



1927



*EN AVANT*

1927

VOL. 3

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF  
*Incarnate Word Academy*  
CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS



## Foreword

**A** MIDST the bevy of May blossoms, the Commencement Season of the year is making its annual bow, and with it, the third number of *En Avant*—modest in its efforts, but anxious to do honor to Alma Mater—greet its ever-widening circle of friends.

May our critics receive it with the same kindness and graciousness as they have its predecessors.

We wish to extend heartfelt thanks to our advertisers who generously aided us in its publication, and to express our appreciation to our kind contributors.

—Editorial Staff.

## Dedication

LIFE'S noblest work consists in service to others. The higher the motive, the more noble the work. Especially is this true in the field of education, in the perfect development of mind and body to a greater understanding of one's self and one's Creator. Truly can it be said that the one who fosters Christian education has achieved great things and accomplished much for humanity.

To our beloved Rector, Father Damian O'Rourke, we owe a priceless debt for his priestly zeal, fatherly interest and faithful co-operation with the faculty and student body of Incarnate Word Academy. The living voice is inadequate to express our sincere appreciation of his efforts. A faint echo of our gratitude however, is visibly expressed in the dedication to Rev. Father of En Evant for the year 1927.

Rev. Fr. Damian  
O'Rourke, C. P.





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



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



**REV. DANIEL A. LANING,**  
Our former Superintendent.



**REV. BERNARD CORBIN,**  
Instructor in Christian Doctrine.



**REV. JOHN A. CHRZANOWSKI,**  
Instructor in Christian Doctrine.

## HISTORY OF THE INCARNATE WORD ACADEMY.

In the history of the human race woman has ever played a leading part. In no place has this fact been more beautifully demonstrated than here in Corpus Christi, where the Incarnate Word Academy has within little more than half a century developed from the humblest of beginnings to its present standing.

In the year 1871 the Right Reverend Claudius Dubuis, then the Bishop of all Texas, secured the services of four Sisters of the Incarnate Word and Blessed Sacrament, to teach the Catholic Children of Corpus Christi and its vicinity. A small house that had been built by Reverend Father Gonard, but which had been vacant since that Saintly Father died a victim of yellow fever epidemic of 1867, served as the first convent of the Sisters. With this crude house as a shelter the Sisters, under the leadership of Reverend Mother Ignatius McKeon, organized their first little school in the residence of Reverend Father de St. Jean, the parish priest of Corpus Christi.

The humble conditions under which these first Sisters began their great work were equaled only by their poverty. The annals of the Institution tell us that in 1874 the Sisters were so poor that they did not own as much as twenty-five cents. Such an incident serves to acquaint the reader with the spirit of Christian heroism that dominated these first Sisters. They were cultured ladies who had abandoned all the comforts of civilized life back in Europe to devote their lives to missionary labors in Texas.

However, strenuous efforts soon brought about improved conditions. The Sisters taught school during the day, and worked at embroidery and other fine arts late into the night for the purpose of making money to erect much-needed buildings.

So well did they succeed that in 1885 they were able to erect a three-story building to accommodate the influx of boarders and day pupils, as well as the increasing number of Sisters.

This old building which now stands on the corner of Tancahua and Leopard Streets, still serves admirably for the music and art studios, as well as for the commercial department of the Academy. Owing to its solidity and adaptability it is a monument to venerable

Mother Angelique and our Rt. Rev. Msgr. Jaillet, under whose directions it was built.

But while this building was a great improvement on what it replaced, yet it was not adequate to meet the needs of grammar and high school education in the twentieth century. For years the Sisters yearned for a modernly-equipped school building. But for years, too, they had to wait for that blessing. Their progress could but keep pace with the prosperity of the people among whom they labored. Very often the Sisters, during periods of depression consequent upon drought or other calamity, had to subsist on scanty remuneration for services.

But in 1922, when Corpus Christi's deep-water port was a fact and the future greatness of our city a certainty, the Sisters of the Incarnate Word Academy were among the first of the pioneer citizens to launch out on the waves of progress. Under the direction of the Right Reverend E. B. Ledvina, D. D., the Sisters had plans drawn up for the erection of a \$100,000 school building. Only the first wing was erected that year. It was not until 1926 that the doors of the handsome new Academy were thrown open to the student body.

The Catholic citizens of Corpus Christi can now boast of having a school building equipped to meet the standard requirements of a first class grammar and high school. Moreover the Academy High School is accredited to the State University and to the Catholic University of Washington.

It is the happy privilege of Class '27 to be the first graduates from the new Academy. The members of Class '27, who had the good fortune to be permitted to glance into the records that tell the steady growth of the school, are now convinced of the truth of that beautiful thought contained in these words of John Ruskin:

*"The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them."*

—MARGARET CLARKE,  
Editor-in-Chief, '27.

## LIST OF FACULTY.

Sister M. Antoinette ..... Instructor in Mathematics  
Incarnate Word College.

Sister M. Bernard ..... Instructor in English and Science  
Incarnate Word College.

Sister M. Xavier ..... Instructor in History and Stenography  
Incarnate Word College.

Sister M. Agnes ..... Instructor in English  
Incarnate Word College.

Sister M. Emmanuel ..... Instructor in Spanish  
Maria Auxiliadora College.

Sister M. Bernadette ..... Instructor in Spanish and Music  
Sacred Heart College.

Sister M. Augustine ..... Instructor in Music

Sister M. Paul ..... Instructor in Music

Sister M. Ange ..... Instructor in Art  
Our Lady of the Lake.



## SENIORS



LORETTO ROBINSON

Yell Leader — Stunt Editor '26 — Society and Sports Editor '26  
Sacred Heart Club — Tennis — Glee Club.



VIVIAN MEW

Stunt Editor '27 — Sacred Heart Club — Glee Club  
Tennis and Basket Ball.



MARGARET CLARKE

Editor-in-Chief '27 — Sacred Heart Club — Glee Club  
Tennis and Basket Ball.



MARY DeROCHE

Class President '27 — Sacred Heart Club  
Glee Club.



GERTRUDE WORM

Class Vice President — Business Manager of En Avant  
Glee Club — Tennis.



MARJORIE GRAEFF

Art Editor '26 and '27 — Sacred Heart Club — Glee Club  
Tennis and Basket Ball.



DOLORES FIELD

Sacred Heart Club — Glee Club — Tennis.



KATIE BELLE PRIOUR

Sacred Heart Club — Glee Club.



LOUISE GRAVETTE

Sacred Heart Club — Glee Club.



ADELINE RACHAL

Secretary Class, '27 — Sacred Heart Club — Glee Club.

\* \* \*

MAXWELL PETER DUNNE, JR.

Class Treasurer '27 — Glee Club — Football.

## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.

In the year 1923 our class of thirteen freshmen entered high school. We were very proud of our class, for it was the largest number of pupils that had ever come into our high school.

The first few months as freshmen were very trying, for we were tormented by the upper classmen who eternally teased us because we were so green. In spite of their ill treatment, we persevered, and it was not long until we had become sophomores.

In our sophomore year we found our numbers diminished by four. One left school to support his family. Another moved to San Antonio. The other two simply quit school to seek their fortune in the world. However, during the year four new pupils were added to our class roll. This year we mounted high up on the social ladder. We also gained many honors in both studies and athletics.

The year 1925 gained for us the title, "Juniors." This year was marked by a decrease of four in our number. This year we rose high socially. Indeed so high did we rise that we were given the name of the "Frivolous Juniors." In spite of our frivolity we did much of the serious work accomplished during the term. We worked very hard soliciting ads from the local stores and warehouses to finance the Annual. We also devised means of making money for our beauty and popularity contest. We had the great satisfaction of winning the beauty contest. It was also during this year that the school applied to the State for affiliation in various subjects. It may be said that the Juniors aided greatly in obtaining the affiliation. The year, being taken up with so many activities, soon passed by and before we realized it, we were seniors.

In the senior year the number of the class was increased by two, making a total of eleven. This year we have been working very hard to obtain graduation. However, we believed that "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy," and that it "doesn't do to over-egg the pudding," so we have had several little social activities. We have also given parties to raise money to aid us in winning the beauty and popularity contests. You may be sure that we are proud to say that seniors won both of these contests. We are also proud to have the distinction of being the largest graduating class in the Annals of the Incarnate Word Academy.

In spite of our trials and troubles during the four years of our high school life, we have persevered to the end under the kind and able direction of the good Sisters of the Incarnate Word Academy.

—MARJORIE GRAEFF, '27.

## CLASS PROPHECY.

Although I can not remember a single instance in which a prophecy of mine came true, yet I shall not hesitate to take one more chance at penetrating the veil that hides the future. Not only shall I take a chance, but I am ready to say that the prophecy which I am about to write will be perfect in the fulfillment of every detail.

Here are eleven seniors of Class '27 of the I. W. A. laboring hard to be deemed worthy of graduation. The manner in which they carry themselves both in victory and defeat is well known to me. The troubles they make for themselves are countless; but the skill with which they extricate themselves is wonderful. Moreover, while their number could not be called great, yet they furnished an extensive variety of human kind. In fact, they are so varied as to physical aspects, individual disposition, and intellectual abilities that it takes no great stretch of imagination to locate the walks of life in which they will be found ten years from now.

There, I see our class president, Mary DeRoche still leading, as she was always leading us into trouble. She is at the head of a woman's organization; and strange to say, the organization is making wonderful progress under her leadership.

Dolores Field is the wife of a noted political leader in Mexico. The family she is founding will in years to come aid in delivering Mexico from the evils of misrule.

Katie Belle Priour has opened a college for the "beautiful and dumb." Many of her leading students are those of class of '28 I. W. A.

Marjorie Graeff has a beautiful home in Beverly Hills; while Louise Gravett is a partner in a chain of theatres.

Vivian Mew has made herself so famous by the invention of a new dance that her name will go down to posterity in the pages of history. It will be of interest to know that her invention was inspired by her naughty little habit of stamping her foot when she gets angry.

Gertrude Worm, the class sport, has broken many records and among them are the swimming of the English and Catalina channels.

Margaret Clark has just written and published a book on her adventures in climbing Mt. Everest. She contributes most of her ability in the portrayal of thrilling scenes from her experience in climbing out of gas craters.

Loretto Robinson married a handsome banker and being the first to marry out of the class had to give a few of her choice gifts away.

As for the writer—Ah!. I am still waiting to see if chance will make me president of the United States; for did not a noted speaker in the Assembly Hall predict that I would be.

Now that my predictions have been stated I shall wait ten years and then I will let you tell me what you think of me as a prophet.

*Maxwell P. Dunne, Jr.*

## SENIOR CLASS WILL.

Reverend Fathers, Teachers, School Mates, and Friends:

On behalf of the Class of one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven, of the Incarnate Word Academy, Corpus Christi, Texas, U. S. A., we have been called upon to draw up this our last Will and Testament of the Class; and to bestow upon our teachers and school companions the many virtues and possessions which we will no longer use.

We, the Class of 1927 of the Incarnate Word Academy, Corpus Christi, Texas, U. S. A. being in our normal senses, and well aware of the dignity that has been taught us, hereby will and bequeath the following:

ARTICLE I. To Reverend Father Corbin we will and bequeath those startling interpretations of the Holy Scriptures which he may have found so inspiring during our daily class in Christian Doctrine.

ARTICLE II. To our beloved teacher, Mother Mary Antoinette, we will our reverence for sacred things; the unlimited wealth of eternal memory; our ability to work mathematics; and many well-earned gray hairs.

ARTICLE III. To Sister Mary Bernard we bequeath our excellent manipulation in physics; our ability to write experiments; and every iron-clad rule of compositional technique in the preparation of essays.

ARTICLE IV. To Sister Mary Xavier we bequeath all our "original" ideas regarding the production of the "En Avant" of 1927. Also all our pastel crayons on condition that the future Seniors will color maps (not faces) with them.

ARTICLE V. To Sister Agnes we bequeath our unrivaled skill in keeping silent during the second study period.

ARTICLE VI. To Gertrude Russell, Mary DeRoche wills her unexcelled ability to write short stories.

ARTICLE VII. To Catherine Ordener, Adeline Rachal wills her senior dignity.

ARTICLE VIII. To Michael Mireur, Peter Dunne wills his position as director of a group of the girls in physics class.

ARTICLE IX. To Lupita and Celia Garcia, Dolores Field wills her expertness as a poet.

ARTICLE X. To Dorothea Bonner, Margaret Clarke wills her unsophisticated airs and her sweet features which won her the title "School Beauty."

ARTICLE XI. To Cinda Rivera, Bobbie Gravett wills her debonaire manner.

ARTICLE XII. To Rose Lee Petzel, Vivian Mew wills her charming personality which won for her the honor of being the most popular girl.

ARTICLE XIII. To Mary Cech, Marjorie Graeff wills her talent to trip the light fantastic toe.

ARTICLE XIV. To Clyde McCaleb, Katie Bell Priour wills her superfluous weight.

ARTICLE XV. To Odelia Hoelscher, Peter Dunne wills all the notes written by her in his possession.

ARTICLE XVI. To Vera Dunne, Mary DeRoche wills her marvelous power of slipping notes in Catechism class.

ARTICLE XVII. To Thomas Abernathy, Margaret Clarke wills her picturesque description of Hamlet's tragic death.

ARTICLE XVIII. To Johnnie Davidson, Gertrude Worm wills her incomparable understanding of Christian Doctrine as shown by the daily penances she writes.

ARTICLE XIX. To Charlie Trefflich, Loretto Robinson wills her inexhaustable supply of bluff; and credit for the origination of the name "Flaming."

ARTICLE XX. To the Juniors as a whole we hereby bequeath all the left over tallies and slightly torn decorations that were used at the "Hatchet Party."

ARTICLE XXI. To the Sophmores we bequeath our good will, our qualifications to raise money for class treasury, and our wide-awake spirit which will keep them from falling asleep.

ARTICLE XXII. To the "Fish" we will and bequeath much water of knowledge and our last year's bath suits. Also our cloak of prestige and dignity with which as graduates, we have charmed the faculty.

We do hereby appoint our dear sponser, Sister Mary Xavier, sole Executrix of our last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we hereunto set our hands and affix our seal this fifth day of March A. D. 1927.

SENIOR CLASS '27,  
Loretto Robinson  
Gertrude Worm.


Margaret Clarke }  
Katie Bell Priour } Witnesses.

## CLASS POEM.

When I became a Senior,  
I thought my troubles were o'er;  
But they elected me class poet,  
And worries came piling galore.

Learning to write was awful,  
But nothing like learning to think;  
In terms of feet and meter,  
And write it down in ink.

Vivian was named our leader,  
Our popular girl is she;  
Her ways are sweet and charming,  
As a Convent girl's should be.

Margaret—s beauty,  
With hair all nature waved;  
And smile so coy and winsome,  
As becomes a dainty maid.

And Adeline our stylish belle,  
Whose praises this poet sings;  
She values friendship more than gold.  
To her our hearts do cling.

And Peter is the steady one,  
He will his class defend;  
He'll always finish what he starts,  
On him you may depend.

Loretto, shining, golden light,  
Who leads the class right on;  
She never ceases in her fight,  
'Till what she sought is won.

