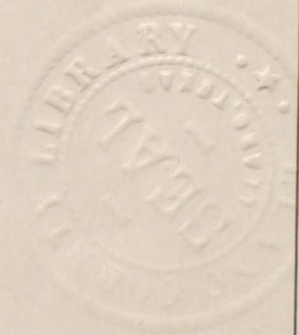

THE MOUNTAINEER

Year of 1917 - - Volume VI

Published Annually by the Senior Class of the

LLANO HIGH SCHOOL



Dedication

DUDLEY F. McCOLLUM
Superintendent of the Llano Public Schools.



To our Superintendent, a man four square; one conscientious in his work, ever striving to make our school better, honored and respected by every L. H. S. student and by the citizens of the town at large,— we, the Senior Class of the Llano High School do fondly dedicate this volume of the "Mountaineer."

Greetings

We, the Senior Class of the Llano High School, take great pleasure in presenting to you this, the VI volume of the "Mountaineer." In former years our predecessors have worked hard to publish a good annual; one that was helpful, inspiring, and interesting. They have succeeded and now we can only hope that this, our annual, will be as great, if not a greater success than those that have been published heretofore. We have tried to place in this annual the very spirit of our school life, its joys and frivolities, its trials and sorrows, so that in later years when our hair is tinged with gray and our step grows heavy with age, we may turn its pages, look far back on the happy days of long ago and be content. We will make no apologies for this annual but will let it speak for itself. Some of its contents are meant to interest, others to instruct. What it is as a whole we will leave for you to decide.

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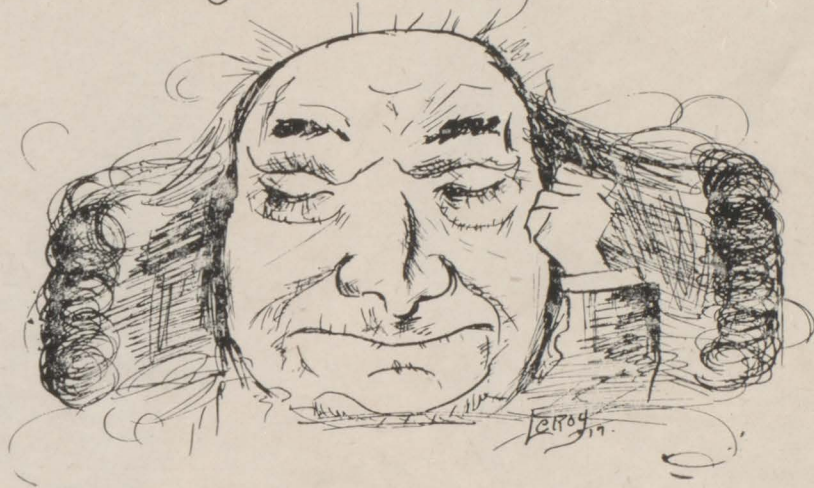
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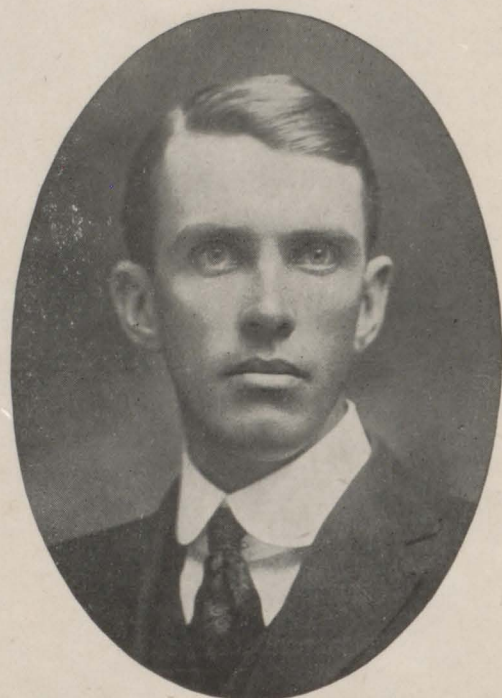


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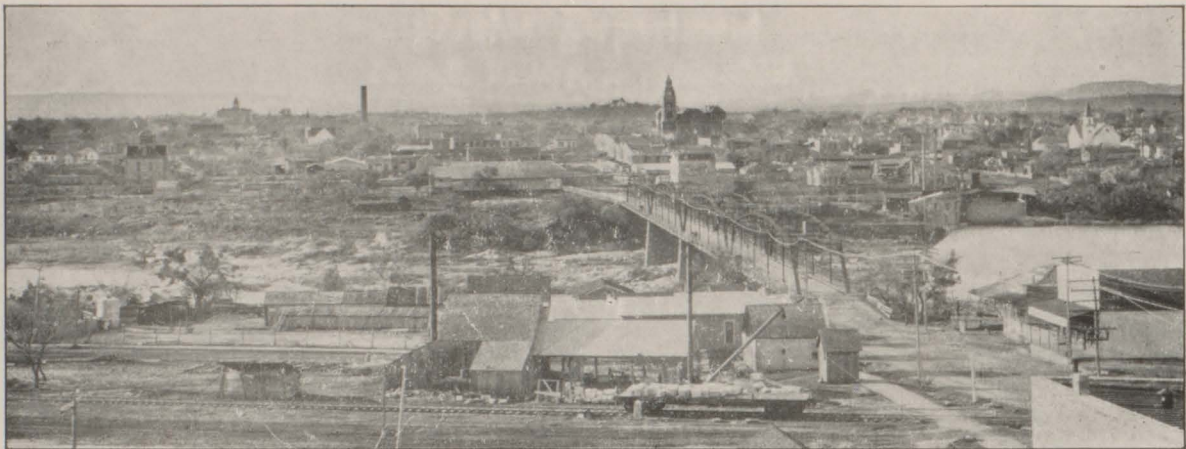
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RITA DAVIS	Freshman Editor



1—Esther Margaret Altgelt; 2—Nell B. Johnson; 3—Carl Wilson Shirley; 4—Rita Davis;
5—Ruth Wilson; 6—John C. Buttery; 7—Henri Leroy Selman; 8—Damon Alfred Willbern;
9—Anna May Tarrence; 10—Marshall Altgelt.





Birds-Eye Views of Llano



Senior

The Senior Class

MOTTO—To the Stars Through Bolts and Bars.

COLORS—Purple and Gold.

OFFICERS.

President—Leslie Crownover.

Vice President—Robert Duncan.

Secretary-Treasurer—Hallie Buchanan.

Class Orator—Carl Shirley.

Valedictorian—Anna May Tarrence.

Salutatorian—Junita Duncan.

Senior Department

John C. Buttery, Editor-in-Chief.



ESTHER MARGARET ALTGELT

Born in New Braunfels, Texas, April 29, 1899; Age 18. Editor of Pennybacker Society 1914-15; Center on girls basket ball team 1915-16; Center on Girls basket ball team and Historian of "Mountaineer" 1916-17.

"Dutchman"

Always makes good grades, very bright,
I say this because Hubert says I am right.

SETH HUBERT ATCHISON

Born in Llano, Texas, March 10, 1900; Age 17. Sergeant-at-Arms of Stag Debating Society 1914-15; Secretary of the Coyote Society 1914-15; right end on foot ball team 1916-17.

"Skinny"

A very humble boy I may seem,
But everything that I say I mean.

IVA BREAZEALE

Born in Llano, Texas, February 9, 1897; Age 19. Alumni editor of the "Mountaineer" 1916-17.

"Ivie," "Floyd."

You may call me Floyd, but I don't care,
No matter how much you tease me, I will never
shed a tear.



HENRI LEROY SELMAN

Born in Llano, Texas, May 3, 1900; Age 17.
Secretary Pennybacker Society 1914-15; Art editor
of "Mountaineer" 1915-16; Assistant editor-in-chief
of "Mountaineer" 1916-17.

"Leroy."

I played the part of "Ashrael" in our class
play,
And held the audience spell-bound at what I had
to say.

JOHN C. BUTTERY

Born in Wrights Creek, Texas, December 9,
1899. Age 17. Editor of class and vice-president of
the Billy Goat Society 1915-16; Guard on foot ball
team and editor-in-chief "Mountaineer" 1916-17.

"Johnny"

I look at the teachers and they look at me,
I often wonder what they think they see.

JUANITA CATHERINE DUNCAN

Born on River Dale Farm, April 8, 1899; Age 18.
President of Freshman Class 1914-15; Secretary and
treasurer of Sophomore Class 1915-16.

"Nita," "Dunc."

A geometry student of the smarter class,
A teacher she was never known to sass.



NELL BUTTON JOHNSON.

Born in Llano, Texas, October 28, 1899; Age 17. President Sophomore Class and Secretary of the Pennybacker Society 1914-15; Critic of Owl Society and forward of basket ball team 1915-16; Forward on basket ball team and society editor of the "Mountaineer" 1916-17.

"Button."

Good at games, fairest of the fair,
When it comes to dancing she's right there.

