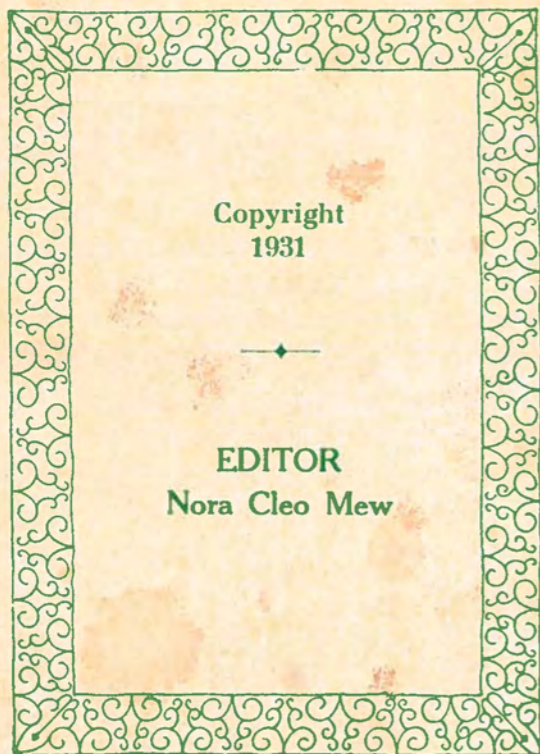


EN AVANT

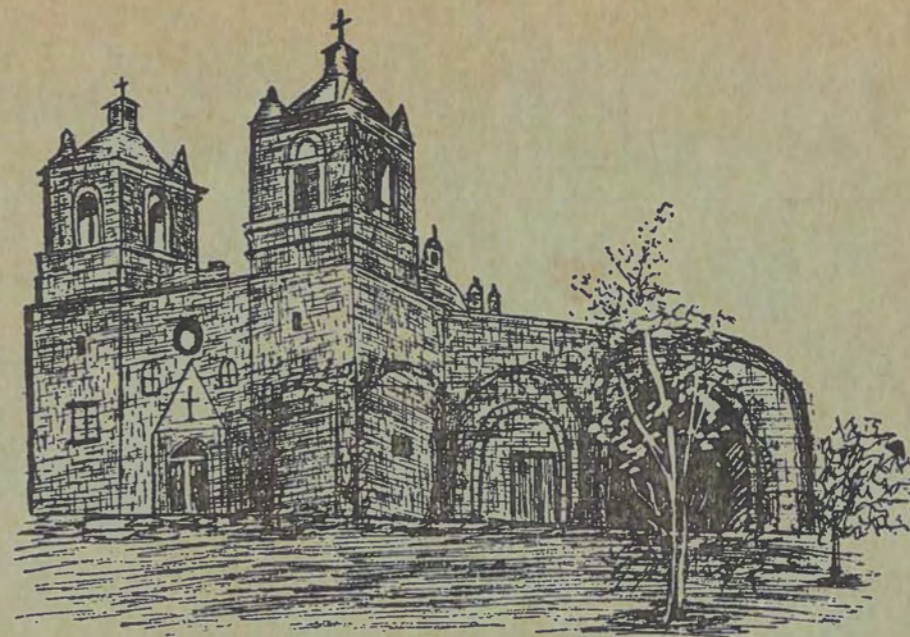
1931



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EDITOR
Nora Cleo Mew



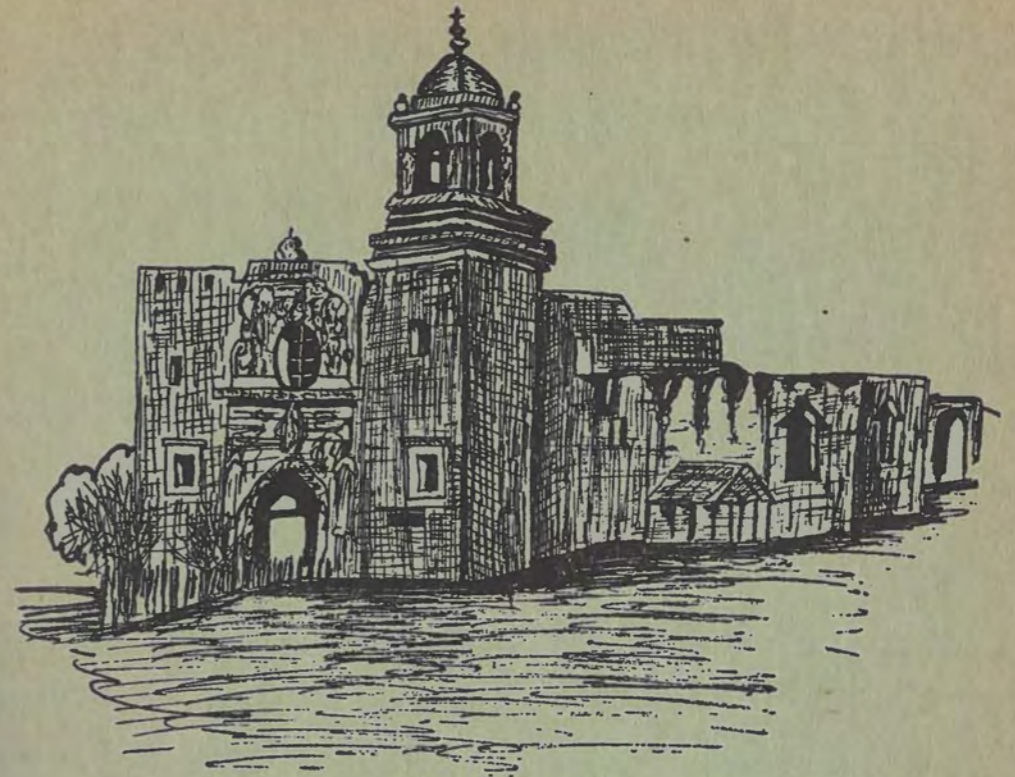
Mission Concepción

The
EN AVANT
1931

Published by
THE STUDENTS
of
INCARNATE WORD ACADEMY
Corpus Christi, Texas



Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe



Mission San José

FORWARD

The reverence we entertain for the old Franciscan Missions of Texas finds worthy expression in this issue of EN AVANT.

These venerable monuments to zeal and heroism mark the birth place of the civilization of Texas. Prompted, not by the motive of exploitation, but by the spirit of Christian Charity, Church and State impelled by Faith, came to civilize and Christianize the savage Indians that possessed the land.

The foundations of the Missions were laid alongside the tepees of the Indian, and they, who had never made but the crudest weapons for the hunt and for battle, gave their hand to fashion the gleaming and sacred walls that we today behold with pleasure, and treasure with devotion. Within the walls of the chapel the savage was taught to treasure his soul; within the presidio he learnt the various arts and trades, and about the pueblo he was taught to mingle with other tribes and cultivate the idea of tolerance and neighborliness.

In the beginning, Church and State, in harmony and mutual trust, undertook the noble task of establishing civilization in Texas. May they then look again, as we look, at the old Franciscan Missions upon Texas soil, and ignoring destructive spirits at work, continue with mutual confidence to further the spiritual and material advancement of this our State—Texas!

—W. H. O.



St. Augustine, Fla.



Mission San Juan

ORDER OF BOOKS

- I. SCHOOL
- II. CLASSES
- III. ORGANIZATIONS
- IV. SCHOOL LIFE
- V. LITERARY
- VI. COMEDY
- VII. ADVERTISEMENT





San Francisco de Solano—California

DEDICATION

TO the True Shepherd, whose holiest ambition, since the installation of His Excellency in the Diocese of Corpus Christi, has been to lead the souls of his flock to Christ by fostering Christian education; whose untiring efforts have made it possible for many souls to obtain a knowledge of their Holy Faith; whose generous cooperation and self-sacrifice have encouraged the teachers laboring in Christ's vineyard in Southwest Texas; whose fatherly zeal, interest, and aid have contributed so much toward raising the cause of education throughout the Diocese and to us especially here in Corpus Christi; to **RIGHT REVEREND EMMANUEL B. LEDVINA, D. D.,** Bishop of Corpus Christi, we gratefully dedicate this volume of *En Avant*, 1931.