Dolores, cheerful optimist,  
Whose excelsior ringing true;  
Pierces the leaden clouds of doubt  
And finds the sky's bright hue.

Gertrude is our fairest one,  
Who joined our ranks last fall;  
We're glad to have her in the class,  
To answer to roll call.

Now five of us have never known,  
Another school than this;  
In Primer days we gathered here,  
Each year no classes missed.

'Twas Katie Belle and Bobbie too,  
Now so stately and serene;  
But oh, what noisy little girls,  
Way back in the year '16.

Then Marjorie, Vivian and Mary,  
So restless and so gay;  
Still full of fun and mischief,—  
Dispelling gloom each day.

To Mother dear, and Sisters too,  
We give unstinted praise;  
Who've led our oft-times faltering steps;  
Through to graduation days.

But happy have been all the years,  
We've spent—this class of eleven,  
We know we are a loyal crowd,—  
Our Senior Class of twenty-seven.

—Mary DeRoche, '27.

## CORPUS CHRISTI.

Silver gleam o'er brightest blue,  
Sail boats on the bay;  
Bathers in the rainbow tints  
Laughing at their play.

Salt sprays dashing on the sand,  
Shell as white as snow;  
Background of bluff to landward,  
Palm trees in a row.

Clusters of colorful flowers.  
Del Mar by the sea;  
Playground sadness to vanish.  
Contentment and happiness be.

Boats of fishermen there  
Returning with laden baskets  
Going to Redfish bay,  
At the close of a busy day.

Cotton fields to the westward.  
Horizon toward the sea;  
Brightness shades into shadows,  
And stars that twinkle in glee.

To mention sweet Corpus Christi,  
Is to fill many hearts with delight;  
Reminding them of the golden gift  
Of the city so sunny and bright.

Thousands of tourists come yearly,  
To spend the winter and spring;  
And returning again to this city,  
Thousands of followers bring.

And when to their state these return  
With their neighbors face to face;  
They answer the unasked question,  
Corpus Christi is the place.

*Louise Gravett, '27*

## RESIGNATION.

The boy and his father were hunting  
On one cold winter day  
The snow was falling heavily  
And the boy from his father did stray.

The lad trudged through the snow  
Till his limbs were stiff and sore;  
He fell upon the snowy ground  
When he felt he could walk no more.

The father missed the boy  
And searched for him in great alarm  
He hurried to his little home  
Through snow and blinding storm.

To his wife he told the story  
And a searching party was formed,  
To find the lost, the darling boy  
And bring him home unharmed.

With his lantern high o'er his head  
The father searched everywhere  
And listening for the signal whistle  
That would tell him his boy was there.

As he struggled along in the snow  
He saw a heap on the ground  
He leaned o'er the form and cried  
"Thank God my boy is found."

He blew a blast on the whistle  
And gathered the boy in his arms  
And took him home to his mother  
Who was anxious and very alarmed.

She placed him in a warm, warm bed  
And hovered anxiously by  
When the doctor shook his head  
And said the boy would die.

He suddenly moved his head  
Opened his eyes and sighed  
He sweetly smiled at his mother  
And there in her arms he died.

The parents knelt by the bedside  
Their eyes with tears filled  
They bowed their heads, but was hard  
to say  
"Alas it is God's will."

*Marjorie Graeff, Class '27*

## CLASS OF '27.

The Senior Class of twenty-seven  
Has a class roll of only eleven.  
Our president is the jolliest ever,  
No one could be just "one bit" better.  
Our beauty is a real "knockout,"  
That she's a beauty, there is no doubt.  
We have one boy, an only "shiek",  
Whom we all pick on, and so-call Pete.  
Our brightest Senior is full of pep,  
When asked for help she replies "Yep".  
We have a very popular lass,  
Whose heart is purest gold—not brass.  
One classmate comes from Mexico,  
One you would always want to know.  
Our Sponsor, much beloved is she,  
From her we get advice quite free;  
With sympathy, help and kindly cheer,  
She's been to all of us quite dear.  
We are a very jolly bunch,  
But get the knocks and many a punch.  
No class gets scolded as we poor Seniors,  
For innocent pranks and misdemeanors.  
But thus it has ever been with those who fought,  
"No cross, no crown," is what Christ taught.  
So on we strive through thick and thin  
Cost what it may, we mean to win.  
The golden thrones nearest Christ in heaven  
Is the final goal of Class twenty-seven.

*Gertrude Worm, '27.*

## CORPUS CHRISTI—MY NATIVE CITY.

Corpus Christi on the bay  
Where children always laugh and play  
Where flowers bloom throughout the whole December  
You're the idol I must e'er remember.

The waves to your bosom roll high and clear  
On the shining beaches so dear  
And the white caps rolling in  
Are musical in their oncoming din.

Quiet, serene and beautiful you lie  
Your sparkling bay reflecting blue sky  
A picturesque spot in our native land.  
Your sun-kissed shore of glorious sand

Your fertile soil where blue bonnets grow  
And where the healthful breezes blow  
I've never seen a place so pretty  
As you my own—my native city.

*—Loretto Robinson, '27.*



## UNDERCLASSES

## CLASS OF '28.

We're sixteen peppy Juniors all,  
Some are short and some are tall,  
We study hard and have our fun,  
And finish well what we've begun.

The classes come, the classes go,  
Some go fast and some go slow;  
But one that's e'er the friend of fate  
Is the jolly class of twenty-eight.

We have our social troubles too:  
Once we talked a bathing-revue;  
But our Sponsor whom we love so true  
Said that would never, never do.

We wanted then a neat class pin;  
You should see how we did grin.  
One day a traveling man came 'round,  
To us it seemed he spoke quite sound.

Yet, we, alas, were badly beat,  
By that sly and wiley cheat,  
Although we claim to be as smart  
As ever was a tartar's dart.

Our business prowess this brought out;  
Sale of cakes we then did shout.  
Our contest is most popular class;  
In this no one can us surpass.

We gathered ads from far and near  
That in our Annual do appear.  
We did our "bit" in this small way,  
And did it well and made it pay.

And so our class, a dandy gang,  
Think of May with just a pang,  
There is an ache within each heart  
To think of the day when we must part.

—Vera Dunn. '28.



## THE BUSINESS TEAM OF I. W. A

These students are members of Class '28 who have, in making money for the school annual, distinguished themselves as team workers. Their names follow. Read from left to right.

Front row: Lupe Garcia, Gertrude Russell, Dorothea Bonner, Celia Garcia, Vera Dunne, Rose Lee Petzel, Mary Cech.

Second row: Cinda Rivera, Catherine Ordener, Odelia Hoelscher, Veronica Dietz, Clyde McCaleb, Charles Trefflich, John Davidson.

We would only have you know  
We raised the money that made things go.  
"One for all, and all for one"  
With this as motto we have won.

## THE JUNIOR'S PICNIC.

'Twas on St. Patrick's holiday  
We Juniors happy and gay  
Ventured to the river to spend the day  
And to pass the time in play.

And it may seem quite strange to see  
Just what the Junior team would be  
Around the table with cake and tea  
Underneath the willow tree.

And after lunch we took a ride;  
Oh, how smoothe the boat did glide  
Ae we rode from side to side  
With our boatmen, James and Clyde.

Now came the awful, awful sight  
As Mary tried with grace to alight  
Upon the softest spot upright;  
But from the cliff she rolled with fright.

We picked her up and laid her down  
Upon the spot that she had found;  
We sought to heal her every wound  
But to our joy she was quite sound.

At five o'clock our trash we burned,  
And to our cars we then returned.  
All went along so unconcerned  
With one more lesson to be learned.

The next excitement was a flat  
And by the road demure we sat;  
Then worked we all both thin and fat  
Without a coat—without a hat.

Then homeward bound, farewell to play  
With a sense of joy and not dismay,  
We left Calallen in bright array  
At "the end of a perfect day."

—*Odelia Hoelscher, Class '28.*

## JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY.

On September 14, 1924, nineteen "green" little freshmen, including the writer, crept meekly into the schoolroom of the Incarnate Work High School, and slid noiselessly into nineteen big desks. There we sat too frightened to move or speak to any one lest we incur a penalty for having violated high school discipline. "What was this mystery about high school?" In the grammar grades we had been chums with older girls; but when these girls reached high school, they put on that old-wise-knowing look that seemed to say, "You will soon find out." However, five months passed away without our having found out. In fact, we did not find out as long as we were "fish."

But in the sixth month of that school session our curiosity had grown to such proportions that it could no longer be restrained. We were in high school were we not? Why then were we always being shunned and mistreated by our upper classmen? Mary Cech, our class belle, thought it was because we were not up-to-date enough. So we resolved to study the situation seriously.

We held a private meeting in one corner of the yard. The outcome was that we decided to entertain the juniors with a moonlight sail, and the seniors with a party. We carried out our intentions; and from that time on the juniors and seniors were sweet to us.

After three months of blissful vacation we again returned to school—this time as "sophs"—dignified as could be. Our number, however, had increased, for Lena Zwicker, Arthur Sutton, and Tom Abernathy had come to join our merry little group. We welcomed them cordially. The sophomore year was a very happy one, for all of us were very mischievous and got into many a scrape. We took as our motto: "Do unto others as others do unto you"; and we led the "fish" a merry chase. One prank, especially, stands out from the rest. It was initiation of the fish into the Sacred Heart Club. Well, I will not say what we did.—But I noticed just the other day that Peggy Rachal still limps a little.

Then again in September 1926 we returned—as juniors. We came running madly down the sidewalk to greet one another. We stopped to gaze with admiration on the beautiful new school that the good Sisters had erected for us at the cost of great sacrifices.

We entered the new building with a determination that the junior year would be the gayest and wildest we had ever spent. We planned "oodles" of parties and entertainments. But somehow good news travels fast; consequently our sporting projects were discovered by the faculty before we had time to carry a single one of them into execution.

After that we realized that we must have some protection; so we elected a class-sponsor, who has kept us out of much trouble.

Then it fell to the juniors to make most of the money for the publication of our Annual. This took some of the foolishness out of our heads, for we realized that it meant the immediate cultivation of business diplomacy. But we buckled down to the seemingly impossible; and under the supervision of our worthy sponsor we have made quite a success of our undertaking.

Indeed, we have succeeded in getting the honor of being the most efficient class in school.

Besides the recognition won for business ability, our class has walked away with most of the laurels in the literary field also. Three of our number won recognition in a recent short-story contest. Gertrude Russell carried off first prize, Dorothea Bonner carried the second, and Odelia Hoelscher was given honorable mention. In a word, we have broken all records this year, and so have demonstrated the fact that we have lived up to our motto—"One for all and all for one."

—*Rose Lee Petzel, Class '28.*



CHARLES TREFFLICH  
Foot Ball — Popularity  
Glee Club.

CLYDE McCALEB  
Foot Ball — Glee Club.

DOROTHEA BONNER  
Vice-President — Assistant  
Business Manager of En  
Avant — Basket Ball  
Glee Club.

ROSE LEE PETZEL  
President — Class History  
Basket Ball.

MARY CECH  
Basket Ball.

CINDA RIVERA  
Basket Ball—Class Musician.

CATHERINE ORDENER  
Secretary — Basket Ball.  
ODELIA HOELSCHER  
Basket Ball.

JOHNNIE DAVIDSON  
Joke Editor — Football  
Glee Club.

THOMAS ABERNATHY  
“Nuf Sed”

CELIA GARCIA  
Basket Ball — Glee Club

LUPITA GARCIA  
Basket Ball — Glee Club

GERTRUDE RUSSELL  
Class Treasurer — Glee Club  
Basket Ball — Tennis

MICHAEL MIREUR  
Foot Ball — Glee Club

VERONICA DIETZ  
Glee Club — Basket Ball.

VERA DUNN  
Glee Club.



## SOPHOMORES.

Commencement Day of the Incarnate Word Academy's Grammar Grades dawned bright and clear. The beautiful morn developed into a most exquisite day of excitement and finally came to a close with one of those beautiful tranquil nights, when Nature asserts that something extraordinary is about to happen. And true to the word, was not something extraordinary about to take place?

The Auditorium was brilliantly lighted and crowded to its utmost corners; the large stage bespoken of dainty decorations of colors, purple and gold; a table, with many rolls of white paper on it, came into view; and finally, a group of brilliant young girls and intelligent young chaps took their place on the stage:—Graduation from grammar grades. What an honor! Carefree and anxious for vacation, we little thought of what might be ahead of us.

But September '25 came before we realized it. Proud to be in high school, we entered school as dignified as kings; but lo! what a shock! We soon found that if we took the place of serfs, we should fare much better.

Upon the sight of such severe study in the future many of our classmates felt down-hearted, and desired to turn back; but remembering that, "woe to the man, who sets his hand to the plow and then looks back," we stronger ones helped our beloved companions, and our kind and experienced faculty soon made us realize that the greater the trial, the greater the victory. So, with a glorious onward rush, and many nights of feverish anxiety, we passed the week of final examinations, and were free for three months from the incessant application to things of knowledge.

The next September we entered the hall of fame carrying the imposing title of Sophomores. We again began our travel to the farther side of knowlege. A few dropped out and others joined our little troop on its perilous journey in the search of wisdom. As we were joined together and acted as one, the path became smoother and better defined than it had been before. The traveling was not so hard nor the pleasure so scarce as we marched steadily forward.

Now the Junior Grade looms before us as the finish line does to the runner when he nears the goal he has fought for. But we are not yet there, so we must not tarry and loiter on the perilous path of knowledge. We must stick to our task, and ever mindful that a task well begun is a task half done; we have surmounted the obstacles and precipices of past years and feel certain that no future difficulties will discourage a class that climbs hand in hand as we hope to do. All joy and good wishes to class '29. May we keep up our work till we have reached our goal of success and are ready to face the world with unsurpassed wisdom. And as we toil beneath the scorching sun of rivalry, we shall always remember that—

"Henry Ford has all the money now,  
And Edison all the brain.  
And, though we have to toil and plough,  
We'll get there just the same."

—John Kenedy, '29.



## CLASS ROLL.

Helen Kenedy ..... President  
 Marie Botello ..... Vice President  
 Lucille Mew ..... Secretary and Treasurer

*Left to right.*

1. James Steele, Albert Ordener, Lucy Dunne, Anna Klinger, Odell Medley, Helen Kenedy.
2. Jack Kenedy, Margaret Rachal, Lucille Mew, Sylvia Barganski.
3. Thomas Mircur, Marie Botello, Pauline Dubougel, Olive Worm, Gladys Wright, Maurice Gravett.

## A. B. C's. of SOPHS '27.

Long and earnest have we worked,  
Nor duty, nor obedience ever shirked.  
In Christ's own Mother placed our trust,  
"Conquer or die," we surely must.  
And when life's weary path we've trodden,  
Our teachers ne'er will be forgotten.  
For I. W. A. and our motto we've striven,  
Till all see the fame of Sophs '27.  
"United we stand, divided we fall,  
True love of God and kindness to all."

A—Always firm, good, and loyal,  
'Tis the Soph class ever royal

B—Barganski ever sweet and true,  
Comes seven miles to attend our school.  
Botello, a goodly class-mate, she,  
Always punctual, always free.