LESLIE LEVI CROWNOVER

Born near Honey Creek, Texas, December 12, 1899; Age 17. Right tackle on foot ball team and President Senior Class 1916-17.

"Pecky," "Crowny."

Many years with this class he has been,
Now he has become president, man of all men.

OLGA DELEVAN

Born near Llano, Texas, March 4, 1896. One of our best actresses.

"Miss Delevan."

At country parties she is often seen,
Always pleasant, not at all mean.



WILLIE MAUD WALKER

Born near Click, Texas, January 10, 1895; Age 21. A good student.

“Maud.”

I study all day, I study at night,
When I say a thing I know it is right.

ROBERT THERON DUNCAN

Born in Llano, Texas, July 8, 1893; Age 18. Left end on Eighth Grade foot ball team 1914-15; President of the L. H. S. Wall Flowers.

“Bip,” “Zetter.”

Few things I cannot surpass,
Even if I do look as green as grass.

VIOLET GLEE BEITER

Born in Guernsey, Ohio, September 8, 1896; Age 20. Chief of the Glee Club; Our northern lass.

“Beiter”

Giggling is her chief delight,
Nevertheless, she studies with all her might.



IDA WINNIFRED WALKER.

Born near Click, Texas, October 11, 1893; age 23. Maude's sister, and like her in her characteristics.

"Winnie."

Everybody says I am quiet and that I don't deny,
But I can do things that they can't if I try.

CHARLES BRUISTER McCALL

Born near Lone Grove, Texas, April 29, 1896; Age 21. One of our best athletes.

"Chas."

One who aspires to greater things,
He is always on hand when the bell rings.

EVA MAY MOSS

Born in Willow City, Texas, October 5, 1896; Age 20. One of our most studious class mates.

"Eva."

A very good pupil I must admit,
For I notice her always studying as at my desk,
I sit.



ANNA MAE TARRENCE

Born in Llano, Texas, March 16, 1900; Age 17. Society editor of the Pennybacker Society 1914-15; Secretary of class and secretary of Billy Goat Society 1915-16; Guard on basket ball team and art editor of "Mountaineer" 1916-17.

"Anna Mae."

A girl of very modest manners,
When Pessel speaks to her he usually stammers.

DAMON ALFRED WILLBERN

Born in Baby Head, Texas, November 17, 1900; Age 16. Editor of Sophomore Class and Secretary and treasurer of Stag Debating Society 1914-15; President of Stag Debating Society 1915-16; Business Manager of "Mountaineer" 1916-17; Champion Debater.

"Judge," "Baby," "Shiny."

Very deep in thought he did seem,
Then, all at once, looked at me and said,
"Prudie is a dream."

NORA ELLEN WATTERSON.

Born in Bastrop, Texas, November 27, 1897; Age 19. A girl from the country of whom we are proud.

"Nora."

He smiled at her and she smiled at him,
Very soon a note down the aisle began to skim.



ZULA MAE ROUSE

Born in Llano, Texas, October 23, 1899; Age 17.
Actress in the play "Breezy Point."
"Fatty."

I mean what I say, but mean no harm,
I sometimes cross the teachers but seldom alarm.

CARL WILSON SHIRLEY

Born in Marble Falls, Texas, February 21, 1898;
Age 19. Vice president of Owl Society 1915-16;
assistant business manager "Mountaineer" and
Center on foot ball team 1916-17.

"Carlo," "Doc."

When we call him by name he won't come at all,
Put the "O" on and he heeds our call.

IDA LAUTERSTEIN

Born in Llano, Texas, January 31, 1900; Age
17. One of the star actresses in the play "Breezy
Point."

"Idie."

Whether she is very studious I cannot say,
But she will be a graduate sometime in May.



JONAS CLIFTON HACKWORTH

Born in Amarillo, Texas, September 12, 1899;
Age 17. Distinguished member of both the Stag and
Billy Goat Literary Societies.

“Hackberry,” “Cliff.”

With the teachers he seldom has a clash,
But sometimes he does think they are a little
rash.

LULA MAE SIMTH

Born near Click, Texas, April 20, 1898; Age 19.
One of the star actresses in the play “Breezy Point.”

“May.”

Early in the morning at a very early hour,
I arise and the contents of my books devour.

WALTER WALLACE WATKINS

Born in Llano, Texas, September 9, 1899; Age
17. President Coyote Society and guard on foot ball
team 1914-15; President of class 1915-16; Full back
on foot ball team 1916-17.

“Wad.”

A foot ball player of great renown,
One who won't squeal when you get him down.



LIBBIE FICHTENBAUM

Born in Llano, Texas, April 9, 1899; Age 18.
Member of "Never Seen Idle" class.

"Ibbie."

A little Jewess of the studious kind,
When the boys stare at her she pays them no
mind.

CLAUDE BENEDICT JUSTUS

Born in Llano, Texas, April 6, 1899; Age 18.
Vice president of Stag Debating Society and Manager
of the base ball team 1915-16; Left end on foot
ball team 1916-17.

"Honey,"

A lover of sports, a boy all around,
The teachers by his brightness, he does
astound.

LORENE MARION KUYKENDALL

Born in Llano, Texas, January 28, 1899; Age 18.
An actress in the play "Breezy Point."

"Lorene."

With a dimple in her cheek and a tear in her eye
She looked at her geometry paper and began to
cry.



LEWIS ALTON KNOWLES

Born near Kingsland, Texas, October 10, 1898;
Age 18. An old class mate who has "come back."

"Pruitt," "Honey."

My bonnie rose, my bonnie rose,
How sad my heart nobody knows.

HALLIE LORENE BUCHANAN

Born in Wrights Creek, Texas, August 13, 1899;
Age 17. Secretary and treasurer of class, 1914-15;
Guard on basket ball team 1915-16; Center on bas-
ket ball team and secretary of class of 1916-17.

"College Hill," "Buck."

Here's the girl with the auburn hair,
Her thoughts of John S. are not rare.

The By-Gosh Weekly--1923

Miss Ida Lauterstein left yesterday for C. I. A. at Denton after a brief stay with her parents. Miss Lauterstein has been specializing in plane Geometry at C. I. A. for six years. We congratulate this young lady on her "stickability."

Our favorite music writer, Miss Hallie Buchanan, has a new rag time, "Pop the Soda Pop, Papa," on sale at Claude Justus' music store on East Avenue.

Coming this week in vaudeville the talented Walker Sisters in "Walking To It."

Mrs. Floyd Crownover, (nee Iva Breazeale,) entertained last evening with an elaborate luncheon announcing the engagement of Miss Zula Mae Rouse to Mr. Cecil Sparks.

Mr. Damon Willbern has obtained a patent on a new style suspender which you fasten to your socks.

Miss Anna Mae Tarrence, who is teaching school at Click, was badly hurt when the axe handle with which she was chastising a small boy, broke, hitting her on the temple. As long as Miss Tarrence has practiced this method of punishment this is the first time anything of this kind has occurred. Dr. Esther

Altgelt from Lone Grove has been called in to attend the case.

A large audience was present at the popular lecture given by Miss Juanita Duncan last night on "Why Flies Fly."

The following from "The Mexican Eagle" will be quite a surprise to the community--"Miss Lorene Kuykendall and a party have gone to Africa to hunt seals."

Miss Leroy Selman has been given the entire charge of the west porch of the Don Carlos. Miss Selman has long been an applicant for this position—in fact since the opening of that hotel, and we congratulate her on her good fortune.

For fine registered hogs see Walter Watkins.

Misses Olga Delevan and Nora Watterson are doing some admirable work for the American Red Cross in Europe. The world owes a debt to these industrious young ladies.

Miss Libbie Fichtenbaum has gone to New York on business. She is purchasing the winter stock for her father's store.

At the Empire theater this week handsome Charles McCall and winsome Mae Smith in "Beauty

Everywhere."

"I love, I love, I love," sung by Miss Violet Beiter—Edison record.

The following was clipped from the New York Herald: Leslie C. Crownover, supporter and dealer in men's headgear. East Avenue. "Let me crown you ever."

Wanted: By respectable maid; age 47. A position as governess on a ranch home in or about "Mossville," or "Look Up"—sensible, unfrivolous and settled. Notify me at once. Miss Nell Johnson.

Reverend Carlyle Shirley's Sunday services will be on the "Black Sin of Chasing Small Pigs Through Your Neighbors Goober Patch."

Hackworth's Ten Cent Store—Strictly Cash.

Wanted: By an experienced, unincumbered, graduate nurse an old couple to care for; Miss Eva Moss—Bygosh.

Hubert Atchison, instructor and demonstrator in Popular dances—\$25.00 per hour. Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Lewis Knowles has purchased the entire stock of Nelson Davis and Son.

Have you read Mr. John C. Buttery's latest work on "The Rise and Fall of Mother's Cake?" Mr. Buttery has spent many years of labor and observation on this work and is well acquainted with the subject.





JUNIOR



JUNIORS.

Juniors

Viola Jernigan, Secretary-Treasurer.

In the year nineteen hundred and fourteen something like twenty-five students entered the Freshmen Class of the Llano High School. The class started off with a vim and early gave promise of ranking in all lines that would stand out prominently in the annals of L. H. S.