MESSAGE TO THE STUDENTS

My dear Children:

Remembering the words of Our Blessed Savior: "suffer the little one to come unto Me," brings to mind the thought that it is time for me to send you my annual message which for me is a pleasant duty; and I hope, for you a corresponding happiness and pleasure.

Another school year has passed. Your vacation days are here. You feel that you have earned the next few months of freedom from books; and are eager to romp and play and enjoy to the full the old saying: "It is sweet to do nothing." However, children, there is another wise old saying that says: "All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy." This applies also to the girls. It is one thing to play and have a good time during vacation, and it is another to be idle. Healty exercise is good for the body and the soul; but idleness is bad for both.

Vacation time does not mean that you are free from home duties. God expects you to help daddy and mother the whole year round. You will still have plenty of time for play. Nor does it mean that you are to take a vacation from your spiritual duties—your duties to God in a special way. God wants you to play with Him during the summer time also just as He allowed the little ones to play around Him on the sea shore. Be a good, faithful Pal to Our Dear Lord in these summer months. Be faithful every day to your prayers, to Sunday Mass; promise to go each week to confession and Holy Communion. On your way into town or to the beach, drop in and pay Him a visit in church. Don't forget. In that way, you will have a very happy vacation—clean, wholesome happy days, days beginning and ending with God Who will bless and protect you. Keep your souls shining with the grace of God. Make each day of vacation mean something for heaven.

This is my simple message to you as you begin your vacation. I shall ask Our Dear Lord every morning in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to watch over, in a special manner, the children of the Cathedral Parish; and pray that each of you will be faithful every day to Him.

—Father Lannon



MESSAGE TO STUDENTS

To the Class of '31:

You are lucky girls, perhaps more lucky than you have as yet taken time to consider. Born of good, Catholic parents, who brought you very early to the fountain of salvation, who instilled into your mind a love for holy things, who sacrificed themselves to provide for your material comfort and your proper education, you have had everything that could make for a happy and prosperous existence in the years to come.

You are also fortunate in having received your education from the good Sisters of the Incarnate Word Academy, in Corpus Christi. The rules seemed unbearable at times; and with impatience you looked forward to graduation day when you would leave the routine and drudgery of school days forever behind you. Still, you recognized the necessity of this discipline; and then you felt a greater love for those teachers who have sacrificed every worldly advantage in order to devote their lives entirely to the training of young people for their battle with the world.

You can be certain that the Sisters will not forget you as soon as you step forward to battle, in the various walks of life, armed with your diploma. They are intensely interested in you; watching your every step, they will rejoice if they see you growing up into a God-fearing, exemplary Catholic woman; and they will grieve if you forget the lessons they have taught you.

The principles of Christian piety were instilled into you, first of all, in your home. Later, the foundation was strengthened in the Catholic School, and by Holy Mother Church. My dear children, you have a good Christian basis to work upon; what is required of you henceforth is fidelity to these principles and further intelligent Catholic reading that will build you into intellectual Catholics and solid moral characters of whom, please God, in the future, the Sisters and the priests of the parish will be proud.

And now I wish you every happiness and success in the new life upon which you are about to enter. May you remain always cheerful and young in spirit, honest and courageous in your dealings with others, trusting and confiding to your pastor, and loyal and friendly to the good Sisters. Remember me in your prayers, and I promise to remember you. God bless you now and always.

—Father Stocker.

