



En Avant

1926

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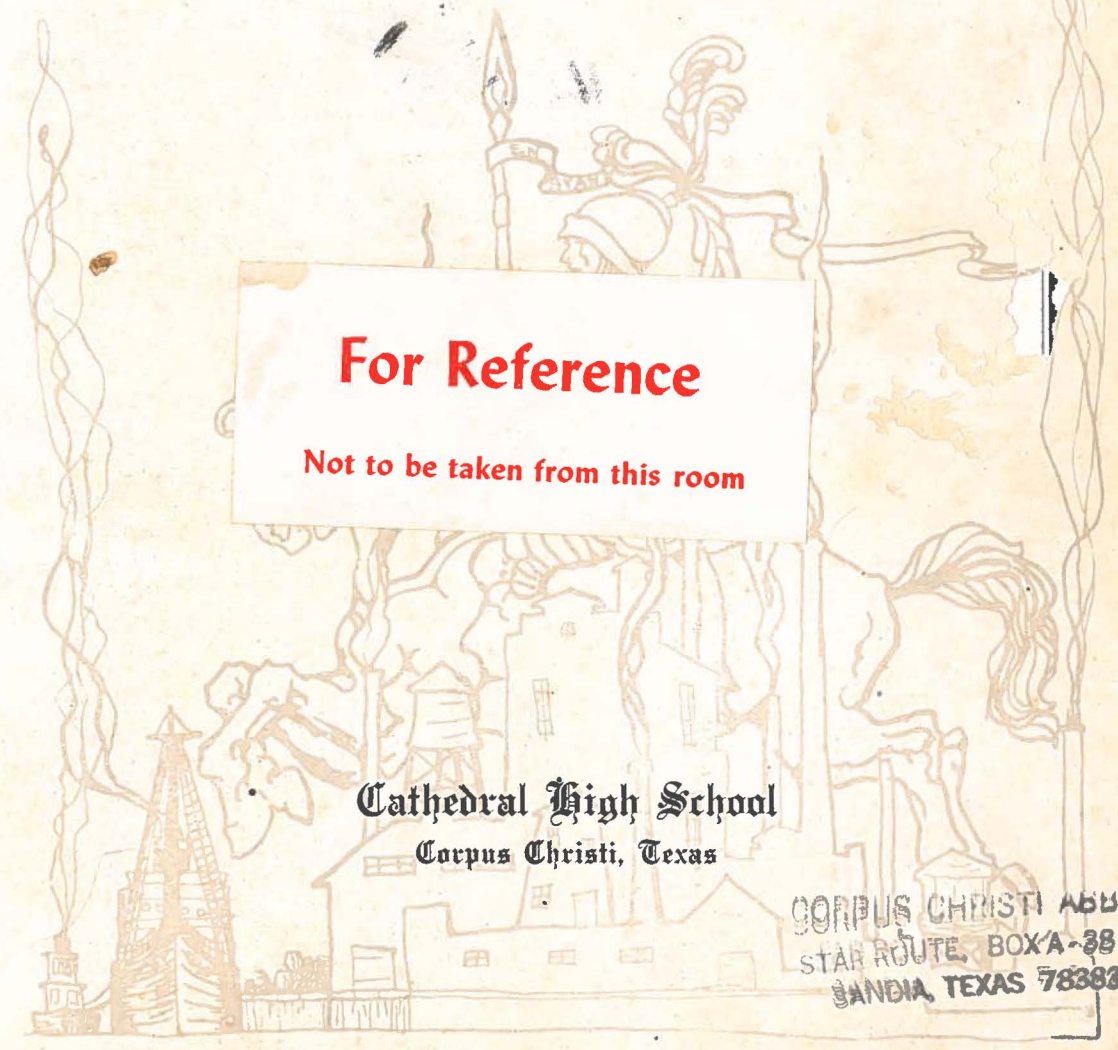
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CORPUS CHRISTI ACADEMY

En Avant

For Reference

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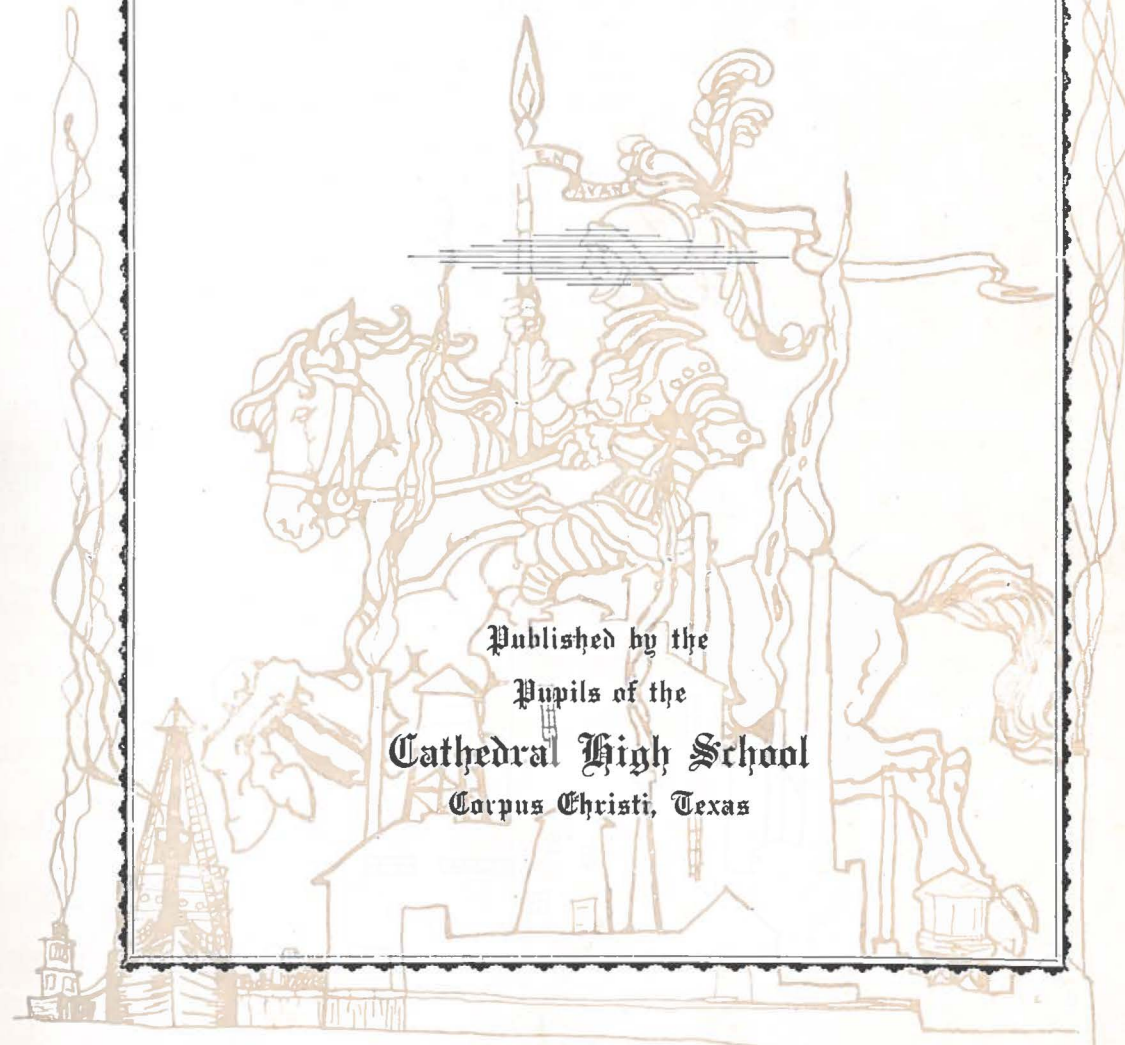
Cathedral High School
Corpus Christi, Texas

CORPUS CHRISTI ACADEMY
STAR ROUTE, BOX A-38-A
SAN DIEGO, TEXAS 78383

En Avant

Volume 2

1926



Published by the
Pupils of the
Cathedral High School
Corpus Christi, Texas

CORPUS CHRISTI ABBEY
STAR ROUTE, BOX A-38-A
SANDIA, TEXAS 78383

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FORWARD.

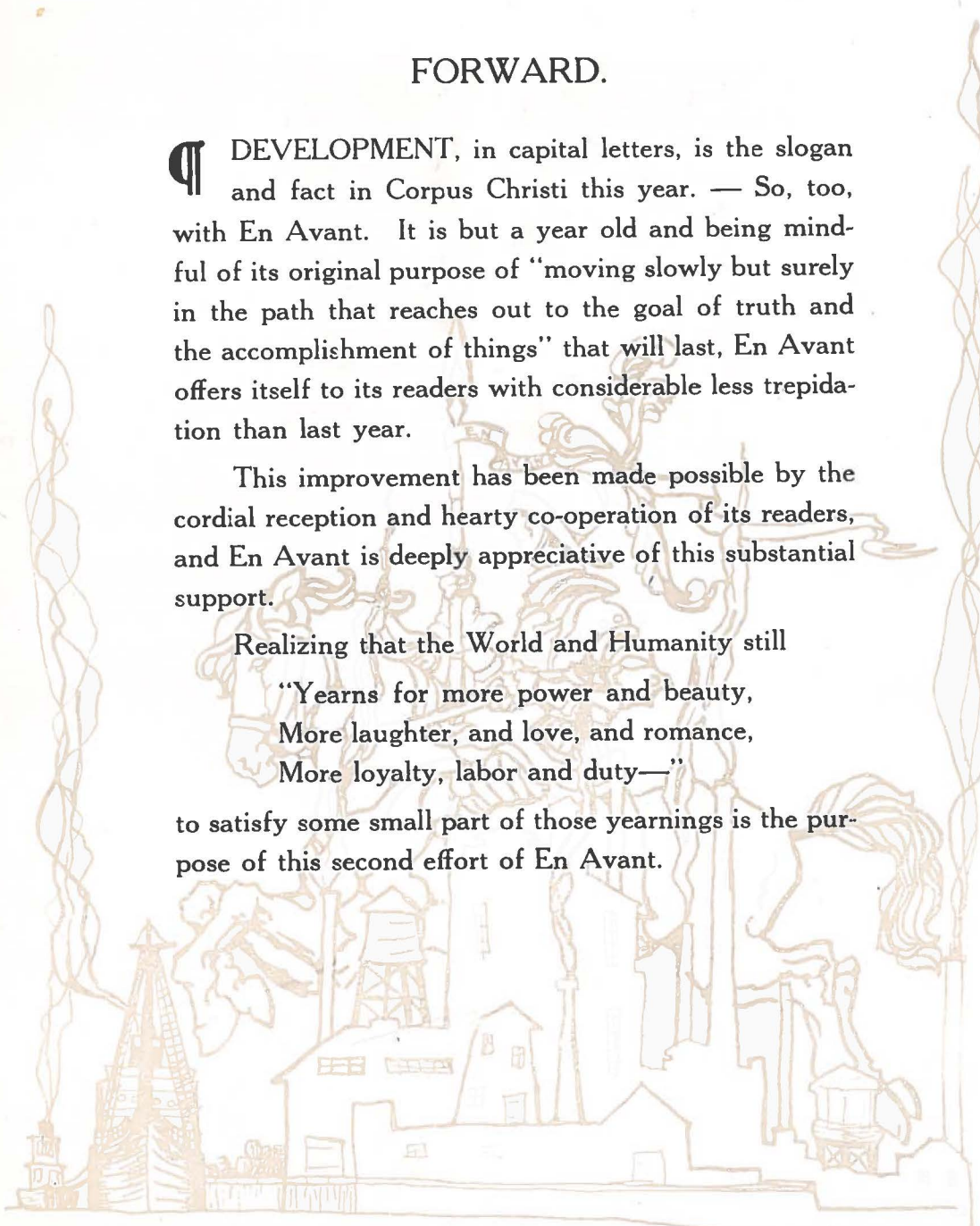
DEVELOPMENT, in capital letters, is the slogan and fact in Corpus Christi this year. — So, too, with En Avant. It is but a year old and being mindful of its original purpose of “moving slowly but surely in the path that reaches out to the goal of truth and the accomplishment of things” that will last, En Avant offers itself to its readers with considerable less trepidation than last year.

This improvement has been made possible by the cordial reception and hearty co-operation of its readers, and En Avant is deeply appreciative of this substantial support.

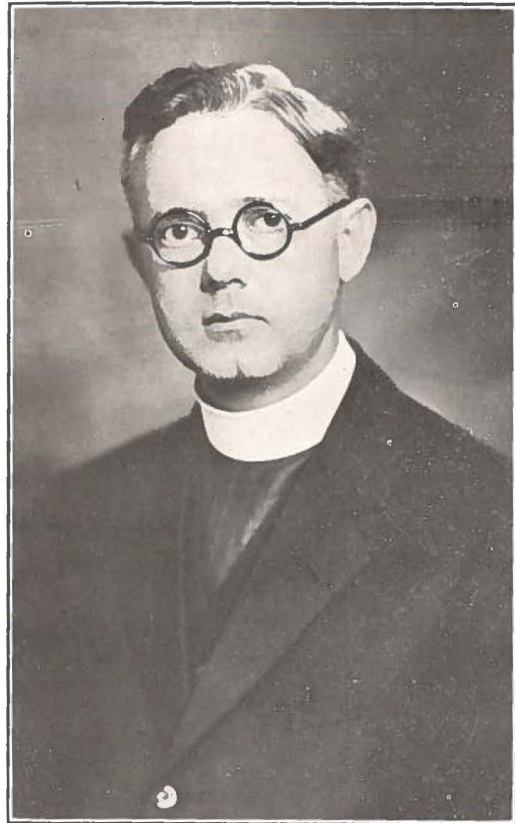
Realizing that the World and Humanity still

“Yearns for more power and beauty,
More laughter, and love, and romance,
More loyalty, labor and duty—”

to satisfy some small part of those yearnings is the purpose of this second effort of En Avant.



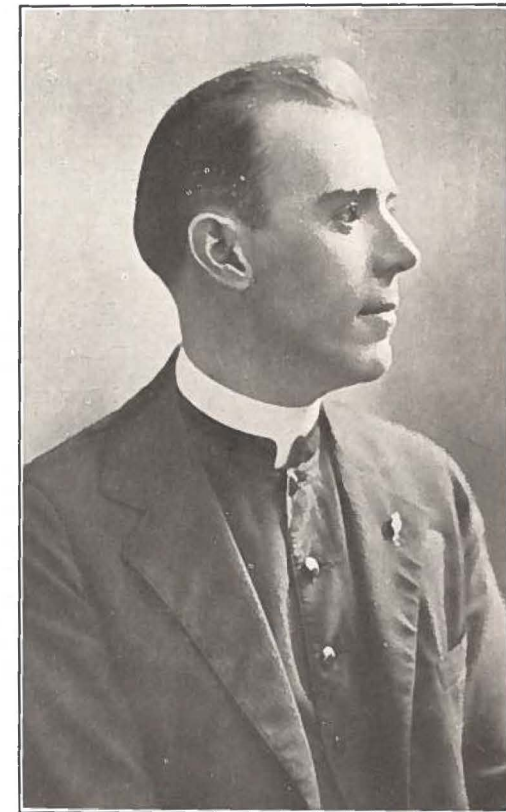
RT. REV. BISHOP E. B. LEDVINA
Our Father and Friend



Our Beloved Rector,
REV. DAMIAN O'ROURKE, C. P.



