he could find his way back.

About five o'clock that evening, Ed Smith strolled into camp with a most disgusted look on his face. He pulled two doves out of his pocket and threw them in the grub box. They were the results of his day's hunt. Just about dark Jack came in. He had had better luck than Ed. He had killed a quail, a dove and had seen a deer, but it was too far away to shoot, and according to Jack, it was going still farther away as fast as it's fleet limbs could carry it.

"Percival showed up yet?" inquired Jack.

"Naw! I guess the idiot hasn't killed anything and is afraid to come back."

"I don't know, He may be lost."

But he was not. Before Jack had hardly closed his mouth, Percival came romping into camp with a very happy look on his face and something in his hunting bag. Ed and Jack thought that perhaps he had killed several birds, but their faces fell, when with a flourish, he pulled out one little Diedipper duck.

That night four apparently very unhappy boys went to bed right after dark, instead of sitting around the camp fire and talking or playing games as usual. Ed and Jack were admittedly very unhappy, for was not the next day Christmas, a day when boys expect to have some big meals? And four little birds and a duck no larger is a scanty Christmas dinner for three healthy American Boys. Ed and Jack were therefore disgusted with the world. Not so with Percival! He tried to put on an outwardly unhappy expression, but it is hard for an amateur to keep one's feelings from showing in one's face, and the other boys had they observed very closely, would have seen joy and mirth lurking in his eyes, and smiles secretly playing around his mouth! Long after the other boys had succombed to slumber, Percival lay there, thinking of the pleasures that would be his on the morrow; of the moment when he would triumph over his friends; of the moment when he would display his first big game! But nature at last prevailed and Percival fell asleep to dream happy dreams of the morrow.

Just as the sun was peeping over the mountains in the east, Percival stretched, yawned and got up without waking the other boys. He quietly took up his gun and left camp. About an hour later Ed woke up. Seeing that nobody was lying between Jack and himself, he called Percival, but got an answer only from Jack.

"Huh! What you waking me up for? What is the matter with Perc?"

"Don't know, I just waked up and he is gone.'

"Is his gun here?'

"Let's see. Winchester is, but his shot gun ain't. Bet the lad has gone hunting this early. I guess he wants to redeem himself."

"Aw, he couldn't hit a mountain, much less any animal. If that little duck hadn't been crippled he wouldn't have got it. Let's eat some delicious bread and then go and see if we can't get a few more birds at least."

While this cultured conversation was going on, Percival was going through a valley between two of the Blue Mountains. He was about a mile from camp, and going farther, and

he seemed to know where he was going. While he was walking along he was talking to himself.

"Think I can't kill anything do they? Think I'll get lost if I get away from the river. O, but I played a neat trick on them. It was sure luck for me that I ran onto those wild turkeys. If I'd have had a kodak I sure would have snapt that scene. When I stood there on that rock I saw as pretty a scene as I have ever seen in the Rockies, Alps or anywhere else. There below me was a little valley, with the James River entering it by means of a canyon between two mountains, and then slowly threading it's way down between the mountains that towered on either side until it passed out of sight behind an old bald mountain about a mile down the valley. On both sides of the river there were the stately Mason County pecan trees bending over it, bare of leaves now but large and imposing never the less. Over on the opposite side of the stream the mountains rose from the banks of the river in almost as straight a bluff as that on which I was standing, and as far as the eye could see was mountains. But the mountains, grand and imposing as they were, did not appeal to me as did the swift little mountain stream that flowed between them, running in rapids in some places, falling over bulffs in others and in short level stretches in a few places; clear and beautiful withall and one could imagine that he could see the bass and trout in the swift places, with the big channel cat lurking in the deep holes. I was so enraptured by this scene I had failed to notice the cream of the picture. But now my attention was called to it. Below me, down the stream a little piece I heard a strange sound. Looking down that direction I did not notice anything, so I shifted my position. Lo! There was the prettiest sight that ever fell within my vision! On some rocks in the river and in some trees near by was a flock of at least thirty wild turkeys. Some were drinking out of the river, some were half-way up the trees and others were already settled on their perches. The sun which was just sinking below the western mountains cast a beautiful red glow on all the valley. but it reminded me that I had better start back to camp. My, but I hated to shoot into those birds. But I had to have some game, so I slipt around to a position that was a little nearer to the birds and picked out a bunch of five which were near together. Man! but I claim that first shot was a beauty for an amateur. I killed one and wounded another and then got him the next shot. Two big gobblers ain't a bad days work think I. People, but I even stumbled and rolled down that bank. Hope those birds are still where I strung them. Now if I can only get them back to camp before the other boys get there."

Four miles from camp he found the birds where he had put them. About one o'clock that evening he moped into camp, a very tired and happy lad.

An hour later the other boys came. They had killed six doves and a duck between them.

"What did you do, Perc? Kill another duck?"

"Ed," Percival replied, "You've been the cook on this trip, but today I want you and Jack to eat Christmas dinner that was killed and cooked by me. How's that?" And he showed them the turkeys. He told how he got them as has already been set down.

That night three happy lads sat down to what Jack and Ed voted the best Christmas dinner that they had eaten. Roast turkey with dressing, Brunswick stew made out of the small birds, biscuit and molasses, all prepared by Percival.

"Kid," said Jack, after he had swallowed the last bite of turkey that he could possibly force down. "You have never liked to be valled by your first name. Hereafter you are plain old Jim."

And thus disappeared, "Percival, the Sissy."

"CHAUNCY SCHUYLER '14.

MYRTLE

Sweet Myrtle grows by laughing brooks,
In hidden cranies and sheltered nooks;
By laughing waters of silvery sheen,
Running between banks of the darkest green.

There is a maiden that I know,
With skin as white as whitest snow;
Golden hair and carmine lips, cheeks the same
Eyes of azure blue, and Myrtle is her name.

HAROLD McLEAN, '14.


ATHLETICS.
1914
SARGENT '14.