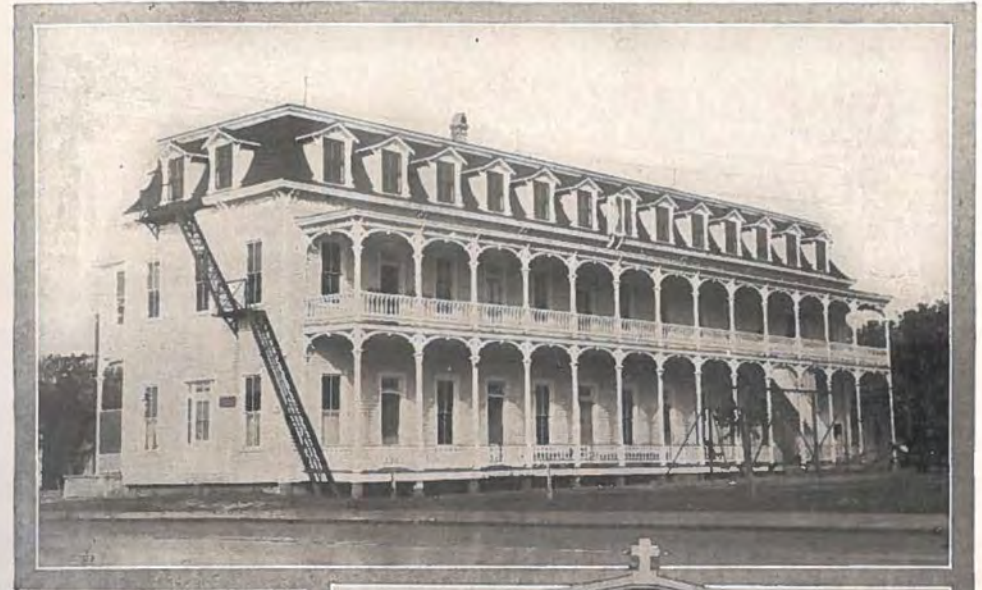




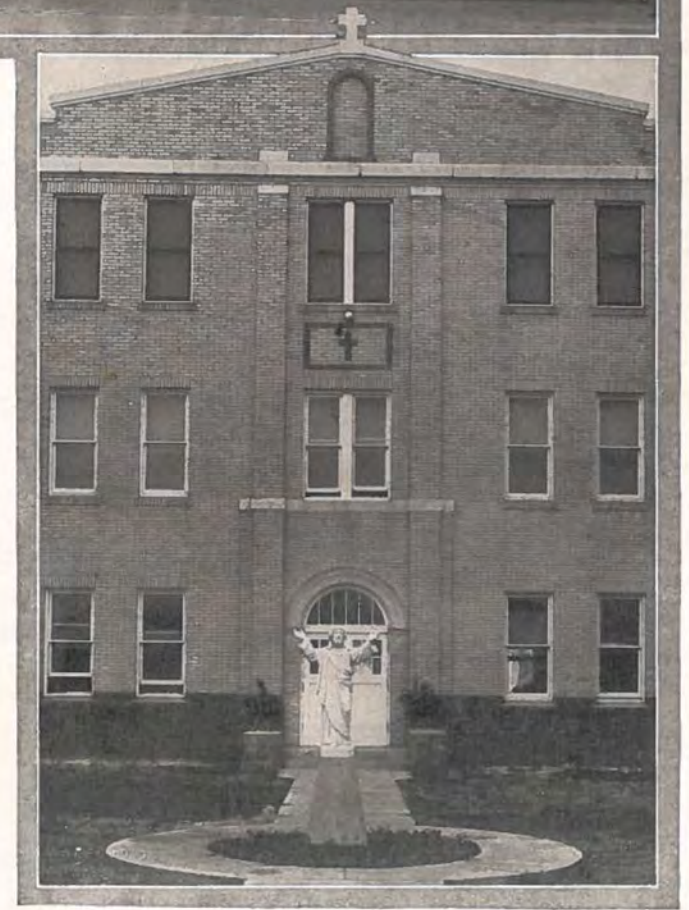
Main Building



*St. Patrick's
Cathedral*



*Science, Music,
Art, and
Commercial
Building*



Main Entrance

EN AVANT '31



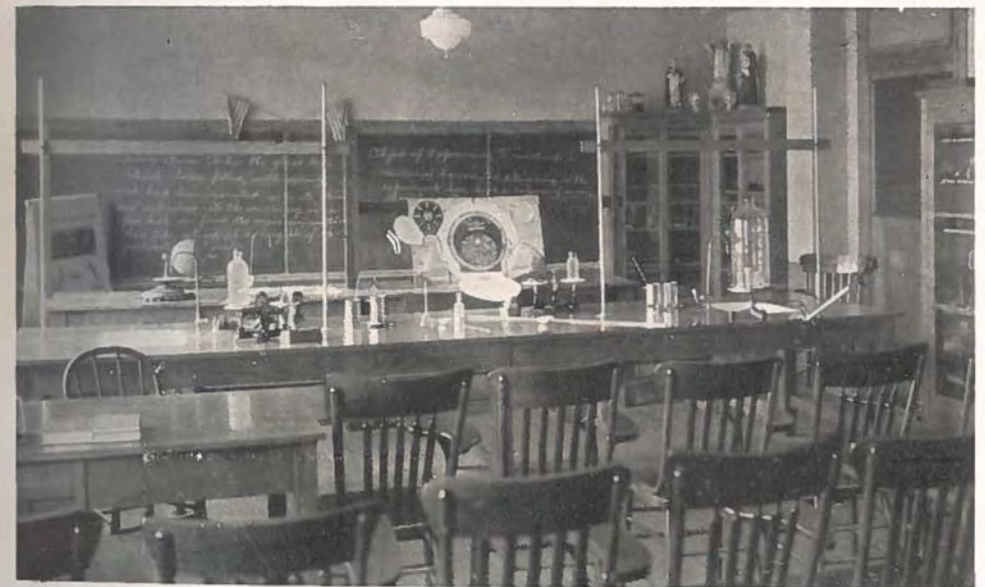
Santa Barbara—California

THE ACADEMY





Science Class, '31



Science Room



Library



Art Department



Commercial Department

THE ACADEMY

In the southern part of Texas, along the sandy shores of Corpus Christi Bay, lies the crescent-shaped city of Corpus Christi, called by its ardent citizens the "Metropolis of the South." Little wonder it is, then, that a city, so marvelously well situated, so inspiringly well named, so strikingly progressive, should have institutions similarly well situated and similarly progressive. Among those institutions there stands forth one that offers the training so beneficial to any progressive city—the mental and moral training of its young citizen.

The Incarnate Word Academy, a boarding school for girls, offers to train young ladies in those rudiments of character which so beautifully grow and develop into those finer qualities of mind and heart that form the influential characteristics of noble womanhood. The Academy is modernly equipped to accommodate not only high school students but also girls of the grammar grades. Besides its modern equipment, its ideal location on the bluff makes the Academy a striking health resort as well as an educational center.

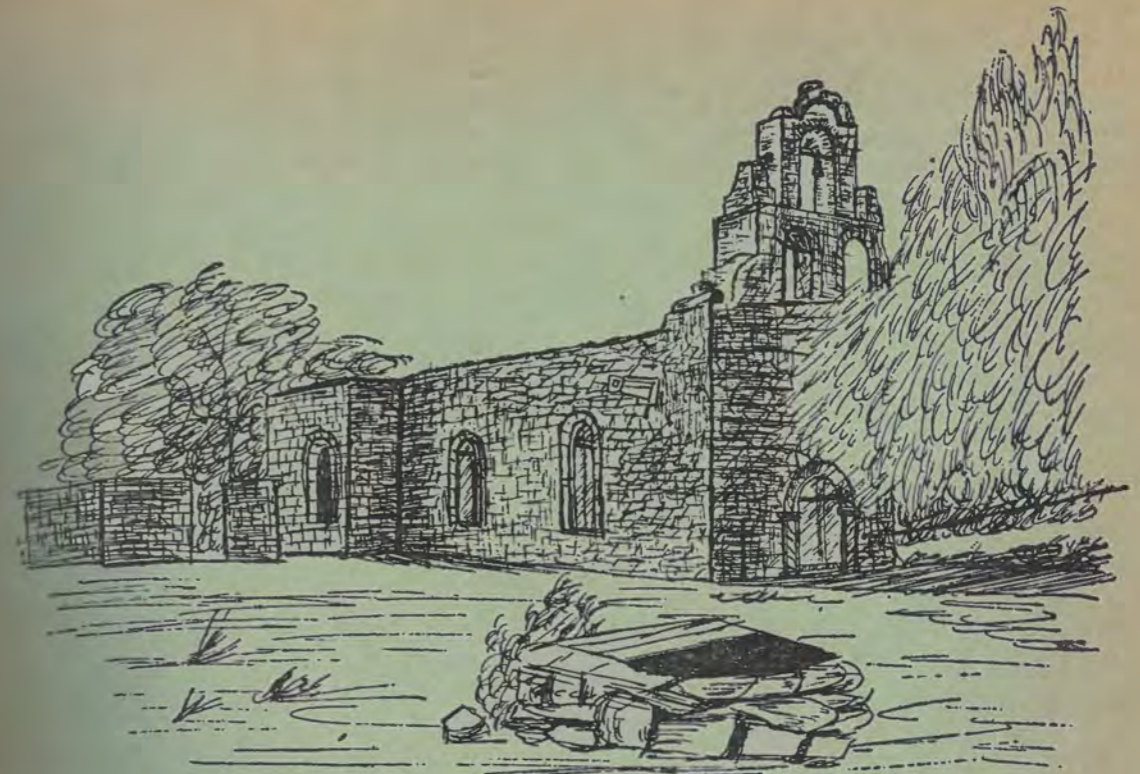
The Academy, being an accredited high school, offers a curriculum that qualifies its graduates for entrance into any standardized college or university. Its business course is a source of vital interest to those young ladies seeking business positions.

Besides the ordinary line of educational work, the Academy also offers splendid opportunities in art and music. A new and interesting asset in the musical line is the organization of an orchestra. The students consider it a distinction to belong to the orchestra, its unique uniform featuring their much-loved school colors of red and white.

The Academy faculty, being well imbued with the necessity of a "sound body for a sound mind," has made provisions for the physical training of the students. Besides a period for regular physical culture exercises, the students are provided with ample recreation by basketball, volleyball, and tennis.

Last, but by far not the least, we take pleasure to have this occasion to make public mention of our esteem for the abilities of our competent faculty. Their zealous and untiring efforts, as well as their untold abilities in imparting to us their knowledge of the various subjects, have endeared them to each and everyone of us. Let them be hereby assured that we trust that our lives shall be so spent as to be an assurance of our highest esteem and profound admiration of their ideal qualities of genuine and noble womanhood. In our loyal hearts and retentive memories we shall ever consider them as "those who having instructed others unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity."

—The Staff



Mission San Francisco—California

CLASSES





SENIORS



LYDIA CADENA

CHOIR — VOLLEYBALL
ORCHESTRA

Lydia always sees the bright side of life. Yet she has her serious moments too, for her classmates have never found her wanting in sympathy and loving kindness.

VIRGIN DUNNE

CHOIR

"Sweet girl" might be the name given to this quiet Virgin, who goes about her way so noiselessly. Each task assigned her is accomplished with the same gentle smile now truly become a part of her.

PHILLIS COLLIN

ORCHESTRA — VOLLEYBALL

Phillis made a rather late start, coming in her senior year. After the first few examples of Phillis' good-natured and helpful ways, we wondered how we got along without her thus far.



MARIE KELLY

ANNUAL STAFF — CHOIR

Marie believes that a certain amount of social pleasure belongs to the student and makes it a point with herself to see that she gets her just allotment.

NORA CLEO MEW

ANNUAL STAFF — CHOIR
VOLLEYBALL

Nora Cleo is a girl who keeps classes awake at I. W. A. If as the writers say, "the most manifest sign of wisdom is a continued cheerfulness," then Nora Cleo must be wise. Surely her good cheer is contagious.

MARGARET LAROSE

CHOIR

Margaret belongs to the ranks of the silent. Her sweetness, steadiness and absorbing interest in the household arts of nursing and sewing with a willingness to help make her a valuable asset to her classmates.