REV. J. J. LANNON, PH. D.
Diocesan Superintendent of Schools



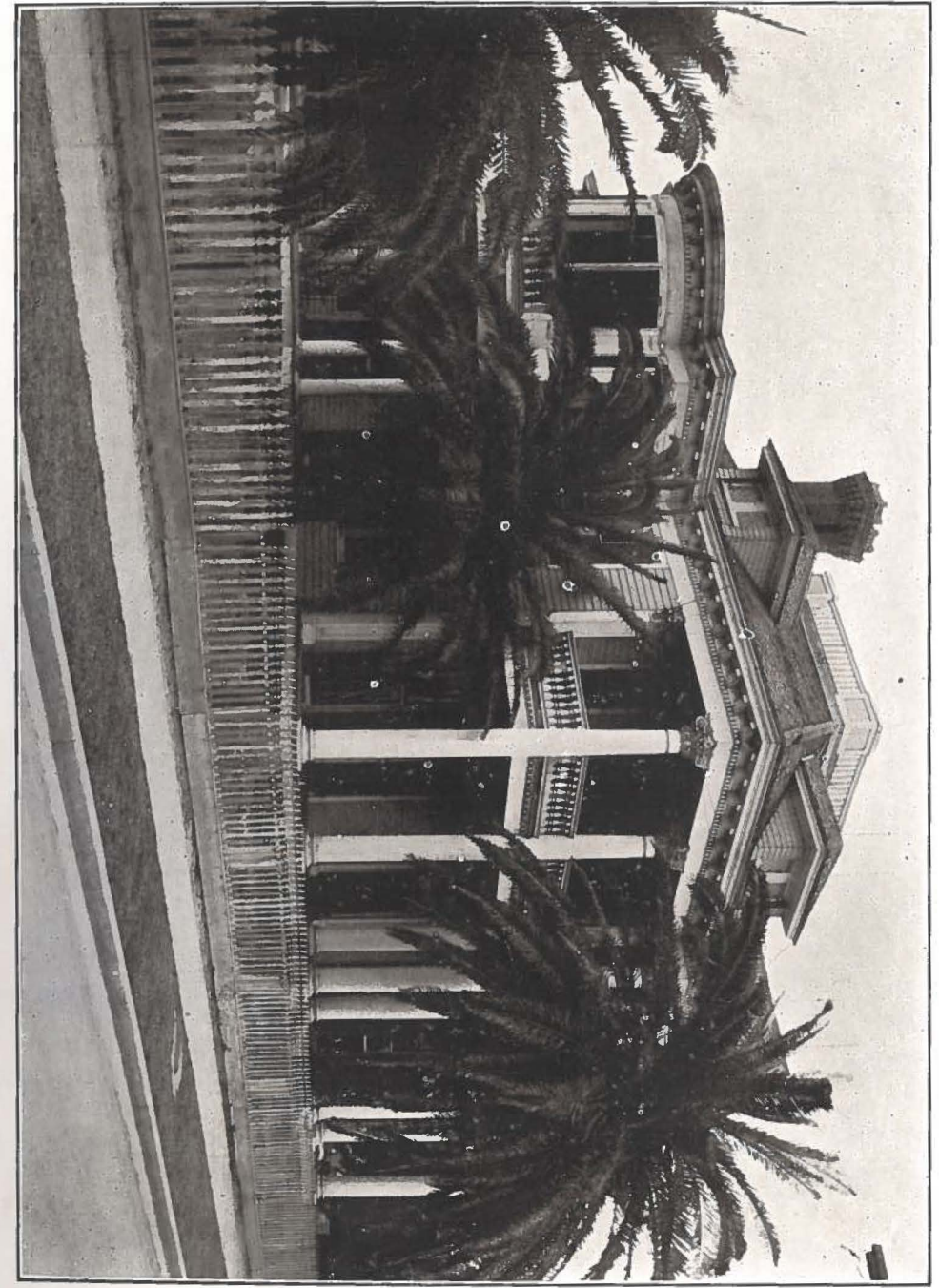
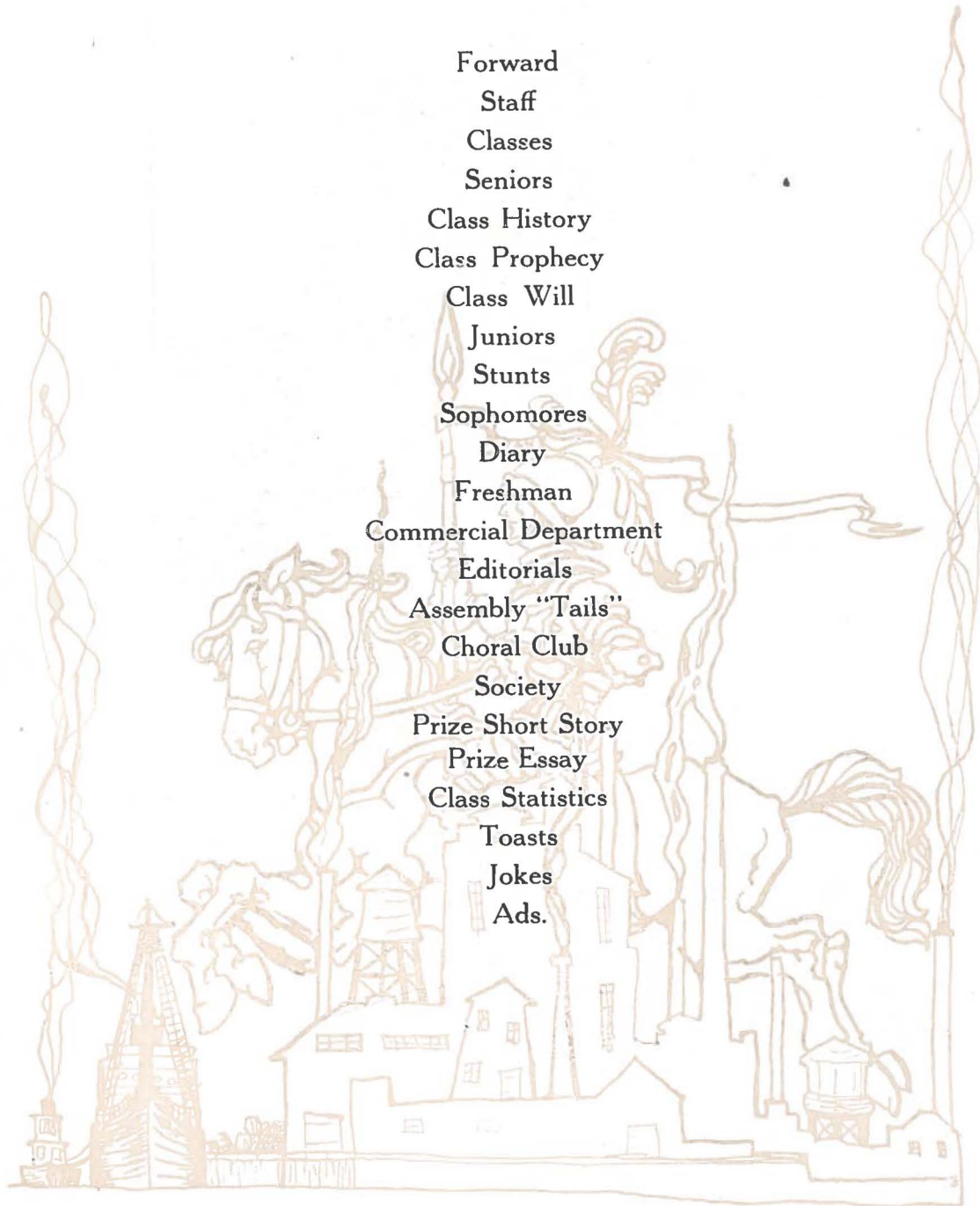
Dedication

In the spirit of reverence and loyalty;
in acknowledgement of his many kindnesses;
and in heartfelt gratitude for devotedness to
our school, the class of nineteen hundred
and twenty-six dedicate their year book,

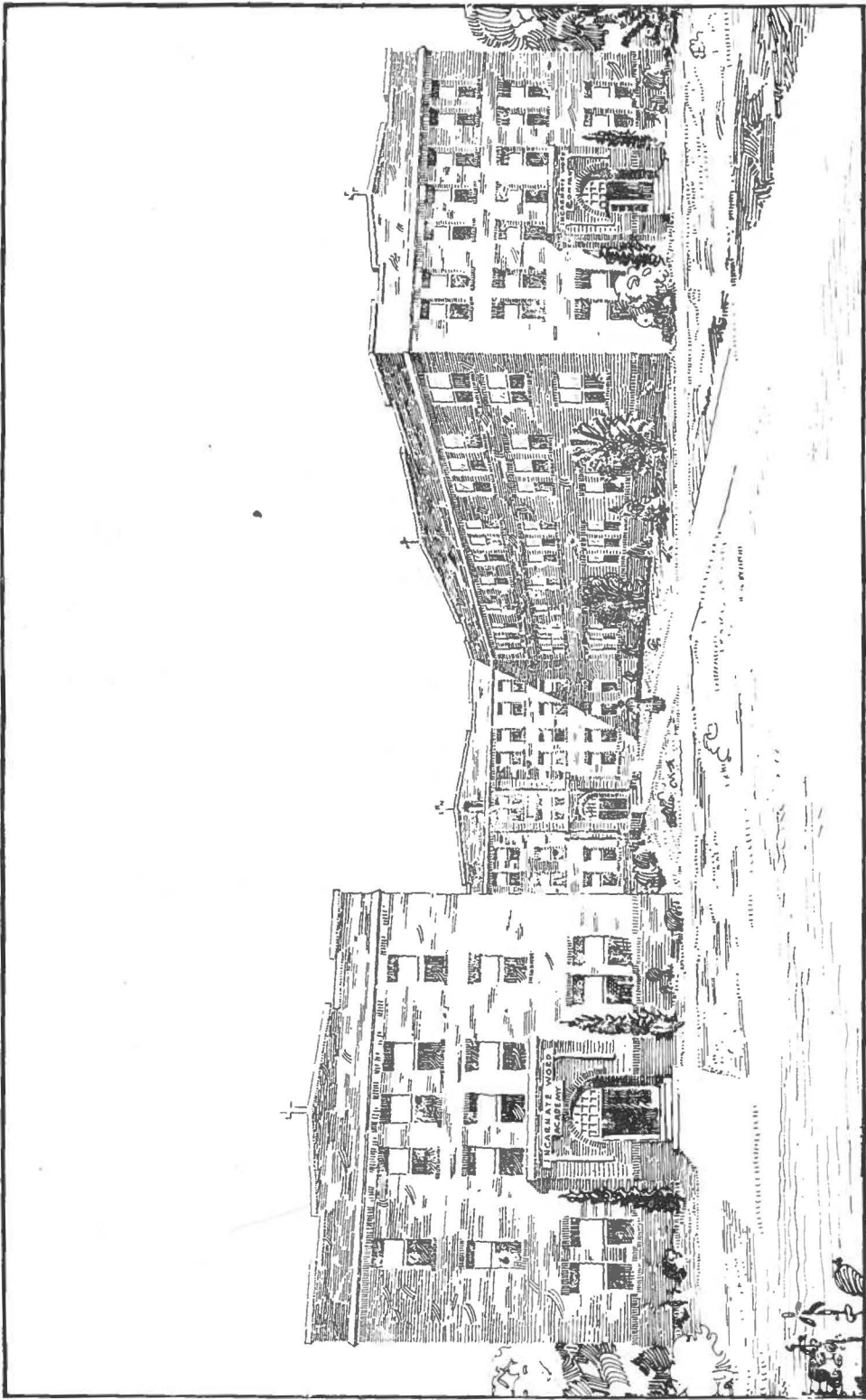
En Avant
to
Rev. Daniel A. Laning

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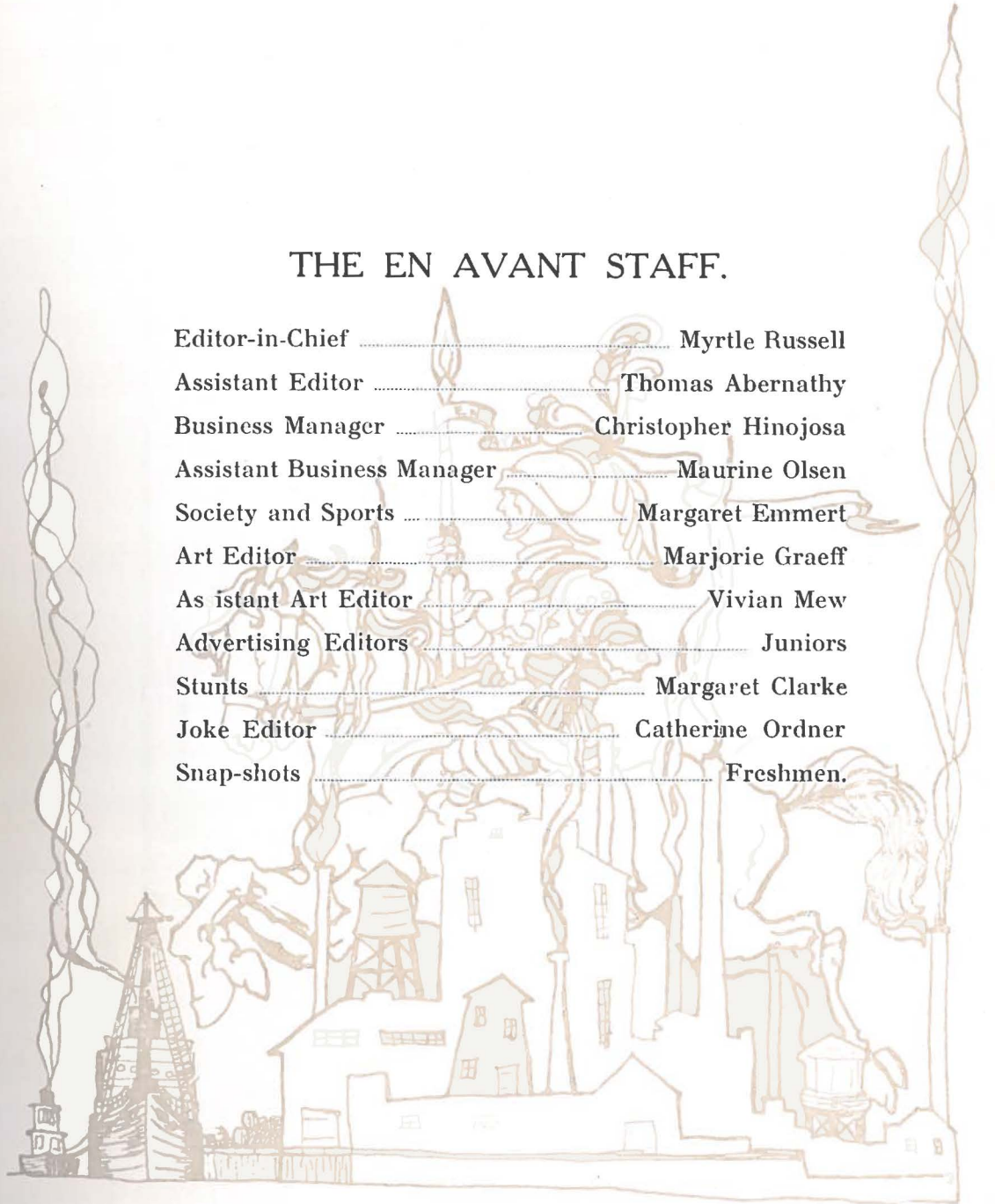
CATHEDRAL HIGH SCHOOL

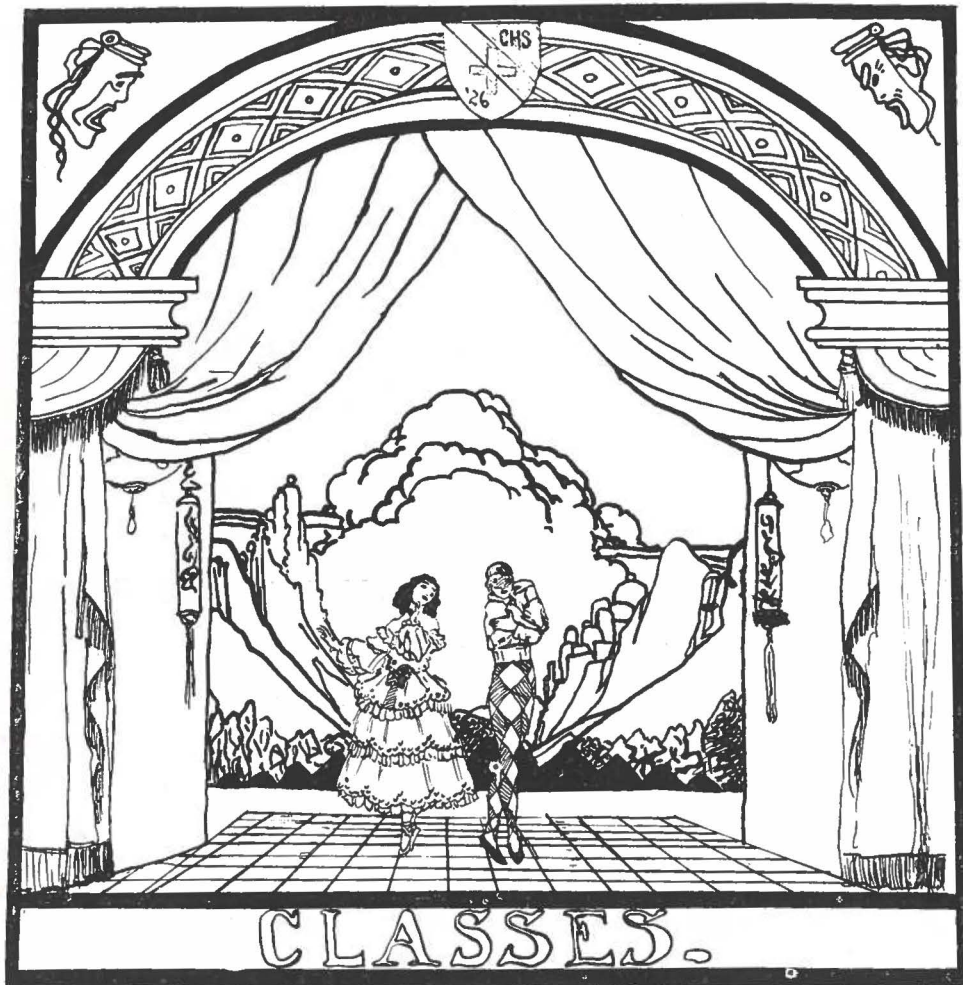


INCARNATE WORD ACADEMY

THE EN AVANT STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief	Myrtle Russell
Assistant Editor	Thomas Abernathy
Business Manager	Christopher Hinojosa
Assistant Business Manager	Maurine Olsen
Society and Sports	Margaret Emmert
Art Editor	Marjorie Graeff
Assistant Art Editor	Vivian Mew
Advertising Editors	Juniors
Stunts	Margaret Clarke
Joke Editor	Catherine Ordner
Snap-shots	Freshmen.





