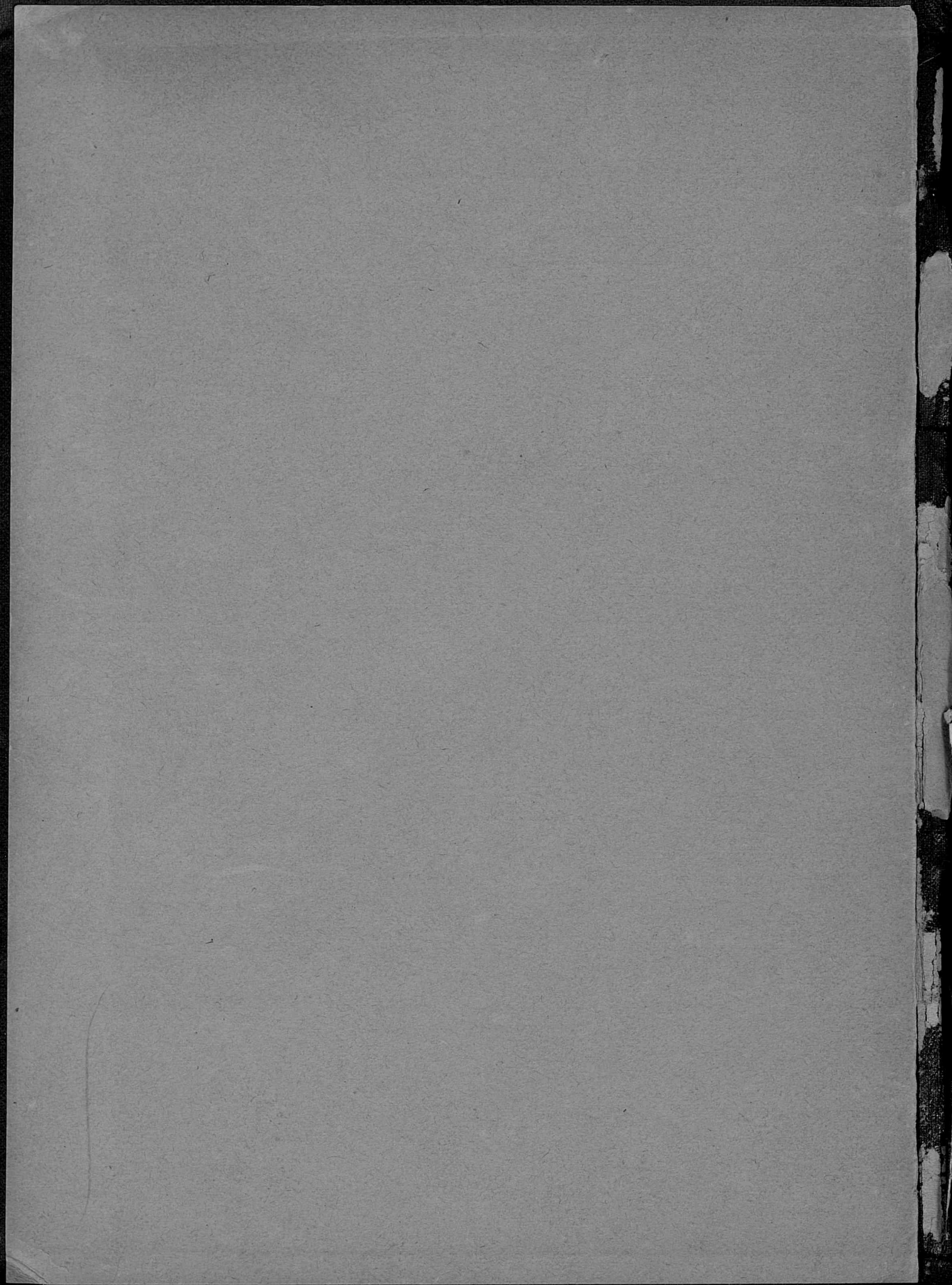


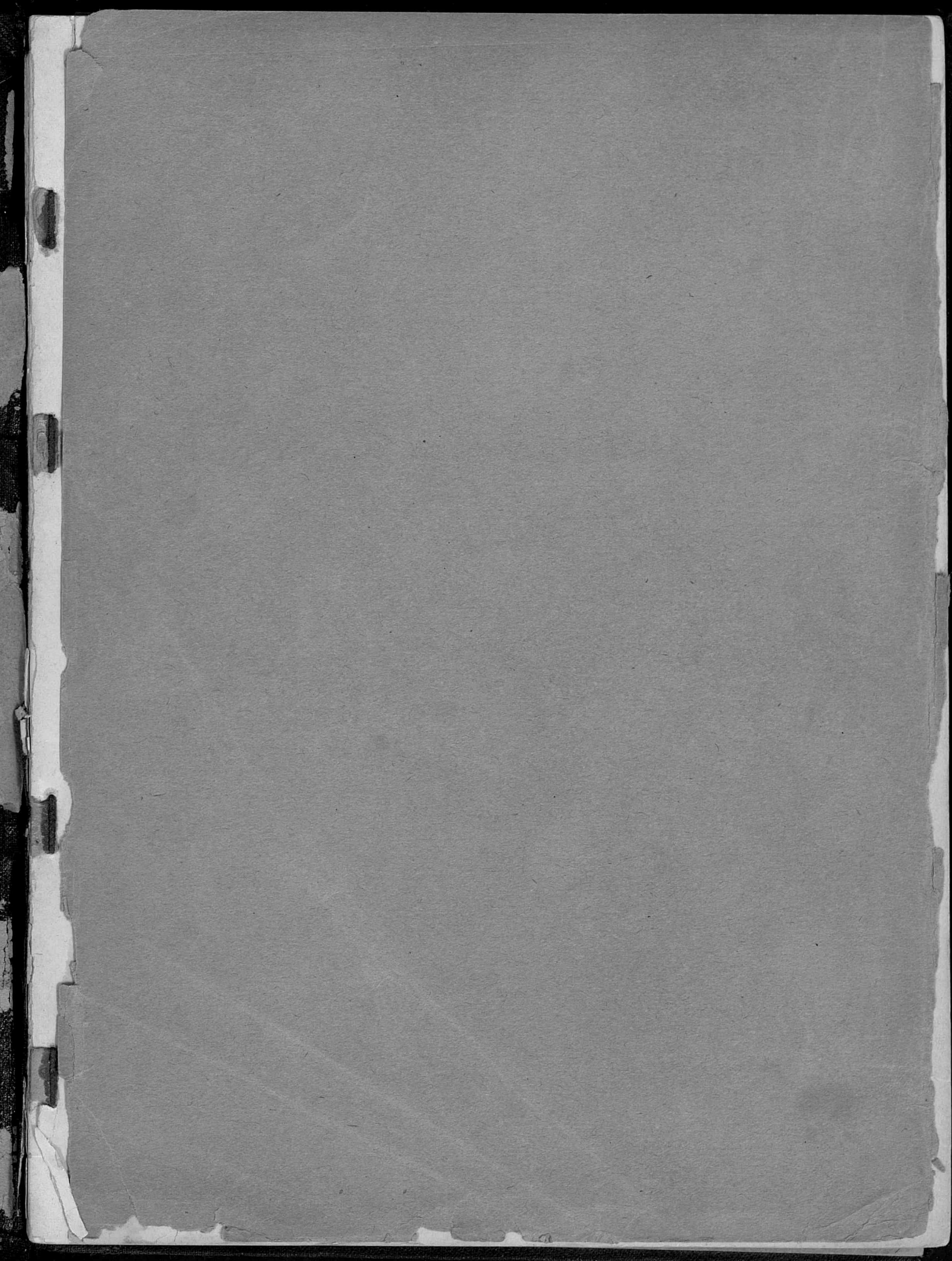
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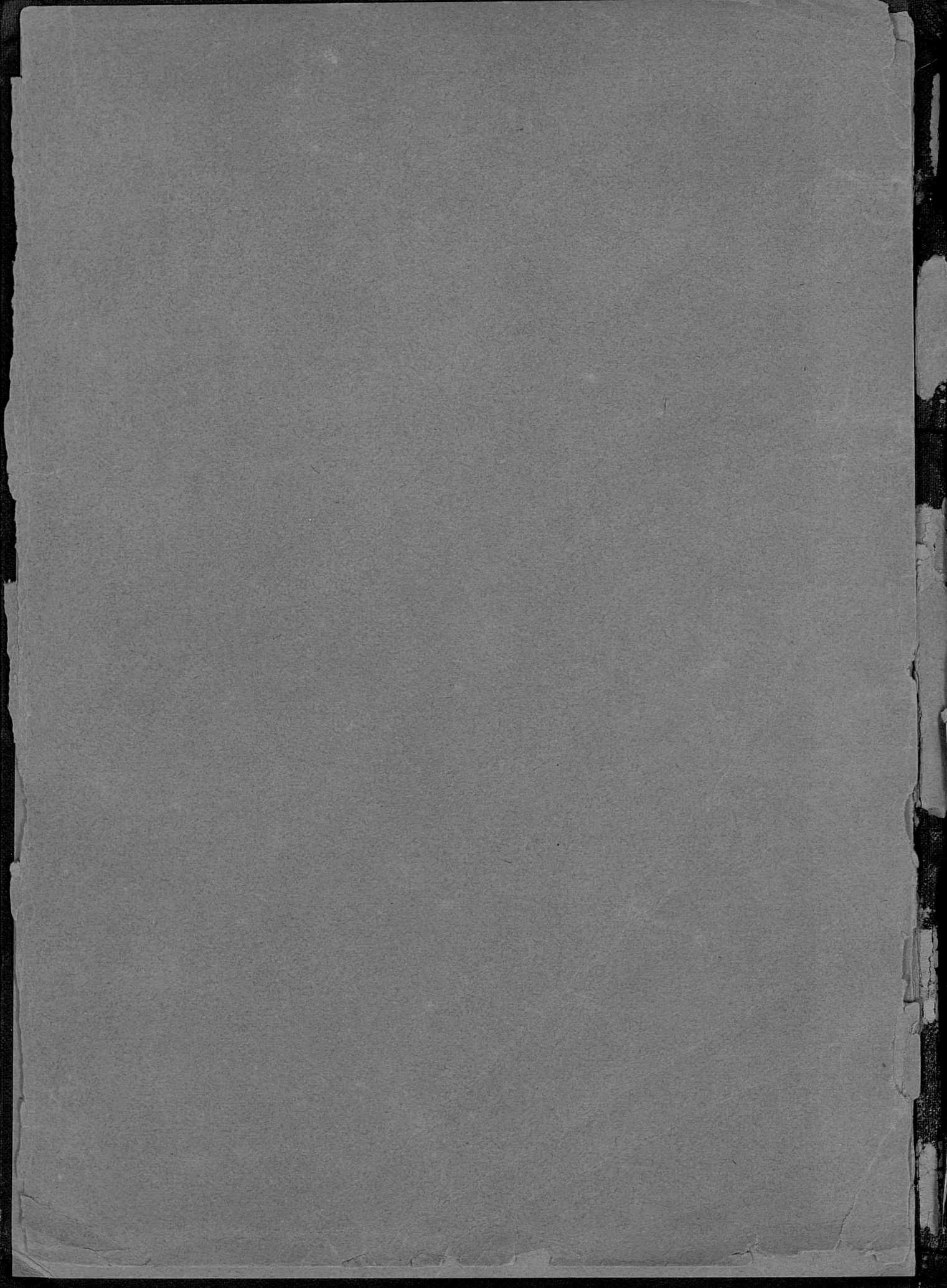
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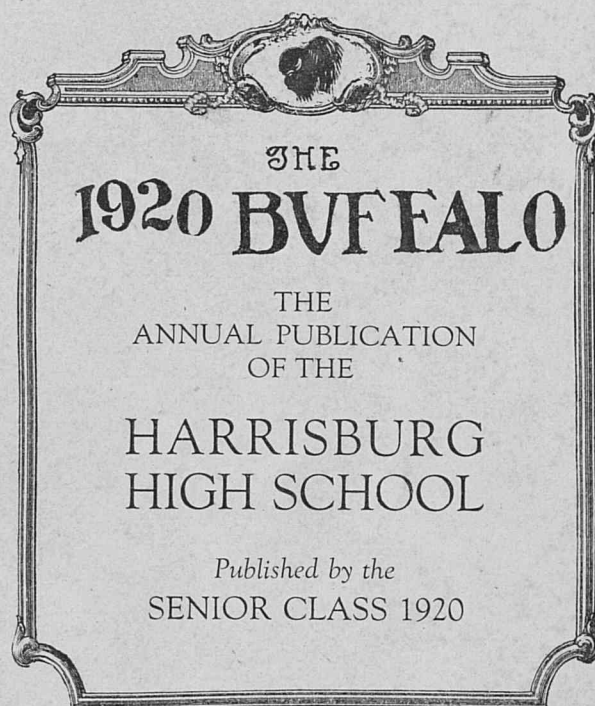


PRINCIPAL'S FILE









THE
1920 BUFFALO

THE
ANNUAL PUBLICATION
OF THE

HARRISBURG
HIGH SCHOOL

Published by the
SENIOR CLASS 1920



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FOREWORD

WE have endeavored in this little volume to publish our achievements, both literary and athletic; some of our trials, disappointments and emotions of the past year and to set forth our hopes, aspirations and ideals for the years to come. May you bear with us in the presentation of this record.

DEDICATION

TO the memory of the
man who was one of
Harrisburg's foremost
citizens ; who was always
a friend to those in need
and whose vision for years
was the permanent estab-
lishment of our High
School, Judge John Grant
Tod, this 1920 volume of
the Buffalo is lovingly
dedicated.



