



# THE MOUNTAINEER

VOLUME IV



*PUBLISHED ANNUALLY*

*BY*

*The Senior Class*

*OF THE*

*Llano High School*

## DEDICATION

This, the fourth volume of our Annual, is respectfully dedicated to the board of trustees in recognition of their worthy efforts toward the betterment of our school and their strict adherence to the right in all matters brought before them.

B. LANGE, President

E. W. TARRENCE

WILBURN OATMAN, Sec.-Treas.

W. W. WATKINS,

ALLAN NEWSOM,

W. J. EVERETT

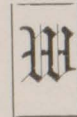
T. W. NORTON





MAIN BUILDING LLANO PUBLIC SCHOOLS

# EDITORIALS

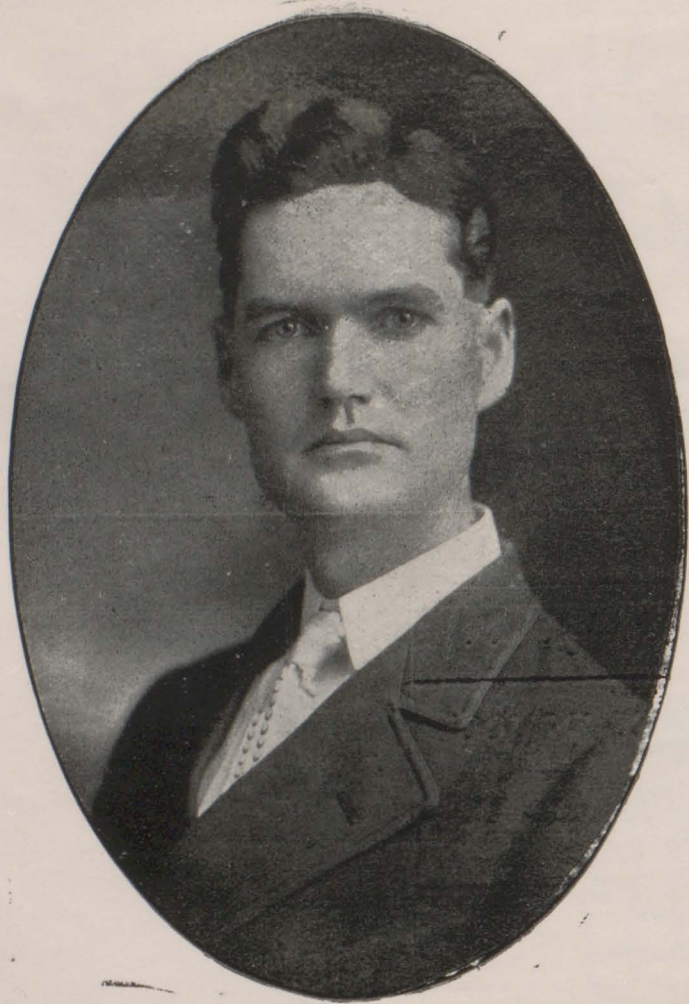


WE TAKE PLEASURE in offering you this volume of the Mountaineer for it is the product of our honest and sincere efforts. No doubt it contains many faults, but we hope that you may graciously overlook them, remembering what few excellencies it may contain and the good intention of our labor. We hope it will prove a reminder of joyful school days to those who have finished before us, and later on to us, when the cares of life have thrown this jolly, reckless time far into the background. May it give to the people who may be interested in our school, but not fortunate enough to know the inner workings of it, a free, clear insight into our school life and a knowledge of the aims and goals toward which we strive.

EDITORIAL STAFF.







SUPERINTENDENT D. F. MCCOLLUM, M. A.





PRINCIPAL L. B. DAVIS, B. A.  
SCIENCE.



MISS FRANCES GRAY  
ENGLISH AND HISTORY.



MISS JESSIE SANDERFORD, E. A.  
MATHEMATICS.



MISS HELEN HIGGINBOTHAM  
LATIN AND GERMAN.







RILEY HUIE



MARL RICKETSON



HELEN OATMAN



LYMAN ROUSE



ROLAND RENNICK



LEE SMITH



OSCAR LANGE



MILDRED BOURNE



EVERETT MARTIN



OSCAR BROWN



DAMON WILBURN



RUTH WILSON





SENIOR.



BONNIE RUTH BARNETT.

Class President 1914-15; President L. H. S. Germania 1915; Secretary Ellen Wilson Society 1914; in "The Senior" Miss Jones.

"Bonnie Ruth" "Boots"

Ruth, president of the Senior Class can well be termed a quiet, and dignified Senior, however, her dignity fails to impress the Senior boys, as they entirely disregard her gentle presence in the riotous class meetings. She is one of our artists.

BERTHA ALICE BLODGETT.

Vice President of L. H. S. German'a 1915; Critic Ellen Wilson Society 1915.

"Bertha" "Bab"

Eertha is our modest "Quaker Maid." She is sincere and true and always willing to do her best on any task assigned—provided the assignment is a just one.

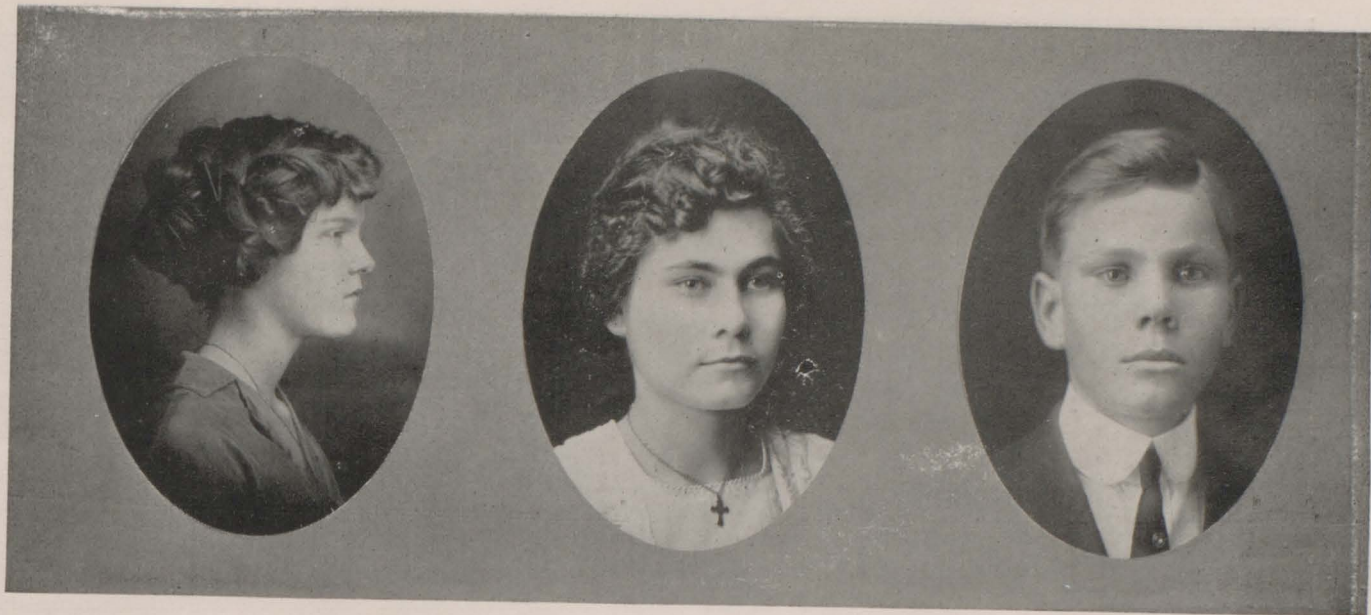
HOWARD CARTER BLODGETT.

Member Stag Society; Member of L. H. S. Germania; Secretary-Treasurer H. T. B. Tennis Club; Full-back on Football Team; Outfielder on Baseball Team; Wearer of "L."

"Peacemaker" "Preacher."

Howard is our Republican Senior, and carries about him the atmosphere of a "Yankee." He has been with us for a long time and has been a quiet, and diligent student.





MILDRED KING BOURNE

Member Ellen Wilson Society;  
Senior Editor of "Mountaineer;"  
Member of Girls Tennis Club.

"Mildred" "Freckles."

Mildred joined our class in the Freshman year and has been one of the leading members ever since. We all wonder how she manages to arrange her hair so deftly and becomingly, always in some new style. Many masculine hearts have been charmed by her fair and serene countenance. She is a quiet, accomplished Senior, in that she can play the piano, sing and draw. Her several sketches for the "Mountaineer" show her ability as an artist.

ALMA MARY HENNIG.

Member Ellen Wilson Society; Secretary-Treasurer of L. H. S. Germania 1914.

"Almer" "Spitfire"

Alma, a German maid, is very quiet, except when things do not go her way. She has a lively temper underneath that quiet exterior. She and Marl engage in quite a few "scraps," but always "make up" in the end, without bloodshed.

EDGAR ALBERT HENNIG.

Member Coyote Society; Member L. H. S. Germania; Class Historian; Pitcher on Baseball Team; Wearer of "L."

"Dutch" "Suffragette."

Edgar, commonly known as "Dutch," on account of his nationality, is quiet and, sad to say, not very studious. He abhors the idea of having to stay in the Sunset Class. He as well as Oscar, is staunch admirer of Jenneye.



**RILEY FRANK HUIE**

President Stag Society 1914; In "The Senior" Gordon Wainwright, Member Athletic Association; Tackle on Football Team; Short Stop on Baseball Team; Assistant Editor of "Mountaineer;" Member of Track Team; Member Basket Ball Team; Wearer of "L."

"North Side." "Depot Agent."

Riley, a new member of our class since September, has made his way thru by "the skin of his teeth." He has captivated quite a few femin'ne hearts, but his affections have now centered upon one lovely lady to whom he writes lengthy messages. Next year he will attend school elsewhere.

**JUANITA KNOWLES.**

Member Ellen Wilson Society; Member of Girls Tennis Club; Class Secretary-Treasurer; Club Editor of "Mountaineer."

"Niter" "Juanita."

Juanita has the misfortune of having Raymond as a neighbor this year and therefore has spent a great deal of energy and time in "fussing" with that boy. She enjoys a joke and is always in for fun. She is a good student and well-liked by all. There is no one more loyal to the "Seniors" than Juanita. She will be a dignified school teacher next year.

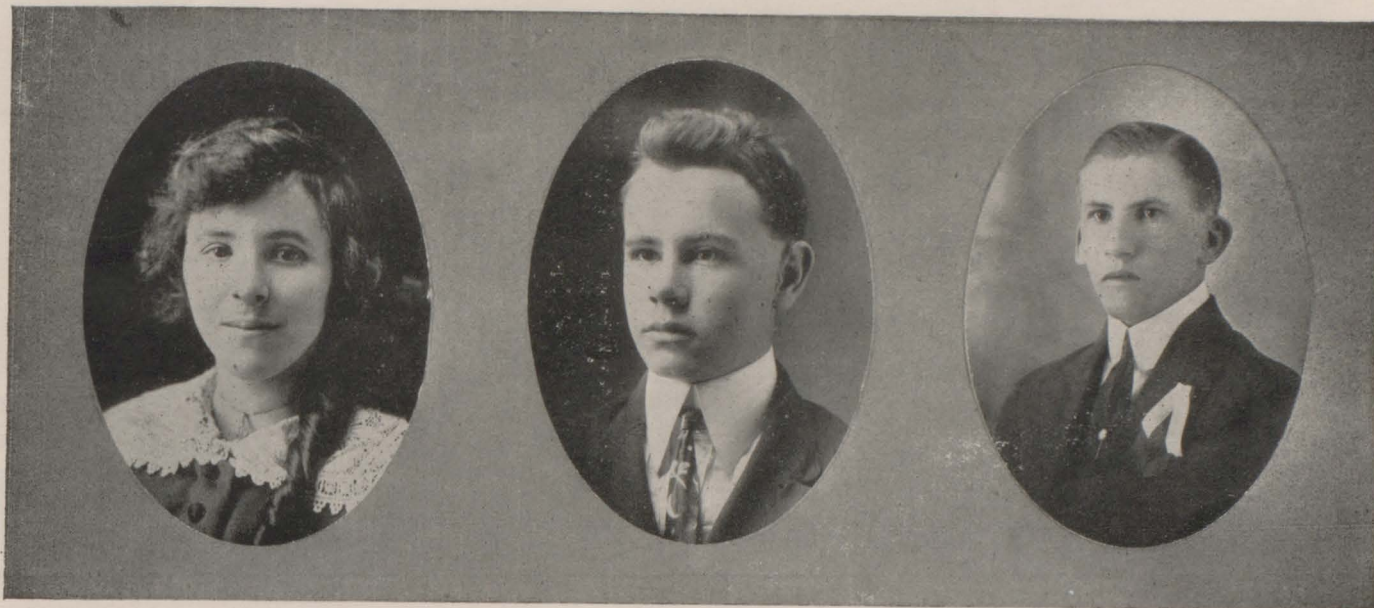
**OSCAR FELIX LANGE.**

Member Coyote Society; In "The Senior" Nick Meade; Member Athletic Association; Assistant Business Manager "Mountaineer;" President of L. H. S. Germania 1914; Vice-President H. T. E. Tennis Club; Member Track Team; Member Athletic Association.

"Nightingale" "Disagree."

Oscar is a German and therefore is now very bitter against the "Allies." They are his favorite topic of conversation. He is quite a "dude" in dress and manners. He is also a musician. He shows this ability in performing upon the auto-harp. His lady love is Jenneye.





**JENNEYE ROSE LAUTERSTEIN**

Member L. H. S. Germania; Member Ellen Wilson Society.

"Polly" "Latham."

Jenneye, a sweet little Jewess, is one of the class musicians. How those eyes of hers sometimes sparkle with fun and mirth. Yet she can cast them most reprovngly on any offender. She is a conscientious student and always aspires to the best. She will attend school elsewhere next year.

**DOYLE LEWIS LOWE.**

Member Stag Society.

"Doile" "Cicero."

Doyle is seldom heard and not often seen, yet his lessons speak well for his quietude. We wonder if he will ever grow. Doyle will probably become a great inventor.