Senior Class

MOTTO:

"The Best Is None Too Good."

CLASS FLOWER:
Rose
(Pink and White)

CLASS COLORS:
Pink and White

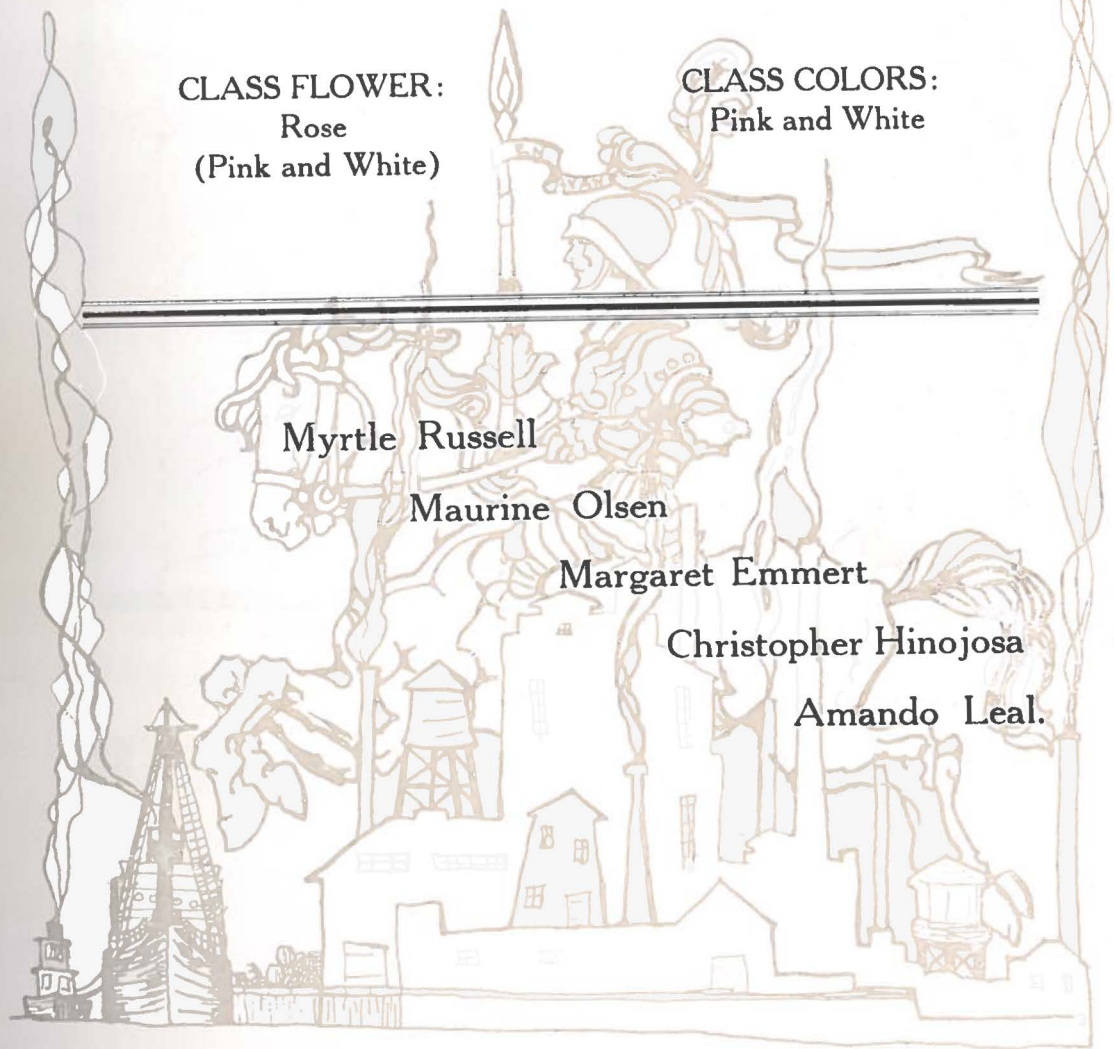
Myrtle Russell

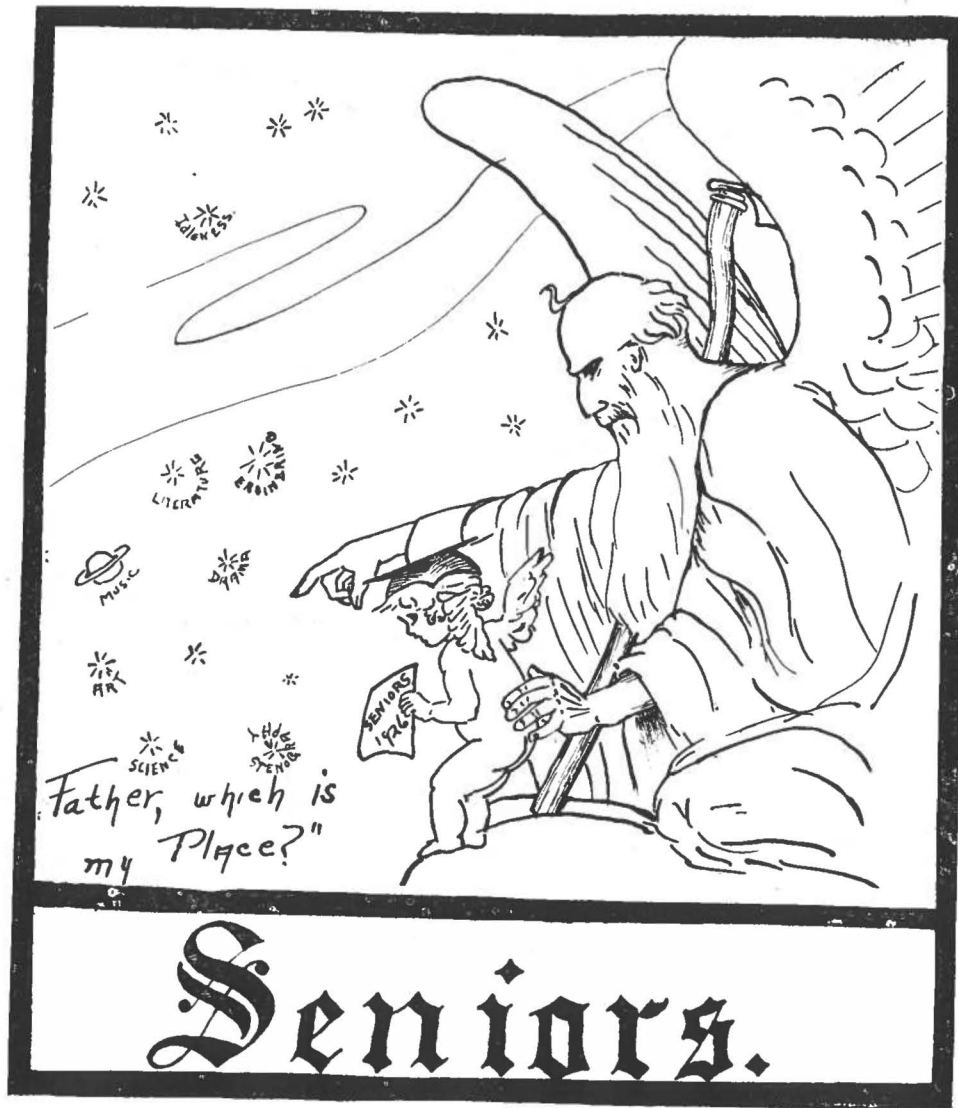
Maurine Olsen

Margaret Emmert

Christopher Hinojosa

Amando Leal.





SENIOR CLASS SONG.

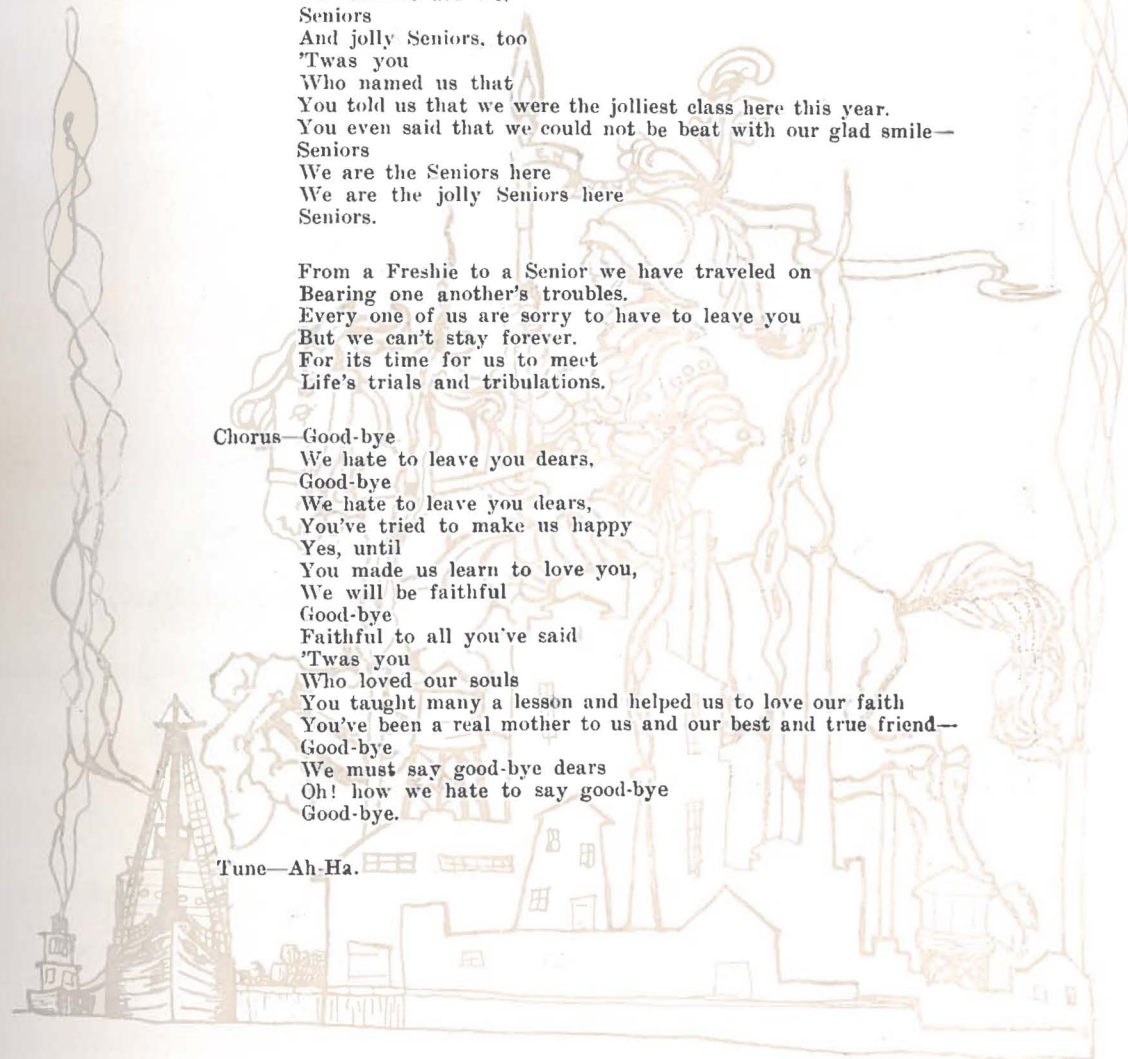
As you know our motto is "the best is none too good,"
And so we've tried to do our best
To beat the Freshies, Sophomores and the Juniors, too
Even though they be our pals
We'll not let them excel
We are the jolly Seniors.

Chorus—Seniors
O yes we are Seniors
Seniors
We glory in the name
You made us learn to love it,
Yes, you did
Nothing intermediate
For Seniors are we,
Seniors
And jolly Seniors, too
'Twas you
Who named us that
You told us that we were the jolliest class here this year.
You even said that we could not be beat with our glad smile—
Seniors
We are the Seniors here
We are the jolly Seniors here
Seniors.

From a Freshie to a Senior we have traveled on
Bearing one another's troubles.
Every one of us are sorry to have to leave you
But we can't stay forever.
For its time for us to meet
Life's trials and tribulations.

Chorus—Good-bye
We hate to leave you dears,
Good-bye
We hate to leave you dears,
You've tried to make us happy
Yes, until
You made us learn to love you,
We will be faithful
Good-bye
Faithful to all you've said
'Twas you
Who loved our souls
You taught many a lesson and helped us to love our faith
You've been a real mother to us and our best and true friend—
Good-bye
We must say good-bye dears
Oh! how we hate to say good-bye
Good-bye.

Tune—Ah-Ha.





MYRTLE RUSSELL

President of Class.
Editor-in-Chief Annual Staff '26.
Joke Editor '25
Tennis and Basket Ball
Lyceum and Choral Club



Speaking of Evolution—!!
Myrtle at six months. Who'd a
thought it?



MAURINE OLSEN

Class Treasurer
Assistant Business Manager—Annual
Staff '26
Editor-in-Chief '25
Tennis and Basket Ball
Lyceum and Choral Club



Darwin couldn't have been far from
right.
Maurine at the bottle age.



MARGARET EMMERT

Society and Sport Editor Annual '26
Tennis and Basket Ball
Choral, Sunshine and Sacred Heart
Clubs



Margaret offers this as a fair proof
for evolution.



CHRISTOPHER HINOJOSA

Business Manager Annual '26
Scout '23.
Assistant Scout Master '26
Captain Baseball '24.
(Leader of 51 Gang)?



Darwin certainly was wrong?



AMANDO LEAL

CLASS SHEIK!
(Cou'dn't risk anything further)



'Mando offers this as conclusive
proof that Darwin was wrong!!
Do you agree?

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.