THOSE ENTITLED TO WEAR THE "L"

R. E. Lindsey	Football Captain
A. D. Dalrymple	Football Manager
H. R. Lord	Football Tackle
C. E. Bowman	Football Full B.
W. J. Everett, Jr.	Football Quarter
L. E. Rouse	Football Half B.
A. Ross	Football End
A. R. Dunaway	Football Guard
W. E. Simpson	Football Tackle
Lee Atkins	Football Half B.
Herman Lord	Football Center
Frank Flack	Football End
Milton Shirley	Football Sub.
Heber McLean	Football Sub.
John Watkins	Football Sub

THE SPIRIT OF L. H. S.

(Apologies to B. L. M.)

When L. H. S. is winnig,
  Or when everything is blue,
A hundred hearts beat in unison,
  One hundred hearts beat true.

When the great game of Thanksgiving
  Was played in rain and slush,
As Taylor rushed to our goal-line,
  'Twould seem to cause a hush.

Fumble was followed by fumble,
  The distance was growing small;
A touchdown seemed to be certain,
  For Taylor had the ball.

And then—as if by magic—
  The tide was turned once more.
And eleven young men in orange and black,
  Were fighting as never before.

They had heard the cry of "Hold 'Em!"
  Swelling louder—more and more—
And they knew that they were fighting,
  For a loyal Student Corps.

They felt with it behind them,
  That they could charge a wall;
And "13" to six,
  Shows how they carried the ball.

Rouse
Blodgett
Atkins

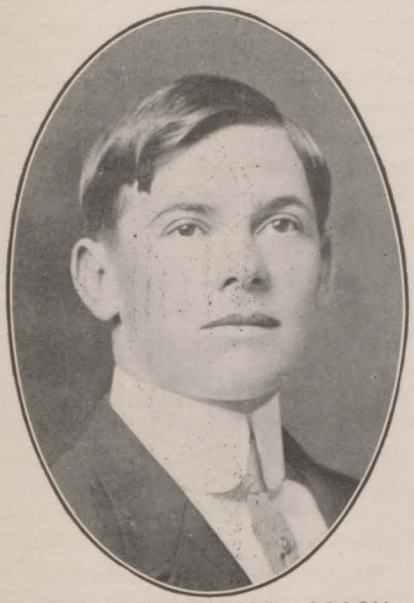
Bowmnn
Watkins
Everett

Simpson
Dunaway
H. Lord

Lindsay
H. R. Lord
McLean

Ross
Flack

ATHLETICS 1913-14



LOUIS KUYKENDALL, COACH.

In some respects the Athletic season of 1913-14 has been a successful one. Our football team exceeded expectations, and while our base ball team has not been organized as yet, there is some talk of organizing right away, and if we do our opponents had better look out, for we have some great material. But in track work, basket ball and tennis we have done practically nothing. The girls played basket-ball for awhile but played no match games with other schools. The boys have never taken up basket ball yet, but it is to be hoped that they will do so in the next year or two, because all the schools of the state are taking it up and it is very popular up north. In track work we have done nothing.

FOOTBALL 1913

Our Record for The Season is as Follows:

L. H. S.	31	at Llano	Lampasas H. S.	0
L. H. S.	7	at Llano	Cherokee Junior Col.	6
L. H. S.	58	at Llano	Burnet	0
L. H. S.	13	at San Saba	San Saba H. S.	0
L. H. S.	0	at Cherokee	Cherokee Jun. Col.	6
L. H. S.	13	at Llano	Taylor Firemen	6
L. H. S.	122		Opponents	18

On Christmas day, second team, reinforc d by a few regulars, went to Marble Falls and met defeat to the tune of 28 to 14. All our boys considered this game a joke and did not take it seriously.

Lampasas High team came over the last Saturday in September to take a game from our boys—and they did—yes, as the poet says, lykelle they did it. The Llano boys found them selves five minutes after the game begun and after that it was all over but the cheering. Llano got revenge for Thanksgiving 1912.

The Cherokee Junior College team came over the first Monday in October and gave our team a hard game, altho we won 7 to 6. The visitors cutweighed us 12 pounds to the man, but our boys knew the game better.

After much persuading and coaxing, we got the Burnet team to come up for a game. Altho Burnet came, we cannot truthfully say there was a game. Llano won 58 to 0 and the score would have been larger but for the fact that all the last half of the game we played with our second team on the field. This game proved to be a costly victory, because Halfback Rouse sprained his arm and was out of

the game for practically the rest of the season. But several of our young players were put into the game and stood the test under fire. It was in this game that Hank Lord bowled over about eleven of the opposition and made the first touch-down of the game, thus winning two passes to Oscar Graham's show.

Our team next journeyed to San Saba, and played on a foreign field, without the services of Rouse, won 13 to 0. Captain Lindsey made a spectular run of 90 yards for a touch-down in the first two minutes of play. Ross, Simpson, Bowman and most of the others also starred in this game.

Our next game was also on a foreign field with Cherokee Junior College as our opponents. Playing without the services of Half-back Rouse and Full-back Bowman, who was laid up with the measles, we went down to our first defeat, 6 to 0. After the first quarter, Quarter-back Everett was also out of the game, owing to injuries. We were too greatly handicapped and expected nothing but defeat. This game is a sore subject with Manager Dalrymple.

For Thanksgiving Day we had the big game of the season. After challenging San Saba, Cherokee, Burnet, Marble Falls, Austin High, Temple, Southwestern Scrubs and Taylor, we succeeded in getting Taylor Firemen up here.

The largest crowd that ever witnessed a football game in Llano saw the Taylor boys go down in defeat 13 to 6. The great Pet Brown played with Taylor but to no avail. Llano outclassed them. The last half of this game was played in a downpour of rain and this slowed up what would otherwise have been the best game of the year.

And thus we closed our season.

Considering the fact that we lost the services of S. Simpson, Cone, Wyckoff and Burnett of the great team of 1912, and the fact that Rouse was out of the game the last half of the season we had an unusually successful season.

Bowman was moved from Guard to Full-back and made the name of Sylvan Simpson only a pleasant memory. He was in all games, except the second Cherokee game which he was out of on account of sickness.