C—Course we number very few,  
But just the same we're never blue.

D—Dunne, our little cute brunette,  
Has a mind that's always set.

E—Every time we have a chance,  
We do so make the "Fishes" dance.

F—Frank and honest, true are we,  
Loyal ever will we be.

G—Gravett, our dear red-headed gal,  
Has the traits of a true pal.

H—Helen, the girl with beautiful hair,  
Is always bright and always fair.

I—If we were all just good as she,  
Happy we would ever be.

J—Jack, who'd like to change his name,  
Just to please a pretty dame.

K—Klinger, our curly-headed blonde,  
Kaler, of whom we all are fond.

Sincerest friends, are they, indeed,  
To this small class so much in need.

L—Laughing Lucille, so full of fun,  
Is always seen with "Little Dunne."

M—Medley speaking of funny things,  
She does not know the joy she brings.

N—Never worry, and never fret,  
We're a happy class you bet.

O—Ordner, our greatest football hero,  
Could never take the place of Nero.

P—Pauline, our only pettish girl,  
Is always found within a whirl.

Q—Queenly are the girls in manner,  
Courtesy is the boys' best banner.

R—Rachal, Peggy, as we call her,  
It's our hope, she'll grow no taller.

S—Steele, our very truest Scout,  
Lives up to his code no doubt.

T—Thomsey found so jolly ever,  
Is always spry and very clever

U—"Useless, Idle, or Always tired,"  
These diseases we have fired.

V—Vig'rous, peppy, full of life,  
Onward, forward in our strife.

W—Wright has surely a pretty smile.  
For everyone within a mile.  
Worm, Peggy's truest chum,  
Together they walk straight as plumb.

X—"X'actness," is our firmest saying,  
Always true and ready obeying.

Y—Young and always full of life,  
Fighting hardship, struggle and strife.

Z—Zeal we're taught by earnest teachers,  
Love of God and all His creatures.

—Olive Worm, '29.



## FRESHMEN.

Martha Holland ..... President  
Fairy Gallagher ..... Vice President

*Left to right.*

1. Octavio Luna, Fred McCaleb, C. C. Wright, Shirley Paul Mireur, Edward Mathieu.
2. Martha O'Neill, Dorothy Priour, Irene Dunn, Margaret Hall, Esther Pape, Fairy Gallagher, Frances Clarke.
3. Evelyn Shaw, Thelma Gollihar, Paulita Lozano, Mildred Dozier, Mary Catherine Cahill, Martha Holland.

## FRESHMAN CLASS.

On September 7, 1926, twenty-four grammar-school graduates were experiencing the novelty of the first day in high school—the land of learning.

All of the high school students, except the sophomores seemed to be in sympathy with us. But the “soph” tormented us by calling us “fish.” I suppose they were taking their spite out on us for what they received in their freshman year.

The first days of school seemed like get-acquainted days. There was so much to become accustomed to. We were continually getting confused over the locker where we were supposed to hang our hats. Then we would find ourselves in class without the right text books, without a pencil or pen, and above all without that old torment—a note-book. However, after a few weeks of these unpleasant occurrences we became sufficiently acquainted with our teachers, our rooms, and the regulations to keep out of serious trouble. In a word, we became full-fledged freshmen.

Then came two days of relief: namely, September fourteenth and fifteenth. These were two of the greatest days Corpus Christi has ever known. It was on these days that she celebrated the solemn opening of the deep water port. We had a most enjoyable time.

The holidays were over; we returned to school and studies. The time passed quickly; and before we knew it, we were calling what used to be grammar-English; and what had been common arithmetic was changed to mathematics, or more familiarly “math.”

The next exciting event of the school year occurred when the freshmen had their first field trip. On that occasion we visited the largest ship that had entered the Port of Corpus Christi since its opening. The ship was called “Emergency Aid.” The sophomores, juniors and seniors were kept busy watching lest the “fish” fall overboard into the water and get wet.

O dear!—What next? One morning Mildred Dozier, a much-loved classmate, told us that she was leaving for Brownsville the following morning. The news was so sudden that we had no time to give her a farewell party. This fact made us feel her departure more keenly—as she was a great favorite among us.

Later our class president raffled a box of candy for the benefit of our Annual. The candy was won by M. S. W. L. DeRoche. The money from the candy was not much; but it was a source of encouragement to feel that our class had something to its account.

After Christmas our class shrank; two pupils went to work. But a new pupil was added to our ranks—a real student. We are now twenty-two pupils striving for the goal.

In February we raffled a basket for the benefit of our Annual. It was won by a junior, Cinda Rivera. We were glad of this occurrence, as the juniors have done splendid work for the Annual.

We have enjoyed this year very much with its new studies, its parties, and its festivals. Vacation, however, has a better thrill.

We the freshmen of today,

Present ourselves and wish to say.

We've pledged allegiance to I. W. A.

And so we'll strive with all our might,

To do our best and do it right.

We'll win our school true honors bright

To baser things we've said adieu;

We'll seek the highest in all we do,

We a class of twenty-two.

*Catherine LaRose, Class '30.*



## ACTIVITIES

## ANNUAL STAFF.

Editor-inChief ..... Margaret Clarke  
Assistant Editor ..... Maxwell P. Dunne, Jr.  
Business Manager ..... Gertrude Worm  
Assistant Manager ..... Dorothea Bonner  
Society and Sports ..... Loretto Robinson  
Art Editor ..... Marjorie Graeff  
Joke Editor ..... John Davidson  
Stunt Editor ..... Vivian Mew



To the average spectator nothing out of the ordinary appears in this picture. In examining more closely however, we see that the prosaic attitude of the group is merely a pose due to the skill and art of the photographer. Hidden away in the grey matter of these young intellectuals are latent powers that opportunity will bring to the fore in various fields of endeavor in the future.

The fixed gaze of the individuals denote a calm, philosophic outlook upon life—a steady, optimistic viewpoint that the world in one short year hence, will be at their feet as they step from the threshold of their high school days and advance confidently forward with their magic slogan “En Avant” unfurled to the breeze.

The optimism of youth is noted in their eyes, in the cool assurance of happy contentment impressed upon their faces, a youthful enthusiasm that does not falter, pushes aside obstacles and walks along life's pathway with the “sang froid” of the conqueror.

The Juniors are a very united class of students, intelligent, athletic, musical, adding a touch of dramatic talent, and briefly told, the most versatile class in the High School.

—John Davidson, Class '28.



## COMMERCIAL CLASS.

Dear Juniors of '28:

We, the Commercial Class of '27 wish to leave you a bit of advice that may come in handy if you take the Business Course next year.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities, and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity.

Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibility, a coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency.

Exchew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectation.

Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremediated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast.

Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous becinity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent rapidity.

Shun double entendres, pestiferous profanity, obscurant of apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from “slang”; don't “put on airs”; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words!

Assuring you, that if you follow these rules you will meet with success as business men and women, we remain

Your devoted schoolmates,

CLASS OF '28,

By Gertrude and Dot.



### CATHEDRAL BOY SCOUTS.

In December 1925, twelve boys cleaned up the old buggy shed and loft of the Old Kenedy Home, and started a troop of Scouts. By February, this number had grown to twenty Tenderfoot Scouts. They met the other Troops in a Field Meet and won. Since then the boys have been in public on several occasions, giving two plays—"A Strenuous Afternoon," and "The Hour Glass"; enjoyed about twelve day, and three over-night hikes, and camped eight days in Brackenridge Park in San Antonio. Their number has grown to 35 active Scouts, 24 of whom have received the Star Scout insignia. Now they are rapidly preparing themselves to be Eagle Scouts. Troop No. 6 is an all Star Scout Troop. All Scouts who failed to reach this high degree have been transferred to Troop No. 8.

Anyone visiting Headquarters on or since the Ceremonial or Opening night on the first of February, have been convinced that the Scout movement means more than play. These boys have built from lumber: tables, cabinets, large chests; and a fire place that is a work of art. The Hall is filled with carvings, mounted animals, birds and snakes; also pelts made from the fur of animals. They have finished with paint, in artistic ways, their pool tables, and the heavy benches which they made from rough boards.

If you have not visited their Headquarters, especially their reading room, you have missed seeing something really worth while.

Cathedral Boy Scouts  
Troop No. 6.



### CATHEDRAL BOY RANGERS.

The Rangers also started out with twelve boys, and held a membership of about twenty-five. Of course the boy joins the Scouts as soon as he is twelve years old, thus thinning their numbers at a rapid pace. However, since their last initiation they can brag of twenty-seven registered members. They have closed their doors to new members until next September.

The Rangers have taken part in all the Scout activities, and had their share in presenting the Scout Shows. They also had the pleasure of joining the San Antonio hike.

The Rangers have their degrees, the first being that of BRAVE then HUNTER, and then WARRIOR,—their's being an organization of Indian lore. Six of the Rangers have reached the Eagle Feather degree which is the zenith of their advancement.

Time does not hang heavy on the heads of the Rangers, either. Their handicraft is on display in the Scout Hall in the way of Bird Houses, bows and arrows, and Indian head dresses. If you don't believe we little "kids" can work, just drop in and we will show you what we can do.

Cathedral Boy Rangers,  
Lodge 402.

## BOY SCOUT ROLL.

### CHARTER MEMBERS.

Thomas Cahill  
Eugene Dunne  
Donald Harrison  
Thomas Mireur

Albert Ordner  
Jay Robinson  
James Steele  
Nick Rossi

C. C. Wright  
Shirley Mireur  
Frederic McCaleb  
Thomas Mireur

### *Present Membership.*

Michael Cahill  
Thomas Cahill  
James Clarke  
Eugene Dunne  
Edward Barganski  
Elmer Barganski  
Aloysius Barganski  
Roy Crossley  
Hugh Chethan  
Frank Field  
Manuel Flores  
Hilary Gredes

Chris Guzman  
Clayton Grant  
Norwick Gravett  
Donald Harrison  
Walter Hull  
Dennis Kelly  
Louis La Rose  
Shirley Mireur  
Joe Marino  
Frederic McCaleb  
Albert Ordner  
Hubert McGloin

Arthur Oreschnigg  
Fred Paynter  
Alfred Ritter  
Nick Rossi  
Jay Robinson  
G. T. Rogers  
Henry Shaw  
James Steele  
Edward Smith  
C. C. Wright  
Howard Williams  
Dave Wright

## BOY RANGER ROLL.

### CHARTER MEMBERS.

Michael Cahill  
David Fritter  
Clayton Grant  
Chris Guzman

Peter Joseph Hall  
Robert Mireur  
Gilbert McGloin  
Hubert McGloin

Henry Shaw  
Wallace Whitworth  
John Young  
Harold McCaleb

### *Became Scouts During The Year.*

Michael Cahill  
Clayton Grant

Chris Guzman  
Hubert McGloin

Henry Shaw

### *Present Membership.*

Gilbert Zepeda  
Elmer Martin Woodward  
Eddie Cahill  
Adrian Anderson  
Julius Slolezal  
George Slolezal  
Patrick DeRoche  
Lige Edwards  
Henry Elliott

David Fritter  
William Graeff  
Raymond Galligher  
Dan A. Grover  
Peter Joseph Hall  
Arthur Kretchmann  
Glenn Juergens  
Grover Keaton  
Harold McCaleb

Philip Neihercott  
Gilbert McGloin  
B. J. Ordner  
James Roy Olsen  
James Robinson  
Frank Voeste  
John Stewart  
Manuel C. Vega  
John Young



# Society

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# Favorites

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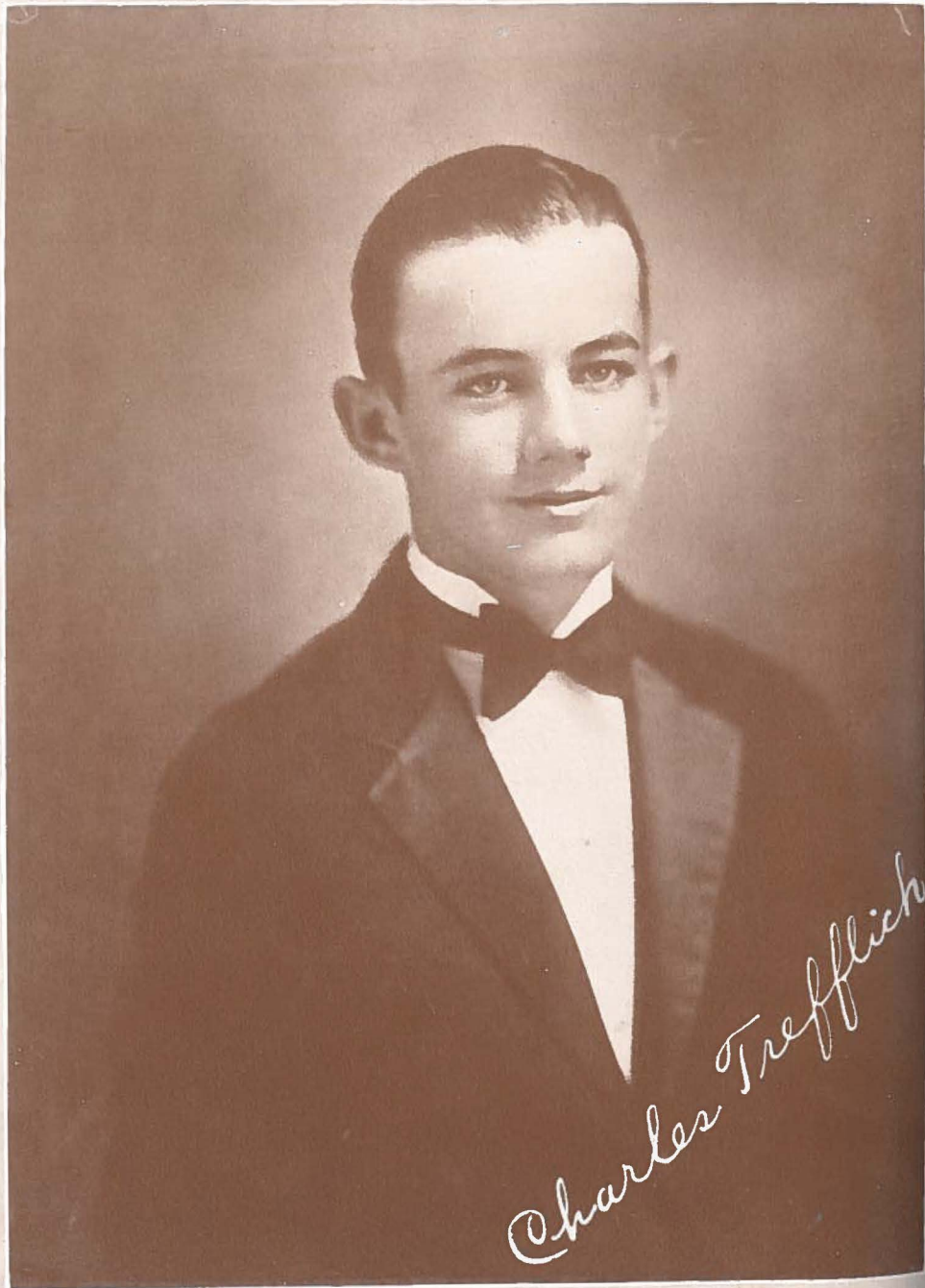
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Margaret Clarke



Vivian Mew



### HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

On the evening of October 29, the Juniors entertained the Seniors with a Hallowe'en Party. The grand march was made very attractive by the costumes worn by the participants. First prize for the best costume was won by Rev. Fr. Dan, and the second by Dolores Field. The guests seemed to have slipped down from the story books and histories of the library shelves and assembled for one big celebration. Dancing and games were enjoyed until late in the evening when a delicious ice course was served. The striking of the bedtime hour broke the magic spell and the youths were again themselves who "had had a perfectly lovely time."