In September 1922, we, the graduates of '26, entered into High School as poor little Freshmen. When we left our classmates in the grammar department we had the feeling of superiority, and thought that we were "just IT." But on that first day of high school we found that we were only babies, and the humble servants of the sophomores. By means of great sacrifices, and by over-looking the acts of the supercilious sophomores, we managed to live this year through.

By the end of our Freshman year two of our members quit school for reasons unknown, and the third choose for herself a partner for life.

In September, 1923, we entered the new state of school life—Sophomores. In the Freshman grade we merited the title "The Misdemeanors" of the High School, and we held our good name in the Sophomore grade.

At Christmas our class was increased by Miss Leona Harod, of Orange Grove. In this term we broke all records in gaining honors, both in studies and athletics.

September 1924, we entered our Juniorate. This year we witnessed a considerable decrease in our class membership. Two of its former members left Corpus Christi and two dropped behind. Our ranks were again swelled to six by the presence of Christopher Hinojosa and Amando Leal. In this term we won the toleration of the Seniors. They, out of their generosity and kindness, permitted us to join with them in their social activities.

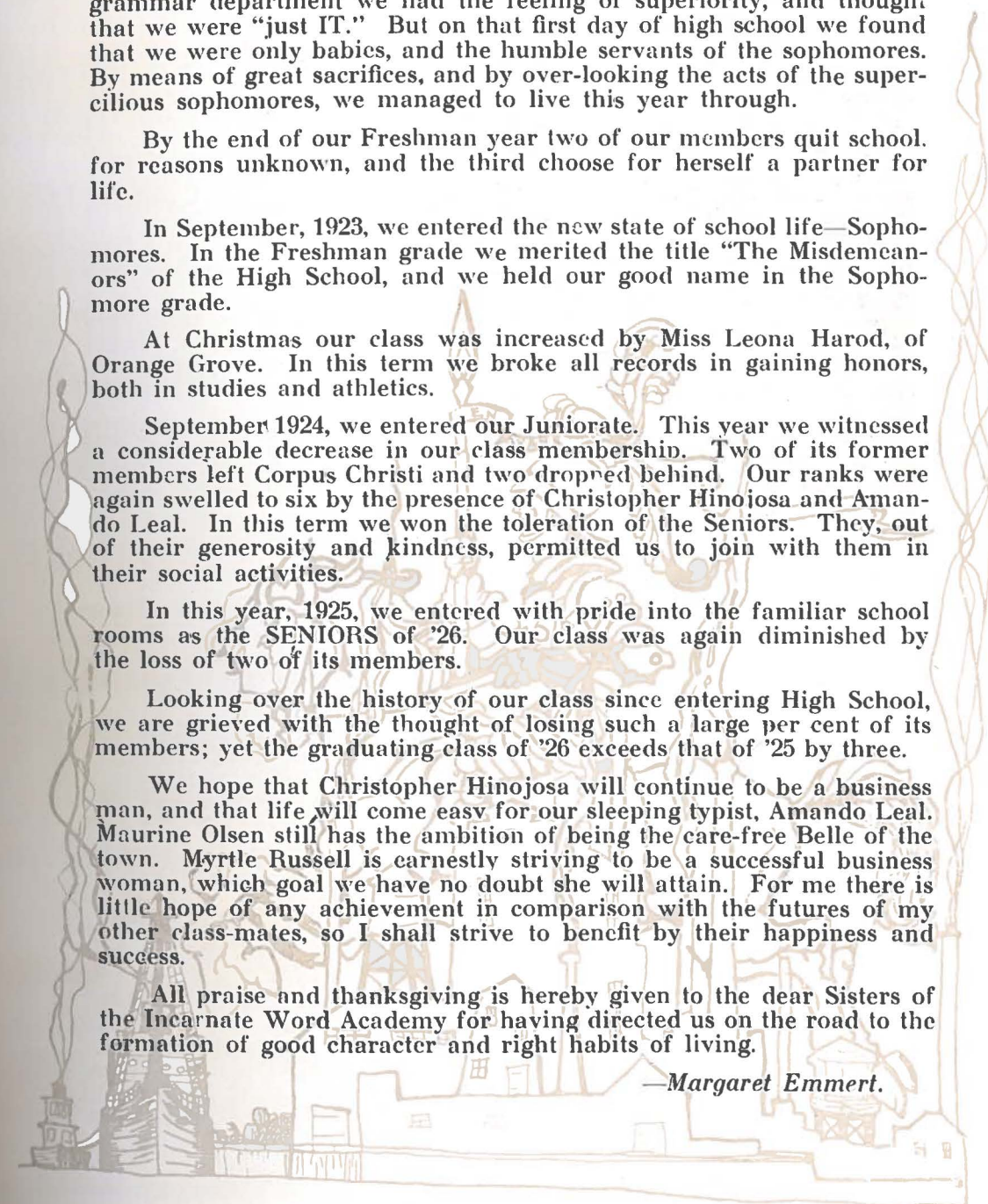
In this year, 1925, we entered with pride into the familiar school rooms as the SENIORS of '26. Our class was again diminished by the loss of two of its members.

Looking over the history of our class since entering High School, we are grieved with the thought of losing such a large per cent of its members; yet the graduating class of '26 exceeds that of '25 by three.

We hope that Christopher Hinojosa will continue to be a business man, and that life will come easy for our sleeping typist, Amando Leal. Maurine Olsen still has the ambition of being the care-free Belle of the town. Myrtle Russell is earnestly striving to be a successful business woman, which goal we have no doubt she will attain. For me there is little hope of any achievement in comparison with the futures of my other class-mates, so I shall strive to benefit by their happiness and success.

All praise and thanksgiving is hereby given to the dear Sisters of the Incarnate Word Academy for having directed us on the road to the formation of good character and right habits of living.

—Margaret Emmert.



CLASS PROPHECY.

Graduation Day! The goal that we had travelled so far to reach, along a path which led through brambles and thickets, and sometimes through gardens swelled with a thousand roses, had come. We all rejoice that we were at last graduates, yet there was a peculiar huskiness in our voices and a mist before our eyes. Our natural instinct—curiosity—urged us forward to have one peep at what lay beyond, but a host of dreams, memories, and friendships, we had made along our little journey, tugged at our heart strings, and we lingered. We promised to write and in ten years meet again at Cathedral High for a class reunion. Little did we know what ten years would bring, but characteristic of our youth we firmly believed that 1936 would find us back at Cathedral High.

Like all things in life graduation day came and passed, and the years found me, after much hard work and struggle at the pinnacle of an operatic career. While giving a concert over the radio from a New York broadcasting station, I received a telegram of congratulation from my dear old class-mate, Myrtle Russell. With that telegram came a rush of memories. What had become of my fellow class-mates? Urged on by the tantalizing wish to know, I decided to return to Corpus Christi and look them up. Then came the memory of the promise to meet in 1936—there was no time to lose, for the year was fast drawing to a close.

I arrived in Corpus Christi on the night of November 10, 1936, and the following morning hastily ascended the Bluff to Old Cathedral High. In its stead was a majestic Cathedral. The High School was now located on Carancahua Street, while a beautiful College of the Incarnate Word was situated on Broadway, overlooking the Bay. This was all new and strange to me.

I wandered aimlessly down Chaparral Street. As I turned the corner the sight of a sophisticated looking sign made me gasp. There in big flaring letters: "Squeeze 'em and Curl 'em Beauty Shop. Madam Myrtle Russell. Specialty, Voguish Hair Cuts. Hours open for engagements 9-12; 3-6." I smiled for I saw that Myrtle still insisted on her beauty sleep from 1-3.

The next afternoon, while taking a little outing, my attention was attracted to a very pretty little bungalow covered with vines, and surrounded by a garden full of beautiful flowers. On the porch sat a young mother with her little girl. What was my surprise to find that this little woman was Margaret Emmert. I went in to see her and, as I sat down, a sweet little boy, Acey Junior, came running up the steps to ask his mother for a nickle for an ice cream cone. After chatting awhile, Margaret took me for a ride in her new Sedan. We drove around to view the Port. On one of the first large buildings just this side of the Southern Pacific Depot I saw this sign, "Cotton Buyer, Chris Hinojosa."

Coming back through the City, we drove through the magnificent part, which had been marked off and beautified since my departure. To one side of the driveway I saw a young man lying in the shade of a tall tree, reading a newspaper. As we came nearer I recognized the face of Amando Leal.

Having located all my class-mates, I again returned to New York to continue my work in the Opera.

Maurine Olsen.

CLASS WILL.

We, the members of the Class of 1926, having reached the end of our scholastic career, and though somewhat fatigued by incessant mental toil, but still of sound mind, memory and understanding, do make and publish this our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

As to our worldly estate and all the property, real, personal or mixed, of which we shall die, seiled or possessed, or to which we shall be entitled at the time of our decease, we devise, bequeath, and dispose thereof in the manner following:

FIRST: We give and bequeath to our teachers all our unfinished lessons and our badly rendered recitations; we also will to them peaceful nights, for no longer will they have to worry about our examinations; no longer will they have to listen to our supplications. Rest will be theirs, a long well-earned rest from arduous toil.

SECOND: We bequeath all of our revised themes and outlines to Sister Bernard as a token of love from us Seniors of '26.

THIRD: The members of Seniors '26 bequeath to Sister Antoniette the many gray hairs added to the few put there by our predecessors while teaching Geometry and Bookkeeping.

FOURTH: The members of our class graciously bequeath to Sister Xavier the wrecked nerves which our banging on the typewriter has produced.

FIFTH: To the "Seven Heroines" I leave my key and my permission to use the scout hall as a hiding place between school hours but—Beware of Sister Antoniette.

SIXTH: The members of Seniors '26 bequeath to the Seniors of '27 our outlines on English Literature.

SEVENTH: To Adeline Rachal we bequeath and hope that she will be the Beauty of Seniors '27.

EIGHTH: To Margaret Clarke we bequeath the use of the Auditorium and we hope that she may use the best of her abilities in developing the Charleston to the highest perfection.

NINTH: To Michael Mireur I will my Commercialized Ideas in order that he may keep awake during school hours.

TENTH: To "Babe Ruth," (Mary LeRoche,) I will the use of the veranda overlooking the school campus and bay, that like Demosthenes, she may practice vocal exercises against the din of recreations and the roar of the waves, to perfect her abilities as an Orator.

ELEVENTH: To Father Dan, we bequeath our esteem and respect in loving gratitude for the many services he has rendered us.

TWELFTH: To Incarnate Word Academy, we bequeath our deepest appreciation of the boundless kindness she has bestowed upon us, and the assurance that in all our years we shall give honor to our Alma Mater in all we execute whether great or small.

Signed and sealed on this the twenty-seventh day of May nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

—CLASS OF 1926

Chris S. Hinojosa.
Myrtle Russell, Notary Publicist.
Margaret Emmert, Witness.



MARJORIE GRAEFF ✓
Annual-Cartoonist and Stunts
Secretary of Choral Club.
Basket Ball and Tennis

MARGARET M. CLARK ✓
President of Class
Sacred Heart and Choral
Clubs.

ISABELLE PAPE
Sacred Heart and Choral Clubs

ADELIN E. RACHAL
Sacred Heart and Choral Clubs
Basket Ball.

DOLORES FIELD
Sacred Heart and Choral Clubs

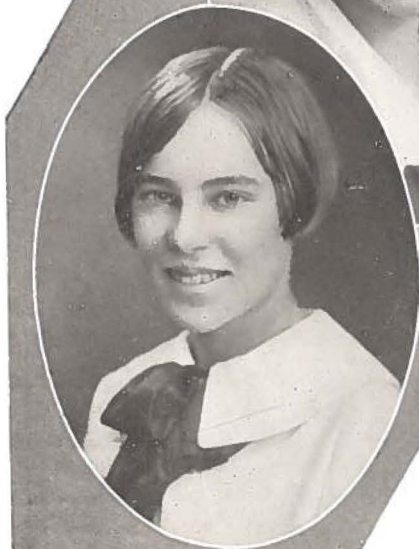


LORETTO ROBINSON
Vice President of Class
Sacred Heart and Choral
Clubs
Annual—Stunts



LOUISE GRAVETT
Secretary of Class
Choral and Sacred Heart
Clubs

MARIE DE ROCHE
Treasurer of Class
Choral and Sacred Heart Clubs.



VIVIAN MEW
Annual-Assistant Art Editor
Sacred Heart and Choral Clubs



DOROTHY DAVIDSON
Treasurer of Sacred Heart
Club
Basket Ball



KATIE BELLE PRIOUR
Sacred Heart Club.



STUNTS.

Among the many unexpected things that occurred during the school season were the following:

One of the cleverest stunts was a wild horseback ride taken by the "Frisivolous Juniors" when six overgrown babies tried to ride on two bronchos. An enjoyable day was anticipated but it ended in a terrible tragedy—worse than "Romeo and Juliet." One of the horses decided that he was no camel and did not intend to be imposed upon, so he spilled his maidenly burden quite unexpectedly. Evidently he had no gentlemanly instincts. One young lady's spine was twisted like a corkscrew: she also suffered a skinned chin, a bruised elbow, a sprained arm, and a broken knee cap. Another had her back slightly sprained when she turned many backward somersaults. She afterwards told us that she was so shaken up that her liver shook hands with her appendix. The third girl was an Apache dancer, therefore, she was not injured. The second horse, bearing the other three girls, being amazed and astonished at his companion's behavior started to give him a brotherly rebuke. The girls being Juniors, and used to taking hints, gently slid from their gentlemanly support. No injuries were suffered.

On another occasion the Juniors decided to accompany the Science Class on its trip to the Waterworks. Of course, there was a lunch taken, therefore, we know the reason of their going. All went well until While climbing the cliffs, one of the bright "Fish," seeing the sparkling waters, tumbled in her haste to reach her "former home." Although she missed the edge by a few feet she furnished an acrobatic spectacle that will remain indelibly imprinted upon the minds of the spectators.

One bright sunny day several members of the Junior Class tried to pull something great over on the other girls. They went out picnicing to the River, and nothing must do but they would take a ride in a canoe that was gliding listlessly along the surface of the River. The merry nine were having a splendid time, each taking her turn at the oars, when all of a sudden, something seemed to be moving along under the canoe, causing it to rock to and fro. A log, with the semblance of a huge alligator appeared, and the girls being shocked beyond reason, jumped into the river. Fortunately the water in that place was only three feet deep, so they walked out looking like nine drowned rats. They decided not to broadcast their experience. Their attempts to keep it back failed, for here it is in print.

A thrilling event enjoyed by the Juniors was a three mile hike out the Shell Road. About 8 o'clock in the morning nine "Frisivolous Juniors," each with a basket of lunch, started on their way. All went well until after a mile and a half walk when it started to rain. But the Juniors being "frivolous," continued their journey. The rain began to pour harder and harder and, although several cars offered to give them a lift, they refused, as Juniors do not ride with strangers. When they were about a half a mile from their destination three "Jellybeans," with whom they were acquainted, offered them a ride, and although the truck was full of hay, the girls enjoyed the hayride much more than they did the hike. The Juniors had now arrived at their destination and in crossing a field, heard a great thundering noise. They looked around and beheld to their horror, a large bull charging toward them. One girl jumped a barb-wire fence, tearing the hem from her skirt; another followed suit and behold! The rest scattered north, south, east and west, while some flew over the cocoo's nest. Lunch flew in every direction, and the Juniors, sadly disappointed in their well planned hike, decided to stay within the City limits on further excursions.





SOPHOMORE



GERTRUDE RUSSELL

Vice President of Choral Club.
Class Stunts.
Dancing Class.
Basket Ball and Tennis.

DOROTHEA BONNER

President of Choral Club.
Dancing Class.
Adviser Sacred Heart Club.
Basket Ball and Tennis.

LENA ZWICKER

Sacred Heart and Choral Clubs
Basket Ball

ODELIA HOELSCHER

Treasurer of Choral Club.
Adviser Sacred Heart Club.
Basket Ball and Tennis.