**EVERETT EARL MARTIN.**

Vice-President Stag Society, 1915; Secretary-Treasurer Athletic Association; Class Prophet; Manager Football Team; Right Fielder on Baseball Team; Member Track Team; Member Basketball Team; In "The Senior" "Perry" Spenser; Athletic Editor "Mountaineer;" Member H. T. B. Tennis Club; Wearer of "L."

"E. E." "Sauer Kraut."

Everett is another one of our loyal members. He has served his class well in the capacity of class editor for the "Mountaineer" ever since the class entered high school. We all like Everett because of his amusing ways and sayings. He is fond of Football, Baseball and Tennis.



FLOYD LIVINGSTON McCOLLUM.

Vice President Coyote Society 1914; In "The S. mo." Beane; M. m. er Athletic Association; Class Orator; End on Football Team; Played on Baseball Team; Member of Basketball Team; Member Track Team; Wearer of "L."

"Split" "Dutchman" "Buck."

Floyd is the wit of our class and always has something amusing to impart to anyone who will listen to him. Though he has been in our class for only one short year, he will leave a lasting impression on the minds of everyone. He is renowned for his "sunny" disposition and—sunny (?) hair.

HELEN VIRGINIA OATMAN.

Member Students Council; President Ellen Wilson Society 1914; Critic Ellen Wilson Society 1915; Member Girls Tennis Club; Alumni Editor of "Mountaineer."

"Helen" "Juan."

Helen, a sweet, winsome maid, entered our class this year by making two grades in one year. She leads the honor roll. She still is true to Southwestern. Helen is an accomplished musician and is pianist for chapel exercises. Southwestern for her next year.

ROLAND BATES RENICK.

Secretary-Treasurer Coyote Society 1915; Member Athletic Association; Member Baseball Team; Member Students Council; President Hog and Eaby Beef Club; Class Representative.

"Miss Renicks" "Flirt."

Roland has been in the class for two years and during that time has become quite a favorite. Though bashful and "green" at first, the approval of others imbued him with self-confidence, which together with his good looks, has made him quite a ladies' man. He is also an artist of no mean ability.







MARL RICKETSON.

Secretary-Treasurer Stag Society 1914; Member Athletic Association; Member Basket Ball Team; Editor-in-Chief of "Mountaineer;" Vice-President L. H. S. Germania 1914; Vice President Senior Class.

"Mutt" "Infidel"

Marl is a studious lad, but always ready for parties and picnics. He is on the honor roll for the first term. One of his favorite amusements is that of arguing with Helen and Miss Sanderford during Geometry recitation. He is Editor-in-Chief of the "Mountaineer."

EDWARD RAYMOND ROGERS.

President Stag Society 1915; President H. T. B. Tenn's Club; Captain and First Baseman of Baseball Team; Member Track Team; Wearer of "L;" in "The Senior" Thompson.

"Eddy" "Woodrow."

Raymond is as tall as he is funny. Although not admired for his fine looks, he is a favorite. He always makes himself heard, when he so desires. He is a leading history student and never fails to miss the point in any discussion. As yet, he has remained immune from the love disease.

LAURA LEE SMITH.

Member Ellen Wilson Society; Society Editor of "Mountaineer."

"Laura Lee" "Baby."

Lee, commonly known as "Elmo" is a staunch opposer of note-writing (?) Her great ambition is to translate one Latin sentence without help. Her thoughts always revolve about Elmo. Lee is a brunette, so Miss Gray told us, and is considered quite pretty by her many friends. She lives in dread of making a single low mark.



## SENIOR HISTORY

There is a time in the course of High School Life when it becomes necessary for one of our number to write a history of the class to be published in the "Mountaineer." The time is now upon us. Of course this history includes, particularly our ascendancy through High School, but it also covers, briefly, our first years in old L. H. S. The facts of this history speak for themselves, although the class of nineteen and fifteen needs no eulogy to emphasize its distinction.

Various members of our famous class entered the first grade in other towns or cities, but quite a few began their school life in Llano. They still talk and laugh about their old experiences, as they came from one grade to another, of their trials, of their "spats," and of their good times. There are several of these same ones who have reached the Freshman year together.

In nineteen hundred and twelve a band of twenty "Freshies," destined to fill this country with Wilson's, Bryan's and Burleson's, stepped out upon the high road to success, so we thought, but we as green as our predecessors, were mistaken in this, for we had our trials and temptations just as did every other class before us. The additions to our number that year were Mildred Bourne, Juanita Knowles, Jennye Lauterstein, Alma Hennig, Eertha Blodgett, Ruth Barnett, Marl Ricketson, Doyle Lowe and the writer.

As Sophomores we returned, strengthened in number and full of enthusiasm. We entered with the intention of wreaking vengeance upon the "rats" but the faculty disapproved of this and all of our carefully laid plans were thrown to the winds. This was a notable year in our history, for during it football was, for the first time, extensively introduced into our school. Our class had the honor of producing the captain of the team. We receiv-

ed no new members although we lost several, among them are, Iolene Watkins, Linden Foster and Wilburn Breazeale.

At last we find ourselves Juniors, and looking back over the rough road we have traveled, we heave a sigh of relief. It was a year of trials and disappointments, which only served to bring out our loyalty and great determination. One of our greatest misfortunes was the loss of ten fine members of our class who in some mysterious way achieved their greatest aim and graduated one year ahead of us. Nothing otherwise marred our progress. Although our class had grown smaller in number, yet in wisdom it was unparalleled. Proud indeed to have come so far undaunted, we can now see the glimmer of our fulfilled hopes and the glow of our dreams come true.

This year marks the beginning of real life and the end of our Senior Year. There are eighteen members enrolled, including Helen Oatman, Floyd McCollum and Riley Huie, who were added this year and Roland Renick and Oscar Lange, who joined us last year.

This year has been very interesting as we have had a completely new set of teachers as well as several new pupils. We have found out this year that school life is not all play and no work as we had thought heretofore. It has been thickly sprinkled with Physic's Abstracts and History Note-books, a thing which was unheard of before this year. We have had much fun, both in and out of school, but our work has come first. We hate to think of leaving our old classmates and our dear old L. H. S., but it is inevitable, and so we hope to graduate with light and happy hearts and with bright hopes for the future, and we sincerely hope that the succeeding classes may have a career as successful and as hopeful as ours has been.

## Farewell to L. H. S.

Soon the joys of school days will end,  
No more we'll meet classmate and friend  
    In High School Hall.  
Each in different paths will trend,  
'Tis the beginning, not the end  
    Of life's cares.  
No longer through the corridors we'll tread  
To recitation rooms with frequent dread  
    Of lesson's menace.  
No more the teacher's rebuke or commendation,  
The student's excuse or stammered explanation,  
    We'll hear.  
Then as we depart, to thee, farewell,  
Dear L. H. S. Sound the knell  
    Of High School Days.  
May the sweet friendships of our youth,  
Sealed here with the vows of love and truth,  
    Ne'er be severed.  
In the future we'll recall o'er and o'er  
Those manifold pleasures of yore,  
    When in High School.  
And though our hearts be filled with gladness,  
Yet there will be a tinge of sadness,  
    In those recollections.  
Oh High School mem'ries never perish!  
May we always fondly cherish,  
    Dear L. H. S.

HELEN V. OATMAN.

## Class Song

### WAITING FOR GRADUATION.

(To the tune of Meet Me in Blossom Time.)

Dedicated to the Class of 1915.

Looking forward we are waiting for the day,  
Gay and happy we are waiting for the May,  
With hearts a-yearning, efforts directed towards the goal  
We have striven for, gladness in every soul.

### CHORUS.

Meet us in May-time, spring time serene,  
When robins are in the trees, you'll hear sweet melodies,  
As May brings hope and cheer, slowly drawing near,  
For that is when Graduation is here.  
May-days sunny, bring the roses pure and white,  
We have chosen for our emblem bright,  
And now we're waiting patiently, thinking of the day  
When comes the reward, on sweet Graduation Day.

JENNIE R. LAUTERSTEIN, '15.



## CLASS PROPHECY

I had been playing right field for the Detroit Tigers the past three seasons and in the fall of 1922 a club of American league players asked me to play with them in a series of games in the South. The first game was played in Louisville, Kentucky, on the tenth day of October. As I was walking around after supper, I saw one of my old schoolmates. This being the first one I had met in over a year, I was gladly surprised. Rev. H. C. Blodgett, the great Evangelist, invited me out to his services, but I was forced to decline the invitation. Howard told me that his sister, who was also a member of the famous class of 1915, was a Missionary in China. We left for Richmond, Virginia, that night. There I met another member of the class of '15. Ruth Barnett surprised me by appearing in public to speak on the Prohibition question.

We skipped the smaller towns, so our next stop was in Augusta Georgia. Here I had the honor of purchasing some pills from Dr. Floyd McCollum. After having met these three of my old schoolmates I began to wonder if any more of them would show up soon. I thought probably I might see two or three more before we finished our trip, but I had met all of the famous class before we disbanded. After stepping on the train that was to take us to Macon, I met Alma Hennig. She informed me that she was the Dutch teacher in the Richmond High School. In Macon, Marl Ricketson, the greatest mechanic of the age, invited me out to his beautiful home. In Birmingham, the great actress, Juanita Knowles, was playing at the Central Theater. Mobile was our next stop, and here I saw Jennye Lauterstein. Jennye was attending a music college here. In New Orleans I had the misfortune to break my collar bone. While in the hospital Mildred Bourne waited on me. Mildred told me that she

was to be married soon. I rejoined the team at Vicksburg, Mississippi. Here I saw Helen Oatman. She was teaching Latin in one of the large schools here, and when I met her on the street, she was murmuring some foolish Latin phrase. From here we went to Monroe, Louisiana. In this city I saw Lee Smith, now Mrs. S. E. Simpson.

Our next stop was at Shreveport. Raymond Rogers, our old high school star of 1915, was playing first base for the home team. Here we sustained our only defeat of the trip. It was by Raymond's good batting that we were beaten, so he was persuaded to join us. We next played in Dallas, Texas. When we went to buy our tickets to Cleburne, we found Doyle Love as busy at the ticket window as he always was on a Latin lesson. In Cleburne we saw Roland Renick. He was enroute for Reno, Nevada, to defend his title as champion middleweight boxer of the world.

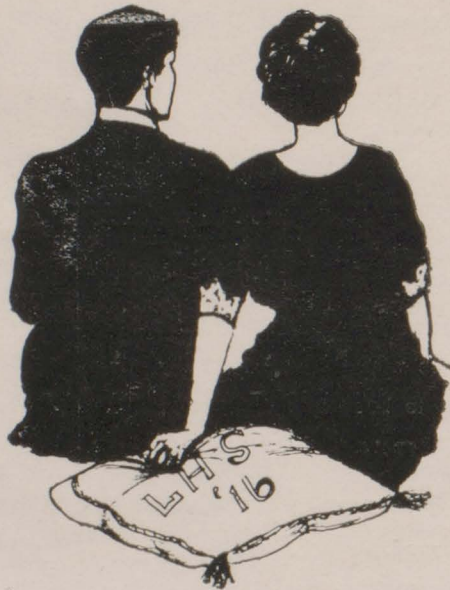
In Waco, Riley Huie crossed our path and we were glad to learn that he was getting along nicely. He had been football coach of the Baylor squad for two years. We next played in Austin. Here we saw Edgar Hennig and he took us for a ride over the city in his car. Edgar was in the harness business. The next day we arrived in Llano and defeated the team there with ease. Oscar Lange was the only member of our class to remain in the old town. He owned the Corner Drug Store. We ate supper at the Southern and as we paid the cashier "four bits" we glanced up and noticed a sign, which read, Lynn B. Davis, Proprietor. Now we could very easily understand why the price of the meal was fifty cents. The team disbanded here and all of the players except Raymond and I returned North to spend the winter.

L. ERET T E. MARTIN, '15.



# SENIOR CHART

Name	Known As	Familiar Saying	Object in Coming To School.	Wants to Be.	Probably will Be
Bertha Blodgett	"Berther"	That's what the	To graduate	Latin Teacher	A Suffragette
Ruth Barnett	"Bonnie Ruth"	Eook Says	An education	American Beauty	Too
Howard Blodgett	"Buzzard"	"I don't see why"	Learning ? ? ? ?	A Minister	Grave Digger
Helen Oatman	"Miss Helen"	"That's the time"	To Study	Latin Teacher	A Cook
E. E. Martin	"Uncle Dave"	"Crazy"	To play B. B.	B. B. Player	Bum
Doyle Lowe	"Doiley"	"Sir"	To see the girls	Hidden.	Noticed
Roland Renick	"Miss Renick"	"Obnoxious"	To elude the dog catcher.	Matinee Idol.	A Hobo
Riley Huie	"Huie"	"Search me!"	Keep out of jail	President	A Tramp
Floyd McCollum	"Split"	"Said which"	Please Mr. Davis	A Joker	A Joke
Juanita Knowles	"Juaniter"	"What did you say?"	To see Floyd	Married	Maid
Marl Ricketson	"Mut't"	"That's fair enough"	To Attend Germania.	Mechanic	Chauffeur
Jennye Lauterstein	"Olsie"	What's the joke?	To be with Oscar	Sales Lady	Belle
Oscar Lange	"Juma"	That's not right	Just to becoming	A Boss	Office Boy
Alma Hennig	"Almer"	"Smarty"	To chaperone Edgar	A Teacher	Married
Lee Smith	"Baby"	"Shut up"	To be with Elmo	Let Alone	Mrs. Simpson
Raymond Rogers	"Buck"	"That's not fair"	To graduate	Liked	Adored
Mildred Bourne	"Freckles"	"I should worry"	To complete this chart.	Famous	Left
Edgar Hennig	"Dutch"	"Aw! I never"	Get out at 3:30	To be decided	A Hen Pecked Husband.



## Junior Officers

*President* *Lee Atkins*  
*Secretary Treasurer* *Dorothy Tarrence*  
*Class Orator* *Oscar Brown*

*Motto:*

*Build for character. not for fame.*

*Colors:*

*Pink and green*

*Flower:*

*LaFrance Rose*



## JUNIOR HISTORY

Although we are Juniors our number has not decreased very much since last year, as we have lost six and gained five members.