### TACKY PARTY.

Who doesn't enjoy a "Tacky Party?" Well, the Seniors did, but don't. A Tacky Party was given by the Seniors on November 25, for the purpose of raising money for dear old "En Avant." Though the Seniors were disappointed over the small crowd attending, nevertheless a real good time was enjoyed by all present. Prizes for the tackiest costumes were awarded to Johanna Dunne and Nellie Louise Lincoln. Loly-pop, animal crackers and stick candy put the finishing touches to the pleasant afternoon, and all were invited to "come again."

### HATCHET PARTY.

On February the 28th the Seniors forgot their dignity and made their debut into the social world by means of a Hatchet Party given at the Cathedral Hall. Little red hatchets made of red cloth, were mailed to the many friends and relatives of the Seniors. These, containing an offering, were taken up as admission on the night of the party. The Hall was artistically decorated with red and white crepe paper, flags, and hatchets. The color scheme was further carried out in the tallies which were in the shape of hatchets, and were of red and white paper. Games of bridge, forty-two, euchre, and bunco were played. Prizes were awarded. Refreshments of coffee and cake were served to about two hundred guests.

### PASSION PLAY.

The Passion Play presented by the students of Incarnate Word College of San Antonio, at the High School Auditorium on April 7th

was a decided success. The Cast deserves the highest praise. The College Choir which came with the players harmonized, and at the same time made much more effective and impressive the dramatic scenes of the play. The great climax of the play pivots around the consummation of our Lord's promise in the last supper at which He gives to His Apostles Himself really, truly, and substantially. The acting of the Cast portrayed the intense religious feeling which the play itself demanded, and the effect was further heightened by the simplicity of the stage setting, as well as the ability of the different actors impersonating the great heroes of the Gospel.

The Seniors of I. W. A. welcomed the College students shortly after their arrival with a supper served in the Academy dining hall. After the play was over, the Seniors also served ice cream and cake to the visitors. The following morning the entire company was entertained with a boat sail, followed by a breakfast.

#### JUNIOR-SENIOR PICNIC.

The Juniors seem to recognize the value of the limelight of the school this year. Anyway, they have shown their appreciation for our dignity by entertaining us a second time this term. We will admit that this last time—the Junior-Senior Picnic was the "biggest time" of the year. We went to Calallen Pump House, and soon after our arrival climbed cliffs, etc., in search of Easter eggs hidden by the Juniors. The next thing on the program was a dinner, and again we must admit it was a real dinner—eats of all kinds, and plenty of it. After dinner snap shots were taken, boat rides were enjoyed; and even dancing was not excluded from the activities, for we had taken a portable Victrola with us. All the Seniors agree with me that this picnic was the most enjoyable treat of the year.

#### AFTERNOON LUNCHEON.

The Fish and Sophs refuse to be left in the back-ground in the social circles, so on Thursday, May 12, said classes entertained the High School Faculty and the Seniors with a delicious luncheon. The Academy dining hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion in yellow and white. Chicken sandwiches, salads, punch, and ice cream and cake were served. After the luncheon games were played. Three cheers for the Fish and Sophs—especially the Fish!

*Loretto Robinson, Class '27.*

## THE GREATER SERVICE.

Did you ever stop to think and try to benefit by the term "relativity"? No? You should. Anyone who is but slightly observant, undoubtedly has taken cognizance of the relative valuation placed on people, things, and conditions. Have you never witnessed a scene where true gave place to the apparent, genuine to false, noble to hypocritical?

Permit me to illustrate: Suppose a national figure would visit our city of Corpus Christi; and on the same day a certain movie comedian a mirth provoker would also arrive in this City. The bulk of population would turn out to meet, or to get a glimpse, or to shake hands with the latter. Supposing you went to meet the mirth provoker? I merely suppose. Would you not in moments of reflections feel remorse for doing honor to the one rather than the other? This is an example of misplaced valuation.

Again, where and with whom do you side on the notion of success? Do you align with those who call a man successful because he has amassed a fortune, has a commanding position, and exercises a widely diversified influence? Would you disregard the manner and the means whereby he attained the pinnacle of his fame? Or, on the other hand, do you consider a man successful even though he be not rich, nor is looked upon by the community, nor appointed leader, but who has enriched his soul by giving his own self to the various needs of his fellow-men, who became an aristocrat at heart?

There is a class of people on whom value is misplaced, probably more than that of any other class in our communities. Did you ever stop to think who is responsible in a great measure for the welfare of the coming generation? Who strives more than anyone else to bring up the youth of today with a moral spine, so that it will not shirk the many duties of our complex life? Who furnishes the background on which to work along educational, scientific, and spiritual lines? Perhaps you do not readily perceive whom it is my intention to point out.

Very likely, however, you know who is the most underpaid for the work she does. Who is less paid than the average person in any line of endeavor when it comes to financial remuneration for work tedious, many times unpleasant, nerve-racking, health-ruining? Yes, she is the person people frequently and pityingly refer to as "only a nun." And yet, the nun spends her life-time for the good of the coming generation with no hope of promotion in this world—and many a time with ungratefulness.

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Still the nun is the least complaining. You do not hear of nuns going on a strike. The career of a nun adds no enchantment to the graduated of our generation. Hence, many an educational institution is insufficiently equipped with their teaching staff. Those who already are on the staff are there to stay.

One perforce wonders why it is that the nun, though conscious of all the disadvantages, is there to stay. It is the GREATER SERVICE that they wish to perform. It is because they look upon it not from a mercenary point of view, but from a serviceable one—even to self-effacement, self-annihilation for others. There is no doubt that many nuns, if placed in executive capacities, would prove that they can very ably meet all requirements. Yet, they tread the way of obscurity and in many instances want. Why? Because they have a mission to perform. Conscious of this, they conscientiously perform their duties. They are not leaders of people. They are a source and fountain, from which leaders gather their knowledge to lead. Potentially they are thousands, for thousands benefit from what they say or from what they do.

Let us, therefore, correct some of our notions of things and peoples. Let us judge people and things by their true color, by their real worth. Let us give honor where honor is due. Above all, permit ourselves to be permeated by the spirit and sacrifice of those who painstakingly give us their all, so that we in turn might nobly perform our task when the time comes. We should always remember, and never forget those who do and perform—THE GREATER SERVICE.

J. J. C.

## PRIZE SHORT STORY.

### THE HEIGHTS OF AMBITION.

GERTRUDE RUSSELL.

Ruth Johnson was sitting at her desk in the senior English room. Having come early, she decided to read the news in the high school paper. As she picked up the paper her eye fell upon these words, pointed in glaring black lines:

"Black Pocket Book Found containing sketch of wonderful Amateur Artist."

It has evidently been lost by some high school senior, for the article explained that the bag was well worn and contained, besides the wonderful sketch, a senior pin. The article stated, moreover, that on the back of the pin the initials "R. J." were engraved.

Suddenly the clear voice of the teacher rang out: "I suppose every member of the class has read of the mysterious bag; and no doubt the initials stand either for Ruth Johnson or Rowena Jameson. Will the owner please step forward?"

Ruth's face turned very red; and as a result everyone knew that the bag belonged to her. The whole class laughed heartily as she whisked up to the platform to get her bag and its precious contents.

As soon as Ruth was seated, Rowena began to talk about her in a whisper to several friends. As they talked, they giggled and cast occasional glances toward Ruth.

Miss Bowman, who was presiding over the class, saw Ruth's discomfort. In a sharp tone of voice Miss Bowman demanded silence and application to study. Soon

all laughing and whispering ceased.

Again the instructor's clear voice was heard throughout the room: "Class, the artist chosen to make the sketches for the annual has broke his arm; and the indications are that he will be unable to continue his work. I suggest that the best plan for choosing a substitute is to have a test. The members of the faculty should give the test, and submit the results to the cartoonists of the local paper and the artists of our city. On account of the situation this plan will in my opinion, prove satisfactory."

The instructor waited for any suggestions that might be forthcoming; but her expectations were met by a sharp question from Rowena, "Miss Bowman, will you please tell me what you mean by the situation?"

"Yes, with pleasure, Rowena. It appears that every time a question comes up, the class is divided into two groups; one siding with you, the other with Ruth." These words were quite a shock to Rowena, and she took a step to brace herself.

After a short period of recitation, the instructor dismissed the class; and all of the pupils gathered up their books and prepared to go. Ruth was the first to step out of the room. She walked quickly away, because she could hear the comments of the girls and boys ringing in her ears.

Ruth walked rapidly through the narrow streets of the town, until she came to a wide green

THE HEIGHTS OF AMBITION, (Continued)

road that trailed majestically up the hill to a large white house, covered with vines and surrounded by many beds of colorful flowers. As Ruth walked on, there was one question that was uppermost in her mind: namely, "Why did Rowena dislike her?" Ruth tried and tried to untangle the web about the question; but she could not find the starting point.

Rowena had just entered high school that year. At the beginning of the school session, Ruth and Rowena were steadfast friends. Rowena was older, prettier, and in general more attractive than Ruth; consequently it was natural that Ruth should look up to her. Yet quite suddenly the friendship had been broken off by Rowena, and her sharp remarks were always cutting Ruth.

The very first unpleasant occurrence that Ruth could recall took place during the first month of school. The new Studebaker roadster had just been put on the market; and as it was Ruth's birthday, Mrs. Johnson purchased her one. Ruth had driven her car to school, and a number of girls and boys were admiring it. Rowena came up, scrutinized the beautiful new roadster and exclaimed, "Looks like an antique Ford." Rowena's face seemed lit up by a smile of malice and contempt. Immediately she walked away followed by some sniggering girls.

This remark deeply wounded Ruth's feelings. Rowena had on former occasions made many remarks about Ruth's mode of dress, her bob, her manner of speech, and her disposition; but such remarks did not hurt Ruth. It is true that she had no preten-

sions to being stylish; but her clothes, however, were always neat and orderly, Mrs. Johnson had seen to that. And little did Ruth suspect that this was the cause of the dislike.

Ruth continued her walk, but owing to her preoccupation of mind she was for sometime lost to the beauties of nature around her. Suddenly she stopped and gazed at the scene, everything was peaceful. The charm that stole in upon her senses seemed to reveal a bit of heaven; for the landscape before her was a masterpiece of the Supreme Hand. Walking to the hill top the vantage ground on which she now stood, was like trying to reach the goal of her ambitions. She went home feeling like a new girl.

The following morning, Miss Bowman announced that all those who wished to try for the place of class artist were to assemble in the English room as soon as school was dismissed in the afternoon. Accordingly Ruth, Rowena and several others assembled in the English room at the appointed time. Miss Bowman announced: "All contestants shall be given from Friday morning until Monday morning to produce a scene sketched from nature. The judges shall then decide on the best production; and the names of the winners will be made public Tuesday.

After this announcement the contestants dispersed. Ruth walked down the steps of the large high school with Rowena, whom she offered to take home.

Rowena hesitated, and then answered, "If you please—it is such a long walk."

THE HEIGHTS OF AMBITION, (Continued)

"Which road do you take?" questioned Ruth.

Straight out on the road to Louisville until you come to Dodd's filling station. Then turn to your right. After riding a mile down this road, please drop me and I will walk the rest of the way."

Ruth drove to Dodd's filling station as directed; and then she turned. The road lost all signs of Macadam; then all smoothness; then the road became irregular slopes with deep gullies. Ruth continued on until she came to a second turn in the road; and there stood a drab cottage covered with evergreens and surrounded by a broken down fence. "Surely this can not be where Rowena lives!" thought Ruth.

Suddenly a pig darted across the road, and Ruth saw it only in time to pull the car quickly to one side. As she did so, the frightened pig ran beneath her wheels. She suddenly turned the steering wheel; and in so doing, plunged into the ditch, landing on the driver's side.

Rowena said nothing, but she worked as quickly as she could to get Ruth from under the steering wheel. She pushed and pulled frantically. Her task was finally accomplished; so she half carried, half dragged the unconscious Ruth to the drab cottage—for the cottage was Rowena's home.

In a short time Ruth began to rally. But her first audible words were: "My arm! My arm!" Rowena's aunt put hot applications to the arm, while Rowena ran to the nearest telephone—a mile away—and called Mrs. Johnson and the doctor.

Half an hour later Mrs. Johnson and the doctor arrived. Mrs. Johnson came running in; and as she saw Ruth so pale, she was terrified. It took some time to quiet her. In the meantime the doctor examined Ruth's arm. He announced that it was broken and that Ruth would have to be rushed to town to have it set. The doctor carried her out to the car; and Mrs. Johnson having hurriedly thanked Rowena, and asked her to find someone to care for the car, drove back to town.

The doctor rushed Ruth to her bedroom. After two hours of labor he had set the arm and bandaged it. Ruth was in great pain, so the doctor recommended that she be kept quiet. When she awoke that night, she began to talk to her mother about the picture she was to paint.

Mrs. Johnson said, "Ruth I hate to tell you, but your arm is broken. I don't think you will be able to enter the contest. I am certainly sorry—Who is the girl you took home?"

"Oh, that is Rowena Jameson, responded Ruth. Everyone thinks that either she or I will get the position. Formerly she was my friend; but for some unknown reason she is now my rival. No matter what I do, she makes some comment upon it. But I know deep under the surface, that she is my friend."

"That is all right," said Mrs. Johnson, "She will feel sorry for what she has done, and will be glad to be your friend."

"Well, let's hope so," returned Ruth with a deep sigh. But I certainly do want to try to win first place for that picture. Don't you

THE HEIGHTS OF AMBITION, (Continued)

suppose I could do it since it is my left arm that is broken?"

"We had better ask the doctor for sure, Honey," was the sweet reply.

"All right; and if possible I will color it. I am going to paint a nature scene—a picture that I have admired since I was six years old. I am going to paint the bridge, and the stream, and the oak trees. Oh, I am just so anxious to begin that picture" said Ruth with enthusiasm.

"I will ask the doctor when he comes to-day," Mrs. Johnson said.

Mrs. Johnson asked the doctor about the matter. And his reply was, "Of course, she can. That is if she does not overtax herself."

Ruth was very happy over his reply, and she immediately set to work. First she drew a pencil sketch of her picture. She drew the bridge, the oak trees, the stream, the flowers. She seemed to reproduce in miniature the workmanship of the Supreme Hand. Ruth worked continuously for almost three hours. Then her mother bade her stop for the time being. The girl was overjoyed at how much she had accomplished.