Captain Lindsey, playing in all games, continued his sterling work at End, and also played a good Half when Rouse was out of the game.

Everett continued his great playing of 1912, and proved himself the best Quarter-back in West Texas.

Hank Lord improved over his work of the year before and with Brickley Simpson made a much stronger pair of Tackles than any of our opponents had. Simpson also showed improvement, and our opponents gave way whenever he started down the field with the ball. These boys played in all games.

Rouse, when he was in the game, played even better than the year before and the team sorely missed him when he was laid up.

Dunaway at guard continued his good work for Llano. He played in all games.

Of the new players on the team, Ross was easily the star. He played with a north Texas team in 1912. He made Llano a great end, and starred in all games, especially the San Saba game. None of our opponents had an End that was anywhere in his class.

Atkins, a youngster, was developed at half and made good. He played in all games. He should make Llano a great player next year.

Sport Lord, at Center, made the name of Cone only a sweet memory. Sport also should help Llano next year. He played in all games.

Flack, at first sub-End, took Lindsey's place when Rouse was hurt and put up a fine game. He will develop into a star next year.

McLean, Shirley, Watkins and Blodgett, subs all played a good game when called upon and will help next year.

So much for the players.

Coach Kuykendall put out his second successful team in as many years, and it is needless to say that without him to make us practice, we would not have had a successful season. The players all did their part, but without the Coach to make them do their best, to place them in their right positions and make them show a little 'pep' they would have been bad off. We want no better Coach than the one we had.

Manager Dalrymple was on the job throughout the season and although he insulted the Marble Falls authorities, and received a jolt in Cherokee, he arranged the most pretentious schedule Llano had ever adopted.

We hope the boys will get together early next year and get to work. They have the material for a winning team and it will be their fault alone, if they do not have one next year.

We cannot be with you next year, but we wish for you a successful season: that you will develop new stars to take the place of the old ones, that you will win every game, and lastly, that you will not have such a time matching games as we had in 1913.

'THEY GOT IT IN THE NECK' CLUB

Colors—Black and Blue Flower—Bleeding Heart.

Membership limited to the noble, battered and sore veterans of the Battle of Christmas Day, 1913.

Ferocious Master of the Upper Cut ..... R. E. Lindsey.

Terrifying Back Pincher ..... C. E. Bowman.

Awful Exponent of the Half-Nelson ..... Swede Simpson

Horrible Puller of Hair ..... A. D. Dalrymple

Fear Inspiring Cut-Throat ..... Heber McLean.

Associate Blood-Thirsty Ruffians.

Milton Shirley
Elmer Sessom
Jack McClary
Alva Dunaway
Obie McClary
W. J. Everett, Jr.
John Watkins
Happy Murphy
Lee Atkins
Frank Flack

THE RIGHT GUARD SPEAKS

What's all this cheering for? What's that guy done?
He's only had to follow thru the lines!
Why even runnig ends, he's only got
To follow where his interference shines!
But we ain't running ends today. They'd down
A wildcat in his tracks, the way they hit;
The coach has left it to the line to dig
And put the rush line forward bit by bit.

They say he ripped the line for thirty yards
And gave our team the chance it took to win!
Why say! He could have walked the distance thru
The hole I bored, a wagon could drive in.
That Swede who faced me gave me all his knee
And twisted mine as I dug thru the guard;
Then that dude halfback gets the credit for
The work. Well, ain't it kind of hard?

Sometimes he stands back thirty yards and kicks;
Well, that is something he can really do;
But even then we make the iron wall
That keeps their blocking arms from breaking thru;
Those back field stars are vaunted to the skies,
The paper rings their praises and their fame;
But don't forget the huskies in the line—
We're just the guys that really win the game.

—Houston Post.

IF—

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

If you can keep your head, when all about you,
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you;
  But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two imposters just the same.
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools;
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build em up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it all on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose and start again at your beginnings,
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,
  Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
  If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it.
  And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—We ran across the above poem one day, and it appealed to us. We tacked it up in our room, and we read it nearly every day. We thought that it was too good a thing to keep to ourselves, so we herewith present it to you. Read it and then think of the sentiment that it teaches. It is true. It is a gem


LLANO
HIGH SCHOOL
BAND.

LLANO HIGH SCHOOL SILVER BAND

Hargon, S. E. ---------- Instructor -------- Cornet
Davidson, W. I. -------- Manager ------- Cornet

CORNETS

Lizzie Hector — Oscar Lange
Aubrey Hodgson — J. M. Mizzell, Jr.
Ligon Bradley — Howard Hoerster
Hallie Buchanan — Polly Norton
Jennie Lauterstein

ALTOS.

Buford Davidson — Walker Dabbs
Damon Willbern — Wallace Robinson
Ruth Wilson — Wesley Grenwelge
Ida Lauterstein

TENORS.

Robert Duncan — Weldon Hargon
Frank McMellon

E-BASS.

John Rountree — Othello Shults

B-BASS.

Myrtle Hargon

SNARE DRUM

Robert Duncan.

CLARINET.

Thomas Martin

BASS DRUM.

Lellipat Hargon.

ADVISORY BOARD.

R. E. L. Wilson — A. H. Willbern
Louis Lauterstein.

HATS

Girls of bygone days wore hats,
Think of it—the silly flats;
Styles so simple and so crude,
We have hurled to destitute.
Nowadays, upon their heads,
Women carry flower beds;
Footballs, flower beds, laundry bags,
Bales of feathers or of rags;
Helmets, pie-plates, butter tubs,
Jungle growths of trees and shrubs,
Baskets green and pink and brown,
Right side up or right side down;
Baskets, barrels, hives for bees;
Boxes meant for fruit or cheese;
Drying frames with wires or slats.
Anything in the World, but Hats.

THOMAS MARTIN, '15.