In the Sophomore year we began to unfold in part of our glory. We progressed rapidly and our members were prepared for the coming Junior year.

At the beginning of our Junior year we learned that Lydia Keese, Iigon Bradley and Latham Barnett were not to be with us again. The aching void was filled to some extent this year by Ray Rogers, Joe Gibson and Marie Greer who decided to cast their lot with the Juniors instead of the Sophomores.

Our class may be small in numbers, but it is quality, not quantity, that counts. I will now ask you to allow me to tell you something about each one in order that you may know this illustrious class better:

Ralph LaHatte—Would lead the class if his books did not get lost.

Thelma Riley—Delights in teasing Mr. Neeld

and eating prunes.

Ray Rogers—A new comer who wins honors on platform and field.

Marie Greer—Her only fault is making A's.

Verdia Everett—Happy as a lark and loved by every one.

Joe Gibson—The demand never exceeds the supply of his wit.

Dawn Spinks—The only one who does not get confused when proving propositions.

Marie Parish—Never knows whether they mean her or Marie Greer. Thinks the prefix Mrs. might remedy this evil.

Paul Clippinger—His hobby is "woman suffrage."

Pessel Fowler—Gone, but not forgotten.

Martha O'Bryant—Her heart goes pit-a-pat when she hears a Maxwell coming.

Pauline Clippinger—Thinks kodaking is a great sport. Is on the basket ball team.

David Hackworth—Laboratory experiments make his hair stand perpendicular to his head.

Frank Watterson—His middle name is Geom-

etry.

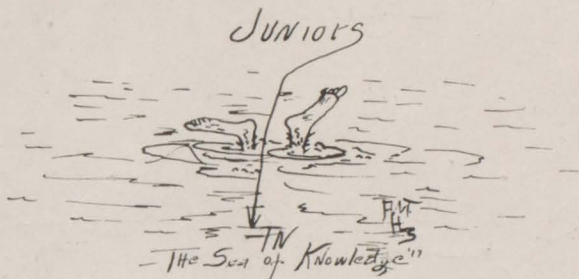
Viola Jernigan—Surpasses Jenny Lind and yet is so modest.

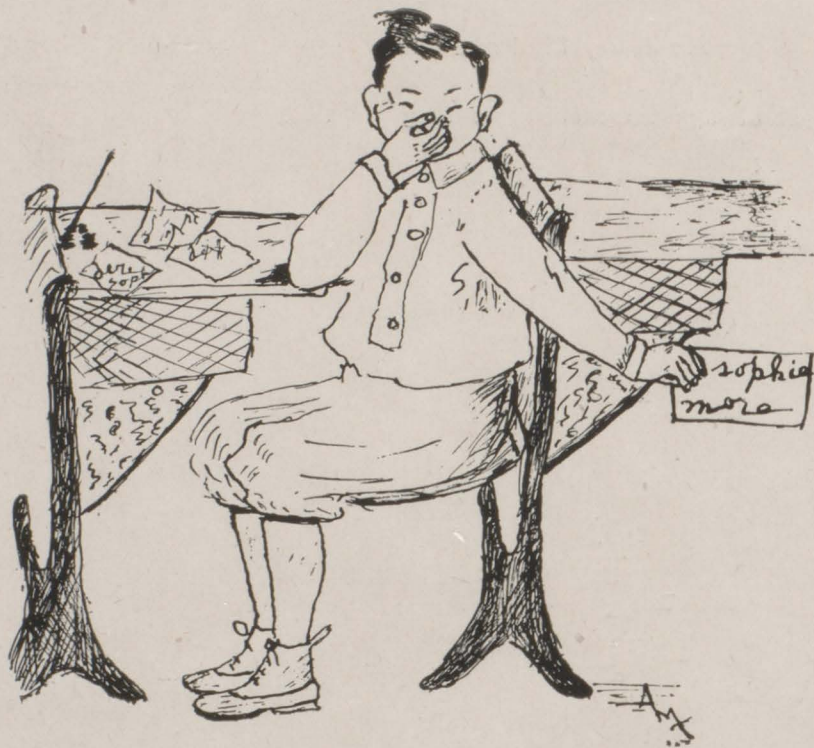
Brown Mayes—Is always theratening to sing

for us.

Ruth Wilson—Class Editor.

Lucy B. Whittenberg—One of our class beauties.







SOPHOMORES.

Sophomore

Marschall Altgelt, Editor.

As the year 1917 rolls by it finds us one year nearer our goal. For some reason we are regarded as a disgrace to the whole school, but we cannot see where we have been such a drawback to the wearers of Orange and black. One of the main reasons for this is that the Freshies, Juniors and Seniors envy us because we are out for a good time and always succeed in having it, while the plans of the rest, for some reason or another, usually fail.

Although our number has diminished to some extent since last year we still hold out that the Sophomore is the best class in school. Our losing three good members this year was a severe blow, but we are gradually recovering. Our lost members are Stella Breazeale, a girl who was admired by all; Edgar Simpson, who was admired by a majority of the class and Thomas Boyd, the class pest.

Perhaps when 1918 rolls around we shall have added quite a few pages more to the history of our "Alma Mater."

Louise Foster—Her ambition is to be an actress.

George Martin—Better known as "Coonie." He rushes the girls.

Eda Schorlemmer—Why does Eda make A in "Deutch?"

Iva Everett—The only real basket ball player in school.

Kathryn McClary—Better known as "Cat."

Lou Barnett—She has just sued Maude Reed for a divorce on the basis of non-support.

Marschall Altgelt—He is proficient in the art of literature.

Prudy Whittenberg—A new member of the class and a hard worker.

Mildred Owens—A non-believer in the Honor System.

Marie Duncan—A very studious young lady.

Wachtman Atkins—His ambition runs no higher than that of a valet.

Izetta Hargon—She believes in having a good time.

Lillian Brown—She would like awful well to be in the Eighth Grade.

Weldon Hargon—The only real member of the class.

Sidney Dees—He is proficient in the knowledge

of archery.

John Gibson—Is better known as the touchstone.

Stella Breazeale—She would like for M. T. Dees to pay a little more attention to her.

Vivian Riley—She would like to have her name changed to Campbell.

Viva Riley—A twin sister to Vivian.

Howell Hardin—He occasionally visits his "dream" on the North Side.

Ira Everett—Believes strongly in studying the character of a certain Field Creek boy.

Beatrice Moseley—She can't see why Gray Hardy doesn't move to town.

Mallie Wallace—She will leave for Field Creek, her future home, in a few days.

M. T. Dees—He spends a great deal of his time gazing at a certain little miss across the aisle.

Ella Ahrens—She is another of our German students.

Kittie Lord—She cannot see why she can't be a Senior, too.

Maud Reed—She would like to find the person who first suggested the Honor System for L. H. S.

Alma Dunaway—A new comer of whom we know little.

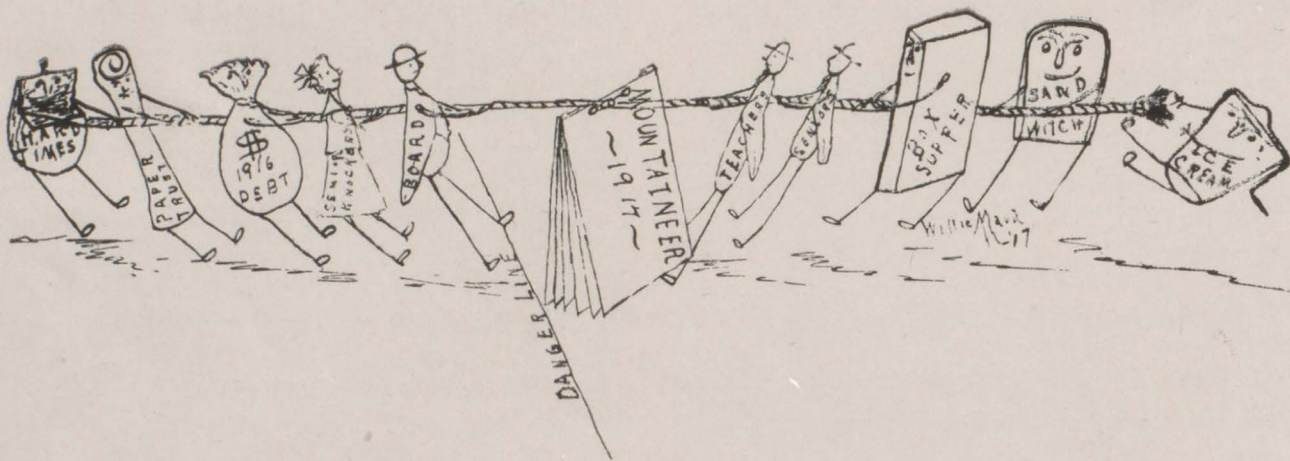
Wallace Robinson—He has just entered into the business of chasing Jack Rabbits for the German government.

Pauline Ratliff—She is inclined to like the city of Oxford, Texas.

Hazel Oatman—A real Latin student.