1920





W. C. HANNER, *Superintendent Schools*
Harrisburg Independent
School District

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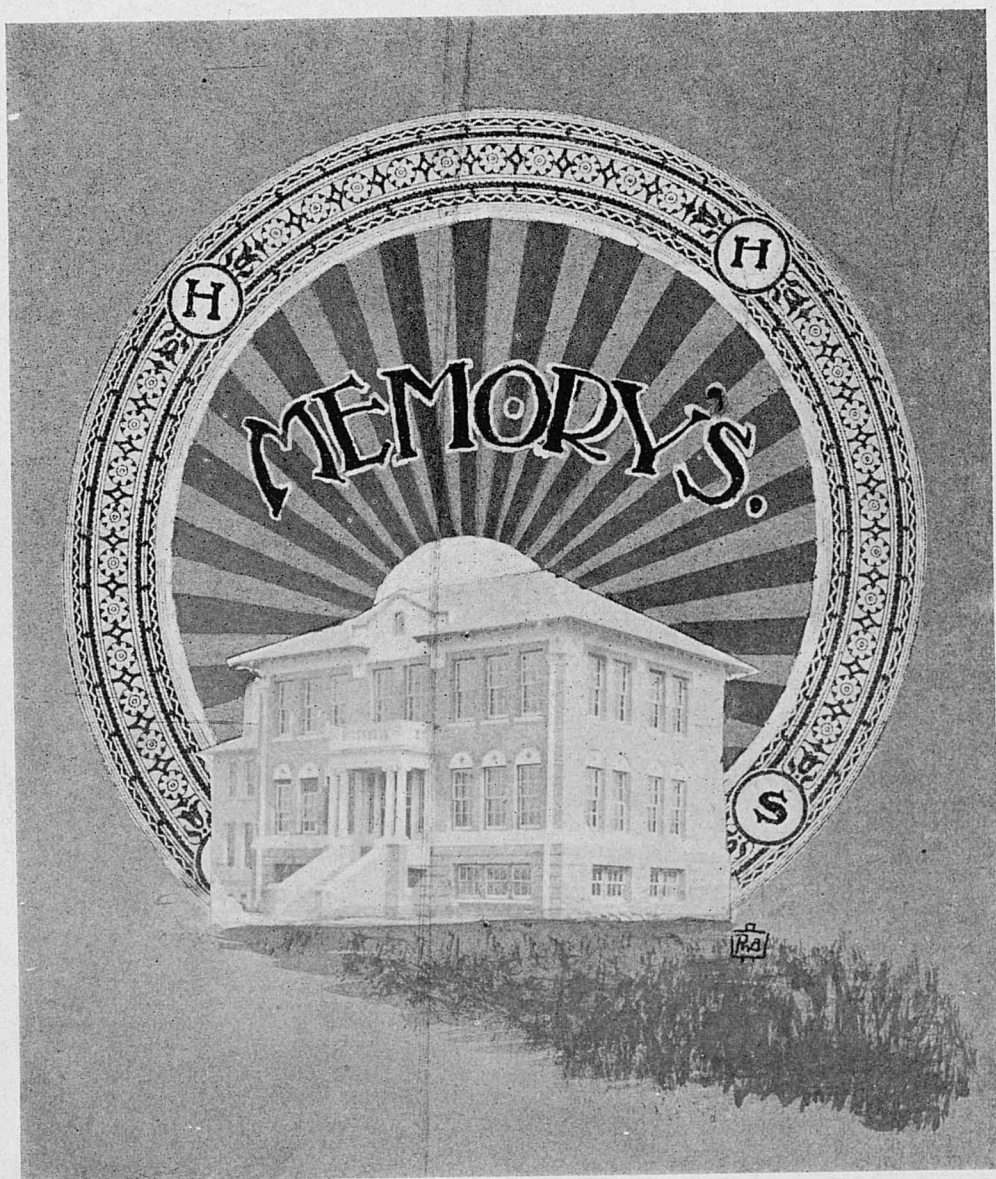
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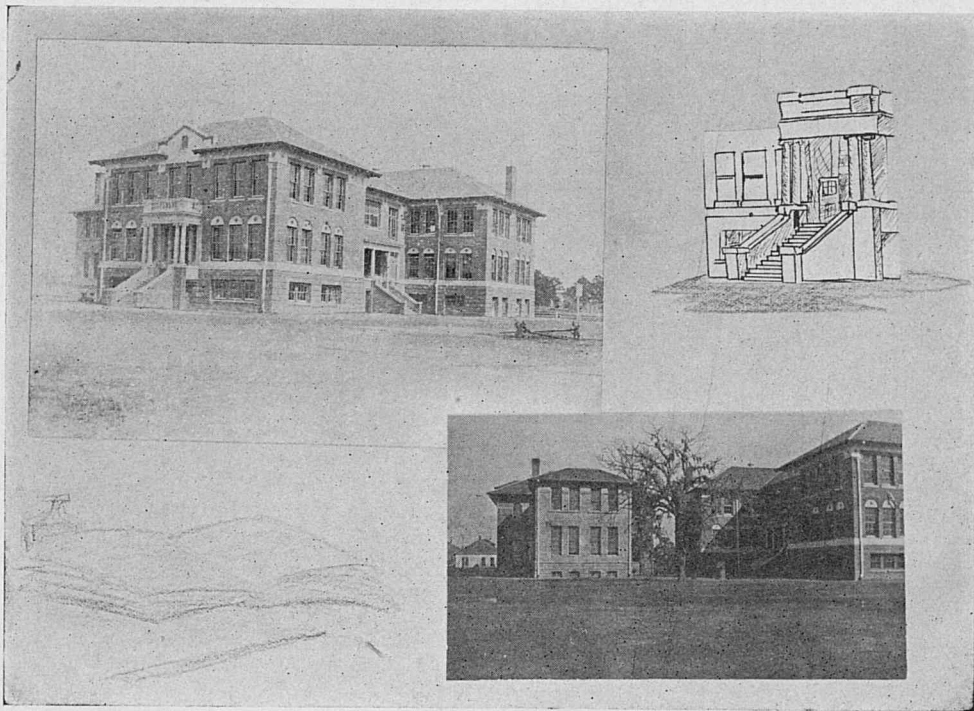
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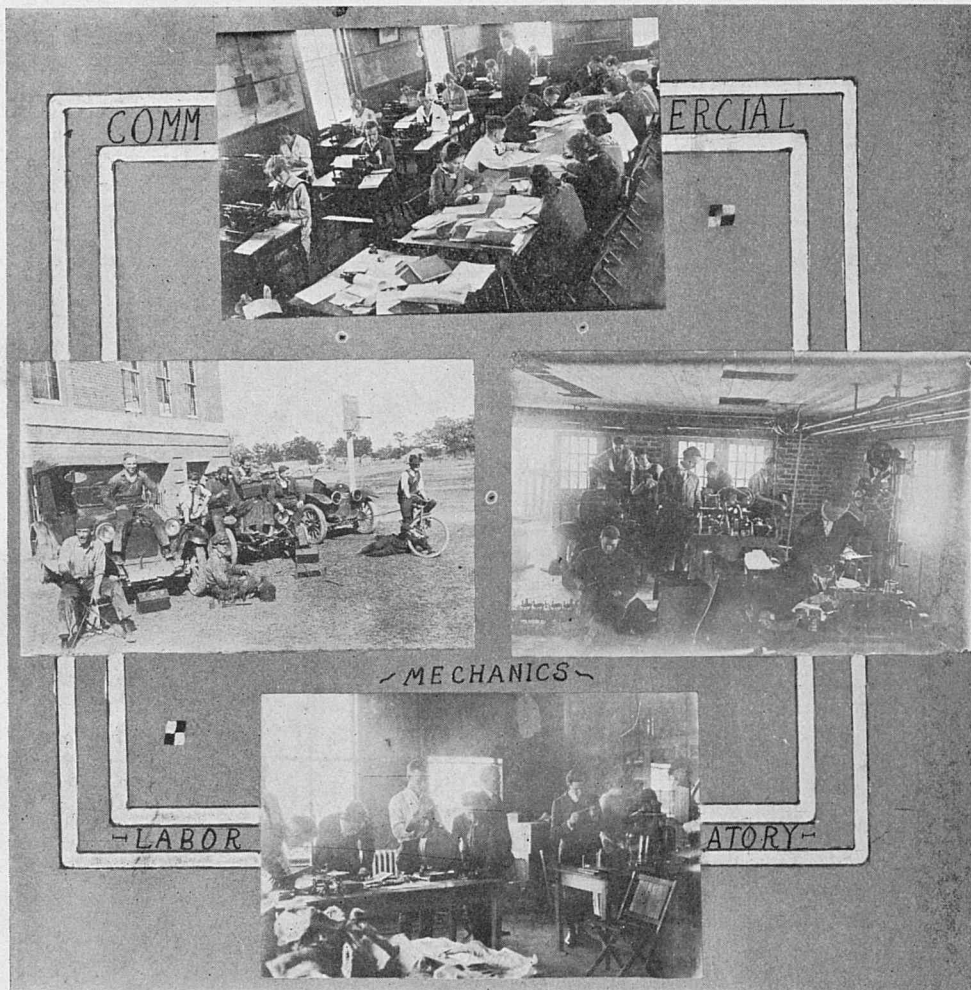
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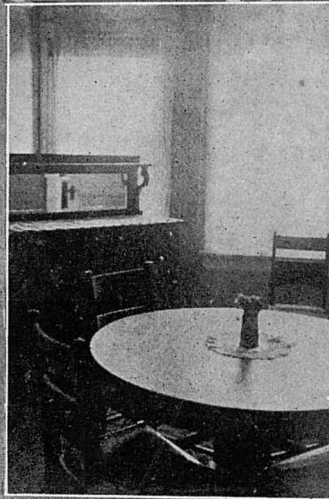
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Book 5. Humor



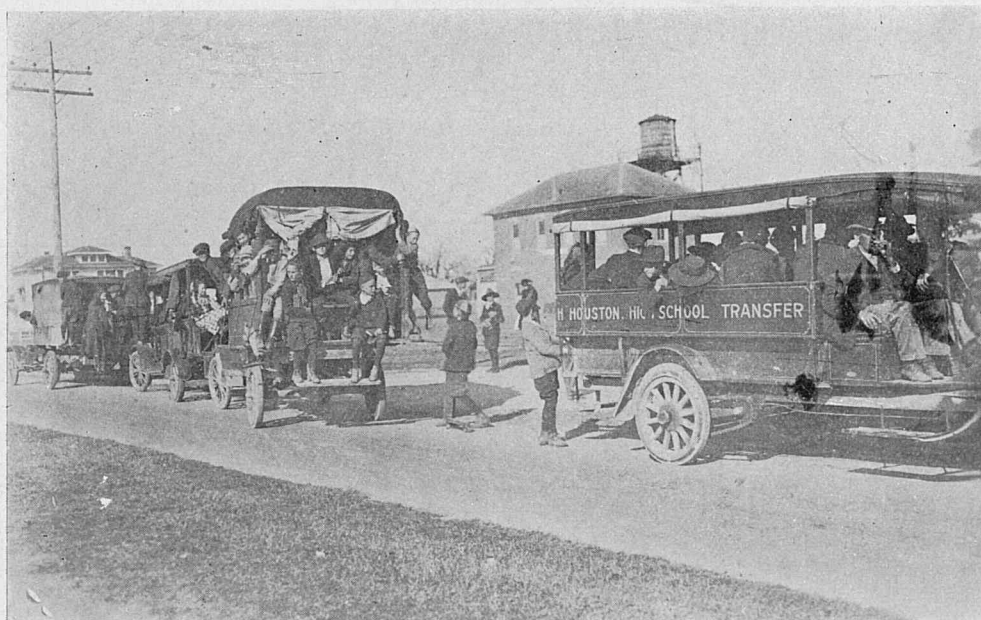






DOMESTIC ARTS





HARRISBURG HIGH SCHOOL

A model of consolidation—citizens should be proud of such an institution. Within Harrisburg Independent School District are located Park Place, Brookline and Magnolia Park—all of which send graduates of their grammar schools to the high school at Harrisburg. Outside of the district are Genoa, South Houston and Pasadena, formerly sustaining high schools, but sending all of their pupils to Harrisburg by special jitneys. Each evening at 3:30 there are five automobile trucks waiting at the school house to convey the pupils to their different localities. There is also a boat for the accommodation of those children from below Pasadena who live on the ship channel.

To weld such a cosmopolitan student body into a whole, working with one spirit to a common end, is a task not easily accomplished. But on the other hand—and here is where her individuality as an institution comes in—the pupils from these different districts bring new ideas, methods and ways of doing things, all of which inject new life into the school each year. That results are obtained is shown by the athletic teams sent out each year.



SCHOOL BOARD

Harrisburg Independent School District



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SAM R. KNIGHT

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GEO. E. BLOHM



F. DAVIS



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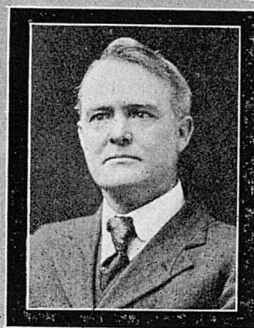


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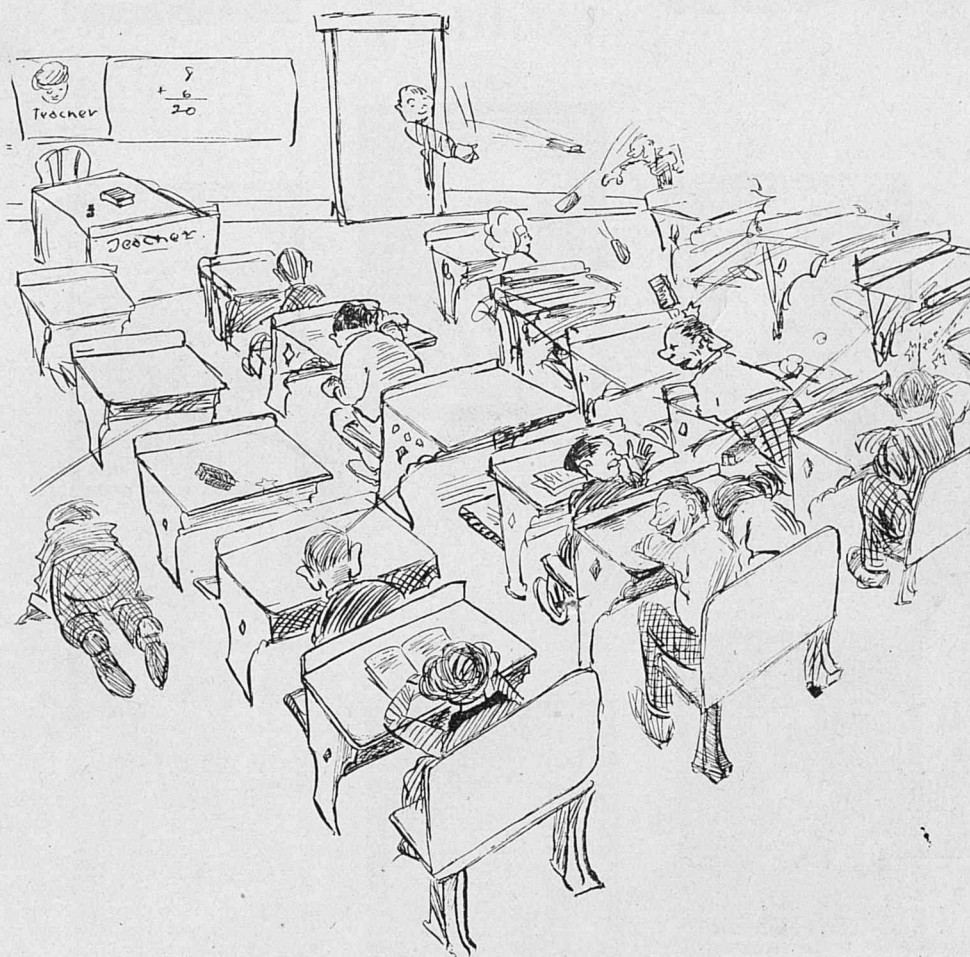