LEONA ORDNER

CHOIR — VOLLEYBALL
BASKETBALL — ANNUAL STAFF

Leona is one of those who believe that a smile will go a long, long way. Her own charming and ever - there smile went to the limit in cheering companions and school mates.

JOSEPHINE SULLIVAN

CHOIR — VOLLEYBALL

In her four years of "high" Josephine has succeeded in developing a regular "History Drawl." She is never quite sure when she starts out, but always succeeds in making a flourishing finish.

CLARA ROBINSON

ANNUAL STAFF — ART CLUB

Clara is a real friend with her car. We're quite sure Clara will not die young. She will travel the comfortable highroad. Tall and happy and good natured is Clara.

CLASS HISTORY

The Freshmen group that sought renown
With hope sublime into "high" did bound;
In the year '27, sixteen in all,
Eight boys, eight girls, to answer the call.
We tried each art, and improved each day.
Allured to great things, we led the way
To brighter worlds. We learned to rule
Our untrained minds in this dear school.

Our trust in God was great, indeed,
For we poor "Fish" must sow good seed
In our first year to carry us through
Four successful years of our High School.
With aid from teachers, kind and true,
We finished our Freshman with failures few;
Yet lost two pals before the end
And that our childish hearts did rend.

In our Sophomore year we were girls alone,
For the boys had left for another zone.
We missed them much but had to agree
That what is to happen just must be.
So with our studies we did proceed,
Our minds and hearts to train and feed.
While yet we were ne'er really inspired,
We honestly worked and were much admired.

Our Junior year went all too fast,
For we were busy with sweet repast.
We turned some thoughts to the Seniors then.
To prepare a banquet, we formed a kin.
The Seniors, delighted with the efforts we made
From their mem'ries determined it never should fade.
They left our school and to us did will
Their honor, achievements, good wishes and skill.

Our Senior year we hailed with delight;
For our hearts had hoped with no little fright
That our goal we'd reach with honors grand,
And so each one of our little band
With might and main worked well all through
Our Senior year with duties not few,
Till our end we achieved with grand success
To enter our life's work, and act our best.

—Nora Cleo Mew. '31

CLASS PHOPHECY

A hushed silence reigns o'er the camp, and the stillness of the night is broken only by the frequent rustling of leaves, or the stirring of a bird that nestles in a nearby branch. As I turn my magic crystal, a strange yet beautiful sight meets my eyes. A few exciting moments seem to obscure my vision. I look again. Lo, and behold, the scene comes nearer, my mind becomes clear, and I feel an inexpressable happiness; for surely now I look upon my old school mates, the Class of '31.

I spy a tall girl, made beautiful by womanhood, talking to a group of little tots. I hold it closer to get a better view. Why, it is Nora Cleo, without a doubt, teaching Chinese children some American games. Can it be true that she is a missionary? It must be, for surely my crystal cannot be false.

But wait, another view, and soft music. I see nothing less than a large sign, having sparkling lights, with "Josephine and Josephine Dancing School." Let me get even closer to see whether I can recognize the two beautiful ladies. There, my wonderful crystal, I see them dressed in their dancing suits, ready to start the afternoon's work.

Whom do I see entering the building? My eyes are surely not deceiving me now? No, no, it is certainly Virgin Dunne accompanied by her little daughter. She is patronizing her old classmates' school of dancing.

A large building looms up before me. Straightway "Bell Telephone" flashes before my eyes. A stout, business-looking lady is walking up the steps. Marie, without a doubt. Surely, she cannot be a shareholder in this telephone company? Ah, this time my thoughts are a bit deceiving, but only for a moment, for certainly Marie occupies the place of Manager. Directly, two stylish young ladies follow her, and take their places in the main office as stenographers. Lydia and Clara, I immediately recognize.

And now a great change takes place. My crystal revolves, and a beautiful residence is my next sight. Such a beautiful home! I hear a buzzing sound. No, surely not? . . . Yes, it is! Phyllis, stepping from her limousine, gives her orders to the chauffeur. Immediately I see Phyllis is happily married and has everything she could want. She has only entered the door when I hear footsteps on the walk. It

is Margaret, in a blue uniform. Apparently she feels very much at home with Phyllis, who has engaged her services as a governess for her little boy.

Alas, all is darkness. The wonderful vision is gone. The crystal too, has disappeared. My alarm clock is ringing violently telling me it is time to get ready for school where I must take the last of my final tests. But what a dream! May the class of '31 be as happy as my crystal revealed them.

—Leona Ordner, '31.

SENIOR CLASS WILL

The State of Texas, }
County of Nueces. }

We, the members of the Senior Class of 1931 of the Incarnate Word Academy, being about ready to pass out of the scene of education, and being in full possession of a developed mind, do ordain these relics as stated below:

FIRST: To Sister Mary Antoinette we will our profound respect as well as our heartfelt gratitude for her admirable sense of justice.

SECOND: To Sister Mary Bernard we will our everlasting friendship and the ability we have acquired for writing themes.

THIRD: To Sister Mary Xavier we bequeath our ability for soliciting "ads" and also our most sincere affections.

FOURTH: To Sister Mary Agnes we bequeath the peace of the morning study period and our promptness in staying for play practice.

FIFTH: We, the Seniors of 1931, will to the entire Junior Class our deep sense of honor and our "lady-like manners."

I, JOSEPHINE SULLIVAN, will to Evelyn Wright my ability for memorizing Shakespeare and handing in my clean-work.

I, NORA CLEO MEW, will to Martha Koliba my everlasting ambition of sitting in the front desk during tests.

I, MARGARET LAROSE, will to Allie May, my ambition to lead my class.

I, MARIE KELLY, will to Bernice Timon, my unfailing efforts to learn Christian Doctrines.

I, PHYLLIS COLLIN, will to Nora Priour my ability for typing.

I, NORA CLEO MEW, will to Otealia Friske my poetic and artistic abilities.

I, LEONA ORDNER, will to Mamie Emmert my trombone and my cleverness in reading the part of Shakespeare's "Hamlet".

I, LYDIA CADENA, will to Laura Piz all my knowledge in Religion.

I, VIRGIN DUNNE, will to Lucille Ordner my lady-like manners and winsome ways.

I, JOSEPHINE LARACY, will to Lillian Steele my lovable disposition and my ability for working arithmetic.

I, LEONA ORDNER, will to Ernestine Lozano my remedy for growing tall.

I, JOSEPHINE SULLIVAN, will to Addie Mae Ritter my knowledge, that she may prosper during the coming year.

I, CLARA ROBINSON, will to Mary Ella Meredith my one most admired talent, the ability for playing foreign roles in the school plays.

We hereby constitute and appoint Class 1932 sole executors of this our will.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have given our hand and seal this the 27th day of May, A. D. 1931, in the presence of the Senior Class.

(Signed) KNOWLEDGE

(Signed) EXPERIENCE



JUNIORS



Mamie Emmert Otealia Friske Lucille Ordner
 Martha Koliba Allie May Mary Ella Meredith Ernestine Lozano

I WONDER

Where will they be some day,
 The girls I know in school?
 Where will our teachers be
 That make for us each rule?

I wonder!

Will I, when old and gray,
 Still recall this happy day,
 Will I then my classmates find,
 Each to each, in this array?

I wonder!

Will Lillian seeking oratory
 Speak with her main and might?
 Will Evelyn keep on arguing
 And always come out right?

I wonder!

Will Lucille yet the model be,
 And e'er a teacher's pet?
 Will Bernice, carefree and gay,
 Be the "Pete" we won't forget?

I wonder!

Will Addie Mae e'er studious be,
 And advance more each day?
 Will Martha work so mightily,
 And know it'll ever pay?

I wonder!

Will Nora always serious be,
 Perhaps become a teacher?
 Will Mamie always thoughtful be
 And loved as such a creature?

I wonder!