Zoe Cage and John Stribling are both attending school at San Marcos. Heber McLean is attending Peacock's Military College. If his frail form survives the rigor of military discipline this year, he will be with us again next year. The San Saba boys showed their appreciation for Frank Flack by making him coach, captain, manager and quarterback of their football team. Helen Oatman is sojourning away with the Seniors. She is making the same inevitable record there that she made with us.

Olsie and Imogene Winkler joined us this year. They hail from Valley Spring. Luther Hutchinson is a new member from Fredonia. Gertrude Moore and John Watkins quit school last year before it was out, and we thought we had lost them, but they were back again to answer roll call this year.

Most of us have to study very hard this year. This is particularly distasteful to many of us who have the same opinion of studying that General Sherman had of war.

Below are the names of the members of our class with a list of their accomplishments and shortcomings:

Zuma Rouse—Zuma is a portly specimen of humanity who tips the scales at about two hundred pounds. A star basketball player.

John Watkins—Is always out with the teachers. Never like-ly to astonish the world by his learning.

Luther Hutchinson—Blew in from Fredonia. Strong as Hercules. Is called "Hutch," and "Germany."

Minnie Lee Gray—Is an enthusiastic basketball player. Goes in for a good time and generally has it.

Fay Byfield—A star basketball player. Goes on the war path occasionally. Partial to "four-bit" pieces.

Milton Shirley—This important person looks like a Congress-

man. In fact the only thing that keeps him from holding down the aforesaid office is his tin brain. A good debater.

Ida Maud Wallace—Ida Maud is a very popular girl, partly on account of her wit and partly because of her good nature.

Nettie McInnis—Has the misfortune of being unfortunate in love.

Elmo Simpson—"Swede" is the class baby. Answers to the following names: "Goat," "Mule," "Simp," "Eeefy," "Brickley," "Mike," and the newly acquired one of "Iron Tail." Despite all this he is harmless, a star football player.

Grace Robinson—The class beauty. An artist of repute.

Imogene Winkler—A new member. She is a very diligent worker.

Lizzie Hector—Lizzie has the distinction of being called a "blankety-blank educated monkey," by one of the Cherokee basket ball girls. Her tongue needs a brake.

Olsie Winkler—"Holsie" is undoubtedly the most popular boy in school, especially with the girls.

Lennie Kuykendall—Lennie is the class midget. She weighs about seventy-five pounds more or less.

Irene Cone—One would think from the color of her cheek that she is in the habit of taking violent exercise.

Gertrude Moore—Gertrude rejoined us this year. She has a quiet, modest disposition.

Dokie Long—Dokie is a fine basket ball player. As she studies a great deal, she makes A's very often.

Lee Atkins—"Pig" is the original boob from Boobville. A star football player.

Irene Breazeale—Irene is the manager of the Junior Class, is thought beautiful by Roland Renick, and he isn't the only one with that opinion.

Dorothy Tarrence—Another class beauty. Sometimes called "Crackers."

Oscar Brown—A member of "Ancient Reckless and Independent Order of Prevaricators." Not two-faced, for if he was he would wear the other one.

—JUNIOR EDITOR, OSCAR BROWN.





SNOW SCENES NEAR SCHOOL



SEVEN HUNDRED SPRINGS-HEAD OF ILANO RIVER



SNOW SCENES NEAR SCHOOL



SNOW SCENES NEAR SCHOOL



SNOW SCENE  
NEAR SCHOOL



SNOW SCENES NEAR SCHOOL

# THE SOPHS

## OFFICERS.

President ----- Nell Johnson  
Secretary and Treasurer ----- Hallie Buchanan  
Colors ----- Purple and Gold.

The next greatest thing in importance to the European War is the Sophomore Class. They have the largest class in the High School and are called the "Historians." Our class expects to finish in 1917 with enough knowledge to instruct Yale University. The class does not seem very bright, but you can rest assured that they have as much sense as either Rogers, Huie, Ricketson, Hennig or Renick of the Senior Class. You can now get acquainted:

Lora White—She came from Cherokee and expects to become educated.

Libbie Fichtenbaum—A little Jewess who aspires to great things.

Ann'e Mae Tarrence—We refer you to Walter Watkins in regard to her.

Esther Altgelt—She never had a fellow, but she certainly likes John.

Ida Lauterstein—Ask Robert Duncan.

Hallie Euchanan—One of our musicians.

Wilma Hillman—Another who lives in Cherokee. Class beauty.

Ola Mayes—Always singing a Bird Song.

Leroy Selman—She fools way her time with a Senior boy.

Gertrude Oliver—She likes to go to the Tailor Shop.

Nell Johnson—A mid-night rider.

Zula Rouse—"Bounce."

Lorene Kuykendall—She never writes notes to Drew, but he receives them.

Maud Walker—A newcomer to the class.

Winnie Walker—Another new member.

Nora Watterson—She is very witty.

Carl Shirley—He will be a millionaire some day.





Ralph LaHatt—Will never kill himself by studying.

G. C. Breazeale—One of the studious lot.

Robert Duncan— He is a member of the band.

John C. Buttery—Brother to Orville.

Claude Justus—Played on the baseball nine.

Orville Futtery—Member of the smoking club.

Hubert Atchison—Our banker. Lorene loves him dearly.

Clifton Hackworth—One of the studious kind.

Damon Willbern—Sophomore editor and champion debater.

Lewis Knowles—On the Honor Roll.

Walter Watkins—Played on the football eleven.

Joe Smith—Found always in company with Orville.

Slator Duncan—Dunc was one of the Orange and Black athletics.

Iva Breazeale—Member of Sunset Class.

DAMON WILLBERN, EDITOR.







### THE FRESHMEN.

Surely The Mountaineer would not be complete without notes on the brightest, the best, and the freshest class in the Llano High School. The distinguished class as you may have guessed, is the Freshman Class. Its badge of distinction has been acquired thru its knowledge of Latin. Because we have such brilliant Latin students our class is sure to achieve fame. Our sojourn in High School has been so brief that we haven't settled down to the routine of work and the duties assigned by our teachers. However, we hope by mighty efforts the rest of the term to accomplish something that will reflect honor upon our Freshman efforts and that will give us just cause to look back from the Sophomore standpoint, upon our first year of High School with joy and content.

Since leaving the grammar school our number has been increased by the addition of three members, all girls, whose names are, Dawn Spinks, Violet Beiter and Lydia Keese.

As the class roll is enumerated I will mention a few facts concerning each of us:

George Gray—He is our class representative in the Students Council. His thoughts are always on Viola,

Alberta Ricketson—Is our other representative in the Students Council. Demonstrator of Juicy Fruit Chewing Gum. It has been alleged that she has unlimited talking privileges.

Viola Jernigan—Always ready with her lessons. On the Art staff in The Mountaineer. Most of her leisure thoughts are of George.

Brown Mayes—Very studious and of exemplary conduct; belongs to the Sunset Class.

Ligon Bradley—Never talks in school; likes to sit on the north side of the room.

Clive Dunaway—The class baby and general "cut up." One of our very select Latin scholars; seldom speaks any other language.

Howard Simpson—Here is the boy with number ten feet, Despite the fact the girls call him sweet,  
He sits by her side and tickles her chin,  
Gee! He's a flirt! He fools them like sin.

Dawn Spinks—Another of the studious kind; is authority on Algebra.

Lydia Keese—In danger of losing her eyesight on account of too much hard studying; played "42" on the night of November the 28th.

Annie Finlay—Can't decide whether to take Pessel or Sport. Always hard at work; prompt and alert in recitation.

Wallace Robinson—His deportment grade is 150. Hasn't opened his mouth except in class, since he was in the First Grade.

Herman Lord—The best High School Football Center in the State. "Sport" as he is known, was once our best Latin student, but when he began to pray in the language, Miss Sanderford had him drop the subject.

Thelma Riley—A musician. Has been taking such subjects as "Heart-Study, The art of Invisible Notepassing," "The Effect of Spring on Youth," etc.

Juanita Duncan—The eighth grade reference book; has first honors in the class as to scholarship. Has trouble keeping her pictures.

Cathryne Bourne—Always found studying or reading. Figures on the Honor Roll,

Pessel Fowler—Authority on Latin. Pessel always played on the football eleven; his position was Right End.

David Hackworth—Not in danger of losing his life on account of too much wisdom.

Claude Burleson—"I like Rip Van Winkle because he was a grand old sleeper, so am I."

Adolph Schorlemmer—Dropped the study of Latin in order that he might not get the language mixed with his own and the English.

Frank Wattersen—The boy with a knife. Never heard and

seldom seen.

Marie Parish—Spends her time thinking of a Junior boy. Makes good grades.

Verdia Everett—Her motto is, "Have a good time."

Leeva Ellege—Another who is always at work on her studies.

Violet Beiter—One of the jolliest girls in school. Always ready when the class is called. Has a very low voice.

Ruth Wilson—Class editor, member of the Sunset Club, and also a member of the High School Band.

—CLASS EDITOR, RUTH WILSON.





**ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.**  
HELEN V. OATMAN, EDITOR.

**DEDICATION.**

To all who have departed from this Institution, diploma in hand, to enter upon the duties and responsibilities of Life; to all who remember L. H. S. fondly; to all who recall with gladness the manifold pleasures of High School days; to the Alumni of Llano High School, this Department is kindly dedicated.

**CLASS OF 1914.**

Colors: Orange and White. Flower: Shasta Daisy.  
Motto: "Life is Now Our School."

Viva Buttery, Anita Schuwirth and Elmo Bowman have entered the State University.

Mabel and Lizzie Smith are at their home near Valley Spring.  
Cecil Cone is attending A. & M. College at College Station.

A. D. Dalrymple is a student in the School of Journalism in the State University.

Willie Barnett has a position in the school at Eckert, Texas.

Harold McLean and Floyd Crownover are attending Southwestern University at Georgetown, Texas.

Mary Miller McInnis is at her home in Llano.

Homer Lord is at his father's ranch near Llano.

Fay Gray is teaching the Honey Creek school in Llano county.

Daisy Walker is now Mrs. Tom Mizzell and lives in Houston.

Zuma Edwards is at her home near Valley Spring.

T. J. Watkins entered Nixon-Clay Business College at Austin after the Christmas holidays.

Lola Kyle Rogers is teaching school at Harper in Gillespie county.

Fay Johnston entered the S. W. T. Normal the first of this year.

Cornelia Marschall favors the Public School at Lehmburg Texas, with her services as teacher.

Mrs. Herbert Marschall, nee Miss Jennie Dawn Fowler, is living at Llano.

Elsie Grenwelge is attending Nixon-Clay Business College at Austin.

Myrtle Hargon is in charge of the Public School at Baby Head in Llano county.

Alberta Sherman is a pupil in the Southern Conservatory of Music at Durham, North Carolina.

Ida Kowierschke is attending S. W. T. Normal at San Marcos.

Cora Mae Smith has begun her teaching career at Young's Chapel in Gillespie County.

**CLASS OF 1913.**

Colors: Purple and White. Flower: Violet.  
Motto: "Success Our Aim."

Mary Bourne is teaching school at Cherokee, in San Saba County.

Hester Wilson is at home in Llano, teaching music.

Wiley Mae Everett is Deputy District and County Clerk of Llano County.

Oswald Cone and Sylvan Simpson are in their Junior year at the State University.

Owen Barnett is a student in the Nixon-Clay Business College at Austin.

Dale Delevan is at home in Llano.

Owen Watkins has a position with the Gulf Refining Company of Houston, Texas.

**CLASS OF 1912.**

Colors: Lavender and Gold. Flower: Marechal Neil Rose  
Motto: "Be Worthy of Trust."

Bessie Holmig teaches in the school at Cypress Mills, Texas.

Anna Lange is at her home in Llano.

Iris Cone is teaching in the Oatman Creek school.

Winnie Simpson is at home in Llano.

Zula Winkler is living in Falls, Texas.

Margaret Mae Knowles holds a position in the Thorndale Public Schools.

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

Carl Blodgett is at his home in Llano.



Maxie Fichtenbaum is pursuing his studies in the State University and is preparing to enter the Law Department soon.

Lynn Ward is living in Houston, Texas.

CLASS OF 1911.

Colors: Purple and Gold. Flower: Cape Jesamine.

Motto: "Victory."

Anna Hartman is at her home in Llano.

Kathryn Cage is teaching at Round Rock, Texas.

Mary Moss and Winnie Justus are both in Llano, the latter at this time teaching in the North Llano School.

Hugh Galloway holds a position in the Corner Drug Store in Llano.

Mrs. J. A. Laning, nee Norma Buchanan, lives in Llano.

Dalah Hargrove is at her home near Llano.

Alice Mayes is attending the S. W. T. Normal at San Marcos.

#### ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The Llano High School Alumni Association was organized in January of this year. The initial meeting was well attended and officers were elected as follows:

Lewis Lauterstein ----- President.

Mary Miller McInnis ----- Vice-President

Minnie Zachariae ----- Secretary

Committees were appointed to furthering the organization. The association plans to work in harmony with the School Faculty, and to assist in the upbuilding of the School in any manner possible. At present the members are engaged in a course of study of early conditions of the Llano country, all of which is greatly enjoyed by those attending.

The meetings are held on the first and third Thursday nights in each month.

## SOCIETY

### JUNIOR—SENIOR ENTERTAINMENT.

"From the Class of nineteen hundred and sixteen, to the class of nineteen hundred and fifteen at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Simpson on November 30."

On Friday evening, November 30, the Seniors of L. H. S. were royally entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Simpson in



East Llano by the Juniors.

Upon arrival of the guests, they entered into the hall which was decorated in crimson and white, and were served with punch. From here they were escorted into the parlor which was also decorated in Senior colors. When all had assembled, the entertainment committee rendered the evening enjoyable by a well selected program. The guests enjoyed the game of "hearts" and "42." They were favored with music throughout the entire entertainment.