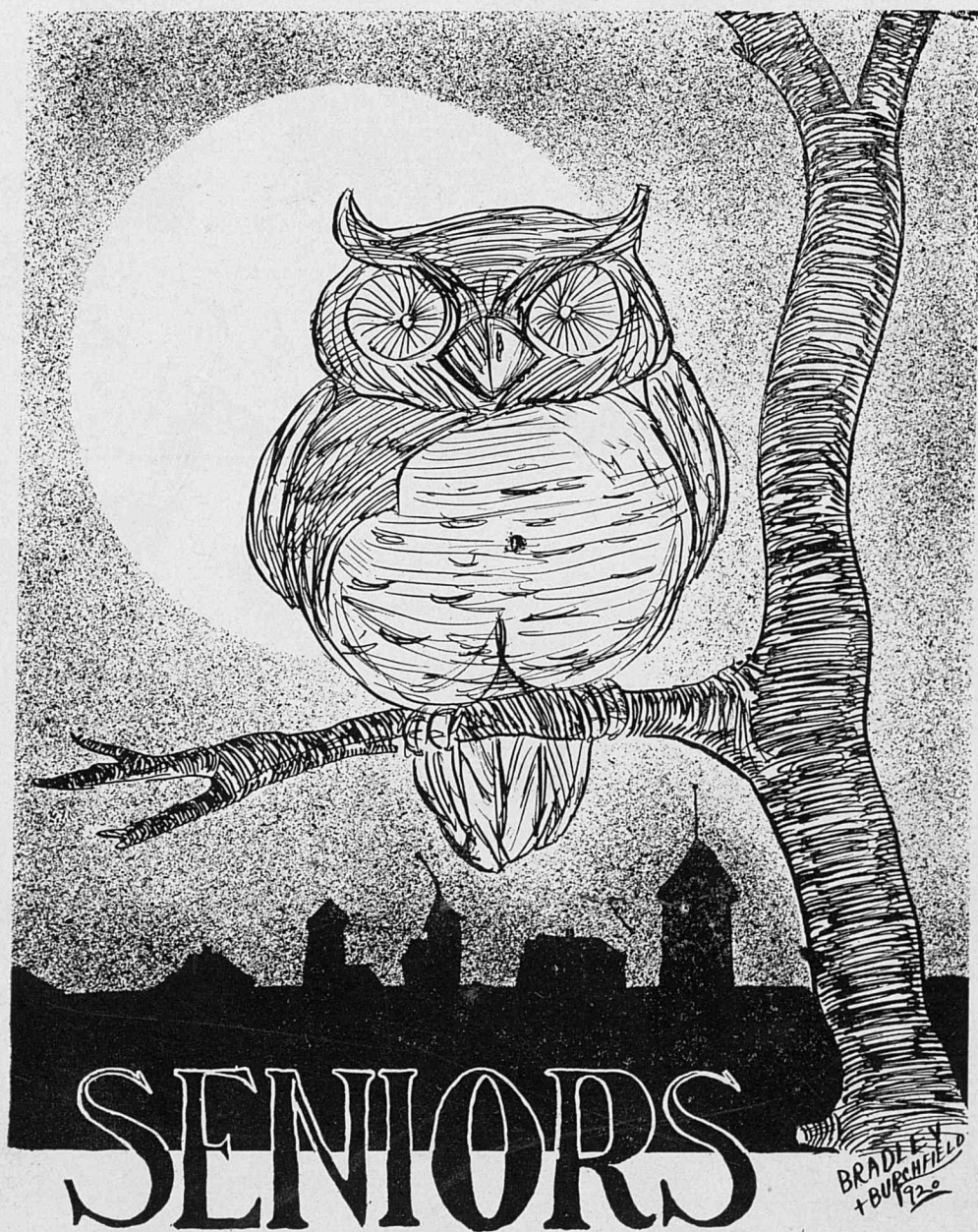
V. L. BENTON



C. E. DUNHAM

Classes.







Velma Lois Parker

Captain First Basket Ball Team '20
Glee Club '20
Secretary I. L. S. '20

William Russel Fones

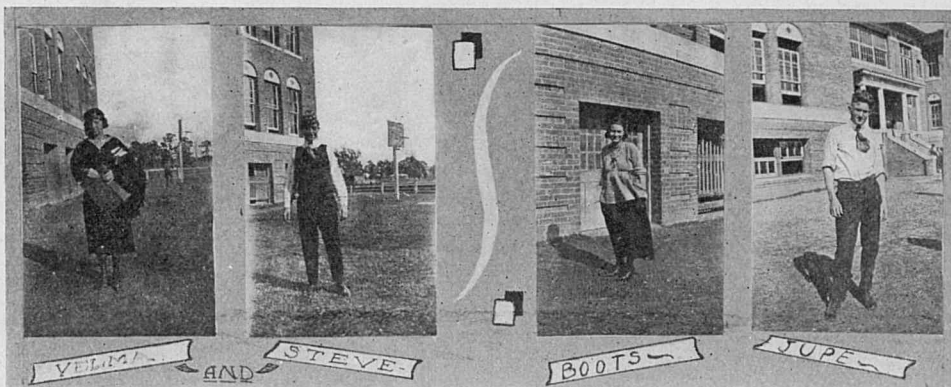
Football '20
Class Jester '20
Track '20

Stephen H. LaPeyre

Captain Basket Ball Team '20
Football '20
Baseball '20
Manager Track

Dealia Cozzette Wagner

Glee Club '20
Secretary I. L. S. '20



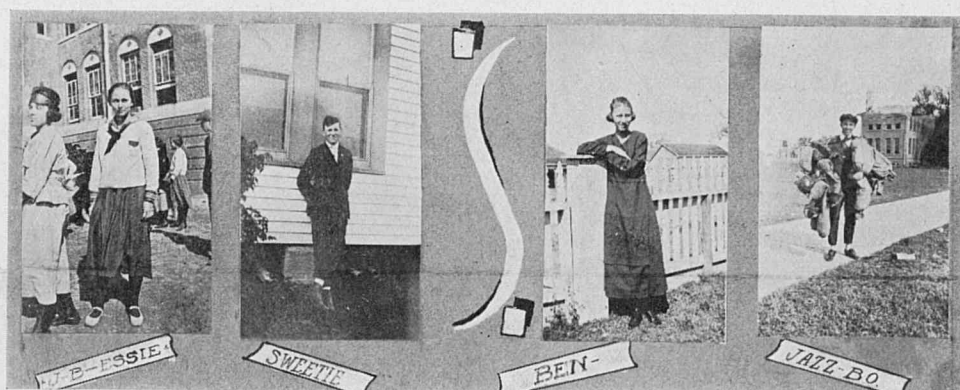


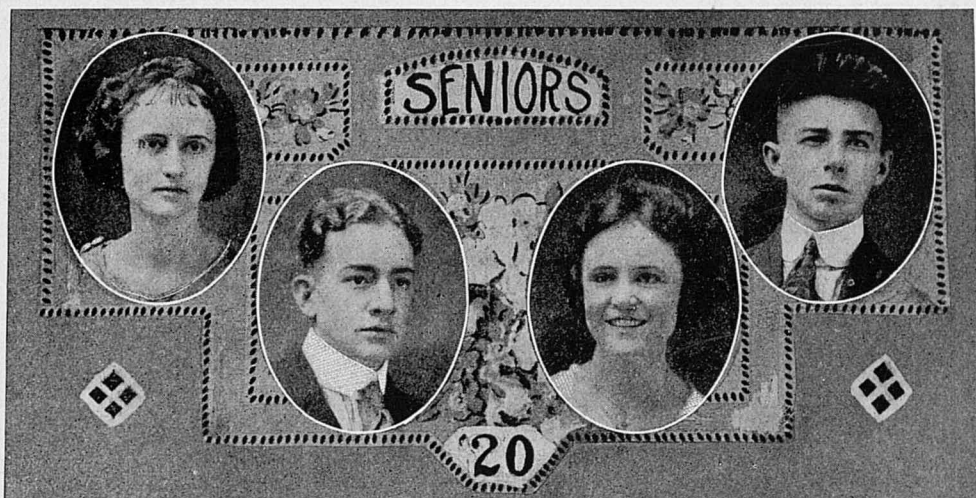
Jessie Lucille Barnett
Basket Ball '20

Joseph LeRoy Whittredge
Glee Club '20
Football '20
Secretary Athletic Ass'n '20

James Percival McKean
Football '20
Basket Ball '20

Bennie Sue Boxley
Glee Club '20
Basket Ball '20
Vice-President Athletic Ass'n '20





Vava Frances Boyer

Glee Club '20

Sergeant-at-Arms I. L. S. '20

Frank Lincoln Stout

President Class '20

Baseball '20

Clarence Leslie Bradley, Jr.

Football '20

Art Editor Buffalo '20

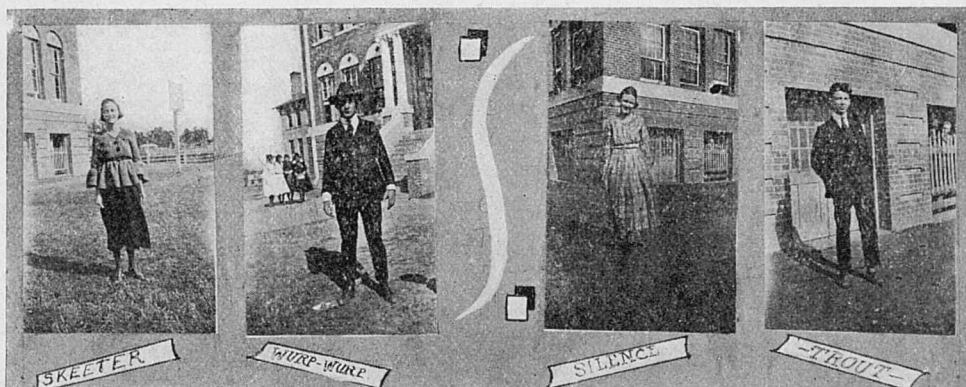
Glee Club '20

Secretary-Treasurer Class '20, also '17

Amy Alfreda Hagberg

Glee Club '20

Treasurer I. L. S. '20





Rose Evangel Tynes

Vice-President Class '20
Editorial Staff Buffalo '20
Glee Club '20
First President I. L. S. '20

Orrison Hazel Rowland

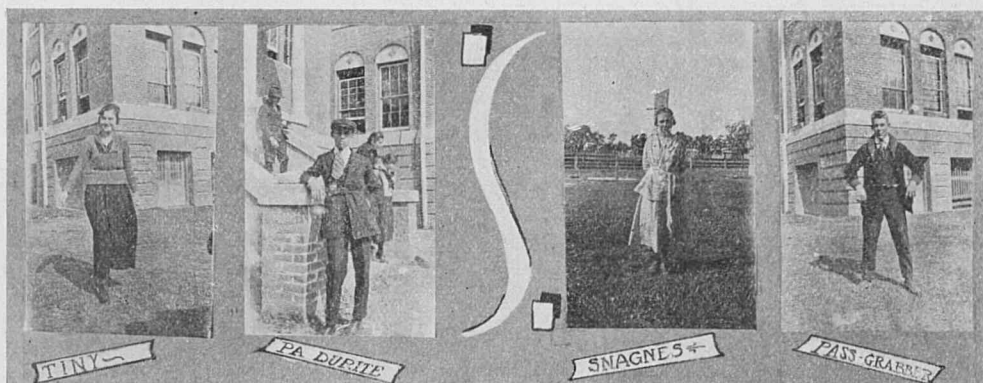
Glee Club '20
Track '20
Football '20

Lyle Lynn Westover

Baseball '20
Business Manager Buffalo '20

Mary Agnes Schulze

Glee Club '20





Hal Hamilton Blair

Captain Baseball Team '20
Football '20

Edna Cates

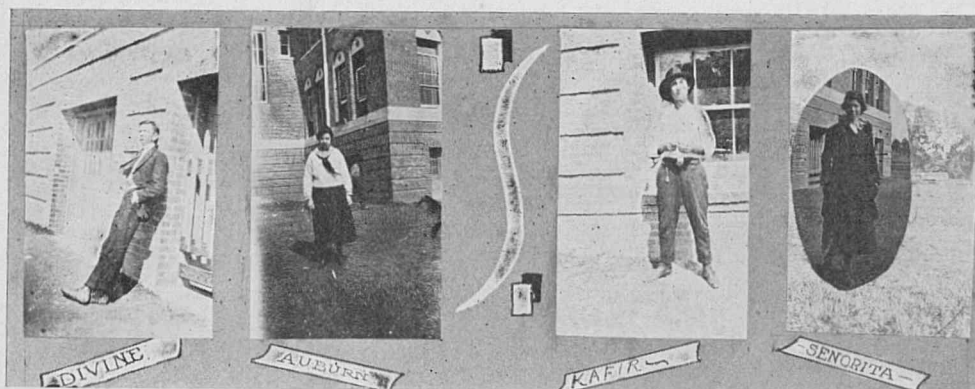
Glee Club '20
Second President I. L. S. '20

Blanche Eves Denny

I. L. S.

Thomas Alpheus Kent

Editor-in-Chief Buffalo '20
Football '20
President Class '19



Class Colors: RED AND WHITE
Class Flower: RED AND WHITE CARNATIONS
Motto: "VISIONS NOT DREAMS"

Yell

Ready, steady, get in line,
Nineteen Twenty, ain't we fine?
Are we it? Well, I guess,
Seniors, Seniors—Yes, yes, yes.

Officers

President—Frank Stout
Vice-President—Evangel Tynes
Secretary and Treasurer—Clarence Bradley
Guardian Angel—Edna Cates

Historian—Mary Agnes Schulze
Giftorian—Jessie Barnett
Prophet—Blanche Denny.

CLASS HISTORY

One morning in the fall of 1916 a crowd of sixty boys and girls, Dealia Wagner, Stephen Le Peyre, Mary Agnes Schulze, Jessie Barnett, Lyle Westover, Clarence Bradley, Frank Stout, Amy Hagberg, Orrison Rowland and others, started to climb a long, steep hill.

They rolled along with them a large round Stone, which seemed to have the gift of speaking and directing a good many of their actions.

There were little booths along the way where they might receive mental nourishment in Science, Latin and Algebra. These were not always as inviting as possible, but they had no choice; although one girl could not refrain from leaving a rotten lemon in the Latin booth, they continued to journey on. They stopped sometimes to picnic in sylvan parks and play grounds, but each day found them farther on, all through the winter until spring. Passersby called them "FRESH MEN" on account of their very noticeable ignorance and innocence.

Next, we see them a smaller crowd. Some have dropped out, but Alpheus Kent, Velma Parker, Blanche Denny and Russel Fones have joined them and they are climbing into a rickety old wagon. They leave the Stone behind them, but are directed by Mr. Benjamin, who drives the old gray mule pulling the wagon. The road is not so rough now as at first.

Through another winter these people drift and insist, on account of the amount of knowledge they have amassed they must be called "Sophomores."

Springtime passes and summer, though fall again, finds them but how changed. Few indeed in number now, and so tall and distinguished. Again they have changed guides, and this time a woman leads their way. They address her as "Miss Tod" as she sits at the wheel of a large car into which they are piling.

The "Juniors," they now proclaim themselves, have some more new members, Bennie Sue Boxley, Leroy Whittredge and Evangel Tynes.

They ride in cushioned ease, and the road, almost level and growing smoother all the time, would make the trip almost perfect if it were not for the fumes of the chemicals that rise from the sides, and the ghastly figures that seem ready to engulf them as they gaze upon the "Geometrical Landscape."

This year they indulge in picnics and frolics again. A picnic, a swim, a banquet, and others.

At last they abandon the car. After their winter and spring it is in rather a dilapidated condition, so they now choose for their mode of travel, "flying."

Into a roomy aeroplane they step, making room for the newcomers, who are Percy McKean, Vava Bayer, Hal Blair and Edna Cates. But why these sober looks and severe mien? Let us ask Mrs. Davis, she is "Pilot" and will be able to give information about anything from cube root to the process of making an annual. The answer, though short, explains it all. They are S-e-n-i-o-r-s.