Ella Mae Hoerser—She had rather study than eat.

Polly Norton—Why couldn't Polly have been a boy?



A COUNTRY BOY'S SCHOOL LIFE.

A Freshman started to school one day,
He had come to town on a load of hay.
After stopping his team in the wagon yard
He stayed in town until he got tired.

He wet to sleep on his bale of hay,
And got up in the morning in his usual way.
He took his books and started to school,
Not knowing at all that he was a fool.

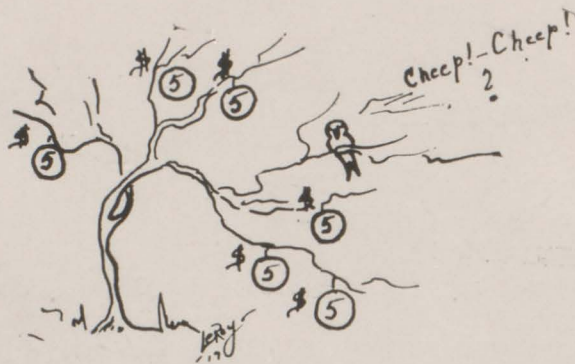
Through the Eighth Grade and Ninth things went
very well,
But when he got to the Tenth there were things he
could not tell.
So he packed up his books and never looked back
'Till he was seated alone in his worn out hack.

So he went back to the farm and baled more hay,
And if you would know of him to this day;
He has married a wife and settled down
And left all his zeal for "book larning" in town.

ANONYMOUS.

IT CAUSED LOTS OF WORRY.

It made us worry and causel us to fret;
We've fussed and quarreled (to our regret).
None seemed to want it, the prices were too high,
And we were on the point, with a little sigh,
Of saying we wouldn't have "Our Annual" but
somehow it won through.
It could not be flouted
Although some kicked it and some pouted.
When in future days, we would forget
Old joys and falls, we'll have with us yet
This happy reminder, "Our Annual."



THE THIRTY DOLLAR SONG.

Sung by a Mesquite Tree.

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall
One little limb from off a tree did fall.
Six little boys thought whittling lots of fun,
But how could they know what mischief they had
done?

Happy were they, but how sad the fate that follers?
Prof, he got up and roared for thirty dollars.
Just six little boys for one little bough,
But when they got home, say, wasn't there a row?
Now their pockets are empty, sad the days and long,
But still there comes at times, boys,
This old sweet song, this thirty dollar song.

A. M. T.





FRESHMEN.

Freshman

RITA DAVIS, Editor.

COLORS—Rose and Gold.

MOTTO—May Knowledge Increase.

That interesting and fascinating writer of fiction, Mr. Noah Webster, said, "Freshman: A novice; one in the rudiments of knowledge." Mr. Webster may be right, but it is hard to convince one of us that we have only the rudiments of knowledge. How can that be so? For eight long, evenful years we have been working and studying, yet people call us green and fresh. It does us good to realize that even the great Seniors, whom the Juniors look up to with such awe, were themselves Freshmen at one time just as we are now. The proud Juniors and the conceited Sophs look down on us at what they call our verdant greenness and soft freshness, but we can remember, if they cannot, that only a short while ago they were as green and fresh as the freshest Freshman.

Our first year in L. H. S. has been great for us. We are proud of our class and are determined that before the end of our next three years of our high school life we shall reach the highest aim of the L. H. S. scholar and get our little sheep skin to lay away.

Pauline Pearson—A hard working student.

Edwin Bruhl—Proprietor of Bruhl's Drug Store.

Eric Hallstrom—"Everybody picks on me."

Ora Pearl Williams—A dancer of some distinction.

Edith Uhl—It is not known who holds her heart.

Pearl Smith—Takes Math with the Sophs.

Pauline Haynie—Gets History names mixed up.

Newton Hackworth—Is very fond of daisies.

Elsie Kothman—A good musician and also A student.

Lois Lockabay—A good student.

Youdal Fichtenbaum—An important personage in his own estimation.

Clifford Watkins—"Moon." A member of the Mystic order.

Willie Lee Jernigan—Thinks too much of a Seventh Grade boy.

Clara Belle Watkins—Spends too much time talking to ——

Carl Hereford—Our class president. A good Athlete.

Vera Duncan—Flirt.

Maragret Brown—Star runner of the Eighth Grade.

Juanita Breazeale—She is quieter than a mouse.

Carl Smith—Can tell you all the History you want to know.

Loucile Gresham—Talks back to her teachers.

Lee Tyler Jackson—Spends too much time studying.

Amy Newsom—"My dear lady."

Hazel Hargon—Class beauty and wit.

Floyd Leverett—Loves to cause a laugh.

Daniel Hackworth—A base ball fiend.

Urban Reed—"Sky" or "Sheep."

J. C. Stribling—As handsome as the day is long.

Willie Breazeale—"I think all the girls are crazy about me."

Lee McDonald—A charmer of the fair sex.

Byron Owens—Not handsome, but has a distinguished look.

Walker Dabbs—"Stop. I have to study."

Nellie Hastings—A Yankee lass.

W. Y. Fowler—Spends most of his time talking to Nellie H.

Teddie Finklea—"Possum."

Horace Pearson—"Pony."

Myrtle McDonald—Sister to Lee and a good student.

Charles Porch—Jealous of W. Y.

Henry Schorlemmer—Never heard and seldom seen

Selma Kowierschke—In love with Henry S.

Bryan Watson—"I wish the teachers couldn't see me during class."

Herman Spinks—Doesn't seem to care for girls.

Myrtle Cain—Interested in the State University.

Winnie Holden—Expert in "How to Shoot the Buffalo."

Audrey Brown—Teacher's pet.

Wesley Grenwelge—Has a turn for Math.

Wallace Roberts—Can't study for casting glances in the Ninth Grade.

Coreth Marshall—"Pat," a dwarf.

Alumni Department

By Iva Breazeale.

CLASS OF 1908.

Miss Josephine Robinson, (Mrs. Joe Kerr,) is living in Sanderson.

Miss Elsie Finlay is teaching near Llano.

Miss Altha Farris, (Mrs. Bank,) is living near Kingsland.

Mr. Emil Zacharia is in Oklahoma.

CLASS OF 1909.

Miss Edith Roberts is teaching in San Antonio.

Miss Irere Marschall is teaching in San Antonio.

Miss Bess Parkhill, (Mrs. Jack Smith,) is residing near San Saba.

Mr. Henry Copeland has a position in Houston.

Miss Florence Anglin, (Mrs. R. Fishbeck,) is residing in Llano.

Miss Myrtle Batson is in Norman, Ga.

Miss Velma Smathers is going to school at Denton.

Miss Annie Fichtenbaum is at home with her parents in Llano.

CLASS OF 1910.

Mr. Lewis Lauterstein is in business in Llano.

Miss Ora Buchanan, (Deceased.)

Mr. Will Bourland is a civil engineer near Yoakum.

Messrs. Paul and Eric Slator are on their fath-

er's ranch near Llano.

Miss Maude Moss is in New York attending school.

Mr. Wayne Bowman is a civil engineer in Kansas.

Mr. Jack Lindsey is studying medicine.

Mr. Joe McInnis owns a part interest in Ransom & McInnis drug store in Llano.

Mr. Regnor Cone has a position in a drug store in Cameron.

CLASS OF 1911.

Miss Anna Hartman is teaching in San Antonio.

Miss Mary Moss is at home in Llano.

Miss Kathryre Cage is at home in Creedmore.

Miss Dalah Hargrove is living at Caldwell.

Miss Norma Buchanan, (Mrs. Jim Laning,) is residing near Llano.

Mr. Hugh Galloway has a position in Marble Falls.

Miss Winnie Justus is teaching school in Houston.

CLASS OF 1912.

Miss Sallie Smathers is teaching in Llano.

Miss Zula Winkler is attending school at Dallas.

Miss Maggie Mae Knowles is teaching in San Antonio.

Miss Iris Cone is teaching at Oatman Creek.

Miss Bessie Holmig is at home in Llano.

Miss Anna Lange, (Mrs. C. S. Gray) is now living in San Antonio.

Miss Winnie Simpson is at home in Llano.

Mr. Carl Blodgett is at home in Llano.

Mr. Lynn Ward has a position in Atkins-Qualls Hardware Co.

Mr. Arthur Reisman is a student of the State University.

CLASS OF 1913.

Miss Mary Bourne is attending Milford Female College at Milford.

Miss Hester Wilson is attending school at Kid-Key.

Miss Wiley Mae Everett has a position in the county clerk's office.

Mr. Ozrell Cone is on his father's ranch near Llano.

Mr. Owen Barnett has a position in the Llano National Bank.

Mr. Dale Delevan is teaching in Toby School at Fairland.

Mr. Sylvan Simpson is attending the State University.

CLASS OF 1914.

Miss Viva Buttery is teaching at Orange.

Miss Anita Schuwirth is teaching at Castell.

Miss Mable Smith is at home near Valley Spring.

Mr. Elmo Bowman is attending the State University.