Laura Piz Nora Priour
 Addie Mae Ritter Lillian Steele Evelyn Wright Bernice Timon

Will Laura, still our Spanish dame,
 In dancing spend the day?
 Will "Tina" want to sing for fame
 And lead a life that's gay?

I wonder!

Will Mary Ella, who to our ranks,
 Was added just this year,
 With Allie, her sincerest friend,
 As now, our spirits cheer?

I wonder!

Will one that's left—just "Little Me,"
 E'er decide just what to be,
 Or will my luck, ever coming,
 Winding up, keep on running?

Please don't wonder!!!

—Otealia Friske, '32

JUNIOR CLASS SONG

(Tune: "Betty Co-Ed")

There is a group of jolly, peppy Juniors,
Their gayety is seen in all their work.
The pride of I. W. A. are so happy
the life-long day;
They do laugh, they do sing;
they duties ne'er shirk.

CHORUS:

Juniors' hearts love I. W. High,
Juniors' love can never die;
Juniors have faith in I. W. A.
Their faith we know the world will
never sway.
Juniors pledge their hearts to loyalty,
So loyal we know they will always be;
I. W. A. is loved by every class,
But Juniors are the ones who all
these surpass.
They know so well her praises to swell
Will fill all true hearts with pride;
They do the same her name to proclaim;
By her rules they abide.
Hearts of gold,
Love untold,
Juniors hold.

They meet their schoolmates with a
smile that e'er cheers;
A word of kindness they have
for everyone;
They surely do realize and know so well
they are not wise;
If one day passes without
any good done.



SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE CLASS OF '31

The Sophomore Class of I. W. A.
Has gained a brilliant name;
And through much careful working
Will ever hold that fame.

Now first you meet our leader
She is D. C., you know;
Since winning that beautiful signet ring
She likes to make a show.

Two new ones have been added
To this happy, zealous band;
Our Blanche is very quiet,
And Helen is just grand.

Fair Clara has some tact
She seldom breaks a rule;
And Bettye is our athlete,
A new one in our school.

E. Ermis, the one among us,
Who has just lots of fun;
When the school bell rings for study,
To her classroom she loves to run.

Fair Constance mild and modest,
She never makes a race;
And calm and peaceful effort
Is written on M. E.'s face.

C. O'Neill, the studious girl,
For hours will quietly sit;
Cathryn Maynard, our carefree one,
Who always says, "That's it!"

Then Marjorie's sense of humor
Supplies us many a pun;
While Alice a joke will always take,
For she laughs at every one.

'Tis Margaret Dolores who can spell
When we her aid do need;
If on Dories Jolly anyone calls,
She helps with word and deed.

Now Billie's pledged to dancing;
But who can ever know,
She yet may fool her classmates
To the marriage altar go.

'Tis Audrey who will be clever;
No doubt, you all shall hold;
And Rita her dearest, kindest friend,
Is worth her weight in gold.

Mary Ann Priour, the last to name,
Is just as gentle as can be;
Only one more remains to be named
And everyone knows that is me.

—Olga Mae Kring, '33



Margaret Dolores Bluntzer
 Laura Bertmann
 Dorothy Cabrials
 Charlotte Curlee
 Eleanor Ermis
 Constance Gallagher

Audrey Gravett
 Rita Gollihar
 Dories Jolly
 Olga Mae Kring
 Katherine Meynard
 Mary Elizabeth McAuliff

Catherine O'Neill
 Mary Ann Priour
 Alice B. Oliver
 Betty Price
 Marjorie Reed
 Clara Till

SOPHOMORE CLASS SONG

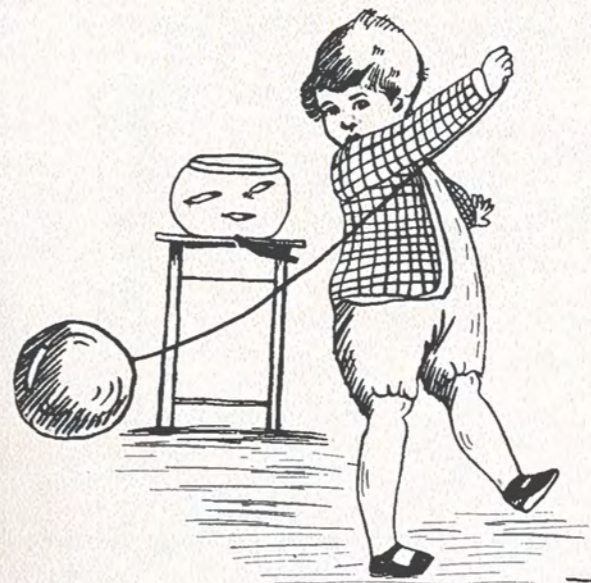
(Air: Stein Song)

Oh! Sing the praises of
 our class,
 Sing of its glorious name!
 Tell of all the pep that
 we have
 To every member of
 our school.
 Now tell of all the
 joyful days,
 Spent in the I. W. A.
 Sing the praise of
 Alma Mater,
 The Academy of our
 hearts always.
 To the faith, to the love,
 To the zeal of our
 treasured teachers,
 To the truth, to the honor,
 To the life they try to
 instill in us;
 To the book, to that work,
 To the fate of our class
 at time of exams!
 To the rules, to the cares,
 To the tasks that will
 help us someday.

CHORUS:

Oh! Sing the praises of our class,
 Sing of its glorious name!
 Tell of all the pep that we have
 To every member of our school.
 (Now) tell of all the joyful days,
 Spent in the I. W. A.
 Sing the praise of Alma Mater,
 The Academy of our hearts always.

—The Class



FRESHMEN

VENI, VIDI, VICI!

You will wonder, dear reader, why a quotation as lofty as the above has any connection with the Freshman class, so generally termed as the ignorant and green "Fish". Please be patient, gentle reader, and follow us. Suddenly you will find yourself face to face with the accomplishments of that group of "young braves" who, in September 1930, came upon the "battle field" of High School, saw what strifes lay before them, and actually did come out victors in each strife. We Freshmen, sixteen in number, found registration a most thrilling event, and our hearts beat quickly—perhaps now and then even missing a beat—as we "drew up our lines" and stood at readiness in our classroom. Can anyone imagine our consternation when we saw our upper classmen stopping at the door, and heard them jeeringly ask, "Oh, let's see the 'Fish'; why they're smaller than ever." Ah, dear reader, please do not think that just because we were hurt that we were discouraged by such a challenge. Our kind and understanding teachers, our leaders, realized how inexperienced we were, and in a short time, with their help, what at first startled us became not only easy but interesting. Thus we soon began to be the victors in our struggle with algebra, English, Spanish, history, and science.

However, we soon realized that struggles other than our lessons confronted us. The year book, "EN AVANT," is always heralded with delight by high school pupils; in like manner, of course, we were delighted to learn that we had been added to those ranks who labor so earnestly to make the annual a success. Soon we were told, "'Fish', get ready for your pictures for the annual." Of course this idea made us very happy, but with that happiness came a serious question: "How were we going to raise funds to do our bit for the annual?" Here again, we simply sought advice from our good sponsor, and in a few days we had settled the question by following her kind admonition. We had a raffle and every one of the class did her best to make the raffle a success. Again, we were victors!

You see, my friends, we Freshmen have come to high school and we have seen. Furthermore, being so determined to make a great success of all our undertakings that we have chosen for our motto, "Veni Vidi Vici", we feel confident that, if we advance in high school tactics in the future as we have advanced in them in the past, we shall be happy victors, who, having come, seen, and conquered, shall be crowned with the laurels of promotion in May.

—Mary Ellen Grisham, '34

—Frances Lee Mew, '34



Eleanor Barganski
 Mary Elizabeth Curd
 Helen Elder
 Mary Lee Friske

Mary Ellen Grisham
 Marjorie Mathieu
 Ann Ellen Mircur
 Frances Lee Mew
 Catherine Ordner
 Julia O'Neill

Grace Mae Pape
 Alicia Piz
 Christine Ragland
 Catherine Rider
 Susie Skrobarcik
 Rachel Timon

CLASS '34

There is a group of happy girls,
You'll find they're hard to beat;
Somehow things take on rosy hues
When a Freshman you chance to meet.