Exactly twenty are in the crowd. The trip through the air is lovely but they come to air pockets, sometimes called Ether, Word Signs, Magnetism, Themes and such. There is a general desire to move about and gaze down upon the earth, but they are prohibited, by a flock of birds, which, although not much noticed before, have been hovering over them all through the trip. Mrs. Davis assures them that this is only the "Faculty."

One day these birds disappeared and the crowd in a gay mood suddenly dropped to earth and took a glad holiday on a convenient Sylvan Beach. They had a few parties, and exercised their dramatic talent for the benefit of people who walked below.

Toward the end of the year they grow a little tense with subdued excitement. This is "Commencement." In the distance they see a mountain and they know, for others who have gone before tell them) that on this mountain grows a plant that bears a fruit called "Diplomas." One of these grows for each Senior, so each goes in search of his or her "Diploma."

Then they all assemble and after some very formal and imposing addresses by wise and learned men, they say goodbye and each goes his own way, for their journey is ended, and life's is begun.



JUNIORS.



BRADLEY
1970



Class Motto: The Top of the Tops.
 Class Flower: Pink Rose and Fern.
 Class Colors: Pink and Green.

Class Officers

President.....Ernest Edmonson
 Vice President.....Irene Schuppan
 Secretary.....Rex Meador
 Historian.....Pearl Ford
 Sergeant at Arms.....Archie Damon

Class Roll

Myrtle Blakesley
 Helen Cates
 Roy Daley
 Archie Damon
 Josephine Davis
 Louise Dittman
 Leon Duey
 Ernest Edmonson
 Liela Fleming

Pearl Ford
 Lewis Garfield
 John Harper
 Lydia Mae Hutchings
 Lora King
 Mary Louise Lorentz
 Maurice Matthews
 Rex Meador
 Melton McMillan

Velma McMillan
 Malcolm Owens
 Mattie Byrd Parker
 Addrienne Rowland
 Lawrence Reid
 Irene Schuppan
 Gilder Taylor
 Harrie Dell Ueckert

MY HIGH SCHOOL DIARY

FRESHMAN

Sept. 24, 1917.—Went to school this morning and was bewildered by so many pupils. After standing around a while, a bell rang somewhere and we all assembled in the auditorium. Saw more people than ever. A little short, fat man, the superintendent, talked and we sang "America." Then a tall, skinny man, who is to be the principal, talked to us. When we passed down a good looking young man, who told us his name was Conlee, took us to our room. Again a bell rang and we went home.

Sept. 30.—Everything going nicely. Not afraid of Mrs. Davis' glasses any more. She teaches some funny stuff called algebra. Found out a secret—Mr. Conlee likes the English teacher, but I don't blame him.

Jan. 2.—Surely did hate to come back after Christmas. Have to learn everything over again.

April 19.—Class went on a picnic to Park Place. Drank lots of red soda water and had a fine time.

May 20.—Last day of school. Passed all right. Awfully glad to get out but hated to leave everybody. But hope to see them all next year.

SOPHOMORE

Sept. 24, 1918.—Started back to school today. Saw lots of old schoolmates. Mr. Hanner, Mrs. Davis, Miss Benton, Mr. Johnston, Miss Tod, all back this year. Miss Smith, our registrar, is new, but I know we'll like her. There are lots of new pupils, too.

Dec. 20.—Nothing new happened till today. Had a large Christmas tree in the auditorium. Sure had lots of fun. We get two weeks for holiday.

Jan. 2.—Back again after the holidays. Got to study hard from now on.

April 30.—Had class party at auditorium last night. Nearly everybody there. Miss Smith chaperoned us. Juniors came and turned off the lights and tried to steal our ice cream. But we had more than we could eat, anyway. Had a wonderful time.

April 12.—Finished fourteenth chapter of Caesar. Thank goodness.

May 10.—Class went to Sylvan Beach on picnic. Had awfully good lunch. Went in bathing and got blistered, but had a fine time.

May 24.—Last day of school. Passed again. Just think—will be a Junior next year.

JUNIOR

Sept. 20, 1919.—Started on Junior term today. Went to chapel and saw lots of old schoolmates. A good many new ones, too. Mr. Hanner and Mr. Johnston back again and gave their customary speeches. Saw five new faces among the faculty. Two were good looking young men but somebody said one of them was married. Mrs. Davis, Miss Ehrhardt, Miss Benton are back. Miss Benton is to be our registrar. Just two new pupils; all the rest old ones.

Sept. 30.—New pupil came in today. Had our first proposition in Geometry. Not so bad, after all. Mrs. Jones has her Cicero class well started. Miss Boxley thinks her class will never make good Spaniards. Miss Holland has discovered that we don't know much about our English ancestors.

Oct. 18.—We won the banner today.

Oct. 25.—Had official Geometry test—not very bad.

Nov. 5.—Seniors hid the banner. We held a council of war and elected police force with Archie as chief to search for it.

Nov. 6.—Everybody in the class wore big black bows on their left arms in mourning for the banner.

Nov. 8.—Found banner at last. Had another official test, English this time.

Nov. 19.—Beat Humble in a football game today. All the Junior girls wore blue and gold Quaker caps with blue and gold streamers, and carried bells and horns. O, what a racket we made.

Dec. 5.—Turned cold and we haven't any radiators. All the class went out to Mr. Hanner's office.

Dec. 6.—Colder. Went to Mr. Wilson's room.

Dec. 7.—Still cold. Stayed in Chemistry room. Don't know where we'll go next.

Dec. 12.—Agent for class pins came from New York, and we gave him an order.

Dec. 20.—Got radiators fixed. Won't get out of lessons any more by moving to warm rooms.

Jan. 5.—Had two weeks' vacation and forgot all we knew. Surely did hate to come back.

Jan. 19.—Large crowd from school went to Houston to hear Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Miss Benton chaperoned us. Other teachers chaperoned their rooms. Was a great treat.

Jan. 22.—Irene got the highest average in school. All the Juniors feel stuck up.

Feb. 1.—Class dissatisfied with pin from New York. Cancelled the order and gave it to Sweeney.

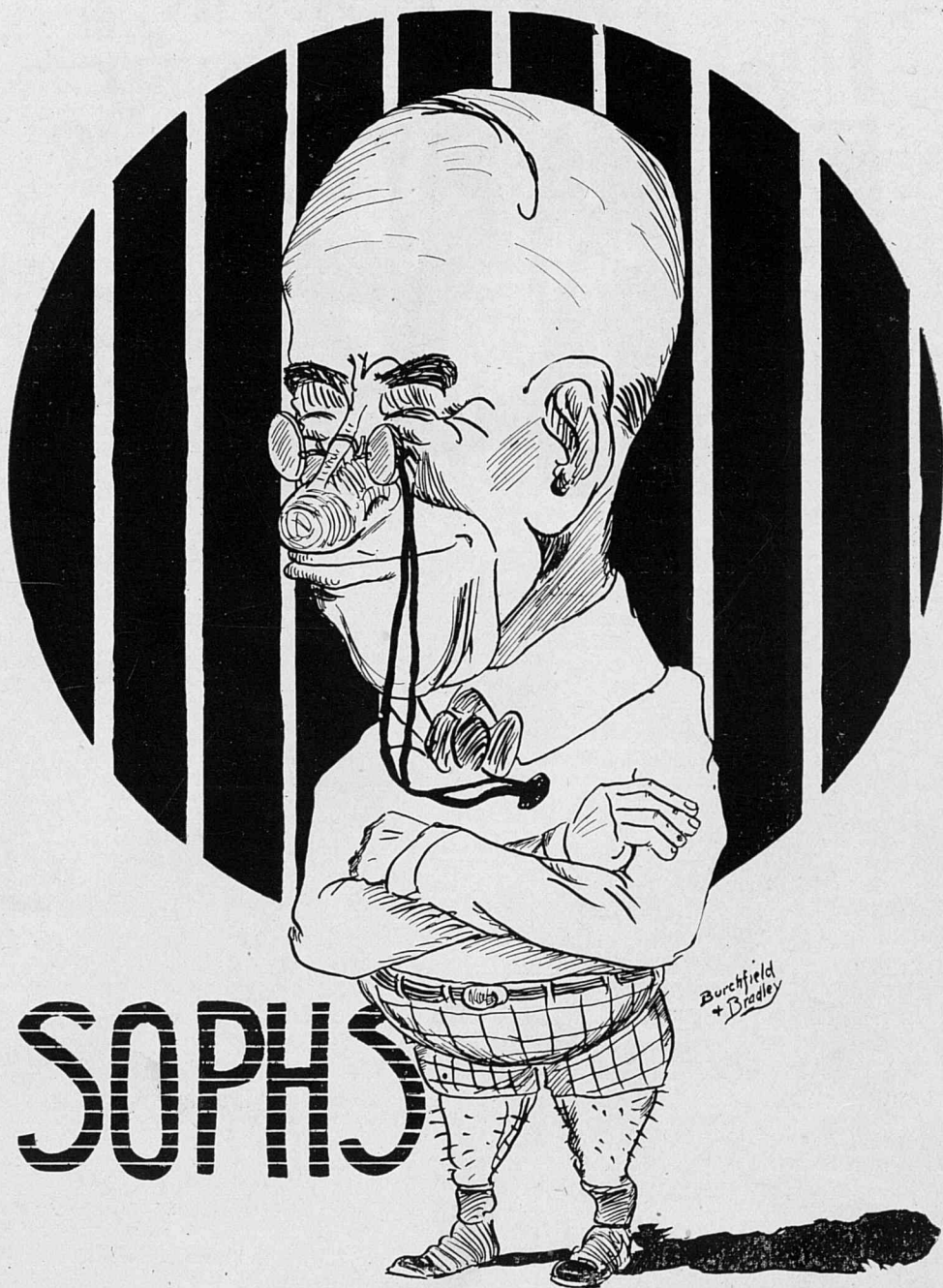
Feb. 20.—Nothing has happened. Same old line of hard studies.

March 8.—Pins came today. Awfully pretty.

March 9.—Everybody brought money for pins but Miss Benton forgot and left them at home.

March 9.—Everybody got pins and we feel awfully important.

March 12.—Miss Benton is the best teacher ever. Mrs. Davis has lots of patience to try to teach us Geometry. Miss Holland thinks we are a set of boneheads, but we're going to show her that we can learn History because we're Juniors now.



SOPHIS

Burchfield
+ Bradley



Class Colors: Pink and Gray.
 "Work Wins Everything"—Class Motto.
 Pink Carnation—Class Flower.

Class Officers

Julia Aubert.....	President
LaRue McLaughlin.....	Vice President
Clyde Goodman.....	Secretary and Treasurer
Inez Gibson.....	Historian
Grace Kent.....	Class Prophet
Ethel Baker.....	Guardian Angel
John Parker.....	Class Poet
Gilbert Patton.....	Class Fool

Sophomore Class Roll

Hazel Alden
 Walter Andrus
 Annie Arnett
 May Arnett
 Evelyn Aubert
 Julia Aubert
 Murry Aubert
 Ethel Baker
 John Barnes
 Alpha Bartlett
 Elnora Bauhof
 Bertha Bracewell
 Trice Brown
 Corrinne Bertrand
 Bertram Burchfield

Lawrence Burleson
 Bettie Bell Burnett
 Estelle Cunningham
 Kenneth Davis
 Harvey Fleming
 Inez Gibson
 Clyde Goodman
 Roy Griffin
 Benerma Harper
 George Harris
 Gertrude Johnson
 Grace Kent
 Charnie Kirby
 Elwood Lyons
 Evelyn Lyons
 Lydia Macomb

Earl McBurnett
 Lucy McBurney
 Edward McGowan
 LaRue McLaughlin
 Barney Niemeyer
 John Parker
 Josie Palmer
 Russelle Richards
 Miriam Ricker
 Norman Rikard
 James Arden Still
 Luella Smith
 Ruth Sharp
 Anibeth Saunders
 Mearle Wyne
 Mary de Zavala

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

After enduring all the trials and tribulations, the sorrows and hopeless feelings that crept into our meek little hearts when those lofty Seniors laughed and scorned at our feeble efforts to ascend the ladder of success, at last we entered our Sophomore year.

To begin with, we welcomed many strangers to our happy band. There was Bertha, the little girl with dreamy blue eyes and such adorable red hair, who is becoming such a short story writer. There was Betty; that girl is a genius when it comes to drawing and writing the "Palmer Method." There was Charney, who stole the heart of "Red." And then, oh, then, Roy came to us. He, like a naughty boy, hid his light under a bushel and we never dreamed of his many talents until Mrs. Davis, our wonderful Algebra teacher, revealed the fact to us. My, how that boy did blush when we reproved him for being so timid and negligent. We found that he had such a gift of oratory as would equal that of Demosthenes, and that he could sing with such powerful expression that it would cause Caruso to retire from the stage, not to mention the fact that he could trip the light fantastic and play the piano, and so on "ad infinitum." He has been very gay since he made his debut. Several times I have noticed him walking out to the tennis court with Merle while Mary and Elnora stood aside and wondered what he saw so attractive about "her."

It was about mid-term when that "swell black-headed boy," Walter Andrus, increased our number. And then Alpha, the little blushing damsel who boasted always that the boys "meant nothing in her young life," succumbed to his wiles. It seems that he brought with him strife and discontentment. Immediately Alpha and Ethel began passing notes and exchanging envious glances, but all of that finally ceased and peace reigned once more.

But to tell the truth, this has been a very serious year for us. We have felt that we ought to be more sincere in our work and dignified in our conduct, but Lawrence, Gilbert and Mike are forever trying to be clowns and so every effort that we have made to elevate ourselves and cause our school friends to appreciate us more, has been defeated.

Ever since September we Latin students have been gazing longingly and lovingly at Caesar, wondering if we would ever learn to express "purpose" and "result." But now that we have finished our course and are ready to enter our Junior year, we feel that we can say with the hero of old, "Venimus, vidimus, vicimus."

There are many among us who are talented in literary work as well as outside sports. There's Grace, the poetess, and La Rue, the writer of such thrilling love stories, and George and Bertram, the powerful debaters. Then there's Norman, the famous football player that the Post and Chronicle "raved" so about, and Murry, the sprinter, who dons his track suit evenings after school and races around the campus. Charlton and Miriam are real basket ball players and racers.

It was on February 19 when we had that never-to-be-forgotten "Tacky-Day." Oh, the painful memories of that day when we assembled in our classroom. Mr. Johnston stepped in. His brows darkened, his eyebrows nearly met over his nose and his eyes became like narrow slits. He reprimanded us severely and warned us to let that be the last time to attempt such a foolish trick.

Our class party was given in March. It was a lovely night and after playing some old games and enjoying such refreshments as cake and punch, we went car riding. After all we managed to get home between twelve and one o'clock.

About the last of April we had a picnic at Sylvan Beach. We went in a boat and were very kind-hearted and considerate in asking the Juniors to accompany us, provided they would bear their own expenses. Of course, they accepted very graciously. It was a wonderful day, but the fun of it all was coming back in the moonlight (?).

Now what is there left to tell except that John Parker bloomed out in long trousers about the time the buds began to open, and he furnished something new for us to comment upon.