LUPITA GARCIA

Sacred Heart and Choral Clubs
Basket Ball and Tennis

CELIA GARCIA

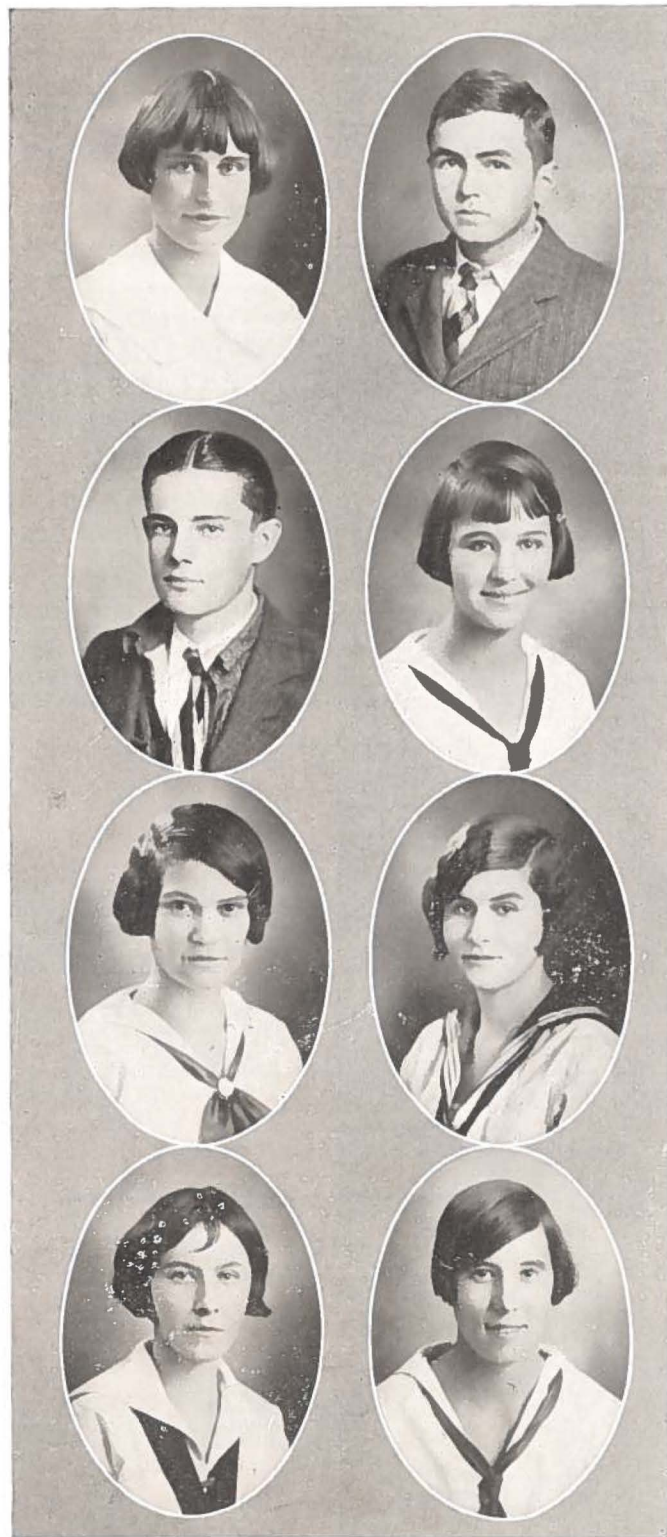
Sacred Heart and Choral Clubs
Basket Ball and Tennis

John Davidsen

"Private"

THOMAS ABERNATHY

"Blue Beard"
Annual—Assistant Editor



BERTHA FOWLER

Basket Ball.
Base Ball (?)

MICHAEL MIREUR

Base Ball.
Foot Ball.

ARTHUR SUTTON

Alias "Satan"
Boy Scout
Buck Private

CATHERINE ORDNER

Class President.
Joke Editor.
Adviser Sacred Heart Club
Choral Club.
Basket Ball.

MARY CECH

Choral Club.
Sacred Heart Club.
Dancing Class.
Class Treasurer.

ROSALIE PETZEL

Sacred Heart Club

CINDA RIVERA

Organist, Sacred Heart Club
Class Secretary.
Basket Ball and Base Ball.

BERTHA BUSENLEHNER

SOPH'S DIARY.

September 14-30:

Sept. 14.—Today school opened. Sophs at last. Oh, boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!
Sept. 15.—The lessons begin today and oh! that everlasting home-work!
Sept. 16.—We hadn't noticed that we had two new members added to our class until today. They are Bertha Fowler and Tom Abernathy. We made a resolution today to make our names famous among the preceding and following students.
Sept. 17. Sister Xavier got back of us and gave us a punch toward organizing our class.
Sept. 18.—We elected our class officers today. Those picked out were: President, Catherine Ordener; Secretary, Cinda Rivera; Treasurer, Mary Cech.
Sept. 21.—Rain! Nothing happened today.
Sept. 22 and 23.—These two days business was rather dull until Johnie Davidson cracked a few jokes on Tom Abernathy and Odelia Hoelscher—then!
Sept. 24 and 25.—About this time we noticed that Bertha Fowler and someone else were becoming intimate friends (?)
Sept. 28,30.—No fun these three days—we had tests.

OCTOBER 1-31:

Oct. 1 and 2.—Life begins to get strenuous. Affiliation announcement. Work! Work!
Oct. 3.—Things get to going. Little Store bills growing on the corner of Leopard and Carancahua.
Oct. 4. Fish are asked to kindly take milk-bottles back to the Little Store!
Oct. 5.—Sister Bernard requested us to reorganize the Sacred Heart Club.
Oct. 6.—One stude—"I hear Sis Hopkins is coming to San Antonio."
Bright Fish—"Who is she?"
Soph's—Laughter.
Bright Fish—(Indignantly)—"Well, I've heard of her!"
Oct. 7.—Annual get-up-peg-for-the-Annual. Great plans for a big showing this year.
Oct. 8.—Preparations for the coming initiation of the Fish into the Sacred Heart Club.
Oct. 9.—The great day arrived! But alas! only two Fish were present. Never mind—revenge is sweet.
Oct. 10.—Sister Bernard helped us teach the Fish a good lesson.
Oct. 11 and 12.—The Fish were present for the initiation these two days, and Oh Boy! didn't we get even!
Oct. 13.—Sister Xavier states that every girl's problems should be hard.
Oct. 14.—We are told that New York's latest decrees calls for concealed knees. What about shoulders?
Oct. 15.—Rain today. MIKE COMBED HIS HAIR!
Oct. 16.—Gee! Tomorrow no school. Who's crying about it?
Oct. 19. We were "jacked up" for procrastination in electing the annual staff.
Oct. 20.—Election day. Quite exciting. No one's hair was pulled, however.
Oct. 23 to 27.—Tests! Tests! Tests!
Oct. 31.—Seniors gave a Hallowe'en party. It was some blow-out!

NOVEMBER 2-30:

Nov. 2 and 3.—We were so excited over going to the Deep Water Port that we missed our English both days. (Nothing happened to us, though.)
Nov. 4, 5, 6.—We got our reports. We were so proud that we scarcely noticed any one. It took three days to bring us down. What brought us down? He missed our lesson in English (!)
Nov. 9-13. Excitement can be tested without a thermometer. The Faculty reviews, "briefly" the needs of the High School.
Nov. 16-30.—Soph's turn to speak in the Assembly. We started out with Dorothea Bonner. A pretty good start—she's some kid. We ended up the misery with Lena Zwicker. She knocked the audience cold.
P. S. We are not saying what the others did.

DECEMBER 1-23:

Dec. 1.—We were just informed that the "Frisolous Juniors" are to have a cake sale. In other words, we are expected to display our Domestic Science.
Dec. 2 and 3.—Great excitement over candy making for Junior sale.
Dec. 4.—Girls are questioned concerning a wad of gum found under Sr. Antoinette's desk.
Dec. 5.—Junior ale a howling success.
Dec. 7.—We can't study, tomorrow's a holiday.

SOPH'S DIARY—(Con.)

- Dec. 8.—Holiday; we should say Holy Day. Any way we got out of school.
Dec. 9.—Didn't know "nosin", cause a holiday yesterday.
Dec. 10. Daddy's daughter begins to feel publicly the demoralizing effect of the Soph's Stunts.
Dec. 11. Snap-shots taken for the Annual.
Dec. 14. Mr. Ralph Bradford gives a speech in the Auditorium; his devotees, arrayed in fresh "innocents," with COMBS in their hair, clamor for front seats.
Dec. 15.—Pencils are being used at both ends—Orders came to write a paper on Mr. Bradford's speech.
Dec. 16 and 17.—Nothing thrilling happened. We had a "Spick" test, and are preparing for the others.
Dec. 18.—We counted the votes for popularity today. John, our candidate, is ahead! P. S. We forgot to mention the fact that 12 out of 15 in our class were on the Honor Roll for November.
Dec. 21.—Everyone of us got a new hat cause the old ones wouldn't fit.
Dec. 22.—Nothing snappy.
Dec. 23.—**Something snappy.** The unprecedented, unbelievable, unimaginable, just-- simply--can--not--be really happens. A whole two-week's vacation is announced. Hurrah!

THAT'S ALL FOR THIS TIME—MEET YOU NEXT YEAR.

"ASSEMBLY TAILS."

"Assembly Tails" are talks given each morning by various business men of the town and students at the regular morning exercises. This is a new custom that has been adopted in our school this year, and thus far it has proved a success. A few of these tails have been collected and appear below.

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH

Children, I suppose Father Dan expects me to speak to you on how to become a success; but I am going to disappoint him; and, instead I will talk to you on the spirit of youth and the ideal of service.

Several thousand years ago there was a great Teacher who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." This great Man, the greatest Teacher of all times, has laid down for us the plan after which we are to model our lives. When a man, although he is twenty-five begins to lose interest in the welfare of his fellowmen, in the beauty of nature, and in the benefits he reaps from this life, he is an old man. A man who can enjoy the beauty of the world about him will never grow old. For example, the youngest man in our Black Land Special is eighty-five years old. He is old in years, but not in spirit, for he is still a child at heart.

If all the citizens of our country did not admire beauty, fight injustice, and pity poverty, our nation would not be the greatest in the world, but the scum of the earth. But, thank God, our country is not so afflicted; but it is blest with persons who revel in the spirit of youth.

My greatest desire is never to grow old in spirit—even if I live to be as old as Methuselah, as gray as Moses, and as bald

as Elias'a. I hope always to be as poetical as David, and as enthusiastic as Jonathan. Boys and girls, our real life is not external but it is internal. The biggest aim in our lives should be to strive for a happy life, which is greater than success; to make our books greater than our business; and our souls greater than our physical beauty.

Before closing I will relate to you a true story.

A number of years ago there lived an old woman who was an admirer of a great English poet. She read all of his works; and when she heard he was to be presented to the king she determined to go to the reception. She traveled for several days in a rickety old stage-coach before she reached London.

On the night of the reception, the court-room was ablaze with a million lighted candles, and the ladies and gentlemen of the court were arrayed in their most beautiful raiment. Soft music of trumpets called the people's attention to the entrance of the honored guest. The old woman stood on tiptoe that she might have a better view of her idol; and great was her disappointment when she saw a hunchback disfigured man, she exclaimed, "Is that awful sight the great poet?"

The poet, Alexander Pope, heard her and he answered her thus:

"If I could reach from pole to pole,
And grasp the globe with'n my hand,
I'd still be measured by my soul,
For 'tis the mind that makes the man."

THE POWER OF A SMILE

By Lena Zwicker:

Dear Fathers, Sisters and Classmates: I am going to speak to you about "The

ASSEMBLY "TAILS"—(Con.)

Power of a Smile."

An excellent remedy for the blues will be found in this suggestion, "Keep the corners of your mouth turned up." A smile keeps you and others in good spirits, and it often prevents the angry retort that is dancing on quivering lips. The following is a poem which is a remedy for the blues.

A SMILE

A smile is a funny thing,
It wrinkles up your face,
And when its gone you never find,
Its secret hiding place.

But far more wonderful it is,
To see what smiles can do,
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smiles makes two.

He smiles at someone, since you smiled,
And that one smiles back,
And that one smiles, until in truth
You fail in keeping track.

And since a smile can do great good,
By cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile and not forget
That smiles go everywhere.

DENTISTRY FOR OUR BRAINS

It is a matter of medical observation that modern diet has a destructive influence on the teeth.

By substituting the refined fare of civilized man for the rough fare of the savage, we have made things easier for our teeth, but we have induced deterioration of our teeth in the process.

It is interesting to speculate whether we may not likewise be making things so easy for our minds that our brains shall suffer a similar process.

We have made machines do more and more of our mental work.

Civilization seems to be a sort of a conspiracy to relieve us of the necessity of working out our salvation as individuals in our work, in the cultivation of our minds, or the amusement of our spirits.

We have standardized so many things that our grandfathers had to do for themselves that we have become very largely a race of spectators instead of participants.

Our grandfathers were skilled craftsmen; we are unskilled tenders of machines.

Our grandfathers drew and painted; we take snapshots.

Our grandfathers played the flute and fiddle; we listen to the talking machine and turn on the radio.

Our grandfathers were marvels of all-round self-helpfulness; we are marvels of self-helplessness outside of our little specialties.

A random dozen of our grandfathers could take adequate care of themselves if strand-

ed on a desert island. They could run up creditable houses and improvise a satisfactory civilization.

I wonder what would be the fortune of a dozen modern men and women who have so long depended on machinery that they have forgotten how to do many of the things our grandfathers did daily.

Would the operator of a modern cotton-mill be able to make cloth? Would the hand from a shoe factory be able to furnish the dozen with shoes? Would the man who works in a factory which turns out machine-made pottery be able to turn out earthen bowls for the company? In short, has our intellectual ingenuity withered under our dependence on machinery?

I repeat Mr. Dean Inge's question: Are our brains going the way of our teeth?

Will the art, the literature, the journalism, the education and the amusements of the future be only a sort of dentistry for our brains, filling the cavities and extracting the nerves of our minds or maybe devising false-brains after the manner of false teeth?

—Jack Kennedy.

MOTHER

The greatest human love is that of a mother, and its divine meaning is God. Toil, weariness, privation, suffering, are to her the chords of a chorus of hallowed glory and heavenly joy when they serve the well-being and happiness of the child of her heart.

She asks no reward, nor expects any, but the privilege of lavishing her maternal affection where the instinct of her heart directs. In the simple word, mother, is a mystery of unselfish and unending affection which no coarse soul or grosser mind can solve. Men stand amazed at the presence of its manipulations, and angels gaze with admiration upon the outpouring of a mother's love, while God only can fathom the meaning of its sweetness and strength.

Mother! What a world of meaning is contained in that one little word. Mother the treasure of everyone's life, is the one that will still love and cherish us in time of disgrace, and if the whole world cast us off she will still be all the world to us.

All of the great men of the world owe a great measure of their success to the teachings of a noble mother.

Abraham Lincoln declared, "All I am or expect to be, I owe to my angel mother."

John Adams said, "Mother was an angel upon earth. She had known sorrow, but her sorrow was silent."

We have experienced the love of a mother and in its broadest sense the word mother embodies beauty, heroism and majesty of the greatest love that is possible.

—Maurine Olsen.



THE MAGIC ROSE



7 12 1 - '50.