MR. KORGES

Mr. Korges is a very good man,
And will help you all he can;
But if you happen to make a miss,
What I am going to tell you is this:
Sometimes the Physics boys get gay
And would stop and fight for half a day,
If Mr. Korges didn't rush in and call,
"Can't you boys behave at all?"
Then the boys look at each other and smile
And Mr. Korges stands gazing awhile;
Then he gives one more hard look
And turns to the lesson in the Physics book.
"Now turn to page two-eighty-tow,
And notice this lesson if you think you're thru."
All those old boys were such a sight,
For they certainly did get to work, alright.
Now about the girls, he is not so tight,
As he doesn't dream they'd offer to fight.
But he doesn't know much about a girl,
Because some of them are always in a whirl.
The last thing I have to say,
Is that Mr. Korges, from day to day,
Wears a large frown upon his brow,
Until night when he gets home and meets his Frau.

WILLIE BARNETT, '14.

Woodrow Wilson Society.

Presidents - - - Dalrymple - McLean
Secretaries - - Crownover - - Irene Breazeale

MEMBERS

Viva Buttery
Archie Dalrymple
Cora Mae Smith
Mabel Smith
Homer Lord
Myrtle Hargon
Harold McLean
Cecil Cone
Cornelia Marschall
Floyd Crownover
Zuma Edwards
Roland Rennick
J. M. Mizzell
Doyle Lowe
Howard Blodgett
Anna Mae Tarrence
Jennie Lauterstein
Juanita Knowles
Irene Breazeale
Zoe Cage
Irene Cone
Lizzie Hector
Lennie Kuykendall
Dokie Long
Nettie McInnis
Omie Beall Mizzell
Helen Oatman
Lee Atkins
Oscar Brown
Frank Flack
Heber McLean
Carl Shirley
Milton Shirley
Latham Barnett
G. C. Breazeale
J. C. Buttery
Lewis Knowles
Esther Altgelt
Orville Buttery
Lorene Kuykendall
Hallie Buchanan
Lora White
John Rountree
Othello Shults
Ola Mayes
Iva Breazeale
Hubert Atchison

W. J. Bryan Society

Presidents - - - Ross - - Fay Johnston
Secretaries - - Bowman - Ida Maude Wallace

MEMBERS

Anita Schuwirth
T. J. Watkins
Tibbie Rogers
Fay Johnston
Daisy Walker
Mary Miller McInnis
Elmo Bowman
Willie Burnett
Alberta Sherman
Jennie Dawn Fowler
Ida Kowierschke
Fay Gray
Lizzie Smith
Elsie Grenwelge
Everett Martin
Nell Johnson
Robert Lindsey
Raymond Rogers
Marl Ricketson
Oscar Lange
Edgar Hennig
Maud Walker
Ruth Barnett
Alma Hennig
Mildred Bourne
Lee Smith
Bertha Blodgett
Fay Byfield
Minnie Lee Gray
Elmo Simpson
John Stribling
Damon Willbern
Grace Robinson
Zuma Rouse
Dorothy Tarrence
Ida Maude Wallace
Robert Duncan
Libbie Fichtenbaum
Ida Lauterstein
William Willbern
Joe Smith,
Ralph LaHatte
Leslie Crownover
Clifton Hackworth
Zula Rouse
Walter Watkins
Leroy Selman
Nora Watterson

FOLLIES

OF YOUTH.

JOKE DEPARTMENT.

To him who can laugh at a joke on himself, we dedicate this department.

The following pages contain a few little jokes Perhaps you cannot see the point, perhaps it is not funny to you, but there is some one to whom it is funny, those who understand what the different jokes refer to. There is a point to them all, although in some of them it may not be perceptible to the casual observer.

Above all things, don't be so little as to get angry at any joke that happens to be on you. Take any little roast that is on you in the way that it is given, just for fun. The following pages are edited by every member in the school who wanted to contribute anything. Different students have handed in the different jokes, and the department was open to everybody. It is your department.

Why is Robert Lindsey Gentle?
Should not Albert Ross be Gentle?

LOST SHEEP.

W. J. Everett, Albert Ross, Charlie Wallace, Lyman Rouse, Herman Lord, Lewis Foster, Linden Foster, John watkins.

"We can't gain for losing."

"Sport" Lord is the only football center in captivity that lines up on the opposite side in a football game. In the game with Marble Falls "Sport" got excited (?) one time and lined up with the Marble Falls boys.

The Llano High Student

Published Yearly by the Cream of the Llano High School

Vol. CIX. *Llano, Texas, May 1, 1914.* *No. 1.*

Good Prospects for Peace in Mexico

Students of Llano High School to Aid Revolutionists

GEN. CONE MADE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Forty brave and patriotic students of the L. H. S. left Llano on the 23rd of April to take part in the Revolution now going on in Mexico. All the student body was out in force to give the heroes a great sendoff. The noble and patriotic boys showed much emotion as they bade their friends goodbye, and all the girls were openly weeping as they took leave of their big-hearted school-mates.

As the town clock struck four on the morning of the 23rd, the Army, with General Cecil Cone at its head, marched south, toward Mexico. They made a fear-inspiring spectacle as they marched. The very sight of such a brave and fearless band of men should scare all the fight out of Huerta and the Federal Army.

General Cone is ably assisted by Col. Lord, who is in command of the learned Seniors; Capt. Lindsey, in charge of the Juniors; Lieutenant Flack of the Sophs; and valiant Corporal Buttery of the Freshmen.

With such a staff how could they achieve any thing but victory? In speaking of his army General Cone had the following to say:

"Inside of a month Mexico City will be ours. I have already planned my campaign, and as soon as we reach the border we will begin real warfare.

"I will send Heber McLean ahead to make friends with the Federals. I have an object in this. Heber will eat all the Federal's provisions and this will weaken them.

"Following Heber, I will send Private Simpson with a supply of Goat Milk to feed the famished Federals. He will talk scores of the enemy todeath, extolling the virutes of his milk

"I have already sent Raymond Rogers to Mexico City. My object in this was to fatigue Huerta. Roger's instructions are for him to call on Huerta and when he does Huerta will try to entertain him and will scream himself hoarse trying to make Raymond hear him.