This has been a very delightful year indeed, and we leave it with one thought in our minds and one desire in our hearts; that we may all be able to come back next September and resume our work.



FISH.



Class Motto: "Work Wins Everything."
 Class Colors: Green and Gold.
 Class Flower: Chrysanthemum.

FIRST YEAR

Class officers for the first three months:

President	Bessie Deakle
Vice President.....	Virgil Davison
Secretary Treasurer.....	Carl Edmonson
Sergeant at Arms.....	Ernest McKenzie

Class officers for the second three months:

President	Virgil Davison
Vice President.....	Adrenne Reardon
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Kathryn Knight
Sergeant at Arms.....	Neil Rogers

Class officers for the last three months:

President	Thomas Spurlock
Vice President and Editor.....	Irma Schuppan
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Bessie Lee Muckleroy
Sergeant at Arms.....	Mavonee Rikard

CLASS ROLL

Ruth Anderson
 Irvin Atkinson
 Edward Baker
 Clarence Burleson
 Beulah Burchfield
 Francis Brown
 Erwin Duda
 Bessie Deakle
 Virgil Davison
 Carl Edmonson
 Wallace Elledge
 Lum Holloway
 Mildred Hagberg
 Freddie Hagins
 Alma Hinson
 Geneva Harris
 Mary Grace Johnson
 Virginia Klanke

Katheryn Knight
 Marguerite Kirtly
 Emma Krohn
 Raymond King
 Verle McIlwain
 Ernest McKinzie
 Gus Mancuso
 Edith McKean
 Laurence McGowen
 Bessie Lee Muckleroy
 Trammell Mooney
 Laurence Martin
 Ewing Newton
 Myrtle Petterson
 Kenneth Parker
 Irene Parks
 Adreinne Reardon
 Eva Richards
 Mavonee Rikard

Ernest Ross
 Neil Rogers
 Paul Rogers
 Leon Rodgers
 Elveretta Rineheart
 Thomas Spurlock
 Irma Schuppan
 Lois Smith
 Stevie Stavinoha
 Erma Straughon
 Ruth Smith
 Katie Spencer
 Alton Sims
 Elsie Talley
 Alma Urban
 Lawrence Wright
 Winnie Lee Wyne
 William Watson
 John Witt



FRESHMEN CLASS HISTORY

On that rainy morning of September the fifteenth, nineteen hundred nineteen, this innocent group of Freshmen started on the rocky journey through High School.

Little did we know the task before us, but soon a puzzling string of $x+y+z$'s showed us that this new road would be steeper than any we had ever tried to climb before. We were all very grateful to our motto: "Work Wins Everything," which pointed out a light in the distance and made our path seem smoother.

Our great misfortune was that, on account of the large number of students, we were divided into two rooms, and a rivalry was created which was hard to overcome.

But we have tried to follow the example set by our teachers, Miss Boxley and Mr. Wilson, our registrars, the former who is reckless with our conduct grades, and the latter who tries to make short-hand take the place of longhand; Miss Benton, our English teacher, who takes a joke very well; Mrs. Davis, upon whom we can all depend; Mrs. (Bona) Jones, who stirs up the dead language; Miss Ehrhardt, who suits everyone's "taste"; Mr. Johnston, who takes the place of our reference books; and last, but not least (in size as well as otherwise) Mr. Hanner, our superintendent.

ATHLETICS



REVIEW OF SEASON

It might be said with truth that this year 1920 has been a banner one with H'burg, as far as athletics is concerned. With practically all her old football men back and playing without the hoodoo that seemed to follow them all the preceding year and under the able guidance of Dan P. Johnston, she produced the fastest, brainiest, hardest hitting football team in the history of the institution. Their playing name, "The Shipbuilders," bears out their style of play.

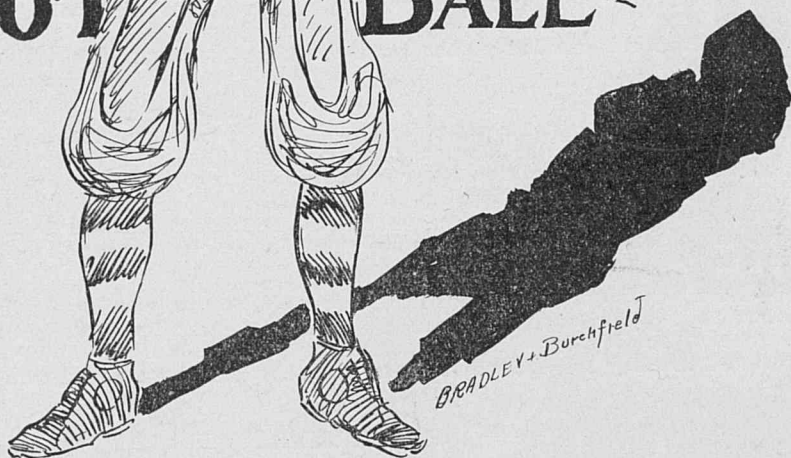
When this goes to press the boys' basket ball team have won County championship and are tied for first place as District 30 champions.

Our track team does not show as many points to their credit as the past year, but we have made better records than ever before and losing the District Meet after winning in the County we certainly feel repaid when we note the interest that has been created throughout the District by H'burg leading the way. The motto of our relay team that is on its way to Austin to State Meet is indicative of the spirit that moves the whole team, "Beat 'em or make 'em break the record."

This year marks our first real venture in baseball, and under the able leadership of our hardworking captain, Hal Blair, we are making a record for beginners.



FOOTBALL



BRADLEY + Burchfield

FOOT BALL

South End.—The first game of the season was played on a slushy, sloppy field during a continuous drizzle which permitted of a few passes and kicks. The enemy scored in the first quarter by receiving one of our misplaced passes. We were able to turn the tables on them in the second quarter when we made a touchdown, kicked the goal and made a safety, bringing the score to 9 points. A touchdown in the last quarter for the Blue and Gold made the final score 15-7.

Both teams were eager for another day on a dry field when South End claimed her fast field would show up to advantage. We had a fast back field, too, gentle reader, so just wait till that other day.

Houston Heights.—The only black work on our record and a school we hope to do the same next year as we did to South End this year. Of course, the losers always have an alibi; but the fact remains that Heights outweighed us at least 15 pounds to the man, which is enough of a reason in itself. The most spectacular play from the Harrisburg viewpoint was the receiving of a pass by Edminster and making a 30-yard run for touchdown. The final score was 25-7. There will be another day.

La Porte.—With most of the boys just getting over soreness and "Charlie horses" from the Heights game, we wandered down to the Beach to take on the Sandfiddlers. Although the score for the Shipbuilders was 32-0, we didn't feel very proud of ourselves because of the fact that this was their first year at football. We probable got the worst "bawling out" from our coach of any game during the season. Just because we didn't pick over those little kids and make the score about 200-0.

South Houston.—With the memory of last year's defeat still ranking in our hearts and the words of our coach about "eatin' 'em up" still ringing in our ears we hit that bunch of toughs like a Kansas cyclone hits a straw stack. We used every play in our catalogue, scoring by means of them all, and we fought from the time the whistle blew to start playing until it blew to stop the carnage. Result—79-0 for the Shipbuilders.

Humble.—Another of our old rivals whom we were glad to get a whack at. The game was a fight from start to finish, but the superior playing of the individuals coupled with their team work and that end criss-cross of that swift end Stephen La Peyre, helped pile up a score of 20-0 for the Blue and Gold.

South End.—Here came that day, that day when the Orange and Brown was to show us up with that swift back field of theirs. But you know, Bo, they had forgotten such men as Plumbley, Ried, Rikard and Kent, those wildcats for aggressiveness and bears on defense. The Shipbuilders had them beaten, beaten to a standstill, with only five minutes of play when Rikard, the boy with the educated toe, booted one over the bars from a forty-yard place kick. Final score 15-0 for the Blue and Gold.

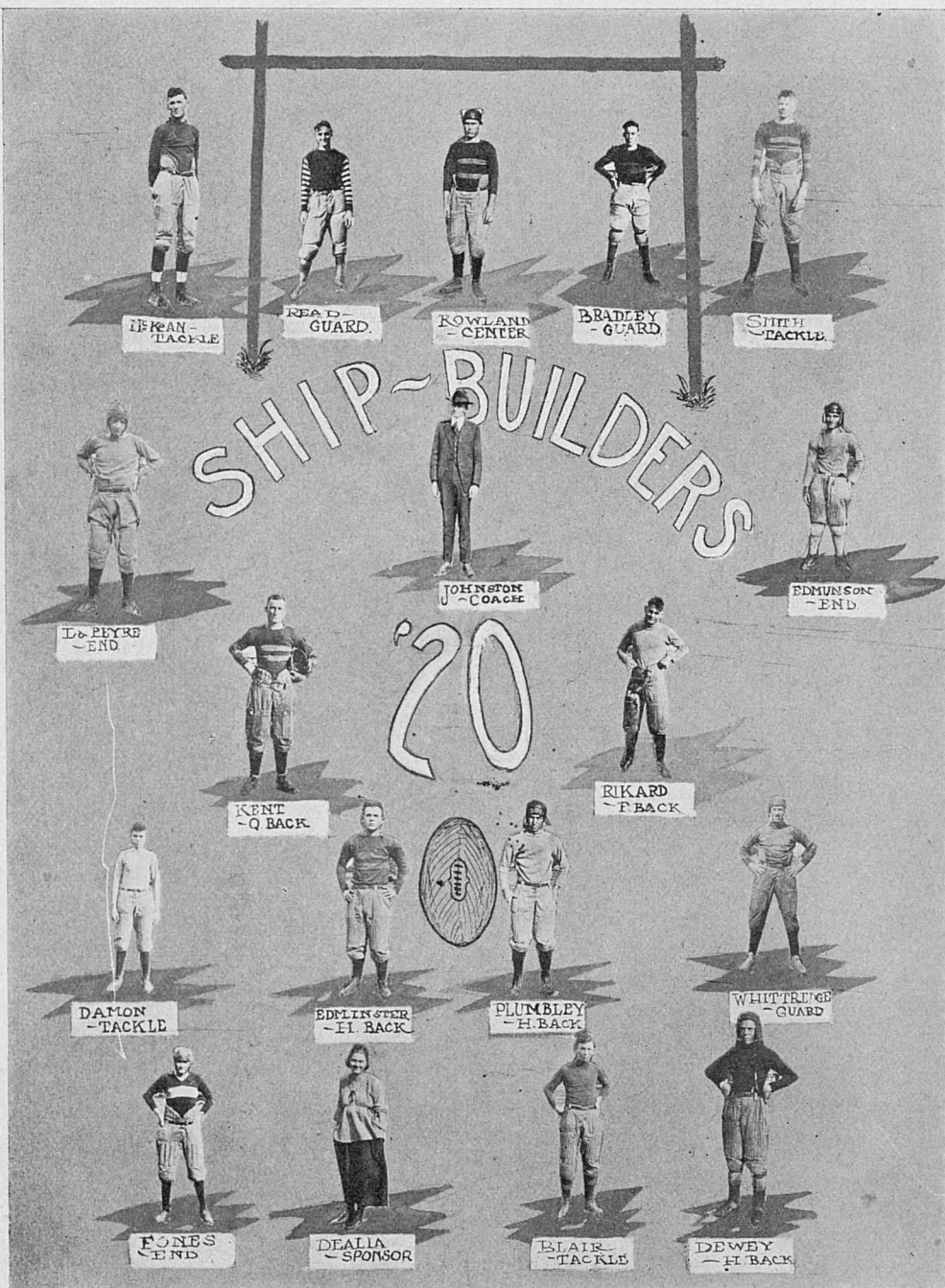
Proso.—That heart-breaking, sensational game of the season. The last three minutes of play both teams worn out with stiff battling and Proso in the lead by a touchdown made first of last quarter on a fluke kick, but had failed to kick goal. Proso prepares to kick on the fourth down with the ball on their 30-yard line. The ball is passed and a flash of Black and Orange is seen bursting through the enemy's center and that swift center of the Shipbuilders, Rowland, is making his way toward the punter. The ball is kicked—rather low, and Rowland, jumping in the air, grabs the pigskin amidship and races around the dumfounded punter for a touchdown just as the whistle blows. Rikard kicks goal, making score 7-6.

Humble.—Supposed to be our last game of the season, we went into the fray on the enemy's ground determined to give him the worst beating he had ever taken from any team from the region of the Ship Channel. And we did it. To make the fray more interesting our good friend, Mr. Joe Simms, offered a Majestic ticket to every man who would make a touchdown. Edmunson and Reid took advantage of this early in the game, making two touchdowns on the Oilers' fumbles, in the first five minutes of play. Plumbley made his usual score on his long end run in the third quarter and Kent, with his line plunging, made six yards through line for a touchdown in the last few minutes of play, bringing the final score to 27-0.

Alumni.—New Year's our good friends had become jealous of our record for the year and had sent us a rather late challenge to combat which we set for New Year's Day. The game for us was a hard one, having been out of training for a month and having had a two weeks' holiday. The Alumni was held scoreless, while Plumbley for the home team made his lone score on his familiar end run. Some season, eh?