Mr. Cecil Cone is at home near Llano.

Miss Lizzie Smith is at home near Valley Spring.

Mr. Archie Dalrymple has a position in San Antonio.

Miss Mary Miller McInnis, (Mrs. Howard Wallace,) is at home in Llano.

Mr. Harold McLean is at home in Llano.

Mr. Floyd Crownover is attending school at Waco.

Mr. Homer Lord is in business in Llano.

Mr. T. J. Watkins is at home in Llano.

Miss Fay Gray, (Mrs. Otfred Marshall,) is residing in Llano.

Miss Daisy Walker, (Mrs. Tom Mizzell,) is residing in Llano.

Miss Zuma Edwards has a position in San Antonio.

Miss Lola Kyle Rogers is teaching at Willow City.

Miss Fay Johnson is teaching at Bluffton.

Miss Cornelia Marshall is attending school at Baylor University.

Miss Jennie Dawn Fowler, (Mrs. Herbert Marshall,) is at home in Llano.

Miss Elsie Grenwelge has a position as stenographer in Austin.

Miss Myrtle Hargon is teaching in Menard.

Miss Alberta Sherman is at home in Goldsboro, North Carolina.

Miss Ida Kowierschke is teaching school at Page.

Miss Cora Mae Smith is teaching school at Lone Grove.

CLASS OF 1915.

Miss Ruth Barnett, (Mrs. E. Hereford,) is at home in Llano.

Miss Bertha Blodgett is at home in Llano.

Miss Mildred Bourne is attending Milford Female College at Milford.

Mr. Howard Blodgett is at home in Llano.

Mr. Edgar Hennig is attending S. W. T. State Normal at San Marcos.

Miss Alma Hennig is teaching at Starks.

Miss Juanita Knowles is attending Texas University .

Mr. Riley Huie is at home at Anson.

Mr. Oscar Lange has a position at the Llano Lumber Co., in Llano.

Miss Jennie Lauterstein is at home in Llano.

Mr. Doyle Low is at home in Llano.

Mr. Floyd McCollum is attending Emory and Henry College in Virginia.

Miss Helen Oatman is teaching in Llano Public School.

Mr. Roland Renick is in the Pacific Squadron of the United States Navy.

Mr. Marl Ricketson is attending Nixon Clay Business College.

Mr. Raymond Rogers has a position in the Post Office in Llano.

CLASS OF 1916.

Mr. Lee Atkins is attending school at Georgetown.

Miss Irene Breazeale has been teaching school at Legion Valley.

Mr. Oscar Brown is attending school at the State University.

Miss Fay Byfield is teaching in Menard.

Miss Elizabeth Hector is attending the State University.

Miss Lennie Kuykendall is at home in Llano.

Miss Gertrude Moore is teaching school.

Mr. Heler McLean is attending a naval preparatory school at Annapolis, Maryland.

Mr. Burrell Marschall is attending State University.

Miss Grace Robinson is at home near Llano.

Miss Zuma Rouse is at home in Llano.

Mr. Milton Shirley is attending Baylor University at Waco.

Mr. Elmo Simpson is at home in Llano.

Miss Dorothy Tarrence is at home in Llano.

Miss Ida Maude Wallace is attending school in Austin.





GLEE CLUB

A Strange Mixture

A "Skinny" "wad" of a "Dutchman" with a "Button" off of his coat and a "crown over" one ear was a professional "Walker" from "Brazil." Being tired he went to the "smith" and seeing a "delevan" said, "How much is that "Hack worth?"

At the price named he roared for "justice," saying it was covered with "Moss." Finally, after much argument, he bought the vehicle, and seeing some bay horses nearby asked, "Which 'dun can' you 'sell a man'?"

As only one was to his liking he hitched old "Buchanan," as he called him, to the first purchase and drove him to the "Buttery" of the honorable "Fichtenbaum" on the "Knowles." From here he visited the bar. "Water, son'" the bartender in-

quired, but the traveler called for a 'Lauter stein' of beer. He drank so much that the bar tender endeavored to put him out. The "Dutchman" protested, saying, "'Shirley' I can't go now, shoon me friend 'Me Call' for me."

He raised so much resistance that he was at last left alone and allowed to stay where he was. About two hours later the bartender rushed in crying, "'Rouse mit, the place is on fire and the "Kuykendal' 'Will Burn.'"

All of his cries were to no avail for the poor "Dutchman" was so drunk that he could 'Beit 'er' nail in two, so the bar tender ran off and left him to his fate.

A. M. T.



SNOW SCENES NEAR SCHOOL



SEVEN HUNDRED SPRINGS - HEAD OF ILANO RIVER



SNOW SCENES NEAR SCHOOL



SNOW SCENES NEAR SCHOOL



SNOW SCENES
NEAR SCHOOL



SNOW SCENES NEAR SCHOOL



Dramatics

"Breezy Point" was the first play presented by the High School this term. This play was given twice by the same troupe of actresses this year and won even greater success in the last presentation than in that of the first. The girls acquitted themselves admirably and left the impression that they each had a good chance of making a great success on the stage in the future. Those who took part in the play were: Hallie Buchanan, Leroy Selman, Juanita Duncan, Iva Breazeale, Lorene Kuykendall, Zula Rouse, Nell Johnson, Esther Altgelt, Mae Smith, Anna Mae Tarrence, Olga Delevan and Louise Foster.

The next play was presented by the Ninth

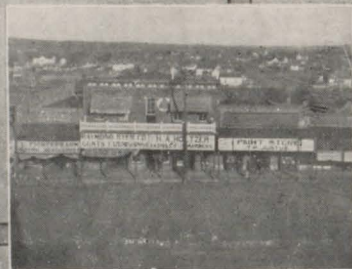
Grade. In this play, "Out of Town," all of the players acted their parts well and held the audience spell-bound throughout each successive act. Those who took part were: Louise Foster, Lillian Brown, Beatrice Moseley, Hazel Oatman, Alma Dunaway, Wachtman Atkins, Sidney Dees, and Marschall Altgelt.

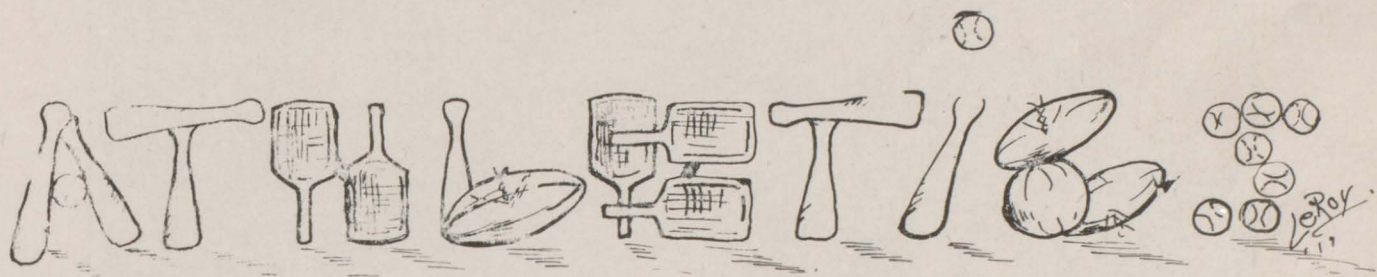
"The Revenge of Shan-Hot-Su-Sa" is to be presented by the Junior Class at the end of the school term. This promises to be a good play and we wish the players abounding success. Thelma Riley, Ruth Wilson, Marie Greer, Dawn Spinks, Joe Gibson, Brown Mayes, Damon Willbern are those who propose to take part.

Debating Team 1916-17

The debating team of Llano High consisting of Damon Willbern and Ray Rogers has been very successful this year. In their first debate with Burnet, on "Intervention in Mexico," Llano won in a unanimous decision on the affirmative side. In the next debate with Burnet Llano won a unanimous decision on the negative side of the "Single Tax Question."

Llano won out in the county try-out which enabled us to go to the district meet at Georgetown. Here Llano lost to Austin High by a two to three decision of the judges on the affirmative side of the "Single Tax." Taking it all in all Llano has had a successful year in debate.





Boys' Athletics



TRACK TEAM

Football

Resume of Football High School Games.

Llano.		
6	San Saba	7
13	Burnet	0
13	Kerrville	0
31	Mason	0
—		—
63		7

Other Games.

Llano.		
0	Cherokee	0
1	Cherokee	0
0	"Dummies"	33
12	S. W. U. Freshmen	18
—		—
13		51

Only one High School team succeeded in scoring against us and they refused to play us again. If we could have the whole team back again next year, we could make a strong bid for the State championship, but about half the team will graduate this year. We will have some pretty good raw material to work on, however.

The Line-Up.

Left End—Claude Justus.

Left Tackle—Leslie Crownover, Othello Shults.

Left Guard—Sidney Dees, Clifford Watkins.

Center—Carl Shirley.

Right Guard—Ray Rodgers, Sam Simpson.

Right Tackle—Carl Hereford.

Left End—Hubert Atchison.

Quarter—Marschall Al gelt.

Left Half—Pessel Fowler.