"I am taking Everett Martin along so that he can talk many of the Federals todeath about Baseball.

"All these things will naturally weaken the enemy, and when they are thus weakened, I am going to have Privates Watkins, Bowman, Crownover and Mizzell desert and go over to the enemy.

"That will be the last straw? Huerta will not be able to stand against such a calamity. What nation could? And he will march victoricusly into Mexico City."

CLUB NOTES.

The last regular meeting of the Whittlers' Club was held at Recess, on the campus Friday evening. President Raymond Rogers presided. Secretary Torpid Jane Watkins read the whittlings of the last meeting and then the treasurer, Roland Rennicks, read the financial report. A shortage of 5 cents was found, but Howard Blodgett liberally made up the deficit. Under new business two questions were voted on i. e., Rob Lindsey moved that the Club elect a Sponsor. Hank Lord then nominated Miss Tibbie Rogers, the nomination being vigorously seconded by Caesar Bowman. Miss Rogers was then unanimously elected Sponsor. The question was then brought up of buying a knife for Abe Dalrymple, so that he could become an active instead of passive member. After much electioneering by Mr. Dalrymple in favor of the measure, it was adopted by a vote of 11 to 10 and the Treasurer was empowered to pay out ten cents for the knife. After five minutes whittling the society adjourned.

Two of Our Leading Students Severely Hurt

PECAN BOWMAN HIT BY STICK OF WOOD.

On the night of January 16th., Caesar Bowman happened to a very painful accident. He was engaged in the arduous task of chopping wood, when unexpectedly, without warning, the stick of wood ascended into the air and hit Bowman on the nose and under the right eye, making two deep cuts. Bowman was able to be about the next morning.

LATER—Pecan Bowman denies that his wounds were caused by a stick of wood. He says that when he turned off the light in his room, it was so dark that he immediately ran into the bedpost, thus causing his wounds. He denies all knowledge of the stick of wood story

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THINGS WE WERE PAID TO TELL

That "Merry" McInnis' name is not "Merry."

That Viva Buttery is President of the Senior Class.

That Raymond Rogers can hear.

That Roland Rennick is a baseball player.

That J. M. Mizzell would like to serve his friends cold drinks.

That Lee Atkins is in love.

That Cora Mae Smtih is pretty.

That Hank Lord is some actor.

That Harold McLean is not too bashful to carry out his part in the class play.

That Jennie Dawn Fowler does not giggle.

FELL DOWN STEPS—CUT ARM AND HEAD.

After turning off the light in his office on the night of January 16th, Abe Dalrymple happened to a very painful accident. He was feeling his way to the steps and he came to them before he expected to, falling headlong, cutting his elbo to the bone and cutting his cranium also. After spending what was admittedly one of the most miserable nights he spent, he was able to be about the next day, but with a stiff arm.

THINGS WE WERE PAID NOT TO TELL.

How T. J. Watkins makes a pass in any of his examinations.

Why the Short Part of the Junior Class would not entertain the Seniors.

Where Elmo Bowman got his Vanderbilt Pennant.

What Edgar Hennig thought the Senior Entertainment would cost.

What Hank Lord did in Marble Falls Christmas night.

That Myrtle Hargon wrote the poem about herself.

Who stole the bell clapper.

What the Senior Latin Class talk about during their recitation periods.

That Rob Lindsey did not have money enough to get a Full Dress Suit for the Senior Entertainment.

That Cecil Cone plays Craps in school.

PIE EATERS' CLUB ORGANIZED.

The leading Pie Eaters of the school met in the Laboratory Friday evening and organized. The meeting was called to order and after a little electioneering Hank Lord was elected President. The other officers are as follows: H. R. Lord, Secretary; H. Ray Lord, Treasurer. Among the by-laws adopted by the Club the following may be mentioned: All members except the officers and honorary members will be expected to give a dollar every night for the weak-end celebration. The meeting was then adjourned. The members are as folows: H. R. Lord and T. J. Watkins, Fay Johnston, Honorary member.

THE STUDENT

Licensed Soil Maker for the L. H. S. Mob.

Abe Dalrymple — **Chief Slinger.**
Caesar Bowman — **Main Ejaculator**

Note: We will soon add Harold McLean to the Editorial Staff and be able to turn out work faster, only stopping to rest or kick a Watkins or a Lord out of the Editorial Rooms.

Entered at the Waste Basket as First-Class Fire Starter.

This is the last Student that we will ever edit But that should not grieve you. Everett Martin Oscar Brown or John Rountree should be able to edit a Student next year that will make this one look like a Llano River Cat fish in the Sahara Desert. They are good tongue waggists and should make able successors to the Air-Makers who edit this one.

WHAT WE THINK OF

Jennie Dawn Fowler—A Red Roadster.
Anita Schuwirth—An Insurance Man.
Everett Martin—The Baseball Score.
Heber McLean—Vittles and Grub.
F. S. Crownover—The Fair Sex.
Mary Miller McInnis—The Acme.
Dorothy Tarrence—The Capital City.
Irene Cone—O, You Little Tailor.
Jennie Lauterstein—Entertaining the Seniors
Elmo Bowman—Under Second Story Window
Lizzie Hector—The Latest Slang.
Lee Smith—A Dealer in Milk.
Tibbie Rogers—North Llano.
Torpid Watkins—My Cherokee Girl.
Short Part of Tenth Grade—Entertaining the Seniors.

With Alberta Sherman, Lizzie Smith, Myrtle Hargcn, Mary Miller McInnis and Harold McLean as musicians, and Fay Johnston, Floyd Crownover and Cora Mae Smith as Singers, the Senior Class is very musical.

SCHOOL OF BORROWING.

Competent instructions in art of Borrowing under Misses Zuma Edwards and Cornelia Marschall. The terms are reasonable and can soon be paid back by borrowing. Miss Edwards speaks form experience. Specialists in borrowing pencils. See us before going elsewhere.

'HANK' LORD.

Instructor in Singing.

First four lessons $4.—The fifth is free.

Note: The first four lessons must absolutely be taken before the fifth lesson.