FOOTBALL RECORD

H. H. S.	15	South End	7
H. H. S.	7	Heights	25
H. H. S.	32	La Porte	0
H. H. S.	79	Boys' School	0
H. H. S.	20	Humble	0
H. H. S.	15	South End	0
H. H. S.	7	Proso	6
H. H. S.	27	Humble	0
H. H. S.	7	Alumni	0
Total	209	Opponents	38



IFRAN -
TACKLE

READ -
GUARD

ROWLAND
- CENTER

BRADLEY
- GUARD

SMITH
- TACKLE

SHIP-BUILDERS

JOHNSTON
- COACH

EDMUNSON
- END

LE PLYRE
- END

20

RIKARD
- FBACK

KENT
- Q BACK

DAMON
- TACKLE

EDLINGER
- FB BACK

PLUMBLEY
- FB BACK

WHITTRIDGE
- GUARD

FONES
- END

DEALIA
- SPONSOR

BLAIR
- TACKLE

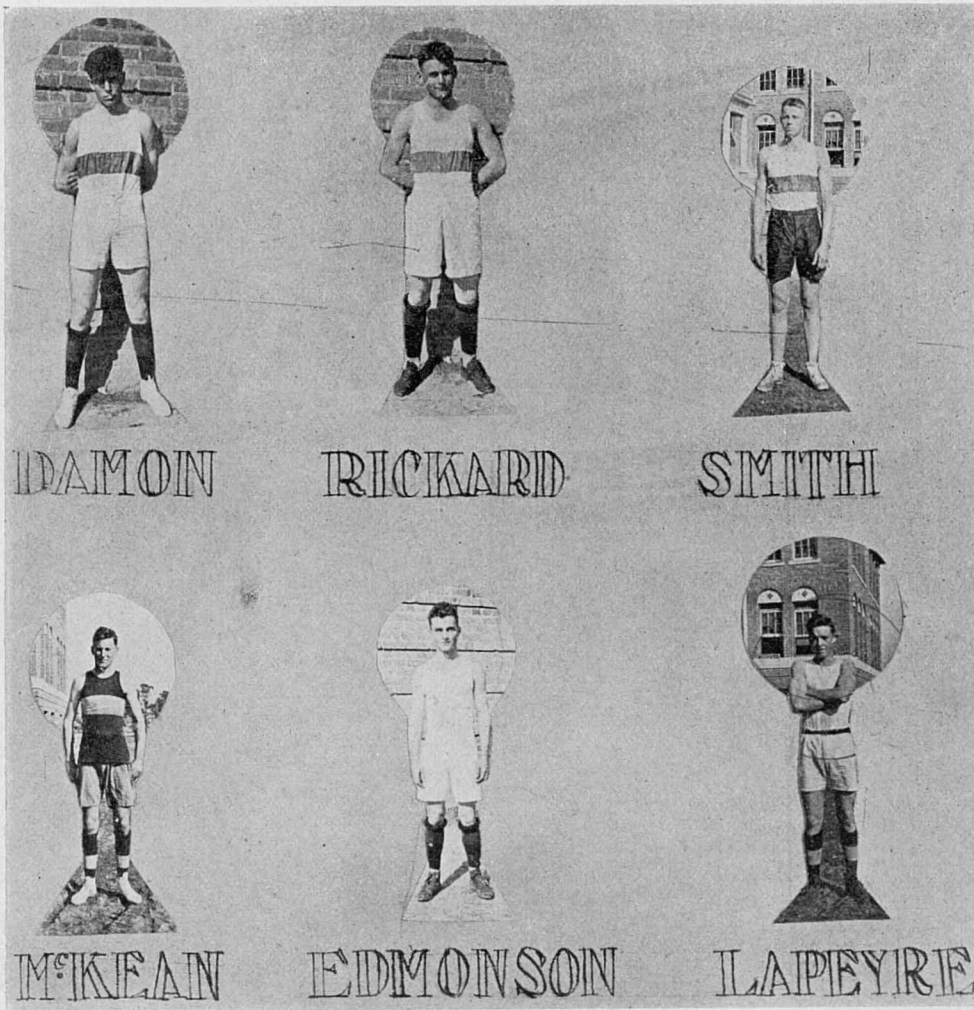
DEWEY
- FB BACK

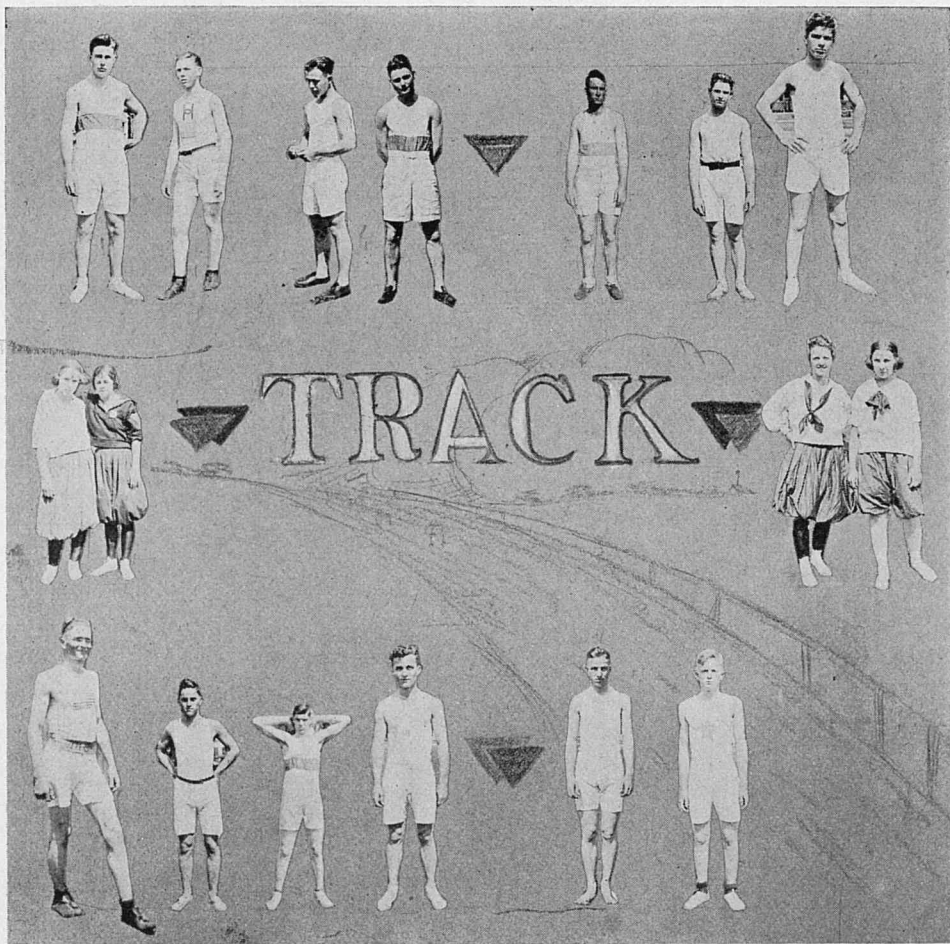




BASKE BALL







GIRLS' BASKET BALL

Although our basket ball girls won only second place in the County Championship, they put up a brave fight, and made each game they played interesting and spectacular.

The team was: Miriam Ricker and Myrtle Blakesly, goals, with Bessie Lee Muckleroy as substitute; Pearl Ford and Velma Parker, guards; and Harrie Dell Ueckert and Jessie Barnett as centers.

The girls were victorious over Magnolia Park and Heights High while they tied with Humble and were defeated by a score of three points by Addicks. With such showing this year the team is awaiting the next term when even Addicks will know that we are here to win first place.



BOYS' BASKET BALL RECORD

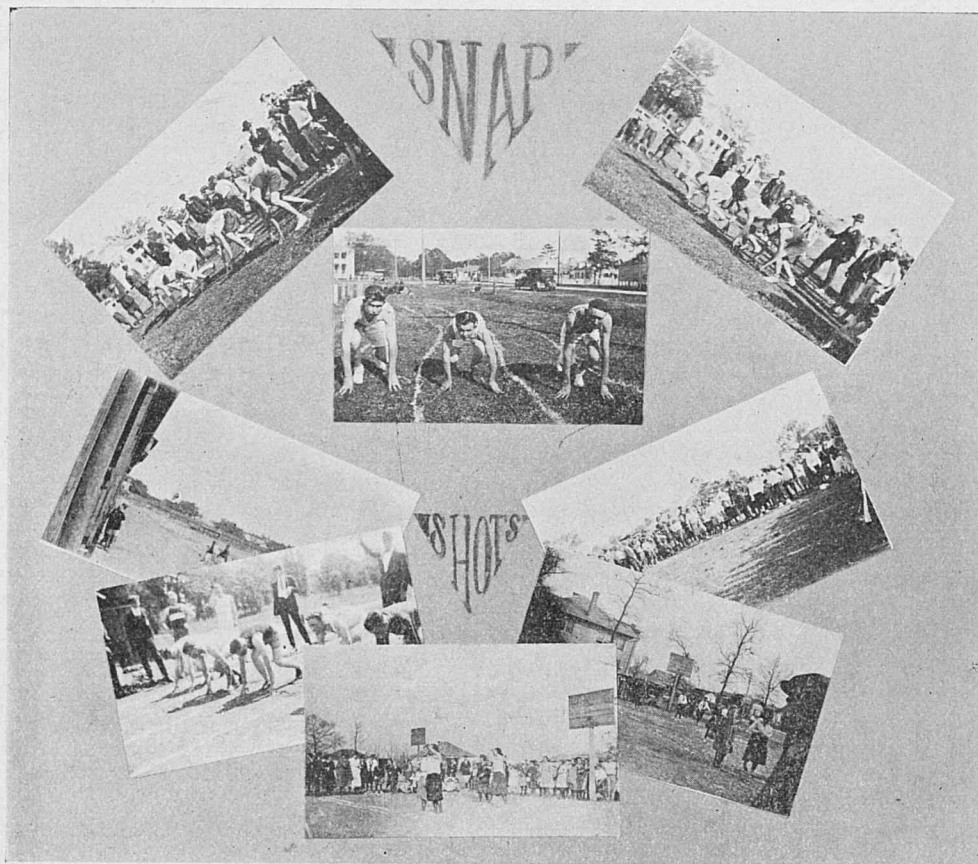
Harrisburg 54 Addicks 8.
Harrisburg 58 Addicks 14.
Harrisburg 17 Humble 14.
Harrisburg 17 Humble 20.
Harrisburg 25 Humble 8.
County Championship in basket ball.

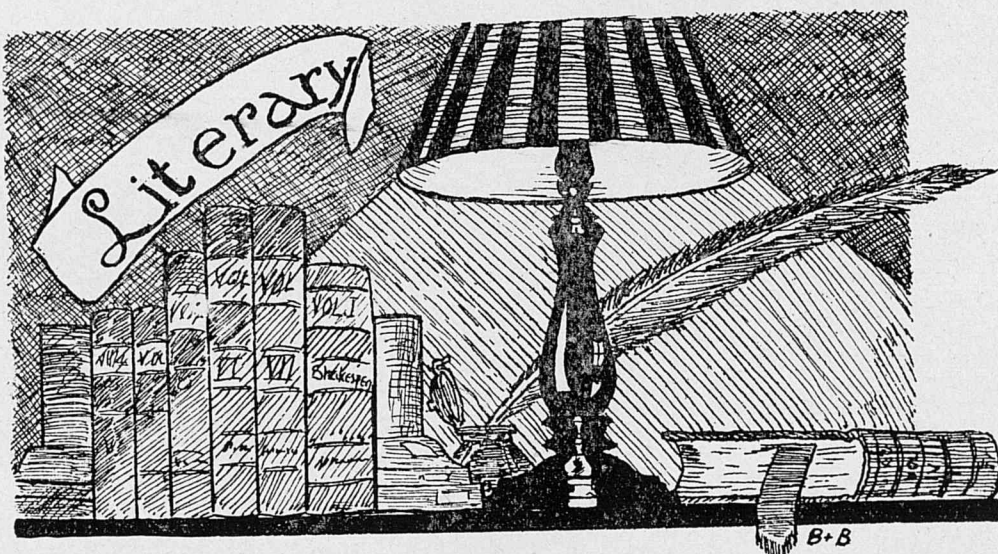
BASEBALL

Harrisburg 15 South Houston 7.
Harrisburg 5 South Houston 9.
Harrisburg 13 Town Team 8.
Harrisburg 6 W. M. Co. 4.
Harrisburg 7 Humble 5.
Harrisburg 7 Heights 22.

TRACK RECORD

County Meet—103 points.
Winner in County Meet.
District Meet—21 points.
State Meet—3 points.
Individual point winner in County—Ernest Edmunson, 24 points.
Second place in high jump at State Meet won by Alpheus Kent.





THE YOUNG AVIATOR

The frantic shriek of the whistle, the grinding of the wheels, a frightful crash and the Crescent City Limited telescoped the Sunshine Special.

When Ray Marshall regained consciousness he sat up suddenly trying to remember what had happened. Upon looking around, his brain cleared. He remembered a shriek and then the terrible crash.

Feeling of himself to make sure he was not hurt, he arose and viewed the accident. Both trains were ruined. The day coaches were burning rapidly while the sleepers, being made of steel, could not burn, yet they were considerably damaged. Many people were burned to death while others had only slight bruises. Every one that could be found had been removed from the wreck.

Ray Marshall, looking for his dog that had been with him before the wreck, picked his way among what was left of the sleepers.

Something white under several pieces of steel caught his attention. Making his way there he jumped back in surprise. A very pretty young woman, with a piece of steel across her body, was lying among the debris some distance from the main wreck. Marshall removed the steel and found she was not badly hurt but unconscious. He hurried back to where the crowd had collected. "Is there any water here?" he asked the conductor.

"There is some in that cooler around the corner," the conductor answered, pointing to a small path.

Marshall ran quickly down to the water and was soon back, his drinking cup filled. He bathed the girl's face and sooner than he expected, she opened her eyes.

He thought she had beautiful eyes, a dark brown with a sparkle that matched the brilliance of her brown hair and long dark lashes; a fair complexion, cheeks just tinted with red and very round; a straight nose and a small mouth with somewhat thin red lips, and a full white neck shown against the once gray traveling suit.

"What an awful wreck," was her first exclamation in a soft Southern voice, after regaining consciousness.

"Yes," assented Marshall, "it was."

"It was very kind of you to help me," she said after a pause. "I thank you very much."

"You are not hurt?" he asked anxiously, watching her closely as he helped her to arise.

"Oh no, thank you," but he saw a pain cross her face as she took a step.

"Yes you are," he responded. "I will help you to the relief train which has just arrived." When she was established in a comfortable seat, Marshall left to see if he could help with any one else.

On returning to the seat, it was empty. He searched frantically about but could find no trace of the young woman.

"What do I care about some one I have met only today?" he asked himself, resolving to forget her, but his mind kept wandering back where she had gone.

When the train drew into New York Marshall alighted and wended his way to a hotel where he refreshed himself. That evening he was sitting in the lobby reading when some one came up and exclaimed: "Hello, Ray, I thought you had gone South."

"Why, it's Tom Brown," said Marshall, as he arose and extended his hand, "I was in Texas but joined the Aviation Corps six months ago. I have come home to tell mother goodbye and then I am going to Florida for a short rest."

"Why?" asked Brown.

"We are going to France soon," replied Marshall. "I must be going. Good night and good luck to you."

Three weeks later Ray Marshall was in Florida. One evening while walking along the beach he saw a pleasure boat going from Tampa to Cuba. The deck was crowded with people. Suddenly he saw the face of the girl he had met on the train. As soon as the boat was sanded he rushed down to the wharf. He searched all evening but could not find her in the dense crowd and he finally gave up in disappointment.

An enjoyable two weeks in Florida soon ended and found Marshall in an aviation camp in Texas. The city had been an old Mexican town with its small narrow and beautiful carvings. The main street had once been narrow but now it was widened. There were many places for amusement and in general it was an American city but it still had a tendency to look like an old Mexican town.

Along this street he was walking soon after his return from Florida. He walked slowly watching the numerous cars go by. A large black car turned the corner almost at his elbow. He glanced up and the face of the girl at the wheel was the same he had met on the train. Hailing a taxi he decided to follow the car. They went through several business streets but just as he started to cross another the policeman's whistle sounded and Marshall had to wait while the large black car turned a corner and was lost from sight. He looked all evening trying to find the car but it was of small use among so many. That night he returned to the aviation camp.

Marion Michel was sitting in a chair on the veranda of their beautiful home on Granada Street in this city. She was thinking of the man she had met in the accident when she and her grandmother had gone to New York to meet her brother who had been wounded in the war. She had been reminded of the man by some one on the street that day.

"I wonder what he thought when he came and found that I had gone, but I had to go and did not see him any more," she said to herself. "Oh, well, that has already passed and I will not think about it any more." She liked the kind stranger and sometimes thought of him. She remembered distinctly the black hair and eyes and broad shoulders.

A young man came swinging up the walk toward the veranda. "Hello, Marion," he called.

"Tom Brown, I thought you were in New York," Marion exclaimed.

"I was but I had to come back on business," he answered. "I met one of my friends while there who should be here somewhere. Do you know Ray Marshall?" he asked.

"No, I am sure I do not," she replied.

"Do you wish to go with me, I am going out to the camp to find him?" asked Tom.

"I would be delighted, but we are entertaining this afternoon."