Right Half—Slator Duncan.

Full Back—Walter Watkins.



Girls' Athletics



BASKET BALL GIRLS

Basketball

The girls basket ball team of this year will long be remembered by the entire L. H. S. student body. The girls meant well, they practiced hard, and were given the hearty support of the entire school.

Only a few of the players had ever taken part in a real game before, and this disadvantage confronted them, but the new players soon showed that they were made of the real stuff.

The first game was matched with the Cherokee Junior College and was played in Llano, November 11, 1916. This was a very interesting game but the local players were easy victors, the final score being 9 to 4. The next game was played with the Burnet High School at Burnet on December 3, 1916. The

girls had their first hard luck here, being defeated by their opponents by a score of 31 to 9. The local players reported a very enjoyable time, however.

The girls in and below the Ninth Grade challenged the winners of the county meet for a game on March 26, 1917, Castell eliminated Lone Grove and our girls played the former and were the victors by a score of 17 to 6.

The members of the regular team, according to their positions are:

Goal Pitchers—Nell Johnson and Iva Everett.

Centers—Hallie Buchanan, Kittie Lord, and Esther Altgelt.

Guards—Pauline Clippinger and Anna Mae Tarrence.

The Meet at Georgetown, March 1917

The district meet at Georgetown was well represented by this school this year. There were about ten cars that went down from here and all of them were well loaded. The contestants did fairly well and showed that they were made of the real stuff but we expect an even greater success next year. Professors McCollum and Neeld accompanied them on the trip and all reported having a royal time.

ATHLETICS.

Seniors.

Carl Hereford—First place shot put; first place; high jump.

Floyd Everett—Third place, 220 yard dash.

Wallace Robinson—First place, 220 yard dash.

Wesley Grenwelge—Second place, high jump; third place, shot put.

Juniors.

Wachtman Atkins—First place, chinning the bar.

Clifford Watkins—First place, base ball throw.

J. C. Stribling—

M. T. Dees—

Sam Simpson—

LITERARY.

Debate—Damon Willbern and Ray Rodgers.

Senior Declamation—Thelma Riley.

Junior Declamation—Hazel Oatman.



• SASSITIC •

JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY.

On October the twenty-sixth, invitations which read like this,

“Please come with spirits gay and hearty
And help us have a jolly party.
Hallowe'en is the night you see.
Please be sure and R. S. V. P.”

Were received by the Seniors.

Accordingly, on the said night, with gaiety and laughter the Juniors met us at Mayes “hant.” Music was furnished by two prospective darkies of Llano which helped increase the gaiety of the crowd.

After all had arrived the girls were given a number and were taken upstairs to the dressing room where they dressed themselves in sheets. After doing this they stole cautiously down stairs and the guessing of ghosts began. A card was given to each one for the purpose of writing down as many ghosts as one could guess and the corresponding number.

After this task was finished the Auction Sale began, each girl being auctioned off. One by one the girls were taken in the room, wrapped up in a sheet, and sold for a certain number of beans. This caused great fun as many got the girl they were not expecting. Next, after the partners had assembled in the room, a delightful journey took place consist-

ing of the sliding down of a slick board, stumbling over a ladder on the ground, and following a rope until you could find a way to get out.

Othello Shults was presented with a tie clasp for being the hardest ghost to recognize. Nora Waterson was also presented with a box.

At a very late hour the Senior goblins made their departure, having had a delightful time.

FOOT BALL-BASKET BALL PARTY.

On the night of November 11, the basket ball girls gave a delightful entertainment in honor of the foot ball boys at the home of Miss LeRoy Selman.

The girls proved to be very efficient hostesses and showed the battle scarred veterans of the field a royal time. After participating in various games of much interest, hot chocolate and cake were served and then the games were resumed until well into the night. When the time for departure came all were reluctant to go, but being promised another treat some time in the future, went on their way rejoicing.

FOOT BALL DANCE AND OYSTER SUPPER.

The foot ball boys entertained the basket ball girls on the night of January 14 with a delightful dance and oyster supper.

The boys escorted the girls to the picture show where they occupied three rows of chairs decorated in the distinguished orange and black. After the picture show a few hours were spent in dancing until, as the clock struck twelve, all went to the City Cafe where delicious oysters awaited them. Here we gave a toast to the foot ball boys and sang several songs.

After this pleasant ceremony came to an end all were taken gaily home in the wee small hours of the morning. The basket ball girls will never forget the ability of the foot ball boys as hosts.

ICE CREAM CONE PARTY.

The Senior girls were supposed to be rather excellent money makers until on a certain Tuesday, the 27th of March, everything went wrong. The ice cream that was supposed to be sold for the benefit of the "Mountaineer" was destined to remain unsold.

Some say it was bad management, but it was not that at all. The reason for our bad luck was that the dasher for the freezer was too small and would not fit, and, therefore caused a delay in freezing the cream. After a suitable dasher was secured it was too late to sell the cream at noon so the Seniors decided to wait until recess, and of course, remain out of school that length of time. This, however, did not suit Prof. McCollum, who called for us immediately. In one body the disappointed Senior ice cream makers went back to school vowing that they would not have the old "Mountaineer," and that they would eat the ice cream after school.

As a result the Seniors met in a body that evening after school at the Rouse homestead and ice cream cones were served in abundance to all of the guests, putting the Seniors in a very good humor. They then vowed that they would have a "Mountaineer" regardless of the unsold ice cream cones.

Wanaka Camp Fire Girls

This, the third year of the organization of the Wanaka Camp Fire Girls, has been a year full of pleasure and profit. We have lost two of our best members since last year, but the remaining sixteen are all enthusiastic workers for the Camp Fire Girls. Every member of this Camp Fire is a Wood Gatherer and several are about ready to receive the rank of Fire Maker.

The present crisis in the history of our nation is a wonderful opportunity for the Camp Fire Girls all over the United States to show that they are putting into practice the watchword of the organization—Wohelo. This word is a contraction of the first two letters in Work, Health and Love. All three of these qualities being necessary to do our part at the present time.

The Camp Fire Girls cannot, like their brothers, go to the front; but they can remain at home and

help those that are left dependent in the absence of the men of the household; they can care for the sick during the absence of the nurses and doctors; and they can make bandages and other necessaries for the use of those at the front. In other words, they can do everything that their hands find to do, and by their cheerfulness and happiness with which they enter upon their duties help all of those with whom they come in contact. The Girls of the Wanaka Camp Fire have joined the local Red Cross organization and are ready to do anything they can for their country.

The National Organization of the Camp Fire Girls have pledged themselves to President Wilson to give their services to their country in its present crisis. And each girl of the Llano organization is anxious to do her part.



CAMPFIRE GIRLS

The Llano Boy Scouts of America

The Boy Scouts were organized in Llano on February 11, 1916, under the leadership of T. A. Holland with Ray Franks as assistant Scout Master. At that time only four patrols of eight boys were made. The patrols were, in the order in which they came according to rank: Tiger, Lion, Beaver and Eagle. This is all that is allowed in one Troop under ordinary circumstances. Since then, however, the Scout Master has organized, by special permission from headquarters, two more patrols which have been named Stork and Wolf.

Since the movement was launched in Llano the

Troop has gone on several hikes, the chief of which were to Bauer's Ranch, Falls Creek, Camp Pajama, and two trips to Sherrod's Cave.

The Scouts have been a great benefit to the town. Soil has been placed around the Confederate Monument and grass planted there and the side walks improved in many places. On Loyalty Day the Scouts acted as marshals of the parade and now the flag on the court house is raised and lowered at the proper times by them. Besides these, are the daily "good turns" of the Scouts.

The Different Patrols and Officers

TIGER

Weldon Hargon, Leader;
Harry Stoudenmeir, Assistant Leader.

LION

Clifford Watkins, Leader;
Elbert Willbern, Assistant Leader.

BEAVER

Brown Mayes, Leader;
Sam Simpson, Assistant Leader.

EAGLE

Urban Reed, Leader;
Sidney Dees, Assistant Leader.

STORK

Quintin Martin, Leader;
James Finlay, Assistant Leader.

WOLF

Mason Altgelt, Leader;
Lawrence Bruhl, Assistant Leader.



LLANO BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Did He Go to the Circus?