WANTED!

A nice, soft, comfortable coffin. We have been dead a long time and would like be buried decently and in order.

Short Part of Tenth Grade.

THE MUTTON DAIRY.

Elmo Simpson—Milker, Deliverer and Collector. Sell only the purest milk from goats.

Try Us.

WANT ADS.

Wanted—Jobs for next year.
All The Seniors.

Wanted—Some Original Ideas.
1914 "Mountaineer" Staff.

Wanted—A Girl who can overlook this Face of mine in consideration of my winning ways.
Robert Lindsey.

Wanted—To be in the play.
Cornelia Marschall.

Wanted—A wife. Must be white.
T. J. Watkins.

For Sale—A good opportunity for some one. I want to sell all my Physics Experiments. Guaranteed to be legible. Future graduates please apply.
Harold McLean.

Wanted—To be a grown up woman.
Alberta Sherman.

Wanted—Someone that knows more than I do about anything. They are a curiosity. Liberal reward offered. Write
Fay Gray.

LOCALS.

Mr. Korges dismist the Physics Class at the close of the period today. The Class has not yet recovered.

Floyd Crownover has decided to become a second Milton. His success in writing poems for the Mountaineer was very encouraging to him.

Thomas Martin reached school on time yesterday.

Watkins, Bowman and Dalrymple went thru a whole day last week without being called down by Miss Provence?

It has been rumored that Miss Baldwin does not believe in giving memory-work in English. The Senior Class would like for her to prove the truth of the rumor.

During the Art Exhibit Miss Baldwin told Tibbie and Elmo that they were not looking at the pictures. Elmo said that he was looking at one of Dana Gibson's models.

Jennie Dawn Fowler makes a very admirable villainess.

Mr. Davidson would please the Seniors better if he would have longer chapel exercises. They would get out of Physics.

PICK-UPS.

Every man is his own master or a slave for others.

A chap who is out for the dust and gets it has grit.

Call all men crooks that they may see that you know them.

Talk not loud lest all men hear thy conversation.

Do not use a vaulting pole as steps to a second story window. You may fall on the pavement and hurt yourself.

Never do tomorrow what your chum can do today.

A teacher well worked is worth a week's hard work.

A wise son assureth his father the money goeth for books.

Spare the strap and spoil the Freshmen.

Do the teachers before they do you.

Flunk and the world flunks with you, pass and you pass alone.

JOKES.

Homer Lord claims that he has had many more pencils and theme tablets to use this year than ever before. Homer's friends say they never had so few.

The teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if anyone could tell her what a ground hog was. Up went a little hand waving frantically. "Well, Carl, you may tell us what a ground hog is." "It's a sausage."

A JOKE!

Rob Lindsey—"I have studied hard this year"
T. J. Watkins—"So have I."

Elmo—"That's not original. I saw that story at the picture show."
Archie—"Who paid your way?"
Cecil—"Tibbie, of course."

"Floyd," said his mother, "Do you think you'll get a prize in school for being good?"
"No'm" promptly replied Floyd.
"Why not, sir?" asked his father sternly, laying down his paper.
"Because they don't give any." meekly.

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks the master inquired how much of his wages he had saved. "Faith, none at all sor," said he. "It rained yesterday and it all went."

Why didn't T. J. go to Anita's party on Halloween?

His Girl—"Raymond tried to kiss me the other night and I told him to behave."
Other Girl—Did he kiss you?"
His Girl—"No, the idiot actually behaved.

Photographer—"Now Miss Gray, look pleasant! One, two, three; now you may resume your natural expression."

Miss Provence (at beginning of school)—"What is your first name young man?"
Cecil—"Cone is my first name."
Miss Provence (severely)—"You surely have a given name?"
Cecil—"Yessum. Cecil is my given name but you asked for my first name. I was named Cone when I was born, but it was several weeks before I was named Cecil."

Mary Miller—"Does Mr. Korges keep good chickens?

Robert L.—He keeps some of them.

Miss Provence—Give an account of yourself for being late.

Homer Lord—Well, Miss Provence, as I was coming across the bridge, I fell asleep and dreamed I was already over here.

To settle doubts in some minds as to who the "Brilliant Nine" are, we name them below:

Daisy Walker — Cecil Cone
Floyd Crownover — Harold McLean
Myrtle Hargon — Elsie Grenweige
Willie Barnett — Ida Kowierschke
Cornelia Marschall.

UNCLASSIFIED CLUBS.

Order of Unadultrated Bone-Heads—Lord, Lindsey, Mizzell, Rennick and Ricketson.

Campus Clowns—Simpson, Brown and Watkins.

Benign Ass'n. of Hot Air Dispensers—Rountree, Everett Martin, Thomas Martin and Harold McLean.

Amalgamated Workers After The Sun Goes Down—Dalrymple, Bowman, Lindsey and Watkins.

Nightingales—Shirley, Crownover and Mizzell.

I. O. U. Club—Rogers, Lindsey, Dalrymple, Bowman and Watkins.

IN CHEMISTRY CLASS.

Teacher—I have here some Spirits. If I was to put two tea-spoons-full of sugar in it, what would happen?

Pupil—I'll bet fifty cents, Professor, You'd drink it.

SELECTIONS FROM THEMES.

T. J. Watkins writes "Woman! marry me, else become my wife."

Hank Lord scribbles as follows: "After scalping their victim, the savages proceeded to drag him around by the hair."

Abe Dalrymple edits an Epic like this: "Screaming at the top of his voice, the thieves slipt upon the unsuspecting foot pedestrain."

Harold McLean goes on to say: "They hid behind the door, listening to the conversation, when suddenly a cloud passed over the sun and prevented them from hearing more.

A QUIZ.

What does the staff of the "Mountaineer" do at their weekly staff meetings?

What did Homer mean when he said, "Oh, Paws!" at the first reading of the play?

How many of the High School boys remember the second Monday after school opened?

Why did Fay J's. and Archie's votes cause so much wrangling when the first ballot was taken on the Diploma?