At last the guests were invited into the dining room where a most delicious salad course awaited them. Mr. McCollum and Joe Backus could not decide who would return thanks, so the chocolate was drunk and the lettuce eaten without a blessing. Three tables were set and Lyman, Everett, Floyd, and Edgar were present each time. They all went home well pleased.

When time came to depart the Seniors expressed their gratitude toward the class of 1916. A short farewell speech was made by J. M. Mizzell, Jr., thanking the Juniors for the delightful entertainment which they were responsible for.

#### IN HONOR OF THE L. H. S. FOOTBALL BOYS.

On January 16, 1915, Mr. and Mrs. McCollum delightfully entertained the L. H. S. Football boys and their lady friends of the High School, together with the coach and referee.

After the arrival of the guests attractive favors in the form of miniature L. H. S. pennants were passed. On the back of these a "track Meet" was outlined. The first contest was called the standing broad grin. Mr. Huie, with a tape measure, proceeded to measure the mouth of each while that person was grinning the broadest. During this contest peals of mirth and laughter could be heard as this humorous task progressed. The next was the thirty inch dash. Each guest was given a string 30 inches long on the end of which a marshmallow was tied. The conditions of this contest were to suspend the string by the teeth, and with the hands off, try to gain the marshmallow at the other end by chewing up the thirty inches of string. The efforts to gain the prizes were certainly valiant and persistent, yet ludicrous. The next was a hammer throw. The hammer was a paper sack

blown up and tied. Though the football boys exerted their muscles to the limit this simple hammer proved more difficult to hurl than the old football itself. Following this each had a trial at throwing the discus, which was merely a piece of circular pasteboard. The relay race followed, which proved to be the most exciting of all. Four of the boys chose sides. When all were chosen the company was arranged in four lines with the leaders at the head of each line. A cracker was given each one. The first one in each line had to eat his cracker and whistle distinctly, then the second proceeded in a like manner after the first had accomplished it, and so on down each line. The leader that whistled first won the race.

Next in the evening pleasure was a drawing contest. A pig was drawn by each one while he was blind-folded. All animals, real and imaginary, were represented by ridiculous sketches. The judge, who was Martin Moser, then decided that Miss Wilma Hillman was the best blind artist, present, and awarded her the book as a souvenir. The rest of the evening was spent in playing games such as musicians, the key, and others.

By matching love quotations partners were arranged for the refreshments, consisting of delicious chocolate, cake and assorted home-made candy. Before the guests departed the host presented the company with the President, his daughters, the Vice-President and his wife, and the cabinet officers and their wives, who were represented by several of the guests. Rhegretting that the termination of such a pleasant evening was at hand, the guests bid the gracious host and hostess a farewell, thanking them again for the enjoyable evening they had spent. The entertainment will long be remembered by those present as the most successful and fitting expression of loyalty and appreciation to the football boys of the L. H. S. who fought for the Orange and the Black.

NOTE: This was the occasion on which Captain Lyman Rouse asked Mrs. McCollum for some sugar to go in his coffee.

It was also on this occasion that Mr. Martin Moser, for some reason or other, unknown to the football boys, was lucky enough to get five cups of chocolate.





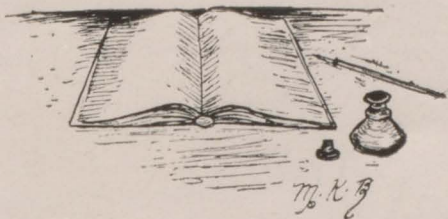
ELLEN-WILSON SOCIETY.





PENNYLACKER SOCIETY.

# Literary Societies



## THE ELLEN WILSON SOCIETY.

Motto: Non scolae vitae discemus.

Colors: White and Sky Blue.

Flower: Field Daisy.

FIRST TERM	OFFICERS	SECOND TERM
Helen V. Oatman .....	President .....	Grace Robinson
Frankie Byfield .....	Vice-President .....	Lizzie Hector
Ruth Barnett .....	Secretary .....	Nettie McInnis
Omie Bell Mizzell .....	Treasurer .....	Nettie McInnis
Bertha Blodgett .....	Critic .....	Mildred Bourne

Dawn Spinks .....Sergeant-at-arms .....Ruth Wilson  
 Juanita Knowles .....Society Editor.....Juanita Knowles

The Ellen Wilson Literary Society was organized November 6, 1914. Since this date we have held regular meetings every two weeks. The programs have been interesting and instructive to us. Each member, with only a few exceptions, has willingly gotten up their part. We feel that we have gotten a great deal out of the society and hope to do greater things before the year is over.

EDITOR '15.

"Here's to the members of the E. W. S. with colors of white and blue  
 May each girl to this organization stand loyal and true;  
 Here's to the memory of Ellen Wilson, which we chose as society's name  
 May each of us be worthy and like her, somewhere win fame."

## THE PENNYBACKER SOCIETY.

FIRST TERM	OFFICERS	SECOND TERM
Dorothy Tarrence .....	President .....	Ida Maude Wallace
Ida Maude Wallace .....	Vice President .....	Fay Byfield
Nell Johnson .....	Secretary .....	Leroy Selman
Minnie Lee Gray .....	Treasurer .....	Leroy Selman
Irene Breazeale .....	Critic .....	Viola Jernigan
Anna Mae Tarrence .....	Society Editor .....	Esther Altgelt
Juanita Duncan.....	Sergeant-at-arms.....	Juanita Duncan

On November 6, 1914, one half of the girls of the Llano High School met to organize a literary society. Officers were elected and various committees appointed. Election of officers for the second term was held on January 22, 1915. Since the organization of the society it has met on every other Friday afternoon and a great deal of interest has been manifested in the programs rendered. We have entertained at different times the Ellen Wilson, the Stags and Coyotes, and the visiting schools of the county.

EDITOR '17.



SOCIETIES of



STAGS and - COYOTES

same is

## THE COYOTE LITERARY SOCIETY

Colors: Gray and White.  
 Motto: "Tough and Rusty."  
 Password: Yelp.

FIRST TERM	OFFICERS	SECOND TERM
J. M. Mizzell, Jr.,	President	Walter Watkins
F. L. McCollum	Vice-President	R. B. Renick

Although a new organization in the Llano High School, the Coyote Literary Society is well known to the majority of the students. This Society was organized in the early part of the year according to the Roberts Rules of Order, for the purpose of debating and enlivening the students. This Society meets twice every month on Friday evening, and presents a program which is received with pleasure by the members. In this way it was hoped that the interest of the members of the society would be fostered, and a thorough knowledge of debating and declamation would be obtained. The meetings have been a source of pleasure to the students and certainly been of educational value.

Prof. D. F. McCollum acted as director and critic of this organization, and under his efficient guidance the society has progressed with rapid speed.

Some of the members have received a great deal of good thru this society. The Stags, who at the beginning boasted of their ability to outdo the Coyotes in anything which should come before the two societies, were badly disappointed when the two societies met in a joint debate. The Coyotes won the debate by a score of 2 to 1.

## THE STAG DEBATING SOCIETY

Colors: Purple and Gold.  
 Motto: "The Harder the Conflict, the Harder We Fight."

FIRST TERM	OFFICERS	SECOND TERM
Riley Huie	President	Raymond Rogers
Lee Atkins	Vice-President	Everett Martin
Marl Ricketson	Sec'y.-Treas.	Damon Willbern
Lyman Rouse	Sergeant-at-arms	Hubert Atchison
Olsie Winkler	Critic	Luther Hutchinson

The Stags have the best organized society in school. They are always up with their programs, and these are always enjoyable. In the two debates with the Coyotes we stand even. In the first contest the Coyotes were victorious by a vote of 2 to 1, while in the second debate the Stags won by a vote of 3 to 0. Damon Willbern and Howard Blodgett are our society debaters.



# Clano Germania



## Clano High School Germania

Motto: Immer Voran.

Flower: White Daisy.

Colors: Orange and White.

### MEMBERS.

FIRST TERM	OFFICERS	SECOND TERM
Oscar Lange	President	Zuma Rouse
Marl Ricketson	Vice-President	Bertha Blodgett
Alma Hennig	Sec'y.-Treas.	Ruth Barnett
Zuma Rouse	Sergeant-at-arms	Alma Hennig
Zuma Rouse		Grace Robinson

Frankie Byfield  
 Alma Hennig  
 Jennie Lauterstein  
 Bertha Blodgett  
 Irene Breazeale  
 Ruth Barnett

Fay Byfield  
 Marl Ricketson  
 Milton Shirley  
 Edgar Hennig  
 Howard Blodgett  
 Joe Backus

This club was first organized in November 1914, for the purpose of learning the German language; to get a better understanding of the Germans, their scientific, literary and artistic attainments, and to acquire a love for their folk literature and their national songs.

## The L. H. S. Dramatic Club

After the football season was over the L. H. S. Dramatic Club was organized from the Junior and Senior classes of the school and with the aid of Miss Gray we succeeded in pulling off an exceptionally fine play at the Opera House on the night of March 27. The play was entitled "The Senior," and the characters were:

Gordon Wainwright, A Senior not in Society.....	Riley Huie '15
"Perry Spencer," A Senior in Society.....	Everett Martin '15.
Pug Collins, A Senior in Society .....	John Watkins '16
Nick Meade, A Senior in Society .....	Oscar Lange '15
Bean, A Freshman, .....	Floyd McCollum '15
Dub Duffield, A Debater of Ability .....	Oscar Brown '16
Tommy Thompson, A Sophomore Base Ball Star.....	
.....	Raymond Rogers '15
Mike and Jean, Lunch Hustler and Servant....	Milton Shirley '16
Eleanor Forbes, Popular Houston Girl.....	Dorothy Tarrence '16
Gertrude Spencer, Spencer's Sister .....	Nettie McInnis '16
Mrs. Lee and Miss White, Eleanor's Aunt....	Minnie Lee Gray '16
Miss Jones, A Llano High School Girl .....	Ruth Barnett '15
Violet, A Helpful Sort of Person .....	Ida Maude Wallace '16

The play was a typical "College Comedy" in three acts. It brings out the fact that sometimes those who are not "in society" may show up some person who seems to be the "whole cheese." A part of what the Llano News had to say about this play:

The actors representing the school club, were complimented by a full house of Llanoites who came expecting to listen to the melody of sweet sounds and to be given a good view of a com-

edy of college life. They were not disappointed

Of the play as presented, we may say that it was superior to some productions presented by Stock Companies which have taken the road, and of some professionals who have come with a noted star; we know the actor is a star, for the name is printed in extra large capital letters, and are assured that the drawing card is supported by a troupe of performers of state or national reputation. In making this statement we give a word of praise to some companies that have delighted Llano audiences recently, among them being the Albert Taylor Company and the Stock Company of Gilson and Bradfield. Our boys and girls did not appear as professionals, but as pupils of the High School, who in a benefit for the school, surprised us by showing us what amateurs could do when they set their heart and mind on their work. We expected something above the ordinary for we had heard some of the actors in previous plays. Miss Gray, one of the teachers who was the manager of the Comedy, deserves to be commended for her success in teaching the young actors how to speak and play. The musical part of the program was extra good. The High School Band has made so many appearances in public that we almost begin to view the members as professionals. The piano solo by Miss Helen Oatman was a fine reproduction of the author's idea, and was highly appreciated by the audience. The vocal solo by Miss Helen Higginbotham reached the hearts of all present. We did not know that we had a singer of such power until we heard her voice, which seemed like the sweet singing of a bird or the silvery rippling of waters as the tireless brook goes on, leaving its melody behind.







### THE CAMP-FIRE GIRLS

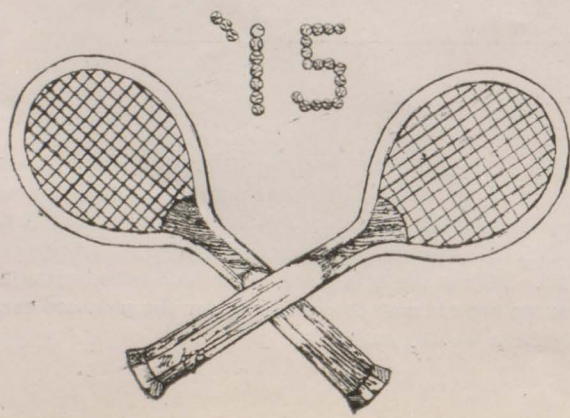
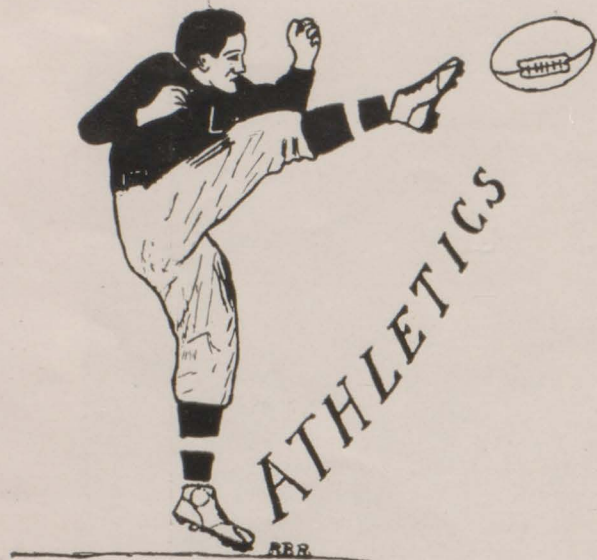
The Camp Fire Girls are a new organization in Llano High School, and one of which it is proud. The club was organized December 4, 1914, by Miss Beatrice McDermott, who is their guardian. They have about eighteen members, ranging in age from 12 to 16 years. The purpose is to make stronger, healthier and better girls and to teach them not to fear work, as may be seen by their rules of government:

1. Seek Beauty, 2. Give Service. 3. Pursue Knowledge.

4. Glorify Work. 5. Be Trustworthy. 6. Hold on to Health.  
7. Be Happy.

Their costume is that of an Indian maiden. They wear their hair braided down their backs, fringed khaki dresses and moccasins when in full Campfire dress. A crowd of them present a beautiful and striking appearance when fixed up and out on a hike. This is the first thing of its kind ever begun in this school and we hope it may be continued, for the girls are certainly working for a worthy cause.