FRESHMAN ROLL.

jack kennedy

adelia medley

Choral Club

james steele

Boy Scout, Troop 6* Scribe and Assistant
Patrol Leader.

helen kenedy

Choral Club

maud gravett

Class Secretary and Treasurer

evelyn lemond

Class Stunts, Choral, Theory, Expression,
Dancing, Basket Ball and Tennis.

thomas mireur

Class Vice-President, Boy Scout—Troop 6,
Base Ball and Foot Ball.

henrietta arellano

Sacred Heart Club, Basket Ball

eleanor kaler

Basket Ball and Tennis.

lucille mew

Sacred Heart and Choral Clubs,
Basket Ball.

maria botello

Sacred Heart Club.

lucy dunne

Sacred Heart Club.

gladys wright

Sacred Heart Club, Basket Ball.

sylvia barganski

President of Class, Sacred Heart Club.

margaret rachal

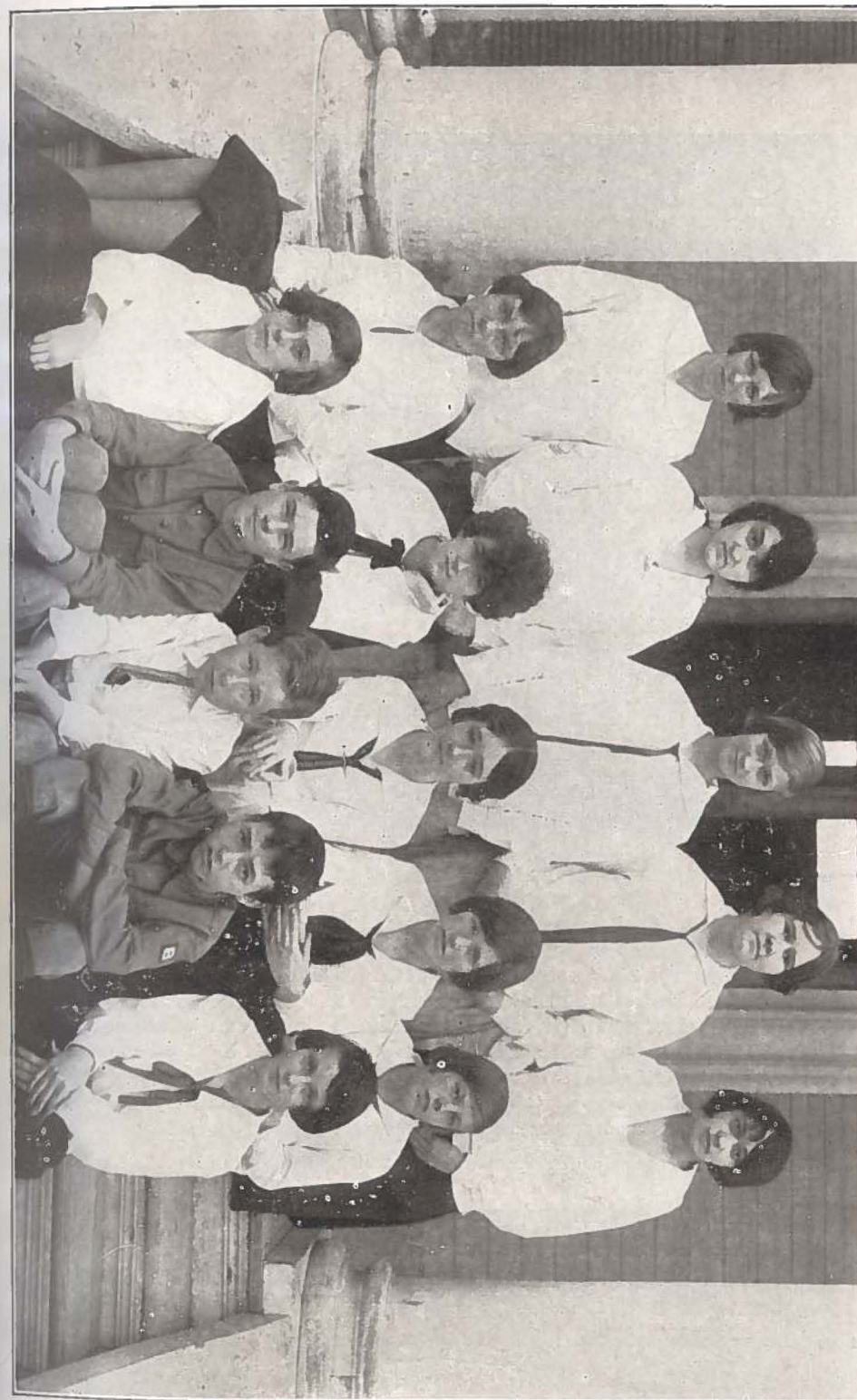
Sacred Heart Club, Baseball.

mary young

Sacred Heart Club.

bessie mae cain

Basket Ball.





COMMERCIAL CLASS.

At the beginning of the school term the Juniors had their choice between taking third year Spanish or Stenography. Six of the girls preferred Stenography as they thought it sounded more dignified. However, after a fair trial one decided that shorthand was beyond her comprehension, so she fell back to her old course of Spanish. The remainder of the class struggled on, although they were often discouraged, no more waved the white flag. We hope to "make good" this year, and then during our Senior year we expect to progress in both speed and accuracy in our stenographic work.

When the time came for the first blind-fold test on the typewriter, the sentence given out read:

Paul asserted that the quick brown fox slyly jumped over the lazy dog. When we finished the test our sentences read about like this:

Pa7l axx4rtwd thzt the 2u8ek br0wn fox s;y:y j7n½ed Ovet the lazu d0g/

However, now we are more accurate and our speed is so excessive that we can keep time with any jazz orchestra.



RULES FOR THE YOUNG STENOGRAPHER.

When you are called to take dictation, always spend at least five minutes looking for your note book.

If you do not understand a word, substitute "any old thing."

If your employer is in a rush for any particular letter, always reserve that one for the last; it will make him take an interest in you.

Spend the odd moments while taking dictation, chewing the eraser; it is so much cheaper than gum.

Never clean the type on your machine, it mars the uniformity of your work.

Never dust your machine; a layer of dirt will convince your employer that you are very busy and he will probably raise your salary.

When you are taking dictation, stop occasionally to sharpen your pencil; it will give him time to collect his thoughts.

Don't forget your chewing gum when you take dictation; it will remind him of the old home farm and the bird's cow in the shadow of the barn.

If the mail is especially heavy, take a day off, it will make your employer appreciate your services.

CLASS STATISTICS.

NAME	Nickname	AMBITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	WHERE SEEN
Christopher Hinojosa	Chris.	President of U. S.	Aint that right Mando?	In English room writing "Hamlet."
Myrtle Russell	Goldenlocks	Presiding judge of the Old Maid's Convention	Can't we do this a better way?	Picture Show.
Maurine Olsen	Bubba	Marry a good looking man.	Its time to go.	In a Buick Sedan.
Margaret Emmert	Madge	To be a good dancer.	See! Have you the home-work?	In a Dance Hall
Amando Leal	Rip Van Winkle	To sleep.	I can't get this English.	Bluff Drug Store
Vivian Mew	Puggie	To be in the Bathing Girls' Review.	Fer Gosh Sakes tell me the history.	In a Nash
Margaret Clarke	Peggie	To be a society belle.	Kid, I know a new step to the Charleston.	On the Dance Floor.
Loretta Robinson	Goofy	To become manager of Kress' store.	Be darned if I'll stay in	In the confession box.
Mary DeRoche	Jackie	To develop her dramatic talent.	Gimme some gum.	Jazzing down Leopard Street.
Marjorie Graeff	Lemonade	To win a Charleston Contest.	Can you do this step?	In Acka Packa.
Louise Gravett	Bobbie	To be a Steno.	Got your shorthand?	At Amusu Theatre.
Adeline Rachal	Bubbles	To win all beauty contests.	Sr. Xavier gonna kill me 'cause I don't know my history.	Mrs. Reagan's Beauty Shop.
Margaret Gollihar	Gum	To be champion gum chewer of the world.	Well, is that so?	In study hall writing English.
Dolores Field	Lola	To become a saint.	Gotcha English?	In the Sister's Chapel.
Isabelle Pape	Izzy	To be an English Prof.	Sure 'nuff.	At the typewriter.
Rosal Lee Petzel	Fatty	To be a comedian.	Why worry.	
Lena Zwicker	Buddie	To be a Sister of Charity.	Who is he?	At the Convent.
Cinda Rivera	Troubles	To be a movie star.	Oh, shucks.	At the Movies.
Mary Cech	Alfoot	Aviatrix.	Shoat.	In a Coupe.
Emma Busenlehner	Lemons	To be a barber.	Give me the experiment.	In front of the mirror.
John Davidson	Jack	To be bus driver between C. C. and Beeville.	I'll get it tomorrow.	In Beeville.
Odella Hoelscher	Delie	To be a Mrs. Blue Beard.	I don't care.	With ?
Gertrude Russell	Gertie	To be a Prof.	Johnny, turn around.	At the Movies.
Dorothea Bonner	Dot	To be a movie star.	Oh, now really.	At the Movies.
Celia Garcia	Jerry	To be a Junior.	Whatcha looking at?	In the library.
Bertha Fowler	Bert	To be a cowboy.	Oh, Mike!	In the prairie on a horse.
Thomas Abernathy	Bluebeard	To be a heart-breaker.	What, what, what!	In a Nash with a bunch of blonds.
Arthur Sutton	Art	To own a home.	God bless you.	On Leopard Street.
Michael Mireur	Mick	To be a history Prof.	Oh Bertha.	Playing Golf.
Catherine Ordner	Boots	To be a Modiste	For the luvva Mike.	In Church.
Lupita Garcia	Parrot	To be a Sister.	I beg your pardon.	In the library.
Lucille Mew	Lanky	To learn to drive so-and-so's Ford.	James, don't shake so.	In a Ford (?)
Margaret Rachal	Peggy	Milliner.	I know that.	Between Corpus Christi and Portland.
Mary Young	Ted	Flapper.	Oh, Gosh!	In Welder's Buick.
Evelyn LeMonde	Eve	Dancer.	Gonna take me home?	In Mary Cech's foot tracks.
Sylvia Barganski	Sylv.	Dressmaker.	Hot zigiddy!	On the road fixing punctures.
Maurice Gravett	Morrie	Mathematician.	I have it.	Amusu Theatre.
Marie Botello	Curly Top	Palm reader.	Where is Lucy?	With Lucy Dunn.
Lucy Dunn	Loose	Waitress.	Hey Marie!	On the Bus.
Gladys Wright	Gadie	House-wife.	What did you say!?	Study Hall.
Bessie Mae Cain	Tiny	To grow tall.	Aw, get out.	Looking for a recipe to grow tall.
Helen Kenedy	Tibbie	Musician.	Gimminy crickets!	At the piano.
John Kenedy	Taffie	Lawyer.	Skooch over.	Scout Hall.
Thomas Mireur	Tommie	Messenger boy.	Where's Fr. Corbin?	On his way to Mary Cech's in his little red cart.
Adelia Medley	Delie	Violinist.	Have you your experiment?	Reading Room.
James Steele	Jimmie	To be a Scout Master.	Where are the keys to the Scout Hall.	On Hikes.
Eleanor Kaler	Baby	To reduce.	Well, what does she think I am?	At Home.
Henrietta Arellano	Hen	To finish school.	Chud up!	Bluff Drug Store.



GENERAL SCIENCE CLASS

The most popular room and course in school—lots of chance for play.

THE THING'S THAT COUNT.

Life is a long, long road to travel; and its path is not always rosy. We enjoy our pleasures, and struggle with our failures. Our lives are useless if selfish, and worthwhile if we allow others to partake of our joys.

A number of years ago there lived an old couple in the backwoods of Maine. They had come here as bride and groom a half century before, and established a homestead. They struggled on over the stony path of life trying to wrestle a scanty living from the earth. Their pleasures were few, but their happiness was complete for they had each other.

This happy pair worked on for years, and finally their goal was reached. Their reward was a large home surrounded by a beautiful green lawn. The yard was a mass of blooming flowers and the trees were alive with singing birds. The drone of busy bees filled the air, and gave promise of much sweets to be stored up for the winter. A long line of ducks led by a stately drake waddled their contented way toward the gentle murmuring brook that meandered its lazy way along the edge of the garden. The lowing of cattle was heard in the distance; and this started the dog to barking and jumping about the farm gate. Tears sprang to the eyes of the old couple as they viewed their material blessings. They were happy over their own good fortune, but sorry for their failure in not lending a helping hand to their fellowman.

The old man's gray head bent in 'shame as he said to his wife, "Dear, we have planned to aid others, but we have never done so. What can we do now? We are 'decrepit, and are no longer of any use in this world. Our money is gradually melting away, and we need all we have."

The old lady studied several minutes, and then a smile brightened her sweet face and she replied, "Why can't we remove the fence that separates our brook from the road and make it a public fountain where the weary traveler may quench his thirst?"

The old gentleman carried out the suggestion; and to this day the weary traveler calls down a blessing on the heads of these dear old people who have since gone to their heavenly home.

This little story was the thread that was used in the weaving of the following poem:

Not what we have, but what we use
Not what we see, but what we choose
These are the things,
That mar or bless.
The sum of human happiness.

The things near-by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are,
These are the things
That bless or make,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things
That make for peace
Both now and after time shall cease.

THIS BUSINESS OF LIFE.

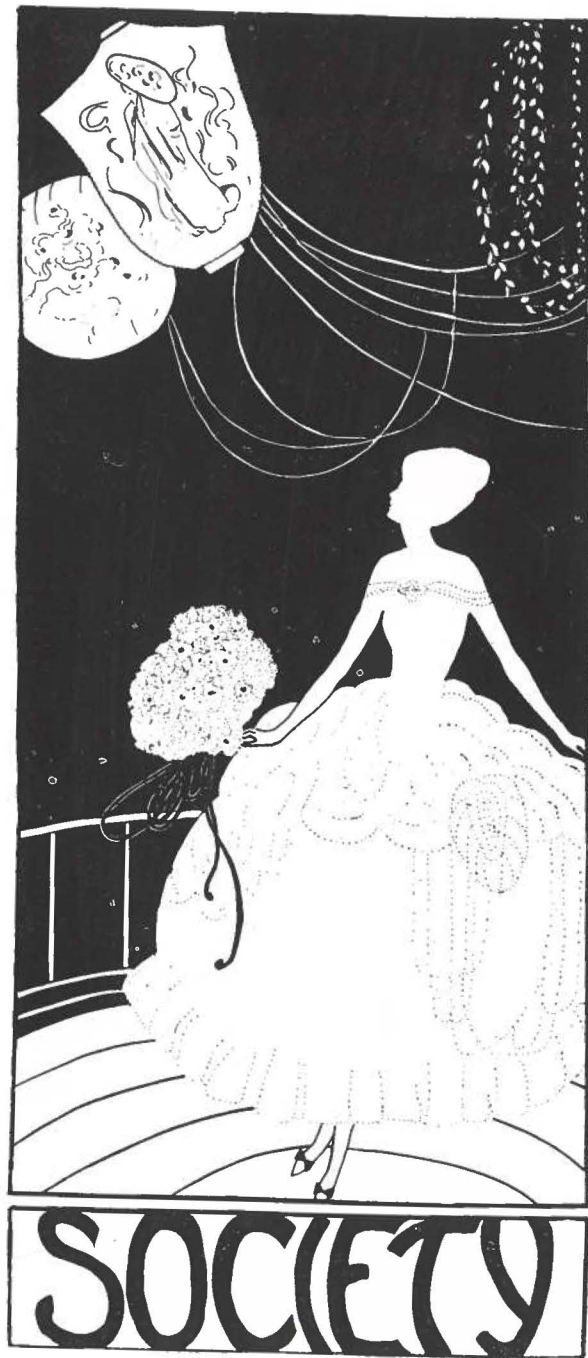
"I am very glad to have a chance to talk to you. I know I am welcome, first because you know that if I speak a long time you will remain so much the longer out of recitation. Second, because it was not long ago that I was a student myself.

When I was in grammar school I was very anxious to get in high school but when I got there I was only a Freshman and was very much mistreated. The higher classes make a large mistake in mistreating the Freshmen because they are the most important class in the school. Then I was a Sophomore hated by the lower class and stepped on by the classes above. Then I was a Junior. The Juniors have their place. They look so wise because they have only one more step. Next came the Seniors. They are so dignified. They are going out to conquer the world. Some of them go to the Universities. Here they start in again as Freshmen; then they are the hated Sophomores; then the obstreperous Juniors; then again they are the Seniors—dignity personified.

Then they go out into the great school of life again only Freshmen. The reward, instead of blue ribbons and gold medals, is wrinkles, gray hairs, and bent shoulders.

Then they enter the world of Eternity, no doubt Freshmen again. I hope all of you finish school. I think Father Dan asked me to come up here to tell you how to succeed. I am not going to tell you how to succeed because I do not know how. I am going to tell you how to live.