Rowena, also, had tried to work on her painting, but in vain for her aunt was always calling upon her to do something. As soon as she got home from school, she tried to draw; but her aunt said, "Put down that stuff and get to that washing."

"Just as you say. Walk four miles in and back from school; try to draw a picture, and then do the washing. It will be the end of a perfect day," Rowena's almost hysterical voice cried out.

The woman moved on; and a man's voice—and a weary cough broke in, "What's that? Honey, don't sass your aunt like that. She is doing all she can."

"But, Daddy, I can't bear it. I am trying to make a picture for a contest; but I can not so much as get started. If I only had Mother, I could bear it all," she said with a sob.

Both girls worked diligently, and handed their pictures in Monday morning; Ruth's—her beloved scene, and Rowena's—a picture of the drab cottage and its surroundings. The other contestants also handed their pictures in; but none were quite so good as Ruth's and Rowena's.

The following morning, the judges announced the verdict, "The pictures of Misses Ruth Johnson and Rowena Jameson are equally good. Either one of these girls may be selected as artist for the school annual. We have left it to the faculty to decide between the two pictures."

An hour later the faculty decided on the picture of Miss Ruth Johnson. The judges, having made the announcement, were again seated, and a burst of applause broke out.

At noon, Miss Bowman and Rowena went to tell Ruth of her victory. Miss Bowman spoke first. She said, "Ruth, you have been chosen as class artist. Congratulations."

"Oh, how glad I am," responded Ruth. "But, Rowena, I am so sorry that I have been chosen, because I wanted you to get the position. I know that you are more capable than I am; therefore I am going to resign, and you are to be the artist."

THE HEIGHTS OF AMBITION, (Continued)

Before Rowena had time to collect her thoughts, the English teacher said, "You will be joint artists."

"Of course," cried Rowena and Ruth.

"And Mother will look after both of us," said Ruth.

Rowena's head went down; and in a small shaky voice she said, "Will you not draw a picture of your most treasured scene and

put it in the annual?"

"I would certainly like to. It is the height of my ambition," Ruth replied.

Ruth's victory was twofold: she had been appointed class artist, and had won the affections of her rival, Rowena. The silver lining of the dark clouds had appeared, and the road ahead now seemed clear.



NAME	NICKNAME	DISPOSITION	PROBABLY WILL BE	NEVER KNOWN TO	WANTS
Marjorie Graeff	Flip	Good natured	An acrobat	Be idle	Boxing gloves
Adeline Rachal	Ade	Quite	Physics teacher	Gossip	Hair switch
Mary DeRoche	Radio	Noisy	Broadcaster	Be still	A diploma
Loretto Robinson	Flaming	Jolly	Last Married	Without gum	Black hair
Vivian Mew	Flower	Amiable	Debator	Argue? ? ?	Curls
Katie Belle Priour	'K'	Friendly	Bathing Beauty	Speak above a whisper	A megaphone
Peter Dunne	Pete	Generous	Speed Cop	Not to be surrounded	A boy companion
Margaret Clarke	Curly	Not so bad	Society Belle	Get out of step	Good times
Gertrude Worm	Big Worm	We wonder!	Beauty specialist	Make a perfect page	Vanity case
Margaret Gollihar	Goofy	Studious???	An Old Maid	To be quiet	SENSE
Louise Gravett	Bobby	Kind	A model	Say "No"	To get thin
Dolores Field	Lola	Could be worse	Catechism teacher	Be without a smile	Roadster
Clyde McCaleb	Fats	Happy go lucky	Philosopher	Miss a meal	Manliness
Vera Dunn	Little	Cheerful	Remembered	Yell	A hair ribbon
Celia Garcia	Chela	Indifferent	A nun	Quarrel	A veil
Veronica	Fronie	I should worry	Scholar	Know her lessons	A longer dress
Cinda Rivera	Red River	Friendly	Teacher	Dispute	A Ford
Mary Cech	Mumsie	Lovable	A "Steno"	Stand up	A permanent wave
Rose Lee Petzel	Coochie	Jovial	Keeper of a Zoo	Tell a joke	A monkey
Tom Abernathy	Flower	Mysterious	A hermit	Get excited	A pass to Wharton
John Davidson	Jack	Easy going	Lawyer	Have his work up	A home in Beeville
Lupe Garcia	Lupita	Changeable	Seamstress	Use lip stick	Sewing machine
Charles Trefflich	Charlie	Indescribably	Jockey	Be inquisitive	Chevrolet
Odelia Hoelscher	Delie	Jealous	An old maid	Be in love	Discretion
Dorothea Bonner	Dot	Peculiar	Class Beauty '28	Fly up	A nurse for Beverly
Catherine Ordner	Kat	Sweet	A nun	Dispute	Patience
Gertrude Russell	Jim	Amiable	A dancer	Flunk	Golden Glint
Michael Mireur	Mike	Singular	Shiek	Speak to a girl	A trumpet
Olive Worm	Ollie	Jolly	Dancer	Dance	Sense
Margaret Rachal	Peggy	Peppy	Artist	Talk	A Ford
John Kennedy	Hal	Goofy	A second Rip Van Winkle	Know his history	Brains
Helen Kennedy	Hal	Peculiar	An old maid	To agree	Bobbed hair
Adella Medley	Pug	Changeable	A society matron	To flirt	A car
Anna Klinger	Peroxide	Queer	Mrs. Blue Beard	Drive a car	A car
Thomas Mireur	Noisy Foot	Witty	A Captain of the Salvation Army	To shut up	Brains
Gladys Wright	Shrimp	All right	Manager of the 5¢ and 10¢	To be in Kress'	Rain
Albert Ordner	Samson	Rough	A prize fighter	To have a date	A vocation
Luey Dunne	Stumpy	Funny	A giant	Go to a picture show	? ? ?
Lucille Mew	Lanky	Nice	A historian	Gossip	To be a blonde
Marie Botello	Bottle	Backward	A musician	Laugh	To be a taxi driver
Sylvia Barganski	Bud	Lovable	A farmerette	Smile	To win a beauty prize
Pauline D.	Baby Face	Sour	A movie star	To cry	An education
Maurice Gravett	Red	Hot	Famous	Use slang	A permanent wave
James Steele	Yake	Cranky	A Scout Master	Walk home	A merit badge
Richard Gallagher	Ric	Quick tempered	A milkman	Give anyone a ride	A dictionary
Fairy Gallagher	Legs	Sweet	Mrs. ? ? ?	Sass the teacher	To eat
Dorothy Prior	Dot	Quiet	A milkmaid	Talk to a boy	A fellow
Bertha Pena	Eyes	Lovely	A Senorita	Interfere	A Don Juan
Pauletta Lozana	Sleepy	Sour	A storekeeper	Study	A face lift
Johanna Dunne	Breakers				
Margaret Hall	Hotel	Talkative	Champion speller	Cheat	A speller
Mary Cahill	Red Nose	Medium	A beauty	Wear a coat	A novel hero
	Question Box	Quiet	A hen	Ask a question	To get the Home, Work
Martha Holland	Rojo	She'll pass	A wig maker	Stutter	Some freckles
Martha O'Neil	Agent	Quite	A horse doctor	Miss school	A cure
Catherine La Rose	Plait	Fighting	A prize fighter	Win a battle	An opponent
Frances Clarke	Franky	Jolly	A dancer	Curl her hair	A Buick
Josephine	Opossum	Stuck-up	A school teacher	Come down	A permanent
Thelma Gollihar	Tiny	Shy	A singer	Talk	A toy
Irene Dunn	Cherie	Sporty	A gym teacher	To frown	To swim the English Channel
Shirley Mireur	Yellow	Funny	A chinaman	To scowl	To eat rice
Edward Matthews	Ed	Slow but sure	A bugologist	Get in a hurry	A boll weevil
Jack Sutherland	Sonny	Mild	A bus driver	Play ball	To learn Spanish
John Timon	Tim	Lashful	A Judge	Blush	A Sphinx
Bailey Reese	Loco	Silly	A historian	Study	Wisdom
Octavio Luna	Chile	Bragging	A mathematician	Laugh	An Algebra
Frederic McCaleb	Fats	Aggravating	An orator	Cry	A study period
Evelyn Shaw	Midget	Snappy	A teacher	Giggle	A Fairy.



Jan. 1<sup>st</sup>



An Apple between Them



Oh!!



1.....2.....3.....



Seniors Making Candy



How many killed?



False Alarm



Fresh Cabbage—?



Four Dead Sophs



Males



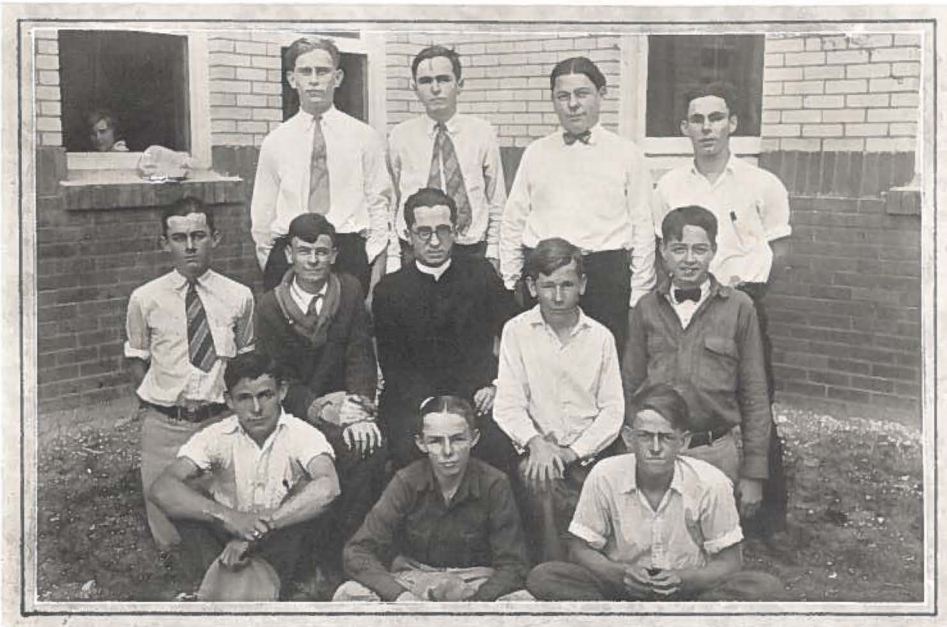
Convict Line



Jolly Seniors

Beeville White Stars	6	Cathedral	6
" " "	0	" "	13
George Evans Cats	0	" "	6
Corpus Bear Cats	0	" "	60
" " "	0	" "	6
<b>Total</b>	<b>6</b>		<b>91</b>

J.J.C.



TEAM NO. ONE.

Top row: Albert Ordner, Michael Mireur, Clyde McCaleb, Nicholas Rossi, Capt.  
 Center: Charles Trefflich, James Steele, Father Chrzanowski, coach,  
 Jack Kenedy, Thomas Mireur.  
 Bottom: Howard Williams, Shirley Mireur, Jay Robinson.

## FOOTBALL.

The football team of the past season, under the guidance of Father Chrzanowski as coach, was a success. Father Chrzanowski put forth his best efforts and produced a winning team. Almost every afternoon, from the very beginning of the school term, he taught the boys the scientific side of football.

Father Chrzanowski's intention in the beginning of the season was to arrange a difficult schedule. However, circumstances did not permit him to carry out his plans. The team was called the "Cathedral Pirates." Although the team was not equipped, because of the lack of funds, nevertheless all the games were won with the exception of one which was tied. The boys certainly made a creditable showing, which reflected honor to our efficient coach. If Father Chrzanowski has good material next year, we predict that the Incarnate Word Academy will have a team that will rank well with many of the High Schools in Southwest Texas.

If the Cathedral Pirates were to have a broadcasting station, many Parishioners would be tuning in on station P-I-R-A-T-E-S, and listening with pleasure to the various activities presented by the boys of the Incarnate Word Academy. If it were possible to bring such an idea into actuality, the program of the Cathedral Pirates station would be taken up almost entirely with the activities of the Pirate's foot-ball team, which according to the Corpus Christi Caller, was in full swing.

Alas, by the looks of things, the Cathedral Pirates must be well contented with the success of 1926 and 1927 season's Football games. Let us put away this idea of radio



TEAM NO. TWO.

Top Row: Hugh Cheatham, Robert Mireur, Thomas Cahill, James Clarke, Fred McCaleb.  
 Center: Michael Cahill, captain, Dennis Kelly, Father Chrzanowski, coach,  
 Donald Harrison, Arnold Davidson.  
 Bottom: Harold McCaleb, Henry Shaw, Edward Cahill.

## FOOTBALL—(Continued)

broadcasting—as a dream! Why should we spend so much time in getting down to the initial purpose of this article?

So far as it is understood, this article is meant for some kind of an account of our football eleven, and its goings in the line of kicking the goal during the past season of football playing.

To begin with, one would naturally expect to be informed upon the present standing of the games played during the last season. The Cathedral Pirates have played five games, four of which were chalked up as victorious and the fifth as a tie.

The first game was played with the White Stars of Beeville at the opponents ground, and resulted in a tie, the score being 6-6. The details of the contest might be of interest to many a reader of En Avant. Both teams were equally matched. The young blood of St. Patrick's Cathedral of Corpus Christi put up a good battle. The Pirates scored after recovering a fumble, Shirley Mireur having carried the ball over the goal line. Beeville scored after completing a pass, Jack Davidson taking the ball over.

The second game, featuring the Cathedral Pirates and the Beeville White Stars, was played at Kleberg Park at Corpus Christi. The visiting eleven were defeated by a 13-0 score.

The first touchdown came in the first quarter when, after a brilliant line smash, Shirley Mireur was catapulted across the goal line. The Pirates again scored in the second quarter, when Tommy Cahill made a sixty yard dash for the second counter, and Mike Cahill kicked a goal for point.

## FOOTBALL—(Continued)

The White Stars threatened in the third quarter, when Giddenfeld made an end run of forty yards. They were held by the Pirate line and failed to score.

The third game was played with the George Evans Cats on the Cathedral Hall grounds. The sea-rovers defeated the felines by a 6-0 score. The scoring was done in the second quarter by Dennis Kelly after several unsuccessful attempts on the part of the Pirates to make end runs.

The fourth game—the Cathedral Pirates Football team twisted the Bear Cat's Tails at the Kleberg Park to the tune of 60-0.

Albert Ordner of the Pirates made a sixty yard dash for a touchdown, which was one of the features of the game. The Pirates scored nine touchdowns, one touchback and three goal kicks. Nick Rossi and Michael Mireur tied for touch-down honors, each having made three touchdowns.

The fifth and last game of the season was also a victory for the Pirates. The game was played at Kleberg Park and the score was 6-0. The Bear Cats fought intensively against the Pirates. They were determined to win the game. The score was nothing to nothing until Howard Williams came to the Pirate's assistance and scored in the third quarter, carrying the ball over the goal line.

1. Robert Mireur—Center. Weakling sure did surprise us all. When he was put on the team, his buddies complained, but after the first game played at Beeville they changed their opinion of him.

2. Frederick McCaleb—Right Guard. Fred was there with the goods when it came to stopping a line. He made some good plays, although at first he was to play Full Back, he was later changed to Right Guard, where he showed the boys what he was made of.