For weeks the town had been plastered with announcements of Barnum and Bailey's approach. The ice house and coal yard fence had rioted with color and the staring date, August twenty-sixth, had screamed its promise from every available space—even the sacred blank side of the general store. Door yards had been showered with graphic hand bills, scattered by that Bud Jones whose untowardly face evidenced his proper sense of importance of his trust. One of these flyers had been sighted and secured by William Brown, better known as "Piggy." Oh, the wonders pictured on that paper, a group of acrobats, god and goddess like beauty, ladies with iron jaws; Adonis, the slack-wire Salamander and many others. As Piggy sat on the door steps about one o'clock, he studied the pictures and dreamed. His ten year old person was adorned with a red penant bearing, "Barnum and Bailey's Circus in gold letters, on each shoulder and across his chest. That personage was a strong advocate of "shows an' el'phants." Yet young William Brown was not going to the circus. He had openly and audaciously disobeyed parental authority. Piggy had invested "haf-a-dollar" in candy and a baseball and that fifty cents had been bestowed upon the son and

heir in order to purchase a ticket to the wonder of the world, furthermore the stove wood was uncut and the young man, responsible for its cutting had indulged in a game of "Yakes," which required two hours to play. So when father returned home to dinner preparatory to taking mother and sister to the show, mother laid the behavior of William Brown, Jr., before the judge. Mr. Brown lost no time in voicing his opinion to the mother which in substance was, "William will remain at home, for I'm not going to bring up a spend-thrift and a loafer." There, that accounted for Piggy's deep meditation. Still preparations in the Brown household continued. Sister came out on the porch in her white dress, blue ribbons and socks and sandals. All but Piggy were eager and waiting for the parade which was scheduled for two o'clock and the tents were to be open at three o'clock. Sister inquired if Brother, who sat nursing his face in his hands with his elbows on his knees, was going to look at the Parade. No, he wasn't going to look at it, "Twuzn't nothin' no how." With that information launched the disinterested young man retired to the back fence as he did not wish to witness the parade in the presence of others.

From far down the street came the clash of drums and sound of music. No procession of the "Arabian Nights" was ever more gorgeous. The elephants came first. Great dream creatures from another world, a world too foreign to be real, a place that existed only in the half-forgotten geography of last year. Piggy leaned a little farther over the white-washed fence, his heart beating with a delicious suffocation. Behind the elephants came a wagon—a sort of super wagon of gold and scarlet, and of unbelievable dimensions—a wagon as unbelievable as the swaying beasts in front. And on it sat a group of demi-gods dressed in blue and silver who played a cosmic sort of music, full of thunder and lightning and strange blarings. There was magic in the air. Down the street Tad Smith and his brother were racing madly, their shouts vaguely sounding above the clamor of the band. It was a glorious approach. The elephants, those uncanny mountains, were almost abreast of him and he could hear them breathing plainly. Oh, if he could but go. Everybody else would be there and he would be at home. The band wagon blazed by, the music almost enchanting him. He could read the gay letters, "Greatest Show on Earth." After it came the cages of the wild beasts and next a com-

pany comprised of people of surpassing beauty, mounted on milk white stallions, then more beasts, then a band of cow boys and cow girls followed by a bunch of gaily decorated ponies. Finally all had past and only a rabble of ragged boys which followed the parade remained in sight. It all seemed as if it were a dream.

Father was driving old Beck around to the front and mother and sister were at the gate. Well, any way, he would go out and look at the tracks upon the ground made sacred by the passing of the beautiful parade over its surface. He examined the foot prints of the elephants on the sand. All at once he noticed something. What was that little blue piece of pasteboard? Piggy stooped to conquer but he was unaware of the fact at the time. He lifted a small boy's fortune from the dust. He wiped the dirt from it with the urchins handkerchief, his blue overalls leg. There in white letters—oh, what on earth? Geminy crickets. It said—ADMIT ONE. Then in smaller letters, Aisle L, row two.

A shout of joy rent the air. No Comanche warrior ever yelled so loud, I suppose. He was going "Yes, siree, you bet your boots." He did not care in the least if he did wear that blue shirt with a patch

on the sleeve and the hat was all right too. He set out down the road and soon had all the dirt shaken off his brown feet because of his rapid strides. It was only a short distance to where the "Greatest Show on Earth" had pitched its tents. He passed the church, turned the corner, and the noise of the circus burst upon him like a storm. People were streaming in at the entrance. Many of them he knew. There was Mr. Hawkes, the grocer, and his fat family. There was old Mr. Cockles, nearly bent double with "rheumatics" and the Mierses' with their dog. There was Dr. Robinson, the old-young man with the lady principal of the high school and even the post mistress herself. Piggy felt a sense of strangeness at being there alone but no one noticed him except, Bud Jones who was still handing out circulars for the big show. The manager was selling

tickets fast and mopping perspiration off his forehead between times. Oh, there were Mother, Father and Sister. Father was fixing to buy the tickets. "Seats all taken," rang out then, "no more tickets for seats. Those who bought tickets in town present them to the left." There went Sue Coleman and Ray Haires over there where the manager had directed those who had tickets so Piggy concluded he would do likewise.

Mr. William Brown, Jr., presents his ticket and was admitted into the tent. In the meantime William Brown, Sr., wife and daughter paid the price of reserved seats for the privilege of standing up all the afternoon. They entered just in time to see Piggy escorted to one of the most desirable seats in the house. Their surprise could not be expressed in words.

JUANITA C. DUNCAN

Jim Bill Travels the Royal Road of Learning

Jim Bill Emery's name really was Oswald, but he despised that name, it didn't suit him, he was a real boy, so he must have a real name. Therefore he called himself Jim Bill, after the town rowdy, whom all the small boys greatly admired, and a prize fighter who had once come through the town.

This lad was a happy one, continually playing from morning 'til night and rarely a cloud darkened his horizon of happiness, until one day he was informed that he must go to school. All his gladness in life vanished. He knew school—it was a place where they sent little boys to keep them from having a good time and an ugly old woman with glasses stood over them and made them spell "cat." The possibility of his having to suffer such an injustice had never entered his head. He had thought himself exempt from such as this, but now he must travel the weary path and become a prisoner of the school. When he told all of this to his father, Mr. Emery tried to soothe his son's spirits by telling him that school would help him to learn all about everything and maybe to become a great man like the President of the United States. But this did not

help any for Jim Bill didn't want to be great besides he'd seen pictures of the President and he knew that he'd never been a little boy like himself. No, the President couldn't ever have been a little boy at all, he was just born grown up and educated so the people made him president.

However, the boy's pleading had no effect on his parents and the cruel world at large. So he was dressed up in a tight new suit, new shoes, which he hated and hardly ever wore at home, and a little straw hat that turned up all around and had a dinky little ribbon hanging off at the side. He was consoled some by the fact that he didn't have to wear his hat all the time, indeed the teacher wouldn't let him wear it in the room, a fact which greatly puzzled him since his mother had been particular about that hat; and another thing the teacher wasn't of the usual order. She was right pretty, especially when she smiled, but she was a teacher and he hated the species.

The trials of his first few days at school were tremendous, however there was no way to escape. He couldn't run away, because he'd heard stories

of little boys who had done this and they had either starved to death or the wolves had gotten them. So he had to bear his sorrow in silence. His parents and the teacher would be sorry tho', after he was dead, and that wouldn't be long for he was slowly perishing. And he would leave a note written with his last breath, (he forgot that he could not write,) saying that they had been the cause of his death, and then they could spend the rest of their lives mourning for him and thinking how sweet he had been.

While Jim Bill was thinking about this the teacher had started the spelling class. Just as he was writing the tragic note in his mind, two words "Oswald" and "seem" penetrated his dreams. The teacher always called him Oswald so now he looked up at her and beheld her with her gaze fixed upon him and impatiently saying, "Oswald, spell seem."

"Seem," thought Jim Bill, good gracious how would seem be spelled? Yes, surely it would begin with a C, so, "c-e-m-e," spelled Jim Bill.

"No," said the teacher sharply, "one more trial."

Jim Bill began to be sullen now. She always did him this way, never admitting that he spelled a word right even if he did, (but he never did.) About this time he looked across the aisle, and the little girl sitting there put her hand up to her mouth and began moving her lips, so it occurred to Jim Bill that she was spelling a word.

"S-double-e-m," he finally made out and turning triumphantly to the teacher he spelled the word correctly.

After class he looked over at the little girl and for the first time noticed that she was very pretty. She had long black curls, a little red mouth and big black eyes. As he looked she caught his eye and smiled shyly, and he grinned sheepishly. When he turned around the teacher looked down at him and smiled her sweetest smile—again he grinned.

Who said school wasn't nice?

ANNA MAE TARRENCE

The Value of Reading Good Books

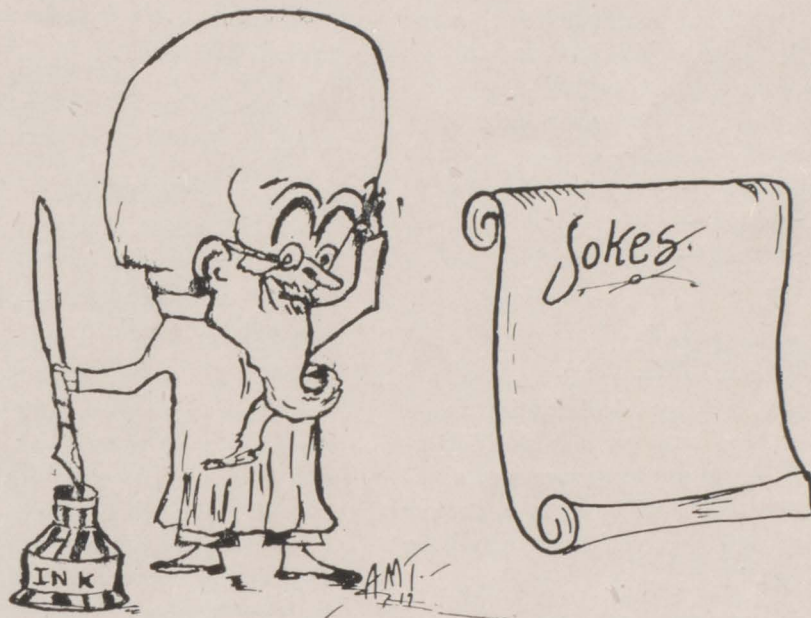
The reading of good books is very essential in the education of a man or woman. It is not altogether untrue to say that a good book is an education in itself. It is something that is beneficial to man in every phase of life. If he is a merchant it enables him to carry on his business in a more systematic form; if he is a banker it enables him to think more quickly; if he is a cattleman it helps him. This is found to be so universally.