—Excerpt from Ralph Bradford's Assembly Address.



Popularity
and
Beauty
Contest



Adeline Rachal ✓

School Beauty



Myrtle Russell ✓

Most Popular Girl



John Davidson

Most Popular Boy

Social Events

VALENTINE PARTY.

The approach of St. Valentine's Day was cleverly heralded by the display of flashing hearts, (paper ones) cupids, flowers, and witty verses. The climax came with the party given by the Junior class Saturday, February 13, at the Cathedral Hall. The spacious hall was beautifully decorated for the affair in valentine motif.

Many games and contests were enjoyed during the evening. Prizes were awarded to the Misses Margaret Gollihar, Mary Grant, and Mr. Arthur Sutton.

Refreshments of punch and cake was served to about forty guests.

SENIOR DANCE.

The most enjoyable event of the season was the Senior Dance, which was given at the Cathedral High School Hall on February 5th. The Hall was attractively decorated in the class colors, pink and white. The music was furnished by the Joy Spreaders Orchestra. Every one reported as having spent a very enjoyable evening.

FISH PARTY.

On January 9th, the Freshmen class entertained, in a very charming manner, with a "Fish Party."

The hall was attractively decorated in their class colors and pins, (green paper and safety pins.)

Many games were enjoyed during the evening, and refreshments of tuna fish sandwiches and hot chocolate were served to about fifty guests.

Those present, besides the high school pupils, were: Louis Ordner, Charles Ordner, August Burganski, Peter, Kevin and Lawrence Dunne, Clyde and Frederick McCalcb.

JUNIOR DANCE.

On January 8th, the Juniors made their debut into the social world by means of a dance. The color scheme of red and green was artistically carried out in the decorations. Music was furnished by Garza's Orchestra. Each guest declared the dance one of the most delightful events of the season.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

The members of the Senior class of the Cathedral High entertained the entire high school with a delightful Hallowe'en party.

The hall was attractively decorated for the occasion, and all the guests were attired in appropriate costumes.

Various games, contests, and dancing were enjoyed during the evening. Loretta Robinson was the winner of the contest.

Refreshments of soda water, cakes, and peanuts were served to about forty-eight guests.

PRIZE ESSAY.

MY VISION OF CORPUS CHRISTI TEN YEARS HENCE.

MYRTLE RUSSELL

While standing on the beach today
And looking at the mirthful spray
Of rhythmic waves that break and beat
In tuneful accent at my feet

I had a vision bright and fair
With no scene could e'er compare.
Save one dear scene I'll now portray,
Of Corpus Christi on the bay.

Ten years were rapidly passed in review. First I saw when Alma Mater swung her portals wide and ushered me, diploma in hand, into the great world. Then my youthful ambition prompted me to seek wealth in some distant progressive city. I passed a successful Civil Service examination and secured a position in Washington, D. C., as income tax collector. This work required an amount of travel, and therefore I have visited every large and progressive city in the United States.

But now it is 1936. I have returned to the scene of my childhood dreams—the scene of my earliest love and bliss: namely, Corpus Christi. I realize that I, like so many others, have been the dupe of the idea, that distance lends enchantment to the scene. For nowhere in my travels have I found the spirit of progress, or the spirit of godfellowship that abides in my own dear city by the sea.

When I left Corpus Christi in 1926, the deep water port was still under construction; but at my return it is completed, and is a scene of activity and progress. The wharves are equipped with all the modern machinery that is necessary for the loading and unloading of the large freighters and steamers which visit this port. Large factories grace the water front, warehouses and grain elevators send forth the sound of activity, and the white smoke from the iron foundry curls aloft in the air.

The business district of Corpus Christi no longer occupies a few blocks on Chaparral and Mesquite streets, but covers an area of ten miles. The buildings are moderate skyscrapers, some of them being ten stories high. The State National Bank has an operating capital of three million dollars while the other five each has an operating capital of two million dollars. Ten large hotels have been erected to satisfy the demands of the public, the Nueces being the most imposing.

But the men and women who have, under God, shaped the destinies of Corpus Christi were far from indulging in the gross superstition that machinery—though

powerful within its own sphere—is at all able to form worthy citizens. No, Corpus Christi is supplied with numerous schools to meet the needs of every stage of child development; and these schools are equipped, not only with all modern conveniences but better still with corps of efficient and God-fearing educators. For the small child from four to six years of age there are four large kindergarten schools located on North Broadway; for the children of grammar school age there are seven ward schools scattered about the residential districts; there are two high schools: the Central High School on Carancahua Street and the Incarnate Word High School on Leopard Street. For those who seek higher education there is The Incarnate Word College on North Broadway.

Corpus Christi has supplied a means of education for her youth; but she has not forgotten her adults. For her older citizens and the tourists there is a large library adequate in every way to answer the demands of the public. This institution is a gift of a few patriotic women to this thriving city of Corpus Christi. They have worked for years saving every penny, whenever possible, so that their dreams might be realized. This place of public education is held in reverence by every boy and girl, man and woman in Corpus Christi; for they realize that it is the fulfillment of a long cherished desire.

Education and wealth are useless unless they are a direct outgrowth of a love for God. The citizens of Corpus Christi in this time of prosperity have not forgotten the Almighty Hand which has led them through a siege of difficulties into the victory of a rapid increase in wealth and population. Churches large and beautiful—especially St. Patrick's Cathedral—stand as symbols of the peoples unlimited gratitude to Him for His help.

The people of Corpus Christi have modeled their homes after the example set for them by the parents of America's great leaders. Fond mothers and fathers have filled their homes with love, making them a place where their children love to abide. The citizens of this city have beautified the surroundings of their homes with green lawns and beautiful flowers, thus making it possible for the youth of Corpus Christi to learn to love nature and to see in it the handiwork of God.

In every city there are persons who de-

PRIZE ESSAY—(Con.)

pend on the general public for aid and support. For these people the social workers have established the Nueces Home for the Aged, City Public Hospital and the St. Mary Orphan's Home. These institutions are supported by the city and cared for by people who see in the afflicted the face of God.

The people who have the welfare of the citizens of Corpus Christi at heart realize the truth in the old words, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." As result they have provided ample indoor and outdoor amusement for the public welfare. For instance there are two parks, a botanical garden, a museum, a zoo, a golf links, theatres, bathing beaches and driveways. Besides these public recreations there are clubs, such as the Elks, Rotarians, Lions, La Retama club, Women's Monday club,

Arts and Crafts club, and the Harmony club.

This visit to Corpus Christi has opened my eyes to the fact that my happiness for the past ten years has been artificial, and that my real home is in the city where I spent my youth.

I love the scene of my childhood days
Not for the wealth that work repays
Not for a name that I can win
Not for my beloved and my kin
But for thy beauty and thy grace
That reminds one of God's own face.

With my earliest love I mean to stay
Until the dawn of eternal day
No siren from thy open doors
Shall draw me hence forever more
'Tis here I mean to live and die
For 'tis here to me that God is nigh.

PRIZE SHORT STORY.

MARRY IF LONELY.

MARJORIE GRAEFF

"Well of all the— Listen to this Larry," cried Harry, emerging with a bounce from the folds of the evening paper. A broad grin lightened his usually serious face.

"Marry if lonely. I am an old bachelor, age 52 years. I am unusually spry, and have a lovely disposition. Although I am not rich I am in comfortable circumstances. Would like to correspond with a widow or lonely spinster. Prefer spinster. Address, J. W. Bradshaw, Meadow Farm, Galveston, Texas."

"Doesn't that beat all you ever heard?"

"Too bad we aren't spinsters."

"Mr. Bradshaw, have a cup of tea and some of my spice cake (the cake that is always cut for the minister)" mocked Larry in a highly affected voice, taking mincing steps, holding one hand aloft, and carefully gathering make believe skirts with the other.

Larry's eyes twinkled, which was a sure sign that mischief was in the air.

"A grand idea I have, Harry, though you would never believe it. A grand idea indeed, very grand," continued Larry eyeing his twin cautiously.

"Really," mildly scoffed Harry, continuing to pruce his paper.

Harry could be so provokingly indifferent when some of the great moments

of a fellow's life were happening.

"Yes, really, and its a capital one too."

"Why all the mystery Larry? Out with this wonderful idea."

"Let's answer this Mr. Bradshaw, Harry."

"Why we couldn't, we aren't spinsters."

"Oh, wait 'till I am through. We can sign Aunt Prudence's name to it," answered Larry eagerly.

"Larry, are you crazy?" cried Harry.

"That would never do."

"But Harry, Mr. Bradshaw would so like to hear from Aunt Prudence, and you know she would never answer it herself. Perhaps," a gleam of pure mischief twinkled in his eye, "we can get Aunt Prue married yet. Just think of the fun of receiving his letters and answering them," continued Larry in a persuasive voice that usually obtained his desires.

"Well, all right," conceded Harry with reluctance. "But remember that if anything serious happens you will be to blame."

After all Harry and Larry were twins and only seventeen and reason seldom held sway over their actions.

"Where is that confounded pen?"

"Behind your ear, my precious," grinned Harry and then ducked behind an elaborately decorated Japanese screen one

PRIZE SHORT STORY—(Con.)

of Larry's prized possessions.

Little dreaming of the awful plot being so carefully arranged by her darling nephews we find Aunt Prudence blissfully seated before the fire crocheting doilies and thinking of her two nephews at Colby College. She would have died of horror had anyone told her that someday she would live with two riotous twins. When Margaret died leaving Harry and Larry at the tender age of five she thought she saw her duty clearly enough which pointed out that the boys must have a good home. With much reluctance she took them to her home, but not until she had hidden away her best hand-painted china plates and carefully tucked her treasures out of reach of mischievous five-year-old hands. The boys had grown in her affections, however, and it had broken her heart to send them to college this year but she felt that it was her duty to give her boys a good education. Many a box of fruit, candy, and cake found its way to Colby's College addressed to Mr. Larry and Harry King. Oftimes in the corner of these boxes they found a bottle of common sense labeled, "Onion syrup for Colds." Oftimes too, the geraniums in the window box would not have flourished if they had not been sprinkled too generously with this same onion syrup.

"Ah, they are dear boys. I wonder what they are doing now. Probably studying too hard. I can very well imagine that Larry is poring over some composition. He is such a bright lad." And being in private she would unashamedly wipe a few tears that clouded her glasses.

In truth Larry was poring over a composition and putting so much thought on it that even Aunt Prue would have been surprised.

"At last! How is this Harry?"

Feb. 18, 1925
Box 192, Paris, Texas

My Dear Mr. Bradshaw.

I am a maiden lady living in Paris, Texas. Your lonely call reached me this morning. I know how to sympathize with you for I too am lonely since my two nephews are in college.

I am a religious woman. I hope you do not swear, drink or chew tobacco. I do not mind smoking very much but I have some beautiful lace curtains that I wouldn't have ruined for the world.

I am a neat housekeeper and a good cook and I loathe cats and parrots.

It will please me very much to hear from

you soon.

Very truly,

Miss Prudence Haverly.

P. S.: Do you like spice cake.

"A masterpiece, Larry, a masterpiece, if I do say so," shouted Harry.

A week followed.

"Oh Harry, its come! Its come at last," gaily cried Larry waving a letter and executing a war dance.

"Be quiet Larry. The principal will hear you. What's come?"

"The letter!"

"So I presumed. But from whom?" sarcastically remarked Harry.

"From his majesty, Mr. John Wesley Bradshaw."

"Oh really," cried Harry, "read it quickly."

Slowly Larry tore the seal and with mock gravity drew out the letter. Adjusting his make believe nose glasses he proceeded to read in a high thin drawl:

February 24, 1925.

Meadow Farm,
Galveston, Texas.

My Dear Miss Prudence:

I hope you do not mind my calling you that, for I must confess that I fell in love with your handwriting the minute my eyes set upon it.

Ten widders (wow!) wrote to me but you being the only maiden lady I chose you.

I am an honest hard working farmer. I do not drink, or chew tobacco, but sometimes when I hit my finger with a hammer I mumble a few things that I would hate to put down in black and white.

I do hope you will send me one of your pictures. I am having some made of myself and will send you one as soon as they are finished.

I haven't tasted spice cake for years, but I've always had a hankering for it.

Truly yours,

John W. Bradshaw.

P. S.: Please call me John, won't you? "Wow! Isn't that a corker? He fell for her sure," shouted Larry.

"It's rich, it is and Aunt Prudence doesn't even know that she has a beau. Wouldn't she have a couple of duck fits if she knew about it."

"Larry, I really believe we shouldn't have done it. It's not funny at all. It seems that he's so serious and * * *"

"Oh, you're such a wet blanket Harry," interrupted Larry. "Of course we won't keep up correspondence always but look at the fun we are having. I am going to

PRIZE SHORT STORY—(Con.)

answer this letter right away."

Gathering his writing materials together, Larry started to write. Fifteen minutes later, he looked up to find Harry standing near him reading the letter.

"Harry," he asked, "hand me that picture of Aunt Prudence that she gave us when we were graduated."

"But Larry, you don't mean to send that picture?" asked Harry, in a tone full of awe.

"Why yes. It's the best we have of her," answered Larry.

Taking up the picture, he observed it with a critical eye.

"Aunt Prue isn't such a bad looking scout after all. Here's the letter Harry. Does it sound all right?"

Harry read:

Feb. 26, 1925.

Box 192 Paris, Texas.

Dear Mr. John:

Shall I really call you John. I am so glad that your name is John. Once I had a little dog named John and he and I were very fond of each other.

I am so busy preserving tomatoes now that I haven't had time to make any spice cake. As soon as I make it I will send you some.

My hens are setting too. I expect to have about a hundred little chicks in April.

I am sending you a picture of myself as you requested. It isn't a very flatt'ring likeness but it's the best I have. Be sure and send me a picture of yourself.

Oh, I smell my preserves burning * * * Mine were all right. It was just my next door neighbor's.

Write to me again real soon.

Prudence Haverly.

"Here Harry, put some speed into it. I must mail it before next class or I will have to be prepared for a stiff one from Professor James."

In this manner letter after letter arrived from J. W. Bradshaw, each one becoming more and more intimate. Sometimes the boys became worried but Spring was in the air, and school would soon be over. Already the boys were planning their vacation.

"Let's try something out of the ordinary this vacation," said Larry.

"Well with Aunt Prudence we can't do much. You know she hates to leave home and still she loves to have us around her."

"Goodnight!... from Larry with an exasperated air on his usually cheerful face.

"A letter for Mr. Harry and Larry King," announced the colored janitor who was distributing mail.

"Thank you. It's from Aunt Prue, Larry," said Harry. "Shall I read it aloud."

"Yes."

My Dear Boys:

I went to the doctor yesterday. He says the whole trouble with me is my nerves. He suggested a quiet place near the seashore. Of course I told him I would have to talk it over with my boys. Write me soon and tell me what you think of it.

Do not study too hard for your examinations and be my own darling boys forever.

Aunt Prue.

"Isn't it too bad that she is like that * * * " Harry started.

"No, it isn't too bad at all," interrupted Larry. "It's fine for it just fits in with our plans. Listen, we will write her saying that we have been dying to go to Galveston beach, but didn't want to make her go there; and since the doctor says that it is the only thing for her to do she might as well go. Then we will tell her that one of our classmates here has an uncle living there and that we have often been asked to go there. We'll describe how wonderful it is * * *"

"Oh! ho! my little Larry. Now I am beginning to catch the drift of this little plan of yours. Mr. Bradshaw will be the kindly uncle."

"Yes. Isn't it all simple?"

"Perfectly."

Busy days followed. Examinations, gay parties and sports of all kinds were mingled with pleasant confusion. Finally everything was packed and the last good-bye had been said. Before they realized it, Harry and Larry were comfortably seated moving on a fast flying train to Dallas.

"Look, Larry, she came to meet us! Isn't that just like her. Really do you think we ought to go to Galveston?"

"Of course. Hello! Aunt Prue," shouted Larry, bringing confusion on that lady while grinning porters turned to look at Larry.

"My own two darlings. You look fine, Larry. I was so afraid you would study too hard."