3. James Clark—Right Tackle. Bunny contributed greatly to the iron wall defense of the line. Although he is slim, nevertheless his natural disposition is such, that he who observed him carefully during the games could easily come to a conclusion that strength and a robust body are not always necessary for a tackle.

4. Harold McCaleb—Right End. Hal, although an exceedingly small boy, made the team. He certainly had the determination and he did some all-around good playing at the Right End.

5. Hugh Cheatham.—Left Guard. Hugh got his chance in a few games and made good in them all. Hugh was a success on the team and he will be one of the stars next year.

6. Henry Shaw—Left Tackle. This boy is smaller than Hal, but he sure was a "Wild Bull" of the Campus. He was a hard tackler for his size and was one of the strong boys of the team. He will surely be a great success for the team next season.

7. Edward Cahill—Left End. Although light and young, Eddie filled in at end when called upon. In fact he did not have to be coaxed. He was always there like a true veteran.

8. Michael Cahill—Quarterback. (Captain). Mike quickly made himself famous by his ability to pass, his lightning like runs, and hard tackling.

9. Dennis Kelly—Right Half. Dennis was one of the best players of the season. His excellent playing pulled the team out of many tight holes.

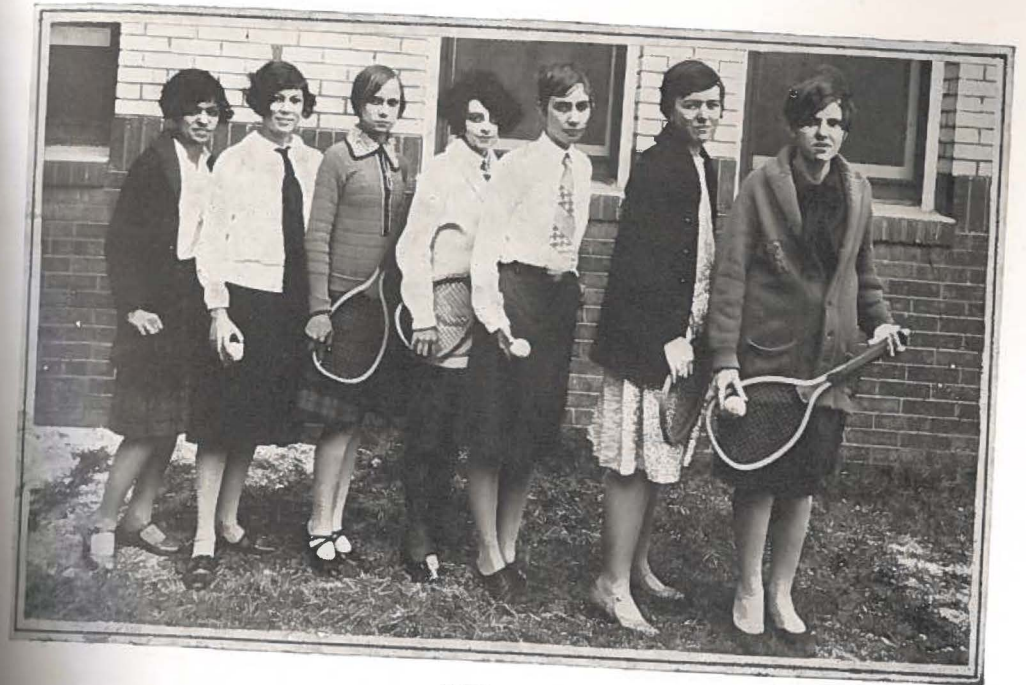
10. Donald Harrison—Left Half. Donald, a fiery headed man, was a good player.

11. Thomas Cahill—Full Back. Tommy surprised the coach. When it came to running, Tom was there.

12. Arnold Davidson—Right End. This boy played a good game and contributed in a large measure to the financial success of the team.

The other Football players, besides those mentioned were: Thomas Mireur, Clyde McCaleb, Peter Dunne, Charles Trefflick, C. C. Wright, James Steele and Jay Robinson.

—Margaret Clarke, Editor in Chief.



TENNIS



BASKET BALL

## STUNTS.

1. On November 16, the Science Class visited the West Maximus. We must have looked "green." As it was the first large ship that most of us had seen, no doubt we had an appearance similar to a "country-jay," on his first visit to New York City. My, how hard we did try to look wise!

2. Seniors gave Mary DeRoche a "Surprise Party" on November 29. You ask, "In what honor?" Well, let us tell you. The day before we had gone to Beeville to have our pictures taken for the Annual, Mary had left her lunch on the Convent porch. Did she miss it on the trip? Ask her. Anyway, someone kindly placed said lunch in the School Cafeteria, and when it was found the next day by the Senior Sponsor, Mary was doomed to receive a surprise. It took her nearly five minutes to recognize her forgotten lunch, and to catch the joke. Of course we all enjoyed it, even thought it was a little stale.

3. When it comes to making candy the Seniors take the cake. However, the Senior's candy has a flavor that excels all other makes. What is the reason? Why, Loretto, alias "Flaming," stuck half her hand in a measure of the divinity.

4. The trip to the Water Works was a howling success. However, climbing cliffs is not always successful. I wonder. But who said that the Senior Class did not have a hero? That we have was proved on this trip when Pete "went swimming." Of course he got drenched, but the river was rather wet that day anyhow.

5. Poor Juniors! They planned a picnic for St. Patrick's Day. Just a little scheme to get ahead of the Seniors. It was to be a complete secret. However, a dropped note revealed the secret, and the Seniors enjoyed their hike to the beach all the more as a consequence.

6. May be Darwin was right after all. Anvhow, this was the theory believed by the Seniors when Mariorie and Mary had to descend from the attic of the K. of C. Hall to the second floor "a la rope." Of course, there was a pulley ladder handy, but as is usual with these modern "inconveniences," it could not be let down. However, being Seniors, the two were used to getting out of pinches, and soon landed lightly on their feet, safe and sound.

7. There was quite an excitement on March 3rd. The Juniors had a meeting behind closed doors, with black curtains drawn over the glass. What could it all mean? Nothing, of course. They were just deciding how to close their contest. They put all their votes on their popular girl, but did they beat the Seniors? Not on your life!!

*Vivian Mew, Class '27.*



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**For Bulletins, Address The Registrar**

## NAGGING EDDY.

Time 7:00 A. M.

Mother's Voice:—"Eddy! Oh, Eddy! Do you hear? Get up now. I say get up. It's seven o'clock."

Eddy's Voice:—"Yes-um."

Mother's Voice:—"Eddy are you up? Why don't you answer me?"

Father's Voice (from led):—"Eddy Newstead, answer your mother. Don't you hear her? Don't have her yelling her poor lungs out at you."

Time 7:15 A. M.

Aunt's Voice:—"Do hurry down, dear. Your waffles are getting cold."

Father's Voice:—"Eddy, you still there! Well get downstairs."

Father (mumbling to himself):—"You can't even have quite in your own bed."

Eddy's Voice (on way downstairs):—"Yes-um, I'm down now."

Big Sister's Voice:—"For heaven's sake, Eddy, learn to pick up your feet, you sound like Cox's army coming downstairs."

Eddy (entering breakfast room):—"Mornin', everybody."

Mother's Voice:—"Eddy Percival Newstead, march right upstairs and wash your neck. Just look at that streak of dirt an inch wide right above your collar. Spare neither soap nor water."

Eddy (ten minutes later):—"Well, I'm sure of it this time."

Time 7:45 A. M.

Mother's Voice:—"Do you realize that you are already ten minutes late for school? Do hurry."

Big Sister's Voice:—"Eddy Newstead, come back here with my magazine. Here is your note book. You will actually drive me to distraction."

Aunt's Voice:—"Eddy. Catch that door quick. BANG!!!!

Aunt (after Eddy's departure):—"The child has an easy life. Nor worries or bothers. Just fun and sunshine."

Time 7:00 P. M.

Father's Voice (from behind evening paper):—"Eddy, put that dog out at once. What do you think I had the dog house built for?"

Sister's Voice:—"Eddy, turn off the victrola. Don't you hear it scratching?"

Mother's Voice:—"When the Jones come this evening and they ask you to play, don't you dare say you don't know anything. Play something."

Aunt's Voice:—"Above all things, don't wind your legs around the piano stool like a cork screw."

Sister's Voice:—"Pick up these mes-y cross-word puzzles you have strewn all over the table. You keep this house in a turmoil."

TIME: Two hours later. Visitors departed.

Big Sister (sobbing):—"Eddy Newstead, you imbecile, you've ruined my reputation."

Aunt's Voice:—"Eddy, you oley orders like a Chinaman reads a book. In the future I firmly resolve to give you the task to be performed first, last."

Big Sister (still sobbing):—"My flowers! To think that you told those people that I sent them to myself. Oh, you wretch. I could kill you."

Mother's Voice (from upstairs):—"Eddy, come up to bed."

Time: Ten minutes later.

Eddy's Voice:—"Good night, everybody."

Father's Voice:—"That's the first sensible word you've uttered today."

And they still insisted that dear Eddy had such a pleasant, peaceful life, unlike most boys. Well, at least they had part of the story right. His life was unlike most boys.

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## EXPERIMENT 200—THE STATE OF AN EGG.

**Object:**  
To appease our hunger regardless of consequences.

**Apparatus:**

Beaker, tripod, sandbath, watch glass, and bunsen burner, connections, penknife.

**Material:**

Soft boiled egg, NaCl, H<sub>2</sub>O, appetite.

**Procedure:**

A--Arranged a tripod and sandbath over the Bunsen burner. Placed a beaker of cold H<sub>2</sub>O on the sandbath and gently lowered into it a brown-shelled soft-boiled egg, (previously removed from the breakfast table and transferred to the laboratory in a uniform pocket). Covered the beaker with a watch glass to keep in all the heat. We let it boil fifteen minutes.

Took off the hot water and replaced it with cold water to cool the egg. Removed the shell. The egg was hard.

**Reaction:**

Soft boiled egg plus heat=hard boiled egg.  
After a few minutes we proceeded to the stock room. This last step was taken while the majority of the class was preparing Chlorine.

**Test:**

B--In the stock room we cut the egg in "two" with a pearl-handled penknife, and sprinkled NaCl over each half. Regardless of the fact that grace was necessary before a meal we omitted it; and with the greedy avidity of a starving boarder each devoured her separate and distinct half of the egg. (Despite this improptu luncheon and the ordinary six slices (?) of the 3:30 collation we ate the usual amount of supper which yielded the traditional result.)

**Reactions:**

- (1) Hardboiled egg plus NaCl—palatable nutriment for fastidious appetites.
- (2) Egg so treated plus usual collation plus supper=sleepless night.

**Conclusion:**

C--Hard boiled eggs may be more pleasing to the taste than soft ones. It may be more fun to boil eggs in class than to make Chlorine but retributive justice ever lurks in the wake of the "may be's."  
—Boarders of I. W. A. '27.

—cHs—

### TWO VIEWPOINTS TO HIS CLASS.

"Albert," said his mother, "I should think you would be ashamed to be in the same class with boys so much smaller than yourself."  
"Well, mother," replied Albert, "I look at it in a different way. It makes me feel fine to see how proud the small boys are to be in the same class with a big boy like me."

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Sister B:—"What is a thermometer?"  
Michael:—"An instrument used to vary the temperature.

—cHs—

### WHERE IT WENT.

A school principal was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

"Now, boys," he said. "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing life, of the second one as representing liberty and the third one as representing the pursuit of happiness. Next Sunday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

The following Sunday the teacher said to the youngest member, "Now, Johnny, produce your buttons and tell what they stand for."  
"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's life. an' here's liberty, but mommer sewed the pursuit of happiness on my pants."

—cHs—

Tom:—"Charlie, lend me five dollars."

Charlie:—"All right, just take it out of that ten dollars you owe me."

—cHs—

Sister B:—"Define deficit."

Dorothea:—"A deficit is what you've got when you haven't as much as if you had just nothing."

—cHs—

A college boy's letter to his father: Dear Father: No mon'. no fun. Your son.

His father's answer: "Too bad, how sad, Your dad."

—cHs—

### ALWAYS AFTER MARY.

They were having a lesson in history. The teacher was examining the pupils on the subject of British sovereigns.

"Who came after Henry the Eighth?" asked the teacher.  
"Edward the Sixth," answered Cinda.

"Right. And who succeeded Edward the Sixth?"  
"Mary," replied Adeline.

"Correct; and who came after Mary?"  
There was a puzzled pause. Then Tom who had heretofore not contributed much to the progress of learning, had an inspiration. He stood, with a triumphant look on his face:

"The little lamb!"

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HOW'D HE KNOW?

Golfer:—"My lad, do you know what becomes of little boys who use bad language while they are playing marbles?"  
Fred:—"Yes, Sir; they grow up and play golf."

—————cHs—————

Pete:—(to girl pounding piano in music store) "Would you mind playing 'Some Time?'"  
Girl:—"What d'ya think I'm doin', big boy? Sleepin'!"

—————cHs—————

Mrs. Dunne:—"I've called you a half dozen times, Lucy, and you don't take the slightest notice. I'm sure I don't know what you will be fit for when you grow up."  
Lucy:—"Oh, I'll probably be a waitress in a tea room."

—————cHs—————

Hawaii?  
I'm Hungary.  
I'm Chili.  
Aw, Guam. I don't Bolivia.

—————cHs—————

Tom:—"Look out, Gertrude and Olive, a hen doesn't quit scratching just because worms are scarce."  
Gertrude:—"Beware you: self, they eat other insects also."

—————cHs—————

Clyde:—"Well, what's the matter now?"  
Fred:—"One of my teeth stepped on my tongue."

—————cHs—————

Sister X. (in history class):—"In what battle was General Wolf killed?"  
Vera:—"I think it was his last one."

—————cHs—————

ARITHMETICALLY SPEAKING.

Sunday-School Teacher:—"Willie, how many Commandments are there?"  
Willie:—"Ten."  
Teacher:—"That's right. If you broke one of them what would happen?"  
Willie:—"There would be nine left."

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Dolores:—"Lupita almost drowned last night in the dormitory."  
Celia:—"How come?"  
Dolores:—"The pillow slipped, the bed spread, and she fell into the spring."  
—————cHs—————

Freshman (at P. O.):—"I'd like to see some of your two-cent stamps, please."  
The clerk produced a sheet of one hundred twos.  
The freshman pointed to a stamp in the center: "I'll take that one," he said.  
—————cHs—————

Sister X:—"What happened in 1845?"  
Marjorie (absent minded):—"Wasn't it the War of 1812?"  
—————cHs—————

#### BRIGHT SAYINGS OF PARENTS.

"Could I mow the lawn for you, ma'am?" asked a boy scout eagerly of a beaming housewife.  
Having gained her consent he worked diligently beneath a hot sun throughout the day. Flushed, tired and triumphant, he presented himself at her door late that afternoon.  
"All done?" she smiled.  
"Yes'm," he replied.  
"Very well," she concluded, closing the door, "you can consider this your good turn for today."  
—————cHs—————

#### PAINFUL.

Teacher:—"Nellie, give me a sentence with the word pain in it."  
Nellie (after a little reflection):—"The janitor says you give him a pain with your highfallutin' airs."  
—————cHs—————

#### LEFT THEIR FAMILIES.

On the morning of the entertainment his mother suggested that he should take his little sister, about four years old, with him. He hung his head.  
"Don't you want to take her?" his mother asked.  
"No, I don't," he answered.  
"Why not?"  
"Cause there ain't none of the other fellers has to bring their children," was the reply.  
—————cHs—————

Mary DeR. (declaiming in oratory class):—"My intellect is my fortune."  
Voice from the rear:—"Don't take it too hard—poverty is no crime."