A good reader, I mean by this, one who really knows how to read, enters into the thought and heart of the author. He delves deep into the heart of the book and follows its thought to the end. He places himself in the place of the author, imagines that he is writing the book, and tries, to the best

of his ability, to possess the same views, thoughts and purpose that he possesses. Anybody who reads in this way will cultivate a taste for reading of good literature and will be greatly benefitted by it.

The lack of the reading of good books is one of the greatest drawbacks to the civilized race. Even a great majority of the people of the United States who claim to be educated, men and women of high social and political standing rarely ever open a book that is not necessary in their line of business. Good books should receive the united support of the American people. They should be read by every man and woman. If this is done the nation will have a higher moral standing and a greater appreciation of the good things in life.

JOHN C. BUTTERY.



Jokes

The Seniors put an announcement on the board which read this way: "The Senior girls are going to sell delicious and tempting sandwiches to-morrow. Don't bring your lunches, but a pocket full of coin. Help us for we need the money."

During the day part of this was accidentally erased and this was what was left—

"The Senior girls are—
delicious and tempting—
tomorrow. Don't bring—
but a pocket full—
help us.

INQUISITIVE.

Charlie McCall was saying a declamation to be given that afternoon in a contest. Miss McDermott, who has won many honors in expression, kindly offered to help him. Charlie looked at her doubtfully and said, "Well! do you know anything about public speaking?"

Positive He Did Not Have It.

Esther, at the party given following the final foot ball game with Cherokee, said to one of the players; "Slator, what did you do with that little card?"

"What card?" said Slator, rubbing a huge bump on the side of his head, "I haven't got any

card."

"Why, I just gave you one," said Esther.

"Well, I must have left it at home," he answered innocently.

See Walter Watkins for authority on Virgil's Aeneid. Specialty in translation.

'T WAS ALL A MISTAKE.

Littel John C. was invited out to dinner one day. After gazing longingly at the gravy bowl for a long time he finally requested timidly, "Pass me the soup, please."

GERMANS.

Two men were discussing one day whether there was a set of twins in a family or whether there was a set of tripletts. Seeing little Hubert passing by on his way to school with the children they called him to settle the question. When asked he disgustedly answered, "They ain't neither one; they're Germans."

NUTTS.

Violet, recently moved from the north, went pecan hunting with some friends a few months ago. Her companions noticed that she was kept busily engaged some distance from the pecan trees and fin-

ally one of the girls asked her what she was doing.

"Oh, I'm picking up the young ones," she exclaimed and triumphantly displayed a hand full of acorns.

ONLY NATURAL.

Nell—Damon, come take me riding in your Tin Lizzie.

Damon—Can't do it. I broke the speed limit yesterday.

Esther—Well, can't you have it fixed?

HAD TRIED IT ON KITTIE.

One day Nora asked John C. why he didn't put his class ring to good use. The timid boy blushed and said: "It's too big for her."

DER HUND.

One day in German class Miss Higginbotham came to this question; "Wie heisz der Hund?"

"Wie heisz ihrer Hund?" she asked of Sidney,

"Er heisz Fritz," he answered, "I named him after Mr. McCollum."

? ? ?

Ask Slator Duncan who beat in the final foot ball game between Cherokee Junior College and Llano High.

LIBERAL.

Hallie—Leslie, lend me a nickel.

Leslie—Why girl, I ain't no millionaire; ask Charlie for one.

IT HAD TO BE TOLD.

One day Leslie began writing love notes to Nell.

"Watch out, Leslie," said Anna Mae, "I'll tell Hallie if you keep this up."

"Well," said the despondent Leslie, "she won't speak to me or even look at me, much less let me write love letters to her, so I have to tell my love to some one else."

IDENTIFIED.

When Nell went to bookkeeping Leslie came back to sit in her desk and there found the young lady's coat.

"Wad, Wad," he called in a whisper up the isle, "Come get your coat."

ALMOST CORRECT.

Anna Mae—When is Hallowe'en?

Nell—Oh, I don't know, some time in February I think.

SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF.

Mr. Booth Lowry made a very interesting and humorous talk in chapel one morning. He began by

saying that when he went to school that he didn't have a beautiful modern two story building like ours and a beautiful modern three story (we all wondered what) superintendent like ours.

THE LAST CHANCE BEFORE NEW YEAR.

"Marry me or give me a box of candy."

The day before New Year.

Candy, all out.

Thelma Now don't you think I look older than I really am?

Ray—Not at all. I am sure you are not as old as you really look.

Claude—What is the matter, Damon, disappointed in love?

Damon—No, my love is disappointed in me.

Kittie—(In November). Did Robert propose to you?

Izetta—Not exactly. He is a respecter of feminine rights. He said he would wait 'til leap year was over, and if I hadn't proposed by that time, he would.

Miss McDermott—What three words are used most among college students?

Charlie—I don't know.

Miss McDermott—Correct.

HE WAS SATISFIED.

"You are very beautiful," said Sidney to Hazel.

"Ah, well," she answered, "beauty, you know, is only skin deep."

"Well," he replied, "that's deep enough for me, 'I'm no cannibal.'"

PEACE AT ANY PRICE.

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked Mr. Neeld, calling suddenly upon Clifford.

"Round."

"How do you know it's round?"

"All right," said Clifford, "it's square then. I don't want to start any argument about it."

WHAT HE NEEDED.

Prudie was complaining to her chum of the way Damon was treating her.

"Speaking of presents, why don't you give him the mitten?" asked Lorene.

"It isn't a mitten he needs, it's a pair of socks, he's got cold feet."

A SAD CASE.

"Your father said I must go at ten,"

Quoth John C. to Kittie, "It made me sore."

"How mean," said Kittie as the clock struck one,

"We've only got nine hours more."

GOOD FOR WINTER WEATHER.

Nell—How can you flirt so with Hubert? He's a perfect muff."

Esther—"Oh, he does very well just to keep my hands in.

MUCH EASIER.

"After I wash my face I look in the mirror to see if it is clean. Don't you?" asked Lorene of Olga.

"Don't have to," said Olga, "I just look at the towel."

I cannot praise our Professor's eyes;
I never saw his glance divine;
He always shuts them when he prays,
And when he talks he shuts mine.

Walter—Mr. McCollum, do you think the cigarette affects the brain?

Mr. McCollum—That question can never be answered, for a man of brains has never been discovered smoking one.

A group of girls were watching a foot ball practice when suddenly the silence was broken by Esther, who was perched on a paint can, with her eyes following the movements of Hubert.

"It's Leap Year, isn't it?" she inquired.

HONESTY.

Olga—Miss McDermott, what is the date?

Miss McDermott,—(Thinking a moment.)

Really I don't know, Olga; I'm not much on dates.

A GOOD GUESS.

Mr. Neeld—(To the students.) What is an optimist?

Carl Hereford—He's a man who fits glasses.

Mr. McCollum—I'm surprised, Claude, that you cannot tell me when Christopher Columbus discovered America. What does the chapter heading of the week's lesson read?

Claude—Columbus—1492.

Mr. McCollum—Well, isn't that plain enough? Did you never see it before?

Claude—Yes, sir; but I thought it was his telephone number?

Faculty's Advice.

Don't worry, don't fuss,
Hurry, but don't euss.

Be cheerful, don't fret,
Be ambitious, don't bet.

Marry young, praise your wife,
Keep your temper, enjoy life.

The Psalm of a Senior.

(With Apologies to David.)

Math is my Jonah, I shall not pass. It maketh me to sit up at night; it haunteth my sleep. It puzzleth my brain, tho' I follow it up for the sake of a diploma. Yea, I shall pass all, but then I shall not graduate for thou art behind me. My theorems and problems shall funk me. Thou preparest an exam, for me in the presence of my classmates; thou makest a fool of me and my wrath boileth over. Surely goodness and luck shall prevail on my final exam, and I shall graduate from L. H. S. forever.

OUR FACULTY.

Sometimes they are cross and sometimes they are kind,

But there is always one thing that we bear in mind;
That they have always helped us whate'er the day;
They have put things into our heads that are bound to stay.

When we shirk our duties they are a little rough.
They often get us by the collar and give us a little cuff;
But taking them all the way round they are a right good set.

Will we stand by them? You bet.

J. C. B.





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