# ATHLETICS

Athletics of Llano have not been what they should have been at any time. Our most successful branch of athletics has been football, but the past season that sport was marred by rain on each occasion when games were to be played at home and this caused the season to be a loss financially, but considering the fact that our eleven met some of the fastest teams in this part of the state, we had a good season on the field. Again this year, as was the case last season, our team went thru the season without a High School eleven being able to cross our goal line.

Baseball has been played to a small extent each year, but this year promises us a good, strong nine, as we have a regular coach. Basket ball, track and tennis were taken up for the first time this season and great things are expected from the basket ball and track teams in 1916. The girls have been more prominent this year than heretofore in Athletics.

## FOOTBALL.

E. E. Martin .....	Manager
L. E. Rouse .....	Captain
W. E. Simpson .....	Tackle
C. L. Atkins .....	Halfback
H. E. Lord .....	Center
J. L. Watkins .....	Guard
B. S. Duncan .....	Halfback
F. L. McCollum .....	End
H. C. Blodgett .....	Fullback
P. C. Fowler .....	End
O. E. Brown .....	Guard
R. F. Huie .....	Tackle
J. M. Mizzell .....	Quarter
W. W. Watkins .....	Guard

The 1914 gridiron season was a very creditable one, considering the inexperience of a majority concerned and the hard sched-

ule the boys played. Our 1913 eleven left behind them such a "rep" that we were not able to arrange games to our liking. On this account we were compelled to play the heavy Cherokee boys three times. Since Thanksgiving day 1912, at Lampasas, a High School eleven has not been able to cross the Orange and Black goal line. Our 1914 record follows:

Oct. 3 in Cherokee, L. H. S.....	7 Cherokee Junior College...	7
Oct. 17 in Llano L. H. S. ....	0 Cherokee Junior College ..	0
Oct. 24 in Llano, L. H. S.....	18 Liberty Hill High School..	0
Nov. 7 in Llano, L. H. S. ....	25 Burnet High School.....	0
Nov. 14 in Cherokee L. H. S. ...	6 Cherokee Junior College....	6
Nov. 21 in Llano L. H. S.....	7 San Saba High School.....	0
Nov. 27 in Llano L. H. S.....	7 Deaf and Dumb Eleven....	13
	—	—
	L. H. S.....	70
	Opponents.....	32

We had only one week of signal practice and then came our first game. We played at Cherokee and held the College boys to a tie. The Juniors outweighed us by fifteen pounds to the man, but our superior coaching had given us a slight advantage. We waited two weeks and then invited the Collegians over to give us a return game.

In this game the visitors were victorious. Our High School boys were outplaying them at every turn in the third quarter when captain Rouse had to quit on account of a broken shoulder. This, together with the fact that our regular center was not in the game, is the main reason why we lost the first game ever lost on the home grounds this year. The next Saturday we played Liberty Hill High School and scored three touchdowns against their none. The following week Burnet came up and the game ended with the score in our favor, 25 to 0.

Our next game was in Cherokee. Again we tied the College men on their own grounds. The game was won until the last





three minutes of play when Perry Bode broke loose and scored a touchdown, tying the score. We played San Saba High School at home next and did not practice any before the game. This team gave us the biggest surprise of the season by holding us scoreless for three quarters and making great tackles and defensive plays. We made a touchdown in the last quarter and won 7 to 0. Our last game was with the Dummies of Austin. When they left they said they had received better treatment, both off and on the field in Llano than anywhere else in the state. The game was played in a sea of mud and the home boys lost on a fumble by the fullback. The High Schol boys were somewhat overconfident after the first quarter and lost to a much inferior team.

Although we had lost the valuable services of Lindsey, Homer Lord, Bowman, Everett and Ross, we had the best defensive eleven ever turned out from the school. To Kirk and his assistant, Martin Moser, alone, is due our 1914 success upon the field of battle.

Captain L. E. Rouse was out of the game for a month owing to his broken shoulder, sustained in the second Cherokee game and did not get in the proper condition to play his usual game on Thanksgiving. He made some very remarkable gains in the San Saba game however, and threw some pretty passes in the Dummy game. This was his third and last season on the team.

Everett Martin was manager of the eleven and substitute quarterback. He played half of the second Cherokee game at left half and parts of two other games at quarter. He was rather light but was not afraid of any of them. This was his first and last year.

J. M. Mizzell was the lightest man on the team and played at quarterback. This was his first and last year on the eleven. "Mizzie" was not a very fast man, but always managed to get in or out of the way now and then.

Riley Huie played his first year at left tackle. His defensive work was above the ordinary. This is his last year in school.

Floyd McCollum was another new player. He played at center and left end. His best playing was against San Saba. This is his last year.

Howard Blodgett was placed at fullback and played through the season. His greatest work was tackling and his greatest weakness was fumbling. This was his second and last season on the squad.

"Piggy" Atkins played a steady game throughout the season. While Rouse was out he acted as captain. Next to Lord he was the surest and hardest tackler on the team. This was his second year as right half and he has another year to play.

Oscar Brown came out late and made the position of sub. Skillet played only a little. This is his first year and he has one more.

John Watkins played a great game at right guard. He played the greatest game of the season at Cherokee. John played as a sub in 1913 and still has another year to play as a regular.

"Swede" Simpson was again at right tackle and was a great offensive as well as defensive man. He scored six touchdowns during the season. This was his third year at tackle and he still has another year to try for fullback.

Slator Duncan played end and half. Dunc did the kicking and passing the latter part of the season, aiding the team very greatly in this respect. This was his first year and he has two more years.

Walter Watkins was a new player who played left guard. Wal played a star game at first, but he fell down somewhat toward the close of the season. This was his first year on the team and he has two more years to play.

"Sport" Lord was the star of the season. He was the most vicious tackler on the team. This was his second year on the team and he has three more to play.

Pessel Fowler played his first year at right end. He was not guilty of having a gain made around his end. He scored a touchdown after a run of twenty yards on receiving a pass in the Burnet game. He has three more years.

The team has a bright prospect for 1915, here's hoping they don't meet defeat. We had only five or six old men to begin practice with the past season while next fall there will be about eight or nine old men and some promising material from the grammar school, besides Heber McLean will return here next fall,





## BASEBALL

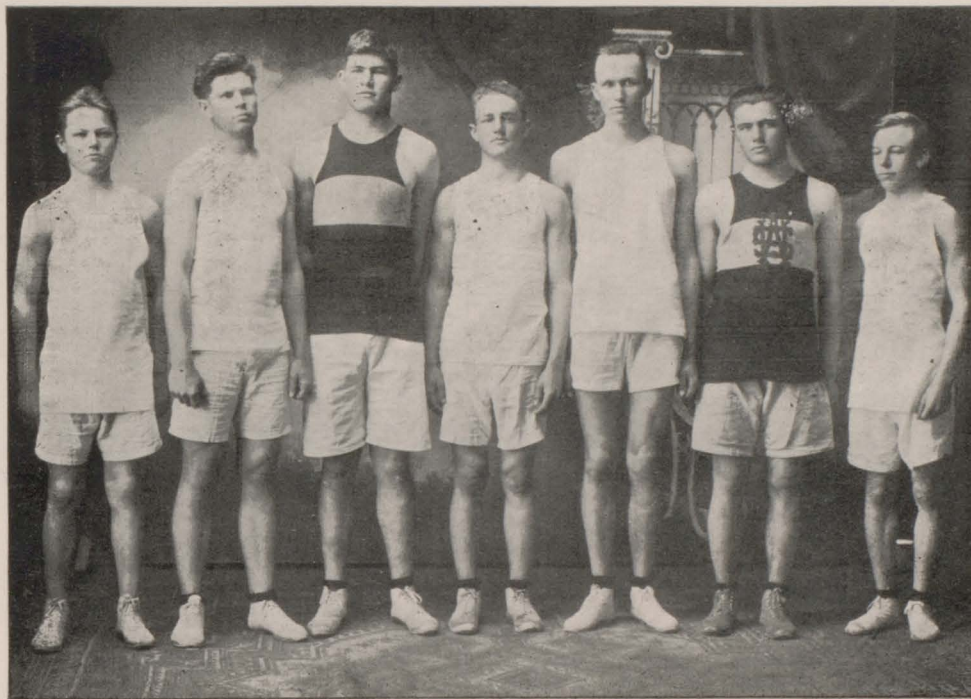
WEARERS OF THE "L" IN 1914-15.

R. E. Rogers ..... First Base (Cap.)  
 F. L. McCollum ..... Second Base  
 C. A. Justus ..... Third Base  
 R. F. Huie ..... Short Stop  
 C. L. Atkins ..... Right Field  
 P. C. Fowler ..... Substitute

E. E. Martin ..... Center Field  
 H. C. Blodgett ..... Left Field  
 B. S. Duncan ..... Catcher  
 L. B. Hutchison ..... Pitcher  
 E. A. Hennig ..... Pitcher  
 R. B. Renick ..... Outfield. Sub.  
 J. L. Watkins ..... Infield, Sub.

As we go to press the baseball nine has not played any match games with rival schools, but have been practicing and playing scrub games with the town bums. This spring we have a baseball coach and some good material from which we expect to obtain a winning team. Martin Moser is coaching the boys and he is very well pleased with the form shown to date, although he was forced to shift his infield when Ollie Simpson quit school

and left third base vacant. Slator Duncan is a good catcher and a strong hitter. In the pitcher's box Hutchison and Hennig will do honors, as McCollum will have to play second base. The pitchers lack control. Raymond Rogers at first, Floyd McCollum at second, Claude Justus at Third, and Riley Huie at Short make up a very strong infield. In the outfield there is not much unischn to be found. In right Lee Atkins is a medicore fielder and at







times a strong hitter; in center Everett Martin is the best fielder on the team, but has a weak arm. He hits fairly well and is a good base runner. Howard Blodgett in left is a great fielder and swings hard on the ball. John Watkins, Roland Renick and Pessel Fowler make a trio of subs that are hard to beat. Games will probably be played with Cherokee College, Burnet High, San Saba High, Shorthorns and Dummies.

#### TRACK.

Interest in the county track meet was at fever heat for awhile and the team worked out continuously, but when it was announced that there would be no county contests, the boys lost interest. We have some great material for a track team and by the time for the 'Varsity meet in 1916 L. H. S. should have some strong men to enter.

#### TENNIS.

Tennis is gaining a hold on the boys of the school. Nearly all of them play it at times, but there is only one organized club of tennis players. The H. T. B. Club has six members and will be fore long decide the championship in singles and doubles.

#### BASKETBALL.

Two good teams of basketball players were selected from each debating society soon after Christmas and games were played daily. This was a new sport and the boys liked it very well. Finally however, when it was learned that there were to be no match games, interest slackened as it did in the track work. All this goes to show that football has the hold on the students of Llano High School. Some good basketball material for next year were found in Atkins, Duncan, Atchison, J. Watkins, Shirley, Brown and Fowler.

#### BOXING AND WRESTLING.

Although boxing and wrestling are not carried on in any systematic form in the school, great interest is shown and some progress has been made along these lines. In wrestling Renick, Hutchison, Backus and Simpson were among the best. Boxing is engaged in by the boys at recesses and Atkins, John Watkins, John Buttery, Simpson and Crownover seem to have the advantage. Prof. Davis seems to know a little about boxing and hits a

powerful blow. John C. Buttery gave him a good run for his money however.

#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

The girls played some interesting games among themselves this year, besides some match games. The team went to Cherokee on November 14, and as most of the girls had never played a match game before the Cherokee girls won. The school girls were fouled at will by the College referee, who was a Cherokee coach. Miss Lucy White was coaching the girls then. The score at the end stood Cherokee 17, Llano 11.

The girls were not disheartened and put in a week of hard practice for the San Saba game, which came on the following Saturday. Our girls showed the visitors how the game should be played and won by a score of 12 to 7. Ruth Edwards, Zuma Rouse and Fay Byfield were the star players of the season. Wilma Hillman was a good player who did not take part in any of the games.

Miss Helen Higginbotham is now coaching the girls and should they play another game there is no question who would win.

Those who played on the team were:

Goal Pitchers	-----	Zuma Rouse and Ruth Edwards
Guards	-----	Hallie Buchanan and Grace Robinson
Centers	-----	Fay Byfield (Cap), Lizzie Hector, Minnie Lee Gray
Subs	-----	Wilma Hillman and Anna Mae Tarrence

#### ATHLETICS IN THE GRADES.

##### FOOTBALL.

The boys of the Seventh grade had two elevens, the East Siders and West Siders. They played five games, the East Side winning four and the West Side holding them to a tie in the other. The scores were:

First Game, East Side	-----	10	West	-----	0	
Second Game, East Side	-----	6	West	-----	5	
Third Game, East Side	-----	30	West	-----	5	
Fourth Game, East Side	-----	13	West	-----	0	
Fifth Game, East Side	-----	12	West	-----	0	
		-----			-----	
Totals:	East Side	-----	71	West	-----	11



EAST SIDE	WT.	POSITION	WEST SIDE	WT.
M. D. Alcott Cap. -----	80	Quarter -----	H. Stoudenmier, Cap. -----	85
W. Harson -----	85	Center -----	G. Gray -----	115
F. Porch -----	95	Fullback -----	G. Gartman -----	85
M. Altgelt -----	75	R. H.-L. H. -----	D. Willbern -----	90
T. Hill -----	85	R. E.-L. E. -----	R. Duncan -----	90
S. Simpson -----	90	R. T.-L. T. -----	T. Gray -----	90
C. Marschall -----	75	R. G.-I. G. -----	B. Duncan -----	80
W. Atkins -----	110	L. H.-R. H. -----	W. Grenwelge -----	115
W. Cowley -----	85	L. E.-R. E. -----	C. Watkins -----	85
F. Leverett -----	99	L. T.-R. T. -----	D. Latting -----	85
T. Jackson -----	75	L. G.-R. G. -----	G. Martin -----	75
F. Simpson -----	90	Substitute -----	Q. Mart'n -----	60
East Side -----	87	AVERAGE WEIGHTS.	West Side -----	88





3RD & 4TH CORNER BALL



5TH VOLLEY BALL



5TH VOLLEY BALL



6TH & 7TH BOUNDARY BALL



6TH VOLLEY BALL



4TH END BALL



## THE MISSION OF THE POET.

"Olympian bards who sung  
Divine ideas below,  
Which always find us young,  
And always keep us so."