Who, what and where is Percival Algernon Van Renssalaer?

Yesterday Cecil Cone, in his usual genial and unbane manner, flunked for the sixth consecutive time in Geometry.

Extra! Extra! Rob Lindsey has shaved. This leads us to hope that Hank Lord will soon follow suit.

AS THE SENIOR BOYS WOULD LIKE TO ARRANGE THE RECITATION PROGRAM

9:00- 9:45 ---------- Sleep
9:45-10:30 ---------- Slumber
10:30-10:40 ---------- Play
10:40-11:20 ---------- Rest
11:20-12:00 M----------—Recreatoin
12:00-12:30 ---------- Dinner
12:30-1:15 ---------- Siesta
1:15-2:00 ---------- Repose
2:00-2:10 ---------- Amusement
2:10-2:50 ---------- Nap
2:50-3:30 ---------- Social Period
3:30 ---------- Townward Bound

Omie Beal—What is the best color for the eyes?

Zoe—I like (Oscar) Brown the best.

LATE BOOKS BY THE STUDENTS.

"By Way of the Vaulting Pole," by Abe Dalrymple, with introduction by Caesar Bowman and Explanation by Hank Lord.

"Running the Senior Class," by Viva Buttery 50c each, or $10 per hundred. This book should be read by the Juniors.

"Cured," by Raymond Rogers. Mr. Rogers says: "All who are suffering from lack of hearing ability see me or read my remedy book. It tells how to cure bacon, ham, etc."

"Enclclopedia Texica," by Helen Oatman, in Colloboration with Harold McLean. In twenty volumes, limp, limpid or half-calf. Enlightens you on all subjects under the sun except some that were not mentioned.

Itemized Account of the Expenditures of the Mountaineer Staff.

Owing to rumors going the round of the student body, that the Mountaineer Staff have been laying aside private fortunes out of the Mountaineer money, we give the following account of expenditures and receipts:

EXPENDITURES.

Set of Birds-Eye Maple Office Furniture for Editor	$1,480.00
Dress Suits for Editor and Business Manager for Play	100.00
Office Boy and Stenographer	215.00
Diamond Ring for Senior Editor	1,500.00
Subscriptions to "Life" for Artist	40.00
Private Detectives for Business Manager	75.00
Imported French Dress for Assistant Editor	1,500.00
Refreshments for Staff	185.00
Four Trips to Austin (Manager 3, Editor 1)	68.00
More Refreshments	12.45
Pensions for Staff	5,000.00
Cigars for Gentlemen Editors (50 at 10c, 10 at 25c)	7.50
Tea to Lady Staff Members	1.30
Summer Home for Overworked Editors	4,240.00
Printing Mountaineer	15.00
Engravings for Same	2.19
	? ? ? ? ? ?

RECEIPTS

From Advertising	$14,211.03
From Sale of Mountaineer	10.50
Hush Money from Rob Lindsey	3.95
From Torpid Jane Watkins for picture in Mountaineer	141.00
Patriotic Donations from Student Body	.15
	? ? ? ? ? ?

TWO VERSIONS.

Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight;
Give us a girl whose skirts are not tight;
Give us a girl, whose charms, many or few,
Are not exposed by too much peekaboo;
Give us a girl no matter what age,
Who wont use the streets for a vaudeville stage;
Give us a girl not too shapely in view;
Dress her in skirts that the sun can't shine through.

—From Ex-Cont., by Howard Blodgett, '15.

Backward, turn backward, oh! time in your flight;
Give me a High School just for to-night;
Give me your Physics, Chemistry and Math.
And a great big paddle made of a lath.
Give me the teachers, cruel and severe,
Who look at you like tigers and yank on your ear;
Give me the books that I used to hate,
For I would like to pursue them of late.

J. M. MIZZELL, JR., '15

WANTED—A few good explanations to tell people whom we omitted from this section. We printed all we could think of, borrow or steal, and at that, did not have enough to go around.

Teacher (to Sunday School Class)—Now boys in placing your offerings on the plate, I want each to recite some appropriate verse.

Stephen (placing a penny on the plate)—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

John—"God loveth a cheerful giver."

Teacher—very good. (To the next boy who is inclined to keep his penny):—Come Thomas why do you hesitate, speak so all can hear you.

Thomas (reluctantly)—A-a fool and his money are soon parted.

A son of a dignified Hartford man, altho not old in years, has a good bit of age in brains.

The family observe the custom of silent blessing at the table, and at dinner recently the six year old spoke up:

"Why don't you say it aloud, pa?"

"You can say it aloud if you choose, my son," replied the father, and bowing his head solemnly, the little fellow originated this unique grace

"God have mercy on these victuals."

Cecil Cone—Did you ever see a dog that would eat dirt?

Homer Lord—No; Has some dog been biting you?

"I've turned highwayman." Said the sofa.

"How's that?" Asked the rocking chair.

"I held up a couple last night."

Myrtle—Roland, buy me that box of candy in that window.

Roland—If you will be real sweet to me, I will bring it to you tomorrow night.

Myrtle—No, I may have another fellow by that time.

Lord—(in algebra): Mr. Davidson, do we take the appendix?

Mr. Davidson—No we cut that out.

Floyd—Miss Baldwin, I think you must have made a mistake in grading my English paper. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Miss Baldwin—Neither do I, Floyd, but that is the lowest grade the faculty agreed to give.

Weekly Sick List—T. J. Watkins, Archie Dalrymple, Anita Schuwirth, Mary Miller McInnis, Fay Johnston, Tibbie Rogers, Jenny Dawn Fowler.

Some boys just naturally cannot agree on some subjects; for instance,, the two Elmos Bowman and Simpson, cannot agree on the subject of milk. Anyhow they disagree over something white.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are pleased to publish the announcement of Juan Harold McLean as candidate for membership in the "400" of New York society. Since the Senior entertainment when Mr. McLean made his debut in a Full Dress Suit, he has had aspirations for higher society. In speaking of his experience of wearing a Full Dress, Mr. McLean says, "Yes, I wore one. I felt perfectly at home in it. In fact, I felt as though it was made for me. And owing to the success I had in wearing it, I feel that I am justly capable and deserving of membership in New York's East Set. Hence I anounce myself as candidate for the position from Llano. I have made Society and Full Dress Suits my life study, and if you vote for me your confidence will not be misplaced. If I get more votes than my opponent I will doubtless be elected, so I plead with all my friends to cast their ballot for me." Mr. McLean's aspirations are worthy of all men's consideration, and you should think twice before voting for him.