Ray Marshall at the camp picked up a newspaper and was looking it over when suddenly he came face to face with HER picture. He scrutinized it carefully and finally found her name—Marion Michel—a young society leader. At last, he knew her name.

The next morning Marion took her walk. She went farther than usual and was in an open field when hearing a whirring sound, she looked up and saw an aeroplane. She soon grew tired of watching it and sat down to gather some flowers. Suddenly she was again attracted to the aeroplane. It was going around like a bird making a great noise. Finally the engine was cut off and the machine came tumbling to the earth going over and over. As it came down the gasoline tank burst and set the plane on fire.

"Oh," screamed Marion, as she ran toward the burning plane. Just the engine had burned and Marion worked fast unstrapping and pulling the man from beneath the machine. When she saw his face her own flushed very red and she gasped.

Rushing to the road, Marion stopped a passing car and asked if they would take a man to the hospital. They arrived very soon and as soon as he was established in the sanitarium Marion started to leave but Ray Marshall had regained consciousness and saw her. "Marion," he cried, "don't go, I have been looking for you ever since the wreck."

"Do you care if I stay until after the operation?" she appealed to the doctor.

"Yes, you may stay," the doctor answered.

"Stay forever, Marion," put in Ray.

The doctor smiled at the nurse.

By ALMA HINSON, Freshman,
Harrisburg High School—First Prize.

HOW THE INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE PROMOTES PATRIOTISM

The most essential factor in the life of a nation is the acquiring and maintaining of a high standard of moral, mental and physical culture. It is a law of historical science, that when this standard is lowered the nation loses its integrity and unity, becoming the prey of enemies from without as well as from within. It is self-evident then, that it is our clearly defined duty as individuals and organizations to raise and retain this standard at the highest possible point.

The Interscholastic League has a most important part to play in the attaining of this point of efficiency. The League's various contests in athletics and literature are the practical expressions of what we are taught daily from volumes of textbooks. The League promotes training and citizenship. By the great number of appropriate declamations that are collected and delivered each year at the meets the contestants become proficient in the art of public speaking. Certainly this is of importance in the promotion of patriotism when one considers the part that oratory and the "stump" have played in the making of our national history.

The debates serve the same purpose as well as putting before an intelligent audience the most important and vital problems relating to our national existence. The influence of these debates and declamations on the contestants is to familiarize them with our national life, making of them intelligent citizens, capable of exercising and defending their rights as free peoples. In a more thorough training in this direction lies the death blow of Prussianism, Junkerism and autocracy.

Without an adequate and orderly workshop the greatest of artisans would be at a disadvantage. The same is true of the brain, for the body is the workshop of the brain, and unless the body is equipped to carry out the tasks set by the mind the resulting tension overpowers the body. The athletic side of the meets help to set this "shop" in order. Of course the body should be kept in a state of preparedness at all times, but the meets are the inspection days toward which we work throughout the years. As an example of the value of our athletic system to the nation in time of an emergency, is the fact of the readiness and accurateness with which our soldiers learned to throw the bomb and hand grenade during the early days of the Great War. The foundation of this branch of army training was laid in our public schools, originating in our popular games of baseball and football.

Our nation has always fought for and upheld Democracy. It is our ideal. The rules that the Interscholastic League issue each year governing the contests, teach equality, which is certainly a fundamental principle of democracy.

The original meaning of Bolsheviki was "brotherhood of man." To assert that the Interscholastic Leaguers are Bolsheviks would, indeed, be a startling statement. Although working along entirely different lines the results obtained by the Leaguers are essentially the same as those contemplated by the originators of the Bolshevik movement. At its yearly contests in county, district and State, between participants, the schools interested and those who are drawn as spectators, views and ideas are exchanged with the happy result that all come to have a feeling of good fellowship and each one goes back to their particular sphere with the realization that they have something in common with all. In the broad teachings and doctrines of the Interscholastic League and kindred organizations is found the nation's greatest safeguard against the dreaded Bolshevik movement in its current form, with all its crimes in the name of "humanity."

As the United States of America is the acknowledged champion of Democracy it is the sacred duty of the Interscholastic League to broaden its scope of activities at each opportunity.

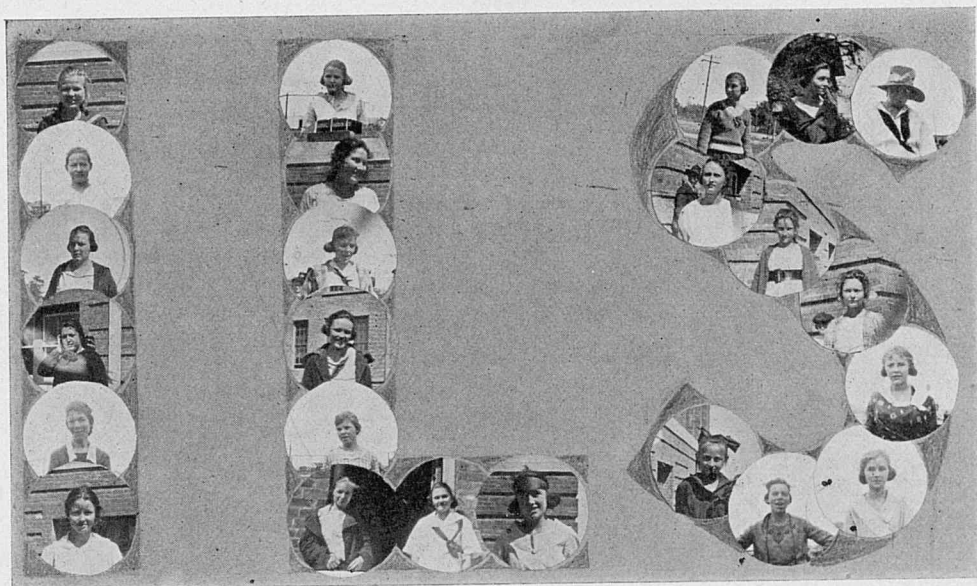
THE VISION

Last night I got to thinking
And I must have gone to sleep,
For there came floating before me
A vision dim, but sweet.
First came Alpha and Ethel
Walking with stately tread,
Each carrying a grade book,
With their curls slick to their heads,
And who would have thought it
But you never can tell
Who will be the housewife
Or who will ring the bell.
And Gilbert and Roy were preaching,
Sending the Gospel afar,
While there rose beside them
La Rue and Evelyn, popular movie stars.
John and Gertrude were farmers
Cultivating the soil,
Charnie and Lawrence housekeeping,
Happy in work and toil.
Out came Clyde and Earl,
Wearing uniforms of navy blue,
Each shouting to some loafer "Move on,"
Which always seemed to mean you.
Behind the counter is Walter,
Selling light bread fast
With Corinne in the kitchen—
They used to be so shy in the past.
Out for their Country,
Little Ruth and Estelle
Both in Red Cross uniforms
Helping the sick and poor as well.
Betty, Miriam and Charlton
Came swinging into view,
Carrying away State honors,
Making dust fly from each tennis shoe.
May, Annie and Mearle,
With their hair slick and tight,
Were sitting in the Kress Building

Keeping books with all their might.
Now who would believe it,
But I saw as plain as can be
The Governor of Texas—Elwood Lyons,
Whom people came miles to see.
Who would think that Arden Still
Would get a position as bootblack
In the great city of South Houston,
Earning a living by skill and knack?
Lucy and Barney were married,
And living happily together,
Harvey and John are carpenters,
Working in all sorts of weather.
Norman and Mary in South Africa
Out as missionaries for the heathen,
Mary with the Y. W. C. A.,
Norman with other brethren.
George, Murray and Bertram,
The debators of yore,
Are expert lawyers now
And debators no more.
Inez, Josie and Bertha,
With thanks to the shorthand course,
Are making fine livings
By fingers and force.
Lydia, Hazel and Evelyn
Are married and doing well,
Ben, Erma and Russelle are writers,
With hundreds of books to sell.
Elnora and Julia are teachers,
In the school of Harrisburg High,
Edward, Marvin and Kenneth, aviators,
Up in the Southern sky.
Just one more left,
And what was she?
A poetess, of course,
Can't you see?

GRACE KENT, Sophomore.





IDEALISTIC LITERARY SOCIETY

The Idealistic Literary Society has a very high standing, only the pupils making high averages in their class work are admitted.

It is our purpose to get every one interested to help each member in her literary work.

The officers are as follows: President, Edna Cates; vice-president, Katherine Knight; Secretary, Dealia Wagner; treasurer, Amy Hagberg; sergeant-at-arms, Mary De Zavala; press reporter, Freddie Hagins, Dorothy West; Critic, Miss Benton.

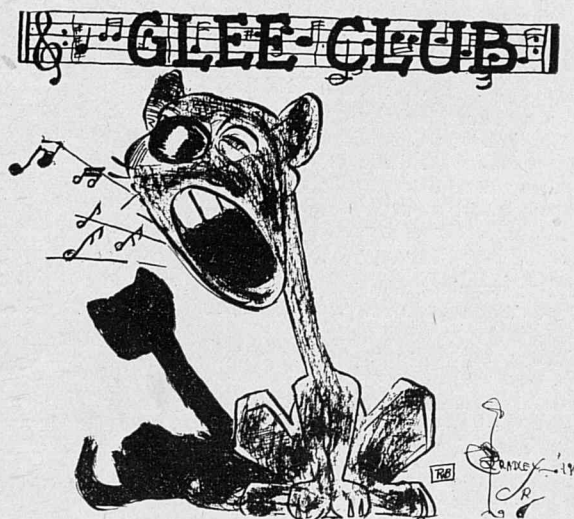


Membership Roll

Elnora Bauhof
Vava Boyer
Edna Cates
Helen Cates
Bessie Deakle
Blanche Denny
Mary De Zavala
Inez Gibson
Amy Hagberg

Freddie Hagins
Alma Hinson
Lora King
Marguerite Kirtley
Emma Krohn
Katherine Knight
Bessie Lee Muckleroy
Edith McKean
Velma Parker

Adrienne Reardon
Mavonee Rikard
Mary Agnes Schulze
Irma Schuppan
Stevie Stavinoka
Evangel Tynes
Dealia Wagner
Dorothy West
Charlton Witt
Miss Verner Benton
(Honorary Member)



GLEE CLUB

Boys

Ernest Edmonson
 Norman Rikard
 Maurice Matthews
 Leroy Whittredge
 Alpheus Kent
 Percy McKean
 Clarence Bradley
 Orrison Rowland

Directors

Miss Elva Davis
 W. C. Wilson

Girls

Evangel Tynes
 Emma Krohn
 Myrtle Blakesley
 Alma Hinson
 Vava Boyer
 Grace Kent
 Velma McMillian
 Dealia Wagner
 Amy Hagberg
 Lyda Macomb
 Mary Agnes Schulze
 Irene Schuppan

SOCIAL EVENTS

THE WATERMELON CURE

The Senior class gave a one-act comedy, "The Watermelon Cure," at the school house. A rather large crowd assembled and it was pronounced a success by all. The general mixup and final clearing up was the cause of many a happy laugh.

HURRAH FOR THE SPONSOR

Quite a bit of excitement was caused by the contest for Athletic Sponsor. The candidates were the Misses Bessie Deakle, Freshman; Julia Aubert, Sophomore; Irene Schuppan, Junior, and Dealia Wagner, Senior, of whom the latter was victorious. The candidates each with her own group, were busy selling votes to the school children as well as the townspeople. The contest was made closer by the Freshmen and Sophomore candidates withdrawing in favor of the Junior and leaving the three lowest grades against the Senior. But the Senior class is one that knows no defeat and did not know it this time.

HALLOWE'EN JOY

On Hallowe'en night the Senior class assembled in the school auditorium for a party. Many gay and mysterious costumes were worn and all were masked. The chaperon, Mrs. Davis, entered into all the fun with the rest.

Games suggestive of witches and ghouls were played. In the midst of the fun an old witch hobbled in and after some very queer antics produced a cauldron containing small slips of paper. Some magic words and actions made these scraps of paper fortunes for the guests.

Delicious refreshments were served and each guest was given a dainty little favor. Then they departed, each ghostly figure becoming a human being once more.

THE TURKEY'S DEATH

Mrs. Bohanna expressed her appreciation of the patronage given her during her years here by serving a turkey dinner on Wednesday before Thanksgiving. It was enjoyed by many of the student body. The Senior Class, having just come out of the Sponsor Contest victorious, made the occasion one of honor to the sponsor, Miss Dealia Wagner, and also to a visitor from the State Department.

The class with some of the teachers was given a separate table and much merriment was furnished by the place cards with a verse appropriate to each individual.

Toasts were given to the two honor guests, also to W. C. Hanner, Coach Johnston, Mrs. Davis, the faculty and the class.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Senior Class gathered at Mrs. Davis' home on the last day before the Christmas holidays, where the gayest of Christmas trees awaited them. There was a short program consisting of a poem by Hal Blair, A Happy Laugh, by Blanch Denny, a recitation by Mary Agnes Schulze, a Whole Minute to Act Cute, by Stephen La Peyre, a song by the quartet, and some jokes on the class.

After this the tree was robbed of its precious burden which proved to be a gift for each guest. Their leave-taking was full of wishes for merry and happy holidays.

LEAP YEAR AGAIN

The Idealist Literary Society gave a Leap Year party and had a unique entertainment of old-fashioned games. Striped candy with soda pop was served, which all agreed was delightful, chiefly because of its novelty. Mrs. Davis was chaperon for the evening.

ON WITH THE DANCE

The Senior Class was given a dance at the Park Place school house by one of its members, Mr. Lyle Westover.

A large number of young people were present. Excellent music was furnished while the guests tripped here and there to fill the appointments which they had recorded on the quaintest of programs.

Mr. and Mrs. Westover were the charming chaperons of the evening.

There were sixteen dances and four extras. The hours as if themselves on winged feet fairly flew by and everybody was sorry when twelve o'clock came. The last echo of merry voices died away into the night with an expression of the pleasure enjoyed during the evening.

I. L. S. INITIATION PARTY

Miss Mary Agnes Schulze gave the Idealist Literary Society a slumber party at which all the new members were initiated by awesome processes.

At midnight the frolic stopped and both the initiators and initiated sought slumber.

Early the next morning these pleasure seekers hiked out to a spot on the banks of the bayou and cooked breakfast. Some kodak pictures were taken and then they dispersed after attempting to express the wonderful time they had had. Miss Benton and Mrs. Schulze chaperoned.

"SON JOHN"

The Senior Class gave another one of their delightful one-act comedies, this time called "Son John." There was a gathering of Harrisburg people who one and all agreed that the time was well spent. Afterward, music was furnished for those who wished to dance.

BRAVO FOR THE VICTORIOUS

Miss Ruth Smith entertained the Freshmen after a contest in spelling in which her side was beaten. Games and numerous modes of entertainment were enjoyed. In the midst of the merriment refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. All the guests reported a very enjoyable time. Miss Benton chaperoned.

THE SOPH CLASS PARTY

The Sophomores met at Miss La Rue McLaughlin's home for a party. Lots of fun and merriment filled the evening and all carried home with them a pleasant memory. Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin chaperoned.

JUNIOR-SENIOR CLASS PARTY

One of the most delightful affairs of the school year was the party given by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors at the High School Auditorium. The girls came dressed in aprons and the boys in overalls. These costumes added to the uniqueness of the affair.