The Poet! At that magic word the sentimental, the imaginative, the visionary, and the emotional are aroused, for in that so-called personality they have the assurance that he will express, in his alluring style, their deepest and most heartfelt emotions and aspirations.

But the matter-of-fact persons, the unimaginative and the unaffected, only think, in a vague, indifferent way, of one who lives far above them in an ethereal world of his own in which he writes conglomerations of sweet sounding words, expressing lofty sentimentalities which are entirely out of harmony with their narrow, busy, work-a-day world. But this conception is wrong, for poetry appeals not only to the ear, because of its rhythm and cadence, but to the intellect as well.

The first class mentioned readily appreciate the poet and pay him almost reverent homage, while to the other class he is associated with the impossible and the unreal. Yet the business man and thousands of others grinding away in the seething mass of humanity, have the poet in their midst and would they but read the thoughts that flow so spontaneously from his sympathetic heart they would be soothed and refreshed, the world would seem brighter, life would contain more possibilities and opportunities, and to exist would be a new joy. It is a part of the poet's mission to lift humanity from the hard facts of living and the struggle and strife of existence and present a kind and cheerful panorama of life.

In its widest sense, poetry is the product of the imaginative power and fancy. Therefore the poet, through his poetic produc-

tions, appeals to these powers in others. When the poetry of some master mind is read, the reader's imagination portrays the most vivid pictures of what he reads and its application to his own life. In his fancy, he adopts the scenes and thoughts of the poem and makes them his own to enrich and culture those essential parts of himself which really constitute his well being. Poetry is said to enlarge circumference of one's imagination, because it awakens thoughts of new delight and these thoughts embody themselves in our nature and create a desire for more of this intellectual and spiritual food.

The same emotions have been experienced through all the ages of the world, as Lord Bacon has so beautifully expressed it:

"The same footprints of nature impressed on the various subjects of the world."

The ages have all had their poets who have written concerning these "footprints of nature." The nature of the poet is intensely sensitive to all the impressions of human nature, and these manifold impressions he communicates to others. He can penetrate the human heart and bring forth its most hidden secrets and express them in a delicate, impersonal manner. Shakespeare has excelled all other poets in portraying human emotions. Shakespeare, together with other poets, entered into the joys and sorrows of humanity and has placed them before the world.

We need the poet to express our thoughts. But he also adorns them. Very often we are surprised to see our own thoughts in some poem, and we wonder that the thought which was so rude and misshapen in our own minds should appear stated with a clearness and attractiveness which only the poet can give.

Not only does the poet give expression to our emotions, but he cultures and refines them. As we read our thoughts transformed by the poet, we see that they have been elevated to a higher



MAMA'S COWBOY



TWO PURTY JUNIORS



THE TWIN DUDE'S



YE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF??



POSING



PROP HOLDS A WINNIN HAND



FOUR TO ONE AINT FAIR



WOULD THEY THROW SNOWBALLS



plane; they have been lifted heavenward and imbued with purity and virtue. But the evil emotions and thoughts of darkened minds are plunged still deeper into the infernal regions with mingled pity and abhorrence.

Poetry is inspiring; it is ennobling. It strengthens man's moral nature just as exercise strengthens a limb. Poetry appeals to the higher, spiritual side of human nature imparting courage and strength. The poet strives to lift humanity from the burdens of a material world and bring it closer to the celestial Being.

True poetry flows from the heart and soul and therefore is endowed with the very life and fervor of the poet. Poetry is indeed something divine. Shelley said, "Poetry, and this principle of self, \* \* \* are the God and Mammon of the world." That which may be properly termed poetry must be inspired. Forced poetry has a stilted style and does not glow with fervor and life. It must have a flowing, easy style. It is almost as natural for poets to write rythmical verse as for the birds to sing. A poet cannot say, "I will compose poetry," but must wait until he is touched and inspired by the Divine. Then he voices the influence which is so transitory that before it is expressed the inspiration is already declining, and most glorious poetry that has ever been communicated to the world is probably a feeble shadow of the original conception.

Poets have inspired men to nobler achievements by great truths set forth in their most attractive form. A favorite way of theirs of impressing moral lessons is by presenting something ideal, or better or worse than nature and this life afford. They have created the fairies, the demi-gods, heroes, cyclops, nymphs, furies and giants. They have pictured ideal lands of peace and content as Thomas More has in his "Utopia." They have personified virtues and vices in allegories, as Spenser in his "Faerie Queen." This entire poem typifies the aspirations of the human

soul for something nobler and better. Spenser was one of the most famous of subjective poets. His characters were ever products of his vivid imagination. This world needs poets to create images of higher beauty and goodness than are natural. Sir Philip Sidney showed his appreciation of the moral value of fable and allegories when he said of Aesop's Fables,

"\* \* \* Whose pretty allegories, stealing under the formal tales of beasts, make many, more beastly beasts, begin to hear the sound of virtue from those dumb speakers."

The objective poets present characters drawn from all ranks of humanity. The good as well as evil traits are brought out in imaginary persons, true to life and human nature. All of Shakespeare's characters could have existed in reality. Who could so nobly impress us with love's sweet yet bitter passion as Lysander and Hermia, with womanly virtue and intellect as Portia, with polished wit as Benedick, or with brutal cruelty as Macbeth.

We need the poet to interpret nature for us. Poets are the mirrors from which nature is most beautifully reflected. Almost every one has realized the divine purpose and utility of nature. The lofty mountains, the deep sea, the stars and planets, the earth and all it contains, proclaim the touch of the Creator. But in our very nature there is an impediment which checks any utterance of the joyous thrills and sensations that these produce. It is the poet who receives the sublime effects and impressions of nature and also imparts them to others. The charm of the pleasing attributes of flowers, meadows, rivers and trees are enhanced by the poet. Who could present us with a more beautiful and delightful picture of a vernal world than the poet. Sidney said, "Nature's world is brazen; the poets only deliver a golden."

The poets have raised flowers that were little noticed, to symbols of many winning characteristics. It was Chaucer who recognized the beauty of the daisy, that commonplace little flower,

and many subsequent poets have taken it for the theme of their musical verse. Shakespeare says of it, "Whose white investments figure innocence." The poets also sing a great deal of the violet and have it typify modesty. Thus, the flowers, by their simple chastity and freshness, have won the heart of the poet so that he breathes forth their message to the world.

The mirror of poetry also reflects the beautiful, making it lovelier, and makes beautiful that which is distorted. Even the terrors of death, the sorrows of life, the pains of humanity, are linked with sweetness and beauty. If there is any resemblance of beauty anywhere, it is the poet who discovers it and discloses it. Poetry makes immortal all that is best and beautiful in the world.

Poetry insures human happiness and morality. It exists with music, art, sculpture, and whatever arts contribute to man's happiness and perfection. It comprises all other arts and is their source. If no new poets should arise to express anew all that is true and lovely, the language will be dead to all the nobler purposes of human intercourse; for "poetry is a record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." Poetry is ever accompanied with pleasure and the philosophy, wisdom and religion it contains are received with delight. What would be our conception of nature and the beautiful if it were not for the poet? Who would express our emotions and aspirations? Who would inspire us for the life to come and raise our ideals? Who would console us? This is the poet's vast and magnanimous mission. His influence upon our lives, if we will but heed his message, is stimulating, is positive. He tells us:

How good is man's life

The mere living! How to employ

All the heart and the soul

And the senses forever in joy."

—HELEN V. OATMAN.

## In Llano

The roses bloom nowhere so white,  
The sun shines nowhere so bright,

As in Llano.

There the birds sing so sweet and hearts so lightly beat  
That earth and sky seem to meet,

Down in Llano.

The days are never so long,  
Nor the students so filled with song,

As in Llano.

And when our time comes to die,  
Just take us back and let us lie,  
Close where the Llano flows by,

Down in Llano.

There was never a land so bright and fair,  
So full of fun and free from care,

As in Llano.

But I don't believe that good land,  
The good Lord prepared for man,  
Is modeled just exactly on the plan

Of dear old Llano.

—F. L. McCOLLUM.

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## Verlassenheit

(Dedicated to a Friend.)

Ja, ich bin einsam. Aber das Wort Liebes Hertz,  
Hat alle bedeutung verloren, das wir auseinander sind jetzt.  
Es ist zu klein-zu gering fur ausdruecklichkeit,  
Von meinem schweren Laste, des schmerzen Verlassenheit.  
Mein Hertz ist uberwiegend mit Abgeschlossenheit.  
Entsetzt, ich stehe alle'n so unermercklich in die Nichtigkeit.  
Seine eendlose Gesichtshreis spannt weit,  
Wo du-du mein Beste Liebe seit.

—O. F. L.



## Legend of the Haunted Cave

Many years ago when the Comanches first settled on Lone Creek, there was among them a brave by the name of Gray Eagle, who ardently loved a maid by the name of Olieta, but her grandmother, Holimonia, would not allow the youth in her cabin.

But their love was brave. Every night while the moon shone brightly they would meet in the woods. One night Holimonia awoke and finding Olieta absent, she walked out into the starlit night and saw Olieta standing in the arms of Gray Eagle. Holimonia threw a gourd of water into the youth's face. He immediately left, but he was determined to outwit the old grandmother.

Some days afterward while Olieta was in the woods hunting for some herbs for her grandmother, who was sick, she met Gray Eagle. After some persuasion she consented to flee with him. They went immediately to the conjurer who bound them together with strips of blue and red cloth, this being the custom then of marrying among the Comanches.

They mounted their horses and went into the woods to a large shady grove which Gray Eagle had already selected for their future camp. As soon as he had made a fire, he took his hunting rifle and hunting light and started out to kill a deer. This he did by shining the eyes of the animals and then shooting them.

Olieta stayed at the camp, not minding the screaming of the panther and the howling of the wolves. She stayed awake and waited many hours, but as he did not return, the fire died out and

she fell asleep.

Gray Eagle lost his way and wandered near the camp, but did not know it. Stepping upon a dry branch he awoke his bride, who raised up to listen for other sounds. Her eyes flashed in the hunting light and he thinking it was some kind of wild animal, fired his rifle. Not hearing any noise from that direction, he cautiously approached the place and found only the unconscious figure of his bride.

With her head in his lap, he mourned until morning, then he took her to a cave which was near by and silently laid her in there and built a mound of rock over her. He then took his horses and fled to the other side of the mountains, where he could live in solitude and away from all his companions.

The mound remained undisturbed many years until some men found it and tore it away. They recalled the story of Mexican treasure and were sure they had found it. That night about midnight they returned to take the treasure away. When they uncovered the stone they found only the ashes of Olieta. As they stood there in astonishment the ashes arose and assumed a spiritual form and her eyes flashed in her head as the wind blew it away.

With great fright and terror the men fled to the village and told the story. Thus was given the place, where Gray Eagle buried his bride Olieta the name of the "Haunted Cave."

—GRACE ROBINSON '16.

## The Mountaineer

The woods call to the Mountaineer,  
The echoes ring back far and near,  
And eastern waves of rising day,  
Roll o'er the glades their luminous way.  
Winding thru the tangled green,  
A narrow path is scarcely seen,  
Where the woodsman wends his way,  
At the close of each laborious day.  
There's his cabin, we see it now,  
Appearing dimly thru the greenwood bough,  
And before it, without a trace of fear,  
Is the strong, grim, old Mountaineer.

—JENNIE R. LAUTERSTEIN '15.

## Unsere Jugend

Das Schul-Jahr ist zum Ende,  
Und wir gehen mit beiden Hande,  
Gefalt in treuer Liebe.  
Wir denken an das Jahr voruber,  
Und wie schon alles war,  
In unserem letzten Jahre.  
Oh! ware ich doch einmal erlaubt,  
Auf die Treppen hoch begaut  
Hin und her zu gehen  
Um wiederr die gesichter zu sehen  
Und mit den alten Kammeraden geben  
Aber unsere Jugend ist verschwunden  
Mit die schonen glucklichen Stunden  
Nein sie kommt nicht wieder  
Und seit ihr noch so trube.

—ALMA HENNIG, '15.

## To Shakespeare

Oh, Sakespeare, thou beloved bard of old,  
So often, as I read thy verse sublime,  
And ponder the thoughts of thy wondrous mind,  
A flood of emotions sweep o'er my soul.  
I live, I love and meditate anew,  
of this life, and all of its loveliness;  
Yet 'tis filled with pathos and dreariness,  
The good, the evil, the false and the true.  
All thy marvelous power I can feel,  
Unsurpassed knowledge of the human heart,  
And sympathy for each and every part  
Of humanity, in woe or in weal,  
Of all sweet singing poets, thee I love,  
Immortal genius gifted from above.

—HELEN V. OATMAN, '15.



## A MODERN FABLE

Yes, there was no mistaking the unpleasant fact; I was all in, down and out. Look where I would, turn in what direction I might, there was no way out of my perplexing difficulties—no course which offered escape.

I had soared on the tidal wave of prosperity, the future looked bright, the present was all sufficing. I had often in my fancied security, hugged myself in a very transport of delight. I had managed by my own unaided efforts to place myself on a firm financial footing, with those of my acquaintance who were recognized as men of fortune and affairs. I had a swelling bank account, my business was a prosperous one, and I was engaged to be married to the most beautiful and eligible girl in the city. Our wedding day was only a month off. Apparently all was smooth sailing, when lo! suddenly like a thunderbolt out of a cloudless sky, a sudden wave of disaster overtook me, bringing desolation and ruin. The shock was so sudden, so overwhelming, that it swept me off my very feet, as it were, and left me prostrate and almost paralyzed amid the ruins.

The bank in which I deposited the bulk of my money had been forced to the wall in a sudden panic which swept the country, and the result was complete and sudden ruin.

The very day that this happened another and greater calamity overtook me. My partner, in whom I had implicit trust, had absconded, after forging my name to a check for a very large amount, and with him went all our joint available cash and securities.