No truer chums were ever found
Than dear Christine and Frances Lee;
Tho' Mary Ellen is so quiet
Truer to her class she could not be.

Of Helen we are glad to boast,
She's candid, staunch, and strong, and square;
And M. Elizabeth's deep blue eyes,
Shower words of gladness everywhere.

Two tiny ones our class adorn,
Now all know Julia and Eleanor;
Now there's Katholeen and Mary Lee;
Just miles of smiles do bring these four.

Earnest worker is our Grace Mae;
Steady, constant, fair Marjorie
Has wit untold to cheer our day;
Thus work and play join equally.

Sincere and candid is our Catherine;
Her clear blue eyes we love so well;
Studious, constant,—that's Alicia;
We're proud that Rachel our ranks does swell.

Anna Ellen does like the stage,
Success we wish her by the score;
With girls like these we truly hope
Our school's proud of Class '34.



The Alamo

SCHOOL YEAR





ACTIVITIES



ACTIVITIES



Nora Cleo Mew, Editor-in-chief
 Leona Ordner, Assistant Editor
 Clara Robinson Advertising Manager
 Lucille Ordner Assistant Manager
 Evelyn Wright Art Editor
 Otealia Friske Assistant Art Editor
 Nora Priour Assistant
 Lillian Steele Assistant
 Marie Kelly Business Manager
 Alice B. Oliver Society Editor
 Pete Timon Asst. Business Manager
 Dorothea Cabrials Asst. Society Editor
 Marjorie Reed Snap Shot Editor
 Olga Mae Kring Asst. Snap Shot Editor

THE STAFF

Where I to attempt writing a history, dear reader, I could not endeavor to name even the mere elements of co-operation as they were offered by the members of the staff. When the staff was elected, if we judge by the exterior, its members must have resolved to have ever in mind the one word that means Success,—Co-operation; for although odds that seemed to speak of failure arose, the "Staff" was quick to come together and prevent any disaster.

It is through the strong bond of co-operation, which has drawn the members so closely together, that the memory of their offices will linger ever in their minds and hearts. The "Staff" sincerely appreciates the efforts of those who helped to make our "EN AVANT" so successful and so pleasant a memory.

—Editor-in-Chief.



PERSONNEL

Mr. James C. Moore, Director

Flute—Catherine Maynard
 Clarinets—Helen Stull,
 Josephine Laracy
 Cornets—Raymond Gallagher,
 Gordon Grant,
 John Gollihar
 Piano—Phyllis Collin
 Bass—Bennie Copenhaver
 Trombones—Alice B. Oliver
 Leona Ordner
 Saxophones—Addie Mae Ritter,
 Lucille Ordner,
 Catherine Ordner
 Drums and Zylophone—
 Lydia Cadena
 Violins—Rita Gollihar, Margaret Dolores Bluntzer, Glenn Juergens

In October 1931, a group of students resolved to band themselves together to form an orchestra that would become a permanent organization in the school. In order to do this the orchestra privileges were extended to the entire student body of the Academy. Its members worked diligently, and by the most strenuous and self-sacrificing labor were able to raise funds to engage their competent director, Mr. James Moore. They take this occasion to express publicly their appreciation for his untiring efforts which have assured them that they can confidently ask the public: "Watch us grow!"

—The Orchestra.



BASKETBALL

JAW BREAKERS

Captain: Leona Ordner
 Centers
 Leona Ordner Betty Price
 Guards
 Lillian Steele Olga Mae Kring
 Forwards
 Lucille Ordner Alice B. Oliver
 Substitutes
 Helen Stull Marie Kelly

LOLLY POPS

Captain: Phyllis Collin
 Centers
 Martha Koliba Otealia Friske
 Guards
 Dorothy Cabrials Phyllis Collin
 Forwards
 Josephine Laracy Marjorie Reid
 Substitutes
 Bernice Timon Audrey Gravett



VOLLEY BALL

Volley Ball! Volley Ball!
 Vigor you give us, dear old ball;
 O, the health you bring to all!
 Let scarce our days be grim and blue,
 Lost is our sadness when with you.
 Easily you make us smile;
 You make us happy all the while.
 Best comes health to us who play
 And are cheerful all the day.
 Let us then play volley ball;
 Let's be healthy, one and all!

In all seasons we'll play ball,
 Whether it be spring or fall;
 And so, we now will give our call:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Old Volley Ball!"

—The Team

NONSENSE



NONSENSE





Gold Star Court of Honor, March 22, 1931





LITERARY



BLAZING THE TRAIL

In this age of rapid progress we are apt to fix our thoughts on future achievements, and in so doing, neglect the memory of the heroic men, the ambassadors of Christ, who planted the first seeds of Christianity in our beloved Texas.

Thanks to the efforts of our leading citizens, interest in the early missions and their inhabitants is taking on large proportions; and we are looking forward to the centennial celebration of Texas independence, as a period that will bring to light much of the glory of the hidden past.

In the hope of giving some of my readers even a vague knowledge of the first missions in Texas, I have chosen for my theme the work of the first missionaries.

Even to the casual observer, who visits the old missions around San Antonio and other parts of Texas, the remains of buildings must make a deep impression. One cannot fail to be impressed with the hallowed air that surrounds the crumbling ruins which were once the scene of untiring efforts in God's service.

"But columns, arches, pyramids — what are
they but heaps of sand and their epitaphs
but characters written in the dust."

Work done on wood and stone requires no little talent and judgment; yet, rightly considered, it is but a part of an inanimate creation which serves merely as a means to an end.

Let us then keep this in view while we center our attention on the quaint yet none the less artistic structures known as "the Missions"; for naught but a great spirit of self-sacrifice could have erected to the living God piles of such enduring nature.

The missions are traced back to La Salle. La Salle with a missionary force of seven priests was the first to begin missionary work in Texas. Their work was not successful because the Indians were so very superstitious and barbarous, and the missionaries had nothing before them but wilderness. Then, too, it was the first time many of the Indians had seen a white man. Therefore, the work of these first brave missionaries was fruitless and most of them perished.

Later, on, the Franciscans came. They were more successful. They built their first church in eastern Texas in 1690. But, as with every great undertaking, a period of trial ensued. Scarcely three years had passed when the priests were forced to relinquish their work of love and return to Mexico. Again and again, however, these valiant soldiers

of the Cross begged aid from the civil authorities for the purpose of establishing permanent settlements among the Indians.

At length, in 1719 some missions were established in East Texas, and from this time on, continued efforts were made by the Catholic Church to pass on the torch of Faith to the unfortunate natives of Texas.

The missions around San Antonio deserve special mention because of their quaint architecture.

The first Mission, "La Concepción," was founded, or rather its cornerstone was laid in 1731, and of all the Mission Churches, this one is in the best state of preservation.

The second Mission, that of San José, is certainly the most beautiful Mission of all the Texas Missions. The Franciscan Friars and Brothers did very much toward beautifying this mission. Its mutilated, yet exquisite ruins attest to its having been a labor of love. The carving on the entrance, the capitals and windows must have been a wonder in art considering the time and place of construction.

The Third Mission was named after a Franciscan friar, San Juan, of the town of Capistrano in Italy. This mission does not possess the graceful charm of architecture of the other two, yet it is well worth the visitor's attention; for from its well marked-out squares and ruined out-buildings one may judge of the general plan of these refuges, and of the perseverance of those Franciscans who wrought such wonders out of such unpromising materials.

The fourth Mission, the Mission of San Francisco de la Espada, is in a better condition than the third, and gives a more complete idea of the purpose and plan of the old Spanish Missions of Texas. Much of the old rampart wall is intact, and on the southeast corner is a well-preserved bastion which is pierced with musket and cannon balls.