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A LARGE EXCEPTION.

"At least once in my life I was glad to be down and out."  
"And when was that?"  
"After my first trip in an airplane."

—cHs—

A STUDENT'S LAMENT AT MONTHLY TESTS.

"Tests, tests everywhere;  
No books; just paper and ink;  
And ne'er a teacher who'll leave the room  
And let a fellow think."

—cHs—

Fr. Dan waited very patiently for the train to take him back to Kingsville—waited one hour—two hours—and just decided to hire a bus to make the journey when Peter and Clyde who were with him exclaimed—"Oh, wait a minute, Father, the train will be here soon."  
"How do you know?" he inquired.  
"Well, here come the conductor's dog, so the train can't be very far behind."

—cHs—

The Science class was having a lesson on animals, when Sr. B. asked, "Why does a dog hang out his tongue when running?"  
Mike:—"To balance his tail, Sister."

—cHs—

Tom slipped and fell on the icy pavement one day in December. Just then Mr. Miller came along and remarked quite solemnly, "The wicked standeth in a slippery place."  
"I see they do, but I can't," replied Tom, trying to arise.

—cHs—

Mother:—"If you wanted to go fishing, why didn't you come and ask me first?"  
Albert:—"Because I wanted to go fishing."

—cHs—

The diner had waited ten minutes. Finally he called the waiter. "Your fish will be here in five minutes," said the waiter.  
"Tell me, waiter," said the diner, "what bait are you using."

—cHs—

Sr. A.:—"You're the slowest pupil we have ever had. Aren't you quick at anything?"  
Fred:—"Yes, Sister, nobody can get tired as quickly as I can."

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—cHs—

"Are you the plumber?"

"Yes, mum."

"Well, be careful about your work; all my floors are highly polished and in excellent condition."

"Oh, don't worry about me, mum, I won't slip, I've got nails in me boots."

—cHs—

### DOUBLING UP.

Sister P., (trying to explain to her violin pupils the meaning of *f* and *ff* in a piece of music they were about to learn. After explaining the first sign, she said,)—"Now, children, what do you say: if *f* means *forte*, what does *ff* mean?"

"Eighty!" shouted Margaret Dolores.

—cHs—

### PASSING THE BUCK.

"Why do we permit Paris to dictate our fashions?"

"We wouldn't dare make the kind of clothes we like to wear," answered Miss Cayenne. "So we pay Paris a little extra for taking the blame."

—cHs—

### ALL EXPLAINED.

Farmer:—"See here, young feller, what are you doing up that tree?"

Thomsy:—"One of your apples fell down and I'm trying to put it back."

—cHs—

Mrs. Trefflick:—"Charley, there were three pieces of cake in the pantry and now there is only one. How did that happen?"

Charley:—"Well, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other piece."

—cHs—

Auto Driver:—"Are you a mechanic?"

Stranger:—"No, sor, O'im a McCarty."

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Sister X.:—"Why does an Indian wear feathers on his head?"  
Bailey:—"To keep his wigwam."

-----cHs-----

### CITING LIKE FOR LIKE.

Murphy (in front of jeweler's window):—"Casey, how'd ye like to have your pick here?"  
Casey:—"Sure, an' Oid ruther have me shovel."

-----cHs-----

Peter:—"Well, I showed up the teacher before the whole class today."

Clyde:—"How come? Wise us up."

Peter:—"She asked me for Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and I had to get up and tell her he never lived there. Oh! you should have heard the whole class laugh then."

-----cHs-----

"Here's a piece in the paper. Mandy." said Uncle Jabez, "wantin' to know what we owe to our neighbors?"  
"Hope to goodness," said Aunt Mandy, "that it'll put Hanner Jones in mind o' that cup o' lasses, the quiltin' frames, the 3 settin's o' yeast, and the washboard that she borried an' haint think to bring back yit!"

-----cHs-----

Sr. B.:—"In what sort of metre is Scribber's poem written, Johnnie?"

Johnnie:—"Gas metre,"

Sr. B.:—"How so, Johnnie?"

Johnnie:—"So many unnecessary feet."

-----cHs-----

Cptimist:—"God helps them that help themselves."  
Senior '27:—"Yes, and God help those that don't."

-----cHs-----

Teacher:—"What is the difference in saying 'You have a black and white dress, or you have a black and a white dress?'"  
Ethel:—"Well, Sister, I'd have a change."

-----cHs-----

### QUALIFIED.

"What profession is Fred going to select?"  
Fond Mother:—"He had better take up the lawyer's profession. He is naturally argumentative and bent on mixing into other people's troubles, and he might just as well get paid for his time."

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off. "Ah suah does pity you," said a colored pugilist as they squared  
"Ah was born with boxin' gloves on."  
"Maybe you was," retorted the other. "An' ah reckon youse gwoine  
to die the same way." \_\_\_\_\_cHs\_\_\_\_\_

James:—"Where are you running?"  
Octavio:—"Oh, to stop a fight."  
James:—"Who's fighting?"  
Octavio:—"Just me and another freshman."  
\_\_\_\_\_cHs\_\_\_\_\_

Sister B:—"Tom, where is the spelling I told you to write on the  
board?"  
Tom (who had just erased his work):—"Oh that's all right, Sister  
it was just like Clyde's." \_\_\_\_\_cHs\_\_\_\_\_

### A NIGHTMARE.

Lost in the Sahara, dying of thirst, and completely surrounded  
by mountains of peanut-butter sandwiches.  
\_\_\_\_\_cHs\_\_\_\_\_

Shirley:—"Why is the milk so blue here?"  
Albert:—"Because it comes from discontented cows."  
\_\_\_\_\_cHs\_\_\_\_\_

Irritated Father:—"The idea of your overdrawing your bank ac-  
count."  
Lucy:—"That's all right, daddy, I sent them a check to cover the  
amount I overdrew." \_\_\_\_\_cHs\_\_\_\_\_

Peter:—"What are ankles for anyhow?"  
Clyde:—"To keep the knees from running down into the shoes."  
Peter:—"S'funny. I just heard that they were to keep the calf  
away from the corn." \_\_\_\_\_cHs\_\_\_\_\_

### PROGRESSIVE PINCHING.

A woman gave her young son half a dollar to buy a pound of  
plums, saying: "Be sure, Tommy, to pinch one or two of them to see  
if they are ripe."  
In a few moments Tommy returned with both the fruit and the  
half dollar.  
"I pinched one, as you told me," he explained, "and then when  
the man wasn't looking I pinched the whole bag full."

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I have a new stenographer, she came to work today,  
She told me that she wrote the Graham system:  
Two hundred words a minute seemed to her, she said, like play,  
And word for word at that—she never missed 'em.  
I gave her some dictation, a letter to a man;  
And this, as I remember it, was how the letter ran:

"Dear Sir: I have your favor, and in reply would state  
That I accept the offer in yours of recent date.  
I wish to say, however, that under no condition  
Can I afford to think of your free-lance proposition.  
I shall begin tomorrow to turn the matter out,  
Material of this nature should not be rushed unduly.

Thanking you for your favor, I am Yours very truly.  
She took it down in shorthand with apparent ease and grace,  
She didn't call me back all in a flurry.  
Thought I, "At last I have a girl worth keeping round the place,"  
Then said, "Now write it out, you needn't hurry."  
The typewriter she tackled—now and then she struck a key,  
And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me:

"Dear sir, I have the Feever, and in a Pile i Sit  
And I except the Offer as you Have reasoned it.,  
I wish to see however That under any condition  
Can I for to Think of a free lunch proposishun?  
I Shal be in tomorrow To.. turn the mother out,  
The cap will be red and will cost, \$10, about.  
Mateeriu of this nation should not rust N. Dooley  
Thinking you have the Feever I am Yours very Truly."

—cHs—

Johanna:—"Daddy, do the teachers get paid?"  
Daddy:—"Certainly, why shouldn't they?"  
Johanna:—"I don't see why they should—the pupils do all the  
work."

—cHs—

## WHY ALBERT KEPT QUIET.

Six-year-old Albert was usually a source of much annoyance to his  
mother during the morning service. But this Sunday she was filled with  
pride at her young hopeful's attitude as she saw him sitting with  
clasped hands and bowed head throughout a particularly long prayer.  
While they were returning home mother expressed her appreciation  
of his pious manner, whereupon the lad's face lighted up as he chuckled:  
"That fly walked in and out of my hands exactly 259 times."

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Shirley:—"What made you join the choir, Johnnie?"  
Johnnie D:—"Sh! Don't tell anybody. I want to become a man of note."

—cHs—

#### ASSOCIATES.

Customer:—"I'd like to get some typewriter supplies."  
Floorwalker:—"Yes, sir, cosmetic, candy, and perfume department, second floor."

—cHs—

#### NONCONTAGIOUS.

A girl who had just returned from Egypt was telling her mother about the Pyramids and other wonders.  
"Some of the stones," she said, "were covered with hieroglyphics."  
"I hope, dear," said her mother, anxiously, "you were careful not to get any of them on you."

—cHs—

#### IN CATECHISM CLASS.

Fr. Corbin:—"John T., what are the Epistles?"  
John T.:—"Wives of the Apostles."

—cHs—

"Roy," asked Sr. C., "what was it Sir Walter Raleigh said when he placed the cloak on the muddy road for the beautiful queen to walk over?"  
Roy O., (gazed about the classroom in dilemma, and then taking a long chance replied:—"Step on it kid!"

—cHs—

#### DOUBTFUL COMFORT.

Patient:—"Doctor, do you think I will live through the operation?"  
Doctor:—"Most certainly. One out of 10 survives it, and the last 9 have died."

—cHs—

#### FOR ZERO WEATHER ONLY.

Michael:—"I just bought a new suit with two pairs of pants."  
Charlie:—"Well, how do you like it?"  
Michael:—"Fine, only it's too hot wearing two pairs."

—cHs—

#### MEMORY AID.

Teacher:—"Constance, why do you spell bank with a large b?"  
Constance:—"Cause my papa said a bank needs a large capital."

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## CAN YOU IMAGINE.

Margaret Clarke with straight hair  
Helen Kennedy with a boyish bob  
Tom Abernathy the size of Evelyn Shaw  
Mary DeRoche being quiet  
Charlie Trefflich studying Christian Doctrine  
Joretto Robinson with black hair  
Marjorie Graeff not knowing her lesson  
Dolores Field a blonde  
Vivian Mew driving a "Buick"  
Pete Dunne, manager of Kress' Stores  
Bobbie Gravett a bathing beauty  
Rose Lee Petzel never cracking jokes  
Johnnie Davidson a successful joke editor  
Mary Cech with a real permanent wave  
Michael Mireur giving a civil answer  
Lupita Garcia never talking in school  
Tomsy Mireur not talking to the girls  
Peggy Rachal with Evelyn Shaw's dress on  
Clyde McCaleb dieting  
Olive Worm as an aviatrix  
Frances Clarke a brunette  
Evelyn Shaw growing tall  
Lucille Mew, Marie Botello, Peggy Rachal and Olive  
Worm uniting with their class.  
Jack Kenedy not a scout  
Gertrude Russell turning a cartwheel.  
Catherine Ordener not smiling  
Margaret Gollihar not chewing gum  
Dorothea Bonner being present every day of one week  
Adeline Rachal giving an impromptu speech  
Katie Bell getting angry  
Cinda Riviera playing Jazz at school  
Albert Ordener going on another field trip  
Catherine La Rose not angry.  
Martha Holland not writing notes  
Gertrude Worm minus lip-stick  
Odelia Hoelscher not in love.  
Vera Dunn without glasses  
Veronica Dietz knowing her history  
The Seniors keeping silence during American History  
The Juniors getting a scolding.  
The Sophomores raising money  
The Freshmen taking their notebooks to class.

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Kind Lady:—"What's troubling you, my little man?"  
Octavio, (on his way home from school):—"Dyspepsia and rheumatism."  
Kind Lady:—"Why, that's absurd at your age, how can that be?"  
Octavio:—"Teacher kept me after school because I couldn't spell 'em."  
-----cHs-----

Mary DeR:—"If I hadn't taken your good advice—"  
Marorie:—"But I merely told you to use your own judgment."  
Mary DeR:—"Exactly. That's the advice I took and now I'm in a hole."  
-----cHs-----

"Now," said Sr. B, "give me a definition of space."  
Fred stood up, flustered, and changing colors.  
"Space," he replied, "is where there is nothing. I—I can't explain it exactly, but I have it in my head all right."  
-----cHs-----

### HISTORY IS THE STORY OF HEROES.

"Pa, where was Babe Ruth born?"  
"Couldn't tell you, Jimmie?"  
"Where was Jack Dempsey born?"  
"Don't know that either."  
"Pa, will you buy me a history of the United States?"  
-----cHs-----

### TOO LITERAL.

Steele:—"I hear Ordner was kicked off the squad."  
Jack:—"How so?"  
Steele:—"He was told to tackle the dummy and he tackled the Coach."  
-----cHs-----

### ANTICIPATION.

Clyde:—"Is the pleasure of the next dance to be mine?"  
Vivian:—"Yes, all of it."  
-----cHs-----

### AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

"Gladys, when was Rome built?"  
Gladys:—"At night."  
"At night?" repeated the astonished instructor.  
"How in the world did you get such an idea as that?"  
"Why, I've often heard my father say that Rome wasn't built in a day," said Gladys.

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Sr. A., (in choir practice):—"We will sing this hymn again. I heard two or three of you who didn't open your mouths."

—cHs—

A woman had been inoculated against typhoid preparatory to going abroad. Being disinclined to see anybody for a time, she remained in bed. It happened that an intimate friend arrived, and a small daughter was sent downstairs to explain.  
"Mummy's," she said, "is in bed. She was intoxicated yesterday, and has a headache."

—cHs—

Rastus:—"Ah done hear yo' stayed in de haunted house last night. What happened?"  
Sambo:—"Bout 2 o'clock ah woke up an' a ghost came treu di side wall jes' as if de wall wasn't there."  
Rastus:—"An what did yo do?"  
Sambo:—"Boy, ah went frue de other side wall de same way."

—cHs—

Henry B:—"Mike, what is a peninsula?"  
Mike:—"A rubber neck," was the quick response.  
David:—"No, no, you dummy, its a neck running out to sea."  
Mike:—"Well, isn't that a rubber neck?"

—cHs—

An Irish firmean, rescuing a woman at a blaze, lost his hold near the bottom of the ladder and landed heavily with the lady on top of him. A doctor, hastily summoned, pronounced Pat sound, though badly lruised.  
"You are a brave gentleman," said the doctor.  
"Brave, maybe, but no gentleman," returned Pat, rubbing his injuries, "or I'd a let the lady go first."