The father of my fiance had also sustained heavy loss by the bank's failure, and the thought of facing poverty after the long years of prosperity, had placed him upon a bed of illness. His family was in great distress and anxiety, and I was unable in my present state to render them any aid. I was still weak and

staggering from my own severe stroke of misfortune. I had managed to secure a few moments private tete-a-tete with the dear girl who was soon to have become my wife, but the result was far from satisfactory to either of us. The gloom of the present and the unpromising outlook of the future engulfed us both, and I hated myself that I had no words of cheer or comfort for her, but my despondency was too great.

I was of a cherry, hopeful nature, and had met many of the rebuffs of fortune with a smiling face, but the combined strokes of ill-luck, coming at one fell blow, was too much for me. I could not rally my shattered forces. That our wedding must be postponed indefinitely, admitted of no question. In one little month we had hoped to pledge our mutual love and vows before God's altar and enter upon a long, happy and useful life together. Alas! When could we expect to realize the consummation of our hopes? For myself, I did not fear poverty and further toil and hardships; I was young and strong and the world was all before me, but I could not expect, nor did I desire to ask a girl who had been reared in affluence to share those toils and hardships. That she would do so without a moment's hesitation I entertained no doubt, and I am sure she would have insisted upon fulfilling our marriage contract at the appointed time, had not her own family misfortune occupied most of her time and thought. Not only upon her account and mine did I regret the loss of my money. Had my fortune remained secure, I could have been of much financial assistance to her father until he had regained his losses.

A few days after my double misfortune I was sitting in my library, huddled up in the depths of an easy chair, drawn up before the grate. I had made but a pretense of dining with only my gloomy thoughts for comfort. My lips held an unlighted

cigar, while my fingers beat an unconscious tattoo upon the arm of my chair. I was trying to subdue the chaos of my perturbed thoughts in a kind of subjection to my will. I wanted to rally, to gather my forces and have them once more under control! I must think clearly; I must arouse myself from this slough of despondency and recall my old energy and power of will. I had the better part of my life before me, and I had one to work for whose life is far better than my own.

The ring of the door-bell startled me and a moment later my man informed that a gentleman who asked to see me was waiting outside.

"Who is calling at this late hour," I asked. "Did you tell him that I had given orders that I was not to be disturbed?"

"Yes sir, I told him, but he said he must see you, that his business was most imperative."

"Did he give you his card?"

"No sir, he said his name was unknown to you and his business private."

I sat in silence while my servant stood motionless awaiting my pleasure. "You may show him in," I finally said. "I hope his business will be brief."

The man bowed and withdrew.

I think never did I see a stranger or more comical picture than my unknown guest presented as he stood in the open doorway. He was a little man, with a large head set upon a pair of wide and stooping shoulders, and a pair of very short fat legs encased in a pair of short baggy trousers. He wore a high hat which was about two sizes too large for him, and his grizzly beard reached almost to his waist. His clothes of old-fashioned make were shabby, but his linen was scrupulously clean.

I arose as he advanced into the room, where he paused mid-

way and bent his body in a low bow.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Stephen Trent?" he asked in a funny little voice, which almost made me smile.

"Yes," I told him. "I am Stephen Trent. Will you be seated sir? My servant tells me that you wish to see me on important business, but as you are a perfect stranger to me, I am at a loss to understand."

"Ahem! Exactly, quite so, my dear Mr. Trent I quite appreciate the fact that an utter stranger intruding upon your privacy at this hour, is somewhat—ahem!—surprising, but I hope not to detain you long."

Again I said somewhat reluctantly, "Pray be seated sir. Will it seem inhospitable if I ask your name?"

"Not in the least, not in the least, my dear young man, but my name is unknown to you and of very little importance. As my business with you concerns me not in the least, but yourself and another whom I represent, my name can be of no importance in regard to what I have to say."

He rubbed his chubby hands together, smiled upon me genially, looking at me sharply and intently all the while, thru a pair of huge spectacles.

"Will you be offended, sir, if I ask you a few questions? I have no wish to offend, I am sure, and I do not hesitate to add that to answer me promptly, and may I say frankly, may prove greatly to your advantage."

The old man from the very comicality of his look and manner, appealed to me favorably, and that underlying his light manner was a vein of deep earnestness, was not lost upon me. With a shrug and a faint smile I motioned him to "fire away."

"To begin with then, your name is Stephen Trent. You were born in the state of New York about twenty-eight years ago.



Your father and mother died soon after you had reached man's estate."

I opened my lips to speak, but he silenced me with a wave of his hand.

"Do not interrupt me please. Am I not right so far? Aha, I thought so. Well to proceed; you were the possessor of few dollars, but a great deal of energy and determination and these were soon directed into the proper channel. You engaged in business which proved highly remunerative, and in the course of time you were on the high road to success. You loved and were loved in return, by a very beautiful and admirable young woman."

"Hold on! Who are you, and how do you know all this?" I almost shouted. But again he motioned me to silence.

"You were, or are engaged to be married, but a month hence, when by a sudden turn of fortune's wheel, you lost a large part of your money and your dishonest partner decamped with all the rest of your available cash. Thus at the present, your fortune is again at low ebb."

I could not endure the penetrating gaze of this strange man, and I shaded my face with my hands.

"Now I am coming to the strange part of my story. Do you remember, Mr. Trent, a visit you made to New York City three years ago?"

I nodded assent.

"But perhaps you do not remember a little incident connected with this visit. I refer to a day, near the close of your stay, when seated in a crowded car you arose and offered a frail little woman your seat. There were a number of other men present, but you were the only one to extend this little courtesy. She was dressed in black, if you recall—"

"Yes, I remember her. I don't know why I should remember such a trivial incident..."

"Trivial, yes, the act in itself was trivial, but results were not. This woman, odd and eccentric as she looked, was one of the wealthiest women in the city, but she was alone in the world and very sensitive to kindness. A week ago she died, and in her will she left you the undisputed sum of one million dollars."

I sprang to my feet and confronted the little man, being aglow with indignation. "Are you drunk or crazy?" I demanded harshly, "that you come to me with this unlikely story. Do you think this is a time to play fool jokes on me? I—I have a mind—"

"Tut, tut, my young friend, calm yourself, every word I tell you is gospel truth and this I swear. I have sufficient proof as these papers will show. I was Mrs. Merton's life-long friend and it was at her request I gained all the information possible about you, as she wished her money to fall into worthy hands. She died content, knowing that this money would add to your happiness. It is now yours."

When I was sufficiently recovered from the shock occasioned by this astounding news, I found that the papers he carried proved the truth. I was the master of a million dollars. I could now resume my shattered business, marry the girl I loved, and restore to her father, his losses. I turned and in a glow of thankfulness, seized the chubby hands of the smiling old man and pressed them reverently to my lips.

—NETTIE McINNIS, '16.

## The Junior Class

### The Girl With the Basket Ball

Here's to the laughing, daring maid,  
The one crowned by them all,  
Light hearted, eager, unafraid—  
The girrl with the Basket Ball.  
She tosses her loosened hair from her eyes,  
As she stands there straight and tall,  
And patiently waits for the College cries;—  
The girl with the Basket Ball.  
Her merry voice clear and gay,  
In a cheer or happy call,  
And with glowing checks she waits to play;—  
The girl with the Basket Ball.  
In her midy thru the fray she flies,  
As an arrow thru a hall,  
And knows the joy which in battle lies;—  
The girl with the Basket Ball.  
Here's to the girl with eyes like stars,  
Who is able to conquer all,  
Who plays with danger, and laughs at scars;—  
The girl with the Basket Ball.

—WILMA HILLMAN, '17

Careless Juniors are we in nineteen-fifteen,  
But dignified Seniors we'll be in nineteen-sixteen.  
Our class is the leader of the day,  
Headed by its president "Little" L. A.  
Our motto, "Build for Character Not for Fame,"  
Is not one likely to cause us shame.  
If by it we ever abide  
No evil thoughts we'll have to hide.  
Of our colors we are very proud.  
And of them no slight remarks are allowed.  
In the procession at education time  
These colors you'll see heading the line.  
Pea green and shell pink they are  
Respected and admired from near and far.  
Our flower is the pink LaFrance rose,  
As it the class unanimously chose.  
With its rich, curley petals of pink  
It causes all other flowers to sink  
To colors very dim  
While it remains comely from blossom to stem.  
Officers too, we have elected  
And their duty have never neglected.  
Our members in number are twenty-two  
And 'mong them not a single "Dutchman" or "Jew."  
Full blooded American are we  
And nothing better do we ever wish to be.

—IRENE SHANNON BREAZEALE, '16

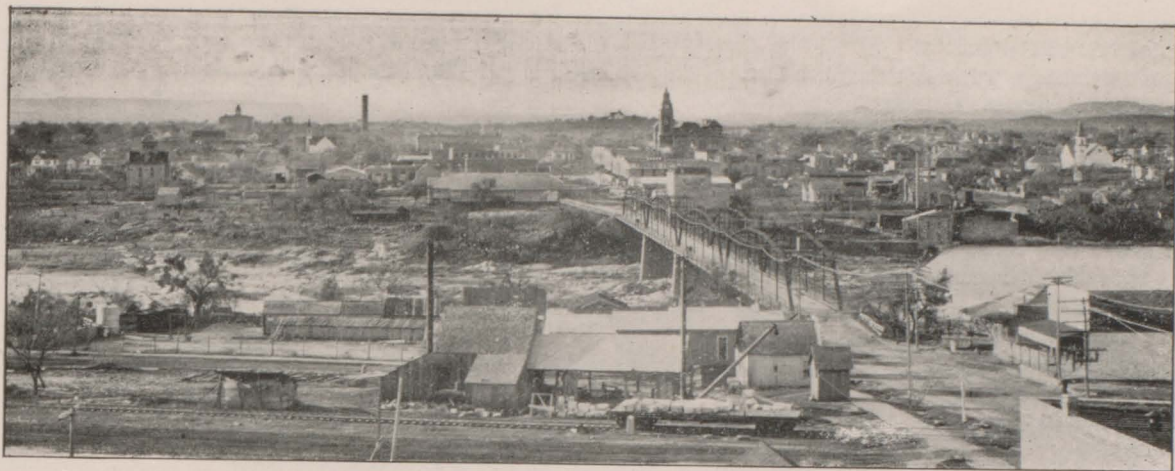


## Class of 1916

As I sit alone in the gloaming,  
A vision comes to me,  
That even alone in the desert,  
My classmates I may see.  
A mist comes over my eyes  
As they wander in surprise,  
I behold a lady with flowing, curly tresses,  
A learned person teaching the "Freshies."  
A sensation came o'er me that made me feel,  
That it was none other than Irene Breazeale.  
She said that her business partner for many aday,  
Had been no other than "Fairy Fay."  
A milliner shop appeared on the scene;  
In the midst of it stood a lady serene,  
Dressed in colors loud and gay,  
Whom I recognized as Minnie Lee Gray.  
A lady was viewing every hat in the house,  
Whom I learned to be Miss Zuma Ray Rouse.  
Next I saw a beggar asking for a penny,  
Which he received from the liberal Lenny.  
Charity work she was doing in this cruel old world;  
What a task for such a 'tiny little' girl!  
Then a little farmhouse, I vividly did see,  
With for its owner, John, brother to Lee;  
Down in the kitchen a maiden fair—  
Irene was making biscuits with the greatest of care.  
Lee, with a hoe handle was beating his head,  
The same old habit his school life had led,  
Grace, the girl with eyes of blue,

At Graphite, Texas, was cooking for two.  
Nettie, passed thru on her renowned tour  
To the western cities to teach the poor.  
Dokie was teaching at the very same place,  
Gertrude and Imogene, with the exact pace.  
My thought hence roamed back to town,  
And whom should I see but Oscar Brown?  
A lawyer, with very sober aspect,  
Destined to be rich from every prospect.  
He said that John had roamed to the hills,  
To live amid the daffodils;  
Disappointment in love had caused him to rove,  
Away from the noise of the city mills.  
In the paper I read of an orator great,  
Beside his picture was printed; "Milton Shirley of late."  
Honor and fame in the world he had gained,  
Thru the talent he, in school, had trained.  
A noted chemist's picture was beside him,  
Whom I recognized, tho' true it was dim—  
To be Luther, the pride of the chemistry class,  
His goal he had reached thru his efforts at last.  
I saw a picture of the Yale team in diamond formation,  
With Elmo the best tackle in all creation.  
A lady, whom I knew as Ida Maud Wallace,  
In a circus, was carefully training the pollies.  
Miss Dorothy Tarrence appeared on the stage—  
A better actress than Lillian Russell, because of her age.  
My visions were gone. The scenes so real to me,  
Had vanished into eternity.  
No more could I see my classmates of yore,  
They had vanished and were v.s.ile to me no more.