Upon arriving the guests found Miss Lora King and Mr. Melton McMillan, dressed as typical farmers, acting as hostess and host through the evening, to greet them.

After the grand march, which was led by Lora King and Melton McMillan, the fun began. While some danced, others played games.

There was no attempt at decoration, only upon the stage, which proved a surprise after the lights were flashed on. The background of the stage was a woodland scene and the floor of the stage was completely covered in moss while the lights which were hooded in green paper shed a soft glow. Upon the stage the red lemonade served with a gourd in tin cups, and ginger cookies, were served by the hostess.

In the midst of the merriment each sought their luck in the grab-bag box and was delightfully surprised with toy balloons and whistles.

During the evening popcorn and peanuts were served from market baskets.

The dance programs, of overalls and aprons, the aprons for the boys and the overalls for the girls, were clever designs in red and white, Senior colors. There were ten dances, each being named for a Senior boy and girl, and three extras named for the specials who register with the Senior Class.

The chaperons for the party were Miss Verner Benton and Mrs. Fannie Davis.

JUNIOR-SOPH PICNIC

The Juniors, tired and sleepy from their dissipation the night before at the Junior-Senior party, joined the fresh and eager Sophs for a truck ride to Sylvan Beach.

Without any tire trouble, which was unusual, the party arrived at Sylvan.

The day was spent in kodaking, bathing, dancing, other pleasures and eating a delicious picnic lunch.

The pleasure-seekers were chaperoned by Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Schuppan and Miss Verna Benton.

FRESHMEN 8-2 PICNIC

The Freshmen have gotten into the routine of High School life. We can tell by the picnic they gave themselves in Forest Hill Addition. They all report that they had a delightful time and from the rumors we hear of two barrels of lemonade it is very likely to be true. Miss Benton chaperoned.

FRESHMEN 8-1 BANQUET

One day at noon sounds from the auditorium aroused a great deal of curiosity and upon investigation was found to be the irrepressible Freshmen and Miss Boxley dining in glorious state at a banquet.

I. L. S. STUNT PARTY

At five o'clock the members of the I. L. S. met and hiked to Mrs. West's home on the Galveston road.

Excitement prevailed, for each one was eagerly anticipating what the other person would do and each stunt brought forth peals of laughter and deafening applause.

The new officers were duly initiated.

After a sleepless night, due to the mischievous crowd, the girls enjoyed a breakfast in the woods.

Mrs. West and Miss Benton chaperoned.

A FISH PICNIC

The 8-1 and 8-2 Freshman Class accompanied by Mrs. West, Miss Boxley, Miss Benton, Mr. Wilson and wife, enjoyed a truck ride to Sylvan. However, due to the smallness of truck some went in cars.

The day was spent in seashore pleasures.

At a late hour, a tired but happy crowd, journeyed homeward.

H. H. S. ALUMNAE ENTERTAINS

The Seniors, at the cordial invitation of the Alumnae, drove in special cars to the Battle Grounds.

Guess what we did?

Guess what we saw on the way down there?

Guess who chaperoned us?

Guess what we had to eat?

Guess what time we got home?

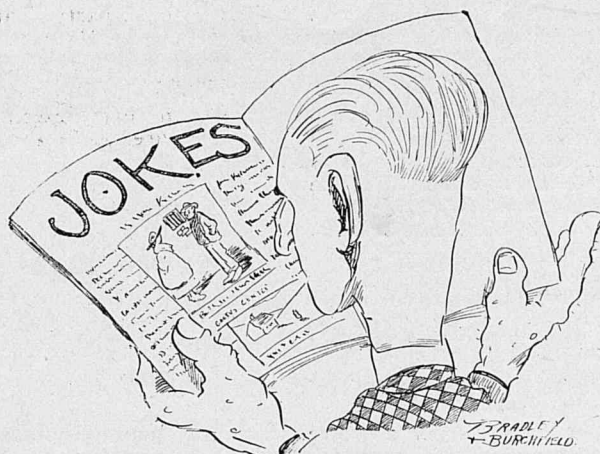
Don't you wish you had been invited?

"Hush, little Junior, don't you cry, you'll be a Senior by and by."

(Writer Anonymous)

SENIOR DAY

Our Superintendent, Mr. Hanner, gave the Seniors a day to use as they liked. They were quick to take advantage of this and as the day named was Chapel Day, the Seniors gave the student body a short program. After this they climbed on to a truck bound for Sylvan Beach. Fun and merriment kept the way lively and although some tire trouble stopped them for a good length of time on the way they finally reached the end of the journey. Lunch was spread on the grounds at the park. Then each group or individual sought some diversion. Some danced or played games and some looked longingly at the water in which they were forbidden to plunge. At last, the rain which had been threatening, forced them to start on their homeward journey. Fortunately they had to seek shelter only once and the rest of the way was uneventful. Mrs. Dan P. Johnston chaperoned and joined in all the fun.



English Teacher: Oh, Norman, you are so narrow you would make a razor blade look dull.

Norman: Huh, I guess you are so broad you would make an elephant's back look narrow.

Mrs. Jones: Melton, what is the meaning of vacuum?

Melton: Why, why, aw—I have got it in my head, but I can't express it.

Rex: Why does Mr. Wilson shut his eyes when he sings?

Irene: Because he can't bear to see people suffer.

Laurence: I believe this room is getting worse every day.

Mrs. Jones: No, I don't believe anything about it. I know it.

Mrs. Davis (in geometry)—"There is room at the board for you, Hal."

Hal—"Yes, but there's no room for the proposition."

Mrs. Jones (in study)—"If I take off as much misconduct every day as I have today there won't be anything left at the end of the month."

Lyle—"Then I'll have a clean record."

Mr. Johnston (in History)—"How was the slavery question settled, on the ethical grounds, or on legal grounds?"

Evangel—"On the battle grounds."

Dealia to Alpheus—"What on earth are you going to do with that pipe?"

Alpheus—"I am going to give it to Miss Holland to make her football team stronger."

Miss Benton to Clarence—"If you are going to sit with Russel please give me your undivided attention."

Russel—"Yes, Miss Benton, if he gives me any I'll divide with you."

Mr. Glasgow (in Physics class for consolation)—"In the near future education will be given in doses, placed in capsules and taken every hour."

Miss Boxley to Bennie Sue—"I'm not going to let you meet the baker at the door, I saw him kiss you; I'll go in the future."

Bennie Sue—"No use, Kate, he promised not to kiss anyone but me."

Mike to Miss Holland—"Did anyone ever propose to you?"

Miss Holland—"Yes, over the telephone—but they had the wrong number."

Miss Ehrhardt—"Mary Louise, did you get the lard I sent you after?"

Mary Louise—"No, ma'am; it was so greasy it slipped my mind."

Mrs. Davis (in Spelling)—"B-E-L-L-A-D-O-N-N-A."

Clarence—"Is that what they call a singer in the opera?"

Alpheus to Irene—"What did your father say when you told him my love for you was like a broad and shining river?"

Irene—"He said dam it."

Mr. Hanner to Miss Benton—"Are you going to hear Alma Cluck?"

Mrs. Jones—"Don't you think they made a mistake in trying to educate Irvin Atkinson; he ought to have been trained for a clown?"

Miss Holland—"He doesn't need much training."

Miss Benton—"Roy, if you had more 'spunk' you would get along better in the world. Now, what is 'spunk'?"

Mike—"I know—the past participle of 'spank.'"

Dorothy (in History lesson)—"Louise, whom do you think of when you hear of Concord and Lexington?"

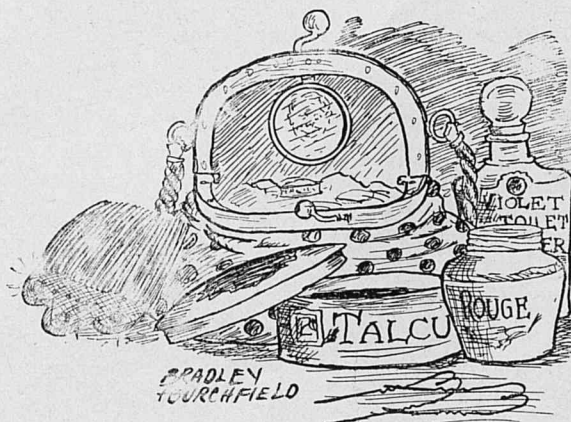
Louise—"Abraham Lincoln."

Louise to Lewis—"Why does Mr. Wilson always close his eyes when leading chapel songs?"
 Lewis—"He can't stand to see humanity suffer."
 Lora—"Mrs. Davis, I heard a piece of startling news. Mr. Johnston beat his wife up this morning."
 Mrs. Davis—"Really, what were the circumstances surrounding the case?"
 Lora—"He got up at six and she at seven-thirty."
 Miss Ehrhardt—"Josephine, what would the little chick say if it found an orange in the nest?"
 Josephine—"Oh, see the orange Marmalade."
 Miss Benton—"What's the matter, Gilder, didn't you hear me?"
 Lewis—"He can't hear your fingers pointing."
 Miss Benton—"John, what are you going to do with a cigar? Bring it to me."
 Roy—"Miss Benton, do you want a match?"
 Mrs. West (in auto)—"Miss Ehrhardt, you may sit on my lap."
 Miss Ehrhardt—"Oh, no, I'm too heavy."
 Mr. West—"You are not too heavy to sit on my lap."
 Evangel—"Mrs. Jones, is Latin hard or am I just a block-head?"
 Mrs. Jones—"Why, Latin isn't hard, my dear."
 Velma—"Steve put his arm around me five times last night."
 Mary Agnes—"Phew—some arm."
 Mr. Johnson (in Civics)—"Eagles are the only fowls who mate only once in life."
 Leroy—"Gee, if they're so smart no wonder they put 'em on dollars."

THINGS TO LOSE SLEEP OVER

Amy disturbs the whole room; she talks so much.
 Orrison's goin' to A. & M. next year. Won't he help make those Longhorns blow?
 How will we get along hereafter, without Kafir to ring the bell?
 We don't know nothin' against ole Hal, 'cept that he sure can fling the chalk, like all the rest of 'em.
 That Park Place jitney is fierce. Ridin' in it reminds me of the time I tried to break in Si Simpkins' fresh colt.
 Frank is a shark in arithmetic; he makes 101 in it every month.
 Them Juniors and the banner have it 'round and 'round. Somehow the banner gets hid every time the Juniors want it.
 You oughta seen the little boys who put on dignified trousers this spring. There's Delbert and John Parker, and several others who made their debuts in them about the time the violets began to sprout.
 Whadyaknow, Miss Benton has joined the Green Mask Players of Houston and we bet she'll be a bella-donna before she quits.
 Velma Parker is sure good at powderin' noses. You oughta see Steve 'bout nine o'clock every mornin'.
 With the coming of the new Fourth Grade teacher, Mr. Smith, it is a puzzle to understand why the High School teachers insist on visiting the old building during intermissions, especially Miss Holland and Miss Lella Jones and Zuanna Davis. But the most startling thing is Miss Ehrhardt wondering how she can get off of hall-duty.
 We are losing sleep over the fact that Mr. Johnston gets no more peanuts and cold blackeyed peas. What will Mr. Hanner do when he can't "unload"?
 The old adage says "Some people are too smart to live." We are certainly uneasy about Mr. Dunham. Just think, he's a vocal instructor; he's a photographer; he's a teacher, both vocational and intellectual; he's a cook, and he's at last entered the thatrical world.

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"HO-HUM!"

Phone news items to Cap. 1133.

The campaign for the election of a sponsor for Harrisburg's athletic team is on. Remember loyal friends, as well vote for the honor. You might as well vote for the winner.

The Boulevard Theatre of Magnolia Park is putting on a special show Thursday night, November 6, 25 per cent of the proceeds to go to the Harrisburg athletic fund. We expect to see every one in Harrisburg buy a ticket. These tickets will be on sale all through the coming week.

Mrs. Faunio Davis is chairman of a committee of teachers in the high school who are going to hold a big bazaar sale in the near future at the market in Houston. If you have any articles at home suitable for such a sale, please turn them over to this committee.

The candidates for sponsor from the four grades in the high school are: Senior class, Dealia Wagner; Junior class, Irene Schuppan; sophomores, Julia Aubert, freshman, Bessie Dea-

Harrisburg "Pride" journeyed to La. last Tuesday evening and de- parted for the representative eleven from up a good much lighter team from particularly slow, due to the one-sidedness of the affair and it seemed as if the local boys didn't get in the game. In their usual style, Harrisburg received on the kick-off and a few minutes later LaPeyre carried the ball across for the first touchdown after the second quarter. Kent, fullback, kicked the ball through the line for a touchdown. Three for the last two.

You have heard of your old maid school teachers, well you shouldn't visit H. B. and the weather is not to blame either—we have solved the new name still pickles. Miss Denton always arrives. If we thought these pickles had any strong acid like a ton on our report cards, we would get Judge Patch to get out an injunction against Mrs. Bonannon to stop her from setting them.

School Gridders

The Harrisburg game was a good school building. Every one to police. Look out in the ship.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Phone news items to Cap. 1133.

Harrisburg "Shipbuilders" Punned Harris County B. S.



They have a football team out at Harrisburg also. Just wait a week and Coach Johnson's squad will do things.

The "shipbuilders" journeyed South Houston last Friday evening and started a regular midweek which ended in a 72-0 defeat for the side of the boys' school. Although slightly outwitting the South Houston squad, the home boys showed their advantage in the game. The game was although it was clear from the first touchdown that Harrisburg was to keep the lead. The boys never ceased the punning and made a long end run. Harrisburg put it over the line for the first touchdown after the second quarter. Kent, fullback, kicked the ball through the line for a touchdown. Three for the last two.

Our senior girls are not going to be outdone and they have reorganized the Longfellow Literary Society and intend to make themselves known. The Seniors held their first Thorsentent in honor of Halloween. The class gathered in the auditorium and many were the costumes displayed. The evening was very enjoyably spent in dancing, refreshments and appropriate games.

Old Troop and that Ho.

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U. S. Bonds.....	42,004.86
Interest in Guaranty Fund.....	1,014.42
Banking House.....	7,500.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	7,500.00
CASH AND SIGHT EXCHANGE.....	46,298.44
TOTAL.....	\$353,703.26

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$ 35,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	3,326.71
DEPOSITS	315,376.55
TOTAL.....	\$353,703.26

The above Statement is correct:

S. D. SIMPSON, President.

F. A. COLLINS, Cashier.

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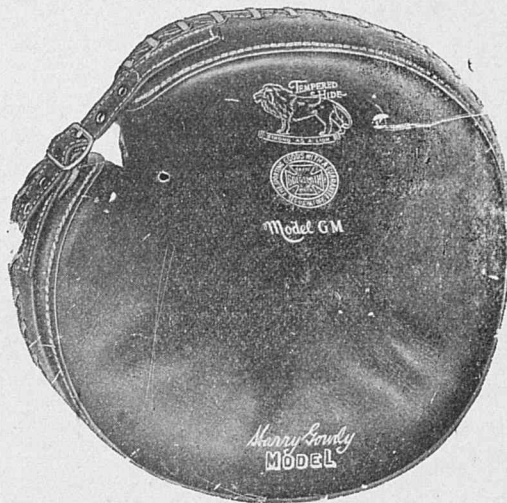
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