The Alamo Church is all that remains to us of what was once the extensive Mission "del Alamo", or Mission "San Antonio de Valero". The greater portion of the modern Plaza was once inclosed within walls, as were also the barracks and convent buildings; but it was in the Church that its heroic defenders, on March 6, 1836, made their last desperate stand for the liberty of Texas.

Having placed these few facts before my readers, I would now ask them to pause and consider what we owe to the missionary priests who blazed the trail, sowing as they went, the seeds that ripen into an eternal harvest; for did not Christ say, "Unless you be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

—Margaret LaRose, '31

MY MOTHER'S ROSARY

I have many, many trinkets stored
In my old treasure chest,
But there's an old-fashioned Rosary
That to me—is far the best.
Its beads are just like little shells
On which "Hail Mary" is sung,
And at the end on a tiny chain
A beautiful cross is hung.

When I was but a little tot,
Shadows gathered round the door;
Beside my crib my mother knelt
Just praying o'er and o'er.
She said each prayer so fervently,
Asking God above,
To always guide my every step
By His great heavenly love.

'Twas same at night, when tired from play,
I'd lay me down to sleep,
My mother would beside my bed
The same sweet vigil keep.
Then soon there dawned my maidenhood,
And still she prayed for me,
To guide my steps for aye aright
Across this stormy sea.

But now her gentle voice is gone,
Her care for me has ceased;
For God has called her to Himself
Her spirit He released.
Still I without my mother dear
My part in life must play,
But ne'er shall I have cause to fear,
For me in Heaven she'll pray.

But what care I if my path is dark,
No harm will come to me,
While I still have my quaint old beads,
My Mother's Rosary.

—Leona Ordner, '31

LITTLE THINGS

The little things
That makes life sweet
Are worth all weight of gold.
They can't be bought
For any price,
Because they are not sold.

A little smile
And a little cheer
To help us on each day,
Just comes in parts
Thru God's great arts
To help us on our way.

A little word
With a gentle grace
May chase dark clouds away,
From a soul that's bored
With life's dark horde
Of cross, and grief, and pain.

Then why not give that simple smile?
And speak that gentle word?
Thus help our brother on his way
To gain a home above.

—*Virgin Dunne, '31*

THE LAND OF HAPPINESS

When the air is crisp and bracing,
And it brings a happy smile,
When you feel like doing something
That is really worth the while,
Do not stop to count your troubles.
With a happy, joyful heart
Get your hat and pack your bag,
So to get an early start
To the land of Happy Sunshine,
Way down by the stream of Bliss,
Bordered by bright smiles of welcome,
Peace that would be hard to miss.

There are streets of words of kindness,
Filled with peace and joy and love,
And the sun shines down in glory,
Through the clouds of grief above.
There is music all around you
On the earth and in the air;
Bright peach trees are budding sweetly;
There is beauty everywhere.
Homes are filled with great contentment,
Places where loved ones abide,
Which are worth more than the silver,
That the miser seeks to hide.

Who, then, wishes for a mansion
With great riches, wealth untold,
When we know full well that happiness
Brings so much more good than gold.

—*Addie Mae Ritter, '32*

MY REVERIE

I sat last night by the fire,
Looked far in the coming years;
I sighed as I saw my comrades;
And soon found myself in tears.

I thought of our happy school days,
Those hours of earnest strife;
And I wondered how my comrades
Would fight the battle of life.

In the strife we'll be the victors
If to I. W. A. we're true,
For the thought of our Alma Mater
Will guide us safely through.

—*Martha Koliba, '32*

IT'S NOT THE SCHOOL—IT'S YOU

You say that school is gloomy
The studies weigh down your heart
Your life has lost its gayness;
From pleasure you must depart.
But school is what you make it;

Its day is gray or blue.
Just as you want to take it;
It's not the school—it's you.

Shake off that gloomy feeling
Cheer up that downcast heart,
Look for the untold blessing
That each lesson does impart.
Since school is what you make it,
Why make it sad and blue?
Never say its gloomy—because
It's not the school—it's you.

—Lucille Ordner, '32

TO THE MISSIONARY (From Milton's "On His Blindness")

When I consider how your life is spent,
Ere half your days are gone in lands unknown,
I think of missions, built from log or stone.
"Convert the tribes." On this your soul is bent
To serve therewith your Maker and present
Your true account lest He returning chide.
"Does God exact this work, in lands untried?"
The fool may ask:—But you, there to prevent
That question, did reply, "God does not need
Man's work: who best fulfill their missions serve
Him well. My mission is to teach His word
To those poor tribes who pay Him little heed;
To build my church from what He may present;
To teach His word, on this my soul is bent."

—Addie Mae Ritter, '32

I can't write poetry;
Never could;
And yet you say, dear teacher,
That I should.
I have sat for two hours,
Gathering all my powers;
And I could sit for an age,
Yet ne'er write a single page.
So, dear teacher, how I wish.
You'd consider I'm just a "Fish".

—Rachel Timon, '34

GREATNESS

If you were asked "just what is the meaning of greatness" what would be your answer? Would you, for instance, run for the dictionary and hurriedly look up the word—find its meaning and return satisfied? I have been asked to tell in my own words what my idea of greatness is and I promise to do my best.

Suppose that in the hands of our Lord was a glass from which the sands of time were flowing—pouring out the lives of men and women, famous and infamous. As each grain of sand falls, it takes its rightful place among the others according to the character of the individual it represents. Whatever be his station he is put on earth for some reason. In the soul of each is placed the germs of good and of evil. Man's obligation is to come to the knowledge of himself and destroy the evil. He must till in the soil of his own soul those seeds that have been sown there by the hand of God. Anyone who succeeds in accomplishing this; be he peasant or king, poor or rich, indeed is great.

Greatness does not necessarily mean talent. Out of almost every thousand or may I say million—there falls a genius. He can not help it, for it was intended to be so. We have many great and famous men today, who have been contributing their bit towards the advancement of civilization and history. Through their achievements, perhaps, some of us have been inspired to do something great—something that counts.

The hundreds of heroes, who died in our late war showed that their souls and hearts were imbued with the desire to do great things for their own loved land, as well as for the brothers who were being wrongly treated abroad. Throughout all countries the graves of those dead are decorated and revered by those left behind. All these are great. The one in doing and suffering for principles or ideals, the other in paying due honor to those who have given their lives for such.

Let us forget this greatness of the world and consider what I choose as the model of true greatness—mother, she who does the greatest work of all. Her name, perhaps, is not written on the sands of time because it was intended to be engraved very deeply in our hearts, and if you look deep enough you will find it there. Mother, the queen of home, has done more good for humanity than anyone I know of. She leads a life of continued self-denial and patient suffering to promote the happiness of her husband and family. What pains and heartaches does she not suffer in training her children to the noble ideals she has traced out. Then when these children have developed into manhood and womanhood, they decide to leave home and do for themselves. What heartrendering cries would rush forth from her

grieved soul did she not bravely stifle them on considering that since such is for the happiness of her loved ones, she must forget self. Is she not great? Yes, indeed, in her we find all true greatness. No wonder the poet gave utterance to his thoughts and expressed himself so beautifully:

"There is nothing in all the world
So beautiful, so sublime
As Mother.
All the romantic ardor of youth,
The beauty of tried and lasting friendship.
The devotion of kin for kin
Fade into nothingness beside her.
She is steadfast as the stars,
As deep as the seas,
As unchangeable as eternity.
Around her is entwined
All that is beautiful and true,
All that is noble and uplifting.
No book, other than the angels
Could record her countless sacrifices
Her endless deeds of courage and heroism,
Her reaches to the stars,
Her hesitancy at no depths,
For her pure hands can touch the mire
And come out unstained.
Mother, indeed, is heaven's greatest ally,
Civilization's only hope,
Man's unfailing inspiration.
She is the nearest thing there is
To the unfathomable and divine love
Of God Himself."