—ELIZABETH HECTOR, '16



VIEW OF LLANO LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE FRANKLIN HOTEL



VIEW OF LLANO LOOKING NORTH FROM LLANO HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING



### NONSENSE RHYMES ABOUT THE SENIORS

I am a good poet  
And the Seniors don't know it,  
But after I've finished these few lines  
I know those bonehead Seniors will think they are fine.  
There was one by the name of Doyle Lowe,  
To the Junior-Senior party he flatly refused to go,  
On the girls, he wouldn't waste his looks,  
But spent his time on his beloved books.  
Mildred Bourne is fair, and a blonde,  
Of playing tennis she is very fond,  
Her big, beautiful eyes have caused a certain boy many sighs.  
Edgar Hennig was a Dutch lad,  
He always laughed and was never sad,  
In German he was quite bright,  
And that lesson never did slight.  
A boy we called Oscar Lange,  
Never used any slang,  
Over his Physics he often did sigh,  
But he never would tell a lie.  
F. is for Floyd who is very slim,  
He told funny jokes and we all liked him,  
He had a freckled face and auburn hair,  
And he loved a girl who was very fair.  
Everett Martin in size was quite small,  
He was manager of the L. H. S. football,  
He took Latin with the Freshman class,  
And on one little "freshhie" made quite a mash.  
Helen Oatman is not very gay,  
As some one is in school far away,  
But she won't be sad very long,  
For soon to Southwestern she'll be gone.  
He is for handsome, hearty and hasty,  
In selecting his attire Roland is tasty,  
But sad to say that boy is vain,  
For too many compliments have turned his brain.  
Howard Blodgett noted for his small feet,  
Calls our attention now on this sheet,

In German he is very fine,  
But alas, in Geometry, far behind.  
Don't you ever make Alma mad,  
If you do, you are sure to feel bad,  
She's a girl who'll not take any slights,  
Believe me, she'll stand up for her rights.  
There was a youth among our dodgers  
Who went by the name of Raymond Rogers,  
He always did things on the sly  
While watching the teacher's eye.  
I ever remember the dark haired Lee  
For she was as good as could be  
And if you might look at her by chance  
You might see her, at a Junior glance.  
There was a girl by the name of Bonnie Ruth,  
Who never varied from the truth,  
She was a girl who was very fair  
And she had a stylish twist on her hair.  
Bertha was a precise young maid,  
To her lessons the strictest attention she paid,  
For the opposite sex she showed disgust  
And declared she'd never in one put trust.  
J is for Jennie, our little girl,  
She wore her hair down in a lovely curl,  
She always liked things just so,  
I wonder if she'll ever grow.  
There was a lad called Riley  
He looked at a Junior very shyly,  
Then to while away the time he wrote  
This Junior a six-page note.  
I musn't forget the lad we call Marl  
A boy who was never known to quarrel,  
He said, sure I'll get a class ring  
But I'll not have that cheap thing.  
Last and least we come to the girl with the Spanish name  
Don't you think sometimes as a poet she will win fame  
'Tis only a little nonsense about our class  
They may enjoy reading when these times are past.

—JUANITA KNOWLES, '15.

# JOKES

## "OLD MAIDS."

Helen Virginia Oatman,  
Lou Emily Grace Robinson,  
Nettie Houghton McInnis,  
Mildred King Bourne,  
Juanita Knowles,  
Irene Cone.  
Colors—Blond and Brunette.  
Motto—Here's Hoping.  
Password—Giggle.

### RESOLVED:

1. To remain old maids till we get a chance to change.
2. To get all the revenge possible.
3. To be popular.
4. To always be loyal to Old Maids.

Wants: A girl who can overlook this face of mine in consideration of my fastidious mode of dressing.—Oscar Brown.

Wanted: To borrow a cup full of brains from Helen.—Raymond Rogers.

Wanted: To bribe Mr. Davis for a Physics grade.—Everett Martin.

Wanted: More subscribers to the Mountaineer.—Editorial Staff.

Wanted: To be popular with the ladies.—Elmo Simpson.

Wanted: To be an actress.—Ruth Barnett.

## AN IMPORTANT ANALYSIS.

April 5, sample arrives from Fulton, Kentucky, for analysis. Mr. Davis in high spirits. High spirits soon in Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis refuses to use reagents, relying on taste. Sample soon gone. Mr. Davis has difficulty in locating home, getting into Mr. Oscar Porter's instead of Mrs. Darnall's.

April 6, Mr. Davis wires manufacturers, "Sample arrived in bad condition; jug broke; send another." Mr. Davis enjoys terrible headache caused by exposure to chemicals on previous day.

April 10, second sample arrives. Mr. Davis in still higher spirits—ninety-nine per cent pure this time. Sample disappears mysteriously. Mr. Davis takes a long, heavy nap. Upon awakening wires manufacturers again, "Sample evaporated in transit. Send two samples to insure scientific analysis."

April 11, Mr. Davis mistakes the City jail for Doctor Darnall's office. Excuses all classes. Awful headache caused by contact with highly concentrated Bromo-Seltzer.

April 15, two samples arrive with tag, "Will send no more. Please advise what these contain." Mr. Davis now in low spirits. After hilarious chemical analysis wires manufacturers: "Your whiskey violates the pure food law in that it contains impurities such as snakes, serpents, scorpions." Mr. Davis lies down to unpleasant dreams.

"Davis, that was a good one you pulled off yesterday."

"Yes, what was it?"

"Why, your dirty shirt."

NOTICE:—Mr. Rouse resigned as President of the Student's Council so he could become President of the Never Sweat Association.



# HIGH SCHOOL STATISTICS

## BOYS:

Handsomest Students ..... Smith, Buttery. and Renick  
 Think they are ..... Huie, Davis and Pittman  
 Freshest Student ..... Oscar Lange  
 Thinks he is ..... Elmo Simpson  
 Most Noted Ho. A. R. Merchant ..... Floyd McCollum  
 Wittiest Student ..... Oscar Brown  
 Thinks he is ..... Roland Renick  
 Most intellectual student ..... Loyle Lowe  
 Most dignified student ..... Edgar Hennig  
 Most industrious student ..... Sweet Eddy Rogers  
 Most conceited ..... Herman Lord  
 Happiest student ..... E. E. Martin  
 Most eccentric ..... Marl Ricketson  
 Four liars ..... Blodgett, Atkins, Atchison, Fowler  
 Sunday School lads ..... Rogers and Blodgett  
 Greatest Achieve ..... Oscar Lange  
 Thinks he is ..... Orville Buttery  
 Hardest Professor ..... Lynn B. Davis  
 Ladies' Men ..... Luther, Lynn and Leslie  
 Happiest Loafers ..... Huie and Simpson  
 Lady haters ..... McCollum and Ricketson  
 Best Senior ..... Edgar Hennig  
 Thinks he is ..... Raymond Rogers  
 Calico Sport ..... Milton Shirley  
 Most popular ..... Luther Hutchinson  
 Think they are ..... Huie and Atkins  
 Delights in pleasing teachers ..... J. Watkins and S. Duncan  
 Delights in worrying teachers ..... Martin and McCollum  
 Our religious skeptic ..... Marl Ricketson  
 Fattest student ..... Clive Dunaway  
 Wittiest Senior ..... "Buzzard" Blodgett  
 Thinks he is ..... "Bates" Renick  
 Honorary Sunset members ..... McCollum, Pres., Martin, Vice-Pres  
 Biggest thief ..... Lee Atkins  
 Best football player ..... Sport Lord  
 Think they are ..... Huie and Simpson

## GIRLS:

Prettiest girl ..... Mildred Bourne  
 Thinks she is ..... Hallie Buchanan  
 Freshest girl ..... Fay Byfield  
 Thinks she is ..... Zuma Rouse  
 Wittiest girl ..... Wilma Hillman  
 Thinks she is ..... Ruth Barnett  
 Most intellectual girl ..... Imogene Winkler  
 Thinks she is ..... Juanita Duncan  
 Most dignified girl ..... Helen Oatman  
 Most industrious girl ..... Bertha Blodgett  
 Most conceited ..... Ruth Barnett  
 Happiest girl ..... Juanita Knowles  
 Most eccentric ..... Alma Hennig  
 Boy hater ..... Irene Cone  
 Happiest Idler ..... Verda Everett  
 Most popular ..... Dorothy Tarrence  
 Thinks she is ..... Esther Altgelt  
 Fattest girl ..... Violet Beiter  
 Wittiest Senior ..... Lee Smith  
 Thinks she is ..... Jennie Lauterstein  
 Best basket ball player ..... Fay Byfield  
 Best Tennis player ..... Nettie McInnis  
 Thinks she is ..... Lydia Keese  
 Best musician ..... Helen Oatman  
 Biggest talker ..... Ida Maud Wallace  
 Biggest flirt ..... Alberta Ricketson

### Class Fools

### Class Idiots

### Class Beauties

Freshman ..... Bradley ..... Fowler ..... Miss Jernigan  
 Sophomore ..... Smith ..... Watkins ..... Miss Hillman  
 Junior ..... Hutchinson ..... Brown ..... Miss Robinson  
 Senior ..... Renick ..... Hennig ..... Miss

Miss Higginbotham—How many brothers have you Oscar?

Oscar Lange—One, but my sister Annie has two.

Oscar—Me and my brother.

"It seems to me, Zuma, that young Mr. Lange stayed pretty late last night. Did he have any pressing business?"

Zuma (blushing)—"Not until just before he went away Mama"

Roland—Everett, do you know the four sweetest words ever writ?

Everett—No, what are they?

Roland—Enclosed please find check.

Floyd—What are you looking for?

Riley—Nothing.

Floyd—Peep in the mirror then.

Miss Higginbotham—"What is the death rate here?"

Edgar Hennig—"The same as anywhere else, one death to each inhabitant."

Howard Blodgett—Why are you wearing glasses?

Oscar Lange—I was nearly blinded by my dazzling wits.

Walter Watkins—So you consider my proposal?

Anna Mae—Yes, I consider it—a joke.

The boys and girls of the L. H. S. would like to know why Walter Watkins became sick very suddenly one afternoon. They don't think he could have taken a chew of tobacco.

Alberta—The only objection I have to baseball is that it sometimes becomes a trifle wearisome.

Marl—But you don't play the game.

Alberta—No, but I have a friend who talks about it continuously.

Riley—How are you going to spend your summer vacation?

Roland—I'm going to put it in traveling from one summer resort to another until I find a girl worth a million or two who wants to be loved and married for herself alone.

Mr. Davis—What would become of these spirits if I should open the bottle?

Edgar Hennig—I would bet on their not being any left in the bottle.

Mildred—Why is Mr. Davis saving his money?

Heien—So he can buy a field. (Byfield.)

Wilma—What medicine is best for Esther?

Everybody—"Watkins" Remedies.

Miss Sanderford—Pessel decline vir.

Pessel—"Vir, vir, vir, vir, vir, vir.

Miss Gray, Oscar give an appreciation of Shelley.

Oscar—I don't appreciate Shelley.

#### WARNING.

Riley: "Sir your daughter has promised to become my wife."

Mr.——: "Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might have known something would happen to you for hanging around here five nights a week."

#### LIKELY.

Elmo: "My dear, did you make this pudding out of the cookery book?"

Lee: "Yes, love."

Elmo: "Well I thought I tasted one of the covers."

#### BRILLIANT DUTCHMAN.

Oscar to Floyd: "Sure if I was as big a man as yourself, I'd join the navy, little as I am."

#### CROQUET.

It was during a tennis game in Llano, when Everett, the bow-legged player served his first ball. Floyd, the second player, unmindful that his opponent was directly in front of him, returned the ball, and it whizzed between his opponent's legs.

"Here," said bow-legged Everett, "that's no tennis."

"Well," said Floyd complacently, "if it is not tennis, it is good croquet."



### ENCOURAGING.

Miss Gray (to Tenth grade History class which had been especially dull that day, losing all hope and addressing her star pupil,) "Now Imogene, Mary followed Edward the Sixth, didn't she?"

"Yes ma'am," answered Imogene

"And now, who followed Mary?"

All was silent for a moment, then Imogene raised her hand.

"Yes, Imogene, who followed Mary?" queried Miss Gray.

"Her little lamb," answered Imogene triumphantly.

### PRETTY GOOD.

Young Roland was exhibiting his pictures to a charming girl. "This one," he said, handing Irene a picture, "is my photograph taken with two French poodles. Can you recognize me?" "Why, yes certainly," she replied, looking at it intently. "You are the one with the hat on."

### THINGS WE ARE PAID NOT TO TELL.

Where Everett studies his Latin at night.

That Floyd is in love with a Doctor's daughter.

That Kiley chews tobacco.

That Marl thinks Grace is good looking.

That Lydia likes to stay up in the Martin Phone office.

That Joe Backus stole Bonnie Ruth's picture.

That Alma never gets mad.

That Mildred's nickname is Freckles.

That Miss Higginbotham has her teeth fixed occasionally.

That Miss Gray has a friend in San Antonio.

Why Luther studies so hard.

That Prof. Pittman is in love with Miss Sanderford.

That some one stole a banana from Mr. Davis on April 1.

### WHAT WE THINK OF

Irene Breazeale ..... R. Bates Renick  
 Oscar Lange ..... Basketball Coach  
 Elmo Simpson ..... Ba-by  
 Lee Atkins ..... Hog  
 Miss Gray ..... A Lawyer  
 Fay Byfield ..... Science Instructor  
 Marl Ricketson ..... Infidel  
 Lee Smith ..... A Miik Peddler

Edgar Hennig ..... Sheriff's daughter  
 Riley Huie ..... Ticket Agent  
 Everett Martin ..... Sauerkraut  
 Floyd McCollum ..... A Doctor's daughter  
 Ola Mayes ..... A Little Bird Song  
 John Watkins ..... A Dutch girl  
 Miss Higginbotham ..... A Dentist  
 Miss Sanderford ..... Prof. Pittman  
 Lynn B. Davis ..... Fifty Cents  
 Jennie Lauterstein ..... Entertaining the Germania  
 Helen Oatman ..... Southwestern  
 Mildred Bourne ..... Germany  
 Raymond Rogers ..... A Fisherman  
 Oscar Brown ..... Helen Virginia  
 Irene Cone ..... Nixon-Clay  
 Grace Robinson ..... A Garage  
 Dokie Long ..... Kingsland  
 Nettie McInnis ..... Writing good, long themes

### WANTED TO KNOW

Where Edgar Hennig can be found after 3 p m.—E Martin.

Who wants to run the Senior Class?—Mildred Bourne.

Why the Seniors can't have a peaceful meeting?—Raymond Rogers.

What I will amount to?—Marl Ricketson.

What girl handed the following line in?—Marl Ricketson:

"It is not always a lemon that a fellow squeezes the hardest."

If Mildred loves me much?—Luther Rutchinson.

Who took Miss Helen to the show on January 15th?—"Split" McCollum.

Who R. Eates Renick was imitating in Geometry class?—Mildred Bourne.

Why Minnie Lee and Floyd tore up their playhouse?—Leroy Selman.

If Pessel misses Omie Bell much?—Wilma Hillman.

If Walter Watkins gets drunk?—Anna Mae Tarrence.

If Elmo really loves me?—Lee Smith.

Who saw us in the library on Monday, April 5th?—Mr. Pittman and Miss Sanderford.

Who is hunting a nice, little girl to love?—Nettie McInnis.

ADS



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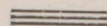
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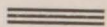
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

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