"Oh, I manage to keep fit," said Larry winking slyly at Harry.

Hailing a taxi, they started homeward. "I am so proud of you two. But what

PRIZE SHORT STORY—(Con.)

do you mean by that trip. I know it is going to be a nice one. I have my clothes packed, ready to leave in the morning just as you told me to, but how did you ever know that I had always wanted to go to Galveston?"

"Oh Auntie, we are great mind readers," said Larry assuming a deep frown and staring at her until Aunt Prue broke into a hearty laugh.

"My dears," she confessed. "I haven't laughed like that since you have been gone."

"Poor Auntie. But here we are. My but the little cottage looks good again."

After inspecting the new flowers, and baby chicks, the boys rushed into the house making a straight line for the pantry.

"Spice cake, spice cake, Harry! My but I am hungry!"

Aunt Prue stood watching them with a fond air.

"I knew you would be hungry but don't eat too much for I have prepared something special for supper."

"What? Tell us please, Auntie."

"No, I won't you mischievous things. Go to your rooms and clean up for I know you must be tired and dirty, from your day's trip."

Hurriedly she took a platter of fried chicken out of the warming oven touching it here and there with parsley. The other dishes came out of the mysterious oven. Just as she gave the flowers on the table the last touch, Harry and Larry came bounding into the room with exclamations of Ohs! and Ahs!

"You darling," and they both rushed over and smothered her with hugs and kisses.

"This is something like," said Harry spreading his napkin over his knees.

After the last dish had been dried and put away, Aunt Prudence said, "Now boys, I know that you are tired and we will have to get up early in the morning so off with you to bed"

The next morning found them all busy preparing to leave.

"Harry, did you mail the letter to Mr. Bradshaw, telling him that Aunt Prue is coming?"

"Yes and I told him what train we would arrive on."

"My, but she will be surprised. I wouldn't miss that meeting for the world."

"Boys are you ready," called Aunt Prudence.

"You know," she told them as they started for the station, "I am so excited

I just feel like something unexpected is going to happen."

"You are some prophetic I'll say," said Larry winking at his twin.

The last "all aboard" cry had been given and the creak and strain of the great engine sounded as it started on its journey.

"Boys, you shouldn't have bought all of this candy and so many magazines. Why you make me feel like a debutante."

"That's what we intended to do."

"Listen Auntie," started Larry carefully, "this Mr. Bradshaw is the uncle of one of our classmates. He has kindly consented to rent us some of the rooms in his large country home. I might as well tell you. He's a little queer but he's a good old scut just the same. He may not want to accept the money but don't say anything about it. We'll fix it. You will be very nice to him. Won't you Auntie?"

"Of course I will. I think it is lovely of him to let us have the place."

Late in the afternoon the train drew up to the platform. As Aunt Prue and her nephews alighted a tall middle-aged man walked up to them.

"Mr. Bradshaw, I believe?" asked Harry. "Yes," he said absentmindedly looking at Aunt Prudence.

"I am glad to see you Prue—ru—or—oh—er Miss—er Haverly," he amended lamely when he saw the indignation in her eyes. Maybe she didn't like to be called Prudence in public.

"Come right on," he continued. "I have a fine little bus over here. We'll get out to my farm in a jiffy."

Larry got in the front seat with Mr. Bradshaw, leaving Harry in the back with Aunt Prue.

As he had said they arrived at Meadow farm in a jiffy.

"What a lovely refreshing place," exclaimed Aunt Prue.

"I am glad you like it," said John W with an ardency that even struck Larry.

"Boys," said Mr. Bradshaw, "I want you to call me Uncle John from now on. That's that. Now I want you to look at my farm."

They inspected the cows and the chickens and the beautiful vegetable garden.

"It is all perfect," said Aunt Prue, "and the air is wonderful."

"Now I want to show you my house. Of course you know it is only a bachelor's quarters and is in sad need of a woman's touch." He looked hard at Aunt Prue. "I have a good colored cook and she keeps my house clean, but it certainly does

PRIZE SHORT STORY—(Con.)

lack those dainty things supplied by a woman."

The house proved to be very large and airy, but with only the barest needs of furniture.

"If I could only do what I wanted to this house," thought Aunt Prue. "I could make a home of it."

Uncle John showed them their various rooms and then said, "supper is served at seven o'clock. Please be prompt as Molly hates to have her meals cold."

To be sure they were prompt. Aunt Prue had changed into a lovely lavender voile and the fresh air had already put the roses in her cheeks. Her graying hair was combed softly from her temples.

The supper was delicious.

"After supper Miss Haverly, I want you to come and enjoy one of our beautiful sunsets."

"I am afraid not * * *" Larry pushed her foot. "Oh, all right, I will."

The two started strolling down the quiet little lane overshadowed by tall trees. The sun sank in all its splendor and beauty. Slowly the moon rose in the East flooding the world with a soft luster. A gentle breeze swayed the trees while mocking birds chirped sleepily in their nests.

"Prudence," he said softly, "you are even more beautiful than your picture."

"Mr. Bradshaw," indignantly from Prudence. "What do you mean!"

"Don't you love me Prue?" he asked. "It was all I could do to keep from blurt-ing it out at suppertime."

"I am afraid Larry was right about the poor man," she thought. "No I do not love you," she said aloud. "Come we must go back to the farm."

"What must I do," thought Prudence while she tried to call to mind how to treat a crazy man. She believed that she had read somewhere to throw cold water on them but she saw no water in sight.

"But Prudence you wrote to me and told me how lonely you were and I can prove it. Every letter was postmarked, Paris, Texas."

"Paris, Texas!" cried Aunt Prue. "Why that is where my nephews go to college. Was the address given as Box 192?"

"Yes. You see it was like this. I was lonely and knew that I needed a woman's hand and heart so I advertised. You answered my ad and then sent me your picture. You told me that you loved me. Didn't you really mean it dear?"

Aunt Prue had been thinking rapidly. Her nephews—Paris, Texas— Box 192— Galveston — classmate's uncle—would not accept payment. "Yes I see it all now. I think I can explain it to you. You see my two nephews go to college in Paris, Texas. They must have seen your ad and answered it in my name. This Spring my doctor told me that the beach was the only place for me so they brought me here making me think that you were an uncle of one of their classmates and that you were a little queer. You aren't crazy after all. Are you?"

"No, only crazy about you! What difference does it make Prudence if they'd try to play a joke on us? We wouldn't have met if they hadn't. You like me a little don't you Prudence, dear?"

"I'm afraid I do John," she whispered low into his rough shoulder.

"Let's give them a surprise and elope," said John after a few moments.

"Oh, John what a daring thing to do. But still I feel as if I'd known you all my life."

"That's good Prudence. I knew you would. Grab a few things to wear and we'll catch the 10:30 out to Paradise."

The next morning Larry descended the steps.

"Where is Uncle John and Aunt Prue?" "I don't know but Ah found d's Leah lettah on ae table."

Larry glanced at it once and then sank into the nearest chair emitting a long low whistle. Harry came in.

"What's the matter Larry?"

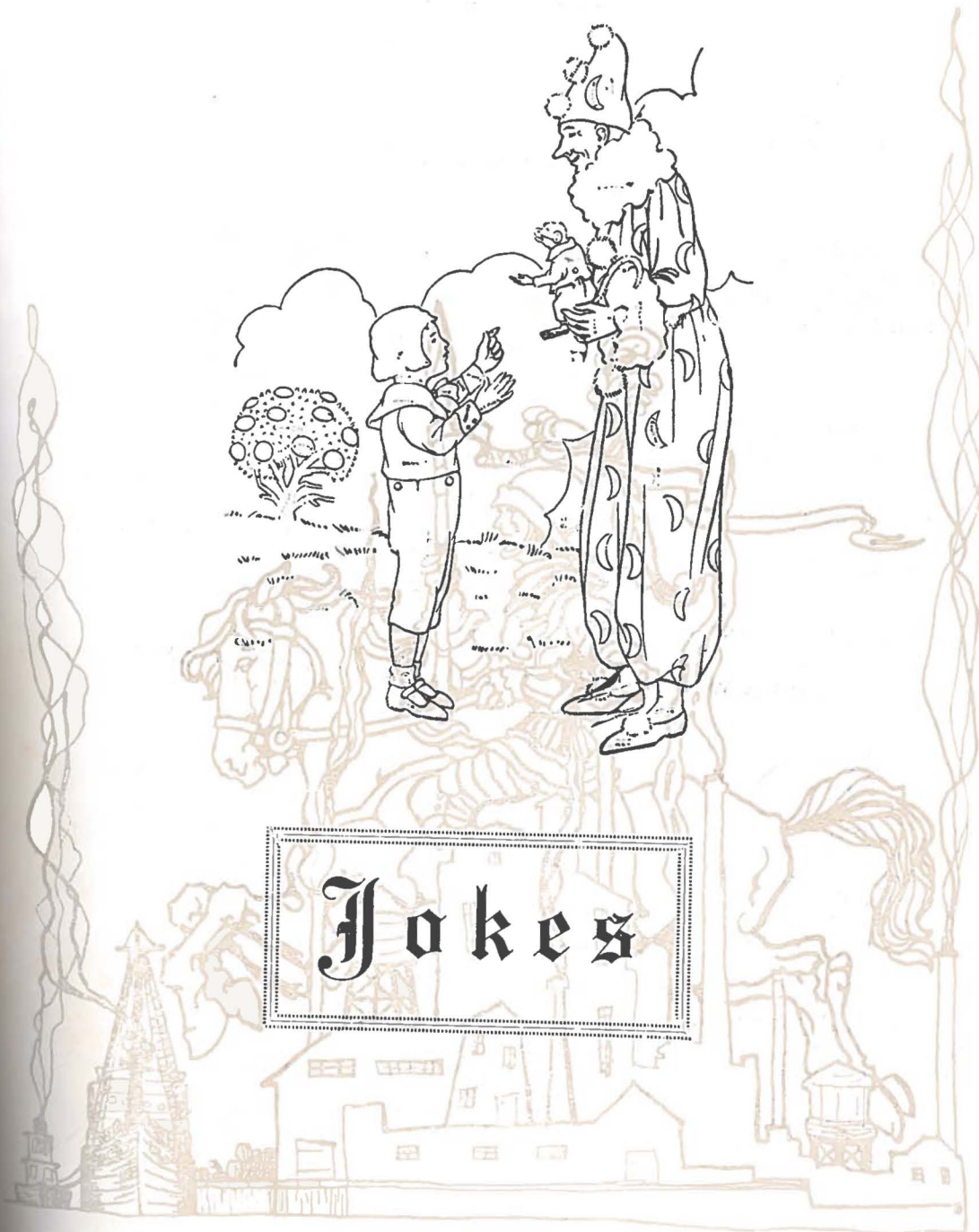
He merely handed the letter to Harry and muttered, "Quick work!"

Harry read:

Dear Boys:

Your Uncle John and I were married last night. We left on the 10:30 train. Make yourselves perfectly comfortably as we don't know how long we will be gone.

Aunt Prue and Uncle John.



THE ANSWER.

Teacher:—"What is experience?"
Marjorie:—"It's what you get while you are looking for something else."

UNCOMFORTABLE.

Chris:—"I got one of those suits with two pairs of pants."
Mary:—"How do you like it?"
Chris:—"Not so well. It's too hot wearing two pairs of pants."

EXTRAVAGANCE.

Micheal M.:—"I paid five dollars to a fortune teller yesterday. She described you exactly and said we should be married within a year."
Bertha, F.:—"How extravagant you are! I could have told you that for nothing."

WONDER.

Dorothy:—"How do you sell this limburger?"
Grocer:—"I often wonder myself, ma'am."

Why is En Avant like a girl?
Because everybody ought to have one and not borrow somebody else's.

Dorothy:—"I can't think of a title for my new play. I want one that will make it draw well."
Adeline:—"Why not call it, 'The Mustard Plaster.'"

Margaret:—"I wrote an essay on 'Recreation.'
Vivian:—"I don't see where you found enough to write about."

The English teacher gave her classes a test in which she asked them to name five of Shakespeares plays. Among the titles received were these: "King Liar," "A Merchant of Venus," "Old Fellows," "McBath," and "Omelet."

COMMON SENSE.

"How old is your baby brother " asked Thomas of Katie Belle.
"One year old," replied Katie Belle.
"Huh!" exclaimed Thomas, "I've got a dog a year old, and he can walk twice as well as that kid can."
"Well, he ought to," replied Katie Belle, "he's got twice as many legs."

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CERTAINLY.

The grammar-school principal went from room to room explaining what to do in case of fire. The pupils listened with respectful attention until she came to her final instructions, then smiles and giggles disturbed the principal's serenity. "Above all things," he said, "if your clothing catches fire, remain cool."

—E-A—

REPAIRING AN ERROR.

Margaret Dolores was saying her prayers, "And please, God," she petitioned, "make Boston the capital of Vermont."
"Why, Margaret," said her shocked mother, "what made you say that?"

Margaret settled herself in bed. "Cause," she answered, "I made it that way in my 'zamination paper today an' I want it to be right."

—E-A—

Sister Xavier, in history class was examining the children. She looked at Mary Cech and said, "You've heard of John Paul Jones, Mary."

"Yes, Sister."

"Well, what do you think Jones would be doing if he were alive today?"

Mary thought a moment and then said, "Living on an old age pension, I guess."

—E-A—

Chris Hinojosa, an early graduate, answered an advertisement for a handy man.

Employer:—"Well, what qualifications have you?"

Chris:—"I live next door, sir."

—E-A—

Evelyn, a bright fish was trying to make a cake, but being out of eggs went to the neighbor to borrow some. Several minutes later Evelyn came back to the neighbor and said,

"Lady, two of the eggs were rotten so I brought them back."

—E-A—

YOUTHFUL ARITHMETIC.

Sr. M. C.:—"What is the meaning of one-twenty-fifth?"

Henry:—"I—I don't know."

Sr. M. C.:—"If you had twenty-five children visiting you and only one apple for them, what would you do?"

Henry:—"I'd wait till they went an' eat it myself."

—E-A—

Sister B.:—"Johnie, give me a sentence with the word corpuscle."
Johnie D.:—"In a year from now Corpus'll be a big city."

—E-A—

When Michael was asked how many sexes there are, he promptly replied: "Three—male sex, female sex, and insects."

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tion.

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THOUGHTFUL.

Loretta was writing a letter to Margaret C. during the holidays. Having no other envelope than a very dirty one that she had carried in her sweater pocket for quite a while, she used it, but annexed at the end of the letter:

"P. S. — Please excuse the envelope. It was clean when it left my hands."

—E-A—

THE BLESSINGS OF EDUCATION.

Teacher:—(in grammar class) "Amando, please tell me what it is, when I say: 'I love, you love, he loves'."

Amando:—"That's one of those triangles where somebody gets shot."

—E-A—

Johnny, an inquisitive boy:—"I see you have your arm in a sling mister. Is it broken?"

Meek little man:—"Yes sir."

"Did you meet with an accident?"

"No, broke it while trying to put myself on the back."

"Great Scott, what for?"

"For minding my own business."

—E-A—

A druggist was aroused one night by the violent ringing of the doorbell. Looking out the window, he saw a young girl in an evening dress.

"What's the matter Miss?" he asked, "Has any one been taken ill?"

"Oh no," answered Maurine in a sweet tone, "but I'm dancing at the ball close by and I've run out of rouge."

"Indeed!" snorted the disgusted druggist, "I'm sorry, Miss, but I never keep enough rouge in stock to cover a cheek like yours."

—E-A—

The seniors of the Cathedral High School thus advertised a picnic that they were giving:

Attractive feature of this outing will be highly amusing donkey races and pig races. Competition in these contests will be open only to children in the high school.

—E-A—

WANTED THE JOB.

Amando:—"What line did you say you were in?"

Salesman (visiting the school):—"I manufacture a face powder that can't be kissed off."

Amando:—"Who has charge of your proving grounds?"

—E-A—

"That undertaker across from our school is a lovely man," said Dorothy Steele to her mother. "This morning while he was cranking his automobile, the handle flew back and hit his arm, and he just sat down on the curb and held his arm and talked to God about it."

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