—cHs—

"I taught school among my own people in the Tennessee mountains for several years after I graduated from college," a Southern lecturer says, as reported by a subscriber to the Outlook.  
"Funny things happened. Hearing a boy say, 'I ain't gwine thar', I said to him, 'That's no way to talk. Listen: 'I am not going there; thou art not going there; he is not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there.' Do you get the idea'?"  
"Yessur, I gits it all right. *They ain't nobody gwine'.*"

—cHs—

Sister X:—"What did Thomas Jefferson buy during his term?"  
Marjorie:—"A suit of clothes, I guess."

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Mrs. Edwards, (after company had gone):—"Lige, you shouldn't have eaten those preserved fruits. They were put on the table to fill up."  
Lige:—"Well, that's what I used 'em for, mother."

—cHs—

A small boy landed in the following examination paper on United States history:  
"General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him, and a fourth went though his clothes."

—cHs—

"Pardon me a moment, please," said the dentist to the victim, "but before beginning this work I must have my drill."  
"Good gracious, man!" exclaimed the patient, "can't you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?"

—cHs—

"William the Conqueror," read the small boy from his history book, "landed in England in A. D. 1066."  
Sister:—"What does A. D. stand for?"  
Fred:—"After dark, I guess."

—cHs—

Mr. Mireur:—"Do you get good marks in school, Shirley?"  
Shirley:—"Yes, sir, but I can't show them."

—cHs—

Margaret G:—"Please let me see something cheap in a mirror."  
Salesman:—"Certainly, madam, just gaze into this one."

—cHs—

"How old are you?" inquired the visitor of Mr. Edward's youngest son.  
"That is a difficult question," answered Lige. "The latest personal survey available shows my psychological age to be 12, my moral age 4, my anatomical age 7, and my physiological age 6. I suppose, however, that you refer to my chronological age, which is 8. That is so old fashioned that I seldom think of it any more."

—cHs—

? ? ? ? ?

Sister B:—"Is this theme original?"  
Fairy:—"No. I wrote it myself."

—cHs—

Marjorie, four, came home from her first visit to a Sunday School.  
"What did you do?" asked her mother.  
"Oh, we stood up and sat down and sang about tarrying the butter-knife. Mamma, what do they tarry a butter-knife for?"  
Her mother discovered that the hymn was "I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."



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"Now, boys," asked the schoolmaster, "what is the axis of the earth?"

Thomsy:—"The axis is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to the other and on which the earth revolves."

"Very good," exclaimed the teacher. "Now, could you hang your clothes on that line, Thomsy?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Indeed," said the examiner, disappointed. "And what sort of clothes?"

"Imaginary clothes, sir."

—————cHs—————

#### QUALIFYING THE SENTENCE.

A teacher was instructing a class in English, and called on a small boy named Fred.

"Fred," she said, "write on the board, 'Richard can ride the mule if he wants to.'"

"Now," continued the teacher when Fred had finished writing, "can you find a better form for that sentence?"

"Yes, Sister, I think I can," was the prompt answer.

"Richard can ride the mule if the mule wants him to."

—————cHs—————

#### NO CHICKENS.

In speaking of the ultra-modern young woman it is no longer up-to-date to use the term "flapper." They are now called "Easter eggs," because they are hand-painted on the outside, and hardboiled on the inside.

—————cHs—————

#### FOOL FINDING BY QUESTION.

A Scotch student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of his examination how he would discover a fool.

"By the questions he would ask," was the prompt and highly suggestive reply.

—————cHs—————

Tom:—"Olive, you are a singular sort of girl!"

Olive:—"Well, that's easily altered."

—————cHs—————

#### A FARMER'S LOVE LETTER.

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Do you carrot all for me? My heart beets for you, you are a peach and apple of my eye. If we cantaloupe, lettuce marry. We will be a happy pear.

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### BAREFACED MENDACITY.

"A gentlemân called me handsome yesterday," said Pauline to Fr. C. "Do you think it is sinful of me to feel a little proud of the compliment?"

"Not at all, child," replied Fr. C. "It's the gentleman who is the sinner, not you."

—————cHs—————

### NEXT BEST.

On the last day of school, prizes were distributed. When Fred returned home his mother was entertaining callers. "Well, my boy," said one of the callers, "did you get a prize?"

"No," replied Fred, "but I got horrible mention."

—————cHs—————

Sister X. (in class debate):—"Well, it looks like Calle's side is stumped. Loretto, where is your rebuttal?"

Loretto:—"Pardon me, Sister, I left it in the other room."

—————cHs—————

### FRANK ENUF.

"Here's my bill," said the surgeon. "Wish you would pay down \$100. and then \$25 per week."

"Sounds like buying an automobile," said the patient. "So I am," said the surgeon.

—————cHs—————

### THE LAST RESORT.

Bobbie:—"No—no! I simply couldn't walk a step in shoes that pinch like that."

Assistant:—"I'm sorry, Miss, but I've shown you all our stock now. These shoes are the ones you were wearing when you came in."

—————cHs—————

### MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

Stranger:—"Can I get a room for three?"

Clerk:—"Have you got a reservation?"

Stranger:—"What do you think I am, an Indian?"

—————cHs—————

Two Fish were lunching together. The one who served gave herself the largest piece of cake. The other protested.

"What would you have done, then?" asked the other.

"Given you the largest piece."

"Well, I've got it, haven't I?"

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Sister X., (in history class):—"What are some of the greatest inventions?"

Mary DeR:—"Adeline's reasons for being absent from school."

—————cHs—————

Katie Belle's Beau:—"Is Katie Belle your oldest sister?"

Little Joseph:—"Yes."

Katie Belle's Beau:—"And who comes after her?"

Little Joseph:—"You and three other guys."

—————cHs—————

#### A PRAYER FOR THE PREACHER.

A dignified negro divine, pastor of a popular church at Washington, D. C., visited his old home in Dooly County, Georgia, recently and was invited to preach on Sunday at the local church. After such a sermon as only a negro can preach, he called on one of the old deacons, who had known him in childhood, to lead in prayer, and the latter closed his petition as follows: "Lawd gib dis nore brodder de eye ob de eagle dat he spy out de sin afar off. Glue his han' to de gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de plowline ob trufe, an' nail his yere to de wi'less telefoam pole ob salvation. Bow his head down in de nar rer, dark valley, where much prayer is wanted; den, O Lowd, 'noint him wif de kerosine ile of sanctification and set him on fiah!"

—————cHs—————

Father Chrzanowski (in Catechism class):—"Have you boys had Hell yet?"

Clyde:—"No, Father, that's coming."

—————cHs—————

Sud:—"Will you marry me?"

Vivian:—"You! Why, you couldn't keep me in handkerchiefs."

Sud:—"Say, you're not going to have a cold all your life, are you?"

—————cHs—————

Employer:—"Do you save any of your salary, Jimmie?"

Office Boy:—"Yes, sir; but I never lend money to nobody."

—————cHs—————

Thomas:—"Sylvia, what became of that hired man you had?"

Sylvia:—"Aw, he used to work in a garage in town and yesterday the idiot crawled under a mule to see why it wouldn't go."

—————cHs—————

Pete:—"Did your girl come down when you serenaded her with your saxophone?"

Clyde:—"No, but some guy got her out with an auto horn."

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### MAKING VERSE OF DATA.

A school teacher was trying to impress upon a scholar's mind that Columbus discovered America in 1492.

"Now, Nellie Louise," she said, "I will tell you the date in rhyme so that you won't forget it. 'In fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue.' Now can you remember that, Nellie?"

"Yes, Sister."

Next day the teacher said: "Nellie Louise, when did Columbus discover America?"

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-three Columbus sailed the dark-blue sea!"

—cHs—

### AN APPLICANT AND THE TEST.

A young woman failed to pass her examination for appointment as teacher in the school of a small town.

Her mother was terribly disappointed and decided to interview one of the examiners.

"I am sorry, madam," the man said, "that your daughter did not pass her examination, but there is nothing I can do about it. You know, madam, that no one is to blame but herself."

"She to blame!" exclaimed the woman, wrathfully. "Well, sir, perhaps you don't know that them examiners asked her questions about lots of things that happened years and years before she was born."

—cHs—

### AS EXPRESSED IN ARITHMETICAL TERMS.

"Charlie," said the teacher, in the natural history class, "name a poisonous snake."

"The arithmetic snake, Sister."

"The arithmetic snake! How on earth did you get that idea in your head—what do you mean?" asked the puzzled teacher.

"Why, the adder," explained Charlie triumphantly. "The book says it belongs to a much divided family, and that it multiplies very rapidly."

—cHs—

### FAREWELL.

Quite against my will, and much against my heart  
My little bed and I must part.  
My solace is, that night will come again  
As each day doth so depart.  
With tired and heavy feet,  
With tears and sighs retained  
I've turned to you to rest my weary brain,  
Whose smooth pillows are made to sooth my aching head.  
But, oh, were there at I. W. A.  
Some hope for sleep by day!

—Adelia Medley.

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## TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR THE HEAD MAN.

1. **BE FAIR.** Have no favorites and no scapegoats. Be just.
2. **MAKE FEW PROMISES; KEEP THEM.** Do not promise to do something, and then when it should be done offer the excuse, "I forgot."
3. **DON'T WASTE ANGER—USE IT.** Anger is valuable and should not be used carelessly.
4. **ALWAYS HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.** Never blame a worker until he has been given a chance to give his point of view.
5. **DON'T HOLD SPITE.** When you have had to scold a worker, go to him later and show him his faults in a friendly way.
6. **NEVER SHOW DISAPPOINTMENT.** Never let yourself be beaten. The "head man" must have perseverance and the "never-say-die" spirit.
7. **NOTICE GOOD WORK AS WELL AS BAD.** Let the workers see you appreciate as well as condemn.
8. **WATCH FOR SPECIAL ABILITY.** Take a keen human interest in your workers. Put each where he can do his best.
9. **TAKE YOUR FULL SHARE OF THE BLAME.** This is the most difficult of all. The "Headman" who can share both blame and praise with his workers has discovered the secret of managing them.
10. **PREVENT ACCIDENTS.** Educate or eliminate the careless man (or woman).

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Mary C. (on Field Trip to Pumping Station):—"Evelyn, please, where is that paper plate I gave you with your pie?"  
Evelyn:—"Oh! I thought that was the lower crust."

—————cHs—————

If ignorance is bliss don't tell me this Academy isn't happy.

—————cHs—————

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

—————cHs—————

### PUNCTURED BUT PROUD.

"Here, waitress. This doughnut has a tack in it."  
"Well, I declare! I'll bet the ambitious little thing thinks it is a flivver tire."

—————cHs—————

### PRACTICAL.

Nellie (at supper table):—"I guess our teacher don't know very much."

Mother:—"Why, dear, you mustn't talk so of your teacher. What makes you think that?"

Nellie:—" 'Cause she's all the time askin' us kids questions."

—————cHs—————

A fly and a flea in a flaw in a flue  
In a prison said, "What will we do?"  
Said the fly, "Let us flee;"  
Said the flea, "Let us fly"  
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

—————cHs—————

As Sister was explaining that St. Philip converted the Dark Continent, a shriek was heard.

Olive:—"Sister, there goes the ambulance with a nigger in it."

Fred:—"Sister, it was an Ethiopian, wasn't it?"

—————cHs—————

Sister P:—"What part had Paul Revere played in the American Revolution?"

Elmer:—"He played Yankee Doodle Dandy."

—————cHs—————

Sister:—"What are the two kinds of cont'ition?"

Jack:—"The kind you make yourself and the kind the priest makes for you."

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They come with rings instead of clips if desired.

They are also mounted with one gold band on the cap at \$1.00 each extra, or \$4.50 each.

They are used in the following schools:

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New Rochelle High School, New Rochelle, N. Y.  
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### A PHYSIOLOGICAL ESCAPEDE.

A disgraceful calamity occurred at our home the other day; shall I tell you what it was? The crook of my elbow was nearly sent to jail, because he stole the cap of my knee and my coat of tan.

He escaped though, with the gems of the crown of my head, by going through the arch of my foot and crossing the bridge of my nose.

When he reached the Alimentary canal he met the pupil of my eye, so they started off together. They built a ship on the slips of my tongue, and sailed through the locks of my hair; with all the provisions they brought, they forgot to take a knife, so they cut their bread with the blades of my shoulder, and enjoyed a delightful repast, while the band below was playing the "Star Spangled Banner" on the drums of my ears.

When they reached my hand, a very warm and tropical land, because a few palms were there, they became refreshed by drinking from the fountain of tears. After a few days they decided to earn a little money, by shingling the roof of my mouth, and after obtaining the nails from my fingers, they began their task.

After several weeks the crook and the apt pupil being safe from harm and danger, decided to live in the tropical land and inhabit the chambers of my heart, but they enjoyed themselves by often strolling in the garden of my dreams.

—————cHs—————

Katherine C. went to the corner store to purchase some powder for her mother.

"Do you want the kind that goes off with a bang?" asked the clerk.  
"No, the kind that goes on with a puff," she replied.

—————cHs—————

Johnnie (running with Rose Lee's vanity bag) :—"Hey, there Rose Lee, here's your repair outfit.

—————cHs—————

### SNAPPY DEVOTIONS.

Grade Three was making up a Spiritual Bonquet for the Pastor. Tommy proudly presented 225 litanies recited during a fifteen minute recess period. How did he do it? We'll let him tell.

"Teacher, I took my prayer book and I made the sign of the cross and I said:

All the saints on this page,  
Pray for us.

Hear our prayers.

All the saints on the next page,  
All the saints on the next page,

Have mercy on us.

And from all the things on the last page  
Oh, Lord, deliver us."

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Stop talking.  
Throw that gum out.  
There are other ways of killing a dog besides choking him.  
Make it snappy.  
Here comes . . . . . ?  
Got your English?  
Michael!!!  
Stay after school  
This is to this and that is to that.  
In Catechism—"Where do we start?" "Don't forget to tell me."  
Lend me a piece of theme paper.  
Anybody here absent?  
Did I get a letter?  
He's so wonderful.  
Have you seen my vanity?  
Want a chance?  
Buy a ticket.  
Gee, Sr. X's. going to kill me, I don't know my shorthand.  
Did you get the experiment?  
Aw, go on.  
Shoke him, shoke him in the neck!  
For Pete's sake!  
Who said so?  
Oh, I'm mad like the dickens!!!!

-----cHs-----

"And you," continued the furious housewife, "you're no gentleman, sir."

"And neither are you, madam."

-----cHs-----

Mary:—"Hurrah! \$5.00 for my latest story!"  
Margaret:—"Who from?"  
Mary:—"The express company. They lost it."

-----cHs-----

"Mary," inquired the mistress suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"  
"Why, ma'am," replied Mary, "what's the use of washin' a fish that's lived all his life in the water."

-----cHs-----

BEST HE COULD DO.

Teacher:—"We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calender from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can any one think of any other examples?"  
Willis:—"Our lawnmower from the Smiths, our snow shovel from the Joneses, and our baby carriage from the Bumps."

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