Last Tuesday when the west-bound freight train passed thru here, the train crew turned over to the local officers, two of the most disreputable, forlorn, ragged, hungry looking hoboes that we have ever seen. They had been found riding under the cars. Our brave Constable and Detective took them in charge, and after cross-examining them he found that they hailed from Llano and answered to the names of Bowman and Watkins. After being given a free bath and supper they were put on a train bound for Llano. It is a good thing they left as soon as they did, because our citizens were beginning to complain.

—Schuyler City Daily Exasperator.

PRESS NOTICES

Mr. Frank Flack registered at the Hotel Oats last night. We are pleased to have him in our midst. He bears jointly with Heber McLean and Milton Shirley the distinction of being the greatest devourers of food in Texas. All our grocermen hope Mr. Flack will tarry with us some time.

—Milletridge Weekly Bannerette

Our city is on a boom! It is growing by leaps and bounds! Ever since Hon. Dalrymple and retinue passed thru town last week, many people have arrived here. Detectives and officers from all over the world are pouring into our town daily. They labor under the impression that Dalrymple is still here and they are hunting him. They will spend enough with our merchants to make up for what Rob Lindsey, Dalrymple's servant, stole for his employer.

—Bingtown Bugle.

DR. HOPE.

Handsomest Student—F. S. Crownover, R. E. Lindsey.

Thinks He is—T. J. Watkins, Milton Shirley.

Biggest Loafer—Othello Shults, Edgar Hennig.

Most Industrious—Doyle Lowe, Cecil Cone, Archie Dalrymple.

Most Noted "Hot Air Merchant"—John Rountree, Eeverett Martin.

Athlete—H. R. Lord, E. Simpson.

Fattest Student—Billy Willbern, Othello Shults.

Ladies Man—F. S. Crownover, R. E. Lindsey, Heber McLean.

Thinks He Is—T. J. Watkins, Elmo Simpson, Frank Flack.

Biggest Kicker—Watkins, Bowman and Dalrymple.

Tobacco Bummer—Harold McLean, Rob Lindsey, Lee Atkins.

Four Liars—Lord, Bowman, Watkins, Cone.

Wittiest—Harold McLean, Oscar Brown.

Thinks He Is—F. S. Crownover.

Smartest—Harold McLean, Frank Flack, Marl Ricketson.

Thinks He Is—Rob Lindsey, J. M. Mizzell, Jr.

LIFE.

If I knew you and you knew me,
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

—Nixon Waterman.

He—You are the breath of life to me.
She—Suppose you hold your breath awhile.

7th Grader—I will be glad when J. D. comes back.

10th Grader—Why will you be glad when he comes back?

7th Grader—Because he always flirts with Miss Harris and keeps her in a good humor.

Wanted—A Kiss—J. M. Mizzell, Jr.

Miss Province (in History) —Oscar, give the meaning of the word civilization.

Oscar Brown—Civilization is an upward growth or tendency that has enabled mankind to develop the college yell from the feeble war-whoop.

Edgar H. wrote Q. E. D. at the bottom of his proposition.

Mr. Davidson—What does Q. E. D. stand for, Edgar?

Edgar—"Quod Everett Dixit." (what Everett said.)

Orville Buttery, The Tailor, has just received two new barrels. You can now have your pants prest while you wait.

Oscar Lange says, "Good looks run in our family, but they ran clear past me."

"He sleeps and smiles between his thoughts, hence he sleeps and smiles a lot.—Hank Lord.

"What can be cured, must be endured."—John Rountree.

'He hath a soft and foolish heart toward the sex."—F. S. Crownover.

"Behold a Napoleon of Midnight marches."—Bowman & Dalrymple.

"I am not one of those who believe in love at first sight, but I believe in takng a second look."—Harold McLean.

"He fooled some of the profs. all of the time and all of the profs some of the time."—Torpid J. Watkins.

"Fills up the space nothing else was made for."—Everett Martin.

"I am somewhat of a liar myself."—Alva Dunaway.

"He hath a lean and hungry look."—Raymond Rogers.

What relation is Albert Ross to Antone Flint?

WELCOME DEATH

(Editor's Note: We may be wrong in placing this poem (?) in the Joke Department, but we fail to see how anyone can look at things as set out below, and be in earnest about it, so we take it for granted that the Poet means it as a joke. Anyhow, we leave the decision of the reader).

Oh! Welcome death in darkest form!
  Welcome day that will lessen my harm;
Black as the darkest night,
  Where was never seen light.
The silent tomb will close over me,
  I shall sleep the silent sleep to be;
My body will end; my soul be free,
  As dead leaves on a great oak tree.
Some few will know that I was true!
  True to myself and life as blue is to blue!
After 'tis then far, far too late
  They will know 'twas love and not hate.
Love and not hate that took me away,
  Away to wander the face of the earth many a day;
An outcast, strained and alone,
  Without friends and without a home.
There to fall and die!
  Then they will know I did not lie
When at parting I did say,
  I did not mean it—stay! Stay!
Then will they never believe the tales they hear,
  That I am with a mind and soul to fear;
One who is possessed with a golden ear
  To catch every word they hear.
Eyes to watch for every ill deed,
  To see my poor throbbing heart bleed;
As they report something I say
  When I am dying at the close of day.
That is why I do not care
  Since you are not there,
Because you wouldn't want me so,
  Then I welcome thee, cold, covering snow!

CROWNOVER '14.

Friends of my youth, a last adieu!
Haply some day we may meet again;
Yet ne'er the self-same men shall meet;
The years shall make us other men.

—Ex.