This is my idea of greatness—not as inventors, writers, sculptors, painters, musicians, explorers; but the Mother—may God continue to bless her!

—*Marjorie Reed, '33*

SPANISH I

My thanks for all the good you brought me,
Spanish I
For all the lessons which you taught me,
Spanish I
I greeted you with promise fair,

To do all work and shirk no care,
But those brave thoughts soon took the air,
Spanish I
I have done the best I could,
Spanish I
Tho' not perhaps as well's I should,
Spanish I
And if my intentions, as they tell,
Have done somewhat toward paving hell.
I like to think even that's done well,
Spanish I
You tried me sore with word and phrase,
Spanish I
That brought me into a hazy daze.
Spanish I
I don't complain, you gave me too
Assignments hard and long but wise that's true,
Whose lessons brought me safely through,
Spanish I
And I only ask when with you I'm through,
And your place is taken by Spanish II
I'll do as well as I've done with you.
Spanish I

—*Blanche Parks, '33*

NATURE

Nature is a beautiful thing,
Adorned in garbs of verdant spring,
Leaves of green, and flowers rare
With faint fragrance fill the air.
When the leaves turn gold, then brown,
And the snow comes gently down,
I love them, for I know they bring
A message that 'twill soon be spring.
Joy and happiness are mine
When all seasons do combine
And their beauties seem to sing
Nature is a beautiful thing.

—*Dorothy Cabrials, '33*

MY CITY

Now, I know a little city,
That is very dear to me,
And I don't think I'd like
In another town to be;
For the air is ever balmy,
And the climate's just ideal,
And no other charm celestial
Was ever made so real.
Why the people are so genial,
They all greet you with a smile,
When you're in Corpus Christi
You feel that life's worth while.
Now, no matter what shall happen,
Corpus Christi, my love for you
Shall not fade as I grow older,
But prove ever strong and true.
—Anna Ellen Mireur, '34

MY SECRET

Now I have a little secret;
When I'm loaded down with grief,
I never fret and pine and worry,
For I know where there's relief.
I go straight to God's own altar,
Where Our Lord for me does dwell,
And with lively faith unshaken
All my troubles to Him tell.
Human hearts may be tender;
They may be true, good, and kind
But none other e'er has given
All the solace there I find.
So when I'm blue, I still can smile
And always find life so worth while.
—Catherine Ordner, '34

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE

It was a cold day in the Rocky Mountains when a party of forest rangers trotted briskly on their mountain ponies to their line of shacks lying in a little valley. Among the first to alight was a large sunburned man, the leader of the camp.

It was evident to anyone watching him as he entered his shack that he was angry. Once inside, his anger became more apparent, as he savagely threw down his coat, puffed rapidly on his pipe, and read

a letter from home. When he had finished reading it, he tore it into shreds, and tossed it into the fire. Then he paced to and fro a few minutes. The letter was from his best girl back in New Orleans.

"My dear Forester," she wrote, "I may answer some but not all of your questions, but before I do, I want to tell you how I visualize you in the forest. A big Red Man galloping about the mountains and at sunset standing, a silhouette against the western sky, with your head bent in deep thought I wonder what you were thinking of and whom.

"But when you ask me if I will ever come to see you, let me say that when I do I will make it so romantic that it will take your breath away, my wild and wooly westerner. Until that time, good bye."

"Darn it! That's the way she always writes!" exclaimed the forester as he put on his coat and went out into the cold, quiet dusk. Outside his shack he stopped short, looked toward the mountains with one swift glance, then ran to his pony and mounted her. Galloping swiftly by all the shacks he shouted to his men: "There's a fire in the mountains. We must find it. Follow me. Then towards the mountains he raced, he with fifty horsemen in his wake. It was a hard climb to the top of the mountains, and when they reached it, a sea of flames met their gaze. The fire was so hot that the ponies wheeled about.

"We can not fight this fire," yelled the forester to his men who had followed him, "It must burn itself out now." As he turned toward the fire to get one last glimpse of it before leaving, he saw someone running up the slope of the mountains where the fire had not yet reached. The form moved toward him. The head and arms were shielded from the burning heat by a large black garment. For that reason he could not tell whether it was man or woman until running swiftly toward him she threw back the garment and stood before him panting and breathing—the girl of his heart.

"Mabel!" he exclaimed, "What has brought you here?"

"Oh, Forester," she replied, "my friends are marooned in the valley—my friends and Jack!"

At that hated name, Jack, the Forester drew his reins and looked away muttering, "I will not stir to save him."

"Oh, you will for me, Forester, won't you?" She patted the horse's head and looked into Forester's eyes. Her appeal touched his heart, and he said with emphasis, "I will!"

And as his men drove up to aid him, he added, "and I will go alone." Then entrusting the girl to his men to be taken to the shacks, he dashed off into the flaming forest.

After arduous journeying through the burning forest with risk of

losing his life, he finally came to a stream, and followed it to the place where Mabel had directed him. When he came upon the spot there was but one person, a man prone upon the ground. The forester soon saw that it was Jack. With an exclamation of disgust, he kicked the prostrate form, but as his better nature asserted itself, he muttered, "No, I will not let him die." Then he placed the man on his horse, retraced his route through the canyon and journeyed to safety and assistance.

After a few hours of traveling he met some of his men returning in search of him. They related how the rest of the party had reached their camp in safety.

Jack was now revived and was able to walk the half mile into camp. It was then that Forester saw Mabel rush up to Jack and greet him and inquire about his condition. If she saw Forester she made no move to indicate it. Forester standing aside watched Mabel and Jack walk toward camp. He was standing in front of his pony with his arm through the reins. As the rest started to camp he turned toward the mountains, threw the reins to the ground and let his pony graze. Slowly he walked toward a little peak that rose, a rocky table, high above the plain. Anyone near him might have heard him talking aloud. He was now like the aboriginal man of the forest praying to the mountains.

"You have been my friend in my gay days, and now you shall witness my end." He reached the low rocky mountains and began to climb to its top. On its flat, bare summit he walked out to the very edge and lay down with his face to the sky.

"I will sleep now, and who cares if I should roll off?" As he was about to doze a rustling of leaves caused him to raise himself on his elbow. Before him stood Mabel, taking aim at him with a pistol.

"Stick 'em up," she cried, laughing aloud.

Forester jumped up angrily.

"This is no time for play, Mabel," he began—

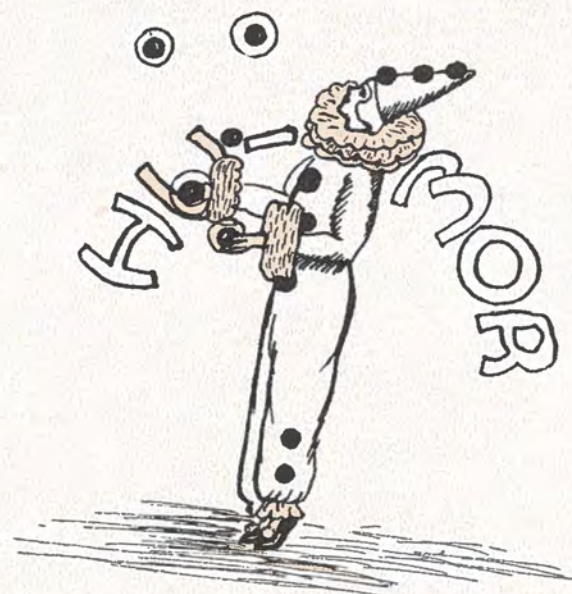
"Oh, Forester, don't you remember my words to you about being romantic when I came?"

"When you came," he remembered the letter. "Do you mean you have come to me here now?"

Mabel stood in the glorious glow of the rising sun; she pointed to it.

"Don't you see the sun rising, Forester? Isn't it romantic for us to be here together in the mountains watching the day begin?" Then with a smile she said slowly, "Don't you understand it all, Forester?" With boyish shyness he replied, "I didn't understand, but now I do."

—Mary Elizabeth McAullife, '33



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